

Loving Miranda
The Dominion Hotel Series: Book 2

By

Michelle Peters

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Chapter One

Miranda sat in the lobby of the Dominion Hotel, a place she was very familiar with. She remembered it well. What she appreciated most about the hotel was its luxury. That's what attracted her to the hotel in the first place, and it's what she remembered most about the place.

The lobby of the boutique hotel was not overly large, but it was spacious, with high ceilings and a glass entranceway that helped bring the outside in. Miranda sat on a plush couch in the middle of the lobby, a floral arrangement larger than she had ever seen sitting on the table beside her, shadowing her and hiding her from half of the lobby. The flowers were fragrant and crisp, changed weekly, always in tune with the season. Gold and crystal wall sconces matched the crystal chandelier that hung from the high ceiling, with light reflecting off the grey Italian marble walls. Ancient, antique carpets were strategically placed around the lobby, covering the black shiny marble floor. Even the woodwork of the front desk and the door frames was exquisite, hand carved, ornate yet understated. A unique fragrance wafted through the air, as if carried on the notes of the gentle music playing in the background.

Miranda hadn't been in the lobby of the Dominion Hotel for a while, not since she took the job as hotel driver at the Broadstone Hotel. When she was Matt Warrington's driver, before he bought the Broadstone, she was at the Dominion often. Warrington preferred the Dominion over any other hotel in the city. The Dominion was the hotel of choice for most doms when they were in town, and Warrington was a dom, so the Dominion was his hotel. Back then, before the Broadstone days, he was her dom. That was before he met and fell in love with Alison Roberts.

Who does that anyway? Or rather, what dom does that—falls in love with his sub? Although it is not uncommon for a sub to fall in love with her dom, Miranda was not that type of person. Sure, she enjoyed her time with Warrington, but she was also realistic about it all. She was in it for the sex, not for the romance. Nothing more. She always felt that way. Warrington understood that about her. She could never think of it being any other way, with Warrington or any other dom for that matter. Not that there had been many doms in her life, past or present. Before Warrington there was Tony Marino. Recently, a few part-time partners she sought out whenever she needed a good spanking, but that was it.

Sitting in the lobby of the Dominion Hotel, Miranda thought back to how it all came about, how she came to be with Warrington, and how she was now driving for the Broadstone. It was Tony who introduced her to Warrington. Warrington was a willing and caring dom. But then he bought the Broadstone, and in the process, met Alison. Once Warrington fell in love with Alison, Miranda knew there would be no room in Warrington's life for her. Thinking back, she was all right with it when Warrington decided to let her go. She'd been getting a little restless herself, was thinking of moving on anyway.

On the night Warrington told her that he could no longer be with her, he suggested that Miranda take the position of hotel driver at the Broadstone. Ever the good dom, Warrington took care of her right to the end. Maybe he didn't see it, but Miranda couldn't help but see the irony in it all. She found it ironic that she was now working for Alison Roberts, the woman Warrington was leaving her for. Even more ironic was the fact that over the past few months, with

Warrington constantly out of town on business, Alison and Miranda had become friends. They had Warrington in common, that's how the friendship started.

Miranda sat silently watching the morning activity around her, blending into the background, another luxury piece adorning the hotel lobby. This morning she had driven Alison to a meeting a few buildings down from the hotel. Rather than wait for Alison in the car like she usually did, Miranda decided to pay the hotel a visit and wait for her in the lobby.

The hotel was quiet, but that was more to do with the fact that it was mid-morning and most guests were out. Out of the corner of her eye, Miranda caught a glimpse of a familiar image. She recognized the walk first, a man strolling across the lobby with long, languid, confident steps. He wasn't overly tall, but he had a bearing and a presence that gave him stature. He looked right at home in the lobby. She knew right away that it was Tony Marino. He was as he always was, impeccably dressed, with a self-confidence that made him desirable.

Miranda settled into the cushions of the couch, the sight of Tony causing her to smile. It had been a while since she had seen him last, a few months. She hadn't seen him since she stopped driving for Warrington.

Tony Marino was the manager of the penthouse suites at the Dominion Hotel. The penthouses were no ordinary suites. The penthouse floor of the hotel acted as private club floor of sorts. Each suite was the ultimate in luxury, well-appointed and well-designed. But what made the suites special, what gave them a club feel, was the hidden room within the suite, designed to cater specifically to the D/s culture. Access to the penthouse floor was restricted to guests of the penthouse suites only, and Tony controlled the floor. If you wanted to stay in a penthouse suite, you had to go through Tony. If you were a dom visiting the city, chances are you knew Tony. If you were a dom and you didn't know Tony, you wanted to.

Miranda smiled, remembering Tony. She remembered how gentle and kind he was to her a few years back. She remembered the first time she met him. Just like today, she was sitting in the lobby of the Dominion, watching the people go by, waiting for nothing in particular, happy to let the day happen. Little did she know that Tony would happen.

"You've found a nice spot." Those were the words that Tony first spoke to her, two years ago. She was sitting in pretty much the same spot she was now.

* * *

Back then she didn't know Tony, and she knew well enough not to talk to strangers, especially in a hotel lobby. "Yeah, thanks," was all she had said, hoping he would pick up on her dismissive tone and go away. He hadn't.

"I'm Tony," he said, stretching out his hand, offering it to her to shake.

She shook his hand reluctantly. "Miranda."

"Well Miranda, what brings you to the hotel today?"

Miranda didn't like the prying nature of his question, and decided to turn it around on him. She thought that maybe he was hotel security, and he was going to ask her to leave. "I can ask you the same thing."

Tony smiled an easy smile, one that lit up his face. Miranda couldn't help but feel slightly charmed by it, despite her desire not to be.

"I work here," he said.

"Are you security? Are you going to ask me to leave now?"

"Quite the opposite," Tony replied, his smile still lighting up his expression. "I was going to ask you if you wanted to have a drink with me."

That had caught her off guard. Maybe she needed to be careful with this man, although part of her told her otherwise. Miranda did not easily trust, but she felt that perhaps she could trust Tony. Why was that? Was it his smile? He had a disarming charm about him, an honesty and a sincerity that Miranda sensed.

“Okay,” she agreed to having a drink which was out of character, “let’s do that.”

Miranda rose from the couch and stood in front of Tony. She was taller than him. She paused to see how he would react to this. All through her life, Miranda’s height had worked against her. She was taller than most men, and most men were uneasy with it, one of those silly male things held over from days gone by. Such bullshit. But Tony didn’t seem to mind. He simply looked at her and smiled his disarming smile.

“Okay, let’s do that,” he echoed.

Tony stood aside to let Miranda pass, stretching out his arm, motioning towards the lobby bar. Miranda took the cue and began to walk across the lobby, Tony falling into pace at her side.

Once in the bar, Tony settled her into a corner table by the window before going off to get the drinks. Miranda found it odd that he didn’t ask her what she wanted before going to the bar. When he returned he offered her a glass of the most amazing, buttery, old world Chardonnay. She was pleased. As Tony watched, she sipped and smiled her approval. Tony took the first taste of his drink, scotch. She watched as he let the liquid linger on his tongue a moment, savoring it with his eyes closed. He appeared transported by the taste, seemingly somewhere other than at the table with her. Miranda imagined that this was probably how Tony approached life, savoring each moment. When he opened his eyes again, he was looking directly at her. While she would normally feel a little awkward under such a stare, she felt the opposite. She felt comfortable, as if he were savoring her.

“What brings such a pretty lady to my hotel?” he asked her.

Wow, Miranda thought, he’s direct. She felt it best to answer the question as it was asked, directly.

“Nothing.”

Tony smiled. “Nothing? C’mon, there’s always something. Even nothing is something.”

“To be quite honest, I just like sitting in hotel lobbies. I like getting lost in all of the activity around me. I like people watching.”

Tony took another sip of his scotch. “I get that,” he said. “That’s kinda why I gravitated to this business, the hotel business. All the different people from who knows where, coming and going, each with their own story to tell.”

“What’s your story then, Tony?” Miranda decided to stay with the direct approach that Tony had set.

The question made Tony chuckle. “I like that, direct,” he said. “And I like you.”

“You didn’t answer the question.”

“I think I did,” was his reply.

Miranda took a few moments to think about Tony’s reply. It didn’t make sense.

“Oh,” she said, as it dawned on her. Miranda blushed. Tony must have noticed as he smiled again, the smile lighting up his face. He raised his glass to his lips, sipping his scotch, this time keeping his eyes open, looking at Miranda above the rim of the glass.

Miranda sipped her wine, keeping her eyes on Tony. She was not the kind of girl who would let herself be picked up in a hotel lobby by a strange man. The problem was, this man didn’t seem strange. He was too engaging, too charming and his smile was too disarming for her to consider him a stranger. What was she thinking? He was still a stranger trying to pick her up.

Yet she felt safe with him. She sensed a quality in his character that made her feel comfortable and safe. She wanted to be safe with him; she felt that she could be safe with him.

Miranda lowered her defenses even more. “Do you do this often Tony, meet women in the lobby of a hotel and ask them for a drink?”

“Honestly, no. You’re the first.”

Miranda sensed sincerity in his voice. She believed him. “So why start now?”

“You make it impossible not to. No one has captivated me as quickly as you have. You’re beautiful, but I’m sure you know that. I was smitten the moment I laid my eyes on you. I had to come over and meet you.”

Miranda was still trying to adjust to Tony’s directness. She never thought of herself that way, as beautiful, although men had told her that before. “You’re quite the charmer, Tony,” Miranda replied.

“You’ve charmed me.” Tony reached his hand across the table, resting his fingertips on hers. Miranda’s first instinct was to pull away from his touch, but it was electric, and she could not. She wriggled her fingers forward, sliding them further under his. He lay his hand across the top of hers. It was warm, his skin soft.

“Can I get you another?” he asked.

Miranda looked down at her glass and was surprised to see that it was empty. That went down way too fast, she thought. She looked to the glass and back to Tony. “Sure.” Did she just say that? Sure? It was two in the afternoon. She never drank this early. Maybe a glass of wine with lunch, but it was only one, and that was different.

Before Miranda could second guess herself any further, Tony was back with the drinks.

“Try this one,” he said, moving a glass of red wine towards her.

“I prefer white,” Miranda said. “I find red wine too dry.” She moved the glass back towards Tony.

Tony pushed it back towards her. “Try it,” he said, with a little nod of the head. “Trust me, you’ll like it.”

There was that word, trust. Miranda wasn’t a very trusting person, and that word, when spoken, usually made her bristle and back off, trusting even less. Oddly though, spoken by Tony, she didn’t react that way. She felt that she could trust him. She decided to start by trying the wine. She sipped. To her surprise and delight, it wasn’t dry at all. Rather, it was fruity and flavourful. She sipped again, holding the wine on her tongue as Tony did with his scotch. It was even more delightful the second time around.

Tony must have seen the enjoyment on her face. “Was I right? I was right, wasn’t I?”

Miranda smiled and nodded, drinking more of her wine.

“There’s something else I hope I’m right about.”

“What’s that?” asked Miranda, holding her half empty wine glass in her hand, looking through it at Tony.

Tony smiled another one of his engaging smiles. “That you’ll spend the rest of the afternoon with me.”

“I don’t know,” said Miranda. “I’m not sure how much more I can drink. The first one went down too easily. I hate to admit it, but I’m feeling a little light headed right now.”

Tony brought his other hand up to hold Miranda’s hand, his two hands on hers. He lifted her hand from the table and kissed the back of it. Maybe it was the wine, but Miranda thought the gesture was sweet and gentlemanly, not corny at all.

Tony raised his lips from her hand and looked at her. For the first time, Miranda noticed his eyes, slightly hooded and intensely blue. Pretty, she thought.

“I wasn’t planning on drinking all afternoon. I had other things in mind.”

Miranda slipped her hand out of Tony’s. He dropped his hands to the table, but kept looking at her.

“Other things?”

Tony half smiled and nodded.

This is too fast, Miranda thought. But he’s so sexy, so sweet. Miranda brought her wine glass to her lips and drained it. She offered the empty glass to Tony. “Your choice.”

* * *

There are seven suites on the penthouse floor of the Dominion Hotel, six for rent, the seventh suite being Tony’s residence. It was the smallest suite on the floor, but it was all Tony needed. He worked so much he was rarely there.

Tony was at the wet bar opening a bottle of wine while Miranda sat on the couch. Despite the two glasses of wine she had in the bar downstairs, Miranda didn’t feel drunk in any way, not any longer anyway. However, she did feel intoxicated. Intoxicated by the moment, by being in a strange man’s hotel suite, by being with Tony. Tony had that way about him. When he looked at her it was as if he possessed her. When he touched her, it was like he owned her. And when he kissed her? Well, that was what she was here to find out, what it was like to be kissed by Tony, to have sex with Tony. My god, she thought, I’m going to have sex with Tony.

This thought sent a ripple of excitement running down Miranda’s spine. She sat forward on the couch, crossing her legs, clasping her hands in front of her. She had to say something to change her thoughts, to get out of her head.

“How’s that wine coming along?”

As if on cue, Tony strode across the carpet, two wine glasses in hand. He sat down beside her and handed her a glass. She sipped it. Again, another exquisite choice. She looked at him and the anxious thought of having sex with him crossed her mind again. Instinctively, she slid along the couch, further away from him.

Tony must have sensed her anxiety, because he put his wine glass on the coffee table and looked at her. The look was charming, disarming. Without him even saying a word, Miranda felt her anxiety ease.

“I know this might be strange for you, but believe me when I say I don’t do this either. I’m actually supposed to be working right now, but for you I’ll risk it.”

With each word he spoke, Miranda grew more and more at ease. She found herself slowly inching towards him as he spoke.

“It’s just that, when I saw you there, this gorgeous, gorgeous woman, I had to come over and meet you.”

Miranda was getting closer to Tony with each word he spoke. She was right beside him now, and he took her hand. Sparks flowed from his fingertips to her core.

“I had to chance it, to see if you would want to be with me.”

“I want to be with you.” Miranda was shocked to hear these words coming out of her mouth, but then again, she wasn’t. She wanted him. She wanted him to stop talking now and to take her, here, here on the couch, here and now. But he kept talking.

“You’re so beautiful, Miranda.”

He reached up and stroked her cheek with the back of his hand. She tilted her head into his hand, feeling the softness of his skin. He ran his fingers through her long blond hair, cupping the back of her head with his hand. He held her there, the two looking at each other.

Kiss me, damn it, she screamed in her head, kiss me!

When he didn't, Miranda took charge. She sprang forward onto him, her mouth finding his as she pushed him backwards onto the couch. As she lay on top of him, her hand went searching for his penis. She found it immediately. He was hard and ready. She smiled inwardly as she continued to kiss him, pleased to see that he was as aroused as she was.

Tony suddenly sat forward, pushing her up and off of him, tossing her backwards on the couch. She was surprised by how strong he was, tossing her down on the couch as if she were a doll. She marveled at it. His forceful manner excited her more. She may have started it, but Tony was taking over. He was now in charge. She liked it. She lay on her back beneath him as he knelt over her, as he pulled at the buttons of his shirt. She was content to lie still and watch him undress, all the while his eyes trained on her, devouring her. His hard member pressed against his pants, pressing for release. She reached up and undid his belt, tossing it aside, before unzipping his pants and reaching in to feel his hard, warm cock.

"You make me so hard," he said, his shirt flying off.

Miranda loved hearing him talk to her like this. It aroused her. He got off the couch and took off his pants. He stood completely naked before her. Miranda reached down and pulled off her skirt, exposing her panties, her crotch drenched in her juices. She hooked two fingers into the side of her panties and with a quick movement of her hips, they were off and on the floor beside Tony's pants.

She tried to close her legs but Tony wouldn't let her, holding them open with his knees. Her downy blonde mound glistened with her juices. Tony reached a hand down and ran two fingers over her slit without penetrating her. His touch made her shiver. He brought his fingers up and put them in his mouth, tasting her. As with his scotch, Tony closed his eyes, savoring the flavor.

He opened his eyes and moved forward, pushing his lips hard against hers. His mouth was warm, tasting of her. Miranda was so aroused she could feel her juices running down her thighs and onto the couch. Tony took his penis in his hand and brought the tip to touch her swollen, wanting pussy lips. He held himself outside her, running the tip of his penis along her slit, sliding up against her clit.

Three strokes was all she could take. She grabbed his ass with both hands and pulled him into her. He slid in easily; she was so ready. His penis felt perfect inside her. Warm and hard. His first thrust was smooth and deep. He then held himself inside her while Miranda grew accustomed to him. This didn't take long. She grabbed him by his hips, setting the rhythm for his thrusts. He picked up the motion quick enough. Miranda let him take over, wrapping her arms around his back and her legs around his ass.

"Amazing," the word was a breath out of his mouth. "Miranda, you feel amazing."

Miranda wanted to respond, to tell him how truly amazing it felt for her as well, but she could not. She was so lost in the moment, her senses so raw she couldn't speak. She simply held on to Tony, letting him take her.

"Turn over," Tony commanded, sliding out of her. "I want you from behind."

"You can take me any way you want," she moaned.

Miranda rolled over on her belly, but Tony stopped her, holding her firmly by the hips. "No," he said, "like this."

He then proceeded to pull her off the couch, positioning her on her knees, pushing her body forward onto the cushions. Miranda was like a puppet as Tony positioned her limbs exactly as he wanted them. When he was done positioning her, she was leaning forward with her face buried in the pillows of the couch, her ass in the air, her legs spread wide. Even as he moved her, the feel of his hands on her body, holding her, controlling her, aroused her.

Suddenly, with more force than she expected, Tony slide his penis back inside her. He was on his knees behind her, sinking deep inside her, quick deep thrust after quick deep thrust.

“Mmm.” Miranda moaned into the cushion. Could it get any better?

Just as she thought this, Tony leaned his body over hers, placing his face to her ear. He whispered in her ear. “I’m going to spank you.”

What? Did she hear that right? Her body tensed, and Tony felt it. He stopped thrusting but held himself inside of her.

“What?” she said.

“I said I’m going to spank you,” his breath was in her hair. “Your ass, seeing it this way, small, white, perfect. I can’t resist the urge to spank it. And I am going to spank it.”

Miranda’s mind said one thing, but her body another. She had never let a man spank her before, although she had fantasized about it. She came close to asking one of her boyfriends to do it, just for the experience, but she never drew up enough courage to ask. The idea of it both excited and scared the hell out of her. Her body was asking for it, telling Tony that she wanted it, even if she wasn’t able to voice the words. When Tony whispered the words into her ear, her pussy contracted and clenched, her juices flowing even more. She was more aroused than she had ever been. Is it possible that she wanted to be spanked? While her mind said no, her body said yes.

“Will it hurt?” she asked.

She felt Tony’s cheek move as he smiled, his face pressed to hers.

“Only if you want it to,” he replied.

Did she want it to hurt? No. Yes. She didn’t know. “I don’t know,” she told him.

She felt Tony lift his body off her. She trembled. There was silence. She felt his penis deep inside her, his crotch pressed against her.

First, she felt just a little slap on her right buttock. It stung, but it didn’t hurt. The next one was on her left cheek. Again, a sting. “Harder.” Yes, Miranda liked it. She wanted more.

Tony held his penis in her but did not smack her again. Miranda looked back at Tony over her shoulder, bewildered.

Tony saw her look and said, “If you want more, you have to ask for it properly.”

“Properly?”

“You will address me as sir. As in yes sir, no sir, more sir.”

“Really?” Miranda didn’t know what to make of this.

“Do you want more?” Tony asked, looking at Miranda looking back at him.

Miranda thought about it, then smiled. As she turned her head around again, burying it in the cushions of the couch, she said rather forcefully, “Yes, sir!”

Tony began thrusting in and out of her again. She felt his hard penis go in and out of her. She loved it.

He slapped her hard three times on her left cheek. She wanted to cry out in pain, but did not. She wanted more, and she didn’t want to give him any reason to stop. She felt another three hard slaps.

Tony was thrusting even harder, the slapping of his pelvis punctuated by the sound of his hand slapping her left ass cheek. On the third slap, she felt it. She felt the contractions start deep inside her, the ones that start ever so slow but build to an orgasm. At first Miranda wasn't sure if she felt it, it had been so long since she came, but as the waves built, she knew she was close to coming.

Tony must have felt it as well, because his penis became even harder. He picked up the pace of his thrusts, and she felt his penis grow inside her. He was on the edge as well.

Even though her ass cheeks stung like hell, Miranda wanted more. She wanted to feel more of that sweet stinging pain. She felt that she wouldn't be able to come without that feeling, and she wanted to come.

She lifted her head off the couch, trying to look behind her at Tony. "Again," she gasped, "spank me again, sir. Harder, sir. Don't stop. Harder."

She put her head back down on the couch as Tony brought his right hand down hard on her ass cheek.

"Ow," she screamed into the pillow.

He slapped her again, this time on the left cheek.

"Ow, yes, more."

With each blow that came down on her ass, Miranda felt her orgasm rise and well within her until it burst forth, flooding Tony's crotch with warm wetness. Tony gripped her ass cheeks. As he held her tight she felt the fire on her ass from the spanking. He shuddered once, twice, three times as he came deep inside her. The sensation of him releasing deep inside her made her come again. He held her ass until he was finished, falling back and out of her, sitting on the floor behind her.

Miranda twisted her body around and crawled into Tony's lap, licking his still hard penis, tasting herself on his skin mingled with the saltiness of his semen. Her ass stung like hell. It hurt so much. She mashed her left ass cheek into the carpet, feeling the rough wool against her burning skin. She loved it. She knew she wanted more, and was sure Tony would be the one to give it to her. He placed a hand under her chin and guided her face up towards his. He was smiling as he kissed her.

"Can we do that again?" she asked once they broke off their kiss.

"I don't think you have a choice, your ass is now mine."

As Miranda snuggled into this chest, she knew that this was true, he now owned her ass. She was glad he did.

* * *

That was over two years ago. As Miranda watched Tony walk across the lobby, she debated whether or not she should try and get his attention. She decided against it. What would she say, it had been such a long time since they'd spoken. Over the last two years they had seen each other a few times, or rather, she had seen him in the driveway of the hotel and at the front door as she dropped Warrington off. Tony, the ever dutiful hotel manager, there to greet him when they arrived. They had exchanged a few hellos and a couple of polite words over that time, but nothing meaningful.

The last time they had a meaningful conversation was when Tony suggested that she entertain the idea of taking Warrington on as her dom. She was confused at first, he was the only dom she'd known to that point. She didn't understand why he was asking her to go. Tony explained that it wasn't his way to stay with anyone very long, and after three months, maybe it was time for her to move on. She was hurt, damn she was hurt, but she did it anyway. If he didn't

want her, well to hell with him. Why would she stay? It didn't change the fact that she was hurt by it all, but Warrington was good to her, and she quickly came to appreciate him as he appreciated her. The way Warrington cared for her didn't help her to forgive Tony, but it did help ease the sting. Maybe it hurt so much because she was actually in love with Tony. That's probably why Tony found her someone else to be with, she was convinced of it. That's why it hurt so much.

She was over it now, over him now. Although seeing him again, so close, not through the windshield of a car, brought back a few of the tender thoughts. Should she call him over? Was what she was feeling a renewed affection for him, or was she just feeling a little lonely now that Warrington had moved on to Alison, and she was alone?

Miranda's cell phone buzzed. She pulled it out of her jacket pocket to see a text from Alison.

Done in 5

Miranda shoved the phone back into her pocket, getting up from the couch and tucking her long, blond hair under her chauffeur's cap as she moved across the lobby, heading towards her car in the driveway. As she reached the revolving doors she looked back to see if Tony was still around. He wasn't. She went through the doors, signaling to the valet who then tossed her the car keys. She quickly got into the car and went off to pick up Alison.