



*“Break Away” – A.H. Scott
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Book Description

Ellen Sanders is a woman of duty.

Duty to her family, friends, and work were all signs of her dependability and sense of making everyone around her feel assured and welcome.

What happens when duty takes leave?

“Break Away”.

For a woman who has always been charming and ever so reliable; a slow transformation began after meeting a stranger, during a chance encounter on an elevator at her job which awakened something inside of her.

This is Ellen’s story.

This is “Break Away”.

Excerpt –

For the first time in her life, Ellen wanted. Not knowing exactly what it was. She knew a new leaf of possibility had taken its' turn.

Ellen's thighs quivered and her spine shivered each time she entered that elevator. Always crowded first thing in the morning and last thing during the end of the workday, Ellen stood squashed in the right corner among the other employees.

For her, it seemed the only time the elevators weren't so crowded was when everyone was on their lunch breaks. Having left the nearby park a quarter of an hour early from her lunch break, she was making her way back upstairs.

Every ding of the elevator bell announcing another rising floor gave her chills, as it reached a higher number.

Almost to floor 15, the crowd thinned out to only three or four people, including her. One man and two women exited the elevator on the next floor.

Ellen let out a little sigh as the doors closed and she was alone to arrive on the 19th floor. Holding brown paper bag with a partially eaten sandwich and uneaten piece of fruit in left hand, she pressed the elevator button with right index finger.

Feeling a bit letdown by not seeing the stranger, Ellen gazed downward at the floor tiles and waited for the elevator doors to open.

19th floor was reached and as the doors opened, she slowly looked up from the waxed auburn and white tiles.

Caught off guard, the stranger entered the elevator before she could exit it and pressed the stop button.

He stood silently with his back to her, as Ellen's body tensed up and her hand crumpled that brown paper bag.

Man of approximately six feet tall with broad shoulders in a dark pinstripe suit and freshly polished leather shoes folded his arms with casual flair.

"I'm going to fuck you, Ellen" He said without turning around to face her, adding, "...In this elevator, right now".

Ellen held onto that brown paper bag as if it were a lifesaver from her being harmed by him.

“That boring lunch isn’t going to satisfy you, my dear. But, I definitely will” Still not facing her, he spoke confidently, “Toss that bag onto the floor, Ellen”.

This man whose name she did not even know knew her.

“I’m going to feast on you, fulfill you....” He inhaled deeply, “...But, most of all, I’m going to fuck you”.

Sole sound filled that elevator. It wasn’t Ellen’s scream of impending doom or pushing past this stationary male and pounding on those closed doors.

Thud from an apple inside of that brown paper bag was the only sound both of them heard, as it hit the floor.



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