

*Soap Opera Inspired Story Collection*  
Presents

# Virgin Islands

**A Serialized Novel by  
Wesley Adams and Daphne McGee**

Series Created by Gary Brin

# Episodes 1-7



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Wesley Adams and Daphne McGee**

Book 9 of the Soap Opera Inspired Story Collection  
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**Episodes 1-7**

*Standish Press*

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The serialized story in this novel is fiction. Real persons, geographical locations, books, television shows, films, music, and specific events mentioned or which appears as part of the multi-character ensemble in this story were dramatized for entertainment purposes only and have no actual connection to fictional characters and created storylines in this book or reflects upon actual reality of things that may have happened previously or of which seems somewhat similar to real-life situations.

**Names of real people, animals, and events mentioned in this book are in bold letters.**

Select comments by fictional characters in this novel about historical figures, true crime cases, and, or pop culture icons are based on fact and additional information can be found online in reputable sites as well as numerous published books.

Some characters from the novels *Glass Owl*, *Desperate Lives*, *Ocean Landing*, *Ocean Landing Dangerous Games* and *Marble Hills* appear in this book as part of the continuing storyline. The serialized novels stated above are original publications from Standish Press and part of the Soap Opera Inspired Story Collection Series.

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MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

In memory of Bob the Cat who tragically passed away in June 2020 during the writing of this novel. He was immortalized in the bestselling 2012 memoir *A Street Cat Named Bob* as well as the 2016 movie of the same name of which he played himself.

Bob the Cat is credited with saving a drug-addicted homeless man from taking his own life—resulting in worldwide fame upon the publication of the above-mentioned book.

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In memory of Niels Mortensen (1966-1999) of whom the character Niels Anderssen is based upon.





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## Intro

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The backdrop used for *Virgin Islands* is set in and around various locations in the United States Virgin Islands, specifically the island of St. Thomas. The nearby island of Puerto Rico also figured into the plotline when needed in order to enhance the storyline. Like previous novels in the Soap Opera Inspired Story Collection, the story exists only in the pages of the books and not reality. However, like previous novels in this series many of the locations mentioned are real and do exist. With the exception of bookstores, cafes, and selected homes—as well as Mysterious Island—all other geographic locations used as backdrops for the story are real and can be easily found by using Google. As with other published titles in the *Soap Opera Inspired Story Collection Series*—characters from existing books will make appearances as part of the continuing storyline to untangle previous plotlines.

In the “ripped from the headlines” scenario, many of the events used for storyline purposes are taken from real-life events that were reworked into a fictional setting. Nevertheless *Virgin Islands* was specifically written to resemble traditional classic soap operas of the past to a certain extent—and was written with the intention that it’s playing to a visual audience and therefore

will emulate a scripted format rather than the usual storytelling methods displayed in popular full-length modern novels such as *Yacht People* by Mary-Rose Hayes and *Memory of Eva Ryker* by Donald Stanwood. It should also be noted that each episode of this series were written in a brief span of 6-12 days or less and therefore shouldn't be confused with being great literature. The goal of this serialized series of books was simply to mimic episodes of prime-time soaps—by creating visual entertainment on a printed page—and not to create a literary masterpiece.

*Virgin Islands* takes place approximately at the same time the events in *Marble Hills* are occurring in New England. Some characters from previous novels in the Soap Opera Inspired Story Collection Series are featured throughout this book as part of the present story in order to resolve previous unfinished stories.

Gary Brin  
Series Creator

In an effort to have an accurate portrayal of the dialogue used for the *Soap Opera Inspired Story Collection Series* people were anonymously observed in shopping malls, schools, places of employment, and on public streets in order to capture a definitive portrayal of how people of various ages and cultures interacted and talked to each other when they thought no one was listening. While some select dialogue was exaggerated for dramatic purposes when needed—the manner and tone of which people were observed speaking to each other in casual and private conversations is accurate. Exact wording was not copied verbatim for the most part, but the way certain types of topics and conversations are addressed by characters in this serialized series is based on actual situations that were observed over a period of several dozen years.

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# Prologue

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## 1

### Sixteen Years Earlier

A teenage boy grabs a frightened girl and slaps her around as he seems to get a perverse thrill from his actions. The girl begins to cry as she falls against a bookcase several feet away.

“Did you think I’d allow it?”

He grabs her again.

“Did you think I wouldn’t find out?”

He hits her across her face in an angry rage while she seems to cower as she retreats into a ball. He begins laughing.

“Your lover boy is gonna pay.”

He makes a slashing motion with his hand.

“I’ll teach him a lesson—one he’ll never forget.”

He clenches his fist.

“Then you and I will talk.”

He watches her reaction and begins laughing.

“No one is gonna help you—no one at all—you’ve got no one but me—and don’t you ever forget it—I own you.”

The girl tries to stand. He points his finger at her as he reaches into his pocket and pulls out a pair of brass knuckles.

"I think you need a few lessons on obeying me—got to make sure you know who's boss—who calls the shots."

Seconds later he begins hitting her as screams echo loudly throughout the tiny bedroom amid his loud laughter.

## 2

The teenage boy looks at the girl lying on the floor. Her legs are smeared with semen as he stands up. He glances at his penis and laughs loudly—he points at her again and grins.

"It's you and me all the way—that punk is no longer going to try to get into your pants—that I guarantee—he's toast."

He smiles broadly as he looks at his penis again.

"Uh-huh—I intend to make frequent visits—sample your wares until I decide your future—take what is rightfully mine."

He begins laughing as he mockingly points at her.

"You and I are bound at the hip now—no one will be closer than the two of us—especially not that stuck-up geeky loser."

He makes a lewd gesture with his finger.

"I think I'm going to pay him a friendly visit."

The girl begins sobbing as he zips his pants and walks to the door. He stops and faces her again. He winks at her.

"I hear he has a job at the diner on the corner of Fourth Street and Monroe. I know for a fact the parking lot in the back of the diner has plenty of places for a guy like me to hide—and wait patiently for just the right moment—to even the score."

He makes a slashing gesture with his hand.

## 3

The parking lot is empty as shadows of the night begin to creep about as a teenage boy comes into the lot. He stops a few times as if worried about the eerie stillness permeating the area. He reaches into his jacket pocket for his keys. As they jingle he seems to feel better as the noise interrupts the silence. He begins walking again as he whistles briefly before stopping again.

“Got to remind management to replace the lights for the lot pronto—would make things easier to see in the dark.”

He turns around suddenly as he hears a rustling noise. He sees several rats scurry away and reacts. He shakes his head.

“Damn those fiends—even the alley cats are afraid to confront them—too bad snakes are hard to come by around here—slimy suckers would easily gobble those things up.”

There is another noise several feet away. He turns around just as a fist smashes into his face. He yells out in fright as several more pummeling blows fall on him. He screams for help.

“No one is gonna help you lover boy.”

The teenage boy is hit again and again by his much bigger rival until he’s a bloody mess lying on the pavement. He watches as his attacker grins broadly while he stands over him. Mocking laughter echoes as he realizes what is about to take place.

“Say goodnight sweet prince.”

A foot comes down with force on his neck as he gasps for air while he’s struck again and again until he finally stops begging for mercy. Seconds later his attacker calmly walks away.

#### 4

“Your lover boy is no more. He got what he deserved and now I think it’s time you realize I own you—body and soul.”

He laughs as he grabs the girl by her hair.

“Don’t you ever defy me again—I won’t tolerate it.”

He hits her hard across the face as she cries out in pain while her terrified eyes react with each aggressive attack.

“I’m the only one you’ll have between your legs from now on—the only one you’ll allow to plow you—is that clear?”

He begins laughing gleefully.

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## **A Brief Look at the First Episode**

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Secrets from the past begin to unravel as a man plots diabolical revenge against his ex with help from his clueless sister—as a rich family faces events from their past that threatens to destroy the perfect image they’ve created over the last two decades—while a famous writer comes back to the islands for a book signing.



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Episode 1

# Gameplay Blues

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1

**Magens Bay Beach  
St. Thomas  
United States Virgin Islands  
Present Day**

"I don't see why I have to pretend?"

Savannah Windsor turns around to face Brent Crawford as he shoots her a warning glance. He angrily clenches his fist.

"I already told you why you have to keep my name from coming up when you talk about your past—my ex is not a fool by any means—if she even suspects—we're already sunk."

He runs his fingers through his hair.

"I've waited a long time to stick it to that miserable bitch for how she treated me—dumped me like used trash."

"Why happened between you two anyway?"

Brent turns to look out at the beach several feet away and seems irritated by his sister asking him stupid questions.

"She played me—then threw me away."

He pounds his fist on the steering wheel and sighs.

"Astrid Blakely is seriously loaded—has more money than God since she cleverly swindled some stupid old fool from Maine who killed himself several years back amid a scandalous outing of his nefarious activities played out by one of his former lovers."

Brent makes a lewd gesture with his hand.

"She owes me—that bitch is gonna pay dearly."

He clenches his fist again.

"I'll ruin her if it's the last thing I do."

Savannah seems worried as she looks at her brother.

"What if she calls the cops on us?"

Brent waves his hand in the air and smirks.

"She can't call the cops if she doesn't know she's being played by yours truly. She'll never see it coming—then wham—a few carefully played situations and she'll wish she'd never crossed me. She'll beg for mercy—she'll cry for help—guaranteed."

Savannah watches as Brent begins laughing.

## 2

### Back Street Cafe

"Are you sure this is a good idea?"

Boris Birney watches as John Smythe grins and nods several times as he turns to look at the computer screen again.

"Uh-huh, I'm sure, come on, it'll be fun. You, me, and our girlfriends for a day trip to Mysterious Island. It's been opened for a year now—there's nothing to worry about. They turned it into a park right after the press went away. We've been invited to take a tour by Zimmerman. He insisted by the way—said he was paying for it—the ferry, food, the works. Don't wimp out on me now."

Boris shakes his head several times.

"You're a magnet for trouble Smythe."

John grins broadly.

"Uh-huh—but without me you'd be living a really dull life right about now, slaving away in some office job where everyone spends their free time minding other people's business."

Boris runs his fingers through his hair and sighs loudly.

“Fine—whatever—but if anything happens to me or Alison I’m holding you personally responsible—no exceptions.”

John gleefully rolls his eyes.

“There isn’t going to be any drama—what could happen on an island that has security guards patrolling the grounds from dawn to dusk? Nothing—except of course if those two dead guys show up—and their creepy old grandfather—what was his name? Oh, that’s right? Zaroff—Count Zaroff if I recall. Dude was a piece of work from what I read in the *Times* review yesterday.”

Boris gives John a knowing look.

“Sandra King is coming to the islands to sign her book at a bookstore in Havensight Mall. Heard they ordered a thousand copies in case there was a huge crowd wanting a copy—book has been selling on Amazon for the past two months. I think Warner Brothers optioned it for a movie already—or a miniseries—I forgot which—I saw her on CNN talking about it last week.”

John wags his finger Boris.

“I bet you already bought a copy.”

Boris takes a swig of his drink and grins.

“Hey, I’m mentioned in the book a few times—of course I bought a copy—it’s not every day you see your name in print.”

John rolls his eyes and jabs Boris.

“If it hadn’t been for me it would never have happened at all. I saved the day—and don’t you forget it—like ever.”

Boris makes a fist and shakes it.

“Can your ego get any bigger John—it always has to be about you—never can let anyone shine for even a moment.”

John grins broadly and gestures.

### 3

## Stumpy Bay Beach

A couple is nimbly walking along a dirt road leading to the beach. Most of the road has huge portions of the surfacing missing due to water runoff from the nearby ravines. They stop and slowly look around. The area seems completely deserted.

“How much longer until we get to the beach—my feet are killing me—could use a drink of water right about now.”

Alexis de Hoya gives his girlfriend a knowing look and wipes sweat from his brow. He peers through the trees.

“It’s just down the ways from here, Marisa. According to Marco you can see the beach just past those trees at the end of the rocky cropping. He comes here all the time to scuba dive.”

Marisa Rossmore puts her hands on her hips.

“Uh-huh—like Marco Verde knows anything about good directions—I haven’t forgotten what happened last month.”

Alexis begins laughing and gestures.

“OK—OK—my cousin has problems with direction—but this time he’s right about the beach being nearby just over that next curve in the road. I can hear the surf from here. Listen.”

Marisa turns toward where Alexis is pointing.

“I don’t hear anything.”

Alexis rolls his eyes and gestures at Marisa again.

“Let’s just keep going—Stumpy Beach is gonna be worth it. Marco said the place is always deserted. No one visits.”

Marisa shakes her fist at Alexis.

“What if there’s some hermit living there—just waiting for us to come by—come by so he can slash our throats with a machete or something—drink our blood just for kicks.”

Alexis takes Marisa’s hand.

“Come on—I’ll protect you. But just for the record you’ve got to stop watching those old movies from the 1980s where stupid teenagers were being chased by some deranged dude with mommy issues—there’s no one here—no one except us.”

He grins seeing her odd reaction to his comment and makes a slashing gesture with his finger. She grimaces.

“I’ll never forgive you if I get killed.”

Alexis makes a slashing gesture with his finger again.

“Uh-huh—I think you would.”

Marisa gives Alexis a weird look and follows him until they come to the entrance. For several seconds they stare in awe at the pristine-looking beach several yards in front of them.

4  
**Reynolds Estate**

Armand Bell opens his eyes and looks out as the sun shines through the window of his bedroom. He sighs loudly.

“Is it morning already?”

He rubs his eyes and looks over at his girlfriend lying next to him. She opens her eyes slowly as he shakes her. She yawns as he climbs out of bed and grabs his robe. He sighs again.

“When is your mother due back?”

Armand turns to face Lily Van Tassel and grins.

“Next week—doesn’t matter though—she never comes to the guest house anymore—she knows better after last year.”

Lily gives Armand a knowing look.

“Oh, is that so. Did she catch you with my sister?”

Armand grins broadly.

“She caught me with her friend from college.”

Lily seems disgusted.

“You slept with an old lady?”

Armand wags his finger at Lily.

“Maggie Blanding is not an old woman—she’s forty.”

He licks his lips several times.

“She knows things.”

Lily climbs out of bed.

“Ugh—it’s bad enough you slept with my sister—but some woman who is old enough to be my mother? Ugh—gross.”

Armand grabs a pair of jeans lying on the floor and begins dressing as Lily combs her hair. She pauses and sighs.

“What about you and Jasmine?”

Armand turns around and faces Lily.

“What about her?”

Lily angrily shakes the hairbrush at Armand.

“Are you and her still an item?”

Armand seems annoyed and shrugs.

“Jasmine and I just friends—like relax already.”

Lily walks over to Armand. She seems ready for a fight.

"I won't tolerate you skipping out on me."

Armand laughs and turns away.

"I'm not sleeping with Jasmine—but we do have a son together—what am I supposed to do—not talk to her when I go visit Trevor? You need to chill—stop expecting the worse of me every time you see me with some chick—enough already."

Lily grabs Armand by the arm.

"You really hurt me when you slept with my sister. She and I are not talking by the way—courtesy of your behavior."

Armand pulls away from Lily and laughs.

"I already told you it meant nothing—I was drunk—she was drunk—it happened—like seriously, get over it already."

Lily grabs Armand's hand again.

"You got her pregnant."

Armand jerks free of Lily's grip.

"She lost the baby—what's your problem?"

Lily walks back toward the mirror.

"If I catch you with some other girl I won't be responsible for what I do—you've been warned. I play hard—really dirty."

Armand gives Lily an odd look.

"I won't be threatened by my jealous girlfriend."

Lily throws her hairbrush at Armand.

"I'm warning you."

He begins laughing.

## 5

### Mafolie

A car is driving along a tree-lined road with picturesque views of the city of Charlotte Amalie below. The car slows at a curve as several oncoming cars seem not to slow down.

"This view is spectacular—I bet the houses around here costs plenty—probably as much as a pad in Beverly Hills."

Justin Manslow seems irritated as he wipes sweat from his brow and grabs his cell phone. He resumes driving and grins.

"I hope Sandra and her new hubby arrived safely. Got to make sure nothing goes wrong. Too much money riding on her book selling a million copies before the end of next month."

He begins dialing and as the phone is picked up he pulls over by the side of the road in front of Mafolie Hotel.

"Yeah, uh-huh, it's me. I gather you and Scott made it to the hotel already? That's right—it's quite classy no doubt."

He snickers and waves his hand in the air.

"I'm right outside actually."

He laughs again and looks at the entrance of the hotel just a few yards away. He grins broadly and shuts off his cell phone.

## 6

### Hoya Coffee Corporate Offices Puerto Rico

"I'm through waiting Gavin. Time is money. My money to be exact—I want you here on the next flight from Miami."

Milo Wiley wipes sweat from his brow as he faces his cousin Alexander de Hoya. He grimaces and then sighs.

"It seems Gavin missed his flight."

Alexander seems irritated and shrugs.

"Likely story—that man is more trouble than he's worth to us—spends more time on his damn back than he works."

Milo leans back in his chair.

"Maybe we should start looking for his replacement just in case—someone with a better worth ethic—and married."

Alexander snickers.

"Hopefully happily married as a rule—no drama to speak of—no girlfriend on the side—or boyfriend for that matter."

Milo wags his finger at Alexander.

"My mother thought Cashe Bishoff was straight when she married him—seemed so anyway—until my sister caught him in bed with the butler—a day after the frigging wedding—sick."

He walks to the window.

"I heard he moved back to New York."

Milo turns around to face Alexander and grimaces.

"My mother has never picked the right guy. She always thinks she's getting a diamond—but he turns to coal right after."

Alexander stands and walks over to his cousin.

"How is your mother anyway? I haven't heard from her in the last two weeks or so. Is she back from Monaco yet? I assume she and **Princess Stephanie** had a lot to gossip about?"

"She's in St. Thomas as we speak—staying at her usual suite at Frenchman's Reef. Apparently, one of the people who were with her on that wretched island has written a tell-all memoir on what happened. Mother said she wanted to say hi in person when we talked earlier. I assume she'll be back in San Juan in about a week or so from what she stated when I inquired."

He glances at his cell phone.

"How is Alexis handling the divorce? Is he still angry at you for calling it quits with Ingrid? From what I recall he was pretty bummed out when he caught you in bed with Celia Kwon."

Alexander runs his fingers through his hair and sighs.

## 7

### Stumpy Bay Beach

"See, I told you it was worth it. This beach is heaven—just the two of us and nature. No pesky people to fuck anything up like always happens when you go to Magens. That place is a magnet for muscle-headed jerks who think they're God's gift to women—compensating for having a tiny pea for a brain."

Alexis puts his arms around Marisa.

"I wonder if this beach is for sale—I'd buy it without even thinking twice—pave the road and build a huge mansion."

Marisa begins laughing.

"Your family won't buy you a beach?"

Alexis grins broadly.

"Says who?"

Marisa turns to face Alexis.

"Didn't you say your old man was a tightwad?"



Alexis rolls his eyes and sighs loudly.

"Uh-huh—he's a cheap motherfucker tightwad without a doubt—but I could play the guilt card. After all, it was me that caught him in bed with his trashy assistant—busted him."

He stands up and looks around.

"I'm still mad at him if you must know. He cheated on my mother with that fucking whore. Said it didn't mean anything afterwards. Tried playing me for a fool—but I showed him—got on the phone and told mom what I'd seen. Marriage was kaput within an hour. Mom rented a house here in St. Thomas and began divorce proceedings. It's been a year—but I'm still not in the forgiving mood—not even a little bit. He blew it big time."

He runs his fingers through his hair.

"Hey—how about we go explore that little island over there. I bet the view from the top is really spectacular."

Marisa stands and slowly follows Alexis down the rocky beach as a brisk wind whips through the sun-drenched sand.

## 8

### Frenchman's Reef Resort

"Uh-huh—that's right—send only your best wine. Two in fact—add it to my bill—include a lobster in the deal also."

Victoria de Hoya nods several times and shuts off her cell phone as she faces the panoramic view of the harbor. She sighs loudly as she walks toward the open balcony and smiles.

"It'll be so good to see Sandra and Scott again. Who knew she would turn what happened two years ago into a book."

She licks her lips and grins.

"I guess I shouldn't really be surprised after she managed to snag that good-looking rascal all for herself. I bet their sex life is endless nights of passionate lovemaking—lucky her."

She pulls a strand of hair out of her face.

"I wonder if Sandra knows any hot eligible bachelors."

She sighs loudly and faces the hotel room.

"Eligible straight bachelors—must like women."

She walks over to the mini bar and pauses briefly.

“When did my life become so boring?”

Victoria reaches for a glass just as her cell phone begins to ring. She glances at it and shrugs. On the screen she sees a photo of Milo. Several images appear seconds later. She sighs.

## 9

### Australia

A man nervously looks back several times as he runs toward a terminal and smirks. Silas Bell seems in a rush as he heads toward a nearby ticket booth. He shrugs as he gives a ticket to an attendant and smiles as he’s waved through.

“Uh-huh—they thought they had me—but not quite. I’m so out of here. Got to look for greener pastures if I want to stay ahead of the game—starting with my little bro—bet he never thought he’d see me again. Especially after what happened all those years ago—I’m sure he’s forgotten what I did to him and his mother—it’s not like I was to blame—that spider could’ve ended up anywhere—even between the blankets as they slept.”

He smiles and walks toward a row of seats inside the airplane as other people begin making their way past him.

## 10

### Blakely Mansion

Astrid Blakely sighs loudly as she watches her son dive into the pool headfirst. As the water splashes all over the surface of the tiled walkway Byron Blakely jumps out of the water with a huge grin on his face. He sees her reaction and sighs loudly.

“Did you see? Did you see what I did?”

Astrid seems upset.

“I saw. Who taught you to do something so dangerous? You could’ve cracked your head—or worse broken your neck.”

Byron rolls his eyes and sighs loudly.

“Niels showed me. His trainer taught him.”

Astrid throws a towel to her eight-year-old-son and seems annoyed as he glances at the pool again. He grins broadly.

"I want to do it again."

Astrid raises her hand in the air.

"No way—once is enough for today."

Byron seems upset as he begins drying his body.

"You're no fun—you never let me do anything. Niels gets to do whatever he wants. He never hears no—never—ever."

Astrid points her finger at Byron.

"I'll remember that when they're lowering his coffin into a grave after he gets killed jumping off some cliff or other."

Byron seems confused and turns away.

## 11

### Mountain Top

"Of course I didn't tell her everything."

Brent sighs loudly as he glances at the road ahead. As he passes several large trees he glances at the cell phone in his hands and glares at Derek Ving on the screen. He shrugs.

"My sister is in a need-to-know basis. It's best that way—if she knew what I have planned she might switch sides on me."

Derek rolls his eyes knowingly.

"Uh-huh—I know her deal—she caught me having a private moment with her friend from high school and flipped."

He laughs slyly and points at Brent.

"What's a guy to do when presented with an opportunity to have an intense blowjob in a supermarket parking lot?"

Brent seems annoyed and sighs loudly.

"Spare me the details with what happened at Pueblo last month. Don't really want to know about you getting a blowjob from some nasty whore my sister thought was her best friend."

Derek laughs loudly and gestures.

"My dick hasn't been the same since."

Brent pulls over to the side of the road and grimaces. He watches Derek making a lewd gesture with his finger.

"If I were you I'd be careful where my sister is concerned and your dick—she might just chop it off—made threats."

Derek makes a lewd gesture with his finger again as he seems to revel in Brent's reaction. Brent waves his hand.

"Enough with your sexual escapades—we have a lot of work to do in order to make sure that brat doesn't push us to the frigging edge. Astrid Blakely is sitting on a wad of cash. Take her son and that cash is as good as mine. Kid won't know squat."

Derek shoots Brent a knowing look.

"I expect my cut as promised. Stashing that brat will be quite a chore. Babysitting some spoiled rich kid isn't going to be a picnic—he'll probably be terribly mouthy—think he's all that."

Brent shakes his fist at Derek.

"He'll play along or else we'll tie him up."

He laughs slyly.

"Put the fear of God into him."

Derek grins broadly and nods several times.

## 12

### New York City

"Don't you get cute on me—we had a deal."

Roland Parker leans back in his chair and sighs loudly.

"Uh-huh—you're gonna do it—no compromises. I'll expect you to give me a print-ready copy by the end of the week."

He laughs loudly.

"That's right Malone—I intend to be a dick about the whole deal—make you see the light if necessary. You owe me plenty after taking two months off—two very long months."

He stands and walks toward the window.

"Tell Sandra I said hi."

He nods a few times and shuts off his cell phone. He turns to face the office and grins. He gestures with his hands.

"That man can be so annoying. Thinks the whole world revolves around him. Ugh—makes me so sick sometimes."

He grins broadly as he looks at the city.

**13**  
**Mafolie Hotel**

“Look at the view—it’s almost like a postcard.”

Scott Malone turns to look at Sandra King with a huge grin spread out across his face. He runs his fingers through his hair and watches Sandra’s reaction. She slowly walks over toward him.

“What are you going to do about Roland?”

Scott gestures with his hand.

“I’m thinking of taking a hit out on him.”

He laughs loudly.

“Some cement shoes would do nicely right before he takes a header off the Brooklyn Bridge. He might even scream as he falls into the water knowing I was laughing gleefully.”

Sandra pinches Scott.

“I’m serious—what are you gonna do about him calling every hour. That man is seriously stroking my last nerve.”

Scott pulls Sandra toward him.

“He wants a story on our upcoming visit to Mysterious Island. Thinks it’ll grab plenty interest from readers of your book—Parker thinks the story has fallen out of the headlines recently if truth be known—he’s intent on milking the drama for everything nevertheless—seems quite restless actually.”

Sandra seems upset and shrugs.

“Is he still upset that Maureen left him?”

Scott nods several times.

“Uh-huh—mopes around his office all the time from what I hear—wishes he’d done things much differently—blames being a workaholic on his marriage ending—at least that’s the impression I got when I talked to him earlier—tough break—rough.”

Sandra runs his fingers through Scott’s hair. They look at each other for a few seconds. She gives him a knowing look.

“I’m glad you’re here with me—don’t like being away from you—like your company—like how we get along so well.”

Scott laughs loudly and kisses Sandra.

"Such nice words from my wife—a guy can get spoiled really badly—expect it all the time. Hugs and kisses too."

Sandra lets her fingers stroke Scott's cheek.

"I don't regret one minute of marrying you—we have a past—plenty of drama to remember—especially after."

Scott grins and faces the balcony.

"Think I should fix Roland up with someone?"

Sandra wags her finger at Scott.

"Don't even think of it—good intentions always end badly. Let him find his way—deal with his divorce from Maureen."

She jabs him in the chest.

"I mean it Scott—don't you even think about fixing him up with someone—he'll be pissed—angry actually—angry enough to send you to India on a story out of spite—maybe St. Helena."

Scott looks at Sandra slyly and laughs.

"I hear St. Helena is beautiful this time of year."

Sandra playfully jabs Scott again.

"I mean it—leave it be."

He reaches for his cell phone and grins.

## 14

Alexis and Marisa get into his jeep. Seconds later he starts the engine and glances at her. He grins broadly and sighs.

"We've got to do this again."

Marisa playfully slides her fingers across his belt buckle and laughs. Alexis grins broadly as he watches her. He sighs.

"Nothing beats having an intense sexual experience on a deserted beach. Quite a nice moment no doubt—relaxing."

Marisa tugs at the belt buckle again.

"I'm glad you were my first."

Alexis grins and leans over to kiss Marisa.

"I've never felt this way about anyone before."

Marisa wipes a tear from her eye.

"What about your parents?"

Alexis seems upset and turns away.

“What about them?”

Marisa reaches out to gently touch his hand.

“Your folks think we’re too young.”

Alexis waves his hand in the air and shrugs.

“They can’t tell me what to do—not after the mess they made of their own lives—trust me, my folks have more problems than the characters in that old TV series from the 1980s called *Flamingo Road*. All they did was fight before they split for good. I was always caught in the middle—hoping things would get better. Then my father began banging Celia—and things got even worse—especially after I caught them having sex together.”

He runs his fingers through his hair.

## 15

“I swear this place is like a maze—couldn’t find the right suite—it took me ten whole minutes to figure things out.”

Justin turns to look toward the harbor in a distance as he takes another swig from the drink in his hand. He laughs.

“But enough of me—I just spoke with the owner of the bookstore before I got here and she told me there are already two thousand orders for your book. Several hundred of those are slated to show up for the signing. She’s pretty excited.”

Sandra turns to look at Scott.

“I guess that means we can take that vacation to the Maldives next year—get far away from Roland Parker.”

Scott laughs and points at Sandra.

“Uh-huh—don’t count on it. He’ll find us.”

Justin takes another swig of his drink and grins. He notices a copy of Sandra’s book on a table nearby. He gestures.

“Things are looking up already.”

He runs his fingers through his hair.

“Your book has the potential to smash records from what I’ve heard from several people I know. They think it could set a record in Europe too—London especially. You might even get a royal invite if we play our cards right—meet the royal family.”

Sandra rolls her eyes and glances at Scott briefly. Justin notices and quickly turns away. He wipes sweat from his brow.

"I've booked you for the next six weeks all over the country. By the time we're done your book will clear one million. No **Margaret Mitchell** numbers or **Anne Frank** for that matter but still quite good considering just a month ago hardly anyone knew your name and now it looks like your book will become one of the year's biggest selling books. A movie is certainly going to happen now—big stars and glitzy premieres in Los Angeles, New York and London—detailed interviews on the red carpet."

Justin walks toward the balcony and stops suddenly.

"Have you ever written a screenplay?"

Sandra seems confused.

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## The Next Day

16

### Main Street

"I'll see you in an hour—probably earlier."

Astrid nods several times and shuts off her cell phone as she faces her friend. Norma Crowe shoots Astrid a warning look as she notices someone in a distance. Astrid turns to look in the direction of where Norma is looking. She seems upset.

"I thought you said he left the island?"

Astrid grits her teeth.

"I thought he did—haven't seen him in years."

Several yards away Brent is sitting at a cafe chatting with a woman Astrid doesn't recognize. She shakes her head.

"He's probably trying his latest moves on her. Still playing the same game he always played with me—but pretending he isn't actually a loser. Ugh—I ought to walk over there and tell her how much trouble he'll be once he beds her. Damn him."

Norma grabs Astrid's arm.

"Don't you dare do such a thing—he'll come after you again—beat you up like he did before—and cheat on you."



Astrid seems upset and grimaces.

“Ugh—he makes me so angry—only wanted to get his hands on my money—pretended he cared—used me.”

Norma leads Astrid down the street.

“Uh-huh—his type never changes. Let’s just forget you ever saw him today—think of Peter—think of how much he loves you—think of your upcoming wedding in a few months.”

Astrid smiles broadly.

“Peter Zimmerman definitely is a keeper. No toad is he. I got lucky when I wasn’t even looking. He’s a good man.”

Norma nods in agreement.

“How about we make our way to Havensight and have a drink at that new health food bar that opened last month?”

Astrid nods and lets Norma lead her away.

## 17

### Drake’s Seat

“I don’t get him—why can’t he just leave me alone? Let me live my own life—it’s not fair. He doesn’t understand.”

Alexis wipes sweat from his brow.

“He treats me like I’m his personal property.”

Marisa reaches out to touch Alexis’s hand as he shuts off his cell phone and looks at her. She nods in agreement.

“When did your father say he was gonna drop by?”

Alexis rolls his eyes.

“He didn’t actually say. Said something about mending fences with my mother—make things right. Ugh—there’s nothing to fix after what he did to her—she had every right to dump his sorry ass after he played doctor with that sleazy whore.”

He angrily clenches his fist and sighs.

“She wasn’t the first one either—he probably dipped his wick plenty of times into every stupid whore that gave him the time of day. I bet I have plenty of brothers and sisters out there that I don’t know about—won’t find out until the will reading.”

Marisa reacts and pulls away from Alexis.

“Do you think you have siblings you don’t know about? Would your father keep something like that from you?”

Alexis wipes sweat from his brow again and nods.

“Uh-huh he would—no doubt about it.”

Alexis grimaces.

“I’m a poor little rich boy.”

Marisa gives Alexis an odd look.

“What do you mean by that?”

Alexis glances at his cell phone.

“I have everything—everything but parents that love me.”

Marisa seems upset as she touches Alexis’s hand.

“Don’t your parents love you?”

Alexis faces Marisa and sighs loudly.

“There’s no love in my family—none that matters anyway as far as I’m concerned. Money doesn’t buy happiness.”

Alexis opens the car door and slowly steps out. He faces the panoramic view of Magens Bay Beach far below. He sighs.

“Sometimes I wish I didn’t have a penny to my name in return for a family that was normal. Wish I had parents that loved each other and not how much friggig money they had. Ugh—my life sucks chunks. Now I know how **Barbara Hutton** felt.”

Marisa steps out of the car and looks around.

“Was she a movie star or something?”

Alexis waves his hand in the air.

“She was an heir to the massive Woolworth fortune. Her grandfather **F. W. Woolworth** founded a chain of department stores back in the day. She had everything she could ever want in life—everything but love. Her life was anything but happy.”

Marisa reaches out to hug Alexis.

“I didn’t know.”

Alexis sighs loudly.

“Maybe my cousin had the right idea.”

Alexis slowly turns around to face the street.

“She lives in Los Angeles. Turned her back on the family fortune in order to live her own life—she’s an actress now.”

He runs his hands through his hair and shrugs.

“Last time I talked to Laura she said she was happy that she made the move—especially after *what* happened.”

Marisa reacts and seems confused.

“What do you mean by that?”

Alexis turns to face the ocean again.

“Laura was one of the people that ended up on that island that has become a tourist attraction. Said it was the scariest thing she’s ever faced. Worst than her parents fighting all the time over money—worst than catching her stepfather fucking a dude at her mother’s condo in San Juan. Incident freaked her out so much she won’t be coming back for a book signing by one of the people who lived through it—scared of coming back actually.”

Marisa reaches out to Alexis again.

## 18

### Fort Christian

“I don’t believe in ghosts. Never have and never will. I’d have to see it to be a believer. See it in person myself.”

June McQueen rolls her eyes at Wendy Crowe as they stand in front of the imposing structure several yards away.

“I heard it was built in the 1670s when the first settlers arrived—and all sorts of horrible things happened throughout the years. People died—and some came back. Haunting some of the rooms where they died. Gruesome endings were plenty.”

Wendy begins laughing.

“Uh-huh—I see you’ve been watching too much cable programs on the Discovery Channel. But I remain skeptical of old junk like that—ghosts aren’t real—just stories by people who have too much time on their hands or are seriously unstable.”

June gestures at Fort Christian.

“I dare you to go inside.”

Wendy gives June an odd look and turns away.

“I’ve got better things to do.”

June watches as Wendy pulls out her cell phone. She gives her a knowing look which Wendy notices. She points at June.

“Besides—I’m waiting for a call from Cliff.”

June sticks her finger in her mouth.

“Ugh—I thought you were finally over him—especially after he sampled Donna Manjack last week at Tyler’s party.”

Wendy seems upset and waves her hand.

“He said she came on to him—seduced him.”

June grabs Wendy’s arm.

“Uh-huh—but it wasn’t her hand inside his underwear that you saw—it was his finger stuck up her vagina—face it he’s a dog who played you for a fool—time you got real with that creep.”

Wendy glances at the cell phone in her hand.

“Cliff Nickerson is my first love—I can’t help how I feel. He said I was his first. Said we had a connection—lasting love.”

June stifles a laugh and shakes her head.

“I’ll just bet he feeds that corny line to all the girls he’s bedded and discarded. Cliff Nickerson was not a virgin when he met you—not even a little—been around—soiled his share of girls all over St. Thomas—and St. John too from what I heard.”

Wendy seems irritated by the statement.

“I don’t care one way or the other—I feel the way I do and nothing will change that. Cliff and I are destined to be together for the rest of our lives—I want him to father my children.”

June throws her hands up in the air.

## 19

### Windward Passage Hotel

Silas throws a suitcase carelessly onto the bed as he glances at the view of Hassel Island across from the hotel.

“Uh-huh—I’m going to like it here. Plenty of sunshine and luscious babes—oh yeah—this is going to be a sweet vacation.”

He grins broadly and licks his lips.

“Time to make contact with my little bro as I plot out my revenge—get what’s rightfully mine—pretend I care.”

He laughs as he walks over to a mini bar not far away from the sliding glass doors that front a balcony of the tiny room.

“Once I’m done with Armand I’ll never have to worry about money again. Live life on my terms—which is only fair.”

He waves his hand in the air several times.

“With him out of the way, his share of the inheritance will be mine. Then I go after Houghton Fawcett for what he did to my father—pay him back royally—make him suffer terribly.”

He begins laughing hysterically.

“Afterwards I’ll return to Australia and make sure Serena Glick pays dearly for locking me up in that nuthouse. She’ll suffer most of all no doubt—starting with watching her son die.”

He pours himself a drink and laughs again.

## 20

“I’m here for you if you need me.”

Alexis turns around to face Marisa. They kiss.

“I appreciate that—appreciate it more than you know.”

Marisa hugs Alexis tightly.

“How about we go get a burger?”

Alexis nods.

## 21

### Magens Bay Beach

Sandra shuffles her feet in the sand as Scott stares out at sea. She stops and faces him. He purposely ignores her.

“What’s going on in that mind of yours?”

Scott grins slyly.

“Wouldn’t you like to know?”

Sandra jabs him several times.

“I have a right to know—I demand it.”

Scott laughs again.

“I’ll think about it.”

Sandra jabs him again as he smiles broadly.

“What are you up to Scott?”

He pulls her toward him and smirks.

"I was just thinking how famous you might get—might get bored with me—expect more from me—lots of drama."

Sandra reaches out to stroke Scott's cheek.

"I want nothing more than we have already. I'm not gonna trade you in for someone else—you're stuck with me."

Scott grins broadly.

"In that case—I think we need to talk."

Sandra looks at Scott nervously.

"What's going on? Did you do something stupid?"

Scott shakes his head.

"Not yet—but I'm thinking about it."

Sandra playfully jabs Scott again as he faces the beach.

"What did Roland Parker ask you to do now?"

Scott pulls out his cell phone.

"See for yourself."

Sandra gasps in shock.

## 22

### Frenchman's Reef Resort

"Uh-huh—I was on that island two years ago. Saw those guys up close—had nightmares for weeks afterwards. It wasn't like the movies where everyone gets saved at the last minute."

Victoria watches the reaction on the waiter's face.

"I thought we were done for—their guns were drawn."

She sighs loudly and seems upset.

"Then it happened—we saw these military types dropping in from the sky—while bullets were flying everywhere."

Casey Tyverton seems in awe as he sighs.

"Well, I'm glad you're OK."

He turns to leave and stops suddenly.

"Are you going to be at the book signing?"

Victoria nods.

"Uh-huh—I'll be there."

Casey wipes sweat from his brow and grins.

"Then I'll see you at the bookshop."

Victoria watches as he pushes the trays of food out the door. As the door closes she leans against the wall and sighs.

“Maybe I should write a book too—as therapy.”

She seems bothered and shrugs.

## 23

“I already told you I don’t believe in ghosts—there are no such things out there—the dead can’t walk again for any reason whatsoever—dead is dead—once you kick it you’re done.”

June points to her cell phone.

“You don’t know that for sure Wendy—just because you can’t see something doesn’t mean there’s nothing there—there are just things that can’t be explained. This is the Caribbean after all—all sorts of weird things have happened here that can’t be explained by ignoring it. I’ve talked to people about stories I’ve heard—heard of things that could possibly be—zombies for example—it’s not like on TV—but possible nevertheless.”

Wendy opens to the door to her car.

“Just because people believe what they’ve been told by a bunch of kooks doesn’t change anything—nothing beats seeing it for yourself without the help of another person influencing you to believe in something they may or may not have seen with their own two eyes. I know about how legends start—and this island is flooded with them—but it still doesn’t change anything.”

June gets into the car and shuts the door.

“I know what my great-grandmother told me.”

Wendy gives June a knowing look.

“I’ve heard the story already—and I explained to you that your great-grandmother didn’t hear a werewolf knocking on the door outside her house late at night back in the 1940s—and she didn’t hear it howl in the nearby woods either. It just isn’t possible—werewolves don’t exist—no different than UFOs.”

June shakes her finger at Wendy.

“My great-grandmother didn’t tell lies.”

Wendy grabs June’s arm.

"I never said she did—all I said was it couldn't have happened the way she described it—there's an explanation that makes more sense than a werewolf story. What she heard that night was a branch banging against the side of the house."

Wendy lets go of June's arm.

"You told me that her house was located in the middle of the woods—with trees growing everywhere—close to the house. Heavy winds could make the branches from the nearby trees bang against the house—making it appear something was knocking on the door when in actuality it was a tree branch."

June rolls her eyes and sighs.

"How do you explain the howling?"

Wendy seems annoyed and shrugs.

"It was a dog—probably lost and calling out for help."

June runs her fingers through her hair.

"Fine—whatever—but that doesn't explain ghostly events that have happened to people—and it just wasn't one either."

Wendy leans against the steering wheel.

"I already told you that everything can be explained."

June grabs her cell phone and begins hastily searching the Internet as Wendy waits patiently. Suddenly June stops.

"Explain the **Chase Vaults of Barbados**."

Wendy seems confused.

"What are you talking about?"

June waves her hand in front of Wendy's face.

"No one has ever been able to explain what happened on that island back in 1812. What happened in that little cemetery in Barbados remains unsolved to this day—no answers."

Wendy glances at June's cell phone.

"Everyone lies on the Internet."

June rolls her eyes and points at her cell phone.

"Except that the story of what took place in 1812 involving the death of **Dorcas Chase** was mentioned in books written at the time—the Internet didn't make this story up. It really happened two hundred years ago—and since that time no one has ever been able to find any proof it was a hoax—no one."



“That doesn’t mean anything at all—doesn’t prove it really happened—one way or the other—it’s just an urban legend.”

June angrily shuts off her cell phone.

“Uh-huh—I see you have nothing to say when you can’t prove your theory that everything can be explained. Just face it Wendy, there are things that can’t be explained—no matter how much skeptics might want to dismiss certain things as a figment of someone’s imagination—proving it false isn’t so easy.”

Wendy points her finger at June.

“This is why you can’t get laid—what guy would want to deal with your fascination into all things weird? No one that’s who—not even Hadley Black would thread down that road. He’s a nerd no doubt—but even he prefers to steer clear of you and all the crap you talk about concerning island lore—take a hint.”

June rolls her eyes again and shrugs.

“Hadley and I are just friends—nothing more—he spends too much time reading and not enough time thinking about girls—his mother keeps a tight leash on him—watches him.”

Wendy reacts and sighs loudly.

“Ugh—don’t go there with Hadley and his mother. I’ve heard she makes him keep his bedroom door open at night.”

June shoots Wendy a look of disgust.

**24**

## **Havensight Mall**

“Uh-huh—keep your eye on her. Make sure you know her routine before we grab the brat—I don’t want any mistakes.”

Brent grins slyly as he faces the parking lot.

# **TO BE CONTINUED**

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## **A Brief Look at the Second Episode**

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Poor relationship choices are hastily made by several individuals as a long-lost brother arrives for an extended visit while a jilted ex-boyfriend moves ahead with his diabolical blackmail plan.



# Virgin Islands

BOOK 9 OF THE SOAP OPERA INSPIRED STORY COLLECTION

*An island paradise in the sunny Caribbean appears perfect to the unsuspecting tourist looking for a pleasant summer vacation getaway. But looks can be deceiving during a book signing for a famous author when a troubled man shows up with revenge in mind, while a botched kidnapping goes horribly wrong for several people.*

The *Soap Opera Inspired Story Collection* is written in a script-like format instead of the usual way done in books such as *Gone with the Wind*. Characters in this series will move from one book to another for unresolved plotlines to conclude in a realistic way. The scripted format can best be described as binge-watching every season of classic television shows like *Knots Landing* within a week or two except the story is played out on a printed page and not filmed for broadcast.

## **About the Series Creator**

Gary Brin was born in 1965 and has lived in the United States Virgin Islands, Hawaii and California. He has edited numerous original literary works over the years—both new and revised. In 2019 he established Standish Press to bring forth interesting fictional and historical material usually ignored by mainstream publishers because of specific views or content. In addition to publishing books, he also created the Nancy Hanks Lincoln Public Library (named after the mother of Abraham Lincoln) in 2014 to make available hard-to-find books to a worldwide audience.