

Deliver Us From evil

By

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Prologue: Here Comes Revenge – Live'

January 19, 2011, a day forever ingrained in my medial temporal lobe, seared in my memory like the branding of a rancher's cattle. The day my *normal* vanished like a vapor in the wind. The day I lost all sense of security, serenity and, many would say, my sanity. Money, homes, cars, designer clothes, and jewels gone. Equilibrium gone. Status gone. Friends, family, and husband gone. Everything I held dear gone, gone, gone.

And for all of my loss, Jillian Stuart will pay. This I know with every fiber of my being. I continue to exist only to witness the moment when the causer of all my pain is completely and finally destroyed. Because if not for this deep-seeded need for revenge, I, like everything else in my life, would be gone too.

Thursday, January 19, 2011, began like any other day in Manhattan, fast and fierce with an energy that can make you manic. My plan was as follows: 7:00 a.m. kiss Remington goodbye – 7:10 a.m. treadmill power walk – 7:40 a.m. shower, make-up, and dress – 8:30 a.m. keto friendly, locally-sourced spinach, mushroom, and fresh chive egg white omelet followed by an immune-boosting ginger and cayenne probiotic juice shot (bless our housekeeper Almeda or I'd be existing on Rice Krispies) – 9:00 a.m. phone conference with the Women's Bond Club Spring Gala fundraiser planning committee – 10:30 a.m. hair appointment with Jacque, of the Whittemore House Salon (yes, the salon where all us "bougee" Upper Eastside women go) – 12:00 p.m. standing bi-weekly lunch at Scarpetta's with my mother-in-law Evelyn (apparently I still need guidance regarding the proper care and maintenance of her son) – 1:45 p.m. mani and pedi – 3:00 p.m. meet with no-last-name Pierre of Touzet Studio, the greatest designer and decorator of all time, to finalize the tile and cabinetry selections for the second remodel of our

kitchen – 3:30 p.m. get ready for an evening with Remington and, if the stars align, there'll be time for a *quickie* and finally – 5:30 p.m. off we go to the Museum of Modern Art for the Children's Defense Fund Benefit Dinner, a.k.a. the \$1,000 per plate extravaganza designed for Wall Street movers and shakers to impress other Wall Street movers and shakers under the guise of helping the “defenseless children” of the world.

Needless to say, the day drastically deviated from my well-planned and carefully orchestrated agenda. At 3:33 p.m. on that seemingly typical Thursday, Pierre left after recommending contemporary-with-an-urban-twist cherry oak hardwood floors for the kitchen. At precisely 3:47 p.m. I grabbed another protein-boosting snack – plain Greek yogurt, three dried apricots and ten chopped walnuts – shed my clothes along with the grime and cold that usually accompanied navigating the streets of Manhattan and the thousands of people who all seem to have places to be and drew a lavender and vanilla oil infused bath. While sitting on the side of the tub as naked as the day I was born, my television issued a deadly blow. Instead of hearing the latest TMZ gossip, I was assaulted by the words of reporter, Dari Alexander, words that would forever change my life: *“We interrupt your regularly scheduled programming to bring you this breaking news. We're here live outside of Freedom Tower, home of Morgan, Broch and Weisemann Financial Services, also known as MBW Financial, where one of the founders, Remington Morgan, along with Jillian Stuart of GHT Corporation, is being arrested. Our source tells us that the FBI has been investigating these two for the past year and a half and that the evidence they've gathered is extensive and quite incriminating. The evidence implies that not only have the two been having an on-going affair, but they have also embezzled millions of dollars from hundreds of MBW and GHT clients. Both are expected to be charged with at least 14 counts of embezzlement in addition to a host of other charges including money laundering,*

fraud, tax evasion and bribery. Both Morgan and Stuart will be arraigned tomorrow morning. We will have more details during the 5 o'clock news broadcast. And now we will return to our regularly scheduled program."

Oh, how I wish that with a click of the remote control, I could return to *the regularly scheduled program* called my life. However, that was not my reality. There was no magic remote control that could undo or fix that thirty second interruption to my day or my life.

At 3:47 p.m., my world was forever altered. Needless to say, we never made the benefit dinner that evening. After that 30 second late-breaking news interruption, my day went something like this:

At 3:48 p.m. I recall thinking, how could Dari Alexander stand there so poised and unaffected while cutting me to shreds with every word she uttered? I recollect burning my hand in the hot running water that should have served as my previously scheduled moment of relaxation and self-care. I remember trying to decipher which pain was worse: the burning sensation I was experiencing in my hand or the piercing, gripping pain I was experiencing in my chest, the place that used to hold my heart. I was prepared for potential hiccups in my life, but I certainly wasn't prepared for this. From the day Remington and I said 'I do' I basked in the glow, shining brighter each day as a result of fulfilled promises, security, and love. We had a vision and a plan for our future. We were building a life together, the whole "until death do us part" shebang – Remington building our financial empire while I worked to build our societal standing, image and legacy. Remington and I having children once we were financially and socially positioned. Remington retiring by fifty. Remington and I travelling the world. Remington and I on top of the world. So no, that brief interruption to our regularly scheduled

program caught me by surprise. We had a plan and never in my wildest dreams had I suspected, nor had I rehearsed this.

3:52 p.m. – The phones wouldn't stop ringing. House phone, cell phone, private work line, penthouse intercom. Incessant ringing, that's what I remember. Cognitively, I knew that I should kick into my take-charge-fix-it-and-get-it-done mode, but I was paralyzed. I couldn't believe what I'd just heard. I couldn't process it, make sense of it. I was literally crippled with fear and sorrow. Which is why I was standing butt-naked in the middle of my bedroom floor grasping my chest, as I tried to stop my once love-filled heart from turning into stone.

6:24 p.m. – I heard a key in the lock of the door to our home. I remember thinking that maybe I was experiencing some psychotic breakdown or a strange dream and Remington, although late, was home now. Maybe we'd make the benefit dinner after all. But no, fate wouldn't be so kind. It was Meg, my sister, who reminded me that I was (and in fact, still am) living in the midst of a nightmare called my life. I do remember being thankful for the one small favor of being found naked as a jaybird by my sister and not some cop, reporter or Augustus, our bellman. I vividly remember the two of us dropping to the floor as Meg attempted to break my fall. I remember Meg holding me, rocking me, and telling me that everything would be alright. I remember sobbing and gasping for air, feeling as if all of the oxygen had been sucked out of the room and each small breath that I was able to garner might very well be my last. I remember begging Meg to make it all go away.

6:27 p.m. – I was in no condition to execute a plan, although our traumatic and abusive childhood had certainly provided enough experiences of packing, fleeing, dodging, circumventing the system and starting over and over again. But life with Remington had gotten

me off my game. I had been lulled into a false sense of security and I had truly bought into the happily-ever-after. I had foolishly believed that our story would unfold like a Disney movie: love at first sight, a bit of drama and discord, the grand reconnection, concluding finally with love, marriage and eventually the pushing of a baby carriage. I was rusty for sure, so I was beyond grateful that Meg still had her survivor spunk, as she swiftly kicked into that much needed take charge mode. “Come on Olivia, we have got to get out of here. I’m positive the police or the FBI or whoever’s been watching Remington will be here any second. Who knows if Remington did what they said he did. But it doesn’t matter. I’ve watched enough episodes of *The Good Wife* and *CSI* to know they’ll be busting down your door, taking everything of value, and you’ll probably never see any of it again.” All the while, she was emptying drawers, filling bags, deleting files, and staying on the lookout for unwanted guests.

Meg’s directions were coming as fast her movements about the house: “I’ve got your cash, and you can thank me later for making you hide some away. We’re heading back home. No one will bother us there. Nobody even knows where *there* is. We’ll figure the rest out later. Right now, throw this sweat suit on and move. Now!”

6:32 p.m. – I left everything and everyone I knew and loved and headed back to the place I vowed I’d never return to. It had taken a long time for poverty, my alcoholic father, my abused, helpless, and broken mother and perpetual fear to become dim shadows of my past. I had single-handedly transformed myself from a distrustful, uncertain, scared, and poor-as-dirt girl into Olivia Nelson – a summa cum laude graduate from Churchill High, Harry S. Truman Scholarship recipient with a full ride to Yale University, one of the top ten graduates in my Harvard Law class, and a prominent and rising lawyer for Magruder, Watchell and Katz Law Firm. The icing

on the cake was becoming Olivia Nelson Morgan, wife of the wall-street tycoon, Remington Alexander Morgan. I made it out. I had survived, and I was on my path to happiness.

My existence from that harrowing Thursday until Remington and Jillian were convicted and sentenced in June 2012, can be described as nothing short of hell. Fortunately for me, the evidence gathered by the Feds, via planted bugs and their documentation of my every move, provided enough evidence to prove that I had no involvement in Remington and Jillian's crimes. However, my innocence didn't prevent them from leaving me destitute and forgotten.

For seventeen months I watched the unraveling of my life from the bowels of small town West Virginia. I read every article and report, watched every news story, and searched the internet obsessively for any bit of news about the trial, the victims and the sordid affair. While I remember everything about Jillian and Remington during that time, I don't recall taking a shower, eating, or combing my hair. I could probably best be described as a modern-day mad woman. If Meg had told me I was observed foaming at the mouth, I would have believed her. I didn't leave the house. I didn't talk, except for the slew of profanity that I hurled at the television. I fluctuated between gathering information, crying, yelling, and sleeping (if my fitful tossing and turning could be considered as sleep).

Remington never reached out to me during those seventeen months. Or maybe he did but was unable to find me since I was flying so low under the radar. But what would it have mattered anyway? What could he say that would have made a difference? He loved me? He was sorry? He did it for us? Or perhaps he would have said he didn't love me, and our marriage and life together had all been a sham. Or maybe he would have said nothing, because there really were no words that could close the gap between what was and what is.

Remington pleaded guilty to five counts of embezzlement, six counts of wire fraud and fifty counts of mail fraud. As a result of his crimes, he was sentenced to twelve years in a federal penitentiary. He also had to provide restitution to more than ninety people in the amount of \$26 million dollars! I didn't even know we...well he...had that kind of money! Needless to say, the government took everything we owned – the penthouse at The Dakota overlooking Central Park, the Porsche we kept garaged for the rare occasions we took a drive out of the city, the house in the Hamptons, our savings, our yacht, my jewelry, my clothes, our furniture, and our paintings. And yes, that's bitterness you detect. Coupled with anger and a deep-rooted need for revenge. In actuality, I think I could have dealt with the loss of our things. And maybe (and that's a slight, nil to none maybe, but a maybe nevertheless) I could have forgiven the embezzlement and the money laundering. And perhaps I could have forgiven the embarrassment and the destruction of our promising life together. But the infidelity. Never. There was absolutely, positively no way I could forgive that. Thus, the demise of our marriage. I finally filed for divorce and Remington signed without resistance. He is officially dead to me now, and I hope he rots in that cell.

I detest feeling this way, full of anger, uncertainty and fear. I'd worked so hard ridding myself of the residual rage and pain of my childhood. Yet, in the span of one thirty second interruption, I've reclaimed the negativity just as easily as I'd remembered how to ride a bike. To think I actually believed myself to be Olivia Morgan. I believed I had gotten the happily ever after. Instead, I'm learning fairytales are a figment of the imagination. They aren't real. The past seventeen months have shown me that Olivia Morgan wasn't real either. It was just a name and no matter what name I'm called, at my core I'm still Live' (pronounced "Livy"), the name given to me by my despicable and demented father. Apparently, my very existence was another cause for his perpetual outrage. According to him, every time he looked at me served as a reminder of

our horrible crimes – my mother’s, for giving birth to me, and mine for being born. Hence, he named me Live’, which is evil spelled backwards, a sick play on words. Imagine carrying that burden all your life. I thought I had shed that weight when I became Olivia and married Remington. I thought I had risen from the ashes, no longer plagued by the nightmare of my childhood. And for the past seventeen months, I’ve been a ghost – no longer Olivia, and not yet Live’. But no more vacillating. One thing I know for sure is that the only way Jillian can be destroyed is by resurrecting Live’. Olivia was too soft. Complacent and weak. All traits that can get you killed. Life taught me a lot, but I’d forgotten. I knew what it takes to survive and survival does not happen by acts of kindness. No, you need the roar of a lion, and the sting of a scorpion. If I’m going to survive this time around, then Live’ must rise again.

June 2012 until now, December 3, 2015, was a living hell but things are finally about to turn in my favor. I’ve waited so long for this day, the day Jillian Stuart was to be released from prison (six months early I might add, for good behavior and just in time for Christmas. But don’t get me started on that one). How she got less time than Remington makes no sense. How a jury of her so-called peers were unable to see beyond her lies is beyond me. They claim that reasonable doubt prevented them from charging her on all counts of fraud and embezzlement, but I know without a shadow of a doubt that the entire scheme had to be the plot of none other than Jillian Stuart.

I’ve heard the lies she spreads to anyone who would listen – how Remington seduced her in order to access her client pool. How he convinced her that their life together would be more remarkable, more wonderful and more fulfilling than anything she’d ever known (despite the fact that they were both MARRIED)! How her blind love of Remington weakened her and because her defenses were down, she didn’t even realize what he was doing. How she’s found God in

prison. How her participation in the New Hope Community Church therapy group for married inmates changed her. I heard all of her talk about forgiveness and her new identity and how she desperately wants to reconcile with her husband and children...a crock of bull if you ask me, but no one did.

And I'm even more angry knowing that Jillian has a chance to start again because of those do-gooder church people who have convinced her that she has a right to a new life. I can't believe there are people out there who have sympathy for people like her. Upon her release, some rich wanna-be named Alex will provide her a place to live in her Tribeca penthouse. And Jillian will get to drive Alex's "kick-around BMW", no less. She'll be eating at Delmonico's and Club 21 again. Wearing Vera Wang and Chanel. Living the life that I, Olivia Morgan, once lived. And get this: Jillian will be spending her first week out of prison at a spa! She'll be getting her life back at some kumbaya-feel-the-love-retreat while I have to live this unbelievably horrific existence.

Everything that I've done since June 2, 2013, the day Jillian was sentenced, has been in preparation for this moment – moving to North Carolina to be near the prison where she was incarcerated. Getting an entry-level, freelance reporter position with Forbes online journal which granted me access to Jillian (under the guise of telling her redemption story). Studying the Bible so that I'd know it better than she and all those do-gooders helping her did. Learning everything that I could about computer programming, command prompts, overriding the utility manager, and everything else related to hacking into computer systems. All of this I've done in order to exact my plot of revenge.

Oh, trust me. Jillian will pay. And all those who are helping her will pay. I know the Bible says, “Vengeance is mine, says the Lord.” But not this time. Revenge will be mine, and oh how sweet it will be. They better pray for deliverance. Or, as my father used to say, “Pray that God will deliver them from evil in the form of Live’.”