

Book 1:

Mikaela's Story

Mikaela's Story

All's Well That Doesn't End

"Rayvon, your girlfriend is a lesbian."

"No she's not, she's just a little confused."

"She came on to me."

"She told you that you're pretty."

"She kissed me."

"You kissed her back."

"I was drunk, besides it was my first ever experience. I'm sure she's no stranger to eatin' the oochie coo."

"If you say so."

Rayvon took a large bowl of grapes from the refrigerator and walked over to the sofa with me following behind him. We sat side-by-side facing one another.

I popped a grape in my mouth and carried on with our conversation. "Accept it, it's a fact bro'."

"So, does this mean that you're a lesbian now?"

"Nope. She's a good kisser though."

"No bullshit." Rayvon and I slapped palms and snapped our fingers away. "But you kissed a woman and sooo..."

"So I had a once in a lifetime drunken gay kiss, that's all. Don't change nothin'. I'm still strictly dickly."

"Is that riight?"

"Yes, that's riiight."

I turned my attention to the movie that was beginning on Rayvon's big screen television. I curled up in the corner and yawned and ran my fingers through my hair. Hell, I was tired. I'd been working too hard lately. Actually I'd been busting my behind for years and all that energy I was putting into not having to go back to work for anyone other than the Lord and myself was taking a toll on me. I needed a vacation like nobody's business.

The problem wasn't that I couldn't afford it, these days money was the least of my concerns. I just didn't know how to vacation. Six months ago I made arrangements for a week's vacation in Jamaica. After two days of doing nothing I felt useless and spent the next five days in paradise on my laptop working my butt off.

You don't know me so let me back up and give you a little history on myself. Ms. Mikaela Johnson a.k.a That Pretty Bitch or PRTYBCH as the license plate on my Navigator says (that could be mistaken as Party Bitch but either way it suits me). Yea, I'm a little vain, what the hell. I look good, so what would be the point of being insecure? Almost tall, golden skin, bright brown eyes and long beautiful thick brown hair, what is there to be ashamed of?

But besides beauty I do have intelligence. I double majored in Business and English, combined that expensive education with my own creativity and self published my first novel when I was twenty-three, a year after I graduated from college. Long story short, I'm working on my eighth best seller and making a mint. Who the hell needs publishing agencies?

Life has been good to me. It hadn't always been but I really don't like to speak on my past. I'd just purchased a five-bedroom, six-bathroom home on the waterfront in Miami Beach. I'm sure my neighbors are going to be pissed when they see my black ass step out on the deck. And I finally had a

relationship that was going somewhere. I'd met the love of my life Jibari Owens at *Club Goddess* almost four months ago and we were very happy. Jibari is in the music industry and works tightly with a couple high demand artists and so he travels quite often.

But I wasn't too lonely in my oversized home. My baby sister Janelle was going through a bitter divorce and she and my two nieces, three-year-old Kya and one-year-old Brianne, were staying with me until things settled down some. And then there were my own babies Farrah (my cat), Mischka (my kitten), and Langston my "vicious" Terrier.

But a house full of stinky diapers and litter boxes was no substitute for the company of a warm, stiff dick. My lack of sex was contributing to my tension and exhaustion. I don't know about anybody else but I slept much better at night after my pussy got pleasure, that's real. And with my Jibari on business in London, I was spending many a nights with Big Booty Hoes in the DVD player and my fingers on my G-spot. That's why I kissed Rayvon's girlfriend. Dammit I was drunk and horny as hell. Normally if she would've looked like she wanted try something with me I would have popped her upside her head. But under the circumstances it didn't bother me when Lena wrapped her arms around me, pinned me to the bar and slipped her tongue in my mouth. Damn, I really gotta stop drinking...really.

Despite the fact that I pretty much cheated with his girlfriend, Rayvon is my heart, I love him dearly. He was the first person I met when I settled down in Florida. I'd roomed with him in this very condo for nearly two and a half years back when we first met. He'd been a wonderful friend from the beginning but he wasn't my only close friend. Since high school I kept in close contact with my childhood friends Anne and Richard. Annie has been like a sister to me, my Italian sister. We've been tight since Freshman year back in my hometown of

Chicago. I've tried my best to convince her to settle down here after she dropped out of UIC but she got a job working for her lawyer uncle Carlisle and is very happy with her life as it is.

And then there was Richard, "Ricky" Lear. Oh my damn, lemme tell ya about him! Twelve years I've known fine ass Ricky and quiet as kept wanted him. What kept me from getting with him? A pact Annie and I made back in the day was that neither of us would get involved with him in the interest of maintaining our friendship. But I must admit it's impossible not to be attracted to his tall pretty brown skinned self! Hmpf, now he's in Minnesota and in a so-called engagement to some chic he went to UIC with named Jewel Nihalani. I've never met her but I'm sure Rick and Jewel are not going to go through with it. They've planned a wedding every year since they've been together and he's been trying to get with me just as long.

A key turned in the lock and Menisa walked through the front door with a large black bag on her shoulder. Her beautiful curly auburn hair was pulled back into a raggedy ponytail and she appeared to be out of breath. She was wearing no makeup and one of her earrings was missing. She looked like a broke-down Cuban Angelina Jolie. She leaned against the door jamb and stared at the ceiling leaving Rayvon and me wondering what the hell was wrong with her. She was such the drama queen.

"Menisa," I spoke.

"Huh?"

"What the hell happened to you?"

"Oh, just a rough night at work. Just glad to be home."

"Hmpf." I rolled my eyes and returned my attention to the movie. Menisa was my girl. I was the reason that she and Rayvon were roommates, I'd introduced them. I loved her dearly but she was too over dramatic and too damned stubborn. I was doing very well for myself and offered her a job as my personal assistant but she refused to accept it. Something about

me being too difficult to work with. Hmpf. She would rather continue answering other people's phones and waitressing part-time on weekends to put herself through law school apparently than assist me. Whatever.

My Motorola sang the tune of the Mexican Hat Dance. I snapped it open and read the message from Jibari saying that he'd come home early. My nipples were instantly hard and my coochie throbbed. I licked my lips as I read the message requesting a private meeting in my bedroom in an hour. I jumped from the sofa and grabbed my sneakers from against the wall. I snatched my purse from the coffee table and ran to the door with my hair flying in the wind.

"Jibari?" Rayvon asked paying me no mind.

"You know. Love ya," I called back and I was out!

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Janelle rolled her eyes at me as she passed me in the hallway when she saw me letting Jibari into the house during booty call hours. I shrugged it off and welcomed him with a big hug and wet kiss. My coochie muscles contracted as his tongue did a soft sensual dance around the inside of my mouth and his hands gently trailed downward to settle on my round and firm backside. I rubbed his shiny baldhead and felt chills as his stiffening penis pressed against me.

"I missed you baby," he whispered when he finally came up for air.

"I missed you," I told him.

I stepped aside and locked my door before taking his hand in mine and leading him up the stairs and to my master bedroom. I was naked and oiled beneath my soft pink silk robe. No sooner did my door close behind us did Jibari slipped my robe open and begin to nibble my shoulders. I gasped as his tongue traced the side of my neck while his large hands massaged my C-cup breasts and his thumbs swept across my erect nipples. Jibari

pushed the robe completely to the floor and stepped back to admire my nakedness. He licked his full lips as he looked me over. I relished in his appreciation of my body. I worked hard on it and was thrilled to know that he enjoyed it.

"Lay down," he whispered. I obliged. Jibari leaned over my body and softly pressed his lips against mine. He wrapped his mouth around my breast and took turns teasing each one. I moaned and exhaled as his warm breath enveloped my flesh. I tensed in anticipation as that powerful tongue made its way down my stomach and to the center of my love. I gripped the sheets at first touch and moaned and called to the heavens as he caressed it and sucked it, tickled it and shoved his tongue inside and out. My lower body gyrated when he finally hit my spot while simultaneously stroking my hard throbbing nipples.

"Oh sh...! Oh-oh! Oh my God!" I called out. The more intensity I felt the more effort he put into it. My body jerked violently as the reward for his actions consumed me. I begged for him to stop but he refused to comply, he continued until fluid broke forward and leaked from my body and I collapsed flat onto my back.

I sensed his pride and expressed vanity as he stood from his position between my shaky thighs. My eyes were closed tight as my legs jerked. I didn't see Jibari remove his clothes but I felt him when he slowly stuffed his stiff latex-covered penis inside my sensitive "virginia". I clawed his back as he thrust in and out. He shoved himself deep inside of me, as though he were searching for something.

"Oh shit gurl you feel so good," he mumbled as he worked himself to orgasm. "Ooh shit, I'm about to cum! Oh...oh! Oh shit baby, damn!"

He collapsed his hot, sweaty body on top of me. I rubbed his back softly, until he rolled away and pulled his baby filled condom off. He lay on his back with his eyes closed. I turned on my side and watched him lie peacefully.

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Over the past couple years a lot of guys had come in and out of my world. Used to be a time that I was open to most any type of man that interested me but then I began to realize that what I was really doing was settling. I had made my mark on the world and there wasn't anything any guy could buy me that I couldn't myself afford. I needed to narrow the margin some kind of way.

So I decided to only date men that had something to offer me. If I dated a lawyer I'd get free legal advice. If I dated an athlete, free tickets to see the Heat or the Dolphins play. And if I dated an A&R like Jibari, I'd get to meet and mingle with some of the big names in the music industry. Hell I'd already sent autographed books to Jay Z, Eric Sermon, Erykah Badu, and Andre 3000, per their request, just to drop a few names. This was why there was no way that I could get with Corey but unfortunately Janelle couldn't seem to comprehend that.

So now the question that is forming inside your mind is "Who the hell is Corey?" The first year and a half that I lived in Florida I worked part time answering phones for a large credit card company to supplement my then meager income from writing, which by the way is where I met Menisa and Corey amongst others. I will admit, Corey is a very handsome man and back in the day I was attracted to him buuut he had a woman at home so I got over it.

Fashion designer Amori Allen is a mutual friend of ours and Janelle and Corey met for the first time at one of her runway parties. Well J got this mistaken notion that he and I were meant to be. Yes, I was crushin' big time back in the day but these days Corey and I do not get along. Yet Janelle finds every possible excuse to have his crabby tail up in my crib. Besides that, since I left the company the highest he's climbed up the corporate ladder was as a team leader, wow. What could he do for me but tell me my balance and have one of his subordinates dispute a charge for me?

Janelle had some crazy idea that I have a fear of commitment. I wasn't really afraid to commit. I just didn't want to commit to Corey and I really doubted that these days Corey gave a second thought to committing to me. And besides, whether she approved or not, it was my belief that Jibari was the man for me.

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I caressed the side of Jibari's face and whispered his name, "Jibari, baby can we talk...about something?"

"Yea, Kae wassup?"

"I was umm, thinking about us. And uh, well, I know you're spending all that money renting that house out here aaand...well, it's kinda a waste of money when you could stay here. I mean, even with my family here I have a lot of space. You could even turn the spare bedroom into a studio and we could share the office."

"Whoa." Jibari huffed and breathed a number of ways making me regret opening my big mouth. He was quiet and though we were still laying side by side he suddenly felt distant.

"Y'know, I'm jumping the gun here. I'm sorry JB, never mind. I was just...I uh..."

"Naw, naw, it's cool. I'll think about it."

"You sure?" I asked trying to hide the excitement in my voice.

"Why not?" he answered with much less enthusiasm than I'd had. I leaned in to kiss him but he turned and slid from the bed before my lips could land. "I'm about to take a shower, alright?"

"Yea, okay."

I laid naked and sticky in my king-sized bed feeling like just as big an idiot. I wasn't even sure why I'd allowed myself to make such a fool of myself like that. Now Jibari was intimidated. He'd think that I was rushing things...trying to put pressure on him.

Jibari stopped naked in the bathroom doorway. He turned to face me. "Ay baby, you wanna jump in here with me?"

"Yea," I spoke in my innocent girl voice. I slipped from the bed with a sly sexy smile on my face and walked up to my man. He wrapped his arm around my waist and pulled me against his body. We kissed before disappearing behind the bathroom door to make sweet love in the shower.

Mikaela's Story
Reality Check

I'd been gone from Florida for a week. I had a couple of book signings scheduled in San Diego area bookstores. Touring was nice but it oft times got pretty lonely. Surrounded by all these strange people who love you because you somehow told their life story. But if you'd never had your full-color headshot on the back of a book, would they even notice that you existed? Would they care? I realize that I am getting all philosophical but it all boils down to one fact - I was missing Jibari. I'd been home for two days and had yet to see him. I finally caught up to him on his cell and was looking forward to spending this evening with his sexy ass.

I climbed out of my bed bright and early, awakened by tummy grumblings. I was always so hungry when I came home from tour. It wasn't that I couldn't eat much or that I couldn't eat well for that matter. The deal was that no one could cook like Janelle, bottom-line. I could smell the turkey bacon, scallops and eggs and biscuits as soon as I opened my bedroom door.

My stomach became louder as the scent became stronger. In short shorts that could have easily passed for panties and a wife beater with no bra, sweat socks on my feet, I jogged down the stairs and to the large eat in kitchen, not surprised to find

Corey's big ass sitting in front of a plate just as big as his body.

"I left a robe on the chair over there," Janelle spoke not taking her eyes off the fresh orange juice she was squeezing. I rolled my eyes at the subtle double take that Corey took before stuffing his mouth full of cheese eggs and gluing his eyes back to the television. I wrapped the thin robe around my body and returned to the kitchen. I grabbed the plate of food Janelle had fixed for me off the counter and took a seat at the table with Corey.

"What are you doing here so early?" I sneered at him. His response was pointing at his plate as though the answer were obvious. I pursed my lips and ate.

"He's here to finish building the bureau for the girls clothes, if that's alright with you Ms. Johnson."

"I don't care, just wondering why so early."

"Cause contrary to your beliefs, I got other things to do with my life, that's why," Corey answered irritated.

"Whatever." I giggled under my breath.

Corey set his fork down and glared at me. I suppose I should have been intimidated but screw that; I turned and looked back at him as I shoveled a fork full of scallops in my mouth.

"Janelle I'mma gone ahead and finish up aight, let you and your *lovely* sista bond." He stuffed the final piece of biscuit into his mouth and washed it down with the glass of juice Janelle handed to him.

"Aw Corey, you don't sound like you mean that." I felt the burning tension of Corey and Janelle glaring at the back of my head but do you think I gave a damn? Hmpf. I heard Corey walk out onto the patio where Langston was soaking up some sun and the half-built bureau awaited him.

"I don't understand why you display so much negativity toward C. He's a damn good man and you need to chill that attitude. You would do good to get with him instead of that sneaky ass Jibari."

"Janelle, he's rude. He's ignorant. If you think he's so damn good you give him some."

"Well I ain't seen Jibari around here since you been back. What's up with that? Don't he fly his ass over here with his dick whipped out as soon as he cross the Florida state line?" Janelle carried her plate to the table and sat in the seat which Corey had previously occupied.

"He's been busy. He does real work unlike your new best friend out there."

"Do you think he's faithful to you?" Janelle asked, "I mean really, while he's out there running the streets—"

I was getting agitated. "He's not running the streets J, he's working."

"Whatever he's doing, while he's doing it do you think that he's being faithful?"

I shifted in my seat and rubbed the middle of my forehead with my index finger. I didn't like the line of questioning and didn't want to have to think about conveying an honest answer to such a ridiculous question. Fortunately I wouldn't have to.

"Mommy," Kya's groggy voice filled the air putting an end to Janelle's desire to defend the man of her dreams for me.

"Good morning baby girl, you hungry?" Janelle asked her daughter putting on her innocent mother voice. Kya nodded and Janelle jumped into action.

I kissed my niece on the forehead and helped her into her seat. Full, I dumped my plate and let my Langston indoors, he was always so happy to see me. I turned and let him chase me out of the kitchen and up the stairs to my bedroom.

I took the robe and threw it across the bed on top of a sleeping Farrah. She was too cranky; she would do well to loosen up some. She reminded me of Corey. She squirmed from beneath the robe and jumped from the bed. I could swear she glared at me as she strutted out the bedroom door with her tail high flaunting her ass at me. I grabbed my PDA off the

nightstand and typed in a message, then sent it to Jibari. I had to get dressed. Amori wanted me to come by early and be fitted for some of her designs before I had to leave for my dates in Houston and Seattle. I always wore her designs on tour. It kept me looking good for free and gave her free promotion; it was a nice trade off.

I wanted to be comfortable for the day. I stood in the doorway of my huge walk-in closet looking at hundreds of pieces of clothes yet having nothing to wear. I really need to go shopping. I settled on a pair or low rise, frayed Baby Phat jeans and a very low-cut matching shirt. I checked my phone, no message.

I waved it off and jumped in the shower. I washed my body down and jumped out quickly when I heard my phone chime. I ran naked and wet across my bedroom to check it. It was Amori saying that she wanted me over as soon as possible because she had an important show to prep for. I grabbed my house phone and dialed Jibari's cell phone number. It rang a couple times but there was no answer. Hmpf.

I dressed and put my hair into two braids, which were reminiscent of my part Native American culture. I slipped my feet into a pair of crisp white K-Swiss and jogged down the steps and to the kitchen. Janelle sat at the table supervising Kya and Brianne as they ate their breakfast. I leaned over each girl and kissed her on the forehead.

"You leaving?" Janelle asked.

"Yea, you know how Amori is. All about business, business, business."

"That's why Amori stays in business."

"You know. I'll be home later this evening and please don't have unwanted guests here when I get home."

"Yes, well, I'm going to ignore that comment and I'll see you when you get home."

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I called Jibari from my cell phone as I drove to Amori's large Miami Beach home which was but ten minutes from mine. She was the reason that I'd bought my house in the first place. Hers was so big and beautiful I just had to have one of my own. The view of the river was so breathtaking, especially at night. I was just so thrilled to have that view to call my own.

There was still no answer. I huffed and tossed my phone back into my Coach as I pulled up to Amori's house. I climbed out my car and walked up to the door, which was answered by her maid Belle. I could hear Amori yapping at high speed as her footsteps neared the door.

"I got it Belle, go on, thank you. Mikaela hurry up and get out of those clothes so we can do this. I have a crap load of things to do before this show tonight."

"Why didn't you tell me about this show before? Me and Jibari could have made plans to attend."

"No, no, it's not a big deal. Anyway, come on."

I followed behind her as she power-walked to the studio in the back of her house returning her conversation to the person on the phone. It was so hard to believe that Amori was from the Bahamas because she moved like a native New Yorker. I laughed to myself but that quickly faded when I hit the corner and came face to face with Jill Lauren.

"Amori, why didn't you tell me that you had company?" I asked as Jill and I eyeballed one another.

"Mike, hold on. Kaela, Jill, you know the rules up in my home. I don't give a damn about whatever issues you have just keep it up out of here. Now, not that I need to explain anything to you but today is Brenda's daughter's birthday so Jill stepped in to help. Now strip down to your draws and put that two-piece on. Okay Mike, I'm back."

Jill Lauren was a gonna-be supermodel and was Corey's best friend. She didn't like me and I could not stand the super diva

bitch. We never got along, not from the day we met. Over the years she and I had gotten into so many altercations it was hard to keep them straight. The only reason that we'd never actually come to blows was the fact that there was always someone else around to intervene. I got the feeling that if we saw each other alone on the streets we would make it physical. And now I was going to have to spend a morning/afternoon with her. She pursed her lips and went back to the stitching that she was doing and I pulled out of my clothes and put on the burgundy two piece jacket and mini skirt that was laid out for me.

Three hours later I was still posing for Amori and was tired of it. I was hungry and ready to go. I wanted to go shopping. I needed to pick up something for my evening date with Jibari. I was relieved when she announced that she was done and Belle brought us sandwiches and drinks. I could hear my cell phone ringing inside of my purse. "Finally," I spoke out loud as I dug it out. I frowned when I saw Menisa's name in the screen.

"Hey, Nisa."

"Wassup Mami, what's going on?"

"Nothin', I'm having sandwiches at Amori's."

"Really? That's nice. Doing another fitting?"

"Yea girl. Gotta go back on tour in a couple days."

"We need to hook up before you bounce again. That's why I was calling, to say I finally get a whole day and night off and me and Rayvon and Lena are going to Levels tonight. You think you can make it?"

"Aww girl I would love to but me and Jibari are supposed to hook up. I haven't seen him yet since I been back from Cali."

"Well alright then, I can understand that. If you and Jibari wanna meet us there let me know."

"Okay." I hung up the phone and held it staring out into space. I couldn't understand why Jibari hadn't gotten back to me yet. It was so unlike him. I began to feel a little suspect but I tried to brush those feelings aside. I wanted to call him back but

not from my phone. As usual Amori was on her cellular phone trying to sound busy. I glanced over at Jill and the available phone sitting beside her. I took a deep breath and weighed my options. I could take my chances and call from my phone or wait for Amori to finish with hers. There was a house phone that was specified for business and business only and you knew better than to ask Amori to use it. Or I could...

"Jill, may I please use your phone?"

She looked around as though she was trying to figure out if there were someone else that I could have been speaking to, then looked at me like she'd misunderstood the question. "No," she answered plainly and returned to eating her salad.

"Bitch," I mumbled under my breath.

"Excuse me but I know you just did not call me a bitch."

"And so what if I did?" I asked standing up in response to her standing like she wanted to do something.

"Felicia, hold on," Amori spoke into the phone. "Hold on, don't make me get ugly up in here. You all had better calm that mess down up in my house, you know the routine. Now Jill sit on back down and Kaela, use the phone in Brenda's office. And make it brief."

I brushed past a glaring Jill and went into Brenda's office and called Jibari, this time he answered. "Jibari what is going on? Why aren't you returning any of my calls?"

"I'm sorry, I was just a little busy."

"Whatever, what time are you picking me up tonight?"

"Uh, Kaela I can't make it tonight. I have to fly out to L.A."

"L.A? Since when? Why didn't you tell me?"

"It was sudden. I'm sorry, I'll make it up to you," he answered trying to sound sincere but something didn't feel quite right. I had no reason to accuse him of lying so I quickly backed down and let it go. I reminded him that I was only home for a couple more days before I was off to Houston. He promised we'd get together before I left, so I hung up.

"Amori, we done?" I asked stepping outside of Brenda's office.

She nodded. "Take those and come back and pick this one up tomorrow."

She went back to talking on the phone. I gathered the clothes and kissed Amori on the cheek. I laid the clothes out on my backseat neatly then pulled out my cell phone and called Menisa. I told her there was a sudden change of plans and I'd be joining them.

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The club was packed when we stepped inside. The DJ was rocking, playing all the old skool cutz. I was looking fine as ever and the fishies were already biting, I just hoped that Lena wouldn't become one of them again. She hadn't made any advances toward me but then we hadn't had anything to drink yet. It was feeling pretty good to be out again. Menisa and I headed to our favorite first stop-off - the bar.

"Two Blue Long Islands," I told the bartender after fighting for his attention. I drummed my fingers along the counter top and bobbed my head to the beat as we waited. "Oh my goodness Menisa, look who's coming our way."

"Oh not them ho's," Menisa grumbled.

'Synergy' and Natasha were headed right for us. We did not like these chics and they damn sure couldn't stand us. It was a club thang however, not personal like my beef with Jill Lauren. Every time, every club we showed up at there were 'Syn' and Natasha trying to take our spotlight.

"Look who is here. Long time no see. Wha make ya come ta dis club eh? 'Cause ya figure we be 'ere right?" Natasha asked, calling over the music in her thick Jamaican accent. I had to admit to myself and myself only that there was something hypnotic about Natasha with her bright green eyes and long dark hair but I still didn't like her or her little Indian friend.

"I see you still trying to be like us huh?" I stated reaching for my drink. 'Syn' laughed as if I'd meant to be funny.

"That's real cute girl. Just stay out of our way tonight okay?" Not taking her eyes off of me, 'Syn' tossed back her drink and sat her glass on the counter. She looked to Natasha and then back at me, looking Menisa and me up and down before breaking out into uncontrollable drunken laughter.

I shook my head as they walked away. "One day, Nisa I swear I'm going to wear that girl out."

"Girl don't even think about them. I'm about to get my party on, y'heard me?"

With drink in hand I headed for the dance floor. I grabbed a fine, tall dark-skinned brother with a baldhead by his waist pretending not to see him dancing with 'Syn'. The competition had officially begun.

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Sweat beads popped up on my forehead. I was sure the club had been filled beyond its capacity. I fought my way through and toward the bar to get a cold bottle of water.

"Excuse me," I said to a tall guy who was blocking me from my destination. "Jibari?" My heart stopped and everything around me froze. My breathing became rapid.

"Mikaela. Uh-huh, whassup? What are you - what are you doing here?"

"Excuse you. You're supposed to be in L.A., what the hell are you doing here?" I asked becoming more and more angered.

"Yea, well it got cancelled."

"Then why didn't you call me? It's too loud, can we step out and talk?"

"Kae, I have to go. I'm sorry, I'll call you tomorrow okay?"

"Jibari?" I stood pissed and feeling like a fool as I watched his back disappear out the door.

"Was that Jibari?" Menisa asked coming up behind me.

"Huh? Oh, uh-uhn. Naw girl. I told you, Jibari's in L.A."

"Mm, it sure looked like him. Anyway while you standing there order me a beer."

I took a deep breath and vowed not to let it ruin my evening. I ordered her beer and another Long Island for me and went back to partying.

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I was half through my engagement at Borders in Miami. I was tired and the cheap asshole that ran the store kept the thermostat on HELL. I was trying to look appealing while sweating my behind off. I was getting ready to catch some serious writer's cramp and still had twenty more minutes to ride out. Another of my books was slipped before me. I smiled at the young heavysset sista with the braids holding a small brown big-head child on her hip. My jaw dropped when she said -

"Make it out to Tamika and Jibari Owens Jr." I knew my shock was obvious when she continued to speak, "Mhm, you heard right. Jibari is my husband. Don't worry, I ain't gone make a scene or whip yo' ass or nuthin' 'cause I know my dog of a husband ain't tell you about us. I'a still buy yo' books and even tell my friends about 'em 'cause I like how you write. But bitch if I find out you still screwin' my man after today, I *will* cut you."

My body began to shake with anger. I wanted to jump over that table and grab that tramp by her phony hair and whip her ghetto-fab ass. Not over Jibari but for having the audacity to try and punk me at my got-damn work! But I had to remain professional and besides that she had a toddler on her hip.

"Are you going to sign or what?" she asked, freeing me of the fantasy tail-whipping I was giving.

"Huh? Oh." I scribbled some words on the first page and watched her walk away without giving me a second thought.

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Janelle was pissed when I told her about what had happened.

"What I tell you Kae? I guess you think because you're older than me I can't tell you anything."

I dialed Jibari's cell phone number for the fifth time that afternoon but still no answer. "I'm going over there."

"What? Kae you can't just go showing up at a man's house unannounced by yourself like that."

"Forget that Janelle, the punk ain't answering the phone and we about to deal with this. I don't appreciate his so-called wife frontin' me when I'm working, that's some nonsense."

"I didn't tell you not to confront him. I just said you can't go by yourself."

"How are you going to go? What about the girls?"

"Rayvon. I just got off the phone with him before you came home and he said he ain't going anywhere. Let me just make sure he's still at home."

Janelle and I dropped my nieces off at Rayvon's house and took a chance at going to the studio where Jibari was supposed to be but he wasn't there. I put on my baddest-bitch façade and drove directly to his home not knowing if he'd be there or not. I pulled up in front of his house behind his car. Janelle and I jumped out and charged to his front door. I banged on it until he finally opened the door trying to be discreet.

"Kaela, w-w-what are you doing here?" he asked.

"Jibari, what the hell is going on? Why some chic come to my signing with a baby and say she was your wife? And why are you not returning any of my calls? And why are we standing outside like I'm the damn mailman or something?"

"Kaela baby, I don't know what you're talking about. I don't know who came there claiming to be my wife but I'm in the middle of something so you have to go, I'll call you later okay."

I stood back for a moment contemplating what he'd said, but more importantly how he said it. "Why are you whispering, J?"

Is someone here?"

"Kaela - "

"Naw bump that we gone deal with this now," I said pushing past him in time to see the fat braided chic coming toward us. "You don't know who I'm talking about huh?"

"Bitch, I warned you now I'm gone have to mess you up! Jibari, what is she doing here?" Tamika threatened as she tried to get to me while Jibari held her back. "Why she know where you live?"

"Baby, baby," Jibari pleaded. "Tamika, I told you I ain't messin' wit' her. She's crazy. We went out once or twice but that's it and it was purely innocent. Now she stalking me. Listen baby, I'll get rid of her. Now calm down, it's not good for the baby," Jibari said rubbing her stomach.

Heat radiated from my cheeks as I listened to him make me out to be some sort of desperate psycho. I reached back and with all my might slapped his ass open palm across his face. "Son of a bitch! I'm crazy? That's what you trying to say, I'm crazy? Nigga, let me show you crazy!"

Janelle grabbed me and pulled me back from him while Jibari did his best to keep Tamika from me. We screamed threats and profanities back and forth as I was dragged kicking and screaming to my car. I snatched away from my sister and climbed in the passenger seat of my truck and let her drive me away. Neither of those bastards was worth the effort. *F'k Jibari*, was my new mantra that I repeated over and over as Janelle drove me back to my neck of the woods.