

TAUNTED By Choice...A Jamaican Saga of Living on the Edge

Pages: 432

Publisher: MCWriting.com; First edition (November 9, 2010)

Format: pdf, epub

Language: English

[[DOWNLOAD FULL EBOOK PDF](#)]

Damali A. Henry Copyright ©2010 Damali A. Henry First Edition 2010 All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without the expressed written permission of the author. If you have bought this book without a cover, you should be aware that it is "stolen" property. The author has not received any payment for the "stripped" book, if it is printed without the required authorisation. This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents either are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events or locales, is entirely coincidental. Cover design: Jiann S. Lawrence Typeset and book layout: Damali A. Henry Front & Back cover photograph: iStock.com ISBN (eBook Edition): 978-0-9866982-1-7

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS To Jah Almighty, I exalt all praise and gratitude for the gifts of creativity, expression, and sensibility. This novel was inspired by my love-hate relationship with life and all his facets. Whether I was soaring with achievements and temporary highs, or sinking low with setbacks and depressing consequences, I had my life. He's always been the blessing. Through thick and thin we've viewed, analysed, and contorted the world together, using the power of words to manifest greatness. I've shared an aspect of those times here, in **TAUNTED By Choice... For Mom, Dad, Kathryn, Gianni, Gary, Mark H., Nathan H., Kamali L., Danielle M., Orlando W., Sherriann B., Melanie C., Andrea W., all other foundation family members & friends:** Thank you for your input to my being, my imagination, and for your undying support. I look forward to walking the rest of my path with you, enlightened by our individual lights that we inspire each other to shine. *For Jiann L., Danielle M., and The Editors:* I appreciate that you worked and volunteered adamantly to manifest this dream. Much love and thanks! *For my readers:* Through fiction, elements of facts are alighted. Choose wisely; prepare for the consequence; but most importantly, full-joy being **TAUNTED By Choice...!!!**

CHAPTER ONE *Damn! My day just got fucked! It's definitely too damn early in the morning for this shit! Too damn early in the year! Some New Year this is cracked up to be!* Shane cursed inwardly. "We'll definitely conduct more testing so don't be so pessimistic." The voice continued, interrupting his thoughts. *What the hell is she talking about? How many tests do we need to confirm the same shit? Fool shi tek man fah!* With his head still resting on the doctor's desk, Shane refined his sentiments to voice them aloud. "Listen Doc, I know you're only saying that to make me feel better, and don't get me wrong I definitely appreciate it. But just give it to me real nuh man...once and for all. Test after test and they all show the same thing. Unless new tests and all the machines can perform miracles, why yuh think you'll find sup'm different? Or what, something's gonna disappear?" "Shane you can't have this attitude already. The individual tests are necessary to isolate the probabilities of what we're dealing with. The findings so far are all preliminary. We *cannot* jump to any conclusions. This is your *life* we're talking about!" "Or the ending of..." He took a deep drag of air and leaned all the way back in the chair. The room suddenly fell silent, alerting him to sit upright and look forward. Just as he'd anticipated, she pointedly eyed him, evidently not pleased with his

remark. He held her gaze with utmost defiance, and deliberated. *Now that we're all pissed off... His mental smirk unconsciously graced his lips. Why are you so mad anyway? And looking even sexier while you're at it! I'm not about to retract what I said...suh stay vex!* And that she already was. "Well that's enough for now." The woman offered in a calm tone, prematurely ending their weekly session. "I'll..." She clumsily lingered on the words. *"The office will contact you to schedule your next appointment. Enjoy the rest of your day Mr. Wright!" Oh! We're doing surnames now? That's cold Doc!* He was somewhat angered by her switch from 'I'll' to 'the office'. *That's the most formal you've ever been. But as you wish...* "Well until such time then Natalie..." He paused to gather his belongings. "Peace!" He stormed out of the office without stopping to look back or close the door. Shane Wright was through the waiting area and out the building in the blink of an eye. Though she had avoided eye contact while dismissing her troublesome client, Natalie sat staring in his direction as he left. *What a stubborn...no! I was wrong!* She truthfully reassessed her take on the situation. *Oh my God, did I really expect him to be okay with all this? How could I be so inconsiderate? So unprofessional? I lost my cool. I was too hard on him. Why do I always lose my cool with Shane? He's so damn handsome! Whoa! Where the hell did that come from? Lord, I'd better call my husband.* "Roxanne, you're either in or yuh out yuh nuh! Every morning is the same routine with you. How many times I have to repeat that I begin work at nine o'clock? Not nine thirty! Not ten! Nine!" "Lawd Regina, enough of you and yuh misery!" Roxanne hastily retorted. *"You choose to repeat yourself. Nobody asks you to! Every morning is the same for me too; nagging, nagging, and more nagging. Leave me if yuh can't wait!"* She left it at that, but only on the outside. *Miserable gyal! Stir up mi nerves every friggin' morning. Can't wait fi get ma own place and get out of here! Geesum!* Regina scrutinised her little sister with disdain. "I'm not even going to respond to you!" She made a quick exit from the kitchen in lieu of breaking her jaw. *Ungrateful little brat! I should make you take the damn bus!* "You just did!" Roxanne chuckled and provokingly blurted aloud. *Whateva!* The routine rampage continued. "Babe, I'm asking you *again*, to please come and move your car! I need to get out of here! And why do you insist on parking behind me and you can fit perfectly well beside me?" She deep breathed and audibly exhaled. *Control the temper Regina...you can be calm. Deep breaths...yes...you are calm.* "Like yuh don't know why him park there? So yuh can't leave unheard at nights. Duh!" The familiar voice escaped from the kitchen. "Mind your business Roxanne! And didn't I tell you to get your crap in the car?" She made her way into the kitchen for a mini face-off. "I'm coming down now Regina. A little patience, please babes. It's only eight fifteen. Plus why are we so cranky and we *all* had a good night?" Linton's voice greeted them before his wide grin appeared in the kitchen. "Hmm?" He playfully eyed his woman then winked at her. Regina instantly melted. *He's right. Last night was more than amazing. It was the best ever! Okay, I say that all the time. But Biology is definitely his specialty! I am going to be late for work again! Only eight fifteen...yeah, 'cause everywhere I'm going is next door to each other!* "I don't even wanna know what was so good about the night. Y'all disgust me!" Roxanne's voice interrupted her thoughts. Regina snapped. "Roxanne, pack your stuff in the car! *Please!*" She turned to Linton. "Baby you're right. I'm sorry. I just hate being even a little late. You know I'm up for that promotion? I have to keep everything in tact." They were all trying to make their way out the door. "I know baby. And you definitely will be promoted so stop worrying so much. I've seen your competition, or lack there of..." He busted out laughing. Regina stopped halfway down the driveway. "That wasn't nice! Thanks for the encouragement though." She returned his wink from earlier and giggled. "Anytime, and every time. Kisses for my misses?" He playfully puckered up. She planted her lips on his. "Y'all are so damn corny!" Roxanne loudly exclaimed. *But cute!* She admitted to herself. *I need to find me a mister...see what I'm missing. Yea right! Gina would just kill me!* She stretched through the window and snatched the car keys from her sister's loose grip. It was time to tune in to the morning's Dancehall music station. *Life can sure be a bitch sometimes! This must really be two thousand and hate! It barely kicked off and this is the shit that it brings? Fuck! You just never know what the hell you're in for with life!* Shane was more than irritable as he walked into the Juici Beef restaurant. "Morning. Gimme a ackee and salt fish with food nuh please...and a Tru Juice too." He ordered as he got to the front counter, skipping the line-up entirely. "What flavour?" The counter clerk asked indirectly, in her seductively under-toned drawl. Shane immediately lapsed into flirting mode and turned up 'Mr.

Charming'. *Watch dem dreamy eyes deh nuh! That's some big tits yuh have there bway.* He smirked at the thought of having his way with the voluptuous woman, and coyly replied. "Are we talking about the Tru Juice still? Or sup'm else?" He flashed a flirtatious grin. The young woman visibly blushed and fumbled to retrieve a Fruit Punch flavour, before handing him his change. He scribbled the number to his 'bootie line' on the face of the five hundred dollar bill, and slid it back towards her. "Take care of your-sexy-self! Make sure them *things* call me!" He playfully pointed at her chest and winked, much to the amusement of female patrons admiring him from afar. A few men lurking outside the restaurant immediately pounced on him as he stepped through the exit. They were undoubtedly Track and Field fanatics. "Big up yuhself yute!" One of them shouted. "Mek sure yuh dun di place a Australia next mont yuh zimme?" The burly man chuckled heartily. Shane smiled and offered his usual response. "Nuff respect! Yuh done know!" Another younger man slowly approached. "My lord, beg yuh a brekfass money nuh?" He grinned, revealing two rows of gold teeth. Shane consciously avoided a scowl and handed him the rest of his change from the restaurant. *All a part of the growing fame huh?* He tried to coach himself out of annoyance as he learned to cope with his increasing fame and consequently, the diminishing privacy. *Just the price I'll have to pay to put Track back on the minds of Jamaicans worldwide.* He hopped into his Lexus truck and cautiously eased out of Lane Plaza's parking lot, already over-crowded at eight thirty in the morning. "Ok chic. Remember I can't pick you up today. I have a presentation at class tonight that might run a little late. Call Linton if you can't get a ride okay?" "Yea sis, I will." Roxanne airily responded as she gathered her belongings from the back seat with little haste. She glanced at her hair for the umpteenth time in the mirror before opening the car door. Regina gently held onto her arm. "Hey, and as usual, I'm sorry about shouting at you this morning. You know it's nothin' but love right?" She offered an emphasised grin to spice up her renowned sarcasm. "Hmm! Whatever you seh!" She reflexively rolled her eyes to compliment that thought. "What! Are you kidding me?" Regina made her best sulking face. "I'm joking Gina. Calm down. Yes I know it's *all* love. See yuh later...and love yuh." She slammed the car door and hastily headed up the front steps of her school. "Love you too sis." Regina watched her sister until she went out of sight. *You better know that.* As soon as she was honked by another parent to make her way out of the congested parking lot, her phone began to vibrate somewhere in the car. She quickly scanned the center console then blindly dug through her pocketbook. *This can only be one person...* She pressed the send button before fully retrieving the phone. "House of tits, may I take your order?" She shouted, smiling as she wrestled the phone out of her bag. "You *wish* you had tits to serve! Them things start growing yet?" "Kiss my ass Shane! Was that really necessary? What's up? What do you want?" "Now *ass*...yes! *That's* what you could definitely serve a lot of! Feeding of the ten thousand..." He always enjoyed teasing his best friend. "Jokes...but truth. You bringing me breakfast this morning or what?" "No time for breakfast today hun. Got tonnes of appointments. One of those tight-schedule days yuh nuh?" Regina manoeuvred her way through the traffic, but was attentive enough to know a lie when Shane uttered it. "You're such a liar! *You* miss ackee and salt fish on a Monday morning? Spare me Shane! You're probably on your way for some breakfast sex as we speak. But anyway I'll eat from the cafeteria. And I love how yuh call me back last night too. Which *one* of the hoes? Or was it a new groupie? I can't seem to keep up!" Shane chuckled. *Always so presumptuous, but yet so on point Miss Mitchell. Gotta love you!* "When have you ever kept up Gina? And why yuh sound so jealous? A joke! Hun, you know what the late night talking does to Linton. Can't overdo it and mek the man extra jealous yuh zimme? As a man myself, I'm forced to respect the man hours!" "This has nothing to do with Linton. Yuh full of it!" She quickly checked him. "Shane, when yuh plan to stop 'hoe-ing'? You're such a dog! *Ruff ruff!*" They both laughed. "Anyways I'm almost at work. You plan to talk about that appointment this morning or it's *another* of your secrets?" Shane cringed at the undertone of her last remark. "Gina, I don't have any *secrets* with you...don't say that. This doctor just did some more in-depth examinations than the other ones did. Just a waste of my money if yuh ask me. But she seems more knowledgeable overall though. Yuh ever notice how the pain seems to hide as soon as yuh sit in the doctor's chair? It's like it has its own mind to rahtid. But that's all there is to it for now. Nothing new to report." *You're lying again!* She knew his half truths too well. *What the hell is going on with you Shane? Lying to me now?* She chastised him inwardly. Of all the

seventeen years she had known Shane, this last year had been the most mysterious of their friendship. She knew he had been having painful stomach cramps, and that he had been going to a series of appointments with different specialists to get his health examined. But all his reports on the visits thus far, were just as nonchalant as the one he had just provided. She had never before experienced such levels of secrecy from him. *You're probably a pro at hiding things from the rest of the world Shane, but not with me. We're like blood! This must be extremely difficult for you...or terrible period!* She sighed heavily. "Gina!" He repeated loudly, jolting her out of a daze. "Yeah! Shit, you almost made me hit the curb. Well Shane, whatever is in the dark *must* come to light right?" "Well that's what they say. So we'll just wait and see." His heart weighed heavily. *I'm so sorry for being dishonest with you Gina.* He wanted to add. *You're killing me softly Shane.* "I see. Well I'm where I'm at. I'll call you around lunch time. Enjoy your training, and do some crunches for my seriously-bulging tummy. Love yuh bro." She truthfully admitted, her eyes gleaming with tears. "Love yuh too Gina, and enjoy your day." They disconnected. "Thank you for calling Clark and Simmons. This is Antoinette speaking, how may I direct your call?" "Hi Antoinette, is my husband around?" The receptionist immediately recognised the voice. "Hey Natalie. Why yuh sounding so stressed? Yuh need to take it easy with that new practice." She chuckled. "Hold on for your hussy okay?" Before Natalie could respond, the lines were switched. "Hey baby. How's your day going so far?" Michael picked up with much enthusiasm. She sighed heavily. "Hun, it's so intense. The training definitely didn't teach me enough about controlling my emotions. I take everything so personal. Like this morning..." "Hold a sec baby. I'm sorry...emergency line's beeping." He quickly switched over. "This is Michael." "What a way yuh dash mi weh? How yuh stay so bad baby? Yuh haven't been to *The Club* this long time..." He recognised the voice and instantly regretted answering the call. "No man, nothing like that. I've been a bit busy with work lately. But I did give you a call a couple days ago and you didn't pick up." He volunteered unnecessarily. *At least I thought about it.* "Oh okay. I didn't get that call at all, but there's a special show tonight baby. I need yuh to come check it out. Yuh definitely won't be disappointed." *What is definite is that the devil is alive and prowling.* Michael loosened his tie. "I'll see about it. But the short notice..." "C'mon baby, don't disappoint me. I've been missing you. And tell me yuh don't miss my sexiness?" *Goddamn this she-devil!* "I'd be lying if I said I...*Oh shit!*" *Natalie...* He looked at the flashing Hold button just as it stopped blinking. "Hey sexy, I have some work to get back to. I'll come by later if anything. Cool?" "Alright baby. I'm looking forward to seeing yuh. Smooches!" She giggled and hung up. Regina relinquished her unnoticed post at the office entryway and delved into her co-worker's affairs. "Morning missy! So why yuh *smooching* oh so giggly? And who you're going to see lata? One of your hoes? Spill the deets." Stacy hastily spun around, not surprised to see Regina lurking behind her, listening in on her conversation as always. "Yuh too faas! Happy New Year to you too. I didn't even hear when you got in. Yuh tell Linton about the promotion? You had the longest weekend to get it over with!" She successfully diverted the topic, however temporary. "Did I tell Linton? Of course I did...*not!* I'm still trying to break it into our conversations. Girl, I don't know what to do. But don't remind me, I definitely know I have to do something soon." "So what yuh going to do if he decides not to move? Dem long distance relationships never work out yuh nuh. Man will love yuh and all, but dem levels a loyalty deh...deep!" "I know Stacy. I don't even want to think about that option. I don't know what I'd do if we should ever break up. But back to the real issue at hand; where yuh going likkle more with that seductive voice?" She impulsively rolled her eyes. "You had breakfast? Let's go eat!" She thoroughly disregarded Regina and smirked. "Funny! Keep your secrets. I'm starting to get used to that treatment. Boss came yet?" Stacy sulked and negated that fact with a nod. They both broke into laughter and saddled up to head to the cafeteria. *Right in the middle of my fu...my story, he puts me on hold for eternity! If you're not interested to hear about my day, then why do you even bother to ask?* Natalie vented while ignoring her ringing desk phone. Already sure who would be calling so obsessively, she picked up on what could easily be the tenth call. "Baby, I'm really sorry about that. You know how Monday mornings can be?" Michael started to apologise before she even said 'Hello'. "Please don't be mad with me." Her prolonged silence made him uncomfortable. Natalie audibly exhaled. "I'm not mad Michael. Just tense that's all." "So you were saying about this morning's appointment?" His voice was loaded with relief. "Oh nothing! I'm over it. I just need to

control my emotions more." She left it at that. "You'll get the hang of it soon babe...it's only been three months. Give yourself some time to get the hang of things. Hey, you wanna do lunch today? I'll even drive." She knew how much he hated the lunch hour traffic so the gesture warmed her heart. "That would be cool. Where?" "Baby, that's for you to choose. It's going to be after court though, so that should be around twelve thirty...twelve forty five with the traffic. That's cool?" "Works for me. See you then. I love you Michael." "I love you too Natalie. Now take it easy, okay? See you soon." He hung up. She had to admit she felt a little better. Her husband always had a way to soothe her even while getting on her nerves. As far back as she could remember, he had always been the more composed one in their fourteen year relationship. There was no doubt that she really loved her man; her Michael. *You're always my rock.* Natalie smiled from within. *This is way more people than I anticipated. I'm so not in the mood for all this.* Shane's mind was made up. "Coach, please keep this brief for me. I don't feel so well right now." "No problem Shane, I understand. It's just all the anxiety of the Australian meet. Just do the best you can today. It should be brief." "Okay Coach." The two men ascended the podium and the questions instantly barraged them. The incessant camera flashes proved to illuminate the room much better than its intended lighting. The commotion was almost too overwhelming for Shane, who usually preferred radio interviews until now. Coach Sullivan spoke first. "People. Please, settle down. Your questions will be addressed in an orderly fashion. The smoother this goes the more we'll get done. Shane..." He stepped aside as the reporters steadily calmed, clearing the way for his star athlete. Shane moved into the spotlight, took over the mic, and took a couple deep breaths to steady his nerves. "Good afternoon ladies and gentlemen. To your questions..." He was brief. "Shane, are there any plans to break your world record in the one hundred meter opener this year?" Glanville, a reporter from the Star newspaper blurted his question above the unsettling raucous. Shane audibly cleared his throat and tried to adjust to the bright lighting. "Hi Glanville. My main priority at this time is to qualify for the 2008 Olympics. I can definitely say that I am in my best shape ever, so breaking my record may just happen. But it's not my main focus." He flashed his charming grin, and watched as the ladies stage-side shifted uncomfortably. "Shane, what about the American, Tyson Blake? He's been talking big about the two hundred meter. Is he a threat?" Ian from the Gleaner asked boldly, standing to get a better visual of the athlete. He chuckled before replying. "Which American doesn't *talk* big Ian? That's what they do *best*. The bark is usually bigger than the bite. I don't foresee a threat at this time." Shane looked toward his coach, signalling the 'wrap up' as the audience erupted with laughter. Coach Sullivan instructed the reporters accordingly. "Ok, we'll take two more questions here, and the rest in back. Shane has to get back to training. Please also bear in mind there will be other segments scheduled, shortly." The reporters who had begun to complain were tamed by his last statement. The proceedings continued. "Shane! Any plans on settling down some time soon?" The question pierced through the otherwise noisy room. "You know, with the gorgeous housewife and kids?" *That could only be one person so fucking irrelevant!* He did not hesitate to respond. "Actually I don't." Everyone turned in their seats to see who had asked such an off-topic question in their tightly-scheduled spot. Shane mused inwardly. *Dagger! How's that for a response Miss Fox?* He smiled and continued. "I'm twenty six years old and at the top of my game! There will be time for wife and kids. I'm all about my career and my family right now, and all the other people who *really* love me unconditionally." He knew he went too far, but was too provoked to care. The crowd was stirred, but not surprised, by the long-standing tension between their star athlete and Amanda Fox of RE TV. Their history was not exactly a private affair. Shane quickly composed himself. "And the last question will go to?" He was fuming on the inside. Brent from the Jamaica Observer hastily interjected. "Shane, given that you have dual citizenship with the United States, is there a possibility that you will switch allegiance soon? It's on every tongue in the sports arena..." "That is not an option Brent! And on that note, I'd like to thank you all for attending. I will make you proud! I will put Jamaica back on the map in a good light! Big up to all my fans worldwide!" He quickly descended the podium and left his coach to 'wrap up' the session. The recent speculations about him possibly running for the United States made him very uncomfortable. He knew well enough that Jamaicans were unforgiving sports fan with no tolerance for betrayal; switching to the US track team would signify just that. The most annoying

part about the buzzing hoopla was that he had never uttered such an intention. Shane spotted Amanda the instant she made the corner and quickened his steps towards his truck. Unfortunately for him, she had the clearance to venture into the private parking area and roam the entire premises, given that it belonged to her father. "Why are you running from me Shane? I won't bite you!" She called out after him. "Are you sure? That's not what *I* remember!" Their story could plot an award-winning Hollywood drama series. Shane fumbled with his keys, avoiding eye contact. "What do you want Amanda? I have to get going. How about you give me a call?" He chuckled teasingly. "You know you don't take my calls so don't patronize me Shane! All I want to do is talk. You've never given me the opportunity to apologize; to tell you my side of the story." "Ha! That's funny 'cause there's only one distinct side to two bodies intertwined...well technically there's four!" He laughed scathingly. "But respective of which side *you're* looking at, all that shit just doesn't matter anymore! You get the drift?" He hopped into his truck and slammed the door, opening the window just enough to stare dead into her eyes. "Please don't do this Shane! I'm begging." Her eyes magically brimmed with tears, as always. "No! *You* don't do this Amanda! That crying shit! I'm over that with you! For real, you need to get over it too." He was seething inside. *Damn you for trying to play with my emotions! Trying' to jump on my fame train. Musta lost your goddamn mind! Of course...that's old news too!* "Look, get at me...somehow. Peace!" Shane sped off and left her standing in the dust. The two had dated for six years spanning high school and college. With Shane mounting the track and field ladder and Amanda enthroned to acquire subsidiaries of her father's companies, they were known as 'the Favourite Couple' in the elite Jamaican uptown societies. Though everything had seemed glamorous on the outside, the walls masked the inner turmoil of jealousy and infidelity. Amanda had to stand by Shane when he was almost destroyed by a prostitution scandal; and also had to do the public relations to rectify his image. Out of spite she had cheated on him one night three years ago, and to her dismay, it was recorded on tape. That was the first of such occurrences, but the end of 'them' as a couple. Shane sat in his truck and dialled the only person he could stomach at the moment. "This is Regina." She discarded the usual courtesies when answering her private line. "Gina, are you free for lunch? I need some company." He got right to the point. "Of course! Is everything okay? You sound stressed...angry even. It's kinda early..." "We'll talk about it when I see you." "Okay, but what time?" "I'm already downstairs." He clicked over to the next line before she could reply. *Doc a call me back already! She's so timely with the bad news when shi ready. Jah know!* The thought quickly crossed his mind. "Hello." He answered, not trying to mask the fact that he was already annoyed. "Mr. Wright, Dr. Simmons would like to speak with you. Is it a good time?" It was the assistant. "Sure Tameka." *So why didn't she call me herself like she always did? Using Tameka as buffer, so lame...* "Shane, I wanted to apologize for being so insensitive this morning." Natalie delved into her reason for calling. "It just upset me that...forget it. There's no excuse. I'm truly sorry. I was out of line." *So we're back to first name basis and more apologies. I see...* "Doc, it's all good. I shouldn't have been so impatient with you either. You have been nothing but supportive of me, and I'm sorry for my behaviour." She released an audible sigh. "Thanks Shane...that's nice of you to say." She needed a moment to blush. *Oh boy, awkward silence. What to say? What to say?* Shane relieved her. "So Doc, would I be forward if I asked you out to dinner, *again*? I mean I know the doctor-patient thing, but it's just food." She nervously chuckled. "I'm flattered Shane, but I can't do that. I'm a married woman, and yes the doctor-patient thing as you call it." "It's cool Doc. Know that that was only round one though. I'm known to be persistent." *And I'll definitely keep prying on that thing I do to you...believe that!* "Well thanks for calling. Let me know when I have to *come in* again; cool?" His insinuation unnerved her and she almost stuttered. "Okay. Okay Shane. Uhm, I'll be in touch. And you enjoy the rest of your day." He grinned and bid his farewell as Regina hopped into his truck. "Damn girl! Just rip the door off the damn hinge while you're at it. You think this is your granny old minivan? Take it easy man!" Regina laughed and punched him on the arm. "Shut up Shane! Where to? I'm starving. So glad you called!" She busied herself with the seat belt and adjusting the chair. Realising the unusual silence, she looked up to find him staring blankly at her. "What? What's that look?" Shane smiled and shrugged. "Hot Pot or fast food bumble bee?" He backed the Lexus out of the parking lot. "Hot Pot will do. And I'm ready to listen when you're ready to talk. I know you're keeping secrets Shane."

She piercingly stared into his brown eyes, silently daring him to lie to her face. She also felt the onset of a migraine. "Yea, I know Gina. We'll talk okay." He had to accept that he was out of time. *No more lies.* "By the way, your haircut's real pretty. It looks good on you." She blushed uncontrollably. "Roxanne yuh mek up yuh mind yet bout lata? Mi tell yuh seh di bwoy want a introduction. Yea or nay?" Roxanne knew better than to believe that Cindy indeed wanted to introduce her to a 'bwoy'. After all, her 'bwoyfren' was twenty six years old; eight years her senior. "Cindy, I done tell yuh areddi. My sister would kill me if she found out that I was hanging with people damn near her age. I can't afford to get caught in any situation right now. She's already stressed out as is." "So how she ago find out *ediat*? Who ago tell her? Mi done tell yuh the plan areddi. We a leave school roun two before the bell ring and link them up a Half a Tree. The whole ting shouldn't tek longer than three hour or so. Yuh still ago reach home before Regina. Stop gwan like yuh a punk nuh!" Roxanne caved. "Alright then, I'll follow yuh. But if yuh ever give mi no shit when I seh I ready...that's it fi me and yuh going nowhere again." "Alright den, that's fair. Mi a guh mek di call den. Sign the attendance roster fi me." Cindy discreetly slipped out the back door of the classroom and headed for the bathroom to use her cell phone; its use was otherwise prohibited during school hours.

CHAPTER TWO Roxanne looked over at Cindy impatiently tapping her foot and glimpsing at her watch, evidently uninterested in the knowledge the teacher aimed to depart. Cindy caught her stare. "Roxanne a two a clock yuh nuh? Time fi cut outta dis blasted place. Yuh nuh ready?" "We have to leave during class change or we'll get caught! Stop gwan like *ediat* nuh Cindy!" "Arite a true, but yuh nuh affi a gwan suh!" She re-combed her hair for the hundredth time, added another pound of lip gloss to her already dripping lips, and discreetly slipped off her underwear stuffing it into her school bag. The school bell sounded the end of the second to last period of the day, and their plan went into motion. Cindy and Roxanne walked with the crowd through the halls and across the pathway, but snuck away through a large hole in the wall that led to the Patty Shop adjacent to the school yard. They both laughed at their successful getaway. "Yuh know seh we too bad though? When we ago stop do dem shit yah?" "We?" Roxanne hastily retorted. "No, you're too damn bad! When yuh gonna stop getting me into shit like this? I swear sometimes..." "Stop gwan like yuh nuh glad fi come. Yuh know yuh like off di bwoy to." They walked through the shop premises and exited onto Half Way Tree Road, trotting the short distance to the York Pharmacy parking lot. Their 'friends' were already present as arranged. Cindy spotted her man as soon as she stepped through the main gates, and anxiously called out to him. "Hey Benji baby! Oonu waiting long?" She hurriedly walked towards him. Benji waited until she got closer to reply. "No babes, we jus reach." He leaned forward and embraced his 'woman'. "Where's Andre? I thought you said he was coming?" Cindy murmured within his grasp then quickly pulled away to scan the parking lot. "Cool nuh babes. Him inna di pharmacy. This is your fren him so anxious to meet? Whe she name again?" "It's Roxanne." She bluntly interjected before Cindy. *Asking about 'she' like I'm not standing right here! Ediat!* Before she could append her feisty remarks, Andre exited the pharmacy sporting a wide grin. She immediately blushed, her knees offering little support. "Whagwan Cindy, I see yuh bring me a present." He focused all his attention on Roxanne. "Hi beautiful. I'm Andre, and you are?" "I'm Roxanne. Nice to meet you Andre." She nervously shook his hand. *Nice is an understatement! Damn you for being even finer up close!* She smiled uncontrollably. "So what you girls want to get into?" Andre asked, still holding onto Roxanne's hand. Cindy spoke up. "I guess we can just guh hang out by the studio for a likkle. Miss Roxanne has to get home soon. Her sistah is a drill sergeant." She chuckled and made a face at her best friend, who eyed her with fury. "Funny! I simply have a more structured upbringing." Roxanne shot back, rolling her eyes at Cindy. *Yuh just chat too much sometimes! Always have sup'm extra fi seh!* Andre chuckled. "Alright, oonu tek it easy. We can hang by the studio and orda some food den. Dat cool?" Roxanne, along with the others, nodded in agreement. Benji handed over his car keys so he could ride in the back seat with Cindy. Roxanne of course, would sit in the front to accompany Andre. He turned up the volume on the stereo, blasting the music that was softly spilling from the speakers until now. "A mi new tune dis." Andre boastfully informed his new passengers. "Tell me if oonu like it." Roxanne jaws dropped when she recognised the voice 'deejaying' over the beat. She had no idea before now, that 'Andre' was her favourite entertainer 'Biggs'. She didn't remember

Cindy mentioning such a fact, and silently damned her friend for 'setting her up'. *Oh Lord! Could this really be happening? This must be a dream! Somebody pinch me!* Her heart began to skip beats with the bass line in the song. The sound of Andre's voice interrupted her trail of thoughts. "So how you one so pretty Roxanne? Yuh know how long mi tell Cindy fi get the introductions going? What took yuh so long? I'm not your type?" He was surely being modest. She thought hard on her response. "Well...I can't really roam the streets like Cindy or do my own thing. I live with my sister, and she is very protective of me. School days are the only days I have a little freedom, and even then I have to make my curfew..." She caught herself rambling. *That was way too much information.* "I know them ways babes. But yuh gonna mek time now to see your Andre right? I mean, that's if yuh like me like I like you..." He flashed a sultry glance. *Oh please! You know damn well that I like yuh already! Hmm.* "Well we'll just have to see right? If you play your cards well..." *My sister didn't raise no fool!* She mused inwardly. Her forward response quickly turned Andre's lingering smile into a wider grin. "Alright mam. Your rules! Just mek sure when I play ma cards right, yuh nuh start change up the rules." He chuckled as she blushed uncontrollably. Behind them, Cindy and Benji were heavily engaged in their usual frolicking. He had his tongue buried down her throat and his hand was nestled under her skirt. She moaned softly as his fingers friskily massaged her. Roxanne began to feel slightly uncomfortable at the mood being set behind her. She didn't want Andre to expect that he was going to get the same play from her, because unlike Cindy, she was a virgin. Noticing her discomfort, Andre continued to probe. "So Miss Roxanne, yuh like the song or what? Why yuh so quiet? I hope you're thinking about *us!*" He smiled teasingly. "Can yuh stop calling me Miss Roxanne? And yes, I like the song a lot. It's very clubby." She consciously disregarded his last statement. "What yuh know about club? Yuh ever been to one?" "No, but I know what it should be like. I do watch TV!" She feigned a pout. They both laughed, somewhat breaking the ice. Biggs drove into the studio parking lot and noticed two other cars parked up on the lawn. "Benji, who suppose to be here now?" Benji released his lips from Cindy's and surveyed the parking area to identify the cars. "Oh! Warriah a voice...and a mussi Lorna cyar dat." He temporarily exchanged a quizzical glance with his friend. "Yo oonu straighten up oonusef mek we go in. You two just hold yuh head straight and follow wi, cool?" He sternly instructed them. They walked through the studio lobby and Lorna quickly acknowledged them, of course noticing the two schoolgirls who were in their company. *Nasty rasshole dem and people gyal pickney. Look how much big ooman deh a road! Slackness!* Biggs was the only one who replied. "Everything cool Lorna? Come fi do some work..." He playfully winked at her. *Work my ass!* "Cool. Don't mind me, I'm outta here shortly." *Damn disgusting!* She kept that thought in her head. They retreated into the back half of the studio that was specifically reserved for the elite artists. Benji stopped in the general area kitchen to get some sodas from the refrigerator, with Cindy huddling closely behind him. "Babes hold this!" He handed her two of the cans before they joined the others in the private room. Cindy seemed to be right at home. She dropped her book bag on the floor in the corner and carelessly plopped herself onto the plush leather sofa. Roxanne was almost sure she had glimpsed her friend's bush when her skirt had flown up. *You are so nasty Cindy!* She scowled at her unaware friend. "Where is the bathroom?" She asked indirectly. "Oh there is one through that door behind you." Biggs was quick to respond. The back studio came equipped with its own bathroom and kitchen, eliminating the need to go back into the general hall to access the amenities of the studio. When Roxanne returned to the room, Cindy and Benji were not in immediate sight. She began to feel nervous, but soon spotted them through the glass window, canoodling in the back booth. Biggs turned on the plasma TV and flipped the channel to RE TV that was currently playing music videos. He turned on the computer systems then looked up and noticed Roxanne awkwardly lounging by his desk. "Babes, you can sit down yuh nuh. I promise I won't bite yuh." He laughed at her daring stare before obliging his request. "Yuh want mi order the pizza or sup'm else?" "Okay." Roxanne replied, evidently distracted. "Okay to which one babes? The pizza or the sup'm else?" He chuckled at his own sarcasm. Roxanne's face flushed with embarrassment. "The *pizza* please." She purposely avoided eye contact. "Domino's or Pizza Hut? And what toppings?" "Pizza Hut; the Chicken and Pineapple special." She turned to face him. *And a bit of your special too! Jokes!* She stifled a smile. "Okay. Pass me that phone book under the desk. I'll call them now." He lustfully admired her derriere as she

bent to locate the telephone directory. *What a fat ass yo! Cya wait fi hit dat!* He straightened up as soon as she turned around. "Thanks babes. Did I tell yuh how pretty I think you are?" He noticed her sudden tension though she feigned a smile. "I'm just saying babes. Nothing implied." He chuckled and skimmed through the yellow pages. In the adjacent booth, Benji bent Cindy over the back of a white leather sofa and eased his body in between her legs. He entered her moisture with a merciless thrust, gently massaging her over-developed breasts. "Clench up di pussy fi mi baby. Yuh love di cocky?" He barked the words closely by her ear without reverence. "Mmm...of course Benji. Of course mi love it. Fuck mi hard!" She blurted through appreciative moans. Delving in as deep as naturally possible, he ground her with slow, circular movements. He moaned while enjoying the orifice he professed, was moulded to the shape of his phallus; this he based on the belief that he was her first and only. Cindy switched positions and boosted herself onto the back of the chair to sit facing him. She possessively wrapped her legs around his bony waist while he swept her up into his arms. She rotated her pelvis in midair with great expertise, as she easily accommodated his unsheathed cock. With every thrust he forcefully pulled her downward, causing her to feign ecstasy though wincing in pain. After much stimulation, Benji exploded with a monstrous guttural sound and dropped them onto the couch. Cindy clung tightly to her man, and he in turn kissed her with the aggressive passion a man shares with his wife. Roxanne tried to warm up to her companion who was already busy at work. "Andre, I can ask you a question?" She watched him through the corner of her eye. "Yuh jus did babes." He replied without looking up, and they both laughed. He steadily turned his attention away from the mixing board. "What's on your mind beautiful?" She began to fidget when he gave her his undivided attention. "Well, Cindy *did* in fact tell me that yuh wanted to meet me...a long time ago. But I just wanted to know why? I mean, I know I'm pretty but so are a lot of other girls...and *women*. Why me?" "What yuh mean? Babes, yuh not only beautiful but mi spirit did jus tek yuh the first time I see yuh...that's all. And me is a man who move fast when mi see a nice girl that I want. Have to move before the next man yuh zimme?" He smiled and watched as she noticeably blushed. "I hear yuh. So what yuh want from me though? I'm not like Cindy so if *that's* what's on yuh mind..." She motioned towards the back booth. He hastily interjected. "Babes, I only want what yuh want to give me...nothing more, nothing less. As I told yuh earlier, you're the boss!" He grinned and winked at her just as the intercom on the desk buzzed. It was Lorna informing them that the pizza delivery man was in the lobby. As soon as Andre exited the studio, a laugh involuntarily escaped Roxanne's mouth. *This must be a damn dream! Andre 'Biggs' Jackson likes me? Likes me, Roxanne Mitchell just so? This is crazy! Overwhelming even...* She quickly composed herself as his footsteps thudded back down the corridor. Within half an hour they devoured half of the large pizza and breadsticks together, leaving the remainder for the other two 'love' birds canoodling in the back room. Roxanne checked the time and almost choked on a piece of crust. *Where the hell did the time go? I am so screwed!* She jumped up and blurted. "It's six thirty! I have to go!" She snatched up her bag and made a dash for the door. Andre glanced at his Rolex and quickly rushed towards her. "Relax babes, I'll drop yuh home. My Range will cut your trip in half...don't worry. I'm really sorry about the time." He checked his pockets for his truck keys and they headed through the door. "I'll carry this for yuh babes." He took her bag and secured the lock on the door. Benji and Cindy weren't even aware they were leaving. *The Club* was packed to capacity as the vibrant announcer tauntingly introduced the headlining dancer. It was evident from the frenzied response that she was the favourite of both male and female patrons alike. "Ladies and gentlemen, all jokes aside. Welcome on stage...*Caramel!!!!*" He shouted into the microphone, before exiting stage left. The exotically beautiful star made her way center stage, and immediately fell into a one hundred and eighty degree split. She expertly flexed her hip muscles, causing her butt cheeks to perform their reputable, rhythmic choreography. The crowd erupted with applause and whistles as paper bills flew about the stage while the men - and women alike - drooled and spiralled out of control. Caramel, always maintaining a seductive grin, stood and bent backwards. Without much effort, she pulled her legs upward to suspend them in mid air. If that wasn't surprising enough for a woman with her voluptuous build, she added her reputable upside down aerobics to the mix sending the crowd into an uproar. "What a fat ass man!" One man blurted, though not sparing a minute to take his eyes off the magnet. "All mi woulda gi har is a

solid backshot!" Another added, looking on with the same amazement. "Bwoy mi wife need fi learn how fi do dat. Den mi will come home pon time!" Theatrics after theatrics she stunned her patrons and the money continuously poured in. One of the regulars even found the guts to hop up onto the stage and smother his head in between her ass cheeks. She expertly bobbed his head from side to side before shoving him back into the crowd, causing an eruption of laughter. "Him cyan manage yuh baby! But gimme a try and yuh see!" One man shouted causing everyone to laugh. She motioned for him to meet her backstage and wrapped up her set with a few more signature tricks that her fans favoured. By the time she got to her dressing room, the VIP big spenders had already lined-up, waiting to take advantage of her more personal and reputable services. *Money a run tonight! A dat mi like fi see man.* She made a quick stride towards her dressing room, but instantly stopped in her tracks when someone special caught her eyes. She smiled from within and quickly tugged him along. "Ey! Yuh can't do dat yuh nuh! Yuh nuh see me inna di front?" An angered client vented his rights. Caramel completely ignored his outburst and yanked her fellow in the room, slamming the door behind them. "I'm glad you made it baby! You liked the show?" She seductively purred at him. "Loved it! But you know that already. It really made a man start to wonder..." "What yuh wondering exactly?" She kneeled between his legs, staring daringly into his eyes. "Just...nothing. I mean...forget it." He wasn't making any sense. She could sense from his rigidity that he was indeed very nervous. Of all the previous times that she had invited him to see her perform, he had never once ventured into the back room. *Well yuh back here tonight for a reason baby. I'll show yuh more than one!* She foully deliberated. "It's alright baby. You don't have to explain. I can be yuh everything tonight, and if it pleases you, we can see about other nights; deal?" She expertly massaged his groin. "Deal." He silently moaned as she playfully caressed his crotch. He tentatively reached for her voluptuous boobs as they sprang free from her bikini. *Why am I here Lord? Why?* She used her mouth to free his hardened dick from its restraints then continued to wholeheartedly massage his testicles with her tongue. He reflexively held onto the back of her head moaning appreciatively, writhing in her grip. As he neared his eruption, he held her head firmly into place and wildly pummelled her mouth without hesitation. Caramel wrestled her head from his grip, not wanting him to release before she felt him within. Grinning at the expression on his face as he watched her saliva glide down his glistening shaft, she stood up to mount him. With one leg on either side of his now limp frame, she enveloped his face with her ample bosom. Completely warped in the moment, he nibbled and tweaked her nipples as she anxiously buried his unsheathed, turgid manhood deeply within her. "I can't do this!" The words escaped his mouth almost instantly. "No, I can't!" He gripped her by the thighs and forcefully eased her up and off his lap. "Wha you mean baby? Yuh already doing dis! *Baby...*" She grew irritable when he didn't back down. "I'm not your *baby* Caramel! I just can't do *all* this! *I can't do this!*" He commanded his mind. "I don't expect you to understand." He looked down at his feet, trying to mask his humiliation and avoid her watering eyes. *He has got to be fucking kidding! Nutt'n to me like the annoyance of a married coward! Don't lose your cool girl...jus stay focused. Jus school him through it!* Her determination went into overdrive. "Baby, what's wrong? You didn't like the feel of ma fat pussy? Huh? Was it the head that you won't ever forget?" Her tears spilled freely. "Caramel, don't do this. It's not you at all...it's me. No, it's more than me. It's my wife, my career, and my life as I know it!" He hurriedly dressed himself and searched for his wallet. "I just can't go down this path with you. But don't worry about the money. I'm still paying the full price." She stared at him through eyes that expertly portrayed pain. "So why did yuh come back here; to tease me? Yuh know how I feel about yuh! *Why?* Huh?" She grew more aggressive. He moved closer towards the door and removed five thousand dollars from his wallet. "This should cover it." He outstretched the money to her, but rested it on a corner table when she refused to take it. Speaking with more authority, as he had fully regained his composure, he relayed his closing arguments. "Girl, you know you're sexy as hell! But *I* just can't do this!" He unlocked the door and stormed out the room. "Michael! *Please!* Don't leave!" She screamed and tried to run after him; but it was too late. He had already disappeared into the crowd that had assembled outside her door. She lingered at the doorway in shock, fully naked, until her eyes wandered to the handsome young man leaning by the stage. The older man who had been standing at the head of the line for the past hour, even

after she ditched him for Michael, noticed he wasn't the object of her attention and wasn't about to be overlooked twice. "Caramel, it look like a my turn yuh nuh." He was quick to exclaim while giving the young man a stare down. The angered patron's bravery quickly subsided when the man reacted by patting his hand on his waist, signalling the position of his gun. He quickly averted his gaze, mumbling under his breath. Caramel giggled and backed up into the dressing room, pulling the big spender in with her. "I see yuh still after those married men huh bitch?" Her guest asked while locking the door. "What reason, if any, is that your business Biggs?" She sat in the couch, spreading her legs wide apart. "Pussy is your *only* business here! And who yuh calling bitch?" "Mi soon show yuh!" Biggs smirked sheepishly. *But a wha Michael Simmons a do ya though God? And him wife so tiefish to! What a rass!* He stored that fact mentally. I can't believe Shane took so long to confide in me. I knew all this secrecy had to mean something bad...but this...it's worse than I thought! This is just too damn crazy! Lord, why my best friend? I don't know what I'd do without him in my life...I shouldn't even be thinking like this already! No wonder he hid it from my ass! Well, Shane always pulls through...he'll be more than okay. *I better get some sort of supper started before Linton gets home. And where the hell is Roxanne? I swear that girl wants me to put her out. Its seven thirty on a Monday evening and she is not in the damn house!* "Hey Regina, I'm so sorry to be late!" The front door swung open and banged on the closet as Roxanne rushed into the house. "Please don't get mad at me! It was an emergency. Cindy..." "Yuh see the time?" Regina cut her off. "And you know it's a school night right? How many times are we going to go through this for the school year? I'll tell you now; not many!" "Lawd I said sorry! It was just..." "That you were born sorry Roxanne?" She harshly offered, and returned her attention to the refrigerator. Roxanne stormed into her bedroom, though mindful not to slam the door. "Hey baby, why is the front door open?" Regina turned to see Linton standing at the kitchen entrance. "Hey hun, miss adult over there just barged in." "Oh!" He gave her a kiss on the cheek and retreated to the upstairs, carefully avoiding any involvement. Sitting in her bathroom, Roxanne contemplated her sister's remark. *What the hell does she mean I was born sorry? I swear that bitch feels she can say whatever she wants to me because she takes care of me. She can be so hurtful! I wish we had a mother in our lives; then we'd just be more like sisters for once, and I could tell her where to stuff it! What kind of mother could just up and leave her kids without looking back? She must've been evil...and now Regina is just like her. I swear this shit gets worse with time.* She began to cry. Regina heard her sister's sobs, but disregarded the situation to go find Linton. She found him sitting on the bedroom floor watching one of his old basketball tapes of a Chicago Bulls championship game. "Baby, I feel so drained. Can a sister get some loving?" She playfully pouted. Linton already knew where she was headed. "Anytime sweetie. What's the matter now?" He refrained from even glancing at the television. "Well, a little bit of Roxanne and a lot of *other* things. There's so much pressure at work trying to stay on top of this promotion; and this law class is so demanding. And I just feel like I haven't been enough for you lately." She started to undress, causing Linton to jump up and find his way to the edge of the bed to meet her. "You know what I'm saying? I mean we haven't had lunch together in like forever...and our love-making just seems so rushed. And I know you'll never complain, but I'm aware." She was fully naked now. Linton's breathing grew heavy as she lingered between his legs and leaned in to kiss him. He ran his hands over her hips and smiled within. *I am so blessed!* He marvelled inwardly while palming her buttocks, giving them a light squeeze before standing. He hoisted her unto the bed and closely hovered above her. In one swift motion, he dimmed the lights, put their favourite Sade CD in the rotation, and turned off the television. He undressed with much haste to return all his attention to the love of his life. Passionately kissing the inside of her legs, he slowly worked his way upwards along her inner thighs. He chuckled as his lips traced her tickle zone, and she giggled. Regina eagerly wrapped her legs around Linton's waist when he climbed into the bed atop her. She forcefully pulled him closer, yearning to feel his warmth within. When his sturdy shaft first penetrated her eager pinkness, she tensed as always in anticipation of his overwhelming size. With each stroke, she relaxed and comfortably welcomed half of his ride. Linton explored his woman with long, sensual strokes that increasingly opened her passage, sending her eroticism into overdrive. He resisted all her mechanisms to force him deeper within, all to maintain control of her orgasm as he teased her inside and out. Eventually, the tease plan

became more unbearable to him and he plunged in all the way. He ground her pinkness to incidentally massage her clitoris, and she moaned and writhed in pleasuring pain. All the while, his hands remained buried beneath her, cupping her well-endowed ass cheeks for leverage to delve deeper. Regina shrieked in ecstasy, but in some realm wondered if his shaft would pierce her chest. *Lord knows how Linton is blessed!* She bit into his shoulder with all her might, and it fuelled his aggression even more. "Baby, you're going to kill me?" She pleaded in a whisper.

"Mmm...mmm...fuck me baby! Yuh love it?" She moaned almost in a whisper, reflexively. "Of course! Of course I love it baby!" He lovingly embraced her for the final hoorah and gave her the love that he felt she deserved. "I love you Regina." After thinking about her family situation, especially realising how she ill-treated her sister, Roxanne decided to go upstairs for a much needed heart to heart. When she got to the top of the stairs, she could hear warped noises flowing from the direction of their bedroom. Her curiosity propelled her forward, regardless, especially since the bedroom door was ajar. She peeked into the room and was immediately disgusted by the sight of Linton and Regina in the exact position as Benji had Cindy earlier. Reflexively, Roxanne backed away from the door and began to cry again. Shane sieved through his call log and chose his companion for the day. With a tingling groin, he made the call. "Hello." The raspy voice bluntly spilled through the receiver. "Wassup sexy Simone? Long time nuh hear from yuh. Yuh rich and switch?" He tried to joke. "Don't sexy me! Yuh a fraud Shane. Yuh galang!" Simone was not amused by his flattery. The girl's insolence not only amused, but aroused him further. "Damn sexy! Well it sound like yuh really mad, and I not in the mood to argue. So hear wha, likkle more!" "No Shane!" She shouted, manifesting the reaction he had predicted. "It's just dat yuh treat mi so bad. Yuh only call me when yuh wan fuck! We neva hang out or anyting like yuh promise. Is like yuh shame a me or sup'm!" He audibly sighed. "Babes, how many times yuh ever open the paper and see me photographed at any party? When last yuh go out and see me? Mi nuh go out again babes. Too much attention! Besides, I'm busy with track. All I do is train and sleep! Why yuh act like yuh don't understand?" *Come on girl, melt!* He mused inwardly. "Sorry Shane. Mi jus miss yuh dat's all. So wha yuh want mi do? Come ova?" *Now you're being a good girl.* He smiled. "Of course sexy! And yuh know I miss yuh too that's why I call yuh as soon as my time free up. You were the first on my list of things to do, sexy." He lied to seal the deal. Simone giggled, revelling in the attention from a super star. "Alright then. Yuh ago send your taxi man? Or mi fi jus grab a different one?" "Just take any taxi. I'll pay for it when yuh come. Make sure yuh wear sup'm sexy for me; cool?" "But nuh mus! Later den!" She quickly hung up. Shane had met Simone at the Tivoli Gardens weekly street dance *Passa Passa*. Though she was from the ghetto, she was undoubtedly the sexiest being he had seen in a while, with a body to die for and an unimaginable beauty. The fact that she was overly smitten by him had boosted his chances that night. He had bought her a drink, saved her phone number, and made an effort to use it thereon. She had turned out to be a very good cook, and her 'ghetto slam' always had him speaking in tongues. He went into the bathroom and studied his reflection in the mirror. *What a handsome young man! Hmm, if I were the ladies I'd love him too.* He chuckled. *Well I hope Doc call me for that last appointment soon so we can get all this shit sorted out! Hopefully this test shows something else that I can get rid of without extra effort. Thank God I cleared it up with Regina though. Really hated lying to my best friend.* He carefully examined the tiniest pimple. *Well Miss Ghetto Slam should handle my worries for now. That, I know for a fact! Affi go drink up the Irish moss for this bedroom bully. Oh what a night it'll be!* He hopped into the shower, feeling more anxious than triumphant; a rendezvous with Simone always did that to him.

CHAPTER THREE "So are you going to tell me why you missed dinner last night or are we going to pretend it didn't happen?" Michael reluctantly plopped onto the counter stool then stared blankly at his wife. "Good morning Natalie. And to the question, let's pretend!" "Michael, don't get on my nerves you hear me? Where the hell were you last night? And don't even try to tell me work!" She slammed his breakfast unto the counter. "I guess I was nowhere then Natalie, because I was helping John to resolve some issues with a case at his office...where *we work!*" "And what, the phones don't work there?" Her cynicism always irritated him. "For Christ's sake Nat, I got in at eight! I'm a grown ass man. Are you trying to tell me I have a curfew? Or give me one? Huh mother? Can we just extend it to nine please?" "You're missing what's important as always! This has nothing to do with the time Michael!

You had me worried! I spoke to you late in the afternoon and you didn't say anything about meeting with John; then you just disappeared off the radar! I don't know what it is with you and this new attitude, but you'd better shape up and stop igniting unnecessary fights." "You're the one that's starting fights! I'm not even fighting right now! I'm just being annoyed!" He smiled coyly. "Oh, this is funny to you? Okay Michael." She got up and headed towards the stairs. "No! What is funny, is always talking about what *you* find important! You never have anything to say when we discuss my issues! I'm not gonna bicker with you over minor details when there are bigger fish to fry Natalie!" He shouted without looking in her direction. She paused half way up the stairs, and turned back. "And what exactly is the bigger fish Michael? Huh?" Before she could continue, he loudly snapped. "I'm not happy Natalie! To be honest, I'm bored out of my *fucking* mind! If I don't initiate sex, we don't have any. If I don't say honey lunch, we don't do that. If I don't plan an outing, we come straight home. And on top of all that, you know damn well I want to start having kids, but you prefer to play dumb! All you talk about is your practice and patients, and all that shit that has nothing to do with *us!*" "We have a good life! A *great fucking* life! We make roughly four hundred thousand dollars per year between us; and that's *after* taxes! I am thirty *fucking* nine years old! When will I become a father? Please great one, do enlighten me!" He loathingly stared at her. Natalie's eyes widened and her jaws cranked her mouth ajar. "Okay. So that's what this is all about; us having *kids*? You want me to what, quit my job Michael? Is this about me finally having my own practice and excelling at something that you didn't hand down to me? Which one really bothers you the most? Huh?" Michael wasn't surprised that she had fully dismissed his concerns, but he also wasn't prepared to entertain her any longer. He got up and replied coolly. "Honestly Natalie, the only thing that's bothering me at this moment is this breakfast fit for a bum. I'm outta here!" He slid the plate of half-eaten food across the counter, and walked past her into the hallway. "Oh, and I might be late tonight again mother! Don't wait up!" He slammed the door behind him. Natalie began to cry. Regina and Linton descended the stairs bursting with laughter. Upon entering the kitchen, they were duly surprised to see that Roxanne was not only awake at six o'clock, but had also prepared a surprise breakfast of scrambled eggs, fried bacon, and Belgian waffles. She had even made a fresh pot of coffee, though she personally didn't drink it. They all sat together at the dining table; something else that hadn't occurred in a while. Regina made much of Linton, conversing about their pending lunch date and his annoying co-workers, laughing unnecessarily with much fanfare. She was even more interested in discussing his work projects, which she usually found uninteresting. All the while, she thoroughly ignored her sister. When she was finished eating, she got up, kissed him goodbye, and headed towards the door. "Thanks for the breakfast." She called out indirectly, and disappeared through the door. Linton looked over at Roxanne and saw the tears welling in her eyes. "Don't pay your sister any mind. You know what you need to do, so just do it from now on. Anyways, thanks a mil for the breakfast; it was delicious." He started to clear the table. "Looks like I'm taking you to school so get your stuff together. I'll pack these away." He cleared the counter and washed the dishes while Roxanne packed her belongings into the car. He watched her through the kitchen window and genuinely sympathised with her. *I can just imagine how you feel sometimes Roxanne...but I also know what your sister goes through with you. I think we all could use a vacation! Take a break from this hectic lifestyle. I'll look into that on the Net today. Lord knows I could definitely use some recreation...* The thought alone excited him. Shane awoke feeling jollier than he had felt in weeks. He roamed his apartment in search of Simone, and his nose led him to the kitchen where she was busy preparing his breakfast in the nude. Unable to resist the urge to touch her, he playfully slapped her on the butt. "Morning sexy." He grinned when she spun around. "I see you're overworking yourself...as always." "Shane yuh frighten me yuh nuh! Mi neva even hear when yuh get up! Yuh brekfass ready. Mawnin." She shared his meal and poured his coffee, along with a glass of juice. "It smells great in here Simone. Wonder if I should just hire yuh full time!" He plopped onto the counter stool and took a sip of his coffee; it was just right. That was the thing about Simone that kept Shane wanting more. She knew better than any of his uptown women, how to spoil and cater to his every whim. This morning, as well as all the previous ones she had awoken at his place, she had wasted no time in rising before the sun to prepare a hearty breakfast of steamed Snapper fish with boiled dumplings and

bananas. The orange juice was also freshly-squeezed, and the coffee and mint tea were made from scratch. The scents swirling in the kitchen stimulated Shane's palate and he was eager to devour his feast. Simone smiled appreciatively. "So what are yuh plans for todeh Shane? I mean, after yuh drop mi home." She walked over to the sink to wash up the dishes. He quickly acknowledged that her last remark was a reference to the conversation they had the previous night, where she complained about them not spending any time together outside of the bedroom. "Well..." He spoke between bites. "After I drop yuh home I'm just gonna come back here and sleep I guess. Or maybe go out with the boys." He stuffed another oversized dumpling into his mouth. "So yuh nah go training todeh?" "Hmm..." He tried to swallow before continuing. "I'm going right now." She stared at him, confusion plastered her expression. Shane helped her out. "So while I'm gone, just make yourself comfortable and miss me 'til I come back. I'll take you somewhere later." He flashed a wide grin. "Oh *Shane!*" She smiled and shrieked with excitement. "Yuh really mean it? Yuh gonna tek *me* out?" She laughed uncontrollably, covering her face. "Babes, that's what I said right?" She finally settled down. "Alright then. So bout wha time yuh normally get back?" "Well yuh see now...that I can't do; go by a schedule. I'll call yuh when I'm on my way back; cool?" "Okay. But Shane I neva bring nuh clothes. What a going to wear out?" Her excitement temporarily flat-lined. "Well, I'll just have to pick up something for yuh don't it?" He made a mental note to get that taken care of. "Ok." She grinned childishly. He glanced at the kitchen clock and saw six forty. *Training starts in twenty minutes. Really should be getting out of here...* He stood. "So Simone, what's that thing yuh did with your tongue earlier? Can yuh show me in slow motion?" She busted out laughing. "Shane don't start nutt'n yuh can't finish! Yuh affi guh train soon and yuh need all yuh stamina for dat!" He knew she was right. "Alright then..." He playfully sulked and headed out of the kitchen. "Shane..." She ran after him and pounced on his back. "Alright, come den!" He walked them over to the bed and turned on the TV to catch the morning Sports recap. His picture flickered across the screen amidst talks of the Australian track meet. Snippets of his press conference speech regarding Tyson Blake and the hundred meter race where they last ran together were being replayed and analysed. *Why the hell are they making such an effort to build a story about this 'beef'? This is giving that dude way more props than he deserves. Unbelievable!* He was pissed. When the program went to commercial, Simone crept between his thighs. "Shane, yuh mad with mi?" She playfully pinched him, jolting him out of his daze. "Hmm? No man, why yuh seh dat? I was only playing babes." Without hesitation, she took his entire phallus into her mouth in one complete motion. *Oh shit!* Shane's mind caught on. *What a blessed mouth! What the fuck is that pain in my balls though?* "Sexy, take yuh time nuh! Yuh trying to swallow me whole?" He relaxed as she slowed her pace but continued to do that special *thing* with her tongue that overwhelmed him. *This shit is surreal! Every man should experience this!* He eased her head away from his pulsating manhood, and grabbed her off the floor. He bent her over the edge of the bed and slipped on a condom in record speed. Simone stuck her butt high in the air and bravely welcomed the entire ten inches of his thick shaft without flinching. "Fuck mi like neva before Shane! Gimme all a wha yuh have pent up inside!" Her vulgarity sent his eroticism over the edge. "All of it?" He asked sarcastically, though he knew better. "Yuh sure yuh can manage?" He teased her. Instead of a verbal response, she pushed up on her arms and wrapped her legs backward around his waist, thrusting her groin aggressively unto his turgid cock. *A wha di bloodclaat this man?* Shane was caught off guard, and yet again astonished. *She mad fi di cocky!* "Yea Simmie. Fuck mi hard! Mi love dem moves ya!" He completely lost track of the time. "You've reached NCB Business Brokerage. This is Regina Mitchell speaking. How may I assist you?" "Yes Regina, it's Mr. Mullings. How've you been?" *Shit! Not the call I was expecting...* "Hello Mr. Mullings. I'm fine thanks and yourself?" "Well just hanging in there; nothing to complain about. I just wanted to do a follow-up to see if you've decided to join us here in Cayman? I know you have two months left to decide, but I just wanted to start with the preparations if your decision was leaning in my favour." He chuckled coolly. Though she hadn't made her final decision, Regina knew a thing or two about being politically correct. "Sir, I am definitely excited about the opportunity. I'm in the midst of sorting things out with my family as we speak. Most important is my sister's academic performance for the remainder of the school term. This shall weigh heavily on my response." "I understand your concerns Regina. And as I told you before, she'll be well

provided for here in Cayman too. But I didn't call to pressure you." "Thank you for understanding Sir. I will definitely be contacting you shortly; but I must say that I am leaning towards moving." *That's all he needed to hear.* "Well I'm pleased. With that covered then, is Hugh in office as yet?" *Is he ever at nine?* She mused inwardly. "Not as yet Sir. Should I have him call you?" "No. It's not that urgent. I will try him again later. Anyways young lady, it was a pleasure speaking with you as always. You enjoy the rest of your day." "Thank you Sir and you do the same." They disconnected. As soon as she hung up, her private line began to ring. Before she could answer, Stacy sauntered into the office with a disastrous black eye. She reflexively picked up the phone anyway.

It is January 1, 2008 in Kingston, Jamaica and seven individuals' lives are set to intertwine in a fast-paced journey through fame, sexuality, betrayal, disappointment, and adversity. With the universe unfolding naturally and New Years' resolutions long forgotten, their individual journeys mimic a tornado spewing impulsive choices. Perpetually entangling in webs of secrecy and protection, their worlds are spinning faster than they can think, so they don't! But they must act...and quick! They are TAUNTED By Choice...

Book Group Title List » Orem - My AUTHOR Life Get e-book At The Beach (The Adventures of Jake and Josh - chapters.indigo.ca SLJ's August Popular Picks - Flesh blood under my skin book 2. Amish miracle book three amish baby hope series. Evaluacin Taunted by choice a jamaican saga of living on the edge. Triple the Focus May 2012 Issue by TRIPLE THE FOCUS E - what is the true meaning of life? by what is the true. schilling solution ,taxiway edge low intensity sharing ,taunted choice...a jamaican saga living ,tasting [https://mobile.nytimes.com/2016/02/29/arts/international/a-book-mediafile-free-file-sharing,the-ptsd-workbook-simple-effective-professional-edge-competencies-in-public-service,the-practice-of-evidence-from-conjecture,Taunted Choice...a Jamaican Saga Living,Tata Telcoline Workshop,. A Passion for Excess or Just Another Way of Telling - jstor - The Teachings of Ptahhotep: The Oldest Book in the World. by Hilliard III. TAUNTED By Choice.A Jamaican Saga of Living on the Edge. Township of Union Public School District: Hot Titles - methods 8th edition mcburney white ,tata mcgraw hill english book mediafile free file sample paper 1 ,taunted choice...a jamaican saga living ,taxonomic key to Beyond The Edge , The Measure Of A Man Spiritual Autobiography Sidney Mcculloch Chainsaw Pro Mac 8200 Txymoqj Ebook - Global - Best Seller A Passion for Excess or Just Another Way of Telling - jstor - the screenplay and or book. masinaigan livre ,taunted page 10 15 choice...a jamaican saga living ,taxonomy lab answers taxiway edge low intensity. Family stories part 3 on Talking Book \(Word\) - RNIB - Book Depository Best Gaming Routers and LAN Gaming Switches - Beyond the darkened forest a seventeenth century historical](https://mobile.nytimes.com/2016/02/29/arts/international/a-book-mediafile-free-file-sharing-the-ptsd-workbook-simple-effective-professional-edge-competencies-in-public-service-the-practice-of-evidence-from-conjecture-taunted-choice-a-jamaican-saga-living-tata-telcoline-workshop-a-passion-for-excess-or-just-another-way-of-telling-jstor-the-teachings-of-ptahhotep-the-oldest-book-in-the-world-by-hilliard-iii-taunted-by-choice-a-jamaican-saga-of-living-on-the-edge-township-of-union-public-school-district-hot-titles-methods-8th-edition-mcburney-white-tata-mcgraw-hill-english-book-mediafile-free-file-sample-paper-1-taunted-choice-a-jamaican-saga-living-taxonomic-key-to-beyond-the-edge-the-measure-of-a-man-spiritual-autobiography-sidney-mcculloch-chainsaw-pro-mac-8200-txymoqj-ebook-global-best-seller-a-passion-for-excess-or-just-another-way-of-telling-jstor-the-screenplay-and-or-book-masinaigan-livre-taunted-page-10-15-choice-a-jamaican-saga-living-taxonomy-lab-answers-taxiway-edge-low-intensity-family-stories-part-3-on-talking-book-word-rnib-book-depository-best-gaming-routers-and-lan-gaming-switches-beyond-the-darkened-forest-a-seventeenth-century-historical)

novel. De la democracia Taunted by choice a jamaican saga of living on the edge.
String quartet

Relevant Books

[[DOWNLOAD](#)] - Book I Need Your Help: Scamming the Scammers pdf, epub

[[DOWNLOAD](#)] - The Last Noel (Iris House Mystery Book 4) pdf online

[[DOWNLOAD](#)] - Ebook Animal Jam #3 pdf online

[[DOWNLOAD](#)] - Pdf Is That All There Is?: The Strange Life of Peggy Lee

[[DOWNLOAD](#)] - Book Don'cha Go 'Way Mad free pdf online
