

When “The Lyfe” Changes

When "The Lyfe" Changes
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This is for all the Women in the Lyfe everywhere. Be proud of who you are and stay strong. Special thanks goes out to the small group of friends who knew I was working on this project. Thank you so much for all the encouragement, I would have put it all on the back burner if it was not for you.

When someone shows you who they are, believe them the first time.

-Oprah Winfrey

******Chapter 1, Brownsville******

Rhonda always knew that it would happen. Just wasn't quite sure when. One day, her life would be turned upside down and a piece of pussy would control all her thoughts. Right now she spent most of my days working like a slave in the white man's world, spending all her money before it was made, then coming home on Friday without a pot to piss in. She knew that her life had to change, and change for the better but she couldn't see the light at the end of the tunnel. She was still wallowing in self pity and past mistakes. Hung up on her backstabbing ex. and wondering who was she with and where has she been. *Why hasn't she even thought to give me a call in the past seven months?* She was still wondering why she came home and caught her sucking on some bitch pussy that she had met in the club. *Did she even meet her in club?* Rhonda had never known, it was always an assumption on her part. *How could she could look me in the eye every night and tell me a lie?* This has been her life. Surrounded by drama. Her best friends Kay-Kay and Angie, tried to help. Even though they were going through their own pain and personal madness, they have always been there. They had been hanging out and having so many girls night out these last few months, it had become the routine. The end result was always the same for Rhonda. When she got home, she cried herself to sleep. Kay and Angie knew her pain, but Rhonda felt they didn't understand. It was easy for them to say, *'Girl, you don't need Treece'* and *'Girl, you can do better'*, but they just didn't understand. Rhonda had tried. She tried to forgive her so many times, then move on with her life. Deep down, she knew that things would not be the same until she let go. She just couldn't. The pain of the breakup was too deep. Rhonda was scarred. Yet, she still knew it would happen. She knew that one day her life was going to change. She waited in despair for it to happen.

*****Kay-Kay & Treece, Chicago West*****

"Everytime I think about what has been going on it makes me sick to my stomach! We cannot keep living like this and you know that....you owe at least that much of a explanation to her."

"Kay-Kay, I know this is all fucked up, but what do you expect me to do? I've already done enough damage and I think it's best if we just left well enough alone."

"I don't see why we or ME for that matter have to sneak around like this is highschool! I'm a grown ass woman and trust me when I tell you, this shit is not going to go on like this! Do you realize how much I have riding on

this? Don't you care?"

"I do care Kay-Kay, you know I do...."

The two lovers embraced and each one shed a tear. The lies were beginning to tear them apart. Kay-Kay looked into the eyes of her secret lover. She remembered the first day they met. A bright spring morning a few years back. It was one of those chance meetings but it made her smile. Even then, she could not deny her feelings and she moved heaven and earth to keep her secret to herself. She had spent many days and nights trying to suppress what was building up on the inside. Even though she knew that this entire arrangement was wrong, she could not stop that one kiss that started it all. When Kay-Kay's mother died, "she" was there. She was there to comfort her. She wiped away her tears. Kay-Kay was vulnerable, lonely and lost after the death of her mother. These same strong arms that held her back then, kept her safe at night now. These same arms caressed her and held her close for many months now. In her heart, Kay-Kay knew that she had been living in this lie for far too long. She was torn between giving up the one woman that made her feel whole and a friendship that has been there her whole life.

******Angie & Maxine - Hyde Park******

"Take your hands off me Maxine! I'm not going to ask you again! I'm not in the mood for this shit tonight!"

"Don't tell me what to do, I'm sick of your shit!"

"Ask me, just ask me Maxine....ask me how tired I am of your ass!"

"Girl, I outta..."

"Outta what? Hit me? Go ahead! That's all your good for anyway. You have been nothing but a disappointment to me since day one!"

"O so that is how you feel? Why are you still with me?"

Angie's eyes filled with tears. The one question she could not answer. She had been dealing with Maxine's mess for the past 4 months now. It was becoming tiresome and scary.

Angie and Maxine met at a party almost a year ago. It was a fire in Angie's eyes and she could not wait to find out who this new mystery woman was. After much back and forth they finally got the chance to

exchange numbers and as the old saying is...they moved in together within 30 days. At first, it was total bliss. Romantic dinners, walks along the lakefront, jazz concerts, plays and cultural events. Then it all came to an abrupt stop when Maxine lost her job and had to depend on Angie for financial support. Maxine has always been proud and never wanted to be in a situation where a woman would have to take care of her. She couldn't stand Angie paying all the bills and keeping food in her mouth. Instead of appreciating Angie's efforts, she became bitter and that was when the fights started.

Angie always assumed it was just stress of the everyday. She always gave Maxine the benefit of the doubt. Then one day Maxine busted her lip, blacked her eye and drug her out on the sidewalk in front of the "trendy Hyde Park" neighbors. It was then when Angie realized her life would never be same. "What? You said you wanted to go for a fucking walk! So let's go!" Angie would never forget that day. Her neighbors watched in shock as Angie walked slowly around the corner with Maxine screaming to top of her lungs. It was humiliating, embarrassing, and Angie could have crawled into a hole to die.

"I asked you why are you still here! Do you hear me talking to you girl!?"

****Chapter 2, Back in Bronzville****

"If you stay in this funk for too much longer your going to be in a straight jacket girlfriend." Talking to herself seemed to become habit. It was the only way she could keep all her thoughts together. As the weeks went by, she continued to feel herself spiraling down into a dark place. She needed some closure, she knew that. She just didn't know how to begin to even start the healing process. The last few days she was beginning to think about Treece more and more. Their break-up, that crazy night, their life together. *"Why would she do that me? Couldn't she have just said 'Rhonda, I'm seeing someone'.* Why did she bring that Ho to our house?" The house that they lived in for 4 years. The house were they shared their secrets, fantasies, hopes and dreams. *"How could she do that?"* Then just walk out. Not even a good-bye, not one word. It still did not make any sense even to this day. Seven months later. The Memory of it continues to flood her thoughts like it was yesterday:

She was working late one evening. Treece had called to ask if she wanted dinner.

"No baby, I think I'm going to just hang out a few more hours and run through the drive thru for a salad."

"I will wait up for you..."

"Go ahead and get some rest. I will see you in the morning."

"I love you Baby..."

"I love you more..."

Rhonda hated to work late, but she was planning a cruise for Treece and herself. It was going to be a surprise, so the extra hours did her some good financially.

After hanging up, she dived back into her work and finished much faster than she thought. She was out of the office in a hour so she stopped to pick up a bottle of wine and some fruit and surprise Treece upon her arrival.

When she pulled in front of the house, she suddenly I felt sick to her stomach. She couldn't understand where this wave of nausea was coming from. So she chaulked it up as stress from work and went inside.

The house was quiet, clean and everything was in it's place as usual. Treece was always so good at keeping the house neat and clean and Rhonda loved her for it. Even after she had worked all day, she managed to come home and have things just right. Rhonda went to the kitchen and placed the fruit and wine on the counter then went through the mail. She then pulled out a corkscrew for the wine and 2 wine glasses. She placed everything on a serving tray and proceeded to walk upstairs to jump in the shower.

"ssss...."

"Treece, baby...is that you? What are you doing..."

"You feel so good....please don't stop..."

"Treece...?"

Rhonda heard the all too familiar sound of her bed moving back and forth and for a split second, she thought Treece was watching a porno. Reality set in when she slowly walked to her bedroom door and heard the sounds of Treece and some unfamiliar voice. She stood at the door in shock and disbelief. She did not know what to do next. Should she get a knife and cut them both? Should she leave? Should she confront this woman?

Rhonda was frozen in time and her heart raced a mile a minute. Four years flashed before her eyes. Her face was flushed with anger and the pain began to show. She clutched her stomach as her knees began to shake. She was dizzy and totally unsure about her next move. She leaned up against the wall and sobbed silently to herself, listening to Treece and this woman in total extasy.

Unaware of how much time had passed, Rhonda finally got the strenght to open the door. She watched in shock as Treece was straddled across this woman's face squatting up and down on her flicking tongue. She didn't even know that Rhonda was in the room. She was loving it and begging juices flowing from where she stood. for more. Begging this woman not to stop. The woman licked and fondled Treece like it was familiar to her. They looked like they had been at it many times before. She was a pro and Treece was so wet, Rhonda could see her

"TREECE!!"

"OMG! Whut da....?"

"Get the fuck out my house Bitch!"

Rhonda was shaking uncontrollably.

"Treece, what the hell is going on? Who is she?" The other woman jumped and pulled a sheet around her body.

"Who am I? Bitch, you're in MY BED! Get the fuck out of here before I break your neck in half!"

"Rhonda Baby, please...let's talk about this...it meant nothing..."

"Save it Treece, just save it!!!!"

Rhonda watched in total shock as Treece's love toy scrambled to collect her cloths and run downstairs. She was screaming at Treece saying that she lied to her. Treece just stood there looking like the most pitiful person on the planet.

"How could you do this to me!"

"Rhonda, look, I'm not about no drama tonight. I'm out."

"Out? Bitch What? You Out! You bring this tramp in my mutha fucking house, in my mutha fuckin bed, and all you can say is that you're out?"

"I cannot talk to you like this..."

"All I want to know is why Treece! Why!"

"I have no answers for you right now....I have to go...."

The memories of that night never seem to go away. Each time they surface, it's more shocking than the time before. Why didn't she see this shit coming? Why didn't she know? How long was it going on? Who was that woman? Should Rhonda blame her? She said Treece had lied to her. Was that even the truth?

Rhonda had to forget this...even if just for a second, she had to shake it off. Remembering that night was far too painful. She decided to just close her eyes and pray that things would be better in a few hours....it was always better after a few hours.

As Rhonda curled herself up into a tiny ball, tears began to stream down her

face. It had always come to this, the pain would over power her and succumbed everytime. A few hours later she was awakened by a familiar presence in her room.

"What are you doing here.....?"

"I see you have not changed the locks....."

Rhonda was staring in the face of the woman that had shattered her soul into pieces.

"Now don't act so surprised to see me...."

"What are doing in here Treece? Do you not know how the bell works?"

"Well, I tried the bell, no answer..."

"So you just waltz in here like you own the place..."

"Rhonda, I didn't come here to fight with you...I..."

"What could you possibly want with me after all these months? Damn near a year has passed, not even a fucking phone call!"

"I guess this was a bad idea."

"You think?"

Rhonda was becoming agitated. She could not believe that Treece was starring right at her and that she had the nerve to just show up out of no where with no warning.

"Rhonda, we need to talk, clear the air...."

Rhonda's hands were beginning to shake. It was hard for me to get up out the bed. Damn! Why did she still have this affect on me!

"What do you want to talk about Treece....?"

"I just wanted to tell you that I'm sorry. I'm sorry for every thing that I have done to you. I don't expect you to forgive me, but at least you heard me say it...."

"Just...tell me why...how...how could you do that to me? After everything that we have been through. How could you lie to my face like that....?"

Rhonda could not stop the tears from running down her face. She felt herself becoming angry. Part of her kept saying do not trust anything that Treece had to say.

"I was stupid. That's all I could say. I was looking for some spice Rhonda. Some new pussy. Hell, I don't know....it could have been anything. I thought that I could get away with it. I was caught up in the moment and when you walked in....it just wasn't no need for me to make a scene and try to deny it....I felt like a fool....I just..."

"Just walked out like a fucking coward bitch! That's what you did!"

"I deserved that. I deserve whatever you got to say Rhonda....but you need to know the truth....this is why I'm really here.

"Truth about what? How long you been sleeping with that Ho in my house? You still with her now? What Treece? What!"

"It's not even about her...."

"Well...you know what Treece, whatever it's about I don't want to hear it! Nothing you can say can change the way I have felt all these months. Nothing is going to stop that pain. You get no respect from me and you never will. It's best that you just get the fuck out before I get real ignorant...."

Rhonda's voice was barely a whisper but her soul spoke volumes. She had to end this madness with Treece and this was her shinning moment. She had to say what needed to be said and dismiss her from my life. She had to move on no matter how much it was killing her inside.

"Rhonda, me and Kay-Kay have been together for about six months now...and..."

"What the hell did you say? Treece get the hell out my house right now! Right now! LIAR! I know you are lying! There is no way in hell... GET OUT NOW!!"

"Rhonda....I'm not lying to you....I know this is all hard to understand, but we didn't expect this. It just happend so fast....and...."

Before she knew it, Rhonda lunged off the bed and had Treece by her throat. They both fell back hard on floor. Rhonda was on top of Treece, cutting off her air with her bare hands. That all too familiar flash went by and Rhonda remembered the four years they had spent together. Their plans, hopes, dreams, and her life.
"I....ccann't breath....Rhho..."

Rhonda slammed her head against the hardwood floor before she let her go. She watched her roll over and clutch her neck in agony. The tears were streaming down Treece's face. She tried to speak but the words wouldn't come.

"Get the hell out of my house before I kill your ass!"

Treece slowly got to her feet, stunned by what had just occurred. It seemed as if forever has passed before she got to the top of the stairs. Anger burned her eyes as Rhonda had to stop herself from pushing her down. Certain that she would go to jail for murder, she stood frozen in time, watching Treece take the stairway. At the bottom of the stairs she turned around and looked with hate in her eyes. Rhonda cocked my head like she dared her speak. Before she opened the door, she walked to the top of the staircase and took 2 steps down.

"Give my love to my best friend..."

Rhonda was not sure if Treece replied. She did not remember her walking out that door. What she did know was at that moment, darkness took over.

Treece walked out the door and slammed it shut behind her. Rhonda fell to floor and screamed out her soul.

"O God help me God...help me! God please, take this pain away...O God, O God."

She clutched the sides of my head in pain. She couldn't tell if it was emotional or physical. The entire room was spinning. The memories flooded one by one across her face. She could see Treece in her home the many times before; cooking in the kitchen, playing video games, on the computer, and in the shower. She remembered how passionately they made love, and the midnight strolls along the lakefront. Four years of love and devotion passed in front of my eyes and now it was gone.

****Chapter 3, Old Habits****

Treece quickly walked to her car and once inside she locked the door and continued to rub her neck. She could not believe the scene that had just occurred and she was certain that she would not be visiting Rhonda again anytime soon. Part of her felt sorry for the betrayal, but she firmly believed that her and Kay hooking up was *unplanned*. She had adored Kay even though she continued to bed other women. Kay was home, and these other women were just something to do. Treece knew that she was wrong, but she was not ready to change her ways. Treece put the car in gear and drove off to the interstate. Along the way she thought about how she was going to break the news of this incident to Kay. One thing was clear, she wanted Kay to stay away from Rhonda, best friends or not.

"OMG! Look at your neck! What the hell happend?"

"Rhonda did this....I went by there today..."

"Treece, Rhonda would not hurt a fly, let alone leave marks like this..."

"Apparently, you don't know your best friend..."

"What the hell did you say to her?"

"Kay-Kay, I told her the fucking truth. You said that you were tierd of living this lie, so I told her. She turned into a mad woman. Jump off the bed and knocked me down and started choking me. Hell I couldn't breath...."

"I need to go by there...."

"NO! You stay away from her. At least for right now. I don't know, I have never seen her like this. It wouldn't be good for you to go over there no time soon."

"She is my best friend..."

"Um, Kay-Kay, I think that shit out the window for right now."

Treece sat on the edge of the bed and rubbed her neck. Still in total shock by what happend. Even more stunned that she didn't slap the hell out of Rhonda. Something was up though. Something was really different about Rhonda and Treece couldn't put her finger on it. She just knew deep down, she would stay away.....for good.

This had been stressful time for Treece. First the crazy break-up with Rhonda, then the other woman stalking her after the fact, now this whole thing with Kay. How the hell did it all lead up to this?

"We need to talk, where are you at?"

"Kay-Kay, who the hell are you talking to?"

"OK, I'll see you in about a hour, let's meet at Joe's on Grand....ok...cool...see you tonight..."

"Who was that? I just know you didn't call Rhonda's crazy ass!" Treece said frowning.

"No baby, calm down. That was Angie. I just need to see my girl right now. You gonna be alright tonight?"

"Yah, just as long as you stay your ass AWAY from Rhonda!"

"OK, OK! Be back later on"

Just when she was needed the most, Kay-Kay was out the door. Not long after, Treece went through her phone. She had been through hell and she just needed some comfort. She decided to call one of her special friends and hang for a while to take the edge off.

"What's up with you girl...."

"Ummm...where you been?"

"Been around girl, been around...what you doing, why don't you come holla at your girl tonight..."

"You got something for me? What's up..."

"I got whatever you need...so what's up?"

"I'm leaving in 10min."

"I'll be ready in 5"

*******Busties Nightclub*******

Known for it's fast women and vast variety of entertainment, Busties Nightclub was always a Chicago Hot Spot. Every week, men would line up to see the latest exotic dance shows, sip on cheer beer and spend their

paychecks on lap dances. Women packed the club out on Wednesday's and they too enjoyed their share of the entertainment.

"Hey, Ya-Ya! This is the new girl Dana. Come show her what she need to know."

"I aint no damn tour guide!"

"Come on Baby, I still got 3 more to audition, be sweet for me today, alright?"

"Whatever....Hey Dana, let's go to the back and get you settled." Ya-Ya looked Dana up and down as if to inspect the new girl. She had been dancing a Busties for a while now, and the Owner Ken had always valued her opinion when new girls came to dance. Ya-Ya didn't like trasy, un-kept women. She expected all the dancer's to clean women, smart about the business, and some of the sexiest women around town. She believed it was her devotion that had mad Busties as popular as it was.

"So, your name is Yah-Yah, huh? Sexy..."

"Yes, well, it pays the bills. Dana your real name?"

"It is tonight."

"OK, fine with me girl. Put your bag there, there is padlocks over there, you got to get the combination later on. Bathroom is here, it's 3 showers. You can bring your own cloths or you can use some of the stuff that is hanging there. I suggest you bring your own shit, don't know where some of these hefers been. Shows usually start at 10:00 and we go out one by one unless it's a special night then it may be a few us onstage at a time. If you want to make some extra money, you can do lap dances for these freaky brother's until your're up. Just remember no touching! Get some music for yourself cuz the DJ is too busy looking at pussy to play some decent shit for you, stay out of bitche's business and you'll be alright. Any questions?" Ya-Ya rattled off instructions like she was a record.

"Where can I have a little fun at? Or is that off limits?"

"It's not off limits, but you need ot watch yourself in here...."

"Alright...so what's up?"

"Well a few of the girl's swing both ways and a few are straight hardcore lesbians, take your pick I say..."

"So what is your story....?"

"O, well I got a girl."

"So?"

"See, you fucking up already."

"No disrespect."

"None taken....just watch yourself in here Dana. This aint the movies nor is this the Player's Club, you can get yourself sliced messing around up in here....."

"Yah, well I'm not even worried about that . When do I start?"

"Tonight if you want."

"Alright, cool."

Dana looked around the dark musty room. She was excited about her new found "position". She thought to herself outloud 'I wonder what should I call myself...Deliteful, Delectable, Delicious, DaBodiee, hmmm...'
After going through her bag and finding the perfect outfit for this evening, she decided to take a hot shower and mentally prepare for her first night. Her nerves had been amazingly calm and she was ready to wow the crowd with her sultry and sexy moves. After her shower, she oiled her body down paying careful attention to her plump ass and rock hard nipples. She was just about to wrap herself in a towel when she felt some eyes watching her.

"Can I help you..."

"I'm Sheena...."

"Dana..."

*O, this is going to be wonderful working here.....*Dana smiled devilishly to herself.

"New here?"

"Yesss...and you..."

"Kinda. Been here about a month or so."

"So, how you liking it....?" Dana continued to rub oil slowly over her body, never once covering herself up and obviously giving Sheena a private show.

"Well, when I get to see ass like this...I love it."

"Is that right....?"

"Mmmmmhmmmm...."

"Would you mind getting my back for me?"

"My pleasure....."

Sheena rubbed the warm oil across Dana's back. Paying careful attention to her shoulders and neck. Dana felt herself instantly become moist and she quickly forgot about work.

"You like putting that oil on me Ms. Sheena?"

"mmmmhmmmm"

"What do you think about this.....?"

Dana seductively bent her body over for Sheena to get the full view of what she was offering. Not missing a beat Sheena squatted down and slipped Dana's waiting pussy lips in between her lips. She began to flick her tongue slowly at first, then faster. Teasing Dana and watching her legs gently shake. She spread her ass cheeks and let her tongue explore while Dana began to bounce her ass up and down.

"OOOO....suck that...."

"mmmm...."

A new job, with good benefits...what could be sweeter. Dana smiled her most devilish smile and slipped into extasy.

****Chapter 4, JOE'S SEAFOOD RESTAURANT****

Kay-Kay grabbed a table and began to scroll over the menu. Not really in the mood to eat, she thought her next move and all the drama that was about to break between her and her best friend Rhonda. She had always expected that this day would come but she never thought of the words to tell Rhonda that she had been sleeping with Treece for quite some time now. Unsure of how it all began, Kay-Kay's heart wouldn't let her forget the pain that she had caused. As she wiped away a tear, Angie arrived.

"Hey Girl! What's shakin? O no....what the hell is going on?"

"Girl, I didn't know what else to do...I just had to talk...."

"Girl what is going on....omg....don't cry Kay....whatever it is, we will get through this..."

"Ladies, can I get some drinks for ya?" The waiter interrupted.

"I'll have a Cosmo..."

"Make that 2!"

"Comin up!"

"Now tell me what is on your mind girl..."

"I just fucked up so bad....I swear, if I could take it all back, I would. I didn't mean to let any of this happen."

"What is it...what happened?"

"I have been sleeping with Treece....Well, we are in a relationship."

"Treece who? Wait a minute....Treece? Our Treece? Rhonda's Treece?"

"yah...."

"What do you mean, in a relationship? I didn't even know you were dating let alone a relationship."

"Well, as you can understand, we did not broadcast the hook-up."

"Ok....I'm listening."

"Look, I have always had a thing for Treece. Ever since I first met her 4 years ago. I just kept that shit to myself and I forgot about it because I knew she was Rhonda's woman. When my mom died, I was in a bad place as you know. Treece was there for me. She held me and comforted me and she got me through. She called me a few times to check on me, sent me flowers and shit unexpectedly, and she even popped up a few times. She did whatever she could to make sure I was OK. That was when those feelings took over....and...one day she held me and I couldn't let go...."

"O my God....Kay...."

"She came over and she was devastated about what happened between her and Rhonda. She was telling me how Rhonda walked in and caught her with that woman and she felt so bad, shattered and alone. She told me how Rhonda would never forgive her and how she could not forgive herself. She was crying so hard, I felt so bad that somehow, in my twisted mind, I wanted to forgive her. I guess I just want to set her free, you know? I held her in my arms and we cried together. Next thing I know....our lips locked....Angie, it was the most passionate kiss I have ever known. My soul had been aching for this woman for four years, and we were both in pain, hurt, and we needed someone. We made love that day....and Treece never went back home."

"My God Kay...I'm just....I just don't know."

"Well, for the last several months, we have been together. We got to know each other on a personal level, we hung out, went to movies in the dead of night, and drove out of town so no one would see us around the city. We spent a lot of time in Michigan because you know I got that time share up there. We felt safe, and all we wanted was to forget our problems. Of course my heart has always fucked with me and I finally started demanding that Treece tell Rhonda the truth. I wanted us to be free to love each other. Even if it cost me in the end....Well, Treece went to see Rhonda today."

"O Shit!"

"Yah, and it wasn't pretty. I don't know what was said, but Treece came back with her neck all bruised up..."

"What! Girl now come on! That don't even sound like Rhonda!"

"Who you telling? I know that and Treece knows that. But she said Rhonda jumped off the bed and grabbed her by the throat. Treece said, she was totally not the person that we think she is."

"Well, anger can change you...but I thought that Rhonda was getting better. I'm sure that this may have sent her over the edge....girl, you know what...I'm not even gonna try to understand this bullshit. I'm not even gonna beat you up about it because your doing that just fine all by yourself. But you need to speak with her. You owe her that much Kay-Kay."

"Yah, well Treece said it would be best if I didn't go by there for a while. I think she is afraid of what Rhonda may do..."

"Don't you think that this bullshit has gone on long enough? The damage is done, she knows. You need to face our friend. That is, if you really want to put this shit behide you...."

"I guess..."

"2 Cosmo's Ladies...should I give you a few more minutes?"

"No, I'll take a Seafood Sampler..."

"Ceasar Salad for me...."

"OK Ladies, be back with your dinner....."

"Soooo...now that you know my secret....what's up with you?"

"What you mean?"

"Come on, it's just us...something has been going on for a while now. Ever since you got with Maxine's ass. Did she find a damn job yet?"

"Nope! Still hanging around the house sulking and shit."

"So what gives girl? I know something is eating at you...tell me..."

Angie did not expect to be caught off guard....but tonight just wasn't the night to reveal her dark secret about her life. She refused to become a charity case for her friends and the butt of their conversations. She didn't even want them to worry, she had made up in her mind that she would deal with the abuse on her own.

"Girl, I'm straight, just been tierd from working you know....long hours."

"Well...I know how that can be. But you know I'm here for you right?"

"O yeah..I know. Girl, these drinks potant aint they?"

"We both need them...hell I'm about to get another...."

The two friends shared a few laughs....neither of them completely clearing their minds from the problems that consumed their very souls.

******Chapter 5, It's Never Enough******

"Crisis Center, my name is Ramie, how can I help you?"

It was another long Saturday night. The calls seemed endless, especially on the weekend. Women in Crisis all over the city. Some called every weekend. Ramie had chalked it up to the Ladies being lonely and needing to hear a voice. It was her job and she loved it. Ramie had been volunteering her time at the Hope Crisis Center now for almost a year. She worked the weekends to pass the time and worked like slave during the week as a Counselor for a girls home. She had made Chicago her home a little over a year ago when her job transferred from DC to Chicago. Reluctant to make the sudden change, she decided to give it go when her relationship fell apart. Ramie and her Ex decided that they just were not the perfect fit and it would be best to sever all ties. Her lover was heartbroken to see her go but for Ramie, it all worked out for the best. Now she has become a work a holic with barely enough time for herself, let alone a social life. When she first moved to the city, Ramie searched for the lesbian social scene. She hit the nightclubs up north, hung out the with the white girls, then threaded back to the southside to hang in dark and dingy bars that had 'ladies night' once a week. She subscribed to all the magazines for women in the life and joined a couple of social organizations. She made a couple of friends along the way but, she still found herself searching. Working at the Hope Center had become a small treat for her because she always left feeling like she truly had helped somebody. When she was there, she didn't have too much time to think about her own issues.

"Hello? My name is Ramie...how can I help you...?"

silence

"Is anyone there?"

silence

"Ok...we don't have to talk just yet if you don't want too....I can just sit here until your ready..."

silence

"Or maybe we could talk about something else...."

caller crying

"It's going to be OK....I'm here for you..."

"No, it's not going to be OK...she did it to me again..."

"Did what to you...tell me what happened...are you hurt?"

"I'm lost."

"Did you need some assistance...where are you?"

"I'm outside in my car...I cannot go back there, not tonight...not ever."

"What is your name...can you tell me that?"

"I have done everything that I could for her and it's never enough..."

"I know how that can be sometimes...."

caller crying

"Maam, did you need someone to come and get you, are you in a safe place...?"

"I have not been safe for a very long time now....but it's over now....I cannot take it anymore...."

"The first step is realizing the problem....you know, we have some....hello?"

"Ommmmgggg....here she comes! O God, O God!"

"Maam, I'm calling the Police, tell me where you are and stay on the line with me..."

yelling in background

"Who the fuck you on the phone with! You talking to that bitch you was with tonight! I knew you were skipping out on me! Unlock this Mutha fucking door Bitch!"

"Maam, tell me where you are....I can send help..."

"Get away from this window Maxine! Fuck you! It's over!"

"Over? Fuck you bitch! I know your're cheating on me!"

"Get away from my car Maxine! Don't you throw that....OMGGGG....SOMEBODY HELP ME PLEASEEEEE!"

"HELLO? MAAM...TELL ME WHERE YOU ARE...."

"O God, somebody help me please...I'm in Hyde Park...she just threw something through my window! Get away from my car Maxine! Stop it! Stop it! Somebody help me! HELP! O GOD SOMEBODY HELP ME PLEASE!"

call is dropped

"Hello? Hello? Shit!"

dialing

"911 Emergency"

"There is a domestic disturbance in the Hyde Park area, my name is Ramie Monroe, I was on the phone with a woman when the call was lost."

"We already have unit's on the way Maam, someone else called about 5 minutes ago."

"Tell them to hurry please!"

"Where are you calling from?"

"I'm a counselor at the Hope Center. She was on the phone with me"

"Thank you Maam, help is on the way."

Ramie couldn't shake this call. It was something about this woman that she couldn't get out of her head. She had to find out if everything is OK.

dialing

"Officer Downs..."

"Hey it's Ramie."

"What up Girl? Working hard or hardly working?"

"I'm at Hope right now. Trying to find out about a disturbance in Hyde Park."

"What was the address?"

"That's the thing, I don't know. I was on the phone with the girl when the call got dropped. The police are on the way now"

"Mmmhm, alright, let me call my guy working that area and get back when I find out something."

"Thank you so much. I'm really worried."

"No problem. So in the meantime, when can I take you out?"

"When hell freezes over Officer..."

"Damn girl, you been rough on me since day one. But you my girl though!"

"Yes, and we will keep it that way, Officer...."

"Aaaighhhh, let me find out what's up. I'll Holla."

click

It's gonna be a long ass night.

******Chapter 6 The Cherry Tree Motel******

”So what you got for me?”

”Slow up Girl...I got you...”

”I got 250.00 on me...can you accomodate that?”

”Well, I may be able to give you a little deal if you break me off some of that...”

”You are reading my mind, Treece...”

Treece had been dealing now for damn near six months. Every time she thought it was a good time to pull out...another customer came and set her off something proper. She wouldn't dare tell Kay-Kay what she had been doing. Part shame, part greed keep her silent. It just wasn't enough to work

like a slave for the UPS call center for those weekly pay checks. She started dealing small bags when her guy asked her to do a favor. The customer insisted that she keep making the drops. That little extra 400.00 a week came in handy for hard times and soon, she built her own clientele on the side and now she easily pulls in more than 3000.00 a week. She had expanded her business to coke, the white man's powder, and now the majority of her clients were all working class Ho's like Ciara. Easily prepared to drop 250.00 for a 8ball, everyweek.

"Why don't you come up out all that while I set up a little treat for you..."

"I'm liking the sound of that..."

Ciara had a body that just wouldn't quit. Smooth skin, thickness all in the right spots, a fat ass clit, and a pretty smile. She never asked questions and she had been dropping it like it was hot for Treece for over a month. Treece had mad love for her because she would do it whenever, wherever and however. They got together whenever they could and Ciara never complained when Treece had to leave. They were both good for each other because neither one had any expectations and definatly...no limits.

"Come try this shit and let me know what you think..."

Ciara grabbed her blade from her purse and began to line up the white powder on the mirror Treece set out for her. She place her straw on the mirror and in her nose and with one quick sniff, she inhaled the drug.

"Umm...O...yeah, that is shit ripe."

"Yah, I got that good shit for you Boo. All the time." Treece said lightly tapping residue on her tongue to feel the numbness.

"You are so good to me Baby...it's time for me to take care of my bill....no?"

"Cash, check, or charge girl..."

"Ummmmm..."

Ciara lightly pushed Treece back on the bed and climbed on top of her. She began to kiss her neck and nibble on her ear lobe. Treece grabbed Ciara's ass and stroked it hard, then slapped it. Ciara moaned in delight as she sat straight up and began to grind on Treece.

"Turn around...." Treece said hungrily.

Ciara abliged but not before reaching over to scoop up some more coke on her finger and dabbing it on her tongue.

"Oooo...mmmm....ssss..."

Treece pushed Ciara over to get a full view of her hips and ass.

"Take that shit...take it..." Ciara whispered.

Treece slipped her finger inside of Ciara's ass slowly as she began to lick her spot from behide.

T-Mobile Jingle

"Damn! Let me up Baby...that's my phone"

"mmmmhmmm..."

"What's up Baby?"

"Treece, I thought you were going to bed. Where the hell are you at, I'm at home now."

"O, well, um, I just stepped out to clear my head. I'll be back at the crib in a minute."

"Yah, ok in a minute..."

"Straight up Kay, I'll be back in soon. How was dinner?"

"Pretty Good, you know Joe's is the shit."

"True, true..."

"Alright baby, I will wait up for you..."

"Okkkk..."

"I love you Treece."

"I love you too Baby..."

click

"Now...umm, where were we..."

"You were just about to make this pussy scream..."

Treece dived back into the bed with her secret love toy.

" Sweet pussy Ciara..."

"At your service..." The two rolled around in the sheets for the next three hours. Completely losing track of time and the amount of coke in her own system, Treece barely heard the cell ring for the 4th time.

T-Mobile Jingle

"Baby, I'm so sorry. I just made a stop off I'm leaving right now!"

"You know what Treece, while your ass is fucking around and doing whatever the hell it is you are doing, I'm sitting here in Jackson Park with Angie."

"Angie?"

"Yes! Treece! Angie! You know, my best friend? What the fuck is up with you? Are you high?"

"Kay, what the fuck is wrong with Angie?"

"Maxine beat her ass that is what is wrong. She got a fucking concussion. So when you done, perhaps you can come see about her!"

"What the fuck? Here I come right now...."

Click

"I gotta go."

"Alright baby...when can I see you again?"

"I'll call you...where is my shit at? Damn, I need to wash up and shit...fuck!"

"Can't you stay just a little while longer...?"

”Nooo Ciara, I gotta go. Keep the room, it’s paid for.”

Driving along Michigan Ave, Treece kept checking herself in the mirror for signs of powder. Damn! This bullshit is getting hard to keep up with. And now this shit with Angie. She went over in her head what she was going to say to Kay-Kay and took a few breaths as she parked the car. Fuck! This is going to be a long ass night!

******Chapter 7, Back @ Busties******

As Dana packed her things up for night she looked around the dark changing room thinking to herself about all the cash she just made.

"So? How was your first night?"

"Pretty good girl. I didn't expect to make this much money."

"Yah, well wait till the ladies come, some of them tip like you wouldn't believe just for a lap dance."

"Oooo, well I'm excited!"

"So I need to write down what your schedule is going to be to give to this nigga..."

"Well, um, I don't know girl...when is the best nights?"

"Take it from ol' Yaya, the weekends around the 15th and 30th you gonna get P A I D! The rest of the weekends are good too, but not like those days. Also around the first and third of the month is good too. Now we do need more people in here on Wednesday night. So I have to write you down for then at least twice this month."

"Alright. No problem. I'll do every other weekend for right now..."

"Sure?"

"Yah..."

"Every other weekend it is then, plus Wednesdays."

"So will you be here this Wednesday?"

"Nooo..."

"What about...Sheena?"

"O? You have met Ms. Sheena huh?"

"In a way."

"Well, yes, she will be here...now you remember what I told you right?"

"Yah, yah, yah, I got this..."

"Alright. Well I'm out for the night!"

"See ya!"

"Later."

Dana jumped into her car and let all the windows down. It was a beautiful night, perfect temperature and the stars where all over the sky. She had a splitting headache all of a sudden. 'Damn!'

She pulled in front of her apartment building and let the seat back. As she rubbed her temples, she thought about all the events that happened that night at her new gig. Especially Ms. Sheena, ***'I may have to hit that again.'*** Her head was hurting so bad she decided to lay there and close her eyes for a while and let the cool air blow through her car windows. ***'God my head is killing me'***

******Chapter 8, Jackson Park Hospital******

Treece and Kay-Kay watched Angie sleep. Still trying to sort out the events that lead up to her head injury. Kay-Kay's eyes were tired and puffy but she refused to leave her best friend's side. She blamed herself for wanting to go out, thinking that if she had've just waited until another time, none of this would have happened. She watched Treece silently and thought to herself maybe if she hadn't been screwing around in the first place, she wouldn't have had to confide in her friend, and her ignorant girlfriend would have left her be. She wiped away a tear when a tall and handsome officer appeared at the door.

"Good Morning...is it OK if I come in?"

"Sure Officer...please."

"I'm Officer Down's...I just wanted to see if our patient was up to some questions...."

"Well, she has been sleeping all night. Doctor says she should be waking up some time this morning."

"Do either of you Ladies know what happened?"

"Nooo...we just got a call from the Hospital. She has me listed as one of her emergency contacts."

"I WANT THAT BITCH IN JAIL!" Treece interjected.

"Well, pressing charges would be up to her ma'am. And who are you?"

"I'm family! We all family here Officer...."

"Angie...?" Kay-Kay said.

Angie's eyes slowly began to open. She tried to look around the room but the brightness from the hospital walls made it difficult. Her mouth felt like

cotton and she felt like she had been hit by a truck. The events of the night before all came rushing back.

"Maxine...no..."

"Shh...shhhhh...she is not here girl. It's just us, see, me and Treece. And this is Officer Downs. He is going to help you as well."

"Yah, Babygirl. We got your back Boo." Treece was looking over Kay's shoulder smiling.

"O God, you guys. Thank you for being here...I just don't know what to say. I guess you know everything now..."

"Well, Maam, why don't you tell me everything. What happened to you?"

Angie's eyes began to fill with tears. The lump in her throat grew bigger making it difficult for her to speak.

"Take your time Maam."

"She was mad at me because I stayed out so late. I went out to dinner with Kay-Kay. We had a few drinks and all we did was talk. We stayed at Joe's until they damn near kicked us out. When I pulled up in front of the building she was already outside. I asked her what was she doing and she said she wanted to know why it was after midnight and I was just pulling up. I instantly got a attitude with her and I told her don't talk to me like I'm a child and I walked past her. She came inside the building and started screaming at me. I just went inside our place and ignored her, thinking she would calm down.

"And what happened next?"

"She kept screaming louder because she knew I was paying her no mind. Then I went into the bedroom and threw her pillows out in the hall with a blanket and told her to sleep on the couch. I shut the bedroom door and about five minutes later she kicked the door in. I was already laying down and I jumped up. I couldn't believe she had just broken the door right off the hinges. I told her she was going to pay for that and she slapped me.

"OMG!" Kay gasped.

"She jumped on top of me and started screaming that she knew I was

cheating on her. She kept saying it over and over and I told her that I wasn't. I tried to tell her I was out with Kay but she didn't want to hear it. I reached for the phone and I told her to call Kay and she grabbed the phone out my hand and hit me with it.

"O, this bitch is crazy! Man...!" Treece snapped.

"Maam, please. Let her finish." Downs said.

"I managed to get from under her and that was when I got outside. I got in my car and locked the doors and I just cried. I couldn't believe that this was my life, you know? I had realized before that Maxine was out of control at times, but last night, she really scared me. I didn't know what to do. That was when I called the crisis line. I was on the phone for about 20 minutes when she came outside screaming like she was in a war zone. Next thing I remember she busted out the window in the back seat and reached in. She had me by the neck. I remember some people coming outside but no one tried to get her off of me. I saw some woman on her cell and I pleaded with my eyes for her to call 911. Next thing I know I'm on the ground and she hit me with a brick. I don't remember nothing else...."

"O God...O God!" Kay grabbed her chest stunned by the details Angie was giving.

"Thank you for giving me your statement. Now if you just say the word I can have her picked up today."

"No...I don't want her picked up."

"What? O hell Naw!" Treece interrupted.

"Angie...what are you saying?" Kay was obviously upset.

"Kay, I can handle this on my own. I don't want her in jail. She is just stressed out right now...I'm sure when she realizes.."

"REALIZES? *REALIZES?* Look, Angie, when she realizes what she has done, you will be in a damn casket!"

"Treece, I don't want her picked up. I'm not pressing charges..."

"Well Maam, unfortunately she is going to be questioned and possibly brought in anyway for disturbing the peace and destruction of property.

Landlord was at your place last night. So, that's up to you, but your friend is going downtown regardless."

"Good!" Treece said.

"Listen, I'm going to leave you my card. If you need any help or if you change your mind, I can assist you."

"Thank you Officer."

"You got a lot of people worried about you girl and lots of people are on your side."

"I know."

"Including the young lady you were on the phone with last night. She is a good friend of mine."

"Really, what was her name Rolanda or something?"

"No. Ramie. She is a counselor at the Hope Center. Good people. Really worried about you."

"Would you tell her I'm going to be fine for me please."

"Sure. But you can tell her yourself. I think she is going to pay you a visit as well."

"O WHATEVER! Man, look...I want Maxine locked up for this shit! The hell with all this visiting. Look at my girl Man! What the fuck!" Treece eyes were bulging with anger.

"Maam, like I said, she will be picked up. But we can't press assault charges unless Angie agrees."

"Treece, it's going to be OK." Angie spoke softly.

Treece just waved her hand in the air and walked off. She didn't give a damn what anybody said, Maxine was going to get a beat down for this shit! And soon!

"Well Ladies, I got paperwork to write up. Remember Angie, if you need anything at all, you call me. Anytime day or night."

"I will Officer. I will. Thank you."

"By the way...what is Maxine's last name again?"

"West."

"OK Ladies, I'm out. Be safe!"

"Bye Officer Downs...."

Officer Downs got back to his squad car to make a few quick calls. First he called the precinct to have Maxine West run through the computer. He needed to know if she had any priors, warrants, reports, anything at all that he could make stick. Next he called his Hyde Park buddies to stake out the area for Maxine. He stressed that he wanted her ass in today. Last he called Ramie. He gave her Angie's room number and told her everything that happened. He told Ramie that no charges for assault would be filed as of yet but that he had enough to keep Maxine for a few hours or days if she had no bail.

"Well, that means that after you pick this bitch up, she can walk."

"Right. And I'm sure that Angie will be out of the hospital by tomorrow. She will bail her girl out."

"Classic abused woman." Ramie said.

"Well, get over and meet her. She is really sweet you know...it would be a shame if this got out of control and we have to investigate something more serious."

"I'm already showerd. Thanks Downs! I appreciate the call."

"No problem baby girl...now, back to me and you....when can I take you to dinner?"

click

******Chapter 9, Confront your Demon******

voicemail

**”YOU HAVE 4 NEW MESSAGES. TO PLAY YOUR MESSEGES
PRESS ONE***

’Four? I didn’t even hear the phone ringing’ Confused Rhonda pressed one.

”NEW MESSAGE, FRIDAY 2:44AM

Rhonda this Kay-Kay. I know you probaly don’t want to speak to me right now, but this is not about me, it’s about Angie. She is here is Jackson Park. There has been some mess. **TO DELETE THIS MESSAGE AND GO
TO THE NEXT PRESS ONE TO KEEP THIS MESSAGE AND SAVE**

IT IN ARCHIVES PRESS TWO.”

NEW MESSAGE FRIDAY 3:25AM Rhonda please call my cell. Kay is in the hospital. Maxine beat her up really bad. We are in the emergency room. Angie is unconscious.”

Rhonda dropped the phone and jumped in her car. She didn’t know what to expect upon arrival. She was confused, dazed and scared all at the same time. Jackson Park was less than 2 miles away. As she pulled up in the parking area, she thought about her friend. What the hell is going on? Why? How? And what the hell was so serious to make everything come to this point.

Rhonda went inside the hospital and got her visitors pass for Angie’s room. She jumped on the elevator to the 5th floor and when she got off she looked for Angie’s room. Her heart was beating a mile a minute when she stopped off to speak to the Unit Secretary.

”I’m here to see Angie McReynold’s. I can’t find her room.”

”She is straight down the hall.”

”Is she OK? O God...”

”Yes Maam, she is going to be fine. She is sleeping off and on but she is fine. Going home tomorrow.”

”O thank God! Thank you so much.”

Rhonda walked straight down the hall to Angie’s room. The door was cracked and she peaked inside. Her heart raced as she saw Treece and Kay sitting by Angie’s bedside with their arms around each other.

”Well, isn’t this a site for sick eyes...”

”Rhonda...” Kay got up.

”Please don’t get up on my account. I’m just here to see Angie.”

”Kay, look I’m out. “ Treece got up.

”But...”

"I'll see you at home Kay."

Rhonda rolled her eyes and went over to Angie to stroke her forehead.

"Hey girl...it's me Rhonda. I'm here."

Kay-Kay didn't know whether to leave with Treece or to stay with her friend or confront Rhonda about her betrayal.

Rhonda walked down the hall to sit down. Her head was spinning from the ride over and seeing her ex with her best friend. She was determined not to make a scene, for Angie's sake, but all she could think about was slapping the mess out of Kay when she walked up.

"This is a mess that Angie got herself into Rhonda. Maxine did this to her."

"What are you talking about? Were they fighting or something? And why isn't Maxine here?"

"Look, Angie will not admit it, but I have seen some bruises on her before this happened. And this was more than a fight last night. Maxine busted out her car window and had Angie by the throat. Then she hit her with her brick. She was accusing her of cheating."

"Cheating? Angie? Hell, with who?"

"With me."

"Figures. I see you can't keep your paws off of anyone..."

"Slow your roll Rhonda. Angie and I went out to eat last night. Maxine is just crazy. You know damn well I'm not pushing up on Angie."

"Naw...you just pushed up on Treece. Then you fucked her!"

"Rhonda, this is not the time or the place for this."

"Why not? You don't want to confront your demon? You call yourself my friend. You have never been a friend to me! Never!"

"It's not what you think...."

"And what is it then? Treece painted a very vivid picture for me. So what

the fuck do you have to add?"

"I didn't plan this. We were both vulnerable....it just"

"Spare me the bullshit Kay! Shit like this just doesn't happen! You just don't fall for your best friend's woman. At least a REAL WOMAN wouldn't!"

"I deserved that."

"You actually deserve to be bitched slapped. But what goes around comes around. Trust me when I tell you, Treece aint shit. If you think you giving her ass something that I wasn't, your sadly mistaken. Treece don't give a damn about nothing and nobody but her damn self! She tricked on me God knows how many times. Don't think she won't do that shit to you."

"Maybe she will, maybe she won't."

"Yah, she got you suckerd already. Think about it Kay, I caught that Ho in my muthafucking bed with a bitch. I mean, they was at so hard they didn't even know I was there. Treece was riding that bitch like it was the last piece of pussy she was EVER gonna get! Do you think she loved me that moment? Do you think she cared for me that moment when she was straddling that girl's face? Do you think she cared about our home, our life we had built up together? Hell No! So don't think the shit has changed now. She was always a damn dog and she is gonna be a damn dog until they lay her ass in the ground. Believe that!"

"People change Rhonda...."

"Yah, OK. Let me know when she starts staying out for hours at a time and she tells you she is with her girls. Like I said, what goes around. Both of you deserve whatever the hell happens."

"Well I'm not going to try and defend Treece. You could be right. But she trusts me and I trust her. So that's it, that's all. I'm just sorry that I hurt you. For whatever that is worth. You are always going to be my friend."

"O, fuck you both!" Rhonda spit out her words.

Rhonda got up and walked back toward Angie's room and left Kay standing there. Right when she approached Angie's door she heard voices inside. Angie was up and talking to someone.

"Rhonda! There you are!" Angie was gleaming.

"Hey Baby girl! OMG, are you OK...I rushed over as soon as I heard....let me look at you...."

"I'm fine, stop all that fussing! Rhonda this is Ramie...she works at the Hope Center."

Rhonda looked up at Ramie and she had to catch her breath to speak. Ramie was beautiful. Smooth dark skin, twinkling eyes and a killer smile. She extended her hand as she looked up and down at Ramie curves.

"Nice to meet you..."

"Hello there...Ramie."

"Hey Angie, listen, I'm going to let you visit. You have my number, please call me. We'll do lunch when you're up to it. OK?"

"I sure will!"

Rhonda watched Ramie grab her bag and walked out. What a strikingly gorgeous woman! Damn! Smelled great too.

"Girl...who is that? What is the story! O, and how are you doing?"

The two friends giggled and laughed together like nothing in the world was going on wrong. Angie walked by the room to peak in and and say her good-byes to Angie.

"I'll be back later girl!"

"OK. thank you for everything."

"No problem."

"Hmp! Girl, you know, I want to bust her damn face" Rhonda said.

"I heard."

"Heard what, she told you she has been fucking Treece?"

"Well yah, she is beating herself up about it Rho...you two should talk."

"We have nothing to talk about, I'm done with it."

"Rhonda, she is still your friend...."

"O No, she is not a friend...now look, I don't want to talk about that Ho. Tell me about Ms. Ramie! Damn she is fine!"

"Yah, she is a nice woman too."

"Well, what is her story?"

"I actually don't know. I mean, she was here to see if I was OK. I really didn't get around to finding out nothing personal. But um, the way you were looking at her, hell I'm sure she knows you are interested!"

"Was I looking that hard girl...?" Rhonda laughed out loud.

"Honey, you would have thought Halle Berry was standing in here."

Rhonda stayed with Angie and they laughed and talked for the rest of the afternoon.

******Chapter 10, Don't be Mad Baby******

As Treece locked up her storage space, she dreaded going home. Kay had already called and said she was there waiting for her. They needed to talk she said. Here it goes. She is going to go on and on about her not coming home last night and not being available when she called from Jackson Park. Treece did not want to go through the drama but she knew if she didn't come today in a timely fashion, Kay would go ballistic. She jumped back in the car and speeded down North Avenue.

T-Mobile Jingle

"What up Boo?"

"Treece...what in the hell is taking you so long to get home? We left the hospital over an hour ago!"

"Kay, I'm on North Ave baby, I just stopped by my storage space."

"Always got something to do more important than me lately..."

"Please Kay, I do not want to fight. Not today. I'll pulling up in less than eight minutes alright."

click

Damn! The shit is starting already! Kay could really be a bitch when she wanted too. Treece did love her though, she just had her ways and she wasn't about to change who she was.

T-mobile Jingle

"Yah...?"

"I need 2 eight's tonight, what's up?"

"Ahhhh...may not be able to do that tonight...where you at in the morning?"

"Morning? I need this for a party tonight. I can just call someone else."

"Slow up Girl, slow up! Aaaaaright...let me hit you back, I'll get them to you tonight."

"Sure about that?"

"Yah just give me a few hours."

"Don't play with me Treece..."

"Girl, look! Bye!"

Damn coke heads! Always wanna threaten somebody when they can't get they shit! As Treece pulled in front of the building, her mind wandered about how she was going to slip out tonight.

When she walked into the crib, Kay was standing in the kitchen in cut-off shorts and a fitted top. Damn she was fine. Treece had a jealous streak about Kay. She would do anything to make sure Kay was happy...well just about anything.

"What's up Baby?"

"Don't what's up me Treece...cut the bullshit. Where were you at last night?"

"Kay, look, I told you, I was out me my girls. I just lost track of time that's all."

"You sound like a fucking nigga Treece! I called your damn phone I don't know how many times. Did you not hear it?"

"Um, well a couple of times, I didn't baby....but damn, I'm sorry Kay. Do we have to fight?"

"I'm just sick of shit Treece! I mean, we already got enough shit on our plates with this whole Rhonda fiasco. I need you to be by my side and everytime I turn around you in the fucking street!"

"You know I got your back, this will all blow over. I don't know why you

are trippin.”

”I’m tripping because my best friend hates me now! I’m tripping because she all but called me a fucking Ho this morning! I’m tripping because she told me not to trust you! I’m tripping because she told me how she caught you...I mean, hell I knew about it before, but it was the way she said it this time...this time was different!”

”Wait a min....you talked to her ass?”

”Yes! She told me how you didn’t even THINK about her and the relationship, you were just fucking that ho, I mean damn! I’m trying to trust you Treece, in the beginning, I did trust you. But now, after you pull this bullshit, I don’t know if I can.”

”Aw, girl...come on now...don’t start with all the emotions baby. You and me are fine...we are just fine Butterfly...”

”Don’t call me that!”

”Awww...babyyyy...you know I love you...I aint going no where, and I’m not doing shit out here.”

Kay Kay turned her back on Treece as she walked up to her. She held her head in her hands and began to weep silently to herself. Something in Kay’s soul told her that Treece was doing something, but she didn’t want to believe it. The feeling just would not go away.

”Baby, don’t cry...”

”I’m just angry Treece...I’m so mad at you right now.”

Treece slid up close to Kay and wrapped her arms around her. She began to passionately kiss her neck despite Kay’s rejections.

”Let me make it up to you baby...”

”The damage is done...”

”I’m sorry...don’t be mad baby.”

It was hard for Kay to continue to reject Treece. She felt herself slowly slipping into ecstasy. That familiar place she knew all too well with Treece.

She was her best lover....Treece was the one that set her soul on fire. Even when they were not making love, Kay was still very turned on when Treece would enter a room. Treece knew it too and she knew that “this fight” was over with - at least for right now.

She quickly turned Kay back around and began to slip her fingers underneath her shirt. Kay eagerly helped and raised her arms high so that Treece could pull off her shirt. Treece un-hooked her bra as she kissed her lover’s back. Passion filled the spacious kitchen as the two became lost in each other’s scent. Kay quickly slipped out of her shorts and propped herself up on the kitchen counter. Treece’s eyes popped in amazement as she watched her lover bend over on all fours.

”Take me from behind.....”

******Chapter 11, Get out the House******

”So when do you think I can blow this place Doc?”

”Well, everything is looking pretty good Angie. You can actually leave

today or tomorrow at the very latest....”

”I’m anxious to get into my own bed.”

”I’m sure you are. Now Angie, you sure you are going to be alright?”

”What do you mean?”

”Well it was suggested to me that we make an appointment for you to talk to someone...about what has been going on.”

”Going on where Doctor....?”

”In your home Angie. When you were first bought in, we thought you just had gotten into a fight with a girlfriend...now I find out this is something all too different...”

”I did get into a fight with my girlfriend...what are you talking about?”

”Angie, we are all here to help you, I’m sure you know that. Here, I brought you this card. There is a Doctor on there that I think you should give a ring too.”

”Yes...sure Doc. Whatever you say....”

Angie rolled over on her side as the Dr. left her room. The one thing she didn’t want to be bothered with was therapy. Deep down she knew that she had to do something to heal herself. And Maxine. She loved Maxine, but the relationship had escalated in something far more worse than an argument. She feared for her life last night. Maxine had showed a completely different side to herself. Yet, she refused to press charges. She couldn’t bare to see Maxine locked up. She knew that would destroy Maxine. She wiped away a tear as she picked up the phone.

ringing ringing *ringing*

”Hello.”

”Hey Baby....”

”H-H-H-i Angie....look, I’m sorry.....” Maxine sobbed into the phone. She could barely speak.

"Hey, it's going to be alright.....look I'm OK, they say I came home today."

"I didn't mean it Angie-e-e-e. It's just I just thought....."

"I know and we need to talk about that. We need to talk about everything Maxine...."

"You leaving me I k-k-know, just say it!"

"No, I'm not. But I think we need help Maxine."

"I guess-s-s...."

"We need to talk to someone Maxine. Before anything else happens."

"O-O-O-kay...."

"Listen Baby...I just may stay here another night. You know, to get my head together. Why don't you come and see me before visiting hours are up tonight. Sneak in some real food."

"You sure you want t-t-t-to me...."

"Of course I do baby....ride or die? Isn't that what we always said? We in this for life."

"For life Baby...."

"So are you coming?"

"Yes....hold on baby, someone is ringing the doorbell...."

"OK."

Maxine put the phone down to run to the door. A slight smile ran across her face as she thought for a brief second about Angie. She looked out the peep hole to see 2 uniform officers.

"Shit..!" Maxine tipped away from the door and ran back to the phone.

"The fucking police are here Angie! What the hell!"

"Don't let them in. Leave out the back. They want to arrest you."

"Arrest me? For what! What the fuck did you say?"

"I didn't say anything Maxine, look get out of the house. I will get out the hospital today and hit your cell."

Maxine hung up the phone furious because she didn't know what to believe. Did Angie call them? Or is this some other bullshit? Maybe something happened in the neighborhood and they want to question people. She heard the bell ring again as she cocked her head to stare at the door. Her heart was racing a mile a minute trying to decide what to do. Her mind was quickly made up when the officer called her name.

"Maxine West?"

Maxine ran down the hall and through the kitchen to the back door. Her head was dizzy trying to figure out her next steps. She slipped out the back the door and tipped down the stairs quietly. She was almost free. Her eyes darted all around, looking for anything or anyone in her way. When the coast was clear, she tipped down the last flight of stairs and skipped through the gate in the back of the building. Her eyes were wide with fear when she saw a tall and dark officer step out of a squad car that was parked along the alleyway out of her vision.

"Maxine West..."

"What!"

"You're under arrest!"

"What the fuck did I do! Take your mutha fucking hands off of me. Let me go!"

Two more officers ran around from the front of the building to witness the wild scene. Maxine was kicking frantically while the officer restrained her from behind.

"Ms. West...would you like to add resisting arrest to the list this afternoon?"

"Fuck all you mutha fucking pigs! You mutha fucking bastards! I'll have all your fucking badges! This is some bullshit! Fuck all you niggas!" She spit out every word.

”Maxine West, you’re under arrest for destruction of property, disturbing the peace, assault with a deadly weapon and resisting arrest. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can be used against you in a court of law. You have a right to an attorney. If you cannot afford a attorney one will be appointed to you. Do you understand these rights as I have read them?”

”Fuck you!!!”

”Put her ass in the back!”

******Chapter 12, The Client******

Treece and Kay made love for the rest of the morning into the afternoon. Kay was fast asleep as Treece lay next to her thinking of a way to slip out that evening. She knew that after this morning’s argument, she would have to be on her p’s and q’s for the next couple of weeks. Coming up with an excuse just to leave would be difficult as hell. So she decided she would have to leave and “hope” to come back before Kay had awoken. Treece eased from under the sheets and carefully tiptoed to the closet. She grabbed some jeans and t-shirt and some flip-flops. She walked over to the dresser and quickly put her hair back in place and picked up a lip gloss. She turned around and watched Kay roll over and mumble under her breath. Frozen in her tracks she watched Kay reach over and rub the pillow then breath deeply. She watched for her two minutes to make sure Kay was in deep in dreamland then she began to tiptoe backwards out of the room. She took each stair like she was dodging land mines, then dropped her cloths on the floor and went to half bathroom downstairs. She brushed her teeth and washed up, paying careful attention to her honey pot down below. She snickered to herself thinking about how wet she was. What a morning! Next

she grabbed her jeans and quickly got dressed and slipped into her flips. She grabbed her keys, cell phone and lipgloss and walked to the door. She turned around to peek up the stairs to listen for any movement from Kay. Her heart began to beat quickly and the adrenaline was pumping through her veins. No movement from upstairs...all was quiet. Treece slowly wrapped her hand around the lock and gave it one quick turn. She turned around and looked over her shoulder as she fumbled with the second lock. Still not a sound upstairs. She quickly turned the door knob and opened the front door. The sun was bright in her eyes as she stepped out. She locked the bottom lock and ran to the car. She jumped in, put the key in the ignition, put the car in gear and drove off like she stole something.

Speeding down North Ave she grabbed her cell to call her client.

"Yah, this Treece. Where you at?"

"At home now....why what's up? You got my shit?"

"How much you need?"

"Um, I need 3 eight's now...."

"Alright, look meet me in the Amber Inn parking lot in 45 min. I need to make a stop."

"The parking lot? You sure you don't want to get a room?"

"No time for all that today Boo...just be in the parking lot and don't make me have to wait for you."

"Mmmhmm...ok"

click

Treece felt like shit for slipping out on Kay, but this was business. She wasn't about to let this much money pass her by. She would do the deal and slip back in the house before Kay even realized she was gone. That was the plan. After this deal, she decided to lay low until next weekend. Her customer's would just have to wait. She knew that she had to keep her home in check.

She pulled in front of Public Storage and typed in her security code. She drove around to her unit, jumped out and unlocked her door. Once inside

she grabbed 2 eights that she had already cut and measured out the third one. She picked up a few 20's just in case and quickly closed the large door and locked up. She jumped back in car, drove out the security gate and headed to the expressway. Perfect timing...by the time she jumped on the interstate she still had 15 minutes to spare. She would be on the Southside just in time to meet her client.

T-Mobile Jingle

Frozen, Treece picked up her cell phone. With a sigh of relief she realized it was not Kay.

"Yah?"

"Treece?"

"What up girl."

"Hey, can you stop by today...."

"I'm making run right now, but on the way back I can. What you need?"

"Just a few. maybe 4."

"Alright look, I have to go to the Southside but on my way back I'm going to swing by your crib. So be there."

"I'll be waiting."

click

This is going to work out perfectly for Treece. She could make a little more extra cash and not have to waste too much more time. She chuckled to herself and clicked on the radio. "*Yah, she's a Gold digger, way over town, that's good to me..*" She began to snap her finger's to the groove of Kanye West. She speeded through the busy expressway bobbing and weaving through traffic, determined not to be out all day. And anxious to get all this Coke out of her car. She came up on her exit and picked up her cell to call her client.

"Where you at?"

"In the parking lot...as you requested."

"I'm 5 minutes out."

"OK."

click

Treece quickly pulled into the Amber Inn around back. Her eyes darted around the parking lot and fixed on the thick and sexy Sista standing next to a Lincoln LS. Damn, these bougie ass women! Treece had a thing for all of them. High class, sexy, cool, laid back and perfect customer's!

"Hey baby...."

"Um, damn...what's up girl. Get in."

Treece's eyes were stuck on her clients ass as she walked around the front of the car to the passenger side. Her nostrils were filled with her sweet scent as she opened the door and slid into the seat. Today she was wearing a short khaki skirt and cute little top tied up in the front. Treece could see a hint of a black animal print bra underneath. She wore black strappy sandals and her toes were perfectly painted with a french manicure. She was instantly turned on. She passed the coke to her client and stared at her up and down.

"As you requested...."

"Thank you baby...I appreciate you doing this on such short notice."

"No problem Boo, it must be one hell of a party tonight."

"Just me and some of the girls from Busties.....you should come."

"I'll have to see Boo. Where is at?"

"Private location. If you want to come, then I can text you that info later."
Her client passed Treece \$750.00

"Still the same amount?"

"Oh yeah, baby...for sho."

"Sure you don't want to come inside...for a hit?"

Treece watched as her client seductly rubbed the inside of her thigh. She looked at the clock on the dashboard and struggled with getting some pussy or going home.

"We don't have to stay long baby...."

Treece watched her client take the keys out the ignition and open the door. She stepped out and Treece grabbed her arm.

"No...wait baby...I really need to get home...maybe a little later. I'll come to that party..." Treece was nervous.

"I want you now...you make my pussy so wet...just for a little bit. I already got a room. It's just over there..."

Treece watched her client walk to the Hotel room and slip a key in the door. She turn around and un-tied her shirt to reveal her round and perky breasts busting out of the sexy bra. She watched her motion with her finger to come to her. She was such a freak. The last time Treece had fucked her she was on her mind for weeks afterwards. Treece could never shake this one. She was a punk when it came to her. Never could say no. Her client kept teasing her at the door. She had slipped out of her skirt and was standing there in a animal print thong. Broad daylight. Treece was shocked and turned on instantly.

She got out of the car and quickly walked to the door. She pushed her client on the bed and began to lavish her with kisses. The client spread her legs wide and pulled Treece closer. Her back was arched and she breathed heavily.

Treece was in the zone. Totally unaware that she left her cell phone in the car.

The Client grinned devilishly to herself. She knew that Treece would never resist her charms. She was bound and determined this time to make Treece hers. She didn't care that Treece had a woman. She knew that Treece was everything that she had been looking for. She would stop at nothing to make Treece hers.

"Fuck me...fuck this pussy...."

The Client thought to herself...'*Now is the time. It's been way too long. Treece is mine!*'

****Chapter 13, Living this Lie****

Kay rolled over in the bed and looked around the room. She was certain that she had heard Treece's car pull off in her sleep. Maybe it was a dream. She knew that after their talk earlier and their lovemaking, Treece wouldn't pull no bullshit. She called out to her.

"Treece?"

Not a sound. She got out of bed and went to the bathroom to wash her face. Maybe Treece was downstairs watching TV. She came out of the bathroom and clicked off the light. She proceeded to go down the stairs.

"Treece?"

Nothing. Not a peep. Kay was angry now. No sign of Treece. She looked out the window and saw that Treece's car was gone. In total disbelief she went to the kitchen to pour herself some *Absolute* and cranberry. Too early in the day to be drinking, but Kay was beside herself with anger. This was it! She picked up the phone to call Treece's cell. No answer. Just voicemail. She gave her the benefit of the doubt and called again. Voicemail. She called one more time for good measure. Voicemail.

Kay threw the phone across the room and stormed upstairs. She went in her bedroom and opened the closet. Her eyes filled with tears as she stared at all of Treece's cloths and her's. She didn't know whether to leave or throw Treece out. Her mind was quickly made up when in a fit of confusion and rage she realized that Treece was a liar. Things had been spiraling out of control for months now. Treece was always gone. Always with a trumped up excuse for her whereabouts. Kay had been through enough. Time for things to change.

She began to take Treece's cloths off the hangers and place them on the bed. She grabbed the 3 suitcases that Treece brought with her and began to fill them with her cloths. She folded them all neatly and arranged them meticulously. Next she went to the dresser and pulled out all of Treeces underwear, socks and miscellaneous tanks tops. She packed them all in the same manner as her cloths. Tears dropped from her cheeks as she fell to the

floor to gather Treece's shoes, backpacks, pictures and important papers. Kay went the bathroom and gathered all of Treece's toiletry's and personal items, towels and handsoaps. One by one Kay brought each of the suitcases downstairs. She lined the suitcases up and placed Treece's dry cleaning in a plastic bag across the suitcases. She then slowly walked back up stairs and organized all the bathroom products and miscellaneous items in totes. She dragged the heavy totes down the stairs and stacked them next to the suitcases. In the living room, she went through all the music and picked out Treece's CD's, then her DVD's and placed them in old shoe boxes with tape wrapped around them.

Lastly she walked to the kitchen and wrote Treece a letter:

*Treece,
I have known for along time that your love for me was not real. So instead
of living in this lie, I need to end this.*

Kay

Short and sweet. Kay was in no mood to explain anything. It was over. She had to move on.

She walked across the room to find the phone then called Treece one final time and the voicemail picked up:

"Hey, you reached me, now you know what to do...." **PLEASE LEAVE
YOUR MESSAGE AFTER THE TONE**

tone

"Treece, you need to come and get your shit."

**IF YOU ARE SATISFIED WITH YOUR MESSAGE PRESS ONE,
TO LISTEN TO YOUR MESSAGE PRESS TWO. TO ERASE AND
RE-RECORD PRESS THREE.**

Kay pressed one.

THANK YOU. YOUR MESSAGE HAS BEEN SENT.

Kay fell to the floor and cried out her soul.

*****Meanwhile - Back on the Southside*******

Dana woke up with a splitting headache. Still excited about her new job at Busties, she prepared herself for another erotic and exotic night. Twice a month, Busties sponsored Ladies night. Tonight was the night and Dana was already hot to trot. She ran a warm bath and added some scented oils. As she looked around the bathroom, she thought to herself that she needed to invest in some different decor. For some reason, she just wasn't feeling the whole conservative look.

Once the bath was drawn, she slipped in the tub and closed her eyes. The headache was slowly leaving and she began plotting out what she was going to get into later on tonight. Perhaps she would meet another freak in the dressing room? She smiled a devilish smile and slid deeper into the scented bubbles.

*****Chapter 14, We have Nothing*****

As Treece lay exhausted in a deep sleep, The Client slipped from underneath the sheets to make a phone call.

"Hey what's up...I'll see you later on tonight. I'm a little busy right now...yes, she's here. Just like I told you she would be. Holla at you later...."

click

The Client began to gather her cloths and right when she was about to slip on her shoes, Treece woke up out her sleep. Startled, The Client turned around to see Treece staring right in her eyes.

"O...I see you're awake..."

"Yes, and why the fuck didn't you wake me up!"

Treece jumped from the bed in a panic.

"Well, you were looking so peaceful..."

"Whatever. This is why I cannot fuck with you..."

"Ah, but you know you love fucking with me and **fucking** me...so calm your ass down."

"Girl...don't make me say something to your ass. Now where is my shit at so I can ride out."

"Right where you left it...on the floor....so um, you gonna show up tonight or what?"

Treece barely heard The Client speak. She knew that by this time Kay was awake. She frantically searched for her cell phone before finally realizing she had left it in car. This was bad. She knew it. She couldn't even think straight. She definatly could not come up with yet another excuse for slipping out of the house.

"Treece, do you hear me talking to you?"

"Yah, yah....just text me the address like you said. Look, I gott a run."

"See ya."

"Alright baby..."

Treece was out the door in a flash. She walked quickly to her car and jumped in. Once inside, she picked up her cell phone. 5 missed calls. Shit! She burned rubber out of the parking lot and tried to come up with anything to tell Kay.

The Client peeked out the window to and watched as Treece turned tires out of the parking lot. Determined this time to find out where Treece lived, she quickly shut the Hotel door and ran as fast as she could to her car. She put the keys in the ignition and rolled out. She knew that Treece was headed home which was West. There was only one way she would go and that was back towards the interstate. Quickly driving in between cars and staying alert of the police she made her way to I94. She was just about to enter on to the ramp when she spotted Treece's car moving slowly. Traffic was on The Client's side as she positioned herself several cars back. She reduced her speed and watched as Treece tried to weave through the hundreds of cars unsuccessfully. After about a mile she popped the glove compartment and grabbed her binoculars. She would need them for sure this evening if she was to stay undetected. There could be no mistakes this time. She had to find out where Treece lived.

As Treece continued to get through traffic, she kept staring at her phone. Afraid to listen to what Kay had to say she decided that she would just wait until she got to the house. Whatever the words were that came out her mouth, was what had to be. She had a feeling in her gut that tonight, Kay would not forgive her. Suddenly she felt sad and ashamed.

T Mobile Jingle

Treece picked up the phone and saw that it was a text; from The Client.

I'll see you tonight. 5472 S. King Drive.

Treece winced and flipped her phone closed. She doubt if she would make it to this party tonight.

About 3 blocks from her crib, Treece looked in the rear view mirror. She could have sworn that she seen The Client. Figuring that she was crazy, she speeded up and headed home. Right when she was about to turn on her block she called Kay. No answer. She called again. Still no answer. She pulled up in front of the house and hopped out. She took the stairs two at time and hesitated before she unlocked the door. The sweat began to surface on her forehead and she slowly turned to door

knob. As she pushed the door open, she felt it hit something and make a low thud like sound.

"What the...?"

"Hello Treece...let me move this out your way..." Kay was standing there with swollen eyes and wild hair. She looked like she had been through something. Treece's heart skipped a beat.

"What is going on Kay? Look, I'm sorry...I just..."

"Save it you fucking bitch. All I need for you to do is get your shit."

"What is all this! Kay! What the hell Baby...why is all my stuff...omg...no you didn't...no you fucking didn't!"

"YES I DID! Would you like some help to get this bullshit out my house?"

"What a min. Baby...now we can talk about this....your're just angry right now...."

"I know exactly what I'm doing Treece...we have NOTHING to talk about..."

Kay walked pass Treece and grabbed a suitcase and tossed it outside on the grass.

"Treece, don't make me throw all this shit outside. It's no need to make a scene...."

"Kay! My God! Where the hell am I supposed to go!"

"Well, you know you can hang out with your fucking girls...I mean hey...that is where you always seem to be, right?"

Kay picked up a box of CD's and tossed them outside. Treece watched in disbelief as the CD's crashed to the ground.

"STOP IT KAY! DAMN!"

"FUCK YOU! YOU MUTHA FUCKING BITCH! GET YOUR ASS OUT, HURRY UP! GET YOUR MUTHA FUCKING SHIT AND GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY FACE! YOU TRICK ASS BITCH!"

As The Client watched the scene with her binoculars she thought to herself... ***"This is going to be way easier than I thought"***

Snickering to herself, she picked up her cell.

"Hello...ah yes...I need to make a reservation. For tomorrow...well no...for tonight if I can. I'm going to be staying there about a week or so...King size bed please...only the best will do."

The Client continued to make her reservations as she watched Treece bring out 2 more suitcases and totes. Having Treece now would be a piece of cake.

******Chapter 15, This was not my Choice******

"How long are you Mutha fucker's gonna keep me sitting here? I need to make a call!"

"YOU ARE GOING SIT YOUR FISTY ASS THERE UNTIL YOU LEARN TO SHUT THE HELL UP!"

"Man, look, do not give Ms. Maxine all your energy. She knows the drill, afterall--- she has been here before...haven't you Ms. West?" Officer Down's interjected.

"Fuck you!"

Maxine was beside herself with anger. How in the hell did she manage to get herself mixed up in this bullshit? She was sure that Angie sang a pretty song while she was in the hospital and this time, she was not going to forgive her. As soon as she got out, she had a word or two for Angie. Maxine did not like being locked up. She felt like a caged animal. Deep

down, she knew Down's was right, she had been here before and she was praying that Angie had the sense enough to come and bail her out.

"I want to speak to a public defender! Do you bitches hear me! I want a fucking lawyer! NOW!"

Maxine paced in the tiny cell back and forth. Her body began to shake with anger as the sweat poured down her face. She was so angry the viens were popping out on the side of her head. She had begun to convince herself that this was some sort of set up. Her rights were being taken away from her. They wouldn't even let her make a damn call! These batards! She wanted to shoot them all!

"Can I get some fucking water please! Hello? HELLLLO! Can I get some water please!? DAMNIT!"

As Officer Down's shook his head at his desk, he couldn't help but wonder why such a pretty girl like Maxine West had such a violent attitude. What could have possibly happened to this girl and what the hell did her girlfriend see in her?

As the evening hours slowly went by, Maxine's anger had subsided. She was allowed to make not one but two phone calls and she was given a sandwich, ice cold water and a cigarette. She was quietly sitting in her cell and doozing off when Angie had arrived.

"Knock Knock" Angie said cheerfully.

"Whatever! I hope you came to get me out of here Angie. You know I just don't belong here...."

"Well, this was not my choice Baby."

"Sure it wasn't....what the hell did you tell them?"

"Maxine, I didn't tell them shit. From what I understand, you're locked up for destruction of property and resisting arrest. Those are the main reasons you are here."

"I'm here for assault as well or didn't you know?"

"I didn't charge you with assault. I asked them to let it go Maxine."

"Yah, sure. Whatever. When am I blowing this joint?" Maxine fanned her hand in air and rolled her neck.

"Well, you may have to stay here for the weekend....since it's Saturday and all...no judge...."

"THE WEEKEND! O, FUCK THIS BULLSHIT ANGIE! GET ME OUT OF HERE! I can't stay here the whole weekend. I'm going crazy in here....hell they just gave me something to eat right before you came. These punks don't give a shit about me! You gotta get me out of here!"

"Maxine....what do you want me to do? Bust you out? Let's be real here. I have already spoken with Officer Down's and there is no judge for you to see. No bail can be set tonight. You will have to be here until Monday...I'm sorry baby..." Angie's voice began to quiver. She couldn't bare to see Maxine locked up. She knew that every time something happend like this, it changed Maxine just a little bit more. She also knew deep down, Maxine needed to be here. She wouldn't dare tell her that though.

"Officer Down's? That fucking bitch ass rent-a-cop! Whatever Angie...whatever. Leave me here. I know you don't give a fuck!"

"That is a lie Maxine, and you know it."

"This is some bullshit! I swear. But it's all good. I will get out...and when I do, we got some things to discuss. "

Angie didn't like the look in Maxine's eyes. Cold and unfeeling. She was afraid of Maxine, but part of her loved her deeply.

"Visiting hours are over Ladies!" Angie turned her head quickly and stared at the Lady Cop down the hall. She was motioning her to say her good-byes.

"I gotta go Baby...I will bring you some food tomorrow if they let me."

"Yah, if."

"It's going to be OK Maxine. You will see."

Angie reached inside the cell to stroke Maxine's hair. She always had a thing about her long dark mane. Maxine stared Angie up and down before quickly grabbing her arm and startling her. Angie's tenderness soon turned

into fear as she flased back to Maxine's most recent violent episode.

"We ride or die right Angie?"

"Yes...baby...ride or die...always...baby...you are hurting my arm, please...let me go."

"I just want to make sure we are on the same page...." Maxine let go of Angie's arms and stared at her with dark piercing eyes. As Angie walked away, she rubbed her arm to sooth the small ache that was forming. She peeked over her shoulder to get one last look at Maxine and it was in that moment, she knew in her soul, she had enough.

"Angie...? Are you OK?" Officer Down's walked up with a concerned look on his face.

"O, I'm fine. Thanks for asking. Um, I...well...I..."

"What is it?"

"I would like to press charges."

Tears had formed in Angie's eyes and began to fall down her cheeks. She followed Officer Down's to his desk and sat down to make a formal complaint against the woman that had stolen her heart. Her hands began to shiver as she listened to the echo's of Maxine's voice in the cell, "Ride or Die Angie! Ride or Die!"

******Chapter 16, Back In Hyde Park******

When Angie arrived back home she began to pick up around the house. So much activity had happend and she had to keep herself busy so she wouldn't focus so much on Maxine. She also had to come up with a plan. She knew that Maxine would find a way to get out of jail once she finally realized that she wasn't coming to get her. Angie knew that running away wouldn't solve anything but staying would only cause more drama.

After washing the dishes, she curled up on the couch to rest her mind. She dozed off in a deep sleep and was awakend by the phone in the kitchen. After hesitating, thinking it was Maxine, she finally decided to run and answer it.

"Hello?"

"So, I see you finally sprung the hospital...."

"Ramie! Hey Girl!"

"How are you?"

"Well, I doing good....doing good...what about you?"

"I'm alright. I'm at work right now, you know how that go."

"Gotta make that paper."

"Riiiiight...."

"So, what do I owe the pleasure of this call?"

"Well, I just wanted to check up on you and see if you were OK, if you needed anything."

"Well, I good for the moment. I actually just left the precinct from seeing Maxine...."

"O? How did that all go?"

"Well, I pressed charges....."

"GOOD FOR YOU GIRL! Yes! that is what I like to hear. "

"Yah, well, I supposed it's for the best...."

"Of course it is. You deserve to live your life you know...you should not have to worry about your partner hurting you...that is not the way to live Angie...always remember that."

"I really appreciate you calling me..."

"Well, I have to admit...I have an ulterior motive as well..." Ramie giggled in the phone.

"Really...I wonder what it could be....?" Angie said. Her smile bursting through the phone.

"Well, I was wondering...about your friend....Rhonda."

"Yessss?"

"Well...I...um...."

"Look, Ramie, let me save you the trouble of wondering. I think you two should go out. She was checking you out too. Don't tell her I told you though! She would KILL ME!" Angie laughed into the phone.

"Really? She was? Wow! I had a feeling, but I wasn't sure. OMG! What should I do?"

"Well, I can give her your number. How about that?"

"Wow! Things like this just don't happen all the time. Sure, please ask her to call me. I would love to get to know her."

"Not a problem. I will call her tonight. She would want to know that I'm home anyway."

Ramie didn't want to admit it, but she was busting at the seams to speak with Rhonda. She had been thinking of her the entire weekend and now there was a small light at the end of the tunnel. Finally, after all this time...Ramie had met the woman of her dreams. She just knew it.

As Treece unloaded her car at her storage spot, she couldn't help but think how badly she had fucked this all up. Her heart would not let her stop thinking about what she had done to Kay. Even though she knew there was no turning back, she knew eventually Kay would forgive her. After all, Kay always forgave her. Maybe this time was different, maybe not, but Treece was not going to let Kay go without a fight.

It was beginning to get late and she still had not decided where she was going to stay for the night. She definitely did not want to be bothered with any females. Or perhaps she did? She was uncertain. All she knew was that she didn't want any drama for tonight. She counted up some cash she had stashed away in a old trunk and flipped her phone open to make a call to a hotel.

T-Mobile Jingle

Damn! Treece thought to herself she really needed to get another phone.

"Yes!"

"Well hello there...is everything OK?"

"And why would you ask me that?"

"Well you just sound so frazzled."

"What can I do for you now?" Treece rolled her eyes in total disbelief that The Client was on the line AGAIN.

"Well, I was just thinking...since you said you were coming to the party tonight, I figured I would pick you up. We could go in my car."

"Um, well I may have to pass on all the festivities tonight. I'm in the midst of some drama."

"O, come on now...forget that bullshit and come on out with me. You will not be disappointed...." The Client began to tap her fingers on her table at The Ramada. She just had to get Treece to come out tonight if it was the last thing she did.

"I don't know...what kind of party is this anyway...?"

"Well, everyone will be there. Well at least everyone one who is anyone. I hear it's supposed to be the hottest party of the year."

"Aren't they all the hottest parties of year, shit..."

"Don't be a sour puss Treece, come on out...pleaseeeee.....for lil' ol me....please..." The Client pleaded in her childlike voice. She knew that Treece could not resist her innocent side.

"Alright, look, like I said...I'm in the midst of some drama. I have to find a place to lay my head now."

"I'm not sure I understand..."

"Well, um, no need for me to give you the details. I'm in the process of finding me a hotel for tonight so I have to make a few calls."

"Come stay in mine...I already got it..." The Client gushed.

"Huh? O no! I'm in enough shit because of you for one day."

"Treece, why waste the money? I already got a perfectly nice place at The Ramada. Come on...where are you at right now?"

"Putting my shit in storage...." Treece said, still furious about the whole situation.

"O...well, I'm sorry to hear that....um, I guess it's all the better then that you come with me, right?"

"Which Ramada are you at? Downtown or closer to O'hare?"

"Downtown."

"Alright...what room number?"

"702..." The Client's heart was skipping a beat. Excited that Treece was asking for details.

"Give me a hour, I'll be there."

"OK, cool. Well you know, we have to run soon, so don't be long....OK, it's already going on 10:00 o'clock?"

"I'll be there."

click

Treece looked her phone. Suddenly, she was excited about tonight's party. Perhaps it was what she needed. A night out with some sexy eye candy.

She began to pop open some suitcases and search for outfits.

******Chapter 17, Knock Her Dead******

The Client kicked her feet up in the air and rolled backwards in the bed.

"YES!" She screamed out loud.

Finally, she could have Treece all to herself knowing full well that Treece was certainly not going back home. She rolled off the side of the bed and began to go through her small suitcase and pull out her outfit for tonight. Everything was black, from head to toe. Black strappy 3 inch heels, black thong, short black fitted dress, black and silver jewelry, dark make-up and a black sequined mask for the party.

"O you are going to knock her dead tonight...." she mumbled to herself.

Room 702

The Client checked her watch every 10 min. then checked her cell phone every 15. Still no word from Treece and it was close to 11:00pm.

"Come on....Come on! What is taking you so long..." she said aloud.

She had begun to work up a sweat and she was constantly in and out the bathroom dabbing the moistness from her forehead and chin. In between checking her watch and phone she inhaled line after line of Coke. Right when she was about to dab some residue on her tongue she heard a soft knock at the door. Her eyes widened with excitement as she jumped up and cleared off the hotel table and tied her robe in place. As she looked out the peep hole, she was instantly moist at the sight of Treece standing on the other side. She cleared her throat and slowly opened the heavy hotel door and stared at Treece up and down.

"What? Am I not dressed correctly or something?" Treece looked at her own outfit playfully, knowing full well The Client thought she was hotter than July.

"Ooo...no...you look sharp, as always...come in..." The Client had her hand laying across her chest like the damsel in distress. Treece looked like she belonged on the cover of GQ. Literally. Damn the fact that she was a woman, she could have rocked that cover into the next millinium. Dressed in a all white cream color suit, fitted at the top with sexy bell bottom pants, The Client had to catch her breath just to let Treece step inside the room.

"Well, well...this is a snazzy room....I see you like to do things in style." Treece scanned the room. The Client had it perfectly lit, scented candles, soft music playing, and the perfect ambiance for love, or trouble. Treece preferred the trouble.

"Always...."

"So...I know I'm a little late, but why aren't you dressed?"

"I needed a hand with my zipper....then we can jet."

"I bet you did." Treece mumbled.

"What was that?"

"O nothing. Where is your dress?"

"It's on the bed...Let me slip it on...."

Treece watched The Client walk seductively over to the King Size bed. If she didn't know any better she could have sworn she slithered over like a snake because she moved so smoothly. Treece loved to look at her body. She had the smoothest skin Treece had ever seen.

As The Client slipped into her dress, Treece was mesmerized. The Client looked like a Goodess. Treece had forgotten all about what had happened earlier that day. Didn't even care to remember.

"O before I forget, this is for you..."

"A mask? Ahhh...now this is my kind of shit here."

"Yes, and it matches perfectly...."

"I see...." Treece studied the mask while her mind wandered endlessly.

"So...ready to go?"

"Let's ride out Ms. Lady...."

******Chapter 18, The L Party******

As Treece and The Client pulled up, they watched some Vallet guys parking cars.

”The got Vallet? At a house party? Whatttttt?”

”I told you this some Lifestyles of Rich and Famous type shit Treece.”

”I see! Damn!”

The Client pulled up and stepped out of the car and handed the Valet driver her keys. Another young and handsome man opened the door for Treece as she stepped out.

”They got a Red Carpet leading up to the door in this muth fucka? Sweet!”

The Client smiled as she made a mental note to herself that she really had to get Treece out more.

"Madamn..." Treece offered her arm to The Client as they walked their way to the front door.

They were greeted by another young man who took their "Club fee" and passed them both silver bracelets.

"You just gave that Cat \$200.00?!!"

"Shh...Baby...This is an L Club Party. Can't you tell?"

"O snap! I didn't know!" Treece was excited. This WAS the hottest party in town! Only the Elite Black Lesbian attend and the parties are never advertised to the general public. Only way to get in was by coming with someone else. Then once your in, you're added to the mailing list. These parties happend every two months and Treece never knew anyone that could even afford to attend. She would be sure she signed her name on the guest list tonight.

The Client hooked Treece's braclet then let Treece hook her's in place.

"Yes..Baby, I told you I was going to show you a good time. Tonight is Mask Night...."

Treece was in Awe when the Hostess of the L Club Party stepped up to them. Another Goddess. Dressed in Sheer black, from head to toe. No shoes, just perfectly painted toes with black sheer material tied around her ankles.

"Hello Ladies, I'm China. I'm the Hostess of the L Club Party. Allow me to give you brief tour...."

"Oh man, O man...." Treece whispered softly to herself.

"Please put on your masks Ladies..." China said.

Treece and The Client followed China as she took them on a brief exploration of the house. The house was huge and women were every where. All of them in different color masks.

"This is the room for refreshments and appetizer's. You will find

champagne, white wine, caviar, fruit and some sweets for the moment. Later on, we are serving Roasted duck, that will be about 4:00am.

"4:00am?" Treece whispered.

"Shh!" The Client said. Almost slapping her hand like she was disciplining a small child.

"Also on this floor, you will find a powder room. Feel free to use anything in there. The house is at your complete disposal. Here out back, there are some recliner's if you need a little air and the Lady server's also bring fresh water and fruit out upon your request. This is the back way upstairs to the rooms. Each room has a theme for tonight...on the left here, we have the Voyuer Room. Only for those who love to watch. There is entertainment every hour. This room here is the Exhibitionist room. As you can see, some of the girls love to show off their many talents..."

Treece peeked in and was instantly turned on by two women on the bed, perfectly positioned in a sixty nine.

"Here you have another bathroom. Feel free to use the shower if you have too, there are plenty of fresh towels and hand soaps. Down here is the master bedroom. Here there are several couples, engaged in various forms of sexual encounters. We ask that you only enter this room if you can handle the activity on the inside. Last but not least, this room is my personal favorite...here you can come and relax and let some of our servers dance for you, undress you, sex you, feed you, whatever. I call this the Dream room."

"Sweet Jesus..." Treece hissed in The Client's ear.

"Follow me Ladies...we must view the basement now."

"The basement?"

"Yes, Treece the basement. The Basement, or Dungeon as many like to refer it as is where our S&M ladies hang out. As you can see, they don't play down here either.

Treece's eyes popped out of her head as she looked across the room. She couldn't beleive her eye's when she saw a dark thick Sista tied up on a cross. Two other women were oiling her body when a tall light complexion

Dominatrix walked up and cracked a whip and summoned them to move. The Dom blindfolded the woman on the cross and proceeded to whisper dirty things in her ear. Treece strained to try and hear but was too afraid to move closer. Next the Dom pulled a sheer pink curtain across the woman so that the on-lookers could only get a glimpse of what was to come. Then the Dom took the woman's legs one by one and locked them onto the cross, spreading her in a perfectly shaped X. She teased the woman's nipples and bit her neck. All the while making the woman beg for attention. Treece swore she could see a glimmer of wetness on the woman's thighs as it was obvious the woman was in sheer heaven. Next the Dom turned the cross clockwise twice, to the delight of the onlookers it appeared that the woman was suspended in mid air. Then the Dom gathered toys and other foreign objects that Treece could not make out and placed them neatly on a table next to the cross.

"Is there a waiting list for this Cross?" Treece said jokingly, knowing full well, she wouldn't mind being shackled and dominated.

"No, there is no list Treece. We have four Dom's tonight. Take your pick...."

As the Dom began to tease and lick the woman on the cross, The Client watched Treece carefully. She thought to herself what it would be like to Dominate Treece in such a fashion. She made another mental note to find out before this night was over.

"Sweet Mother, I got to get on that damn cross tonight!"

Some onlooker's had turned around and stared at Treece as to tell her to be quiet while the Dom was at work. Treece rolled her eyes and unbuttoned the first button on her suit jacket. She continued to watch the Dom at work as she made her slave lick one dildo while inserting another one.

"Let's go Honey...I want to go to the Dream Room...." The Client whispered.

"Yah....alright, but I will be back here tonight!"

"Well Ladies, this ends our tour, please feel free to summon me if you need anything tonight. And Treece, don't forget to sign our guest list...."

"O I won't! Trust me on that!"

The Client shot Treece a dirty look. No way in hell was she going to allow Treece to hang out in here without her. Not after all her hard work to make Treece her's.

"Think twice..." The Client mumbled.

"What was that?" Treece's head was cocked.

"Nothing honey, I think I changed my mind. Let's get some champagne."

******Chapter 19, I just want you to know******

“Well, Ms. West, hopefully we won’t have to see you back in here.”

“Whatever.” Maxine shot back.

As she scanned over all the paperwork she had to sign, she couldn’t believe that Angie pressed charges against her. Maxine had hate in her eyes and as soon as she left the station, she was going to pay Angie a visit.

“Your court date is Jan. 18th”

“I can read...”

“Come on Maxine, sign this shit so we can get out of here.”

Maxine’s cousin Cassandra had come to bail her out. In total disbelief of the whole situation, she had recommended that Maxine come to stay with her until this thing could be resolved. Maxine didn’t care where she had to lay her head, all she wanted was to get back at the woman that had promised to love her forever.

“As you know Maxine, there is a restraining order against you. Go anywhere within 500ft of Angie, you’re back in here.”

“Whatever.”

“Come on girl, let’s go.”

Maxine threw the pen across the desk at Officer Down’s and shot him a dirty look as she walked out. Officer Down’s smirked knowing full well Maxine would be back real soon.

As they walked out of the station, Maxine’s eyes began to water.

“What is wrong with you?”

“Sun is to bright this morning I guess.”

“Mmmhmmm...you know, you really need to check this anger you got. What is wrong with you?”

“Nothing is wrong with me Cas. I just don’t want no one pushing up on my woman! That’s it, that’s all.”

“Please, you know Angie has always been faithful to your ass. You have always been a jealous little something. It’s going to keep your ass in trouble!”

“Well, it’s over now Cas, let’s just drop it.”

“This is far from over. You could get jail time!”

“Doubt it.” Maxine smiled to herself.

“So, you want to go back to jail?”

“Girl, look, I aint going no damn place, but back home after this shit dies down. Angie is going to drop those damn charges. Just you wait and see. “

Cassandra couldn’t believe how far gone her cousin was. She had already been to jail once before for domestic violence. Now, here she is again back in the same situation with another woman. This time, it was much more serious though., Cassandra feared for her cousin’s life.

“Hey you got a cell phone?”

“Yeah, but don’t you be calling Angie.”

“Girl, just let me use the damn phone. God!”

Maxine snatched the phone from Cassandra shaking her head.

(dialing)

“Hello?” Angie whispered into the phone.

silence

“Hello, is anyone there?”

silence

“Helloooo?”

“I just wanted to let you know I was OK.”

“Maxine, what the hell are you doing calling me?”

“I just wanted you to know I was OK....”

“I don’t care Maxine...”

“I will be seeing you soon.”

“I will call the po.....” Before Angie could get out the word police, she heard a click.

Maxine had hung up the phone, but was acting like she was still talking on it.

“Yeah, well you know, we just had a little scrap. It’s going to be OK. She was just mad you know? Alright well, I will call you when I get settled. I just didn’t want you to worry.”

Maxine giggled to herself and passed the phone back to Cassandra.

ringing

Cassandra looked at her phone at the unfamiliar number then answered.

“Yes?”

“Don’t call me anymore bitch! I know you know there is a restraining order, don’t call my fucking house no more! You hear me Maxine!”

Cassandra hung up the phone and shot a look at Maxine.

“I thought I asked you not to call her! Damn, you know I’m going to stop trying to help your ass because obviously you just don’t give a damn!”

Maxine was laughing so hard she had to clutch her stomach.

“Damn girl, calm down. I just wanted her to know I was OK....jeez!”

Maxine continued to laugh until tear rolled down her cheek.

Cassandra looked at her cousin and wondered to herself if she had a mental problem.

******Chapter 20, Nervous Wreck******

”Girl, I have tried to call you all weekend! Where have you been?”

”Huh? Who is....O hey girl....”

”A lil sleepy huh? WELL WAKE UP! I GOT NEWS!”

"I'm up, I'm up...what is going on Angie?"

"Sombbody wants to meet you..." Angie giggled to herself. She was so excited about telling Rhonda about Ramie, she was busting at the seams. She knew that this was exactly what her best friend needed, and she knew in her heart that Ramie was a good woman.

"O? Tell me it's her! Tell me!"

"Yes, girl. Ms. Ramie is dying to speak with you. I have been blowing your phone up all weekend. You alright?"

"O, yeah, I'm doing fine....I've just been busy I guess. Brought some work home...." Rhonda lied. Truth of the matter, she didn't know what she had been doing all weekend. She glanced in the mirror and she strained to figure out where the time had gone.

"Well, look...you got a pen a paper there. Let me give you these numbers so you can call her today."

"Hold on girl..." Rhonda slowly rolled out of bed to grab her bag. The entire room was spinning as she slowly walked over to her dresser. When she opened up her bag she noticed there was a purple outfit inside. Rhonda stared the outfit until she finally realized that it was hers. Shaking her head in confusion, she walked back to the bed then flopped down.

"Alright girl, what is her number?"

"OK, this is her home number 773-487-7328"

"Got it."

"And her work number is 773-905-4800"

"Ok...got it."

"I believe she is at work. So call her now then call me back!"

"OK, I'll do that. By the way...how are you doing?"

"I'm alright. Maxine was in jail you know?"

"What? No....when did this happen?"

"Girl, I pressed charges so that Ho had to sit. But somebody got her ass out because she called here this morning..."

"Angie, you be careful...you know that bitch is loose."

"I'm not worried about her ass...look, call Ramie! I'll be waiting to hear back from you."

"OK, OK...dialing now."

Rhonda hung up the phone. She was definatly excited about finally speaking with Ramie. She had to get the frog out of her throat first. She went to the bathroom and brushed her teeth and took a quick shower. When she came back into the room, she glanced at her bag again and wondered how did that lingerie get there.

"Shake it off girl" she said to herself.

Dialing

"Hello, may I speak with Ramie please?"

"Speaking...."

Rhonda's heart skipped a beat.

"Hi, it's Rhonda...."

"Hey you...." Ramie smiled.

"Hey...I'm, um, sorry it took so long for me to call. It's been a...crazy weekend..."

"Well, that's OK. I'm glad you called."

"So did I catch you at a bad time?"

"Not really. I was actually just here to sign some paperwork and head back out."

"O? Meeting or something?"

"No, personal day....you know how that is..."

"Yes, I took one today myself."

"Really? So...I hope you don't think is too forward of me...but, do you have any plans for today...?"

"Ummmm...no...how about you?"

"Well, I was hoping to take you to lunch...."

"Really? I would love too...." Rhonda smiled widely.

"Well, um...I'm already south...where would you like to go?"

"Hmmm...we can meet at Calypso Cafe in Hyde Park. Have you heard of it?"

"On 55th?"

"Yes...they have great Key Lime Pie."

"I love Keylime...how about 1:00?"

"I will be waiting for you..."

"I like the sound of that already Rhonda....."

Rhonda hung up the phone and walked straight to her closet. She had to find something sexy, casual and not overly done up. Thank God she had a couple of hours. She was already a nervous wreck.

ringing

"Hello?"

"Did you call her! What happened, what she say?"

"Girl, yes. I called her. We have a lunch date at 1:00."

"Ooooo....Ooooo...omg! yes!"

"Angie, you are really crazy!"

"What you gonna wear girl, what you gonna wear!"

"I have no idea....I'm stumped already!"

"Girl, just wear something sexy...."

"I plan too."

******Chapter 21, Will you Let me save you?******

The Client rolled out of bed slowly and looked around her lavish hotel room. It had been another wild and romantic weekend with Treece and she couldn't wait to see her again. The Client's assignment was getting more difficult as the weeks passed. When she first met Treece, she considered her to be an arrogant and self absorbed individual that did not care about anything but making her money. She thought about their "chance" meeting one day in a grocery store and she remembered the playful way she had slipped Treece her number. It was all so sweet and innocent, who knew that it would end up like this? The Client had come to adore Treece. The two of them spending time together was only a fraction of the things that she loved about Treece. On their first date, Treece had made her laugh so much, she had forgotten why she was really there. Once they had started making love, The Client felt as if she was in over her head. She was beginning to feel possessive and wanted to control every situation Treece was in. The Client

thought up ways she could get Treece from her woman but in the end, it was Treece who ultimately had messed up her own relationship. Since then, The Client has been making herself more available for Treece's wants and needs. Trying not to become overbearing but sticking to her assignment was a constant struggle. Every night she layed her head down, she thought of ways to get closer to Treece and save her from what was obviously right around the corner. Treece had been selling drugs for so long that she had made a name for herself. No one could believe that a woman had so much power on the streets and was literally running her business by herself. Treece had customers in high places. Doctor's, lawyer's, teacher's, they were all in her pocket. She even had a judge as a client. They all wanted that powder she was peddling and they all kept Treece rich. Nevertheless, just when you think you're riding high, something smacks you back into reality. Situations occur unexpectedly and soon, you are paying the price. Treece had been unaware of a situation that occurred with a new rich client she had met at a party a few months back. This woman had become a regular and was constantly blowing up Treece's phone for another 8 ball. Who could have known that this woman was an abuser in and out of therapy? Who would have known that after 4 weeks of being a faithful customer, she would be rushed to the hospital because she had over dosed? Laying in intensive care, her husband vowed to get the ass hole that did this to his wife. He vowed an all out war on the streets. He was a powerful Congressman that had many connections. He refused to rest until his wife, who is now in a coma, walked out of the hospital as her old self.

Detective Kelly Vaughn had been assigned the case. Her assignment, LaTreece Jackson. The Chief wanted her brought down. He wanted rock solid evidence and he wanted to make sure that every move Treece had made, was documented. Det. Vaughn reached under the bed and pulled out a black briefcase. She grabbed her keys from the nightstand and opened the case and began to go through her paperwork on Treece. There were photo's, some video-taped conversations, some coke she had bought as "the client", and notes on some high profile deals that went down, it had all been there. Det. Vaughn had almost enough to send Treece away for 20 years, maybe even more if the Congressman's wife didn't make it.

As she stared at Treece's photo's, she struggled once again with her career as a detective and her feelings toward Treece. She knew if Treece found out the truth, one of two things would happen...Treece would either leave town or it would be a fatal confrontation between the two of them. Either way, Det. Vaughn knew that she would lose Treece. If she didn't bring her down, she would also lose her career as a Detective that she had worked so hard for.

Det. Vaughn was startled by the phone ringing.

"Yes?"

"Vaughn."

"Yes Chief?"

"Vaughn, I need a report on my desk by Friday, you got that?"

"Well, all has been quiet sir...."

"Quiet? You mean Jackson hasn't made a move?"

"No Sir..she...uh..."

"Vaughn, I want that report by Friday or else your're off this case. I got the Congressman breathing down my neck about his wife. I want the lid closed on this. You hear me Vaughn?"

"Yes Sir..."

Det. Vaughn slowly put the phone back on the receiver and picked up Treece's picture.

"Question is...do you care enough to let me save you?"

******Chapter 22, Calypso Cafe******

As Ramie sat and anxiously awaited Rhonda arriving, she could not help but think of the possibilities of a budding romance. She wondered to herself if she was just being silly to think that they would ultimately be the perfect couple or just friends. Ramie had been wrong in her choices of women before. Her most recent relationship ended simply with her parting ways with her lover, still Ramie was hurt. She had moved from DC to leave her old life behind and start something new in Chicago. Since then she made very little effort to contact her ex and she preferred to keep it that way. She knew in her heart that the only way to let someone else in, she had to let go. Meeting Rhonda had been unexpected and welcoming. Ramie thought about her smile and the cute little dimple in her cheek. She blushed to herself recalling how beautiful Rhonda was.

“I hope you have not been waiting long.”

Rhonda appeared out of nowhere next to Ramie’s table. Ramie blinked twice pleasantly surprised at her presence. Rhonda looked sexy, confident, and almost model type. She wore bell-bottom dress pants and a fitted turtleneck sweater. Her accessories perfectly matched right down to her prada bag.

“O, no. I’ve only been here about 5 minutes.”

“Good, you know that parking is just crazy over here. No matter what time of day it is.”

“Tell me about it.”

Rhonda grabbed a seat and slipped out of her leather jacket. She waited until she got completely comfortable before she took off her sunglasses. Ramie stared into Rhonda eyes in awe at how long her lashes were.

“So...”

“Yes Ms. Rhonda...finally we are here.” Ramie sighed to herself.

“You know, I just have to tell you...I’m a little nervous...”

“So am I. I was praying you didn’t notice.”

The two shared a small laugh.

“Well, someone is going to have to break this ice!” Rhonda said.

“OK, OK...well...how is Angie doing?”

“O, you know she is great.”

“She is so sweet.”

“Yes...she is.”

“How long have you two been friends?”

“Well, several years now. We actually went to the same college. That is how we met. So after we graduated, we stayed in touch.”

“That’s awesome.”

“Yah...so...tell me about you...” Rhonda looked deep into Ramie’s eyes.

“Well...wow...well, what you want to know...hmmm...ok...you know I moved here from DC right?”

“Yes...”

“Well, I’ve been in Chicago a few months now. Almost 6 months. It has been cool. I keep myself busy with work. I am a counselor at the Hope Center. I’m 33...hmmm...no children...um, I like to go out...um...”

“You ever been in love?”

“O...why, yes...just once.” Ramie blushed.

“What happened?”

“We parted ways...we realized that we just were not right for one another.”

“Sad.”

“Yes, well I guess it’s better to find out before it’s too late.”

“Yah...I guess.” Rhonda looked away.

“What about you? Have you been in love?”

“Yes, I have.”

“What happened?”

Rhonda cleared her throat.

“Well, she cheated on me...”

“O my God. I am sorry. I didn’t mean to pry.”

“No, really. It’s all right. I’m over it all now. I didn’t really have a choice in the matter you know?”

“Well, if you ask me, she is a damn fool!”

“I agree!” Rhonda smiled.

“So tell me about you...and don’t leave anything out.” Ramie winked.

“Ah...don’t leave anything out huh? Well, ok...I am 36, I work as an advertising Rep, and I love to go out too. I really love the movies you know...nothing like popcorn in front of the widescreen you know? I also love to dance, and hang out with my girls, shop, you name it...I like to do it! And don’t let me forget to mention I’m single and available.”

“Well, you know that’s good to know....” Ramie smiled devilishly.

“I thought you would appreciate that bit of info.”

The two smiled at each other widely.

“I’m so glad we met...you know?” Ramie said.

“O yeah? Why is that?”

“Well...ummm...I got someone to shop with now.”

“Yes, well shopping can be nice...”

The two laughed and talked for 3 hours. Neither one paying attention to the time. They shared Caribbean Chicken and fruit drinks and completed their meal with a slice of Key lime pie and two forks. After lunch, they decided to take in a Matinee at Ford City then stop off at a new shoe store that had opened down from the mall. They tried on the newest arrivals of winter boots, each one strutting her stuff in the mirrors. They shared gut busting laughs, common interests, and each sneaked peeks at the other. By late evening over dinner neither one could believe that any of this was happening.

“I had such a wondering time with you...” Ramie said.

“Ramie, I just don’t want to even go home, this is crazy!”

“Me neither. But duty calls you know. Back to the grind in the morning...”

“Yah, I wish I could take off a couple of days you know...just to hang out with you...” Rhonda took a chance to see what Ramie would say knowing full well, she could make a few calls, and be out for the rest of week.

“I was just thinking the same thing...”

“Really?”

“Yes. I mean, hell...I got some personal days I can take...do you?”

“Actually I thought you would never ask!” Rhonda laughed.

“Girl, look, what calls have be made? I just cannot see me sitting at working doodling your name on some paper watching the clock!”

“I can take care of my schedule in the morning.”

“So can I! So let’s plan the rest of this week. I want to check out some the museums Chicago is famous for. I have not been too many places since I have been here. Would you be my tour guide?”

“Any day of the week....” Rhonda felt her face flush.

******Chapter 23, Ride or Die******

Angie has just got in from hanging out and clearing her head. Even though she was so excited for Rhonda, she still had own issues to deal with when it came to Maxine. She knew deep down that Maxine was not going to just let all of this ride, even with a restraining order in tact. She had considered taking a short to stay with a friend out of town until everything blew over when she pulled up in front of her building. She stepped out of her car and walked up to the front door to grab her mail. As she grabbed a few bills out of the box and some garbage advertisements, she noticed a plain envelope with no stamp and her first name typed on the front. She flipped the envelope on the back and stared for a few seconds wondering who had slipped something in her box.

Once inside her place, she picked up the envelope and ripped it open.

Angie,

I know you just don't want to hear anything I have to say, but I have been doing some thinking. I cannot take back what happened between us but I can say that I am sorry. I'm sorry for the way I hurt you. I'm sorry for the way I humiliated you and I'm sorry I turned out to be the disappointment you think that I am. I got some problems, I admit that. Nevertheless, I am nothing without you and I just do not feel that I can go on without you in my life. I never expected any of this to happen and I regret it all. Leaving me in that jail cell put some things on my mind and I am willing to change, if you just take me back. I need someone that I can depend on and I know in my heart I can only depend on you. You have been what is constant and good in my life and I know I have fucked this all up with us but if you could just trust me one more time, I promise I won't let you down. I still love you Angie and I know that I always will.

Would you please think about it? Think about us. Our life. Our plans. I will get a job and it will be better baby. You will see. This is just some rough times right now but we can make it baby, we can make it. I love you baby.

Ride or Die

Maxine

Tears were in Angie's eyes as she read that letter. She clutched the paper tight against her chest and struggled with giving her another chance. She loved Maxine. She had always loved her and it was killing her to be alone. Angie had always believed in her heart that Maxine's problems had gotten the better of her. She knew that Maxine loved her despite all of her shortcomings. Life had dealt Maxine a rough hand and she had been struggling for months. Angie believed it was stress and always gave her the benefit of the doubt. As she began to read the letter again, a soft knocking at the door interrupted her.

"What are you doing here?"

"I just needed to make sure you got my letter...can we talk?"

"I don't think this is a good idea Maxine...you shouldn't be here."

"Please...don't be like this...I just want to talk..."

Maxine stepped forward into the door not paying attention to anything Angie had to say.

"Angie, I can't do this. I cannot be without you. Please do not make me go through this alone. I still love you, and I know you love me."

"Of course I love you Maxine. But I just can't live like this anymore."

"Don't you know that I love you?"

"If you loved me so much, then why did you do what you did? If you loved me, then why would you crank call my house? Why would you do anything of the things that you did Maxine?"

"I can' explain it. I just want you all to myself. You know how it is."

"No I don't. I've never been this way with anyone."

Maxine stepped in closer.

"Maxine look, I didn't invite you in. I really think you should leave. I appreciate your letter, but I just need some space. I need some time."

“I can’t even come in my house? What is this all about?”

“This is my house Maxine, and right now, I just cannot do this with you. Please. I do not want to fight with you tonight.”

“Angie, I came here because I needed you to know that I loved you. Why are you doing all of this to me!” Maxine’s eyes started to twitch.

“I’m not doing anything to you, you did all of this....I just cannot go back. Not right now. Please Maxine, just go.”

Maxine pushed past Angie and walked to middle of the living room. Angie let out a heavy sigh.

“I’m not going anywhere until you accept my apology!”

“Fine, I accept it. Now please, I’m tired.”

“I bet you are. Where have you been? I waited for 3 hours for you get here and read that letter.”

“I don’t have to answer to you Maxine.”

Maxine stepped up in Angie’s face and looked deep into her eyes.

“What the fuck is that supposed to mean? We are still together! The quicker you understand that, the better this will be for both of us.”

“See Maxine, this is why I cannot do this with you. You are always trying to control me. I am not your child. And you know what Maxine, before you came busting in here, I was this close to trying to make things right with you, but you have not changed. This was all a bunch of bullshit!” Angie took the letter and ripped it in half.

“What are you doing?”

“I want you out of my house, now!”

“I’m not going anywhere.....”

“Fine, I’m calling the police.”

Angie walked over to phone and Maxine quickly followed her closely. Angie could have sworn she could hear Maxine’s heavy breathing on her back as she picked up the phone.

“Put that mutha fucking phone down!” Maxine snatched the phone from Angie and yanked the cord from the wall. She pulled the cord so hard that everything on the end table came crashing down on the floor.

“O that’s it! Get the fuck out of my house now!”

“I aint going no damn where!” Maxine yelled.

Angie headed for the door, determined to get out of the house and scream for a neighbor. Before she could get back to the front the door, Maxine had her by the back of the head.

“Bring your mutha fucking ass back here bitch!” Maxine pulled Angie from the door and tossed her on the couch like a rag doll.

“Now listen here...I’m not about to play these games with your ass tonight. I did not come here for all of that. Why do you have to make me crazy like this? Why do you gotta fuck everything up!” Maxine’s voice was shaking and she climbed on top of Angie’s struggling body.

“Get off of me Maxine! Get off!”

Maxine slapped Angie’s face so hard her head flew the side.

“I’m tired of this shit! You always make me crazy! Damn you! Why do you make me crazy like this?”

“Fuck you bitch!” Angie pushed Maxine with everything she had and got from underneath her. She got up off the couch with her fist balled up at her side.

“You wanna fight Maxine? Cuz I’m not taking no more ass-whoopin’s from you...bring it on bitch!”

Maxine lunged at Angie and the two fell hard on the floor. Angie began to scream and the more she screamed the harder Maxine hit her in the face.

“I will break your fucking neck!”

They tussled on the floor kicking, screaming, and knocking everything that was not nailed down on the floor.

“I hate you Maxine! I hate you! You don’t deserve shit but whatever the hell you get!”

Maxine sucker punched Angie in the gut.

“You can’t hurt me Maxine, so hit me again...go ahead, hit me some more. It is not going to make me love you. It’s over. It’s been over. It’s no going back, to hell with you.”

Angie struggled to say every word and she slowly climbed to her feet. She caught a glimpse of her face in a mirror and was stunned that this was actually her life. Battered and bruised. Maxine got up off the floor and spit on the carpet as she looked at Angie like a mad woman.

“It aint over....” Maxine said.

“Get the fuck out.”

Maxine walked to the door and as quickly as she appeared, she was gone. Angie looked out of her window and watched a squad car pull up in front of her building. Once again, the neighbor heard commotion and called the authorities.

“Maaam. Anyone in there?”

“Yes, officer. I’m fine.”

“We got a report that there was a disturbance.”

“Not here Sir....I just got in.”

“You sure you’re alright Maam?”

“Yes, I’m fine.”

******Chapter 24, Completely Destroyed******

Angie watched the officer's leave and once they were down the street, she turned around and looked at her front room. It had been completely destroyed. She walked to the bathroom and in the medicine cabinet she pulled out some peroxide to nurse the bruise on her face. She added a small bandage to a cut on her brow, then went to the kitchen to pour herself a drink. Once back in the living room, she flopped on the couch and picked up a magazine. As she tried to read, her peripheral vision would not let her escape the events that had occurred. She tossed the magazine across the room, curled her legs up against her chest, and cried. An hour had passed as she lay still on the couch, contemplating her next move. A loud knock at the door startled her as she turned her head and wondered if it was Maxine again.

"Angie? You in there? It's me."

"Treece?"

"Yes! Open up girl!"

Angie got up off the couch then walked to the door and slowly turned the lock.

"What the hell happened?" Treece was in shock at the site of Angie's bruised face.

"O...it was just a little fight..."

"A little...what the hell is going on in here? What the hell....girl, your house is....Angie....my God!"

Angie burst into tears and fell in Treece's arms.

"She came here...she left this note...and she said she loved me...she lied, she lied to me and she hit me...she hit me so many times, why she doing this to me." Treece could barely make out what Angie was saying to her.

"Where is she at now? That fucking bitch! I'll kill her ass! I'm sick of this bullshit!"

"I don't know. She left before the cops got here."

Treece held Angie in her arms until she stopped crying. She stroked her hair and kept reassuring her that everything was going to be all right. Once Angie's cry's had subsided, Treece started to get up off the couch to get her some water.

"Where you going...don't leave..." Angie's hands were shaking.

"I'm not going anywhere. I'm here as long as you need me to be."

Angie sighed in relief.

“Treece, what made you come over here anyway?”

“Well, you know Kay kicked me out. So...um...”

“Yah, well, I’m not getting in the middle of that mess. You can hang out here for a few days....I really need the company you know...”

“At this point, I don’t think you could throw me out if you tried.” Treece said as she passed some water to Angie.

“I would like to ring Maxine’s neck. This shit has gone too damn far. Look at this mess! Broken glass everywhere, shit turned over...damn!”

“I tried to beat that bitch ass!”

“And did you?”

“I got a few licks in here and there. But you know Maxine has to be stopped.”

“What the police say?”

“Nothing. I told them the noise wasn’t coming from here.”

“What do you mean? Why didn’t you tell them that bitch was here?”

“I don’t know Treece. Trying to help her ass again, I guess. But it just doesn’t work anymore. I’m done. I wanted out, and I got out.”

“That ho will be back.”

“And I will be waiting for her ass next time.”

“You better be.”

Angie went to bed and Treece stayed downstairs straightening up the front room. It was the least she could do since Angie had decided to let her stay for a few days. She knew she had to come up with a plan to try to find herself somewhere more permanent to stay and she decided to grab a paper in the morning and just get her own crib. At least having her own apartment would solve part of her problems. As she sat down on the couch, she checked her cell phone. She had a voice mail from the Client. She debated on whether or not to call so late, but it seemed important.

“Hey what’s up?”

“Hi, I’m glad you called.”

“Is there a problem Ms. Lady?”

“We need to talk Treece.”

“What about?”

“Well, I need to see you. It’s important.”

“Sounds serious. Can it wait?”

“Umm, no.”

“I just got settled in.”

“Where are you anyway? I thought you were staying at the hotel with me?”

“I gotta find my own crib girl. I can’t be chillin in a hotel like that. I appreciate the offer though....”

“I see.”

“Look, can this wait; I’m a little worn out and I’m helping out a friend right now.”

“Treece, look...I have to tell you something and I need to explain some things to you. I would prefer that this didn’t wait, but it’s your choice.”

“Alright, look, first thing in the morning...meet me at the spot.”

“Fine.”

“Have a good night baby...whatever it is; it’s going to be alright.”

Treece hung up and wondered what has gotten the client in such a tizzy.

******Chapter 25, I would give it all up for you******

The next morning, Treece checked in on Angie, left her note, and then headed out to meet the Client. She stopped off at Starbucks for coffee and the morning paper, and then headed out to the Amber Inn. She still could not figure out what the Client was so serious about over the phone, all she knew was that whatever it was, she would handle it fast so she could find her a more permanent spot to live. When she pulled up at the hotel, the Client was already there. She saw Treece pull up so she turned off the ignition and stepped out of the car. Treece parked and watched the Client walk into one of the rooms leaving the door ajar behind her. Treece looked around the parking lot suspicious as always before she got out the car. All seemed undisturbed so she made her way to the room.

The Client was standing next to the dresser with her arms crossed with a worried look on her face.

"What's up? You look like someone died." Treece said.

"Sit down Treece."

"What is this all about?"

"Please, just sit down."

The Client's brow was glistening with perspiration. She had not slept the night before and she was having difficulty keeping any food down. She was worried about the outcome of this situation with Treece. She still had not made her mind up whether to just arrest Treece or make her see that all the evidence she had against could be thrown in the wind. Things were never simple.

"What is this all about?" Treece sat on the bed with a concerned look.

"Treece, I really don't know where to begin...."

"How about at the beginning."

"I really don't know what the beginning is anymore. All I know is that I care deeply for you."

"And I care about you too."

"You do?"

"Of course...I mean, I like to think that we have established some sort of friendship Rita."

"My name is not Rita...."

"What? Girl, quit playing. Why you got my all up in here acting all serious and shit. You just wanted to see right? Come on over here...I'm here now..."

"Treece, please listen to me...my name is not Rita..."

"OK...role playing...I can dig it...What is your name then?"

"I'm Det. Kelly Vaughn from the Chicago Police Dept."

"OOOO...I like this shit. You here to arrest me Officer?" Treece said playfully.

"Treece! Listen to me Damn it! I'm not here playing any games with you. I'm Detective Kelly Vaughn from the Chicago Police Department. Here is my badge." Kelly threw the badge across the bed at Treece. Treece picked up the badge and her eyes widened.

"What the fuck is this all about Rita or Kelly or whoever the fuck you are!"

"Treece, please listen to me...."

Treece stood up, walked to window, and peered outside.

"There is no one here and no one is coming. It's just you and me." Kelly spoke in calm, even tones as she took her gun off and laid it across the dresser. Treece watched her every move, uncertain where the moment was heading.

"Yah, you and me...what the fuck is this about?"

"Treece, like I said, I do not know where to begin. I'm sorry that it even come to this. You have to understand that I'm not out to hurt you. I really do care about you and I'm concerned about what could happen to you. If I had known that I would fall so deeply for you, this assignment would have never gone as far as it did."

"Assignment? What the fuck are you talking about *Detective?*" Treece said with a smirk.

"My assignment for the past 2 months was to track your moves and gather evidence of your money dealings and drug trafficking and distribution."

Treece gasped.

"Apparently a couple of months ago, you had sold some coke to a Congressman's wife and she over dosed. She has been a coma ever since and now is on life support. The Congressman has many connections and is gunning for whoever sold her the coke. I got assigned to the case."

"Ooooo...fuck this shit man! Fuck this shit!" Treece put her hands on head and began walking back and forth. Her head was spinning.

"Treece when I met you, I thought you were an arrogant, pompous bitch and I couldn't wait for the case to be over. My assignment was to get close to you. Be your woman even. Nevertheless, as you know, I only got so close because you were involved with Kay. At any rate, I was able to gather a substantial amount of evidence on you. I have photo's, taped conversations, your fingerprints, everything. The DA is going to have a field day with you. Basically, you are going to go down. And if this Congressman's wife dies...well Treece...that's murder."

"You mean to tell me all this fucking time...you come to me like you were a fucking client and you setting me up for the okie doke? You mutha fucking slut!" Treece could barely hear anything Kelly had to say, her mind was going a mile a minute.

"Treece...listen, I deserve whatever you may feel but I'm not done. There is more."

"More? More? What the hell else could you possibly say to make this any worse than it already is!"

"Treece, I love you."

”WHAT!”

”I love you Treece. Did you hear me...I love you.” Kelly stepped up to Treece and tried to touch her and Treece backed away.

”How the fuck...?” Treece had tears in her eyes.

”Treece please listen to me...we have spent so much time together...and I couldn’t help myself. It just happened. All the nights in this hotel making love until the sun came up, it was heaven. I just fell for you. I was even a little obsessed with you, jealous because you always went home to Kay. I was struggling with turning you in or letting this evidence magically disappear. I know you thought I was crazy at times. I had to put up a front to keep my cover. Deep down, I cared so much for you and I wanted to save you from all of this. I would be willing to risk my job, my career if you would just...”

”Just what?”

”Let me love you...God! I cannot believe what I am saying. I know you are a major womanizer. I know about all the women that you have fucked in the last two months. I know it all. I cannot believe I love someone like you Treece, but I do. It’s real. I know you hate me now...I just messed this all up...”

”I don’t hate you Kelly...I just want to slap the fuck out of you! I do not understand how you could do all these things with me for all this time. What the hell do you want me to say? You here to take me in now right? But you want me to know you love me? You want me to let *you* love me. I’ll be behind bars but as long as I got your love...what? I will be all right. Girl, this aint no damn Harlequin Romance novel! You said it yourself...I’m going down!”

Kelly was desperate.

”It doesn’t have to be this way Treece. We could go away. We could leave right now and never look back. This evidence can be destroyed. If it is, they have nothing. Before I got the case, they had nothing. I would swear my life on it. I’m the one holding the keys on this one baby. You just say the word and we can be out of the city by tonight.”

”Girl, you buggin! Then I will have a fucking warrant. I’m not living my

life on the run for no piece of pussy. Now you have spent all this time with me, you know I'm not about to go out like that."

"They have nothing on you Treece. They don't even know who the hell you are. I'm supposed to turn in my reports in a couple of days."

"They know my name."

"Nooo...they don't." Kelly was risking it all at this point. Telling Treece the entire truth was one thing. But exposing the details of her case would blow this thing sky high.

"I lied about that to the Chief. I have been protecting you Treece, all this time. The Chief thinks your name is Nena. Nena Jackson. "

Treece paced back and forth. She couldn't trust Kelly and she probably never would. Leaving out of town with her would not make any difference.

"I need to think Kelly...this is all a bit much for me to take in right now."

"This cannot wait Treece. I need to know how you feel about me."

"Basically what you telling me is that if I run away with you, you would toss this evidence. If I don't, you hand me over to rot in jail, did I understand that correctly?"

"You make it sound so harsh...."

"No, you make it sound like a fucking ultimatum. You can't make me love you Kelly. I mean damn, don't get me wrong, I have always felt something for you. Since the beginning, but you know me...I'm not no settle down type."

"Not even with me...huh?"

"Kelly, damn girl...you got me going in circles. You can't just lay this shit on me and expect to ride out in the fucking sunset with you. It aint that easy."

Treece was right and Kelly knew that. She also knew that if she did not hand in her report by Friday, they were bringing in another detective on the case. Treece would pay the price.

"Treece, I got until Friday to turn in my evidence. I stalled the Chief until then, after that someone else will be on your tail. Probably more than one person. You are going down eventually. Your options are limited. After Friday, I can't do anything for you to help you. Hell I may not even have a badge by then."

"You are risking all of this for me?"

"I love you...I want to be with you."

Treece was in shock. Most cats that go down for shit like this never see the light of day. She actually had an option of freeing herself and starting over. She could leave the game and never look back. Kelly was fine as hell too. She was a lot of fun and it wouldn't be so bad being with her. But Treece still did not trust her. Could not trust her.

"I'm all fucked up right now Girl. You know that shit right?"

"I understand. My choices are limited too Treece."

"Where are we supposed to go? Out of the country or some shit?"

"No, we stay here. Just out the area. I need to be seen in order not to raise suspicion."

Treece sighed heavily.

"Listen, let this life go. I'm sure you got enough money to survive for a while. Go on with your life and leave all this shit behind you. Behind us. Like I said, they are looking for a Nena Jackson. They have no pictures, they have nothing on you. You will be fine. Please let me do this for you."

Kelly sat on the bed and put her head in her hands. She couldn't fight the tears any longer. Treece walked over and stroked her head.

"I just want to help you Treece."

"I know..."

Kelly looked up at Treece and pleaded with her eyes as she continued to stroke her hair.

"Please let me...."

Treece pulled Kelly up close to her face and looked into her eyes.

"You can make this go away?"

"Yes...I can make it all go away Treece...all of it."

Kelly touched Treece's face and ran her finger's across her lips. She leaned in close and kissed the woman that she had adored so much. The two embraced, each wondering what the next day would bring.

******Chapter 26, Feelings that Run Deep******

Rhonda was in a deep sleep when she was awakened by the telephone in her ear.

"Good Morning Sleepy Head..."

"Good Morning Gorgeous...."

"I hope I didn't call too early...."

"Not at all...how are you doing?" Rhonda sat up in the bed and ran her fingers thru her hair.

"I will be doing much better when I see you...." Ramie smiled into the phone.

"Well, I couldn't agree more. So what's the plan for today? I'm game for anything."

"Anything? Watch what you say...."

"I know exactly what I'm saying...." Rhonda smiled as she ran her hands across her chest.

"I like the way you think Rhonda...."

"And I love the way you smell...I can still smell you in my head you know."

"OOO...don't you start with me this early in the day." Ramie was blushing like crazy.

"So, tell me you are already dressed and on your way."

"I'm already dressed and on my way."

"No. Seriously. Are you dressed?"

"Seriously. I'm in the car on the drive. I'll be there in 10 minutes."

"OMG! Well, let me get up. O, you are sooo sneaky! I'm going to get you for this! Trying to catch me off guard." Rhonda laughed into the phone.

"You better hurry up, I may be there in five minutes."

"Bye you!"

"Bye you...."

Ramie continued speeding down the outer drive as she headed for Rhonda's exit. She was so excited to see her this morning, she couldn't sleep. She had been up since seven that morning and managed to pay a few bills, make a some calls and move around some appointments for the week, all before nine am. All she wanted to do was wrap Rhonda in her arms. She didn't care about the site seeing or any of the plans they made for the week. It was all about them and their moments. Ramie feelings ran deep. She didn't have a problem admitting it to herself or to Rhonda. She parked the car in front of Rhonda's home, took a deep breath, and smiled to herself. She did not know how she got to be so lucky but she was savoring every moment. She stepped out of the car, walked up to the front door, and rang the bell. Her heart was beating a mile a minute and even though it was only a few moments, it felt like a lifetime before she saw Rhonda's face.

"Well...hello." Rhonda was standing there. Bright beautiful brown eyes,

smooth skin that looked as soft as silk, and a body that would not quit.

"Hi...."

"Well don't just stand there. Come in!"

"It is chilly today..."

"Hmmm...I know...." Rhonda heart skipped a beat. She knew she was attracted to Ramie, but today seemed different.

"I hope you didn't mind me showing up so soon..."

"Not at all. I'm glad you came early. Saves me the trouble of waiting for you and being overly anxious."

"You get that too huh?"

"God! Yes!" Rhonda smiled. "Here, let me take your coat."

"Thank you."

Rhonda stepped behind Ramie and slipped her out of her wool jacket. Ramie was wearing Perry Ellis 360 and smelling sexy as hell. Rhonda resisted the urge to kiss her on her neck.

"Make yourself at home...."

"Thank you..."

"Would you like something to drink?"

"Well. I'm alright for the moment."

Ramie looked deep into Rhonda eyes. She loved the way her eyelashes curled innocently and the way she would look at her. It was sweet, romantic and devilish all at the same time.

"God, I missed you Rhonda...."

"I missed you too...so much. I feel like I have not seen you. Silly huh?"

"We can be silly together then." Ramie smiled.

"I hope today lasts a little bit longer than yesterday."

"I hope today never ends." Ramie spoke softly as she stepped closer to Rhonda. She touched her hand first, and then trailed her fingers along Rhonda's robe. She touched her chest and her neck, and then ran her hand along the side of her face. Rhonda pulled Ramie to her and touched the soft skin on her face. Ramie kissed her hand, closed and eyes, and sighed to herself. Rhonda pulled her closer and placed her head on her chest. Ramie moaned softly as she slipped into Rhonda arms. This was right where she wanted to be.

"Ramie..."

"Yes Baby..."

"Promise me that you won't leave"

Ramie looked into Rhonda eyes and before she could form a single sound, Rhonda covered her mouth with a kiss. Ramie floated. She wrapped her arms around Rhonda's waist and pulled her as close as she could get her. Their kiss was passionate. They both longed for each other and their desire ran deep.

"I won't leave..." Ramie said.

"It's just me and you."

"Always."

Rhonda pulled Ramie tighter to her body. She could smell her hair, her skin, and her cloths. She could feel how much Ramie truly did adore her and she knew that it was the type of feeling she had not experienced with Treece. She knew Ramie wanted her and she wanted Ramie. Every piece of her body ached for this woman. Her lips were soft and her kisses were gentle. They both were in the midst of a dance. The music was a song only they could hear.

"Where have you been all this time?" Ramie asked.

"Waiting on you to come into my life."

Ramie touched Rhonda's body everywhere. She was fascinated. Turned on.

Caught up and swept off her feet.

"I need to be next to you..."

"I'm not going anywhere Ramie..."

"It's too soon for all of this." Ramie shyly pulled away.

"No, it's not too soon for us."

Rhonda took Ramie by the hand and led her to the stairs. Ramie stopped her tracks.

"Rhonda are you sure?"

"I've never been so sure about anything in my life."

Ramie took a deep breath.

"But Ramie, if you want to wait, I'm OK with that. I don't want to rush you."

"No...no...I'm not rushed."

Rhonda proceeded to walk up the stairs and Ramie followed her. Once inside the bedroom Ramie looked around. Instantly she felt safe, secure and at home.

"Are you alright?" Rhonda said.

"Yes. What about you?"

"I will be much better with you in my arms."

Ramie walked over to Rhonda and the two embraced. Rhonda kissed her neck and rubbed her hands along her back. Their lips met and they kissed each other as if they had been kissing for a lifetime. Ramie reached down and pulled her sweater over her head. Rhonda's eyes were beaming with excitement and she was instantly turned on at the site of Ramie's smooth skin. She had on a pastel pink bra and her jeans were fitted just right around her hips. Rhonda untied her robe and let it open on it's on while Ramie unzipped her boots and kicked them across the room. She quickly unhooked her belt, unzipped her jeans, and pulled them down over her hips.

"My God...Ramie..." Rhonda admired Ramie's sensuous curves. She was thick in all the right places.

Ramie looked at Rhonda's dark smooth skin under her robe. Rhonda's hard nipples and her shaven pussy turned her on.

"What is it?"

"You look...so..."

"Good?"

"Yes...but better than good."

"Great?" Ramie said jokingly.

"I had fantasized about your body...it didn't compare to seeing you like this."

Ramie stepped up to Rhonda and slipped her completely out of her robe. She kissed her chest and ran her lips across her nipples. Her hands trailed her hips and tickled her stomach. Rhonda was shaking but loving every second. She led Ramie to the bed and pulled her on top of her. Ramie did not miss a beat as she quickly straddled her legs across Rhonda's body. Their lips locked as Rhonda quickly unhooked Ramie's bra.

"God, you feel so good...mmmm"

"Rhonda...I want you so bad right now...I just want you so bad...." Ramie whispered softly.

They made love well into the afternoon. Just when one thought it was over, the other begged for more. They cried together and held each other then cried some more. They spoke of love, happiness, and feelings that would never end. They talked of their future and shared their fears. They told each other secrets and created a few of their own. They held each other tight, neither one of them wanting to let go.

"Well! I'm starving! How about you?"

"I could eat whole chicken!" Ramie laughed.

"Well, let's raid the kitchen and see what's for dinner."

"Ok...I'm going to jump in the shower first if you don't mind."

"Go right ahead. I will see what I can whip up, then I'll join you."

Rhonda grabbed her robe then went to the closet to grab Ramie something to put on.

"Here you go...this is one of my favorites."

"It's beautiful! I love the color." Ramie said as she held up the pretty pink chemise.

"I figured you would. There are some extra towels in the linen closet and there is plenty of shower jells and bubble baths, so take your pick."

"Hurry back."

"I will."

While Ramie was in the shower, Rhonda grabbed some vegetables from the fridge along with some angel hair pasta. She was already thawing out some chicken breast so she placed those in the sink. She grabbed her cutting knives and placed everything neatly on the counter. Before going back upstairs, she placed her favorite dishes on the table along with some wine glasses and two candles. 'Perfect' she said aloud.

Ramie was humming in the shower when Rhonda stepped in.

"Would you like for me to wash your back?"

"I would love it."

Ramie passed Rhonda her Loofah and smiled to herself while Rhonda enjoyed the view.

*****Chapter 27, Do not Disappoint a Fan*****

It was well into the night before Rhonda and Ramie fell asleep. They had been making love off and on throughout the evening, then made brownies together and watched part of a scary movie before finally turning in. They had been sleeping for a couple of hours before Rhonda got up around 10:00 to clean up the kitchen. She looked over at Ramie who was sleeping peacefully and stroked her hair. Rhonda smiled to herself and could not believe she had been so lucky to meet Ramie. Already she felt a connection and she vowed to herself to never let her go.

Once downstairs she gathered up all the dishes and rinsed them off for the dishwasher. She wiped down the counter tops, stove, fridge and then the kitchen table. She lightly dusted some furniture in the living room and windowed her glass coffee table and picked up the DVD's and placed them neatly back in their place. When everything was back in order, she went to bathroom and popped a Tylenol for a slight headache she felt coming on then sat on the couch and pondered about her life. She was happy. She felt revived since meeting Ramie. She had been waiting for that change. She was even thinking to herself that she might be able to forgive Treece for all the pain she had caused. For the first time, Rhonda felt at peace.

*****Later that night @ Busties*****

"You're late." Yah-Yah was standing at the door when Dana arrived. She hated when the girls were not on time but since Dana was new, she had not been completely "trained" like the others.

"Sorry about that, a little car trouble."

"Don't let it happen again."

"I won't. So am I up next?"

"No. You missed your spot. So now you have to wait a little bit. There are four girls a head of you, but this may work out because there is a bachelor party going on later. It will kick off about 1:00. Be ready for that."

"Fine."

Dana walked to the back to her locker to get her things ready. She figured that since she was doing a party she would do something special for the boys. 'I'll come out in all white' she mumbled to herself.

"O hello. I didn't know anyone was back here."

Dana turned around and stared at one the finest women she had seen in the joint. This chick was even finer than Yah-Yah.

"It's just little ol' me, no problem. I'm Dana."

"Yes, I know. I've seen you on stage. It's quite a treat."

"I didn't know I had a fan."

"Yes...I've wanted to meet you."

"Really? What took you so long...um...what is your name again?"

"Melinda. I guess I was just waiting for the right moment."

"I see." Dana said.

"So...you going on next?"

"Actually, um, no. I don't have to go on until a little after 1:00 or so. I was a little late tonight."

"For that bachelor party?"

"Yes."

"Me too."

Dana looked Melinda up and down. 'Damn, I could hit that', she thought to herself.

"O, so you were a little late too tonight?"

"Not really. I only work here like one day a week. It is all I can stomach with these nigga's. So I told Yah-Yah I would do this party because she is like 3 girls down tonight."

"I see."

"So...um, since we got a few hours...how about we blow this joint."

"What you got in mind?" Dana felt her nipples harden.

"Well, I live about 2 blocks away. How about a drink at my place?"

"I thought you would never ask..."

Dana grabbed her jacket and watched Melinda walk to her locker. All she could think about was getting in between her thighs. She thought to herself that she should not be so bad, but sometimes, you just gotta do what you gotta do. After all, *Melinda was a fan*. She didn't want to disappoint.

The two walked to the front of the club and each got a dirty look from Yah-Yah.

"Just keep walking." Melinda said.

Once outside they hopped in Melinda's car and peeled off. Melinda looked in the rearview mirror and smirked at Yah-Yah standing in the door outside the club.

"I swear, that bitch acts like she owns us."

"I know, right? I thought it was just me that was thinking that."

"Naw, that Ho got a problem."

"Maybe she needs a good tongue lashing to settle her ass down."

The two laughed together as they drove off into the night.

They arrived at Melinda's in less than seven minutes. They both got out of the car quickly and Dana followed Melinda into her building to the elevator. Patiently waiting while the elevator seemed to take forever to get the 17th floor, Melinda looked at Dana and admired her curves. She imagined how Dana would taste and she knew she would stop at nothing getting a piece of that ass.

Finally, at the 17th Floor Melinda stepped off the elevator first with Dana quickly in tow. They both almost skipped to the apartment at the end of the long corridor.

"Can I just tell you...?" Dana said.

"Shhh...Don't say anything."

"Melinda opened the door, threw her keys on the table, and kicked off her shoes. She began to unbutton her shirt to reveal a black satin push-up bra. Dana shut the door behind her, locked it, and began to take off her coat.

"Damn." she moaned.

"Ummm." Melinda was hot. She began to feel the moistness in her thong.

Dana pulled her shirt over her head and unhooked her jeans. Melinda watched as Dana's thighs jiggled with every move.

Melinda walked to her bedroom in her thong without saying a word. Dana eagerly followed her, turned on by this new trick. She liked her style. No conversation. Just get to it.

Melinda got on the bed on all fours and motioned for Dana to come to her. Dana obeyed and climbed in the bed and began to kiss Melinda's firm body. She ran her tongue across her back, down her spine and across her ass. She quickly pulled Melinda's thong to the side and ran her tongue down the crack of her ass.

"That's it baby...take that shit...mmmm..."

Dana wet her fingers and began to run them across Melinda's clit. She felt her body shiver and watched her juices form on her pussy lips. Dana took a moment to admire Melinda's body. Carmel complexion, firm, thin waist, hips that would not quit and the roundest ass anyone would ever want to see.

"Ummm..I want it all..." Melinda moaned.

Dana gently spread Melinda's ass cheeks and licked her up and down. She moved her tongue fast then slow, fast then slow. Melinda was in sheer bliss as she bounced her ass back and forth across Dana's quick tongue.

"Yes, suck that."

Dana did not miss a beat as she continued to give Melinda the tongue lashing that she was begging for. Melinda screamed in ecstasy as she exploded on Dana's flicking tongue.

"I got something for you Dana."

”What’s that?”

Melinda crawled over to her nightstand and pulled out her small bag of tricks. Dana eyes widened.

”What’s in there?” Dana asked.

”Shhhh...” Melinda covered Dana’s mouth with her’s and kissed her passionately.

”I want you on top of me...”

Dana obeyed and quickly straddled Melinda’s face. Melinda took Dana’s pulsing pussy lips in her mouth and proceeded to give her what she was anticipating. Dana’s nipples hardened and her back arched as she slipped into ecstasy. She came hard and fast and cried Melinda’s name aloud. Melinda ran her tongue across her clit and watched her from below.

”Turn around...” Melinda said.

Out of breath but still wanting more, Dana obeyed. She turned around and positioned herself right in front of Melinda’s face. Melinda spread her legs and commanded Dana to suck her. Dana obeyed and tried to focus as Melinda played with her ass with her fingers. Dana felt herself open up as Melinda slid her wet fingers inside of her ass. She plunged in deeply and watched as Dana squirmed under her complete control.

”Yes...yes...give it to me...” Dana moaned.

Melinda pulled out a short jelly vibe and licked it with her tongue first then ran it along Dana’s hot pussy then slipped it into her ass. Dana’s began to bounce her ass in sheer delight. Melinda teased her more with her tongue as she playfully licked her clit and slid the vibe in and out. Dana exploded in ecstasy and tried to sit up only to be pushed back down on all fours. Melinda continued to fuck her slow as she sucked her clit. She got off on watching Dana squirm and moan and decided to give her more. She reached over and pulled out a 10 inch dildo and wet it with her tongue.

”Can I fuck this pussy...hmmm...can I fuck this pussy Dana?”

Dana was in a zone and could only moan as Melinda slide the dildo in her pussy slowly.

"Oooo...baby...." Melinda smiled to herself as she watched Dana take it all.

"Fuck Me. Fuck me." Dana cried as she hungrily took the dildo and the jelly vide inside her.

After their midnight get-a-way, Dana and Melinda drove back to Busties to get ready for the Bachelor party. When they arrived, Yah- Yah was on stage giving the room full of men her usual opening act. She glanced down at Melinda and rolled her eyes as she watched them both smile and wave from the crowd.

Once back by the locker's they gathered their outfits for the night's performance.

"This would have been a perfect night if we didn't have to go out here." Melinda said.

"We must do it again sometime."

"Yes. We must."

Dana went out on stage first and did a masturbation scene on *'Prince's Darling Nikki'* She was at her absolute sexiest that night. The men were throwing money left and right and a few broke the rules just to touch her. She crawled across the stage and flirted endlessly with the boys as Yah-Yah watched with her arms crossed by the bar.

Around 4am when the club was winding down, Dana began to pack her things to head home. She was exhausted but easily made 500.00 that night. There was a note from Melinda in her locker with her phone number. Dana smirked to herself as she thought that this had to be the best job she ever had. Pussy and money, what could be sweeter. She got in car and locked the doors. She decided to rest her eyes before she pulled off.

When she woke up, it was 7am.

******Chapter 28, Going Down******

Treece had a hard time sleeping the night before. In her head, she had visions of herself locked behind bars for several years with no contact with her friends and family. Detective Vaughn had scared the shit out of her and Treece knew she had a small window of time to decide what she wanted to do with herself. Leave town or face jail. That was the question. She decided to confide in Angie. No matter what, she knew that she could trust her. Angie had been a good friend and Treece knew that she would be there for her. She decided to check to see if Angie was awake and let it all out.

She saw Angie's light on in the room and softly tapped on her door.

"Knock, Knock."

"Who there?" Angie giggled.

"The Boogiemán."

"Oooo...Mr. Boogiemán, please don't come into my room. Don't take my goodies Mr. Boogiemán. I'm just a helpless damsel." Angie laughed.

Treece smiled to herself. Relieved that Angie was awake.

"Good Morning." Treece peaked her head in.

"Hey come on in girlfriend...why the long face?"

"I gotta talk to someone."

"I'm all ears." Angie put down her Essence magazine and gave Treece her undivided attention.

"I'm in trouble Angie...a lot of trouble...."

"What do you mean? "

"Well, you know about my 'dealings' ...well...my um, other job...right?"

"O shit! What happened Tony Soprano?" Angie's eyebrow went up.

"I see you got jokes early in the morning. Well, anyway, this chick I been messing around with...well she is a cop and..."

"Wait a minute. What do you mean, this chick you been messing around with? I didn't know you were talking to anyone."

"Well, we kinda just fuck buddies, nothing really to tell." Angie rolled her eyes.

"Go on..." Angie said.

"Well, she is a cop and she met me by chance. Well, I guess it was her assignment so she says to run into me and get close and shit. She got all kinds of evidence on me. My prints and dealings with various clients, all that shit. She is supposed to turn me in."

"Mutha fuck Treece! Why in the hell did she target you in the first place?"

"I sold some shit to some bitch that was a Congressman's wife. Turns out, she some fucking dope head that OD'd and now she in the hospital in a coma. Damn near dead. The fucking man is out to get me cuz of it...." Treece's hands were shaking.

"Omg...Omg! I don't believe this. How in the hell could you get yourself mixed up in this shit Treece?"

"I know. I know. Trust me; I think this shit is wrap for me. I can't even do this shit anymore."

"So, there's more?"

"Well, she all in love with me and she told me she would toss the evidence if I make her mine. I know Angie...don't even say it! Please don't even say it. Cuz trust me, I'm not trying to settle down with nobody."

"That is not what I was thinking...I was thinking you must be one hell of a damn lover for this bitch to give up her damn job and risk it all for you. Shit! What you got in those jeans girl?"

Treece tried to see the humor but her smile quickly faded.

"What am I gonna do Angie? I can't go out like this?"

"Come here Boo..." Angie reached out and wrapped Treece in her arms.

"I'm gonna go down. I'm gonna go down hard for this." Treece began to cry. It was the first time Angie had ever seen her so vulnerable. Treece had always been hard. Strong mind. Strong will. The fucking hustler out of all of them. When some ill shit was happening, everyone knew to call Treece to clean it up. Nobody fucked with her and nobody crossed her. Angie hated the fact that her good friend was selling drugs. Even in the beginning when Treece was just slinging small dime bags, Angie tried to get her to let it go. Treece was caught up. She loved the game and she loved the money. The street life kept calling her and soon she rose up to be a damn drug lord. She loved the attention and the women flocked to her constantly. Treece had even talked about some of the women who didn't even use drugs would buy small bags just to get next to her. She was a charmer. She knew how to get these women to drop the cash and the panties. She had clients all over the city. Now she was a scared rabbit. Angie could not figure out if she was scared of jail or just scared of leaving the lifestyle she had come to love.

"Do you trust her Treece?"

"Yeah...well I guess...I really don't know."

"She could be lying to you...did you think about that?"

"Well, yah but Angie, don't you think if she wanted to bring me in that tough she would have been done it? She could have done it yesterday. Hell, she could have done it 2 fucking months ago!"

"I see."

"I think I'm going to go ahead and roll out though."

"Where though? You can't spend your life on the run...where are you gonna go?"

"Maybe up North or something. Out of the city...she suggested that we both lay low for a while until this shit blows over. Then she told me that they really don't even know who they hell they are looking for because she got all the proof."

"Hmp!" Angie shrugged her shoulders.

"What?"

"She is a slick one... that's what."

"I know...."

"So, you leave what, in a week or so and you miss out on a few things...you know Rhonda's birthday is coming up. This year I was planning a little party at Busties."

"Yah, well Rhonda doesn't want me there."

"I think Rhonda is going to forgive you and move on. If she already hasn't...."

"What makes you so sure?"

"She is seeing someone else now."

"Well good for her...I hope she will be happy." Treece sad coldly.

"Now, now...don't be like that. You know she can't hold a grudge for too long."

"You seem to forget that she had me by my throat not too long ago. I keep telling you just like I told Kay, she crazy! Then Kay aint going to want to see me either. I done fucked up with them both." Treece hung her head.

"A party is just what we ALL need. Look, you do what you need to do and handle this business. Don't you worry about those two, I got this. Whatever you do, you let me know where you are. You call me, text me whatever. I

don't want to be worried about you...you hear me?"

"Yah...yah..."

"Don't you 'yah, yah' me..." Angie smiled and kissed Treece on the forehead. She loved her friend dearly and would just about anything to protect her.

"Did I tell you thanks for letting me hang out here?" Treece said.

"Anytime Boo."

Treece hung on to Angie like it was last time she would ever see her.

****Chapter 29, In my House****

Maxine stepped off the 7:52am bus and walked down to Angie's block. She noticed that Treece's car was there and instantly got an attitude. ***'What is***

that trick bitch doing with my woman this early in the fucking morning? Her left eye began to twitch as she walked slowly past Angie's apartment. Paying careful attention to keep her cool she tried to see inside but the blinds were closed. She decided to walk around to back of the building so no one would see her and call the cops. Her feet moved swiftly down the walkway and along the thin trail to the back of building. Once in the back she darted her eyes back and forth to see if anyone was out taking garbage. The coast was clear so she proceeded up the back stairs to listen at Angie's door.

Angie and Treece had come downstairs in the kitchen and Angie was cooking breakfast. ***'She cooking breakfast for this bitch? In my house?'*** Maxine was beside herself but managed to keep her cool by taking deep breaths in and out of her nose. She listened attentively while Angie and Treece laughed and chatted about some of the crazy things they had been through. They talked about how they met and Angie cracked jokes about all the women Treece had bedded. Maxine moved closer to the door and squatted down low so she could hear the conversation more clearly.

Treece was telling Angie how much she would miss her and how wonderful of a woman she thought she really was. She had assured her that if she ever needed her, she would come running. ***'Yes, you come running bitch! Come running so I can cut your mutha fucking ass for pushing up on my woman!'*** Maxine's hands were shaking. It took everything in her not to bust the door down and wrap her bare hands around Treece's throat. The nerve of this Heifer being here this early in morning. She continued to breath through her nose as she listened to Angie tell Treece how she was going to inquire about a security system.

"I need something in here cuz Maxine had lost her fucking mind."

"You don't need no damn alarm. You need a fucking AK-47 for that ass! Rock-a-bye baby" Treece laughed and she pointed her finger in the air in the shape of a gun.

"Seriously Treece. She is beginning to make me nervous. This last incident was like a fucking war. I can't believe I got to fight like that in my own damn house."

"I wish I could stay with you...I would protect you."

"Yah...I'm sure Kay and Rhonda would LOVE to hear about that! We got enough problems!" Angie laughed.

"Well Baby, you do what you got to do. Call ADT and lock this mutha fucker up like fort fucking Knox. Hell, you need a damn gun in here too. Straight up. Even the dumbest nigga's stop dead in their tracks when a gun is pointed in their face!"

"I don't think it's that serious. "

Treece cocked her head and gave Angie a look like she was crazy.

"O, it's that serious!"

"O stop! Here taste this...my own special recipe." Angie walked over and gave Treece a taste of her famous omelet.

Maxine rose up and took a quick peak inside the window. ***'No you didn't! You couldn't boil a fucking egg when I met you!'***
Maxine ducked back down and pressed her ear to the door.

"Straight up baby girl...I can get you that piece. Just for some extra protection."

"Treece I don't know...let me think about it."

Maxine swung her head around when she heard the kid from next door come outside with the trash. It was too late to run so she just sat idle and hoped that the little kid did not see her and say anything.

"Ms. Maxineeeeeee..." The little boy shouted.

Maxine put her finger on her lips to quiet the squealing boy. She tried to fan him away but he was already bouncing up the back stairs.

"Ms. Maxine..what cha doingggg?"

'Got Damn it this fucking boy!'

"Hey little Eddie...you be real quiet now...I'm playing hide and seek. I can't get caught." Maxine whispered.

"OOO...OOO...can I play Ms. Maxine...Can I playyy?"

Maxine rolled her eyes. ***'Yah, you can play if you shut the fuck up!'*** Maxine mumbled under her breath.

"Yes, little Eddie...you can play...now run and hide behind the garage over there and count to 20. Can you count to 20?"

"Yesss...I can count to 20 and I know my ABC's and 1-2-3's and my Mama say's I'm a big boy, yes I can count Ms. Maxineeee!" Little Eddie was bouncing around like top, nose just running.

"Shhhh...You got to be quiet boy!" Maxine covered his mouth and pointed to back of the garage. "Now run over there and hide...don't say a word." Maxine was on edge as Eddie bounced down the stairs.

Maxine watched as the little boy ran behind the garage. When he was out of sight, she tiptoed down the back of the stairs. Nervous about being caught, she quickly ran back down the walkway then back on the sidewalk. She quickly ran down the street to the bus stop. She had seen enough. She checked her watch to see when the next bus would be coming. She had a good 5 minutes to wait and ponder what she had just witnessed.

Angie walked to the front room to turn on TV. Before her and Treece sat down, she walked to the window and looked out. She did a double take and pressed her head closer to window as she watched Maxine run down the street to the bus stop.

"Treece..."

"Yah?"

"I think I'll get that gun..."

"Alright. Bet."

******Chapter 30, A Perfect Choice******

Ramie rolled over and stretched her arm out to touch Rhonda. Realizing she wasn't there she rolled out bed and walked to the top of the stairs.

"Rhonda? Rhonda? Baby you down there?"

Thinking she was just downstairs and couldn't hear, Ramie decided to jump in the shower and get ready for another exciting day with her new love. She walked to the bathroom and discovered a note on the bathroom mirror.

***Hello Gorgeous,
I went to the store to get us something special.***

***I'll be right back.
Love, Rhonda***

Ramie smiled and started the shower. Once inside she let the warm water stream down the curves of her body. She was tired from the night before but she felt revived. No other woman had made her feel the way Rhonda did and she was loving every moment of it. Part of her was afraid to move too fast, but the other part of her longed to be with her everyday. She wasn't sure if Rhonda felt the same way but before this week was over, she was going to find out.

"Hey Lover...."

Ramie peeked from behind the shower curtain, all smiles.

"There you are...I did even know you were gone!"

"I didn't want to wake you."

"I see..."

"I got us some fresh fruit for breakfast and I'm making Memosa's...."

"Oooo...early in the morning huh? I'm game! I'll be out in a second."

"Ok."

Ramie couldn't pinpoint it, but Rhonda had looked strange this morning. Almost like she had been up all night. Ramie knew they had both had a wild night, but Rhonda was worn looking. She stepped out of the shower and figured it was just her morning look.

Once downstairs Ramie was surprised to find that Rhonda had cleaned up the entire front room and kitchen. She bought fresh flowers and placed them on the kitchen table and some more in front room. She placed elegant dishware on the table and added some crystal glasses that gave a wonderful effect. The napkins were neatly folded and there was a small red velvet box on the middle of one plate.

"What is all this?" Ramie blushed.

"It's breakfast for a Queen...."

Ramie smiled and she had to choke back a tear.

"This is so beautiful...you didn't have to do all this...I just don't know what to say."

"You don't have to say anything...."

Ramie walked up to Rhonda and wrapped her arms around her and held on tight. Rhonda could feel her exhale.

"Can I open it now?"

"Sure..."

Ramie picked up the small box and carefully took the ribbon off. She smiled at how neatly Rhonda had took the time to wrap it. When she pulled the top back her eyes lit up instantly.

"Baby... they are beautiful!"

"Not as beautiful as you...but they'll do."

"O...you! Can you put them on?"

"Sure...here let me..."

Rhonda carefully picked up one the shinny white gold hoops and slowly place it in Ramie's ear. Each hoop had a 1/2ca diamond in the center. They sparkled in the early morning light coming through the windows. Rhonda knew she had made a perfect choice as she carefully put in the other earring.

"There...they are beautiful on you."

Ramie ran to the bathroom and looked in the mirror.

"O God, I love them! I just love them Rhonda!"

Rhonda stepped up behind Ramie in the bathroom and wrapped her arms around her waist and smiled.

"Only the best for my Love...only the best."

Ramie turned around and touched Rhonda's face. Their lips found each other quickly, passionately. Breakfast would have to wait as the two walked from the bathroom and slid down to the floor. Ramie had her answer.

Meanwhile back at Angie's, Treece called Kelly and asked her to meet her at their usual spot. The Amber Inn, that's where it always went down. She had made her choice. Angie watched nervously as she made the call.

"Are you coming back today?" Angie said.

"Yes, and I'll bring that piece with me. So you make sure you lock all doors."

"I will."

"Call ADT too while I'm out and get an estimate. Tell them you need them to come out here ASAP, alright?"

"I will. Listen, don't you worry about me. You handle this mess. Call me if you need me...."

Treece hugged her friend and jumped in the car and speeded off. She was about to find out if Kelly was a woman of her word, or if this was just some ploy. Her hands were wet with sweat on the steering wheel and she kept telling herself over and over... *I'll beat this shit!* When she pulled into the Amber Inn, Kelly was already sitting in car waiting. When she saw Treece pull up, she walked inside and left the room door ajar. One thing that Treece knew about Kelly, she never changed. Treece had to find out for herself if that was a good thing or a bad thing.

"What's up." Treece said as she walked into the room looking around.

"Morning." Kelly was dressed in a all black suit with a purple blouse. She unhooked her jacket and took off her gun and badge and laid them on the dresser.

"How you doing Treece?"

"I could do better. But let's skip the small talk."

"OK...then...have you made you decision?"

"Has any of the terms changed? I mean Kelly, how am I supposed to know this is all true? How am I supposed to know that you are telling me the truth?"

"I have no reason to lie to you anymore...I have the evidence right here." Kelly reached under the bed and pulled out a black suitcase with all of Treece's files. She popped it open and pulled out Treece's picture's, and photo's of drug deals that she had done. She laid the tapes on the bed along with a small recording device; then she laid out bag's of coke that she had purchased but never used. Treece picked up the photo's and recalled all the incidence's with the various clients in the pictures. She was still in shock and seeing it right in front of her made her head spin.

"Damnit...Kelly..."

"I do have some news for you."

"If it's bad, I don't want ot know alright."

"Not at all. This is actually good. The Congressman's wife is out of the coma, they expect her to make a full recovery."

"Goody for her ass. Fucking dope fiend bitch!"

"No, goody for you Treece because you won't go down for murder. You need to stop with the tough girl act. This is serious."

"Yah, yah. well I guess that is good to hear...so what's next?"

"Well, if you decide to lay low...all this disappears. Just like I agreed. I will take a leave of absense from the department until this dies down. It may die down quicker than we thought since the woman is better. The Congressman will be off the Chief's ass, and the Chief will be off everyone else's. This doesn't mean that they won't stop trying to find out where this came from, it just means that when I turn in my badge, they won't have the whole department gunning for you. We can hang up North for a little while. I got a place in Hoffman Estates. Two bedroom Condo. You agree to let all this shit go, keep your money, get a real job and change your life. It's that simple."

"Fine."

"So, your are fine with all of this...?" Kelly felt her heart skip a beat.

"I want to be there when you get rid of this shit. I want it burned."

"Fine. No problem. We can actually take care of it up in Hoffman."

Kelly reached out to Treece to rub her back. She breathed a sigh of relief.

"I do love you Treece."

"I know Kelly. I know...."

Treece put her head in her hands as Kelly moved closer.

"It's going to work out you just wait and see." Kelly said and she continued to stroke Treece's back.

"So, when do we leave?"

"You can leave tonight. I need a couple of days to tie up loose ends at the department. Is that OK?"

"Do what you gotta do Kel..."

Kelly embraced Treece and to her surprise Treece did not pull away. It felt good to hold her and ease her mind about all the madness. Treece felt slightly better as she buried her head in Kelly's chest.

"I don't want to leave you right now..." Kelly said.

"What's making you go?"

"Nothing...."

"Well then take off your shoes and relax a while...."

Treece gave Kelly a half smile as she took off her own shoes. Kelly knew what that look meant and for the first time since they met, she knew that today was the day. She knew that this was the moment she could freely give herself to Treece and not have any lies hanging over her head. Treece had finally knew the truth and she was free to love her with her whole heart. Kelly was not sure if Treece would ever feel the love that Kelly had felt all these months, but she knew that Treece did feel *something*. Right now that was enough.

She unbuttoned her blouse quickly as Treece pushed her back on the bed. She was aggressive, domineering, ready to take full control. She unzipped her dress pants and pulled them down over Kelly knees. Kelly didn't resist.

as she pushed her hips up so the pants would slide off easily. Treece spread her legs and kissed her thighs hungrily. Kelly's scent turned her on as she ran her tongue across her already wet thong. Kelly leaned back deep in the folds of sheets and pinched her nipples. Treece licked her everywhere. Her kisses were passionate and sensual as she trailed her lips along Kelly's smooth body. She paid careful attention as she licked and kissed her everywhere, sometimes going back up and starting again. Kelly's soft moans turned Treece on. She liked the fact that Kelly was totally submissive, her slave and subject. Her fingers trailed her body quickly with just enough roughness on Kelly's weak spots.

Ripping off the thong, unable to wait, Treece wrapped her lips around Kelly's love zone. Kelly begged and bucked as Treece's tongue darted in and out of her pussy. She screamed her name when Treece slipped her finger's inside, spreaded her open. Kelly's love spilled on the sheets in a mix heat and desire. She grabbed Treece's hair and pleaded for the moment to never end. Her climax exploded like a bomb on the fourth of July as she sank deep in the sheets. Treece came too at the sight of Kelly's love. She moved her way up and straddled herself across Kelly flicking tongue. Treece held on tight to the bed rails as her body shook and rocked. Up and down, up and down she bounced her hips across Kelly's hungry tongue.

"Fuck me....ssss....Fuck me....God...fuck me!" Treece cried, holding on for her dear life.

******Chapter 31, Forgive and Forget******

After Treece left that morning, Angie made calls to ADT like she promised and scheduled a consultant to stop by within the following day. She felt secure already. However, against her better judgment, she was getting that gun. She couldn't believe that she saw Maxine lurking around this morning. What the hell was doing anyway? And how long had she been on her street? Angie knew she didn't spend the night with anyone because she had no friends in the neighborhood. Whatever fueled Maxine to continue on this ridiculous stalker routine, Angie had enough. It was time she protected herself.

After cleaning up the kitchen, she decided to make the calls for Rhonda's birthday. The first person on her list was Kay-Kay. She never missed a party, but Angie had a feeling that this was going to be harder to plan than previous years.

"Hey Girl, how you doing?" Angie's smile could be heard through the phone.

"Hey you! I'm hanging in there. What's up?"

"Well, you know...Rhonda's birthday is coming up...I wanted to plan a night out at Busties. What you think?"

"Sounds cool. But umm, you know damn well Rhonda don't want to be bothered with me."

"Don't say that. She was just mad. I think that all this has blown over."

"How you figure?" Kay's eyebrow went up.

"She all caught up with this new woman Ramie. She is not thinking about the past I'm sure."

"Well good for her."

"You guys need to move on...all of you. Including Treece."

"I'm sure she has already moved on." Kay snapped.

"Kay look, we all gotta be there for each other. We were friends before. I don't see why we cannot try to work this out. Life is too short you know."

"I hear you Angie. I will think about it."

"Promise?"

"Yes. When is this little party anyway?"

"Next weekend. They are doing a special Ladies night on Friday. Bringing in some dancers from DC I hear."

“Sounds like fun.” Kay said dryly.

“Well, look you think about it OK. It would mean the world to me if you came.”

“Alright, I’ll talk to you soon.”

Kay hung up the phone and wondered to herself how she was going to get through the night with Treece all in her face. She was defiantly not ready to deal with seeing her no time soon. Rhonda either for that matter.

Angie checked off Kay from her mental list and decided to give Ramie a call on her cell. She knew that Ramie would probably be with Rhonda but all she needed was a few seconds to tell her the plans and confirm her attendance. When she dialed Ramie’s number, she got a voice mail so she left a message and told her to give her call. Angie finished the friends list and touched bases with six other friends that they all knew. Smiling to herself, she knew that this was going to be a great night for Rhonda. Just what she needed, a new woman and good friends.

Later on that afternoon, Treece returned with good news. Even though she did decide to leave the city for a while, she felt a positive vibe about Kelly. She was smiling.

“We’re going to be in Hoffman Estates.”

“That’s not too far...I can come visit.”

“You better.”

“Try and stop me.” Angie smiled.

“So did you call ADT?”

“Yes. They will be out tomorrow to look at the windows and doors and give me an estimate.”

“Good. Well, I got something for you.” Treece grabbed her duffel bag and pulled out a small handgun wrapped in a towel. It was a silver .22 with a pearl handle.

“I never thought I would see the day when a gun would be in my house.”

“I never thought I’d see the day when you would have a fucking nutcase stalking you. As you can see, the day has arrived.”

“Shut up Treece. You so damn silly!”

“Honey, let me tell you...this is only a .22, alright. It aint like you can blow this bitch head off but you stop her in her tracks. You feel me?”

“Yah...I got it.”

Treece put the gun in Angie's hand and watched her study it closely. If she had her way, she would slice Maxine's throat herself.

******Chapter 32, It's Not Over******

It had been two weeks since Maxine paid Angie a visit. Far too long in Maxine's eyes. This day she was bound and determined to speak to her and settle their differences. Maxine had given her all the space she needed, now was time to let the past be and move on with their lives, *together*. It was early Friday morning. The sun was bright and the leaves on the ground blew softly across the yards in Hyde Park. Maxine thought to herself how pretty they were. She missed waking up every morning to the peace and

quiet. She had missed Angie. These last few weeks away had taken their toll. Sleeping at her cousin Cassandra's had been a total drag. Maxine felt like she was living with her mother. Her and Cassandra were always fighting and Maxine knew that her cousin would never understand the love she felt for Angie. *No one did.* It didn't matter though. Maxine was home. She had taken a cab over and once in front of Angie's house the driver helped her with her bags in the trunk. Maxine inhaled the crisp morning air and smiled to herself. Thanking the driver, she picked her two suitcases and walked to the front door.

Angie heard knocking at the door so she rolled out of bed, grabbed her robe, then quickly ran the down the stairs. When she looked out the peephole, she couldn't believe it was Maxine. She blinked her eyes a couple of times to focus then she walked to the kitchen calmly and grabbed a small metal box from the drawer. She reached for her keys on the wall and unlocked the box revealing the small handgun inside. Maxine knocked again, this time a little louder then called her name. Angie ignored her while she checked the gun meticulously. Bullets in place. Safety. Hand perfectly positioned. Finger on the trigger. She was ready.

Angie walked back to the front door and looked out the peephole without saying a word. Maxine called her name as she knocked again, harder this time.

"I know you in there. I see the car." Maxine said as she looked down the street at Angie's burgundy Camry.

"What do you want Maxine!"

"I'm home baby...let me in." Maxine said smiling.

"Go back to where the hell you came from Maxine. You know you don't live here."

"Baby please...it's early, I came just in time for breakfast. What we having today? Omelet's? Pancakes?"

"Go away Maxine. I will call the police."

"Baby...you not gon' call no po-po's, so quit playing. Now we have had our differences, but it's over now. I miss you baby. I got my bags and everything. Come on open the door." Maxine's eyes darted back and forth and she reached down and tried to turn the door knob. She jiggled it hard and fast.

"Step away from my door Maxine. It's not happening today."

Angie's hands began to sweat as she watched the door knob move back and forth. Maxine had too much nerve for her own good but today, if she had too, Angie was going to end this.

“Please baby...I don’t want to fight....I didn’t come here for all of that. I want us to start over. To talk, you know? Please Angie.” Maxine didn’t hear a sound. She knocked a couple of times and still, there was no answer. Determined not to give up she decided to walk around to the back to see if Angie was in the kitchen. She left her bags in front and proceeded to walk down the narrow trail to back of the building. She caught a glimpse of a neighbor leaving for work and waved. The man looked right at her and rolled his eyes. She smiled like she belonged and walked up the back steps. Angie was no where to be seen but Maxine knocked anyway. Inside, Angie cocked her head and sighed in disgust. She decided that she would not speak another word. What else needed to be said? Angie knew that if Maxine got in the house, she was going to shoot her. It was just as simple as that. She was within her rights. It would end as quickly as it began.

Maxine peered inside the window for any sign of movement. When there was none she calmly walked back to the front of the house to the front door. She tried to see inside the front window but couldn’t. She knocked again and called Angie’s name, no answer. She picked up a small rock and tossed it at the window, no response. She sat idle and waited for Angie to walk out, she never came. Two hours had passed and Maxine had caught a chill. Her knuckles were a slight red from knocking on the heavy door. Her lips were cracked and her feet were like icesicles. She picked up her suitcases and walked down to the end of the street to the bus stop. A tear fell from her right eye and stained her cheek, but it wasn’t over. *‘It’s not over until I say it is.’*

Angie looked outside the front window and once again watched as Maxine walked down the street. She waited for the bus to come and watched as Maxine got on. When the bus pulled off, Angie put the gun back in the metal box, locked it and placed it carefully back in the drawer. She made a pot of fresh coffee then went back upstairs to find something to wear for Rhonda’s birthday party that night.

******Chapter 33, The Plans are in Place******

At the last minute, Kay-Kay made up her mind to go the Rhonda's birthday party. In her heart, she had hoped that she would forgive her for the relationship with Treece. Angie was right, they all needed to move on. Rhonda was happy now in her new relationship and Kay was almost certain that she was not holding a grudge. Kay had even forgiven Treece and in her heart, she wished her well. Tonight was about friendship and forgiveness. It was about all of them picking up the pieces and starting over. Kay knew that. She wanted to celebrate, get her dance on and check out all the sexy ladies on stage. Nothing else even matterd at this point.

Kay decided she would wear her favorite brown skirt with a matching sweater, and brown boots. She pulled her hair back off her face and smoothed it just so, added some jel and secured it in a tight bun. Her make-

up was natural and she accented her look with long dangling earrings and a matching bracelet. She stood back in the mirror and looked at herself up and down. *Perfect*. She smiled in the mirror and watched her eyes light up.

Meanwhile back at Rhonda's, Ramie was busy in the downstairs bathroom wrapping a gift. She had went out the night before and picked up a ½ ca. bracelet. She opened up the box and looked at the piece one more time before she placed it on the paper. *Beautiful*. Ramie's feelings had grown even more intense. They had been spending all their nights together, falling asleep in each arms then rushing off to work the next day. This was Ramie's life, and she loved it. She was so happy and Rhonda had fulfilled every desire that she had. There love was like no other. Ramie thought to herself the bracelet was not enough so she peeked her head outside the bathroom door and since the coast was clear, she made arrangements at the Rockafellor Plaza Hotel. She reserved the Honeymoon Suite for Saturday and Sunday, then arranged for a limo to pick them up and escort them to and from the Hotel. The last call she made was to Angie. Keeping Rhonda's party on the hush had been a task for all involved. Angie was doing a wonderful job with the planning but they all were busting at the seams to spill the news. Ramie confirmed that she would be at Busties by 10:00 and that Rhonda would be there no later than 10:30. She assured Angie that Rhonda still did not suspect a thing, tied up a few loose ends and hung up. After all the plans were in place, she put a small bow on the box and tip toed out the bathroom. She heard Rhonda in the shower so she went upstairs to put the box in her handbag for safe keeping. She then laid her red suit out on the bed and ran her fingers across the fine thread. *Tonight was going to be perfect*.

"Hey Baby...what you doing?" Rhonda said standing there in her towel.

"Oo! You scared me girl!" Ramie laughed.

"Mmmhmm...I know you doing something."

"No, no, no baby...just getting my cloths together for tonight."

"Yah, OK. I hope you not planning no wild party or nothing. I just want to be with you." Rhonda blushed.

"Baby, I'm not planning anything. You are one that has the plans."

"Yes, well I just have to stop by my mom's. She said she had something for me and I know she will have me there chatting it up for a few hours." Rhonda said as she put her arms around Ramie's waist giving it a tight squeeze.

"I understand. Just don't be too long, ok Boo?"

"I will be there by 10:30 for sure...promise." Rhonda winked.

“OK. Well you better get dressed....” Ramie looked deep into Rhonda eyes.

“Yes, I better.”

****9:00pm Friday Night****

Treece and Kelly were on their way out the door. Treece had to step back and look at herself twice in the mirror.

“Damn, I’m fine!”

“I swear, you head just swells by the week!” Kelly laughed.

“But you gotta admit, I’m fine. Aint I Boo?” Treece ran her hands across her new black suit. Turning her body around looking at her backside in the mirror.

“Yes...Baby...you’re fine.” Kelly said rolling her eyes. Treece did look good in black, Kelly had to admit it to herself.

“Baby, you sure you want to go tonight? We can still cancel.”

“Naw. We going. I want to see Angie and the rest of the crew. If Rhonda and Kay want to act a fool, I’ll just walk away.”

“Okayyy....” Kelly said with a concerned look.

“Besides, this give me the chance to show off my Lady. “

“Yah, you better let be known. I don’t want to have to start no stuff with you tonight.”

“Whatever.” Treece waved her hand.

“So Baby, how do I look?”

“Like a million fucking bucks girl! Damn! You make me wanna lay you down and sop you up with biscuit!” Treece said, sounding like she was from the deep south.

“You play too much!” Kelly smiled.

“Naw, straight up Boo. I’m lucky. I’m the luckiest woman in the world.” Treece kissed Kelly softly on her cheek.

“Ummm, that’s more like it.”

“After you....” Treece held out her arm as Kelly walked out the door.

******Chapter 34, Face to Face******

Ladies night at Busties. One of the hottest nights of week, every week. The woman were fierce as usual. Dressed to impress or dressed to score, it was anybody's guess. Drinks were half price, lap dance's were free, and the exotic dancer's were in full effect. It was a decent money maker night for the club. Yah-Yah always added her special touch. Each week a different theme kept the ladies coming back for more. Tonight's theme was The Cat Walk. The dancer's showed up early in their best costumes. It was everything from belly dancer's, nurses, french maids and even sexy studs in

uniform. Ladies night was a signature event and every woman on the south side was out it seemed.

Angie arrived shortly after 9:30. Yah-Yah had already reserved 3 tables for Rhonda's party. All Angie had to do was tape some streamer's along the edges of the tables and blow up a few balloons. She made sure everything was just right as she positioned the chairs in front of the stage. They had a perfect view and Yah Yah made sure they would damn near be able to touch the ladies on stage. When all the small details were taken care of, Angie took a breather in the bathroom. She touched up her make up and made sure her hair was still in place. She made sure to check her gun in the bathroom as well. She decided at the last minute to bring it, just in case.

A few minutes before 10:00 Kay-Kay arrives looking like she just stepped out of a magazine. Angies face lite up as she embraced one of her closest friends.

"Looking good girl!" Angie gushed.

"Well, you know...I do try."

"I'm loving this new thing your doing with your hair!"

"Yah, well, if I get lucky, I don't have to worry about fucking it up."

"OK!"

The two friends shared a few laughs and started ordering drinks from the bar. Shortly after 10:00 four more friends had arrived. Mostly Rhonda's co-worker's and another friend from college. Kay-Kay was checking out the scene and giving everyone the once over. It has been weeks since she had been out and she was determined ot have one hell of good time tonight.

"So girl...you doing alright, you know with that whole Maxine thing?" Kay asked.

"Girl, I'm alright. Just as long as that bitch know I will blow her fucking knee cap off, we'll be alright!" Angie was screaming in Kay's ear over the music.

"It's good to know you can joke about it!"

"Who said I was joking?" Angie ran her finger's across her handbag feeling the solid piece.

"Yeah, OK Charlie's Angel. I'm gonna run to the bathroom and check my make-up!"

"I'll come with you."

Angie and Kay got up and excused themselves while Rhonda's co-workers chatted about a little joke they were going to play on her tonight. When they got to the bathroom, they ran into a couple of dancer's.

“Have Mercy Lord, these women be fine up in here!” Angie said while twirling her neck.

“Talk about a booty call!” Kay smiled devilishly as she touched up the make-up around her eyes.

Back up front Yah Yah was counting in the money and separating the bigger bills when Maxine stepped up.

“How much?” Maxine said.

“Ten for tonight Sweetness.”

“Alright....” Maxine handed her a twenty and waited for her change.

“So, you here for the party?”

“What party?”

“Over there. Some chick name Rhonda irthday tonight.”

“Nope. Just checking out the scene.” Maxine smiled and took her change. She walked through the door and scanned the room. No one looked familiar so decided to grab a seat in the back.

Ramie arrived at 10:30 with Rhonda’s cake. She was praying that Rhonda was not already there. Her eyes darted back and forth across the smoked filled room. She saw the balloons up front so headed in that direction. Angie and Kay were coming out the bathroom right when Ramie got to the table.

“Hey! Sorry I was running late.” Ramie reached out and hugged Angie.

“Girl, it’s cool, she not here yet.”

“Oh good!”

“Ramie, this is Kay. I didn’t know you two got the chance to meet yet...”

“Hi, yes I remember you. Good to see you again. Thanks for coming.”

Ramie’s smile was warm and welcoming. She felt good to be meeting some of Rhonda’s closest friends.

“And over here we have, Shelly, Stacy, Brooke and Ciara.”

“Hello everyone.” Ramie shook their hands.

“So, where is our little birthday girl?” Kay interjected.

“She’ll be here. She had to stop at her mom’s. You know how that is.” Ramie said.

“O God, have you met Rhonda’s Mom yet? Honey, she is a hoot! Will talk your ear off and have you busting your side!” Angie said.

“I heard about her. But I have not had the chance to meet her yet.” Ramie said.

“Well Honey just wait! She is cool as hell.” Kay said.

“So, um, Ramie...tell us the scoop girl!”

“About?”

“Girl, quit playing! I want to know what’s up with you and my girl!”

Angie was busting at the seams to find out the latest.

“O, well, we are doing good.” Ramie was blushing.

“Details! Details!” Angie said.

“Yes...tell us the details....” Kay placed her elbows on the table smiling.

“Well, you know we have been spending quite a bit of time together. I’m so glad we met you know. She is really special.”

“Aww!” Angie and Kay were in unison while they clapped their hands. Ramie was blushing so much she had to get up from the table and get a drink.

“See, I told you she fine girl! Just fine!” Angie snapped her fingers in a ‘Z’ formation.

“Yah, she is a looker alright.” Kay said as she watched Ramie at the bar.

“Uh-Uh, OK, here we go. Now *don’t* panic.” Angie watched as Treece came in with Kelly.

“What girl? What?”

“There go Treece.” Angie flagged them over to the table.

Kay had to catch herself. It was one thing getting over everything that Treece had done. It was another thing to see her with another woman.

“Who is the Hoochie this time.”

“Girl, some Detective.” Angie whispered.

“Detective? What the hell is she doing with a Detective? Her damn drug dealer ass!” Kay rolled her eyes. She wondered to herself if Treece was still dealing. Treece had always tried to shield the truth from Kay, but just like with everything else, Kay found the truth.

“Girl...shhh...I’ll tell you about it later. Just be cool. Be cool.” Angie was tapping Kay under the table.

“Hey!” Angie said. Kay looked at her and wondered why her voice changed suddenly to *Valley Girl*.

“What’s up Peoples!” Treece grabbed Angie and hugged her tight.

“Girl, you know you look good tonight. Sit down. Sit on down now!” Angie sounded like somebody’s grandmother this time.

“How you doing Kay....?” Treece said.

“Hello.” Kay said. She was keeping all conversations short and sweet.

“Um, everybody, this is Kelly.” Treece put her arm around Kelly and adjusted her collar.”

“It’s so good to meet you.” Angie was beaming.

“Hello.” Kay said. Short and sweet.

“So um, baby you want something from the bar?” Treece whispered to Kelly.

“Make it strong.”

“Be right back.” Treece got up and scanned the room. She did a double take toward the back because she thought she had seen Maxine. When she looked again, she realized she was wrong.

Back up front, Yah-Yah notices that Dana has not arrived. *‘Just like this hefer to be late when we got a full house!’* She walked to the back and asked a few of the dancer’s if they saw Dana and everyone said no. Before she walks back up front Melinda comes out the bathroom wrapped in a towel.

“Have you seen Dana tonight?” Yah-Yah voice was stern.

“No, do I look like her keeper?”

“Look I just asked since you two are so *close*...” Yah-Yah smirked. Sheena was in the corner rubbing oil on her legs when she heard that little comment.

“I’m not Dana’s keeper alright. Don’t you got her damn number?”

“Whatever Melinda. Don’t get pissy.”

Yah-Yah walked from the back and went up to the bar to have one of the bartender’s call Dana’s cell.

“Let me know if that Ho picks up!”

Melinda unwrapped her towel and slipped on a black thong. She looked in her purse and grabbed her cell then dialed Dana’s number. There was no answer, so she just left a message.

“So what was that all about?” Sheena asked.

“Excuse me?” Melinda’s eyebrow was raised.

“What the hell was Yah-Yah talking about with Dana?”

“Shit. I don’t know. You know how she is, always frantic and shit.”

“Yah, but she asked you directly. I didn’t know you and Dana were tight like that.” Sheena arms were crossed.

“I didn’t know I was supposed to report to your bitch ass either. Now get the fuck out of my face.” Melinda put her hand up.

“Watch it Ho!”

“No! You watch it! Bitch!” Melinda stood up.

“LADIES! LADIES! What ya’ll about to get into it about Dana for? She done fucked a few people in here. Not just ya’ll.” One of the dancer’s said.

“I just don’t need this bitch in my face asking me a bunch of fucking questions!” Melinda’s neck was going back and forth.

“Whatever bitch!”

“Yah, whatever!”

Eleven fifteen arrives and still no sign of Rhonda. Ramie is now concerned. She figured that Rhonda would be a little late, but not this late. She goes outside and dials her cell. The voicemail picks up so she leaves a short message, then calls the house. Still no answer. Just to make sure, she calls her house to see if Rhonda was there. They had exchanged keys and Rhonda may have stopped by for something since her mother lived up north as well. She didn’t get a answer. She clutched her purse and looked around the parking lot and down the street.

“Hey...anything?” Angie said coming outside.

“Nothing. I hope nothing is wrong.”

“I’m sure she is fine. I’m telling you, she still at her mother’s house.”

“Do you have that number?”

“Yah. But not on me. I got my club purse girl. Don’t worry. She’ll be here.” Angie put her arm around Ramie and walked her back inside. Once Ramie was comfortable, Angie went to bathroom for some tissue. She stopped in her tracks when she saw Maxine standing at the mirror. Before she could turn around to walk out, Maxine had already caught a glimps of her. They were alone.

“Baby....Hey! What you doing here?” Maxine said smiling wide.

“It’s a free country.”

“Well, yes it is. I see there is party tonight. If memory serves me correct, it’s Rhonda’s birthday.”

“Yep.” Angie rolled her eyes as she walked in the stall.

“And I wasn’t invited? Now why is that?” Maxine’s arms were crossed.

“Save it Maxine.” Angie felt her brow start to sweat. She had left her purse at the table.

“Baby...why didn’t you let me in? How could you do that to me? It was so cold that day too. You act as if you don’t even care.”

“Because I don’t.”

“That a lie!” Maxine snapped and moved closer.

“Look Maxine...I’m only gonna say this shit once, if you come any closer to me, I’m going to break your fucking neck! You hear me?”

“Ha!” Maxine laughed.

“Fucking lunatic bitch!” Angie walked out of the bathroom. She was fuming now. She could deal with the tension between her friends for the night, but Maxine was a whole different story. When she got back to the table, she could not hide her frustration.

“What wrong Ma?” Treece asked.

“Maxine is here!” Angie put her head in her hands.

“Did that Ho say anything to you? Where the fuck she at?” Treece stood up and Kelly pulled her back in her seat.

“Baby please...not tonight” Kelly voice was calm.

“Man, this fucking slut! She better not start no shit tonight I swear I’ll choke that fucking ho!”

Kay-Kay stared at Treece and watched her snap. The one thing that would never change about Treece is that she will always have her friends back. No matter what.

Maxine walked out the bathroom and everyone looked in her direction. Treece put her hand in air in the shape of gun and moved her lips. *‘Rock-a-bye bitch’*. Maxine stuck up her middle finger and and blew a kiss at Angie.

“This is so fucking ridiculous!” Kelly was amazed at the display going on at the table.

“That is a mutha fucking Monster. She need to be put out her fucking misery, b ut I aint trying to mess up my suit.” Treece said.

****Chapter 35, Revelations****

It was after midnight and the show was beginning to start. Yah-Yah was on stage giving her intro of all the ladies that were performing the night’s *Cat*

Walk. Dana had finally arrived and had managed to slip in the back door with the help of Melinda.

“Girl, you know Yah-Yah was hot!”

“She’ll be alright.” Dana was in daze.

“Girl, you alright? Where were you? I called you and left a message.”

“I’ve been nursing this headache. I’ll be alright though.”

“Here let me rub your timplies....”

“No time. I need to get ready. Maybe a little later?”

“Only if you promise to come to my place tonight....”

“If you setting that ass out like you did before, I will most def be there!”

Dana cracked a smile as she began to dig in her bag for tylenol. She found her bottle, popped two pills, and took a quick drink from her bottled water. She had a good 15 minutes to get ready so she wasted no time pulling off her jeans and sweater. She laid out the new outfit she had bought from Victoria’s Secret. All black, thong, garter belt, stocking’s with the seam up the back of the leg, a push up bra, lace choker and patent leather stilleto’s, 3 inches.

“Damn!” Melinda was instantly turned on.

“She said dress for the *Catwalk* didn’t she?”

“Go head girl, go head!”

Back up front Ramie was on her fourth drink. She knew that something was wrong. She didn’t care what anyone said. She could feel it. It was not like Rhonda to stand her up. It most certainly was not like her to call.

“I’m giving her until one o’clock. If she is not here, I’m going to look for her.” Ramie’s voice was shaking.

“I’ll go with you....”

“Shit! Damn girl aint even here for her own shit? I bet she didn’t come because she knew I was coming.” Treece said as she threw back her fifth shot of Hennessey.

“She didn’t know she was having a party Treece.” Angie said.

“Aw! My bad.” Treece was getting dizzy.

Yah-Yah was back on stage announcing the next set of dancer’s. The club was standing room only by 12:45am. Each dancer came out one by one and the ladies were eager to give them dollars. Some patrons were more eager than others and had to be escorted off the stage. The air was thick with the scent of women and the music was jumping. Kay-Kay had almost forgot that everyone was looking for Rhonda. Her eyes were intense and her nipples were hard.

“I just want to do something nasty tonight!”

“Don’t we all!” Angie said, licking her lips. Carefully keeping her eye on Maxine.

When the music changed the crowd became wilder. The bass was thumping and Kelly got up to give Treece a lap dance.

Melinda walked out on stage first. Her hips were moving along with the beat as she touched herself and blew kisses to the ladies. She slide her body down in a split and pumped her ass across the floor. Dollars were flying as she spread her legs exposing her clean shaven body. When Dana walked out she walked directly to the pole and swung her body around seductively. The Ladies went crazy at the sight of all her smooth skin and thick body.

“Sweet Jesus....”Kay-Kay saw her first.

“What the fuck is going on?” Treece stood up.

“Baby...no...no...!” Ramie stood up and held on to Kelly’s arm.

“Rhonda!” Angie screamed.

Ramie walked to the stage in total disbelief. Was it all just a sick joke? Could this even be happening?

“Rhonda?” Tears streamed from her eyes as she watched Rhonda move all across the stage. She looked as if she was in a daze and she paid no attention to Ramie standing on the side.

Angie walked up screaming Rhonda’s name, embarrassed by the way she was shaking her hips in front of the hungry crowd.

“Rhonda! Rhonda, what the fuck are you doing! Rhonda!”

Maxine watched the scene and began to laugh. To add even more disgust to the scene she walked up to the stage and placed a twenty dollar bill in Rhonda’s thong and smacked her on the ass.

“Now *that’s* entertainment!” She yelled across the room. Kelly held Treece back and begged her not to cause any more pain than what had already been displayed.

“We have to concentrate on Rhonda Treece. Something is really wrong...please, forget about Maxine!” Kelly pleaded.

“Damn it! What the hell! Somebody get her down from there!” Treece yelled over the music.

“Rhonda...Rhonda...what are you doing baby....Rhonda....” Ramie choked out every word as she clutched her stomach in horror.

Yah-Yah noticed a commotion up front and quickly walked over with security.

“What is the problem ladies?”

“Get her off the stage!” Treece snapped.

“Who? What is the problem?”

“That is our friend. She...is not supposed to be up there. She is not listening to us.”

“Who are ya’ll talking about....?” Yah-Yah was totally confused.

“Angie, is this some sick joke?” Ramie walked up trying to catch her breath.

“Her maam, that is our friend Rhonda up there.” Angie said pointing.

“No...um, that is Dana.”

“Bitch that aint no damn Dana! What kind of bullshit is this!” Treece was beside herself. Kelly held her back.

“Why are you calling her Dana?” Kay said as she began to pace back and forth.

“Look honey, these girl’s don’t fill out no application or nothing when they come here. Her name could be Joe for all we know. If they can dance, they got the job. And she can dance...” Yah spoke as if there was nothing going on.

“Get her down from there! Somebody!” Ramie cried. Angie wrapped her arms around her and fought back her own tears.

“Go get her Mac, take her in the back...” Yah-Yah told her security guard.

Mac was a large man that looked like he ate small dogs for breakfast. He walked on stage, picked Rhonda up, and carried her to the back. She was wild with anger but could not escape his grip. Angie, Ramie and Kay-Kay ran to the back.

“Rhonda? What are you doing out there?” Angie ran up to Rhonda and stroked her hair.

“Who are you people?” Rhonda looked totally confused.

“Baby...it’s me...Ramie....what do you mean ‘who are we’?”

Rhonda cocked her head to the side and looked at the three faces staring at her. A sharp pain went through her head and she blinked a few times and grabbed the sides of her head.

“God, this headache....I’m sorry, I don’t know what your’re talking about. You must have me confused with someone else.”

Ramie’s mouth was hanging open. It took everything in her not to fall to floor.

“Rhonda, it’s me Kay-Kay....you don’t remember me?”

“I’m sorry...I really don’t.”

Melinda walked to the back and watched the scene. She didn't know who these people were but she knew that something was definatly wrong.

"I need to get some asprin...my head hurts...so..bad...." Rhonda's voice began to trail off as she stood up and walked to her locker.

Angie started to follow her but Ramie stopped her in her tracks.

"No. Don't"

"What? She needs our help." Angie had tears streaming down her face.

"I know. I know...but...she needs to be in the hospital." Ramie's voice was calm as she watched Rhonda slowly walk to her locker, pull out her duffel bag and take two tylenols.

"Call an ambulance please..."

"What?"

"Do it now Angie..." Ramie's voice was stern.

Angie grabbed her cell from her bag and dialed 911. Her hands were shaking as she gave them the address to Busties.

"Hey who did you people say you were aga..." Rhonda voice trailed off and she fell to the floor. Ramie rushed over and placed her head in her hands.

"It's gonna be ok baby...can I get something to cover her up...she is cold."

Melinda grabbed a thin sheet, unfolded it and layed it across Rhonda. Kay and Angie embraced as they watched their friend mumble to herself.

"I'm here baby...I won't let anything happen to you...I swear. I love you baby...." Ramie's eyes were filled with tears.

"Ramie..." Rhonda voice was barely a whisper.

"Yes..baby...I'm here. Shhhh...shhhh....don't talk."

Treece and Kelly walked to the back and looked on as Ramie held Rhonda in her arms. When the paramedics came, Ramie spoke with them briefly then climbed in the back of the ambulance to hold Rhonda's hand.

Kelly volunteered to drive Treece's truck to the hospital and insisted that Angie and Kay come along. No one wanted needed to be alone this night.

Epilogue

Two months had passed since that painful night at Busties. Ramie moved in with Rhonda and helped her during her therapy. She waited outside the

Doctor's office during every session. She held her at night and protected her from her own inner fears. Rhonda had been diagnosed with Dissociative Identity Disorder. She had been dealing with so much pain on her own that is caused her to break down. The result, *Dana*. The alter that almost destroyed her life. After spending three weeks at Rose Hill Mental facility, Rhonda continued the rest of her treatments through out patient therapy. With Ramie's love, she got better faster than anyone expected. She had forgiven Kay for her betrayal and it wasn't long before they were speaking on the phone again. Kay called every two weeks from her new home in Augusta, Georgia. She met a wonderful woman on the internet and when they decided to finally meet each other, it was love at first sight.

Treece and Kelly kept tabs on Rhonda's progress. They were still in Hoffman Estates and were planning on purchasing a home together. Treece had come to love Kelly and was always grateful for the risks that she took. For the first time in a long time Treece was happy and faithful. Kelly returned back to work after an administrative leave. It was never discovered what happened to all the evidence on *Nena Jackson*.

Angie was working a new job as a Building Manager for a new Luxury High rise in Chicago. It was a chance of a lifetime and she loved her new position and her new home. Being the building manager came with many perks, including the free condo, so Angie was able to save money and do a lot of things she had always wanted to do. She had a new woman in her life, Nicole, that loved and appreciated her and their romance was getting stronger by the day. The last thing she heard about Maxine was that she found a administrative job for some law firm, and she gotten a new room mate. It wasn't until early spring that Angie had the displeasure of laying eyes on Maxine again.

She had just came out of Jewel from shopping late Saturday night. She was putting her grocery's in the truck when Maxine stepped up to her out the darkness.

"Well, fancy meeting you here."

"Maxine. Hello." Angie continued to put her grocery's in the trunk.

"Why so dry? Aren't you happy to see me?"

"Not really."

"It's a shame you're still the same bitch!" Maxine snapped.

"When it comes to you, there is no other way to be." Angie slammed the trunk and walked around to the driver side of the car with her keys in hand. She pushed the button on the automatic alarm and the locks popped open. She quickly got inside.

"Damn Boo. Aren't you happy to see me? Where you going in such a hurry?" Maxine was tapping on the glass.

“Get away from the car Maxine.” Angie reached over to the glove compartment and pulled out her gun. She prayed she wouldn’t have to use it.

“Come on Baby? I’m not trying to start no shit. Just let the window down. Can’t we catch up?” Maxine hit the window of the car. Her eyes scanned the parking lot in search of anyone watching.

Angie checked the gun in plain view of Maxine. She gave her a look without saying a word.

“O. You got a little gun now? What the fuck you gone do with that? Huh? What the fuck you gone do? Shoot me? Huh? Huh?” Maxine grabbed a nearby grocery cart and started slamming it against Angie’s car. Her eyes were wild.

Angie grabbed her cell phone and put 911 on the display. She unlocked the door, stepped out, clicked the safety and pointed the gun directly at Maxine.

“Bitch you have lost her fucking mind!” Maxine snapped.

“Walk away. Walk away now Maxine. I mean it.” Angie’s hands were shaking.

Maxine stepped forward, and the gun went off.

About the Author

Nyke grew up in Chicago Heights, IL. She attended Prairie State College and Colorado Technical University where she majored in Criminal Justice. She currently resides in Northern Illinois with her dog Dominick. In her

spare time you can find her lounging on the beach reading a good book.
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