

Married:

Sneaky Black Woman

a novel

by

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Excerpts...

Captain Save-A-Hoe?

Every Saturday morning, I washed my family's clothes at the laundromat. Once I had gotten my twins, Sherita and Shelton, and myself dressed, we all hopped in my '86 Chevy Celebrity. It was a piece of shit. Often, when I was sitting at a red light, I had to throw it into neutral, so it wouldn't cut off.

I lived in the projects with Bernard, my twins' sorry-ass daddy. He never went with us to wash clothes because he knew that my car was unreliable. I hated his nickel and dime ass. He was a poor, hustling, petty-ass drug dealer.

Even though I was young, I had two kids to take care of, and, when it was time for me to go wash clothes, I did just that. I couldn't sit around and wait on Bernard to do anything for us. All Bernard wanted to do was smoke weed and sell drugs out of my apartment. All he did was flip my first of the month check by buying and selling drugs, but, I will say, before I met Bernard, I was in the streets hard. I had to sell my body just to have a place to sleep at night.

It all ended when I met another young girl, who was working on the streets. She told me about the Atlanta Housing Authority. I started getting five hundred dollars in food stamps each month. I remember it like it was yesterday. I went to apply for government assistance, and I got it all. Free food and damn near free rent! My rent was only twenty-two dollars a month, and the utilities were free. We were living it up in the projects.

I tricked off up until I was five months pregnant with my twins. I can't say that I even loved Bernard. He made me

so mad at times. The times that I loved him were when he tried to be a daddy to our twins, but that only happened every first of the month.

Old Lady Ethel had given me the car. She lived in the houses that sat outside of the projects. She saw how the twins and I struggled with those black trash bags full of our dirty clothes as we walked to the laundromat.

She said, "Tameka, come on in here. I want to bless you. I want to give you this here car. It isn't much, but you can make it from point A to point B."

I was so happy.

She continued, joking, "As you can see, I have plenty of cars, but I can't drive them all. Plus, when I go to heaven, they sure as hell can't go with me."

Old Lady Ethel had been looking out for me for years. I think she felt guilty because, when my mother died, she had seen it. To this day, I didn't want to know the details. Old Lady Ethel used to run the streets with Twinkie. Twinkie was my mother, but I never called her Mama. I had always called her Twinkie. Her real name was Michelle. She had died many, many years ago, and Old Lady Ethel had tried to look after me ever since, but she had too many rules. That was why I ran to the streets. When I got into trouble, however, she'd still let me shower and eat at her house. Maybe, she felt guilty. I guess, the least she could do was take care of Twinkie's daughter since she claimed to have been there when Twinkie was murdered.

The story that I was told was that Twinkie had stolen millions of dollars from a major drug dealer. I was also told that Old Lady Ethel knew where Twinkie had hidden the money. It still puzzled me, though, and I had a lot of unanswered questions. Why was Old Lady Ethel still alive? Why was my mother dead? Why didn't both of them die together if they were best friends who whored and ran drugs for the same

dealer?

Old Lady Ethel said that she had witnessed these so-called drug dealers kill Twinkie, but I didn't believe that. Twinkie's body was never found, so we never had a funeral for her. Everyone just believed what Old Lady Ethel had said — she was killed by crime lords.

Old Lady Ethel and Twinkie weren't your ordinary whores, either. They used to fly to different states and prostitute. Twinkie had it all. Our house was so lavish. Coming up, I didn't want for anything. So, I decided that, as soon as I could, I wanted to have boyfriends just like she'd had. I wanted to moan at night. I wanted my boyfriends to scream my name. My mother was a madam and a pimp. You name it; she did it. I wanted to wear fur, and I wanted to be just like her. Unfortunately, she was a hypocrite. That was why I ran away. Even though I had grown up seeing her with a different man every other night, she had tried to tell me not to have boyfriends, but my curiosity had already been peaked. Hearing her screaming a different man's name every night only increased my interest in her profession.

I missed that lady sometimes, but I had definitely picked up her ways. I was her in the flesh. I didn't take shit from no one, especially those grimy-ass bitches in the projects. I caught my first felony charge when I was eleven. I sliced a bitch from ear to ear, but it was self-defense because about five girls jumped on me over Bernard's ass. They were kicking my ass, but I managed to get my razor out. I sliced one of them, and all of them bitches scattered like roaches.

From that day on, they all spoke to me like we were friends, but I never did trust them. I didn't trust anyone! I didn't even trust myself! I knew Bernard was fucking half of them, but I didn't care. I prayed for a miracle, and I got one. My miracle was Spencer.

When we finished washing at the laundromat, my twins and I piled into my car. I drove a little, but the car stalled. It acted like it wanted to cut off. All the lights on the dashboard blinked off and on. Then, smoke started coming from under the hood. I thought the car was going to blow up! Finally, it just cut off. I pulled over to the side of the road and propped up the hood. I got my twins out and told them to stay put.

They were adorable. They were only five years old at the time, but they were very smart. They stood there, each holding over three garbage bags full of clothes.

I had on my daisy dukes, and I knew someone would stop for me. Like I said, I was Twinkie in the flesh. I looked just like her. We were both chocolate, and we both had big-ass booties. You could see our shape from a mile away.

Finally, a sports car flew past me. Then, it turn around. A tall, older, attractive, well-dressed man got out of the car. He had on a suit, and I saw that his nails were perfectly manicured. He looked foreign. I noticed his eyes first. He had greenish-gray eyes. Cat eyes, if you will. Then, I noticed the cologne he had on. He was wearing Sean John's Unforgivable. I recognized that scent because my brother, George, wore it all the time. *That cologne will make you get naked even if a bum on the street was wearing it*, I thought. It smelled that good!

This man was well-kept, and he was stylish, too. He wore gator shoes with a Steve Harvey three-piece, double-breasted suit. I saw dollar signs.

"What seems to be the problem?" he asked as he approached me.

"This piece of shit-ass car of mine has cut off," I answered as I kicked the door.

"Do you have a name for your car? Sometimes, if we are nice to our cars and call our cars by pet names, they come back to life for us."

“Well, I guess you can call it ‘Old Lady Ethel’ since Old Lady Ethel gave it to me.”

“I want you to put your kids and clothes in my car. Get them away from this street.”

“I don’t know you like that! I ain’t putting them nowhere,” I said, looking him up and down.

I sensed that this old man wouldn’t harm a fly, but I had to be tough, so he wouldn’t think I was scared of him. That was just how you had to be in the streets. The streets had taught me valuable lessons. One of them was, if you act like a pussy, then you will get fucked!

“What is your name?” He asked.

“My name is Tameka,” I answered as I blew a bubble with my Hubba Bubba gum.

“Well, Tameka. I am Spencer. Spencer Davis. I will not hurt you or your kids,” he said, handing me his business card.

“You look real familiar,” I said as I signaled for my twins to get into his fine automobile.

When I got closer to his car, I saw that it was a four-door Porsche and that there were televisions in the headrests.

“Wow!” the twins and I said as I put them in.

“Mommy, can we live in here?” they asked simultaneously.

“Y’all sit here, and don’t touch shit. I don’t want to have to fuck this old-ass man up, so sit down and watch television.”

“Okay, Mommy,” they said at the same time.

It was so funny to me when they answered at the same time. I guess that was a twin thing.

I walked back slowly, watching him look under the hood of my car. *I know this man from somewhere, but where?* I thought, but I couldn’t put two and two together. He looked old enough

to be my daddy or granddaddy. At the time, I was only twenty, and I knew he was, at least, triple my age.

“So, what’s wrong with Old Lady Ethel?” I asked sarcastically.

“You have to be good to your car, and your car will be good to you. Cars are like humans. They have feelings, too.”

I was waiting for him to say some freaky shit, but he didn’t. He was very respectful.

“Your heads are blown. You have water in your oil, and your heads are cracked.”

“My what is what? So, what does that mean? Can it be fixed?” I asked.

I didn’t know what the hell he was talking about.

“Sure, but, if you try to fix this car, you will have to spend a good grip to get the motor fixed, and getting the motor fixed will cost more than the car is worth.”

“So, what are you saying, Spencer?”

“I am saying that this car isn’t worth fixing.”

“Well, can you drop us off at the top of the projects up the street?”

“Sure. I don’t see why that would be a problem. Which ones do you live in—the red ones or the blue ones?”

“The red ones,” I said with one eyebrow raised.

“Aren’t you scared to go in there in this fly-ass car? You might get jacked,” I said as we got into his car.

The twins had played themselves to sleep.

“You let me worry about those jack boys,” he said as he placed a chrome nine millimeter on the dashboard. “I am from the projects, too. As a matter of fact, I was raised in the blue ones. It’s not where you live; it’s how you live.”

“Well, that’s easy for you to say. You don’t have to hear gunshots every other night, and you don’t have to fight these ghetto-ass bitches every day.”

“Well, what are you doing to make your life better?” he asked.

“I just want to be rich. I don’t want to work for nobody. I want to live like those rich, white folks I see on television. Most of them don’t work! They are born with silver spoons in their mouths.”

“So, you want to live like the white folks, huh?”

“No, Spencer. All I’m saying is that I want to leave this ghetto-ass life! I want my kids and me to live comfortable. I have a poor, sorry-ass boyfriend. I want to leave him and get away, you know? I want to get dolled up and be on the cover of a magazine. I have dreams, but I’ve been told by the people at the welfare office that my attitude will not get me far in life. And I told those bitches not to worry about my attitude and to just give me what the government had promised me! Well, that’s enough about me. Tell me about you. Are you a drug dealer or a celebrity? Do you have a wife because I will fight an old-ass lady if I have to? I just don’t give a fuck.”

“No, I’m not a drug dealer, and I don’t have a wife,” he chuckled. “You’re so feisty. Why are you so defensive?”

“Why am I so what?” I asked as I seductively wrapped strands of my long, black weave around my right index finger.

“You don’t have to play tough girl with me,” he said. “I am not the enemy here.”

“Well, who are you?”

“I’m Spencer. Don’t you remember?”

“I mean, are you famous, or what? Because I’ve seen you somewhere before.”

“Just look at me as an angel that God has sent from heaven.”

Sometimes, I wish Spencer had kept driving and had never stopped for me.

4

Ghetto Habits

I can't lie. When I first got with Spencer, I wasn't used to all the luxury that he had to offer. I had to get used to things, like his huge bed. I was used to sleeping on an air mattress from Wal-Mart. His bed was so huge, and it had decorative pillows all over it.

There was something about him that kind of made me think twice about him. He was too quiet, but I didn't care how quiet he was as long as he didn't hurt my kids and me. I was always the one doing all the talking and asking all the questions.

He was a neat freak, too. That was for sure. That mansion was clean from top to bottom. I told the twins that we had to act like we weren't surprised when we saw all the beautiful paintings throughout, but Spencer knew better. He knew we were from the ghetto, and he knew that we hadn't stepped outside of those damn brick walls for one day, but we still put on a good front. We weren't used to taking off our shoes, but we learned quickly. We didn't do that in the ghetto. I had to mop plenty of times with bleach to get that red dirt off those hard-ass floors, and we didn't have a maid to wash dishes. Bernard would pay a crack head to do them from time to time. I'm not saying that I was nasty or anything, but, sometimes, we paid junkies in drugs to clean my apartment. At Spencer's, I felt like I could, finally, really live it up. Now, I was living like them white folks that I saw on television.

One day, I was in the bed, biting my nails, and Spencer walked in and said, "Please stop biting your nails. That's not ladylike."

“Well, I am definitely a lady,” I said as I turned over and shook my ass. “I used to get my nails done, but I was always fighting in the projects, so it was just a waste of time. They would break and split my real nails, and that was very painful, so I stopped getting my nails done.”

“I want to take you to an upscale spa just up the street from here.”

“I’m surprised you don’t have one in here. You could put it next to the forty-seat theater room you have.”

I went to tell the twins that Mommy would be right back. Sherita was coloring, and Shelton was playing his video game.

“Mommy, look at me shoot these niggas up.”

“What did I tell you about that ‘n’ word?”

“Oh, yeah, Mommy. Look at me shoot these crackers up.”

“Now, that’s more like it,” Spencer said.

My kids were happy, and so was I.

The spa we went to was designed with elegance, and everyone there seemed to know Spencer. He told them what he wanted to have done to me and said he would pick me up in three hours.

“Damn! It’s going to take three hours to get my nails did!”

Suddenly, the spa got quiet, and all eyes were on me as I walked in and took a seat. He looked at me, embarrassed, and said, “Sweetie, you’re going to get a full body massage, a manicure and a pedicure, and a new hairstyle.”

He kissed me on my lips and said, “Enjoy.”

I was attracted to him. I loved his eyes and his neatly-trimmed moustache that framed his thick lips.

“Right this way,” a short black lady said with an attitude.

As we walked down the hall, I saw other women getting massages. Some were getting their toes done while reading magazines.

“Get undressed,” she ordered, throwing a robe at me.

“Undressed? I’m getting my nails done!” I screamed.

“Honey, when you have a man pampering your ass, you better enjoy it while you can, and you better not cheat on Spencer or make him mad, or you will pay the cost,” she said.

I felt uneasy about what she said. What did she mean by “don’t make Spencer mad”?

“Maybe, you should just mind your fucking business,” I mumbled under my breath.

“Larissa will be with you in a moment.”

What in the hell can I possibly do in here for three hours?

I wanted to snap on the bitch, but I remembered that Spencer had told me to watch my tongue, but why should I watch my tone if I was a rich bitch now?

Larissa better have an attitude better than your ass, or I’m snapping on her. I don’t give a fuck, I thought. I took off my clothes, put on the thick, white robe, and sat in the chair.

I flipped through a magazine that had Paris Hilton on the cover. She looked like she hadn’t washed a dish in her life.

“Knock! Knock!” I heard a voice say as the door opened.

“Hello! I’m Larissa, and we’re going to give you a full makeover today. You’ll get a full body massage by me. Then, you’ll get a manicure and a pedicure. Lastly, Jasmine, our top-notch celebrity stylist, will get those tired-ass, crunchy tracks out of your head.”

I looked at her and rolled my eyes. I couldn’t say anything bad about her because she looked like she had just stepped out of *Jet* magazine, but I could roll my eyes.

“Y’all are not touching my motherfucking weave,” I snapped, rolling my neck. “Pooh in the hood hooks me up every other week for twenty-five dollars. You better ask somebody!”

“Wait! Did you say ‘twenty-five dollars’? No wonder it looks like you stuck your finger in an electrical socket! I’m just joking,” she said quickly. “Can you take a joke?”

I took a deep breath and said, “Well, I do have really long, pretty hair under this, but I like weave better because my real hair always sweats out.”

“We got something for that,” she said. “Jasmine can lay some real hair. Her work can be seen in this magazine.”

Larissa handed me a magazine with Monica on the front. I wanted every style I saw in that book.

Wow! Jasmine is really good, I thought as I flipped through the magazine.

“She can really lay some hair. I would like her to style my hair, especially since Spencer is paying for whatever I want! Larissa, you have a better attitude than that other lady who brought me back here.”

“Oh, that’s Betty. She’s Spencer’s sister-in-law.”

My heart skipped a beat.

“But Spencer told me he didn’t have a wife.”

“Well, technically, he doesn’t because she went missing some years back. It was all over the news.”

Then, a light went off in my head. *That’s where I know him from – The Channel Five News*. The headline had read: *Millionaire Mogul Cleared in Wife’s Disappearance*.

“Her name was Jo Ann, and Betty believes that Spencer had something to do with her disappearance.”

“Well, why did she have an attitude with me? I didn’t kill her sister, or make the bitch disappear!”

“So, what’s your name?” she asked as she got her things in order.

I nervously said, “Tameka.”

I was still stuck on Spencer’s wife’s disappearance.

“Betty and Jo Ann started this spa together, but, now, Betty runs everything.”

"I wouldn't call it a meet and greet; it was more like a scolding."

"She hasn't been right ever since her twin sister went missing."

"They were twins?"

Larissa nodded her head.

"You mean to tell me that God made two of those evil, miserable bitches?"

My heart started beating fast again.

"Well, why did she tell me not to make Spencer mad?"

"Like I said, she thinks he killed her sister, and what can your young ass do with that old-ass, rich man anyway?"

"Excuse me," I said as I rolled my eyes and snapped my neck. "I can do what y'all old hags can't do. I can drop it like it's hot," I said as I dipped to the floor.

"I used to drop it like it's hot back in my days, too. I just don't see how Spencer hooked up with a ghetto tramp like you."

"First of all, bitch, that's MISS GHETTO TRAMP TO YOU! And what is that supposed to mean, lady? You better watch your mouth before I go ghetto on your ass!"

"You're right! I just wish I'd had a chance with Spencer. I don't care if he did kill Jo Ann. I would enjoy that mansion, and I would let him do whatever he wanted to do. That's just how I feel. Any woman in her right mind knows not to cheat on a man that is as powerful as Spencer," she said as she stared off into space.

It took everything in me not to snap on that bitch. I felt like going postal on everyone in that so-called "elegant" spa. Since I had been there, everyone had been staring at me and whispering when they saw me walk by and shit.

"Is that what this is all about? You want my man? Well, bitch, you can't have him! As a matter of fact, send another

bitch in here to do my massage. And if the bitch cheated on him, then maybe she got what she deserved!" I screamed before she walked out.

She came back in five minutes later, apologizing and going on about how she needed the money.

"Well, if you need the money, then I suggest you shut the fuck up about my man!"

I agreed to let her finish my massage because I was very tense. I needed my bones rubbed. I laid on the table face down. She poured the hot oil on my back, and her hands were soft. I could have fallen asleep; it felt so good.

"I'm just saying. If I had a good-looking man like Spencer, I would never cheat on him."

"Can you just do your fucking job silently, please?"

But she went on and on about Spencer. I finally jumped up, put on my robe, and stormed out of the room to get my nails done. As I walked down the hall, I heard Betty telling another lady that she had to save that young girl. *She better not be talking about me. I am a grown-ass woman, and I can take care of myself. They're just mad*, I thought. I was so heated and ready to go, but time was moving so slow. I hated being in there with those old bats. I was ready to call Spencer and tell him to come and get me, but he already had this whole day planned out, so I was just going to roll with the punches. Betty walked in and assigned me to another room.

"Just listen to me," she said as she put some champagne on the table.

"You are very outspoken," I said.

"Yes, I am, and I am trying to save your ass because Spencer is a very dangerous man. I know he killed my sister, but I just can't prove it. That's why he brings young, feisty bitches like you in here and pampers you all. He don't have to make things right with me because

my sister was good to him, but he started cheating and beating on her. She would show me bruises from him grabbing her and throwing her around. I remember the late night phone calls I used to get from my sister about all of the affairs she witnessed him having. I know Spencer, and he is up to no good.”

“Well, he’s not going to beat my ass because I have the goods to keep his old ass in line. I am a big girl. I know how to get and keep a man. Besides, I am grown, and Spencer wouldn’t hurt a fly.”

She said, “Don’t say I didn’t try to warn you.”

She poured me a tall glass of champagne.

“Now, this is more like it,” I said as I gulped it down like a forty.

“You don’t have any class, do you?” she said as she poured me another glass. “Do you know how to sip on a three hundred dollar bottle of champagne? You’re supposed to sip slowly; it’s not going anywhere.”

“No, I’m actually trying to get drunk, so I don’t have to pay you bitches no mind before I go off on one of y’all in here.”

“Where is your mother? Does she have any class?”

That was it. I jumped on her old ass, and all of the employees had to get me off of her.

“Why in the hell did Spencer bring me to this place?” I screamed.

“He brought you here to show me that he could have other bitches after my sister. He wants to rub my face in it.”

Then, a nail tech came and took me to the stylist’s side of the spa.

“You’re going to be dead next,” Betty said as the nail tech and I walked down the hall.

Jasmine walked in and introduced herself, and she asked me how I wanted my hair done. I told her I wanted my hair styled the way she had done Monica’s on the April cover of *Essence* magazine.

Jasmine was very pretty. She was tall and dark brown, and she looked like a super model. Her teeth were pearly white, and she had her hair laid. Her side of the spa was hooked up. It was decorated with white leather sofas with black leather pillows and black and white spiral lamps throughout. It looked like a VIP area in an exotic night club. She played various R & B slow jams. She didn't talk much because she was all about her business, and her business was hair. I sipped on a little more champagne and called Spencer to come and pick me up when she was done. By the time I left there, I looked like I needed to be on the cover of a magazine.

8

Our Special Night

We awoke to a wonderful aroma and found that Rita had fixed an old country style breakfast that included everything from steak omelets to hot-buttered cheese grits.

"You know Rita is the reason I am in such good shape. She knows how to cook the healthiest food for an old man like me."

I looked over at Rita. Then, I quickly looked at the twins because I didn't want them to catch me mean mugging her. There was something not right about her, too. I had a feeling that she was up to something, but I didn't know what.

"Rita, I want you to take the kids out shopping and to the park. Buy them what their tiny hearts' desires," Spencer said.

"Do you guys like Six Flags?" Rita asked the twins.

"Yeah!" my twins replied.

I was so happy that my twins were happy. When they were happy, I was happy; when they were sad, I was sad.

"Have fun," I said as I hugged and kissed them both.

"We love you, Mommy!"

"I love you, too," I said to them. Then, turning to my fiancé, I said, "So, Spencer, when are we getting married?"

I cut open my homemade biscuit and poured some maple syrup on it.

"Are we getting married at the wedding chapel here at the mansion? I am ready to have that thing on my head and over my eyes."

"It's called a veil," Rita interjected.

“Well, yeah. That,” I said as I rolled my eyes at her.

“Soon, my dear, soon,” he said as he took a cocktail of colorful pills.

“Are you getting high at the table? What are those pills you’re taking?”

“Those are his herbal vitamins that keep him fit and healthy,” Rita said as she cleared the table.

“So, what do you have planned for us today?” I asked Spencer.

“Oh, a little bit of this and a little bit of that, but, first, I have a surprise for you. Close your eyes,” he said as grabbed my hand.

“Where are we going?”

“It’s a surprise. If I tell you, then it won’t be a surprise, okay?”

He led me all the way to his seven-car garage. Finally, he said, “You can open your eyes now.”

I opened my eyes and saw a black two-door coupe car in front of me. It was shiny, and the rims were red.

“What’s this?” I asked.

“This is the Maybach.”

Wow! I thought. I wanted to ride through the ghetto and let them raggedy bitches smell my new car. My car probably smelled better than their roach-infested apartments.

“You mean to tell me you asked for a car that you have never seen before? This car was sent in from Berlin just for you.”

“Oh! I have seen it before. I lied.”

“My favorite colors are black and red, and that’s why I had this specially made. This is a Maybach Exelero. You see I had it custom-made, and it’s equipped with a surround sound stereo and diamond-quilted, black leather seats with red seatbelts. You have to be very careful when you drive it because

this car has 700 horsepower, and it goes up to three hundred and fifty miles per hour. It has a V12 engine, so you do not have to floor the gas pedal. The two M's on the front of it are an acronym for "Money Meka". I want to give you whatever makes you happy. Now, let's go inside and get ready for our day."

I walked away, feeling like I was in a dream. I was waiting for someone to pinch me, so I could wake up and see that we were still in the projects, but Spencer was definitely a man of power, and I loved that about him. Everywhere I went, his name rang bells in people's ears. Spencer had our whole day planned out. We were going to the aquarium, to a nice candlelight dinner, then to his friend's jazz bar. I didn't care for jazz, but, if he wanted me to be his eye candy in the club, I was with that.

We arrived downtown at the aquarium, and I wasn't amused at being surrounded by glass and water full of fish. What if the glass cracked and all those fish ate us? I always thought crazy stuff like. No matter what, I always expected the unexpected. As we watched the sharks swim freely in the blue water, I felt all the stares from all the other people. I knew what they were thinking, *What is that young girl doing with that old man?*

I saw this young white couple look at me and smile. Why did they do that? For some reason, white people always had a confused smirk on their faces when they looked at Spencer and me. They'd always smile at me like shit was funny.

Spencer had warned me about acting ghetto in public, so I just ignored them and kept watching the many species of fish. We left there, and we went to an upscale restaurant in North Atlanta. When we arrived in my new Maybach, all of the valets ran to the car when they noticed that Spencer was driving.

"I tip good," he said as he pulled up. "Some of these guys depend on my tips to pay half their rent."

As we got out of the car, he said to the valets, "Today, all ten of you guys are lucky. I am in a very good mood. Therefore, I will give you all a one hundred dollar tip."

"You have a lovely daughter," one of them blurted out.

"This isn't my daughter. She is my new love."

The one that had spoken looked very confused. He walked away, scratching his head. I felt all eyes on me when we walked in, and I enjoyed the attention. Spencer led me to a private seating area that was occupied by only one other couple. There were bottles of wine and cognac on the table. Candles were lit, and there were shiny, gold curtains separating us from everyone else.

"I want you to meet my buddy," Spencer said as he opened the gold curtain that separated us from the other couple.

The man stood up and hugged Spencer.

"You must be the new bride-to-be," he said as he kissed the top of my hand.

"Yes, she is. This is Tameka. She's my sweet tenderoni."

I observed his lady out the corner of my eye, looking at me.

"Tameka, this is my best friend Walter, and this is our friend Janet," Spencer said.

She cracked a fake smile as she eyed me from head to toe. I was looking good because I had on a silk, emerald blue Versace dress. I was up on the hottest styles because I frequently surfed the net, looking at the latest fashion.

"How do you do?" she asked as she extended her right hand towards me.

"Lovely," I said with fakeness.

I wanted her to know that I could be fake, too. *These people are too much for me*, I thought as I sat down.

"You two make a great couple, so when is the big day?" Walter asked.

"Sooner than she thinks," Spencer said as he kissed me on the lips.

I felt stares from Janet, but I didn't care. Why do black women envy other black women on the spot? I mean she didn't know me from a can of paint, but she was already giving me dirty looks. She was cute for her age, though. She looked like she might have been a bad bitch, like me, back in her day.

Walter looked like money, too. I wondered what he did for a living.

"Sweetheart, this lovely restaurant belongs to Walter," Spencer said.

"Of course, if it wasn't for you, I would have gone under years ago," Walter intervened.

"That's what friends are for," Janet said as she looked at Spencer and winked.

Now, I know you just didn't wink at my man in my face, bitch. I may be young, but I will kick your ass, I thought.

"Sweetie, I am going to the men's room. I will be back shortly," Spencer said.

Good, I thought. This is my chance to flirt with Walter.

"This is a nice place," I said as I looked around, admiring all the nice VIP booths with red leather sofas and the Jamaican tri-colored lamps.

"The decorations were Janet's idea. She has excellent taste."

At that moment, Janet's phone rang.

"Baby, I have to take this," she said as she answered her phone and left.

"So, Walter, are you a millionaire, too?" I asked as I opened my legs slowly for him to notice that I didn't have on any panties.

“That depends on what you call a ‘millionaire,’” he answered as he stared at my Mohawk shaved pussy.

“Do you have a big mansion like we got?” I asked.

I closed my legs because I only wanted to give him a sneak peek.

“Yes, I do have a mansion. As a matter of fact, it’s three streets over from Spencer’s.”

“Is that right?” I said as I sipped on some champagne slowly. Then, I asked, “So, is Janet your wife or girlfriend?”

“Janet is actually a childhood friend who attended school with Spencer and me. She’s going through a breakup, so I invited her out to have some fun with us.”

“Did you like what you saw between my legs?” I boldly asked as I licked my lips.

“You shouldn’t do an old man like that,” he said as he loosened his Steve Harvey neck tie. “You are engaged to my best friend.”

“What he don’t know won’t hurt him,” I said as I straightened my back, which forced my breasts to thrust forward. They almost popped out of my dress.

“Now that I think of it, Spencer took my high school sweetheart from me. Jo Ann was her name,” he said as he drifted off into space.

“Jo Ann,” I repeated. “You mean the Jo Ann that’s been missing for the past ten years?”

“It was more like puppy love, but I cared deeply for her.”

“If you want to get even, then here I am.”

“Is this a joke? Do you really expect me to sleep with my best friend’s girl?”

“Hell, yeah! Didn’t he do it to you?”

“Yes, he did, but I forgave him. Plus, he’s been so good to me.”

“Look! I get what I want. If you don’t want this sweet black pussy, then I will throw it somewhere else. Besides, you said you were rich, so what could possibly happen?”

“He could kill me! That’s what could happen! Hell! He could kill both of us.”

“Suit yourself,” I said as I poured myself another cup.

Spencer and Janet returned at the same time. Janet whispered something in Walter’s ear and proceeded to leave. She, then, hugged Spencer and said a weak-ass good-bye to me.

“I am getting kind of hungry, Spencer. I don’t need a fancy menu, either,” I said as I looked at Walter. I already knew what I had a taste for.

“What does your little heart desire?”

Deep down inside, I wanted to say Eric’s dick, but I would have been out of line.

Instead, I said, “I would like a nine-ounce rib eye steak with seasoned broccoli and some rice pilaf.”

Spencer snapped his finger to catch the attention of a waitress walking by. He ordered my food and gave her a nice tip up front.

“You know you don’t have to tip them that much money.”

“I tip them well because I insist on excellent service. What the hell does it matter, anyway? When I die, I can’t take all of my money with me. I look at life like this — you can never share too much money, and you can’t ever find a better friend than yourself. You know the saying, ‘It’s better to give than to receive’, right?” Spencer said.

Walter didn’t look my way anymore for the rest of the night. *Why am I like this?* I wondered. I have everything I could possibly want. Why did I fuck Spencer’s nephew, and why was I now flirting with his best friend? I guessed that I was just immune to monogamy. I didn’t care, and it didn’t matter to me

as long as I got what I wanted, and I didn't get hurt. I just didn't give a fuck. Maybe I was Twinkie's daughter after all? She'd had it all. Why couldn't I have it all? She'd had more than enough, and I witnessed it up until I was thirteen years old. It was almost like my heart turned cold when I started selling my body on the streets.

"How many forks do I need to eat with?" I asked as I looked at the silverware.

"This is your cocktail fork, and this is your salad fork," the waitress said as she held them in the air one by one.

"Well, I didn't order a salad, and I only need one to eat with. Thank you very much."

Walter looked at me and shook his head. Spencer didn't do anything but sit there because he was used to my outspoken ass.

"Just leave one fork and one knife," Spencer said because he knew I was about to snap on her. Then, he turned to me and said, "Sweetheart, I'm going to see some friends on the other side of the club, so enjoy your meal, and I will be back shortly."

I felt my cell phone vibrating and "Jody" showed up across the screen. It was Eric. I excitedly answered and put my hand over my mouth to make sure that no one heard me.

"Hello," I said with the biggest smile ever.

"Hey, baby, what are you doing?"

The thought of him calling me "baby" made my knees weak.

"I am out with Spencer."

"I know you are, baby. I just wanted to hear your voice. I want to see you later on."

There was something about his voice, and I could just imagine his dimples on the other end of the phone.

"My uncle trusts you, so you should be able to tell him that you are hanging out with your friends or something."

I did want to hang out with people my age, but the problem was I didn't have any friends. I, sometimes, got tired of listening to Spencer's conversations about golf and sports. I had to act like I was interested by shaking my head like I knew what the fuck a putt was.

"I heard about that new Maybach that my uncle got you. I want to take it for a spin."

"Boy, are you crazy? Your uncle will kill us both."

"We'll figure it out. Just try and get away from him. I will call you back to tell you where to meet me," he said before hanging up.

"Who were you talking to, my dear?" Spencer said as he snuck up on me.

"Oh, that was my friend Tunique. She's going through a breakup, and she needs a shoulder to lean on. I want to go spend a few days with her."

I don't know how in the hell that lie had rolled off my tongue so quick, but it did.

"Sure. No problem. Why don't you get her back on the phone and invite her here to have some fun?"

"She's not a club-going type of person," I said as I put my phone in my purse and thought, *He actually believes me and trusts me after all.*

This boy is crazy, I thought as I poured myself a shot of cognac. Was it possible for me to love two men? Could I love an uncle and a nephew? The more love Spencer showed me, the more I fell for him. What the hell was I doing? Spencer would kill me if he found out I was sleeping with his nephew. I hadn't been a big believer in God, but I needed Him now more than ever, and I needed Him to let Spencer remain in the dark until my plan came into play. I prayed that Spencer never found out about Eric and me.

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