

Chapter One

"Go get him out of your damn system once and for all! What do you need; a week, month or a year? I can't take the agony of wondering if you'll be coming home anymore, Brenda," I say, pacing back and forth. "And then you waltz in here as if nothing happened and go about your merry way. My heart skips a beat when the phone rings. I can't believe that you've got this brother calling the house," I say, exhaling in frustration. "Look, just call me every once and awhile to let me know that you're okay. And when you're through with your sexcapades come back to me. I'll be here waiting for you with open arms as always," I say to Brenda while fighting back the tears.

"Come back to your punk ass, Kevin? You're standing over there crying like a little bitch. Do you need a tissue or something?" asks Brenda, in disgust. "Negro you just don't get it. I'm leaving you once and for all at the end of the month. It's finished, over, finito, the end of the road, or however you want to say it! I'm tired of being in this bullshit relationship. Respect your ass? Kevin, what kind of real man tells his lady to go get her shit out of her system and then come back? What kind of man allows another man to call *his* house and ask for *his* girl? And your stupid ass passes me the phone, okay? I can't respect a man like that," yells

Brenda, fastening her Victoria's Secret bra. She then puts on her red satin blouse to compliment her black satin skirt with a thigh high split. Black pearls dangle from her neck. She's wearing five-inch stiletto heels with no stockings and a diamond ankle bracelet. Trust me; baby doesn't need any with her shapely legs and well developed hips. By the way, she chooses to go panty free. Brenda is drop dead gorgeous and she knows it. And if you're undecided about that fact, hell, she'll let you know. She's five feet ten inches of pure dynamite, She's definitely too hot to handle for any one man. Brenda has a Carmel colored complexion, hazel eyes and an ass that should be bronzed so men can observe it in the 23rd century. To add to her statuesque beauty her measurements are 36, 24, and 36.

"A man that doesn't want to lose the love of his life tells his women to go do what she's got to do. A man who realizes that if he doesn't fight for you right now he'll lose you forever and will always wonder if he tried everything humanly possible to prevent you from leaving," I say despondently.

"How many times do I have to walk over your dumb ass before you get it, Kevin? You've tried everything humanly possible, but you just don't do it for me, Boo Boo. To be quite honest, you never have! You've never had me on lock, boy," says Brenda while putting on her jewelry.

"What do you mean I never had you?" I ask, pulling her towards me.

"Man, get your hands off of me! Don't you ever touch me like that again," screams Brenda pulling away and rolling her eyes.

"I'm sorry, baby, please forgive me," I say apologetically tail between my legs.

"Look Kevin, I thought for sure you would get tired of this shit and leave like any normal man, but you're just spineless. The only reason I got back with you was because I couldn't swing the bills. But since I got that raise, I don't need you anymore. Besides, I'm going into business for myself and quitting my job at the end of the month. My new man can handle the bills until I'm rolling," says Brenda as she puts on her jacket and fluffs her long, jet black hair. She visited her hair stylist earlier that day and got the ends trimmed and the hair curled.

"Your new man can take care of the bills? You mean this is a different guy than the one you've been seeing for the last four months?" I ask as my stomach knots up.

"What, are you keeping count? If you must know, I've been seeing different people for the last year," says Brenda with a smirk on her face.

"But we've only been back together 10 months. You've been seeing people the entire time?" I ask in disbelief.

"Kevin, don't sit there looking stupid as if you didn't know," says Brenda pulling out her cell phone and dialing.

"I knew something was going on, but thought it was a phase. I just thought you were having problems adjusting to living with someone again. I never thought that you were playing me until recently, when the brother called the house. I really thought that you were going out with the girls, like you said."

"Oh, you mean like when you men say that you're going out with the fellas, but you're with some bitch in a cheap motel or parked on a dark street getting a blow job? Like I said before, I never wanted you back. You came along at the right time to help a sista out. I didn't love you the first time around, remember? Are you really this stupid, Kevin?" asks Brenda as the dialed number rings.

"So everything that you told me was a lie? And now you're telling me that you never really loved me?" I ask as all of my hopes and dreams for this relationship are flushed down life's sewage system.

"You were a very good screw and looked damn good on my arm. That was your function and you did it quite well. I haven't done anything you brothers don't do all the time. As a matter of fact, the guy I had before you did it to me," says Brenda as the voicemail comes on. "Hey, this is Bee, give me a call when you get this message, baby," says Brenda. She walks over to the mirror and applies her lipstick.

"What about all that talk of having a family the first time around? You couldn't get pregnant and started the fertility treatments. Why go to such lengths if you didn't love me" I asked, instantly regretting the question.

"Fool, I was on the pill. The fertility doctor was my girl from college. I only did it because I knew you would get me a brand new car. You wouldn't want your baby's mama in a rundown car," says Brenda heartlessly. Her cell phone rings. "Hello? Hey baby, meet me in front of the house. I'm moving out today instead... I can't take this shit any more... I'll call the police so there is no drama, not that there would be with him... I miss you too. boo...see you in a few minutes," says Brenda, ending the call.

"I'm out of here tonight Kevin. Say what you want, but I'm gone," says Brenda. She makes another call and walks out of the room.

I go to the bar and pour myself a whiskey on the rocks. I stir the drink very slowly, trying to figure out how to convince her to stay. The logical side of my brain knows her leaving is the best thing that could ever happen to me. The emotional side though has started mourning and wondering what it would do without her touch, her feel, her smile, even her anger and rejection. Hell, at least she was around, even though she treated me like shit. There is a knock at the door. I peer through the peephole and there are two officers. I open the door to greet them.

"Good evening, sir, we received a call from a female occupant who wants to vacate the premises. She asked that we come to make sure everything goes smoothly," states the stoic officer.

"Oh, okay. I'm not sure why she called because she knows I'm not a violent person," I respond to the officer.

"You may think that you're cool, but who's to say how you'll react once the ride gets here. Is it a relative or a lover coming to assist her?" questions the officer.

"It's a brand-new lover."

"Then you want us to be here. Your emotions could make you do something that you regret for the rest of your life," replies the second officer.

"You know what? You're right. I'm just going to leave and come back when she's gone. I don't care what she takes because the material things don't matter. Can you call me on my cell when she's gone, officer?"

"Sure, give me your number. I think you're doing a wise thing. I wish you the best, my brother," says the officer. As I walk down the driveway, a black Cadillac Navigator pulls up. The driver rolls down the window and sticks his head out.

"Hey brother, I mean you no disrespect by coming here. I asked her to do this when you weren't home", says the brother, cautiously. I stop and gaze at him momentarily.

"You don't mean me any disrespect?! Then what the hell do you call it, my brother?" I ask while stepping towards the vehicle. In that instant, I am consumed with anger. My adrenaline starts to flow and I become enraged. I take another step towards the vehicle, but can see the officers unfasten their holsters

in my peripheral view. I redirect my steps and continue walking down the driveway and into the night. Why should I be mad at him? He is not the perpetrator of this crime of passion. She is the one responsible for the assassination of my heart, the murder of my soul.