

Luxury Sex

By

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Luxury Sex

Based on Actual Events

A Novel By, N'neka J. Hite

For Alvin Earl Hite Jr., the most entertaining storyteller I've ever met.

Prologue

The St. Regis

Kennedy slipped out of bed and made her way to the bathroom. Stumbling through the suite she realized she was still drunk. She felt weak as her legs carried her there carefully.

Grabbing the wall for balance she made it to the bathroom and took a seat on the toilet relieving the pressure of last night's max out sex session that still lingered between her legs.

Willing her body to relax, she felt the warmth between her legs grow as she let off a natural release. She took a series of slow, deep breaths to the tune of the trickling stream of pure champagne her body released.

Resting her head in her hands for a few moments while she replayed the night, not a single regret came to mind. Quite proud of the life she would be leaving behind filled while preparing for what it would take to cement the deal. First things first though, what she needed was some steam to help wake up. Reaching into the shower wringing the marble knobs, hot water sprayed softly out of the three jets. The one above rained over her hair. The other pulsed against her body, while the third seemed to be strictly

assigned to wash off the sins committed in the room just outside the door, where her victim lay. Engaging in a bit of self-worship she lathered soap over her body and carefully washing where it hurt.

Oh the hurt felt so good.

Careful not to soak her hair, the water ritual ended. Now her body was warm. Awake. Wrapping herself in an oversized white cotton towel, sensory impulses kicked in as it started to communicate with the devil inside her as her nose began to twitch.

She needed another line.

Blackout curtains draped across the windows of the St. Regis suite hid the sun which had already made its rise to the top of the day. The hotel room was trashed with empty champagne bottles and a pair of women's underwear hung from the lampshade. A half empty bottle of expensive champagne was the only thing that sat upright in the room. Next to it were two perfectly lined rows of coke. Right next to the blow, a rolled up hundred-dollar bill. Hundreds were cleaner.

Creeping over to the nightstand, Kennedy grabbed the big-faced bill and carefully tightened the roll.

Hovering over the line, she inhaled deeply, this one froze her face. A bit of the drip hit the back of her throat as she pinched both nostrils, letting out a quiet snort.

Taking the line of pure cocaine up her nose immediately sent her veins pumping. Now the silence that once filled the room was replaced with the boom of her heartbeat. This was the feeling that she needed. In less than ten seconds the warmth that consumed her body made her almost as hot as she was the night before. She was right, a hot shower and a hit of blow was exactly what she needed to start her day.

The poor sap still lying in bed was Dennis Macklin. The sound of Kennedy's vacuum nose disturbed his peaceful slumber. Now he was snoring, lightly. Kennedy had put it on him all night. Their sex romp was cocaine and alcohol fueled. This was their third date in three weeks. It was their second time having sex. Each time it got better. Dennis was the size of a coke can.

That line she sniffed was turning her into a sultry panther. Crawling back into bed on her knees, slipping her head under the covers, she grabbed Dennis' coke can. As soon as she touched him, that part of his body awoke. It took two hands to grip his penis, but that was the only thing she would need her hands for. She immediately she put her mouth to work.

“Good morning,” Dennis said in a half sleep moan.

Kennedy didn't stop.

“Oh my god. Bless you.”

Kennedy kept going.

She knew that a great blowjob was one way to make a man weak. Good head should never be underestimated. Unlike most though, giving a professional to this man was not an easy task.

He whistled, as he blew the air out between his teeth like he was lifting a bench weight. It was almost comical. Before he finished he begged, “Please, stop, turn around for me.”

Kennedy obeyed.

He positioned her on all fours, facing opposite the headboard. Slowly, he rose up onto his knees stroking himself. He was trying to stall time to avoid blowing what could become an explosive morning sex session. After playing with her middle for a moment he felt the time was right to enter her again.

For Kennedy, it hurt. Dennis felt at home.

Her ponytail unraveled falling to her shoulders. Her body pulsed.

“Give me that pussy,” he growled. “Give me that puss...sy.”

Dennis came.

He came inside of her.

Kennedy felt, complete.

Their lovemaking went on for another hour. Kennedy felt sexy in San Francisco. Dennis felt romantic. There they were, the two of them, captured by energy charged with European elegance and Bay Area debauchery.

After Dennis got out of the shower, he threw on one of the heavy hotel robes and a fresh pair of slippers. Kennedy lay in bed, still wet between her legs, as high as a kite. He went to the common area of the suite, picked up the phone and ordered breakfast for the both of them. She noticed that Dennis didn't bother to ask her what she wanted. Instead he ordered one of everything off of the breakfast menu.

After eating breakfast, Dennis returned to the bed to lie down beside Kennedy.

"Ready to go again?" he asked.

"If you are," she purred.

"I am ready," he said leaning over to kiss her. "You're spoiling me."

"Why wouldn't I? You make my life so much better," Kennedy said. "I just hope that we can make this long term."

"I would love to do that, but I have to be honest," Dennis said, "I am married."

Chapter 1

A Few Years Later

Los Angeles was abnormally chilly. The air smog free and if you were bundled up and took a step out onto the balcony you might catch a glimpse of a star. The open patio sliding door allowed the crisp Santa Ana winds to drift through sending a shiver up Kennedy's back. She got up from her desk and slid the balcony door shut. Walking back to the corner of her large one-bedroom apartment she sat back down at her desk, tucked her pink Snuggly underneath her thighs, and began tapping away feverishly at her laptop. Just as a thought came to her mind, she would pull the pencil that was fastening her hair to loosen the bun, write the idea down on her reporter note pad and then use the same instrument to wind her long, dark tress back around it. About every ten minutes like clockwork, she'd lean over to check her phone to check for missed calls.

"OMG, he called," she squealed to herself, placing the phone to her breast, squeezing her eyes shut.

Kennedy was ecstatic. The missed call had come from her new love interest Hudson Lou, a shrewd businessman from Dubai, who recently made an offer to buy the company that she was working under contract for. Her personal relationship with the CEO of the company, Dennis Macklin had paid off. After four years of a tired affair, Kennedy was coming out of the situation better than she was going in. Dennis helped pay

her way through college and supported every idea that she pitched him. Although he was a thirty-eight-year-old whitewashed black man with five children and a Guatemalan wife he treated her just as well as he treated his wife. She knew that he wasn't worth hanging in there for the long haul, but for the time being he did just fine as her full-time sugar daddy. Over the past four years Dennis, was the one she had to thank for those \$7,000 checks she cashed twice a month. Of the monthly stipend, two thousand dollars went to her team of freelance writers and the balance was deposited into her savings account. Dennis was very jealous, but outside of the cash he had very little to offer her with that big family tucked away in the Valley. After his weak bedroom confession in San Francisco years ago their relationship was never the same. Kennedy would never forget hearing him speak those words. She hated a liar and when she discovered Dennis to be one she lost all respect for him.

Liar or not she still hadn't been able to give up on Dennis because of the benefits an occasional blowjob would afford her. He always promised that he would happily congratulate the man who would sweep her off of her feet, but only on two conditions: he would have to be wealthy enough to take care of her, and he must truly love her. Any chance that she could find to get out of being dependent on his money she would take it. So when she was introduced to Hudson, while visiting Dennis at the office, their eyes met briefly and she knew that he would be her knight in shining armor. Hudson would be her opportunity to get out being involved in a non-fulfilling sexual affair that left her feeling empty, greedy and unhappy.

Last week her luck was up. Hudson just so happened to stop by the office on a day that she coincidentally dropped by to unload some time-sensitive files containing editorials for the company's pet project, a very unsuccessful venture. See, seems as though Carter, the son of owner, and millionaire Bob Blakely, convinced his father into investing in an Internet television network called, LiveLikeAMillionaire.tv. The "network" was geared towards affluent men ages 35 to 51 years old. The shows that streamed on the site were intended to equip visitors with everything they needed to know, to impress and undress beautiful young women. Kennedy always thought it was the most presumptuous business venture she'd ever worked on. Not the concept, but the idea that men in their 50's really believed that women in their early twenties would be even remotely interested in canoodling in a villa, for four days with someone whose nuts sagged to the floor. Either way, Carter was blessed with a handsome budget, and Kennedy was the recipient of a big chunk of it.

Looking at the time on her MacBook, she wondered if calling him back right now would make her look desperate. The only way to find out was to call one of her girls, because in her mind, between each of them, they had all the answers. She scrolled through the address book on her phone pressing SEND when she arrived at the name Eavan Riley.

Eavan was Kennedy's closest girlfriend. The two met when they were in their early 20's through a mutual childhood friend. Instantly they clicked. They had one thing

in common, they both loved men, but more importantly, they loved men with money. Eavan's father played in the NBA and she was a daddy's girl. She was a trust fund baby, and inherited a nice little monthly kick back to sustain the all basics needs that a spoiled LA girl required for maintenance.

They weren't the usual pair. Although many of their girlfriends coined them gold-diggers, they were actually pretty savvy hustlers. Eavan stood six-feet tall with an hourglass figure, sort of like the Jean Paul Gutiere perfume bottle. She had a head full of beautiful hair, and she kept it styled in a unique short haircut. Eavan was not only known for her natural beauty, but her style was impeccable. Every day her outfits were that of an international businesswoman. From high-end bags to designer suits, paired with fresh off the shelf Louboutins, the styles were crazy. On top of the clothes, her jewel game was tight too. The two of them were so close Kennedy was often privy to pick and choose from Eavan's treasure chest jewelry box to rock out in canary diamond studs with matching rings. Evan dressed, walked and accessorized like a lady pimp, and that's just what she thought she was.

Kennedy admired her style. She could always count on Eavan to put something fly together for her whenever she was listed for a red carpet event or asked to attend an elegant Hollywood gala. Standing five-foot tall with double D's and a twenty-four-inch waist, Kennedy was killer too. Her beautiful face was accented by her cheekbones, which stood out prominently when she smiled. She appeared ten years younger than all of her

friends. Now at the ripe age of thirty she was perfection. Even at this age she could easily pass for a 25-year-old. That is until she opened her mouth. Kennedy was well read, and she often made it her point to challenge anyone who tried to test her on ideas, politics and news. She wore her hair long and straight most of the time. The texture and length drove men crazy. She got even more attention when she added extensions. Pair the unique face and a Herve Ledger Band-Aid dress; she could bag any man who crossed her path. She loved men, but she couldn't find one that she loved enough to settle down with and have children.

Both she and Eavan wanted to end the rat race of using men for money, and settle down like big girls do. Have a couple of kids. Hell, help out with a charity, travel, the wife type life. But it seemed like the closer they got to 30, the further away the reality of a simple life became.

Eavan worked part-time as a real estate broker and she played the game right. She owned several low-income subdivisions throughout Atlanta, but called Los Angeles home. She owned an apartment building in Chicago, two parking lots in Jersey and a café in Boston. After a short stint as a flight attendant, she met, and fell head over heels for an NBA player who after just six weeks, proposed to her with an ice blue 8-carat princess cut diamond ring with matching earrings. One afternoon, Eavan came home from shopping and to find her ballplayer in bed with what she thought was a woman. Turns out, her future husband was into chicks with dicks. After a severe tongue-lashing and

threats of outing him to the entire world, Eavan did what any real woman would do. She grabbed her bags, packed enough clothes to last her a day or two, and smoothly sashayed out of the house. She didn't even shed a tear. Hopping into her all white G-series Benz heading downtown, she ended up at the jewelry mart where she exchanged that beautiful rock for twenty-five thousand cash. Yes, it may have been a far cry less than what it was worth, not even a third of its value, but she had cash in hand, and she was a woman with a plan.

Eavan didn't waste any time after that. Friends and family were sent a sweet note calling the wedding off. She had class, so she made sure to include two complimentary Burke Williams Day Spa gift certificates in each envelope. The last thing she wanted was for her guest to think was that it was a money problem.

A few days after staying in a suite at the downtown Standard Hotel, Eavan pulled her strength together as she woke up one morning, showered, threw on her black and white Channel skirt-suit and drove into the city to shop for furniture at Out of Asia. Her new loft was located in the heart of the new downtown LA, directly across the street from LA Live. She staged her new home with the latest in contemporary designs fit for a queen. The color scheme was peach and tan. A custom butter leather sofa and ottoman was purchased with impeccable taste in mind. She opted for a California King sized bed that stood 3 feet off of the floor and required a step stool to raise her into it. Her new place of residence was immaculate. Hiring a florist to keep fresh white and blue

hydrangeas in the foyer and dining area kept the air fresh with a floral scent. There was hardwood flooring throughout and she dressed the living area with an Australian sheepskin rug. This place was it for her, the bachelorette pad with finesse boasting a serene set up with a clear view of Downtown Los Angeles. The Staples Center was in plain view resting adjacent to the building she lived in. Eavan had found the perfect place to spot a new ball player, all from the comfort of her own home.

Shortly after getting settled in to her new digs, she enrolled in real estate school. After finishing her courses, she invested every dime of that ring rebate into property, buying three small apartments in her old college town. Now, five-years later, she was sitting pretty. She had cash, clothes and wealth. The one thing she didn't have was love. Opting to trade her heart for the cash she made a silent vow to never love another man.

Chapter 2

The Call

“He called,” Kennedy whispers into the phone as if there were someone else in the room with her.

“Yes. I knew he would,” Eavan replied confidently.

Kennedy loved how Eavan always stayed calm and cool when it came to men. She never got her feathers ruffled. She looked at men as projects, little experiments that if you applied the right formula you could end up with the perfect result. That result for these two LA women only meant one thing, getting paid.

“Okay girl,” Eavan said, “you have to call him back. It’s not like we are dealing with one of these low life ass LA cats. This one, he’s going to be your husband.”

“I know,” she squealed. “Hell yeah. Finally,”

“I know right?! So stay focused. This is what we have been waiting for. Let’s play our cards right.”

Eavan and Kennedy always referred to the guys they were seeing as if they were both dating the same man. She spoke in two's, it was always, he better do this for us, or who does he think he’s playing, we don’t have time for this. We this, and we that, but that

was the way these two rolled. Hudson was seen as solely one thing, their way up and out, on to greener pastures, their ticket around the world.

Kennedy had yet to travel outside of the United States, but she had been to every major city in the country. After Dennis took her out of the liquor modeling game and helped her complete her degree program, she took her talent for writing to the top. Her career as a freelance journalist afforded her the opportunity to always be in the right place at the right time. The gigs were cool, work was less than steady, but the benefits were out of sight. She sipped champagne with studio heads at the annual Directors Guild Awards, and broke bread with writers during the Humanitas Awards luncheon held at the Beverly Hills Hotel each year. Every February she was an honored guest at the Two Kings Annual Dinner, hosted by Jay Z and LeBron James during All-Star Weekend. Kennedy was sent tickets to every award show on television. Her seats were closer to the stage than most artists in attendance. In her mind, her social life was golden.

It was a slow and steady grind, but she was making her way in the entertainment game, and she understood that the road was narrow and long. She just knew that one of these events; a forty-something married screenwriter, or a hip-hop mogul with a herpes buzz would target her. She never felt safe dating men in the industry. She thought most of the ones that she would meet were real phonies. The first question they wanted to know right off the bat was whether or not her hair was real, or if she was mixed. If the potential suitor were white, she'd have to put up with listening to him lust over other men, because

half of the men in Hollywood were bi, and were confidently open about it. Either way it was where she made her living and she loved it. Despite it all, there were a lot of good times and a few good people in the game. She couldn't imagine herself doing anything else. Being a part of the entertainment industry was like going back to High School and hanging out with the cool kids.

“Alright,” Kennedy squealed, “I’m focused. Now what do I do? Do I hit him back?”

“Girl yes, but I would wait. Okay, wait, how long ago did he call?”

“About ten minutes ago.”

“Okay, so now is a good time to return his call. Just don’t be too giddy. I mean, yes he’s worth \$19 million, but he’s still a man.”

“Yeah, I understand that, but damn, my palms are sweating. He’s worth that much, and he’s still hot! Something has got to be wrong.”

“Don’t think like that Kenn. You deserve this. You’ve been waiting on someone who could afford to give you all of the things you want in life. Take you out of that Honda Accord, and put you into your first Benz.”

“Don’t talk about my Honda. That’s my baby.”

“I know girl,” Eavan said laughing. “But real talk, you need to upgrade. You’re almost thirty. Not to mention your plans on being the worlds next Candace Bushnell. You need a boss around that can help upgrade you to that level.”

“Damn, I always wanted to do that myself though.” Kennedy’s excitement waned a bit as she thought about the countless failed business ventures she’d put in place over the past six years. With Dennis’ money she was able to launch a promotional modeling agency, a full-service personal assistant agency, and a sex toy operation. All of which seemed like great ideas in their inception, but she had a horrible lack of focus, so she would easily get bored and find herself moving on to greener pastures, meaning a gig that paid better.

Chapter 3

Sade

After ending the call with Eavan, she thought about calling her sister, Sade, who was the only other woman that she shared all of her love stories with. Sade was absolutely beautiful. Her frame was statuesque. Standing 5'8"; with the most beautiful golden locks you'd ever seen, Sade's honey-brown skin tone, and double D's made her a certified stunner. Her body was perfect, and unlike many of the women her age, she didn't have a single tattoo. On the other hand, she had both nipples pierced, something she insisted Kennedy should try.

At first glance, Sade resembled a Rasta-woman. But once you took a look in her closet, you knew that she was a typical California girl, with only an affinity for the islands. She had a mean shoe fetish. Kennedy would have stayed in her closet, had it not been for the difference in shoe size. Sade wore an 8 1/2 and had the prettiest toes you'd ever seen on a woman, besides their mother.

Sade lived in a condo on South Beach. After moving to Miami for college, she never came back to live in Cali where the rest of her family was. She married a documentary filmmaker named Lee, who she met in college during her freshman year at University of Florida. Lee was half white, and half Chinese. They got acquainted after

being paired up for a student project in their Film 101 course. Together they produced a full-length documentary that won in four film festivals. After traveling state to state to promote the picture, staying in seedy motels and eating out of bus stations, the two of them formed a bond that could not be easily broken. After graduation, they took a trip to Argentina to document the survivors of the Dirty War. It was during the filming, and on that trip, that Lee got on one knee and proposed. Sade didn't hesitate, she said yes. Fast forward, five-years later, they have a gorgeous toddler son named Lee Jr., and a daughter they adopted in Argentina, named Evita.

Yes, Sade lived the good life, twice a year vacations, hobnobbing with political figures, wrapping it all up to come home and enjoy family life. Kennedy was proud of who her younger sister had become. Although she was two years younger, she trusted Sade's advice, since the life that she led was something that Kennedy could only imagine. In her eyes, Sade lived first class, all the way.

The phone rang twice, before someone answered, Kennedy could hear heavy breathing on the other end.

"Hello."

"Hey sis."

"Kenn, what is going on girl?"

"Not too much, I hope I didn't interrupt anything."

Just then Kennedy realized she was on speaker when she heard Lee blurt out, “Only me making love to my wife, sister-in-law.”

Kennedy and Lee had a good relationship. She loved the way he took care of her sister. He came from a very small family, and took him very little time to bond with theirs. He often sent their mother and father round trip plane tickets to Florida just so they could visit with the kids. He was a real provider. Lee was the kind of man who would cook dinner, do yard work, and throw rose petals at Sade’s feet when she walked through the door. Surprisingly enough, Sade shared with her sister the guy was packing at least seven inches. Something Kennedy insisted would have to be proven.

“Boy, get off of my sister for a minute,” Kennedy joked. “I need to talk to her about business,” she hummed, referring to her latest venture.

“Business huh,” Lee replied. He rose from the bed, placed a silent kiss on Sade’s lips, then he whispered something that made her blush.

“Yes, business,” Kennedy replied, unaware of the sexual banter the two of them were putting down on the other end of the phone. “I’m trying to nail you down a brother-in-law and I need expert advice from your wife.”

“Well in that case sis,” he exhaled, “she’s all yours.”

Lee stood in front of Sade completely naked. It was close to 1 a.m., Eastern Standard Time. On a typical night, the two of them would be making love, ending in a deep sleep curled up under each other.

Lee slipped on a pair of white linen pants that rested just above his pelvic bone. His body was ripped. Smooth and vanilla, the surface was completely bald. No pubic hair, no chest hair, hell, he didn't even have a mustache. He was fine as hell. Bee stung lips, oval eyes, and high cheekbones. On the surface his look was traditional, but he was truly an urban kid at heart. He was a street artist. Cops call the taggers. Graffiti and art on trains, brick walls, the type of art that gives a city its charm. He went by the name of scorpion in Miami. He was so well known that his art around the city earned him a scholarship to the University. His parents expected him to be a pianist. He'd studied since the 6th grade. But afterschool programs in his neighborhood steered him toward a crowd of people who could relate to his feelings of being different. He made it work. Along with a group of friends they changed the way street art was looked at in a world that strives to keep them out of it.

Throughout their home, his artwork graced the walls. This dude was certainly different, but Sade said drew her to him. She had dated a Lenz of men, most of them from foreign countries. That was one reason she loved Florida. It was a port for all persuasions.

“Thank you!”

Sade slapped Lee on his butt after he tied his pants in a bow. His pretty man-feet lead him out of their master suite into the kitchen to prepare the two of them a pot of tea.

“Talk quick girl, my baby was about to put that chop, chop on your girl,” she laughed.

“You two still freak like newlyweds.”

“I mean he’s that fine girl. Every time we go out, all I can think about is getting him home, in this bed, up under me.”

“That’s bomb. I don’t see how you do it though. The same man, five years and counting?”

“Yeah girl, it’s nice. He’s the love of my life. The lovemaking is impeccable, better than anything I’ve ever known. And the things that he whispers in my ear, dives me crazy. Do you know that this man—“

“Hold on girl, I actually called to talk to you about something,” Kennedy said, cutting her sister off.

“Oh shoot, my bad sis, do tell.”

“Okay, well you remember the sexy Columbian millionaire I told you that I met about a month ago at the office?”

“Yeah, the one you said made you feel like you were hit with the thunderbolt when you looked into his eyes.” Sade made it a habit to remember every word, in every conversation that she and her sister had.

“Yes sis. Oh my god,” she gushed, “he finally called me. I’m trying to decide whether I should call him back tonight, or wait.”

“Here is what you do, give him a call back tomorrow. Feel him out. I don’t want you jumping in head over heels too fast. The two of you met, there was some chemistry there, but let’s make sure this man has a good heart.”

“I know he does. I could tell from the moment I saw him. He looked like an angel.”

“An angel Kenn?” Sade asked, only half-joking.

“Yes. With pretty wings like Maxwell sang about.”

Sade just chuckled and rolled her eyes up in her head.

“I just wanted to check with you to make sure I wouldn’t be coming off too thirsty if I called him back right away. I’m ready for us to have our first conversation, our first date, our first time making love, and then our wedding.”

“Slow down girl. Just start with the first conversation, then take it from there.”

“Got it,” she said, disregarding the jewels her sister just dropped. “I’m on it. I think he’s in New York right now, so I’ll get at him *after* booty call hours. I’ll call you back in the a.m.”

“Well, call me in around noon, because me and my Lee have plans to get this bed rocking non-stop tonight.” Sade smiled, running her palm across their platform styled king sized bed.

“How are my niece and nephew?”

“They’re great. Lee Jay is reading girl. Can you believe that? Reading, at three-years-old. Small sentences, but it shocks the hell out of us. Evita is adjusting fine. She’s trying to teach Jay Spanish.”

“Damn girl, you have a great life you’ve set up for yourself. I just hope I can get that kind of thing popping in my own world one day. But for now, I’m trying to get up with this millionaire. He’s going to give me the jump-start I need.”

“Well remember sis, all of this that I have took time, trials and tribulations. But most of all genuine love and support. A real bond, that’s what you look for.”

Kennedy and Sade said their goodbyes just as Lee re-entered the bedroom. He carried a small serving tray with chamomile tea in a little clay pot. There were two small round teacups on either side of the tray and a jar of honey in the middle. Lee pulled the

honey wand out, dripping enough to coat the bottom of each cup. He slowly poured a steamy cup for both of them, sensually handing one to Sade.

They gazed into each other's eyes as they sipped tea. Lee flashed a smile at Sade leaning over to kiss her. She pecked his lips, and pulled back. She placed her teacup on the nightstand with one hand, untying his pants with the other. He raised his hands up, one still gripping his hot tea, allowing full action to undress him. She ran her hands across his six-pack. He put his hand on top of hers and guided it around to soothe his belly. After he finished his tea, he stood up and his linen pants dropped to the floor. Sade pulled her husband close to her, his knees rested at the edge of the bed. She began kissing his belly button, he moaned in pleasure.

"I love you Sade."

"I love you too Lee. Let's make another baby."

"I'll make a hundred, as long as you're here with me to raise them."

Lee was aroused now. He slid head first under their 1000 count thread sheets, doused with African lavender. He immediately placed his love inside of Sade. She let out a moan, with her arms wrapped around his neck, and her legs locked in the small of his back. She sucked his neck until she felt a small rise on the skin. The two of them made sweet love all night, quietly, steamy, careful not to wake the kids.

Chapter 4

Loves in the Air

The next morning Kennedy was awakened by the sound of the street sweeper cleaning up Bronson Avenue. She realized that she hadn't moved the Honda the night before, so she knew that there would be a fat ticket on her windshield when she got downstairs. Warm rays of sun peeked through her vertical blinds heating up her legs. She must have wrestled herself out of the covers last night, because she sprang up lying on top of her all- white sheets. The clock on her nightstand read 11:45 a.m.

Damn, that means its 2:45 p.m. in NYC. I wonder what Hudson is doing? I'd better call his fine ass. I want fly to New York. I wonder where our first date will be? Shit, let me brush my teeth first.

She jumped up and staggered into the bathroom. Her entire house was decorated in white furniture. A couple of years ago, she found herself dating a rich a Chinese man who introduced her to Buddhism, a practice that she embraced. Shortly afterwards she began re-decorating her apartment in white, for prosperity. She had Marilyn Monroe artwork in her bedroom; her bathroom and the foyer, to remind her of the struggles that the most beautiful woman in Hollywood had to endure. The portraits were the first things she saw each morning because it energized Kennedy to see Marilyn's beautiful smile. She saw herself as the up-and- coming Monroe. She even planned to name her daughter after the silver screen icon.

Kennedy brushed her teeth and flossed. She turned on the shower and let it run extra hot. She took off her boy shorts and tank top and tossed them into the wicker hamper in the corner. Inside the shower she let the warm water run over her breast. She opened her mouth and swished the water around. In one ear and then the other, the warm water soothed her eardrums. Raising her legs, she bathed the inside of her body with a natural lavender soap. She got out of the shower and dried her body off. Scooping handfuls of strawberry body butter into the palm of her hand, she whipped her body up a soufflé of moisturizer that had her smelling so sexy she wanted to suck on herself.

After rubbing herself down, Kennedy went into her closet and selected a peach silk cami to throw on. She did five minutes of chanting. After her spiritual session, she opened all of the windows and blinds, and picked up her iPhone.

“Five missed calls?”

Scrolling through her call log she noticed two of the numbers were from area code 917.

Okay, that's New York.

The other numbers were local. Kennedy dialed her voice mail; the first message was an on-location assignment. The next message got her warm and excited.

Kennedy, it's Hudson. How are you? I'm calling you again because I'm planning to come to Los Angeles on Wednesday. I would love for you to join me for dinner if you

don't have anything planned. Please get back to me. I would like to make car arrangements to pick you up. I look forward to hearing from you. I'll be in meetings most of the days, so I will reply to you by email.

She didn't bother to check the rest of the messages that followed. Kennedy immediately dialed the number Hudson left on the message. Pacing the floor, with her feet sinking into the 3-inch shag carpeting in her living room, she listened closely to each ring. By the fifth ring, his voice mail answered. After the beep, she nervously muttered:

"Hi Hudson, its Kenn—I mean, Kennedy. I would love to join you for dinner on Wednesday. Shoot me an email or give me a call when you can, so we can set it all up. I hope you have a good day, and don't work too hard."

Kennedy felt a little unsure about the message but she didn't think about it too long. She pressed end on her phone and smiled. *Got him*, she thought.

Chapter 4

Custom Gentlemen

Kennedy popped in a Pilates DVD and roll out her Yoga mat a bit of stretching. After her morning meditation, she scoured her closet in search of the right outfit for the day. Settling on a pair of steel gray leggings and a lavender tank paired with a pair of teal and lavender Giuseppe slide-in's to show off the lavender matte polish on each toe. She was fresh, dressed, like a million bucks. She flat ironed her hair and applied very little makeup. She picked up the phone and scrolled to Eavan.

“Hey E.”

“What’s good girl?”

“I want to go out to the Marina today for brunch. You busy?”

“Not at all. I actually want to get out on the water anyway. A client of mine just called and asked me if I had a friend that would like to do lunch this afternoon. I can call him up and tell him to meet us at The Warehouse.”

Kennedy knew when Eavan said client that inquired about a friend of hers, it meant a *professional* client, not a real estate prospect, meaning there was money to be made for whoever joined her and the client. The job might entail escorting them to an event, other times you watched them jack off on their beach house balcony while lending a finger to their nasty ass as they blew a load. Either way, if they didn’t do it, someone

else would. So when Kennedy didn't have a steady man, she was pretty much down for whatever.

“Okay that sounds good. I'm dying for some crab legs and Moet.”

“Not a problem then. Let's say 2 p.m.?”

“Two is perfect.”

“Got it. So did you talk to daddy?”

Eavan calling men she was interested in, Daddy was something spoiled girls said to make men feel responsible for them. Call him daddy and he might treat you like his little girl. Kenned knew nothing about being a daddy's girl. Kennedy's daddy was more like a close guy friend to her. She smoked weed with him, they talked about sex, and even stranger, he told her the truth about men. not to get her feelings wrapped up into one. Her dad was an old school player. A retired cop who lived in Las Vegas now and chased call girls for a living, so the last thing she wanted out of a potential husband was for him to be like her daddy.

“He called this morning again. I didn't call him last night.”

“Well that was a good move. I mean he did hit you at booty call hours.”

“He's coming down on Wednesday. We are doing dinner.”

“Oh perfect. What are you wearing?”

“I don’t know,” Kennedy said, “I was hoping you had some time to help me pick a catch-him-and-keep-him dress.”

“Well stick with me on this run, these are the ones I’ve been telling you about. Just dress cute and say as little as possible. Let them talk, we’ll focus on securing an allowance from these old white men.

“I’m with it.”

“After lunch we’ll hit Rodeo.

“Sounds like a plan to me,” Kennedy said, applying the finishing touch of a clear coat of gloss. She puckered up and blew a kiss at her reflection, grabbed her white clutch and walked out of her apartment. Patiently she waited, catching the elevator to the basement where her Honda waited. <good>

The parking lot at The Warehouse was filled with high end automobiles, and considering LA lunches usually start to wind down at 1 p.m. there looked to be a bit of a wait. Kennedy arrived fifteen-minutes early to find Eavan already standing on the patio out front puffing on a Virginia Slim. Kennedy hated cigarettes for two reasons, first she lost two aunts to cancer and the second was they were just so 80’s. She hoped Eavan would quit, but it wasn’t happening. Ever since she broke up with her fiancé, she picked

up the nasty habit of smoking when she anticipated any type of money coming her way, and in her case, that was all the time.

Eavan who wore a sundress that showed off her long legs; accessorized with Louboutin open toed sandals and French tip painted toes. Taking it to the full out extreme, she topped her look off with peacock feathered pillbox hat. It made her look like more of a working woman than a real estate agent. Eavan leaned over to put out her cancer stick in the ashtray, pressing her lips together. Kennedy gave her a warm smile a high-five. They hugged, grabbed each other by the hand and walked into the restaurant.

“Okay mama, I’m glad you’re here early,” Eavan whispered to Kennedy.

“The two men we are meeting today are heavy hitters. One of them is the V.P. of Aston Martin. He’s out of Boston, but he visits the office in Beverly Hills at least once a month. He and I have been out on a few occasions. You know, the basics, dinner, and hockey games in the skybox, that type of shit. Anyway, he’s bringing one of his top clients with him today. He’s from Hawaii, a Samoan cat who just retired from the NFL. From what I understand, daddy is paid. My piece says buys a new Aston every year. He’s 34, and in need of a sexy, young friend in L.A.”

“Oh, I see,” Kennedy said.

They took a seat at the bar. Eavan motioned to the bartender and asked for a glass of Perrier.

“I love me a Samoan, you know that. I’ve got him. I can be all the friend he needs.”

“Good. That’s what I know. Now daddy and I, well, he’s sliding on thin ice. All the hockey games in the world won’t pay for the new Aston that I want, so I’m about to start applying pressure. He needs to pay like he weighs.”

“What is he into, strap-on's? Porn? What is his bag?”

“Girl, I don’t know, we haven’t done anything yet. Actually, he hasn’t asked for any either. I’m just ready to take it to the next level. It’s going on two months, and although we have only gone out a few times, he knows what it is. The diamond mommy needs to stay laced. If he’s not going to do it, someone else will.”

Kennedy tried to process what Eavan was telling her and came up with a theory to put in place during the lunch. This cat sounded like he could be a window shopper which was a white man with a nice amount of money and a fetish, who wanted to see how far his coins would take him. This type would usually take a woman out to show her off but would be absent when it was time to treat her to the finer things in life, like designer clothes, jewels and private jets. Or, he could be a cheapskate who wouldn’t spend a nickel to enhance her lifestyle, but had no problem spending hundreds on Maestros and Dom P, as long as he was enjoying it too.

Either way, this introduction wouldn't go anywhere unless he switched his game up drastically. They weren't the typical girls who felt they needed to be with a white man to get treated right, they demanded that any man who approached them took heed to the elegance and tip top quality of the women that they were.

They laughed as the bartender placed two wine glasses accented with lime in front of them. Just as they began to enjoy the cool fizz of their drinks, Eavan turned around to acknowledge a tap on her shoulder.

"Good afternoon gorgeous," a baritone voice rang out.

"Hello daddy," Eavan greeted her mini-man. She stood up from her stool and gave him a warm embrace.

"Hello my beautiful chocolate queen," Alan replied.

Kennedy turned with her wine glass in hand and got an eye full of old. It was the V.P., better known as Alan Schaffer. Alan was a short, white man, around 5'7", his voice hardly matched his stature. He was balding and shaved all of his facial hair to appear younger. He looked like he frequented the gym trying to do the best with what he had. He looked like he was pushing 45-years- old, which would have been way too old for Kennedy. Eavan on the other hand saw dollar signs, so she took them from 18 to 80, blind, crippled or crazy.

Behind Alan stood the client. He was covered in sun kissed skin, with thick wavy hair that hung down his back in one big massive fish tail braid. His thick brown lips raised slightly, revealing a small gap between his top and bottom teeth.

“Oh, excuse me,” Alan said to acknowledge his failure to introduce his compainioion. “My name is Alan Schaffer.”

He extended his hand to Kennedy. She extended her right hand, turning her palms down signaling Alan to kiss it. He did.

“Kennedy,” she replied, taking her eyes off of the hunk for just a moment. <break needed here>

“Let me introduce you to a close friend of mine, this is Dominique.”

Just then it hit her, she knew him. It was Dominique Makaiau. He played for the Chargers from 2004-2008. He was the middle linebacker that you could always spot on the field by his hair. It hung long on the outside of his helmet. She knew all of his stats because they scoured NFL.com to find potential marks to supplement their hustle.

Dominique stepped in closer to Kennedy. “Hello beautiful.”

“I’m Eavan.” Eavan reached her hand out the same way Kennedy did, but Dominique shook it. Eavan pulled her hand back, slid her arm through Alan’s and they headed over to the hostess stand.

Seagulls glid about the blue California sky searching hungrily for their next meal. The ocean was clear as yachts cruised the Pacific just a few miles away from their table. Dominique pulled out a chair for Kennedy, and sat down. Alan did the same for Eavan.

“So, how long have you lived in L.A.?”

“Thank you for the compliment, but really, you can call me Kennedy.”

“Okay, Kennedy, that’s a beautiful name for a beautiful woman.”

“I’ve lived here since I was six, by way of Texas.”

“Texas? What part?”

“Houston.”

“H-Town,” he said. His smile was infectious. Kennedy smiled back.

“Yeah, what do you know about it?”

“I have a few cousins in Dallas. You still got family out there?”

“Not really, most of us are here in LA or Vegas.”

“So what do you do, Miss LA?”

“I’m a writer.”

“Is that right? What have you written.”

“Actually I’m freelancing with a few entertainment publications. I want to travel though, so I’m trying to find a way to incorporate the two.”

“I have a few connections with the Robb Report, they might be looking for someone who is willing to uproot and get the story.”

The conversation was making Kennedy feel like this might be Dominique putting the bait out there to see how hungry she was. She was hungry, but knew that she couldn’t reveal her hand so soon. After more get-to-know-you talk, the two of them found themselves discussing things that best friends might. From politics, to what type cereal ate as children.

“Do you think there will ever be a woman president?”

“I think so, women possess the power to bring peace to the world.”

“How so?”

“A woman is a ball of creative energy. The only being on the planet to bring forth life. I honor and respect women, then again I had five sisters,” Dominique said.
“I’m the oldest.”

“You had to do a lot of protecting.”

“And I loved every minute of it. I’ve practically raised my sisters. I make sure they experience life how I did. I make them listen to music I grew up on. I even make them watch old school cartoons like Gumby and The Smurfs.”

“I loved The Smurfs. I thought I was Smurfette.”

“I always rocked the Gumby haircut, until I decided to grow my hair out.”

“I can see you rocking a Gumby.”

She brushed her hands through his locs when she said it. He closed his eyes for a brief moment. Kennedy took a deep breath, pursed her lips and realized she was finally connecting with a man on a level that didn’t involve sex or money.

“So you were born in eighty...”

“Excuse me,” Kennedy said, rolling her neck back and lowered her eyes, clearly disapproving of his last question.

“Don’t tell me you’re the type who doesn’t tell her age?”

“Not to strangers.”

The food arrived, but their banter never stopped. Neither of them ate a morsel, both forgetting that this was supposed to be a “business meeting”

After they finished their entrees, Alan motioned for the waiter ordering a bottle of Cristal. Moments later the waiter returned, popped the bottle and each of them had their fill.

Three bottles and an hour later, Eavan and Alan rose from the table. Kennedy looked up at Eavan and she gave her a wink. Eavan leaned over giving Kennedy a peck on each cheek and waived goodbye to Dominique. Alan graciously bowed his head as he placing his hand in the small of Eavan's back, while saying his goodbyes. Kennedy wasn't sure of what Eavan had told him, but knowing her, she was taking him someplace to spit some serious game for a nice payday.

As soon as they were out of sight, Dominique leaned in close, looking into Kennedy's eyes. He placed a small kiss on her full lips. Although Kennedy didn't like to kiss, when Dominique's lips touched hers it felt new, like the feeling you get when you smell garden roses. You know you've smelled them before, but it still takes you back to experiencing the smell as a kid. Back when you would pick off the thorns off of the bush, licking their backs and sticking them to your forehead. The newness of landing a good paying job, or unpacking belongings in your dream home. Something about his touch felt honest. It felt real.

"I'm going to keep it real with you, I want to spend a little more time today. I don't often find myself in the presence of a woman who can keep my full attention, plus you're kind of cute."

“Thank you for the compliment, really. I’m just enjoying this clean air and the view, you’re an surprise bonus.”

“So are you ready to go?”

“I have a few more things that I had planned before I committed to this lunch.”

As moved away from the table, she realized she was drunk. Her head washed over her body bringing focus to the things directly in front of her. There was no more observing the sea and its wonders.

“Easy lady,” Dominique said, placing his hand up for Kennedy to grab for balance. She took hold to his forearm, tattooed with a sailors anchor. It was as hard as steel. Dominique got up from the table, pulled some bills from his fold without even looking over the \$538.00 bill. He placed seven crisp big faces into the black fold. He slid his chair back under the table, grabbed Kennedy’s hand and lead her out of the restaurant.

They approached the valet stand with no valets. It was still busy, although the parking lot was clearing out. The high end business lunches had ended because now the cars came down a bit to middle class. Instead of Porches and Mercedes, there were Dodges and Hondas.

“Give me your valet ticket,” Dominique said, turning to Kennedy who was stumbling over to her car in the far corner of self parking.

“I’ll pull around and follow you,” Kennedy said. She fumbled with the keys and managed to unlock the door and start the engine. Behind the wheel inebriated she spoke inside her head, *keep it together.* ”

Chapter 5

It's Rodeo, Not Rodeo

On cue, Kennedy's phone rang. "Hey girl, are you still at the restaurant with fine ass?" It was Eavan.

"Girl we are leaving now. Where are you?"

"I am pulling back in to valet. I just sent that trick on back to his hotel with something on his mind. I got his Black card, now we can go shop. You still want to hit Rodeo right?"

Kennedy smiled. "Of course, I'm trying to pull it together and pull around there right now."

They both laughed. Kennedy pressed end on her phone as Eavan made her way through valet in her white G series Benz. Kennedy pulled up behind her, followed by a black on black DB9 Aston Martin fresh off the showroom floor. Dominique walked over to the valet, placing a folded bill into his hand in exchange for the key. He walked to Kennedy's window, taking a once over of her older modeled car.

"Following me?"

“Right behind you,” she said. “Oh but wait, I almost forgot, I already had plans. You see my girl Eavan is sitting right there anxiously waiting to go on the shopping trip we had planned.”

“Where are you two going shopping at?”

“Rodeo.”

“Well tell your girl to follow us to my hotel next door. I’m staying at the Ritz, you can park there. I’m kidnapping you for the day. Is this your car?”

“I’m driving it! What kind of question is that?”

“Just making a mental note of what you like and planning to make sure I upgrade those expectations.”

Kennedy ignored him, slighted anytime someone gets Hollywood about her car. No it wasn’t brand new, but it was paid for. She wasn’t about to put herself in a bind to impress anyone. She called Eavan on her cell to tell her what Dominique suggested.

“Not a problem,” Eavan said. She peeped herself in the rear view mirror and since Kennedy was sitting right behind her she caught a glimpse of a sly grin on her face. She lit up a Virginia Slim, wiping the edges of her mouth and pulled out of The Warehouse parking lot making a left turn heading to the Ritz.

Chapter 6

Brute Strength

After a full day of shopping on Rodeo, Kennedy was on cloud nine. Not only did she get her Gucci bag and pumps, but Dominique also allowed both she and Eavan to burn the store down. They also hit every subsequent store up the block. By the time the sun was setting, they each owned three new handbags, two pair of shoes, and the accessories that are usually overlooked when you've only got a budget for a couple items.

Eavan pulled Kennedy to the side at the Yves Saint Laurent boutique and suggested that she buy Dominique a gift, just because. During the entire shopping trip, Dominique waited in the limo, he'd been making phone calls all day, so he just decided to hand her the Black card. Since Eavan was the expert shopper, Kennedy took her advice when she suggested the YSL White Ursula T-shirt, with a pair of burgundy Malibu sneakers. She didn't know Dominique's size, so she picked out the largest pair they carried.

When the driver pulled into the Ritz, Eavan hopped out. She gave Kennedy a high five, and gave Dominique a hug, thanking him for all of the gifts. She skipped over to valet with heavy bags in tow, and pulled off in her G-Wagon.

Dominique instructed the bell hops to bring all of Kennedy's bags up to his room. "Wait a minute, where are we going?" Kennedy asked.

“Baby, I’m not letting you leave me today. I don’t give a damn where we have to go, and how much I have to spend. Let’s go upstairs, order some room service, and you can model some of that La Perla wear you bought. I see that bag,” he grinned.

Talk like that turned Kennedy on. He had it all. He was a man with a great body, manners, and plenty of money to spend? She grabbed his hand as he lifted her out of the car. As the two of them stood and waited for the elevator Dominique hugged Kennedy from behind. He rubbed up against her round butt, and leaned down kissing her on the neck. She tilted her head to the side to allow him full access to her spot. He planted kisses along the back of her neck, lifting her hair out of the way.

He whispered in her ear, “thank god I finally found you.”

As they arrived to the top floor, Dominique slid his key card through the door that hid the Presidential suite. The room was immaculate. Kennedy was use to saying in five star hotels so it wasn’t the suite that impressed her. What really impressed her was Dominique. When they entered the suite he immediately picked up the phone and ordered another bottle of Crystal champagne and a bucket of strawberries and whipped cream to be sent up by room service. She walked over to him and sat on his lap as he hung up the phone.

“Go hop in the shower baby, we are going out tonight,” he said, nibbling on her ear.

She looked into his eyes and gave him a long kiss. Springing up from his lap, he slapped her on the ass. It would have been sexy, but it kind of hurt. She turned to look at him, rubbing her butt. He wore the most devilish grin.

“What?” he laughed. “Go get in the shower girl.”

As the water ran over her body she couldn't help but feel relaxed and sexy. Dominique peeked in as she lathered her body, placing her La Perla bag on the counter. Her ass still stung, reminding her of a beating she'd gotten as a kid. When she looked at it in the floor length mirror there was a huge handprint.

She peeked her head out of the massive bathroom and noticed he was on the phone. All of their bags from shopping were still sitting by the door. She reached out and grabbed her Chanel bag that held a brand new set of Coco Mademoiselle perfume and body cream. She decided on the sheer, pale pink La Perla teddy with the nipples cut out. After lubricating her body with the cream and squirting an intoxicating mist of Coco behind each ear, she slid on the lingerie and admired her sexy body in the mirror. Her breasts were round and full, her areola popped something nice in the sexy one-piece because they were as huge as silver dollars. Her toned legs looked right, her feet were small, sexy, and her toes were begging to be sucked.

She walked out of the bathroom and immediately Dominique's jaw dropped. “Hey man, I have to hit you back. I'll see you tonight.”

He pressed end on his cell and threw it against the wall. He hopped up rushing Kennedy like only a middle line backer could. Sweeping her up in one motion, he began to bite and lick all over her breast. She didn't even have the chance to reciprocate with even so much of a kiss. Dude was all over her.

"Oh wow, you are so sexy," he said. He pulled down both straps of her top devouring one breast at a time. He flipped her over face down on the huge fluffy bed. Kennedy hated sleeping on top of hotel comforters. It was a pet peeve she picked up from watching a past segment on 20/20.

"Wait, pull this comforter back baby," she said just above a whisper.

He didn't even hear her. Luckily he stopped to pull off his pants, which gave her enough time to pull back the down comforter and situate herself on the sheets. When she looked back at him he was completely naked. His body was sexy as hell. She scanned him from his beautiful gorgeous face, to his huge muscular chest, to his ripped abs, but stopped dead below his belly button. He was as hard as Chinese chemistry and about the length of a doorstep. It even stood out straight. No curve up or down, hell it didn't even lean to the side. *What am I supposed to do with this*, she thought? So much for those size fourteens.

Dominique mounted her spreading her legs and licking and playing in her neatly shaved vagina. She grabbed onto his ponytail and pulled it back, pushing his head down in closer to her body. He licked and lapped in her juices, moaning he asked her to pull his

hair hard. She tried pulling it with all of her strength and he just continued to growl, “pull that shit, baby.” After he got his fill, he rose up and tried putting the doorstep inside of her without a condom.

“Hold on. I’m going to need for you to put something on that.”

“I thought you were mine, but I can do that?”

“I can be, but I’m not on the pill, and I am not positive. I want to keep it that way.”

Dominique lowered his head in a sign of defeat. When he looked back up at her his eyes looked deranged. He turned to the night stand and pulled a box of Magnum condoms out of the drawer.

Kennedy let out a slight chuckle and thought to herself, *whoever made those Magnums should be ashamed pumping all of these men up when really only one percent of the male population actually fit into one.*

He ripped open the gold foil removing the condom, rolling it over his little pecker. When it all was said and done it looked like he was wearing a slouch sock. His nipples were hard. Kennedy loved nipples. She sat up licked each one of them slowly, sucking for a moment apiece.

“Bite down,” he whispered.

Kennedy glanced up and his eyes were closed. She gave a little nibble.

“Harder.”

She obeyed.

He continued to urge her to clamp her choppers down until he let out a scream in pleasure. There was a speck of blood that beaded up on his left nipple, he looked down at it satisfied.

As he entered her, he could hardly penetrate past her walls, but Kennedy was use to it. Her sexual encounters with men who were less endowed were more frequent than not. To fix it she pumped back to meet his thrusts.

He moaned her name.

She whispered back to him, “baby, I’m right here, I got you.”

Just as he was about to finish, he asked her to stick a finger in his ass. Licking her middle finger, she stretched her arm around his back and slid it with ease. Two seconds later he came inside the giant sock.

Chapter 7

Old Habits

Eavan walked inside her loft carrying as many bags as she could handle. Her phone had been ringing non-stop since she left Alan earlier that day. He was blown back by what she'd done to him when they left The Warehouse.

As they exited the restaurant Alan asked her a series of questions, waiting for an answer before asking the next. She laughed, pretending to enjoy his quirky sense of whitey humor. It was something that came with the territory. She had grown up privileged spending most of her time in Los Angeles around trust fund babies. And although she came from money, she was still had that hood temper to a certain degree.

“So beautiful goddess,” Alan cooed into the phone, “what did you pick up today?”

“I just got a little of this and a little of that,” she replied.

“Okay, well, I would love to see you again before I fly back out of town tomorrow. Did your friend enjoy the shopping trip?”

“Actually she did. Dominique had his driver take us anyplace we wanted to go. He even came along for the ride. We went crazy on Rodeo.”

“That’s great. We should all get together tonight. I have another one of my athlete clients celebrating his birthday tonight at The Supper Club.”

“That sounds good. I’ll meet you there around 11:30.”

“No way, I’m coming to pick you up. Should I drive the Lamborghini or the Aston?”

“Well, I think I’m feeling like the Lambo tonight.”

“Done. Be ready at 11:30 beautiful. We are going to enjoy ourselves tonight.”

“Okay. Ciao”

Eavan hung up the phone, leaned over and rolled up the remainder of the White Widow Mary Jane she’d picked up from the dispensary earlier that day. She licked the wine Swisher and applied fire to it. Inhaling the blunt, Eavan realized how horny she was. Sucking Alan off was a good look, the Black Card is what she was aiming for, but she needed to be fucked. She needed some athlete sex. Her thoughts went to Kennedy and Dominique. *She is probably in there getting her back blew out.*

Eavan picked up her iPhone and scrolled down the list of names. She realized it was time to clean up her address book. Macio was a cokehead, *delete*, Marco was stingy, *delete*, Nash was well endowed but he didn’t like to wear condoms, a player no-no, *delete*.

This could go on forever, she thought. Then she arrived at a name that brought a smile to her face. *Ahh, Paul.*

Paul and Eavan met almost four-years ago at an ESPN Magazine party. He played for the Bulls but recently retired, launching a new career as a commentator for ESPN. He was 33 years old and fine as shit. He was tall, dark and handsome. The only reason they never really got serious was due to Eavan's hang-up about dealing with athletes, and the fact that he lived in Chicago. It was strange like that in LA, although the time had passed so quickly and they'd only seen each other a couple of times since they met, they still spoke to each other often. The two of them enjoyed the long distance courtship. They both made a conscious effort to stay in touch. One never forgot to wish the other a Happy Birthday or missed the opportunity to wish the other a Merry Christmas and prosperous New Year. The only thing that truly separated them was space and opportunity.

Now that he was living in Los Angeles, they crossed paths quite often while out partying, but he was always around a flock of blonde chicks. Eavan didn't feel like being a participant in the rat race for who would be the lucky one to get that big, black, telephone pole he was working with. It was the fanfare that was the catalyst to their interactions lasting only a few brief moments. Dude was single though, and anytime Eavan called him, it wouldn't be long before she got a call back. She dialed his number.

'Yo! You've reached Paul. I'm doing me, so do you.' *Beep.*

She hated when the phone goes straight to voicemail. “Hi Paul, it’s E. I hope you’re around, I need you.”

She hung up, and took another pull off of her blunt. She turned on the television and tuned into RnB jams on Sirius XM. Brandy sang through her Bose® speakers as she continued to puff herself into oblivion. Her eyes got lower and she was just about to nod off when her cell rang.

“Hello.”

“Hey sexy, this is Paul.”

“Ahhh, just the man I was looking for. You have an excellent turn around time.”

“I was actually just leaving the studio and I checked my voicemail and your sexy voice was on the other end. So, you need me, huh?”

“That’s what I said, right?”

“Well, I need you too.”

“So when?”

“Now. Where are you?”

“I’m here in the MetLofts, you know, right across from Staples. Loft #4B”

“Baby, I’m right here in front of your loft,” he said chuckling.

“Well what the fuck are you doing in front of my loft and not in here with me?”

The call dropped. Eavan looked at the phone and smiled. She was so high that she couldn't even move when she heard the soft knock on her door. After a few moments she willed herself to stand on her feet. Dressed in boy shorts and a sexy tank, Eavan opened the door. The smell of indo slapped Paul across the face.

“Whew,” he said fanning his face, “what’s popping, Snoop Dogg?”

“Ha, ha, get your ass in here,” she said, grabbing him by his belt buckle.

Paul came, just like a willing little puppy. The front door closed behind them as Eavan lead him to the bedroom area of her loft. The candles were warm and flickering. He loosened his tie and unbuttoning his shirt at the same time. Eavan was already going to work on his belt buckle. She got it loose and unzipped his pants pulling out his 10-inch swipe. She gobbled it down, not wasting a minute. Paul moaned while staring a hole in the top of her head. He was paralyzed. He heard she could give good head, but this was ridiculous.

Before he could complete the thought he was exploding.

She swallowed it.

“Come here baby, take these off,” he ordered, pulling at her boy shorts.

Lifting her on to the bed, he returned the favor. As she let out sighs and moans he rubbed himself to get it back ready for what he was about to do to her. He kissed from her thighs up to her breast, removing her tank like a pro. He grabbed both of her breasts and sucked each of them. He immediately rose up, digging into his pocket, pulling out, you guessed it, a Magnum. With one breast in hand and the rubber in the other he tore the packaging open with his teeth, rolling it on in one swift motion. He spread Eavan's legs apart and slid deep inside of her. She was tight and appreciative. Her eyes welled up and she didn't say a word. The soft moans that escaped her told Paul that he had arrived just in time.

An hour later the two of them lay sprawled out on top of the bed. She rested her back into his chest. As he snored, she took time to truly take in what had just happened while wearing a Cabernet smile, gazing out of the window. Watching fans file out of the Staples Center with their Lakers garb on, she sighed, thinking about how her ex kept her front row at the games. Being the girlfriend of an athlete was like nothing else. In this world, they were the queens of the land.

Just as the thought crossed her mind she heard a low buzz. Slowly, she slipped from under his arms and walked over to the pile of clothes they left in the middle of the floor. Paul's phone was sitting on top, it must have fell out while he was reaching for the condom. She wasn't usually a snooper. In her mind, as long as she made some doe while

dealing with a man, that was enough. But something told her to be a little nosy. She pressed the end button on his phone and noticed it was a text message from Dion.

She proceeded to read the message and it said, “Where you at with your fine self? I need some of that.”

Eavan dropped the phone back down on top of the clothes. She began to shake profusely. Her eyes welled up and her skin got warm and dewy. She ran to the restroom and threw up. All she could think about was taking down all of this mans juices and not protecting herself. She washed her face and walked back into the room where she found Paul getting dressed. As she walked towards the bed he smiled.

“Damn E, you put me to sleep.”

Trying to hold back her tears, she smiled.

“Girl what is wrong you?”

“Paul, do you have something you want to tell me?”

“About what?”

“I mean, you and I haven’t really had any deep conversations, but both of our reputations precede themselves.”

“True, although I didn’t believe that your reputation was as good as it is,” he said letting out a chuckle.

“No I’m serious.”

“What is it you want to know?”

“I want to know if –

Just then his cell phone, which was now resting on the end table began to buzz again. He picked it up and his face went stone when he looked at the caller ID.

“What’s the problem,” Eavan asked with her arms crossed over her chest.

“I—I have to go.”

“Why the rush?”

“Eavan, there’s something that you should know about me,” he said pulling his pants on.

“I’m listening.”

“I don’t know how to tell you this, but...I’m married. I just got hitched a little over two months ago. My wife Dion is from Peru. Her flight landed early. I— I didn’t expect to have to leave you so soon.”

He leaned in for a kiss from Eavan, who on one hand was relieved that he wasn’t going to leave her to play butt pirate with Dion, but on the other she was other pissed because the two of them had met long before this Dion, and he had never expressed an

interest in doing anything more than what they just did. She felt played in the worse way, but it wasn't a feeling that she hadn't experienced before. So she chalked it up to the game. She extended the palm of her hand out, rubbed her index, middle and thumb fingers together in a circular motion. Just as if he knew sign language, he removed his wallet, pulled out a crisp stack of hundred dollar bills and laid each one out by one until he made it to twenty. Eavan closed her hand around the cash and instantly a calm came over her. She found that smile again. She winked her eye at the now fully dressed Paul, and opened her front door ushering him into the hallway that lead to the elevator.

They didn't even say goodnight.

Chapter 8

Paparazzi

It never rains in Southern California... Unlike most metropolitan cities in America, the season changes in Los Angeles are observed by entertainment industry event. Instead of subzero temperature of snow fall, unacknowledged talent find themselves frozen out during the Award Season hail. Thirty-six million people will be struck with a Hollywood sickness, Oscar fever they suppress with doses of far less important telecasts.

The Emmy Awards kick off a series of A-list rituals, those events that brought out Hollywood's elite. These high-brow, nepotistic drones are silver screen royalty, raised from birth to master the technique of strutting the red carpet while coyly shouting out the designers responsible for such offenses of glamour. Permanent smiles plastered over beat faces, elegance gives the illusion of flotation from one reporter to the next. ...*they tell me, it never rains in Southern California...*

The top shows that dropped curtains that parenthesis exclusive beach parties and sexy day parties were the BET Awards and the MTV Video Music Awards. Events that invited the hot young hustlers to town. This clan consisted of music industry executives, pop-stars, writers and composers. The young and crazy. The loose crowd. Attire was more relaxed. Attendees could leave the suit and tie in

the closet, but the blow, booze and sex were as expected as they were in what other cities knew as summer.

Just as the leaves began to fall, anyone who with a pulse on the city could smell pilot season in the air. This was the time of year when all of the good looking actors found a reason to rise up off of their friend's couch and drag their hopeful asses onto a casting couch in hopes of being picked up for the next hit show. Halloween was the perfect time to enjoy all of the spoils life in the industry afforded its minions, new album releases happened frequently during holiday season and they were gathering places for new fresh stories, and lots of drugs and booze. It was around this season that Kennedy Aims decided to go public with Dominique.

Paparazzi life was for the birds, but for now she felt it was what she had to do. Her journey so far had been a humble one and covering an event, as entry level as it seemed was something she enjoyed because there you could always meet new faces that could take you new places.

Event reporting wasn't as easy as it looked though, there were rules to covering the carpet. First the reporter and her team should arrive early. In fact, three hours early to set up your camera and position yourself next to an outlet that the artists would probably care less about speaking to than the one you were representing. Then you had to wait, then wait some more until guests to begin to arrive. The earlier the event, the lower on the alphabet list the celebrity would fall.

For instance, a 9-o'clock event would start out with Z list from 9-930pm, then from 9:30-10 you'd get D-list. From 10:30-11:30 your C and B-listers would show up. From there, anytime between midnight and the end of the event you could catch an A-list celeb mosey through the line. Most times, they wouldn't even bother to give an interview unless of course your outlet was E! or MTV, or *Lenz*.

Tonight those rules didn't apply to Kennedy. She was fully dressed and on her way down the elevator, hand and hand with Dominique. His driver stood outside the big-body black Mercedes S400 wearing white gloves and shiny black Ferragamo ornament loafers, waiting to chauffeur them to the hot spot.

Eavan called to tell her that she wouldn't arrive until close to midnight which was cool with her, because she was actually looking forward to spending a little private time in VIP with her new beau. Popping bottles and relishing in all of the attention that she would get from all of the women who didn't arrive on the arm of a star player.

When they pulled up to The Supper Club the line was already wrapped around the block. There was a white carpet set up with scores of press waiting for anyone famous to make their way down. Kennedy knew what it was like to wait for celebrities to show up to red carpet events. It didn't matter tonight though, because Kennedy was thumbing her nose at those nerds behind the velvet rope, sashaying in on the arm of a sports star. Her life was much better than she gave herself credit for.

She smiled as Dominique lifted her out of the car. Stepping out in a teal green Zara dress, her dream night began.

Kennedy woke up groggy as she sat up in her queen-sized bed and braced herself to stand up. She glanced at the clock on her nightstand and it read 2:15 p.m. She was still drunk.

OMG, what did I do last night.

Leaning over to grab her iPhone, she noticed 12 missed calls. Scrolling through the call log Eavan's name appeared twice, that was normal, but there was a foreign number that had been calling since 6 a.m.

She realized that she was at home when the stench of fresh cigarette smoke hit her in the head as soon as she flipped over in bed to try and calm the dizziness. Kennedy was surrounded by neighbors who were Hollywood up-and-comings and had horrible chain smoking habits. The guy directly next door, Kennedy imagined, had to have at least a mild case of emphysema. She attributed this to the fact that she could hear him hacking day and night through the thin ass walls that separated them.

Just as her eyes were getting heavy and she began losing consciousness, her phone lit up. Looking at the caller id, she noticed it was Eavan again. She decided to take the call.

“Hullo.”

“O-M-G, girl! Are you still sleep?”

“Yes E. What’s going on?”

“So last night was one of the best nights we have had out in a very long time, I hate to brag.”

Still not knowing what all of the excitement in her voice amounted to, Kennedy sighed and agreed by mumbling an inaudible.

“So do you totally love dude or what? I mean it was so crazy that you didn’t even give a damn that Dominique brought you there. You just saw what you wanted and said fuck it. I mean, Dominique did just rack up a few grand on Rodeo, and he was on you so tough, like he wanted to make you the wife or something. But my girl didn’t give a damn about that,” she screamed, bursting into laughter.

“Kenn said fuck it, when she saw BuzzHard. He made eye contact with you, girl I swear I saw it...”

Kennedy sat with the phone to her ear and her mouth agape. She couldn't say a word. Her eyes were the size of saucers. She reached around her neck and noticed for the first time a 21-inch diamond beveled necklace hanging between her breasts. The medallion on the end of it was in big cursive letters and it read MMG. Just then she snapped back into the one-sided conversation that Eavan was having.

“Ken! Ken!! Girl what was it like? What happened? What the hell did you guys do? OMG Dominique was type tight. Girl, when you switched tables like that Alan just cleared his throat nervously,” she laughed. “You know, like a business deal just went wrong. He loosened his tie and rolled his neck around. Girl I was laughing so hard inside.”

For the first time since their initial greeting, Kennedy spoke.

“Girl, I have the worse headache. Wait a minute, what happened? Where's my baby Dominique? Don't tell me I did him like that.”

Beep. Beep. Eavan's other line was ringing.

“Girl, yes you did. But hold on let me take this call. I think this might be that Heat player that I met last night. You remember him girl? Never mind. I'll call you right back.”

Eavan hung up.

Kennedy sat on the edge of her bed and tossed her phone onto the pillow. She stood up and walked over to her vanity. She removed the gaudy necklace and took off the black wife beater tank top she was wearing. Her breasts were covered in hickeys. Some of them from her romp with Dominique. The others were fresh, new, unbelievably filled with more passion than the ones that Dominique placed on her body. She removed her thong underwear and tossed them into the hamper.

Floating over to the shower she turned the water on extra warm. She got in and enjoyed thirty, uninterrupted minutes of bathing and appreciation of her own body. She noticed that her body felt warm, warmer than normal, so she turned the hot water on the shower down a bit.

After bathing, Kennedy got out of the shower and towel dried off. She walked around her apartment naked for a moment doing deep breathing. She inhaled positive energy in and blew out the negative. She continued this exercise for about 20 minutes until she felt a calm come over her body. She rolled her head around in circles to release the tension in her neck. As she touched her ears from shoulder to shoulder, she heard her doorbell ring.

Ding, dong. Ding-dong.

Who the hell is ringing my doorbell like they're crazy? She thought, as she walked toward the front door. She peeked out the peephole and there was no one there. She opened the front door to peek down the hall and noticed there was no one in the

hallway either. Just as she was about to close the door, she looked on the floor in front of her and noticed a bouquet of roses and a small gold box in front resting on the welcome mat.

She picked up the bouquet of red, long stemmed roses and held them to her face to inhale the heavy aroma. Then she cupped the golden box into her chest and closed the door. Briskly moving past the couch, carefully setting the box on her rustic wood coffee table, she sashayed into the kitchen. She laid the roses on the counter and reached into the cupboard for her favorite crystal Mikasa vase. Filling the vase with water, she set it aside and cut the plastic that wrapped the bouquet together. Inside there was a note and some flower food. Instantly she became nervous.

Who sent me these flowers? I think it has something to do with last night. Damn, what the hell did I get myself into.

Before reading the note, she trimmed the stem on each rose about 1/4 the length and carefully arranged them in the vase. She sat the beautiful arrangement on the dining room table so that anyone who entered her flat would at least be greeted by this aesthetically pleasing manifestation of nature. Holding the small white envelope in her hand, slowly lifted the flap, it was time to piece this mystery together. The front of the card had a gold foil L on it. Once opened, there was a short note that read:

A car will arrive for you at 5pm tonight for dinner. Make sure you're wearing what's in the box. I can't wait to see you.

Kennedy was stumped. She couldn't figure out for the life of her, who had left this on her doorstep. The only thing she could do was breath deep and once again. Try to calm her anxiety. Now all of the drama was starting to set in. She'd just been chosen. But by whom, she was about to find out.

Kennedy popped her MacBook open and went to HollywoodHotMouth.com, one of her favorite cyber gossip rags, and todays top story almost made her spit coffee into the keyboard.

The headline read: *Top Rapper Knocks NFL Players Girl in VIP.*

The photo below the headline was bananas. There she was, in a tight dress, guzzling down champagne. The Gold Bottle held sloppily in her hands. **BuzzHard's** arm wrapped tightly around her waist. Her ass was magnetically attached to his zipper.

He wore the biggest grin on his face. She looked drunk. Dominique was nowhere to be seen.

She clicked on the article.

The next page had more pictures and there you see Dominique squaring off with **BuzzHard**. It was pitiful. **BuzzHard** had all of his boys surrounding Dominique. This was not a good look.

The article went on to read:

NYC rapper, BuzzHard, pulled the usual publicity stunt when he saw another baller's girl who he wanted. Our snitch tells us that BuzzHard and an entourage of about 20 goons arrived at Cabana, Tuesday night. Their crew popped bottle after bottle of Cristal. At the table across from his party sat former Chargers middle linebacker, Dominique Makiaiau and his jump-off, journalist and reported LA call-girl Kennedy Aims.

In this day and age, we know the typical them, heaux be winnin', but to leave Makiaiau, who retired from the NFL just last season, and currently has an estimated net worth of over \$30 million for BuzzHard, a known playboy who doesn't really have a great track record with women, may have been the wrong choice. These THOTS today have no choosing skills. Being a hofessional and all, shouldn't she know better?

Our snitch reports that BuzzHard popped everything off by sending a bottle of Cristal to Makiaiau's table. Then he followed it up by sending two additional bottles to their table, just for Kennedy. The VIP waitress was also instructed to present her with five stacks of \$100 bills with a message from BuzzHard, who was requesting for her to bring one of those bottles to him so that he could pop it with her. The five thousand dollars was for the inconvenience of her having to leave the table with Makiaiau.

Of course like any gold-digging wench, Kennedy hopped up and brought both bottles to BuzzHard. When Makaiau tried to protest, she put her hand to his chest, kissed him full on the lips and switched over to BuzzHard, table to enjoy champagne with him for the rest of the night. Reportedly, Makaiau, and his party left the club shortly after.

“Fuck”.

For Kennedy it was as embarrassing as it was impressive. The typical chick would have been embarrassed but all she could think of was, *Where the fuck did I put the five racks?*

With that thought she took off running, looking for the handbag she wore the night before. As she passed the coffee table she remembered that she hadn't so much as peeked in the golden box. She paused for a moment because now her head was swirling. She sat down right where she stood in easy pose. Taking the box off of the table she slowly opened it. Inside were the most beautiful canary diamond stud earrings. These joints had to be at least 5 carats each.

Damn, I don't know if this is BuzzHard's way of saying he's choosing me, but if he is, then I'm with it.

Finally making it to the closet in her room, pulling out last night's evening bag she pried it open slowly, not expecting to find what she did. Inside there were the thousand

stacks, neatly nestled between a tube of Explicit MAC lip glass and a bejeweled compact mirror.

Kennedy picked up the stacks of money and fanned through them. Each of the stacks placed neatly inside were wrapped in a yellow \$1,000 currency money bands. Every bill was a big face hundred.

Kennedy could only think of one thing, paying her rent up for the next three months.

It was 11 o'clock on Tuesday morning when Kennedy was awakened by Brandy's old school hit, "Best Friend" ringtone. That meant Sade was calling. Her eyes were still shut as she patted around on the nightstand looking for the phone.

"Hello."

"Good morning, Sis."

"Good morning, Sis." Kennedy still sounded groggy, but Sade didn't take notice.

"I just landed at LAX, come get me."

"Wait, what?" Kennedy said as she sat straight up in bed.

"I'm at LAX," Sade repeated, letting out a chuckle. She knew that Kennedy would be caught off guard, but this trip was necessary. After their last phone call Sade knew that her sister was getting in too deep. The Hollywood life was beginning to penetrate her womanhood so she made it a priority to put everything else on the back burner and come to see with her own eyes what was going on with her.

Lee and Sade had a storybook love, but she was beginning to grow bored of the predictable cookie cutter life that they lived. She would sit back sometimes to think about her life, about love, about family. Everything aside she really needed a bit of spice. Some unpredictability. She was becoming increasingly bored with being

a mom and a housewife. The constant crying and nagging every morning with no let up was something that most women who were experiencing baby fever would never even take under consideration.

Sade thought back to just a couple of days ago when she planned and executed masterfully the family's 6th annual photo shoot. It was a beautiful look. Sade did as always, set the date for a family portrait at a breathtaking locale on a clear day. This year she chose Miami Beach. Just feet away from the crashing waves she found herself with her impeccably dressed children, Junior and Evita with not a hair out of place sitting on either side of the family's teacup Maltese, Brody, who by the way she treated just like one of her children. She sat immediately behind them with her legs in easy pose. Her gorgeous husband kneeled behind her, arms wrapped around her waist. There they were, all-smiles. The picture perfect multi-cultural brood, smiling ear to ear as the sun set on their warm faces. Looking like the Partridge Family.

Just as they finished up she glanced over to a young couple skipping through the sand, hand and hand, kid free, making their way to the shore to hop aboard a WaveRunner. They looked so happy. Kissing passionately, like they actually *wanted* to be there with each other.

Behind the façade, Sade was suppressing a deep hunger inside of her that needed to be fed. It was a thirst that Lee could not quench.

Kennedy threw on a cute pair of casual stretch pants and topped it off with a cream colored blouse, minus the bra. She slipped her blush pink painted toes into her gold mirrored slide-ins and brushed her hair up into a messy bun. She quickly brushed her teeth and squirted a couple drops of smoky perfume behind each ear being sure to rub a couple drops on the pulse points of her wrists. Ten minutes later she was out of the door and on her way to discover a side of her sister that she never knew existed.

The drive to LAX was quick so Kennedy blew the rest of the joint that was left over in her ashtray as quickly as possible. She didn't want the car to be smoked out when she arrived. Before she knew it she was pulling into Terminal 7 and there stood Sade as beautiful as she remembered her. Her long, blonde locks fell just above her waist as she bent down to extend the handle on her luggage. She wore a white short romper, with gold and white wedges. Her small wrists were adorned with multiple gold bangles and her left forth finger was weighted down with a beautiful diamond.

Kennedy jumped out of the car, popping the trunk. She ran over to her sister and hugged her for a breath too long. Sade could tell something was bothering her. Taking in the scent that enveloped Sade, Kennedy admired her a little longer, pulling back from the hug with her arms still resting in the palms of her hands.

"I miss you girl, you look as beautiful as ever."

“Thank you babe.” Sade followed the compliment up by giving her best vogue pose. “So do you.”

Kennedy lifted the heavy suitcase placing it into the trunk for her sister. The weight of it made her wonder just how long Sade was planning to stay. She brushed the thought aside as the two of them hopped into the Honda and veered off toward the Century Blvd. exit out of the airport.

The sun was at its zenith. The air was clear but like LA, the traffic was a drag.

“So what brings you to to town girl? You didn’t even tell me you were coming.”

“Well, first off I had to come check on you,” Sade said with just a slight hint of concern in her voice.

“Check on me? I’m good boo.”

“Good huh? Listen, I know it’s a crazy life out here. I don’t doubt that you’re enjoying yourself and doing what you have to do. I just want to make sure you’re safe and sound and you’re protecting yourself from anything that will throw you off of the course of your original plan.”

“Well unfortunate for me this is Los Angeles, not Miami, Sade. The universe failed to send me that perfect college sweetheart. Instead I’m in love with a married man.”

“Well sis let me tell you, just because something looks perfect doesn’t mean that it is,” Sade said. Kennedy looked over at her sister through her oversized Hollywood sunshades to try and detect if what she heard in her voice was a hit of sadness. She couldn’t tell because the longer she gazed upon her sister the longer she held her head in the opposite direction, glancing out of the window, beginning to tear up.

Kennedy wanted to break the ice so that she and Sade could open up about what was igging the other and share their secrets. She couldn’t hold in what she had been experiencing and was patiently waiting for the right moment go deep with her sister. Because she had such a perfect image of her sister, Kennedy found it even more difficult to open up to her.

“Sometimes I feel like one of those chicks from the movie *Girl Interrupted*. The Angelina Jolie character, I forget what her name is. I want to just tell people the truth, no matter how bad it is,” Sade said.

“Even if it makes them want to commit suicide like Daisy did,” Kennedy added. “I can always remember her character’s name because she was the craziest chick of them all. She was the one who was most like me.”

“Exquisite?” Sade said, as she swayed her hands whimsically over her head to insinuate a crown being set.

“No, I was thinking spoiled, funny and unrealistic,” Kennedy said laughing. “It’s just funny how Daisy is the only one in the conversation who doesn’t realize that she says chicken when she really means to say kitchen.”

“She was afraid of reality,” Sade said staring at each green highway sign conquered as they made their way through the slow movement of the 405 North. “She could not face reality. I feel her though, because sometimes the truth frightens me.”

“That’s what I’m saying though,” Kennedy said, animated as if she was beginning to witness a light bulb flicker above her sister’s head. “I get like that with words too. I always mix up funeral with wedding. Like, I will say, *girl what type of dress are you going to wear to the Taylor and James’ funeral.*”

They both laugh.

“You’ve always done that,” Sade said. “I think it’s because you’re dyslexic, they said you were dyslectic when we were kids right?” She continued to laugh.

“To this day I still don’t know why I do that shit. You know, mix up wedding and funeral. I have only made it to two funerals in my life.”

“I know, I was with you at both of them.”

“All the other ones I find myself arriving late to. I get there just in time for the cake and rum punch. If I’m lucky I can be in and out within twenty minutes. Show face, let them know I support and move right along to something more important ofr the day.”

“The truth is, *Girl Interrupted*, tells the story of women living on the brink of insanity, yet still finding a way to thrive in an asylum,” Sade said. “A getaway, for your getaway.”

“I, on the other hand, am living free, but the question I’ve been finding myself asking is, should I be living free? Sometimes I feel like I’m just a lucky functioning crazy who fell through the cracks of the concrete where a rose once grew.”

Sade burst into laughter but before long realized she was the only one finding something to laugh about.

“No, I’m dead ass serious,” Kennedy said, sobering the comic relief.

“Whenever I’m involved in a relationship that fails I resort to self-diagnosing myself, with the help of Google of course, and I get cold sometimes. Physically cold.

Especially my feet. When I'm angry I grind my teeth, or chow down on the inside of my lip," Kennedy said.

"You sure that's not an old habit you picked up after I kicking coke," Sade said.

"Seriously, I think I suffer from PTSD; any unexpected hello can send me into a state of panic. The other day one of my colleagues came into my cubicle with one of those fake snakes as a joke. It scared me so bad I began to hyperventilate.."

The two of them rode in silence for a good twenty minutes. By the time the next one spoke they were on the 10 freeway going East, moving along slowly with the masses back into the heart of the city.

“Alright Sis, stop right up here and make a U-turn. Park in front of that pink building that looks like a little house,” Sade said. “Yeah,” she pointed, “that one right there.”

Kennedy followed Sade’s directions pulling parallel into in front of a stand-alone aqua blue building. There was a crystal ball painted like a wall mural and the wooden sign that hung above the door read *Psychic Readings*.

Although they hailed from New Orleans, their mother was a devout Christian. According to family history, the two of them were the granddaughters of a high priestess. They often dismissed it as just an old wives’ tale, but they grew up hearing the story being retold at family reunions. Their mothers, Mother, Lotti Mae, practiced hoodoo, and it was her who was sought after in her hometown to cast their troubles and desires. Grandma Lotti Mae was one of the lucky ones who blessed with ancestral wisdom that taught the proper use of powers in telepathy, manifestation and herbal healing.

It was said that she once she healed a mans vision with a potion that consisted of African herbs and cow saliva. She also worked well in wealth manifestation. In her prime, she visualized a home that she wanted for an unborn

family she desired. With this desire in her heart she sat down and sketched the designs. Although she knew nothing about the art of architecture and blueprints, the sketch came out magnificent, even down to the square footage. Ten years later she met her husband. Two years after they wed they happened upon that same house in her vision. The two of them made an offer and when they signed closing documents they discovered the house was build the same year their Grandma Lottie Mae completed the sketch. That very home served as a house just like the one they were parked in front of.

Wonders like these were prevalent in her life. She was credited with foretelling calamities as well as fortune. In 1993, just before she passed away she spoke of a disaster coming that would wipe out the parishes in New Orleans. This disaster, she warned all of the townspeople about were predicted to take place within a short period of in the future, and on the exact date of her predictions the people in the city of New Orleans experienced one of the most catastrophic disasters in US history, Hurricane Katrina.

Even in knowing all of these things these two ladies were raised in the home with a God-fearing mother and up until this point, general prayers to good old fashioned GOD had sufficed. Kennedy often felt lead by her intuition when it came to which man to choose. She knew going into a relationship what she needed. She often set an intention arranging mentally who it was she needed to meet and what she

would expect them to give up in exchange for her energy, body and time. Not exactly witchcraft but hey, it worked.

“Come on girl, I want to get your cards read,” Sade said, tugging at Kennedy’s arm. “Something tells me that it’s your time for a little spiritual insight.”

“What is that something telling you that girl,” Kennedy replied laughing. “I already told your ass I’m doing just fine.”

“So big sis, tell me first hand, what really went down in Sacramento with Dennis?”

“It’s a long story girl, but let me just let you know I’m dealing the backlash of it all.”

“So this little problem, how is it going to be fixed?”

“We have to see if there really is a problem first.”

“Wait, you haven’t taken a pregnancy test yet?”

“No.”

“Pull over at CVS right now and I’ll buy one. This is insane. You need to know sooner than later. This is not a game. Raising children is not an easy job, and to be honest I don’t think you are ready for it, Kenn. “Are you back to using coke again?”

“No.”

“Are you sure?”

“Why? Do you want me to pick some up for you?” Kennedy quipped.

The two looked at each other making funny faces.

“Stop trying to bury the truth using humor, you aren’t fooling me.”

With all of the questions Sade was throwing at her, Kennedy realized she was being honest when she said she came out here to check up on her. Sade was really operating off of a deep sense of alarm.

“No thank you Ike Turner, I don’t need any cocaine. You know I keep my temple pure.”

“This is not a joke, Kenn, you need to be on point. To get all that you deserve you have to carry yourself with the highest level of presence, and I have to be honest, you being with a married man rubs me the wrong way. You know what mama went through.”

“Don’t even bring her up, she was dumb,”

“I’m going to act like you didn’t just say that.”

Sade’s smile was replaced with a scowl as she raised her finger motioning toward the next freeway exit, “take the LaBrea, go north, there is a CVS right on the corner, I’m kind of done talking to you right now.”

The ticking of the antique German Grandfather Clock was beginning to drive Kennedy insane. Only thirty-seconds had gone by since she had come out of the bathroom. Sade sat on the couch in silence. Her legs were crossed impatiently bouncing up and down. A couple of times she looked up meeting eyes with her sister between sips of hot tea. The early warning pregnancy test rested on the bathroom

countertop taking its sweet time to detect any trace of HGC. At least it had its privacy, because Kennedy didn't. You could hear a butterfly land on a flower. They agreed to allow the full three minutes before going back in there to read the results. The silence was creating a nervousness that Kennedy knew all too well. It had been two minutes and ten seconds and before someone finally broke.

"Girl, why didn't you just use protection?"

"I was caught up in the rapture of love. You know how it can be. You're in bed with a man who says all the right things. Every move he makes is the right one. His scent driving you completely mad. The next thing you know you are in the full swing of making love. Girl by the time I thought about protection I was already pulling into my driveway, two days later.

"I understand passion, trust me, I do, but what I don't understand is how a woman who has been down this road with so many different men can forget something as important as birth control. Hell, even the morning after pill would have been a quick and easy fix."

Sade slammed her tea cup down onto the flowered coaster accentuating her frustration. Tea splashed onto the *Lens* magazine that decorated the table. Between the pages of that magazine were three news articles recently written by Kennedy. Not wanting her masterpiece to be damaged she jumped up grabbing it quickly to

save it from becoming completely drenched in Yogi Tea. The tension was growing in the room, so Sade also stood up to make her way toward the bathroom. Kennedy sat back down tucking her legs under her thighs, staring straight ahead.

Sade burst into the bathroom with a sense of annoyance peppered with urgency. Her breath quickened. The anticipation of finding out if her older sister was pregnant again was brining on a near asthma attack from panic.

Kennedy was beginning to feel nauseous again. The nausea was what kicked this tea party off. For the past week she could not keep anything down, including water. She slept endless hours of the night. Dennis had become unusually busy. He wasn't the normal lovey-dovey guy who called to wish her a beautiful day early in the morning or sent her a goodnight text. Instead, he was in and out of meetings, and of course taking the time that he should have been to spend evenings and weekends with his family. Such an unexpected change in behavior from the man she had fallen in love with just weeks ago.

"What does this mean girl," Sade said, coming out of the bathroom holding the stick with a gloved hand.

"Where did you get that glove from, crazy?"

Seeing her sister act so squeamish about holding a pregnancy test made her giggle. She had to laugh to keep from breaking down. This visit continued to go from disappointing to down right disgusting.

“I found them under the counter, I know you didn’t think I was touching your nasty pee stick.”

“Just tell me what it says. I can’t even look.”

“Here,” she threw the empty box into her lap, and made her way back to the side of the couch where she had been enjoying her cup of tea. Sade sat the test down on top of the rubber glove, careful not to get even the dry part on her hand.

“So two lines means pregnant,” she read aloud, “and one line means I still have my life.” Her eyes danced from left to right across the box.

“Why are you acting like this is the first time you have ever tinkled on a stick?”

“What does it say? I can’t look.”

“Oh damn. Damn, damn, damn,” Sade chanted, standing up from her seat leaning over the coffee table.

Just then Kennedy’s life flashed before her eyes. The cars, the club, her career, all of it hung in the balance. She had not even passed her probation period at

Lens, the top entertainment trade publication in Hollywood. Her dream job as the local event correspondent would not be a good look at nine months pregnant. It took her twelve months of kissing up to senior writers, she even went on a date with her creepy editor M.S. He was one of the first in a higher up position to notice her when her duties included opening and passing out mail to the more important writers in the newsroom. He would always spin his chair around to ask her something trivial, making sure to brush his knee against her leg, while offering a smile that said, if you want to make it in this business, I can get you there. Kennedy knew he could too. If she was going to lay-for-pay, she figured it may as well have been with someone who she was at least mildly attracted to. M.S. was him, and after a few dates she got out of the mail business and onto reporting.

Gradually over the months their inter-office affair had intensified, but no one was the wiser, especially not the Editor in Chief, P.B. He fought tooth-and-nail to keep her right where she was while he promoted Luke, the toe headed freak from Wisconsin who ate boogers in between copy editing. His junior Elisa Warren, took a liking to her hometown boy from Nebraska, Jeff Limon, a gay, twenty-two-year-old hot bodied writer who of the three of them, truly had a future as the talking head of the rag. He was exactly what Hollywood executives cozied up to. He was funny, charming and handsome, and probably the only person in the newsroom who could please a man better than Kennedy.

“Just look at it crazy.”

Her sisters voice snapping her out of her zone.

She squeezed her eyes reaching for the stick. She picked it to read the results, her eyes almost creaking as they opened. Because she was OCD and did everything left to right she slowly pried open the left eye and then the right. As they both came into focus, she noticed there was only one line.

“Not pregnant,” Sade said with a smirk. “Now can we go to Planned Parenthood or someplace and get you some birth control?”

Chapter 10

Which Doctor?

“Wait, what?!” could be heard down the cold saline smelling halls from examination room 3 in the Obstetrics and Gynecology wing of Cedars-Sinai Hospital. Eavan was laid out on the exam table with her legs still in stirrups. She was so tense that each of her toes were spread apart in angst. Her scream could be heard clear down the halls of the hospital. She couldn’t have been hearing what she was hearing.

The handsome Persian gynecologist Dr. Chavoshian was spending a little too much time down under examining Eavan’s womb. He couldn’t explain the energy charge he felt with the whiff of a mature, fertile vagina. Doctors shouldn’t feel the way Chavoshian did. He knew that it was wrong to get an erection while conducting a routine pap, but he just couldn’t control himself.

Chavoshian was from Toronto, Canada. He spoke with a cute little Canadian drawl and was a very dedicated physician. He had a wife who wouldn’t fuck him anymore. He thought it was because he worked too much but the truth of the matter was she was having an illicit affair and had been carrying it on for the last four years. Actually it was the exact amount of time that had passed since the last time the two of them made love. Chavoshian couldn’t understand how this could happen to a man like him. At 53 he still had a full head of beautiful curly black hair. He stood 6’4” with huge feet. His olive complexion and piercing brown eyes complimented his commanding demeanor. He was

sexy for sure, in a doctor sort of way. Unfortunately, at the moment Eavan couldn't focus on how much she enjoyed getting examined by her doctor because he had just dropped a bombshell on her.

“Yes, Miss Riley, you are pregnant and from the size of your uterus I would say close to six weeks down the road. We can perform an ultrasound to confirm a due date for you,” Dr. Chavoshian said with a smile. He always grew excited when presented with the opportunity to break this type of news to a patient.

For the entire length of the Chavoshian's seven-year marriage the desire for children was a topic that always spark an argument. Before they tied the knot Mrs. Chavoshian assured the good doctor being in her thirties did not stifle her dream of being a mother. To bare children for the man she loved was her ultimate goal. Of course during that period of their lives she did love him. She had every intention on starting a family and being a good wife for her husband and children. Unfortunately for the good-looking couple the road to hell was paved with good intentions. After three years the dopamine faded and the idea of a blissful marriage wore off. As for the Missus, the reality of living life with one man who was about as fun as watching paint dry. At this point in their marriage the good doctor accepted the fact that convincing this woman to give him a child was as far away from reality as him becoming a multi-platinum hip hop artist. No matter how much he wowed her, the gifts he gave her, or how much he begged, her legs

were glued shut at the knees and even at this point in their marriage, he still had no idea why.

“Pregnant, I don’t know how this happened,” Eavan said still lying on her back staring at the pasty white ceiling.

“Well, Miss Riley, must I tell you the story of the birds and the bees?” Dr. Chavoshian said half-jokingly.

Eavan wasn’t in the mood for jokes at the moment so his waspy humor went right over her head. The only man she was sharing her body with at the moment was Paul, but hell those encounters were just recent. *Six weeks ago? Who the fuck was I with six weeks ago?* See the issue for Eavan wasn’t so much of the baby in her belly, it was more of who put it there.

“Miss Riley, we can talk about your options. It is still early on in the pregnancy and we want to make sure you’re comfortable with whatever the outcome is,” Dr. Chavoshian said sincerely. “I will tell you that this at your age, you are working with a reproductive system that is at its prime. The odds of you birthing a healthy child are very good. If you have ever desired a child, you may want to consider taking this pregnancy to term.”

Eavan felt a twinge of regret. She also let the doctor’s words sink in. She was on the pill. She always practiced safe intercourse. *Could this baby be meant for me?* Her

thoughts were all over the place. It was early afternoon and this day had already served her up a crazy surprise. She had to get up off of that table and back to her loft to light up a spliff and figure things out.

Chapter 13

The Cut

It was 5pm on the nose when Kennedy's cell phone rang.

"Ms. Aims, your car awaits," the accented male voice on the line spoke.

"Thank you," she replied.

She pressed end on the phone and took one last look in the mirror.

Kennedy's outfit of choice was the sexiest she could muster, a sheer bone colored tank dress and a pair of strappy yellow Giuseppe slides. She dabbed a touch of Chanel No. 5 behind each ear, then she used her index finger to create a scented trail to her breast. Before walking out of the door, Kennedy grabbed the MMG chain and stuffed it into her small bag. Turning around looking deeply into the floor length mirror leaning against the wall closest to her front door she admired her backside. She looked good. The new earrings set her outfit off perfectly. She took her time heading out the door. Her chariot waited.

Arriving at the floor level of her apartment building there was a black SL400 parked directly in front with the motor still running. The driver was impeccably dressed in an all black Armani Suit, with Ray Ban Aviator shades shielding his eyes. He had a perfect smile with crooked teeth. The old man greeted Kennedy as he opened the back door for her. She leaned down to enter the car and to her surprise it was Hudson sitting on

the other side. She eased into the rear passenger seat and glanced at him to see his reaction.

He offered her a smile, but was in deep conversation.

I didn't know it was going to be Hudson. It's Wednesday. I forgot all about our date. Shit!

The driver pulled away from the curb and the sound of the soft jazz gradually increased as they cruised up the road. Hudson still hadn't looked in her direction. He was engrossed in a business meeting on his cell phone. His laptop was open and he wore his Bluetooth as he spat business to whoever was on the other end of the phone. As the driver stopped at the first light, Kennedy turned to look at him, he had a scowl on his face and kept his head forward as if he were in the middle of a deep negotiation that was not working in his favor.

I'm not saying anything until he says something, she thought. I hope he doesn't read HollywoodHotMouth.com. Damn, how did I forget?

The driver lowered the radio and asked, "Mr. Lou, are we still to go to Rodeo first, or shall we continue to our initial destination?"

For the first time since Kennedy sat down in the car, Hudson spoke to someone who was physically present.

"Yes, please make a quick stop at the YSL boutique, and then we'll continue on."

The YSL boutique. Oh shit, Kennedy thought. Her palms began to sweat. She couldn't figure out why Hudson was lavishing her with gifts, their date hadn't even begun. As she thought to herself her iPhone began to vibrate, she looked down and noticed it was a 646 number.

Damn, this must be BuzzHard. Who else would be calling me from New York? I can't answer this shit right now.

She sent the call to voicemail just as they made the turn off of Wilshire Boulevard onto Rodeo. Hudson glanced over at Kennedy and he realized that she had the most beautiful profile he had ever seen on a woman. She sat beside him looking like royalty. Her skin tone was so smooth, so beautiful. Her hair was effortlessly sexy. He wondered if she would understand what he wanted and be willing to accept what he wanted to offer her. He didn't bother to ask her anything. He kept to his business meeting and rode without acknowledging her. He was a rich man. He could look at her and tell what she liked, and as long as he had the bread to give her, he knew that she would be willing to open up.

The car pulled up to the front of the store and the driver hopped out. He skipped around the front of the car to Kennedy's side and opened the door, helping her out. Hudson let himself out, still chatting away on the phone as he walked over to Kennedy. She gave him a slight smile. He looked deep into her eyes and she got the same chill that she had the first time they met. Taking her by the hand he led her into the store.

Inside the YSL store, there was a bottle of champagne on chill in a bucket. A sales clerk dressed in an all black skirt suit with the signature YSL pumps stood motionless with a soft smile on her lips watching the two of them enter the store. She wore 3-carat white VVS diamond studs with her hair swept into a bun. Her veneer-like smile broadened as welcomed the couple into the boutique.

“Welcome to Yves St. Lauren Mr. and Mrs. Lou. My name is Youko. I’ve pulled our latest fall selection for you to quickly preview, Mrs. Lou. I understand you two are on a tight time constraint,” she added.

Hudson just nodded.

“Missus,” she said, directing her conversation to Kennedy, “let me know which pieces you would like to be fitted for as I get you set up with your own personal room. You’re a size six, correct?”

Kennedy nodded and replied “yes” at the same time.

Turning to look at Hudson, who by now had dropped her hand and walked over to take a seat in a comfortable chair that rested beside a bottle of champagne.

“Yes, Youko. I’m a six. Please, show me what you’ve got,” Kennedy said in her most sophisticated voice.

Youko smiled again, nodding, “very well, but first, please allow me to serve Mr. Lou.”

She moved toward where Hudson had just taken a seat and grabbed the bottle of Dom Pérignon from the chilled bucket, wrapping a black cloth around it to catch the sweat from the melting ice.

Youko popped the bottle, then carefully poured a glass for Kennedy, and then one for Hudson. She placed the bottle back in the bucket, nodding at the two of them to taste so that she could secure an approval that the selection was just right. After making sure the champagne was to their liking, she retreated to the rear of the showroom to begin pairing selections she would present to Kennedy. Once she walked away, Hudson finally ended his call and spoke to Kennedy for the first time.

“Honey, thank you for being here with me. Here’s to the beautiful night that I have planned for us.”

Kennedy raised her champagne glass, still a bit confused, she whispered, “cheers.”

After selecting an outfit, Hudson insisted she change into it before leaving the boutique. Kennedy admired herself in the dressing room but was quickly distracted as she noticed the hickeys again. Hudson had been too busy on and off of his phone to even take a look at the package that she’d put together before leaving her apartment that evening. She sashayed out to Hudson, who stood in the lobby at full attention. He nodded in approval while signaling instructions for Youko to place the clothes that Kennedy

swapped out into the YSL bag. Youko, did as she was told and presented the bag to the driver, who now waited at the entrance of the store.

“Mr. Lou, thank you again for your business,” Youko said, handing him a titanium card back. “We’ll keep your card on file for future purchases.”

Hudson mouthed thank you, grabbed Kennedy by her lower back to guide her in front of him as they walked out to the car.

Once they were comfortably seated, Hudson powered his phone off. His smell intoxicated Kennedy emanating a soothing aroma of that Royal Oud Creed exclusive. His white Hermes button up and gray slacks fit perfectly. There was no doubt that he had a top of the line tailor on the payroll. The Hermes signature H belt rested right above what Kennedy couldn’t wait to find more about later on that night. His whole image screamed success, and after spending the first forty-five minutes of this date with him, she had completely forgotten about Dominique, *BuzzHard*, and any other man she had come in contact with. Hudson was no doubt the big score.

“You, my dear, look ravishing in that black dress.”

“Why thank you.”

Kennedy knew how to switch it up. While Hudson may have been the wealthiest man she had been out with, she didn’t make it a practice of keeping company with scrubs.

So she refused to misrepresent herself in the presence of any man, no matter how many zeroes were on the end of his bank statement.

“So tell me, where would you like to have dinner tonight?”

“Wherever you would like to take me.”

“I was thinking The Cut. Have you eaten there?”

Fortunately for Kenn, this was one place she hadn’t been to, so she happily replied, “no, I have not.”

“Perfect. You’re going to just love it.”

This dialogue was the extent of their conversation.

They rode in silence for close to seven minutes until they arrived at The Cut on Wilshire Boulevard in Beverly Hills. This was the moment that Kennedy had been waiting for. She deeply craved some one-on-one alone time with her husband hopeful. Since the beginning of the date Hudson kept himself preoccupied discussing business with GOD knows whom, but tonight, she was determined to make sure she put her bid in for a lifetime of luxury, by any means necessary.

Chapter 14

Nightcap

After dinner the two new-love birds found them nestled in the backseat of the Benz. Both were visibly intoxicated. Each allowing their hands to have a mind of their own as they explored the others body. They both found the post-dinner portion of their date to be a most pleasant change of events.

Hudson made jokes. Kennedy giggled.

The Cut served up an amazing dinner. It started by Hudson silencing his phone and approaching the hostess stand demanding they be the next party seated. It didn't come off as nasty to Kennedy as it did to the hostess. After all, his demands were made in a way only a millionaire could. Millionaire or no, they still ended up waiting close to fourteen minutes before they were escorted to their table. In the meantime, Hudson ordered a bottle of 1989 Royal Tenreback Port as the cocktail of choice as they waited. The fine bottle of wine was served along with cave-aged cheese on Parisian crackers, which he fed to her by hand. He looked deeply into her eyes and listened attentively as he probed into her mind to uncover her wildest dreams. He listened intently as she spoke about her family. Turns out they had a lot in common. They were both born into families of seven, and among five children they were born second. Another ironic parallel lied in

the discovery that their parents were still legally married. His mother, like Kennedy, majored in journalism and established a successful career as an author with five novels under her belt to date. He didn't mention much about his father. Kennedy didn't ask.

Once they were seated the waiter introduced himself as Todd and took their drink orders. Todd was a handsome young fellow with short, dark blonde hair and warm hazel eyes. The wine had already gone to work on Kennedy but she was open sharing another bottle when Hudson suggested it.

This was one moment in time when Kennedy couldn't imagine being anywhere else. Hudson babbled on about only god knew what. Being a skilled woman at the art of listening she made him feel like he had her full attention. In reality the invisible bubble above her head looped all sorts of random scenarios. One of them had her in a beautiful kitchen, wearing a sexy apron, cooking something over a vintage style Tappan stove. Her hair was pinned in curls and there was a baby Hudson tugging at her foot. He was just beginning to crawl. She found herself fighting to become present, escaping these beautiful daydreams throughout the night. She knew that getting through these first few dates would be torture, but she was committed to seeing this Hudson thing the whole way through.

Before Hudson ordered their meal, Todd arrived back to the table with a plate full of raw cuts of beef. Kennedy did all she could not to get sick. She hadn't eaten red meat for quite some time and this was just too vivid of a menu for her. Hudson saw that she

was visibly upset, so he shooed Todd away and ordered what one could only assume was the usual. When their meal arrived it was beautiful. All of the meat was cooked and the chef came out to personally present it, suggesting it be served family style.

Hudson continued captivating her with that stare. His glance pierced deep into her eyes as he listened attentively while she talked about the exhaustion she felt working the Hollywood circuit as a Journalist. He empathized with her, occasionally flashing that million-dollar smile. Only a jaded fool would have doubted him when he took her hand, looking into her big brown eyes and told her, *“Forget about Hollywood, it’s so lame. Why don’t you just move with me, to the South of France.”* Kennedy fell head over heels but she tried her hardest not to let on that she was. Just smiling coyly, taking it all in.

This was going to be much easier than she thought.

They exited The Cut and were ushered back into their waiting car. As the driver pulled up on Rodeo in front of the Michael Kors boutique, she thought they were going in for round two of a shopping spree. Just as she started getting excited, Hudson leaned over and kissed her.

“Honey, I’m staying here at the Luxe tonight.” He pointed at the discreet boutique hotel entrance sandwiched between Michael Kors and Valentino.

“Oh, I see,” she said, sounding a little let down that the date would be ending.

“So,” he said with an unassuming pause, “I can have my driver take you home tonight, or you can come up and have a drink with me. I have another business call at 9:30pm. If you don’t mind waiting and sipping on something fine, I would love to enjoy a little more time with you.”

Kennedy thought long and hard before she spoke. Being put on the spot with very little time to make a decision she quickly measured the pros and cons. Not being able to call Evan or Sade she found herself at a disadvantage, not knowing what to do. Feeling both the wine and Hudson, there was only one logical decision to make. That decision was to avoid messing up what they were building. How could she pass up the opportunity to spend more time with him without going to a place that would ruin her chances to lock him in for the long-haul. She was enjoying his company just as much as he was enjoying hers. His smell was toxic. He looked as good as hell, and after throwing the idea around in her drunken head, she met his glance and spoke just above a whisper, “I suppose one drink wouldn’t hurt.”

Just then the driver could be seen in the rear view mirror with an eyebrow raised and a grin that slightly revealed his crooked teeth. His sinister gaze caused Kennedy to second guess her first choice.

On the other side of Los Angeles, Evan pushed down Sunset in her Benz with a blunt resting between her lips. The sounds of Mary J. Blige were interrupted when her phone rang through the Bluetooth. She looked at the caller ID and it was Paul.

This asshole again.

As bad as she wanted to send his ass to voicemail she knew a call from Paul calling meant a payday and even though she didn't really need the money she still answered.

"Yes."

"What's good Legs?"

"Everything. How are you?"

"I'm doing okay. I think I just saw you pass by the Chateau. I was valeting my car."

"Oh yeah, that was me. I'm heading back downtown to the house."

"Why don't you make a U-turn and come have dinner with me at Bar Marmont?"

"I would love to, *if* I ate dinner at bars, but unfortunate for you I don't."

Paul let out a howled laugh.

“Okay sexy you win,” Paul said with a smile that came through the phone.

“Where can I enjoy your company over dinner?”

“Get us a table at Maestros.”

“Well, there isn’t a table in Los Angeles that I can’t get. Meet me at the Beverly location in thirty.”

Eavan smiled pressing end on her phone. *This may turn out to be a wild night after all*, she thought.

Back on Rodeo, as Kennedy let go of the hard-to-get antics her Prince Charming led the way into the Luxe. As they entered the room she knew that Hudson intended for them to share a little more than the Dom Perignon Vintage 1995 White Gold Jeroboam that sat chilled in a bucket on the nightstand.

Shit, when he said something fine, I didn’t think he meant a seventeen-thousand-dollar bottle of champagne.

She glanced at him for any hint of deception. Nope. His smile was still intoxicating. After all, the look in his eyes was quite sincere when he asked her to come up for a drink. Immediately after they entered the room Hudson quickly swooped Kennedy

up and twirled her around landing on top of one of the most comfortable hotel beds she'd ever rested her back on. He began passionately kissing her. She couldn't hold back. She licked his lips and tried hard not to choke on his tongue.

Their brewing passion came to a simmer as Hudson's laptop began to ring.

"Honey, that's my 9:30 call. Please, help yourself to a glass of Dom, I had it shipped in from Singapore for us tonight."

She had no choice but to get with the idea of this telecommuting life he was living. She decided to just sort-of fall in line and try her best to be seen not heard. She walked over to the nightstand reaching into the now melting ice and located the neck of the bottle. She pulled it out like a magician would remove a rabbit from a hat. *What a beautiful bottle*, she thought. *Now here was a cork that was begging to be popped.*

As Hudson carried on his videophone meeting for over an hour, Kennedy made herself comfortable allowing the bubbly to take over her body. Her inhibitions lowered with each sip so by the time the he ended his call she was certified drunk.

"That was the best champagne I've ever tasted in my life," she told him with a smile. "Only the best for you," Hudson said.

He unbuttoned his shirt revealing a hairless chest. He was shaped kind of funny from what Kennedy could see. Compared to Dominique he looked like chopped liver. His bottom half was oddly small, with a torso shaped like Johnny Bravo. Thank GOD his

face made up for it all. He gracefully picked up the empty champagne flute and filled it with the last of the bubbly. Kennedy, on the other hand, had put in major work on the bottle and was ready to rock.

Hudson drowned himself in the glass of champagne he poured and crawled over to Kennedy. He began gently stroking her hair, looking deep into her eyes.

“Listen, I’m not in town a lot, but I would like to come back and have dinner with you this Friday,” he said. “Will you go out with me again?”

Without even putting up a fight, Kennedy replied, “yes.” They began to kiss passionately. He immediately started to kiss below her lips.

He gave special attention to her neck. Her chest. Her breasts.

After praising her body with his gorgeous mouth he made his way down to her middle and commenced to preforming the worst head job Kennedy had ever experienced in her life. Even though he gave bad oral, she mustered up passionate moans, and purrs while playing in his hair. She got all of her motivation by thinking of the dollars attached to the Lou fortune. Hearing the sounds, she made pushed him to go even harder. She didn't understand why men didn’t realize their penis was for shoving in and out of a woman, not the tongue. *Yuck.*

Hudson raised his head and was pleased to see Kennedy basking in what he thought was ecstasy. She wiggled her waist a little, signaling to him that she was ready.

It's the first night, but fuck it, there's nothing like giving a man what he wants.
He'll never forget this night.

Hudson, being the cocky millionaire that he was knew that he was in there. Just like any other woman he wanted, Kennedy was no different. He whipped off his Hermes belt and unbuckled his pants letting them fall to the floor. He wore dun-dun-tu-duns and you could tell he wasn't working with much. He didn't bother to reach for a condom, he just pulled out his little uncircumcised penis and entered her raw. He was moving so fast, Kennedy didn't even know she was welcoming a turtleneck inside of her. As the tip of his head rubbed against her vulva he let out a howl that could have awakened the dead. Kennedy couldn't even tell whether he had caught a Charlie horse or if he was in fact as enjoying the pleasure that her body emitted. Pumping faster and faster, he covered her mouth with his. Since she was drunk, the excessive French kissing didn't bother her too much. After about five full thrusts that were reminiscent of the guy who was loosing his virginity, he came. As his breath began to slow down he removed her leg that was still resting in the crevice of his right arm. As many times as she had experience sex in the past month, this time it felt different. This time she felt, it was special. This time it felt like Luxury Sex.

“Whew. Now that was good,” Hudson said, finally able to catch a breath.

When she heard his words she instantly felt like she had given him too much too soon. Not able to make logic out of how she ended up in this predicament time and time

again a deep guilt started to seep in. It was like every time. Same scenario. Somehow, in her mind, every time she found herself in this same situation she expected it to produce different results. *Insanity*. Hopefully though this time she made the right decision to share her body with a man she barely knew. Her deep inner conversation prompted Hudson to address the silence that filled the room.

“Wow. You. Were. Incredible.”

Kennedy felt instantly shy but like most times in her life she knew that as a woman, even when you felt the slightest bit of violation you should still smile because love could be right around the corner.

“Where would you like to go on our next date?”

“I don’t know.” All of Kennedy’s insecurities were on the table now. She didn’t know what to say. She really just wanted to go shopping again, but being experienced in this game of dating let her know that giving it up on the first date wasn’t going to get her many more boutique trips like the one from earlier today. Instead, she would have to work her jaws to get something bigger out of this boss player. So after using her fingertips to caress his stomach, she looked into his eyes and tried to muster up the most innocent look she could dig out of her cold player soul and said, “I just want to be with you. It doesn’t matter what we do. I just want to be next to you.”

The truth was Kennedy was being 100 percent honest.

Hudson smiled. He was genuinely happy. He could tell that Kennedy was feeling a bit nervous about her place with him so he thought long and hard to find the right words to put her mind at ease.

“Honey, I enjoyed you so much tonight and that’s why our next date is going to be even more special than tonight. Since the moment we met, I’ve been wondering what you were like. I wanted to see your smile again. That smile can make a man like me go extra strong at what I do day-to-day. Kennedy, I’m such a busy man, but I want a woman I can make time for. A woman that I *want* to make time for.” He paused for a beat, “I think I may have found her.”

Digesting those words made Kennedy forget about everything and everyone else but the two of them. She smiled and leaned in planting a long deep passionate kiss on his lips. He hopped up from the bed smiling, completely naked, looking better to her now than when he first stripped down. He leaned over to peck her butt cheek then got up from the bed and walked into the restroom to drain his short penis.

Chapter 15

The Contract

After some fine Beverly Hills dining at Maestros, Eavan and Paul made it back to her loft. This time she was going to pump the brakes on the passion for a minute to see where his head was. It would take all of the strength she had in her to not rush into bed with him again. That little sexy impromptu encounter they shared was right on time, but right now the only thing Eavan yearned for was some security. Financial security.

Getting a few stacks out of a man after sex was a given, but now she was getting that itch to reposition herself. She was eyeing the number one spot. It had been a while since she was open with a man. The last time she held that position was with her ex-fiancé. He made sure to keep up with the tradition of spoiling her. Sure he turned out to be a down-low but at least she enjoyed a kept life. Up until now she couldn't have cared less whether or not she affected other men that way, but with Paul, well there was just something different about him. She was drawn to the challenge of breaking him.

Eavan quickly excused herself to her bedroom so that she could slip into something a little more comfortable. Before finding a place to relax in the living room Paul, took it upon himself to set the mood. He pulled two eucalyptus logs from the Woodhaven Firewood Rack, carefully placing each one into the fireplace building an attractive pile. He pulled the fire wand from atop the mantel and set a warm glowing blaze. After the logs were fully illuminated he made himself comfortable stretching

across the bear-skinned rug. He closed his eyes enjoying the sound of the crackling wood waiting patiently for Eavan to come out and get the party started.

The fire warmed the room up quickly forcing him to remove his shirt. His body looked amazing.

The eight-pack that protected his mid-section was a tasty sight for Eavan when she finally emerged from the bedroom wearing a sexy La Perla Kyoto Hana Baby doll dress that rested mid-thigh. She had no intention of sleeping with him, but she did want to show him what he was missing.

It wasn't like he didn't know what she had to offer. In fact, he knew first hand that what she was offering was delectable. Just a few hours ago at dinner he kept trying to rub his fingers between her legs under the table. After desert she allowed him to touch her, just enough to get him aroused. She justified being a little nasty by counting the number of Ace of Spade bottles the two of them emptied during dinner. After valet carefully placed her back into her car, she took the long way back downtown cruising east on Sunset. She could use the extra time to sober up. Now, here she was with this married man in her living room sprawled out on her \$10,000 rug, hungrily rubbing on his penis waiting for her to say something.

"Look here buddy," she said pushing the palms of her hands into his chest, "I don't want us to create a booty call situation, we are not about to just lay up. I'm looking for more."

“Well I would love to give you more but I already told you that I’m with someone now.”

Eavan shot him a look that spoke volumes. She knew he was involved, but truth be told she didn’t really care.

He caught on quick. “But that doesn’t mean you still can’t benefit by dealing with me,” Paul added.

“I’m listening?”

“Look Eavan, it’s no secret what happened to you in your past relationship. Everyone in the league knew what he was doing. His lifestyle was out there. It was fucked up that you were the last one to find out,” Paul seasoned his explanation with a bit of empathy. “Listen woman, every man isn’t in it to hurt you. I’m a firm believer in the age-old-adage that as long as I can take care of all of the women I deal with, I’m free to have as many as I can afford.”

“What would your wife think about that?”

“My wife is well taken care of. Her citizenship was an issue when we met. So I gave her a run. She turned out to be a good fit for my life. Since I am a man who has no issue giving my woman whatever she wants I married her and now she is a citizen and lives a good life.”

“Lucky her.”

“Really though Eavan, I don’t really care what she thinks. I just make sure she doesn’t want for anything. If you stop playing me close, tempting me and shit, I can do the same for you.”

Eavan still wasn’t convinced.

“I’m trying to be as real with you as I can be. You are a very sexy woman but you know as well as I do that every man is not going to love you. I have a better offer for you than most of these lame ass dudes you meet day to day. I am a man who can take care of you. Let me share some of the luxuries that I’ve been afforded with you. I can see you enjoy the finer things in life, let me add to what you’ve already established.”

Eavan thought about the proposal before her. Yes, her money was right, but there was nothing sexier than being treated. Those rich tricks weren’t doing the job in the bedroom so having someone around that she could connect to physically and keep her satisfied was a no brainer. She longed for a man who would open her world back up. An offer for companionship along with the passion didn’t sound like a bad idea. Not wanting to come off too thirsty, she sat silent gazing in his eyes in search of sincerity. There found none. *Fuck it*, she thought, *money talks*.

“Okay,” she said letting out a breathy sigh. I’m with it, but we need a contract.”

“Contract?”

“Yes, and I’ll let you know the terms. I require two installments per month of \$10,000 directly deposited into my Bank of America savings account. I want one exotic trip per month. You can choose to join me or not, but I have to be seated in first class when the wheels go up.”

“Done,” he said laughing. “Anything else?”

“During these trips I want to be sure that I’m accumulating points for both my flight and hotel stay so all trips need to be paid for in cash, by me.”

“Okay.”

“And you will be required to call me at least twice a week. We have to share an intimate dinner and spend a night together at least three days per month.”

“Are you keeping track of these demands?” He laughed, running his hand over his goatee then taking another sip of champagne.

She walked over to the wet bar picking up her iPad. Pulling up an old contract created for one of the millionaires whose payroll she was currently on, she adjusted the monthly installment from \$30,000 to \$20,000, with a touch of the finger. After updating the name and date she handed it over to Paul. He laughed out loud letting his head roll back as his big gorgeous left hand rubbed his muscled torso amplifying the platinum 950 wedding laced with diamonds.

“Okay, I respect your hustle. Where do I sign?” “Don’t worry about signing,”
Evan purred.

She pulled out a white square card reader and inserted the jack into the outlet at the top of the iPad then handed the device to Paul.

“Just shut up and swipe.”

Chapter 16

New Purchases

Back on Bronson Avenue, Kennedy was in her apartment working on her laptop. She was finishing up a story for *Lenz*. After an hour of interviewing Eddie Murphy about the new kids flick he was starring in that opened in theaters in a month she finally had a bit of a story. The interview went well. She felt confident that the profile piece she was wrapping up would be good enough for her editor. Really at the end of the day she wasn't too pressed about what her editor thought. All of these articles and interviews were beginning to work themselves into a blur. No one even read the trades anymore. These lazy ass new-school reporters took real news and broke it on the blogs. Kennedy always kicked the idea around of launching a blog, but blogging just didn't pay. Besides she fancied herself a real journalist. A professional writer who couldn't see her work reduced to the underbelly of publishing that included rumors that any respected writer would happily prefer to put out there with no by-line. Her mission starting out was to make Aims a household name and that would never happen if she made it a practice of digging around LipstickAlley.com to get news tips. Why would she do that anyway when all of her stories came directly from the source. The one benefit of being a real journalist was that you were equipped with the education and training to get all of your information directly from the mouth of the horse itself.

After editing the Eddie piece, a couple more times she emailed off to her editor with her fingers crossed tight. In desperate need of a release she lit a stick of incense and went into ten minutes of silent meditation. After she was done she couldn't shake the fact that her body was slowly becoming dependent on Hudson's. *Dopamine*. She knew it would have to be sooner than later that they rendezvous again. Realizing that she couldn't get her mind off of him she went into her bedroom and lit a candle allowing the aroma of vanilla to fill the air. Relaxing on top of her fluffy white bed her mind began to race with wicked sexual thoughts. Two minutes later those thoughts became actions as she began to touch herself. She closed her eyes imagining her hands to be Hudson's. After pleasing herself she fell fast asleep, into a deep, breathy daytime nap.

Kennedy awoke and turned her phone on. As soon as she did, it began ringing off the hook. Ever since the whole HollywoodHotMouth.com debacle, the urban press had been digging around trying to find out who she was. More importantly what everyone really wanted to know was who she was doing. She had not heard back from *BuzzHard*, so the whole encounter was chalked up to your standard industry night that played out like a fairytale but landed you right back where you started, sitting on top of a pumpkin surrounded by rats. But what could she say, after all this was the life she chose.

Work hard. Play hard.

Even through this media shit-storm the only thing on her mind right now was Hudson. She decided that maybe this attention wasn't as bad as it first seemed. She was

beautiful and gainfully employed with a solid career, unlike most LA groupies whose full time gig was trying to get chose. Those chicks needed the next big rapper to put them on. Their livelihoods depended on it. As for Kennedy, she was going to be on regardless of whom she dated. Even if she had to sit in her Bronson Avenue flat for the next 15-years she was more than happy to call it home.

The phone was still ringing. She decided to answer.

“Hello.”

“Hi, may I speak with Kennedy Aims?”

“This is she.”

“Hi Kennedy, my name is Landon Saches. I am senior editor at RollingStone.com and our publication has recently taken an interest in LA socialites on the urban scene. We are gearing up for a new feature on the hottest socialites on the music scene who are based in LA. Every Wednesday our site will feature a profile with a full photo spread targeted towards our urban readers. We would like to see if you would be interested in being featured as our first LA It Girl?”

Kennedy was not expecting this. His approach was so formal, but what he was asking was totally out of her realm. She was expecting to be bombarded with questions about the *BuzzHard* vs. Dominique thing, but a feature? *On her?*

She felt the pressure to respond but had to take a moment to think about what he was asking her to do. She thought that having a feature in the Rolling Stone may have been just the profile boost she needed to put her on par with someone like Hudson. He had been featured in the Wall Street Journal, Forbes, and Fortune. Well, it wasn't Fortune but it was a start.

Up until this phone call no one had taken any interest in her. Sure, the actors kept her on their radar because they wanted to be featured in the V. If she could pen an article on their latest project they could win. Their publicist could turn it into a crafty promotional piece and spread it into the blogosphere. But featuring her, Kennedy, the person, nah, everyone she knew until this moment took a rain check on that.

So this was it. The time had come. The Honda rolling journalist was about to make her presence known in Hollywood.

“Well I have two questions,” Kennedy said, “what would your feature expose, and why me?”

“I'm glad you asked Ms. Aims. As you may or may not know I am not new to this game. I have done my research on you and I know you too are also a seasoned writer. I'm in it for the hot story. I want to break you to the world so that you can be more than these women who are seen on the arm of a celeb today and pushing t- shirts, baseball caps with silly profane logos, or cheesy lipstick line tomorrow.”

He was right. The new plus one's in the game were losing considerably. Since the influx of reality shows, women who fucked stars were selling themselves out for crumbs. They didn't have much to begin with if you weren't counting a big butt and a smile. These women got the chance to land a recurring role on a television show meant appearance fees and exposure. An ordinary hood chick could find herself living a decent life. The gifts that these marketing and PR teams would ship to their doors could keep the average groupie on perfect ten statuses. On the other hand, Kennedy could see herself using an opportunity like this as a launch pad for her career. She knew with Hudson behind her she could build something much bigger than what the average no-game-having woman could ever dream of.

At that moment a decision was made which would change Kennedy's life and the lives of those around her forever.

"Okay, when would you like to set up a time for us to meet?" Kennedy smoothly replied into her earpiece.

"Tonight. I have one quick appearance to make with an old industry bud who's hosting a party at Nic's, on Canon Drive in Beverly Hills. Are you familiar with that place?"

"Yes, I know Nic's."

“Great. There will be drinks and food. I say we meet face to face so that we can get a chance to feel each others vibe.”

“Interesting. I may just be in.”

“Let us enjoy the night. I’ll be sure to have a special area reserved for us so that we can get down to business. Sound good?”

“Sounds good. Please send me a time and I’ll see you then.”

“One more thing, Ms. Aims. I’ll need you to sign an exclusivity agreement with me. I don’t want anyone scooping me on my big feature...you.”

“Not a problem.”

“Great. I’ll email the details to you now.”

Immediately after Paul swiped his AMEX for his first month’s installment, Eavan softened her entire mood. She placed her iPad down and began to rub his shoulders, whispering into his ear, “now you can have a real taste of luxury sex.”

Paul didn’t hesitate for a second. Remembering how he was rocked to sleep by Eavan during their last rendezvous he was confident that this investment was as wise as any. His wife was just shipped out on the first thing smoking to care for her mother who had fallen ill. Since she would be away for a while he would need something to fill his

appetite. With this information in mind his full attention was in the present moment. His mouth watered looking at Eavan stretched out in front of him. He eyed her long legs that were illuminated by the fireplace. She stood up and walked toward the kitchen to retrieve two crystal champagne glasses. Placing them gracefully on the counter she opened up the stainless steel refrigerator and pulled out a chilled bottle of Bel-Air.

“Let’s make a toast to a business deal that will prove to be fruitful for the both of us,” Eavan purred.

“Toast,” Paul said, raising his champagne glass gently tapping Eavan's.

With both glasses raised, gazing into each others eyes they both felt satisfied with their decisions. That first sip of bubbly crawled down their throats igniting a flame that would stay ablaze all night long. The music was now just above a hum and all you could hear were moans escaping Paul’s lips as Eavan straddled him, rocking her hips back and forth.

He slipped the straps on the negligee off of her shoulders. The fire crackled. She continued to move in bliss.

The only thought that kept him from exploding was flying reindeer. From where she sat, Eavan could see her reflection on the oversized mirror that was leaned against the wall. She knew she looked sexy in her favorite position. Slowly raising her right leg,

holding the back of her thigh, she allowed Paul to penetrate her deeper. He continued to moan. His sounds became more sporadic, as he took her small breasts into his mouth one by one. Eavan raised her leg above his head and spun around with her ass facing him. On both knees, she stretched her arms in front of her body and began lifting and lowering her heart shaped ass on his thick, black penis. Paul needed something to taste. He wanted to get his moneys worth. Raising her off of himself, he pushed her head forward so her ass would be straight in the air. He began licking from the top to the bottom. Eavan screamed in pleasure. She didn't expect the tables to turn so quickly during this love making session, but she was glad they did. He was so in tune with her body. If there was anything that Eavan enjoyed more than spending money, it was getting her salad tossed. He feasted on that booty all night and then he entered her again. After the short break he though he was ready for another round, but Eavan broke him all the way down when she began twisting and turning as he hit it from the back. Two and a half minutes after that, Paul pulled out, but not before Eavan spun around and took everything he had, down her throat.

Chapter 17

Casting Couch

When Kennedy arrived at Nic's, the line was out the door. She knew it would be an event to attend, but Hollywood was becoming such a bore for her. Waiting in line as celebrities sashayed down the carpet. Journalists and paparazzi yelling for a sound bite that would in turn get them a bit of notoriety was hardly what she considered a good time anymore. She was totally over it. Especially since her game was getting stronger and the men she slept money was longer. Instead of valeting the Honda, she found a meter right around the corner. Swiping her debit card she added two to the meter.

Walking up to the door she thought about how quickly things in her life were beginning to change. Her thoughts were interrupted when she made it to the front and saw one of her former colleagues from Atlantic Records working the door. It was her boy Born Kaporowski. His real name was Jasper Farhad, but people close to him knew that he had changed it in order to sound Jewish. No matter what the game threw his way he had a hit for it. While working at Atlantic together as interns Born would talk about how much he wanted to impress his boss, Born, a Persian kid who was one-hundred times more ambitious and only two years younger than the both of them. The only difference between Born's drive at the label and Kennedy's was that Kennedy was smart enough to rely on what was between her legs, and she used it to get a good gig after the Atlantic internship wrapped. Born happened to love brown skin girls and went crazy over the

fantasy of putting his little pecker inside her. Although she never gave it up to him she did allow him to spend one night in the Bronson flat. They were so drunk that nothing happened between them that night, not that she didn't want to give it up to him because he was totally worth it. She made so many connects dangling off of his arm at industry parties. Just associating with him was worth its weight in gold. She even had him to thank for the introduction to her editor at *Lenz*. Born was a certified couch caster, and she was so lucky to have made his acquaintance. She wondered where the hell he was now and made a mental note to look him up. See, it wasn't checkers in the entertainment game. Every move in this game was strategic. This was chess, and Kennedy was the most valuable piece, the Queen.

“Kennedy Aims,” Born sang. “How the hell are *you*?”

“I’m good honey,” she replied.

The two shared a long embrace finishing with an air kiss on each cheek.

“What have you been up to girl? It’s been like two years.”

“Well, as you know, I’ve been covering events for the big V, and now I’m trying to expand, you know? Get my name attached to bigger and better by-lines.”

“I feel that. You’ve come a long way since Atlantic, I see.”

“Well, I’ve been keeping it moving for sure. Tonight I’m here to meet an editor from Rolling Stone,” Kennedy bragged.

“I know the game has been changing for you since the blogs have started coining you as hip-hop’s next IT girl,” Born sang.

Born was obviously fishing, but Kennedy wasn’t shy one bit about her new found celebrity. In fact, she planned on riding it all the way out. All of the other sexy, struggling women in LA did. She thought about Kim Kardashian, Amber Rose, and Nicole Richie coming to the conclusion that everything they did to secure a good life was something she could carbon copy and repeat.

Shrugging her shoulders and making a pouty mouth Kennedy replied, “Well hey, someone has to be that, so why not your girl?”

Born could not disagree. Kennedy was stunning. The evolved woman that stood before him paled in comparison to the one he shared tiny intern cubicle at the label. There was no doubt about it she had arrived. Her hair was longer, her skin glowed, and her lashes extended. Even the clothes she wore were draped over her curves with a tailor’s touch. If he didn’t know any better, he would have sworn the dress she was rocking was rocking YSL.

“Bitch let me just ask, who are you fucking, and does he need a boyfriend?” Born said.

As jealous as he may have been staring her from toe nails to her finger tips, the line to get inside Nic’s was getting longer and he didn’t want to make his fabulous

girlfriend wait any longer. He unhooked and raised the velvet rope ushering her in to the sign-in table. They swapped numbers and Born went back to his post. Kennedy on the other hand gave her name to the nerdy little publicity coordinator sitting behind the table fidgeting with the list. After a quick nod and a smile from the mousy little up-and-comer, she was given a wristband and floated into the room to where the pulse of the party was.

With her black wristband tightly secured, she found herself in the main area of the lounge. The event was a success. Everyone in LA was there. There were tables filled with whose-who in the LA music scene. She didn't know everyone, but knew enough of the heads in attendance to rate the events attendees at a B+. I mean it was hard to give it a 100% bill after working at the V and enjoying the company of Hollywood's elite. There, event ranked at the top of the list. No hip-hop artists or reality stars, just pure white, Hollywood money.

The music industry was a lot more fun though. That's why Kennedy was pressed to get back into it. After people watching for a few minutes she decided to text Landon Saches. She didn't want to try to guess who he was. Spotting him in this crowd would be impossible anyway since they had never met. She wanted to get down to business as soon as possible. She just knew that at any minute she would be bombarded by one of the thirsty up-and-coming hip-hop artists who peeped her on MTO. She didn't have time for that. Just as she pressed send on the text there was a

tap on the shoulder. Slowly, spinning on her heels she was face to face with a sexy ass blonde guy. He had blue eyes, stood about 5'9, slim, with flush peach skin and bee stung lips that when parted revealed a beautiful set of teeth. You could tell that his physique was nice underneath it all. He looked really paid. The scent of his cologne warmed her body up. Leaning in to her whispering in her ear to override the music he spoke, "Kennedy Aims?"

Kennedy backed up taking in this gorgeous sight of a man.

She nodded.

"I'm Landon," this time he reached hand out and shook Kennedy's.

"Nice to meet you Landon, Kenn replied blushing. "This is such a great party."

"Follow me, let's go someplace where we can talk," Landon said, grabbing Kennedy's hand leading her to the Vodbox.

As they approached the Vodbox, Kennedy felt a sharp chill over her body. This was the first time she would actually go inside of a walk-in freezer full of premium vodkas. The room was surrounded in glass, accented with stainless steel. From the outside you could see that the finest vodkas graced the leather shelves. The room was simple elegance. Everyone inside the Vodbox was bundled up in floor length fur coats and those Russian trooper fur hats.

Landon led Kennedy towards the coat check. As they walked to the far end of the freezer entrance she trailed behind him slowly, observing his walk. He commanded respect with his shoulders back and his chiseled chin slightly raised. His frame was amazing. He wore a European fitted suit with the pants hugging extra tight. The jacket he wore was custom fitted, allowing for extra room in the arms. It was obvious that he spent extra time doing push ups. His chest rose and fell like a Greek god. With his blonde curly locks and those piercing blue eyes, Kennedy had a hard time focusing on the business at hand.

Stay on task, Kenn, she told herself.

Just as she shook the vision of hot passionate sex out of her mind, Landon was turning around from the coat check counter handing her an all white fur set. Kennedy was glad that she wore her hair bone straight tonight. She slipped the hat on top carefully positioning it so that her eyes were clearly visible. Landon helped out her with the coat.

Landon removed his suit coat and handed it to the attendant. The attendant was also blonde and like Landon, she was Hollywood beautiful. *Probably an actress,* Kennedy thought. Without his suit coat on, Landon appeared more fit than skinny. He wore a steel grey, silk fitted t-shirt, tucked in with a Hermes belt resting on his waist. He slipped the black fur hat over his head, and slid on the floor length black fur coat. He smiled at her again.

The VODBOX was at capacity so they had to wait for about ten minutes before entering. While they waited, Landon again expressed his interest in Kennedy's work as well as her

Entering the room all conversations were just above a whisper. Kennedy glanced around the room in awe as a shiver zapped through her body. Not being much of a vodka drinker, she allowed Landon to select a bottle for them to taste.

"I would love to just grab one of the finer selections for us share while we discuss your future at Rolling Stone," Landon said, turning to Kennedy looking into her eyes.

"I don't know much about vodka, but I wouldn't mind having a taste of the Marc XO," Kennedy purred. She noticed the bottle of Marc stood out from the rest, and she wanted to take control of the meeting early on. She trying to kill the lust and get back into the business zone with this man. She couldn't allow her future to go out of the window after guzzling down a bottle of high-end Russian vodka with a Bradley Cooper look-alike when she had Hudson to go back home to. Well, at least back to the hotel to.

"Whatever suits you, Ms. Aims," Landon said, smiling like the cat that swallowed the canary. "We'll just do a sip of the Marc to start, and then close the deal by sharing a shot of SV Supreme."

Ten minutes and five shots later the two of them exited the Vodbox giggling like old friends. They truly enjoyed being in the company of one another.

“Well, Ms. Aims, I think we have the perfect opportunity for you over at Rollingstone.com. We wouldn't need to uproot you to New York. You can telecommute. That would allow you to submit stories from Los Angeles.”

“That works for me,” Kennedy said smiling.

She gazed into Landon's blue eyes and got warm again. Those feelings came back again. Lust. Heat. Passion. Right then the reality was clear, she would be crashing on the Rolling Stone casting couch.

“I'll need to get an official resume or CV from you sometime next week so we can create a bio for you on the masthead,” Landon said grabbing her hand.

“Sure thing.”

“If you have a nice photo we'll need that as well. If not, we can send one of our photographers out to do a shoot with you in your home.”

Kennedy didn't want to go to the trouble of doing an in-home shoot in her itty-bitty apartment, so she quickly dismissed Landon's offer by advising him that she would provide all necessary items to him by Wednesday.

The deal was sealed. Kennedy Aims was now a columnist for RollingStone.com. She had just been given the opportunity of a lifetime. Along with being featured as an LA It-Girl, she would also be taking a staff writing position with the online version of the

mag. Her blog would chronicle the dating life in Los Angeles. Who's dating whom, and most of all, who was sleeping with who.

She knew that setting a few bridges ablaze would be a necessary evil to get readership up, but she didn't care. If she had a dollar for every time someone had fucked her over to get ahead she wouldn't be rolling in that bucket Honda.

Chapter 18

Hollywood Hot Mouth

Kennedy arose from a drunken stupor stumbling to the kitchen popping a K-Cup into the Keurig. After making the perfect cup of coffee she propped herself up at her desk and began typing up her latest blog entry entitled, “Snowed In.” All of the blogs were heating up with news of the latest industry affair between the new “it” video chick who had been seen frequenting LA hot spots with a well-known rapper. The juicy part was that said rapper had been turned out by the vixen and now was a serious cokehead. During every public appearance their coke snorting sessions were put on full blast. These two were giving the internet life with their wild escapades. They were quickly becoming the talk of the blogosphere.

Kennedy thanked GOD that it wasn’t her in the spotlight. Right now, she was the one aiming the spotlight and revealing every dirty-details she could think of to amplify the misdeeds of the Hollywood fast life. Although she loved getting her money up by blasting video chicks and strung out rappers through her gossip column in *RollingStone.com*, she still hadn’t given up the bad habits she harbored of sleeping around like she had a sexual addiction.

The story on *Lenz* was gaining traction in the blogosphere, especially after the story she broke from Jamie’s party the day after Landon brought her onboard. The real news though was her relationship with Landon. The two had quickly gone from

professional to down right scandalous. When she and Landon met at Nic's the night of her interview the chemistry was undeniable. They shared a commonality for the love of writing. Landon was gorgeous and she was sexy. Both were budding talents, the perfect match.

Landon had taken to flying into LAX bi-weekly for lunches. Now he was practically bi-costal. During his visits he made sure to carve out a slice of time to see his golden girl. He was well aware of the value that Kennedy brought to the publication. Hiring her to be a correspondent was a genius move on his part. In a sense, she was resurrecting interest in the age-old publication by driving eyeballs to the online version. She had what it took to get the dirt that only a sleazy LA industry head would be able to dig up. A New Yorker wouldn't have been able to flow onto the LA scene and spit out salacious stories the way she did. The same could be said about someone from the LA trying to takeover the Big Apple gossip scene. This was a venture best embarked upon by a writer who was hungry and at the tip-top of their game.

Her relationship with Landon was the textbook version of a conflict of interest but the passion they shared was animalistic. Kennedy wasn't the type to get hooked on one man, besides she was leaving her options open for Hudson to finally get serious with her. In the meantime, a little corporate climbing couldn't hurt her career. The New York staffers would never suspect an affair since she had no reason to frequent the office. On the other side of the country, Landon entertained women in droves

but became increasingly interested in possibly locking Kennedy down. The conflict he was facing was the fact that Kennedy was a woman of color.

Today was like any other day for Kennedy. After sending out her story she and Landon engaged in a bit of cybersex. He always got off while watching her masturbate on FaceTime while he sat with his pants to his ankles on his royal blue velvet chair in his plush New York office. She would talk dirty to him and he couldn't last longer than a minute. He called her his diamond. He always commented on the deep plum color of her nipples and was pushing the agenda of the two of them engaging in a threesome with a hot blonde. It was easy for Kennedy to see that what Landon needed in his life was a bit of spice. She made a mental note to self to be sure to spice it up the next time he was in town. As far as a threesome, those were uncharted territories for her. She had yet to even kiss a girl, let alone get in bed with one. That type of lovemaking was something that she wanted to share with her husband if she ever decided to sit still long enough for a man to place a ring on her finger. As for giving Landon his wish, well, time would only tell. He would be back in LA in two weeks. She had too many pieces laying in wait for her to even think about him and all of the things he wanted from her.

They ended their virtual sex session and quickly switched reels to a lengthy chat about the upcoming Jamie Foxx party. She decided this was best time to break the news to Landon about the possibility of her not being able to go. As much as she wanted to get

“on”, what really got her veins pumping was the thought of being touched by Hudson. She was definitely feeling him, and he hadn’t shown her the least bit of interest since their romp at the Luxe a few weeks back. A pressing business deal in Dubai kept him out of the country and clear off of the west coast for the for three weeks now and Kennedy was going crazy thinking about him. Being the type of woman to not let any grass grow under her feet she didn’t stress too much about it. He was rich, and single. Besides, their relationship hadn’t taken off like she had imagined. She was clearly looking for more financial support than he was willing to provide. Instead of a payday all she could count on from him were emails flowered with post-dated promises.

The last message she received from Hudson came through two days ago. He invited her to fly out to Las Vegas to meet for dinner. This man was way too cocky. He wanted her there and had given her only 48 hours to make a decision. His schedule had him leaving Vegas to spend a week in Taipei, where he would be launching another location for his technology company. Kennedy loved Vegas like every other hustling woman and would never consider turning down the opportunity to roll the dice and enjoy a relaxing spa day. The only issue was timing. His request for her presence fell on the same day of the big bash at Jamie’s mansion. Everyone who was anyone in Hollywood knew that the Jamie Foxx mansion parties were the “it” functions to attend. These parties were rumored to offer the best in sex, powder, and rock and roll. To give her blog the boost it wasn’t an option to make herself fixture at said parties. From there she would be able to get first-hand dirt on who

was banging who, the gays, the cheaters, the druggies and the rich spoiled underage kids living adult lives. She could juice up her first hand accounts and post them to her blog before one of those no-game having groupies on The Alley blabbed about it online for free.

After all of these years Kennedy was beginning to truly understand the business of Hollywood entertainment. She knew how to get money from wealthy men, hell she had been successful at it for close to ten years now. But where she would have to adjust her game was in the arena of getting money using her head, instead of by giving head.

It was noon on the day of the Jamie party when Kennedy got the phone call to follow up Hudson's emails requesting her presence in Vegas.

"Hello," she answered, trying her best to give that breathy Marilyn Monroe purr.

"Bonjour Madameoisle," Hudson's voice came through in perfect French. "Did you get my messages?"

"I did."

"So what do you say? Me. You. Vegas. Dinner?"

Kennedy didn't want to miss the function, but the sound of Hudson's voice sent her body into a cosmic convulsion. Her temperature rose with each beat of his every word.

“I would love to, but I’m scheduled for an engagement tonight that I just can’t miss.”

“Wow, beautiful woman, here I am just returning to the states, fresh off of a 12-hour flight from Dubai. The first person I call is you. I’m on my knees,” he said, his voice almost to a low growl. “I need you.”

Kennedy was weak. She couldn’t tell the man she loved no, but she didn’t want to blow her career over someone who may not truly love her.

“Listen Hudson, I have an assignment in Bel-Air that kicks off at midnight. I would only have time to fly in for dinner and make a quick flight back down on the last bird out.”

“Say no more. I can make that happen.” Okay, Hudson
“You made our dinner reservations yet?” “Everything will be ready when you arrive. Just be sure to get here. I really miss you.”

They said goodbye and Kennedy immediately went online to Southwest.com. She booked a flight leaving at 6pm that would arrive at LAS at 6:50pm. The latest flight out of Vegas would get her back to LA at 10:50pm. If she could get in for a quick dinner and be back at the airport thirty minutes before her departure flight, she could hop in her car and head to the Hollywood Hills for the party by midnight. That was the plan, but even the best-laid plan by mice and men often go awry.

Chapter 19

When it was time for Kennedy and Hudson to hook up she made sure to look her best. This meant a fresh makeover was necessary. Since it was still early she took advantage of the time and booked an appointment at Burke Williams Day Spa. Nothing was better than a relaxing massage allowing the eucalyptus infused steam to open up the pores. She set an appointment for 2:30pm and she planned on finishing up before 5pm, it would leave her just enough time to make her flight.

The aroma of massage oils filled her space creating a serene environment. A young girl with smooth fair skin and a silky black ponytail that flowed from the middle of her head to the small of her back ushered to her to the women's locker room. Removing her clothes, she wrapped her hair in a towel and covered her naked body with a heavy white terry robe. Locking away all distractions, Kennedy made her way over to steam room. The gum tree eucalyptus steam filled her lungs with a healing medicinal mist. She watched the water bead up on her skin and thought that for the first time in a long time her life becoming the definition of living.

After fifteen minutes Storm, her assigned massage therapist gently tapped on the foggy glass door to usher her out and into a private room for a hot-stones Shiatsu massage.

Immediately the body treatment, she relaxed as her nails and toes were given supreme attention. She selected the color Limo-scene, a pale pink polish by Essie.

Everything on this day was turning out just right. Returning to her locker to get dressed the first thing she checked for was her phone. There were two missed calls and a message from Hudson.

I've sent a car to bring you to the airport. It should arrive at your house at 4:30pm. Don't worry about doing any packing. Your driver will be delivering to you exactly what I want to see you wearing tonight. Don't be late.

It was 4:15pm, which left her little time before the driver would arrive. She cashed out and headed back to her apartment. When she arrived she found a black car sitting in front of her driveway. It was the same driver. She greeted him offering a shy wave. He opened up the car door and stepped out holding a gift-wrapped silver box with a big red bow on top.

“Miss, can I please help you up to your apartment with this package courtesy of Mr. Lou?”

“Of course,” Kennedy replied with a smile.

The driver followed Kennedy up to her front door, waiting patiently as she rustled through her purse for the house key. After getting the front door open, she escorted him to her dressing area where he politely placed the box on a bed bench. Like good help, after his business was done he excused himself back downstairs to wait in the car. When the front door shut she rushed over to the box and ripped open the bow like it was

Christmas. The ribbon cascaded to the floor as she removed the top of the box. Inside she found a custom beaded dress. Gently removing it from the box she slid her body into it. The front was cut in a V drop, exposing just enough boob to still be considered tasteful. The sleeves were sheer and backless, trimmed in beaded crystals and pearls. Surely walking through LAX wearing a piece of couture that envelops one's body like this one did would have her sticking out like a pimple on a beauty queen.

At the bottom of the box were a pair of sheer underwear carefully draped across a pair of blush slide-ins, size 38. This man knew every inch of her body. and as she got dressed she imagined Hudson's hands all over it. Completing the look with her new tiny Chanel clutch, she was out the door.

The driver stood at attention in front of the rear passenger door. He offered his signature smile as he opened the door, carefully lifting her inside. Once seated comfortably she crossed her legs at the ankle to be sure not to damage a thing. Instead of heading south on the 405, the car jumped on the north onramp. Kennedy knew that time was of the essence but thought it better not to ask any questions. After a 20-minute drive they arrived in the Valley. She assumed the flight would be leaving from Burbank instead of LAX. Exiting the freeway, they pulled into Million Air, a private arm of Bob Hope Airport. Kennedy was greeted by an older woman with brownish-blond hair dressed in an all black suit over a white collared shirt. Her shoes were flat and plain. One could

easily conclude that she made an extra effort to mute her appearance because of the type of clientele she serviced.

“Welcome to Million Air, Ms. Aims, my name is Jennifer Olyead” she said.

“Thank you.”

“Please allow me to escort you to your waiting area.”

Jennifer took anything that Kennedy didn’t want to carry and lead her along the entryway making Jennifer small talk. Arriving inside the terminal they were met by a well groomed pilot who stood patiently at the entryway with his hands folded in front of him.

“Hello Ms. Aims,” the pilot said holding out his right hand. “Captain Whitaker.” He shook Kennedy’s hand firmly. “I’ll be your pilot today.”

“Nice to meet you Captain,” Kennedy said.

“Do you have any luggage?” he asked.

“No, I’m all of the luggage you will be transporting today.”

Captain Whitaker smiled, “very well then, please follow me.” He took lead, guiding her out to the tarmac. He advised Kennedy that she was in for a short 50-minute ride, and assured her that anything she needed could be found onboard. She noticed Jennifer was still in tow but didn’t ask any questions.

There was a short walk before they approached a beautiful Gulfstream IV. The stairs were already extended as Kennedy began to climb onto the plane. She got to the top and noticed Jennifer was still standing below waving as she turned around and headed back into the building. Once she found herself inside she marveled at the beauty on the inside of the private jet. She pulled out her phone and was about to start snapping pics when a young flight attendant appeared. She spoke with a Spanish accent, her greeting was warm.

“Hello, Ms. Aims, my name is Selena. I will be your flight attendant for this evening.”

“Hello, Selena,” Kennedy said. The excitement in her voice was something she could not hide.

“Please, take a seat, anywhere you like, you are the sole passenger on this flight,” Selena sang. Her voice was sweet like honey. Her hair was jet black and curly, it rested at the base of her spine. *How does she manage all of that hair? She’s simply beautiful.*

“Thank you,” she replied.

The Gulfstream IV offered its passengers fourteen seating options. One could sit facing forward, backward, on a couch, or at an executive table if the trip called for a formal sit-down meeting over a meal. The seating was adorned in cream calfskin leather trimmed with cherry-red wood.

Selena asked Kennedy to be seated for takeoff. She took the front seat near the fish eye panoramic window. Almost immediately the door on the plane was quickly sealed shut and the engines were firing up.

“Have you ever been a passenger on a private jet?” Selena asked.

“To be honest, no, this is my first time.”

“No problem, let me just update you on the safety guidelines and we’ll be in the air in no time.”

Selena quickly went over the details, emergency exits, and any procedure that Kennedy needed to know.

“I’m here to help you if there is anything you need. Estimated flight time will be fifty-two minutes, take off to landing. I’m here to serve you by offering the best experience ever.”

Kennedy thought, if she wasn’t mistaken, Selena might have been flirting.

Takeoff was delayed seven minutes due to a last minute oxygen mask test. This was not wonted of a private aircraft, and it was obvious in the way Selena kept apologizing.

“We are so sorry for the delay, Ms. Aims. While you wait, please enjoy this chilled bottle of Dom and a light snack Bilini pancakes topped with Beluga Sturgeon caviar and crème fraîche.”

The plate was presented colorfully. Kennedy loved caviar and offered plenty of forgiveness for the sins of the plane and its crew if this is the way they atoned for them.

Just a few minutes after she finished the first glass of champagne the jet was airborne. After a bit of conversation on the career of a private flight attendant, Kennedy found out that Selena was responsible for purchasing all of the in-flight goodies in-between flights and any additional items to keep the passengers happy at any cost. Fifteen-minutes into the flight, Selena prepared another mid-flight snack which consisted of fresh berries, grapes, watermelon slices and four different cheeses.

The flight was met with turbulence as they soared over the mountains that bordered California and Nevada, and being in such a small plane one could feel every bump. Before long the pilot made a final announcement, “welcome to Las Vegas, Ms. Aims. If you take a look to your right there is Luxor, and to the left you’ll see the Palms.”

The jet came to a soft land on the alley and waiting on the airstrip was a limousine black Mercedes SL550. The driver stood outside of the vehicle wearing white gloves and black suit.

Chapter 20

Desert Life

Kennedy stepped off of the plane inhaling the desert air. She was anticipating the smell of Hudson. The plane ride and the car were both impressive, but seeing him was the only thing she longed for.

“Good evening Miss Aims, my name is Mogard,” the driver introduced himself with a hint of a Spanish accent.

“Hello, Mogard.”

“Please, take a seat,” Mogard instructed, opening the back door for Kennedy.
“Mr. Lou is anticipating your arrival.”

The thought of Hudson waiting for her was enough to make Kennedy smile as bright as a diamond because she had come to Vegas with a clear and definite plan. She would max out the bank during her short stay. First, dinner. Next, she would request a few thousand dollars to hit the crap tables. This request would come after a quickie with the man who caused her to salivate at the thought of his touch.

“Where are we headed,” Kennedy asked Mogard, through a breathy whisper.

“I have instructions to bring you to the Oriental Mandarin Hotel. There you will wait for Mr. Lou’s arrival. At the moment he is in meetings.”

Meetings, she thought.

The Oriental Mandarin was all class. As the car pulled into the circular driveway a staff member waited, opening Kennedy’s door as soon as it came to a stop. Mogard made his way around to her side, and introduced Kelley as her personal concierge. Kelley welcomed Kennedy and escorted her inside the hotel for a tour.

“Oriental Mandarin is the only 5-star hotel in Las Vegas,” Kelley said. “We’re very proud of holding our place in satisfaction and prestige.”

“Really,” Kennedy replied.

“Yes, and Mr. Lou is one of our valued guests, so please contact me personally for help with any and every request you may have.”

“Thank you.”

“Here is a phone that you may use for discreet requests, should you have any,” Kelley said. She handed Kennedy a mobile phone of no particular brand. They were interrupted by an older blonde gentleman. He wore a name tag that read *Simon*. Directly under his name was *Dubai*.

“Here is the key to your suite, Ms. Aims,” Simon said. You’ll be staying in our penthouse.”

Penthouse? Kennedy thought confused. Hudson knew that she was only available for a few hours for dinner.

She arrived at her suite in the dimly lit hallway. Corner rooms were everything. The windows usually offered wrap around views letting in an abundance of light. Kennedy, being an exhibitionist rather enjoyed heated lovemaking sessions when there was the possibility that someone else could be watching. Suites were a requirement for Kennedy, whenever she laid on her back in a hotel room, but this one was top of the line. There was a huge dressing room with its own area just for storing luggage, getting dressed and hanging clothing. Moving forward through the room there was a huge see-through bathroom resting to the right, complete with an overhead shower with three additional showerheads. The bathtub was large and deep. Room enough for four. The vanity was littered with sweet smelling candles. Each was lit giving off a soft, soothing glow. There was a see-through freezer box resting over the bathtub and it was fully stocked with her favorite champagne, Vuvé. Since the bathroom was completely transparent there was a great view of the bedroom with an inviting California King sized bed and a full view beyond to the Vegas strip. Spread on top of the bed was a silver platter with six chocolate covered strawberries, a dozen long-stemmed red roses and a folded greeting card placed on top. She floated over to the bed retrieving the card.

Welcome to your palace my Princess. Enjoy your favorite champagne along with a few organic, chocolate covered strawberries, while soaking in a pure organic sea therapy bath. Only the best for ma chérie d'amour. I'll be here to take you out for dinner at 7, so be swift.

Love, H.

This note alone set Kennedy on fire. She allowed her body to cascade backwards onto the fluffy white pillows. After rolling around on the bed like a child, she took a strawberry off of the platter clobbering it. The sweet taste of fair-trade organic chocolate painted a satisfying smile on her lips as the chocolate worked as an aphrodisiac on senses.

Kennedy drew a really warm bath. She carefully submerged her beautiful <POV?> body into the tub. Here she relaxed for close to an hour all while anticipating Hudson's touch. The soft sounds of Coltrane streamed in the background as she wrapped up her session with satisfaction. Stepping out of the tub onto the plush rug she admired her toenail color. Grateful for a fresh manicure and pedicure, she would be ready when her Prince Charming showed up for dinner. Moving to the dressing area she found another box at the top of the closet that had been overlooked when she first entered the suite. Assuming it was for her, she untied the red ribbon and removed the top. Inside was a sexy one-piece body suit. It was black lace and the crotch was cut out. There was a small card inside that read: *Put this on. Go lay in the bed. Wait for me.*"

This treasure hunt was beginning to sound less and less like a dinner date. This man was making it into a sexy treasure hunt. The step-by-step instructions were intriguing, but what Kennedy was expecting was a nice dinner and conversation, not eyes wide shut sex. How would they ever make it to the alter when the only words ever spoken between them were, *uh, harder... I'm coming*. It was a no-brainer, at this point Kennedy knew that the only appetite Hudson had was an insatiable one for sex. Kennedy's mind switched reels at that moment. She would need to get on the payroll if this was all it was going to be. Besides, he had plenty of money. The more she played it over in her mind the more upset she got. Taking her away from her job to come to lay up in a hotel was not what she had in mind. She knew the game so she decided to go ahead and flow with what was already set in motion. She wouldn't resist his instruction. She slipped the bodysuit on and moved slowly over to the bed. In her mind she was trying to decide how she would approach the subject of a contract between the two of them. She decided to wait until dinner and broach the subject with class, but since she's not usually the negotiator she knew she would need to enlist Eavan for some of her pricing expertise.

Slipping under the sheets she grabbed her phone and dialed her up.

"Hello, darling," Eavan answered.

"E!"

"Hi Kenn, did you make it to Vegas?"

“Girl yes. I’m lying in bed right now wearing crotchless lingerie.”

“Wait, I thought you had a party to attend tonight? Wasn’t it just supposed to be dinner?”

“Girl this shit has become a sex-ure hunt. I have been escorted through every step mindlessly, from the selection of my fit to the destinations. It’s becoming overbearing and as much as I miss him, I’m getting the feeling that he isn’t trying to become my husband.”

“Well you know you need to push it into overdrive then. Where are you two going to dinner?”

“I don’t know anything yet. I’ve arrived to notes and written instructions, but I still haven’t heard his voice yet.”

“That’s a damn shame, but typical. Usually on this level they’re use to getting their women on a platter and you lying in that bed with your crotch out proves that he’s winning. Now the question is, what are you going to do about it?”

“That’s why I’m calling you. I need to get him on the payroll. I don’t have the time to waste on this dude. I’m falling for Landon anyway and you know I’ve been ready to settle down. I want to know if he’s serious about me, or if this is some sexual fantasy for him.”

“Well it’s clear he isn’t taking you serious Kenn. I mean, does he even know your birthday? Have you met any of his friends?”

“Not yet, but his driver and I have become quite familiar, he picked out my clothes for today,” Kennedy said, letting out an exasperated chuckle.

“See, that’s that bullshit girl. You know better. Tell his ass what your fee is for tonight and put the games to bed. You know my motto, better to be a hoe and get paid than a whore and get laid.”

“Girl you are a fool.” They both laughed.

“Seriously though,” Evan said, “you have to tell these assholes or else they’re going to just use you and you’ll be left worse for wear. You deserve whatever your heart desires and don’t discount what your heart desires for anyone.”

As Eavan’s words started to sink in, the heat between Kennedy’s legs began to cool off. Her body heat dropping one degree per second <she’d be dead in a few seconds> until the look in her eyes was ice cold. Just as she was approaching subzero temperatures the lock on clicked and she could hear someone entering the suite.

“Girl I have to go. Someone just walked in. I’ll call you back. Love you.”

“Okay Kenn. Enjoy your time no matter what, just don’t forget, a whore is still a lady.”

They ended the call. Kennedy couldn't help but laugh at Eavan because the girl was a true nut. She sang out, "who's there?"

"Hello beautiful," a mans voice sang out. There, in the archway stood the most gorgeous man Kennedy had ever laid eyes on. Perfection.

"Hudson," she said, remembering that the lovesick puppy she had been up to this point would have to be put down. Now was the time to rework this fling so that she would be winning. If this man was not trying to wife her, she would see to it that he takes care of her, on her terms.

"It's so good to see you, finally. I've missed you deeply," he said.

"Did you?" Kennedy asked.

"Yes. That's why I'm here. Please excuse me for a moment."

He rose up from the bed and walked to the bathroom.

Kennedy's curiosity got the best of her, so she followed. Grabbing her phone, she walked over to the dressing area. She didn't like to leave her phone lying around when she was in the room with a man. She would drop it in her purse and lock it then quickly return to the bed. As she passed by the bathroom on the way to the dressing area she caught a glimpse of Hudson with his junk hanging over the sink in one hand and a bar of soap in the other. He was washing himself. *Ugh*, she thought, but quickly moved on with her mission. After she was done she made her way back to the bed undetected. She was

back in bed when he returned to her. His Hermes belt was fastened again and if she hadn't witnessed it herself, she wouldn't have known that he'd spent the last two-and-a-half minutes taking a whore's bath.

He came back to the bed and began undressing. She stopped him short and asked if he had a condom. Since he wanted to treat her like a prostitute, she would start treating him like a trick. Of course he didn't have a condom at all.

"Listen, baby," Kennedy said softly, "I'm falling for you, but I'm not on any birth control. I don't want to slip up too many times and both of us end up with more than we are able to handle right now."

"I'm falling for you too," Hudson replied. She knew by his tone it was sincere. "I didn't think that we needed to use protection, since the last time we were together we made love animal style."

It was funny because they didn't use a condom and he was right, but with that statement alone, Kennedy realized how she had been playing herself. She wanted a piece of the pie, that was for sure, but she needed to make sure that he was slicing that pie up and offering her some before she got caught up with a baby or worse.

"I know, we did make hot, passionate love that night and it was one of the best nights I've shared with anyone, but I haven't seen you since and I'm not sure what your plans are with me, so in the meantime, I think we should be as safe as possible."

“I’m just getting to know you, that is true,” he said, to address the doubt in her last statement. “I do want you to know that I have nothing but the best intentions. I don’t mean to come into your life to take, but to give.”

He was doing it again. Peppered his words with promise. *Damn it, this man is a master manipulator.*

“Where will we be having dinner? I love the lingerie, but I’m so hungry and you know that I have to be back this evening for my event.”

“We have reservations in about an hour,” Hudson answered, now he was kissing her shoulder. His lips trailed her back and her spine was her spot. At this point he had reached it. It was all over. Kennedy pushed the comforter back and rested on her chest with her legs spread open revealing a freshly waxed crotchless shot of what Hudson came for.

Hudson trailed kisses down her spine until he arrived at the open spot and began to devour her middle like it was a pudding pop. Sucking and smacking, Kennedy grew soaking wet. As he gave her head, he unbuttoned his slacks and they dropped to the floor with him quickly stepping out of them. His shirt was practically ripped off button by button, but he didn’t miss a beat. Kennedy’s moans grew stronger and more passionate. She was feeling good. This was what she came for and she hadn’t realized it until the moment he entered her raw again.

So much for the condom speech.

This time, she felt more comfortable with Hudson and his member didn't seem so small. She pushed back onto it and now he had her in full out doggy style. Her doggy style made men weak and she knew it would be a matter of seconds before he would be crying out to her a number of sincere thank you's and compliments on how beautiful she was. This would all be to hide the fact that he was a one-minute man.

Chapter 21

Sucker for Love

It had been over a month since Dominique and Kennedy had popped bottles in the club together. She tried calling him once to see if he would take the bait. The funny thing was that although she had publicly embarrassed him it didn't seem to matter much. The one time she did dial his number and didn't get an answer, with a matter of minutes he had gone into over time ringing her cell back-to-back.

Seeing his name pop up on the screen of her newly issued company iPhone, Kennedy couldn't stop herself from laughing. Instead of answering she thought about how small he was and sent him to voicemail.

Dominique left a desperate message anyway, even though he knew that the phone had only rung a time and a half, “Kenn, hey it’s Dom. I just saw that I missed your call. I’m going to be back in LA on this weekend. I think we should have dinner to talk about where things went wrong. Let me know what your schedule looks like.”

Kennedy chuckled as she listened to the message. *Desperado!* She thought. Although she wasn’t initially interested in seeing Dominique again, she couldn’t help but consider his offer to wine and dine. Mulling the idea over she felt a slight twinge of regret for the way she had played him at the club. It wasn’t like he was a dusty or anything. Plus, he had treated her so well when they entertained one another. *Maybe*, she thought, *he’s worth another try*.

She didn’t bother checking the rest of the messages. Her conscious was getting the best of her. She opened up her call log again to dial him back. Fiddling with her iPhone she felt like an old woman. All of this touch screen technology was still new to her. *This is nothing like the Blackberry*. Just as she was about to press send, another call came through. It was Eavan.

“Hey girl,” Kennedy answered.

“Hello darling. It’s been over a week! We have so much to catch up on,” Eavan said.

“I know, I know. You would not believe what’s been going on in my world,” Kennedy exhaled, sounding a little Hollywood. “You spill tea first. What did I miss?”

Eavan took a deep breath, replying, “I don’t even know where to start. What are you doing this afternoon?”

“I’m just finishing up an article for the *Stone*.”

“Oh my god! So you got the position at Rolling Stone?”

“Girl yes, and get this, my boss and I are already in LOVE! He and I have been making love since day one,” Kennedy let out a girlish chuckle.

“Wait, what?! This sounds almost as good as my news. Can you meet me for lunch this afternoon, say around 1:30pm?”

“Of course. I’m sure I’ll be done by then. Where?”

“Meet me in Malibu. Gladstone’s. “Today is a cause for celebration,” Evan said. “I closed a very lucrative deal most recently, so I’m treating you like those CEO’s treat me.”

Gladstone’s was one of Kennedy’s “go to” spots to dine and date for inspiration, not to mention the killer crab legs. Eavan was smooth enough to suggest one of Malibu’s most sexy places to enjoy some delicious seafood and a beautiful view of the Pacific Ocean. Kennedy was all in. The last time she dined at Gladstone’s, she and what’s-his-name, left their foil wrapped origami leftovers behind for the wait staff to trash, taking to the shoreline to a walk hand and hand along the sand. For some reason she couldn’t remember the guy’s name off of the top of her head, but the two of them talked about

everything under the sun. When they were far enough from the peering eyes seated along the floor to ceiling windows assembled along the ocean view side of Gladstone's, her date seductively removed his jacket, laid it on the sand. Before they could rest on the YSL White windbreaker, the two of them tore into each other like animals.

Under the full moon, they made love.

What could she say? She was the freak of the week. Any and every thought in her mind or swing in her step wound right back around to hot, passionate sex.

"Okay girl. I'm with it," Kennedy replied snapping out of her ex-rated flashback. "I'll see you then."

They said their goodbyes.

Before Kennedy jumped back into writing her article she dialed Dominique.

"Hello," he answered. His voice was syrupy sweet.

"Hi Dom," Kennedy said in the sexiest voice she could muster. She knew that Dominique was in love with her sex, body and essence, so she used all three to reel him back in.

"Kennedy," he replied with just a small hint of hurt in his deep voice.

"I - I rang you earlier...just to check on you," she spoke softly, trying to ease any tension that may have been on the line.

“Yeah, I saw I missed that,” Dominique replied. He didn’t want the conversation to fall off, so quickly he decided to get out of his feelings and break the ice. “Kennedy, look, you and I need to talk. I know things went left in the club a while back, but I haven’t been able to get you out of my head.”

His accent was so cute. It was one of the things that Kennedy did like about him. It definitely wasn’t that tiny little doorstep that dangled from his middle. He was a gentleman, and best of all he was a sucker for love. If there was anything that Kennedy knew was that a man had to love a woman more than she loved him. This was as good a reason as any to keep Dominique in her life. After only speaking just a few words, he had just passed the test.

“I’ve been thinking about you a lot too,” she lied. “I owe you an apology. I just—”

Dominique interrupted her mid sentence.

“Look, don’t worry about an apology. Just make sure you have your ass at the Ritz, Friday at 6pm. You can apologize in person.”

“6 o’clock? I can do that.”

“Okay. Kennedy. Please don’t disappoint me again. Goodbye.”

With that last warning, Dominique ended the call. Kennedy was left with her phone to her ear, wondering how his voice had gone from sugar to shit in less than five seconds.

Chapter 21

A Date with Destiny

As Kennedy drove south on the 405 freeway the sounds of smooth R&B soothed her. Kevin Nash, a longtime LA on-air personality with a soothing, sultry voice, always had something completely gushy to say when he graced the airwaves. She was tuned in just in time to hear his daily love quote, “you can never say I love you enough, unless it’s after you’ve messed up, then it’s annoying.”

This hit Kennedy in the heart, because today was the day she would be meeting up with Dominique. He had been pushing to see her. Not knowing what to expect, but understanding that there was some sort of apology she owed him, the date and time was set. There was no backing out of it. Kennedy reasoned, if Dominique wanted to see her, clearly he was still interested and maybe what the two of them started off building could continue. She hoped that being a hot-girl hadn’t ruined her chance at being with a man who could give her the lifestyle she needed. Of course needing Dominique was totally a break in case of emergency situation, just in case things with Hudson didn’t work out.

Chapter 22

Lion

After wrapping up her 1,500-word review on last night's release party for Chris Brown's new album, Kennedy was ready to smoke. She removed the brown bag from her Chanel purse with a logo that read S&L Caregivers in cannabis green and white letters. Breaking down a gram of Granddaddy Kush and a wine Swisher was easy for her. Using four fingers, she managed to twist each bud until they became a fine green powder. Next, she used her thumb nail to poke small breaks into the skin of the Swisher until it was split open completely. From here she was able to "gut" the blunt by removing all of the tobacco inside and replace all of the brownish cardboard poison with fresh, flower. Using her tongue sop the edges of the blunt where it had been split her lips glued both open ends shut tight. The result: a fat, joint. In an exhausted haze she set fire to the tip. Taking a seat in her most comfortable chair, she pulled her laptop onto her huge toned thighs that applied pressure on the foot, extending the recliner, so she could stretch out and see if what she had written had truly captured the essence of the night.

As she read a graph, she puffed. Playback of the party flickered like an old reel-to-reel movie in the back of her mind. She had to give it to herself, this piece turned out quite nice. Might even be one of her best articles yet. Confident that it would offer readers an intimate blow-by-blow of the party she relaxed and allowed herself to enjoy the high.

What she managed to leave out of the piece were details on the “piece” that she met at the party making her way back to the bar for another glass of Chandon.

There were so many young pieces in the Supper Club for the release party that night, she had to fight back the urge to do something that might cause her to compromise the integrity of her review. There was one member of Chris’ crew who went out of his way to hit on her that night. He looked rather young, about 23 years old. Usually tall guys would pass Kennedy by. Being such a tiny little shorty she was a magnet for Napoleons. This one though, was no Napoleon. In fact, he was just the flavor her taste buds craved that night. Standing six feet three inches tall, skin riddled with tattoos. On the left side of his neck was a perfect set of inked on red lips. As he approached Kennedy, he flashed a million-dollar smile. All of the teeth on his bottom row were covered in an ice grill. White, cold, as cold as the stare in his eyes when he took in her energy. She could tell from the Valentino sneakers to the long, Rasta locs that bore years of nurturing. They glowed from the sheen that they’d been watered with. Jamaican black castor oil and myrrh. That hypnotic, dreamlike trace that myrrh gives you, this piece right here did all that.

“Excuse me Princess,” the tall tattooed stranger whispered over her shoulder. Kennedy ignored him keeping her back to the crowd waiting impatiently for a bartender.

He didn’t let a little putting off stop him. Remaining persistent, he tried her again. This time she turned around. He looked good, very good, but it was his scent that broke down

those walls of journalistic integrity as it danced its way to her nose. It was a blend of frankincense and jasmine. The man was wearing pure essential oils.

Just the sound of his voice made her smile. It hollowed out with a boom ending in a low, sultry finish. As her gaze met his eyes. Their eyes smiled.

“Hello.”

“My name is Lion, I’ve been watching you move around here like you own the place all night.” He offered a shy smile.

“Lion?” she scoffed at the fact that he was wittingly calling himself a King. “Stalk much?”

Lion laughed at her nasty little retort, but he allowed it because there was just something about the smile followed.

“Nah, Princess. Me nuh stalk you,” Lion said. That Caribbean accent worked for her in this case. “I just like what I see.”

She tried to hide it but a cocky smile made its way to her lips.

“Well I’m writing a review on this event for a publication that means everything to everyone who is someone, so right now I’m kind of like the big thing.”

“I see you, Princess. She talk quick, huh?”

Kennedy hadn't done much traveling to the islands, so she couldn't quite place where he was from.

"I like that," he added. "So Princess, what do you like to drink?"

"Tonight I'm enjoying the usual. I'm off that pink champagne."

Lion licked his full lips. Everything about her turned him on. His heartbeat sped up as he surveyed Kennedy's body. Her voice was soft, her movements fluid. She made him anxious. Something about her drove him crazy. The sexual energy that emanated from her was electric. He didn't know her, but at that moment he made it his mission to spend the entire night trying to impress her.

"Bartender," Lion said. He summoned the young blond up-and-coming mixologist who abandoned all of his other thirsty customers to move quickly to their end of the bar. "Let me get a bottle of Rose for this beautiful woman."

Kennedy turned back around towards the bar to avoid Lion getting a glimpse of her smile.

He threw six blue big faces on the bar adding, "and a bottle of Ace for me. Just send them over to my table."

The bartender gave an affirmative nod and began icing down the champagne buckets.

sLion grabbed Kennedy's hand and lead her back into the thick of the party. As they got closer to the VIP section the music grew louder. This was the perfect opportunity for him to get closer.

"I didn't ask your name, Princess. Excuse me, that's the rude boy in me."

"Kennedy Aims."

A smile grew on Lion's lips.

"Oh shit, I thought I knew you from somewhere. You were on HollywoodHotMouth.com a few weeks back, right?"

Kennedy felt her face flush. *Damn*, she thought.

"Was I?"

"Haha, yeah *you were*," he laughed, mocking her voice. "Don't worry Princess, I'm not interested in the gossip blogs. My boy's assistants stay glued to their phones trying to keep tabs on every move these industry chicks make."

It seemed like since that MTO feature Kennedy couldn't shake the attention. More men wanted to get at her. Calls were coming in from all sides of the game. In a way she enjoyed the attention. Most women would think of it as a disgrace to be coined "whore of the week", but there was much to say about carrying on with a big name celebrity. In her world, it was never a bad thing. This life she lived glamorized sex. It

welcomed the loose woman with open arms. In Hollywood, the whore had a place to call home. That was easy enough for Kennedy. She planned to use it as a stepping-stone to bigger and better opportunities. Lion didn't know it, but he had just become acquainted with a woman who would soon change his life, and not necessarily for the better.

The music was popping, and the party was in full swing. Chris was on the opposite side of the table looking like a perfect ten. Kennedy tried to be into Lion, because he was cute too. He looked like he could be a Marley. He moved seductively as he stood behind her. He didn't grind on her and act thirsty like most sidekick cats who hung out with celebrities. He showed much reverence for her presence and treated her like she was a somebody. Jay Z's track "Tom Ford" beat through the speakers and just like clockwork the magnum bottle of Rose and a bottle of Ace with fireworks atop sparkled as they made their way to the table. A tiny blonde chick and a bi-racial twenty-something from the West Side no doubt carried either bottle. The blond was pretty, her waist length hair was curled in perfect ringlets falling down her back. The mixed girl wore her hair natural in curly locks that were thick and beautiful. As Curly, sat the buckets containing the bottles on the table she flashed a flirty smile at Kennedy, revealing a dimple in her right cheek. *Gorgeous*, Kennedy thought. A flash of heat went through her body as she watched the woman pop open her bottle, pour just enough to taste into a champagne flute and hand it to her waiting for her approval.

The blonde did the same with Lion's bottle of Ace, but he didn't bother sipping out of the flute. He raised his hand in a, don't worry about it gesture when she offered the sample, instead instructing the blonde to do the tasting for him. She sipped just a bit and smiled offering a nod of approval. He then took the bottle and turned it up to his mouth. Kennedy thought that was sexy too. He was young, maybe a little rough around the edges, but sexy nonetheless.

The ladies sashayed away from the table and the party between Kennedy and Lion really began to jump off. As the champagne diluted their system they grew closer. Soon, Kennedy had forgotten about Chris, and any of the other heads in the club. At that moment it was just she and Lion. The two of them experienced a rare auric vibration that pulsed to the same rhythm. The only thing that interrupted the chemistry was when DJ Dice introduced Chris and called him to the booth. At that moment Lion was standing behind Kennedy leaning over on her right side deeply taking in the scent of Chanel on her neck.

"I'm going to have a special blend of essential oils mixed for you," he spoke softly in her ear. "Your own unique scent."

Kennedy ignored that last promise. This man was dreamy and the moment was becoming way too much for her. She knew she had to shake him off and get focused. She had to remind herself that Chris and his new album was the only reason she was there.

Her job was to report to the blogosphere whether or it was a hit. Playfully, she pushed Lion off and focused all of her attention on Chris. *Damn he is bad*, she thought.

Each track on the album was previewed and from what Kennedy could hear each one was a certified banger. Track for track the entire club was feeling it. Over to the right she noticed Diddy being seated at the table with the highest vantage point. He had Cassie with him and a host of New York goons filing into their section. The club lit up with fireworks as eight bottle girls toted out two bottles of Ciroc each. The party was just beginning and Kennedy was pleasantly surprised because she knew she would be able to flip the event into words that would capture her readers all while getting a positive word out about Chris' latest installment.

After drinking the entire bottle of Rose, Kennedy was turned up. She could barely focus on the party at all. Her gold digging instincts kicked in as she swayed her hips from side to side trying to capture the attention of the biggest fish within eyeshot. The skin tight white mini dress caressed her body accentuating her hips. Although her electric pink Kaia lipstick had long since been washed down with the champagne, her lips were as sexy with their natural brown hue. Kennedy's eyes were low and her body was heated. She needed to get it in with someone. *But not here. This was not the place*, she told herself with what little sober mind she had left. Kennedy knew that she was drunk, and didn't know how to manage getting out of the building while she still had the chance. After all, tonight was supposed to be about business not pleasure. She leaned over to Lion

who was engaged in a conversation with Chris' bodyguard and tried whispering something to him but he was way too distracted to pay attention to her. It looked like Chris was doing too much as always, but Kenn didn't trip off of that. Now she fixed her eyes on Diddy's table. Jim Jones had just looked her way and offered her a shy smile. He was the ticket if she could have life her way. But with Lion all on her bumper she knew that it tonight was not going to be the night. Her main objective was to get out of the club and into a cab so she could make it back to Bronson without catching a DUI.

"Lion! Lion!" she yelled over the music, tapping his arm.

"Yes Princess?" he replied.

He was drunk too, but damn he handled himself well. He was fine. He looked even better than Chris after that bottle of Rose.

"I have to go," she slurred. "I'm a little too tipsy right now."

"Okay. I'm going with you then. Don't worry, I don't like drunk sex" Lion said.

The plan was not to let Kennedy out of his sight. He hadn't planned on leaving her side from the moment he spotted her at the bar. She was it for him and all of the young chicks hanging around their section would have to do without the anaconda he was hiding in those jeans tonight. Lion knew that he could get Kennedy sprung if he could give her what he had hanging between his legs, but the way she had been playing him the

entire night he didn't know how easy it would be. Besides, he hated drunk sex so he was willing to wait.

As they made their way to exit the club, Kennedy could barely make her way to the door. Her legs were wobbly. It felt like she'd been slipped a mickey. She didn't think a guy like Lion would be that dirty. After all, he seemed to have his bread right. In the midst of all of the big ballers in VIP the chicks still managed to flock to him. Thank GOD he was use to it because he still showed Kennedy the most respect that a young G could in a situation like that.

Chapter 23

Mondrian

After leaving through the VIP exit outback, they found themselves walking through a quiet alley that lead out to Hollywood Blvd. It was just past 1 o'clock on a Tuesday night and the streets were just starting to come alive. Tourists and runaways milled the boulevard absorbing the vibration of the fast life. That night the streets of Hollywood was pulsating with magical energy. Kennedy loved the rush.

She hadn't done coke in a while but tonight she needed a line.

“Aye ma, I’m going to grab us a cab and we can get you back to your spot safely,” Lion said.

Kennedys face read, don’t leave me and Lion picked up on it right away because he didn’t want to let her go anywhere that night unless it was with him.

“...or you can just come and lamp with me at the Mondrian,” he offered. This man was getting sexier by the minute. Right now, the Mondrian didn’t sound like a bad idea to Kennedy. She rationalized that tomorrow was trash day on Bronson, *hell who wanted to wake up to all that damned noise anyway.*

Kennedy was toasted and had no idea how far she would go with Lion in this condition. One thing she could not turn down was the opportunity to crawl up in a comfortable plush King sized bed to lay up with his sexy ass in that nice ass hotel. The Mondrian was where she broke in her first millionaire back in 2007. Since that romp she always felt like good things happen at the Mondrian. Lion didn’t know it but she had a deep affinity for the little boutique hotel hiding in the cut off of Sunset Blvd. It was discreetly tucked away in a residential area, real low key. Hopefully there would be no pap’s around, not like they were harassing her yet anyway, but the thought of being elusive tonight consumed her. Kennedy knew beyond a shadow of doubt that the Mondrian was a perfect a place as any to end a first date.

With one of those fancy New York whistles, Lion got the attention of a dirty Yellow Cab that stopped and scooped them up. Inside it was cold and smelly as usual.

Lion gave the driver the name of the hotel and the two of them enjoyed the rest of the ride heating up the back seat tonguing each other down.

“Why didn’t you just use Uber,” Kennedy asked, interrupting their make out session.

“Girl I’m a hustler. I like to use cash.”

That was all the explanation he offered her before he was back down her throat. Kennedy felt the rush. She hadn’t fucked with a hustler since before Dennis’ square ass. The thirsty cabby couldn’t help but peer at them through his rear view mirror trying to resist the urge to get turned on by their moans and lips smacking. Kennedy knew that she really liked what he was doing and how he made her feel because she hated kissing. Lion’s mouth tasted just like honey. He was a fantastic kisser, giving her passion breaks where he would pull away and trail her neck with his tongue. This deep sense of bodily appreciation went on for the full cab ride. Although Kennedy was hot, Lion remained calm. He was still sexy but not thirsty. As the cab pulled to a stop in front of the hotel the driver cleared his throat to get paid since neither of them had come up for air.

“Fourteen fifty,” he said. He was Ethiopian with thinning fine hair up top, but his accent was really cool.

Lion pried himself away from Kennedy to go into his pocket and pull out a twenty. He folded the bill and pushed it through the plastic partition that separated the

horny Ethiopian driver from he and his new princess. He opened his door getting out and briskly walking around to hoist Kennedy out of her side of the vehicle. She stumbled a bit, she was really tipsy but because of the way Lion catered to her she felt at peace. Lion shut the door behind her and they took each other's hands turning toward the hotel entrance. The cabby sped off.

“Greetings,” the bellman sang.

“Hello,” Lion replied, shaking the bellman's hand. “Me and my lady are going to be having party in the suite tonight. Will you hit up Pink Dot and have some vegan food delivered for me?”

“Of course sir,” the bellman replied. “Anything else?”

“We need some champagne too,” Lion added. “Bring some Swishers, and, baby do you want anything?” he glanced down at Kennedy. His arm was wrapped around her neck as he used his free hand to pull up his straight leg jeans. His boxer briefs were showing.

“Um,” Kennedy couldn't think straight. “I want some, let's see, some uh, how about some cake.”

“Cake, ma?” Lion laughed.

“Yeah, cake.”

“Alright,” he said, smiling at her. “Bring the woman some cake, a whole cake.”

Lion pulled more bread out, about two hundred and laid it in the bellman’s hand. “Make it kind of quick though because I don’t know how long we’ll be up.”

“Sure thing, Lion,” the bellman said, all too eager to please. “Suite 307, correct?”

Lion simply nodded and lead Kennedy into the hotel.

The bellman was excited. He loved young guests like Lion. The younger Hollywood set knew how to tip. With the sort of clientele that came through the Mondrian it was always nice to take care of guests who didn’t mind getting his pockets right. Besides he had his own set of financial problems, which was why he allowed Lion to swipe that stolen Amex to book his stay. From this guest alone he was up \$500 for the night.

As they walked through the lobby stopping at the elevator he positioned himself in front of Kennedy, looking into her eyes. She was really bent and he could tell. He gave her another long kiss just as the elevator dinged. The doors opened and the two of them got on the elevator. Lion pressed 3.

Their energy in the elevator was filled with heat. She rested her back on his chest. He kissed her neck. Just that quick the elevator arrived at their floor. As funny as it felt, Kennedy was satisfied. She thought she wanted to take Lion and make an example out of

him as she had done so to so many men, but the way he took her hand leading her to the room, she felt something different. She felt fulfilled.

The suite was really cute, but of course Kennedy had seen it all before. She threw her clutch across the king sized bed and sat on top of the comforter. Lion walked into the bathroom to relieve himself. As she glanced around the room she noticed everything was in its place. There were two black leather duffle bags in the corner near the closet, a bottle of Creed sitting beside a black leather attaché case on the vanity, two more cell phones, *no doubt burners*, and an inviting balcony. There weren't any dirty socks or drawers lying around. It even smelled like incense had been burning. Not those heavily perfumed sticks of butt naked you buy from the old black man with the cardboard stand downtown. This was the aroma of frankincense that lingered in the room. Frankincense always mellowed Kennedy out. She got up from the bed and sat in the comfy chair and lifted her feet to rest them on the ottoman. She was all in her head about this guy and was only brought back to reality by the feeling of Lion removing her pumps and rubbing her feet.

“Oh god, that feels so good,” she purred.

He just smiled.

The man rubbed her feet for about twenty minutes without a word. She was lulled to sleep. It was crazy but in her brief moment of slumber she faded away into a dream where she sat on a throne completely naked. Her body was without flaws, simply toned to

perfection. In the distance, she noticed a white horse approaching her. It was beautiful in its splendor. As the horse got closer to her throne she noticed it had a golden horn growing out of its head. *A unicorn*. The horse approached her throne and buckled at the knee. It was bowing before her. She stretched out her hand to touch the golden horn and noticed that her arm adorned with crystal clear diamonds on every finger. As she reached for the horn she heard three door knocks, but around her there was no door. The unicorn must have heard the knocks as well because it rose up onto all fours, turned and reversed back in the direction that it came. As the horse trotted away its color went from pure white to red. There were three knocks again, this time Kennedy heard Lions voice.

“Thank you man, good looking out,” Lion said as he closed the door behind the bellman.

Kennedy opened her eyes and noticed another person in the room. At first it was a blur, she blinked a few more times realizing it was just the bellman, and this dude had actually gotten the job done. He laid out a nice sized cake, some blunts and two buckets of Bel-Air champagne and two boxes of raw vegan food on the table closest to the balcony.

“What did he bring?” Kennedy asked, as Lion blessed his food.

“You want some food?”

“No, just cake,” she answered in her best baby voice. For some reason she felt like Lion would appreciate her baby voice. The only other man who it worked on was Dennis. She thought for a quick moment about Dennis, *where the hell was his stalker ass at anyway.*

Lion took a fork and began devouring the healthy eats in front of him. He turned to the bed and motioned for Kennedy to come over and sit on his lap. She got up and walked over to the table. She rested her butt on his thighs and stretched her neck side to side. With a mouth full of bean sprouts, he kissed the back of her neck and went back to eating.

“Dig in, you said you wanted cake,” he said with a slight giggle.

Kennedy popped the lid off of the cake taking a fork full into her mouth. The cake was topped with frosting not whipped cream, so she decided two bites would do. Next she popped one of the bottles and poured them each a glass of champagne. She then took a swisher and commenced to executing the ritual rolling up a nice sized blunt. This night had been perfect and some high grade sticky was icing on the cake.

“Let me find out you know how to roll, Princess.”

“I’m a Cali girl at heart, so you know I have you covered on all sides.”

“That’s what I’ve been looking for, somebody to hold a king down when I’m in town. This industry is hectic and the heads around me sometimes are murky. The energy can be as debilitating as hustling in the streets, you know what I mean?”

“Yes,” Kennedy replied, finally someone understood that underlying feeling that she had been experiencing. “I just want to get my life, but quickly move into something more stable and less fast pace.”

“Like what, ma? What do you do anyway?”

“I’m a writer, I actually just got on with The Rolling Stone. Before that though I was a model, and a small-scale entrepreneur. I’ve done so much stuff, I don’t know what to call myself. All I know is that I’m a hustler and I am ready for a real break in life.”

She was sharing her truest feelings with Lion without even realizing it. Other men would talk about life and dreams with her, but none of them really listened. They heard her, but they didn’t really listen.

“A writer huh,” he asked. “What is the big plan though? What do you see yourself doing with life? You got kids? What about your family? Your parents still together?”

All of these questions were beginning to make Kennedy's head spin. Did he really want to everything about her? She could tell him, but for what? He was fine as fuck, she was as hot as a firecracker, couldn’t they just fuck and move on with life. Although she answered all of his queries, she wanted to take the spotlight off of her life and bring them

both into the present moment. She wanted to get it popping. She didn't think Lion would want to hear about her world for much longer.

After the weed was rolled up, they stepped out on the balcony. Lion had long since removed his shoes at the door and walked to the patio in his black socks. He removed his shirt and now he had on a tight ass a wife beater. His Louis Vuitton belt held up his jeans, but only enough so his whole ass wouldn't be hanging out. Kennedy was barefoot and her cute little toes followed him intently. They stood on the balcony as he lit the blunt. Passing it back and forth between the two of them they both realized they were in bliss. Kennedy waited for Lion to touch her, to entice her, but he didn't. Instead he began to tell her how beautiful she was and how he was sent to save her. She couldn't believe the words that were falling from his lips.

Save me? She thought.

He went on to tell her how he had a dream that he met a woman who was wounded. She looked completely perfect, but she was wounded inside her body. He told her that he kept having this dream where he rode a white horse to a castle to meet the queen, and ask for her hand in marriage, but when he arrived she had been corrupted in the worse way. The dream he recounted told the story of a queen who had everything, but wanted things that were priced by man's standards. She had the body of a god, and sat on the throne in a kingdom all her own, yet she couldn't cover herself up. She didn't see the value in it. The only thing that the woman on the throne valued was her nakedness. He

brought her a crimson robe for her to clothe herself. When he arrived at the castle he explained to the woman that the robe was special made for protection. As he got closer to the woman attempting to hand her the gift, she would reach out to receive it but each time she extended her arm she would notice the jewels that she wore as if for the first time. Captivated by the diamonds and rubies she wore, her desire for them outweighed her own protection. Instead of accepting the coat that he was presenting her, she was entranced by what she already possessed and even the splendor of the animal and the man bearing the gifts was not enough to entice her.

“Could this woman be you,” Lion asked. For the first time he looked deep into her eyes and the passion was not there, instead sincerity took its place.

Kennedy was looking at this fool like he was crazy at this point. She knew that he was serious, but he was confusing her with that Rasta talk. She didn’t want to get freaked out because the mention of the horse was so similar to what she had just dreamt, but then again the animal in her dream was a unicorn.

“Why do you think it’s me?”

“Kennedy, I saw you on HollywoodHotMouth.com. When that article came out I knew it was you that I had been dreaming about. In the dream, the woman didn’t have a face, but she possessed an aura. I felt that aura when I saw you at the party tonight. I never usually travel with Chris. I pretty much stay on the East. So deciding to come out this way really was serendipity.”

Serendipity, she thought.

“Don’t look at me like that, for real, Princess,” he teased, trying to lighten the mood.

Kennedy’s face started to contort. She wasn’t really feeling where things were going. She just wanted to party and lay up, all this deep conversation was beginning to make her itch.

“But, I mean...”

“Let me ask you this, are you single?”

“Yes, no, I mean, well I’m dating.”

“Okay, well let me be a little clearer, how many men are you presently sleeping with?”

Oh no he didn’t, she thought.

“I’m going to be honest, three...this month.”

There was no judgment in Lion’s eyes.

“Why?”

“What do you mean, why?”

“Why do you find yourself sharing your body with three men at once?”

“Well, I’m in love with one of them. The other one is helping my career, and the third one, well he was just sexy. I couldn’t resist.”

Lion paused, pulling in a deep hit from the blunt. He held in the smoke. Kennedy sipped her champagne. Really she didn’t give a fuck about what this dude thought about her sex life. They had just met and she never professed to be an angel. When she realized that they weren’t going to have sex she automatically put him in the friend zone because it was something about sleeping with a guy on the first night that turned her on. She could see a man the next day and virtually have no interest in him at all. So if it wasn’t going down tonight with Lion, she would just play into his little psychological thriller and chop it up as a good sex lost and a free therapy session. Hell, tomorrow she’d be at it again and this guy would be the furthest thing from her mind.

“Princess, you have a serious issue with your root chakra.”

“You think so?”

“Yes. It is blocked,” he interjected. “You also have a blocked heart center. You say you’re in love with one of the three men you’re giving your body to. Would you not have shared your body with me tonight?”

“That doesn’t mean I don’t love the man who I was involved with before you came into my life. I have a lot of love to give,” she said, letting out a chuckle.

At this point she was fucked up for real. Yeah, she was putting herself out there, but she figured at the end of the day why give a second thought to the things Lion was trying to put on her mind. He was psychoanalyzing her to the max. She went into her normal judgmental state of mind, not taking the conversation too serious. After all, this was the same guy from the club who was just grinding all up on her? She was getting frustrated. *A woman can never escape the double standard of sexuality.* All she wanted was to get off and get on. His conversation was way too deep for her.

“You don’t know what love is, Princess.”

“And you do? I mean, where is your woman? Why are you in this room with me? I know you’re not single. So why not just enjoy the night and live life?”

There was a long pause. He took a nice pull off of the blunt, exhaling cloud of deep white smoke.

“I am enjoying the night. Enjoying you. But to answer your questions, I am single. I’m in this room with you right now to save you from your addiction. No, I do not have a woman, and yes, I know what love is. Love, my beautiful Princess,” he said softly, caressing her chin, “begins with a deep love for self. If you can’t love yourself, you won’t ever be able to love anyone else.”

With those words Kennedy fell silent. Her thoughts softened for the man standing in front of her. She wondered if he was a sage, or into some type of voodoo. Whatever the truth was, his third eye vision was 20/20. He was reading her like a book.