

SENSUOUS AFRICAN AMERICAN ROMANCE

CROSSING

PATHS, TEMPTING

Memories

TLC #2

DOROTHY ELIZABETH LOVE

Sensuous African American Romance

Crossing Paths, Tempting Memories

by

Dorothy Elizabeth Love

Travel and Love Collection

Book-2

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LED Literature and Publication

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Her Path

The lake looked so calm, even in the dead of winter. January was the worst time of year to think of being on the water in Chicago, but from Caitlyn's high-rise apartment, the view of it, with the backdrop of a clear day, was quite refreshing.

She'd spent Saturday morning in her den working and looking at that view. Weekends were her chance to catch up on the dream she'd put on hold because of Bobby. She allowed so many of her dreams to be destroyed by that man, and for what? At least she was making headway on the designer software she hoped to patent.

The ringing phone next to her laptop startled her, breaking her concentration. She immediately looked at the caller ID, a habit she developed over the past four months. Bobby had called incessantly in the beginning: begging for forgiveness, wanting another chance, asking to marry her. Then, like now, that was out of the question.

The last time he'd called was two weeks ago. She'd ignored the call, instead enduring his long voicemail message of sorrow.

This time it was her sister, Christina, so she picked up on the second ring. "Cait, we need to talk. I'm headed over to your place now. Why don't I take you to lunch?"

“This sounds serious.” Caitlyn closed the file she was working on.

Christina attempted to lighten the mood. “Why can’t I just want to see my sister?” Her fake laugh failed to hide the underlying concern in her voice.

“You can, any time, but why do you sound like it’s urgent?”

“I’ll tell you over lunch. I’m about twenty minutes away; I’ll park in the garage and come up. Since the weather is fairly mild today, let’s walk to one of the cafés downtown.”

Caitlyn stood, powering down her laptop. The phone at her shoulder limited her movement. “I’m not with this cloak-and-dagger routine. I prefer a hint if I’m going to drop this important project I’m working on.”

“It’s about Bobby. I overheard a conversation he had with Daddy.”

“Lord,” Caitlyn said miserably, “my least favorite topic.”

“That’s why I need to tell you what I heard! I was surprised to see him at the house. Since you get pretty annoyed every time he comes up in conversation, I wanted to give you a heads-up.”

“I’ll see you when you get here.” Caitlyn went to her bedroom to change from PJs into jeans and an oversized sweater. She didn’t want to end a productive day on such a nonproductive topic, but Christina wasn’t one to overreact. *Something* was up.

Twenty minutes later, Caitlyn was walking down her hallway, gloves, and cap in hand when the doorbell rang.

“Perfect timing.” She opened the door, but shock made her try to slam it shut. “Bobby, you shouldn’t be here!”

“Caity, just listen,” he pleaded, immediately bracing himself against the door. “You won’t take my calls or answer my emails; this was the only way.”

His booted foot blocked the door, and his weight prevented her from slamming it shut. Annoyed, she yanked it back open, and he had to right himself quickly to avoid falling.

“My doorman knows you’re not allowed in this building. How much did you pay him to risk his job?”

“I wouldn’t have come if I didn’t think it was important. Just let me tell you face-to-face how sorry I am.”

That got her full attention. Bobby never apologized for anything, mostly because he had a knack for making the other person feel responsible for the wrongdoing.

“What happened between us is over, Bobby. I’ve moved on. I wish you would do the same.”

“Caity, just give me one minute of your time. That’s all I’m asking for.” She hated that nickname. Bobby was the only person on the planet who called her that.

“You have thirty seconds, and my name is Caitlyn. Please call me by it.”

“Okay.” Bobby forlornly looked down as he braced his hands on his hips. Exhaling, he said, “The last thing I ever wanted to do was hurt you. I’m moving on with my life, and I just need to make sure you’ll be okay.”

“I’ll never be ‘okay’ with what happened, but I’ve accepted that what we had was a mistake.” Caitlyn said flatly.

“Please don’t say that. It was all my fault.” Bobby touched his chest meaningfully. “Losing you was the worst mistake of my life, and I can’t stand knowing you’re still angry. Promise me you won’t waste any more energy being angry. I know when you make promises, you won’t break them.”

He was right about that; anger was a waste. She had already felt drained, and the day was still young. She couldn’t believe he’d gone to such extremes as to bribe the guard just to say he was sorry, but Bobby never left business unfinished. Letting him close this in his mind meant she could also close this chapter of her life. In terms of the anger, she’d already gotten over it; what rattled her today was the unannounced visit. “Consider it done. Is there anything else you wanted to say?”

“Only that you deserve to be happy,” Bobby said with a sad tone. “I wanted to be the one to make you happy, but I’ve blown that, haven’t I?” She didn’t say anything, so he filled the silence with. “Haven’t I?”

Caitlyn nodded. “What I never understood is why you chose our bed for that. Just that morning, we made love in it. If you wanted more adventure in our lovemaking, couldn’t you have just talked to me?”

“Would you have been game?”

“To do more to please you? Yeah. To three-way sex? No.”

“I knew once we were married, that kind of thing would be out. I just wanted to get it out of my system and move forward with you.”

Up until that moment, Caitlyn was softening toward him. That statement sparked anger. Months ago, that selfish statement of his *might* have worked because she wanted to make the relationship work. Not today.

“What did you say?” she ground out. “Are you implying you cheated on me because *I* have a problem?”

The bell tone of the elevator sounded in the background.

“Bobby, what’s going on?” It was Christina, rushing like a protective lioness down the hall. “Caitlyn, you okay?”

Bobby ignored Christina and became more determined. “There’s just one more thing. Promise me that what happened between us will remain that way.” Christina looked between Caitlyn’s confused expression and Bobby’s desperate one.

“Did you come to tell Caitlyn about your bid to run for mayor?”

“So that’s why you came by!!” Caitlyn instantly became furious. “You’re here to secure your secret so you can feel comfortable running for mayor? This was never about me!”

Bobby’s sad, hopeless demeanor turned ruthless; a look Caitlyn was most familiar with. “Just give me what belongs to me, Caity.”

“I told you my name is Caitlyn!” she shouted. “And I don’t have anything of yours.”

“The pictures you took of me at my place. They’re of *me* during a private moment of *mine*. Therefore, I consider them as *my* property. I would appreciate you deleting them.”

One of the things that had always astonished Caitlyn was Bobby’s ability to manipulate situations to his advantage. He had a knack for making the other person feel

responsible for whatever the problem was, even if it wasn't their fault. He truly believed he deserved to get those pictures.

Caitlyn reached for her sister's arm and pulled her into the apartment. Just before slamming the door, she shouted, "If you're not out of my building in thirty seconds, I'm calling the cops and reporting you for stalking and trespassing. You want that smudge on your perfect mayoral candidate's record?"

The closing door rattled with the bang.

"Lord, Caitlyn, you're shaking," Christina said, shocked at what she'd just witnessed. "What the hell is going on?"

"I don't want to talk about it." Caitlyn stormed to the living room. This wasn't a topic for her baby sister. Although twenty-four years old and smart, Christina could be impressionable at times.

"I think it's about time you do just that," Christina strongly advised.

* * *

Perhaps that was why it still hurt; Caitlyn was keeping it all inside. Now the pain, the frustration and the hurt had finally burst through. Like a broken dam needing repair, misery gushed out in tears. Caitlyn hurriedly wiped them away, refusing to cry anymore over Bobby's constant betrayal.

Christina came from the kitchen with a cup of hot tea, which she placed on the living room table in front of Caitlyn. “Try this.” She sat down on the sofa. “Are you going to tell me what’s happening, or do we pretend nothing’s happening?”

Caitlyn slumped back against the sofa. “I don’t even know where to start.”

“What pictures were Bobby talking about?” Christina asked.

It was time to confess. It hurt to, but she needed support. “I never told you why I broke it off with Bobby. I discovered he was cheating on me. I got a picture of it. Obviously, Bobby doesn’t want incriminating evidence out about him.”

“Cheaters are bastards!” Christina shook her head. “That’s a good reason to end it, but I know you’ll never expose him. Besides, what political candidate doesn’t have a kinky sex scandal surrounding them? Unless you caught him in a *very* compromising position.”

“He obviously doesn’t want to take any chances.”

“Let me see those pictures; maybe there’s more to it than what you think.”

“Trust me, he has reason to be concerned.” Caitlyn wouldn’t ever show those pictures. “And to think, he wanted me to believe he came here because he was worried about me.”

Christina leaned forward, studying the floor. “He’s got Daddy on his side; I overheard them talking. Daddy is going to hold an event to help him raise campaign funds.”

“That’s what Bobby always wanted: Daddy’s support.”

“I also heard him ask Daddy for your hand in marriage. Daddy said he would talk to you about it.”

“Oh, give me a damn break! Since when do men ask someone’s father for permission to marry these days? Daddy can’t force me to marry him.”

“You never told anyone in the family about Bobby’s betrayal. Daddy was heartbroken when he found out you ended the relationship. Now that there’s a potential wedding in the mix, Daddy won’t back down.”

“I’ve done everything Daddy’s asked of me: my college choice, my job, where I live...” Caitlyn rubbed the headache forming in her left temple.

“That’s probably why Bobby approached him.”

“I can’t give up anything else to either of them.”

“They talked about making an official announcement soon.”

Caitlyn shrieked. “Now he wants to make it public to force me to accept?”

“That’s why I came over today! You need to stop this from getting out of control. Everyone thinks you just have cold feet; Bobby’s side of the story is that you need time to think things through, but you two are going to get back together again. You need to come clean, at least with our parents.”

“I’m not going to announce my stupidity to the world. Bobby was never really faithful to me. I was his ‘number two girl’ the first year we dated. If the other woman wasn’t such a bimbo, I probably wouldn’t have caught his eye at all. I stayed with him because I thought I wanted to be a politician’s wife; Daddy surely wanted that. But I don’t want anything to do with that life anymore.” She stood and paced.

Christina also stood up. “You need a breath of fresh air. Why don’t we get out of here?”

“Sure,” Caitlyn said, heading toward the front door and grabbing her coat along the way. She wanted to walk and walk and walk. Destination unknown, but when she got there, life would be just the opposite of this. This nightmare life would be so far behind her, not crushing in from every direction.

“Perhaps I should take a trip someplace. I was planning to go to the islands next month; maybe I should.” Caitlyn turned to her sister, sounding almost frantic, “Go with me to Barbados?”

“Planning to run away from this?” Christina pressed the elevator button.

“I need to get away from this pressure, out of reach from both Daddy and Bobby, so that I can think things through.”

The elevator opened and they stepped inside. With each of the thirteen floors sinking, Caitlyn’s world seemed to be dropping with it. She’d never opposed her father before. She always followed his rules, gave into his wants and now she felt she was sinking in the quicksand of ‘Yes Daddy’ responses. She always tried to be the perfect oldest daughter; every time she failed him, guilt would eat away at her.

She just couldn’t say ‘yes’ this time. Bobby never really made her happy, but she had been willing to accept mediocre love from a devious man just to avoid disappointing her parents.

If she didn’t get away and clearly think this through, she wouldn’t be able to tell her father ‘no’ at all. When the elevator reached the ground floor, Caitlyn practically ran out, not stopping until she was outdoors as if suffocating from her opposing thoughts. Outside, she sucked in air, swallowing the freshness of freedom.

“I’ve got to get away from here. Clear my head.”

“Caitlyn, you’re scaring me now. What else haven’t you told me? Did Bobby threaten you?”

His Path

The weight of his thoughts pressed down like the frigid winds that howled across the shores of Lake Michigan. Throwing her into those icy depths wasn't a viable option—Richard wasn't a madman—but it would take something just as shocking to make her understand. He needed a release, an end, anything to stop the constant suffocation. Was that too much to ask?

“Rich, I've scheduled a meeting for four o'clock. Let's hear them out. With any luck, we'll get what we want from her, and your troubles will finally be over.”

Richard “Rich” Townsend had been staring at the icy expanse from the floor-to-ceiling windows of his corner office. His view, once a source of calm, did nothing to ease his mounting dread today. The winter waves that slapped against the shore didn't wash away his fears as they usually did. His plush leather chair, the one that had seen him through countless challenges, no longer offered any comfort. The statement coming from the other end of the line pulled him from his thoughts of woe.

“You said that the last time!” Richard huffed at his lawyer and friend, Sam Holden. “I’ve given JaQuita just about everything she’s asked for in the divorce decree! What more could she possibly want from me?”

“Maybe, nothing. But we need to hear her and her lawyer out.” Sam tried to pacify. “Rich, I’m going to need you to be cool when you get here. When you explode like this, she typically uses it against you. Meditate. Take a chill pill. Whatever it takes. You have to show up at four in a calmer mood, then we can end this, hopefully, for good.”

“You’re right.” Richard reluctantly agreed. JaQuita, his soon-to-be-ex was good at getting him riled. He typically could hide his anger behind a mild-mannered façade to everyone but her. She’d mastered what buttons to push and for just how long, like delaying the inevitable with the divorce. They had been separated for almost a year, yet he’d been mentally out of the marriage much longer. “I’ll be Mr. Cool when I get there.”

“Don’t be late; you know how that annoys JaQuita.”

“Right.” He hung up. How could their marriage end with such animosity? Richard pondered.

The opposite of marriage was divorce, but Richard had an issue with believing that the opposite of love was hating. Yet, how else could he explain JaQuita’s need to hurt him, to destroy him at every turn? It started when he refused to take her back and excuse her betrayal. The more he pulled away from her; the worse she got. He couldn’t continue to love someone who consistently broke his trust, all he wanted now was to sever that relationship and move on.

Richard attempted to push those terrible thoughts aside to focus on more pressing matters. The engineering company he had helped put on the map was at a critical stage of transition. His department, in particular, suffered the most. If he didn't come up with a game plan to dramatically change the direction it was headed, his future at Sys Dynamics would be bleak. Everything he'd poured his soul into was going up in smoke, burning.

But not in a blaze of glory, he thought apprehensively.

He opened the folder on his desk to focus on the presentation he needed to make at his next meeting. If he didn't convince the executive board members of his new strategy, he would be one step closer to being voted out.

Standing, he took a deep breath and worked his shoulders trying to release the stress the conversation about his wife had caused. It was time to dive into the deep with his plan to convince the board. Thankfully, the weight he imagined around his ankles as he walked to the office door wasn't cement.

* * *

Richard was late for his four o'clock. Worse, he was upset.

The meeting with the board didn't go as well as expected. His biggest rival at the company, Greg Miller, claimed his product was ahead of schedule and could bump Richard's product from the schedule if he didn't fix things soon.

The drive to his lawyer's office was hampered by worsening road conditions, as the melting snow had started to ice over as the temperature dropped, making the highways of

Gary, Indiana tortuous. His car almost wiped out, went over a shoulder, so he ended up creeping along to Sam's office.

Richard rushed inside the building and ran to the elevator. He paced around the small elevator's space attempting to calm his racing heart, but he was jangling the car keys in his coat pocket and that was a tell-tell sign of nervousness. Only those who knew him well recognized the habit, like JaQuita. If not for the disconcerting board meeting, he wouldn't have been feeling so wounded and vulnerable. But sharks, even beautiful and bold ones like JaQuita, always smelled blood. He was sure it was gushing from all the potshots the board members had taken at him.

Richard stepped off the elevator with sweat running down his armpits. He snatched off his coat, took a few deep breaths outside the lawyer's office, then opened the door.

He saw JaQuita Townsend first and, as always, she looked stunning. She uncrossed shapely, hose-covered, chocolate legs and stood. "It's about time you got here," she said creamy soft, but it held a sharp undertone.

"JaQuita." Richard nodded in her direction then turned to her lawyer, Ms. Landsen. "I hope you got my message that I would be delayed."

"We did." Tess Landsen got up, her short, stout frame giving her a similar look to that of a weightlifter as she headed across the room. "Let's get Holden and meet in the conference room."

Once they all got seated at the large conference table, Ms. Landsen got straight to the point. "It seems Mr. Townsend has been holding out on us. We'd expected full disclosure but discovered you've been hiding assets."

Richard used the same plaintive look he used with the board of directors when they told him his plan lacked substance. “I’m not sure if I understand what you mean. Considering my wife brought very little to the marriage and is already leaving with more than she needs, what else is there to disclose?”

“Your offshore property,” JaQuita quipped, smiling broadly. “I’ve always loved island getaways. Shame not to have one.”

“Let me handle this, JaQuita,” Landsen said. She recited the details about the Barbados property Richard had jointly owned with an associate, none of which he felt was due to JaQuita, considering she was taking so much else. Richard’s temperature was rising, and he couldn’t respond in a sane manner, so he kept his mouth shut.

His lawyer, Sam, took over. “What has been offered to Mrs. Townsend is more than equitable.” Sam spouted legal jargon interspersed with all of the holdings and funds already offered. Richard tuned all of it out, stood, and headed to the window.

He just didn’t want to fight anymore. This felt like being kicked, hard, several times, when already down. Snowbanks and bad traffic littered the roads. Everything around him seemed to be blanketed in the chill of despair.

“I will agree to sign on one condition,” JaQuita said, rousing Richard from his daze.

Turning, he looked hopeful at her. She pulled a piece of paper from her purse and slid it across the table. Richard and Sam reached for it at the same time. Sam looked at it; his sienna face turned ashen, then recovered. Richard looked at the note.

JaQuita said smoothly. “Instead of having to continually play hunt-and-peek with your holdings Richard, just give me a one-time cash settlement and I’ll walk away.”

Richard looked at the six figures written on the page and squelched the desire to curse. Maybe a few years ago when things were going better, he could have sold off assets to raise that kind of cash, but today, when he would need that to save his own butt, it was out of the question.

Richard tossed the paper on the table, shoving his hands in his pockets and fought back the urge to jingle. Luckily, his car keys were in his coat pocket, but unfortunately coins were still temptingly there. Quarters and dimes slapped together before he could stop himself. JaQuita smiled victoriously.

With still calmness, a voice soft enough to soothe babies, Richard said, “You’re out of your goddamn mind.”

JaQuita came out of the chair in a flash. “How dare you talk to me like that!” If not for the table between them, Richard was sure she would have swung at him. “For the embarrassment and humiliation you have caused me, I deserve more!”

Richard slammed his fist on the table. “You cheated on me, undermined my work, and now you accuse me of humiliating *you*?!!” Richard couldn’t stop his voice, or temper, from skyrocketing. “All you’ve ever done is take! I’m not going to give you anything else!”

Tess jumped in, her voice firm. “There’s no proof of any affair.”

“It’s slander!” JaQuita feigned pain, theatrically placing her hand over her supposedly wounded heart.

“Let’s all calm down!” Sam shouted. “And sit down!” He extended an apology to JaQuita and Tess Landsen, pleaded for time to consider the buy-out offer, tossed in some

more legal mumbo-jumbo before announcing the meeting was over. After a teary JaQuita, supported by her powerful lawyer, left the room, Sam finally said, “I see you forgot to take your chill-pill today.”

Richard sank deflated, into a chair. “It shouldn’t be this hard, Sam. I can’t raise that kind of cash. She wants to break me, ruin me. And to think I actually loved that woman. With all that’s going on at the company, I can’t give her what she wants, nor can I go through this with her much longer.”

Sam raised his lanky form and walked to his window. Gray clouds, rush hour traffic and frigid weather looked back at him. “I take it the board meeting didn’t go as well as you wanted it to.”

“Worse. I think they’re going to reject my new plan and use Greg’s. You know how I feel about his conniving tactics! He’s convinced the board to wait until the annual meeting next month before making a final decision. I didn’t expect that. Of course, that coincides with his product being available to replace mine. I need to come up with a backup plan.” Richard ran frustrated hands over his head. “Now this.”

“Pressure you don’t need,” Sam finished needlessly. “You’re not hiding the stress as easily as you used to.”

“I’ll be okay.”

“Let me work with Tess. This stunt is not her style. I’ll keep them off your back to give you time to work on your new strategy with Sys Dynamics.”

Richard looked up, hopeful. Finally, a light through thick gray clouds. “I’ll need a peace-filled month or so, at least until after the annual meeting. Can you give me that?”

“If you want peace, I suggest you go away for a while.”

“I can’t leave now! I might need to pull together another business strategy. Besides, I don’t run from trouble.”

“Who’s asking you to run?” Sam came back to the table, leaning on it, palms down. “Rich, I’m telling you as a friend. You’re under more pressure than anyone should be. If the board selects your current plan, you’ll need to hit the ground running, not limping like you are. At this point, one month won’t make or break Sys Dynamics, but it could make a world of difference in your demeanor. I strongly suggest you get away, rejuvenate yourself, and come back strong.”

This time, Richard stood, turning away from Sam’s determined stare, and looked out at the dreary day. With the previous business plan, he’d locked himself in his office or stayed home to work. Maybe he could work offsite to revive himself, then meet everyone at the annual meeting.

Because of Richard, this year’s event would be held in the business district of Barbados, a place he loved so much he’d purchased property there. Property that JaQuita wanted to take away, meaning he might not get to stay at it again.

“I’ll think about it,” Richard said, his breath frosting the window.

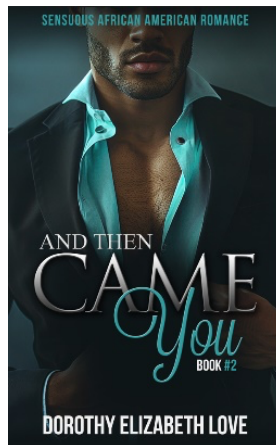
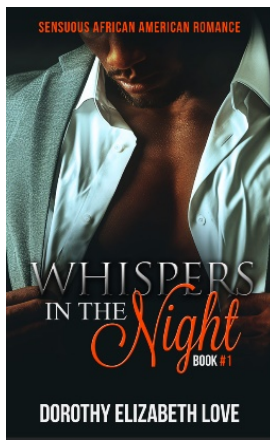
“Do it,” Sam urged. “It’s the best thing you can do for yourself.”

Richard glanced back over his shoulder; Sam looked serious. Sam was the type of friend who would stay out of your business unless it was absolutely necessary to do otherwise. Sam saw something he was refusing to see in himself: the effects of overwhelming stress.

As the cold quarters jingled in his pocket, Richard nodded, the weight of everything sinking in. He needed to breathe again—before it was too late.

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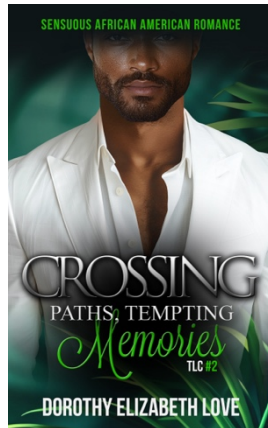
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Let's Stay in Touch

Hi there!

I just wanted to take a moment to thank you—from the bottom of my heart—for spending your time reading a few pages or possibly one of my books. It means the world to me that you've stepped into this journey with me.

Writing has always been my passion; it's where my heart truly comes alive. Being able to share stories that entertain, stir emotions, and bring joy (and a dose of heat!) to readers is why I do what I do.

I hope you've found moments to smile, sigh, and maybe even blush as you read. Would you be willing to do me the honor of sharing my novels with others who support African American Romance?

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Book-2 Excerpt

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