

Chapter One

Kyla

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. No, that can't be right let me count again. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven! Yep seven left! Damn him! What's this? VIP passes to the Spice Club! Oh, so now he's watching naked women dance in cages huh? Before this I found filthy magazines!

That's right, I'm counting my man's condoms, and checking his drawers. I'm Kyla Sullivan and I've been snooping behind my boyfriend George for two months now since he cheated on me. He had the nerve to tell me she just came over with a bottle of chardonnay, asked him if he would like a drink—then one thing led to another. He claims that was it and she went home. Yeah whatever. He didn't have to let her in, didn't have to have no drink with her, and he damn sure didn't have to sleep with her either.

He keeps telling me she was just a piece of ass, but *I'm* the one he wants to be with. George must think I'm a real fool. Well, I'm about to drop this sneaky, conniving, poor use of genetic material excuse for a man. I swear his mother should have been on the pill. He thinks just because he's got money he can keep me. Humph! He ain't banking tough enough as a stockbroker. George never could get *my* portfolio right. He may have gotten me back once, but that doesn't mean he can keep me. Especially if he won't treat me right.

Here I was all day thanking God it's Friday, thinking I'm gonna spend this hot, August summer night with my man, and I drive an hour all the way out here for this shit! I'm so mad I don't know what to do. Got me cussing and going on, I'm losing my religion.

We both live in Atlanta. He lives in Southwest Atlanta (S.W.A.T.S.), which is predominately black, I mean African American—yeah that's what Jesse got us saying now, African American. Anyway, some parts are beautiful. Now, I've heard a few celebrities live there among other affluent African Americans. I live in Powder Springs; a pretty diverse suburb of Atlanta. My neighbors are Italian, Spanish, Asian... you name it. And we all look out for each other.

Anyway, while I'm wasting my time here, I've got two kids at home I could be spending my time with. I had to make arrangements with my neighbor friend Linda to come over and spend the night with them. I try to take some time out for me once in awhile. And him because I thought he was worth it.

My Gynecologist told me this would happen again. He said, "If he did it once, he'll do it again." You see, when the idiot told me he cheated on me and thought he might have something since he didn't use a condom with her, I broke up with him, and went straight to the doctor to get myself checked out. Thank God I didn't have anything. I don't know what I was thinking by not making him use a condom with me that one time. I'm telling you though that is the last time anybody is going inside this kitty cat without a raincoat.

There's too much going around these days, and you know they say there's no cure for AIDS... yet. I'm thirty something years old and I've still got a lot of living to do. I would think a man as old as he is would know better by now, but I guess some men never learn. Or women for that matter.

My soon to be ex, in a matter of minutes, is eighteen years my senior. Hey I know, I know, what in the world would I want with a man just about old enough to be my daddy right? Well, I like older men, seem to relate to them better for some reason. Some people say it's because I never had a father figure in my life. I don't know about that and I never planned on dating anybody this old.

When I met George I was going through a divorce, and he made for a nice friend. Met him at Jazzy's, this live Jazz nightclub and I thought he was kinda handsome. He's five feet eleven and one hundred ninety-five pounds. He has very little gray in his hair, looks like he's around forty, and takes very good care of himself. We seemed to hit it off, so I took his phone number. Reluctant to go out with him I said, "You know you're old enough to be my father right?" He made it seem like it wouldn't be a big deal, wouldn't pressure me, and we could just be friends, it was all good, so we've been dating now for nine months.

Not a straight nine months. Part of those nine months was put on hold until my divorce was final. Just didn't feel right, you know? No matter how well he was treating me. Now, George is a good man in some ways. He's always giving me money and taking me to nice places. Always there for me whenever I need him, that's why I took him back—besides I do love him. That's also why it hurts I guess, but I don't have that much love for him. Not enough to marry him, which, by the way he's brought up several times.

Humph! He must be out of his fricken mind! Yeah I can see it now, when he's eighty years old, and I'm sixty-two, retired, ready to travel the world and win Bingo championships and have to take care of him. Mmm—hmm... change his Depends and feed him through a straw. I don't think so!

Well... all I know is there were twelve condoms in his drawer when I checked about two weeks ago. Last week I saw two towels in his shower stall. He's the only one who lives here and I know the other towel wasn't mine. We haven't had sex in weeks since he's been having a little erection problem. Don't they have something for that? I'm tired of him saying, "Let's rest." when he ain't did a thing! Guess he's not all that young spirited.

George should be back from the store in a few minutes. I'm supposed to spend the night tonight, but after telling him off and giving him his key back, I'm outta here. He did the wrong thing by giving me a key after he cheated on me.

Seems like I just keep finding things. First it was emails from all of these women he met online begging to meet somewhere. Now, Mr. Playa Playa claims he forgot to cancel his membership to the Personals section of some Single's site when we became a couple. Since I didn't see anything in his sent box showing that he responded to these women I didn't trip. There is such a thing as the delete button though right?

Once when I was over his house, somebody called and hung up on me. A few days after that, I found some Comedy Club tickets in one of his drawers with the same dates I was planning to be out of town. Of course I questioned this too. All he said was, one of his up and coming comedian friends gave him the tickets. He even had the nerve to check the dates on the tickets again and say, "You're right! Those are the same dates of your trip."

Now, I don't know if George was actually trying to convince me that he was surprised, or if he was just being sarcastic. Anyway, he went on and on about his friend becoming famous. "He's about to blow up!" is what he said. Now, I distinctly remember when we were watching BET the day before, George telling me he didn't know anyone in the entertainment industry. Guess he forgot about his "friend".

Oh yes, I almost forgot the time I made up some phony name, emailed him for days and he tried to meet *me*. Told me he didn't have a girlfriend. That fool had no clue he was being set up. So, I guess I needed some real hard evidence that he's still fooling around on me and now I have it. Actually, I've been thinking of a way to break up with him since I feel so insecure these days. Plus, George is so grouchy. Complains more than my own mother. Who wants to hear that mess all the time?

Wait... what if he let somebody borrow some condoms? I mean I've done that before, gave some away to a male buddy of mine. Nah! He's got ta go! Here he comes now. I'll jump in the bed. Doggone it I can't get this damn drawer closed! It's stuck! Uugh! There it goes. Whew! Good thing I work out—sometimes.