

Sample chapter

South Suburban College, Monday, November 3, 2008 6:45 p.m.

ALL WAS IN FULL EFFECT, as pretty as a postcard and really chilly. Keisha smiled because she loved the crisp November air. She could wear her designer clothes without sweating, and it was time for boots. She had twenty pairs in all heel heights, colors and styles. Boots were her passion, or at least one of them. Keisha Norman pulled out her oversized Michael Kors handbag and retrieved her MAC products from her makeup kit. She reapplied her creamy lipstick, Intimidate her favorite pink shade. She pressed her lips together and glanced at her hair, carefully arranging it on her shoulders, forming a perfect frame for her narrow face. Frowning in the compact mirror, she checked out her recently whitened teeth. She remembered how pissed she had been by the message left on her voice mail.

Still tryin' to jerk my freakin' chain. She smirked at her reflection. She was a woman who knew just how to handle a stupid man.

Keisha was done with the pretending. In fact, she was done with the relationship. Tired of the kiss-and-makeup roller coaster—Hell, he can just kiss my fine ass, period!

As she pulled into Student Parking, she noticed that many of the cars had “Obama for President” stickers on their bumpers. The exception, from her sight line, was one very conspicuous sticker on a green Chevy with “John McCain for President” in bold display. She parked and swung her curvy body from beneath the steering wheel of the white 2005 Nissan Maxima. Thanks to Carl, she had just made the final payment and was determined to hang onto the car until she finished school. She felt a twinge of guilt as she headed for her rather clandestine meeting. Her strut was half runway and half slut as she hurried into the building wearing her tightest, favorite Gucci jeans, a short-burnished leather jacket, and tan blouse opened to the matching tan push-up bra. The fashion forward look was finished with brown stiletto boots that pinched her baby toe and rubbed the back of her left heel. That's what Band-Aids are for.

She walked past the main office and a small alcove with several comfy earth-toned chairs arranged around a round coffee table. It was strewn with copies of the South Holland News and South Town Star and assorted real estate flyers. She stopped at a wooden glass-windowed door with Chemistry Lab stenciled across the glass. When Keisha pivoted and reached for the knob, she smiled when she found that it was slightly ajar.

She entered the darkened lab muttering a few choice words under her breath. Finally, she challenged the darkness, “So, you got me down here, babe, now what?” Sensing she wasn't alone, she seethed at the obvious manipulation. So damn predictable, she thought. A noise behind her made her turn, but there was nothing there. She pursed her lips in disdain, but there came a split second of foreboding ... and then one second later it was too late.

The piercing pain seared through her. She let out what was intended as a scream, but due to the sheer force of the grab, it escaped as a yelp—like that of a wounded puppy—as she clawed desperately at her neck. Her caramel-colored face reddened, the brown thinly-lashed eyes bulged as corpuscles fired and burst; hot liquid filled her mouth. Seconds later her body went limp and crumpled onto the cold ceramic-tiled floor.

Her assailant, suddenly overwhelmed with an unbridled release of sexual tension reveled as the warm discharge ran down the legs of the loose athletic trousers. A deep breath accompanied the long awaited and satisfying release, followed by heart palpitations, the desire for a cigarette and a forceful caress. Orgasmic euphoria was shortened only by the distant sound of rapid footfalls on the stone-tiled hallway.