

I decided to meet up with my girls and do some much needed shopping since it was the weekend. I used to have such a shopping addiction. Then it started being all about the kids and I forgot to get some things for myself.

“Girl, I need some new shoes and a few other things,” Ciara said.

“I need some casual clothes. Seems like I work so much that I forget to get regular clothes or clothes to go out in,” I said.

“Yeah, me too. Ayanna, I’m surprised we could get you up so early.”

“Girl, me too. Especially after last night,” Ayanna said shaking her head.

“Uh oh, what happened?” I asked, ready for the latest club gossip.

“Girl, I am so sick of Fallon’s ass. Do you know she showed up at my house last night to talk to Cam?”

“What? I know that’s a damn joke,” Ciara exclaimed.

“Nope. I don’t even know how she knew where I lived. I guess she followed Cam. She was crying all hysterical about some dude she had been messing with that she had caught cheating on her. I was pissed. I kicked both of those dummies out of my house. For Cam to be so street, he is naïve as hell when it comes to his sister,” she sighed.

“That was bold as hell. I knew it was something about that girl I didn’t like. But to follow her brother to his girl’s house is taking the cake. I’m surprised you handled that so lightly, Yanna,” I said in disbelief. Ciara nodded in agreement.

“Me too girl. I told Cam that better be the first and last time that shit happens. And I cussed Fallon’s ass out. Told her if she ever tried that shit again I was gonna beat the shit out of her. She clings to him like she’s in love with him. That is some freaky shit.”

“You took the words right out of my mouth. How can a girl be so attached to her blood brother?” Ciara asked.

“I don’t know but Cam better handle that or he will never have a girlfriend. That shit is for the birds for real,” Ayanna said.

“Well, hopefully whatever stupid truck she fell off of, she’ll never do that again. Oh, now see I like these. What do y’all think?” I said, switching gears and holding up a pair of super cute sandals.

“I like those a lot. Let me get them,” Ciara laughed.

I had missed times like these. There was nothing like true friendship. We shopped for a while and then sat down at the food court to get a bite to eat. We were laughing and just enjoying good conversation when Ciara’s stylist, Rita walked up.

“Hey girls! How y’all doing?” she beamed as she walked up to our table.

“Hey boo. I need to be coming to see you again soon,” Ciara greeted Rita.

“Yes ma’am you do but you ain’t heard that from me,” Rita laughed.

“Oh shut up, heffa. Sit down, chill with us for a few.”

“Nah, I’m on a time limit. Gotta get back home to get ready to take Lil Rod to a birthday party.”

“Speaking of Rod, whatever happened with him and the Asia situation?” Ciara asked while me and Ayanna looked dumbfounded. Surely, she couldn’t be talking about the same Asia. Right?

“Girl, bye. that nasty hoe cussed Rodney out when he told her he was done with her. I could hear her yelling through the phone. I don’t have time for the childish games but that was Rodney’s last pass. Yeah, we been through a lot but I ain’t putting up with no more shit from him. I heard that bitch Asia gets around more than the hands on a clock and I ain’t trying to catch no shit from Rodney messing around with her. Me and Lil Rod will be just fine without his tired ass if this happens again.”

“I know that’s right Rita. We don’t have to put up with men and all their shit, I don’t know why they don’t seem to ever realize that,” I said.

“Yeah well Rodney will realize it if it happens again, believe that. Well it was good chatting with you girls. Call me and schedule your appointment or better yet just come on by, Ciara. You know my chair is always open for you,” Rita said as she stood to leave.

“Okay girl, take care,” Ciara waved to her.

“Okay now that was crazy. Asia? Of all people, Rita’s man was messing with Jay’s Asia?” Ayanna said in disbelief.

“I couldn’t make this shit up if I wanted too. I wonder if Jay knows his chick is a hoe,” Ciara said.

“Hell, he should. It seems like everybody else around here does,” I laughed. Karma was truly a bitch.

Just then, I happened to look up and gasped. Walking through the food court just then was Dr. Jones and he was looking damn good. Blue fitted Yankee cap, Navy blue Polo tee, and some dark True Religion jeans. I was starting to think that maybe it wasn’t him but as he got closer, there was no denying it. Good Lord this man was fine. I thought he was fine before in his suit and ties but whoa! I must have stared a little too long because the girls turned around to see what I was looking at.

“Umm, who is that? That don’t look nothing like Tyler,” Ayanna laughed.

I laughed too, “Girl that is Dr. Jones!”

“Well damn. Now I see what you’ve been talking about. He is definitely fine. Never saw a Dr. dressed like that though. I guess it’s a good thing he’s not a square or something,” Ciara joked.

“I hope he doesn’t see me. I can’t keep my composure with him looking all good like that!”

“Well, too late because he sees you and he is walking this way,” Ciara giggled.

“Miss Harris, good seeing you. Hello ladies,” Dr. Jones said as he nodded to the girls.

“Hey doc. What brings you here?” That’s all I could manage to say. Ayanna and Ciara’s “ain’t shit” asses were giggling under their breath.

“Just a little retail therapy. Men shop too sometimes, we just don’t take as long as you ladies,” he laughed.

“Hey, beauty takes time and perfection, sir.” Leave it to Ayanna to lighten the mood.

“Touché lovely lady, touché. Well I’ll leave you ladies to your lunch. Have a nice day ladies,” he said and just like that, he was gone. But he left his scent of Giorgio Armani behind.

“Ugh! He smells good and he’s fine as hell. Where do I sign up?” Ayanna laughed and her and Ciara high fived each other.

“Now you see what I’ve been talking about? How am I supposed to sit there and talk about all the crazy things going on in my head with a doctor that fine? I’m switching providers! It’s not fair, I tell you,” I said laughing.

“Well, what does it matter anyway? You’re wearing that gorgeous rock on your finger and you have an equally fine man who adores you. Dr. Feel Good should be as good as any other doctor would be. Unless you’ve been keeping secrets missy,” Ayanna joked.

“Nah, no secrets here. He’s just very sexy and easy on the eyes. I’ll hang in there I guess,” I laughed.

We laughed and chatted some more and then we parted ways. I decided to call Tyler to see what he wanted to eat. The kids were away at my mama’s for the next two weeks so we had the house all to ourselves.

“Hey bae, what’s up?” he answered. I loved it when he called me bae.

“Nothing much, I’m just leaving the mall and wondered if you wanted me to pick something up for dinner?”

“Oh nah, you don’t have to do that. Jay wanted to go out tonight so I was gonna run it by you to see what you thought?” he asked but I wondered why he was asking.

“Sure babe, go have fun with your boys. Y’all haven’t been out in a minute anyway, right? I might just go chill with Ayanna at the club then.”

“Strip club hanging, huh? Let me find out you about to get a part time gig,” he laughed.

“You laughing but don’t be surprised if you start seeing new pink and purple wigs and matching outfits around the house.”

“Aye, don’t get messed up, E. If anybody is gonna have you stripping for them it’s gonna be me.”

“Well where them dollars at then, playa?”

“You drop something, I’ll drop something.”

“That’s what it is then,” I said laughing.

“I’ll be home later to shower and change clothes, okay?”

“Okay Ty, see you later,” I said and ended the call. I’m not one of those girlfriends that tries to dictate what her man does. Hell, he had these friends way before me. Besides, if I feel the need to go hang out with my girls I’ll do it so he can too.

Back at home I put my new things away and decided to do a little web surfing. Suddenly, I heard my phone beep letting me know that I had a new email. When I clicked on it, I was utterly surprised. It was a Facebook private message from none other than Dr. Jones!

*Hey. I hope you don’t find this too forward or unprofessional but I just wanted to tell you that it was really good seeing you today outside of the office. You looked happy and relaxed with your friends. That’s good for you.*

Hmmm. Now what am I supposed to do with this information? I wondered. Is he flirting with me? I mean, he could have just told me that during our next visit. But he looked me up on Facebook. He must have really wanted to tell me this, right? I was giving myself all types of pep talks to stay calm and replied to his message.

*Hey doc! Thanks a lot. It’s always good to spend time with my girls. Good to see you as well.*

There. That should be sufficient. Not too forward, just a general response. And then I could see that he was typing. Oh lord, what’s he going to say now?

*No problem. So I’ll see you soon?*

Of course he would see me soon, I had an appointment coming up in a few days, I was thinking. This was one weird exchange but I decided to roll with it.

*Absolutely! ☺ Ttyl*

I had to cut it short. I hate to let my mind wander and so far, he hadn’t said anything out of line so no harm, no foul, right? Still it was odd that he actually reached out to me on a personal level. There had to be more than a few rules against that, I was sure. But oh well, whatever. I sure wasn’t going to make a big deal out of it. For now anyway. I proceeded to make myself a good little dinner of grilled chicken salad and a glass of Moscato. I sent a text to Ayanna and told her I would be stopping by. Ciara said she had a date with some mystery man. I couldn’t wait to find out all about him. I was in the middle of getting dressed when Tyler came in.

He walked right up to me and hugged me from behind as I admired myself in the mirror.

“Mmmmm, hey baby,” I moaned and enjoyed his warm hug.

“Hey baby,” he said and kissed me on my neck. “Damn, you are looking good, bae.”

“In jeans and my bra?” I laughed.

“Of course. The only thing that would look better would be you out of those jeans,” he said flirting with me as usual.

“Nope. Took me long enough to figure out what to wear, I’m not undressing and have you mess up my hair. You know it takes me long enough to get ready anyway,” I joked.

“Ah man, come on girl, you know want this!” he said laughing.

“Nah, you know you want this,” I said while cupping a handful of my breasts as I looked back at him in the mirror.

“You damn right. Quit playing now. Come here.”

“Ty, baby. Oh my gosh, what are you doing?”

He didn’t respond. He just proceeded to unzip my pants and put his hand down and inside my panties. My knees bent a little as the pleasure of him fingering me got the best of me. My mouth dropped open and my breathing quickened. He nibbled on my neck and the tip of my ear. I reached back to rub his dick through his jeans. It was already hard and I could feel the huge hump trying to push through the material. I unzipped his jeans and set it free. Grabbing it with one hand, I rubbed and caressed it.

“What you gonna do with thatgirl?” he asked.

“I can show you better than I can tell you,” I said. “But not right now. You go take a shower and get dressed. We can finish this later.”

“Yo, that’s coldEva. You’re just gonna leave me like this?” he asked with his arms spread out and looking down and how erect he was.

I laughed. “Take a cold shower, you’ll be alright.”

I knew I was wrong for that but why can’t I tease my man every now and then? Later on tonight, he’d make me pay for it I was sure but for the time being, I was enjoying having the upper hand.

“You know you ain’t right, but it’s all good. I got you later,” he said as he slapped my ass and went to turn on the shower.

I went on about my business, getting dressed, and putting the finishing touches on my makeup. Tyler was in the shower singing off key and sounding like a wounded dog. I laughed and shook my head. Then I heard something buzzing. I looked at my phone but it wasn’t mine. I shrugged and went back to applying makeup but then it buzzed again. I looked over at his jeans and figured it was his phone.

No big deal. I tried to carry on with my business but it kept buzzing. Part of me was yelling don’t look at it! Just ignore it, girl. But the other part of me was curious as hell. Tyler hadn’t given me any reasons to doubt him so I fought with myself for a little bit longer and then decided to let it go. That could be anyone calling or texting him. It would do me no good to start playing the insecure chick right about now. Just then, Tyler came out of the shower with nothing but a crisp white towel wrapped around his waist. Damn, the man is fine. I instantly got wet at the sight of him.

“What are you staring at?” he asked grinning.

He knew damn well what I was looking at. I smirked. I refused to play myself because I had just politely turned him down for sex and now here I was about to drool all over myself.

He walked into the closet in search of something to wear and came out with a crisp white Polo and a pair of near jeans. I handed him his polo belt and his Rolex. I was still staring at him. It is a wonderful feeling to be in love with a man who you consider to be absolutely gorgeous.

“Quit staring at me like that girl, you making me nervous,” he laughed. “You didn’t want none anyway so what you looking at?”

“Whew. It’s all good, homie. I’m cool. Let me get my shoes and get out of here before I change my damn mind,” I said shaking my head and laughing to myself.

*Buzzzzzz.*

Tyler paused. So did I. I looked at him and he looked at his jeans on the floor. Then he casually bent down to check his phone. I assumed it was a text because he quickly responded and then put his phone on the nightstand. I looked at him. Then shrugged it off.

“Well, I’m about to leave, bae. What time you think you coming home?” I asked.

“It probably won’t be too late. What about you?”

“Same. Sometimes I wait for Yanna’s shift to end but I doubt I’ll be out that late tonight.”

“Alright, well, be safe. Come here girl,” he said as he opened his arms. I stepped into them and inhaled the fresh scent of him.

“I love you baby,” he said as he kissed me.

“I love you too, Ty. And don’t you forget it,” I smiled.

I got to Downtown Al’s and the line was long full of anxiously waiting perverts and wannabe strippers. I walked right up the bouncer who knew me by name now.

“Hey gorgeous, good to see you tonight,” Mal said as he moved the rope and let me in. I could hear the whispers behind me and let them fall right between the crack of my ass as I sashayed inside. Ayanna spotted me immediately and waved me over.

“Hey girl! I wondered if you would make it. I know how it is,” she smiled, automatically pouring me a Long Island Iced Tea.

“Well, Ty’s going out with the boys tonight so I said hey, why not come chill with you for a while and get my drink on?” I shrugged.

“I know that’s right. Well it’s probably going to get really wild in here tonight. Indigo and Desyre have a special set coming up in a few minutes and it’s all the men have been talking about so far.”

“Really? Well I can’t wait to see this!” I smiled. “Hey Star, how you doing girl?”

“I’m cool as a fan and a man with a tan, what’s up girl?” she laughed and I did too. I was beginning to like Star. I could tell she kept herself guarded and showed a rough exterior but inside I was thinking that she was just like every other girl, longing to be loved and treated right.

“Yanna, I told Al I was going to leave a little early tonight. You think you’ll be alright back here by yourself?” Star asked Ayanna.

“Yeah girl, I’m straight. You okay, though? You never leave work early,” Ayanna said, sounding concerned.

“I’m good, just not in the mood tonight, you know what I mean?” Star sounded a little down when she said that.

Ayanna sighed. “Girl, I have told you before you are going to have to get a handle on all that. But I understand. Go home and get some rest okay? I’ll see you tomorrow night.”

With that, Star went to the back, I assumed to tell Al she was leaving, and then I saw her going out through the back way. I looked at Ayanna and she just shook her head.

“This thing with her and Indy is really weighing heavy on her. I told her if it’s causing her that much pain then she just might need to let it go. There are plenty of other women that come in here flirting with her. She doesn’t have to be locked down to one if she doesn’t want too.”

“I know that’s right. Indigo seems cool, I guess. I don’t know much about her.”

“Yeah, she’s cool but I think she loves the attention from all the men and even a few of the women. That’s fine, don’t get me wrong. It’s how you handle all that attention is what can get you in trouble. Star’s been through enough in her life. She really doesn’t need any additional drama right now.”

I nodded. Haven’t we all had enough drama to last a lifetime? I guess relationships between two women can be just as exhausting as a relationship between a man and a woman. Seems like no relationship was exempt from the bullshit.

“Ahhh get ready, get ready! The moment you all have been waiting for. Fellas, grab your wallets. Ladies, get that rent money out. It’s shooow time! Coming to the stage, we got one hell of a treat for you. Give it up for Miss Indigo and Miss Desyre!”

The DJ got the crowd hyped up and everyone flowed the stage area. The curtains parted and that song 2 Chainz made about loving strippers started playing. Indigo came out bouncing and shaking to the beat followed closely by Desyre. Both ladies had on black leather bra tops and black leather miniskirts that barely covered anything. Indigo’s thong was pink and Desyre’s was lime green.

The ladies walked around in a circle center stage staring each other down. Indigo licked her lips seductively and then walked up to Desyre. She touched her face gently and Desyre seemed to blush. Then they kissed passionately and the men yelled and whistled. The two ladies put one hand each on the pole and walked around it then they increased the pace. Indigo jumped and the next thing I knew she seemed

to be flying in the air, swinging around the pole. As if she was waiting to jump in the double dutch ropes, Desyre, bounced back and forth waiting for her opportunity and then she jumped and she was above Indigo, flying around the pole at the same pace. She put one leg down and rested her foot on Indigo's leg. Then Indigo somehow managed to intertwine her leg with Desyre's.

These ladies performed stunts that would have made Cirque de Soleil proud! I was in awe. The men completely lost it when both ladies climbed to the top of the pole and then did splits on opposite sides all the way from the top of the pole straight down to the bottom and hit the stage floor.

Well damn! They had talent; I had to give it to them.

Indigo laid down flat on her back and Desyre seductively crawled over to her. She touched Indy's breasts, then licked each nipple gently. Indigo's mouth opened in pleasure. The men started throwing even more money at the women as they continued their freak show. Desyre took her hand and two fingers disappeared inside of Indigo.

I looked over at Ayanna who was serving a customer at the end of the bar but watching the entire ordeal. She just shook her head. So apparently this is the reason Star left early. I don't know how I would handle seeing my woman performing a live sex act for all to see either. Damn that had to be really hard to deal with.

Ayanna told me Star had a bit of a temper sometimes so I'm sure this was another reason she chose to leave. I watched on in amazement. The ladies let go of each other long enough to entertain separate ends of the stage. They had money all over them, where there was enough material to stuff money that is.

At the end of their set, they bowed and then walked off stage, hand in hand. Just before they walked through the closed curtain, they turned to each other, looked at the crowd, kissed again, and walked off the stage, Indigo in front and Desyre palming her ass from behind. I had to admit, the show was sexy as hell. Even the women in the club were yelling and throwing money. It was definitely a sight to see but also not one Star should have had to witness.

"Now I see why she left," I said once the show was over.

"Yeah. I mean, I know Indy has a job to do but damn. It doesn't have to always be so physical. And Al thinks we don't know what goes on in those back rooms besides private lap dances but come on now. It doesn't take a rocket scientist to figure out the men can get way more than a lap dance if their pockets are deep enough."

I looked back at the stage and wondered what the two ladies were doing now that their freak show was over and they'd collected their dusty bills. I felt bad for Star. I guess she kind of had to know what came with the territory of dating a stripper but it's just like the saying goes; as long as it's not in my face, I guess.