

Empty Pleasures

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Once a good girl goes bad is she really gone forever?

Icen

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*In loving memory of my sister,
Traci Rochelle Bates
1970—2008*

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To the reader, I pray this story will make you laugh, think, cry, and realize the healing, transforming power of true love.

Peace,
Icen

Singles and Sex

What is singles and sex? Singles and sex is giving a little of your soul to this one and that one; and receiving a little of this one and that one's soul, until you are unsure of who you are and what you believe.

Singles and sex causes you to ask the question, who is the lord of my life?

I tell you what, ask the Lord Jesus Christ to become Lord of your life and bring your scattered soul back in oneness with you.

© Joyce Newsome Bates

Chapter 1

“Whose is it?” Marvin asked. Sweat dripping from every inch of his body.

I hate when he says that dumb shit, Bobbi thought.

“Turn over baby.” He flipped Bobbi over on her stomach and pulled her up onto her knees. He moaned. “Yeah, just like that.” His eyes closed and his head fell backwards as he pulled her into him repeatedly. “You like that, don’t you?”

Bobbi didn’t answer. The quiver he felt in her body was not from pleasure but from the silent sobs she held back. All she wanted was for him to be finished.

Each stroke came harder, faster. Everything moved to his cadence—her hair, her body, the squeaky bed and the wooden headboard slamming against the wall. Bobbi felt like a rag doll. She tried to grab hold of his slippery black satin sheets to steady herself but it didn’t help.

Marvin growled as he got closer to his climax. He gripped her hips tighter—his muscles stiffened. He grunted. Seconds later he collapsed on her back.

“Get off me,” Bobbi gritted through clinched teeth. His sweaty skin against her smooth dry back disgusted her. She struggled to

pull herself from under his weight. “I said get up, Marvin. I need to use the bathroom.”

His breathing still irregular, he rolled off of her onto his back. Before she was able to get her footing, he smacked her ass so hard it seemed to echo off the bare walls of his bedroom.

“Ouch!” She rubbed her cheek to lighten the sting. “I told you I don’t like it when you do that.”

Marvin opened his eyes and grinned. He raised his head off the bed and reached for one of her legs but she moved away. “Girl, stop playin’,” he replied. “You know you like that.” When he realized she was serious, he fell back on the bed and closed his eyes.

Bobbi mumbled expletives under her breath and gestured her hands as if choking his neck. She was tempted to actually do it but knew she couldn’t pull it off so she stumped off naked across the stained tan carpet to his master bathroom.

Locking the door behind her, she stared in the mirror. Her shoulder length black hair was tousled and mascara was smeared underneath her bottom lashes. But it was the sadness in the green eyes that stared back at her that held her attention. Why had she just let Marvin sex her without protection? A sick feeling settled in the pit of her stomach.

After nearly two years of lies, Marvin’s trifling ways had finally caught up to him. Before now, whenever she heard something about him being with other women she would blow it off—chalking it up as rumors from the many haters who wanted to break them up. But a few days ago she had received a sobering dose of truth about her man through a telephone call she couldn’t get out of her head.

You don't know me, but my name is Janae. Marvin was in my bed last night when you were blowing up his cell. The next time you're looking for him, just call me. You have the number now.

Warm tears trickled down her honey-brown cheeks. How could Marvin cheat on her and act like nothing happened? Three nights ago they were supposed to spend a quiet evening together to try and rekindle that burning flame they used to have for one another. Or at least those were Bobbi's intentions. But Marvin didn't show up or even call to say he wasn't coming; and he didn't bother answering any of her calls. She must have called him twenty times. Finally he called the next day with some ridiculous excuse about one of his boys needing a ride somewhere because his car wasn't working.

Marvin jiggled the door knob and knocked. "What's taking you so long, boo? I gotta pee."

Bobbi rolled her eyes. "Hold up. I'll be out in a minute," she shouted, snatching tissues from the box on the sink.

Moments later Marvin knocked again. "Come on, B. Open the damn door, girl!"

Bobbi snapped. "Wait!" She finished cleaning herself up, combed her hair into a ponytail and unlocked the door.

As soon as Marvin heard the click of the lock, he pushed the door open knocking Bobbi into the sink as he rushed past her to relieve himself.

"What's your problem?" he asked, holding his manhood. "What took you so long to open the door?" Although he asked the question, he already knew what her problem was—him. He hadn't said anything to her about standing her up the other

night, and neither had she. And he hoped things stayed that way because there was no way on earth he could tell her the truth—that he had flaked on her to get some of that big booty Janae had been teasing him with.

Bobbi's eyes traveled the length of his naked six-foot-two muscular physique then settled on the very body part that had betrayed her. "My only problem is you," she scowled.

He didn't say a word—just finished his business and flushed the toilet. Bobbi looked at him and shook her head. So predictable, she thought. Whenever he messed up, he either lied or got quiet. So he was playing it safe by keeping his big lips closed. He didn't want any skeletons to come tumbling out of his mouth.

Bobbi grabbed her comb from the sink, which had been in his medicine cabinet for forever, and went back into his room without saying another word. He closed the door behind her.

She paced the floor trying to clear her head but it wasn't working. She wanted Marvin to pay for hurting her—for taking advantage of her love and making her feel foolish. But she had to be crafty because there was no way she could fight his big behind if things got out of control.

Still wondering how she could get even, Bobbi picked her clothes up off the floor and got dressed. The sound of the shower was like music to her ears. This was her opportunity to get out of there without a confrontation. As much as she loved Marvin, she was too upset with him to care about anything he possibly had to say about the Janae situation. This relationship was over.

So she gathered the few things she had tucked away in the one drawer he said was hers. T-shirts, a pair of sweat pants, underwear and a bottle of Mango scented body lotion—basically loungewear for when she stayed overnight. Ten minutes had

passed since she heard the shower turn on so there wasn't much time left to do what she was thinking.

Quickly, she opened his closet and ripped clothes off the hangers, throwing some on the closet floor while tossing others in the room on the floor. Next she turned over his shoe boxes and pulled his treasured baseball caps off the shelf. Then she walked over to the bed and pulled off what was left of the covers and pushed over the top mattress. At his dresser, in one sweep of each drawer, she whisked his underwear, t-shirts and socks all over the floor. And for the heck of it, she threw a pair of boxer briefs and a couple of socks on the ceiling fan blades. By the time she finished, it looked like the police had raided his bedroom looking for drugs.

Bobbi dusted her hands together and nodded her approval—pleased with her handiwork. Surely Marvin should have been out of the bathroom by now, but he was probably staying in there to avoid the onslaught of questions and drama he thought she would bring to him.

Ready to go, Bobbi grabbed her bag and keys. Just then the shower finally turned off. Marvin was going to flip out when he saw his room, she thought. But if he knew like she did, he would count his blessings that she took her anger out on his clothes and not his nuts like she wanted to.

In less time than it would take to step out of the shower, grab a towel and dry off, Bobbi was out of his apartment.

The coolness of the mid-November night air made her pull her coat together. But it didn't stop her from moving quickly down two flights of stairs to the parking lot. She opened the door of her red two-door Honda Civic, threw her bag of clothes in the back seat and jumped in to get as far away as she could from 1214 Sycamore Lane, Apt. 303B.