

Too Good
TO BE TRUE

NDEA B.

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www.thewritersassistant.com

Dedication

I dedicate my first novel to my three angels watching over me from heaven.

My mother, Linda McGirt, an angel definitely taken to soon. I LOVE YOU, Mommy.

The one who stepped up and was like a mother to me, my aunt, Joyce Claridy. I still haven't met anyone as sweet as she.

My Paternal grandmother, Patricia Ophelia McGirt. She tore my butt up when needed but she was always there for me when I needed her, never judged me and accepted me for who I am. I miss and love you, Grandma.

Acknowledgments

I WOULD LIKE TO THANK GOD FOR IF NOT FOR HIM
NONE OF THIS WOULD BE POSSIBLE.

WOW! I pinched myself my dream has finally come true, it's been a long time coming baby. This has been a long journey but well worth it. There have been some people that have been there with me while I was going through this journey some have been in my life and some are new to my life. If I miss anyone who feels they should have mention sorry hola at me and I get you on my next novel *The Other Brothers*.

I think I'll start this, this away I would like to thank my dad for being supported of me in all that I do we have been through a lot of hard times but we are finally on solid ground. I will always be your little girl. I would like to thank my maternal grandmother for teaching me how to be a lady at the time it was a headache but now as a mother and a wife I know how important it is. I would like to thank my two maternal aunts and my four paternal aunts for showing me how strong black woman can make it. I have learned something for each and every one of you and I want to thank you. I must send out a special thank you to

my great aunt Mary she has always been there for me and I want to thank you.

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With Love To All

NDEA B

Visit ma at www.ndeab.net

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Chapter 1

Why did I let Ally talk me into coming out to the club tonight? I should be home getting ready for my exam. I've come so close to getting my high school diploma, I need this. An opportunity of a lifetime, a full tuition paid to Law School, and the only downfall is they don't know I have a two-year-old daughter, Destiny. My sweet Destiny. If they knew, all chances of going to Law School would be lost. Professor James has stepped out on a limb for me in helping me get this scholarship. He has always said a good mind is a terrible thing to waste. Why can't that mean even if you have a child?

"Jasmine!"

"Oh, sorry, Ally."

"Where did your mind go this time?"

"I was just thinking about my exams tomorrow."

"Come on Jazz, you need to relax and get out a little more. You're at school or you're at your mom's with Destiny. You haven't dated since Damon. He was a jerk so get over it and move on."

“All men are not jerks.”

“In whose book, yours or mine?” While chitchatting, Jasmine and Ally didn’t notice that someone was approaching their table.

“Excuse me, ladies, my name is Malcolm and I was wondering if you would like to dance,” the gentleman said, gazing at Jasmine. Jasmine paying no attention to Alicia’s hard stares said, “No thanks but my friend, Ally may want a dance.”

Malcolm looked at Ally. She was pretty but he really wanted to dance with the beauty he had his eyes on since he walked through the door. Tired of waiting on his friends to get there, he wanted to go ahead and start his night, and he wanted it to start with this beauty. However, it didn’t seem like it was going to happen that way. It was something about those big pretty brown eyes. They were so hypnotic but she looked standoffish at the same time. Malcolm had no time for this even though she was fine. He wanted to have some fun tonight and he wasn’t going to have it with her, so Ally it would be.

“So Ally, would you like to dance?” he asked.

Ally looked at Jazz and she wanted to yell at her, but that would wait until later. I might as well have some fun while I’m here.

“Sure. Why not? Let’s burn this dance floor up.”

Jasmine sitting at the table alone while nursing her strawberry martini was thinking to herself again, what am I doing here? That’s when she heard a lot of gasping and whispering, and decided to turn around and see what all the commotion was

about. Lord, I hope no one is in here fighting, she thought. So I looked around everyone and I gasped myself when my eyes fell upon the most gorgeous chocolate brother I've ever seen. Smooth skin, light-brown eyes, long eyelashes, long legs, and short curly hair. WOW! Now, that's a nice glass of chocolate milk. I would love to drink that straight down nonstop. And his legs, they look so strong. Wonder how they would feel under my fingertips while caressing him gently? Hold the hell up! Where did that just come from? I haven't thought about sex or had an urge to have sex since Damon. Didn't have the urge then either. But I fell for the *oh-if-you-love-me, you'll-make-love-to-me-game*. That was two and a half years ago when he had his way and stepped, and I ended up with Destiny. Her name speaks for itself. Haven't heard from his ass since I told him I was pregnant. His mother apologizes for him, but it's not her fault. She's a wonderful grandmother.

Watching that delicious specimen of a man as all the other women were doing. It was as if he sensed me checking him out, he then looked my way. I swear it was like a lighting bolt hit between us. He must have felt it too because he smiled, and I thought I would come undone right then and there. I knew then it was time for me to go. I can't have any distraction, and Mr. Drop Dead Gorgeous would definitely be a distraction. Staring at him, I didn't even realize that Alicia hadn't come off the dance floor. She must be having fun. Sometimes I wish I could just let loose and have fun, but I can't. I have to work hard and provide for Destiny. Ally has two parents vying for her attention. She

has whatever she wants and needs no matter what the cost. It's hard to believe we're best friends. We're both from two different backgrounds. She's from a family with a mother and a father, and I'm from a single-family home. Even though my father is in my life, he also had another family that I sometimes felt I had to compete with for his time. I remember the first day of second grade, we both were seated at the same table, and we both were new and shy, both loving cabbage patch dolls and being diehard tomboys. We talked in class and on the way home from school. Finding out we lived one block from each other and have many things in common, we instantly became friends. We've been inseparable ever since. Even our parents became the best of friends. Our moms hanging out together and shopping, and our dads playing golf together.

Making my way onto the dance floor, I said, "Alicia lets go. It's late, and I'm ready to go home."

"Oh, Jazz, just twenty more minutes and we can go."

"Fine. Twenty minutes or I'm catching a cab back home." Walking back to the table, I ordered another drink since I left my other one on the table. I felt like I was being watched. I looked up and there he was, Mr. Tall, Dark and Handsome on his way over this way. I could hear the ladies behind me whispering.

"Girls, Mr. Chocolate is coming our way. Get ready." I looked up again and realized he was on his way to my table.

OH MY GOD! What am I going to say? How do I look? Oh my goodness! Oh my goodness! He just stood there for a second looking into my eyes. Lord, please help me! This man is so fine.

Not knowing I was holding my breath, and thinking what am I going to say? As if he had read my mind, he spoke, “Hello, my name is Emmanuel and I was dragged out tonight. I was dreading being here but now that I’ve seen you, I’m glad I came.”

Emmanuel didn’t want to sound too forward, but he couldn’t help himself. She had the most beautiful brown eyes he’s ever seen, and he wanted to let her know.

“Has anyone ever told you that you have big beautiful brown eyes? Their sexy and exotic if you don’t mind me saying,” Emmanuel said.

Jasmine just sat there blushing as he dropped lines hard but that was okay. As cute as he is, he can drop lines all he wants but I won’t tell him that. Besides, being teased as a child for having big eyes, it is always a pleasure when someone compliments them.

“Excuse me,” he said. “I didn’t catch your name.”

“That’s because I didn’t throw it.” Jasmine didn’t mean to say it so harsh. She was just a little nervous. He was making her body do weird things.

Emmanuel looked surprised from across the room. She didn’t look like the stuck-up type but I guess looks can be deceiving, he thought. I probably would believe that if I didn’t recognize that look in her eyes. That hurt; that mistrust of the opposite sex. I know it all too well what that look is. I carried it for so long after I ended it with Sharon. So instead of taking it personal, I wished her a good night and was on my way. Too bad, she looks like a nice young girl. I know how it is when you just don’t want to be bothered.