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Welcome to the World of

# *Sugar & Spice*





**SUGAR**

NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR

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# Spice

FEATURING NATIONAL BESTSELLING AUTHORS

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MARTHA KENNERSON • LISA WATSON

TERRI ANN JOHNSON • J. L. CAMPBELL

MICHELLE D. RAYFORD • JANICE PERNELL

AND INTRODUCING KISHA GREEN

J. D. Mason

# Dirty Diana



## Story Note

*This story came on the heels of some major life changes and on the eve (give or take a week or two) of a dream trip to Europe. It was important for me to reel in the chaos and focus, so I made it a point to progress through this story like an MMA fighter in training.*

Diana Rigby was shaken out of a deep sleep with words she never thought she'd ever hear again.

"I'm callin' 'bout yo' momma," Aunt Lorraine said in that slow Southern drawl, laced with a kind of artificial sweetness that compelled an eye roll from Diana.

"What about her?"

Through the years as she climbed the ranks to become a Mixed Martial Arts Champion, she'd almost forgotten that she'd had a mother. That was her goal after she left Rhino, Texas not long after graduating high school. She left that same day, as a matter of fact, not bothering to tell anyone; determined to put as much space between her and the hell she'd grown up in as soon as possible.

"She ain't doin' too good, Diana," Lorraine offered, then she waited, no doubt hoping that Diana would ask the most logical question. What's wrong?

Silence hung heavy between the two for several beats before Lorraine continued. "Doctors say she ain't got much time left. Cancer got her. She stayin' here with me, until ... well."

"That's too bad," was the best Diana could muster.

Lorraine seemed disappointed in Diana's lack of emotion or any expression of sincerity in her regret. Diana offered words. That's all. She had nothing else to give her mother except empty and hollow words that meant absolutely nothing.

"She asks 'bout you. Asks Tray to look you up on the Internet to see how you doin'."

Again, Diana had no response. She left the edge of the deck and settled onto a cream colored chaise.

"I'm sure she'd like to see you, Diana. It's been so long."

Returning to Rhino had never been on her radar. She never expected to see her mother again. But apparently, the umbilical cord between a mother and child is never fully severed, and it tugged on Diana until a few days later when she drove into town in a rented car on the same road she'd ridden on in that Greyhound bus when she left.

Welcome to Rhino, Texas, the sign on the side of the road read. Population 24,353.



\* \* \*

The woman speeding down Flint Road in the flashy red convertible was definitely not from around here. So, of course, Jake postponed going back to the station to turn around and follow her. The speed limit was thirty, and she had to have been doing at least thirty-five. Being a small town sheriff, little things like that mattered.

He flashed his siren and lights only for a moment before she pulled over to the side of the paved road. He'd probably let her get away with a warning, but if nothing else, at least he'd get to meet somebody new.

"Afternoon, Miss," he said in his best Texas Sheriff drawl.

Damn! She was lovely, even behind those big sunglasses and that headscarf.

She turned her face up to look at him. "Was I speeding?"

Those, big, pretty lips of hers caused him to subconsciously lick his own. At first glance, he took her for a white woman, but up close he could see that she was either real light-skinned, Latina, or biracial. Stylish was the word that came to mind, right after beautiful. Everything about her screamed money, and she shone in the light like a new penny.

Jake had heard things, especially since she was back. Dirty Diana. Not white enough. Not black enough. She had a reputation for being loose, for lack of a better term. Looking for love in all the wrong places because she obviously wasn't getting it from the one place she needed it most.

"You could always count on Dirty Diana for a good time."

Good for who, though? Certainly not for a young girl who had probably been taught from birth that she wasn't good enough or wanted. Guilt stuck in the back of his throat. If only he'd done something that first time he and the sheriff had answered the call to her house that day, maybe her life would've been different.

\* \* \*

Jake wasn't the type to get caught up like this. Women flirted. He flirted back, but he'd always known where to draw the line when one needed to be drawn for his sake, or for the sake of someone else. Level-headed. That phrase might as well have been his middle name, because it's who he was, what he'd always been, to the point of being downright boring. She'd captivated him, somehow.

Diana Rigby had put a spell on him that he couldn't shake, and that was fine with him.



J.D. Mason is the author of more than twenty novels including *The Woman Trapped in the Dark*, *Seducing Abby Rhodes*, *The Real Mrs. Price*. A national bestselling and award-winning author, her work has been featured in *USA Today*, *Essence*, *Pride Magazine* in the U.K., and *Today's Black Woman*.  
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Janice Pernelle

# Cayenne



## Story Note

*I've always been an avid reader of fiction. I even edited the work of other authors for several years. But I get an incomparable thrill from creating my own stories that entertain readers and cause them to reflect on important issues. I hope Cayenne does both for you.*

Michael raised the trunk and gazed at his ex-girlfriend's unconscious body. Nia was blindfolded, her legs and ankles bloodied by the thick rope binding them. He had to play his cards right if he intended to get her out of this alive.

"You sure nobody saw you snatch her?" Michael asked Lee as the self-proclaimed pretty boy and wannabe gangster got out of his car.

"Positive." Lee leaned over to admire himself in the mirror.

Michael swore that he would make things right with Nia, make her his wife—as soon as he could free her from her captors.

"Before Angelique kills sleeping beauty," Lee said, "I'm gonna break her off some of what the women beg me for." He gave a wicked sneer that set Michael's nerves on edge.

Though his fists were aching to have a conversation with Lee's face, Michael chomped down on his anger. *Months of undercover work will go down the drain if I lose my cool.*

"You'd better get in the car and go meet up with your sister like she told you to," Michael warned. "People get antsy in this kind of deal." He glanced at his watch. "Keep them waiting, and they'll get cold feet. Then there won't be a baby to sell. Angelique will be pissed if that happens."

"Maaan, you think I'm scared of that chick?" Lee's chest was stuck out like a rooster in a cockfight, but his voice sounded more like a hen with its neck on the chopping block. "My sister don't run things. I do."

The only thing Lee ran was his mouth. None of the informants Michael had encountered in ten years of undercover work divulged as much information as Lee belched out while bragging about his power, prowess, prosperity, and plans—none of which he possessed. Angelique was the brains behind everything they did.

Michael raised his hands in mock surrender. "Since you call the shots, how about I look after her"—he nodded toward Nia—"until you get back?"

Cursing under his breath, Lee motioned for Michael to remove Nia from his black 2018 Lexus RX.

Michael gathered her slender body in his arms.

Lee slammed the trunk, gave a two-finger wave, and sped off into the night.

Nia never flinched. Her breathing remained slow and steady as the door closed, shutting her off from the outside world.

Not knowing when Lee and Angelina would return, getting Nia out of that place was a priority. But concerns about Nia being unconscious for three hours trumped that. Michael carried her to his Cadillac CTS and gently laid her across the back seat.

Her natural beauty mesmerized him. Baby-soft cocoa skin. Eyebrows that framed her brown eyes like they were works of art. Thick black hair that created a halo around her face.

He placed a feather-light kiss on her lips. In a fairy tale, she would awaken with undying gratitude. But he feared that no magic kisses or potions could ever make her regard him favorably again.

He got the smelling salts from the first aid kit in the car. Getting in the driver's seat, he turned toward her and waved the bottle several inches away from her nose.

She wrenched away from the acrid smell of ammonia. Convulsing with coughs, she thrashed around, probably hoping to free her hands, take the blindfold off, and make a run for it.

Putting a hand to her chest, he gently held her in place. The heartbeat that was faint as he held her against his chest a minute ago now pounded against his palm like a battering ram.

"Shhh," he whispered.

Her head darted around to follow his hushed tone, then to take in other sounds in the space: a dog barking nearby; the hum of the furnace in the adjoining utility room; his ragged breathing as the fear of losing her to killers subsided.

Michael braced himself, knowing that once he said something, she would recognize him. "I'm going to take off your blindfold."

She gasped, cringed, and craned her head toward the sound of his voice.

He untied the black bandana that covered her eyes and let it slip off.

Light spilling from the dome light over Nia's head made her squint, but when she fully opened her eyes, she honed in on Michael's face. Her expression transformed from bewilderment to horror, giving voice to everything she couldn't vocalize.

*Why did you do this to me?!*



Janice Pernell made her writing debut as a co-contributor to *Baring It All: The Ins And Outs Of Publishing* in 2014. In 2018 she released *No Right Way To Do A Wrong Thing*, her first work of fiction. She is writing another novel and two Christian inspirational books. [www.janicepernell.com](http://www.janicepernell.com)



Naleighna Kai

# Sugar Ain't So Sweet



## Story Note

*What if's. That's what drove this story. What if I was a wife who'd been surrounded by people who were taking, taking, and taking and not realizing that I'd been giving. What happens when that wife strikes out to find herself and figure out what she's willing to lose in order to find that sense of peace.*

*I will die if I stay here ...*

Shannan's entire family sat at the dinner table enjoying a meal which took her three hours to prepare, while she mowed the jungle of their front yard, seething the entire time. She stopped to empty the bag, but froze when her mother-in-law's voice carried from the open pantry window, "I had to fake a damn heart attack to make this stupid heifer get with the program."

*Faked a heart attack? Wait. What?*

Monique Hallerin had faked that entire one-month ordeal so Shannan would take over the daunting task of shopping, preparing, cooking, then serving Sunday dinners for fifteen people every week, only to criticize nearly everything that Shannan did. Faked it so Shannan's husband, Zach, would pick up the slack on her bills. All while her brothers-in-law and most of her children parked their lazy behinds at the dining room table every Sunday and didn't lift a finger to help. Shannan was way past tired—exhausted was a better word.

"Guests don't wash dishes," her husband said when she mentioned they could pitch in with clean up. Well, to be honest, neither did he and he hadn't been a guest since they'd said, "I do."

What she should've said on the day they were married, fifteen years ago was, "I don't," then ran past his overbearing mother and four shiftless brothers then out the church doors to freedom.

"I had to fake a damn heart attack to make this stupid heifer get with the program."

Shannan, who had seven children of her own, was now responsible for duties that her mother-in-law had done for most of her non-married life; catering to those grown ass men sitting at her dining room table at this very moment while Shannan was outside doing something she had first asked her husband, then one of them, to do.

Rage hit Shannan full force.

She staggered away from the mower, rushed into the house, ran up the stairs and snatched up her tote. She halted at the threshold of her bedroom for a moment, extracting the small shoebox in the back of the closet. A set of credit cards, passport, birth certificate,



social security card, and all of the hidden cash found its way into the tote. She glanced at the summer wardrobe spilling over into Zach's side and decided there wasn't anything she wanted to take. She tipped down the rear stairway into the kitchen, snatched the keys from a hook near the door to put as much distance between herself and those people as possible.

Shannan only vaguely heard the youngest of her seven children call her name. Her heart constricted as she ignored them, tears blinding her as she slid behind the wheel of an SUV that was almost a second home. Basketball. Volleyball. Football. Gymnastics. PTA. Never any breaks between or any time for her to simply breathe.

*I will die if I stay here.*

Those seven words came to mind, summarizing her current status. Something that first hit her when she had the argument with Zach before his family arrived ...

"My mother raised five boys on her own and never complained about having to manage a household," he said, still keeping his focus on the circuitry in his hands.

"And she was on her own because she ran your father off," she replied. "Let's be real about that."

Zachary's face twisted into a mask of annoyance as he glared at her. "I can't talk about this with you."

"I'm done talking. I'm tired," she snapped. "There's going to come a time when I say to hell with it."

Zach paused at the end of the wooden bench, scoffing as he asked, "And where are you going to go? Who's going to be a father to seven children?"

"They have a father," she said, and the sorrow of her reality was heavy indeed. "I need a husband."

*I will die if I stay here.*

The moment Shannan hit the expressway, she wiped her tears with the back of a trembling hand. A startling thought hit her. She could not leave her baby girl in that house.



Naleighna Kai is the national bestselling author of several controversial novels. She's the founder of the NK Tribe Called Success, NK Literary Cafe Magazine, and the Cavalcade of Authors Literary Tour. She is an agent, developmental editor, literary consultant and marketing and promotion specialist.  
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Pat G'Orge Walker

# Heaven Can be Hell



## Story Note

*I wanted to show what could happen when a confident, carnal-minded woman works her magic to seduce a sexually inhibited reverend. She got him but now can she keep him if God wants him too, kinky-free? It answers the question ... is the bed ever defiled between a consenting husband and wife when their explorations go outside the regular "missionary" position.*

"Be warned, all verified hell is about to visit you," Aunt Peaches blasted over the church's intercom.

"Okay," Averic snapped. "Send whoever she is in here. By the way, who is it?"

"Glad you finally got around to asking because she's waiting inside the sanctuary. You ain't seen that heffa in a long time."

Choosing to ignore Aunt Peaches' devilish reference to someone being a "heffa," he replied, "Well, bring her inside, please. I really wanna get out of here as soon as possible."

"Not as soon as you'll want to be," Aunt Peaches replied angrily. "Because it's your wife! I still can't figure out why her mama named that hellion Heaven."

Averic remembered how much he'd loved watching his estranged wife's topaz eyes peer out from a canvass of a heart-shaped face blessed with a flawless peaches-and-cream complexion. Her curvy frame woke his body, no matter how tired he'd felt. What on earth could she want with him?

\* \* \*

Heaven waited in the sanctuary, aiming to work her way back into her husband's life. The fact that she'd caught him off guard would be a good thing. She perched on a pew, reflecting on the Hawaii trip where she'd first laid eyes on him.

The young preacher was everything Heaven's friend had said. A well-toned, tall and much too good looking man to be seated in any church pulpit. More suited as a feature in a hot male stripper magazine, Averic Domingo had preached the women into a frenzy. He was straight out telling them to never allow any man, husband or otherwise, to abuse or use them sexually, mentally or any other perverted method.

"Your body is God's temple," he'd told them. "Would you defile the temple of God?"

She'd found him a bit amusing because everything he'd said not to allow, she'd done with the greatest of ease and without regret. If she had her way, she would continue with a little extra mind-blowing acrobatics on the side.



When the floor was opened for discussion about his sermon speech he asked if anyone had any questions, Heaven raised her hand.

"I'm a bit embarrassed to ask my question in front of so many people," she said in a low voice dropping her head. "I'd rather ask you in private." Raising her head briefly peeking to see if he would give her an opening.

He did as soon as he said, "I'll set aside a few minutes for consultation after, but I need to get back to the conference attendees quickly."

Sounded about right.

Heaven pretended to straighten the slit in her red cotton skirt that stopped just short of her mid-thigh. She wiped aside a pretend tear that was too small for an eagle to see while she listed all the sexual acts she'd committed, all the while sizing him up to see if there were any latent inhibitions. She'd said she was earnest in wanting answers, but wasn't sure which were abominations, or at the least, forgivable.

Thirty minutes later, a gaped-mouthed Averic was sweating profusely, but not from the hot and humid Hawaiian weather. He and Heaven were on their way to a nearby hotel, suddenly thirsty for one another and not caring where or how much it took to quench it.

Less than an hour later, they were making love on the seventh floor balcony of the Honolulu Princess Hotel. Both had indulged in a little too much Jack Daniels. In no time, they were naked. However, Averic's protests disappeared when Heaven pulled the handcuffs from her bag.

Everything Averic had told the women at the conference not to do, they did that and more. They'd even put several new twists to some of the temple defilement list of no-nos.

Several hours later, succumbing to Heaven and Jack Daniels, Averic was beyond normal drunk; he was almost comatose. Unfortunately for Heaven, she was still naked on the other side of the balcony cuffed to the railings. He had yet to wake from his drunken stupor. Her bad luck that she wasn't released in enough time so she could use the bathroom.

Thinking about the best parts of that first time in Hawaii made Heaven tingle slightly. She closed her eyes again and collapsed slightly against the back of the pew while confessing to the large picture of Jesus hanging near the altar.

"You need Averic, but I need more," she whispered. "And, Lord, I mean to get him again."



Pat G'Orge-Walker, aka Sister Betty, multi-award winning Essence and National best selling author, Christian Comedienne published by Kensington Books, a recording industry veteran, and former member of Arlene Smith & the Chantels. A recent transplant from Long Island, NY to North Carolina... [www.sisterbetty.com](http://www.sisterbetty.com).

Karen D. Bradley

# The Confection Assignment



## Story Note

*Writing keeps me sane. Creating this piece for the Sugar Anthology challenged me to be more concise due to the word count limitation. I was honored to be among an amazing group of authors. It created an environment of education, elevation, and encouragement which allowed me to improve my writing skills.*

Mia's head snapped up at a sound that wasn't anything like the faint echoes of music from the other end of the lake. For some reason, her instinct was on high alert especially since the additional security team was missing in action.

"Having dinner out here was a great idea," Mia said for the sake of their nosy neighbor Patty, who was walking in their direction as Calvin approached the table.

The older woman wasn't any cause for concern.

"You like me cooking for you." He brought out the spaghetti and salad, slid it on the table, then leaned in, kissing Mia. He wrapped his arm around her waist, nuzzling her neck. "Maybe we should have dessert first."

"I'll not be reheating dinner tonight." Pushing him away, she turned him back toward the house, then swatted that gorgeous rear end of his to send him on his way. "You need to go grab those breadsticks. I'll open the wine."

Calvin, who had never been married, enjoyed playing the role of husband a little too much. He winked before stepping off the planks and into the dining room. He paused at the door and glanced over his shoulder. "We need to do this more often."

Most often wouldn't happen. Tonight was the last day of her assignment, then she'd be back to her regular life and that didn't include being a high security detail protector to a top secret invention and its handsome creator.

Several minutes later, she poured him a glass of red wine before fixing their plates. She scanned the area again and a tingle of suspicion ignited in her mind.

What's taking him so long?

"Calvin, today would be nice," Mia yelled. She perched on the chair, waiting for his smart response.

None came.

Mia placed the glass on the table and swept into the house. Calvin wasn't in the kitchen. If he had slipped into his office to work instead of joining her outside, there was going to be a problem.

Mia laid eyes on Calvin as she rounded the corner, but his



voice halted her in her tracks.

“Run, Mia. Run,” Calvin yelled, lunging for the stocky Asian man near the office door.

A hefty Black guy slammed his weapon across the back of Calvin’s head.

Mia sprinted down the hallway past the study and powder room, aiming to get her weapon. She kicked herself for not bringing it inside. They wouldn’t kill Calvin, but they could hurt him if he didn’t cooperate. She slid a cast iron skillet from the cooktop.

“Go get her,” someone yelled from the office.

Several things crashed to the office floor. Calvin put up one hell of a fight. Mere seconds had passed when Mia’s pursuer rounded the corner. She slammed the skillet into his chest, causing him to fly into the wall. He recovered and reached for her arm. The skillet crashed down onto his head with a backward swipe. This time, his body hit the ground, right on top of his gun.

Damn.

Her feet pounded on the hardwood floor as she raced for the front entrance, aiming to find some type of reinforcements. An armed man came off the path to the porch. She slammed the front door, locking it. Keys jiggled in the tumbler.

Mia ran top speed toward the kitchen ahead of a spray of bullets that landed in the cabinets. She slid toward the island like a baseball player trying to reach the home plate. She scrambled around the counter, bolting to the deck and made it to the table.

“Nowhere to run,” a man with an ivory complexion said as a Latino guy calmly stepped over the threshold onto the deck as though nothing out of the ordinary had transpired.

“Don’t be so sure of that.” She snatched the Ruger, aimed, and pulled the trigger five times taking out the biggest threat. Mia didn’t wait for the Latino man’s advancing body to hit the ground. She hit the stairs. The ivory man took cover in the dining room and held up on a perfect vantage spot.

Three armed men raced toward her. Damn, how many did they send?

Mia’s heart sank, but adrenaline kicked in as she turned back.

She had to make it to the Lincoln.

“Mrs. Atwood, don’t do it,” he yelled as she climbed from the patio chair to the railing.

He aimed his Glock and fired.

Mia took a flying leap from the banister and dove into the water.



Karen D. Bradley has penned several contemporary fiction novels— Love Runs Deep, Life on Fire, and Shattered Illusions. Recently, she ventured into film making by writing and producing a short film based on one of her novels. Visit Karen on the web at [www.karendbradley.com](http://www.karendbradley.com)

Michelle D. Rayford

# Not That Nice



## Story Note

*My writing process starts with a “What if?” question. What if a woman realizes she married the wrong man? The character or idea plays in my head like a movie and I try to capture their actions and emotions on the page. In a way, I reenact the story for that character. Writing this anthology presented a unique challenge for me as this is the first time I wrote a story in third person. It required me to view the story through a different lens. I hope readers enjoy the journey*

Kelsee braced for his reprimand and anger. Both were as familiar as breathing. She knew how much Alex hated the light shining in his face. She couldn’t believe she’d forgotten to close the blinds.

Everything had to be perfect. Always.

When she couldn’t take the silence a moment longer, she chanced a peek and released a sigh of relief at the sight of the empty pillow beside her. Then she remembered. He wasn’t there. The reason, for the moment, escaped her.

Kelsee snuggled deeper in the sheets and stretched out in the middle of the bed. She tried to relax and reclaim sleep, but her brain was already churning. She couldn’t shake the feeling that she’d forgotten something.

The phone rang, and she checked the caller ID screen and groaned. She composed herself before answering, “Hello, Mariam.”

Her sister-in-law skipped the usual greeting of ‘As-salamu Alaykum’ and asked, “Are you ready?”

Kelsee’s mind froze. Ready for what?

“I can’t believe I have to do this,” Mariam’s usually strong voice cracked.

Memories flooded in. Today was the funeral.

Two days ago, her husband left to play “golf” at the Chandler Park Course in the Five Points area in Atlanta. Kelsee made him a fruit smoothie. He downed it in silence and left without saying goodbye.

Kelsee went about her regular Saturday chores of cleaning the house, stripping the sheets, mopping and vacuuming. She was washing their dishes when the phone call came. The call that changed everything.

Her mask firmly in place, Kelsee lied, “I can’t believe it either.”

She closed her eyes, listening as Mariam sniffed and repeated the same rambling from yesterday. “Why would Allah take him from me so soon? My baby brother. Why?”

Kelsee didn’t respond. No one in that family listened to her



anyway. Instead, she padded to the bathroom and stared at her reflection in the mirror, wincing at the fresh bruise. A final rebuke from her loving husband.

Kelsee ended the call and mentally prepared herself to play the part of the grieving widow. Make-up would camouflage the bruise. Dark shades would hide any other remnants of what had become of their marriage. Or maybe she'd display what he'd done. This was one secret he wouldn't take to the grave.

They met in the emergency room where she worked. The cop, with the chiseled features and sexy smile, had a habit of trying to coax a reaction from her. She never obliged. Kelsee had convinced herself that she didn't need the distraction.

What happened next was a blur. Kelsee remembered tending to a gunshot wound patient. She remembered a loud banging sound coming from the admitting area. She remembered the doctor turning toward the hall and screaming. All she could recall was the shape of the gun a teenager pointed at her.

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Kelsee came to on a cot. For a blissful two seconds, she didn't know where she was. Her memory returned in waves. The controlled chaos of the emergency room. The smell of sulfur from the gunpowder.

And then a baritone voice said. "I knew I would get you in bed, but I didn't envision it happening this way."

Her eyes snapped open. Officer Williams' dark hooded eyes lasered into her own. Up close, she noticed a scar under his clean-shaven chin and his scent, a heady blend of musk cologne.

"What happened?" Kelsee croaked and swallowed hard. She tried to sit up but couldn't navigate the mechanics of her body.

He extended his hand. "Some punk tried to finish off your patient. My partner had to put him down."

Kelsee turned to leave and winced from a jab in her side.

"You may feel that for a while," he said, "I had to tackle you."

"I didn't even get dinner first." Kelsee blinked in horror. Was she really flirting with the man right now? "I mean, I owe you a thank you."

"I'm Alex, by the way." He cleared his throat. "How about we get a coffee or something?" He tucked a stray curl behind her ear. "As you can see I'm a nice guy. You have to say yes this time."

His touch fought for space in the jumble of thoughts clouding her mind. Kelsee sighed. Maybe she should give Mr. Nice Guy a chance.



Michelle D. Rayford won a literacy contest in the fifth grade and the writing seed was planted. It only took a couple of decades for that seed to bear fruit. Even pursuing a degree in Business Administration, working a government job, getting married and having two daughters, didn't stop the stories from churning in her head and finally making it into print. She recently released her first novel, Moment of Truth.

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# Shakir Rashaan

## Carnal Confections



### Story Note

*The uniqueness of my story within this anthology is the fact that my leading lady is Eritrean, but she does not conform to what she describes as the “antiquated” mentality of the men who live in that country. She wields power as adeptly as a man would, including when it comes to the men in her life. This was a fun journey for me to step away from a typical United States locale and play with other cultures for a change, with an ending that I think readers will find interesting.*

“Come in, Marco,” Caressa said, her voice both sultry and full of exotic promise. “I should be ready in just a moment.”

Marco stood for a moment to take in the penthouse apartment that Caressa Sidaná called home. She was now CEO of Sidaná Chocolatier, a conglomerate that had been in her family for generations. A Belgian trip beckoned as she was set to pull off a hostile takeover that would not only keep Sidaná whole, but solidify its position as a top-tier competitor in the market as well.

To his right, two-story windows stretched from wall to wall and wrapped around at least half of the room, giving him a spectacular view of the whole of London and the Thames River. To his left, circular stairs led to what he assumed were the bedrooms. He strolled toward the bar area and looked out onto the rooftop, where a deck with a Jacuzzi and a pool awaited.

So, this is how the other half lives?

He tracked back into the living room and the first thing that caught his attention was something he didn’t expect, or rather, he didn’t catch it upon first glance. Over the fireplace was a large portrait of Caressa, stark naked, except for a velvet blanket draped across her body, strategically covering her most intimate parts.

Mesmerized, he was unable to take his eyes off the image. He placed a finger against the painting, an unconscious gesture as he felt the oiled texture against his fingertips. There’s something to be said for a woman with real curves, and his weakness for them was on full display, leaving him vulnerable to his senses and urges.

For the first time, part of him wished he wasn’t her bodyguard. It wasn’t like him to feel such an intense desire for a female client, but it wasn’t a given that she had any interest in him beyond his lengthy contractual obligation. She seemed to have a worldly attitude about her despite her youthful appearance, something she no doubt experienced from learning her father’s business.

The power and money didn’t hurt, either. Power had always been a strong aphrodisiac,

and difficult to resist. This wasn’t the first time he’d been surrounded by power, as he’d protected heads of state, but it was the first time he was contracted to protect a woman who wielded



such power and influence. He wanted to find out what lay under the velvet cloth but contemplated whether breaking one of his personal rules was worth the temporary pleasures of the flesh.

“Do you like what you see?”

Caressa’s voice interrupted the lustful thoughts that invaded his subconscious. Her

hand draped his shoulder as she looked up at him. “Not very many people get to see the place,

but something tells me I can trust you. Can I trust you, Marco?”

“I think it’s a matter of fact at this point, Ms. Sidaná,” he replied. “What did you say earlier in the day? Oh, yeah, I’m here to keep you safe, remember? That means some things that I see or hear are not for public consumption and must be kept in the strictest of confidence.”

“So that means I can do this,” she said, quickly sliding to face him, wrapped in nothing but a robe and a pair of nude heels, “and you won’t tell a soul that you saw me like this?”

“Ms. Sidaná—”

“You can call me Caressa. I told you that before.”

“Caressa, this isn’t a good idea.” He tried his best to maintain his composure, but the way the robe hung on her body gave him a perfect view of her luscious breasts. “I came over tonight to talk about what you need me to do tomorrow when we get to Brussels and the reasons your father insisted I handle your security.”

Caressa kissed him, lowering his already weakened defenses, an unwitting siege to the rules that had kept him from getting into the compromised situation he found himself in. She continued her assault, succumbing to her wanton desires while ignoring his apprehension.

She pushed Marco toward the chaise part of the sectional in the middle of the living room, straddling his legs as she opened her robe to give him a full view of what had been

teasing him moments before.

“Caressa—” he tried to speak as she slid off his tie. “We shouldn’t be doing this. You’re my client; it goes against my ethics.”

“Then, you’re fired,” she shot back, a slick smile spreading across her face as she placed the familiar gold-wrapped package in his hand. “Take me.”



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Naleighna Kai

# Southern Comfort



## Story Note

*My first Cuddle Party was an exhilarating experience. I held onto an article in the Chicago Red Eye for a year before I got up the courage to attend. Safe, non-sexual touch. People who weren't family. No other books that I've read covered this event and with the valuable input of fellow authors Lisa Watson and J. D. Mason, I thought I would share how two people could become deeply connected even when sex wasn't on the table.*

Something about him sent a delicious shiver of anticipation up Joy's spine. That shiver did a little curtsy at the base of her neck, before ending in a tingle between her thighs. The moment his intense gaze locked with hers, any misgivings she'd felt about being in this place dissipated.

Her lips parted of their own accord, as if to speak, but no sound would come. The Welcome Circle, where all the rules were laid out for the total strangers embarking on an unforgettable journey, was ending.

Ali," he said, both snatching her attention away from one of the hosts and startling her at the same time. The smooth baritone sound was as sultry as his appearance, and that was saying something.

Joy had watched people disperse into couples, groups, or even individuals, but somehow, she'd been oblivious to Ali moving across the room and now being mere inches away. The man was stunningly handsome, had piercing brown eyes, and dark silky hair with a small shock of silver right at the widow's peak. His olive skin had been kissed by the sun, lips were the most delectable she'd ever laid eyes on. She, along with several others, couldn't help but stare.

She blinked, trying to clear her thoughts and inhaled the clean, cool scent of him. So many vibrations swirled about Ali that she had a hard time choosing one to hold onto.

"Joy," she replied, extending her hand to him.

"Permission to touch you?"

She hesitated. Oh shoot. I've forgotten already." Cuddle Party Rule ... you must ask permission and receive a verbal "Yes" before you touch anyone.

Complying with the rules meant that every touch, no matter how small, required consent. Her pulse raced as if she'd run a mile at top speed, and everything within Joy screamed that if asked, she'd give this man an absolute, "Hell yes."

"Yes," she said in a breathy whisper. "You may touch me."

Ali moved in a little closer. Slowly, he took her small hand in his. She imagined the feel of his chest against her face, the muscles



that rippled underneath his linen shirt would by comparison to his arms securing her in an embrace so wonderful that a strong need rose within her. One that had been suppressed so long that she barely realized the feeling of wanting to be connected to someone. Thanks to her family, Joy was desensitized to any real emotion. Starting from the time she'd been forced to leave home at twelve to find a safe place to live.

\* \* \*

Ali welcomed the idea that this event did not have gray areas. Everyone played by the same set of rules. "Maybe" would be voiced as a "No." The word "no" was met with a comforting phrase, "Thank you for taking care of yourself." No quipping, no explanations, no arguments, no persuasion—a simple "No" and the participant moved on.

True power lay in the person that respected the other's boundaries. One look at Joy and he became aware that boundaries and walls were relative.

"I'm not sure what to expect ..." He'd heard her say. Neither did he, but the possibilities had become intriguing. Joy had an exotic beauty, and elegance even with the pain that was so clearly etched in her eyes. He felt an overwhelming urge to see her smile.

Ali moved forward, keeping her hand securely in his.

Wounded. Betrayed. Strong. So many vibrations swirling about the woman across the room, but he zeroed in to the two that mattered most. Survivor. Resilient.

He guided her to the empty space she'd vacated on the sofa. All around them people claimed spaces on chairs, loveseats, mattresses draped in crisp sheets, comfy-looking pallets on the floor, and some indulging the tempting treats spread out on the dining room table. The atmosphere was relaxed, but still rife with anticipation.

Ali moved closer to Joy. "May I hold you?"

"Yes, you may."

Ali shifted so that Joy was now curled into him. He relished the feel of her lush, sensuous body relaxed in mild supplication as though the art of seduction had seeped from her pores. The timbre of her voice had softened when he introduced himself. That vibration of acceptance resonating all over her body as she said the word he'd longed to hear drip from her lips—Yes.

Ali knew then and there—Joy would be his. Completely.

"Why are you here?" she whispered.

Ali locked gazes with Joy as he confessed, "I came ... for you."



Naleighna Kai is the national bestselling author of several controversial novels. She's the founder of the NK Tribe Called Success, NK Literary Cafe Magazine, and the Cavalcade of Authors Literary Tour. She is an agent, developmental editor, literary consultant and marketing and promotion specialist.  
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# London St. Charles

## Sugarcoated Deception



### Story Note

*Sugarcoated Deception was a fun and easy story to write. Typically, I write in silence, but this story was written with the song, Blindspot by Huntar playing on a continuous loop in the background. The main character Cadence is faced with the dilemma of believing that her husband didn't cheat on her and father a child when all evidence says otherwise. This is a clear case of things aren't always what they seem. The unique factor is that the wife has to uncover his former girlfriend's deceit while coming to terms how recent events impact her marriage.*

Four words would put an end to Cadence Goldsmith's perfect life. "That's Mr. Goldsmith, Mommy."

She searched out the source of that small childlike screech, an unnatural occurrence in the Adali Global Reveal. The event was an exclusive affair for people who worked in the European auto market.

Cadence peered around the velvet curtain from her spot backstage of the McCormick Place Convention Center, surprised to find that her husband, Jackson, and mother, Phylicia were sitting in the front row next to a scowling Steven Bekker, her work nemesis.

"Hiiiiiii, Mr. Goldsmith," a little girl with light-brown skin, blue-eyes and puffy blonde twists crooned, as she rushed to stand near her husband. "You work at my school."

Cadence grimaced. Why was a child there and why was she so interested in Jackson? Wait, was that an image of her husband on that child's shirt? She almost couldn't make it out because the girl's fist twisted the material.

"I present to you, CDO, Cadence Goldsmith."

Applause rang out as she strutted center stage with her attention on the bleached-blond woman wearing a navy dress, who grinned and winked at her before taking an empty seat next to Jackson and pulling the little girl onto her lap. Jackson glanced at Cadence, then frowned as he put his focus back on the woman. She didn't miss the panic that took over his features for a split second.

Cadence's heart surged with a bit of panic of her own. She prayed that her confidence would still show through, even though relishing the acknowledgement of being the designer of the first self-driving automobile was taking a back seat to Jackson and the unknown guests.

Jackson, who seemed occupied with the distraction that little girl had become, hadn't acknowledged Cadence at all. He and the woman were having a heated, but whispered conversation. Jackson's body language—tense and angry—screamed discomfort.

"May I have everyone's attention please," Cadence said walking to the edge of the stage, standing in front of her husband.

Jackson's brown eyes gazed into hers, but the comfort and security she usually felt was missing.

"Mommy, now," the little girl asked.

"Shhhh." The woman placed an index finger to her thin pink lips. "Not yet."

Cadence raised an eyebrow, then glanced at her husband.

The lights dimmed, and Cadence began the PowerPoint presentation of the newest addition to the Adali luxury car fleet.

Ten minutes later, every person, except for Steven and the mystery woman, were on their feet clapping.

Mike lifted a hand to settle the crowd. "Cadence Goldsmith has a bright future with Adali, and we, along with the two most important people in her life, would like to present her with the Outstanding Innovative Design Award."

"Yay, Mr. Goldsmith," the little girl squealed, slapping her hands together. Cadence's attention was drawn to the child whose eyes matched the woman she assumed to be her mother. High heels clicking across the stage accompanied by Jackson's signature fragrance snapped Cadence from the trance.

Mike handed a plaque with the Adali emblem engraved on it to Cadence.

"Thank you." She shook his hand trying to play it cool even though she wanted to shatter the surrounding windows with a high-pitched scream.

"Congratulations." Jackson beamed with cautionary excitement written all over his face as he embraced his wife.

"Who the hell is that woman," she whispered through a clenched-teeth grin as her lips brushed the side of his ear.

Jackson's dark-skin ashen. "Her name's Braelyn," he replied, planting a timid kiss on her cheek. "We'll talk later."

Her mother stepped forward. "Your father would be so proud of you."

Small feet galloping up the stairs onto the stage made everyone in the audience gasp. Cadence peered over Phylcia's shoulder at the lively little girl sprinting forward, spotting a picture of Jackson splayed on the front of her shirt.

Executive's plucked phones from their purses and suit jacket pockets.

Security rushed in. "We're going to have to ask you to get your child and leave, ma'am."

"I have a right to be here," Braelyn exclaimed, throwing a glance at Steven as she flashed the VIP badge.

After a thorough inspection, the guard said with a remorseful tone, "My apologies, Ms. Nevels." He glanced at Mike. "She has clearance."

"Nevels," Cadence whispered, wondering why that name sounded so familiar.

"Show everyone your cute shirt, Jackie," Braelyn instructed, smiling at the pretty girl, before planting a menacing glare at Cadence and Jackson.

Jackie spread her arms wide, facing the audience. "Look, Mommy." She pointed jumping in place. Everybody's taking my picture." She put her hands on her hips and said, "Cheeeeese."

The lump in Cadence's throat grew larger with every word she read on the back of Jackie's shirt.

Jackson Goldsmith Is My Daddy.



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Lisa Watson

# Spicing Things Up



## Story Note

*Working on the Spice Anthology was a unique combination of fun, hard work, and lots of creativity for me. Each of the authors brought a unique style and their own personality to the project. It was the first time I've had the opportunity to be edited by Naleighna Kai. She challenged me as an author and ensured that I told the best possible story. I enjoy writing in locations that lend themselves as backdrops for a great romance, and for Spicing Things Up, the Outer Banks in North Carolina does just that.*

Cassia pressed the doorbell and waited. Her palms were moist, so she wiped them on a black skirt she was wearing that fell just above her knee. She quickly ran her tongue over her teeth, then straightened her blouse.

The door opened suddenly, bringing her face-to-face with the object of her desire.

"Cassia," Dylan said, his expression neutral. "Come in."

"If you're busy, I can just—"

"No, not at all," he said motioning for her to enter.

She swept past him into a home that exuded style, warmth and masculinity. He closed the door behind her and gestured to the couch across the room. "Have a seat. Can I get you anything?"

"No, thank you."

He took a spot across from her. "So, what's up? You mentioned you needed to discuss something about the agency?"

Dylan's woodsy cologne made it hard to concentrate, as did the navy-blue sweater that molded to his torso tighter than a sports car hugging a race track. Cassia tried to refocus her attention, but it was hard when gazing into his face meant staring at his stubbled jaw and eyes the color of twelve-year old whisky. She could swear she felt perspiration forming above her professionally shaped brows. She blamed her assistant, Tabitha, for this sudden, new awareness of him. Her carefully packaged feelings for Dylan had been neatly tucked away, and now the bow was starting to unravel.

Suddenly, Cassia stood and moved across the room, pretending to be studying the paintings on his wall, but in truth she was just hyper aware of everything from the unhurried pace of his breathing, to the way the dimmed light in the living room enhanced the hue of his eyes.

"We have a new client," she finally said, scanning the antique world map adorning his wall. "Mrs. Maya La Dova."

"As in La Dova resorts?"

"One and the same." Cassia confirmed, with a quick glance over her shoulder.

"So, what does this have to do with me?"

"Well, since your father's health scare, things have been a bit...

uncertain,” she turned to lay eyes on him. “Especially since you’ve always been vocal about not wanting to work here.”

Dylan frowned. “You know why. I’d signed a non-compete clause. Plus, my boss was reluctant to see me go because I was his best investigator. Apparently, I was very good at what I did,” he said with mirth.

Some of the breeze whooshed out of Cassia’s sails. “Oh. I didn’t know that.”

He stared at her with surprise. “I just assumed you knew. Anyway, it’s all straightened out and won’t be an issue.”

Cassia was dumbfounded. “Neither dad, nor Michael ever told me. I always thought you just didn’t want to be here. It was one of the reasons I didn’t think you’d be a good fit.”

Dylan covered the distance between them in five strides.

“Only one?” he replied. “It was never an issue of wanting to, Cassia. Besides, heart attacks have a way of changing people’s minds.”

She nodded. “Point taken.”

Without warning, the air grew taut with tension. Cassia’s breathing was choppy by the second. Dylan leaned in closer. Cassia resisted the urge to back up.

“Why don’t you trust me, Cass?”

Caught off guard by his proximity, sheer height, and unhurried air, Cassia hesitated. He’d never used a nickname for her before.

“It’s not that I don’t trust you...well that’s not entirely true. I’m passionate about my work, and the company. I don’t want anything to jeopardize either one.”

“I’m also committed to making sure we thrive. Our fathers formed this company and devoted every waking moment to its prosperity. Now that we’ve taken over for them, I’m just as dedicated to seeing us grow.” He folded her arms across his chest. “It’s easier to do that when we’re both on the same page—are we?”

Cassia walked back to the couch. She sat down and smoothed the non-existent wrinkles out of her skirt. “Why would you doubt it?”

“Because reading people is what I do.” He crossed the room and sat down. His frank gaze pinned her to the spot. “And my instincts tell me two things; that you like not sharing the spotlight. And that my commitment to work has nothing to do with the tension between us.”

When she remained silent, Dylan finally said, “So what did you need?”

Happy to discuss about anything besides their personal history, she blurted out, “Will you be my husband?”



Lisa Watson is a National Bestselling author that believes that when love speaks...you’d better listen. She’s done just that penning over sixteen novels in the Multicultural, Interracial, Contemporary, Romantic Suspense, and Sweet Romance genres. Her latest clean Romantic Suspense, *Spicing Things Up for the Spice Anthology*, proves that there’s a time for playing it safe, but sometimes you need to spice things up!

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S.L. Jennings

# His & Hers



## Story Note

*On a late night call with Naleighna Kai, she told me of all the exciting stories that were being written for two upcoming anthologies. "Oh, you all are writing "story stories" (deep stuff). I let her know that I had something to offer, but it would be H-O-T. This story was written in between penning two novels and preparing for a trip to the Cavalcade of authors at the Atlantis Resorts in the Bahamas.*

## Hers

Lauren bit her pouty, full lip as she waited for Marcus to receive the invitation to join them. Would he think less of her? Would he misconstrue her compliance as eagerness? The thought of having sex with someone else other than her husband scared her yet excited her, kindling a fire deep within that she hadn't felt in years.

She'd always had unconventional desires, but she never dared act on them. She couldn't risk being judged by her friends, her family, her church, and most of all, her husband. But watching him, fully erect, ready, and as burning hot as she was, it only solidified what she had always felt in her heart. She could do this. It was okay. It didn't make her dirty or depraved.

She was still a good person.

By the time Marcus claimed his place in their little triangle of delicious deviance, Lauren thought she might burst right then and there. Here she was, panting, moaning, damn near whimpering, as hands massaged her round backside, moving down between her thighs in search of the humid flesh that ached for contact. Another hand fondled her breasts, tugging at her nipples just the way she liked it. A tongue caressed her neck while Marcus sought her mouth, parting her quivering lips to taste her. Just as she thought she could die a blissful death from the overwhelming sensation, a finger delved deep inside her, causing her to cry out.

"Mmmm, she's so wet," an amused voice rasped. "Taste." And with that, a glistening finger eased inside of Marcus's mouth, coating his lips with her arousal. But it didn't stop there. Marcus grasped the hand, sucking it, teasing it with his tongue as it moved in and out, in and out. So...naughty. So taboo. And so insanely hot.

"I want you two to kiss," Lauren found herself saying, chest heaving with every one of her excited breaths.



His

Marcus looked down at the hand in his grasp before gazing into unfamiliar sultry, brown eyes. He furrowed his brow, contemplating what this could mean for them. Once he crossed into uncharted territory, giving into hedonism without shame or reservations, could he and Lauren move forward? Would he still be committed to her and only her? Could he be? Or would his vows be tarnished by irresistible cravings?

Marcus didn't want to speculate anymore. He wanted – needed – to find out for himself.

Without thinking, he followed his carnal desires, blocking out the niggling doubt that told him to slow down and think about the repercussions of his choices. He was tired of thinking. As an accountant, thinking was all he did. He wanted action. He wanted to feel. And yes, he wanted to go all the way.

With fire racing in his veins, setting his skin ablaze, Marcus gave into temptation, his tongue tasting sweet, forbidden fruit as his hands explored a soft yet toned ass and smooth back. The kiss was foreign yet exhilarating, rekindling the first-time feelings he relished when he and Lauren started dating. He craved that newness, that excitement. Hell, he craved more than just his wife, and that revelation brought him up short, causing him to part with the softest, fullest lips he had tasted since ... since ever.

This was wrong. This was all wrong.

But it felt right also. Maybe too right. And that scared the hell out of him.

Abruptly, Marcus pulled away, urgently seeking the comfort of Lauren's hooded eyes although he fully expected to see the opposite. Sure, they had both agreed to this, and Lauren had engaged in some fun of her own, yet he wouldn't be surprised if she was pissed at the way he was acting – hungry and undeniably horny.

When their eyes locked, Marcus was relieved to find a sexy smile on Lauren's lips, her gaze as heavy with lust as his. And their guest for the evening? Hot with expectation.

"Why don't we move this little party to the bed?"



S.L. Jennings is a military wife to her high school sweetheart, a mom of 3 rowdy boys, and a New York Times and USA Today Bestselling author of contemporary and paranormal romance novels such as *Taint* and *Born Sinner*. When she's not obsessing over book boyfriends, you can find her hanging out with a few epic fictional loves at independent bookstores, or sipping a Bloody Mary at her favorite brunch haunt in Spokane, Washington. [www.sljenningsauthor.com](http://www.sljenningsauthor.com)

J. L. Campbell

# Spice of Life



## Story Note

*Most of my stories are outlined in my head before I sit at a keyboard. For *The Spice of Life*, the plot evolved from a real-life situation I came across while scrolling on Instagram. A significant amount of research ensured authenticity on the subject. The unique quality in this romance is that the main theme involves secrecy about an uncommon, life-threatening illness that has disastrous results.*

Nyoka's thoughts wandered to Anif as she chatted with the celebrity chef who had the next guest slot on the morning show. Days later, she was still thinking about that handsome Jamaican author who had swept in and captured her with one simple look and intriguing conversations.

As the filming progressed, she leaned against a wall watching, but her mind drifted to Anif. She breathed in hard, remembering the hint of cinnamon on his breath and the shape of his juicy lips surrounded by the stubble on his face.

The segment ended and she roused herself. The last time she'd been interested in someone, she'd gone overboard. Given her current situation, who had time for that?

*He'd be a nice diversion though, as long as he doesn't get too close.*

When she got to the lobby, Judith, the other makeup artist, brushed shoulders with her on the way into the building. She smiled wide, but the gleam in her eyes put Nyoka on alert. "Haven't seen you since you came back from the coffee shop the other day."

"I've been around," Nyoka said, but a boulder dropped in her stomach.

The woman had seen her with Anif.

As her mother would say, Judith was dangerous, like a snake under grass.

In the open air, Nyoka inhaled the summer. This was part of what she liked about Miami, the weather was similar to home. Minutes later, she skipped up the steps to her ground-level townhouse and instead of going next door to Aunt Gem's house, she went home. Her heart ached knowing Gabrielle was a few feet away, but it was better to visit the clinic before collecting the baby. If she stopped in, Gabrielle would fuss when she left again. The thought made her teary, but Nyoka threw her bag on the bed, then stepped in the shower. She had a thing about getting clean before going in for treatment.

While Nyoka was bathing, Sierra, her bestie, came into the apartment using her key. Her job as a flight attendant meant she kept odd hours, but she was dependable and supportive.

After her shower, Nyoka found Sierra sitting on the bed. She had slicked her naturally wavy hair away from her face and her deep-brown complexion and bright eyes glowed with health. Pointing to

the clothes on the bed, Sierra said, "You're going out for treatment?"

Nyoka nodded. "Yep, today's the day. Remember I'm doing it at home soon."

"Don't worry, I've blocked it on my calendar," Sierra confirmed.

"Great." In the mirror, Nyoka threw her a smile. "What if I told you I met a cool Jamaican guy today?"

Sierra's jaw dropped open, then she squealed. "For real?"

"Uh-huh. He's a writer who did a segment on the show this morning."

"Are you seeing more of him?"

Smiling wide, Nyoka teased Sierra. "Maybe."

"Come on, spill it."

"There's nothing to tell yet. But, if I go and mess about with him I could lose my job. The station frowns on staff and clients fraternizing. Anyway, you know how I feel about men and relationships."

Sierra sucked her teeth. "Pschaw. Don't let your experience with that bum make you miss out on a good thing."

"Honestly, after the way he used me for a leg-up with his career, it's not easy to trust anybody."

"I know, but it's been almost two years," Sierra said, "and you got a beautiful daughter out of it."

The thought of Gaby softened Nyoka's heart. "True that."

"Enjoy the ride and forget that wanna-be photographer," Sierra said, "He isn't worth your time."

"Good advice. I think I'll take it."

At the clinic, Nyoka had time to think but she hated letting DeWayne occupy space in her head and hoped he wouldn't turn out to be a problem. He'd followed her Instagram account and liked pictures of Gabrielle. The message he sent yesterday jarred her.

*Can I see my daughter?*

She hadn't responded and didn't plan to acknowledge him.

The door of the treatment room opened and the technician entered to check the machine and her vitals.

Nyoka rested against the back of the chair, swiped the screen on the Kindle, and checked her social media accounts. Two additional messages from DeWayne awaited her on Instagram.

*I need to talk to you.*

*If you haven't changed your number, I'll call you later today.*

Her heart thumped in a slow, painful rhythm.

Nothing good could come of him contacting her. After ending their relationship without a word, what reason did he have to talk to her now?



J.L. Campbell is an award-winning Jamaican author who has written over thirty books. She writes contemporary and sweet romance, romantic suspense, women's fiction, as well as new and young adult novels. Campbell, who features Jamaican culture in her stories, is fascinated with the island's flora and has hundreds of photos in her collection. She is a certified editor, and also writes non-fiction.  
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Sierra Kay

## Sweet Whispers of the Devil



### Story Note

*Sweet Whispers of the Devil is a modern and suspenseful retelling of The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe. This story explores the absentee father addressed from the perspective of sperm donors who probably shouldn't have been compared to men who actually fill the father role. Half the time as I'm writing I don't see "it" coming until halfway through. I know that if the ending is a surprise to me, then it will also be a surprise to the reader. When I'm telling my own characters, "You're wrong for that," then I know I'm creating something enticing.*

"Your mother should've let take that bastard out years ago," Monique growled. She emerged from the Louisiana bayou and prided herself on her ability to shoot an alligator's eyeball.

Her ballsy stance seemed opposite of her job as a social worker. She explained once, "There is nothing that keeps folks in line like the potential for a bullet in the ass."

Tori gripped the edge of the kitchen table before collapsing into Luke's chair, reclaiming that space as though holding at ground zero could make him appear. She mentally reviewed previous days, wondering what, if anything, she had missed. Wondering how Richard knew about her children. "Where the hell did he come from?"

Monique sat in what was normally Christian's seat at the table before crossing her legs at her ankle. "Sweetie, what you don't know about your father will fill a football stadium."

"But I haven't seen him since that day. What more was there to know?" Tori demanded, eyeing her with guarded interest.

Monique exhaled and stared out the sheer curtain covering the kitchen window. The neighbor's car rolled up to their rear garage. "Your father never bothered you again, but he reached out to your mother, demanding money or joint custody."

Tori buried her head in her palms before sharing thoughts with Monique. "I begged Mom, begged her to leave. She had done it before. She could do it again."

Antoine came over and massaged Tori's shoulders. She covered his hand and gave them a squeeze of thanks.

Monique explained, "Richard is a bounty hunter. He has resources at his disposal and knowledge of legal and illegal methods of getting information that law enforcement only wish they had."

Understanding rained on Tori illuminating the sacrifices her mother made to protect them ... to protect her.

"He bled her dry for years, forcing her to pay for leaving him. Why did you think your mother didn't have any money—no pension, no 401k, no nothing?"

"And because we didn't run, she sacrificed every penny she had. She would've told me." Tori and her mother shared a history, having survived the devil whose velvety voice caressed an ear with its deep timbre, but its words ... its words branched through the quadrants of the brain before wrapping it in a vice grip of terror.

"No, she wouldn't share something like that," Monique contradicted. "She said he gave her you, so she didn't regret that part of things. She did whatever was necessary to keep you safe. That meant writing checks."

A piece of the puzzle clicked into place: revenge, money. "Oh my God," Tori exclaimed. "Now, she can't pay him anymore. Luke is Teddy's son. Could he know that?"

Tori met Teddy Wieland III during her freshman year at Carlington University. They attended a fundraiser at the Engineering department, where she worked as an office assistant. In addition to being one fine specimen of a man, he had finesse, polish; and before she knew it, he'd finessed his way into her life and polished off her virginity.

Of course, the Disney fairytale she'd been spoon-fed since birth didn't apply to this situation. When she excitedly told Teddy the news of her unexpected pregnancy, he smiled, embraced her, went out for the proverbial gallon of milk, and kept it moving.

Enter the wife, the one he neglected to inform that Tori existed; the wife, who wrote a check and told Tori she'd hand it over the minute their family physician confirmed the termination of her pregnancy.

Monique's weathered hands, which still sported the diamond from husband number two, stroked Tori's. "Sweetie, you have to listen to me. It's not about the money. I don't think it ever was. Your father mentally tortured Honey for years. Somehow, he always knew exactly what kind of cash she could get her hands on. Always with a laugh and a thinly veiled, 'We could always go to court.' Or when you were older, 'Maybe I'll drop by and see my baby girl.' This is about control. He needs a puppet."

Tori could feel her muscles tighten, even though Antoine continued to knead her shoulders and back. She leaned back, her head resting on Antoine's stomach. "So now it's me."



Sierra Kay is a master storyteller with an M.A. in Writing from DePaul University. Her accomplishments include a Nuyorican Poets Cafe Short Story Slam win and featured comedy sketches on stages in theaters around Chicago including at Second City. She is an award-winning suspense novelist. Her novels *From Behind the Curtain*, *In the Midst of Fire*, and *At the Touch of Love* are available online. Her upcoming works include a short story in the anthology, *Sugar*, available October 2018. [www.sierrakay.com](http://www.sierrakay.com)

Martha Kennerson

# His Biggest Fan



## Story Note

*My story within this anthology is driven by secrets. Everyone has secrets. Secret desire, secret passions and a secret love. A man's secret love for a woman and a woman's secret fear of exposure. Some secrets need to be exposed.*

"Well damn." Tonya pulled out her cell and sent Andrea a quick text explaining her misfortune and advising that she was calling it a night.

She was heading for the bank of elevators when a familiar voice came from a small conference room. Tonya stopped, took a half-step inside and found Dr. Murphy finishing a call. Before she could make a graceful retreat, he turned and his gaze locked on to hers. The heat between them was instant and profound.

"Dr. Banks," he called out, barely above a whisper. A slow sexy smile spread across his face as he placed his phone in his pocket.

"Forgive me, Dr. Murphy. I didn't mean to intrude." Tonya intended to take a step back out of the space; only her feet seemed to have taken root. He crossed the room in three strides closing the distance between them. They stood in silence, and the temperature in the room seemed to jump to dangerous levels.

"You're not intruding," he replied, gifting her with a mega-watt smile.

Suddenly Tonya felt lightheaded. A feeling she'd come to expect whenever they shared the same oxygen.

He leaned forward and whispered in her ear, "Breathe, Dr. Banks."

Tonya released a mouthful of air she hadn't realized she was holding. They came in rapid succession. Tonya's breasts were heavy, and she ached at the apex of her thighs; feelings he evoked whenever he was in her presence. Tonya gave her head a small shake. Here she was, a successful thirty-five-year-old doctor running one of the country's premier ER's, and she was acting like a horny teenager.

"And you can call me Chuck," he said circling her like a shark would prey. He closed the door before coming to stand close enough for Tonya to feel the heat radiating from his body.

"Chuck." Tonya took a step back, but he matched her moves until her back hit the door. The overwhelming desire was intoxicating and something she couldn't fight. Not that she was trying. Tonya's hands lay flat against his chest.

He responded by placing both hands against the door trapping



Tonya between him and her exit. Chuck's dark expressive eyes stared into Tonya's hazel orbs and asked, "What can I do for you doctor?"

Tonya was in a hypnotic trance. "Kiss me, touch me," she replied, not sure where the hell that came from considering they were in a public venue.

Chuck smirked, reached over and locked the door. "That would be my pleasure."

Before she could even ponder retracting her request, Chuck captured her mouth in a deep passionate kiss that left her weak and willing. Their tongues did a slow seductive dance sending Tonya's blood rushing south. Tonya's purse slid to the floor, and the hair clip followed allowing her long locks to fall free.

His left hand cupped Tonya's face, and he pressed his body against hers leaving no doubt about how much he wanted her. Their bodies moved slowly against each other as if they were dancing to the jazz playing in the ballroom. Chuck's right hand slid under her dress and rose slowly up her left thigh until it reached his target. He palmed Tonya's core, she shivered, and her breath caught. "Yes!"

His mouth moved from Tonya's lips to her jaw kissing, licking, and nibbling down her neck to the exposed shoulder. "Don't come," he whispered before pushing the thin cloth covering her sex aside and sliding first one, then another finger inside of her. His magic hands set a pace that Tonya's hips matched measure for measure.

Tonya's heart was racing as if she could feel the blood rushing through her veins. "Chuck..." she cried.

"Don't come," his voice took on a husky tone. "Not yet. Enjoy."

Tonya clinched her thighs, trying to obey his command. Chuck's long fingers stroked Tonya until she fell apart in his hand and screamed his name; a sound he swallowed with his kiss. He withdrew his hand and held Tonya in his arms until her breathing returned to normal.

"Wow!"

Chuck rested his forehead against hers. "Anything else I can do for you?"



Martha Kennerson is a national bestselling and award-winning author whose love of reading and writing is a significant part of who she is. She uses both to create the kinds of stories that touch the heart. Martha lives with her family in League City, Texas. She believes her current blessings are only matched by the struggle it took to achieve such happiness. She loves to interact with her readers. [www.marthakennerson.com](http://www.marthakennerson.com)

Anita L. Roseboro

## Sweet Summer Breeze



### Story Note

*My process for this story wasn't the greatest. I started this story many years ago with different names and a different scenario. After developmental editing, the story took shape into more than I could've dreamed. Now reading the story in the final stages and growing from the input from veteran authors in the project, I've become stronger as a writer and am applying what I've learned to a work in progress.*

Summer gasped at the sound of her voice, wondering how could a dead woman be on the other end of the line?

"Summer, are you there?"

Summer was shaken. Karen Reynolds had been her best friend since middle school. They were tight as sisters and could pass as twins. They shared everything until one day Karen took it too far and thought sharing extended to Summer's boyfriend.

"What the hell do you want?" Summer said, sitting up in bed, thoroughly awakened in the middle of a good night's sleep.

"You need to know why I disappeared."

"I'm more interested in why you reappeared," she snapped. "I can give you directions to my house. I'll be here waiting."

"That's not necessary," she replied. "I made an appointment in your office for tomorrow."

Summer had checked her calendar before leaving and was sure Karen's name was not on the list, only a Charity was penciled in, a woman who'd been cagey about her reason for wanting to see Summer, but had cancelled multiple times. "Is this personal or business?"

"Personal and business." Karen's phone disconnected.

Summer rushed downstairs to the lower level of her townhouse, opened her laptop, after a few clicks and searches, brought up the article about Karen's car crash. Now she had to wonder who was in the car because Karen was somehow on this side of the grave.

At exactly noon, Summer's assistant escorted Charity into the office and gently closed the door upon her exit. As suspected, Charity was actually Karen, with a little cosmetic surgery and nearly fifteen years thrown in. Summer pulled the papers and slid them across her desktop. She had grown tired of this masquerade, thinking it was time to play a little of her hand. "Karen, do you want to tell me why you're really here?"

Charity was silent for a long time, then she let out a long sigh, "Here I thought I had you fooled, but all along I've been the fool."

"The voice and the mole were the dead giveaways for me. Everything else is different, but I know that trouble follows you wherever you go."

Charity's expression morphed from anger to relief. "Seemingly it does."

"Tell me the whole story? Why'd you come here?"

"Your father sent me to find you."

Summer smirked at the response. "You and I both know my father's dead."

"No, he isn't. He's in prison for the murder of the man who hurt you as a kid. Telling you that he was dead was a lie told to you to protect you."

Now that took the wind out of Summer's sails. "How can you prove any of that? I have no reason to believe you whatsoever."

Charity opened the folder she brought in with her, pulled out several pictures and spread them out in front of Summer

"Juan Carlos had them delivered to your father," she explained. "Thinking it would buy his silence and cooperation. Everything I'm telling you can be verified in the documents your mom sent you before she died. The cartel went after you to keep your father in line. Your mother had lied to protect you, Summer. I didn't know you all were in witness protection. When I tried to make up for what I'd done by finding your father, it led them right to you." Charity took in a deep breath and blew it out slowly. "It's my fault your mom died."

No sooner than the words were out of her mouth, three men burst through the door. The first one Charity recognized as a man who'd she spotted at the coffee shop she frequented.

"Ladies," Juan Carlos said rubbing the tip of his gun on Summer's face.

Summer turned her face, wishing she had brought her own weapon with her today. He moved on to Charity and rubbed the gun around the baby.

"What do you want?" Summer growled.

"Oh, besides the kid? I think she already told you what I want. Didn't you, doll?" Juan Carlos kissed Charity across her lips.

Summer tried to gauge Charity's expression but couldn't tell if she was disgusted or if the frown was because she'd been busted. "So, you've been working for him all along?"



Anita L. Roseboro, a native of North Carolina. She has a B.S. degree in MIS (Management Information Systems) and a Master's in Business Administration from Gardner-Webb University and the University of Phoenix respectively. The road has finally curved to the path of her life-long dream of writing, she stands ready to take on the world as she lends her devotion and passion to her own life long motivations. [www.anitalroseboro.com](http://www.anitalroseboro.com)



Terri Ann Johnson

# This Can't Be Us



## Story Note

*When I begin a story, I think of plot lines that are relatable to everyday people. Then I add a mix of conflict and humor to it. My goal is to dangle my protagonist over a cliff and watch them recover. This story, the Black Brady Bunch was no different. This time it was the parents trying to regain control of their family before all is lost.*

“When did you stop loving my mother,” Li'l Greg asked.

The kids, all six of them, seemed to work each other's nerves and their parents' too, a few of them didn't respect Greg and Karen's marriage. After one year, it was time to stop ignoring the issues. The weekends were the only time when they were guaranteed to be in the same house.

I won't discuss the issues that destroyed our marriage,” Greg continued. “That's not the purpose of the meeting. If you want to know the details, you should take that up with her.” Greg snatched up his glass of orange juice almost spilling some. He stormed into the spacious family room and plopped down on the leather couch.

Li'l Greg pushed back from the table; ten pairs of younger eyes following his progression as he joined his father in the family room. He dropped onto the ottoman across from Greg, leaned in elbows resting on his knees. “When can I divorce you?” he asked, as his chest puffed out.

Greg's hope seemed to disappear when his broad shoulders fell, his lips pressed in a disapproving line.

“You left and now you want us to come over here and play Brady Bunch with y'all every weekend?” the teen snapped. “I'm not doing my mama like that.”

As usual everyone, all the way down to the seven-year-old, let Li'l Greg spew his anger speaking for the crew; the only time they seemed united.

“It ain't nothing to do out here,” he said, with a sweeping gesture of his lanky arm, “all the way out in the boondocks. It's like you're trying to change who you are. But, we're still the same.” He jabbed a finger in his chest. “You can't change me. You can't change us.”

And just when Karen didn't think the man/child could go any further, a comment, which in her house growing up could've gotten her teeth knocked out, was blurted out of Li'l Greg's mouth and in his father's ear. “And she ain't my mother,” gesturing in Karen's direction as though referring to some trick in the street.

Karen gripped the edge of the dining room table.

Greg lunged toward his son, screaming, “You're out of line.” He pulled up short, mere inches from his son. “Get it straight; your mother stopped loving me, not the other way around. When will you understand that?” Greg's sudden movement wiped the smug

look off his son's face.

Li'l Greg didn't respond. His expression went from arrogant to humble. Even though his towering stature meant he could've stared directly into his father's eyes, he wisely avoided his glare. He had been all mouth a few minutes earlier, but he wasn't that crazy.

When Karen angled to place herself between the two Gregs, Ava looked up to see who would make the first move and what the move would be, her eyes poised to type. At fourteen, she never said much but that didn't mean she didn't have a voice. Karen was totally aware that the tween was her mother's spy. She only came over to the house so that she could provide information to Greg's ex since information about what happened under their roof always found its way into Nicole's ear and out of her mouth. If Karen received more than a "hi" or "bye" from Ava, that was a good day. Karen was a non-factor in Ava's life and she made sure to show it at every point.

Karen's fifteen-year-old son, Jalen, stepped forward to speak but paused for a moment. He was what most people would consider a nerd, but the Black Lives Movement had given him a certain bravado that he'd never had. Ta-Nehisi Coates had replaced the science fiction on his bookshelf. Jalen removed the white earbuds from his ears, in what Karen thought would be an effort to defuse the stand-off. Instead, Jalen erupted with a surprising, "Ma, you like this dude. We don't have to."

Wait. What? This dude?

Counting to ten first, Karen didn't address his disrespect toward Greg, the man of the house. Because if it was a diversion, it worked. Greg turned his head away from his son and glared at hers. His face became a mask of confusion.

She'd talk to Jalen later and get him straight on the proper way to address his stepfather, but at least Greg wasn't about to stomp a hole in his own son.

Greg's stare bounced between Karen's son and his, before he snatched his keys from the coffee table. "Karen, I'll be back."

"Wait." Karen tried to grab his arm before he stormed out of the house. Unfortunately, the only thing she caught was the smell of freshly mowed grass as the storm door slammed in her face. She pushed it open and yelled, "Where are you going?"

Greg jumped in his SUV. The passenger side window lowered. "I need some fresh air."

Karen needed the same.

The next thing she heard was the tires screeching as he sped up the street.



Terri Ann Johnson is a national bestselling author for her contribution to the Brown Girls Books anthology *All I Want for Christmas*. Her enthusiasm for reading blossomed into a desire to write. Terri is a mom and loves to travel. She is a finance professional in Washington, D.C.  
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MarZe Scott

# Next Lifetime



## Story Note

*The story of Daylin and Maurice was inspired after seeing Facebook posts about women wanting to marry their best friends. The story is unique because the drama had nothing to do with anyone having to choose one person over another. The story tells how if a thing— be it a job, a move, or a relationship is meant to happen, the Universe will see to it that it does.*

Elijah Hargrove's body laid on the shag carpet, apparent of one thing— a gunshot to his temple and a .9-millimeter handgun right next to him. However, those two things weren't enough for Daylin to believe he had taken his own life.

"Miss Montgomery, are you aware if Mr. Hargrove was depressed," asked Detective Voorhees.

"I don't know," she admitted. "He didn't get any type of diagnosis from a doctor.

Daylin's gaze followed the blue uniforms and neatly dressed investigators around the place where she had lived a tumultuous life with a man she once believed was her Prince Charming, but Elijah revealed himself to be a monster instead.

Detective Voorhees flipped the paper open and turned it to face Daylin, who scanned the handwritten letter that delivered a gut punch to her soul.

Daylin and Elijah had a chaotic relationship, but could never be said that the high school sweethearts ever experienced the sweet part of what love was supposed to be. Desires of leaving their hometown died as Elijah's childish tantrums and pleas grew into full on abusive episodes every time Daylin talked about moving on. If there was a wish that had been granted, it was one that only her heart uttered— to be loved by a man she could call a friend.

A broad, flirtatious smile and runway model swagger made Maurice the breath of fresh air that Daylin needed, giving her the friend that she never had in Elijah. Common interests in travel, music, and the occasional debate about Daylin's Wolverines being better than Maurice's Buckeyes made for frequent and sometimes raucous lunchtime breaks at Atwater Bank and Trust.

On days when Elijah started an argument early in the morning before she left for work, Maurice treated to her lunch as if he knew she needed to talk about what was stressing her out.

\* \* \*

Sitting in the dimly lit corner booth of Shane's Bar and Grill, the restaurant was crowded like it was Valentine's Day.

"Hey handsome," her voice trembled as she stood to hug her friend, ignoring the ogling eyes from women whose gaze wandered from the companionship of the men at surrounding



tables to the appearance of what could be considered perfection.

“How are you, Beautiful?” the bass voice sang from a wide smile from a handsomely chiseled face.

The words to explain her situation became caught in her throat.

“Did he hurt you again?”

“He found our texts about the baby.”

“But it was his baby.”

One wayward tear set the path for more to fall and Daylin couldn’t stop the flow if she tried.

“It was,” she stammered and then took a deep breath. “I didn’t get the chance to tell him because I miscarried. At some point he went through my phone and found the texts. I guess that sent him over the edge and he ... he’s dead.”

“Are you okay?” Maurice tilted his head as if he was hit with a sudden thought. “Did you?”

He slowly released Daylin and lowered his gaze so their eyes met.

“Did I what?” she snapped.

“You know ...”

“I would never,” she replied, twisting her face in horror that her best friend would think that she could harm Elijah, even if he deserved it. “I didn’t do anything to him even after all he’s done to me. He killed himself and left a letter blaming me for it ... can I stay at your place until the investigation is over.”

“That can’t happen. Faye is close to her due date.”

\* \* \*

The days following Elijah’s death proved to be even more troubled than when he was alive. Police questioning her at the hotel made for a less than relaxing stay and prank calls from blocked callers kept Daylin awake at night.

“She killed my son,” Ms. Hargrove warned, her large protruding eyes narrowing on Daylin’s face, this time the woman showed up to her job with the Channel 7 camera crew. “She’s still under investigation for my son’s death. She shouldn’t be walking around free while I have to bury my only child.”

“Your boy,” Daylin locked her gaze on the petite woman’s face. “On a good day was a monster and you knew it. You saw the bruises.”

“Stop lying about him,” Ms. Hargrove screamed wagging her finger in Daylin’s face. “Know this if you don’t know anything else— God is going to punish you for what you did and He uses people to get His work done. You better watch your back because you never know the hour.”



MarZé Scott is a lifelong resident of Ypsilanti, Michigan. A lover of all things creative, MarZé loves to read, write, draw and do makeup artistry when she’s not taking care of her family. She has been writing short stories and poems since elementary school and developed a taste for writing about provocative topics like the consequences of casual sex in high school. Her debut novel, Gemini Rising is due for release 2018

Kisha Green

# Hidden Agenda



## Story Note

*Writing Hidden Agenda was fun because of the plot but hard because of the true development of the story. I was plagued with personal battles of giving too much or not giving enough. Through dedication with open ears and eyes for learning, I was able to deliver a story, readers will be entertained and enlightened with.*

## DOES SIZE REALLY MATTER?

“Wow, sounds like someone got a swift kick in the plastic parts,” Bebe whispered. For a minute, she almost didn’t respond to the email. One man had written in asking a question that would light a fire under Digital Foreplay.

Bebe Jordan was the premiere columnist for Black Butterfly, a widely-circulated women’s magazine. She gave her unadulterated, yet hilarious opinion on varied sex and dating topics. The column had been generating a favorable buzz and her editor was practically singing Bebe’s praises. The readers appreciated her tell-it-to-him-like-it-is point of view, and she loved giving it to them straight with no chaser.

“But this question right here ...”

Bebe clicked on the keyboard typing.

*It depends entirely on the woman. Some women prefer larger than life that has them walking crooked. Some want small and barely able to touch the back wall, and others desire a medium size with a curve that can hit a few corners. Perhaps, you’d do well taking a woman to the toy store and see what kind of vibrator she first lays her eyes on—not the one she actually picks up to appease your ego. It’ll give an indication of what she likes and what she can handle. But i will say if you have to ask, you obviously haven’t been pleasing anyone and should try reading some good erotica and or watching porn. I do not want an orgasm, said no woman, ever!*

They were now on week nine and day one. Her virtual boo had sent lilies—her favorites—to the office, gift certificates to an upscale spa, and had even sent a massage team on the day after the office had participated in a marathon. Black Butterfly staff had fallen in love with him. Everyone in the office was following the progression of her virtual relationship with TheBestPart. The persistence and consistency held a certain mystique. This would have been a perfect love connection if Bebe didn’t already have a man of four years already at home.

Her body had an itch that needed to be scratched and the fact that her life was becoming a bit predictable brought on a sudden sadness she couldn’t explain. In just a few months this stranger was becoming the best part.

## WHAT TURNS YOU ON?

“Wow, what a loaded question,” she whispered.

I turn me on? Is that good enough for you? She typed.

His response came back in less than two minutes:

YOU TURN ME ON, TOO. I'M PROUD OF YOU.  
YOUR COLUMN KEEPS ME GOING.

“Of course, it does,” she said aloud, then typed, How is that?

I'LL TELL YOU THAT WHEN I SEE YOU FACE TO FACE.

Bebe's back straightened. She wasn't sure if he was serious but the sudden boldness had her interested in what he would say next.

HOW ABOUT THIS? MEET ME IN VEGAS THIS WEEKEND.  
DON'T WORRY ABOUT A THING. I'LL MAKE ALL OF THE ARRANGEMENTS.

“Ha! He thinks I'm crazy,” she said typing.

No thanks, I have a man.

SO, LEAVE HIM HOME. WHAT'S YOUR MAN GOT TO DO WITH ME?

Bebe chuckled at the stranger's witty response that was straight from a song lyric, but decided against engaging in any further conversation. She'd become somewhat comfortable in the cozy little world she had with her man. Well, slightly comfortably, but still lonely. With so much time apart from Gerald, and being surrounded by so many gorgeous women in his line of work, she was beginning to wonder.

\* \* \*

The next day, Bebe received a card with a black butterfly on it. She opened it and it read:

CALL 702-987-7220 TO ARRANGE FLIGHT ARRANGEMENTS FOR A  
ROUNDTrip TICKET TO LAS VEGAS. HOTEL ACCOMADATIONS ARE BEING  
HANDLED BY THE MGM GRAND HOTEL. CONFIRMATION

Bebe spent several moments filtering through several scenarios; being murdered and organs sold on the black market on the first night. Maybe someone was pissed off at something she'd written or a piece of advice hadn't panned out. Maybe this was a set-up from Gerald. Too many crazy thoughts that all reminded her of Lifetime movies she had seen before. All of them had tragic endings. So why was reaching for the keyboard to type ... yes?



Kisha Green is a Jane of all trades whose mantra is “turning literary dreams into published realities.” She has a strong passion for assisting authors in their writing and achieving their goals as she serves a literary consultant and promoter.  
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