

Sleeping Love

Austin Mitchell

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Chapter One

When twenty-three-year-old Konya Evans arrived at the offices of Standard Management Services in Cross Roads, the first man she met was Denver Tracey. She knew at once that he had affected her in some way.

“Hi, I’m Konya Evans,” she introduced herself to the tall man. She judged his height to be about six feet, and he was about twenty-eight years of age. She hoped that he wasn’t married. She had to catch herself, such thoughts. He was dark in complexion, but very handsome, she had to admit. He had a low haircut and was clean shaven. It was early, about eight o’clock in the morning and the building seemed empty.

“I’m here as a senior accounting clerk and relief telephone operator.”

“I’m Denver Tracey and you’re the new employee, Peter told me about.”

She nodded. She had done the interview for this job from the middle of January and here she was just landing it in February.

“I’m going to get some breakfast at the canteen, won’t you come along?”

“I don’t think so, I hardly know anything about this place. I think it would be quite forward of me to be barging my way down to your cafeteria.”

"Maybe you're not hungry like I am. I'll bring back something for you."

"No, don't, as I said I'm not hungry."

"I'll give you the chance to refuse."

He gestured at her before taking off for the cafeteria.

"Suit yourself, but I'm starving."

She watched him go. Soon he was back. He had brought back a cup of coffee for himself, mint tea for her as well as sandwiches for both of them.

"I've brought back something for you and don't bother to tell me that you don't want it."

She felt a little embarrassed. She was hungry and the smell of the food made her hungrier. It was a wonder he did not hear her belly growling.

"I told you that I was okay."

"How much do I owe you?"

"Not a cent, just consider it my welcoming gift to you."

"Thanks, you're very kind."

She took the food from him and ate it slowly to show that she wasn't hungry. They were sitting on a concrete bench on the lawns of the complex.

“You must tell me about yourself, why don’t you come into my office?”

“I couldn’t possibly, what would the other staff members think of me? I hardly know you.”

“I’m one guy that you are going to know a great deal about.”

“Oh is that so and what makes you think I’ll want to know more about you?”

“Because I’m a pretty interesting person,” he said as he led her into his office.

She learned a lot about him that morning. He had a degree in Computer Science from the University of the West Indies. He only told her that he had a girlfriend, and they had a baby together. He refused to indulge any further into his personal life. His office was large and he had a huge desk. He had a laptop computer and a personal one on his desk. He had a small library full of computer books. When she was leaving his office, she saw a tall girl staring at her.

“You must be the new girl?”

She nodded.

“I’m Renae Duggan and you must be Konya Evans.”

She nodded again. Renae was possibly about twenty five years of age and she was copper colored like herself. Her hair was cane-rowed, fine. She was dressed in the office uniform, she thought.

She dragged her to one side.

"You're young, maybe I'm not much older than you. But I saw you coming out of Denver's office. That's how he operates. Quite a few girls like yourself have come and gone because of him."

"I was just talking to him, seeing there was nobody else here to talk to."

"Jovita will eat you alive. That's one of his women. She works on the building, over at the merchant bank."

"He told me that he wasn't married, but had a baby mother."

"He has broken so many girl's hearts that we are like lookouts, warning all newcomers to beware of him."

"I'll still talk to him though. He's fun and a nice guy to be around. But I'll keep in mind all that you've told me."

"Suit yourself, but don't say I didn't warn you."

"So how do you like your new job?" Denver asked her as they sat at lunch that afternoon.

"I think I'll learn a lot here."

"Where did you say you're from again?"

"I'm from Dixon district about two miles from Ocho Rios. I used to attend high school there."

“So what are you doing in Kingston. I thought you would have found a job in the tourist industry.”

“I intend to work in the industry, but I have to study first.”

They continued eating. He saw her looking around.

“Why are you looking around so much? Are you nervous?”

“I heard that you have quite a few girlfriends. I know I’m taking a chance having lunch with you.”

“I told you that I live with a woman. Why would anybody tell you anything different?”

“Do you have a woman working at the merchant bank?”

He started laughing. He put down his knife and fork.

“Who told you that? Listen, there are a lot of rumors about me and countless women. If I give a girl a lift in my car, they say I’m along with her.”

“I’d better not be seen talking too often to you. You told me that you live with a woman with whom you have a child.”

“I’m not a wild guy. Never was and don’t want to be.”

She was tempted to ask him about Jovita, but decided against it.

“By the way where did you used to work before you joined us?”

“Well, when I first came to Kingston, I worked with Eason & Oliver, a law firm in Liguanea. I didn’t stay long as the pay wasn’t all that wonderful.”

“Then I went to work for Henry & Brown, insurance brokers, before coming here. When I left school, I worked for nearly two years as a clerk for Lloyd Mattis, a road construction company from Ocho Rios.”

That evening when she went to the bus stop a short girl came up to her.

“Hi, you’re the new girl, everybody’s been talking about.”

Konya wondered, why would anybody be talking about her?

“I don’t know your name. Do you work on the complex? And I don’t understand. Why would everybody be talking about me?”

“You’re Denver’s new girlfriend. My name is April Andrews. I work at the pharmacy.”

“Thanks for telling me your name. But I’m still in shock. I’ve just met Mr. Tracey. Are you telling me that he works that fast?” she asked.

“I don’t want to say anything more. But all I can say is watch out for Jovita. She behaves as if she owns him.”

“I’ve heard that name before. I understand that she works over at the merchant bank. Can’t say I’ve met her as yet.”

“You’re going to meet her sooner than you think if you continue lunching with Denver,” April told her as Konya’s bus arrived and she boarded it.

Her bigger sister, Arlene was not yet home when she reached so she let herself into their two bedroom flat with her key. Arlene was the exact opposite of her, she thought. She could be very moody at times. She was glad she had her own bedroom. Arlene was half an inch or so taller than her with a bigger bust and hips. She was also copper colored. At twenty six she was three years older than her. Arlene had done an English based accounting examination. She had completed the course in three years.

Three years ago when she first came to Kingston, she had a one bedroom apartment and when her then boyfriend, Ruddy came to sleep with her, the first thing she would say to her was.

“Konya, go and stay with Bally.”

“Why are you forcing him on me?”

“What! Don’t you like him? He does a lot of things for you. He takes you to work in the mornings. As a matter of fact, he’s at your beck and call.”

“I don’t know if I do, I’m not ready to give up on Pablo yet.”

“Pablo doesn’t even have a job. How is he going to support you? You are going to school, what kind of support is he

offering you?”

“I’m sure he’ll soon find something,” she replied as they got ready to go down to Bally’s house.

Yes, that was how it was when she first came to Kingston. Arlene was trying to push Bally on her from she met him at a party they attended in Red Hills. She hadn’t been interested at first, but then she started going out with him and spending time at his place.

She hadn’t started sleeping with him until four months later. One night, Arlene told her that her, boyfriend, Ruddy was coming over to spend the weekend. It appeared that he had been evicted from his apartment for failure to pay his rent and had to move back home. She knew that she had been trapped into a relationship with Bally.

He was a very talkative person and she wondered if she would get to like him. He was insatiable when it came to sex and she had to lie to him about her periods. When she couldn’t lie anymore, she had found other excuses. Even when they were finished making love, he wanted to lie on top of her until he got another erection. She had to push him off her. He was relatively short and stout. He was about twenty two years of age at the time.

But now the relationship between them was on and off. She remembered when she lived off Molyne’s Road, having to depend on him who lived in Hughenden to drop her at work in Liguanea, when she worked with the law firm. The relationship between herself and Pablo was also on hold. Two years ago she learned that a girl from a nearby district had a baby for him.

Chapter Two

Jovita Nelson and Denver Tracey were arguing with each other.

“Denver, I won’t have it. You and that little girl, Konya Evans, I want to know what’s going on between the two of you?”

They were down at Randy Chin’s sports bar on Westminster Road in Eastwood Park Gardens that Monday evening. They were both drinking sorrel beers outside the bar.

“From she started working at your firm, you have been all over her. Both of you go to lunch every day. You drop her at school. I understand that she and her boyfriend have broken up because of you.”

He laughed and took some more of his beer.

“She’s a colleague of mine. What’s wrong if I drop her home from work or take her to classes, sometimes?”

“Are you sleeping with her and me at the same time?”
He took some more swallows of his beer.

“I’m not sleeping with that girl, point blank. People have been coming to you with all sorts of rumors, but none of it is true.”

"I don't want to be in any fights with her over you. She looks to be very feisty."

"You're makin a fuss over nothing. There is nothing going on between me and Konya."

The following Saturday, Konya and Bally were at a party in Three Oaks Gardens. She was surprised to see Denver there with Jovita. His younger brother, Kemar, also attended the party. She danced with Kemar, who showed an interest in her. This sparked a jealous rage in Bally. Kemar was almost as tall as his brother. He was dressed in shorts pants, a short sleeves sports shirt and sneakers. His girlfriend, Jessica warned her not to get interested in her boyfriend. She had on a jeans skirts, tank top and slippers. Jessica was a tall, thin, brown complexioned girl. Konya thought that she was in her early twenties. Jovita was a medium sized copper colored girl and was in her middle twenties, she guessed. She was wearing a jeans pants, a polo shirt and slippers. She realized that Denver was a good dancer. She knew that he had a baby mother, but she was not at the party. She finally got the chance to dance with him, when Jovita took a breather and went to eat some food.

"Is that guy, Bally, your boyfriend?"

"Let's just say that we're good friends."

"If he isn't your boyfriend what are you doing here with him?"

"I could ask you the same thing about Jovita?"

"She just begged me to take her to this party as her boyfriend was not around."

“Why does everybody keep asking me about you? Who did you tell?”

“Nobody, why would I?”

“I don’t know.”

She laughed as the song finished playing and they saw Jovita approaching them. For a moment she thought that the girl was going to curse her. But she only cut her eyes at her and went into Denver’s arms. He was wearing a short khaki pants, a sports shirt and sneakers. She was just wearing a blouse and skirt and slippers. Kemar came up to her.

“Can I have this dance?”

“No, I have to return to Bally.”

“Just this one dance.”

“Okay.”

She had to admit that both brothers were better dancers than Bally. Kemar was about her age, she thought. They didn’t have time to talk as Jessica was nearby. When the song finished playing, she made her way over to Bally. She could see from the look on his face that he was in a sour mood.

“Imagine, I brought you to this party and you hardly want to dance with me.”

She took a seat beside him. He was drinking a soda. He was wearing a tall sleeves sports shirt, a dressing pants and sneakers.

“Is it because I danced with Denver and Kemar?”

“And which other man at this party are you aiming to dance with?”

But she refused to answer and the two of them sat there fuming at each other.

“I’m not your girlfriend again Bally, remember. We just came to this party as good friends. We have had too many break ups.”

“Ok, so I won’t take you out again. You think I don’t know who you want to go out with. I’ve heard that you’re sleeping with him.”

“Bally stop it, please take me home!”

He did take her home. They fussed all the way home.

“I don’t know why you’re quarrelling with me? You go out with any woman you please.”

“I think you and this guy, Denver, have something going on.”

“For your information, he and I have nothin going on.”

She was at her desk that Monday morning when her cell phone rang. Kemar was on the line. She was surprised. It was the last day in February.

“Kemar, how did you get my number?”

"Let's just say a little bird gave it to me. Can we go out this evening?"

"What would Jessica say if she knew I went out with you?"

"She doesn't have to know, nor does Bally. I'm leaving her, it's you I want. Ever since I saw you at the party I can't take my mind off you."

"Kemar, I'd advise you to stick to your girlfriend."

"So, you don't want to go out with me. I'm a very interesting guy, you know. Or maybe you prefer Denver. He's going to break your heart one of these days."

"I'm not in a relationship with your brother."

"I don't believe you. I think he and you have something going on."

She was getting impatient with him.

"Bye, Kemar," she said and ended the conversation.

The next day just as she returned from lunch, where it was raining cats and dogs, her cell phone rang, Jovita was on the line. She wondered what was this call all about.

"Konya, are you and my boyfriend, lovers?"

"What kind of question is that, Jovita? I'm not sleeping with Denver, so please back off and leave me alone."

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