

**This book is dedicated to Diane, who
was the inspiration for this book.**

Happy Home?

The four hundred block was quiet in the early morning. There were only a few people walking through, the early morning risers, who had to be up before the sun. Sonya Brown sat in her bedroom window just staring out into the world. She hadn't been asleep all night, her heart was hurting. She lost the most important man in her life. Her father. He had been battling cancer for a long time, but when it seemed that he would beat it, things turned for the worst. She remembered sitting in the funeral home by herself crying, not because she had no one. She just wanted to grieve ,in peace. Her father, Robert Brown, raised her by himself from the age of 5 after his wife died. He worked hard to provide a good life for his daughter and taught her some great values along the way. Sonya loved her father and his death devastated her deeply and she slipped into a mild depression after his death. She stared out at the street as the sun began it's ascent, shinning its light on the street below. Work had been slow, so she was allowed a week off, rather than the usual three days. She was alone now, except for her boyfriend Tyrone Green, who had stayed by her side throughout the whole ordeal.

The two story house that was filled with so many memories, now seemed empty and sad. Sonya sighed and walked away from the window. Turning on the bathroom light, she looked in the mirror at the sad tired face of her reflection. Normally, her eyes would be bright and shinning with love, now looked like a pale blue instead of the rich blue eyes that reminded her father of his wife. Her jet black hair was tangled and uncombed, not like her nights out on the town where it would be straight long and beautiful. Sonya Brown was a beautiful

light skinned woman of 23, but right now she felt like her life was over and she wouldn't survive the next few hours. She had cried herself to sleep two days after the funeral and all she wanted was to hear her father's voice.

She turned on the cold water and splashed some on her face, then grabbed the hand towel hanging on the hook to wipe her face. She looked back into the mirror at herself and tried to smile, a failed attempt, but it only meant that she wasn't ready to face the world without him. Sonya made her way back to her bedroom and stood just outside of her doorway and glanced over at the shut door of the master bedroom. She wanted to open the door and go in, but she didn't have nerve, neither the strength to. Just to look into his room would only make her break down and cry even more and she didn't want that. Still, she knew that she

would have to deal with it in time, but for now, she wasn't in a rush.

Falling on her bed, she curled up in a ball and stared blindly at the wall thinking about her what she had to do now. She was completely responsible for the house and her boyfriend had suggested that she sell the house and use the money for other things, but she wasn't even thinking about doing that right now.

The house was quiet and still. Sonya could hear a car engine start up and she wanted to look out the window again, but she couldn't move. She wondered how the world could go on and she was stuck in that moment of grief. It wasn't until she heard the front door shut that she sat up. She knew it was her boyfriend, Tyrone, coming in. He had promised that he would come and check up on her. They had been dating the past couple of years and her father

didn't like him. He thought that she could do so much better, but she loved him. Tyrone wasn't a sweet, or kind, but he cared for her. He hung out with his thug friends and often participated in petty crimes, but when it came to her, he was there.

"Baby, are you here?," she heard his voice asked.

She tried to answer, but her voice was cracked and weak. Sonya sat up and waited for him to come into the bedroom, but when he didn't she managed to call him. "I'm in here."

Tyrone walked into the bedroom and smiled at her, then said, "Baby, you look a hot mess."

Her nightgown was wrinkled and didn't hang right on her. She had a slight odor because she hadn't washed in a couple of days. Still, he knew that it was only her sadness that made her that way. "Baby, you should get in the shower. I'll buy you some breakfast and have it for you by the time you get out," he offered. Sonya managed a smile and nodded her head. Even though she wanted to stay in bed a few more days, it wouldn't do her any good. It wouldn't bring her father back and with the way she looked and smelled, Tyrone wouldn't be around much either. As he walked for the door, she managed to say, "I love you." He stopped and turned around facing her with a smile, then left the room. The hot water stung a little, but felt great as it splashed over her. Sonya shampooed her hair, then stood there letting the water run over her rinsing the soap out of it before she took her time to wash. She thought about her plans now that her father was gone. What would she do? The one thing that came to her mind was the fact that her father was no longer suffering and that he was with her mother. They would finally be happy together and that thought made her smile. She was feeling better

and her mind was more at ease as she exited the shower. After drying off, she combed her hair and got dressed, then looked in the mirror. This time she saw the beautiful young woman she was accustomed to seeing. Her skin was fair and her eyes were a beautiful blue like her mother's. Her hair draped down to her shoulders and her figure was slim and curvy. Tyrone always called her sexy and at the moment she was feeling just that. Sonya could faintly smell the aroma of breakfast and headed downstairs. Tyrone had placed the food from the trays and placed it on plates. He handed her a cup of coffee and gave her a kiss on her cheek. Sonya said, "Hey." He turned to her to be kissed by her. She kissed him deeply and passionately while holding him close by the waist. As the kiss ended, he smiled and said, "You're definitely feeling better." "Yes, I am." Sonya sat to the table and smiled as Tyrone stared at her. He had a way of making her blush and she knew his staring was his way of saying that she looked beautiful. She looked down at her hash browns, eggs, and bacon.

"Baby, we don't need this big house. We should sell it and get a small two bedroom apartment. It would be better. I'm just saying."

"I don't know, Tyrone. I grew up in this house and I have so many wonderful memories. I don't know if I would want to sell it," she told him.

Tyrone gave her an expression that indicated he didn't like her response, but he wouldn't push the issue. "Well, at least think about it. We could use the money. I mean you don't have a job and I'm sure the taxes will be high. So, we should prepare."

"I know, baby. But first things first. You should move in with me because I can't stay here every night alone. Besides, my father isn't here to chase you away," she told him.

"Yeah," he said with a chuckle. "I remember."

Tyrone looked up at her smiling face. He was trying to play hard to get, but he knew as well as she did that he would say yes. He would always say yes. "Let me think about it."

"Yeah, okay. Don't come by tonight then," Sonya remarked with a sly smile.

"Okay, okay. You know I wouldn't say no," he said laughing.

"Oh, I know that's right," she commented with a roll of her neck.

After breakfast, they went out and Sonya did some shopping. She always loved the feeling of shopping. Her father used to make her try on everything on for him and she loved it.

They both were locked up on drug charges and were in the same jail cell. Tommy tried to teach Tyrone about the right things to do and how to treat people, so that things wouldn't come back to haunt him. Sonya didn't know any of his friends even though she wanted to, but Tyrone didn't want her to know them. He would tell her that they were the type of guys that had no respect for people or their women. He didn't want to have to fight with them because they disrespected her.

They finally made it back to the house and Tyrone left her to go hang out with his friends while Sonya put her clothes away and started on cooking dinner. She didn't have any friends because she mostly stayed in the house taking care of her father. So now that she was free to go out at her pleasure, she didn't have anyone to hang out with. It didn't bother her as much as she thought it would and it was great to have the free time to herself. No interruptions or those light night phone calls that disturb your sleep and have you racing through the streets late at night for someone just to cry on your shoulder and share a tub of ice cream with. Sonya began frying the chicken and she already had the potatoes on to boil. As the chicken fried, she leaned against the counter looking through her phone. You Tube had some funny videos that made her laugh. It took her mind off things. Her life had been good she had a loving mother until the age of five and a loving, but strict father, who did nothing, but the best for her. She wanted a sister or brother and that didn't happen. She just thought it would be wonderful if Tyrone married her and they had children. Sonya loved children because they brought life and happiness. Their laughter made her feel good and their imaginations were filled with so much creativity.

After she was done cooking, she made her plate and sat down with her bottle of soda to eat. Sonya stared at the empty chair as she ate her dinner, knowing that Tyrone would be there soon. Like always, he would come in and hurry through his food before running back out the door. She finished her food and washed her plate, then decided to wrap the food up, but leave it out just in case he wanted to eat. Her show was just coming on as she sat down and relaxed. The front door opened and Tyrone walked in. Sonya shook her head knowing what he was going to do. He went into the kitchen and made his plate and sat down to eat. Instead of rushing through his dinner, Tyrone took his time. He heard the television and knew she was watching it. Tonight he just wanted spend time with the woman he loved. He wanted to be loved by her. He knew that she wanted him to have protection when he slept with her. He never wanted to use it and didn't care if she got pregnant or not. She was his woman and she would be with him, but he would let her be in control for the time being.

Sonya felt his hands massaging her shoulder and knew what he wanted. She wondered girl out there made him so hot that he wanted sex. She didn't mind having sex, but it mostly was because someone else turned him on and he would take it out on her. She was tired of him pretending that she was someone else just so he could be satisfied. Sonya knew that she was beautiful. That there were guys out there who would think of her when they made love to her. Still, she had no plans of breaking up with Tyrone or even cheating on him.

"Babe, I know what you want," she said. "Do you know what I want?"

"Yes. I have one right here," he said pulling out a packaged condom from his pocket.

"Okay, so who is it this time?"

"Baby, no. It's not like that. It's about you and me. It's true," he said. He gently kissed on her neck and licking her earlobe.

"Stop it," she said giggling. "I wasn't going to tell you no."

Tyrone walked in front of her and knelt down. He took her hand and kissed it. "Baby, I love you and I always will," he told her. Sonya smiled as he held her, then laid his head on her lap. "You know it would be nice if I didn't have to use it."

"Use what?," She curiously asked.

"Um, a condom," he said.

"Oh, baby," Sonya said sadly. "I don't want to get pregnant right now. I'm not ready for children right now."

"Come on, baby. Just once I want to feel you," he said.

"I understand, but it just takes one time for me to get pregnant," she told him.

Tyrone stood up and looked at her. He wanted his girlfriend without being wrapped up to do it. He walked away from her and went upstairs to the bedroom slamming the door. Sonya sighed, feeling bad about the situation. She knew that being in love and making love didn't involve a condom, but she wasn't ready to have children and she was brought up not to believe in abortion. She would go upstairs later and sooth Tyrone until he calmed down and forgive her. Sonya also thought about her house. She wanted to keep it, but knew that Tyrone was right. It would cost her in the long run. She didn't have a job, not that her father allowed her to work and she had no way of making the repairs, pay the taxes, and do the up keep of the property. She loved Tyrone, but she

knew that he wasn't the handy house husband type. She had eaten breakfast from the same diner since her father passed. It might be good to sell the house and then she would have plenty of money to do what she wanted. She would end up taking care of Tyrone. Although he worked for his uncle's construction company, making good money, he would love to play the big shot, treating all of his friends. With a heavy sigh, Sonya went upstairs to her bedroom to find Tyrone sitting on the bed.

"Did you think about it?," he immediately asked.

"I thought about selling the house and I might do that."

"You know what I mean," he said flatly.

"No, Tyrone. We will use a condom. I'm sorry."

"You don't love me, Sonya. You never give me what I want," he said standing up. He walked to the door, then turned around.

"Where are you going?," Sonya asked.

"Someplace where I can get what I want," he said before leaving.

Sonya flopped on the bed and said in a low voice, "Oh, baby, when the time is right you can have me the way you want."

Tyrone walked down the street to Joe's Heaven. It was a local bar he went often. It was clean even though it didn't look it, and it had patrons who were less than desirable in any other establishment. They had a few fights every week and Tyrone was close to being banned a few times, but Joe, the owner, was persuaded not to by one of his bartenders. Tyrone walked in and looked around. There were only a few people in and a couple arguing near the back.

"Hey, Hun, how are you doing today?," Stephanie said sweetly.

"Hey, baby girl, what's going on?," he asked.

"Just you, babe," she said with a smile.

Tyrone smiled back and took a seat at the bar. He knew that she was sweet on him, but he didn't want to cheat on Sonya. Still, she was at least five years younger than he was and had a lovely brown complexion and short brown hair. Her soft light brown eyes followed him closely as he he sat down. She had a shape to die for. Her body was perfect and he would watch her as he sat at the bar. There were another girl working in the bar, but Stephanie told all the girls that Tyrone was hers and they didn't wait on him when she was there.

"What can I get you, babe?," she sweetly asked.

"Let me get a beer."

"Sure thing."

Tyrone kept his eyes on her and smiled. Stephanie was wearing a pair of tight jeans showing her rear and the tight shirt that seemed to have a hard time holding her breasts captive. He knew that she didn't have a boyfriend and he knew why. She was waiting for him to ask her out, even though she knew about Sonya. She didn't care. She wanted Tyrone and she knew that she would have him.

"What's wrong?," she asked handing him a beer.

"My girlfriend wants me to use a condom every time we have sex," he told her.

"If I was your girlfriend, you could do me all the time and not wear one. I would even let you go bare in my mouth.

Tyrone sat up on the stool and stared at her. She was pretty with her brown eyes, but he saw something else. Something more deeper than she was telling him. He saw something devious in her. Something he had been looking for in Sonya, but never could find. "So, can my friends do the same?" The question wasn't meant for her to say yes, but he wanted to know if she could be loyal to him.

"No! Only for you," she told him.

Tyrone smiled and said, "I like that, girl. You really know how..."

"Yes, I do, baby," Stephanie said with a wink before walking down the bar.

He laughed, but was truly wondering how good of a girlfriend she would be.

"Oh, I also love a great rear entry," she shouted from the other end of the bar.

"Damn!" He shook his head. "I just need help with my girlfriend."

Stephanie walked back over after tending to a customer. "You have one of for you," she said shaking her head, "but tell me your problem."

Tyrone sighed and said while looking down at his beer, "She always wants me to wear a condom. Just once I want her without having to put something on."

"Is that all," she said with a smile. "I got this and you'll owe me one." Stephanie called Doug over and explained Tyrone's problem. Doug looked over at him and smiled.

"What's going on?," Tyrone asked.

"I've got the thing for you," Doug said reaching into his coat pocket. "Here. Slip these two into her drink. Please, without her knowing and she won't even worry if you have one or not. Believe me."

Tyrone stared at him a second, then asked, "Is this really gonna work?"

"I guarantee it, man. You can do what you want and the best thing is that she won't remember a thing." Doug laughed along with Stephanie and Tyrone looked at her wondering if she had someone use it on her.

"Baby, don't worry. I didn't unless I let anyone use that on me, it would be you," she laughed. "Or better yet, I would use it on you. You need to loosen up some."

Tyrone laughed as the thought did appeal to him. "I will let you know when I'm ready for that," he said.

"I hope it's soon because what I told you, I meant." She leaned over the bar and kissed him deeply and sucked on his tongue before ending the kiss.

"Man!"

"For you, baby, girlfriends don't matter to me."

Sonya had just laid down on the couch when Tyrone came in. He had brought a bottle of sparkling cider because she didn't really drink. He was hoping that Doug was right and Sonya would be ready, because on his way home he bought a Viagra type pill. This was his chance to feel her and he didn't want to end quickly. "Hey, baby, I bought this for us. I just wanted to say that I'm sorry for walking out. You were right and you are my girlfriend, so I want to say that I'm sorry, baby." He had already opened the bottle and poured their glasses. He made sure that he put both pills in hers. He sat down beside her and handed her glass. Tyrone clinked his glass against hers and watched with a smile as she drank her glass, then followed by drinking his. Pouring them another glass, he kissed her and told her he would be back. Twenty minutes later Sonya came up to the bedroom wondering where he went to. At first she seemed fine, but a few minutes later, she was acting strangely as if the cider contained an hundred percent of alcohol. Tyrone helped her to the bed to sit and she weaved back and forth, trying to talk, but not making

much sense. With a smile he began to remove her clothes and as she struggled to stop him, he explained that she was hot. He got undressed and climbed on the bed with her. Sonya said no, but she was in no shape to stop him. All she could do was lay there while he had sex with her. Her mind slipped in and out of consciousness. Tyrone felt her warmth as he pushed deep in her. Even though she pleaded with him to stop, he wouldn't. At times Sonya wasn't awake and Tyrone was not gentle or loving. He was rough mean with his handling of her. He didn't care how she felt about it or how she would react when she woke up. When Tyrone felt himself ready, he pounded Sonya as hard as he could until he reached his climax. Sonya was still out of it and she wasn't even aware what was taking place. He rolled over and laid beside her catching his breath. With a smile, he thought it was the best sex he had. Sonya moaned and groaned as she held her stomach. He thought about Stephanie and everything that she said. It made him smile and also the fact that she had her eyes on him. He looked over at Sonya who moaned in pain and decided that taking Stephanie up on her offer would do him some good. He rested with his hands behind his head until he fell asleep.

The next morning, Sonya woke up in pain. She couldn't remember what happened. She could remember drinking two glasses of sparkling cider. She looked around for Tyrone and realized that he'd went to work. She got out of bed and her head felt dizzy and she suddenly felt as though she had gotten blind stinking drunk, even though she rarely drank. Her stomach was aching and she rushed to the bathroom to throw up. She flushed the toilet and looked in the mirror at herself and saw blurry reflection. Suddenly she felt the need to throw up again and knew that something was wrong, but she didn't know what. She wasn't sure of what to do, but wait and ask Tyrone what happened to her after he came home. Still feeling uneasy, she made her way back to her bedroom and laid down, falling asleep.

Two days later Sonya arrived at home to find Tyrone at home on his cell phone. She stared at him angrily having the time to piece together what took place and why he was in her condition. The thought of breaking up with him and kicking him out of her house seemed the thing to do, but first she wanted to know why. His explanation of what transpired was a lie and she knew the truth. What she expected out of life and what she wanted was no longer visible. There was no way she would do away with the life that she carried. Her life of freedom was over

and she only had months to plan for its arrival.

"Hey, Babe, what's up?," Tyrone asked as he put his cell phone down.

"What's up? What's up? You know what you did, Tyrone! You know what you did to me. How could you do this to me. I trusted you!"

"What are you talking about, Babe?," he asked unsure of her outburst.

"I went to the doctor yesterday because I wasn't feeling well. Did you know what I found out?"

What? I don't know. I'm not a mind reader," he told her.

"I'm pregnant! How did that happen?"

Tyrone looked surprised as he just stared at her.

"You roofied me and raped me! Now I'm pregnant with your child! You better not say that it's someone else because I will kill you," She became more than angry at the thought of his denial of a child he created without her permission. If her life would be devoted to raising a child, then his would be too.

"Are you sure?," Tyrone asked.

She scowled at him with her eyes. "Yes, I'm sure, Tyrone!"

Tyrone showed her a smile and stood up. "I'm gonna be a father? Yes!" He grabbed Sonya and lifted her up in the air spinning her around. "I love you, Baby. You're gonna have my baby."

Sonya wanted to be angry. She expected him to renounce her pregnancy and blame it on some other guy. Instead, he was happy and excited about it and it made her laugh and smile. She could forgive him for what he did to her. Setting back on her feet, he hugged her tightly and kissed her. "Baby, I promise to take care of you and our baby. You won't have to worry about anything," he told her.

"I believe you, Tyrone. I believe you."

I love my children!

Five years had passed and Sonya was now twenty eight years old and with two daughters. She sold her father's house and she moved into a two bedroom apartment. All the money she gained was almost gone. Tyrone had moved in with her and most of the money went to him and some to her girls, but none to her. He didn't keep his promise as she had to borrow money for food and to pay bills and when she did get some money, she had to pay it back. Still, she had made a few friends along the way, but most of them told to leave Tyrone. That he was dragging her down, but he was her children's father and she couldn't kick him out in the cold like that. She used to love to go shopping, but that shopping was for the girls and she hadn't shopped for herself in a couple of years. She was still wearing the clothes she had bought five years ago. She didn't have money to get her hair done and not enough for a manicure. She thought that Tyrone would care, but he didn't and now the guys who once thought she was so attractive, now looked the other way when she walked down the street.

The apartment didn't look in the style that she had been used to. The furniture was old and even Sarah's crib was used, but Sonya kept the house clean. She also managed to make sure that her daughter's were always looking like the pretty little girls they were. She even learned how to do their hair and neglected herself. She knew that she would have to do something soon. She didn't want to become an embarrassment to her daughters, but she wished that Tyrone would at least some of what he promised her.

Teisha was four and had started per-kindergarten and Sarah was only three, but in another year she would have to get her ready for school. It was hard for her because she had to get up early and get Tyrone's breakfast ready, then wake up Teisha and Sarah, getting them dressed to go out. During the winter months it was even worse because she didn't have a decent coat and froze most of the time. Tyrone always made sure that his daughter's had what they needed, but neglected the woman he claimed to love. The mother of his children. When she got back from taking her oldest to school, she had to fix Sarah's food and then start her house cleaning. Tyrone wasn't neat at all. Wherever area of the apartment he was in, he left a mess that he expected her to have clean when he got home, including having dinner ready. After dinner, she had to help Teisha with her school work and then give them their baths and put them to bed. Most nights she was too tired to take a bath or

shower herself. It didn't matter really because Tyrone hardly ever touched her. It went to the point that Sonya didn't ask. The only real time he wanted anything from her pertaining to a sexual nature, it was when he wanted her to give him some head or when he felt a little nasty and would spray his seed over her face. He didn't even kiss her anymore. Sonya was depressed and felt that there was no way out. She knew that he was cheating on her and wished he would just go ahead and leave her. If he did, at least she could get the help that she needed and would be able to start again, instead of suffering these indignities.

It was five fifteen in the early evening and dinner was on and cooking. Sonya had picked up her daughter from school. Tyrone was running late and she figured that he was over his girlfriend's house. She didn't have time to think about him, she had to feed her babies and let them relax. She was tired and not feeling her best. She had been sick lately and hadn't time to see the doctor. She had a cough that was getting worse and she was afraid that she would be too ill to do anything. She couldn't depend on Tyrone for anything, so it was all on her. Tyrone was on his way home from leaving Stephanie's apartment. They had made love three times in a row and she had done things to him over their five years of dating that made him fall for her. In between that, they had talked about him leaving Sonya. He wanted to, but Stephanie didn't want him to just yet. She explained to him that she could not have children, but wanted them. She didn't mind being stepmother to his children, but they had to come up with a way to get them from her so that she wouldn't have custody or even claim them. He didn't want to be with Sonya and what he did to her only upset him because she didn't get the hint. She knew what he would do, yet she would let him do it. He no longer loved her, he just pitied her for her stupidity, yet he admired her loyalty. He liked the fact that she didn't ask where he'd been and what he'd been doing. He thought she already knew. Sonya had just laid her children down for the night and leaned against the wall watching her daughters drift off to sleep. She heard the door shut and figured that Tyrone was home from whatever he was doing. With a sigh, she made her way to the kitchen and placed his plate in the microwave. She remembered a time when she cared about where he'd been and what he'd been doing, but now she didn't care. Right now she just wanted to feed him, take bath, then go to bed. It had been a long day and it tired her babies out, so she was just as tired. Tyrone didn't complain about his food and she was glad of that. Sometimes he could be a real ass about his food, but Sonya figured that she wore him out. She wanted to thank her for that. She ended up in the tub earlier than she thought and soaked extra long tonight.

Tyrone seemed sound asleep when she climbed into bed, but he was wide awake. They hardly ever talked anymore, so it surprised Sonya when Tyrone turned to her and demanded she give him head. She looked at him strangely and decided that she was done with that.

"No, Tyrone," she said.

"What? I said that's what I want!"

"You should have gotten your girlfriend to do it before you left her," she told him.

Tyrone wanted her plead and not be so defiant about it. "Look, Bitch, I said do it now!"

"Tyrone, just go to sleep. You'll have your breakfast in the morning."

Before he could grab control of his anger, his hand flew hard across Sonya's face. She grunted and covered the spot with her hands. He grabbed her by her hair and tried to force her to go down on him, but she resisted, which caused him to beat her for the first time during living together. By the time Tyrone caught himself, Sonya was bleeding from her lip and nose. Her face was bruised and she was in tears, but she never screamed because of her children. Tyrone laid there looking her, seeing not a woman, or a person, but someone he didn't know who took his beating without defending herself. "Go clean yourself up!" He didn't want to look at her.

The next few days were like the others. Tyrone had learned a new way to hurt Sonya and she couldn't allow her children to know that their father had now become an abuser. Still, she noticed his change in behavior and her children did to. They didn't want to be around him and didn't want to go out with him. Sonya believed that they were blind or hadn't seen what he did, but they saw how he had beat their mother. How she cried when she thought they were sleep or unaware.

Sonya knew that she had to get away from Tyrone. Enough was enough. For her children's sake she needed to keep them safe because she knew that it wouldn't be long before he started in on them. Still, she was more depressed than ever and she didn't have anywhere to go. She didn't have any family or true friends that would put her up a for a few nights. She could go to a woman's shelter, but she knew that was almost

as worst as staying with Tyrone. All she knew was that she had to do something and do it soon without him finding out. She loved her babies more than anything else and would do anything to protect them.

"Baby, I figured it out," Stephanie said softly as she laid in Tyrone's arms.

"What did you figure out?"

"How to do this," she said now sitting up. "Get her to come over here and I'll drug her and we can get my cousin to have sex with her while you are in the other bedroom with her kids. We record the whole thing and then bring the kids in and have them sleeping she's having sex."

"Sounds good, but what do we do with it then?"

"Call DHS and show them the tapes. You file for custody and she can't say a word. You get the kids and bam! We have our family," she explained.

"Okay, when do we start because she won't trust me," he told her.

"Why?," she curiously asked. "What did you do?"

"I wanted to... I been beating her," he sighed.

"Is that what you do with women? Do you want to hit me too?" Stephanie was angry. She never believed in abuse. She didn't want to be with a man who hit women. It was a sign of a wimp. "Oh, if you're hitting women, then we can't be together. You gotta go."

"I'm sorry, Baby. I won't do it again. Please don't leave me. I need you. I won't do it again."

"Damn right you won't! You will apologize and take her somewhere nice. All three of them and treat them good for now on. Cause if you don't, you will depend on your right hand and my cousin will make sure you it'll be the only hand you'll use."

The threat was real and he knew it. He had to go home and change his whole program. He knew that if he wanted to be with Stephanie, then he needed to do everything she said and how she said to do it.

"Does my cousin have to see you?," Stephanie asked.

"No. He doesn't. I will be a perfect gentleman," he told her.

She smiled and then leaned in kissing him and holding him in her hand. She moaned as stroked him to climax. "That's why I love you, T."

Tyrone smiled through the pant of his release. "I will do it right now."

"Yes, that's a good idea," she said getting out of bed. She went into the bathroom as he sat up. He knew what he had to do and he would do it with no problem. There wasn't anything he wanted more than to be with Stephanie. She was beautiful, smart, sexy, sensual, and devious. Everything he wanted in a woman. Tyrone got dressed and left before she came out of the bathroom. Stephanie sat on the bed thinking about the woman that Tyrone was going to. She had a thing for him a long time and would do anything to get him to be with her, but one thing she didn't agree with, that's hitting a woman. She would never let Tyrone or any man hit on her. She hated anyone that would do that.

Sonya was giving her girls a bath when Tyrone came in. Her heart jumped when she heard the door. She hurried and got her daughters out of the tub and dried them off. She rushed them into their room and got them into bed. She didn't want anything to happen to them. She was afraid that his silence meant that he was angry about something and was waiting with some evil intention to beat her for something someone else did to him. She trembled when he called her to the living room. Sonya shut the door to her daughter's room and slowly walked into the living room. She peeked in and saw Chinese food and soda on the coffee table and Tyrone sitting on the couch with a smile. She didn't understand what was happening or why he bought food.

"Did the kids eat yet?," he asked.

"They had a little something to eat," she told him.

"Well, call them and see if they want to eat."

Sonya went to their bedroom and opened the door. Teisha and Sarah were in bed, but they weren't sleep. "You father has bought us some food, do you want to eat?"

Teisha sat up and said, "Yes, mommy."

She brought them out of the room and took them to the living room.

Tyrone had already made their plates and poured them a glass of soda. They sat down and began eating until her mother said, "What do you say."

"Thank you, daddy," they said in unison.

Thank you, Tyrone, for being nice to them," Sonya said as he placed a plate in front of her. She felt strange with him being nice to her, caring if she ate or not. Still, she wasn't totally convinced that he was being totally nice with them. She wondered what he wanted from her. She had given him everything and more. From her money to her heart, her body and soul. Even her flesh. She was tired and weak, and afraid that she wouldn't last. She didn't want her children to be left without her. They couldn't be with their father because he was fine right now, but she knew that it wouldn't always be the case.

Sonya, I'm sorry for what I did. I shouldn't have done that to you. You are the mother of my children and you are important to me. I know you won't forgive me right this minute, but I hope that in time you will," he told her.

Sonya sat back and watched as her daughters ate. They were her world and there wasn't a thing that she wouldn't do for them. She knew that Tyrone had placed a wedge between him and them, especially Teisha. She didn't want to go anywhere with him or be alone with him. She wouldn't force her to, but she hoped he wasn't touching them.

"Maybe in time," she said. For some reason that she couldn't understand her eyes wouldn't look at him. It was like her spirit was broken and he had her under his control. She knew that there was no coming back from that and she knew that he knew it too. Sonya would take this and let her guard down for a moment.

After her children ate she placed them back in bed and tucked them in. Sarah snuggled up and close her eyes, but Teisha smiled and hugged her mother saying goodnight before laying down. Sonya smiled and gently stroked her daughter's face. "I love you so much, Teisha." Sonya stood up and straightened out her old plaid skirt and walked back into the living room expecting what Tyrone would want her to do for his goodness. She had to remind herself that she would be doing it for her children. Her life meant nothing to her. Her feelings were only alive when she was around Teisha and Sarah, but couldn't and didn't want to feel anything for anyone.

Tyrone was asleep on the couch when she walked in and at first she just thought of going to bed without him, but decided to wake him. She figured it would be fruitless to believe that he would get angry and beat her

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