

From the Heart

By Magali Ortiz

Chapter 1

Kayla and her new legal guardian were in the parking lot of one of their four local grocery stores. She noticed that Diana was looking for something in the floor of the car as soon as she got out of the car. They'd been frozen in the parking lot, without going anywhere else for the next twenty minutes. It got to the point where Kayla really thought that they would never get into the grocery store and get their grocery shopping done. Annoyed, she blurted, "What did we come to the grocery store for, to loiter in the parking lot?"

Angry, Diana responded, "Can't you be just a little patient, Kayla Michelle? I'm looking for my car insurance papers!"

Kayla didn't know whether to laugh or scream in utter ennui. "Aren't you a slob? I thought that your car insurance papers were supposed to be in the glove compartment!"

Diana got out of the hole she'd figuratively put her head in for a few moments, looked Kayla in the eyes and said, "Don't dare to call me names ever again, Kayla Michelle Brown!"

"That's right," said Kayla, smiling evilly, "I am Kayla Michelle Brown - Lovett, and I hope that you don't go to court and file for a name-change for me, because although I can't support me economically, I am an adult, and I'm the only one that should decide what name to carry. Furthermore, I decided to keep my name. I don't want your name. God forbid that I ever become one of your kinds!"

"Excuse me?"

"You're excused, although I didn't hear you pass gas or belch," Kayla said.

Kayla was handicapped. She had mild cerebral palsy. The only things that she couldn't do were to walk and to talk coherently. She wouldn't talk normally. If she didn't talk too quickly, she would talk too slowly. It wasn't her fault. Her late parents never imagined how badly she needed speech therapy. Besides her legs and her mouth, the rest of her body was fully functional. She could perform the basic tasks completely on her own: bathe, dress, cook for her and anyone that lived with her, do the dishes, do her own laundry, drive to the store to get her guardian and anyone else that lived with her; whatever that he or she needed. Right now, however, Kayla's feeling of independence crumbled when her parents died, and, thinking that she could live on her own; thus she didn't need anyone to do anything for her, she lived at her parents' house, after their horrible and deadly car accident, for six months. Kayla quickly learned that she could do everything for her, except support her financially. She couldn't administer her disability-benefit money on her own because a cruel and severe depression broke her down, and she was desperate. Sick of feeling abandoned, Kayla called 911 and asked to be taken out of her house and placed in a hospice where age didn't matter for a person to live there.

"I don't know what I was thinking when I took custody of you."

"You were probably drunk, Diana," Kayla fired back, "but that's not for you to worry. You're not the only human being that's ever done something as stupid as accepting to live with someone that he or she abhors!"

Diana grabbed Kayla by her neck and said, "You wait _till you get home, bitch! You have no notion of what's coming your way from this day forward. You've just given me the green light to give you a life of even more suffering!"

A very handsome cinnamon-skinned, magenta-eyed, black-haired, very brawny man passed by the two angry ladies. He noticed how Diana was slapping Kayla for no justifiable reason and he decided to intervene, not giving a rotten pickle of what would happen to him after

this moment. He ran up to them. “Hey, hey, madam...! What in God’s world do you think you’re doing?”

“Mind your own business, Rambo! This is my bitch! I deal with her!”

“I’m not your bitch, Diana!”

Without saying one more word, the man lifted Kayla, removed her from her transport wheelchair, and carried her; her body from the waist up on his shoulder, her head hanging from his back. She lifted her head so that the witnesses of this bizarre spectacle didn’t think that he was abducting her right off of the arms of her guardian.

Diana vainly tried to struggle her away from him. He wanted to use no violence against the lady. He thought that treating a woman violently was an act of the worst kind of cowardice. He simply placed her hand firmly against Diana’s head, paralyzing her, allowing moving nothing but her wobbling chubby arms. “You son of a bitch, let go of me!” she yelled.

“My mother has nothing to do with this, so I would appreciate it if you kept her out of this,” he sweetly replied with a smile on his beautiful face.

Another passerby looked up at them. He saw Diana fighting against “Rambo”, dialed 911 on his mobile phone, said a few words to the operator and ran away from the scene. He didn’t want the protagonists of this incident to know that he’d been a witness of this sad show until it was too late for any of them to take any reprisal against him. Five minutes after, his red 2006 Ford Wind Star had completely disappeared from the parking lot.

The cops arrived less than ten minutes after. The mysterious man let go of Diana before the officers could even notice that he was holding onto her to keep her from hurting him. They ran to the scene. At first, everything looked like a kidnapping to them, and Diana wanted to maintain that erroneous notion to be able to take her home and beat her to a pulp—until Kayla explained to them what really happened. “She started slapping me on the parking lot, right here, in front of everyone. Before she did that, she grabbed me by the neck. I assumed at first that she did that in an attempt to calm me down, but then she started squeezing it, and I assume she didn’t plan on letting go until she’d see my face turning purple. She threatened me all of the while that she was doing this.”

Diana shook her head in her disbelief and heartbreak as she listened meticulously to every word that Kayla said. Solely by testifying against her on the parking lot, Kayla had just opened the doors to a destiny in jail indefinitely for Diana. Diana shed tears. She had no idea of what to say.

“What do you have to say for you, madam?” said Officer Jenkins.

“Nothing,” Diana said.

“Is what this young woman saying about you true? Did you really slap her repeatedly in the face and strangle her, right here on the Save-A-Lot parking lot?”

“Yes, it’s all true, and I’m sorry that I did all of this. I’m not asking you to give me another chance with you and let me take you home with me today, Kay,” she said, crying. “All that I can ask and will ask for you right now is that you don’t hold any resentment against me; that you forgive me.” She started sobbing. Her repentance was genuine. She couldn’t possibly have even contemplated putting on a show after what she’d done. Diana had a temper of one-thousand demons, but she really wasn’t an evil person, just someone that had been abused as a child. Her older sisters started abusing her physically since she was five and the abuse ended when she was fourteen. She didn’t know of any other way of expressing her discontent or disagreement than being aggressive with the person that she was interacting with. Kayla didn’t

know her well enough to know her reasons for mistreating her for the very first time. Diana had yelled at her a few times in the twelve and a half months that they'd been together, but she'd never called her any names or gotten physical with her.

Crying, Kayla responded, "I'm not going to press any charges against you, Diana Bentley," she said to Diana and sniffled, "but I am going to firmly declare that I can't go home with you tonight. If I was accustomed to receive this unjustified abuse from you, I would've taken this chance to press charges in order to finally escape from the claws of an evil tigress; but this is the very first time that you've ever abused me, physically and verbally. Therefore, I don't think you'll be able to adopt anyone until you get over whatever trauma or emotional problems you have, Diana, because it's clear that something's wrong with you. I don't know what that something is, but..."

Officer Levine interrupted Kayla and said, "I'm a cop, and not a shrink, but I daresay that this is an undiagnosed case of borderline personality disorder. Madam, being that Ms. Brown refused to press charges, rather than going to prison, you're going to a psychiatric ward."

"I agree with Kay. I think that I do have a mental problem."

"Very well, then. All that I need to proceed is some form of ID; a birth certificate, an ID or a driver's license, and a medical-insurance card."

"I don't have medical insurance."

"If it was legal for her to use my medical-insurance cards in order to pay for her treatment, I would gladly give them in," Kayla said.

The man put her down and let her sit on her wheelchair once again. Then he said, "Being that the woman can't afford the medical treatment that she desperately needs," and pulled out his wallet, "I authorize you to take my credit card with you and pay for her mental-institution stay with it. After all of that, I'll see what I can do to help the lady."

Officer Levine took his card from him as gently and kindly as he gave it in, read the name and the number on the card and said, "Very well, Mr. Bennett. Officer Jenkins, Ms. Sterling and I appreciate this that you're doing. I've never known anyone that's willingly given his or her credit card to a total stranger."

"Hey, what more can I do to show the young lady how deeply I care for her?" he said, referring to Kayla. "I think that the only thing that I can do is to help anyone that's directly linked to her the best way that I can."

Kayla smiled and said, "That's so sweet of you." "His name is Robinson Bennett," said Officer Levine.

"Thank you, officer," Kayla said and stretched out her hand to salute Robinson. "It's an immense pleasure to meet you, Robinson."

"I say the same, Ms. Brown."

"Let's get on with it now that we got what we needed, shall we?" Levine said. In less than ten minutes, Diana was in the ambulance. The paramedics closed the doors and the driver was ready to pull out.

Horrified and in tears, Kayla asked, "Where am I going to go?" "You're going to go to a hospice for a few hours."

"...To a hospice?" Kayla said, outraged. "Do you have a clue as to how horribly I was treated in the last hospice that I lived in?"

“Not all hospices are the same, Ms. Brown. Probably, those people at the last hospice, they treated you unfairly because they had a miserable life when they were your age, and they were taking it all out on you.”

“Come to think of it,” Robinson commented, “that is a very sensible explanation.”

Just when the officers were about to leave, Kay detained them and asked them, “Can’t I stay with a relative? I mean I really don’t want to go to a hospice. I know that every hospice is different from the other,” now she really started to cry, “but I couldn’t distrust nurses more. I distrust nurses so much that I wouldn’t even go to a hospital, no matter how badly I needed medical care.”

“Whoa,” said Officer Levine and looked at Officer Jenkins and then at Robinson, “is that how bad it was?”

“I know, right? Was your prolonged hospice stay so bad that you can’t go anywhere near a nurse?” Robinson said, astonished.

“Yes, Robinson and Officer Levine, Kay said, sobbing, “That’s how horrible it was.”

“You know, Officer Levine, if there’s no relative that Kay could stay with tonight, she could stay with me,” Robinson said.

“Why not?” said Officer Jenkins, smiling naughtily. “There’d be nothing wrong with it. Ms. Brown is not a minor anymore.”

“Not even close,” said Kay, “I’m twenty-six. I’m turning twenty-seven this upcoming August.”

“Wow, Ms. Brown,” said Levine, impressed, “at that age, I’m shocked at the fact you haven’t gotten married!”

“I haven’t found a man that would marry me.”

“That’s until you met me,” replied Robinson and then cleared his throat.

“Oh, my goodness,” said Levine, “it sounds like fate decided that you two should be together and stay together! You met less than an hour ago and now, first you offered your credit card to pay for the psychiatric treatment for the guardian, second, you opened to her the doors of your home, and last but not least, you just met her and you’re implying already that you’d marry her any day! Sounds like a match made in heaven!”

Robinson blushed and said, with the smile of a three-year-old boy in his face, “I’m just trying to be nice to the lady!”

Smiling naughtily, Jenkins reached out and patted Robinson on the shoulder and said, “Yeah, right, it’s more than notable that you are desperate to find a wife; so desperate that you’d think that you’d find her in the first woman you would bump into!”

“I’ve had plenty of mates, so I don’t need a wife right now. I’ve gotten too many good things from life not to have the heart to give back,” Robinson replied, looking Kay in the eyes, which was right beside him. “I reiterate,” He said, “I just want to show the ladies some love; love from the heart.”

“Well,” said Jenkins, now with a serious face, “you’re not the man that I thought you were, and I mean that in a good way.”

“I know, and even if you offend me, don’t worry about it. I know that everyone is entitled to their opinion, according to the North American Constitution.”

“I wish everyone thought that way,” replied Jenkins as he walked away from Kayla and Robinson, “if they did, this world would be so much better.”

Kayla stopped them once more and asked, “So I can stay with Mr. Bennett tonight?”

Jenkins turned around and faced them once again and answered, “You certainly can! As a matter of fact, you can live with Mr. Bennett indefinitely, starting tonight, if you like.” He walked away from them once again and he and Levine got into their police patrol, fastened their seatbelts, pulled out of the parking lot, and sped away silently, without sounding the siren.

Robinson helped Kay get into the passenger’s seat of his car a few minutes later. “Did you think it would be illegal for you to sleep over at my place?” he said to her and shut the door.

She put the window down and replied, “It might sound crazy, but yes, I did think that staying with you tonight at your house would be illegal.”

“Why?” Robinson said. “You’re an adult. You stopped being a minor nearly nine years ago.”

“It’s just the fact that I haven’t gotten a good job and I need a guardian in my life, solely for financial support.”

“Solely for financial support,” Robinson repeated. “If you don’t mind me asking, Kay, why haven’t you been able to get a job at age twenty-six?”

“My parents always told me that as long as I lived with them, I wouldn’t need a job.” As

Robinson caressed her face, he said, “Forgive me, but they were wrong in telling you that, and teaching you that. Whether parents or guardians do it in good or bad faith, it’s wrong for them to use the physical disabilities of the people that they’re taking care of to hold them back and overprotect them.”

“I don’t know if you’re right or wrong in saying that, but I agree with you. Besides, they’re not here to give me everything that I need anymore.”

“No,” Robinson agreed as he walked around the bumper to go to the driver’s door, and Kayla put up the window, “they’re not.” He opened the driver’s door, got in, closed it, locked all of the doors, fastened his seatbelt, placed the key inside the starter and started the car.

“Therefore, you should start thinking about getting a good paying job, just so that you see the day when you won’t need financial support from anyone.”

They had pulled out of the parking lot already and they were leaving the grocery store. Robinson was just waiting for the cars to stop crossing the road for a few minutes so that he could take a right turn and drive straight home. It was only two fifteen in the afternoon, but Robinson wanted to take Kay home because he knew how tired and depressed she was; so tired and depressed that there was no other place but home that he could take her to cheer her up. Right now, she just wanted to go to bed and take a good nap. Hopefully, that would help her to get over what had just happened to her and Diana.

“Do you have any college education by any chance, Kay?” “I only studied in the University of Miami for three years.”

“That’s not bad. How many credits did you get there?”

“I got enough credits to return to the university and re-enroll any day I want to,” she replied.

“That’s good,” said Robinson, deeply pleased when he heard this. “Do you think you are ready to re-enroll tomorrow morning?”

Kay turned her face to her left side to look at him. He looked back at her and then faced the road once again. “Robinson, I know that you’re advising me to do this for my own good, but I need at least thirty days to reunite the pieces of my jigsaw puzzle before I re-enroll.”

“Thirty days?” he said. “What do you need to do within the next thirty days in order to be ready? I’ll help you get ready. We need to get you back on track as soon as possible.”

“Let’s see,” said Kay and remained pensive for the next five minutes as she looked at the roof of the car to be able to concentrate on what she was going to say next; thus her next words would determine the days of the rest of her life, “I need to reapply for scholarships...”

“Yes,” said Robinson as he made a mental note of the list.

“I need to go to TJ MAXX and get like \$500 - \$1000 worth of clothing.” She didn’t mean any word of this. She just said it to see how he would react.

“We won’t get all of that until you’re like three days from starting your classes once again,” he said.

She was blown away, figuratively. She looked back at him and said, smiling, “You can’t be serious.”

“Oh, yes I am,” he replied. “I am very serious.”

“Well, I wasn’t serious about the TJ MAXX thing. I just wanted to hear what you’d say after I told you about it.”

“I was serious about the TJ MAXX thing and that’s the only thing that matters, so don’t worry about anything. I’ve got it covered.”

“Can you afford it?” she said, flabbergasted.

“Oh, yes, every penny of it, I mean; I don’t mean to brag, but I live very well. I’m not rich, but I can support me extremely well. I am the head of an enterprise.”

“You’re an entrepreneur?”

“Yes.”

“Tell me the name of your company.”

“It’s Bennett Records.”

“Oh, my God, you’re a record producer?” Kay said, excited.

“Yes, I am.”

“Do you work for many artists?”

“Not for many,” he said, “just for three of them.”

“What genre predominates in your label?”

“No genre predominates. We are different from other labels because we let our artist express their talent in any way they want to. We not only record music, but we also help them with any project that they might start; whether it be acting, cooking, writing... we have a publishing company and a school of the arts. Right now, our name, the name of our enterprise is Bennett Records, but my father is in charge of Bennett Publishing Company and my older brother, Robert, he is in charge of Robert Bennett Jr. School of the Arts. Our only limit is Hollywood.”

“I imagined Hollywood being your only limit,” said Kay, smiling brightly, “being that your family does so many things at the same time... Am I wrong or does every member of the Bennett family have an enterprise?”

“Not every member of the family; just the adult members,” said Robinson. “I mean I started my record label in the fall of 2005.”

“I can tell that you’ve been successful.”

“Yes, but I’ve only made music for three artists because my funding is limited and I can’t promote my label.”

“My godmother, Anna Christina, she’s rich. Maybe she can help you.”

“I don’t want to take advantage of anyone in your family, Kay. Your family has had so much grief lately and I don’t have the right to make things worse for them.”

“You must be kidding, Robinson Bennett. Seriously, tell me that you’re kidding. Godmother won’t think twice before doing anything for you after she learns everything that you’re planning to do for me, despite the fact that Bennett Records is struggling to stay on foot. If the funding for promotion is the problem, all that I have to do to take care of it is borrow your cell and call Godmother at Pacoima. She’ll be here in the time it takes a shooting star to swing by the sky.”

“I want you to wait until I execute my plans with you. I don’t like receiving anything without giving something first.”

“I’m Christian, Robinson,” she said, facing the road, with a beautiful smile in her face, “and I firmly believe that the fifty-fifty way of living is not right. I know that this will surprise you, Robinson, but I believe that the fifty-fifty way of living is wrong because God loves us unconditionally.”

“That’s beautiful. Tell me more about your religion. I want to belong to it. I need to belong to something or someone on this earth.”

Shocked, she turned her face to look in his eyes again and asked, “What do you mean by that, Robinson?” and said, “I don’t understand.”

“I have come from a planet that God created, but forsaken at the same time. My species, we’re not angry at God, but we believe that he’s abandoned us to focus on you, the Earthlings.”

With tears in her eyes, Kay asked, “What planet are you from?” “I was speaking metaphorically.”

Still impressed, Kay simply said, “Oh!”

He went on to say, “Because that planet hasn’t been created yet. God’s love for us is so minimal that He hasn’t even taken the time to create a planet for us to live in peacefully, like I assume that the Earthlings live.”

“You’re wrong in thinking that we, the Earthlings, live in peace, Robinson, because we don’t, and the saddest thing is that no living thing that belongs to your species has anything to do with our suffering. You see we didn’t even know that you were here.”

“We’ve come from the underground of the Earth.”

Becoming more curious by the minute and with every interrogative of hers that Robinson answered, Kay asked, “You’ve come from hell? Are you demons?”

“No, we’ve come from six feet under the ground, and no, we’re not the living dead. We are just... I don’t even know how we surged. Unlike humans, we’re something that _just happened_. We’re literally living things that came out of nowhere.”

Kay cried tears of deep sorrow. “Are you superhuman or subhuman?”

“We don’t know; none of us know. We’d have to undergo extensive and thorough DNA tests to find out.”

“Robinson,” she said and dared to hold his hand, which was on his lap, “I want you to know that just because you finally came up here after the Lord knows how long, you don’t have to worry about what we think of you. All that you have to do is obey our laws, both the heavenly laws and the earthly laws that we abide by.”

“We know that, but we’ve always lost sleep over what you think of us. We want you to accept us.”

“Robinson Bennett, the only one that has to accept you is our Heavenly Father!”

“With all due respect to passionate Christians, He’s clearly never accepted us. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have allowed us to dwell just two feet above from the pits of hell. If he put us there it’s because He thinks that’s where we deserve to be.”

“You’re so wrong once again, my love. He doesn’t deserve all of this blasphemy from you. He didn’t put you two feet above the pits of hell, we did.”

He looked back at her and asked, “You did? How did you?”

“We did things that caused the Earth to change. I’m going to have to investigate you. We don’t know how long ago you’ve lived here. God might’ve created you before he created us. You’re going to have to study the Holy Bible to know what really happened during the creation of Planet Earth. You’re probably just intelligent animals.”

“That’s funny,” Robinson said and laughed. “Charles Darwin has always labeled the human race as _intelligent animals’.”

“That’s true but I don’t believe Darwin’s bull. I have passionately and firmly disbelieved him since I became a Christian and started studying the Holy Bible twelve years ago. At the time, I was an Atheist. I was so close from becoming a Satanist because I hated God so much— until Godmother Anna Christina came into my life after not being able to be with me for the last two years of my life, and prayed the Sinner’s Prayer with me.”

“I like the story. Tell me more.”

“It’s more than just a story, it’s my autobiography, and I hope that you’re memorizing every word of our conversation very well.”

“Oh, I am, trust me on that. Doesn’t trust me like you trust Christ, though; just give me the benefit of the doubt.”

“I appreciate you not demanding me to love you and trust you more than I trust Him,” said Kay, smiling.

“I know that if I demanded that from you, I’d be pressuring you to make me your god, and your Lord God is a jealous God. We don’t want to make Him angry, now, do we?”

“No,” Kay said, crying tears of joy, “we don’t.” She’d just found the man that she’d dreamed of ever since she became a Christian; a man that was a sinner, but at the same time was so passionate that every minute, he wanted to know more about the Word of God. This man wasn’t human, he was just a Y-chromosome living thing that belonged to God knew what species, but that didn’t matter to her. She preferred him a million times over an Atheist, a Satanist, or just a very cruel and heartless man, incapable of loving anyone but himself.

“We love him,” Robinson said, with tears in his eyes, “we just don’t think that he loves us. You see we’ve come from a species that humans helped extinguish.”

“You just said the most important phrase ever,” said Kay and repeated, “A species that humans helped extinguish.”

“That’s right, and God didn’t do anything to help us resurge and reproduce. I’m sorry, I’m wrong again.”

“That’s correct,” said Kay, “you’re wrong yet again, my beautiful tulip. I wanted to ask you this but I feared offending you somehow.”

“Ask me anything you want to know.”

“Are you hybrids?”

“No, we’re not hybrids, were pure breeds.”

“Oh, so, are you telling me that you morph into human form as soon as you come up here like some kind of alien or shape shifter...?” she laughed hysterically and then turned serious almost immediately and said, “There’s no pun intended.”

“There’s no pun taken,” he replied, smiling sweetly just to show her that he meant every word he said to everyone and he never used sarcasm to blow people off. “You’re partly correct. We do morph into human form as soon as we ascend, but we’re not aliens or shape shifters.”

“Oh, my God, what am I going to say when I start talking to my family and friends about you?”

“...About me or about all of us?”

“...About you,” silly,” she said, “about Robinson Bennett.”

“My whole name is Robinson Bradley Bennett.”

“That’s one of the most beautiful names I’ve ever heard.”

“What’s your whole name, Kay?”

“It’s Kayla Michelle Brown - Lovett.”

“You’re single and you have two last names.”

“That’s why I can’t take your last name if we get married because it would be funny to have three last names.”

“It’s weird to have three first names, too. My brother’s name is Robert Bradley Michael Bennett.”

Kay laughed. “Wow!”

“I know, right? I don’t know what my grandparents were thinking when they registered my dad because he’s the one that started the whole Robert Bradley Michael thing. Get this, he wanted to continue the tradition, and so far, he’s succeeded. My nephew’s name is also Robert Bradley Michael Bennett.”

Kay laughed and said, “He’s Robert Bradley Michael Bennett, III. Actually, the name I just said, it’s very nice. It sounds very nice.”

“Yes, it does, but at the same time it’s very difficult to write. Rob writes his name ROBERT B. M. BENNETT.”

“Robert B. M. Bennett is nice.”

“Yes.”

“Actually, I just had the craziest idea. If we get married, I will become Kayla Michelle Brown - Lovett Bennett. However, I could write my name KAYLA B. L. BENNETT.”

“That sounds nice. Actually, having so many names, you could go by different names in all of your documentation as long as you don’t have a different SSN for every name. You don’t break the law when you write your name different ways; you do break the law however if for example, Kayla M. Brown - Lovett retained her SSN and then Kayla B. Lovett - Bennett went on and got a different SSN.”

“Oh, my Lord, I would *never* do that.”

“Good. So, now that we’re talking about this, have you come to a decision as to what you’re going to change your name to *when* we get married? Because we *are* getting married, you know? I don’t know when that’s going to be, though. That is for you to decide.”

Open mouthed and wide-eyed, Kayla said, “So, you meant it when you said to the cops that you’d marry me any day.”

“Yes, I did,” he said, looking her in the eyes and making them water all of a sudden.

“Before I tell you when we’re getting married, I need to know why you’ve chosen me, Robinson.”

“I’ve chosen you for three reasons: because you’re the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen despite your physical disability, because you’re a Christian and a true Christian would never abort an unwanted baby...”

Kay interrupted him and said, “Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait... are you saying that you’ve impregnated woman and they’ve aborted every single one of your offspring?”

“Yes, Kayla Michelle, unfortunately, that’s exactly what I’m saying. I am the only specimen of my kind that has not been able to bear children successfully. Yes, I’ve reproduced, but none of those babies have been born.”

Horrified, Kay asked, “Why?”

“As soon as my mates noticed anomalies in their babies in the ultrasound, they decided to put an end to their pregnancy.”

“...Oh, my God, tell me, how many women have aborted your babies?”

“You’d think that these women are too many to count, but the fact is that I’ve only reproduced with five women of all of the women that I’ve mated with.”

“Five women you said?”

“Yes, five women.”

Immediately, a crazy idea came into Kay’s complicated but intelligent mind, an idea that would turn into a plan that she would eventually, but soon, elaborate. “Are there any women in your species?”

Surprised with the question, Robinson answered, “Certainly.” They were only five blocks from Robinson’s house right now. “But there are only three of them left.”

“Only three of them?” said Kay. “Who are they?”

“They’re all in my family. The first one is my mother, the second one is my sister, and the third one is my niece. Because these women are family, we can’t even think about mating and trying to reproduce with them, because although we have absolutely no morals and values, incest would make us bear monsters instead of children.”

“There’s no offense intended, but I thought you were already monsters.”

“Beauty is in the eye of the beholder,” he replied.

She felt like human excrement. “I reiterate,” she said, crying, “I didn’t mean to hurt you.”

“You didn’t. I knew exactly what you meant. It’s worse to be a monster on the inside than it is to be a monster on the outside, because the monsters within are obviously the monsters that no human eye can see; the monsters capable of destroying everyone and everything that gets in their path.”

“That’s true.”

“Do you want me to morph right here in front of you for you to see what I’m really like on the inside?”

“I’m sorry to answer a question with another question, but, will this cause me to have nightmares tonight?”

“You don’t have to apologize for that. On the contrary, I thank you for asking. I promise this won’t cause you nightmares; tonight or ever.” He morphed in front of her. The only physical difference that he had with a human being was that his skin was golden beyond the imagination, his eyes were yellow, and they were shaped like cat’s eyes. The differences beyond the physical realm were unimaginable, however. Contrary to what they thought, these new beings were

superhuman, and they had no idea what we had in store for them after finding out the truth about them.

As soon as he morphed back into human form, she said, impressed, “Wow, I daresay you’re anything but monstrous!”

Smiling sweetly and brightly, and feeling good about him for the first time in his entire life, Robinson replied, “Thank you, likewise.”

She laughed. “I know what you meant by that. I knew you’d bounce it right back at me. A few minutes ago you told me that I was the most beautiful woman you’d ever seen and that you would marry me any day, but you never told me the third reason why you decided I would be your wife.”

“The third reason why I decreed that you and I would tie the knot is because you’re very fertile.”

Open-mouthed and wide-eyed, she asked, almost yelling, “How in the world do you know that?”

“I know how fertile a woman is just by looking at her.”

Confused and scratching her head, Kay asked, “Do you also know if a human being has a disease, any kind of disease, just by looking at him or her? What is that superpower that you possess that makes you do something so amazing?”

“It’s not a superpower. It’s unknown whether we have superpowers or not. The ability that we have to know what’s wrong with any other living thing just by taking one look at it, that’s nothing but an extraordinarily well-developed sixth sense.”

Kay laughed and asked, “Do you have a seventh sense by any chance?” and then said, “Let me clarify that I’m not making fun of you; I’m just curious.”

“I know it when someone’s making fun of me. Don’t worry about it.”

“Is that linked to the realm of your six senses?” “I think so. I’m not sure.”

“...Very well, Mr. Bennett, I’d like you to show me your amazing ability of seeing someone through. I don’t want you to read their thoughts and know what their heart is like, though; I just want you to tell me whether or not they have a disease and what that disease is.”

Rubbing his hands together without losing control of the wheel, and smiling like a mischievous little boy, Robinson said, “I see that you’re in the mood for a little non-sexual experiment. Let’s get on it. I can’t brag about my _extraordinary abilities_ without proving that I have them. I’m going to record this with my video mobile phone. I’m going to park right in front of my next-door neighbor’s house. Kay, you’re a very attractive woman. I’m certain that you’ll literally blow him away once that he sees you.”

“If I don’t want to have sex with you before we get married, I much less want to have sex with him. I just thought you should know.”

“I know that you don’t want to have sex with me or with him, but I want you to pretend that you want to have sex with him right away, and that I’m just a friend.”

“Let me guess. You’re going to show this video to Rob so that he will enroll me in the Robert B. M. Bennett School of the Arts.”

“You guessed right.”

“Oh, my God, are you putting my talent as an actress to the test?”

“Yes, madam...”

Chapter 2

“Well, let me tell you, I’m going to fail miserably because I can’t fake anything. I absolutely cannot. I am as real and hard-core as women come.”

“That’s what you need to pass the test of your talent in the arts, to make it as real as it could possibly be; to make it seem like it’s really happening.”

Scratching her head, she said, “Oh, silly me, I had no clue.”

“When it comes to life, my dear, you have so much to learn, and what you have to learn, it doesn’t have anything to do with sex. You will only learn how to make love and how to just have sex if you want to.”

“I do want to, just not right now. I’ve been ready to become sexually active for a long, long time. It’s just that I don’t feel ready to engage in any kind of sexual activity when I have the opportunity to do it. I don’t know, maybe the Lord is somehow protecting me from the sexual realm of the deadly sin of lust.”

“Oh, He’s definitely trying to protect you, and so far, He couldn’t have succeeded more greatly.”

“Praise the Lord,” she simply responded.

“OK, so here’s what we’re going to do,” he whispered in her ear. “I’m going to sound the car horn and he’s going to come out to see me. He loves me very much by the way. He does have a disease, a disease that will never even want to make you cheat on me with him if you suddenly transformed into a carnal Christian.”

“You got that right; I am a very passionately spiritual Christian. I am perfect much more accidentally than I would be on purpose.”

“That’s amazing. OK, so I’m going to tell you what disease it is that he has as soon as he starts making his moves on you.”

“Is his disease contagious?”

“Only if you French kiss him and he has an open sore or if you have any contact whatsoever with his genitalia.”

“Oh, my God, he’s got syphilis?”

“I’ll tell you when he comes out of his shell. By the way, those symptoms are not only symptoms of syphilis, but they’re also symptoms of many other sexually-transmitted diseases.”

“Oh...”

“OK, so here we go. I’m going to take my phone in my hand, activate the video camera, and start recording.”

“You’re going to pretend that you’re trying to call someone and you can’t reach him or her while him and me converse and record everything incognito.”

“...Exactly.”

“OK,” she said. “Let’s do it.” She rubbed her beautiful and delicate hands together. “This is so exciting.”

Kay and Rob executed their plan. Rob sounded the car horn right on the center of his steering wheel. After a few honks, his neighbor, Heber, he responded. Heber came out of his house with a towel wrapped around his waist.

“Oh, my God,” Kay whispered in Rob’s ear, “I haven’t been formally introduced yet and I feel like he’s seducing me already.”

“Don’t think that way about everybody. Not everyone has dangerous intentions with innocent people, you know? He was probably just taking a shower.”

“I’m scared. What if he finds out that all of this was a prank and decides to take reprisal against me by raping me?”

“Heber’s not like that. He doesn’t have an STD because he’s a bad person. He has it because the last woman he had sex with got him drunk and then had unprotected sex with him.”

“Oh, my God, he was raped?”

Heber crossed his arms across his chest and waited for Kay and Rob’s conversation to end before having them put their windows down and starting to talk to them.

“You can say that, but since it was a woman that did this, and since it wasn’t violent, it’s not considered rape.”

“Oh, my God, it makes me want to throw up every time that a liberal woman complains about the double standard that society has when it comes to men and women’s sexuality.”

“I think that those women want to turn Planet Earth into a very sick, disgusting and uninhabitable planet.”

“Does that make you and your family wants to leave?”

“Sometimes it does. Sometimes it makes Mom want to go out and kill them all before they make the planet become so infested with STD’s that a foreigner could become infected just by walking on this ground!”

“Oh, Lord...!”

Rob finally put the window down.

Kay thought; *don’t worry about that, Rob. We won’t let that happen.* She referred to all spiritual Christians.

“Hey,” Heber said, smiling. “How is it going?”

“It’s going so well for me that I actually made a new girl friend.” “I thought that you had a swarm of girl friends, Robinson.” “So did me until I met Ms. Kayla Brown.”

Heber walked around the bumper to go to the passenger seat of the car. Kayla put her window down and without opening the door, she and Heber shook hands. “It’s an honor to meet you, Ms. Brown.”

“...Likewise, Mr. Brady...”

“I told her your name was Heber Brady before I introduced the two of you.”

“Oh,” said Heber and laughed, “OK. Hey, Rob, would you invite me to your house for a few minutes?”

“Not for a few minutes, but forever, if you asked me to,” replied Robinson. “What is it that you want to talk to me about?”

“I got the name of the woman that gave me the HPV.”

Outraged, Kay screamed, “The HPV? What in the...?” Rob gently covered her mouth with his hand to keep her from disturbing the peace and getting reported for it.

“Yes, Kayla, the HPV... I got it three months ago, when she *raped* me, and I know that this is what she gave me because before I had sex with her, I was so fertile that I impregnated three of my former sex partners, and every time that I had sex, even if it was with the same partner, I got to the point where I had to use protection just to avoid unwanted pregnancy.”

“...And now that you’re ready to settle down and have children, you can’t,” said Kay.

“Exactly.... My wife is virginal. Since I don’t have any money for additional basic necessities, like condoms or a birth-control treatment for her, we haven’t been able to consummate our marriage because I fear passing on the damned virus. I don’t care if I have it, I just don’t want to leave anyone else infertile. That’s the worst thing that can be done to someone that wants to start a family, obviously.”

“Is your new marriage in danger of getting annulled?”

“I thank God that it isn’t, because we adopted my three children, which their mothers were unable to support, and since she’s not sexually active yet, she’s been able to subside her sexual needs. I thank God every day for giving me a wife like Anna Maria.”

“...Anna Maria; that’s Godmother’s youngest daughter!”

“You know Anna Maria and her mother? Her mother’s your godmother, Kay?” “Yes.”

“Perhaps I should arrange a reunion between the two of you. If you start living with Anna Maria, that’ll drive her mother, Mrs. Lovett, to come down to the Sunshine State and have her husband start a Floridian Church.”

“That would be great. Godmother and Godfather have wanted to do that forever. Fortunately, time is the only thing that’s gotten in their way.”

“Time is not an impediment for them anymore!” Robinson yelled, with his most excited voice yet. “This is so convenient for me because my enterprise needs her to come down here as soon as possible. We need her financial support to keep going. I’d really hate to cancel my singers’ contracts just because we don’t have the money to promote their albums.”

“Oh, my God, Rob, you never told me about your singers’ careers being at stake.” “Well, they are. I think that the only thing that would make Elder and Dr. Lovett refrain from supporting our company is the fact that we only produce secular music.”

“That’s not a problem. With Godmother and Godfather’s help, you could either start producing and recording Christian music, or help them to start a Christian Record Label with the lovely hands of your builders. What do you say?”

“I say that I finally got the chance to repay your godparents for their support even before they gave it to me. Praise the Lord, God; you’ve finally made me feel your presence!”

“We love you, Jesus!” Heber and Kay called out in unison. They called it out so loudly that they got their Christian neighbors excited and made their Non-Christian neighbors curious.

“OK, so let’s go to my house, guys, which is also your house.”

“My dear Robinson,” Heber replied, “you’ve made Kayla feel at home even before literally and physically letting her into your home.”

That day, Kay and Robinson decided to get married. They understood that they were right for each other and one couldn’t let the other get away. Kay was human and Robinson was supernatural, but they knew that they could make it. They knew that they belonged together. They were going to pull it off no matter what. They went to court and got their marriage licenses. The next day, they got married in court. There were no guests. For that, they would wait for their religious wedding, which would happen very soon. Everybody received them at home with a big party. They were so happy they couldn’t contain themselves. They had made a special three-layer cake. The first layer was chocolate, the second layer was vanilla, and the third layer was strawberry. It was covered in chocolate frosting, absolutely decadent. They partied and danced all night, like there was no tomorrow. Then, they went to visit some friends and finally called it a night at four o’clock AM.

Kay arrived at home in the morning, at sunrise, the day after the marriage ceremony, after sleeping over at Diana's house. After sharing her first kiss with Robinson the moment they were declared husband and wife, she experienced complete healing and all her physical handicaps were gone. It was as she hadn't been born disabled. She was like a thief in the night; she entered the mansion and no one noticed. She parked her car in the garage, got out of the car, went into the house through the door inside the house that drove to the garage, out in the back, came in where the extra rooms in the back were, passed by, ascended to the back room that drove to the secondary hallway of the mansion, through where the servants usually came into the mansion every time they went out. She went into her bedroom. She placed her purse in a safe place, where these strangers at her husband's mansion on the West Side, they wouldn't steal it away when she and Robinson weren't around. She went out to the back once again, to the pool. There, she very carefully got down to the edge of the pool and sat there, putting her feet inside of the water, not caring that she was still wearing her two-hundred-dollar high-heeled shoes. She held on to the edge with both arms, pushing her body down until she figuratively stood up in the water. In there, she took off the tank-top, short-skirted dress that she was wearing, and since women's underwear, to her, weren't appropriate to swim, thus her bathing suits were, she also took that off, unaware that she wasn't alone in the house, like she thought.

Robinson started French-kissing Kay's neck. She felt the greatest and strongest sexual excitement ever. She started taking his clothes off until his entire naked sculptural body was revealed from the waist up, and concealed with the help of the pool water from the waist down. He remains visible in the surface of the water until she gets down and starts practicing oral sex on him for the next sixty minutes, while the water concealed her act in a way that there was no way that anyone else could see what was happening. He literally felt so weak in the knees that with tears in his eyes, he fell to the bottom. She didn't know that she had caused so much excitement to him, excitement that instead of feeling pleasurable, felt excruciatingly painful. He was not as strong in the sexual realm as he was when he met her.

"Is something wrong?" she said.

"It's just that I can't have that done to me for so long."

"I think that I'd better try to get to know you. You're not as anatomically strong as you used to be. Could I have known?"

"Don't feel badly. Haven't you heard the saying, 'What you don't know could kill you'? Well, that saying perfectly applies to this situation. You never knew because I never told you. Silence is always our worst enemy. It's better to be straight with one another. I kept my mouth shut about exactly what was of me that had changed, and now I'm suffering the consequences."

As she scratched her head, she said, "It's quite uncommon for a human being to say, 'I'm to blame for this.' Human beings that declare that rather than trying to justify their bad deeds are a needle in a haystack."

Robinson and Kay spent the rest of the night together, just watching TV and drinking Sprite on their bed. Kay didn't think Robinson could handle any more sexual activity and she had to give him time to adjust to this lifestyle. This momentary weakness when he started something romantic with her let him know that she was the one, and that he'd married the right woman. From this day forward, their sex life would be exciting, and it wouldn't be painful for either one of them. Other aspects of marriage were more important now, like communication and family. They hadn't had intercourse yet, but Kay wasn't in a hurry. She knew that the time would come soon. Although she didn't understand the situation, she didn't reproach him for the

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

