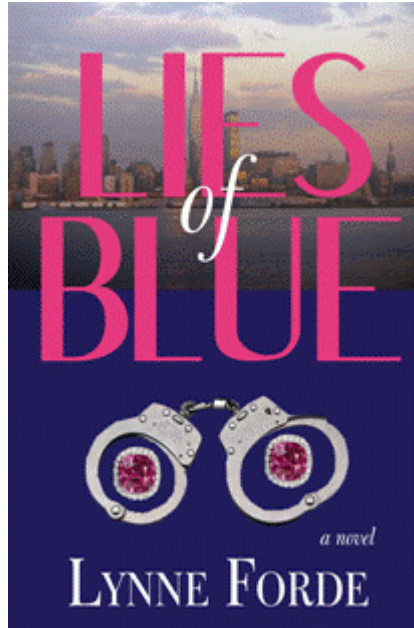


## CHAPTER 2 of Lies of Blue by author Lynne Forde

[www.liesofblue.com](http://www.liesofblue.com)

“Oh What a Tangled Web...”



“Danny, it’s me. Look, I need to talk to you tonight; it’s urgent!”

His attitude came through the receiver. “Yeah, we do need to talk. I’ll call your house tonight when I’m on my way!”

I said “Okay” and hung up the phone. That was easy, yet I knew he was mad still and I would have to put on the sexual performance of a lifetime for us to get close again.

By 3:45 P.M. I was changing my clothes and by 4:00 P.M., I was flying over the River’s Edge Bridge headed to the city. When I got home I bought two bottles of Moët and, believe me, they weren’t just for drinking. I had stunts to pull that night and I would pull them. I would win him back if it was the last thing I did. I chilled the champagne, fixed myself dinner, and then took a steaming hot shower. The phone rang at about a quarter to seven. It was Danny, letting me know he was on his way over. I wore a sexy white lace all-in-one and a pair of mules with white feathers.

When the bell rang, I looked sexy as hell. If his dick didn’t get hard, he was already dead. I opened the door with a half smile and said, “Hi.”

He looked me up and down, stared me dead in my eyes and said, “Lynn, look, we’ve got to talk!” He brushed past me and took a seat in the living room on the couch.

I didn’t know how to handle his reaction; I was thrown off guard. Quickly, I played it off and went into the kitchen. I took out one of the champagne bottles and offered him a glass. He accepted and we sat across from each other and started to talk. He went on and on about how I shouldn’t have opened my big mouth about the Poconos and how I fucked it up for his homies to get some on the side. He kept going on and on about how naïve I was and how I was too emotional. He said that people always knew when we were fighting because it showed all over my face. Well, he wasn’t wrong because I could not hide the way I felt. It showed on my face, unless I had to conceal my hurt, it’s on my face on full display. I told him I was sorry for that. Then I remembered this wasn’t just about me. He had been fucking his ex all this time and never once told me. He had me looking like an asshole in front of everybody at work, thinking that he was mine. I drank and drank and drank, and allowed the bubbles to rush to my head. He was sitting across from me judging me in the \$150 Cleveland Browns Jersey I’d bought him and the phat gold bracelet dangling on his wrist. The nerve of him!

I stood up and said, “Wait a fucking minute. You’re sitting here like your shit doesn’t stink. Like you’ve done everything right and I’m Ms. Wrong. Well, why don’t you tell me where you were two nights ago? How 'bout that? Huh? Who were you with at choir practice, nigga? Who? Tell me who!”

He looked pale, as if he’d just eaten too much and got on the Hell Hole ride at Coney Island. “What are you talking about?”

“Okay, let’s not play fucking games. You were there with Dru and all of your old-timer buddies. You were having a grand old time and you left with Dru, didn’t you?”

“What?”

“Didn’t you? Didn’t you leave with that bitch Dru? And you went to her house in Westboro and fucked her like you’ve been doing this entire time. Didn’t I say not to fuck someone else in our building? Those were the rules. You broke the fucking rules!”

“Look, Dru and I were together before you even came on the job.”

“Yeah, and you two supposedly broke up. Yet you’re still seeing her, and her and her friends are all looking at me like I’m an ass, and so are you and your fucking friends!” I poured myself a glass of champagne. “Don’t try to deny it! You’re fucking busted!”

He jumped off the couch and got in my face. “How would you know that?”

“Obviously one of my friends saw you there and saw you leave with her, you fucking lying piece of shit!”

“Who told you?”

“I’m not giving up my sources.”

“Tell me who told you!”

“You figure it out! Just think back. You’re a cop, figure it out!”

He started talking out loud to himself, eliminating all the bitches there that were Dru’s friends. “I know none of her friends told you so it had to be somebody else!”

“Aren’t you the rocket fucking scientist!” I shot back at him.

“Who else was there?” He paused for a moment. “The only other person it could be was Beca and I know it wasn’t her.”

“Why wasn’t it? You can’t believe that some people are really my friends, some people care about what I feel? Some people actually are my friends!”

“Friends, huh? No, Lynn, I can’t believe it was Beca 'cause she’s been in my car giving me head every day after work for the past six weeks. She’s fucked half of the department already and she just got on the job. So much for your friend that cares about you.”

I would have slapped his face except that look in his eyes...I saw it was true. Oh my God, the very same bitch I told to watch my man had been fucking him the whole time! I was dumbfounded! My hands began to shake and I guzzled the bottle of champagne. We stood face to face with each other and now the secrets were out. Betrayed by my lover and betrayed by my so-called friend. I was fixing her up with my brother, hanging out with her on weekends and after work. This was how she repaid me? I was numb looking into his eyes.

He put his mouth to mine and said, “This is what I mean about your emotions. You get so swept away into things you don’t see shit for what it is. He kissed me long and soft. He looked me up and down and said, “Uh, Uh, Uh, girl, you are so fucking hot.” He

kissed me again and I got lost in our kiss. He grabbed one of my breasts in one hand and licked it, kissing me up to my neck. “That’s why we can’t be together, Lynne. We can’t do this anymore. I can’t give you what you want. Maybe you’ll find someone to really love on that job. Hell, there are plenty of men there that would die to be with you.”

“But I don’t love them!” I managed to whimper between kisses.

He took off the bracelet I gave him and put it in my hand. Then he squeezed my ass and pulled me closer to him. He kissed me deeper. Then he looked in my eyes and said, “Sex with you is incredible. No other woman gives it to me like you do. You don’t hold back; you give me all of you every time, and that’s because you love me like that. I know because I’ve loved someone with my all before and got hurt.” The tears began to roll down my face. He bit me on my neck, squeezed my throbbing crotch and said, “Here’s your shirt, too.”

He started to take off the shirt and I said, “I don’t want it, you keep it.”

He took it off anyway, left it on the back of a chair and walked to the door.

The tears poured down my face and I began to tremble. “Danny, why did you have to fuck Dru? We could have made this work, right?”

He grabbed the doorknob and said, “No, we didn’t make it work, that’s the whole point. Good-bye, Lynne.”

“Bye, Danny,” I mumbled as he closed the door and left me. I drank the champagne and walked out onto the terrace. *Ten stories is high enough to die*, I thought to myself as the pain of losing Danny began to set in. I watched him walk over to his beat-up car where we first made love. He looked up at me standing on the terrace, blew me a kiss, got in his car and drove off. I swore to God at that moment I was going to leap off that terrace and kill myself. I tried to think of a reason, one single reason, to live and I couldn’t think of one. I took the last of the champagne, threw my head back, swallowed and then found myself curled up on the cold concrete of the terrace, crying for an hour. “Why did you leave me? WHY?” I would never be the same again.

**Lynne Forde, Saffyre Entertainment Inc.**

Website: [www.liesofblue.com](http://www.liesofblue.com) or [www.saffyre.us](http://www.saffyre.us)

Email: [saffyre222@yahoo.com](mailto:saffyre222@yahoo.com)

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