

Tired of Being Alone

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Published by Ronnice Rojas

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

This is a work of fiction. Name, character, places, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

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Acknowledgments

Okay here we go again you guys, I've finally completed, "Tired of Being Alone" and now I'm back to give some more shout outs. It's been three and half long years since I published, "Once Upon A Lie" and I honestly didn't think I was ever going to finish this book. "Tired of Being Alone" is not even the book I was initially working on, it was, "Once Upon A Lie II, the lie continues" but, "Tired of Being Alone" kept trying to force it's way through and every time I refused to work on it and tried to focus on, "OUAL" my brain would go into lockdown mode, so for almost two years I couldn't write anything. I finally gave in and put, "Once Upon A Lie part II" on the back burner and Wah-lah, I was able to move forward and was no longer trapped in the limbo zone, I'm free, I said...Isa' free at last!

First, I would like to thank my mother Rosilee A. Spaulding, she is my Cheerleading team and Pom Pom squad all wrapped into to one. She never faltered and stayed focused on that beacon of light, even at times when it was too hazy for me to see. I love my mom with all of my heart, and honestly don't know where I would be without her. I also want to give thanks to my dad, even though he kind of embarrassed me when he called after reading, "Once Upon A Lie" and said he didn't know all that stuff was in the book and that it made him feel a little warm and tingly on the inside. My dad also said he was proud of me and that I had amazing writing skills, that meant a lot coming from him because he can be very critical at times, but if he wasn't I wouldn't be the person I am today, thanks

dad I love you always. Thanks to my wonderful kids, Fernando finally read, “Once Upon A Lie” and he too was shocked by his mother’s writing skills, I actually won a few cool points for that and Fanisha read part of it and most of this one, so she gets a big, “A” for effort. Thanks to my sister Sidnice Spaulding, she read my book and loved it. I want to thank my best friend/assistant Carisa Ross-Taylor for everything that she’s done and will do with me, and a big hello to my two other best friends Christine S Rhodes & Tanisha Thompson; and a huge wave to Pete Anderson, John Barnett, David Booker, Brandy Brumfield, Tina Colbet, Samuel H. Coleman, Vernon Crestwell, Robbie Decarmo, Doug Edmonds, Darryl Exum, Mike & Betty Felder, Ursula & Michael Gainer, Lorenzo Griffin, LaWayne Hearn, Arnold & Chris Holder, Sherry Hunter, Tashina Jacskon, Hudena James, Mr. Glenn King, Bobby Morris, Rob Pascascio, Sonya Sims, Mike & Julie Smith, Rita Hoskins Stanford, Larry Warner, Stanley Wilcox, Derek Wilson and Steven White. My United Pacific Pet family, Janet Clark, Lisa Don, Terese Foster, Amanda Gauntier, Oneka Giddens, Carla Jarger, Marcus McClure, Paulette Navarrete, Corrie Navarrete, Cynthia Ramon and Angela Vasquez. Now for my family; starting with my crazy and very funny brother-n-law Fred Eaves, my sister-n-law Tammie Harper Sanders and her hubby Gene Sanders. My cousin’s on my mom’s side that I got a chance to reunite with in August 2009 at the Addison’s first family reunion in Georgia, Anthony Carpenter “aka” Buggy and his sister Crystal Chrissy Addison, Lynchell Addison, Darlene Williams, Mary McNair, Aunt Mable & Uncle Lewis, Aunt Rebecca Addison, Aunt Flint Addison, Uncle Richard and Steve Addison, & Tyrone Governor, Bruce and Mike Addison, Celeste and Gerald Whitaker, Arlene Haynesworth and Bertha Eady. Now my cousins my dad’s side, Tanisha “Candy” Hill & Tyshayla Robinson, Michele

Jennings, Valerie, Tim & Alfred Logan, Ronald Williams, Diane & Royce, Brian Clemons and a whole bunch of other family members, including the ones I listed in my first book. And last but not least, a special shout out to all of my mom's friends and customers, thanks for being so wonderful to her year after year.

In the Beginning

I miss the tingling sensation that raced through my body whenever I heard your voice or gazed into your eyes, and I yearn for the adrenaline rush I used to get when I knew you were coming over, even if it was to just lay on my couch or take me out for a night on the town. Hey baby, have you noticed that we don't even finish each other's sentences anymore, or is it just me? And when was the last time we randomly yelled out each other's name just for the hell of it? It's been so long since we've snuggled or even held hands, I honestly can't remember if you have sweaty palms or not. Times have definitely changed, it's like we've lost our connection somewhere along the way. We used to be on the phone with each other for hours just talking and watching television, and then commenting about what was on during the commercial breaks. We'd fall asleep with the phone still at our ears and one of us would wake up and say, "Are you still there baby" and then, one of us would mumble, "*Ummhmm*". We used to be the best of friends, but now we barely communicate. The texting of sweet nothings to each other was non-stop, now we only use it to argue. How did we get here and why did our relationship change for the worst? We used to have this flame of love that burned so mighty, it could have lit the entire sky, but now it's just an ember dissipating in the ashes of life. Why can't it be like it was in the beginning, so fresh, so exhilarating and so passionate? Can we get that fire back baby, do you even want to try, or do you even care?

Chapter 1

Moñay

The earsplitting sound of Moñay's alarm clock snatched her from the depths of sleepiness. She clenched her fist and yawned as she slowly rolled onto her back and stared blankly up at the ceiling. Moñay rubbed her eyes as she eased out of bed and staggered towards the bathroom. She briefly gazed at her reflection in the mirror as she stood over the sink before opening the medicine cabinet. After brushing her teeth and washing her face, Moñay walked back into her bedroom and popped in her favorite Luther Vandross CD. She selected track number four, "A House is not a Home" and slid back under her bed covers. She kept her eyes closed as she gently caressed her left breast and reached under the pillow for her loyal and trust-worthy friend for the last two and a half years, good ol' Mr. Pocket Rocket. He's been Moñay's tiny knight in shiny armor on countless occasions. Moñay would always joke around with her girlfriends and say stupid quotes like, "*When the dick is whack, Mr. Rocket always got a sista's back*". Even though she giggled about it with her friends, deep down inside Moñay meant every word of it. She was so tired of being

disappointed and unfulfilled. It seemed like she always ended up getting involved with someone who couldn't keep it up past five minutes or tried to break her back. It was always from one extreme to the other; Moñay could never find anyone in the middle, so to avoid running through a football team of men, she just decided to stop having sex and that's when Mr. Rocket entered her life. After Moñay finished her quality time with *it*, she placed one of her pillows between her legs and savored the moment before finally getting up to take a shower and get dress. Before leaving for work Moñay knocked on her 15 year old son's bedroom door to make sure he was awake. "Ty...are you up?" Ty put his video game on pause and stuck his head out of his room door. "Yeah mama..."

"I left some money on the kitchen table for you."

"Okay..."

"Don't be late for school and don't forget to make sure everything is turned off and lock both locks on the doors this time." Ty rolled his eyes and sighed out loud. "I won't..."

"Well...I'm leaving now, have a nice day at school. I love you."

"Okay...love you too mama." Ty quickly closed his room door and continued playing his game. Once inside the car Moñay called her best friend Kayiesa, who just happened to also be her supervisor. Kayiesa was tall, shapely and full of confidence. She always dressed to impress and sported a tapered hairstyle for as long as Moñay could remember. They both worked for a cell phone company called Mega Minutes Wireless. "What's going on wit' cha'?" Kayiesa yawned as she replied. "Still trying to wake tha hell up...!" Moñay giggled. "Oh girl, I've been up you trippin'." Kayiesa smirked. "Yeah I bet...I'm sure you and Mr. Rocket had a wonderful breakfast, *huh?*" Moñay

laughed and shook her head from side to side. “There you go...its way too early for your shit!”

“*You started it...everybody ain’t a morning person like you.*” Moñay glanced in her rearview mirror as she put on her lipstick and responded in a muffled tone. “Well maybe if you stop saying that all the time, you could be you know words are powerful!”

“Well how ‘bout taking yo own damn advice and *will* yourself a real live man and leave the plastic alone!”

“*Oooh*, you’re such a bitch...I thought yo ass was sleepy and tired?” Kayiesa laughed out loud. “You just now noticing that? Come on now, you know I always got energy to fling a little mud!”

“Well...at least I ain’t a home wrecker!”

“And yo lonely ass never will be because you need an actual man for that!” Moñay giggled. “That’s right hefa’...just make sure you save some of that energy for those escalated calls I throw your way...*heehee...ha-ha...*”

“*Pleazzz...*I’m in no mood to hear some broke ass customer, bitch and moan about why their phone got shut off today.”

“*Girrrl...*who you telling!”

“It just really amazes me how these crazy people call in upset because they ran over their minutes and didn’t pay...*their bill!*” Moñay laughed out loud. “*Can I get a witness?*”

“*No...*you know what really pisses me off?”

“*Whaaa’...?*”

“When them dumb ass females call in screaming about why their muthafuckin’ phone got turned off, and it takes every ounce of strength in my body not to yell back, *Bitch...cause’ yo stupid ass went over yo damn minutes and you didn’t pay yo bill...that’s why!*” Moñay laughed so hard spit shot out of her mouth and landed on the center of her steering wheel. “Kayiesa...you are a fool!”

“*Pssst*’...you know I’m telling the truth...cause’ yo slick ass always be trying to forward them damn calls to me.” Moñay shrugged her shoulders. “Well, ain’t that what supervisors are for?”

“Keep it up *bitch*...you know everything is one big ass circle.”

“Oh damn....here we go with all that *phil-los-sil-fo-sizing* shit again.” Kayiesa spit her coffee back into her cup. “*What in tha hell are you trying to pronounce?*”

“Don’t play stupid...you know exactly what I’m saying!”

“*Aaaah*...that is not even a word!” Moñay sucked her teeth. “Yes it is and I’ve heard it used many times...by many different people.” Kayiesa’s voice trembled as she tried hard to maintain a serious tone while responding. “*Ummmm*...now tell me where that could have possibly been Moñay, *The island of Ebonics* or *Hooked on Phonics Mountain?*” Moñay rolled her eyes and repeatedly blew her horn at the car in front of her. “Whatever...you know what I’m saying.”

“*Aaaah*...I think the correct enunciation for that word is... *philosophy*, but you’re using it in the wrong context.” Moñay sighed out loud. “*Oooh*...I hate when you do that shit!”

“I’m just trying to help you out, *trick!*”

“Well, when I need a damn English teacher...*I’ll let you know.*”

“*Pssst*’...my bad, don’t get mad at me cause’ yo ass can’t read...now where you at?”

“Just pulling into the parking structure.”

“Me too...*dang* it’s crowded.”

“I know...it looks like everybody and their mama parked up in here.” Kayiesa made a quick left. “*Oooh*...I think I just found a parking space.”

“Lucky you...”

“Awww...man!”

“What’s wrong?”

“Some idiot took up two damn spots by parking at an angle so no one could park next to his car; see...this is how people cars get keyed tha fuck up.”

“Yeah...they lucky we work here.”

“That asshole knows good and well we all share this structure with six other companies and the parking is very limited.”

“Girl, don’t let this stress you out...you still got bullshit waiting for you on the inside.” Kayiesa sighed. “I know, *huh*.”

“Look...come up to level five, I found two spaces.”

“Cool...I’ll be right there.” After Kayiesa parked her car they walked into the building together, once inside the lobby they headed over to the elevators. Just as Moñay was about to swipe her badge for authorization the doors opened and a herd of people came rushing out. As they squeezed their way through the crowd Kayiesa elbowed and cursed out at least two or more people as they struggled to find a place amongst the group. “*Oh my God....this shit is fuckin’ ridiculous!*”

Moñay giggled quietly and purposely avoided any eye contact with Kayiesa. “*Why every single morning folks gotta huddle up in this elevator like a bunch damn cattle? This shit don’t make no kinda’ sense, you’d think they was giving away free cheese or something upstairs!*” Just as the elevator was about to close a long arm forced the doors back open and a handsome man in a business suit squeezed his way in. Kayiesa let out a loud sigh in frustration and was about to start cursing, until she realized who it was.

“*Oh...what’s up JC, you almost got cussed out?*”

He answered without even looking around to see who was talking to him. JC could recognize the sound of Kayiesa’s annoying voice anywhere. “Awww...don’t do me like that,

and how are you doing this morning Ms. Lady?” Kayiesa blushed and smiled as she elbowed Moñay. “Nothin’...hey JC, Moñay’s in here too.” Moñay frowned at Kayiesa and quickly kicked her ankle. “Owww...wha’d chu’ do...?”

“Shhhhhh...” Kayiesa stared Moñay up and down with her eyes bulged out for a few seconds before letting Moñay pull her closer so she could whisper in her ear. “*I can’t believe your bitch ass just did that?*” Kayiesa replied nonchalantly. “*Well...I got tired of waiting on you two to make a move, besides...everybody already knows you two like each other anyways...it’s not like it’s some kind of secret...damn!*” Moñay closed her eyes and stared down at the floor as she heard a few giggles throughout the elevator, she wanted to melt right there on the spot. She knew everyone heard Kayiesa including JC; she was definitely having one of those (*I need to get away moments*). Moñay suddenly felt light headed as she struggled to keep her balance. Just as she thought she was about to pass out, the elevator indicator chimed to signal the selected floor was reached. Moñay knew it was JC’s floor and exhaled in relief, but kept her head down to avoid any eye contact with him. Kayiesa yelled goodbye to him as he stepped out of the elevator, JC turned to Kayiesa and mouthed she was wrong for what she did to her friend Moñay and shook his head in disappointment. “Bye...Ms. Lady and you have a nice day Moñay.” Moñay forced a reply out. “Bye JC...” Kayiesa slowly turned her attention back to Moñay as the elevator doors closed. “That’s all you’re going to say?” Moñay gave Kayiesa the look of death and tightened her lips together until they exited the elevator.

“*Ooooh...you bitch! How could you embarrass me like that?*” Kayiesa smirked. “*I can’t believe you’re still on that old shit...let it go already!*”

“*I’ll let it go when you start letting go of other people’s men!*”

“*Awww...okay bitch that was a good one!*” Moñay smirked and did a little victory dance before she replied. “*Mmmm...hmmm...another two hundred bonus points for me...that’s right!*”

“Well at least I mess with real live men! When you gonna step back into reality and get you some real dick, and leave poor Mr. Pocket Rocket alone...cause’ I know he is tired of your lonely ass?”

“*Wowww bitch...you cut a sista’ real low with that one, you went straight for the knee caps. Okay...I gotta hand it to ya, that one was pretty good, I definitely owe you bitch...you got me speechless right about now!*”

“*And this is why...I’m the supervisor and your little lonely ass is on my team, you got that partna’? You bedda’ recognize greatness when you see it!*”

Skylaun

Skylaun peeped at the time on her alarm clock like she didn't know it was 4:30 am before hitting the snooze button. Just as she was about to squeeze in 9 more minutes of sleep her overnight guest rolled over and blew hot morning breath on her. Skylaun frowned and inched away, she tried her best to ignore him until he let out a cluster of smelly farts, and then the whole idea of going back to sleep went down the drain. Skylaun gathered the sheets around her nose like they were some kind of shield of protection, but the stomach churning stench was too strong. Skylaun snatched the covers off of him, and then pushed and kicked him until he woke up. “*Uh, uh...get up!*” He nudged her lightly before rolling on his back and letting out a huge burp. “*Mmmm...excuse me...that one came straight from the toes.*” Skylaun frowned and glared at him with disgust. “*Ughhh, get cho' nasty ass up!*”

“*Boo...why you trippin'?*”

“*Nigga...you know I gotta go to work...the routine ain't changed!*”

“Well seeing how you disturbed a *Nigga's* sleep n' all...I should be able to get a lil' sumthin', sumthin'?” Skylaun smirked. “*Mmm...you had yo chance last night Playa'.*”

“*Awww...come on...you know a Nigga was faded.*” Skylaun responded nonchalantly as she walked around her bedroom. “Well that sounds like a personal problem to me.”

“You playin’...right?”

“*Naw!*”

“You really ain’t gonna give me none?”

“You got it Sherlock!”

“*Awww man...you on some new shit!*”

“*Naw...I’m on some gettin’ my ass to work...so I can make my money!*”

“You really gonna turn this good ass dick down?”

Skylaun stopped moving around her room long enough to glare at him, before continuing to get dress. “*Awww...I see how yo selfish ass is...you only want some when you want some...and just fuck everybody else!*” Skylaun shrugged her shoulders, but gave no reply. “Oh...you wasn’t acting like that when I ate that pussy last night.”

“And...?”

“*AND...well why you let me eat it if you wasn’t gonna give me some then?*”

“First of all *Nigga...you begged me to let you eat my coochie...and then yo drunk ass fell asleep while you was down there, so...once again that was a personal decision on your part.*”

“So...what does that have to do with right now?”

Skylaun kept getting ready for work like she didn’t even hear his question. When her overnight guest finally realized that he was being ignored, he sighed out loud and searched for the remote control. “*Aaay Sky...what channel is ESPN on?*” Skylaun still refused to respond. “Now you really being childish...never mind, I’ll find it my damn self!” Skylaun quickly leaned her head outside the doorway of her bathroom. “*Aaaah...Imma’ need you to go ahead and get ready cause’ I’m about to leave.*”

“*Whaaa*, you kickin’ me out?”

“Hell yeah...you don’t gotta key!”

“That’s the problem right there...where’s my key at anyways?”

“*Nigga* you ain’t getting’ a key...you ain’t my man and you don’t pay one bill in this bitch!”

“I ain’t cho’ man?”

“Yeah...remember we tried that already and you told me that I was only your neighbor...so we gonna keep it just like that!”

“There yo ass go again...bringing up old ass shit, why you always living in the past?”

“Whatever...*neighbor*!”

“*Naw*...I’m serious.”

“And I’m serious too...let’s go!”

“Well I’ll be back over tonight then.”

“No...cause’ I’m already tired, you be trying to keep me up all late.”

“*Whaaa*’ ...it’s like that?”

“Yep...it’s like that.”

“*Ughhh*...you changing man!”

“*Really*...you think so?”

“Yeah...you used to be real cool n’ shit.”

“Oh yeah, the cool easy going Skylaun who just wanted to be your girl, but chu’ didn’t want that remember? So now I’m just the *neighbor*.”

“*Awww*...you trippin’...it wasn’t even like that, you was trying to give me an ultimatum n’ shit.”

“*Oh my God*...you are so full of shit! How can you just out right lie like that? You know what...I don’t even have time for this...I gotta go to work!”

“Well get at me later then.”

“*Mmmhmm*...bye.” Skylaun locked her front door, hopped into her car and called Kayiesa as she drove to work. Kayiesa ignored Skylaun’s first call, but quickly

answered in a whispered tone when she started calling her repeatedly. “Girl...what’s wrong, who died?”

“*Pssst*’...why you ain’t answering your phone?”

Kayiesa leaned closer to her computer and yelled into her phone. “*Bitch*...cause’ I’m at the same damn place I am everyday...*my job!*” Kayiesa looked around nervously to see if anyone over heard her. “Well don’t be ignoring my calls...*shit*, you acting like I’m somebody’s wife is calling yo ass!” “Ha-ha, you just so fuckin’ funny!” One rep handed Kayiesa some papers as she waved another rep over and handed them a headset, and then she stood up and gave several employees a disapproving glare for talking too loud before she sat back down. “Look...can you talk for a few minutes?”

“*Ahhh*...would it really matter if I couldn’t, seeing how you was blowing my phone up like some kind of stalker.”

“Anyways...Imma’ finally kick the neighbor to the curb, he’s irritating the hell out of me.”

“*Whaaa*’...Lil’ Foot getting the boot?”

“*Yep*...”

“Wut tha hell got into to yo ass cause’ you was sprung on that itty bitty ass dick for a cool ass minute?”

“I know, *huh?*”

“I’ve never met a man as arrogant and cocky as him, his broke ass walked around like he had Will Smith money and he his dick was hanging to his knee caps.”

“He did...*huh?*”

“*Hell yeah*...Lil’ Foot’s parents pumped his ass up with a shit load of confidence!”

“Girl...I’m definitely with you on that one, now why do you keep calling him that?” Skylaun pulled into a convenience store parking lot and blew her horn at someone who was backing their car up without looking to see if it was clear.

“Who you honking at?”

“Some asshole, who’s just backing tha fuck up like he’s the only muthafucka’ in the parking lot!”

“*Shit*...I’d let his dumb ass hit me.”

“I don’t even feel like going through the bullshit, and based on how his raggedy ass car looks...I’m pretty sure he don’t have any insurance.” Once Skylaun got into the store, she smiled at a little boy who was begging his mom for candy, ignored the guy who was staring at her like she was a piece of meat and flirted with the delivery man as she sat her orange juice on the counter and asked the cashier for one super lotto quick pick. “You are so rude!”

“*Whaaa’*...?”

“Did you not call me?”

“Yeah...”

“Well, can I please finish my conversation without being interrupted?”

“*Huh*...go ahead.”

“Now in response to your question...cause’ he’s the only grown ass Nigga I know, that wears a size five in shoes!” Skylaun laughed out loud. “You a fool...you know good and damn well that man’s feet ain’t that small.”

“*Pleazzz* you shittin’ me, every time I look at him I picture him sitting on your couch swinging his feet back n forth with some light blue and white tennis socks on, you know...the ones with the little puff ball attached to the back of it?”

“But why do you picture him swinging his feet?”

“Because he got a long ass torso with tiny ass legs that look like they’re way too short to be touching the floor when he’s sitting in a chair...that’s why!” Skylaun laughed again. “You’re going straight to hell!”

“Well since I’m going...can I go ahead and tell him a few thangs about himself?”

“Like what?”

“Like how you used to let him do you in the booty, so you could at least feel something?” Kayiesa’s statement caused Skylaun to lose control of her steering for a second and accidentally swerve into another lane. The driver in the car she almost hit honked his horn at her and yelled a few obscenities. Skylaun stuck her hand out of her window and waved with an apologetic gesture. “*Oh my God* Kayiesa you can’t say that...you’ll hurt his feeling!”

“Did he worry about hurting your feelings over the last few months?”

“No...but that’s still mean and you promised me that you wouldn’t say anything about that.”

“Okay, okay...well how about the time Lil’ Foot tried to front with the gold magnum condom...remember?”

“*Oh shit*...I forgot about that one!”

“How could you? I was traumatized just listening to you tell me about it.” Skylaun giggled. “*Ughhh*...”

“Remember you said there was so much room left over in the condom that he had to fold it and then tried to tuck it under his dick so it wouldn’t slip off?” Skylaun burst into a loud laughter. “Yeah...”

“And remember you said you couldn’t concentrate because it sounded like someone was rubbing on a wet balloon and it kept slipping out and sliding all over the place.” Skylaun continued to laugh. “No, you can’t say that either. *Bitch*...I thought you were at work?”

“I am...”

“Well how in tha hell is yo ass able to talk so much shit then?”

“Cause’ I’m the supervisor and I do what the hell I want around here.”

“*See*...you the main reason why people don’t like hiring black folks!” Skylaun flashed her badge at gate security as she pulled into the employee parking lot at her job. “*Bitch*...you called me remember?”