

Chapter 1

Kennedy Divine paced her spacious living room after trying to reach Andre on his cell phone for the past three hours. It wasn't like him not to call back immediately, and she wanted to know just what kept him. Kennedy had already left several messages, and her instincts told her that he was up to something. She continued to pace the room and press the redial button, then threw the phone down on the caramel-colored leather couch, retrieved it and dialed Andre's number one last time. Finally someone answered, a woman.

"Hello," the strained feminine voiced greeted. Kennedy was speechless. She assumed immediately that the woman on the other end was none other than Indira Lewis, Andre's ex-wife.

Again the woman spoke in a quiet tone as if she were in pain. "Hello? Who's calling?"

"Uh... hello. I'm sorry. May I speak to Andre, please?" Kennedy began her pacing ritual once more.

"He just stepped out. May I ask who is calling?" Indira's voice gained strength.

Kennedy couldn't resist. "Excuse me, but is this Indira?" She stopped pacing and placed her available hand on her hip.

"Yes, it is. Who's asking?"

"This is Kennedy. I just find it odd that you would be answering his cell phone, especially since he assured me that the two of you haven't been together in months. From what I understand the two of you were divorced months ago,"

Kennedy cracked a window to stabilize her rising body temperature.

"Divorced? That's interesting, considering the fact that I gave birth to our baby girl just hours ago. We are certainly still married," Indira said, her response bordering on irritation.

Kennedy couldn't believe her ears. Did she sense sarcasm or apathy in Indira's tone? Anger and disbelief fought to win over her emotions. She removed the telephone from her ear and stared directly into the receiver. Kennedy paced some more, holding the phone in a choke hold. She huffed and brought the phone back to her ear.

"Well, Indira, the last thing I want to be accused of is being a home wrecker. I don't mess around with married men. Oh, and don't bother telling Andre that I called. It won't be necessary." Kennedy held the phone for a moment longer, not sure if she wanted to say more.

"Kennedy?" Indira questioned quietly.

"Yes, Indira?"

"Um...Thank you."

Kennedy smirked. "You are most certainly welcome, and all the best with the new baby." She slammed the telephone down on the receiver and covered her face.

Andre and his wife had a baby! A few hours ago? Her eyes stung from the threat of tears that she refused to allow the chance to descend. Kennedy sat and looked around the townhouse. Reminders of their affair stood at attention. She had sensed Andre's lies yet hadn't had the proof to make a just accusation. She thought of Indira's expression of gratitude on the phone. How stupid could that woman be? How did he explain his disappearances, weekend

getaways, and week-long stays on sun-drenched islands in the Caribbean?

Kennedy poured a glass of her favorite Merlot to ease the sting. This certainly marked an end to their fairy tale romance. Andre lied to her when he said he was divorced and yet it was now very clear that he wasn't. Kennedy had a rule, no married men! More than being considered a home wrecker, Kennedy refused to play second fiddle to any woman.