

Verona J. Knight

**The Cheaters,
The Wife,
The Revenge**



Excerpts from Book

... I got to the morning messages, and there were several on the list between him and Sandy. I thought my eyes were fooling me after I began reading what they said to each other. With my hands shaking beyond control I forwarded their entire conversation to my phone account...

“... Sandy: I can give u at least 100 reasons y I’m in love with u Dwayne...”

“... Sandy: I want to feel the bass of your voice vibrating my body to make my...”

The Cheaters
The Wife
The Revenge

Verona J. Knight



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Houston, TX 77065
www.sbpra.com

ISBN: 978-1-62212-814-3

Book Design: Suzanne Kelly

Special Dedications

CHRISTOPHER, BODENE, MALCOLM, AND AKEEM

I wake up each morning thanking God for his blessings. I wouldn't exchange my four greatest blessings for anything in the world. I wouldn't try to change you for anything. There's only one like you in this world, and you're special. Your mistakes will help you grow, and your accomplishments will help you erase mistakes. Age only creates a smarter you. My love will always be here to cushion you if you fall, to lift you up if you get tired, and to pamper you when you call. My love will always be here however you need it to be. I thank God for blessing me with you. My love will be here forever and beyond. Mommy.

Special Acknowledgment

MY HUSBAND

“Thank you for taking care of us for all these years. I could never have done this without your help. I appreciate you more than I can say. Love you.”

Acknowledgment

MY SISTER

Thank you for taking care of our mom without complaint.

MY MOTHER

I love you.

Introduction

A loyal housewife of many years uses her detective instincts to uncover her husband's infidelity. Unhappy with her life, she decides to visit the unknown world of cheating herself. Within that world she finds excitement, sex, and much more than she had bargained for. With the changes around her and the depth of her involvement, her life is changed forever.

It's said we cannot judge another unless we have walked in their shoes. Well, try on Jenny's shoe. See through her eyes. Feel her pain, her pleasures, and the passion. Allow her to direct you through her life as you listen to her tell her side of the story.

*This is dedicated to all the broken hearts
caused by love betrayed. Stay strong.*

“I ALWAYS WILL”

Always will be
Thanking God for His blessings
Thanking God for my todays
Thanking God for my dark yesterdays
Asking God for my brighter tomorrows

I will
Always acknowledge my blessings
Always and forever cherish my todays
Always learn from my dark yesterdays
Always praise God for all my tomorrows

“NEW YEAR”

Good-bye last year, you were very mean to me
Hello present, you are the best sight to see

Welcome New Year, you feel good, now make love to me
Mmmm, yesss, good, now please stay with me

Good morning yesterday, how are you doing today?
I'm feeling hopeful, even though it's only been a day

Please, just stay strong for me; you'll have a big role to
play
Anyway, let's talk about it later; we'll just have to take it
day by day

Why I Write

I remember going to church one morning and kept hearing the pastor saying 'hold up your hand'. At the time my body was in church but my mind was far away. While I was wherever, I didn't hear the full question but I heard 'hold up your hand' repeated. My mind came back to church and I saw that the pastor was looking at me since my hand was the only one in the air. Apparently, the question was 'if you think that the Lord has failed you, hold up your hand.' I left church that day in humiliation. At the time many things were going wrong in my life. I was thinking that the Lord failed me and I did nothing to warrant it but my thought was that I didn't really mean to hold up my hand. We often take simple actions lightly. For me that simple hand raising moment got me to think about my life instead of feeling sorry for myself. I started thinking about my accomplishments and thought I had nothing to show. Apart from having my children and a husband, I had nothing to show for my life on this earth. My husband went out to work every day and I ran the business from home but because it was from home, it wasn't recognized.

I started writing poem to myself, just my thoughts in writing. I had so many feelings flowing and had no way of expressing them or no one to express them to.

I started to write everything I want to say and decide to use my characters to do it and the more I kept writing the more I found to say. Then I thought I should have a lover of my own and if he cannot be real then he'll be fiction and I'll make him my own, my idea of my perfect lover. It got to the point where my imaginary lover became real when I talk. My imaginary life became a book where I can do and say anything with no consequence. Everything that caused jealousy I put in this book and expanded the truth far beyond then embellished the rest.

After I finished the first book, *The Cheaters, The Wife, The Revenge*, I still had more to say so I kept going into the second book *The Cheaters, The Mistress, Her Story*. I finished the second and moved on to the third, *The Cheaters, The Husband, The Payback*. This way I could have all three sides of the story told, as I used all the excuses from my life and from others around me to create these characters.

It took me a couple of years to get my answer about my hand raising incident at church. Had I not gone through the painful experiences along with the embarrassment, I wouldn't have achieved my accomplishments, and came out so much stronger than I ever was. My adversity became the rock on which I stood to search for my worth. My advice to anyone who might have had the same or similar experience is to keep going. Take a rest from searching and look around because sometimes your worth is looking back at you. From my situation I have gotten stronger. I have learned that I come first in my life. I also know that the Lord didn't fail me. I want these books to tell people that our pain was given to teach us strength.

The Cheaters
The Wife
The Revenge

CHAPTER ONE

“Dwayne, I need you to explain to me why for the past year you have found it necessary to get up every day and leave me to go spend time with your friends, and why you have no problem not having us around.”

“Jenny, please, I spend most of my time with you if I’m not at work.”

“You mean if you have nothing else to do with your friends.” I snapped, and I could hear my voice getting louder.

“I can’t believe that you’re really serious.”

“Yes, I’m serious. While we’re at it, you can also explain why we’ve had so many disagreements about that woman. Sandy. Why is she, all of a sudden, such a good friend to you?” I could feel my anger rising but I had no intention of letting him get the better of me again.

“Why are you having such a hard time with me having her as my friend?”

“If you saw me with my head stuck inside some man’s car window in the middle of the night, what would you think?”

“I would believe whatever you told me. I would expect you not to do it again. But I wouldn’t be badgering you everyday about it.”

“You’re full of shit. Do you think that I’m an idiot?” At this point I feel insulted.

“No, but I trust you.”

“Do you mean the same way I once trusted you? I’m not going to fight with you right now, but you’re messing up. I suggest you fix it. And stop doing this shit.”

“Jenny, you’re getting upset over nothing, as usual.”

“How long do you expect me to go on without saying anything? You should remember that you have a family—here and not out there.”

We both were beginning to raise our voices. The last thing I wanted was for us to start fighting, so I left him in the bed and went downstairs. I had too many things to think about, and I couldn't afford to upset myself. Lately, I often find myself wondering how I ended up on the path that led us to this point. Thinking back, I can remember the whole thing as if it was yesterday. Back then I wasn't thinking that one day our lives would end up anywhere close to this even though we were having some problems, but I worked my way through them. I did survive through the ups and downs and was feeling much better than I had been in a long time. Always trying not to stress one's self is more stressful in itself.

I felt that having the kids and parents to take care of was affecting my relationship with Dwayne because of all the different activities taking place around us. Dwayne started to come home later than he usually did and ended up spending more time with his friends than he was with his family. I too would have liked to find somewhere to go if I could, but I had to put my responsibilities first, even before my own needs. Whether it's taking care of a sick parent, kids, or anything else that came along, I accepted that my tiredness and mood created an uncomfortable zone for us. With all that in mind, I understood why Dwayne needed a place to get away from it all sometimes.

Even though Dwayne might have had some reasons for staying out late, I kept getting a bad feeling inside that there was much more to his coming home late. Spending late nights with the same people doing the same things didn't seem normal for him. He was usually more responsible and attentive when it came to his family.

Last year during the summer, Dwayne came home with some of his friend he thought I might want to meet. He wanted me to see the friends he hung out with at the bar each night, so I could get an idea of who he was with, and where he would be,

that way I could better understand the kind of things he was up to in the evenings. They were nice enough, and I even invited some of them to the surprise birthday party I was planning for him the following month. They honestly were not the type of people I would have imagined him spending so much of his time with since they were not like Anthony, Mark, or James, but they were his friends. It was his party, so I extended the invitation. I never used to worry when he was with those three guys since those friendships went way back.

For weeks after telling Dwayne's friends about the party I got no response. I expected his long time friends to be there, so I needed no RSVP from them. Dwayne's new friends, however, I expected would let me know if they plan to attend, that way I would know how many people to prepare for. A few days before the party I heard from the bar friends and got an idea who would be coming. Some were bringing a friend and others were bringing several other friends. That was all right with me.

The party night came, and the people who told me they were bringing a guest ended up bringing others along with their spouse. Again, everything was fine with me. Beverly and Felix, who I saw a few times before, arrived with their friends, and Sandy was also with them. Sandy even brought me a house warming present. My interest in Sandy was peaked a few months before, since a few of Dwayne's late nights were connected to her. They all knew Dwayne and I had moved into our new house a few months earlier, and I thought her present was a nice gesture. I also thought she was trying to break the ice toward a friendship. During the party I tried to keep my eyes on a few people, but by the end of the night it wasn't possible with so many people there. I ran into Sandy a few times during the night, and she seemed very nervous. Curiously to me, I thought she looked a bit uncomfortable.

Dwayne once told me that he stayed talking with her at the bar to help her through some hard time with the father of one of her children. He tried giving her advice about managing her

life as a single mother. At that time, I did ask him about his credentials to advise a single mother about her life since he had never lived that life. He also helped her with decisions she made in regards to her career. Dwayne told me about some of her troubles, and I actually felt compassion toward her. I myself had never been a single mother, so I tried to be sympathetic.

Halfway through the night I noticed that Sandy was missing, and I assumed that she left early and without saying good-bye. I assumed that I may have been talking to someone else, and she didn't want to interrupt. I had no idea whether or not Dwayne saw her leave, but it wasn't important knowing. (I've been told that ignorance is bliss. Tell me about it.)

After Dwayne's birthday party, I had no contact with those friends again until the following spring, a year later. We had friends over for our anniversary party celebration, and some of them were there. Beverly and her husband, Felix, came and brought along Sandy with some of their other friends. This party was all about letting loose and having a good time, so having a few more people was fine with me. That night everyone partied into the morning. The few weeks following, Beverly and Felix stopped by the house for a short business meeting with Dwayne. The meeting was shorter than they had planned, but they decided to meet again later in the week to discuss whatever they didn't cover that time. After sitting and having small talk for a while, they left.

I tried to enjoy the weather as much as possible, and I did so by sitting outside on nice days to relax and just reflect on life. One day while enjoying the outdoors, I saw Beverly and Sandy drove up. They mentioned they were passing by and saw me sitting on the porch, so they decided to stop and say hello. Again, they were raving about the party and thanked me for welcoming their friends, so we sat outside and enjoyed the nice Chicago June weather. We chatted and laughed about the party, and I heard about their other friends and how they also enjoyed dancing all night. I mentioned to Beverly how Felix seemed a bit laid back and seemed to allow nothing to interrupt or bother his day. She

agreed with me. All the while I kept thinking that both she and Sandy were wearing their clothes a bit too tight. I also realized that they enjoyed showing a little too much of their bodies. Sitting outside talking to those two women was fine, but we had little in common. As I said, entertaining Dwayne's friends was no bother. Beyond that, it wasn't possible to develop a real friendship with them.

In the weeks following, I had two quick visits from Beverly and Sandy because they saw me outside while passing. I was more comfortable with them, as if we were all old friends. At the time I didn't think much of it. I thought it was a good thing. I just did whatever I could, so they felt welcome when they visited.

Dwayne and Felix finally had a chance to have the meeting they had postponed the day after Beverly and Sandy's visit. Beverly came with Felix. Dwayne was hiring Felix to do some work for his company, and they had to organize a few things. Dwayne's new contract for his construction company needed a few more men to get the work going. While Dwayne and Felix were having their meeting, I spent some time alone with Beverly. We talked, and she eventually brought the conversation around to Sandy. I told Beverly I liked Sandy and that she seemed nice, but I thought she also seemed a bit quiet. I also mentioned that she seemed uncomfortable around me. I told her I didn't want Sandy feeling that way and that I wondered why my presence would cause her discomfort, if I read her correctly. She and I were not friends, and we didn't know each other well enough for me to affect her behavior in that way.

After I made my comments, Beverly released a soft laugh. "She's okay, but sometimes she'll do stupid things. Right now all she's interested in is getting someone else's husband."

For a moment I was taken aback. For me it felt strange hearing her talk about her friend in that manner. I also thought it was strange that she felt the need to tell me something so personal about her friend since we barely knew each other. We were not close, not even friends. In my mind it really seemed as if she

was trying to tell me something. I now think I maybe should have listened more carefully.

When I heard her statement, I turned to her with utter surprise and was a little lost for words. I didn't know if I should react to the statement. "She seems nice, and I think maybe you might be reading her wrong. Sometimes things are not what they seem." I had no idea of what to say; little did I know.

Even though I told Beverly that she might be mistaken, I took her statement as her attempting to enlighten me. She got me thinking about whether or not it could be true, and more importantly, whether it was my husband she was talking about. I'm not one to push a statement like that aside and not investigate. After all, Beverly was Sandy's friend, and she knew her better than I and knew what she was capable of doing. I managed the rest of the conversation without showing any concern about Sandy and Dwayne's friendship, but that was mostly what I was thinking about. After Beverley left, all I thought about was what she said. I did ask Dwayne about Sandy and the husband she was after, and of course he said he had no idea what I was talking about.

When I first met Sandy almost a year ago, I had paid little attention to her. Hearing Beverly's statement about her months later started me on a mission to find out what was really going on with my husband and whether he was the husband Sandy was out to get. For a while I had a feeling something wasn't right. I also knew that if I were going to find out what was happening, I would have to take some drastic measures. I had to take on the detective role.

After Beverly's surprising and unexpected statement, I kept a closer eye on Dwayne's every move. Each time I asked him about the changes in his attitude and about all the late nights, he played it off, telling me there was nothing for me to worry about. Going out every night and being secretive about his phone calls were all suspicious actions that I allowed him to talk his way out of. My need to find out if there was something more became even greater than before. I suspected that everything he told me about Sandy was all bullshit, but I was so desperate to believe in him

that I pretended I did. A woman always knows when her man is cheating even though she might not want to believe or admit it to herself. Because of that, I knew I couldn't let it go lightly. Love seems to turn us stupid sometimes, especially when we have to face our life's reality. If we saw one of our friend's husbands doing wrong, we would recognize and condemn him right away, and we wouldn't have any problem judging him and his actions.

Weeks passed after Beverly made her statement, and for those weeks I tried to find out everything I could about Dwayne's activities. I mainly wanted to know if there was something I should know about another woman. Was it Sandy? I frequently drove over to the bar to surprise Dwayne. I also read his text messages and his e-mails several times a week. I kept track of his incoming and outgoing phone calls as much as I could to see the numbers he called. I checked his phone to see if he had numbers he called more frequently than others, and so on.

Because of Dwayne's business, I did expect to see new numbers but not any he needed to call at night. A few times I even saw some evidence to support Beverly's statement with calls he made after hours. He sometimes got calls on weekends and sometimes in the night, but the tone in his voice sounded very businesslike. There were times he decided to stay home, then his phone would ring, and he wouldn't answer. Sometimes, afterward he would change his mind about going out and tell me he was meeting up with the boys but would promise not to be out for long. Often his short leave from home became hours, but he always explained it away. It usually had something to do with seeing someone he had not seen for a while. It always had to do with him helping someone else, and even though I told him I believed him, I never really did. I still kept searching, hoping that I would find something solid.

Over several months of searching, I did find myself in some uncomfortable situations. However, with all the time that has passed, I was still having the same doubts but had no solid proof. A few weeks ago I woke up one night and thought I should do one of my random checks and go looking for Dwayne.

I wanted to find out what he was doing and why he was so late getting home.

I drove over to the bar, and when I got there, it was just in time to see him with his head sticking through the driver's side window of Sandy's car. The upsetting part was that all the while she was sitting in the driver's seat. A few nights before that incident, I also saw them talking while they were standing beside their vehicles on the side of the road. Before he left home that night, he told me he was going to a meeting and then stopping by his friend's house for a short time. What he forgot to tell me was that Sandy was a part of his evening. I also wondered if the friend's house was Sandy's house.

There were nights when I woke up in the middle of the night, and he wasn't home. Those times he would come home giving me the story of staying with the boys a little later than he had planned. I kept asking myself how long was I planning to keep my eyes closed while pretending I believed whatever he said when I knew it was a lie. I needed to start thinking about me and what I wanted. In all our years together, I never thought of Dwayne disrespecting me, especially to the extent that he has. I knew it happened; I had to deal with it. My responsibilities at home were less demanding now, and I could do more for myself. I decided to spend more time doing what I needed to. I kept telling myself that I needed to do more to finally uncover the truth about what was going on around me, even though I needed no more proof.

Tonight I fell asleep early while I was watching TV. I woke up in the middle of the night because I felt Dwayne's hands slowly massaging between my legs, and it did feel good. He came home early hoping that we could spend some time together, and since I have no one else, I gave in. Even though he spends a lot of time out of the house, he always makes sure my needs are met when it comes to making love.

Dwayne slowly pulled the covers off me and started spreading kisses all over my body. I usually slept naked at nights at his request. He liked when I did that because he enjoyed feeling my skin close against his while we were in bed. Whenever he came

home on those chilled nights, my body warmed his. He liked to spoon my body then whisper to me from behind telling me to warm his body up. I always enjoyed it when he did that. Tonight I woke up to him kissing my body, and I must admit it felt so good that I turned over and faced him to return some kisses. I was in the mood for some of his loving, and he was feeling for me so that was a good thing.

My body is awake and getting eager for the pleasures it can feel is coming its way. Dwayne's kisses help me forget about any reason that made me mad before he came home. Feeling the sensations flowing through me reminds me that this is how it's suppose to always be with us, and I have every intention of enjoying his penis with every ounce of me. I can feel the moistness from my vagina reminding me how sweet his entry will be, as it pulsates with each touch from his lips going down my body. While Dwayne kiss all of me, slowly going down, my hands comforts the tip of my nipples to heighten the sensation with each touch. After leaving some kisses around my navel he continue heading to my vagina lips to introduce his tongue to my juices which flows quietly down the crack of my butt.

The intensity from that greeting almost sends my body over its limit into an orgasmic moment but using every ounce of resistance to releasing, I told him softly to come to me, and he slowly kisses his way back up my body. Feeling him slowly traveling back up to my face, I enjoy the heavy weight of his ready penis slowly dragging along with him coming up my legs as if navigating its way, leaving a trail of his pre-juices along in its path. As our faces once again meet, I kiss my juices from his lips. He lays back and I kiss my way down to his penis right before I slowly place both of my legs over his pelvis, opening and preparing my body for his entry.

With my legs widely open and straddling him, Dwayne laid there watching as I welcomed his hard, thick and smooth penis into my sweet moist heat. All the while taunting his senses as he slowly enters inside. I heard the sound of relief as I finally got close enough for him to move, going up and down, back and forth, until our bodies tingled. I temporarily release him

and slowly dismount then turn on my side as I watch his face while he releases a moan. I comfortably tucked my body tightly up against his allowing him to spoon mine from behind, with no space between us. His re-entry inside caused me to exhale my sweet sounds from delightful pleasures slowly massaged my inner wall. I felt an overwhelming sense of pleasure as the massaging of my breast and the kisses on my neck confused my brain. Like so many other times before, we were both in a different world, enjoying each other's cravings as he enjoys the core of my inside while we fulfil each other's needs.

Before long, I felt my body moving beneath his as the pain and the pleasure coming from the same places at the same time created a whirlpool of sensation deep inside me. Feeling Dwayne throbbing inside, he slowly ease his penis from my body and tells me to lie on my back, then slightly uses his fingers to touch my wetness. My husband's eyes looks back at me right before his penis slides again between my legs going through my wet lips. Before long, delightful gratification creeping through my body, slowly slipping me into exhaustion. From his tight grip I knew that Dwayne felt my inside gripping and pulsating, holding on tightly to his embedded muscle. As my shoulders supported my body on the bed, I lifted my pelvis closer to his, sending an intense release, causing my head to rapidly turn from side to side while his was thrown backward looking up toward the heavens. With my help with position, the sensations from the tip of his muscle touching me so deep inside weakened his ability to restrain his discharge any longer; our bodies went rigid, begging for relief from the torture of holding back. Our bodies savored the intense pleasure as long as possible before feeling the wave of tingling sensations passing through. I felt his relieved, almost limp, body moan from fulfillment and come back down over mine. I felt his heavy breathing transforming into my deep inhalations while his body lay almost lifeless on top of my drained satisfied body. He laid there for minutes before I felt him slowly withdrawing from my body.

I can remember us making love to each other with that same intensity so many times before, and I felt good knowing that we both remembered how to please each other sexually. Satisfying each other for hours, sometimes into exhaustion right before we fell asleep, wasn't uncommon. Sometimes we even woke up the next morning and made love all over again. Tonight was a great reminder that it was still possible and that felt good.

Dwayne told me constantly how strong his love for me was and that I meant everything to him. It was important to him that I understand the importance of his family and that his kids means the world to him; he wouldn't be able to handle life if anything happened to any of us. Because of the changes in his everyday actions, I questioned his loyalty. Looking at us, we seemed like the perfect couple from the outside, and we made it our job to portray that. We also tried not to show our friends those unhappy times whenever we were dealing with anything serious.

Even though today is Saturday, Dwayne and I got up early and went down to the kitchen. We thought we could have some breakfast, then we can lounge around for the rest of the day, spending some time together. In the past we did little things like that all the time, but lately it had become a rare occasion for us to do anything together or to just do nothing together. I must say it felt nice, very familiar. We spent the day fooling around and apart from speaking with a few friends on the phone, we just enjoyed each other's company. Like I mentioned, spending time together was rare, but with all that said, I still intend to watch his actions for the next few months. One night and one day of incredible passion and relaxation wasn't enough to bring my snooping to a halt, so it would still be going on along with the good summer weather. As we end our day of relaxation together, I can only pray that there will be others like this one.

HAPPINESS

He has shown me a great deal of happiness
He has also given me a taste of hell
I have enjoyed my share of happiness
From experiences I decided not to dwell

One day while looking through my window
My heart felt so much joy to see
That all those haunting bad feelings
Were now turning their backs on me

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