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About 1000 words

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Inevitable

“Okay, I know how this looks, but I am completely fine,” said Tara.

She stumbled over the perfectly checkered tile floor and nearly fell at her mother’s feet. She held onto the wall to steady herself and the nausea swirling in her throat.

“Lie again,” said Mama.

Tara’s mother stood at the center of the manor’s foyer with a hand on her full hips. Her elegant robe glimmered in the light of the chandelier above as she clutched it closer to her body. Tara glared at mama’s frustrated features. *Damn.*

She thought she was sneaking into the west entrance this time. She was going to lose another ten thousand from her trust fund for sure. She couldn’t keep getting caught like this.

“You don’t even know what day it is do you? Let alone what time it is,” said Mama. She threw her nose in the air and stormed towards the staircase.

“I...,” said Tara.

She began to protest but winced at the sharp pain that struck her head. She squeezed her eyes shut and saw flashes of her jumping into Anthony’s cobalt Range Rover. She still tasted the chicken piccata and red wine from their lunch date at Ricardo’s. Since Anthony’s dad was part owner of the restaurant, they didn’t get carded for the wine bottles. She inhaled the roses he gave her when they arrived at his family’s summer beach house. And she still felt how his teeth nipped at her neck, trailing downward and –

“It’s Friday,” said Tara.

She managed to remember that much, now maybe mama would back up some.

“You’ve slept with him, haven’t you?” asked Mama. Her tone was so certain that Tara thought her mother had seen into her reveries.

“Mama, I love him. And I’m gonna build a life with him,” said Tara.

By this time, her nausea had subsided a little, but her head was still killing her. Mama leaned over the railing, propping her head into her hands with mock dreamy eyes.

“Well, you just have it all figured out, huh baby?” asked Mama.

“Don’t patronize me,” said Tara. “You will never understand how I feel! Dad was the only one who listened to me!”

Mama came back into the foyer now, stepping into the illumination of the chandelier to face Tara head on.

“Little Girl, he’s young and fickle just like you. Once he’s bored with you, he’ll toss you aside like a filthy rag. Money always changes men,” said Mama.

“Well, I don’t care about his inheritance! I won’t let money change him; or me,” said Tara.

She escaped towards the nearest living room and fell into the firm cushions.

“Mark my words. He’s going to change, and so will you. It’s inevitable,” said Mama. And with that, Mama turned and sashayed up the staircase to her bedroom. Snatching the tears off of her face, Tara reached into her purse for her phone. She had the staff on speed dial but opted for a text instead. She sent a prompt request for Tylenol, and a pizza order; and Travis sent a ready reply.

Tara was about to lock her phone when Anthony’s face appeared on the caller ID. She gave a relieved smile and answered with much needed joy.

“Speaking of the devil,” said Tara. “Hey baby.”

“Tara, did you make it in okay?” Anthony asked.

“Yeah, but I just got into it with my mom. She’s trying to separate us again. I swear she’s just jealous of me and -”

“Tara, listen,” said Anthony. When he exhaled her name, Tara paused. She detected his ominous tone, one that was inconsistent to his jubilant personality. She was intrigued now.

“Yes baby, I’m listening,” said Tara. She did not like the sound of this at all. Anthony was shuffling around before he actually started talking, and that unsettled her more so.

“I have to stop seeing you,” Anthony said. “My father disapproves of our relationship.” His words hit her like bullets, and she couldn’t even form a response. Her world began to deteriorate around her. Her mind caught some of his explanation, he went on saying that his father had heard about Tara drinking wine and being underaged. Then him feeling like Tara was a distraction, and that Anthony needing someone more mature. By now, she had put the phone down and stopped listening altogether. Tara literally couldn’t believe her ears.

“Baby, I’m really sorry. I can’t disobey him, not after I’ve just regained his trust. I’m sorry,” Anthony said. “But maybe we can be friends after -,”

‘CLICK’

She ended the call and laid her head on the puffy couch pillow. Her blurry eyes stared off into her memories as they began to vanish like smoke. Her tears puddled around her cheeks as they sank into the pillow. She hadn’t even realized that the butler had placed the pizza, water, and a bottle of Tylenol on the table before her until she smelled the pepperoni. Tara was shattered. First her father left her for heaven, and now Anthony for...his money? Mama was

right, she guessed. Well, this was it. Nobody else would be breaking her heart again. Not now, not ever.

‘CLICK’

“Tara, hello?” said Anthony. He loosened his grip on his cell, and it slid down into his lap. He ran tense fingers through his curly hair and blew out a long breath.

“So, do you think she bought it?” asked Anthony.

He repositioned himself in the incredible canopy bed, wearing the same clothes he’d embraced Tara in just a while earlier. Uncertainty was imprinted upon his face. Just then she entered the bed, donning a silky black negligée; and handed him a glass of wine. She took a sip of her glass in one hand; while her other hand reached for his zipper. She tossed his phone to the other end of the bed and focused her attention on Anthony.

“She doesn’t have a choice,” said Mama. “She’s young, she’ll get over it.

The End