



Dreams of Reality
Sylvia Hubbard

Published by HubBooks Literary Services

Copyright 2011 Sylvia Hubbard

All rights reserved.

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

This book, or parts thereof, may not be reproduced in any form without permission.

This e-book is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This e-book may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to the author's website and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Cover design by Sylvia Hubbard

ORI: Dreams of Reality (c) 2006 Sylvia M. Hubbard. Revised # 0816060721R:0624111616R:62894wc

For information address:

Sylvia Hubbard
PO Box 43439, Detroit, MI 48243

Visit her website at:

<http://SylviaHubbard.com>

Chapter 1

Tugging on her gown, she tried to be comfortable in Dr. Welch's presence. Skye Patterson knew she should not be so uptight; Dr. Welch had been almost a father to her. She had been seeing him since she was eleven. Nervously waiting for his last words to her, she rubbed her neck.

When he was done scribbling on her medical records, signing off on test completions, he looked up at the young woman he had grown quite close to. "Skye, as always your annual checkup is fine." He scratched something else down. "I've already spoken to Dr. Himes in Detroit. He's happy to have you as a new patient. I don't want you to worry and he's already suggesting a psychiatrist for those panic attacks we've been unable to cure after all these years."

She saw the disappointment in his eyes, he had really made it a personal mission to help her and after all these years, they had been unsuccessful. "It's not your fault," she consoled. "You've done your best. Thank you for the referral, Dr. Welch. I appreciate it."

"My son went to medical school with Dr. Himes before... you know." He choked on his words. "Dr. Himes seems like a fine young man." He changed the subject scratching graying scruffy beard.

To speak of his son, Edward Welch, Jr. was always difficult. Dr. Welch had not taken his overdose of Ecstasy very well. The entire community of Davenport, Ohio was shocked to hear of Eddie's death; especially his father who had no idea his son was a drug user. Dr. Welch had no idea what the drug was and hadn't even heard of Ecstasy.

Skye had done him the favor of researching the drug and gave him the information. He seemed to take the death even worse, but after a while he healed and went on.

"You are going to be fine," he assured her. "This is a huge step for you and I am proud of you." He gave her a comforting grin.

She nodded nervously licking her full lips. "I'll be fine." This was said more to reassure herself, than him.

He stood up, "Good. You're going to be fine. It will do you good to get out of Davenport and go somewhere new. Detroit is definitely somewhere new." He pulled the curtain around the table she sat on so she could change.

She pretended not to see the worried expression on his face, she was too busy pondering her own thoughts of moving away from the only city she knew and had matured in. Yes, life had not been easy for her, yet Davenport, Ohio was the only home she knew. It was security and Skye had always worked better when things were simple and the same. Different things made her life difficult and brought on the mentally impaling panic attacks more and more.

After putting on her clothes, she pulled the curtain away and went to the front desk. Nurse Stephanie smiled brightly handing her a thick medical file. "Dr. Welch said you'd be needing your medical record."

"Thank you, Nurse Stephanie."

Hurriedly Skye left out and went to her small black rusted Escort. All her things were already packed in the back - everything she owned.

Pushing the parking break down with long strong slim fingers tipped with home filed polished nails, she cranked the car up taking a deep breathe. Looking up in the rearview

mirror, she stared back at herself. There was fear and apprehension, but a strength she would survive. Going to a new city was not going to be easy.

She could get through this new step in her life an even better person from what she was now if she kept her wits about herself.

* * *

The female patient screamed again. Dr. Harry Porter frowned as the orderlies held her down while he injected the light pink liquid inside the syringe into her arm.

“No! No! No!” she begged frantically, not knowing what else to say to prevent him from giving her the sedative mixed with the drug she desperately needed but knew she should not be having.

All of these patients were becoming more and more aware of their circumstances. Initially the test drug prevented them from remembering, but the more they forgot, the little control the patients had on reality, until the past and present hit them like a smack in the face and the more they realized the drug was doing harm to them, the worst they became because by then they were addicted, but losing all control of mental stability and not being able to stop any of what was going on.

Dr. Porter knew in the end some just died. Some he helped after hearing them whimper in the night like a lost puppy begging for release from the nightmares that would never end. Others became vegetables and sunk into permanent darkness content to be there.

In his mind letting this test subject sleep her life away was the only thing he could do short of killing her. She will never see reality like it once was because the drugs had taken her mind away.

There was no way to deny the truth for this patient and Dr. Porter was honest in the prognosis of her. The present would never be the same for her, but others had come out of the testing just fine.

The other three were working like clockwork. A fourth would be better especially now that the price of them had gone up. Five hundred dollars a session! Fats had ordered another one to become ready soon and Dr. Carter did not want to let him down.

Yet, Dr. Carter was just a Psychiatrist, who specialized in the female psychological state of mind looking at this scientific venture only for the money. They never expected a drug like this to really work so well. The tests subjects were already pulling in two thousand a night.

Getting out of there, Dr. Porter took the nearest elevator down to women’s gynecology department on the first floor. Dr. Robert Himes was seeing a new patient, who possessed the high thyroid level they were looking for. She would be perfect. No parents or social life and passive.

One they could mold into whatever they wanted.

* * *

Skye had been having incapacitating cramps during her period for the past three months and decided to see the doctor for the pain.

She wanted to tell herself the cramps were ‘new city’ stress. Her account had taken off wonderfully to the point she needed to hire two more home transcribers, Sheila and Margaret, who could take on the overload. Sheila was a retired nurse and enjoyed the extra work. She was able to assist Skye on the account giving her more time off to get moved in and find her way around town.

Dr. Himes was in his late thirties, almond smooth hair with eyes to match. A captivating smile adorned his lips seeming to mesmerize her and he was extremely nice.

“Are you taking any birth control, Ms Patterson?” he asked concerned after the examination.

She shook her small oval face confused as to why he would ask such a question. “I-I don’t . . .” she stuttered blushing. “So-So I don’t.”

He patted her knee to reassure her. “That is understandable, but a single woman living in the big city shouldn’t be caught dead without it. Good or bad - anything can happen, plus it will regulate and nearly stop your flow so you won’t have such a severe menstrual cycle.”

Anxiety was slowly creeping up around her. “D-did you read my record?” She rubbed the back of her neck. “I mean having s-sexual. . .” She could not breathe.

“Calm down.” His tone was firm, but soothing. “It’s alright. Dr. Welch wouldn’t put you in the hands of someone who would do you any harm. Yes, I know you were sexually abused when you were younger, Skye, but I’m only assuring myself and you that if something comes up, we are both prepared for it.” He firmly gripped her shoulders forcing her to meet his calming brown eyes. “You are my concern. I know you’ve had it rough, but we must be positive. In a big city like Detroit, it’s only natural for you to do this.”

She forced herself to calm down. “Alright, I guess I can take it.”

“Good.” He went to the cabinet.

Skye watched him get a key out of his pocket and pulled out a pre-filled syringe with light pink fluid. She saw more vials with the same colored liquid in them, just before he closed and locked the door replacing the key back in his pocket.

“What exactly is this?” she inquired quite curious.

“This is a new form of birth control that been specially engineered and I’ve chosen it just for you.”

She found those words rather strange. If the birth control seemed so ‘special’ how did he have the chemical on hand so immediate?

Skye kept this concern to herself as he prepared the needle and spoke more about the light pink liquid inside the syringe.

“It’s a newer version of Depro-Vera without the side affects. Depro Second Phaze—that’s the test name I assure you. I’m including a prescription of Anaprox-DS to cease the sever cramping you have during your period until the birth control can take over. You’ll know when this happens. If the cramping continues to bother you, I can prescribe some Darvocet-N100’s for you.”

Being a medical transcriptionist she knew the effects of these drugs to her system and did not want to go through what other patients she had typed experienced. “I don’t think that’s necessary.”

She hated taking drugs, yet he sounded as if he knew what he was talking about and only wanted her to feel better. Relief filled her allowing her trusting nature to come to the surface.

Turning around so her backside faced him, she made herself relax to receive the injection, all the while listening to him.

“This is a three-month supply I will be injecting in your backside, but I’m going to schedule you to see me in a month and a half to check up on your pain and hopefully see

progress. If there is soreness in the vagina, it's merely a small convulsing side affect that your body might have from your period being stopped or slowed. A warm bath and lots of water to drink should relieve the uncomfortable sensations. Keep up your vitamin routine increasing your calcium supplement a bit." He pushed her gown away, and then he inserted the needle in her rear, noting she only gasped a little. "I sincerely do hope the best for you,

Skye. If you need to speak to someone, please feel free to contact a colleague of mine, Dr. Ryan Carter. He's extremely good working with the female psyche and panic attack victims." He passed her a business card. "You will be fine if you take it easy and try not to work so hard."

She nodded a little assured. "Maybe I should make an appointment with him? It's not healthy of me to be so apprehensive."

He smiled a beautiful white smile that made her gasp amazed at the brilliance. "Why don't I let my nurse set you up with an appointment tomorrow about ten?"

"That's good for him? So soon?" She had to wonder a bit why Dr. Himes wanted her to be a priority. If this doctor was so good, he had to have a long line of patients waiting to see him. Still, she kept this concern to herself as well.

"He's a friend of mine, of course he won't mind for me. Come back to the clinic tomorrow. He'll be here."

This made more sense. Dr. Himes was doing this as a favor to her. Maybe he valued Dr. Welch and decided to put more dedication into her. She was grateful for it, yet deep down inside she still wondered what his reasons for taking care of her were. "Thank you, Dr. Himes." She slid off the table.

"No problem, Skye."

Leaving her alone, he took a deep breath once he was out of the examination room, away from Skye Patterson.

Dr. Porter was standing outside the door. "How'd it go?" he asked anxiously to his partner.

"Fine. Quite fine," Dr. Himes said feeling a sense of dread for the kind-hearted patient. She was really sweet and very beautiful - Too bad. "There shouldn't be any problems."

They went to Dr. Himes' office to speak more privately.

* * *

Putting her clothes on Skye looked over at the mirror behind the door. With her hair in corn rolled braids all the way down to the middle of her back, she looked rather plain in the t-shirt and jeans. As angelic as her oval face was with the crème brown sugar of her flawless skin, the small nose, and the thick lips, she still found it hard to believe the image that came back to her in the mirror. She was pretty when she didn't consider the image as her, but she didn't feel pretty.

She felt ugly and dirty sometimes as she remembered the gross stench of the foster father's breathe on her neck and the groping hands of the female counselor.

Other times she didn't feel anything at all. She was just Skye Patterson, a plain Jane with no middle name who was just trying to type her way through the world until she

died. She didn't need any excitement or friends, other people craved to get by. She was happy to be with herself.

Although loneliness was a bitch sometimes, she typed those feelings away as she had the feelings which came when she thought about her rape.

Driving home in a daze from the day's endeavors, she entered her Westside three bedroom residential home. Two bedrooms were upstairs the master bedroom having its own private bathroom.

The lower bedroom on the first floor was being used as her office across from the other bathroom. There was a living room as soon as one entered with the dining room off to the right. The kitchen was in the back of the house and the basement held extra things including her washer/dryer room.

Picking up the paper on her porch on her way in, an interesting article on the side bar of the front page caught her eye. Not really the article, but the man in the picture above the article. He was tall, broad shouldered, and extremely handsome. In the article some African American local businessman was being awarded a mayor's plaque and was being honored as a community leader. Her finger rubbed the face on the paper and wondered what it would be like to meet him.

Placing the paper away from her, she shook her head, going straight to her office. Skye knew she would have a panic attack or throw up from being so nervous.

She rarely went anywhere except her office, where she earned a living as a home transcriptionist. She did medical and word processing, plus light medical billing for a couple of doctor's. Sheila also helped her with this as well.

Going straight to her office, she pulled out her dictionary of medical terms.

A couple of hours later, although she never saw the birth control Dr. Himes had mentioned as she researched it in her medical books around her office, she remembered he said the drug was new to the market so she should find some article related to the chemical or the study of the drug on the Internet if she searched hard enough. But at this point, she did not really feel like doing anything.

There was a slight soreness in her backside from the shot and she knew she would rather spend the rest of her energy typing rather than concerning herself with a birth control she knew would never be used for sexual means. It was to slow her period down to keep the cramps away. That would be all its use for her—nothing else.

Skye had no intentions of having any sexual relations in the near future and to concern her worries with the birth control would be a pure waste of time.

Instead she turned on her computer to begin typing. Setting her fingertips to the keys relaxed her and listening to other people's problems made her less worrisome about her own isolated lifestyle.

Maybe she would meet someone perchance in fate or something. Maybe she wouldn't have an attack and act a ninny or shy and maybe one-day hell will actually freeze over, pigs will fly, and she'd walk in her bedroom and see Thaddeus Newman sitting there in a nice black robe – and nothing else- waiting to make love to her.

Oh yeah... not!

Chapter 2

Craig Simpson entered the private entrance avoiding the front desk of the small office of his blood brother, Thaddeus Newman, a meticulous, goal oriented young man. They had been friends since childbirth. Born in the same year and their mothers closer than anything, Craig was the brother Thaddeus never had.

They were like night and day. Not much could rile Craig up, but everything seemed to make Thaddeus an active volcano. Craig had always seen Thaddeus angry or emotional about something. While in Craig's case, he may become pique or even bothered, but never screaming mad.

Even though Thaddeus had played football all his life until he had torn a major cartilage in his knee in a Rose Bowl Game when he played in college for the University of Michigan. Ruining his football career. He still received a master's in business management and opened up his own real estate redevelopment and construction company. Being a black businessman in an industry filled with the majority, his success was noted all over the country. He had business ventures in five major cities, but based his business in Detroit, Michigan.

Craig on the other hand had excelled in high school JROTC. After serving eight years in the Army, he joined Detroit's police force becoming a detective in Illegal Operations for Western District.

When he entered the office, Thaddeus was on the phone. Craig caught his light cinnamon eyes and nodded him toward the nearest chair across his desk. Craig waited patiently as the large frame blood brother discussed meeting some potential customers tomorrow at the bookstore café in the strip mall he enjoyed to visit.

Once off the phone he called Trisha, his assistant in the front of the office, to enter the appointment in his planner. He coolly turned his attention to Craig.

"So what's up, Bro?" Thaddeus asked leaning back in the chair.

Craig could hear the chair protesting the weight. "My sergeant wants to speak with you. He's waiting in the private entrance. I didn't want to come through the front because I didn't want Trisha to know we were here."

He frowned displeased by this surprise. Thaddeus did not like surprises and his strong fingers drummed irritably on the table clearly showing his irritation. Craig never visited him at work, wanting to always keep the knowledge of them being close private to others because of Craig's job and Thaddeus many contacts.

Even when he called Thaddeus at work he used Mr. Smith so no one could put two and two together about Thaddeus Newman and Craig Simpson.

"Look Thaddeus if you don't then don't, but I wouldn't ask if this wasn't important to me and the force."

Thaddeus calmed down a bit noting the serious look in Craig's pitch black eyes. "Fine, show the sergeant in." He pressed the button.

"Trisha please hold my calls, I'm busy with some paperwork and I don't want to be disturbed."

"Yes, Mr. Newman," her soft, pitch clear diction answered back.

Soon, a gruff looking man entered the office. At five feet ten, Sergeant Bill Nolan had a girth that clearly showed he missed no meals.

They shook hands as he sat in the other chair next to Craig, looking in awe at the young man behind the desk.

Leaning on the desk after everyone sat down, Thaddeus said, "Alright Sergeant Nolan, what is it you want from me?"

Sergeant Nolan decided not to mince words with the businessman. He had been a fan of his football season, and to sit in front of him now was almost an honor. He got right down to business. "Most of what we have to go on about this case is speculation and from leads, taps, and street sources. Trevor Coleman Sr. a.k.a. Cole Forsythe better known as Fats, has been in the underground business for about five years or more. He literally corners the drug market in the Metro Detroit area. One of the most popular drugs, which have been the bulk of his wealth, has been GHB, the popular date rape drug. He controls the market in distribution, but this of course is only hearsay. Last year, we tracked him to Venezuela, where we suspected him of buying steroids, then to Chatham in Canada. Here our agents assumed he was stocking up on the party drug, Ecstasy. We have gathered supposed evidence of his Internet commerce, where we believe he is buying key ingredients for GHB. We've had to track him down, arrest him, and have to release him at least ten times in the past twelve months, while our prosecutor's charge him."

"Until recently, no Michigan State Police chemist knew how to test for gamma hydroxybutyrate, which is what GHB stands for," Craig added. "He's done his operations so well, we are having a tough time finding out if he does have any connections to these crimes and it's no field testing of GHB on the street, so when his people who are connected to him, or even Fats himself is caught with the drug, or ingredients to make GHB we can't fully charge him until the lab results come back, which won't be until two to three months from now. The more we wait for the prosecution, the little our case will weigh against his lecherous attorneys."

The sergeant continued explaining, "Fats and other wealthy crime bosses in other cities are donating large sums of money into private non-profit scientific research of late, on neuron-chemicals that may affect the brain. He uses his import/export business as a front to do his underground dealings and money laundering."

"This is all word of mouth, right? Because if you had proof of this we wouldn't be here discussing this." Thaddeus questioned.

Craig nodded a bit frustrated. "We've been on the case for about four years and we can't make anything stick to him or his organization. Initially, Fats was heavily into prostitution, but it's becoming ever increasingly hard to track down all his women when he isn't getting them off the streets."

"Call girls?" Thaddeus suspected out loud.

"You could say that . . ." Craig trailed off. "From my resources, he's gotten a way to take everyday women and control them at a level of subconscious behavior where these women have no idea what they are doing."

Thaddeus looked in clear disbelief. His cinnamon eyes actually flickering in skepticism, from the sergeant to Craig. "This is all hearsay and I'm suppose to prove it?"

"Yes and no." Craig knew Thaddeus would catch on quickly. "You see we know Fats has been using his connections approaching well-to-do gentlemen for services. Most have denied. Others when we've approached them have not been acceptable to the situation. We've decided two things: either find a john to testify or find a prostitute we can get to testify and identify the major players who are helping Fats."

“Or both,” Thaddeus concluded.

“You understand where we are coming from then, Mr. Newman?” Sergeant Nolan smiled, relieved.

“Most definitely. You want me to be a john and get a legitimate solicitation from him, then see if I can investigate the girl?” Outwardly, he seemed uncomfortable about the idea.

“Yes, except we need you to just prod the girl for information and we will do the investigation.” Sergeant Nolan said statically.

He frowned fierce, enough to put fear into anyone who didn’t know him well. Thaddeus seemed quite displeased at the fact Craig would even consider him. His integrity in the community could be demolished if any of this was leaked. He had worked sweat and teeth to get to where he was not only financially, but also business-wise and the very idea that he could be in cahoots with a loan shark, drug-dealing pimp would destroy his career and life.

“Trust me, Mr. Newman, we wouldn’t approach a man of your position in the community if we didn’t think Fats would be highly interested in you. You’d be a great contact and he’d be positively gullible to your every request, without getting suspicious,” Sergeant Nolan explained.

“Which is?”

“Before we get into details we need to know if you are willing to do this.”

Thaddeus rubbed his hands together slowly deep in thought. “So I would be requesting the service of a woman for . . .”

“A night of course.”

“And would have to... perform?”

“No, of course not. You’d have two choices: talk or we can provide you with a sleep-induced agent, which we believe has only a raggedness side effect to the chemical we believe she could be taking. Meaning she’d awake with a hangover or grogginess.”

“And how many sessions would this require?”

Craig answered him, “Four to five is the maximum. Once a week. Maybe even less. We want to first try to get information out of her. When Fats feels things are going well, the contact we have at his side now, can go in with a wiretap and discuss the arrangements he has with you. We’ll have the discussion on tape and we can hold him on solicitation of prostitution. We need some substantial way to retain him so he won’t flee the country, which we feel he might do if he knows we are on to him with proof. We will draw a sample of her blood and some other tests to find out her history, her identity and a try to find out exactly how she was chosen and how the drugs really work. She of course will be asleep. Once we establish we won’t need her anymore or she doesn’t test positive for the GHB substance, we will leave her alone.”

“Throw her to the curb?”

“Sort of. Hopefully when this is all over, if the drug we suspect they’ve given her really does what we’ve heard, she won’t be mentally disturbed. We do ask that you be careful and remember the woman probably does not know what she is doing.”

Thaddeus couldn’t believe it all, yet the more they spoke so real about it, everything seemed to be slowly sinking in. “How does the drug control anyone? I must know.”

Sergeant Nolan tried to give more details so Thaddeus could understand. “Somehow, it easily controls a female. We’ve had experts come in and try to explain the possibility

and at first we were even doubtful about it, yet there were too many stories coming back to us from secret informants about these strange experiments. Women had started turning up dead on the street with GHB running through their system and the ones that we did find alive were so out of it, they couldn't tell reality from dreams." He paused a moment, shaking his head as if trying to get the horrible scenes out of his head. "We haven't discovered the true details to all of this and like you said this is really all hearsay and predictions, because even the doctors we have on staff say that a lot of chemists have thought of the possibility of a mind controlling drug, but no one's been successful at creating it."

"Well, there's truth serum and other things that prevent us from lying," Craig said. "But the doctors said the idea was so farfetched they couldn't fathom it being produced."

"We're obtaining our own Neuro-Psychologist soon, then we can all better understand exactly what is going on with these women," Sergeant Nolan said confidently. "If this is possible, innocent, unsuspecting women in our community could be devastated by the effects. We want to stop it before it becomes widespread and we really need your help, Mr. Newman."

Thaddeus didn't think twice and nodded. "I will help."

Craig sighed relieved. "You won't regret it, Thad. The precinct is willing to agree to take all responsibilities so any individuals won't sue you."

"Well that's reassuring." His tone was surly.

The sergeant pulled out an envelope. "We've set up an apartment at the River Place Towers in Downtown. We'd like you to reside there. We've rigged the apartment with special microphones. Now we know and understand your privacy and we respect it. There is a green button on the bottom of the remote, which mutes the room you are in, but we do request you leave this on at all times when having any discussions with the woman. Especially when you're trying to get information from her. We have a van surveying out in the parking lot if any strangers come there unannounced and we've practiced getting to your apartment in less than eight minutes from our positions."

Thaddeus nodded feeling only slightly reassured, while Craig relaxed a little more. He didn't think Thaddeus would be at all susceptible to the idea.

Sergeant Nolan handed Thaddeus a brown envelope. "This envelope contains the different keys you need for your apartment—each one labeled, the legal papers we'd like you to drop in the mail and the first payment we know Fats will probably request. Don't negotiate, accept his terms."

"How will I meet him?" Thaddeus asked.

Craig explained, "The inside contact will tell Fats you're interesting in unique entertainment. You're wealthy, single and just looking for a little fun every Saturday. Someone you don't have to scope for and someone you don't want to share. You're willing to pay heavy for it if he can give you what you like."

"What will I like?"

"That's up to you. We prefer requesting the same girl and we hope the first one pleases you."

Thaddeus looked at Craig. "Do you think the contact could relay this? Pick out a decent one? I can deal with a lot of things but stupidity and ignorance will be very hard to tolerate."

“We’ll try,” Craig answered. “He will do all the arrangements for you, but I can’t guarantee you will like what you see. According to the contact, he thinks he’s seen the next victim they are going to procure and you should be pleasingly appeased.”

He shrugged it off as if the woman didn’t matter. “Fine. When is the first meeting? Soon? This week?” There was impatience in his voice. He really wanted this over and done with.

Sergeant Nolan shook his head. “No. Give us a week to get the ball rolling, but we would like you to move in by tomorrow. If need be, any of your numbers can be switched or rerouted on a moments notice.”

“This should not be problem. My mobile phone and pager are usually my real numbers outside the office.”

“Good.” The sergeant stood up. “Craig will be our go to man, but we suggest waiting until he makes contact with you. If perchance the police happen to take you in on solicitation and we aren’t around, ask for Mr. Aggie Smith as your public defender. Never contact Craig or I unless there is a life-threatening situation that regular law enforcement couldn’t understand. “

Thaddeus again nodded his understanding of the matter. “It was never my intention to speak to Craig again.” He shot his friend a vicious glare clearly stating with his glowing reddish-hued cinnamon eyes, ‘I’ll get you later.’

Craig knew Thad was kidding, but only because he’d known him for so long. And if he wasn’t kidding, Craig hoped that Thaddeus’ injury was acting up too much to try to chase him. A man of his size and girth should not go around with a frown on his face. It sent all the wrong messages.

“Well if there is nothing else,” Craig said breaking the suppose tension and giving his blood brother a look of disgruntlement. “Your contact name is Pooh.”

“Like the bear?” Thaddeus asked sarcastically, amused watching them leave the office and squeezing a stress ball tightly.

Standing in the hallway outside of Thaddeus’ private office door, waiting for an elevator to go to the parking structure, Craig chuckled.

Sergeant Nolan gave him a skeptical look. “What do you think he will do to her?” The sergeant asked once they were enclosed alone in the elevator.

“Fuck her.”

He gave Craig a hard look. “You are kidding me?”

“Hah. He’ll try to fight it. He’ll even deny it’s happening, but the man probably needs the outlet.”

“So why didn’t you want me to let him know any criminal activity by him will be pardoned as well?”

“And not see him killing himself over breaking the law?” he asked, fighting to keep a straight face, but he couldn’t for long and broke into laughter.

The sergeant didn’t find anything funny. Although Craig knew his blood brother well, the sergeant didn’t, and knowing that the young man would be highly upset didn’t sit too well on his conscious.

If Thaddeus did decide to go after Craig, that would suit him and a couple of boys at the precinct just fine. Craig had pissed a lot of people off on the force with his loud mouth, sarcastic remarks, and arrogant overly playful attitude. The young detective probably needed a good beat down for a change.

Sergeant Nolan didn't think Craig would be able to withstand a tackle from Thaddeus, although the young man's demeanor would not suggest he could ever get that violent for no just cause. Thaddeus' college days were quite well known to collegiate football fans. He had a great season before the last game that ended his career as a defensive lineman. He could get to a quarterback faster than lightening and everyone had predicted that he would be at least second round draft pick. Too bad that accident had ended what could have been a very successful career in the NFL.

Yet people were still proud of him. He had come back and made a real estate redevelopment business into a multimillion-dollar business then expanded to construction. Already he'd received several government and private contracts this year and Fortune magazine predicted by the end of the year his business would be worth over a hundred million dollars with the casino deal he had struck with MGM Grand and Motor City Casino.

Yes, the young man would be a success and when this was all over he would be a hero to the city of Detroit. Wiping out Fats would be a great asset to many community groups since his corrupt operations within them would be shut down.

Chapter 3

She awoke instantly and looked at the clock. It was nine in the morning. Jumping out of bed, she ran to the bathroom and washed up. The appointment with Dr. Ryan Carter was in twenty minutes.

This was a catastrophe. Damn her for staying up late to work and then taking her thick hair out of the corned rolled braids. As she tried to find out style for her thick honey brown mane, she felt like her scalp was going to come off, but finally settled on yanking it back into a tight upside down French-roll that created an attractive frame for her oval face and exotic mauve eyes – if she didn't wear her glasses.

But in the past few years, Skye had started wearing the reading glasses all the time to serve almost as a pacifier when she was out in public. The glasses made her feel like a safe wall was there to hold her in check and in place. They made her feel almost normal and not out of sorts like she always felt on the inside.

In five minutes she was washed up. As she brushed her teeth she also noted how her glasses threw people off on the nice features of her face. She didn't mind that at all. She didn't want attention from men because that would... There was no use in that kind of attention for her. Not from anyone!

After e-mailing her work to her clients she rushed off to the clinic, arriving ten minutes late.

Dr. Carter was waiting in the room for her and seemed glad to see her. He wasn't cute as Dr. Himes, but his tall "Michael J. Fox" appearance made her a little uncomfortable especially the way his green eyes were sizing her up from head to toe as if recording her measurements and stature.

They made quick introductions. He had read her charts from prior psychiatrists. Immediately, he asked her to speak about her feelings concerning her rape and how she would feel now if she ever becomes involved sexually or emotionally with a man.

Her insides fluttered speaking about this, but she tried to remain calm with Dr. Carter. "I really don't know how I feel right now. I don't think about what happened to me in the past any more in details only as a moment that happened. What happened was so long ago and seems so far away. I don't questions the whens or whys."

Taking a deep breath she made the cutest twinge of her nose deep in thought. "I don't involve myself with anyone right now, not because I'm afraid or anything. I mean, I had acquaintances, friends, and sorts, but living here I'm working all the time and I've been cooped up. My only contacts are my e-mails from my employees and associates on the web."

He nodded. "How have your sexual relations been?"

"None. I-I haven't um . . ." She cleared her throat feeling her heart rate increase. "I don't have any."

"Why is that?"

She began to rub the back of her neck nervously feeling a panic attack surfacing. "No reason. I-I mean they say I'm healthy physically, but I don't engage because I haven't been... attracted, you could say, to anyone."

"What holds attraction for you?"

She closed her eyes and immediately started remembering the picture of Thaddeus Newman in the newspaper. “A strong face and personality. Self strength more than anything attracts me.”

“You are beautiful. I am surprised men have not approached you.”

“They do and have. I just don’t talk much except for business. I don’t know why, but just the idea of talking with them and engaging in personal conversations give me panic attacks.”

“Panic attacks?” he questioned scribbling on his pad.

Skye nodded. “Sever panic attacks. It’s like when I’m not conversing with them face to face on a personal level I’m fine. Some of my clients are men and I have no problem speaking business, but as soon as it gets personal, I can’t concentrate. My pulse races and I feel trapped.

“You have tried drugs?”

“Yes, but they only made me sleepy or annoyed. I hated feeling the way they made me feel and I hate taking drugs of any kind in general.”

“Even if they made the attacks lessen?”

“Even then. The idea of being dependent upon a chemical makes me feel weak and I don’t like feeling like that emotionally not when every day it feels like a struggle to get by naturally for me. I tried them all and I didn’t like that. I did have a dog and that helped a lot when I went out in public, but she died a year ago and I just never got another one because losing something felt awful and I didn’t want to lose another one. I have an easier time going out in public and having Shelby helped me make this decision to come to Detroit. If she had not been in my life, I wouldn’t have had the inner strength to move here by myself. I know once I get over her death, I’ll get another puppy, but right now, I have my work to keep me busy and a new house to finish up.”

“Have you tried hypnosis?”

She shook her head. “What on earth could that accomplish?”

“A lot of things. The sound of the male voice changes and for some reason when a tone of interest in you comes, your mind immediately begins to panic and sends signals to your body in a negative form.”

She shrugged. “I’m always open to suggestions.”

He stood up and pulled out a beautiful emerald on a long gold string. She smiled at the beauty of the penny size green gem.

“I want you to relax, Ms Patterson, then watch the gem.”

His voice was quite relaxed as the emerald moved slowly left to right in front of her beautiful lavender eyes.

Skye felt her body relaxing as she heeded his instructions. She felt light as a feather then total blackness surrounded her. Her whole body gave a sense of being, lifted and in the distant a strange ringing of phone fought to invade the tranquil darkness. Fading into the silence, there seemed to be a deep, calming voice speaking to her from far away, but as much as she strained she couldn’t make out what exactly the voice was saying. She decided to relax and listen to the voice wondering if she was experiencing a memory of her childhood and the voice was her father talking to her when she was a baby. The thought made her happy.

Since she was little she always carried the knowledge it had not been her father who had given her up, but maybe her mother, and he probably did not know she existed. In her

heart, Skye always wished he would come for her one day. Her father would have the most enchanting deep voice just like the one she could barely hear now.

When her senses returned she was still in the chair and Dr. Carter was leaning back in his chair tucking the emerald in his breast pocket. Blinking her eyes, adjusting to the light, she quickly checked herself. She felt and looked fine, yet her mental state had somehow been affected. She couldn't explain exactly what was affected, but Skye didn't feel like things had gone the way she had thought they would.

"How do you feel?" he asked in a triumphant tone.

"Calm. No different." She didn't want to express she felt as if someone had told her a secret, but she couldn't remember what had been told to her.

A soft bell chimed behind her and the doctor stood up. "I do recommend you come next week, Ms Patterson. I'd like to see how you've done."

"I would too." She gathered her things. "I'll make an appointment."

Dr. Carter seemed quite pleased. Too pleased in her opinion, but she pushed the thought away thinking it was just her mind being apprehensive of everything and everyone.

Leaving out, she sat in her car, thoughtful and feeling strange. Looking at the time she didn't feel an hour had passed since she had walked in his office.

She was free for the rest of the day and decided to go to a nearby strip mall near her home to get her shopping done. The experience was a tranquil one until she stepped outside the store.

Near the grocery store was a café. Being a nice August day, many people sat outside.

What drew her attention was the large built man. Shoulders!

The broad expansive shoulders from behind drew her notice. There were several other men sitting with him, but none of them seemed to catch her eyes except him. Even his deep laughter made her eardrums tingle.

Sitting at a table right behind him, she listened quietly. A waitress walked up to her and asked for her order. She told her club soda.

"Mr. Thaddeus Newman," a waiter called quietly near the front of the café doors, holding a cordless phone.

The man she had been watching raised a strong hand with long clean fingers. The deep timbre of his voice gave her goose bumps. How could a man so large be so seductive and not know it?

He excused himself turning to the young man carrying the phone, which was right near her. She hurriedly stood up trying to turn anywhere except facing Thaddeus Newman terrified of her reaction if he looked at her with those sensual brown eyes she remembered in the newspaper. In her haste she bumped the waitress carrying her club soda, spilling the drink all over both them. Skye rushed away leaving one of her bags of groceries.

Sitting in the safety of her car, she almost passed out. Her panic attack was severe.

No, the hypnosis had not work! She would promptly tell Dr. Carter next week.

Closing her eyes to calm herself down, she thought about Shelby and how the settler use to know when she was having an attack and rub her arm or legs. Losing Shelby had been very upsetting because the settler had brought her a lot of comfort. The lost had also prompted her to find a new life away from Davenport and take an account in Detroit.

Shelby still offered comfort in her death. Just thinking about her dog made Skye relax and her breathing slowed down.

Her temporary calm was disturbed as someone tapped on her car window. She jumped, startled by the large shadow.

Looking up she saw the black Adonis she had just been admiring. He was holding her grocery bag.

Lord no, she thought frantically dreading as she got out the car using the car door as a barrier between the two of them.

Thaddeus waited patiently as she reluctantly opened the door and stepped out. She seemed homely, frail, and quiet. He was used to awe and adoring looks from women, but she reacted as if she wanted no part of him or his interest. Purposely she didn't make eye contact by putting on a pair of sunglasses, before she stood out the car. He handed her the bag she had forgotten, which she quickly took giving him a quiet thanks.

"You left your groceries at the table," he explained wishing he could see her eyes through those dark glasses wondering what she was thinking and feeling. He was trying to make conversation just to assess her strange behavior. "I assured the waitress I would make sure you got them."

"Thank you," she said again hurriedly putting the bag in the cars back seat. She was screaming for her mind to stay calm and the only way to do this was not to make eye contact, but his proximity unnerved her and damn if he didn't smell good. Lord, the man smelled delicious.

Though he'd gotten a message to meet his contact soon, this young lady somehow held his interest. If she would probably just make eye contact from behind those dark shades then... maybe he wouldn't be so interested. "My name's Thaddeus." He held out his hand to shake.

She pretended not to see the outstretched hand and began to get back in the car. "H- Have a nice day, sir." She closed the door, cranked the car and drove away as quickly as her old black Escort would allow her to go.

He sighed chalking this up as just one of those episodes in his life that just couldn't be explained. She seemed interested in him from the way the waitress told him that the woman was staring at the back of his head, but didn't want to go ahead with what she felt. Or he was feeling for the first time in his life rejection from a woman?

Either way he was not going to let the mysterious young woman bother him. He was on his way to meet Pooh, the contact, at the apartment downtown.

As he was about to step towards his car, but a yellow business card on the ground caught his attention. Patterson Transcription Service — for all your transcribing needs. 'The Skye's the limit!' It was rather odd, but the card looked freshly dropped and he was positive the owner was the young woman.

Tucking the card directly in his wallet he decided to investigate her further on a later date if he remembered. The whole ordeal with her had been a rather humbling experience or maybe he was just losing his touch.

Chuckling to himself as if that was the silliest thought, Thaddeus decided to call Trish en route to downtown to start an immediate search into the transcription business. If the investigation turned up no lead to this mysterious "no interest" plain woman, he told himself he could assume it was just two ships passing in the night. Yet, funny how he wished he didn't want her to just pass by.

This is an excerpt. To read more of this story, please go to: <http://amzn.to/DrORea>. This book is exclusively available on Amazon.com. Leave reviews and comments at this location, please.

Congrats to Dreams of Reality for reaching the 100 Amazon Bestselling Multicultural December 13, 2011. (Spot #98, #92, #83 & #73)

**To read more of this authors works, please visit her website at:
<http://sylviahubbard.com>**