

MS. OR MRS. QT ENTERTAINMENT

Book Two



A
HOUSE
is not
A Home

Tiffany Parker

Red RoseTM Publishing

A House Is Not A Home

Ms. Or Mrs.

Qt Entertainment: Book 2

By

Tiffany Parker

Dedication

As always, to my mother, Dot. I love you, Mama. Thanks for always telling me you believe in me. I will never stop wishing you were still here to share this with me.

Acknowledgments

Since this series was created for those fans that asked for a little more spice, I'd like to acknowledge that I listened and this is for you.

To my husband, Laville, thanks for always showing your support. Even when I think I can't you tell me I can. It means a lot to me that you have that much faith in me.

My children. Wow! What can I say? Even though at times it's a challenge, you always make a way to let me know you care and that you are there for me. I appreciate it and it means the world to me.

Last but by no means least, I would like to thank God for the talent to write. Many times, we go our entire lives without finding our one true gift. I am truly grateful that He showed me my gift so young in life, even if I did not have the courage then to pursue it.

Until my next novel, many blessings to all!

Tiffany



This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, organizations, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

A House is Not a Home by Tiffany Parker

Red Rose™ Publishing

Publishing with a touch of Class!™

The symbol of the Red Rose and Red Rose is a trademark of Red Rose™ Publishing

Red Rose™ Publishing

Copyright© 2009 Tiffany Parker

ISBN: 978-1-60435-405-8

Cover Artist: Annie Melton

Editor: Zena Gainer

Line Editor: Mike Kay

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced electronically or in print without written permission, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in reviews. Due to copyright laws you cannot trade, sell or give any ebooks away.

This is a work of fiction. All references to real places, people, or events are coincidental, and if not coincidental, are used fictitiously. All trademarks, service marks, registered trademarks, and registered service marks are the property of their respective owners and are used herein for identification purposes only.

Red Rose™ Publishing

www.redrosepublishing.com

Forestport, NY 13338

Thank you for purchasing a book from Red Rose™ Publishing where publishing comes with a touch of Class!

A House Is Not A Home

By

Tiffany Parker

Chapter One

Most people have a preconceived notion that it's mainly men that have commitment issues. Truthfully, until meeting and falling in love with Tamela Marie Jones, CEO and founder of QT Entertainment, TJ "The Snake" Robinson certainly thought that. Now, thanks to her father's years of emotional and physical abuse towards her mom, Tamela had a real fear that if she committed to him, she would lose herself. Even worse was her fear of abuse from the one person who was supposed to love her the most, her man.

"Excuse me, Mr. Robinson," the waiter said, snapping TJ out of his private thoughts.

"Yes."

"Will Ms. Jones be arriving soon? Would you like me to bring you some fresh bread or another glass of wine?"

Looking at the bread sticks that he hadn't touched, TJ responded, "Actually you can take these and I'll order more when Ms. Jones arrives. I don't need any more wine right now. Thank you."

"Yes, sir. As soon as she arrives, we'll show her to your table."

Within twenty minutes, Tamela walked in. From where TJ was sitting, he had a clear view of her. He observed with pride the many male patrons discreetly watching her as she walked over to his table, some of them sitting with very attractive women themselves. Their eyes still strayed in her direction.

Tamela exuded the kind of raw sensuality that would cause a man to take the risk of getting the shit slapped out of him if his companion caught him looking at such an attractive woman. She was what he liked to refer to as an All American Beauty: finer than Gabrielle Union, more booty than Jennifer Lopez, and smarter than Oprah.

Rising as she neared the table, he greeted her. “Hi baby. As usual you look so good I’m ready to skip lunch and go straight to dessert -- you.”

“You’re so silly, TJ. You know your greedy behind isn’t going to skip lunch. Not even for me.”

“Tam, for you I’d give up anything you asked me too.”

Tamela looked directly into his eyes before responding. “Really, or would it depend on what I’m asking you to give up?”

“You know better than that. Let’s order. I’ve got a surprise for you.”

“Oh, a surprise.” Her eyes lit up like Fourth of July fireworks. “What is it?”

Rolling his eyes, TJ lifted his head toward the sky as if he were asking ‘why me?’ “If I tell you it wouldn’t be a surprise, now would it?”

Since it was a restaurant that they had frequented many times in the past, he and Tamela ordered quickly, ate and were ready to leave within forty minutes. As they walked through the parking lot toward Tamela's car, she asked, "Should I just follow you?"

"Nope, I'll ride with you. I took a taxi here to ensure I'd have the pleasure of your company."

He could tell that Tamela was excited by the way she continued to twirl her beautiful, shoulder-length, brown hair around her finger as he drove her Lexus down GA-400.

"What are we doing here, TJ? You know how much I love the homes in the Alpharetta Estates subdivision, even if I do think they are overpriced."

TJ didn't answer. Instead he got out of the car, walked around to the passenger side and opened the door for Tamela, extending his hand to help her out.

After she was out of the car, he watched as she smoothed her hair and glanced around. What she expected to see he wasn't sure, but he wasn't surprised when she glared at him and said, "Are you going to answer me?"

"No, now come on."

"I'm not moving until you tell me why we're here and I mean it," she replied taking a small step back and folding her arms across her chest.

“Stubborn woman,” he responded before grabbing her hand and pulling her up the walkway. At the door, he slipped the key into the lock. Pushing the door open, TJ stepped in and pulled her in behind him.

“So what do you think?” he asked as he glanced around the foyer.

The decorators had everything just as he’d described from memory. Tamela had told him many times about her dream house. The foyer had cream, white, and black swirl marble floors with contemporary settees on both sides of the entryway. Next to each one was a beautiful brass and glass curio, containing pictures of them at various events they’d attended over the years.

“It’s beautiful but...”

“But what?” he asked amused. He knew Tamela so well; her eyes and the sudden intake of breath told him she loved it. “You like it?”

“Of course, who wouldn’t?”

“Wait, you haven’t seen the best part.”

Pulling Tamela up the spiral staircase and down the left corridor, TJ stopped in front of a set of wide double doors. There he put one of his large hands over her eyes before opening the door. Once inside, he closed the doors before removing his hand.

“Oh TJ, this is magnificent,” she said as she turned around in a circle taking in the entire room.

“I’m glad you like it. It’s yours.”

“What?” Tamela responded, one hand clutching her chest, the other settling on TJ’s arm.

“I said it’s yours but I’d like it to be our home.”

“I can’t accept. TJ, this house must have cost a fortune.”

“You’re worth it and just so you know, the house is in your name. No strings attached. Whether you decide to let me live here with you or not this is yours,” he said then placed some papers in her hand.

When she turned to him, there was a stream of tears running down her face. He hadn’t meant to make her cry. Everything he did was to show her how deep his commitment to her ran.

Leaning down, his lips settled over hers. Applying a small amount of pressure with his tongue to the corner of her mouth, he deepened the kiss when she complied with his request for entry. They stood there kissing for what seemed like an eternity. Her body gradually gave him the tell tale signs that her resistance was breaking down.

The need to breathe forced him to break their kiss. He knew the only reason Tamela was still able to stand was because he had his massive arms around her, holding her up. Her eyes were deep pools of desire that fueled his need for her. Briefly, he noted that her purse and the papers he’d given her had slipped from her

hand. Leaving the purse and the papers where they fell, he walked her backwards until they reached the bed.

“I wanna make love to you, baby. Here, now, in this bed.”

“TJ, I....”

Lowering his head, he silenced her response. Within minutes, he felt her arms go around his neck, her fingers running along the back of his head and nape. Never breaking contact, he lifted her into his arms. Gently he placed her in the bed then straightened to his full six-feet-four height. Holding her gaze, he began to disrobe. Her eyes showed him how much she appreciated the show as he removed each piece of clothing and dropped it carelessly on the floor.

He was well aware of how much Tamela loved his muscular body. The large amount of time he spent in the gym making sure he was in tip top shape wasn't just for football. It was also for the look he saw in his woman's eyes each time they made love. A small smile formed on his face. TJ felt a deep male satisfaction as he watched Tamela rise to her knees in the center of the bed and begin to undress, obviously aroused.

Once they were both devoid of any clothing, TJ knelt on the bed, still holding Tamela's mesmerizing eyes and lifted the plump mounds of her breasts to his lips. Kissing, licking, nibbling, he finally sucked the puckered bud into his mouth.

“Oh God...,” she screamed, grabbing his head holding it firmly to her.

“Lay back for me, baby.”

Instead of her complying with his command, he felt himself being pushed back onto the softness of the down comforter. Starting at his ears, gently sucking then swirling her tongue around the lobe, she devoured him inch by inch. It took all the self-control he possessed not to buck her off when she reached his dick. If he didn't already love her more than life itself, the workout her mouth and hands were giving his dick would have definitely sealed the deal. Knowing he wasn't going to last much longer, he eased her from him.

However, he was so far gone now that he wasn't as gentle when he flipped her onto her back and entered her immediately. Thank God she came quickly because within minutes, he threw his head back, grabbed her hips lifting them to him, and released a powerful orgasm that left him as weak as a newborn baby.

“Yes,” Tamela whispered against his ear once both their breathing returned to normal.

Lifting his head from the hollow of her neck, TJ looked down at her. “Yes?”

“I'll live with you.”

Moving off her, he curled on his side and pulled her close to him. “I don't just want you to live with me. I want you to marry me.”

“I know, but right now living with you is all I can offer.”

“Alright, baby. I’ll settle for that, for now.”

Chapter Two

After four years of dating, TJ “The Snake” Robinson was finally making some headway in his quest to get the love of his life, Tamela Marie Jones, to marry him.

At times, TJ wished for his younger years. Back in the day, he was jumping in and out of fresh pussy every other night. His life was happy-go-lucky and carefree. But all he had to do was think of the beautiful ebony queen that had been at his side for the last four years and he knew that was not the lifestyle he wished to lead anymore.

A few of his friends thought he was crazy to keep pursuing a woman who had turned down his proposal of marriage more than once. Well he wasn’t young and dumb anymore. At twenty-nine, he knew what he wanted out of life and what he wanted was Tamela. In fact, TJ had hoped that the house he’d purchased and furnished for Tamela would finally convince her just how much he wanted -- no needed -- to have her permanently in his life. He was trying all he knew to show her that she could trust him.

He wanted her to know that not all men were like her father. There wasn't anything he wouldn't do to prove to her that there were still good men out there. Men that didn't play games or mistreat their women.

The house was hers free and clear, no strings attached. He'd even gone so far as to have his lawyers draw up papers saying that in the event their relationship didn't work out, he waived all rights to sue her to regain his property.

Well, he still had a few cards up his sleeve. It was time to put his other plan to make Tamela his wife into motion. Reaching for his cell phone, TJ called Donovan Canter, his former teammate whose NFL career ended two years ago. Donovan crashed his motorcycle for the third time in five years. The accident itself didn't end his career. His refusal to give up motorcycles and his reckless behavior had.

After four rings, TJ didn't think he was going to answer so he was preparing to leave a message when Donovan yelled into the phone, "What!"

"Damn, DC. What's up with answering the phone like you a straight fool?"

"Sorry, dog. I thought you were Leeza."

"What happened now?"

"Man, I pay that bitch a small fortune every month and she still be playing games about me spending time with my damn kids."

As bad as TJ hated thinking the words bitch and woman in the same thought, he completely understood how Donovan felt. Leeza was an NFL groupie who'd hit the jackpot when she met a young and wild Donovan Canter. Some of the veteran players had warned him about her, but her looks and seductive ways had pretty much nixed out anything they said.

She and DC now had three-year-old twin boys and although set for life financially, she used those boys like an ATM to get what she wanted out of DC. If she didn't get her way, she made it almost impossible for him to see his sons. The sad thing was, Donovan loved that girl and would gladly give her anything she wanted, but all she cared about was money and status. Once he no longer played in the league, she dropped him like a bad habit.

Sitting up on the couch, TJ took the remote off the coffee table, turned down the volume on the TV, and then leaned back to finish his call. "I hate to say I told you so, but I did."

"I really could do without a lecture right now."

"I'm sorry. Look that's not why I called. Did you get an invitation to Wells' masquerade party this year?"

"Yeah, I got it."

Now that's exactly what he wanted to hear. Rising, he paced the floor as he spoke. "Are you going?"

“I don’t know. I haven’t given it much thought. Why?”

“Tam’s company is providing the main entertainment this year.”

“Really? Then hell yeah, I’ll be there. She gets plenty of my money anyway.

This way I get to enjoy the show and it won’t cost me a damn thang!”

“Good. I need to get in, so I’ll be your guest.”

“What I wanna know is, why don’t *you* ever get invitations?”

Shrugging his shoulders, TJ replied, “Wells and I had a difference of opinion some years ago and I guess he holds a grudge. The asshole won’t give me an invitation but he has no problem accepting my money when I come.”

Laughing, Donovan responded, “That’s cool.” Just then his phone beeped. “It’s Leeza, man, I’ll talk with you later.”

“Okay. Thanks.”

Placing his cell phone on the table, TJ got up and went into the kitchen to get something to eat. Opening the refrigerator door, he stood there for several minutes before deciding to just go out. He had returned home from his trip a day early and decided to spend the night at his own house and give Tamela, the love of his life and with any luck his soon to be wife, some me time.

He’d given her a new house; she even agreed to live with him. It was a start but it wasn’t enough. He kept replaying the many fights they had because he wanted her to give up her business, marry him, and start a family. It wasn’t an

unreasonable request. Most men wanted to marry the right woman and have a couple kids.

Well, maybe expecting her to give up her business was a little out the scope of reason. However, as the wife of an NFL player, her life would be a much higher profile. It wasn't that he was ashamed of her business. Hell, he was proud as heck of all her accomplishments, but adult entertainment of any kind wasn't exactly looked upon in a positive light. His temper would cause trouble for sure. There was no way in hell anyone would be able to say something negative about Tamela without him putting them in their place.

However, in this case TJ also had to fight the demons of Tamela's past. Tamela is a self-made woman of wealth. Everything she has she worked hard to get. So had her mother but her mother gave up everything for her father. A man who, unfortunately, proved to be very undeserving of her mother's love and devotion.

Now because of how badly things had turned out for her mother, Tamela was reluctant to give up her career for him. In her mind, she'd also be giving up her independence and any control she had over her life. Hell, no matter how much he assured her that wouldn't happen, it all came down to her ability to trust him. To trust that he wouldn't end up treating her exactly how her father had treated her mother.

Riding around for well over an hour, TJ still hadn't found anything he wanted to eat. He knew why. Food wasn't what really drove him out of the house. Finally, he gave in and headed where he really wanted to go, over to Tamela's.

Talking on the phone wasn't good enough. He wanted to see her, hold her, and make love to her. He wanted to erase all the hurt her father had caused with his reckless actions toward her mother. Why did some men hold on to a woman they knew they didn't want? Then again, why did some women stay with men who clearly by action showed they didn't want them?

Pulling into Tamela's driveway, he saw that she was still home. Using his key, TJ let himself in. The tempting smell of bacon and fresh brewed coffee pulled him towards the kitchen. However, it was the even more tempting sight of Tamela's naked backside at the stove cooking that made him forget about food altogether. The apron didn't provide him an entire view of her magnificent body that she so proudly displayed, but what he did see had the ability to turn his mind into total mush.

She turned at the sound of the kitchen door opening, took one look at him and stated, "It wouldn't take a rocket scientist to figure out what your thoughts are this morning. You should be ashamed of yourself."

Walking further into the kitchen to stand next to her, TJ leaned down and kissed her before she could say anything else. After that delicious kiss, it took him

several seconds to compose himself before he was able to respond. He was fighting the urge to take her right then and there.

“Why? Men aren’t ashamed of feeling desire and we damn sure don’t care about what time of day it is, but if you aren’t interested...”

“I didn’t say I wasn’t interested. I said you should be ashamed of yourself.”

“I tell you what, after you finish that food I’m going to show you just how shameless I really am.”

Turning off the stove, Tamela removed her apron and tossed out a challenge he couldn’t refuse. “Why don’t you show me now?”

“Oh baby, you’re not ready for this. Finish your food. You’ll need all your strength.” TJ walked over and sat down at the table to watch her finish cooking.

He noted that Tamela made no move to turn the stove back on. Instead, she walked to him, stopped, then leaned in just enough to allow the tip of her breast to reach his mouth before her next statement. “Well, I’ve got some bacon and eggs already made, baby. What else would you like?”

When TJ opened his mouth, it wasn’t to answer her question. His tongue circled her nipple for several seconds before gently sucking the now puckered bud into his mouth. After a few minutes, he treated the other nipple to the same slow, sweet torture as she swayed closer.

Reaching out, he placed one hand in the small of her back. The other he used to widen her stance before stroking his finger right down the center of her womanhood. His mouth never stopped going back and forth from one breast to the other. TJ knew Tamela was ready for the main course once his fingers were as damp as both her breasts.

“You ready, baby?”

“Yes.”

“Okay, then tell daddy what you want.”

“I wanna feel you inside me,” she replied then gasped when he slipped two fingers inside her.

“Do you like that?”

“Yes.”

TJ dallied between her legs for a few minutes longer before withdrawing. He was just about to reach for the zipper on his pants and release his rock hard dick when Tamela grabbed his hand, bringing his fingers to her lips. Damn, his mind screamed as he watched her place his damp fingertips into her mouth. As if watching her suck her own juices from his fingertips wasn't enough to make him explode, she reached down with her other hand and began to massage his dick through the fabric of his pants.

Just when he thought he'd lose it for sure, Tamela removed his fingers from her mouth, unzipped his pants releasing him and lowered herself slowly onto him until he was completely inside her. Next, she placed her hands on his wide shoulders and began a slow, sensuous ride. As badly as he wanted to release his orgasm, TJ held on. He couldn't leave Tamela unfulfilled. Minutes seemed like hours as he watched the passion on her beautiful face, before he felt the first tremors of her orgasm.

Her passion spent, she collapsed onto his lap and placed her head on his shoulder as she gasped for breath. Now that her fulfillment was complete, TJ filled his hands with the firm mounds of her bare behind, lifting her just enough to allow him to tip the chair back slightly. Using sheer strength and sexual desire, he rocked the chair while moving her up and down the length of his dick.

"TJ," she screamed at the exact time as he released himself into her welcoming body.

As he allowed the chair to settle back into position, he wasn't sure his legs would hold him if he tried to stand. Lucky for him, Tamela seemed content where she was.

"I love you so much, baby," he whispered against her ear.

"I love you too. Do you still want something to eat?"

"Yeah, but thanks to you, I need to take a shower and change clothes first."

“Me? You’re the one who came in here being all nasty,” she responded, and then lifted herself off his lap.

First, he looked down at the large wet spot on his pants, then back up at her. “Oh yeah. I did this all by myself. Come on, you can make it up to me in the shower.”

Chapter Three

After taking a shower and getting dressed, TJ offered to take Tamela out to eat instead of eating the cold food they'd left in the kitchen.

"Sorry, baby, I'm meeting my sisters and then I've got to get into the office."

"Okay, so how about later?" TJ loved her drive and ambition, but at times like this when all he wanted was to spend some quality time with her, he selfishly wished she were a little less devoted to work.

"We'll see. I got three parties for this weekend alone. Two of my dancers are out and then my company has that masquerade ball next week."

"Oh, yeah. I've been meaning to ask you about that. What's this year's theme again?"

"Fulfilling your fantasy."

"Really? That should prove interesting."

Tamela shrugged her shoulders as she sat on the edge of the bed to put on her shoes. "Yeah, I suppose."

"What is Wells actually going to do?"

“Attendees will be able to purchase their fantasies. I have it on good authority from my friend Cleopatra that it’s one of the main reasons he offered me so much for my company to be the feature entertainment.”

“Meaning?”

“Meaning, that there aren’t too many men who don’t enjoy having a good strip show. But, baby, I have got to leave now if I don’t want to be late.”

“Aren’t you going to eat something before you go?” He opened the door but stood directly in her path.

“No, I don’t really have the time now. I’ll just grab a little something while I’m out.”

Pulling her into his arms when she approached the doorway, TJ kissed her sensually before responding. “Then get going. I can lock up here before I leave.”

Once Tamela was gone, he went into the den, turned on the TV and pulled out his cell phone. He knew Cleopatra very well. The fact that she was a high-priced call girl kept him from telling Tamela that small piece of information.

“Ms. Cleo.... It’s TJ.”

“TJ, it’s good to hear from you. Tamela still keeping you all to herself, I see.”

“Naw, baby, I’m keeping myself all to her. How’s business?”

“Business is good, but I wouldn’t mind you paying me a visit.”

“Now you know that isn’t going to happen.”

“I know, but you can’t blame a girl for trying.”

“That I can’t. Look the reason I’m calling is I need details on the masquerade ball Wells is having.”

“Sure. What type of details you need?”

“Anything you can tell me.”

“It sounds like it’s actually going to be nice from what he’s told me. Of course, everyone will be in costume and I guess the costumes will reflect the fantasy. So far, the two most popular fantasies are the stripper brides and marry a millionaire.”

“Thanks, Cleo. I’ll have a little something deposited in your account by the end of the day.”

“As usual, TJ, it’s nice doing business with you though I’d rather earn my money.”

TJ laughed.

“Trust me, baby. You earned it. Bye.”

Thanks to the little pervert Treveon Wells, he now had the perfect plan for fulfilling his goal of changing Tamela’s marital status from Ms. to Mrs.

The End

Author Bio:

Born and raised in the chilly Midwest, Tiffany spent much of her childhood and adolescences with her head stuck in a book. Reading has always been one of her favorite past times. The only thing more pleasurable than reading a book is spinning her own tales of intricate, sensual and erotic romance. She made the decision to write romance and relationship very early in her career because; she has always found intrigue in the completed world of relationships.

Tiffany adopted the persona of the, the Urban Romance Author, because she feels her romances deal with real life and real issues prevalent in today's relationships. She writes the sweet and good relationship sagas as well as the gritty, complicated, and yes, sometimes-hurtful relationships.

She herself met and married her husband Laville at a very early age. They have spent twenty-five years together and now reside in Atlanta, GA., with their children.

Red Rose Publishing

He Isn't Mine

My Best Friend's Sister

Serena-coming soon

In Hot Pursuit

A House Is Not A Home