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**When the
Butterfly
Falls**



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PROLOGUE

Growing up under the cast iron opinion and leather belts of my Aunt Janice, I was warned about two kinds of men: typical and tropical. I was told that "typical niggas" came from places like Detroit, Memphis, Atlanta, DC, Philadelphia, and Duluth. "Tropical niggas" came from an island somewhere.

Aunt Janice had a particular hatred for boys from uptown New York City...Harlem. She and my mother grew up in a brownstone just off of Lenox Avenue on 118th street and she had a firm belief that "no good man comes from Harlem". Since technically Manhattan is an island I could never quite figure out if Harlem boys were considered typical or tropical. Maybe that's why my Aunt Janice hated them so much, because they represented both. In either case, Aunt Janice did not have to worry about the boys and me.

Back to my earliest memories I cannot recall having a genuine love for anyone. Never mind a boy. I did not have sisters, brothers or "play cousins" to give me a fondness for other human beings. I certainly did not care much for Aunt Janice or any of the "uncles" that she dated along the way. Love was not something I found to be a real emotion.

By our adolescent years all the girls, except me, had taken an interest in boys. I paid no attention to them at all and it was not only because Aunt Janice had put the fear of God in me about getting pregnant like my "fast ass" mother had done. I just did not understand how the mere presence of a boy made girls act so stupid. More importantly, I never understood how a boy could be the cause of a girl fight and feuding that lasted half our young lifetime.

Looking back, I do not think I ever developed a true appreciation for the opposite sex. Don't misunderstand me. I'm not gay. I just never found anyone of the opposite sex to turn me on...to excite me. I never got sweaty palms or butterflies in my stomach for anyone, not even Michael Jackson in that yellow sweater or Prince in Purple Rain.

I never flopped across the bed and listened to love songs while dreaming of a boy who would sweep me away from Aunt Janice and all my misery. I did not wish for my first kiss and refused to talk about what it would be like when a boy finally "felt me up".

There was no tragic incident in my past with a boy or man that turned me off of them. I was not molested by my uncle or beaten by my father. The truth was that I didn't dislike boys. I was simply and completely unmoved by the presence of their dirty fingernails and crude humor.

But by the time I was fourteen I had learned to fake it in order to sit at the "cool table" in the cafeteria and get invitations to the best parties. Boy crazy equaled popularity in middle school and high school, which led into being a sorority girl in college. Though often entertained I was still not moved by men beyond a contrived giggle.

I had learned over the years what kinds of things women were supposed to like and dislike about men. In fact, I had gotten very good at mimicking delight and/or anger over male behavior. Sometimes I convinced myself that I was actually experiencing something inside only to find it was an emotional mirage.

Despite the inability to feel anything positive (or even negative) for a man, I was never in short supply of male companionship. Perhaps that is because a man's nature is to hunt for a challenge. I was never that interested in them so they were all the more interested in me.

It is the human paradox of relationships. We want what appears not to want us more than we want what actually loves us. The eighty-twenty rule, blah blah blah. There are many more ways to describe the

fickle nature of humans in relationships and I had made myself a valuable commodity by exploiting them all to build the wonderful career as a skilled psychiatrist.

Then Kane Taylor walked into my office. That's when life changed for me. Well, not exactly at the precise moment. There was no "love at first sight". I do not believe in such things. As a psychiatrist, I try to get my patients to realize the flaw in such Hollywood drama. Love is built upon an intimacy that can only be developed over time. "At first sight" could be an intense attraction, but love it is not.

Kane had been coming to my office for months. The first time I saw him I felt the same way I did when I laid eyes upon the other 10 million men in the metro area...nothing. Men approached me hundreds of times in a week and getting a man's attention had become quite unconscious for me like breathing or blinking. So having Kane Taylor sweat me had just become a part of my day like going to the bathroom or having my morning coffee.

Each time Kane sauntered up the hallway the Versace cologne hit me before he walked through the door. I wondered why a package delivery guy would choose to wear Versace cologne. I assumed it was a gift from a woman. Whenever a man has an out of place element with him it is most always a gift from a woman. A new designer wallet from carrying no wallet at all, straight leg jeans from saggy graphic print

denim, or a leather jacket on a guy who wears a wool overcoat screams that "a woman bought me this."

I cannot lie and say I never noticed how handsome he was. His smooth brown skin and clean shaven baby face were greatly appreciated by me. But, I gave him no regard. So it was not a surprise that Kane pursued me like a wolf. I ignored him and so he wanted to win. He needed to win. They all do.

Kane was cute in that unpolished "fake it til you make it" kind of way. I could not see the value in having sex with him just yet. He didn't appear to have money, status, or a particular skill I needed - like bringing my furniture to the second floor when I had not purchased white glove delivery service.

Besides, sex at that time had yet to produce an orgasm in my nearly twenty years of doing it. It had produced cars, jewelry, and a big house in the burbs - so sex was an undisputed necessity. But that whole make-my-legs-shake thing had never happened to me. However, I ought to have a gold statue on the mantle for my delivery of the big "O". Like when Harry met Sally and Billy Bob screwed Halle, I gave an Oscar worthy performance in the bed every time. My acting skills coupled with a gargantuan alpha male ego made for big fun in the sack.

One day I smelled Versace cologne pouring through my doorway. I am not sure why that particular day was the day, but it was

the smell of "the game" that made me stand up behind my desk ready to play a little. This guy had been on me for months so I figured, "What the hell!"

I had pretty much given up on any man getting me to orgasm but maybe this delivery guy could give me a good workout like some of the other handy men in my past. My girls knew I hated to exercise. I would rather eat little, sleep much, and exercise my booty, not my body. That's what sex had become to me... cardio.

As Kane entered my office I sat on top of my desk with my legs crossed and I folded my arms across my chest. The look of surprise on his face was priceless. I was glad to have worn my skinny red pumps. I made sure that one of them hung off the back of my heel. Guys find that sexy. It's like the undressing part has already begun.

"Hey there," I smiled. "Let's do something different today. Let's have you deliver packages without asking me out and let me accept the packages without having to reject you again."

I leaned back and rested my elbows on the desk. I made sure to wiggle my pelvis a little to see if he diverted his eyes. He did.

"Hmmm, or how about I just turn around and take this package from the Apple store out to my truck and open it myself. I can download the new 2K12 and spend the rest of the day playing with the

gift you bought for me." He strolled across my office and wiggled the package though the air.

"My new iPad!" I squealed in the way girls act when they get things they want. Though my feelings for men were counterfeit, my feelings for electronic gadgets were as genuine as Marc Kaufman fur.

"Say, 'I want it'. Then I might give it to you."

He had the nerve to lick his lips after that remark. The grin that stretched across his face was sinister but cute all at the same time. Not sure how you pull that off, but he did it.

I forced myself not to smile at his clever rhetoric. But, the more he walked in my direction taunting me with my package, my eyes lit up and a big smile instinctively spread across my face. Men don't excite me, but "the game"... now that gets my blood pumping.

"Yes I'd like my package. I will gladly sign for it," I said and tossed my hair over my shoulder. Men are visual and those kinds of things get their minds working overtime.

Kane held out his electronic clipboard. I scribbled a squiggle. With my eyes scanning the fine brown package standing in front of me, I tried to grab the box from Kane's hands. He would not let go of it. I grabbed at it again. He still held on to it. Finally I looked up directly into his eyes. They were light brown with specks of gold, which was unique

for someone of his complexion. Before that day, I had never noticed them.

"Thank you," he said and let go of the package. "You know Dr. Goodwyn, there are other ways to manage your sexual attraction to someone besides avoidance." He took his hand and cupped my chin. His soft touch was a mismatch to his rough blue-collar hands. Again, must have been taught by a woman.

I made certain to stay firmly locked onto his face and I tried not to swallow. I realized that I was holding my breath so I let a small stream of air escape from my nostrils without making a sigh. My face got hot and I started to think I was embarrassed. I had never really been embarrassed before but I was sure that this was it. I glanced over at the mirror on the wall and my face was flush. I was blushing...for real. This guy made me blush. There was a feeling in my stomach that was like the drop from a roller coaster.

It was scary but exhilarating. I felt a little faint from holding my breath so I finally sighed. I had been in the presence of hundreds of men who touched my chin and licked their lips. There was something about Kane that just evoked "stuff" inside of me that I had never felt – for no reason at all.

"I enjoy human psychology and I've read that you should confront your unspoken desires head on," he said and then bit his bottom lip.

He moved in with a smile so genuine and adorable that it was hard not to smile back at him. He looked down at me and our foreheads were almost touching. I finally swallowed hard. "You read, huh?" My words came out in a whisper. I could not believe that I was actually being rendered a bit speechless. My throat had a lump that needed to be cleared so I made that quick, ugly gurgling sound which helped me gather my composure. My mouth was dry and I was pretty sure my panties were wet.

"Well now, Mr. Taylor," I said more forcefully. "The sign outside says Dr. Goodwyn doesn't it? So I am up on the desires of the human psyche, my friend. My desire for you is unspoken, because it's unborn. So the question is – do you think you can fill me with desire?"

I don't know what had come over me but I was not about to let this guy undo nearly twenty years of female ferocity. Up to this point in my life, I had remained in control of my emotions at all times. There had never been a man that could knock me off my game. Ever.

He laughed a sort of uncomfortable laugh. "Oh I think it's there already, but I can fill you up if you're asking for it. Your wish is my

command." He leaned forward with a bow. It gave me just a second to think.

"Well, my friend. In the words of the ghetto boys, your mind is playing tricks on you." I shrugged and moved out of his shadow that loomed over me.

"Ghetto boys?" He roared with masculine laughter. "Oh that's hot. Okay, I see you Doc. Hip Hop fan are you?" He stepped back and put his hand over his mouth like he was sizing me up for a new dress. "I'll admit I'm surprised. I didn't see that in you. Hip Hop, huh?"

Once I saw that I had won this battle I figured I better back out gracefully before he got heated up again. I'd save my fun with Mr. Taylor for another day. But soon, I'd have to get with him again. He definitely intrigued me.

"Well, Mr. Taylor. Thank you for delivering my new iPad. I'm very excited."

"Yeah, so, uh, you are one of those technology freaks, huh?" He scrunched up his nose like he smelled hot garbage. Then pulled out a Motorola flip phone.

"Seriously? Wow!" I shook my head. "Actually you look like a technology dinosaur carrying that phone from the turn of the century."

"They did not have cell phones in 1900 so don't exaggerate." He said proudly.

I tilted my head and frowned, "Okay, but they did have them in 2000."

"Okaaaay..?" he said. "What's your point?"

"...which was the turn of THIS century. No?" My hands landed on my hips awaiting a reply.

He thought for minute and chuckled. "Okay, you got me on that." We both laughed. "I need my phone to talk to people. That's all. Not to watch videos, play games, or take pictures of big chicks in small clothes."

I burst into laughter. "I can admit that I do like my gadgets if you can admit that your phone is an antique."

He twisted his lips - very nicely. "Are you are one of those pretty babes that sits in Starbucks displaying sexy pics on The Facebook to everyone looking over your shoulder?"

"Not exactly. I'm not technically on 'the Facebook' as you say, other than advertising for my practice. But I do love Starbucks. I'm a gold card member." I reached behind me and pulled my card from the basket on my desk. "See." As soon as I said it I wanted to take it back. Starbucks gold card props? Really Farah? My behavior had turned down right foolish like the school girls I used to secretly despise.

"So, why don't I meet you at Starbucks sometime," Kane suggested.

"Do you know I'm married?" I asked and flashed my diamond-encrusted band.

"Do YOU know you're married, Dr. Goodwyn," he said with twisted lips. "If I had a wife, I hope she would not sit on the desk with her sexy legs dangling for the delivery guy."

"Very funny. Yes, I know I'm married. Which is why I cannot go out on a date with you."

I almost laughed aloud. It sounded completely ridiculous coming from my freely active lips. The truth was that I had never stopped dating since the day I met my husband. If my girls had been there, they would have been rolling on the floor laughing at me. Hysterically. I did try for six-months after our wedding because I thought I might be able to actually bond with a man. That ended when I ran into one of the hosts on the sports network news. The girls and I scored a completely sponsored trip to the Pro Bowl behind that one.

Despite what I considered a most pitiful attempt to sound like a faithful and doting wife, Kane bought it. "What if I just happened to show up at Starbucks when you are there? Then it's not a date and you are technically not having coffee with me. We will be just having coffee in the same place." He raised his eyebrows and waited for an answer.

All kinds of declining statements ran through my head. I did not like the way this guy was making stuff happen to my body on the

inside. I needed to stay far away from him. But when I opened my mouth all that came out was "Whatever. It's a free country."

Oh my goodness! I sounded like a sixth-grader. I was a chocolate MYLF that had seduced my share of actors, rappers, meter readers, and male nurses. How was the delivery guy making me flush on the inside?

"Bet," he said and turned around in his Timberland boots and brown work pants. "I'll see you there Wednesday between eight and eight-fifteen. He walked out with a swag I had never seen on him before that day.

He threw out a time and I did not disagree so I guess it was set. It's not a big deal. Besides, it's just coffee.