

DEVIOUS BITCH!

Hello to all who decided to read my story. I'm Bianca Taylor, a well respected, educated and successful entertainment attorney. I'm also a loving wife and mother of three.

My life turned out to be all that I ever wanted...or so I thought. I grew up with my best friend Andrea who, unlike me, went on to become something I never would've expected...a self serving bitch!

We met our husbands at the same time and had our first children close together. To make a long story short, we did everything the way we planned to when we were younger.

The years went by with such ease. I was climbing the ladder, making partner in only four years and becoming the youngest in my firm. Andrea was doing just as good being a child psychologist with her own practice. When her husband, Will, discovered her shocking adulterous affair—even I knew nothing—he immediately filed for a divorce.

Will was a pilot for American Airlines. He was always on the go, which is the reason she gave for straying outside their marriage. Shortly after the divorce was final, he left Andrea with two children, a mortgage, and all other obligations they once shared. Will wasn't a bum, He made sure she received a hefty child support check and alimony every month. She complained that it still wasn't enough and that's when she turned in to the devious bitch she is today.

My friendship with Andrea was fading fast. She'd become jealous of the loving relationship I had with my husband. She always commented on how I didn't know what he did behind closed doors and so on. I tried to be supportive in as many ways as I

could without stepping on her toes. She never appreciated my trying to support her and went out of her way to cause riffs between my husband, Alan, and me.

One day she came over to my house in a flood of tears saying she would have to close her office because she owed taxes and couldn't pay her insurance premium. She said it was all Will's fault for leaving their family and turning her life into a complete mess.

I didn't know what to say to her about the broken family part being that she was the one that broke up their happy home.

"Bianca, how can you stand there and support Will? I'm your best friend remember? Do you have a thing for my ex husband?" She spat at me.

I couldn't believe she even thought to go there. "Andrea, you're crossing a line that I don't think you should! You came in my house, announcing the closing of your practice, when in fact you have more than enough money to keep things going! You get alimony and child support which I think is very generous considering you're the reason Will left you in the first place! Then you're constantly trying to put me and Alan at odds. I don't know what you're trying to do, but it's not going to work! I've been more than a friend to you through all of this and you chose to throw accusations that you know are not true in my face! I think you should leave and not call me unless it's to apologize!" I argued.

Andrea seethed. For as long as she could remember, Bianca always got the bigger, the better and the best and she was tired of it. "Bitch, the day I apologize to you for going against me will be the day hell freezes over twice! Will's a free man, I know you always wanted him so now you can have him! You just couldn't bear the fact that he chose me over you! You were always

jealous and even more jealous knowing that Alan wanted to date me before Will and I became serious! Let's see how well your marriage holds up when I'm finished." Andrea walked out of the door with not so much as a glance towards me.

I was hurt that Andrea felt that way. We were always able to solve our problems over coffee or just a phone call. We had been inseparable growing up. I didn't know what to think of this argument. We'd never said so many angry, hurtful things to one another before.

Two months went by without any communication between Andrea and myself. My husband began keeping late hours at the bank because of a merger so I had no one to confide in. I figured enough was enough and decided to give Andrea a call. Despite all that had been said, she *was* still my best friend. The phone rang twice before someone picked it up. I dropped the phone when I heard the voice that answered. I knew I must've dialed the wrong number by mistake because there was no way Alan would be over to Andrea's without telling me.

I hung up the phone and regained my composure. Maybe Andrea was entertaining a male friend that sounded like my husband. But why would he be so bold as to answer her phone? I guessed neither of them was expecting me to call.

I debated on what to do and decided to drive over there and see if his car was in her drive way. I didn't know why I was being so irrational. Alan would never do anything to hurt me.

I thought about turning around and heading home twice but on the way I dialed Alan's office and kept getting his voicemail. Same thing with his cellular. My suspicions grew, making it hard for me to concentrate, and my palms became sweaty.

Once I reached Andrea's street, I wondered if I'd be able to handle what I thought was going on...of course I wouldn't. To my horror and confirming my worst nightmares, Alan's car *was* in her drive way and the lights were out all around the house.

My heart dropped to my stomach.

I wanted to cry but the tears wouldn't come no matter how hard I tried. Then I remembered I had a key to Andrea's house as she did to mine. I doubted if she'd changed the locks because she knew, no matter how mad were at each other, that I wouldn't cause any harm to her or her home.

I turned the lights off on my car, drove past Andrea's house and turned on the next street. I didn't know what I was going to do as I sat there contemplating my next move. The lawyer in me told me to face my fears and see what was going on. I braced myself for the worst. If I walked in on anything unsavory it wasn't going to be pretty for neither of them. There's no telling what I would do, but I know I wouldn't leave without leaving my mark.

I finally got out my car and walked towards Andrea's house. As I got closer, I heard soft jazz wafting through an open window. I used my key and to my surprise, it still worked. I entered slowly and quietly. No one was down stairs. The music was coming from upstairs A huge lump formed in my throat and the tears finally fell. I stood in a trance for I don't know how long. My body, without my permission, started for the stairs.

The lights were all off except for the candle light in Andrea's room. I guessed she'd sent the kids over to their grandmother's for spring break like I did. I rounded the corner and stood in the door way as Andrea rode my husband like this wasn't her first time. She knew his spots oh so well because through the music I could hear him enjoying the ride. "Ah, yeah baby ride that dick.

Ahhh, ooohhh, damn baby!" Alan moaned. No wonder we hadn't been intimate in over two weeks! He was getting all his needs fulfilled with Andrea. Maybe that's what she meant by I didn't know what my husband did behind closed doors.

Andrea, while in the midst of fucking my husband, opened her eyes and saw me in the mirrored wall connected to her bed. The same bed I helped her pick out. She looked at me as if trying to decide if I were really standing there and when she figured it out; she raised her arms above her head and displayed her riding skills with more vigor and passion. "Umm, big daddy, you like that don't you. B, can't make you feel the way I do, can't she. This...is...is my dick...oh yes, yes, I'm about to come!" Andrea screamed.

Alan had no idea I was even standing in the room. He was just that enthralled with Andrea. A huge smile spread across her face as a scream escaped from my lips. Alan sat up as fast as he could with Andrea still riding him. He was speechless. I walked over to where they were, my fist balled into tight knots.

"What is the meaning of this?" I screamed.

"I can explain!" Alan yelled as he threw Andrea off him while trying to cover himself in the process.

After recovering from being thrown off my husband, Andrea put her two cents in. "I told you...you don't know what your husband does behind closed doors," Andrea chuckled evilly. "How ironic, Will caught us in this same position. He stood there looking just as stupid as you are now! You see, you didn't know about my infidelity because how could I tell you without exposing Alan?"

"You bitch!" I wanted to lung for her but for some reason I was rooted in place. My legs were like lead.

"We've been fucking off and on since the day we met. I just chose Will over him because at the time he held more promise. Had I known that Alan would've turned out as good as he did by becoming VP at the bank, I would've married him instead. But noooooo, I stayed with Will because he was becoming a pilot and I found out I was pregnant only to have a miscarriage after we married. By that time, Alan had become extremely interested in you!" Andrea spat.

Alan struggled to put his clothes on while Andrea sat in her bed stark naked with her legs wide open. Distrustful bitch! By this time my body moved faster than my mind could register. Before I knew it, I'd swung the lamp on the side of the table at her then jumped on her pounding away. She struggled her way from under me only because Alan was pulling me off of her. Adulterous asshole! Andrea got in a few licks then I kicked the shit out of her.

Once it kicked in that Alan had the nerve to put his hands on me after groping this bitch's ass, I turned around and slapped the shit out of him too. "Don't you ever touch me again you lying son of a bitch! How could you do this to me...to us? She's not worth what we have is she Alan?" I angrily questioned.

Alan was trying to get words out of his mouth but I wasn't even listening. "I'm sorry B. I never meant to hurt you, I never wanted you to find out about this! I'm willing to make this all right again just don't divorce me!" He said through anguished tears. Yeah, the anguished kind a man cries when he's been caught with no way out.

"Divorce?" That word had never entered my mind until then. Was I supposed to go back home and pretend everything was okay between us? I was faithful to our marriage; had never once faltered and it's not because I didn't have the chance. "I don't

understand how you could do this to us our children and with her of all people! It's like a double edged sword...I'm doomed either way." I cried.

I turned disgusted eyes toward the bitch. "I was calling over here to try and mend our relationship Andrea! But seems to me you really never gave a fuck about our friendship, you selfish bitch! If you wanted Alan so bad, you could have had him! But not this way! Not when I have invested so much!" I went for her again, but Alan blocked my fury so I took it out I him again. "You bastard, move...out my..way! Move!!!" I screamed, kicked and fought to move the brick wall in front of me.

"What difference does it makes? We planned everything together, remember! We were supposed to share everything and do everything together. I thought that meant husbands too!" Andrea mocked while laughing at me trying to get to her.

I couldn't stand to be in the presence of this bitch any longer. I snatched my keys off her floor and was turned to leave when she had to get one last jab in. Her next words paralyzed me like someone had thrown ice cold water on me.

"Why do you think Will never wanted to come around anymore even after you tried relentlessly to invite him over for dinner? Now you know why? Since she knows Alan, we can stop hiding. Oh by the way, did Alan tell you Alex is his son? That's the reason his check has been cut short. I know he told you it was due to cut wages."

Alan looked at Andrea like he wanted to kill her for revealing that damning information. Alex was our God son so it never bothered me that Alan went out the way to buy him things. Now I knew exactly why. I'd been a fool for the last eight years, my marriage was a joke and the joke was on me but not for long. I pushed past Alan and clocked the whore. She was knocked off guard by

my sudden ambush. I carved her a new ass hole with my keys, then went for her face and gave her a slash to remember me by when she looked in the mirror.

"Oh my face, my face! Alan get this bitch up off of me!" Andrea screamed. She was at a disadvantage since she was still sitting on the bed with her legs gapped open when I got ahold of her.

"Im...gone...teach you... to fuck with...me bitch!" I grunted as I continued giving her the old fashion ass whipping she deserved. "You thought that shit was cute you pulled! Let's see...how..cute it...is now!" I grabbed a handful of her hair and swung her ever which away then went to working on that face some more. Once I realized what I was doing I stopped cold and got off her. I was in serious violation with the law, I could lose my children. My heart was broken in a million pieces and I had no one to turn to but God. I looked at the mess that lay before me, my husband in shock still trying to explain, Andrea in a heap balling her eyes out from what I did to her. I shook my head and cried my last cry while I walked out of both they're lives for good.

Since then, I've been giving my time to a new man that I know will never let me down and that's the Lord. He helped me get through a very difficult time in my life that I never thought I would have to go through—divorcing my husband and my best friend. Andrea got what she wanted in the end...well not quite.

I did divorce Alan, got the house, cars, vacation home, most of the stock, basically 50 percent of everything he had *and* alimony and child support. I did relent and give him visitation rights because despite our issues, he was a good father to his kids.

Andrea thought he was going to marry her after all was said and done. I guessed she thought wrong because he didn't. Last I heard, she was trying to seduce some other woman's husband...what a pity. I guess he still hasn't learned...bitch!

The lesson I learned from this is: Never give your friends—male or female—too much power in your relationship, especially your marriage. I had to learn the hard way about so called best friends. I thought I knew her inside and out but turns out you only know the person they want you to know