

*Kayla and Sandy have been best friends since they were little. Sandy now leads a life of disarray and Kayla doesn't agree with it. When tragedy strikes Kayla's life, she could never imagine who is behind it all.*

## **Love by Deception**

By Chastity Weese

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# LOVE BY DECEPTION

She never expected this ultimate betrayal!

CHASTITY WEESE

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# Chapter 1

As I awake, I can feel the warmth of the sun beating on my face through the window of my hotel room. My head is pounding, the heat glaring down on me is just too much. I try to lift my head, but the pressure, oh my gosh, the pressure! My heart is racing, I am dehydrated; the inside of my mouth is dry, and I can hardly swallow. If I lie here any longer my face is going to catch on fire.

I need something to drink, a washcloth over my face, or better yet, a cold shower. I am so nauseated and dizzy. Hangovers are the worst! I remind myself that I am such an idiot. I tell myself every time I feel like this that I am done drinking. I roll over slowly only to make it that much worse.

I raise up squinting my eyes at the alarm clock. Once it becomes clear, I realize that Sandy and I have overslept! I start yelling for Sandy, realizing if I continue to yell my head is going to explode. “Sandy, we are going to miss our flight!” I can feel my heartbeat in my head and ears. I try to get out of bed, but the pain is so excruciating.

“Sandy! Wake up! We are going to miss our flight dammit!” I can barely move without my body screaming back at me. I look over and Sandy is finally starting to move. She looks at me trying to comprehend what the fuss is all about. She finally realizes, throws her blanket off and jumps up with her eyes wide open trying to catch her balance while being tangled in the covers. Just watching her move that fast makes my head hurt. She starts searching for her cell phone while at the same time grabbing her head. I can tell she does not feel well either. It is almost impossible to rush around. She tries to slow down, but she is not one to miss a flight no matter the circumstances.

While Sandy is running through the hotel room getting dressed, I start to gather my stuff, throwing it into my suitcase as fast as I can. I drag myself into the bathroom and grab a washcloth trying to get myself

together. I slowly run it under cold water and wipe my face. My makeup starts to smear all over, but I am praying this will wake me up and soothe my headache.

I pull out two bottles of water from the small fridge, I slowly open one, take a sip and down 2 ibuprofens. I pull my hair back into a ponytail and sit on the end of the bed until Sandy is ready. I gave Sandy 2 ibuprofens and the other bottle of water.

I sit and watch Sandy as she tries to get ready while shaking my head side-to-side being so disappointed in myself knowing we had to fly back home today. She has one heel on, a blouse that is barely buttoned exposing her black lacy bra. She is scrambling to find her jeans and other heel. Her long brown hair is all over the place and it needs brushed or at least put up into a ponytail. She looks like a train wreck. She is taking forever, and I could feel myself getting irritated. Trying to sit patiently, my stomach instantly becomes nauseated, and I need to vomit. I ran to the bathroom, started vomiting and decide to stick my fingers down my throat and help it along. Once I am done, I finally catch my breath, rinse my mouth, and brush my teeth.

I went and sat back down continuing to wait on Sandy. The longer I waited the more I became irritated. I yelled at Sandy! “Come on Sandy! We need to go!” I start tapping my thumb on the handle of my suitcase which is the only thing keeping me from falling off the end of the bed.

When Sandy is under pressure, she normally starts complaining and regretting what she has done the night before. I get it honestly; I am the same way. When I wake up, I try and remember everything I said, did or posted on social media. I immediately regret my plans from the previous night only because I am not sure if I have consequences to wake up to. On the other hand, if I had fun, I could deal with it. For now, I just want to feel better!

Sandy snaps back at me with an attitude. “I knew we should not have gone out last night! You know what happens when we do! We get out of

control and become irresponsible women! We drank too much! We know the consequences! We never learn! Now our entire day is ruined, and we are sick as dogs who can barely move Kayla!”

Here we go! The complaining starts! I roll my eyes and want to tell her to shut up, but instead I keep my mouth shut because I am not in the mood to deal with her shit right now! Honestly, I just want to choke her and drag her out of the hotel room by her hair, but to save face I will keep calm for now.

“I really do not want to hear it, Sandy. My head is pounding so please quit. Get your things and come on!” As she is grabbing her suitcase, I just glare at her.

“WHAT!” She snaps at me. My eyes widened and at this point, I am praying for some patience, more patience, better patience!

“Are you seriously going to walk out of here with a blouse that is barely on and one heel? You look like a cheap whore who is on drugs.” I let out a little laugh, but she did not really find it amusing. Sandy’s eyes widen and her mouth drops open.

“Kayla, seriously! What do you want me to do? Do you want me to come, or do you want me to get dressed?”

“Well, I do prefer you to get dressed. You do not want people to think you were rented last night, do you?”

“Ha-ha so funny Kayla! Then quit harping on me and let me find the rest of my things!”

“Actually, you really want to know what you look like?” I replied.

“Kayla, shut up!”

“You look like you were just caught with someone’s husband, and you did not have much time to escape.”

“Kayla, really that’s not even funny!”

“Oh, stop Sandy! You know I love you and I am only playing. Quit getting so anxious and relax! I am just trying to make you laugh because of our crappy situation!”

“At my expense Kayla? Seriously not cool!”

I know I shouldn't have said what I said, but it was too late. She is always on her high horse when I start insulting her lifestyle. If she did not do what she does, then I wouldn't say anything about it.

I yelled at Sandy one more time that we had to get going. I start opening the door to leave, Sandy gives me the death stare and sighs loudly.

“Do not look at me like that Sandy, get your things and let's go! Why do I have to keep telling you?”

“Kayla, you know being caught by one of my boyfriend's wives has already happened to me before and it was not pretty! It was scary and embarrassing. I had to run half naked down the steps to the parking lot. I was a wreck and could not remember where I had parked. I had most of my clothes in my hand and no shoes on. I thought I was going to die! The woman chasing me, had a wine bottle and she had every intention of using it!”

“Sandy, you need to rethink the situations you get yourself into. If I caught my husband in bed with another woman, I would be crazy too!”

I can sit here and run my mouth and we can joke about it, but I will never understand why she thinks it is okay to sleep with married men. I am not even sure how I can be friends with someone like her, but I look the other way and tell myself it is her life, her decisions. They do not reflect on me.

She continues with her conversation, and I nod my head as if I am still listening, but who wants to listen to that garbage when you do not even agree with the lifestyle? I deal with it because she is my best friend. She has not always been like this. Way too many people have hurt her, but she is responsible for her actions. With all the mishaps she has had, I can see why she is numb and a cold-hearted person.

I redirect my attention back to her rather than finishing the conversation in my head. We continue down the hall to the elevator as

fast as our bodies will allow us. I envision her running from the woman that was chasing her with the wine bottle and before I knew it, I started laughing. I was imagining the whole scene from the look on her face to her running to her car like she was in a marathon. If there were images, they would be priceless! Unfortunately, one of these days she will mess with the wrong husband and wife and end up paying for what she is doing. I hope I am not around to see it or endure it with her. “Sandy, I can definitely picture you being chased.”

Sandy just looks at me with a mocking look on her face. We exit the elevator and pick up our pace. “I hope you have everything because we are not coming back to get it Sandy.”

“Of course, I do! I only leave stuff behind when I am being chased by crazy people!”

“Well Sandy, you make them that way!” I rolled my eyes assuring myself she is one of the biggest idiots I know.

Once we reached the hotel lobby, we could feel the stares from the guests and staff. Making our way out of the lobby doors, Sandy yells for a cab, not even realizing one is right in front of her.

“Sandy, there is one right in front of you!” Sandy’s face lit up with embarrassment as the cab driver came out with a grin on his face knowing what she had just done. I started laughing, she rolled her eyes, and you could tell she was embarrassed. The cab driver took our bags to load them, and we hopped into the back seat. Once the driver returned, Sandy in a stern voice ordered the cab driver to get us to the airport quickly. I looked up in the rear-view mirror, his eyes were wide, and you could see the shock on his face from the way Sandy had just spoken to him.

“Yes ma’am!” he sternly said with a smile.

“Sir, I am sorry for the way she is speaking to you! Please get us to the airport as fast as you can. We really do not want to miss our flight!” He shook his head at me while we both held eye contact for an awkwardly long time. Sandy is starting to whine again about how she does not want



to miss our flight and why do we do this to ourselves. My head is still pounding, and I feel like I am with a 15-year-old little brat! The thought of my hand over her mouth does not sound so bad at this point. I ask her to stop whining before she pushes me past the point of no return.

During the drive to the airport, I could not help but wonder why Sandy worries so much. Growing up with her, she was never like this. However, the way she lives her life now makes me wonder if that is where all her worrying comes from. It stresses me out, so I can only imagine what it does to her. The reality is women who can sleep with another woman's husband just have a cold soul! What do they feel? Do they feel at all? How did they get so selfish? Are these women ruined?

Sandy really gets under my skin when she acts like this. It gets to the point where I do not want to be around her for a while. She gives me a mental strain like no other person.

I live my life in the moment, dealing with one thing at a time. She is constantly saying things like: "Maybe we shouldn't do this!" or "Look what we have done now!" or "Great, look at this mess!" How am I supposed to have any fun with someone that worries all the time?

I look at Sandy with what feels like smoke coming out of my ears, I can only imagine what my face says. I want to choke her. I decided not to let her know my real feelings right now. I think she can tell because she glances over at me and looks away then immediately comes straight back.

"WHAT!" She snaps at me again. Why do I feel like she is always snapping at me?

"Sandy, you need to stop worrying all the time. You are always stressed out! You keep this up, you are going to have a damn heart attack. How about you make some different lifestyle changes so that you can be calm and enjoy your life. We have done some crazy things, we still do crazy things, and we still have fun, but you are driving me insane!"

Silence followed my true, but mean comment. The silence became an awkward pause. Somehow, I feel horrible now. How did that happen? I think about apologizing, but I will not because it is the truth. I feel like I have just ripped her heart out, threw it on the ground and stomped all over it. I look over at her face and you can tell she is hurt and deep in thought. She looks over at me and tells me she is sorry. What? Seriously! Why is she sorry? I have this weird stupid look on my face, like I am lost and do not know what to do, say or feel. Now, I feel like I have been kicked right in the gut. Damn! Why am I so mean?

“Kayla, I do not know why I am so stressed. I just hate having to be somewhere at a certain time. I have never been good with a schedule!”

“Sandy, that is the OCD in you! You need to learn to work through that.”

“Kayla, we still have to check our bags, go through security and find our gate.”

“And? If we miss the damn flight what is the worst that will happen? We just get the next one out. You need to teach yourself when you are in an unpleasant situation or any situation for that matter, what is the worst thing that is going to happen? Now if you answer prison or dying, well then you obviously should not do it!” I start laughing with my eyes wide and eyebrows raised. Then a sense of anxiety comes over me that we may miss our flight, but I wouldn’t dare let Sandy know.

Sandy looks at me with a smile, but I know how fake it is. I think at this point there is no use in trying to get her to relax. I do not know how she gets into relationships with married men being full of regrets in every situation. It makes absolutely no sense to me because she is always on guard and paranoid.

We arrived at the airport after what felt like a lifetime to get there, which was only a ten-minute drive. We gather our things from the trunk and tip the gentleman. After our conversation in the back of the cab, I am sure the driver was thankful to get rid of us. We start to run through the

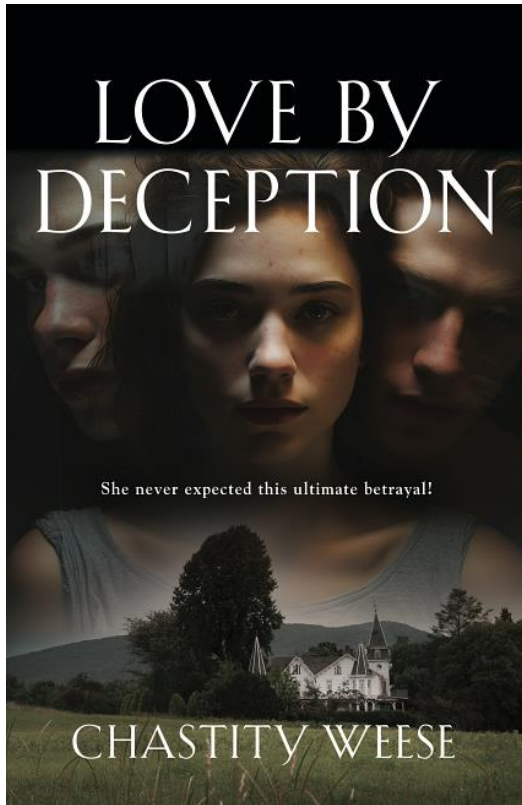
sliding glass double doors, towards the escalators to the ticket counter. We check in our luggage, get our tickets and head straight to the security check point gate. We made it to our gate just in time because they were closing the doors to our flight.

“We made it!” says Sandy breathing heavily as she throws her carry-on into the above compartment. She slams herself into her seat only to realize she made a mistake because it hurt her head! I smile at her and realize this entire morning; I have looked after what feels like my very own child.

As I sit down in my seat, I let out a huge sigh of relief and this sense of control comes over me. I give thanks to God for not letting me kill Sandy and making it in time for our flight.

I start to think about why I am in a rush to get home, I have nothing nor anybody waiting for me. I am not going to have a pity party for myself on this plane! I am not doing it! I asked the flight attendant for a nice cold beer. “A beer Kayla seriously?”

“Sandy, you are the one that drives me to drink, plus hopefully it will make me feel better.” The flight attendant brings back my beer and I take a few large sips, close my eyes, put my headphones on and wait for our landing in Madison, Wisconsin.



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