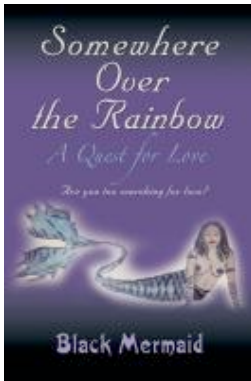


*Somewhere
Over
the Rainbow*
A Quest for Love

Are you too searching for love?



Black Mermaid



This story (loosely based on some actual events) takes you on a ride with Indigo Jacobs through her vacillating journey in search of love. Indigo struggles with love of family, men, God, and herself. So, hold on. This ride could get a little rough!

Somewhere Over the Rainbow

A Quest for Love

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**SOMEWHERE OVER THE
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A Quest for Love**

Black Mermaid

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Prologue

One of my earliest memories is of masturbation. That's a hell of a memory for a child to have. But I didn't know any better than to do it in the privacy of my own space and time. I soon learned when my mom threw me in the hospital because she swore something was wrong with me. She'd say, "Look at that baby. Why is she all stiff like that? Something is wrong with her." She took me to one of the most prestigious hospitals in the nation. I spent weeks there. (At least in my mind it was weeks) It was at this time I also developed much contempt for medical facilities and the TV series, M*A*S*H. I was always up late because I couldn't go to sleep in a strange bed with crispy white sheets and bars along the sides. Hell, at home I slept with my mama! So the hospital might as well have been prison.

Finally, after much debate, the doctor arrived at a medical diagnosis of "Involuntary Spasms". It is ironic how that is the definition for orgasm as well. I wonder if that doctor was trying to be funny while he appeased my parents with an intelligent medical answer since there was never really anything wrong with me in the first place. Well, nevertheless, I knew nothing was wrong with me for feeling good whenever I did that little "thing" I did. I didn't find out until much later that "masturbation" was the actual term for "my problem". In today's society that's not a bad problem to have considering the scarcity of men to do the job for you. I should have known right then and there my life was going to be a strange one...

Free at Last

“...But I want to be free...free...free. And I just got to be me...me...me!”

- Denise Williams

1985! What a great year! I'd graduated top of my class, I was accepted to New York University in New York City and I'd landed a great job as a counselor at the infamous Thespians International Theater Camp in St. Augustine, FL. Now all I have to do is try to tolerate my overbearing mom until it's time for me to ship out. Don't get me wrong, I love my mom but she has always seemed to be unnecessarily hard on me for some reason. Secretly, I always felt that her feelings for me were bittersweet. On the one hand, she loved me so because I was her love child - a product of infidelity with her true object of affection. On the other hand, she resented me because I was a result of her indiscretion, which in a small town such as ours was no secret. With her being a Christian woman this proved to be a constant tool of ridicule by both family and outsiders.

The day that I left for camp, my parents drove me to that faraway place preparing to let me go it alone for the first time for longer than a week; my father, indifferent and fancy-free and my mother still hovering and apprehensive, all along the way reminding me of my upbringing and my solid Christian foundation. As usual I listened and reassured her that I'd be fine, I remembered all the scriptures and I would pray every night. I was used to the whole speech since I had heard it so many times that I could answer her unconscious if I had to. I never understood why she felt the need to drill the same words over and over into my head. I could see a reminder once in a while or if I'd screwed up. But every

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day it seemed that she was saying something. And I resented that. I hadn't been the perfect child but I was not a bad seed in the least. In fact, I knew other parents who had openly acknowledged that they wished their child were more like me. I couldn't understand why my own mother could never seem to give me praise and save the speeches for disciplinary purposes only. Quite frankly, it used to upset me so much that I'd secretly cry and wish I were a part of some other family. I wanted everyone's approval especially my mom. I didn't feel like there was anything I could do to satisfy her or make her content with me in her spirit. It was painful for me because I tried hard to be obedient, get good grades, and be polite and respectful to adults; the whole nine yards. But no matter what I did, it always seemed that she didn't trust me or she thought that I was bad anyway. I always felt that my siblings were "better" than me because they all had the same father and mine was different; especially when it was always pointed out to me by someone on any given occasion that I was not a real "Jacobs" but a "Hamlin" instead. I finally resolved myself to the fact that she would always see me this way when I decided to give away my virginity. "Give it away", that's exactly what I did. Now that I look back on it, it was a stupid move on my part. I wasn't really ready so to speak but I was angry with my mom and resentful. What better way to get back at her?

I was an honor roll student, I played soprano sax in marching band, concert band, symphony band, pep band, jazz band and any other band that let me in. I was a star actress in all the high school plays and musical productions. I was an avid Sunday school student and participated in everything they had going on in church whether I wanted to or not. But no matter what, I wasn't allowed to date. My curiosity in boys was starting to

grow and I wanted to talk to them and see what they were like. All my friends had some guy of interest and they had phone time. I had good friends too. They were smart like me with good parents. I had no phone time. My mother always said, "If you're talking on the phone with a boy longer than 15 minutes they start lying!" (*Huh?*) Wow, that was some philosophy. Like most teenagers my curiosity was only engorged because of the constant denial. I just wanted to talk, go to the movie or the arcade or something. I hadn't even kissed a boy before and I was already 15 years old.

Well, I was always the kind of child that said exactly what I was thinking from time to time. So one day I decided to ask my mom about sex.

"Mom, what does sex feel like?" I asked.

"Well, I don't know. What do you mean?" she wrinkled up her nose.

"I mean what does it feel like when you have sex?" I boldly inquired.

"Well, it feels kinda like a wedge that someone is putting in you like"... she paused, "why are you asking me this?" She asked like she'd caught herself having a conversation that she hadn't exactly intended to have.

"I just wanted to know, mama. I'm just curious," I said innocently. Who else was I supposed to ask? None of my friends had ever had sex. At least that's what they'd told me. And I believed them because they were as green as I was.

"Well you better not be thinking about no sex. You keep your head in them books and leave those boys alone, before you get pregnant. And if you get pregnant you're not going anywhere but to school and home to take care of your baby because I'm not watching no baby for you to flounce around here and get another one. And you'll be stuck here in Sandstone 'cause you'll have to

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get a job and work 'cause I'm not taking care of no baby and you can't take one to college. Besides, you don't need to be having sex before you are married. You are supposed to save yourself and be a virgin for your husband!" She concluded.

"Will he be one for me?" I asked, because life was supposed to be fair in my world at 15.

"No, probably not; but they don't have to be. The woman is supposed to be."

Of course my logistic brain automatically reasoned that they have to be sleeping with someone. "Well," I stated after my two-second analogy, "if they are not virgins, mom, then who are they having sex with because they have to be sleeping with some one?"

Naturally my mom thought I was being smart but I was just being my logical old self. "Girl, they sleeping with all those loose girls that raise they dress up for anybody. But those ain't the ones they marry. They marry the ones that hold themselves up."

"Well that doesn't seem fair! How is it that they can go around and sleep with whom they want but we are supposed to just sit here and do nothing just so we can be virgins for them? They don't deserve that! They should be virgins too!" I argued. I was always hell bent on justice.

"Well men don't have to do what we do. People ain't gonna look at them the same way they look at women. And anyway, you don't need to be having no sex. You gone end up pregnant and have a bunch of babies just like those Hamlin girls and I ain't watchin' no babies!" she firmly exclaimed.

Needless to say, I kept all my follow-up comments- and yes, there were follow-up comments- to myself. There she goes pointing out to me again that I come from a different breed, another heritage that was inferior

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to my siblings' lineage. At least that's the way I saw it. It seemed that these people were bad people to her and whenever I did or said something that was contrary to her belief or liking; I was 'being like those Hamlin's. I really resented those comments because it was a direct attack on my character and me. I knew for a fact that there were people on her side of the family that had babies out of wedlock but they were never pointed out. Uhhhhhhhhhg! I just seared my lips shut because I knew from past experience further debate would only fuel her personal attack even greater. Besides, I had decided that I would NOT be a virgin for no man who could not offer me the same! So I made a mental note that I would definitely 'get rid of this virginity' simply out of spite.

Not long after our purity lecture, I'd approached my so-called boyfriend, Julian Hargrove, with the 'I'm ready speech'. Of course the snake that he was at the time, I got no argument from him. He was supposed to be my boyfriend but I could barely talk to him on the phone and I definitely couldn't go out with him anywhere. The one time he did try to come visit me, he was met at the front door by my two brothers, Marvin and Malcolm, who had inadvertently removed their shirts just prior to opening the door in order to instill the greatest fear they could into my suitor. He was bringing me a Valentine's Day heart shaped locket. Unfortunately, because of their bare-breasted appearance and my mom's decree that he could only step into the fortress for a short moment, the visit was rather brief, awkward, and very embarrassing. After he was sent away I attempted to protest but was immediately silenced by the Queen better known as "The Iron Lady" that I had better be glad that she'd allowed him on the premises and allowed me to keep the gift as well.

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Soon after I'd given him the green light on taking my innocence, he met me in the hallway with his plan of action to escape to the bordello of love. "Meet me out front at the South door after fourth hour." He'd said with his lips pressed in my ear.

"Where are we going?" I asked out of both curiosity and caution. I might have been a virgin but I was far from gullible and the tomboy in me had my guards up.

"We going to my cousin's house down the street." He stated like he had it all together and the room was reserved. However, the first thought in my head was who else is gonna be there cause ain't nobody gang bangin' me!

"Who's at the house?" I asked cautiously.

"Nobody's there. He gave me the key. Everything's cool, don't worry about it. We'll be back by sixth hour. I know you gotta catch the bus home." He reassured me mostly because he didn't want me to back out of the deal. What he didn't know was that this was mostly about defiance and not so much because I had the hots for him. In reality, he was just as much a victim as I was.

"Ok", I said trying to seem at ease. At the end of fourth hour I walked out the door as bold as ever and he was already there waiting for me. He was standing underneath this big tree looking all cool, which was easy for him to do being that he was tall and muscular with sleepy Garfield eyes and usually high from smoking the sticky of the icky. I walked up to him and tried not to act nervous. Oh but I WAS nervous cause I didn't know what to expect and mostly because I just knew my mother would pop out of nowhere like Bewitched and I would be doomed for life!

We started walking down the street headed for his cousin's house. I was hoping that it wasn't far cause if

I'd seen my mom I would have to do a nosedive under the nearest bush. After a few minutes I followed him up the walkway to a two story Victorian style home that needed some obvious TLC. I was quiet most of the way so when we got there he asked, "You alright?"

I responded in my calmest voice, "Yea, I'm cool." When we got in the house, no one was there as promised; no one but him, me and God Almighty whom I knew was watching me and shaking his head with disappointment.

We went upstairs and I looked the room over. It was neat but the furniture was old and it smelled more like his grandmother's house than his cousin's. I sat on the bed and just looked because I didn't know what else to do. He sat down next to me, "So you never did it before, huh?"

"Nope," I said, not really looking at him. I didn't feel anything emotionally for him like I'd expected to the way it seemed in the movies, so I had no real urge to kiss him. What was I doing? Don't get me wrong. I liked him a lot and he had done things to make my river flow with desire but this was different. This was supposed to be passionate and dramatic. I didn't hear any violins and my heart was thumpin' merely from fear.

He leaned in to kiss me and I tried to kiss him back as best I knew how but I didn't really like kissing that much at the time, at least with him. Quite frankly, it was downright nasty and I understood the minute after I'd first kissed him in the hallway that day why my government teacher referred to it as 'swappin' spit'. Although the kissing didn't turn me on, I was, however, turned on by his hands fondling my breast, which in turn set off that faucet I'd always had between my thighs. All I could think was *(Let's get this over with)*.

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After a short period of him rubbing and slobbin' me down, I was wet and he began to undress me. I was embarrassed because of course I had never been naked in front of anyone before and my underwear was soaked and I didn't want him to see that! Well, he seemed pleased by the fact that they were wringing wet when a smile slid across his face as he removed my underwear. I was trying to figure out what the heck I was gonna put on after we were finished cause I didn't want to reenter *those* underwear.

Finally after he undressed me, he removed his clothes rather quickly and leaned me back on the bed. I watched his every move anticipating what he would do next. He pulled out a Trojan, the kind I would see so many people at school flashing like it was the winning lottery ticket and they'd hit the jackpot. He tore open the wrapping and rolled on the condom with ease. His penis seemed huge. I mean, it wasn't every day that I saw one.

Then he lay on top of me and continued to kiss me. That's when I noticed that the large hard object was on my leg. Don't get me wrong; I saw it when he put on the condom, but I guess it wasn't real to me until I actually felt it on my leg. It was rock hard and thick and long. I became extra nervous because I was trying to figure out how *that* was going to fit inside me.

Then it happened. He positioned his penis between my legs and hit the wrong spot. "Ah!" I flinched. "That's not it." I informed him thinking he should know this.

"Sorry," he said seemingly out of breath for no reason in my mind. Then he lifted my butt up a little in the air with one hand and guided his still hard penis in the center of my garden. Before I could tell him that it wasn't going to fit, he pushed a little harder and I felt a slight pinch. Not completely uncomfortable but enough for me to flinch. I didn't say anything when he started

moving slowly in and out. He seemed to be really into it and he looked at me while he was doin' his thang. I just kinda lay there and stared back at him not really saying anything or making any noise. "You ok?" he asked panting.

"Yea," was all I could say. Seemed like when I said that he put it in fifth gear! He was going faster and faster and all I could do was hold on for the ride and pray that he would stop soon cause he was starting to irritate my insides. Then finally he released himself with a big stiff standstill and a look on his face like he was about to have a serious bowel movement. Then he was completely relaxed. I, on the other hand, was still watching the movie to see what the next scene would be.

He looked at me and smiled, "How you feel?"

"Ok, I guess." I didn't know what to say. I knew I didn't have an orgasm because I'd had *plenty* of those on my own and felt a lot better than I was feeling now.

"Well, it was good," he said as if he had to give me the 'sex review' that I was waiting for. I didn't respond. I was just thinking (*I gotta pee*). And finally I said it.

"Oh, the bathroom is right down there." He pointed. "Lemme get you a towel so you can wash up." He jumped up with newfound energy while I moved slowly behind him trying to figure out what exactly had just happened. He went to a closet and grabbed a towel and handed it to me. "You better hurry so we can get back," he reminded me. That snapped me back to reality: "My mother!" I thought.

I rushed in the bathroom and grabbed some soap off the sink and lathered up the towel. As I began to clean myself I noticed the small spots of blood on the towel. I thought to myself, (*well, it's done. I'm not a virgin anymore*). I smiled to myself not quite sure why but I felt like I'd accomplished my mission even though it was way

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less than what I'd expected. I didn't want to leave that blood on the towel so I scrubbed it with the soap and rinsed it 'til it was clean. Then I asked him what he wanted me to do with it.

"Just give it to me, I'll take it." He grabbed the towel and I rushed back to the room to put on my clothes and noticed that he already had on his. After I put on my clothes, I checked to make sure I didn't leave anything 'cause I didn't want no evidence of my existence in this house.

We left with haste and arrived just as the bell rang for the end of fifth hour. He kissed me and said "I'll see you later." I said ok and we parted ways. In fact he was in my sixth hour class, which happened to be band, but he never showed. I just figured he went to get high with his buddies as usual.

I snapped out of my reflection of my 'pre-virgin' era when we drove up to the camp. It was huge and beautiful! The great outdoors and open space. I knew that they would want to see where I would be staying and settle me in so there was no possibility of a 'drive and drop'.

We went to the main office building and found the lady that had hired me. She greeted us and took me to my cabin. I noticed that there were some other Black guys who were older standing around when we passed the cafeteria. One guy in particular who smiled at me with dark eyes caught my attention. I just smiled and dropped my head. After we arrived at my cabin and she vowed to return to go over the rules and regulations once I had gotten settled in, I said my goodbyes to my parents.

"Well," my mother finally said, "I guess we'll go."

"Oh alright then, don't worry mom I'll be ok." I reassured her.

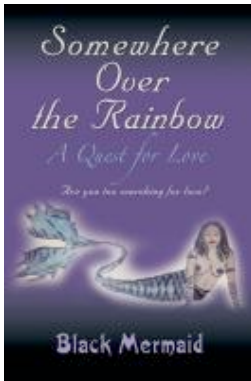
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“Well, we’ll call and check on you and you call us if you need anything.”

My dad just smiled with his gold teeth glinting in the sun. He stepped over to give me a hug. “Alright, baby, you be sweet.” That was what he always said.

“Ok”, I said. They finally got into their car and drove off! Wow, I was alone at last! I unpacked my things and settled in. It was time for lunch by then and after lunch I would have orientation and meet the other staff members. I walked over to the cafeteria hoping I would see the guy with the dark eyes again even though I was nervous about being here alone it was exciting to be in a new place and not know anyone. I liked that feeling.

I walked into the cafeteria and grabbed a tray. I saw a healthy Black girl who had a really cute face smiling at me so I got in line behind her. When I looked up there were those dark eyes staring at me and smiling. And all I could think was, *(Uh oh...)*



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