



# **REVELATIONS**

**Beyond Betrayal**

**Antoinette Govan  
Campbell**



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## DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to my best friend, Valencia Malveaux Bryan.

She is my champion, my comforter, my confidant, and counselor.

Without her support, and our relationship, this book would not be possible.



## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I am honored and grateful for the opportunity to do what I believe I was called to do - inspire, encourage, and support. But I have not done it alone; I thank my family for the stories and the support which have helped me write this book.

To my husband, Daniel; children, Natia, Roland, Amayah, and Yahsen, I love and adore you! Thank you for holding me up, when I fell down.

To my sisters, Leonese, Angela, Monique, without you, I would not know strength. We've got a lot more crying and laughing to do.

To my brother, Schontaine, because I got to know you, I believe in miracles!

To my father, Robert, you are the apple of my eye.

To my Lord and Savior, without whom none of this would be possible, I give thanks and praise for the talent, the inspiration.

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## PREFACE

Secrets shatter souls, lies lead to life lessons,  
but REVELATIONS reveal your true spirit.

In a drunken haze a woman walks in on her boyfriend and her best friend's fiancé in questionable circumstances. What would you do with this horrifying secret? Would you tell your best friend, who just lost her sister to a senseless shooting? Would she believe you or choose her man? Tiffany Wells, a take charge type of woman, knew exactly how to handle this scandalous situation.

True friendship is tested in this thirty-seven thousand page novel set in pre-Katrina New Orleans. Two friends are living a carefree life in the Crescent City until tragedy strikes, and change their lives forever. With Alycia Taylor dealing with a shocking set of circumstances, Tiffany is forced to face and reveal her own painful past? Dealing with drama only seems to make these women stronger.

Together they face and overcome adversity. Along the way they bear their souls, find their spirit and heal.

LIFE WITHOUT LOVE IS NOT LIVING AT ALL,  
LIFE WITH HATE IS A LIVING HELL.  
FIND FORGIVENESS, LIVE LIFE IN PEACE.  
AGC....



## Chapter 1

### THE BEGINNING

Alycia didn't feel like she asked for much. All she wanted was a comfortable life and a good man. But things never worked out the way she wanted. At 25 years old, Alycia Taylor was still not making as much money as she would like, and she was still playing the dating game. Making more money wasn't as big of a problem as finding the right man. And the way things were going, Alycia didn't feel like she would ever meet Mr. Right. But hey, life goes on...right?

As Alycia sat at her desk sorting through paperwork, her mind drifted, *what's for dinner tonight?* She wanted somebody to eat with her more than she something to eat, but these days it looked like she had to settle for eating alone. Chinese was always number one on Alycia's list, but today she didn't feel like driving out of her way to get it. *Guess I'll have to settle for a salad from Wendy's.* It was fast, easy, and on the way home.

"Crown Electronics, May I help you?" Alycia was the director of operations at an Electronics Chain Corporation. The job wasn't glamorous, but it was stress free for the most part, and the pay wasn't half bad. On the other end of the phone was her best friend Tiffany.

"What's up girl?" Tiffany asked, as she did everyday around this time. "Are you ready for tonight?"

“Tonight? What’s going on tonight?” Alycia asked in a confused tone.

“Don’t tell me you forgot about the banquet. Girl, I will come through the phone and slap the skin off your face.”

“Oh, snap!” Alycia gasped, “Is that tonight?”

“Yes, it’s tonight, and I know you better not be backing out on me!” Tiffany responded.

“Calm down, girl, Damn! Don’t have a heart attack, it just slipped my mind.” Tonight was the annual Spring Fling Banquet. Alycia wasn’t exactly thrilled about going, but she didn’t want to miss it either. Anyway, there was no way Tiffany was going to let her out of it. *Besides*, she thought, *what else do I have to do?* At the banquet she would have the chance to meet other professionals, and who knows, maybe even a man.

She had been in New Orleans for only two years. This would be her second year attending the banquet. Tiffany, however, had been going for five years. She knew just about everybody there, including, Terence Marsden - the man of every woman’s dreams or, she mused, *at least mine*.

Alycia’s mind began to wander, *Terence Marsden*. A few months back, Terence had been featured in a local magazine as one of the city’s most eligible bachelors. Terence had just finished medical school and was beginning his residency at Children’s Hospital. The brother was tall, dark, and handsome in every sense of the word. Standing just over six feet tall, with a slim, firm brown frame; Terence Marsden had the cutest dimples in the world. His straight white teeth, and bright, brown eyes helped make him one of the finest eligible men the “Crescent City” had to offer. Can you say total package? If for no other reason than Terence, Alycia decided she had to be at this party. She hung up the phone and began to think of what she would wear. It was

already five o'clock. The banquet started at eight, so she would not have time to stop and buy something new. "Oh well," Alycia sighed, "I'll have to find something in that closet of mine."

She got into her car and headed home. Alycia knew that whatever she wore had to be stunning and sexy, and of course an outfit that no one else but Tiffany had ever seen. "Well," she rolled her eyes, "that shouldn't be very hard to find, since I don't go out that much." As she fought the traffic, Alycia thought about her sheer black long skirt with a sequined jacket, *that's a little too uptight for this sort of event*, she mused. Her mind drifted to a dress, not too tight, but form fitting, *short, but not bend-over-and-show-your-ass short*, she thought - just enough to show off her long legs.

As she mentally scanned through the closets in her room, she realized the car had come to a complete stop. "Must be an accident," Alycia said under her breath. She turned on the radio and fumbled through the stations trying to find an accident report. After a few minutes, she stopped on Q93 and listened to the deejay as he promoted the banquet. Figuring she wouldn't find a traffic report, she picked up the phone to call Tiffany and ask her what she was wearing. Knowing her friend, you'd see more skin and less clothes. She was ghetto fabulous and didn't mind showing it.

The answering machine picked up, but Alycia knew her friend was home. She waited for the annoying message to finish playing before shouting, "Pick up the phone Tiffany, I know you're there!"

Tiffany picked up, a sound of relief in her voice. "Oh, it's you girl. I thought it was my momma."

"Why are you screening calls from your mother?" Alycia asked.



Tiffany frowned at the phone, "Because she wants me to come home this weekend for some sort of family get-together, and you know how I hate those things."

"You know," said Alycia, "if your family lived as far away as mine, you wouldn't be so hesitant about going home. Shoot, I miss my momma."

"Well, your mother and my mother are two different mothers. Besides," added Tiffany, "I have other plans for this weekend. Me and my girl are going on a man hunt."

Both girls laughed loudly.

"And if you find that man, then what?" Alycia asked, as she watched a couple in the car next to her arguing.

"Well, if tonight goes well, I'll leave the banquet with a date. And one date could lead to two, then ten, then marriage and babies," Tiffany replied in her matter-of-fact tone.

"Slow down, sister...you going way too fast. Before you start planning the baby shower, let's see what the banquet has to offer first. And as for leaving with a date, I'm crossing my fingers for both of us."

Alycia paused and smirked, "So which hoochie outfit are you pulling out for tonight's soiree? If I know you, it will be something short and tight."

"Well, then I guess you know me!" Tiffany chuckled. "Cause, bam! Can you see it? I'm wearing a short, peach dress that fits. And yes, it's low cut in the front, shoulder's out and low cut in the back...you gonna have to stand behind a sister for me to bend over."

"Whatever," Alycia remarked sarcastically.

"Do I detect a bit of jealousy?"

"Girl, please. You wish. With this body God blessed me with, you don't have a thing I want or need," replied Alycia. She noticed the traffic was finally moving again,

“Finally!” Alycia sighed, “Okay, traffic’s moving, don’t need to talk to you anymore, gotta go...holla at cha later girlfriend.”

“Quarter to eight!” Tiffany interrupted and yelled in the phone before Alycia could hang up. Tiffany didn’t know why she wasted her breath. Alycia couldn’t make it anywhere without being late. She mused out loud, “How come a girl who’s so on top of everything else, can’t make it to a single event on time?” Tiffany smiled, and began humming and dancing as she hung up the phone. She made her way into the bathroom to take a shower.

Stepping on the gas pedal, Alycia thought, *now that was a waste of money*. She was referring to the minutes she had just wasted on the phone conversation with her friend. As she turned the corner and entered her gated apartment complex, she thought about her hometown of Cincinnati and her mother. Alycia’s family had always been close, especially her and her mother. Turning off the ignition, she decided to give her mother a call.

“Hello,” the high-pitched voice on the other end of the phone made her smile. “Momma,” said Alycia feeling like a child again. “Le-Le, is that you baby?” Pearlie Taylor asked.

“Yes, Momma, it’s me. How are you doing?” smiled Alycia, knowing what the response would be.

“I’m fine baby, just getting old....Are you okay?” Her mother’s tone changed to one of concern.

“I’m fine Momma,” she answered quickly trying to put her mother’s mind at ease, “I just needed to hear your voice.”

Leaning back on the sofa, Alycia began to tell her mother about her plans for the evening. Pearlie was glad that her daughter was finally getting out and meeting people.

Alycia enjoyed hearing her mother's enthusiasm and, oddly enough, looked forward to her mother's advice. It was like Alycia was going to her first school dance again, only back then her mother cried and told her to be home by ten. *Her eyes are probably filled with tears even now,* smiled Alycia.

Alycia's mother had always been a good friend. Every now and then, Alycia needed an earful of her mother's wisdom. The prayers her mother always said after they hung up the phone, didn't hurt either. After telling her mother about her prospect for the evening, she glanced at the clock in the car; she needed to start getting ready for the banquet.

"Alycia, you be careful tonight," said her mother, adding, "and if that Terence don't see what a beautiful, wonderful person you are, you just forget him. You hear me baby?"

"Yes momma, I hear you," answered Alycia as she laughed at her mother's words, "and don't worry, I'll be careful. I love you."

"You too baby." Alycia heard the phone hang up. Her mother never said goodbye. She didn't believe in it. Goodbye meant forever and as Pearlie would always say, "I ain't going nowhere, no time soon." Alycia smiled as she reached over the arm of the sofa and hung up the phone. Her mother would never change, and she didn't want her to.

Alycia jumped off the couch and ran into the bathroom. She normally preferred to take baths, but tonight, a shower would have to do. She took a quick glance at herself in the mirror. It was a good thing she had gotten her hair done earlier in the week. Her shoulder-length hair was pinned up with a mass of curls hanging down the side of her face.

Having her hair done saved a lot of time, and it was one less thing she had to worry about.

Alycia abruptly shoved passed the hangers in her closet as she looked for the perfect dress for the banquet, or at least the perfect dress for Terence. She pulled out a sleeveless teal-colored dress that hung just above the knee; long enough for the event and short enough for Terence to notice. She pulled out the coordinating jacket, but was unsure whether or not she would wear it. Looking around her bedroom, she quickly gathered together a pair of silver open-toe heels, a silver necklace with multi-colored stones, and a matching tennis bracelet. Her outfit would be perfect.

Alycia jumped into the shower and hastily lathered herself. Passing the cleansing puff over her stomach, she thought, *a few more sit-ups wouldn't hurt*. Ignoring that thought, she shut off the water, grabbed her towel, and began to dry off. Just as she finished putting on her favorite body lotion, the phone rang. Alycia knew it was Tiffany. She thought about not answering it, but dashed across the room anyway. She hadn't taken two steps before she slipped and fell. It was a good thing she wasn't wearing stockings or she would have been furious.

"What?" Alycia shouted into the receiver.

"You must not be ready." Tiffany responded in a sarcastic tone, "Why are you breathing so hard...you got something going on over there that I don't know about? I mean I'm all for you getting your freak on, but sister this is not the time."

"How the hell can I get ready if you won't let me get dressed?" Alycia huffed between clenched teeth.

"Look!" Tiffany's patience was wearing thin, "I just called to let you know that I was leaving and girlfriend, you can leave the attitude at the house, 'cause tonight...we

