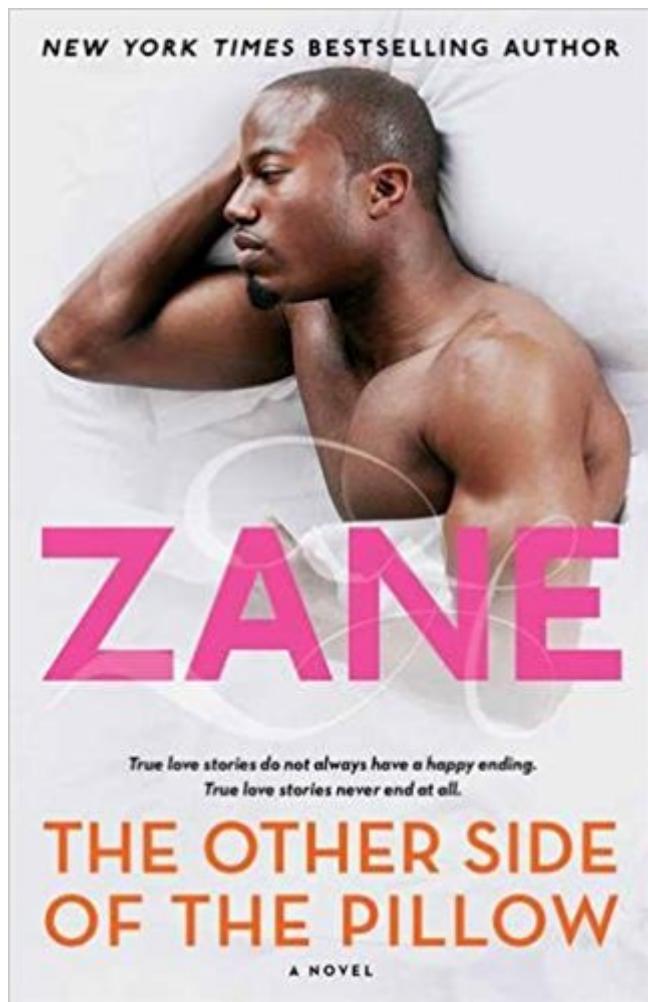


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The Other Side Of The Pillow: A Novel



Synopsis

The latest novel from the New York Times bestselling Queen of Erotica about a testy love affair between a woman whoâ™s had enough and a man whoâ™s had it all.Jemistry Daniels, the beautiful, intelligent, six-figures-a-year high school principal, suffered through one bad relationship after another. No wonder she adopted the âœfriends with benefitsâ• mentality when it came to men. For Jemistry, there was to be no âœcatching feelings.â• Her biggest mistake would be to open her heart again. When Dr. Tevin Harris meets Jemistry at a poetry reading in a cafÃ©, he knows from her confessional writing that her past with men has been difficult. The prominent vascular surgeon, who has been only casually dating for years, is attracted to the embittered Jemistry nonetheless. With a little persistence, Tevin convinces Jemistry to go out with him. She has baggage, but so does he. What about his divorce? Despite their respective pasts, Jemistry and Tevinâ™s chemistry is right and the relationship takes off, but not without bumps in the road. When Jemistry encounters her new beau in a compromising position with her bisexual best friend, what follows is an intense, sensuous, and unforgettable drama with surprises around every turn.

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Customer Reviews

Zane is the New York Times bestselling author of Afterburn, The Heat Seekers, Dear G-Spot, Gettinâ™ Buck Wild, The Hot Box, Total Eclipse of the Heart, Nervous, Skyscraper, Love is Never Painless, Shame on It All, and The Sisters of APF; the ebook short stories âœI'll be Home for Christmasâ• and âœEverything Fades Awayâ•; and editor for the Flava anthology series, including Z-Rated and Busy Bodies. Her TV

series,Â Zaneâ™s *Sex Chronicles*,Â andÂ *The Jump Off*Â are featured on Cinemax, and her bestselling novelÂ *Addicted*Â is a major motion picture with Lionsgate Films. She is the publisher of Strebor Books, an imprint of Atria Books/Simon & Schuster. Visit her online at EroticaNoir.com.

The Other Side of the Pillow 2> âœPeople put up walls. Not to keep others out, but to see who cares enough to break them down.â • â "Socrates 3> Poetry night at The Carolina Kitchen near the Rhode Island Metro station was packed. There were a handful of people there that I recognized from Howard, but most were strangers. That gave me a feeling of relief. I had never recited my poetry live before. Actually, I was not a poet at all; I was a venter. I had placed my name on the list to read a piece that I had appropriately titled âœBitter.â • It was the way that I felt, so it made all the sense in the world to select it for my firstâ "and probably lastâ "time reading in public. I was nervous, but sipping on a chocolate martini was helping. There was a young Rastafarian up at bat reciting something about women with big booties who believed that their sex was their best asset. He was going on and on about how women need to stop acting like a THOTâ "That Ho Over Thereâ "and needed to demand respect for themselves. I was feeling him and wished that my roommate were there to hear it. I was far from celibate, but Winsome was straight wilding out the majority of the time. He finished up his piece to mass applause and finger snapping. I was hoping that they would call at least two or three other names before mine so I could finish my drink. Even though I spoke in front of my students and faculty all the time, this was different. My words would be personal and from the heart. Queen Aishah, the comedic host for the evening, came back on stage working her fabulous hips, rocking her attention-getting hairstyle, and grabbed the microphone. âœThat was hot, Brother Hakeem. I hope some of the young ladies in this joint tonight take heed of your words.â • She shielded her eyes and glanced out at the audience like she was trying to find someone in particular. âœYeah, I see some chicks dressed like THOTs tonight. Yaâ™ll advertising, and thatâ™s all I have to say about that.â • Most of the audience laughed but I noticed some of the scantily clad chicks were offended. I could barely keep up with all the terminology meant solely to degrade women. THOT was a new one. Ho, chickenhead, bird, and the good old-fashioned whore were tossed around on the regular. The sad part was that a lot of women had started to embrace the monikers and often called one another those names. Thank goodness that I had chosen a simple outfit: black jeans, black boots, a black sweater, and a black beanie studded with little silver stars. I was in a militant mood so my clothes reflected my attitude. âœAll right, weâ™re going to move on.â • Queen Aishah looked down at the tablet in her free hand. âœNext up is Jemistry. Damn, love that name.â • So much for finishing my martini. I sighed and navigated

my way to the front as people looked at me strangely, as if to say, "You'd better bring it after Brother Hakeem put it down!" • No doubt he was a tough act to follow. I took the stage and Queen Aishah handed me the microphone, grinned, and sashayed off. She was so confident in herself; I wish I could have said the same. I cleared my throat and tried to imagine that the room was empty, that I was simply practicing like I had done several times at home earlier that day. "This piece is called "Bitter." It's for all the sisters out there who have been hurt, despite giving their all and being all that they can be for men who do not appreciate them." • Several women yelled out things like, "That's right!" • "Amen, Sister!" • and "Preach!" • Several men hissed and booed and acted like I had called them out by their government names. I cleared my throat again and then start spitting out the words "slowly, concisely, and from the pit of my soul where all of my own personal pain and bitterness collided. Hurt Pain Anguish Bitter That is how I feel as a woman A woman who has been Deceived Betrayed Disrespected Humiliated Dismissed Used Demeaned Abused Mistreated It makes no sense." . . . No sense at all I am a good woman A brilliant woman A compassionate woman A loving woman An educated woman A beautiful woman A romantic woman A unique and special woman So why do men overlook me? Or come into my life and play games? Use Jedi mind tricks? Spit out bullshit lies? Expect me to share dick? Expect me to tolerate their shit? Say one thing and do another? Call me names and expect me to be their lover? Hit on me and then try to kiss me? Talk shit behind my back? Hurt Pain Anguish Bitter Those are the words that describe me Those are the terms that define me Now it is time for me to find me Before it is too late And my heart can no longer participate In what people call love In a true relationship Bitter. . . that's me I opened my eyes, which I had clamped shut at some point halfway through, and there was an eerie silence over the entire place for a few seconds. Then there was mass applause and cheers. . . from the women. A few men clapped and many were shaking their heads and crossing their arms in defiance. Their egos were bruised, but they knew that I had spoken nothing but the truth. They were going to learn that day. As I walked off the stage, Queen Aishah came up to announce the next poet. She grinned at me and whispered, "You said that! That was some real shit right there!" • When I returned to my seat at the bar, there was a man sitting on the stool next to mine. I hadn't noticed him before. I wondered if he had come in while I was performing. He was almost like a giant "at least six five compared to my five-two height. Even though he was sitting, I could tell that he was like a tree. He had a smooth, dark-chocolate complexion, eyes the shade of almonds, a polished fade, and he wore rimless eyeglasses. The bartender came over to me. "Need anything else?" • "Can I have another chocolate martini, please?" • The guy kept staring at me and I wondered if he was about to go off on me about what I

had said onstage. After another minute or two, once my fresh drink was in front of me, I could not take the stares anymore. There was an older woman onstage reciting a poem about the joys of menopause and moving on to the next stage of life. He was not paying attention to her at all. He was too busy watching my every move. "The entertainment is that way." I pointed toward the stage. "I'm finished with my performance." He grinned and exposed a beautiful smile and straight teeth. "I enjoyed your piece. 'Bitter,' wasn't it?" I rolled my eyes. Here it comes! "Yes, it was called 'Bitter.' That's what I am." I kind of figured that, and it's such a shame. • He looked me up and down like I was on display. I was hoping that my face wasn't shiny from having been underneath the hot lights, even momentarily. "You're too beautiful, sassy, and intriguing to be bitter over a man from your past." • "Actually, you stand corrected. I am bitter regarding several men from my past. All of the men from my past. Not a single one of them appreciated any of the goodness in me until after I was gone." • "So now the rest of us men can forget it, huh?" I took a sip of my drink and analyzed what he was implying with his question. The Virgo in me kicked in. One thing is a definite trait among Virgos: "we overthink and overanalyze like crazy. On the one hand, I was sick of men to a degree. At least the whimsical fantasy that one man could make a commitment to one woman and do the right thing by her. On the other hand, I loved sex and the specimen sitting beside me was most certainly a candidate for some freaky sex. He kept looking at me as the menopausal broad left the stage. "Well?" I never said that no man has a chance with me. All I'm saying is that I'm not going to be so quick to throw my heart on the line again, unless a man presents himself correctly and is done with playing games. You feel me?" • "Somewhat." He took a long guzzle from his draft beer. "But you have to realize that not all men have to be done with playing games. Some of us have never played them." • I smirked. "That's what you all say. All of you proclaim to be honest, trustworthy, and interested in settling down, up and until you get into a woman's panties and move on to the next one." • "Wow, someone has really hurt you!" • "Several someones have trampled all over me. They've treated me like a piece of disposable pussy or a deer that has already been hit in the road. Instead of picking me up and trying to resuscitate me, or better yet, leaving me the hell alone to suffer in silence, they run over me again and try to finish the job that the previous dude started." • He shook his head and frowned. "It would probably be in my best interest to move to the other side of the bar and wish you a good evening." • I shrugged. "Probably would be." • He sat there for a few more seconds, still staring. "Probably would be," • I repeated. "Yes, probably." • He chuckled. "But instead, I'd like to pay for your drinks and ask if you'd like to head someplace quieter so we can continue this fascinating discussion." • He reached out his hand.

â œIâ™m Tevin Harris.â • I shook his hand. â œJemistry Daniels. Iâ™m not so convinced this is a fascinating discussion, though.â • â œIâ™m fascinated!â • I smirked and continued drinking. Another brother had taken the stage but I was really drowning him out. He was talking about some kind of impending â œrace war.â • That always amused me when people said things like that, as if we were still in the 1800s. I had always wanted to ask at least one person spouting that foolishness whom they planned to start a race war with, considering that most families were mixed with several different ones. â œSo, Jemistry, would you like to take me up on my offer?â • He is not giving up! I hesitated to respond. He seemed harmless enough, but so do most serial killers. Most are also charming as all get-out. â œUm, tell you what. Iâ™m not trying to hurt your feelings or anything, but Iâ™m not the most trusting person, as you might suspect.â • He chuckled. â œYeah, thatâ™s kind of evident.â • â œI prefer to close out my own tab. I ordered the drinks, so Iâ™ll pay for them. It is kind of noisy in here to talk so I can meet you somewhere else.â • I held my index finger up in his face. â œBut Iâ™m not getting in a car with you. Nor are you getting into mine.â • I already had it in my head that the only thing that talking could possibly lead to was fucking. I would make â œarrangementsâ • with him as I had with two other men at the time to come over and have some â œdrive-by sexâ • when the urge hit me. I was attracted to him. He was tall and had big feet, so I was guessing that he had a big dick. What the hell! â œFair enough.â • He threw a twenty on the bar for his beers. â œDo you have a place in mind?â • â œHow about Oya over on Ninth and H?â • â œNever heard of it, but Iâ™ll meet you there in a few.â • He stood up. Yeah, he was a giant, but a fine one. I could not help but drop my eyes to see his dick imprint in his slacks. I suppressed a smile. â œWould you allow me to walk you to your car, Jemistry?â • â œNo, no thank you. Iâ™ll be fine. Iâ™m going to pay for my drinks and then head that way.â • He walked off as he said, â œI hope you show.â • I watched him leave out and wondered to myself if I would show up. The key to the entire thing would be to make sure I didnâ™t catch any feelings. That was always the hard part: having a big heart, desiring to be loved, and trying to avoid falling too hard for a man, especially a man like him. People always said that you have to judge each person by their own character, but it was not easy to keep tossing my heart on the line all the time. Most men I could brush off without a second thought, but there was something different about this one. Heaven help me!

This book has reinforced my hope, my faith that there is a true love out there for me. It was definitely an eye opener on many topics. One being why some think the way that they do and why some feel their ridiculous actions are justifiable. I'd recommend this book to anyone that has given up on love; to anyone that are stuck in a "generational curse" of believing dysfunctional, disrespectful and/or

abusive relationships are "normal;" to anyone who enjoys a unique love story as much as I do. I gave it 5 stars because it is a well-written story with a message. It's more than erotica, it makes you think while being entertained. Loved it!

As she said in her commentary at the end, this book is an excellent conversation piece for couples. I enjoyed every word and it definitely had me thinking about my dating life and opening up conversation. I would read this again in the future and recommend it to my girlfriends.

This book was amazing i lives Jemistry And Tevin; I Can Relate To This Book Minus The Abuse When You Want To Give Up On Love. My Partner Had Me Read This And It Was Awsome. As For Jemistry Former Roommate She Needed Help And Im Glad She Got It And Her And Jemistry Can Be Friends Again But Keep Her At A Distance. i Was Suprised Jemistry Opened Her Door To The Ex Wife But They Handled That Well Wish More People Now Can Do That. As For The Other Couple Tevin Bestfriend and soon to be ex wife i didnt like him very much but im glad that jemistry said something it was about time. Great Book

If you want to leave your reality for a while and escape into a beautiful love affair romance novel then this book is for you! Zane says this book is meant to be a conversation piece because it covers a lot of sensitive subjects that affect men, women and their relationships. I agree this book is a great conversation piece....Now go get it and enjoy it! God Bless

I am highly disappointed in this book, and I feel like I wasted my money. I kept waiting for there to be a big bang and nothing ever happened. It was like she wrote out normal people's daily boring lives. This is not the zane that I remember. I feel in love with zanes writing after I read afterburn, and from there I read all her books...sigh.....I hope she gets back to her roots.

Zane has done it again! This book is indeed a page turner! Once I read the first page, I was hooked. I could not put my kindle down! It was great reading a book about a determined, professional, sensitive, brother, who consistently displayed his deep respect and love for his woman. I loved the fact that Tevin, never gave up on Jemistry. This guy was never afraid of what others thought of his sensitive side. I enjoyed the open communication between them. Neither one of them was looking for love when they met.I would highly recommend this book!!!!

I am a fan of all Zane novels. I like the message she sends in this book about relationships i did not like the ending. Especially being a fan & have literally read all her books I was expecting more.

This was a great book. Gave different views on different kinds of relationships. Some of the things we do in the dark eventually catch up with us as we seen with Floyd. He had a great woman and figured he could do whatever he wanted. Was so good to see 2 good people like Jemistry and Tevin find real love in other since they had been through so much. Even Winsome found someone and ended up getting counseling for her issues. Well written book. 5 stars for sure.

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