

After dinner, Jacqueline and her crew headed to the club. From the moment she walked in, it was lights, camera and action. Jacqueline was the center of attention, and she reveled in it. She forgot all about her issues with every complementary drink she took. As the night went on, Jacqueline continued to drink, and the more she drank, the more obnoxious she got. She started making fun of other people at the club. She quickly pointed out those unfortunate souls who would be caught dead with last year's designer purse. Spice, who had grown up much of his life without so much as a pot to piss in became angrier and angrier at Jacqueline's insensitivity. Even though Spice was a designer, he was not a flashy person. He lived in a small apartment and took pleasures in simple things, like reading a newspaper and drinking a cup of coffee, rather than the shallow attention from paparazzi and camera lenses. Spice couldn't take it anymore.

"Jackie, you need to get yourself together! Why are you acting like this? Oh, I know why. It's because you're drunk!"

As Spice tried to take the vodka out of her hand, Jacqueline slapped him across the face. "What's your problem Spice? I'm just having a little fun. If you don't like how I'm acting, be my guest and exit left."

Spice stood at the VIP section in shock, "You know what Jackie, I feel sorry for you. You have everything, but you're throwing it all away. I'm not going to stand by and watch you drink yourself to death. And Lena, are you just gonna sit there and watch Jackie embarrass herself? What kind of friend are you?"

Lena preoccupied by her own buzz clumsily replied, "Who do you think you are talking to Spice? Jacqueline's right. You're welcome to leave at any time. Besides, what harm is a little drink gonna do?"

"You're delusional Lena. I'm outta here."

Spice signaled for the first cab he saw, and went straight home, hoping to eradicate the night's events from his mind.

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Excerpt from Chapter Two – *Breaking Free From Me*

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