

LOVE NO  
*limit*

L. A. LOGAN

 DonJay Publishing

Love No Limit

Copyright © 2008 L.A. Logan All Rights Reserved

Editing by Deborah Young

Cover and book design by Rebecca Hayes

| Author's photo by Vee Hernandez

Published in the United States by  
DonJay Publishing  
P O Box 545  
Topeka KS 66601

ISBN-13: ISBN 978-0-615-19674-9

Library of Congress Control Number

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is coincidental.

## *Dedication*

To my late grandmother, Bernice, because of how much you  
loved me, no matter what.

And to my love, my life, Doneysha and Jayden. You will never  
know how much joy the two of you have brought into my life.



## Chapter 1

“I think I am having a panic attack.”

Jada stopped what she was doing and turned around to see Rebecca standing there. Rebecca was one of her hypochondriac employees, and no matter how much Jada knew this, she asked the question anyway.

“What do you need me to do for you?” Jada heard herself say, sounding like she was really concerned. Rebecca seemed agitated, but Jada was not sure if this was real or fake. After all, she had never really seen anyone have a panic attack before. Rebecca could have sent herself into a real attack of some kind. Jada’s grandmother always told her that if you fake something for so long, it becomes real to you at some point.

“I just need to go outside and get some fresh air,” Rebecca responded, appearing to be out of breath.

“Are you sure you don’t need to go to the nurse?” Jada asked, sounding unsure.

“I just need to go outside.” With that said, Rebecca darted toward the door like someone who had just stolen something.

Jada picked up the phone and called corporate nursing.

“Hi, this is Jada Edwards in the customer service division. I have an employee who is telling me that she is having a panic attack. What do I need to do?” Jada asked.

As Jada gave the lady on the other end of the phone all the information she needed, she saw Rebecca out of the corner of her eye. Rebecca was now running through the department screaming for help. At this point, all eyes were on her and everyone was wondering what in the world was going on.

After hearing all the commotion in the background, the nurse said, “You’d better call security.”

Just as Jada pushed the button, she saw Tom and another guy run past her office toward the direction she had seen Rebecca run a few moments earlier. Jada had never seen Tom, the security guy, move so fast. She thought all he could do was secure from behind the nice desk he sat at. Jada did not think he could move that quickly in the security suit, not uniform, but suit, he wore to work each day except Friday.

As Jada stood and walked out of her office, she began to wonder if she worked at a loony bin or an insurance company. It took Jada, Tom, and the other security guard to accost Rebecca and take her down to corporate nursing until her husband could pick her up. On the way down, Rebecca was going through all sorts of emotions. One minute she would be crying and then the next, she would be laughing hysterically like she was sitting front and center at Comic View.

By the time Jada finished completing forms and waiting on Rebecca’s husband, it was 4:15 p.m.

*Can the time move any slower?* Jada thought to herself as she headed back to her office.

Although Jada was trying to get her walk back right with God, it was Friday and after all this, she would need a drink. After dealing with this type of drama all day, how could you give up drinking? Yes, the cross was a powerful thing, but even the folks in the Bible had a drink every now and then. After

stopping and speaking to a few people in the tunnel, it was 4:30 p.m. by the time Jada got back to her office.

“Just thirty more minutes and I am out of here,” Jada said out loud as she sat down at her desk.

Jada’s chair gave that comforting touch she needed at the moment. She’d had a very busy and long week at work. She had more meetings than she cared to think about ; more deadlines added to the deadlines she was already working on.

Jada’s department was going through a new system installation and nothing seemed to be going as planned. All this and her personal assistant, Michelle, was out on maternity leave. Michelle knew what Jada needed before she even asked for it. All of the other directors Jada worked with where jealous of Jada because of how good Michelle was to her.

Michelle had turned down several offers to work for some of Jada’s peers. Jada was so thankful for that, and made sure she took care of Michelle on her reviews. No, Jada did not just give Michelle high marks; Michelle had earned them. Michelle knew that if Jada was having an off day, who to allow in to see her, and she also knew who to tell that Jada was not available. All of this without Jada having to say, “Screen all calls and visitors.”

The temporary assistant Jada had, needed to go back to trade school. The only skill she had was talking on the phone and it was not business related. The only thing she could do without checking with Jada every five minutes was taking as long as she wanted on her coffee breaks and taking a dinner break instead of lunch. Her name was Ieisha Anderson, and she sometimes dressed as though her dream job involved a pole.

Jada tried her best to work with her, because she knew that despite how Miss Thang acted at work, she needed the job. Ieisha would come to work on Mondays with multi-colored nail polish on those claws she called nails, as it was obvious she’d seen her nail technician faithfully on the weekend.

Ieisha would have on the shortest and tightest thing she could find in her closet. The shoes she wore would be cute, but not for work. But then again, nothing about Ieisha said she

worked in an office environment. After having to talk to her a few times, she was starting to dress just a tad bit better. The other issues were still lacking, and at times, Jada was not sure she had the patience to deal with them.

Jada had already started thinking about what she was going to do for the weekend.

*I wonder if he will have time for me this weekend? Knowing him, he will have a list of stuff he has to do and none of it includes me. I will just go ahead and chalk it up to another lonely weekend.* Just as those thoughts ran through Jada's mind, her phone rang and she got a visitor, all at the same time.

"Jada, do you have a minute?"

Jada turned her chair around from looking out the tall glass windows, which gave her an excellent view of downtown, to see her employee, Tiffany, standing there. Jada looked at her phone and saw that it was him calling on her private line. Should she answer and act like Tiffany was not there, or just let her voice mail pick it up? Where was Ieisha when she needed her?

The one thing Jada drilled into Ieisha was that no one could just come strolling into her office without an appointment or without Ieisha checking first. The only exception to this rule would be him or, of course, anyone involved in Jada's performance evaluations. Even then, Jada would need a quick warning they were on their way in to see her, and he would never just come busting into her office without being formally announced.

Now, Tiffany was probably Jada's least favorite employee. She would rather have a hundred Rebecca's than to have one Tiffany. Jada decided against answering her phone and responded to Tiffany.

"Sure," Jada said, wondering what the heifer was up to now.

Tiffany was a snake for sure. Jada had gone out of her way to help Tiffany and the next thing Jada knew, she had an open file in the personnel office that she had to defend and ultimately clear her name. Jada did not want to deal with her

right before it was time to go home.

*These women could ruin your weekend before you can even get it started,* Jada thought to herself, straining not to say it out loud.

Although Jada knew that Tiffany was getting ready to wreck the rest of what was left of her day, she was happy inside that he had called her. All she could do was focus on getting Tiffany out of her office ASAP, so that she could call him back. Jada gave Tiffany the “what is it” look.

“You know, my kids have been really sick lately and I know I don’t have any more time to take off work, but I was wondering if you could make an exception for me?” Tiffany said with tears in her eyes.

Now, Jada had fallen for that once before, but never again. This time, she was going to follow the guidelines on this chick. Jada had learned that every other week Tiffany had a situation going on in her life. They were even starting to be closer together. Jada couldn’t afford to have her supervisors setting a bad example for their own employees, and Jada didn’t want to have to defend herself yet again in personnel.

“I hate what’s going on with your kids, but you will need to talk to personnel to see what they can do for you,” Jada responded. *After all, you can run your lying behind down there for much less,* Jada thought to herself.

“I will not be able to approve any more time off for you. If you miss another day of work, I will have to terminate you,” Jada said. *And boy, would I love to see you go,* Jada thought with a smile in her mind.

“I’ve already talked to them and they said unless you approve it, there is nothing that can be done,” Tiffany said with a hint of the bad attitude she had in her voice.

“Well, again, I wish there was something I could do, but I can’t. If I change the rules for you, I would have to do it for everyone else,” Jada said, trying to sound as professional as she could.

What Jada really wanted to say was: "You should have

thought about all that when you were taking time off unnecessarily.”

“My kids come first, not this job.” Tiffany stood up and said as though she was threatening to quit.

“Do what you feel you have to do,” Jada said as she turned her back to Tiffany to let her know the conversation was over.

What Jada really wanted to say was the famous words from Dirty Harry: ‘Come on, make my day!’

*Is it 5:00 p.m. yet?* Jada thought to herself.

As Jada shut down her computer and checked her calendar to see what time her meetings started Monday morning, and who they were with, she called him back. Butterflies floated through Jada’s stomach when she heard Donnell say hello. It was amazing that after all this time she still got butterflies like a hopeless school girl in love. Maybe she wouldn’t spend another weekend alone, and just maybe she would be in late Monday, since her first meeting was not until after lunch.