

# Round & Round

*Common Sense of the Mind  
vs. Matters of the Heart*

L.A. LOGAN

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Editing by Deborah Young

Book and cover design by Rebecca Hayes  
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Other Books By

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The Love No Limit Series:

*Love No Limit*  
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# Chapter 1

“It’s positive!” are the words Sheila Stanley heard the doctor say to her.

“Are you absolutely sure?” Sheila asked as she continued to try and digest the information.

“Yes, it is. We ran it twice,” the doctor said, not really sure what to say next.

Sheila did not know what to think. She loved being a mother to her two sets of twins, two girls and two boys, but she was not ready to add any more children to the collection. She had been looking forward to the day when they would be grown and out of her house. She was also still trying to lose the baby weight she’d gained fifteen years ago. At least that is what she was calling her slowly increasing weight over the years.

Having four small children in the house at one time was challenging to say the least. With her husband being a professional football player, he was hardly ever home to

help. Even when Jamie was home, his help was limited. He thought parenting consisted of him doing the fun things with the kids, and taking advantage of as many family friendly phone opportunities he could get. Sheila had to rely heavily on nannies, since they did not have any family that was close enough to help most of the time.

Sheila took the prescription for her prenatal vitamins and scheduled her next appointment. It seemed like the longest walk ever to her gold Range Rover. With each step, she played the unbearable conversation she was going to have to have with Jamie.

When Sheila got in the truck, she turned the air conditioner on high. It was only May, and the temperature had already made it to the high 90s. This was only a sample of what the summer was going to bring. As Sheila put the truck in reverse, her cell phone started ringing. She was not sure if she wanted to answer it or not. Sheila really did not want to have this conversation with Jamie over the phone.

After he'd called back seven times, she decided to answer.

"What did they say?" Jamie asked in a get-to-the-point tone.

"It was positive," Sheila responded as she swallowed the lump that had conveniently settled into her throat.

With that said, Sheila heard the phone go dead. There was no point in her calling him back. What could she really say to make the situation any better? After Kenya and Kayden were born, Jamie had begged her to get her tubes tied. She was going to do it, but always thought about the "what if" factor. What if something happened to their children, would she really be okay with not having the option to conceive more?

"What is the likelihood that something would happen to

all four of our children, Sheila?” she remembered Jamie asking her.

“You win; I will get it done!” Sheila remembered screaming at him at the top of her lungs during one of their many heated arguments.

As of late, Jamie always managed to get his way, regardless if what he wanted made her happy or not. Sheila felt that she always set aside her happiness to keep the peace, and hardly ever felt appreciated for it. Sheila was somewhat nervous to voice her opinion, because she was afraid Jamie would leave her. He constantly reminded her that she could stand to lose a few pounds, and how lucky she was to have him.

As Sheila took the drive home, she could not help but wonder what had happened to her relationship with her husband. They were once the perfect couple with the beautiful family. Now they treat each other like expensive furniture you don't dare touch or sit on.

She had been sure moving to Kansas City and being close to family would help them. They had been back in Kansas City for three years now, and it seemed things had not changed.

Their relationship started to slip three and a half years ago. Sheila was sure her husband had found himself a sidepiece that was turning into more of a now-piece, but she never tried to find out. It was not like she had time while taking care of four kids, and trying every diet and exercise known to man. Sheila chalked it up to Jamie just needing a release. After all, they had been together since her freshman year in college. Jamie was a year ahead of her, and she loved the fact that she not only had an upperclassman, but he was also the big man on campus. She loved and hated the way the other girls looked at her in envy.

Sheila had Jamie Junior and Jamiysha her sophomore year, and everyone began to talk about her. With the help of her scholarships and parents, she moved off campus so that she would not have to deal with the campus gossip first hand. Sheila took as many online classes as she could.

When Jamie was drafted a year later, she was already pregnant again. She was truly a statistic in more ways than one. Birth control was not her faithful friend, and had failed her once again. When Jamie found that out, he made Sheila drop out of college and become a full-time, professional football player's wife.

After having the babies, she hired a personal trainer to get back into shape. Sheila loved her 5'6 frame, and the one thing the kids had done for her shape was make her a little curvier; almost too curvy. Jamie would often tease her and sing Bell Biv Devoe's song *Poison* when she would wear certain clothes. When Sheila got up to a size eighteen, she changed her theme song to *Bootylicious* by Destiny's Child.

When their relationship was good it was great, but when it was bad it was almost unbearable. After moving to Kansas City, Jamie had turned into Jekyll and Hyde, and it seemed to have gotten worse over the past three years. Sheila needed to decide if it was worth her time and energy to find out why. Jamie often blamed his mood swings on his career.

"Do you know how much pressure I am under each time I go out on the field? If I get hit the wrong way, my career could be over. If I make one moral mistake I could lose my endorsement deals, and then where would we be?" Jamie would always say when Sheila was pressuring him about why he was being so cold.

"We used to talk, but you don't ever talk to me anymore, Jamie. I don't even know who you are anymore. I know

you have a lot on your shoulders, but I am here to help, not hurt you, and you won't let me," Sheila would plead.

"Well Sheila, you used to be smaller, but you're not anymore, and the only way you could help me is by going out on the field and throwing a football! How about that? You might even lose a few pounds in the process!" Jamie would respond.

Sheila often wanted to believe that her weight really was not the problem, but just used as a scapegoat for what Jamie really had going on. Regardless, the comments still hurt, and always resulted in her eyes being flooded with tears.

When they were out in public they were the perfect couple. They could have just had the most heated argument and thirty minutes later they would appear in public as if they had just made passionate love to each other.

"The madness has to stop, today!" Sheila said out loud.

Sheila turned into their gated community located in Leawood, a suburb of Kansas City. She had already decided how this conversation was going to go, and she was not going to allow Jamie to bully her like he had been doing as of late. Sheila decided to call Jada before she made it home. She just knew Jada would have words of encouragement to give her.

"Hey girl, what are you up to?" Sheila heard Jada ask.

Since Jada announced her engagement she had been busy making wedding plans. Sheila would do her best to help when she could, but what could she really do other than make phone calls? Jada and her new fiancé had come to a few games and sat in the skybox with her. In all of the visits and phone calls, Sheila had never told Jada, or anyone for that matter, about the problems she was having with Jamie.

"Girl, not much, just needed a break from the madness.

You know how that is.” Sheila said, wondering how she was going to tell Jada what was going on.

At one point Sheila and Jada had been more like sisters before they went off to college. They both were raised by their maternal grandmothers, and had so much in common it was scary. They both had old souls, and would often be teased about it as they grew up. It never changed them or the things they enjoyed doing.

Since Sheila moved back to Kansas City, she and Jada did not get to spend as much time together as she had hoped, and she did not want to tell Jada what was going on over the phone. She felt like it needed to be a face-to-face conversation when they both had more than a couple of hours to spare.

Sheila knew it was going to sound crazy that all of sudden she needed to pour her heart out about her troubled marriage. She wondered if she should at least tell Jada some of what was going on over the phone just to break the ice.

“Guess what? My babe and I will be in town for the weekend in a few weeks! Will you and Jamie be able to do lunch or dinner on that Friday or Saturday?” Jada asked while looking out the window of her office.

“Sure. Why will you be in town?” Sheila asked, not having the heart to tell Jada what was really going on.

“Girl, why else? Work!” Jada said as she leaned back in her oversized, leather, black office chair.

“Well, if anyone can handle it you can,” Sheila said, wishing she had half of Jada’s happiness right now.

The saying “time heals all wounds” was so true in Jada’s case. She had been through so much a few years ago. She was charged with multiple murders, and even attempted murder. She had to take a leave of absence from work so that she could clear her head. She had recently been

promoted, but the good thing about it was her job believed in her; so much so that they'd paid for all her legal fees.

When the murder charges were dropped against Jada, she threw herself into work. She did her best not to date anyone no matter how hard they tried. The two men who had been most dominant in her life during that time were Donnell McDaniels and Mont Hendrickson. To everyone's surprise, she told both of them that she needed some time to herself. She had to deal with the death of Mother Albright, a new position at work, and the hurt and betrayal she suffered at the hands of Donnell. Both Donnell and Mont said they understood, but continued to court her silently. She would receive roses, sweet cards, and expensive gifts. She would periodically go out to dinner and a movie with them, but nothing more. Donnell would even show up on time for their dates; something he had never done before.

When her job wanted to open a new division in Wichita, Jada jumped at the opportunity to work in that office two days a week until she eventually was there permanently. That did not stop the two men who were competing for the title of having her as their lady.

"Hey, aren't the JJ's birthdays coming up next week?" Jada asked as she sent an email to her administrative assistant.

Sheila had been so preoccupied with the latest addition that she had forgotten her older children's birthday was coming up.

"Girl, yes! Can you believe they will be fifteen? I can still remember when we were that age," Sheila said with a slight chuckle.

"Aren't you glad they are not *anything* like we were? I mean, our kids are slow compared to us, and I am so thankful for that!" Jada said, now laughing at the thought of the things she and Sheila would get into.

“Yes indeed, honey! I’m sure we kept some folks on their knees praying for us! The Lord has truly shinned on us, and so far has allowed that behavior to skip a generation. What do you have planned for Deisha next month? You know she will be turning fifteen as well!” Sheila asked, now sitting in the driveway of her home.

She was stalling for time so the extra conversation with Jada was a perfect excuse.

“Sister, girl is having a sleepover and a girls’ day out at the spa. She is not getting anything big until she turns sixteen, if she makes it to that!” Jada said with a laugh, still in disbelief that her little girl was growing up.

“Well, look lady, I have to run, but call me when you two get to town so we can have you over for a visit,” Sheila said as she saw Jamie standing at the door.

By the look on his face, Jamie looked meaner than a boxer losing in the last round of a championship fight. All she could think was that she did not want him to become belligerent while she was on the phone. Sheila knew it would be hard to explain that away.

After Jada told her that she and the kids would be driving up for the birthday party, even if they could only stay for a few hours, Sheila hit the button on her remote and the garage door opened. Once she pulled inside, she hit the button again to close the door. As she watched the door close in her rearview mirror, she could not help but feel like the same thing was happening with her life.