

Rendezvous of Love and Justice

Tiffany and Jeff's Love Story

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Dedication/Acknowledgement

To God for his blessings, and the gift of writing. To my editors, Joann Benham and Tiffany Bell. To all my family, present, and in heaven, and to the family I don't associate with. May God bless you all!

My very best friend in the entire world, Tony; my friend, confidant, lover, listener, and companion. To all my co-workers at Advocate Beverly Center, 9831 S. Western in Chicago, Illinois. To all my friends, past and present.....

To the best parents in the world, Annie Bell and Major Culbert Jr. I miss you more than words can say!

Chapter 1

Tiffany bounced into the large ballroom, and stopped abruptly as she looked around. Everything was beige - the walls, the furniture, and even the curtains. She thought it was the dullest, ugliest room she had ever seen. Maybe the interior designer intended the look to allow the clothes to be shown to their best advantage - and they did. Tiffany moved closer to the racks of designer garments made by fashion's most valuable contributors, and smiled as she lifted the first hanger, and held the breezy, moss-colored, satin dress up to her body and looked around for a mirror. Not finding one, she turned back to the rack from which she retrieved the elegant piece, and let her fingers glide over the elegant clothing as she admired a few items: a slip dress in a dramatic flora print with a lace-up back; an elegant fit-and-flare dress in fluid black with spaghetti straps, paired with three inch silk Thai slides; a lined jacket with flap pockets and button-rimmed sleeves, in shimmering jade, with matching fly-front pleated shorts worn over a white scoop-neck bodysuit in cotton polyester/spandex.

With a last look at the beautiful clothing, she left the ballroom and headed for her dressing room, absentmindedly tightening the belt of her lightweight robe around her slender waist. Entering her beautifully appointed dressing room, she glided over to her marble vanity, where she sat, and then frowned at her reflection in the mirror, trying to push the intrusive, horrifying memories away. Today marked her debut into the world of modeling couture fashion, and she didn't want to think about her former life, when she had been plain Frances King, but the memories continued to intrude. Determined to push them behind her, Tiffany closed her eyes, hoping to exorcise the memories with meditation, and five minutes later, she opened her eyes, unable to control the shaking of her body.

She stood to pace the elegant room, decorated entirely in shades of green, from the brocade sofa, to the marble topped vanity table. After a few minutes, the soothing effects of the room worked its magic on her, and she once again sat to work on her makeup. As she applied eye shadow, she smiled to herself. The show would begin shortly, and Tiffany Greene, age 39, was ready to restart her life.

Suddenly, the lights in the dressing room went off, leaving Tiffany in total darkness. She fought to control her panic as memories of another time flooded her mind, and her world went black...

Frances was in the courtroom, reviewing her notes for the upcoming trial of Dirt, a reputed mob figure. The case was high profile, and drew media attention from around the country. Dirt had the best defense attorney money could buy; they knew every trick in the book - both clean and dirty - and seldom lost a case, but Frances was determined they would lose this one. She had to be on her toes, doing the best work of her life.

As she scribbled another note on her yellow legal pad, the room went dark, and Frances was immobilized for an instant as she waited for her eyes to adjust to the sudden darkness...

Tiffany tried to halt the memories, but they refused to go away, tearing through her mind as she fought the dizziness that gave company. The last thing she remembered was the sound of her own voice screaming, "No, no, no!"

