BitterSweet Acceptance

Life on top was hard boiled but well paying for Debra being management of Mega Fund corporation. Being a woman of power meant somewhat of an accomplishment and high ranking standpoint, and she didn’t have to do anything under anyones authority. Only problem was, she was management. She had to answer to the president and ceo of the corporation, even if it was just to serve him coffee. When hired there was a contract that you had to sign, and in small letters it said no matter what your hire up demanded you must do it. In other words if you have to serve coffee in a thong it had to be done. The corporation had so much power it had money to pretty much silence anything suspected of the by the law or anyone. (ring ring goes the telephone) as Debra set in her comfortable chair. The ceo’s voice crept up:

C.E.O Walters: you will be working closely with Mashonda Tucker this week, and she must lead stride for stride with you on a project.

C.E.O Walters: In other words Debra im giving her the same authority you have for a week.

Debra: Mr Walters, she isn’t even trained or prepared for this type of position, and she isn’t good for an authotitive position. (Debra remembered the other day when Mashonda came out of president walters office buttoning her blouse back up and smiling at him while he smiled back. She wiped away the smeared lipstick as she mean mugged Debra on her way back to her job duties.

Mashonda was a very very loud and obnoxious and was very conceited, and she would even throw a scene to get what she wanted and it worked. Debra freaking hated Mashonda. She was very pretty with brown skin and long curly brown hair juicy plump lips and a very round and fat bottom, her breasts were very nice to. She was thirty five, and was the manager over one of the company’s nearby franchises. For some reason whe was very popular at the headquarters and always came by, visiting president Walters and starting rumors and talkin major trash about people amongst people in the company. Debra was her major target and she has disrespected Debra with comments like “exscuse me but I think you need to stop staring. I mean I know im sexy but damn bitch”. Debra has caught this several times and even went to President Walters about detering her position or her losing it. But he would not allow it. She could’nt even crack words back at her. Debra was viewed at by the workers of the corporation as strong smart disciplined and would’nt take it from anybody normally. She knew there were shots at her throne but she knew she could handle it, she was dark skinned, long black strait hair, thirty seven years of age, very fat nice bottom and very nice breast that didn’t sag to much or look artificial sitting plump on her chest. She thought Mashonda was to ghetto and bitchy and to threatening to even have a management position over one of the businesses franchises. People would often talk amongst the two about their relationship.

C.E.O Walters: Debra she is a very determined lady and she is good for this, and she has plenty experience with this kind of thinking. Your going to work with her, or if you don’t want to you can always quit your job. (Debra quickly turned hot headed after hearing that but she knew she could’nt let it be shown)

Debra: Yes Mr Walters

C.E.O Walters: very good she’ll be starting tomorrow.

The next day at the office Debra walks into the office and finds her new partner sitting in her comfortable seat on the phone with her feet on her desk. Laughing and spewing about some woman she had an outburst with in a nightclub altercation.

Debra: excuse me Ms Tucker, excuse me Mrs Tucker, excuse me

Mashonda : EXCUSE ME NOTHING!!! GOT DAMN IM ON DA PHONE. I MEAN WUZ UP YOU GOT SOMETHIN DAT CRUCIAL TO BE TALKIN TO ME WHILE IM HANDLIN SOMETHIN.

Debra: okay first of all you are in my office and we are supposed finishing something very important, for Mr Walters have both are ass.

Mashonda: plh plsss pleaseee Mr Walters aint runnin shit, I got this here. what the fuck we supposed to be talkin bout anyway.

Debra: we gotta get these percentages (cell phone goes off)

Mahonda: oh bitch hol on, somebody callin me.

Debra looks very annoyed and pissed off, shw wasn’t gonna take the rap for any failure.

Debra: lady I need you to focus, we got a project to finish. (after tryna get Mahonda’s attention for 5 mins straight)

Mashonda: BITCH SHET THA FUCK UP, I JUST SAID I GOT THIS. YOU GOT A FUCKIN PROBLEM YOU NEED TO TALK TO DA FUCKIN C.E.O.

Debra: I just about had with all this( in the middle of this Mashonda comes out of nowhere and cracks debra on the face with a hard slap.

Mashonda: I AINT PLAYIN WITH YOU BITCH!!! (catfight emerges and debra and mashonda go at it, it goes on for a min and until Mashonda finishes getting the better of Debra).

Mashonda pulls off a belt and wraps it around her hand like a strap, whle debra is holding her stomach.

Mashonda: bitch when I say hold on, im on an important call I mean dat shit, and cracks debra’s ass with it serval times. (Debra is hot enraged from this kinda disrespect, but only gets up to call the C.E.O.

But mr walters denies Debra her story and tells her she would have to just deal with and get along with her, afterall we have a prject to finish. When the phone was handed to Mashonda she had a conversation smiling the whole time.

About a week on the project putting up with Mashonda, debra walked into her office finding a group at her door sniggling.

Debra : get away from my door, or I will report you all. (but nothing happened).

She walked through them and found Mashonda with a C.E.O’S badge on and on and pushing someone around in the office. After that, she sees debra

Mashonda: hi bitch no hard feelings about that ass beatin last week,( she rubs her finger on Debra’s lips softly).

Mashonda: but uhh Mr Watlers stepped down two days ago and I will be the new muthaphuckin president of this corporation, are there any problems.

Debra was shocked and horrified, and could not believe what she just heard.

Mashonda: you see bitch you will answer to me, im superior to you.(in debra’s face). You will bow down to the queen.

Mashonda puts her hand on debra’s head, and points downward with her other hand. Not having any authority left debra slowly bows down with Mashonda’s rhythm. (phone rings and mashonda picks it up).

Mashonda: hey baby, oh don’t worry I got this bitch on ha knees, ya’ll getting a divorce whennnn, ok.

Debra realized she had been provoking her husband also besides the C.E.O. After the short convo. Mashonda demands that debra knows her place.

Mashonda: whos tha queen bitch

Debra: you da queen. (Mashonda slaps debra)

Mashonda” I want them to hear this shit louder bitch

Debra” YOU DA QUEEN, IM YO BITCH, YEA IM YO BITCH

Mashonda: That’s right, That’s so right

Mashonda: now that we got that shit strait, (pulling off her skirt and turning around.)

Mashonda: I want you to celebrate my damn authority with yo lipps bitch.  
( slow and passionate kiss reigned from Debra as she worked her neck to deliver her bosses request, and to degrade herself to the point of no return.

If you stand outside the office you could her the lips making contact with her asscheeks, and a cold but delectable phrase. “open your mouth bitch, as a long pause occurs. mmmmmmmmmmmm

Mashonda: HOW DAT SHIT TASTE GOIN DOWN YO TONGUE BITCH

:Debra: mmmmmm it taste sooooo good, I want more Ms Tucker

Mashonda: Good BITCHHH

TO BE CONTINUED