

Reality Bites

“He’s Grammy nominated. And is the new spokesperson for Ralph Lauren. He just finished a spread in GQ Magazine and is the star of his own reality show *“This Is My Life,”* On VH1. Please welcome to the big couch this morning, Elijah!”

Camille sat backstage getting her makeup perfected as Cindy Clemons introduced Elijah. She watched him closely as he strolled easy and free towards the stage. He always had this certain thing about his walk. He walked as if things wouldn’t begin until he reached his point of destination. Even so his stride was so confident that it made anyone follow where he was going as if he knew something they didn’t.

Dressed in a grey Argyle sweater on top of a white French cuffed buttoned up shirt. Diamond cufflinks sparkled in the cuffs. He wore black and grey Armani pinstriped slacks and a pair of black crocodile Ferragamos on his feet. He looked more like a young record executive not one of the hottest rappers in the industry.

Camille glanced up at the monitor as Elijah and Cindy embraced. Standing at 5’10 he somewhat towered her. Cindy was petite maybe only about five feet even. She was dressed in a yellow A-Line dress and taupe pumps. Her reddish brown complexion really set off her coffee brown shoulder length hair.

The audience was going wild. Clapping women screaming, hooting and hollering it was quite a scene. Camille always got a kick out of women’s reaction to Elijah. She couldn’t really get mad at them though. He was very easy on the eyes.

His complexion was smooth and the color of dry wheat toast. He wasn’t a big guy but he wasn’t scrawny either. His frame was thin with a muscular build. But the one thing Camille couldn’t resist was his deep maple brown puppy dog eyes. They were surrounded by naturally arched bushy black eyebrows and long curly lashes.

Elijah had full soft lips and Camille often spent hours wondering how they would feel up against her flesh. On the left side of his cheek a small mole resided. His mustache, goatee and the soft piece of hair between his bottom lip and his chin were always lined up precisely. He wore his velvet black hair in low cut fade with slight part on the right side. A black diamond stud sparkled in his left ear.

“All done.” The makeup artist announced breaking Camille out of her trance.

Camille smiled politely, “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome. The PA will be right out to get you shortly.”

“Okay.” Camille responded. And with that the makeup artist disappeared. Camille looked in the mirror. She liked the reflection staring back at her. She lightly fingered her recently cut hair. She’d just gotten it cut in a short flirty funky style.

It was more of a pixie cut; shorter on the sides and the back. The ends of her hair were dipped honey brown which was a beautiful contrast to her natural sandy brown hair. The front was longer which she wore flipped up. Elijah called it her Superman curl.

Her toffee brown almond shaped eyes were wide with a hint of hazel flecks. She made sure her rose colored lipstick was perfect on her heart shaped pouty lips.

Standing up out of the chair she smoothed down her dress. Her size 12 hourglass figure was flawlessly poured into a fitted hot pink cap sleeve dress that stopped right above her knee. The color of the dress complimented her creamy golden brown complexion. Houndstooth Chanel pumps covered her feet.

She sat nervously awaiting her appearance on the show. Camille was hardly nervous about anything but Cindy made her nervous. She was the unknown. There was no telling what she might ask.

For weeks since their reality show had debuted Cindy had been going on and on about how she believed that it was more going on between Camille and Elijah than friendship, client and manager. And she may have had a point at least from Camille's side.

But Camille wasn't ready to delve into that. It was bad enough that she was keeping the biggest secret of her life from her best friend. She didn't want the queen of gossip revealing it to the world. The truth was though she was tired of living a lie, yet she wasn't ready to reveal her true feelings to Elijah.

Directing her attention back to the monitor she focused back to the interview. Elijah looked comfortable on the couch as Cindy racked his brain. He didn't look pressed at all. In fact he appeared to be at ease.

"Elijah how does it feel to be a sex symbol?"

He laughed before he answered, "Me a sex symbol? Nah. I'm just a regular dude from the D." he smiled showing off his perfectly white teeth and sexy boyish grin.

"Uh huh." Cindy wasn't having it. I had to laugh a little myself along with the audience. If there was one thing Elijah was he was sexy and he knew it and so did everything else. There was just this aura he had that exuded confidence that drew you into him. It was effortless.

"Tell us a little bit how you got started. We know you grew up in Detroit."

Elijah nodded, "Yeah I grew up on the Westside of Detroit. What up Doe." He smiled.

"I been rapping since I was a little guy. You know around the way, talent shows, clubs, bars, block parties around the neighborhood. Doing studio sessions making demos. Basically anywhere I could get someone to listen.

"Then my homegirl Camille, came home from school and she couldn't find no gig so she started helping me and we been rolling ever since."

"So you owe your career to Camille?" she asked.

"Yeah in a sense I do. She rocked wit me when no one else did. She believed in me. She got an offer to work at a Fortune 500 company and didn't take it to manage me."

Camille took a deep breath. What he was saying was the truth. After she completed her BA in Public Relations and MBA from Central Michigan University she came home and couldn't find a job. Elijah had asked her to come with him to a few of his shows. Actually he needed a lift and she had a car. So she took him.

Once there though, she couldn't front; she was impressed. She always knew he was a dope rapper but he wasn't getting the attention he deserved. She dove in head first and started booking him all over the city at radio stations, festivals, beat battles, local television stations. Anything that would get him exposure she put him there. They turned into a team; them against the world.

They were both dead broke still leaving at their parent's house. When Ford Motor Company called about a job in their Marketing department it was a no brainer. But something in her wouldn't let her take the job. After she turned the job down she got so much grief from her parents not to mention Elijah. He told her he didn't want her throwing her life away on his dreams. She told him that his dream was her dream too.

Then like fate a week later she got a call from Mr. Durran Johnson from Durran Johnson Music Group. She had sent him a demo of Elijah rapping and he caught a few of his rap battles on YouTube. He wanted to set up a meeting with them. The rest was history.

With all the deals rolling in they were building an empire just the two of them. As she sat back and watched him talk about his journey; their journey together she struggled with telling him that she was in love with him.

She couldn't pinpoint the first time she began to have romantic thoughts towards him. At least not an exact moment. She just knew that she felt something for him that she hadn't felt before.

She began to feel a twinge of jealousy whenever he brought other women around. Or when she would come into his room and be wearing nothing but his boxer briefs. She would find herself exploring his body. Her eyes would travel up and down his muscular physique and in no time Camille would become hot all over.

And she would miss him. Not miss him like you would miss a friend. She would find herself yearning for him. She needed to be near him always. And when she wasn't she longed for him. Just a simple text from him would make her day.

Camille had it bad. But she had to get it together and get it together quickly. She was about to appear on television and lie about any loving feelings she had for her best friend.