

Darius Myers

*Black Camelot's
Dawn*



*& The Return Of
Madame Hot Temper*

Black Camelot's Dawn & The Return Of Madame Hot Temper

Black Camelot's Dawn is the sequel to The Publisher's Dilemma and the second novel in the Black Camelot series.

Donald Alexander, Kwame Mills, and Samantha Rivers after the solving of The Harris Simmons Murders have become darlings of the city. They are also extremely wealthy after Alexander's successful sale of the company for \$75 billion.

Their dramatic stories led the city's leading gossip press crew, the Celebrity Hack Patrol, to name this period of adulation and fascination, Black Camelot.

A new enemy emerges as hate groups decide there is no place in the city or American society for Black Royals-.

Black Camelot's Dawn also marks the return of Dawn Davis Stuart, who left the city in disgrace after she murdered her husband, the real estate tycoon and randy man about town, Yancey Stuart Jr. The shooting death at her hands earned her the notorious nickname of Madame Hot Temper. The backstory that drove her to rage and murder was not as simple as the scandal was reported. She has returned with vengeance on her mind and a powerful accomplice to help her with her plan.

In Black Camelot's Dawn, the city's gossip and drama are at an all-time high. The city is excited for the summer as the Black Camelots' are all engaged to be married. And when Madame Hot Temper returns it takes only days before there are more gunshots, murder, and scandal.

THE AUTHOR



Darius Myers is a New York City-based fiction writer. In an earlier life, Myers was a marketing and media industry executive and held roles at leading media companies that include Time Warner, Gannett and Hachette Magazines.

Myers penned The Black Camelot Series with a unique insider's perspective on the media business and New York society. Black Camelot's Dawn is the third beguiling novel in the series. All the books chronicle with dramatic twists the stories of an ensemble of characters that readers have come to love and root for; and others that they despise.

Enjoy Black Camelot's Dawn.

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The characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

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PART ONE

Chapter One

Walt Bigelow rapped on Chief of Detectives Teddy Walker's door twice and hard. It was a loud knock that Walker had come to know from their years together, and it always meant bad news.

"I hate it when you pound on my door like that, Walt. What's going on?"

"Teddy, we've got a problem. Some of our friends are under attack."

The Chief wondered whom Bigelow called their friends. He'd been the top detective in New York for nearly a decade. Bigelow was his top aide during that stretch, and they'd made many friends over those years.

"Friends? Who are you talking about, Walt?"

"It's the former Harris Simmons guys, Teddy. Donald Alexander, Kwame Mills, and their buddy, Tom Wilson, the music executive. Their attacker wants to bring an end to Black Camelot."

"Attacker? What do you mean, Walt? Is everyone okay?"

Walker took a deep breath and braced for bad news. Bigelow was right. The Black Camelot crew were friends. They were also important leaders in the city.

"Yes, everyone is safe, but it was a real scare," Bigelow said. "All three had bombs delivered to their apartment buildings today. The packages looked suspicious and got picked off by their building's security. The guys weren't home, and the bombs were fakes."

“Thank God for that,” Walker said. He let out a long exhale with the news that the bombs were fake and crossed his heart with the sign of the cross. “We don’t need anything bad to happen to these people.”

“Yeah, Teddy. We could lose the city if they got taken out by a bomb. I can’t imagine the chaos that would follow,” Bigelow said and sat down in a leather chair opposite Walker’s desk.

The attack, even with fake bombs, made Bigelow nervous and jittery. The detective tried to sit still in the chair, but his nerves were a mess. Sitting was the last thing he could do. He got up and walked in circles in front of Walker’s desk. The Chief had seen this quirky, frantic version of Bigelow numerous times over the years. Moving around helped him to think when he was under stress.

Finally, Bigelow stopped and said, “The Harris Simmons guys don’t know yet about the attack, Teddy. I asked the building security guys to give us an hour to get back to them with a plan. I think you should take the lead. This is what you do best.”

The Chief looked at his loyal, top assistant and nodded appreciatively as a thank you to the compliment. Bigelow nodded back and resumed walking in circles.

Like Bigelow, Walker was upset by the news, but he wasn’t surprised. As a black man, he loved Black Camelot and their inspiring success stories. But he hated the nickname the press created for Alexander and Mills and their impressive collection of friends.

“That name Walt is rocket fuel for white supremacist groups. It makes them targets.”

“Rocket fuel is right, Teddy. Haters live to hate, and that means we have a problem that may never go away.”

Bigelow then read to Walker from a notepad. Teddy, each bomb had a letter and the same warning. It said, ‘There is no such thing as Black Camelot or Black Royalty. End this now, or next time the bombs will be real. You’ll

be warned only once.’ The letters were signed, ‘A Proud American For How Things Should Be.’”

Walker turned to Bigelow, who was still nervous and jittery but stopped his manic circle walk. He moved to a large windowsill and sat down.

“Walt, You said the guys don’t know yet, right?”

“No, boss, they don’t. I wanted you to know first,” Bigelow said, and leaned forward from his windowsill seat, and waited for instructions.

“Okay, thanks. Here’s how we are going to handle this. Call the building security guys back and tell them that we will send teams to their places to conduct a complete investigation. Tell them that we’ll contact the Black Camelot guys too,” he said and looked up to the ceiling as he framed his thoughts. Bigelow knew he hadn’t finished but interrupted him.

“When will you be free to talk to the guys?”

“Give me a second, Walt,” Walker said and held up his hand for Bigelow to pause and let him work. He opened his laptop and clicked on his calendar. A typical day awaited him filled with meetings for the city’s top and most respected cop. He began to reschedule and cancel appointments until an image of a huge explosion flashed in his head. Then the image flashed again and again, with each flash revealing more chaos and destruction.

The Chief of Detectives closed his laptop and looked at Bigelow. His eyes had turned into piercing slits, and his jaw tightened into a menacing scowl. Bigelow knew that look, Teddy Walker was hot.

“Nothing else matters today, Walt,” he barked. “A racial bomb threat in my town and against our best people. I’m not having it. Let’s get the Black Camelot people on a call, right now.”

Chapter Two

Three years ago, shortly after the Harris Simmons Murders and trial, the Celebrity Hack Patrol met at Caf  Cielo. Their work on the story had turned them into celebrity journalists.

Each had a private table at Caf  Cielo and held court there daily. The tables cost \$10,000 a year. Celebrities, business leaders, politicians, and society people flocked to Caf  Cielo, hoping to receive a mention in the columns and be seen at one of their tables.

The breathtakingly beautiful Jennifer Kung, a star gossip columnist from *The Ledger*, called the meeting. Her peers nicknamed her "TV" because of her movie-star good looks. But being a television reporter wasn't for her. She liked being in the streets. They sat at her table.

She said to her colleagues, Luke McFlemming from *The News* and Mike Desanctis from *The Post*, "Guys, we've done well with the Harris Simmons stories. Luke, you won the Harlowe writing prize for your coverage. Mike, you increased your audience by 25%, and I grew mine 30%. And not for nothing, I still believe I should have won the Harlowe."

"Me too," Desanctis said with a frown. "My editor Pete Colon called up the Harlowe committee and told them I got robbed."

Luke looked at them with a smug smile, "You two are just poor losers. The committee knows who the star is in this town."

"They know who has the biggest ego," Kung snapped. "You are a horrible winner, Luke. You could show a little grace, you shmuck."

Luke looked at her, considered her reprimand, and decided to partially agree, "I guess I should be more humble, TV. It's just hard with all this talent."

Kung snickered at him. Desanctis gritted his teeth and shook his head dismissively. Luke never hesitated to rub in his victory for the industry's most important journalism award.

The three writers were important allies of Teddy Walker's. They had helped him find Gill Harris' killer in the Harris Simmons Media Company murder mystery.

Desanctis said, "I know we may never again have a story with murder, romance, illegitimate children, a corporate power play, and then for good measure another murder. The story was like an old school soap opera with one cliffhanger after another."

"You are right, Mike, but that was then, and this is now. So what's on your mind, TV?" Luke asked and glanced at his watch. "I'm meeting some VIPs in a few minutes."

"Guys, the city fell in love with Donald Alexander, Kwame Mills, Tom Wilson, their friends, and their lives. They are handsome, hip, smart, and straight out of central casting. If we package them right, we can keep their stories going for a long time."

"Package them? What do you have in mind?" Desanctis asked.

She responded with a question. The idea had been on her mind for a while, and she wanted to walk them through the opportunity.

"Would you agree, Mike, that they are the princes and princesses of the city?"

Luke cut off Desanctis before he could answer. It was typical of him. He was a grown man who had never learned how to wait his turn or play well with others. Desanctis wasn't bothered. He let Luke speak.

"I agree 100 percent," Luke said. "Donald is Gotham's top dog and owns the city's limelight. Do you want to do a series on Donald Alexander as the

King of New York and his Court? Is that the story angle?"

Kung flashed an approving smile. "Now you are with me, Luke. Except it's bigger. New York needs a magical essence, a crew of people the city believes are worthy of exceptional adulation. Donald, Kwame, and Tom have the unique celebrity cool, charm, and style to pull it off. I say we dub them Black Camelot. Every story will brand them as the Kings, Queens, Princes, and Princesses of New York City. We follow their lives closely as the city's royal family. We write about how they brought the spirit of Camelot to New York."

Desanctis nodded his approval of the idea, "I think you are on to something here. Readers would love this, Jennifer,"

Luke added, "It is a killer idea, Jennifer. But why are you sharing it? I wouldn't share."

Jennifer picked up her glass of water, rolled her eyes, and took a long drink. "Thanks for being honest, Luke. You wouldn't share because you can't see the big picture. There are seven people in the Black Camelot crew. They are all living fascinating lives. If you write a story, then when I have a Black Camelot story, my readers would want to read it. Same for you, Mike."

"Who are the seven again, TV?" Luke asked. His curiosity was piqued and he liked the idea even more than he let on. It might even be a way to steal readers from his friends and grow his audience.

"Donald, Kwame, Tom, are the guys. The women are even more fabulous: Donald's girlfriend is the former investment banker Carrie Alexander; Kwame's lady, Michelle Nubani, is a world-renowned economist; and the supermodel Danielle Jackson dates playboy Tom. The one with the most interesting back story is Samantha Rivers, the illegitimate daughter of Cornwall Harris."

"Yes, TV, they are a great crew, and you're right, the women are just as interesting as the men," Desanctis said. Black Camelot would provide

readers with the kind of stories and gossip they covet. "Will we share story leads?"

She glared at Luke before turning to Desanctis, "We'll see how it goes, Mike, but don't expect Luke to share."

Luke shrugged sheepishly and didn't bother to protest. He knew she was right.

Kung continued, "If we do this right, our editors will be happy, and our peers in the newsroom will stop calling us the Celebrity Hack Patrol and put some respect on our names."

"I'd love that, Jennifer. I can't tell you how much I hate being called a Celebrity Hack," Desanctis said.

"No one in my newsroom would dare say 'Celebrity Hack Patrol' to me," Luke barked with a defiant tone. It was a lie. Most of his colleagues despised him and called him worse. But, like Desanctis, he liked the idea and was on board. "This is brilliant. Let's do it."

Kung nodded to note their acceptance of her idea and then glared at Luke. McFlemming was a glory hound and wouldn't hesitate to exaggerate or steal credit for others' ideas. She put him on notice. "Thanks, Luke. If you tell anyone this was your idea, you will regret it. Please don't do it. You don't want me holding a grudge."

"C'mon, TV. You know I won't take credit for it," he said, but it was a lie. He knew it when he said it. Being a team player wasn't in Luke McFlemming's nature.

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