

As years passed, Opal started to look different. Her clothing style was trendier; her hair was done up in stylish ways; she wore contacts instead of glasses. I knew that Clay spoke to her; he would tell me that she was harmless, but I didn't believe that. After hearing story after story from people talking about sneaky women and backstabbing friends, all plotting against them to be with their men, my mind started to believe that all suspiciously acting women were like that. I believed they all had ulterior motives. Thoughts took over my mind and consumed me. I could never relax, and it became hard for me to trust other women. I put up a guard and felt as if I had to defend what was mine against intruders of my territory. My gut instincts about Opal were true. I knew I wasn't crazy.

While on a road trip, Opal traveled to the city where the team was playing and tried to get into Clay's hotel room by telling the front desk clerk that she was his wife. Clay told me what had happened and laughed it off, dismissing it as her being "crazy." I could not let go of this incident and confronted her at the next home game she attended. I asked her point-blank why she'd tried to get into Clay's room. Opal smiled and calmly denied any devious intentions. This lit my fuse even more, because she looked like the cat that ate the canary. She always acted as if she was just a nice girl and wasn't interested in any of the guys, but I knew better. Clay quickly rushed me off to the car to diffuse the situation. Opal remained calm but also exuded sarcasm, which was irritating. She was just one of the many groupies who became a regular occurrence at any of the player events or games on any given day and in any city.

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