

AJ PRESENTS

A HITTA
HAS *Feelings*
Too

Dallas And Chloe's Hood Love Story

2
M. MONIQUE

A HITTA HAS FEELINGS TOO:

PART 2

BY: M. Monique

Copyright 2020 © A.J. Presents

Published by A.J Presents

All rights reserved, Including the right to reproduction in whole or in part in any form. Without limiting the right under copyright reserved above, no part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in, or introduced into a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form by means (electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise), without the prior written permission of the copyright owner.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to the persons, living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales, is entirely coincidental.

PROLOGUE

How it ended...or in this case began

DALLAS MCQUEEN

Seeing the smile on Chloe's face upon seeing her parents had me on a high. I would do anything for lil' behbeh, no questions. I knew being without her parents was killing her, so I had to make that shit happen.

It felt like forever since I'd been to the office. Although I conducted business on my phone most times, actually being in my own space was rewarding.

"Strollin' in at it's almost closing time. Must be niicee," Hollis joked. I dapped him as we headed for the elevators.

"Your assistant is in a funky mood, so tread lightly," Mrs. Frita warned.

Chuckling, I winked at her. Rochelle could kiss my ass.

"Oh, yeah. Brady ain't show up for work today. I guess the nigga somewhere drunk off the pussy. I don' called his ass a hunnit times with no answer."

Hmm. Brady was fuckin' up all around I see.

"Fuck him. Find somebody else who know how to fuckin' come to work and do their job," I told Hollis. He nodded.

We rode the elevator to the fourth floor as he filled me in on the shit that had gone on since I was out.

The usual. Rochelle was on her bullshit.

"I'm tellin' you bruh. Get rid of that hoe," he said as soon as the elevator doors opened. Rochelle was standing there with her hand on her hip, mugging me and Hollis.

Walking past her, I went straight to my office, not saying shit to her.

"Dallas," she called. "Good afternoon to you too."

I threw her a head nod. My office was just how I left it. Although I didn't have any appointments today I needed to catch up on some paperwork. I had already informed Chloe that I would be here a little late.

"Boss you need me, I'll be down the hall," Hollis cracked, getting the fuck out of dodge. Rochelle was definitely about to work my fuckin' nerves. I only had one blunt in my pocket and I was trying hard to leave it there. I was doing good with this not smokin' so much shit.

"Dallas I need your help," Rochelle started.

I walked around my desk, dropping into the chair. Eyeing Rochelle up and down, I wondered why a woman like her couldn't find a man that actually wanted to fuck with her on that level. Rochelle was beautiful and smart, yet she couldn't get a man to save her life.

"Whassup?" I asked.

Huffing she walked over to my desk, leaning her fat ass against the wood.

I guess she thought I was still interested by the way she purposely crossed her legs.

"My car's acting up. The guy that can fix it is out in the hood and you know I don't like going on that side. Is it possible for you to take it for me?"

Chuckling I shook my head. "Hell nah, shawty. Ask Hollis."

"Hollis doesn't fuck with me like that, you know that," she countered.

"Ro, mane, I got a lot of shit to do. Ion have time to be doin' that shit. Tow that muhfucka."

Shaking her head, she made the praying hands sign. "Please, Dallas. The tow trucks don't like going to that area either. People be thinking they shit about to get repoed."

She was right. "Aight whateva mane. Call the nigga and tell 'em I'll be that way later on."

She smiled with pleasure before leaning down to try and kiss me. I mushed her head back quick as fuck.

“Hell nah, get on shawty.”

Smacking her teeth, Rochelle stood, switching her ass out of my office.

“Crazy bitch,” I muttered. I hope she enjoyed listening or watching me fuck the shit out of Chloe last night. Dumb bitch thought a nigga like me didn’t know she was spying on my ass. I was gon’ let them cameras stay where the fuck they were for the time being. I’d fuck Chloe and eat her ass every night just to drive Rochelle’s stupid ass crazy. Laughing to myself, I dug into this stack of papers resting on my desk.

Cranking Rochelle’s sedan I wondered what the fuck was wrong with the shit. The check engine light was on, but the car was running smooth as hell. I didn’t smell anything funny either as I left the parking lot of the firm.

It was a little after nine and I wanted to make it home by ten. Chloe had made me dinner and I couldn’t wait to taste her.

The side of town Rochelle was referring to was one of the wards that had been rebuilt after Katrina. Most of New Orleans was back up and running, but the effect Hurricane Katrina had on the city could still be seen in some areas no matter how much the city tried to fix shit up.

A familiar feeling swept swiftly over me. Something was up. I reached for my cell to dial Chloe’s number. The last time I fuckin’ felt this way it was cuz of behbeh girl. In the middle of dialing the number, my corner came up.

As soon as I turned into the hood, red and blue lights flashed behind me. Disconnecting the call, I sat the phone back in the cup holder.

I wasn’t surprised. Being pulled over was bound to happen driving this kind of car in this area. A couple of people milling the streets were being nosey tryna see who was inside the sedan.

I pulled to the side of the road and waited for the police officer to come to the window. Other than the blunt in my pocket and the heat at my back, I was straight. Niggas wouldn't fuck with me. I had a concealed carry permit anyways.

The window was already rolling down when the officer approached.

"Hello sir," the officer, a young white dude spoke.

"Whassup?" I asked. Two other patrol cars busted the corner lights flashing. The fuck?

"Sir, this vehicle has a plate on it that's not for this car."

Laughing, I said, "You kiddin' right?"

The officer shook his head. "No, sir. Can I see your license, registration please." He flashed his flashlight in my eyes, pissing me the fuck off. I was trying to remain calm, but I was gon' choke the fuck out of Rochelle the minute I laid eyes on her ass.

Reaching for my license, you'd have thought I pointed a gun at this muthafucka.

"Whoa, sir step out of the vehicle," he demanded as the other officers surrounded the car.

"The fuck is the problem?" I questioned.

"He has a gun," the first officer informed.

See this was how niggas got killed. Fuckin' dumb ass cops.

"Yo' mane, I got a permit. Just get this fuckin' registration and my license and move the fuck around," I growled unintentionally. Being ruthless was in my DNA and I couldn't stand the fucking law. If I felt disrespected, my ruthless side was gon' show it's muthafuckin' head really quick.

"I said step out of the vehicle!" the cop shouted. By this point, guns were being aimed at me.

Chuckling, I did as this bitch boy asked.

Turning around I placed my hands on the hood. No sense in making a bad situation worse.

“Ya’ll gon’ feel dumb ass fuck when this is ova,” I informed them.

Coming up behind me, another cop reached for the Desert Eagle at my back.

“Any other weapons on you sir.” This one was white too.

“Nah.”

“Pop the trunk, get the dogs out hea,” he ordered.

“Mane fa what? Ya’ll muthafuckas on some bullshit.”

“Shut up,” the one searching me barked as he dug into my pockets pulling the blunt out.

I heard the trunk pop open, then all hell broke loose.

Because I was bigger than this muthafucka, when he tried to slam me on the hood, he couldn’t.

“You’re under arrest!” he yelled.

These muhfuckas was tweaking. Watching the cops running around acting like fuckin’ bricks was in the trunk had me questioning if it was. I know this bitch ain’t plant no shit on me!

It took three officers to drag me to one of the patrol cars. As we passed the trunk, I glanced inside.

“The fuck!”

Stuffed in Rochelle’s trunk was Brady’s bitch ass. Fuck that nigga... It was the body of police chief Gary Thibedeau’s bitch ass that surprised me. That fuckin’ bitch!

Chapter 1

FRANCESCA TOUISSAINT

Thirty minutes earlier...Houston, TX

I damn near broke my neck running to the bathroom. My stomach had been upset all day. Rarely have I ever been sick but I must've picked up a bug from somewhere. Making it just in time to the toilet, I threw the seat up before spilling all the contents of my stomach into the porcelain bowl.

Dime came into the bathroom standing over me with his arms folded across his chest. Waiting to make sure I wasn't going to vomit across the tiled floor, I gently leaned back to sit on my butt.

"Baby you've been sick all day. Your body has to be dehydrated because everything you have put into your mouth has come back up. Let's get you to the hospital."

Dime was being so ridiculous. He'd been on my ass since the first time I threw up a few hours ago. Maybe I was just sick because my behbeh Houston wasn't home. With all this shit going on with whoever this crazy guy was coming after Dime, maybe the stress of the past couple of days had finally caught up with me.

"Dime—"

Effortlessly Dime lifted me off of the floor, carrying me bridal style into the bedroom. Placing me on the bed, he undressed me, his eyes roaming my toned body causing heat to stir in my belly. Damn, but I couldn't focus on that heat from the nausea that quickly swept through me. I tried to stand, however a wave of dizziness had me staying my ass still.

Within a few minutes Dime had me dressed in a pair of pink joggers and a black t-shirt. Picking me up again, he carried me out of the house. I held onto his neck as he checked to make sure the door was locked.

We made it to his truck, him placing me in the front passenger seat, then securing my seatbelt.

“This is unnecessary, Dime,” I protested.

Dime grinned. “Shut up Chess.” He slammed the door shut, then came to get in on the driver’s side.

Cool air blasted through the vents when he cranked the engine. I reclined my seat to lay back some as I allowed the air to help me relax.

As Dime left the driveway, my mind wondered to Dallas and Houston. My boys were everything to me. Even Dime. I loved each of them deeply. I hated that Houston had to miss school and football, his friends because of this bullshit Dime was into.

“Francesca,” Dime’s voice interrupted my thoughts.

My head was reclined, eyes closed. The way Dime said my name brought a smile to my face. He didn’t call me Francesca unless he was being super serious about something.

“Yes, behbeh,” I answered.

Dime’s hand came to rest on my hand, interlocking our fingers.

“Let’s get married. Fuck all the bullshit. Fuck what’s going on around us. I’m not waiting anymore.”

My heart stilled in my chest as my eyes flew open to stare a hole into the side of his face.

Dime was focused on the road, smiling.

“You really think that’s a good idea Dime? Look at what’s going on. How can you even think about something like marriage with what happened to us the other night?”

Dime bit his bottom lip, aggravated.

“Chess, that’s why I’m ready to get married, been fuckin’ ready. What happened at Houston’s game could’ve ended so differently. I’m tired of this between us queen Chess. I want you to have my fucking last name and I’m not waiting anymore for you to decide. We’ve been together sixteen years. What the fuck are we waiting on? Stop letting your fears keep

you away from me. You got my heart; take my fucking last name too.”

I blinked back tears as I digested the words Dime was speaking. He was right. We’d been solely together just months after everything happened with Dallas. Dime and I had been off and on during the time between conceiving both boys, but once we decided to be together sixteen years ago, we both made the commitment to each other. Although we spent all this time sneaking around.

The truck was quiet again as Dime entered the highway, heading towards the nearest hospital. As much as I wanted to deny what Dime was saying, I couldn’t. I was ready to be his wife. Ready to cuddle with him, make love to him every night. This man loved me in ways that made my soul cry.

“Okay, Dime,” I replied on a whisper.

He glanced away from the traffic ahead of us, eyes staring back into mine.

A loud burst that sounded like a firecracker startled me. I didn’t have time to wonder where the sound came from when out of nowhere headlights beamed through the interior of the truck. Whoever was riding our tail could definitely move around. Houston traffic at this hour wasn’t so bad, and Dime was going damn near eighty on this highway.

I went to look back but felt the truck jerk violently, sending us careening onto the shoulder of the road and into the tree lined grass shoulder.

Screaming, I literally watched my life flash before my eyes as the truck fish tailed and began to flip violently. My sickly body jerked from the force of the impact of the roof with the ground.

With wide eyes I watched in slow motion as Dime’s window exploded. Glass shattering, and the sound of metal crunching were the only sounds I heard as the truck continued to flip. When we finally came to rest, I was dazed, realizing I

was still breathing. The truck was on its roof, smoke filling the interior. Distinct sounds of honking car horns filled the night.

“Chess, baby,” Dime groaned. He sounded far away. I struggled to focus my vision when bright lights filled the interior again. My heart skipped. I watched through Dime’s mangled driver’s side window the approach of lights as they got closer, brighter. In an instant I made out the front of an eighteen wheeler barreling right towards us.

Why are they going so fast! Why won’t you stop! Please don’t hit us! My mind shouted a million questions that never left my lips.

“Dime!” I screamed seconds before the big rig made impact.



BEEP...BEEP...BEEP.

I reached over to hit the alarm clock next to the bed but my arm felt too heavy to lift. Grimacing against the pain I felt in my head, I cursed. Whatever hospital Dame had taken me to last night must have not been worth shit if I was still feeling this bad. First my stomach and now my damn head!

“Dime... Dime,” I called out. *Why the hell do I feel so groggy?*

“Miss Toussaint.” An unfamiliar woman’s voice sailed through my thoughts.

I tried opening my eyes to see who she was. And what the hell she was doing in my house!

“Miss Toussaint, please calm down. Your blood pressure is going haywire and that isn’t good for the baby.”

Laughing like a drunk old woman, I knew damn well I was dreaming. This damn lady did not just say behbeh! No way in hell was I pregnant at fifty-two years old!

Struggling to open my eyes, I didn’t make out anything familiar about my bedroom. Directly in front of me was a door that resembled one to a hospital room.

Immediately my mind raced. *Why the fuck am I in the hospital!* Glancing around the room I saw that I was hooked up to a machine where the beeping was originating. Bandages covered my arms, while an IV ran from the top of my hand.

“Oh my God... How long have I been here?” Fearfully I met the eyes of the woman.

“A little over two hours, calm down, Miss Touissaint. You and the baby are fine, I just need you to relax.” This white lady standing next to me in a white coat was talking stupid!

“I’m not okay! Where the hell is my husband? What happened to me?” I demanded.

“First, will you calm down?” The lady’s white coat stated that her name was Dr. Anna Lee. Nodding to confirm that I’d calm down, she smiled. “Surprisingly, your injuries are minor, and your baby survived. You’re considered high risk because of your age, however, your little one managed to survive what I was told was a horrible accident.”

“Behbeh? That can’t be right. I’m too old to be fucking pregnant! Where the hell is Dime?”

Sighing the doctor’s concerned eyes met mine. “Mr. McQueen is still in surgery. He sustained serious injuries and won’t be out of surgery for a little while longer.”

Tears flooded my eyes in disbelief.

“Is he going to live?” I was afraid to ask, but I had to.

Dr. Lee hunched her shoulders. “He has a wonderful team of doctors doing everything they can to save him.” She replied truthfully.

Although I was thankful for that information, it killed me inside. Here I was thinking Dime’s job would one day kill him, when a stupid car accident was damn near about to take my man from me!

Crying silently, I couldn’t believe where I was in this moment. “The behbeh? How far along am I? And how is this even possible?”

Dr. Lee smiled, uplifted. “Well, hun, you’re not in menopause that’s how. You’re ten weeks along.”

Shit! “I’m almost through a fucking trimester?” I shouted to no one in particular.

Dr. Lee chuckled. “You’ll start to see it soon.”

“I’ve been feeling it. I was sick—” My words trailed off as the memories of the accident flooded my mind, playing in slow motion. The eighteen wheeler.

“How’s the other person that was involved?” I asked.

Biting the corner of her cheek, Dr. Lee seemed to debate her answer. “The police will be here to ask you a few questions about the accident. Apparently, whoever hit you, fled the scene.”

My eyebrows crashed together. How did someone in a big ass eighteen wheeler flee the scene of an accident without already being caught.

“Whoever it was fled on foot. No one was able to get a good look at them.”

Instantly I knew that Dime and I were targeted. Most likely by this psycho that tried to kill us the other night. Dime had to wake up! I had to talk to Dallas and Houston. Make sure my boys were safe. I needed them here!

“Has anyone contacted my son Dallas?” Dime and Dallas were listed as my emergency contacts.

“Yes ma’am, we attempted to reach out to Dallas McQueen. Unfortunately, the staff made several attempts but was not able to speak with him. There was a voicemail left for him to contact us.”

Again, fear overtook me. Something was wrong with my behbeh! I couldn’t lose either of my boys! It would kill me!

“Do you have anyone else you’d like us to call?” Dr. Lee asked concerned.

Nodding, I recited Houston's phone number to her. "That's my son Houston. Please don't scare him." Houston would lose his mind just knowing I was in the hospital. He didn't need to know about Dime.

"I would let you call him on your own, but when you get upset your blood pressure spikes. I will make this call personally. You relax for your baby. A nurse will be in momentarily to check your vitals again. As soon as I speak to your son I will return. Agreed?"

I nodded in agreement. What the hell else could I do?

Resting my head back on the pillow, I closed my eyes in prayer. I could not lose my family like this. Memories from the accident took me right back to before all of it happened. Dime wanted to get married. I said yes. Now this was happening. Life wasn't fair. Whoever this asshole was coming after my family was going to pay. Either by one of my boys' hand, or my own.

Chapter 2

DALLAS MCQUEEN

You ever wanted to break a muhfucka neck so good that, that bitch fall off the bone like some marinated, slow-cooked chicken. That's how fuckin' bad I wanted to break that bitch Rochelle's neck. My mama ain't raise me to put my hands on no woman, but Rochelle was far from a woman. Hoe better be lucky if I leave her ass in one piece by the time I'm done with her. She was gon' be the best kill of my life next to Lester's bitch ass. That was sayin' some shit for a nigga that done killed too many people to count.

The churning in my stomach hadn't left since it came right before I was pulled over. I needed to hear Chloe's voice. My behbeh was probably worried like fuck. Shit! Chloe was gon' beat my ass mane. If she knew I was tryna help Ro out, she was gon' flip on my ass. I didn't intentionally not tell her it just didn't seem like a big deal. Wasn't no feelings there for Ro. I was just tryna to help the snake bitch out.

Well, here the fuck I was caught with two bodies on me. I wasn't worried 'bout that shit. Clearly Rochelle had set me up. Hell, if I wanted to kill either the chief or Brady's bitch ass, I wouldn't have been near as sloppy. Fuck you mean.

I sat in this musty ass interrogation room contemplating what I would do to Rochelle. A bullet was too fuckin' easy. This bitch was fuckin' with my life, so it was only right that I take hers. Muhfuckas that snake me don't get a fuckin' second chance. Hell naw, dat be dat bullshit, yahurme.

“So, you're really gonna sit here and ignore me asshole?”

Peering across the table at the detective who called himself interrogating me, I smirked. He was just like all the rest of these pig muhfuckas. Fat, funky and lazy as fuck.

“You're a real cocky nigger you know that. The last time you was in this position, ya daddy saved ya. He ain't

doin' it this time. Over my dead body will ya leave this jail any time soon. The only place you goin' to is the penitentiary." White muhfucka's always like to throw the word nigga around like that was supposed to make a nigga like me react. I've been in the worst of the worst situations and handled that shit like a fuckin' boss, ya dig. No way was a sorry ass white muhfucka gon' win against me by callin' me a nigga.

Smirking, I nodded unfazed. I didn't need Dime to save me. This muhfucka needed to be worried about somebody savin' his muhfuckin' ass.

"I asked for my lawyer and my phone call an hour ago, yahurme. Put me in a fuckin' cell 'til ya get ya shit straight homie."

Detective Chambers crossed his arms over his chest while leaning back in the raggedy ass metal chair he was sitting in.

"Ya know a lot of us 'round here been wonderin' what happened to ya. Ya been back in the city for three years... we've been watchin' ya."

"Hmm. Is dat right? Whatcha learned?" I provoked. I'ain give a fuck how much these muhfuckas called themselves watchin' me, they couldn't do shit 'bout it.

"It doesn't matter what we learned. You've upgraded from killin' a detective, to killin' the chief of police. You'll be lucky if you make it through the night."

You as well muhfucka. I grinned.

Just then, the door opened and in strutted my homie Abe wit' his 2Chainz lookin' ass.

"Get the fuck out," Abe told the detective whose face immediately turned red.

"Who—"

"Naw pahtna. Outchea, now!" Abe barked.

Snatching his papers off of the table, the detective roughly stood from his chair glaring at Abe. "He's not goin' any-fuckin'-where," he growled.

“Hmm,” Abe chuckled. Detective Chambers slammed the door on his way out.

Abe looked at me shaking his head with a laugh. “Nigga, da fuck?”

“Mane, you already know this some bullshit. How long I’mma be hea?” As much as I wanted to go home tonight and be up under Chloe, the fact was, I was caught with two dead bodies, one of which ran this fuckin’ city. Between the media and local government, shit *national* government, my ass was gon’ have to ride this until the coroners came up with the autopsy.

Abe sighed, posting up on the medal table.

“You go ‘fore the judge in the mornin’. Autopsy should be back by then. We’ll ask for the charges to be dropped. I already know this ainchu.”

Nodding, I switched to another topic. “I need to holla at my lady.”

Reaching into his back pocket, Abe produced a black cell phone. Reciting the number off, he then handed me the phone.

It was almost midnight so I was sure Chloe was ‘bout to cuss a nigga clean out!

“Hello? Who is this?” Chloe answered, panicked.

“Me, behbeh.” I was thankful that Abe made himself scarce by opening up the door and stepping out. He would hear it from the detective but Abe could handle that shit.

“Dallas! Where the hell are you? Why are you callin’ me from a number that’s not yours?” Like I knew she’d be, my lil’ behbeh was worried like hell but I was glad to hear her voice. Yet, it didn’t calm the churning inside of me.

“Chill, lil’ mama.” Telling Chloe to calm down only made her start cryin’. “Chloe, behbeh, don’t cry. I’m good,” I assured her.

“Where are you?” she asked again.

Sighing, I hated what I was gon' have to tell her. "Look nie I'm in jail—"

"Jail!"

"Behbeh, chill! I'm fuckin' good, calm ya lil' ass down so I can rap witcha."

Listening to Chloe sniffle on the other end broke my heart. I ain't wanna be the one to bring my behbeh no sorrow.

"I'mma be out soon aight. Don't watch no fuckin' bullshit ass news, yahurme. I'mma explain it all when I see you. Otherwise, chill out."

Chloe was quiet on the other end as she continued to get herself together. "Behbeh, ya trust me, right?"

"Hmm hm," she mumbled. Smiling, I already knew that.

"Well, trust that I'mma be up outchea in no time."

"Okay," she replied.

"Where's Saint and Houston? I need both of them niggas on the line."

"Bae, we've all been trying to call you." The way Chloe sounded had my heart stalling in my chest. I ain't like the sound of her voice.

"Whazzam?" The more aggression I felt, the more pronounced my accent was. After going under for so long, I had to learn to control my N'Awlins drawl. Even then my accent still came out, only more pronounced when I was agitated.

"Mane, Dallas, whea you at nigga? We gotta get to mama!" Houston came on the line, frantic.

"Hol' up, watcha talmbout bruh?"

Whatever was goin' on with my mother sounded serious sending my mind racing.

"Bruh, she got into an accident. She in the hospital and they won't let me fuckin' talk to her dawg." Stress lined

Houston's voice.

This shit felt like de ja vu. Here I was in the same situation, while my mother was in the hospital. I felt myself suffocating as blood rushed through my ears.

“Saint?” I growled. Seconds later Saint was on the line.

“The fuck is goin’ on? My mother alive?” I hated to ask, felt sick to my stomach for asking, but I had to know.

“Yeah mane, the doc assured me that she’s good. But...” There was a bit of commotion before Saint came back on the line.

“But what nigga?”

“Yo, I ain’t tell Houston yet cuz the nigga gon’ lose his shit. I called the hospital after he told me what was up. Dime is critical, mane. Supposedly, they were hit by an eighteen wheeler on the highway. Mane fucked up dawg. The accident was a lil’ after eight and the homie still in surgery.”

This is why the heavy feeling had come over me earlier. It ain’t have shit to do with me being pulled over, caught with’ two bodies on me. My fuckin’ parents were in the hospital, my dad fighting for his life while I was caught up behind some fuckin’ bullshit Rochelle had pulled. I was gon’ dead that dumb ass, snake ass hoe as soon as I hit the ground.

“Aight listen. Get G and Steph outchea yesterday, yahurme. Chloe’s friend Millie, or Amelia, some shit like dat, get her hea wit’ my girl mane. Call dat nigga Trev see if he can meet you in Houston. Somethin’ ain’t sittin’ right ‘bout no fuckin’ accident. Fuck ass Grisham prolly set dat shit up. Get to my people, mane. I’mma meet you there.”

Hanging up, I sat the phone on the table. This shit was fucked up to say the least. Resting my elbows on the tabletop, I hung my head in thought. Why muhfuckas couldn’t just let people live without fuckin’ wit’ em, nahmean. Especially when said muhfuckas knew the nigga they was comin’ for was batshit fuckin’ crazy. Cuz I am. At least I used to be.

I tried letting that part of me go. The part of me that didn’t give a fuck ‘bout no-fuckin’-body if they wasn’t blood.

The part of me that loved the thrill of seeing blood. The part of me that could smell the fear on a nigga and smile 'bout it. The part of me that loved killing muhfuckas that needed to be touched.

There were two definite people that I was gon' bake the skin off of though. Grisham and Rochelle. I hope the both of them muhfuckas was somewhere enjoyin' they last fuckin' meal. Cuz as much as I hated it, *Fantome* was back. Chloe would probably leave my ass if she knew the real me. But I was determined to tell her. Before I went down this rabbit hole, I was gon' sit my girl down and talk to her like a fuckin' man.

I loved Chloe like nobody's fuckin' business.. Like damn, I would do anything for lil' behbeh. I only prayed she felt the same 'bout me. *Fantome* was a part of me. A part of me that I couldn't expect for her to accept, but prayed she at least understood. If Chloe left me behind this shit, I was gon' be a fuckin' wreck. And wasn't no muhfucka gon' be exempt from *Fantome's* wrath if that shit happened.

PAUL "SAINT" TOUSSAINT

It was past midnight by the time I got in touch with Gatah and Stephan. Those niggas were A1. Didn't ask no fuckin' questions and told me they'd be in N'Awlins 'for noon. I needed to head out to Houston ASAP so I was already in the middle of packing my overnight bag when I remembered I needed to contact Chloe's friend Millie. I'd finessed her number from Chloe after she refused to give it to me. Lil' behbeh was pissed the fuck off cuz her nigga was in jail and takin' that shit out on erbody, well me.

I wasn't gon' fuck wit' lil' behbeh though cuz her nigga was my fuckin' blood, my fuckin' day one. And from the shit D has been doin' for ole' guh I *know* that nigga in fuckin' love. Shit....wasn't happenin' to *this* nigga! It was entirely too much fuckin' pussy outchea to be settlin' down wit' a bitch. I ain give a fuck how bad she was.

Besides, I did too much traveling to be worried 'bout a bitch. Last thing I needed was to be on a job and lose focus

cuz I'm worried 'bout my lady. Hell naw. That's why I ain have no lady. Just my restaurants, gym, and my side hustle.

I had never thought I'd leave the dope game. I'd made so much money runnin' the purest shit through the south that no nigga could touch me. Shit, it was the niggas on the inside I should've kept my fuckin' eyes on. Call me naïve all ya want. I love to see my people winnin'. If that meant I had to put 'em on then so be it. That was the mentality I used to have before the same niggas I fed tried to come for me. I still had fuckin' nightmares 'bout that night. Not cuz I had to kill some muhfuckas. But cuz I had to kill some muhfuckas I actually felt was my brothas.

I knew these niggas' families an' shit. Had been to barbecues and everything. That shit hurt a nigga! Shit, just cuz I'mma ruthless ass nigga didn't mean I ain give a fuck 'bout people. All the hurt that shit caused me, I channeled that shit into this merc role I'd been livin' ova the past several years.

Zippping up my duffle, I hoisted it ova my shoulder while I listened to Amelia's phone ring. Without ever seein' or talkin' to lil' mama, a part of me knew she was bad. Shiitt, she best friends with Chloe and ya know what they say 'bout a bad bitch....they hang wit' bad bitches, yahurme. Hopefully, a nigga wasn't knee deep in lil' behbeh pussy cuz I was fa sho' 'bout to wreck that shit. Her nigga was prolly lame as fuck anyway.

"Who dis?" Amelia's voice had me. Like damn...she had that fuckin' Queen Bey voice, all smokey an' shit.

"Saint, dis Amelia?" I had to confirm I was speakin' to my behbeh mama. Fuck you mean. A baddie with a bad voice...shiittt, sounded like a win-win to me.

"Yea this is Millie. Who the fuck is a Saint?"

Grinning, I made my way out the room door, and down the hall towards D's room where Chloe was.

"A friend of a friend lil' behbeh. Whea ya at?" From the background noise it sounded like Amelia was driving.

“Uhm...I think that’s none of your business, *Saint*. It’s after fuckin’ midnight nig, an’ you callin’ me like I’m ‘posed to know who you are. Who the fuck is this friend we both supposedly know? The only friend I got is Chloe and she is in New— Wait...watchu say your name was?”

Chuckling I replied, “*Saint*.”

“You some kin to Dallas?”

“Yea, lil’ mama.”

“Oh shit! What’s wrong with CiCi? That nigga bet’ not had done some shit—”

“Woah, slow down shawty,” I laughed. “D is in the middle of a lil’ situation an’ he need ya to come be witcha girl fa a minute.”

“Oh. Actually...I’m already on the way to New Orleans. I’m ‘bout two hours out, if you wanna slide me the address,” Amelia informed.

I knocked on D’s door. Chloe appeared, peeking her tear-stained face out of the door.

“Amelia is on her way, aight shawty? Stop all that damn cryin’ too fa ya nigga beat somebody’s ass, that ain’t got shit to do wit’ nothin’, yahurme. Ya know that nigga crazy.”

Chloe smiled, chuckling. “Shut up. Tell my friend I love her,” she sniffled.

Amelia heard her. “Aww...my boo is sad. I’m comin’ Chloe,” she yelled in my ear. Yanking the phone away from my ear, Chloe laughed.

“Damn, shawty, witcha country ass!” I grilled the phone like Amelia could see me.

Amelia smacked her teeth. “Ugh... I hope your ass ain’t there when I pull up. I’m already on edge so you can get it.”

Shaking my head, I hung up on Amelia’s ratchet ass. Behbeh mama or not, she was already gettin’ on my damn nerves. “She’s two hours out. I’mma head out so I can get to

Francesca,” I informed Chloe. Houston walked up, stress lining his forehead. At eighteen, he shouldn’t be feelin’ the stress that he’d been put under these last couple of days.

“I still can’t get Dime on the line,” he sighed heavily. “I feel like it’s somethin’ wrong wit’ ‘em.”

Neither Chloe nor Houston were aware of Dime’s condition and I wasn’t finna tell ‘em. My face gave nothin’ away as I watched Houston watch me.

“Get some rest, lil’ behbeh,” I told Chloe. “H, you too.”

“What? I’m goin’ witchu!” Houston protested.

Good thing Mr. and Mrs. Smith were sleepin’ in the pool house cuz these niggas was causing all kinds of commotion.

“Nah ya not H.” Houston grilled me like he wanted to jump stupid. Shiitt, he came from the same stock as D, so I eyed him up and down daring him to do some shit. Houston went to step to me when Chloe grabbed his arm pulling him back.

“Come on Houston. Let Saint get on the road. We’ll be okay until Dallas gets here,” Chloe assured him.

Hmm hm. This was why D needed Chloe. My nigga was as crazy as a muhfucka came. Being with Chloe would offset some of that crazy shit.

Walkin’ to my truck, my mind wondered to Amelia. I remembered she needed the address, so I shot her a quick text. Fuck I couldn’t wait to put a face to the name and voice.

Chapter 3

AMELIA “MILLIE” PRINCE

“I told you I would find yo’ lyin’ ass! You fuckin’ piece of shit! Yo’ own daddy, Amelia? How could you?”

Heart racing, I ignored Twan as I discreetly reached for keys laying on the kitchen table. My crossbody purse was already over my shoulder. Casually turning, I made my way towards the front door of my apartment.

“Bitch, I wish the fuck you would walk away from me!”

Even as Twan kept shouting I kept walking. I wasn’t about to argue with a man that had no respect for me nor himself. How could any man be okay with his daughter being raped by his best friend and not give a damn? Just the thought of the night I was violated brought tears to my eyes.

“Amelia! Get yo’ yella ass back here! I’m yo’ fuckin’ daddy!”

“Fuck you!” I screamed back, stomping my way out of the apartment I’d been living in for the past semester.

I had left my old life in Mobile, Alabama. Coming to Orlando to attend the University of Central Florida had been the best thing I ever did. I was in my fifth year of college, pursuing an advanced nursing degree to become a nurse practitioner. I currently held my bachelor’s in nursing. Not only was an academic genius, I played on the basketball team as the starting point guard. My life had been so much better since I moved to Orlando.

Now here this nigga came, trying to ruin shit. He’d just gotten of prison and the first thing this muthafucka did was come find me. I hated him! I hated him enough to wish him dead! How could a girl look at her daddy the same when he was part of the reason she was broken?

“Fuck me! Bitch, I will kill yo’ ass!” Twan yelled behind me. Damn, I forgot this nigga had been in lock up with

other niggas for the past ten years. Running, I hoped I made it to my car without this nigga catching me.

I hadn't always thought of my daddy so negatively. Growing up I thought he was the best father in the world. It was only after I got into my teen years that shit changed. His best-friend Ricky started coming around more. The two of them had been friends since they were little. All the times I thought Ricky was the nicest uncle, until he almost killed my ass.

Making it to my car, I snatched the door open and hopped inside just as this niggas fist hit the hood. Cranking the car up, I put the gear in reverse and sped out of the parking lot, him chasing after me. I quickly switched gears and high-tailed the fuck down the street. Twan's crazy ass chased me half a block!

The notification that came through the Bluetooth on the dash screen, alerted me that I had a text message, bringing me out of the thoughts of what occurred earlier. Yea, I was doing eighty up I10, but fuck, the number on the display was the number Saint called me from.

Oooh hoe! I just knew that nigga had big dick, fine written all over him. How did I know this? Cuz he was cool with Dallas. Niggas as fine as Dallas' always hung with other fine niggas. I don't know why, but it was true! Shit! I wasn't expecting Dallas to be as fine as Chloe made him out to be, but ooh chile, that nigga's parents needed to be ashamed of themselves for creating a masterpiece like him! Damn, I could only imagine the shit he was doing to my girl!

But back to Saint. He had that panty-droppin', sole-filled Louisiana accent that I needed in my life. He sounded like he was a rough-neck too. Shiitt...I was a sucker for a rough neck.

Listen at me. Bitch, a nigga ain't been between my legs since I was fourteen years old being violated. I ain't know the first thing about a big dick versus a small dick, but shit, I was ready to find out. Maybe this impromptu visit to New Orleans would help a sista out.

I knew that Saint's text was the address to where Dallas lived. I was thankful that he invited me to come out to visit anytime. Which is why I was flying up I10. I ain't have nowhere else to go cuz a bitch like me ain't have no friends outside of Chloe. She was like my sister, had been since the first night we met. After being in foster care since I was fourteen, going to college had finally been my freedom. I was thankful to have met Chloe my first day there.

Sighing heavily, I hated that I just had to leave everything behind. I couldn't go back to Orlando knowing Twan was there. He wouldn't ever leave me alone. Twan was angry that I told the police he knew about the rape but didn't report it. Which was how he ended up in prison on child abuse and endangerment charges. Twan had threatened me prior to going to prison that he would kill me for what I'd put him through.

Twan had raised me on his own after my mother left him when I was five. I never knew why she left him and I never asked. Now I wondered what the hell would make a woman leave a man that provided financially and seemed to love his family. A part of me was too scared to find out.

What was fucked up in all of this, is that I just had to walk away from school and basketball. I would contact my coach and the school in the morning to officially withdraw myself. There was no way I was going back. Tears blurred my vision as I continued to drive. I hated my father for what he allowed to happen to me.

Ricky died his first year in prison after he got into a fight with another inmate. That pissed me off. That nigga should've rotted. Like Ricky, my father needed to die. How dare he come after me. How dare he try to ruin the normal life that I'd built. I couldn't let him do this to me. But what choice did I have?

Thanks to the man that should've protected me from anything on this planet, I was running for my life and starting over again. Life just couldn't be simple.

DALLAS MCQUEEN

Morning came swiftly. One thing about being in the trenches, that shit taught a nigga patience. I'ain slept a wink and ain't give a fuck either. I was tryna get out this bitch so I could go kill me a bitch.

Staring at the quack ass judge, I grilled him just like he was grilling me. I suppose he was one of Thibedeau's friends. It'd explain the sour ass expression the judge had on his pudgy, cratered face.

"Dallas McQueen, you're being charged on one count of murder in the first degree of Mr. Brady Miller and one count murder in the first degree of Chief of Police Gary Thibedeau."

Before the judge could even get out what he was saying I heard a loud gasp behind me. Chloe was here, her presence sending chills down my back. My behbeh didn't need to see me like this. Reporters lined the courtroom snappin' pictures of me. Just what I fuckin' needed to be on somebody's muhfuckin' news. I'd just gotten Chloe's parents out of some fuck shit just to snatch her back into the same situation.

"How do you plead?" the judge was saying.

"Your Honor, my client is completely innocent of these charges. I have documentation from the coroner that proves my client could not have killed the two people in question." Abe was my fuckin' nigga! I swea! I wasn't concerned 'bout being in front of this judge unprepared cuz this nigga neva was *not* prepared.

The judge allowed Abe to approach the bench to hand him what I assumed was the coroner's report. "My client was in Houston, Texas at the time of death stated on these documents."

Scanning the few pages, the judge looked between me, Abe, and the DA's table.

"Is the DA prepared to drop these charges?" the judge asked.

The fuck?

Abe and I both looked over to the DA's table as they fumbled 'round tryna pull some shit out their ass.

"Your Honor, there's no possible way that report is accurate. We did not receive the coroner's report at all," DA Allen sputtered.

Abe chuckled. "I guess you should've been up a lil' earlier." he mumbled before adding, "Your Honor, they have no choice but to drop the charges. Clearly you see the photo of my client's truck passing through a toll hours after the victims were already deceased. He wasn't even in town."

Sniffing behind me had me wanting to turn around to look at Chloe but I kept my attention on the judge.

"I agree with Mr. Debreaux. Despite of who the victims are, Mr. McQueen has evidence proving he was not in the state at the time of the incident."

"Yes, Your Honor, but this man is a known killer! We're asking that he be held without bail until a thorough investigation has taken place," Mr. Allen rebutted.

Shaking his head, the judge disagreed. "No way, Mr. Allen. You will have to drop these charges as we have no legal right to hold Mr. McQueen."

With a head nod, the DA conceded.

"All charges dropped against, Mr. Dallas McQueen. Mr. McQueen, you're free to go."

Mane, you talkin' 'bout somebody was ready to light some shit up! I needed a blunt right fuckin' nie! My shit that was confiscated when I was arrested was returned to me. I promptly turned on my phone so that I could hit up Saint. My mother and Dime were heavy on my mind. Not knowing whether Dime survived or not was fuckin' with me. I won't even lie. That stubborn ass muhfucka couldn't die on me.

Abe and I shook hands as he gathered his brief case and we turned to leave. The first person I laid eyes on was Chloe. She looked so beautiful but distraught. Her eyes glistened with unshed tears. G and Steph were standing next to her, Steph's arm around her shoulder.

On my approach, Chloe left Steph's side to come to me. I ain't give a damn that we were in the middle of the court room when I picked behbeh up and hugged her to my body, kissing her like I'd been gone for months. She wrapped her legs around my waist holding on to me for dear life. I dapped the homies up, appreciatin' that they came through. Gatah mugged us, disgusted, while Steph grinned.

"Can't y'all wait 'til we get to the fuckin' ride mane?" Gatah fussed.

Steph clapped me on the back, laughing. "She such a big ass baby, dawg. Ain't got no reason to cry but she'll sho' find one," he clowned.

Chloe smacked her teeth as she buried her head into my neck. I still had on my same clothes from yesterday, but lil' behbeh ain't care. I kissed Chloe on her forehead as I carried her out of the courthouse.

"Look nigga, I know you ready to get down, but chill for a couple of days."

Abe was referring to Rochelle. Bitch was prolly MIA. I ain't wanna talk 'bout Rochelle's ass in front of Chloe without her knowing what was up, so I just nodded. I needed to get Saint on the phone ASAP to check on my parents. Rochelle's ass better enjoy her last fuckin' days. Cuz once I determined that my mother and Dime were good, I was goin' after that muhfuckin' bitch.

"Don't ever have to let me go to bed without you again," Chloe stated. Damn, I ain't like makin' promises I couldn't keep. Especially now that *Phantome* was out to play. No tellin' what that muhfucka was liable to do.

"You hear me Dallas?" Chloe reiterated. G and Steph both chuckled as we got into G's truck. Placing Chloe in the backseat I climbed in behind her. She was grillin' a nigga hard as fuck.

Sighing, she moved away from me then leaned back in the seat crossing her arms over her chest, pouting. I tried to pull her back towards me but she resisted.

“Since you wanna ignore me, keep your hands to your fuckin’ self,” she sassed.

Hmm. She ain’t know that shit was turnin’ me on.

Leaning over I whispered in her ear. “I’mma fuck that attitude right up outcha soon as we get to the crib. Quit fuckin’ poutin’, we’ll talk.”

Chloe side-eyed me unbothered. Smiling, I let her be for now while I dialed Saint.

“Yea, nigga ‘bout time,” he answered.

“Whazzam?”

Saint cleared his throat, obviously uncomfortable with whatever he had to say. “Auntie doin’ good. She’s resting right now. Dime pulled through surgery a lil’ after midnight. Houston’s been calling your mom all fuckin’ mornin’. He’s questionin’ where Dime is.” Saint sighed. “Mane, Dime is fucked up. He paralyzed from the waist down. Docs keeping him sedated for a few more hours. Auntie ain’t take it too well, so the doc gave her some shit to help calm her.”

My blood boiled uncontrollably. Chloe must’ve sensed the change in my mood cuz she reached out to touch my arm.

“The police report?” I asked.

“The other driver fled the scene. Police came by to question auntie, but whatever medication the doc gave her got her ass out cold. I told them she didn’t remember anything and that if she did I’d have her contact them. Muhfuckas ain’t give a damn no way. Whatchu want me to do?”

Gritting my back teeth, I knew shit was ‘bout to get real. The accident had Grisham written all over it. I’d bet my life on dat shit.

“Can you move ‘em?”

Saint chuckled. “You askin’ nigga? It’s gon’ be complicated wit’ unc but auntie should be gettin’ released tomorrow anyway. I’ll make some calls, get unc moved to Ochsner.” This was prolly the only time I was thankful for the

company. If nothin' else, those muhfuckas knew how to get shit done without the red tape.

Nodding, I agreed. "Good lookin'. Trev?"

"Some shit popped off at his club so he got a lil' hung up. He gon' meet ya at the crib."

"Aight, bet. Hit me when my mother wakes up."

Disconnecting the call, I stared out of the window watching traffic as G steered the truck towards my crib. Thanking God that my mother was okay, my thoughts shifted to Dime. How the fuck was I gon' tell Houston 'bout Dime? Regardless of how Dime came into our lives, we loved that muhfucka like he was there from the beginnin'.

Grisham wanted war an' I was the right muhfuckin' nigga to fuckin' give it to 'em. Grisham would be in New Orleans soon, once he realized Dime was still alive and relocated. Grisham would be on my huntin' ground, an' couldn't no muhfucka save him from me.

Chapter 4

CHLOE SMITH

“Ahh! Bitttch!” I screamed as I opened the front door, rushing Millie and bear hugging her. We both laughed and cried like some lil’ ass teeny boppers. My girl was bad as hell! I missed her so fucking much over the last few months. Her being here meant the world to me. The way Dallas was breaking his back just to bring me comfort made me feel some type of way. A part of me felt like he must love me or something.

“I know you’re tired after that long ass drive but do tell why you was already on your way here anyway,” I pried.

Hunching her shoulders, Millie sighed. Not only was it strange that Millie was already on her way to New Orleans when Saint called her last night, but the fact that she didn’t have a stitch of luggage was concerning. Not to mention, she was on the basketball team. Wasn’t no fucking way her coach was gon’ let this slide.

Leading Millie into the only other room available in the house, I waited until she was comfortable on the just made bed. Millie dropped her purse and keys on the nightstand, kicked her shoes off and climbed under the covers. It was still dark outside as it wasn’t morning yet so as soon as she told me what the fuck was going on I was gonna let her get some rest.

“Bitch...my fuckin’ uglass daddy showed up on my doorstep.” Okay, so although Millie and I were best friends, I never pried into her life like that. I knew she had some issues from her childhood that weighed on her, however, I figured she’d tell me when she was ready.

“Okay...for what?”

Sighing, Millie sniffled. I could tell she was about to start crying and that shit hurt my soul. My best friend was so sweet and beautiful. Her tears made me wanna cry.

“He just got out of prison yesterday. First thing the muthafucka did was look for me. Truth is, I put him there. Well, he put himself there for not doing shit to keep his best friend from raping me.”

My heart stalled in my chest. Shit!

“Millie—”

“No, it’s okay CiCi. It was a long time ago, and honestly I’m over it. I didn’t allow it to break me. It’s this dumb ass muthafucka that I’m worried about. He threatened me while he was in prison. I moved to Orlando so he couldn’t find me. Surprise bitch.”

Staring at Millie, I understood her frustration and sadness.

“I had to leave everything behind. He won’t let this shit go. I don’t know what all he went through in prison, but the fact that his best friend was killed in the same place makes me wonder if he blames me for that too.”

Well, shit, my boo came to the right muthafuckas!

“Don’t worry Mills. My niggas ‘bout that crazy shit. If ya daddy come here on that bullshit, he gon’ pray for prison again,” I stated.

Millie’s smile was genuine. “Girl, that fine ass nigga got you on cloud one hunnid. I see you hoe!”

Rolling my eyes, I dropped a kiss on Millie’s cheek and told her to get some rest.

I couldn’t sleep knowing I had to be at the damn courthouse this morning. Sitting in the courtroom for hours was not the life. It was damn near noon before it was Dallas’ turn to face the judge.

To say I was appalled at what I heard come out of the judge’s mouth was an understatement. Who the fuck did my nigga kill now?



I stomped my way into the house, furious that Dallas was being an asshole. He had another thing coming if he thought he was gon' be out here runnin' these fuckin' streets while I was sittin' up in his house waiting on him. No sir!

"Baby you okay?" my mother asked as soon as I traipsed my ass through the front door. Her and my dad were hugged up on the couch watching a Denzel movie. It was three in the afternoon, but they were huddled on the couch under a blanket lookin' all cozy and shit.

"Yes mama I'm good," I lied.

My dad chuckled. "Nigga must've pissed her off."

Smiling, my mother replied, "Shut up and mind your business."

"Hey mama Mel and papa JJ," Dallas greeted, coming into the house behind me.

I glared at him through narrowed eyes. This nigga really was too fuckin' arrogant.

"What?" Dallas grinned my way. My parents snickered. I ain't find nothin' funny.

Aggravated, I continued to the Dallas' room.

I heard him and my cousins talkin' behind me, them clowning him for being petty as fuck. I tried slamming the door to the bedroom but he was right behind me Debo-ing his way in.

"Aye nie, better calm allat shit down, my behbeh." He came up behind me trying to pull me by my waist. I quickly maneuvered out of his grasp.

Dallas must've sensed I wasn't for the bullshit right this moment, so he let me be, heading into the bathroom. I sat on the edge of the bed wondering if I was in over my head with this crazy nigga. There were things about Dallas I was sure I didn't know and was honestly too scared to find out.

The biggest question right now was how the hell he ended up with two bodies on him? He told me he was working late. How did that compute to being arrested on two counts of

murder. And these weren't two random people. Brady worked for Dallas and the chief of police...that was just crazy as hell.

Maybe I should grab Millie and the two of us do some therapy shopping today. Shit, I needed to do something to take my mind off of Dallas and this whole situation. I went from being high off of having my parents home, to cryin' like a fuckin' baby cuz my damn man got knocked. The emotions were too much.

Somewhere in the middle of me daydreaming, Dallas came back into the room butt-ass naked. His thick dick was hard, swinging between his legs. My eyes bugged and my heart rate picked up.

“Who ya call yaself havin’ an attitude wit’?”

His thick drawl immediately sent my body into overdrive. The area between my thighs heated to overflow. Angry at myself, I smacked my teeth like I was really bothered. I wanted to be mad at Dallas.

Dallas invaded my space, pushing me down on the bed as he kissed all over my face. His body was freshly washed, his dreads hanging around his shoulders and a little damp. His breath smelled like fresh mint. Damn, had I been in a daze that long?

“Who you mad at?”

I couldn't answer cuz his rod was poking me through my jean shorts.

Dallas started kissing down my neck at the same time unbuttoning my shorts.

“Who you mad at Chloe?”

Damn, why didn't I have the strength and will power to knee this nigga in his nuts?

Dallas had my shorts off and was poking my middle before I could stop him. I mean...I didn't really want to stop him.

Running my fingers through his dreads, my body melted as he entered me on a growl.

“Ya betta fuckin’ answer me when I’m talkin’ to ya shawty. Who ya call yaself bein’ mad at?”

Dallas was deep in my guts tryna force me to give in.

Chuckling seductively, Dallas buried his head in my neck. “Aight cool, yahurme.” Next thing I knew this nigga bit down on my neck. While it should’ve hurt, it did nothing but turn me on even more.

Moaning, I creamed all over his dick. Missionary with Dallas always felt so deep and spiritual, which is why I felt like my body always responded to him so quickly this way. When a fine ass nigga was staring down at you, biting his bottom lip, with his grill glistening, moaning his own pleasure...I don’t know. That shit just did something to me.

Closing my eyes, I wanted to ingrain this moment into my memory.

“Uh, uh. Look at me *chérie*,” Dallas urged, lifting my legs into the crooks of his arms.

My eyes fluttered open to meet his blue ones.

“*Je t’aime*,” he pronounced, staring into my eyes. He’d said this a few times before, the emotions on his face warmed my soul. But I had no idea-

“I love ya shawty.”

What!

I swear tears leaked from my eyes instantly. “Dallas,” I whispered full of emotions.

He leaned down, kissing my tears away as he continued to pump inside of me. Seconds later I was cumming again.

“Yea, behbeh! I make this pussy do what the fuck I want, yahurme! Who da fuck ya mad at shawty?” he growled.

“No-nobodyy...” I half stuttered, half moaned.

“Dat’s what the fuck I thought. Ya gon’ quit bein’ mean to a nigga? Hmm.” He was pounding me so hard and that shit felt so good.

“Yesss, baby please!” I begged.

Pulling out, Dallas quickly rolled me onto my stomach, entering me from the back.

“Ooohh...” This nigga.

“Say ya sorry.” Dallas was delivering slow death strokes while I held onto the blanket for dear life.

“Sorryyy...” I whined like a lil’ bitch.

“You gon’ try me like dat again?”

No! I screamed in my head but outwardly I just shook my head no.

“Hmm. Ya love a nigga?”

Shaking my head yes, I replied, “I love you, Dallas.”

Kissing my right ear, Dallas then kissed my shoulder blade. “I love ya shawty. And I gotchu faeva. Ain’t shit comin’ between us.” Dallas continued to make love to me, solidifying with every stroke exactly what he had just said.

DALLAS MCQUEEN

While Chloe showered, I hit up Saint.

“All good?” I asked without preamble.

“Yea, nigga. Ya mama wanna talk to you though. She saw the shit on the news ‘bout them bodies.”

Fuck! This was another reason I was gon’ dead that bitch Rochelle. Got me outchea wit’ my face everywhea.

“Lemme holla at her.” I heard shuffling in the background before my mother’s voice came through the line.

“Dallas—”

“Chill, *mère*. Ya know damn well that wasn’t me. We’ll talk though when I see ya. Saint bringin’ y’all to me so just relax, yahurme. Don’t stress ‘bout none of the shit ya seein’. We gon’ be aight.”

“Okay behbeh. I’m tryin’ not to worry about Dime or you but it’s hard,” she sniffled.

“But you know who the fuck I am, and you damn sho’ know who the fuck Dime is. Ain’t no pussy in my veins and that shit came from him. So, cool out ya niggas got this shit, yahurme. I promise ya dat.” A lot of y’all may not understand the way I talked to my mother, but hell. I’mma nigga that don’t sugar coat shit...so, take it how ya want, yahurme.

“You’re right—” See? “Alright be safe behbeh. I’m being released tomorrow, so I guess I’ll see you then.” I told my mother I loved her; she did the same then gave the phone back to Saint.

“Everything good to go. Transport will be here bright an’ early for Dime. Docs tried to give me some push back but it’s handled.”

“Fa sho’, my dawg. Keep my mama off dat fuckin’ news shit too.”

Saint laughed. “Nigga you askin’ too fuckin’ much. Auntie barely lettin’ my ass sit in her room, the fuck.”

Chuckling, I told Saint, “Good luck,” then disconnected the call.

Chloe came out of the bathroom looking refreshed. After I fucked some sense into her lil’ feisty ass she was back to normal. Reaching my hand out, she took it, climbing into the bed to sit between my legs.

Pulling Chloe into my arms, she laid her head on my chest. Leaning back against the headboard, I held her close to me. I was determined to get this conversation out of the way. Keeping secrets or half-truths from Chloe is not how I wanted our relationship to be. I’d be damned if she did the shit to me so I was gon’ show her the same respect.

“Nie, I wantchu to listen without allat back talkin’, yahurme,” I started.

Chloe went to resist, but I held fast. Her lil’ mean ass couldn’t take direction fa shit!

“Yesterday Ro came to me askin’ if I could drop her ride off in the hood. She claimed to be scared or some shit to go out thea. I told her ass to get Hollis on it, but Hollis can’t

stand her ass fa shit. A nigga like me should've known betta though regardless. Ro been on some fuck shit ever since ya been hea. I'on give a fuck though. Long story short, I got pulled ova fa some bogus tag shit. Bitch had two bodies in the trunk."

Chloe eyed me surprised. "Wait, Rochelle did this?"

Nodding, I felt dumb as hell that the bitch got the drop on me.

"Well, where the fuck is the bitch cuz I'mma kill her ass," Chloe growled.

Chuckling, I dropped a kiss on her forehead. "Nah, lil' behbeh. Ro got a whole other beast to deal wit'." It was now or nothing.

"After my dad pulled me out of the bullshit wit' Lester's fuck ass, I went to work for him. Work meanin', murkin' muhfuckas fa the government. I can't tell ya how, or how many. Just know that that's who the fuck I was in my previous life before I met ya cousins an' shit."

Chloe's steady breathing was the only thing heard in the room.

"I been out the game fa three years. Unfortunately, that's 'bout to change. Yea, I get down wit' G and Steph, but this is another level, yahurme."

"Change how?" Chloe whispered.

Deciding that if I was gon' be truthful I might as well keep that shit a hunnid.

"What happened wit' Ro is small shit." Sighing deeply, I added, "You know about my mother being in the hospital. She's aight, but Dime..."

"Dime?" Chloe's head shot up off of my chest.

"Dime and my mom were targeted. The accident was a setup. Just like the night of Houston's football game. Dime is in critical condition. Houston doesn't know yet and I prefer to keep it that way. My mother should be released from the

hospital soon. As far as Dime is concerned, so far it's lookin' like he ain't gon' eva walk again."

"Oh no baby." Chloe teared up. Although Chloe ain't know my family long, she genuinely cared about them.

"We're gonna be movin' a lil' different until the muhfucka that targeted Dime and mama is bodied. He's an ex-member of the same team I was on. Dime's been tryna retire and won't until this shit is put to rest."

"What about the government? Can't they help?"

Shaking my head, that shit frustrated me too. "Nah... Basically the muhfucka don't exist. Dime hit em up a couple of years ago but the muhfucka survived. The government don't wanna get involved. Plus we some fuckin' mercs my behbeh. We'on need no fuckin' government to get rid of somebody."

Shit, the homies and I were good at gettin' rid of folks. Fuck you talmbout.

Chloe laid her head back on my chest in deep thought. I couldn't blame shawty if she felt some type of way. Being with a killer wasn't no easy shit. My moms and pops taught me that. Luckily for me I was technically out of the game. I only got my hands dirty if need be. Fuckin' wit' me and mine was *need be*.

"I support you on whatever, Dallas. Just make sure you're always safe. I don't wanna wake up one morning and you're not with me."

Running my fingers through Chloe's short locs, I wish I could tell her that shit was gon' be gravy. But I knew better. Just like I knew I was gon' bury Grisham and Rochelle. If you weren't my family or my homies, whoever was a casualty in the midst of the fuck shit Grisham and Rochelle had done could suck a dick. *Un Fantome* could give one fuck.

Chapter 5

AMELIA “MILLIE” PRINCE

This first thing I did this morning was contact the school to let them know I was withdrawing myself. It may seem extreme, however when dealing with a man that has been caged for almost eleven years, a person couldn't really judge their mindset. Which was why I wasn't about to play with Twan.

Sure I could call the police, say he's threatening me, but what good would that do other than piss him off some more. Although I wished Twan would just die, I didn't actually want anyone to kill the fool. The police were out here brutalizing niggas left and right. Twan would see them coming and act a damn donkey. Next thing you know they'd shoot his fool ass. Besides, maybe it was time for my life to deter anyway.

Making the call to coach was hard as fuck. He wasn't tryna hear shit I had to say though. All he cared about is that I was one of the top five recruits in the nation for my position. All he cared about was my team was on track to go undefeated. All he cared about was winning that fuckin' 'ship. But fuck him. Wasn't no one in my shoes but me. I wasn't gonna risk my life trying to pursue a sport I couldn't even see myself playing for the long haul.

Seriously, while I loved basketball, I had been low-key wanting to do something else with my life-long term. Like broadcasting maybe. I no longer had dreams of being in the WNBA. There were good things happening in the league these days, but that still wasn't enough to make me pursue it long term. Maybe it was because I was getting older and my priorities had started changing. Where I used to didn't want a man, now I was craving one. When I didn't want children, now I dreamt about them all the time.

The dream I'd had while resting earlier was of a beautiful family I could only hope to have someday. In my dream my little girl looked just like me, with a head full of

bouncy curls as opposed to my short, cropped platinum blond curls. The dream was going great until a nigga by the name of Saint popped his ass into it. I ain't know what this nigga looked like, yet here his dark chocolate ass was poppin' up in *my* damn dreams.

“Oh damn. If you some kin to Chloe I'mma have to beg sis to hook a nigga up fa real, yahurme.”

I was at the kitchen table enjoying some of Mrs. Melony's chicken salad, when a light-skinned dude resembling Dallas, minus the dreads, waltzed into the kitchen lookin' like a snack in a jogger suit. He was handsome. I'd seen his pictures on the walls and thought if I was a tad younger I'd definitely be into him.

Chuckling, I waved. “I'm the best friend Amelia, or Millie.” I bit into my sandwich eying him up and down since he was staring a hole into my face. Like Dallas, his piercing blue eyes were hypnotic, magnetic.

“Okay, best friend Millie. I'm *big* baby bruh Houston.” He held out his hand, which I shook. How sweet of him.

“Yea, I can definitely see why y'all homegirls. Y'all both bad as fuck!” he complimented with a mischievous grin.

Shaking my head, I smiled. “How old are you killa?”

Shrugging, he replied, “I'm grown behbeh, dat's all you need to know, yahurme.”

“Ignore this lil' nigga.”

Nie bitch! Dallas... The fuckin' LIVE I saw him on ain't do him *no* justice. Like damn! Where the fuck they make niggas like him at?

“Hea you come blockin', nigga. Didn't I just hea ya killin' sis back thea?”

I cackled loud as hell, especially when Dallas jumped at Houston, making him scatter to the other side of the kitchen. Mind you, Houston was damn near the same height and build as Dallas. Boffum was too damn fine for their own good!

Dallas laughed, turning his attention back to me. “Millie? Dallas. Thank you fa comin’ to chill wit’ my shawty. I told ya, ya welcome hea anytime, yahurme.”

Ooohh their accents were too much for a bitch like me. I smiled like a stupid fool, nodding my head.

Chloe’s fine ass twin cousins walked into the kitchen, followed by a bald head chocolate dude, and another dude that looked like was related to Dallas and Houston only darker. Then traipsed in Chloe. Chloe was looking shame-faced. I cackled like Houston knowing damn well I heard Dallas breaking her fuckin’ back a little while ago.

“Don’t be lookin’ all innocent now,” I joked.

“Fa real mane. Y’all niggas wildin’,” Houston instigated.

Chloe smacked her teeth smirking. “All y’all nosey asses need to get some business.”

“Nah y’all need to get some fuckin’ soundproof walls in dat bitch,” Houston countered. Everyone in the kitchen died laughing, including me.

“These niggas ain’t got no manners, I’m Hollis, this is Trevor.” The baldhead dude introduced. Smiling, I waved politely. Honestly, a bitch was lookin’ for Saint’s sexy voice havin’ ass. When was he gon’ show the fuck up? Shit a bitch was tryna to put a voice to the face.

“We ‘bout to head out. Be back soon,” I overheard Dallas saying to Chloe. She smiled sweetly up into his face, as he dropped a kiss on her lips. Like right here in front of everybody. Wasn’t that just the sweetest shit? Damn...and he was kissin’ her like wasn’t nobody fuckin’ watching. I loved that my girl had that type of nigga.

Once the men were gone, including Houston, Chloe joined me at the table. The goofy ass grin on her face made me laugh.

“Girl, you are so in love.”

Chloe sighed wistfully. “He is so fuckin’ sexy. I’ on know how I fought against my attraction to him for so long. Girl...the shit this nigga does to me...” Chloe shivered, making me hoot.

“I can tell honey and I’m happy for you. Seriously. He makes you happy and it’s written all over that beautiful face of yours.” Honestly, my girl was one of the most beautiful women I’d ever met.

“Aww, thank you boo,” Chloe blushed. “Now to hook you up with Saint’s fine ass, ass.”

I wasn’t even gonna sit here and front like I wasn’t curious. “Girl, the way he sounded on the phone, I gotta see what daddy looks like.”

Chloe screeched with joy. “Yassss bitch! You know I love me some chocolate, and that nigga is chocolate thunder with two....shit maybe three legs.”

“Bitch, yo’ nigga walk in here and hear you talkin’ like that he gon’ fuck you up,” I warned. Chloe’s paranoid ass stopped smiling quick, her eyes darting around to see if Dallas was in earshot.

“Don’t play like that. He got bionic ears an’ shit. Matter fact, he probably watchin’ us on camera or something.” I fell over laughing.

“You think I’m playing, but just wait. Saint *is* Dallas’ cousin, which means that nigga got them same fuckin’ ears,” she informed me.

Shrugging I replied, “We’ll see. I’m definitely intrigued though.”

“Hmm. You won’t be disappointed sis, trust me. He’ll be here tomorrow so make sure you lookin’ like a five course meal. His mouth kinda reckless but he means well, promise.”

Hmm. His mouth was reckless and so was mine. I couldn’t wait to see how this meeting was going to go.

“So, what’s up with Dallas and the reason I’m here?” I asked. After all, this little trip was two-fold.

“I can’t tell you everything cuz I don’t know everything. But Dallas got caught with two bodies last night. It’s all over the fuckin’ news and everything. Needless to say he ain’t do shit. His charges got dropped so now...”

Chloe didn’t elaborate which led me to believe whatever the hell Dallas was into was some shit ain’t neither one of us wanted to voice. Hell, please don’t tell my ass cuz I can’t go to jail for nobody.

“Well, I’m here. Let the boys do what they gonna do, and me and you can catch up. I missed yo’ short ass!” Chloe and I hugged, using each other’s energy as the balm we both needed to soothe our souls. I hadn’t felt genuine love since I left my foster family. I hadn’t seen any of them in ages. I often thought about mama Bee and papa Zo.

They had taken great care of me. Once I left them to go to college, I sort of let my new life get in the way of our relationship. I’d make it my business to get to Mobile to see them soon. If not for anything than to just tell them thank you for loving and caring for a stranger.

As for me and Chloe we were closer than best friends. If I didn’t have anyone else in the world, I had Chloe.

DALLAS MCQUEEN

I wanted to slap the fuck outta the bitch ass reporter standing in front of my fuckin’ building. His Carlton lookin’ ass ‘bout shitted his pants when he saw me get out the truck. Me and the homies needed a spot to talk without drawin’ no attention. As much as I loved my city, I ain’t trust not a muthafucka that wasn’t bustin’ a fuckin’ cannon wit’ me. So the only place me and my niggas were gonna meet at, was *my* shit. Secure shit, yahurme.

“Dallas McQueen, can you give a statement on the charges that were filed against you and later dropped for first degree murder.” This nigga tried to stick a recorder in my face. I went to reach for his neck when Abe, who’d just pulled up in his Phantom, halted me.

“Hol’ up, getcho ass on! No fuckin’ comment! I’ll fuckin’ sue ya ass fa harassment ya come back ‘round hea,” Abe argued. Abe had changed out of his suit from earlier and was dressed down in jeans and a t-shirt, with some J’s on. He fit right in.

The reporter started sputtering, not knowing what to do. Ole bitch ass nigga!

It fuckin’ burned me up that Ro brought all this heat my way. I had to turn my fuckin’ phone off from the hundreds of calls comin’ through my phone. My clients were concerned ‘bout they contracts I was sure. But these muhfuckas ain’t have shit to worry ‘bout. I would get to them later.

Mrs. Frita was sitting at her desk, visibly upset.

“Boy, I should put you ova my knee.” Me and the homies chuckled cuz Mrs. Frita thought she was erbody fuckin’ mama.

“Mrs. Frita, I’ain do shit promise. Abe gon’ handle this press shit while I handle some other business. Go home and get some rest.” I’ain need to tell Mrs. Frita twice. She was rushing out of the back door saying “bye” as she went.

Me and the fellas continued to the elevators, taking the ride up to my floor. It took a couple of trips, cuz Gatah bougie ass didn’t wanna be on the elevator with a bunch of other niggas.

“Nah cuz if that bitch break down, I’ain stuck on that muhfucka witchu niggas,” he justified.

Once we were all seated in the conference room, Abe started shit off.

“I already talked to the police department. If any of them niggas even look atcha wrong, we takin’ them muhfuckas fa er’thing they got yahurme. As far as the media coverage, aside from that lil’ nigga that was downstairs, erthing straight. Ya name won’t be uttered. If I need to get on these calls to ya clients fa ya lemme know.”

Nodding I replied. “I’m cool on that. What I really wanna know is whea the fuck is that bitch Rochelle at. Hollis,

I want ya to go through her office. Find whateva you can that'll lead me to her muhfuckin' ass, and quick."

"Fa sho dawg. Knew that bitch was a fuckin' snake. Hoe prolly was watchin' ya ass too," he commented.

Chuckling, I thought 'bout the cameras I was sure Rochelle had placed throughout my house. I could use that shit to my advantage. I just had to make sure my behbeh knew them bitches was in there. Lawd, and 'specially the in-laws. They ole freaky asses was probably fuckin' all over my damn crib.

"Yea, the day you took her to my crib, I think the bitch wired my shit." The shocked expression on everyone's face said it all.

"Damn that hoe bold as fuck," Stephan chimed in. "I wish a bitch would put some cameras in my shit and watch me. I'd shoot a hoe in her ass crack."

I busted out laughing cuz I believed the nigga. Quiet as Stephan was, the nigga ain't play no games. He was on my type of level. Loved that 'bout my dawg.

"You need me to go through there and find 'em?" asked Trevor. My dawg, Trevor, was good at shit like that. But so was I.

"Nah, I'mma let 'em stay fa nie. Not sure where they at, but my gut tellin' me they there." Trevor understood where I was coming from.

Hollis made sure he wasn't needed before going to do what I'd asked him. He couldn't stand Ro so a part of me laughed knowing he was 'bout to go fuck her office up. Bitch wasn't gon' be in it anymore no ways.

"So, we hea cuz of Yuri Grisham," I started.

"Who?" Of course G had some goofy shit to say. "Muhfucka sound like a history professor."

We all snickered. This is what I loved 'bout my nigga Gatah. Even though he was hood and gangsta as fuck, he was

just as funny. He stayed keepin' us rollin' whenever we got together.

“Nah, he the muhfucka responsible fa my parents bein' in the hospital.”

Mentioning my mom and Dime automatically made everyone sober. “Damn,” Trevor said knowing exactly who Grisham was.

“I'm finna tell y'all some shit that yeen gon' like but fuck it. I'm still the same nigga that'll go to war 'bout any of y'all niggas.” I knew this day was bound to come. Gatah, Steph and Abe were the only three that didn't know 'bout my previous life. With the shit goin' on with Grisham, I had to put them up on game. 'Specially since they were gon' be in charge of watchin' my lady.

“Sixteen years ago, I killed a nigga that was beatin' on my fuckin' mama. At the time I didn't know Dime. When I got arrested, Dime showed up an' basically made allat shit disappear. I went to work fa him, a government job, where I was basically a merc. I retired three years ago. This muhfucka Grisham used to be on the same team with me. My pops was the head. Grisham turned on us after a hit so Dime pumped his ass full of hot ones and left him for dead. A few months ago, Grisham resurfaced. He been at my pops fa a minute. A couple of nights ago, he tried hittin' us up in Houston, after Houston's football game.”

“Wait, was Chloe at that fuckin' game?”

Grillin' Gatah, I replied. “Yea my lady was wit' me. And ya damn sho' know I'mma protect her with my fuckin' last breath nigga, yahurme. So get that fuckin' base outcha voice.”

One thing 'bout them twins, they were just as crazy as my ass. But we all respected each other, yahurme. Wasn't no competition 'round hea.

“The muhfuckin' eighteen wheeler that hit my mom and Dime on the highway was empty by the time help came.

Witnesses described a man running from the scene unharmed. I know without a doubt it was Grisham.”

Stephan glared. “That’s fucked up nigga. So, where we ‘posed to find this muhfucka? You worked for them folks, what fuckin’ pull you got?”

Just like that, my niggas ain’t give a fuck ‘bout me working for the government. They were ready to catch a fuckin’ body.

“Yea, nigga. Ain’t nobody finna bust on my baby cousin and not feel me,” G added.

“He ain’t gon’ fall for shit. So D gotta move different with this,” Trevor spoke. Abe nodded in agreement.

“Grisham is a hitman. He knows how to hide and he knows how to kill. Dat’s it.”

“What about his family?” Abe questioned. Boy that damn Abe. If yeen know, this nigga all the way down fa whateva, yahurme.

“I’on know ‘bout his family. Dime does, but we won’t be able to talk to him ‘til he gets here.” I hated to have to bring a man’s family into his business, but *Phantome* did what was necessary to get what the fuck he wanted.

“We get the fam, he’ll come to us,” Trevor stated.

I agreed. “G and Steph, y’all niggas already know how we roll. Have my back, make sho’ my girl safe an’ er’thing else will be gravy, yahurme. Grisham can’t fuck with me by my damn self, so comin’ against us is gon’ be like fuckin’ Armageddon fa ‘em. We get the information we need on his fam and get what the fuck we need to get done and gon’ ‘bout our lives. And ain’t shit goin’ through the government, so ain’t nun y’all gotta worry ‘bout. I got y’all niggas.”

Chapter 6

DALLAS MCQUEEN

After the meeting, I got to makin' these fuck ass phone calls. Everyone had already left to go back to my crib. I normally didn't allow a soul in my shit, but in this case I didn't mind. Shit, the couches an' every-fuckin-thing were being utilized. G and Steph were even making their girls come out to chill with Chloe and Millie. It was 'bout to be noisy as fuck in my shit.

For the most part my clients were cool about the situation with me being arrested, not giving a damn if I was caught up or not. Shit, they were actually tryna see if I needed help 'fixin'' shit. That warmed my soul that my clientele would fuck with me like that. If I trusted people more maybe I'd keep that shit in the bank for later.

It was nearing five in the evening before I wrapped shit up. I'd just hung up with Chloe makin' sure my behbeh was straight. I ain neva want her to think I was outchea on some bullshit. Especially after what just went down with Ro. Chloe didn't even ask me any questions which concerned me a lil' bit. I was gonna have to keep an eye on her to make sure she didn't get into her head again. Hollis entered my office holding a small picture frame.

"Ya went through the bitch whole office and came back with a five by seven?"

Hollis chuckled, tossing me the frame. The smile on my face dropped when a familiar face stared back at me.

"The fuck?"

The photo frame held a picture of Lester's bitch ass.

"Out of all the shit Rochelle had in her office, *that* was locked in her desk, hidin' under some other shit. What's funny is that she cleaned out most of her important shit. She must've forgot about that particular drawer."

Staring down at Lester's face, it instantly hit me. "This that bitch fuckin' daddy?"

Hollis shrugged. “You was fuckin’ the bitch not me, yahurme.”

“Fuckin’ yea, but not on no personal type shit. I’on even know the hoe mama.”

Hollis chuckled. “Damn, y’all go way back and yeen neva met her fam?”

The expression on my face made Hollis laugh. “Damn that’s cold bruh.”

“Hell nah it ain’t. The only family I give a fuck ‘bout is in my circle.”

“Understood. So what you want me to do with this?”

I had decided to let Hollis be in charge of finding Rochelle. He could deal with mostly anybody in New Orleans without causing any red flags. We had to move fast with this bitch too cuz once the police made her a suspect, we were gon’ have to back off. Hell, it would soothe my soul to know she’d suffer in a cell. At the same time though, I wanted her in pine box, yahurme. I tolya once ya cross me, you’on get a second time to.

“Ya really think she still in the city? ‘Specially knowin’ the charges were dropped against you?”

Gritting my back teeth, I thought about it. “Talk to some people. She had to be fuckin’ both them muhfuckas so check in with their people. It’s prolly smarter to start with Brady. Dumb nigga let a bitch murk him. Thibodeau was the detective on the case when I got arrested for killin’ Lester. I wonder if he knew at the time that Ro was Lester’s daughter, or if she was playin’ him to get to me.”

Hollis chuckled shaking his head in confusion. “Y’all niggas and these crazy ass bitches.”



When I made it home, the house was teeming with noise and the smell of food wafted through my nose. Rock and Pebbles greeted me at the door, wondering why in the hell we

had all these guests. They weren't used to papa having this much noise in the house.

Chloe strutted her sexy ass up to me, smiling. "Damn, can I have my man," she fussed playfully, squeezing in between Rock and Pebbles.

Pulling Chloe into my arms, I scooped her up by her ass cheeks. "Jealous ass."

She squealed, wrapping her legs around my waist. "I miss you," she cooed holding my face between her hands. She leaned down, kissing my lips. We stood there, in the entry way sucking each other's tongues.

"I was only gone a few hours shawty," I tried to say in between us kissing.

Chloe pulled back. "So."

Grinning, I exited the entry way, carrying Chloe into the kitchen. It smelled like a soul food restaurant in here cuz the women were throwing down. I deposited Chloe on the island top.

"Well, no wonder her ass walkin' around here all high and shit," Mariah cheesed.

Damn, my nigga Steph's girl was lookin' bad as fuck, even six months pregnant. Yaya agreed with Mariah, them both along with Millie, looking from me to Chloe. Me and the niggas were gonna have to stay on their asses cuz I'd be damned if a nigga come for any one of these. Mariah and Yaya both came to hug me, grinning at Chloe.

"I see you sis," Mariah added with a smirk.

"Y'all so damn messy." Chloe wrapped her arms around my neck, pulling me in for another kiss. Without hesitation I gave her what she wanted.

"Fuck! Can y'all take dat shit to the back. Damn, the food out an' er'thing." Houston sauntered into the kitchen talking shit. He walked past Millie who was standing at the island as well, stirring a bowl of potato salad. He eyed Millie

down, his eyes staying on her ass a little too long. “I’mma getcha ass, watch,” he commented.

Millie scoffed. “Boy if you don’t gon’ somewhere. Ain’t nobody finna be in jail behind yo’ ass.”

Houston licked his lips, smirking.

“I won’t say nun, if you don’t.”

I busted out laughin’ cuz this lil’ nigga was buggin’. “Lil’ bruh ya gon’ have to go through Saint fa that one.” At the mention of Saint’s name, Millie stopped mid-stir. Hmm.

“Oooh,” Chloe picked.

Millie smacked her teeth. “Shut up. And you,” she pointed the spoon at Houston, “leave me alone before I put some shit on you that’ll have you ‘round here screamin’ like a lil’ bitch.”

“Oh shit!” Gatah exclaimed from way in the front room. Everybody in the whole damn house heard what Millie had said. We were all laughing, while Houston stared at Millie, smiling, damn near in love.

“Houston,” I called to get his attention. “Back up lil’ nigga.”

Houston chuckled, still looking at Millie. “Aight, cool. It’s all good lil’ behbeh. I’mma find me redbone that look just like ya ass though. On me she gon’ be bad as fuck just like you.”

Blushing, Millie rolled her eyes before going back to the potato salad.

Houston came over, bending to kiss Chloe’s cheek. “When ya get tired of ‘em just let me know.” I mushed Houston’s head, causing him to laugh.

Chloe popped me on the chest. “Stop it babe, don’t hit him.”

I pinched Chloe’s nipple through her thin tank top, which she elbowed the fuck outta me for. “Don’t be takin’ up fa ‘em then,” I defended.

Chloe pushed me away, jumping from the counter.

“Excuse me love birds, but the food is ready. Can we all eat so we can get this movie night going?” Yaya halted the jab Chloe was throwing my way.

“Lil’ mean ass,” I mumbled as Chloe glared at me. Damn, I was in so much fuckin’ love with this girl.

CHLOE SMITH

Damn I was in so much fucking love with this nigga. Like now, how we were nestled in this oversized sofa chair, holding each other was so romantic. Dallas had a throw blanket covering us, making it even more cozy. Even though there were other people in the room, the lights were off, the only light coming from the big screen television making the setup romantic for everyone..

Dallas was positioned in between my thighs, his back to my front, his head resting on my breast. He had to use the ottoman as a seat to provide extra space for his tall frame. My arms were draped over his shoulders, my right hand fondling his dreads.

It was just sexy how a man as rough as he was could be like this with me in front of his home boys. Granted Gatah and Stephan were booted up with Yaya and Mariah. Yaya was sitting in Gatah’s lap damn near falling asleep with her pregnant ass. Mariah was nestled with Stephan on the floor, him rubbing on her protruding belly. They were so freakin’ cute to me.

My parents. Them being here, was about to make me emotional again. They were cozied up on the same sofa as Gatah and Yaya. Not once did I feel uncomfortable with them seeing me with Dallas like this and vice versa. From the way they interacted with Dallas, I knew that my parents were very fond of him. Not just because he got them out of prison. But because they genuinely liked him. That made me love him even more.

And here I was with my man, enjoying the scent of him. He was heavy, but I didn't mind because this situation felt so comfortable and *sure*.

Our conversation from earlier was on loop in my mind. A part of me was so scared for Dallas. I know that seemed stupid but when you loved someone, no matter how tough they seemed, the fear was always there that you could lose them. I didn't want to lose Dallas. I realized he felt like he had a duty to protect his family and I didn't blame him for that.

Shit, if he *didn't* do shit, I'd be looking at him sideways. But still, Dallas revealed some pretty heavy shit to me this morning. Knowing I was booted up with a hired hitman made me both afraid and excited. Afraid because I wondered if he ever had nightmares or residual effects of the shit he'd went through and seen. Excited because *hell* my nigga don't play for shit! Bitch, a bad boy was one thing. But a fucking hitman...them niggas 'bout that life *period!*

"I'on know what's on ya mind shawty butcha betta not be worryin' 'bout nun, ya dig." Dallas spoke low enough for me to hear.

Oooh how could I live without his voice. My pussy vibrated just from him talking to me.

Kissing his scalp, I smiled. "I'm good babe." Dallas was massaging my feet and ankles, lulling me into a relaxed state.

"Lemme know if I'm too heavy, *chérie*," he spoke.

Smiling I replied, "No, this is perfect."

**

I woke up to Dallas sucking the soul out my pussy. Gripping a handful of his dreads, I held on as an orgasm overtook me. Dallas didn't even give me a chance to recover, when he kissed up my body, positioning himself at my opening.

"I need you, behbeh," he groaned as he buried himself deep within my walls. Yes he had blessed me earlier and my

body was still recuperating but who gave a fuck when he felt so good.

We shared a nasty ass sloppy kiss as he hiked my legs over his shoulders. I flung my head back in ecstasy as Dallas stroked me.

“Dallas,” I moaned as I felt my walls tighten.

“Damn, I love how good ya pussy feels, *chérie*. I’d sleep in ya shit, stay eatin’ ya shit. And I’mma stay nuttin’ in ya shit every muhfuckin’ chance I get, yahurme.”

I came all over Dallas’ dick on a loud moan.

“Yeahhh, fuckkkk! Chloe it feels so good when you cum on this dick, behbehhh.” Dallas was pumping harder, his grunting and groaning driving me crazy. Shit, to hear how sexually satisfied I was making him turned me on in a different kind of way. He was so deep, it felt like he was in my chest.

Dallas was biting hard on his bottom lip, growling like a mad man as he pummeled me. “Chloe, I’ll lose my fuckin’ mind without you, shawty. I *need* you.”

Sniffing, I closed my eyes as another wave hit me.

Pumping a few more times, Dallas came on an exultant growl, chanting *my* name.

Damn, I would lose my fucking mind without him. Ignoring the shadow of sadness that came over me, I ran my hands down Dallas’ sweaty back. I would love and cherish him while he was with me. I would make sure that every second of every day he knew how much I loved him. Because life was definitely too short, and I was scared to admit that.

Chapter 7

ROCHELLE KEMP

Across town...

Turning away from the screen, I tilted my head back as I listened to Dallas chant Chloe's name. It was the wee hours of the morning, the sun not even up yet. I had been up all night. Sleep would not find me for shit. My eyes burned from lack of sleep, exhaustion, and anger.

The tears that flowed from my eyes were silent. Dallas really did love this fucking Chloe bitch. I admit that a part of me felt bad for setting him up. Dallas had been good to me despite dropping my ass once Chloe came around. As far as work wise, Dallas had paid me well enough to allow me to afford all I needed and more. But I could that anywhere. With my beauty and brains, I could get anything I wanted. Starting over wouldn't be easy, but it damn sure wasn't going to be impossible.

The feelings of guilt fled when it was announced the charges had been dropped against Dallas. Maybe I didn't think things all the way through. I should have known that Dallas would find a way to get off. The fact that the media was not even bringing his name up in reference to the murders let me know that they had moved on and were seeking new evidence.

That only left one problem. The police were looking for me. I was holed up in my father's old row house, in the pitch black. Nothing was on in the house, no electricity, no water. My laptop was working off of the charge I had given it earlier. The clothes I had on were the ones from yesterday and smelled horrible. Regardless, I laid out in the middle of the floor atop a dusty blanket I had rummaged in the attic for.

My life was over. All because of Dallas no less. He had taken my father from me and my mother. Now he was taking my life.

Sixteen years ago, everything hadn't been perfect for my mother Sheryl. She struggled to raise me in the filthiest of

the slums in New Orleans. I was picked on and teased for the fact that I always wore the same clothes and was sometimes not clean. When I met Dallas in elementary school, he was the weird looking kid. We both hit it off, our young friendship lasting until middle school.

My life turned to hell my junior year. Sheryl overdosed on cocaine, leaving me in this world alone to fend for myself. Her memorial service had been small, with only a few people there. That was the first time I'd seen Lester. He stared at me the entire time, his perplexed expression mirroring mine. Although we didn't look exactly alike, we shared some of the same similarities.

Back then I didn't know Lester. My mother used to tell me that my father was a great man that served his community and because his job was so dangerous he couldn't tell the world about me. I believed that lie up until I was in high school.

While Lester did serve his community, he could give a damn about the woman he fucked, or the child he created with her. Yes, he attended Sheryl's memorial service, but where had he been when Sheryl overdosed? Had he been part of the reason my mother was so strung out, depressed with life? At the same time I felt this for Lester, I could not place the blame solely on his shoulders.

Sheryl had no family other than me. She squandered away all the friendships she had with other women in the neighborhood because she was fucking all of their boyfriends and husbands for a buck. Sheryl didn't value her life or mine. Deciding I wasn't going to blame Lester for not being there for us, I wanted to officially meet the man that I knew Fathered me. It took some courage for me to want to confront Lester. The doubt of whether or not he would acknowledge me as his heavy in my thoughts. Just when I had built up the nerve to approach my father, Dallas took him from me.

It enraged me to no end that the very justice system that Lester worked for, failed him in the end. How did someone just get off on murder? Dallas disappeared after that. Many thought he was in prison, but I had yet to find any link

to him being in prison. The fact that he had been living his life while he took Lester's infuriated me even now.

I had to get revenge. Period. I didn't give a fuck how I had to do it.

Glancing at the box of contents labeled EVIDENCE I'd pulled from the attic, I smiled. Inside that box was a plethora of information on almost every public figure in New Orleans. The information in that box had allowed me the chance to lure detective Thibedeau in. I would now need to use some of the contents inside, to get myself out of this little jam.

Banging on the door startled me out of my thoughts.

"Police! Open up!"

My heart stuttered in my chest at the announcement. How did they find me here? Muthafuckin' nosey ass neighbors! I hated these fucking row houses and the close proximity to the people next door. That old bat needed to mind her business.

Quickly jumping up, I snatched my new laptop and scrambled over to the box. When I first came to this house, the first thing I did was locate any hiding places. There was a hidden trap door next to the fireplace. It blended in well with the wall. Chunking the laptop into the box, I dragged the box over to the door, I opened it, stuffing the box inside.

I wasn't stupid. I wasn't going to try and dodge the police. Yes, I was scared, but hell better to face the music and bribe my way out of it than to get caught up and killed.

Pushing the trap door shut, my heart raced as I heard the police crashing through the front door. Flashlights blinded me as I stood there like an idiot, my body quivering in fear.

Get it together, Ro! You got all the information you need to bring this city down!

"Freeze! Hands in the air!" These muthafuckas looked terrifying. I had never had to deal with the law at all. Well, not in this capacity. They came swarming the living room like I

was a serial killer or some shit. I was one or two bodies short of that.

Mustering up the little resilience I had left, I grinned. “Hey guys!”

Shit, that salutation died on my lips when the first officer yanked me up, pinning me to the floor.

“Rochelle Kemp, you’re wanted for questioning in the murders of George Thibedeau and Brady Alberts. Come with us.” Yanking me back up, the officer led me out of the house. Red and blue lights lined the street. Damn, who the fuck did they think I was? I wasn’t a murderer! I mean, not a *real* one. I just used those dumb muthafuckas to get shit done. Who could fault me for that.

But all was well. My mind was filled with vital information that would ensure the police and whoever else would leave me alone after today. One thing about a woman scorned. It wasn’t shit a nigga could do to fix it. I didn’t care who I had to hurt in this process. Dallas was going to feel me. And so was his ugly ass bitch Chloe. They had me fucked up.

PAUL “SAINT” TOUISSAINT

“Auntie, please let these folks do they job.”

I was gon’ beat the fuck outta Dallas when I made it to New Orleans, yahurme. His mama was being so damn hardheaded I could not stand it. Three days of this shit with her and I was ova it, ya dig. I loved my auntie with everything in me, but she was drivin’ a nigga crazy!

“Paul, don’t tell me what to do.” Here she was callin’ me by my government. Ain’t no fuckin’ body call me Paul ‘cept auntie Francesca. My mama ain’t even call me that shit. Why? Cuz of my daddy of course. I never knew the dude the way a son should know his dad. The streets took him before I was old enough to understand what that meant. My mama couldn’t bring herself to call me by my father’s name. Which was cool. It sounded like a drunk ole, white muhfucka’s name.

“Saint, auntie,” I corrected.

Auntie popped me upside my head. “*Paul*. All I’m trying to ask the lady is if she knows how to take a blood pressure correctly. She didn’t even have the cuff on my arm right.”

Clearing my throat, I smiled at the timid looking young white girl. She *did* look like she ain’t know what the fuck she was doing.

“Behbeh girl, can you take it one more time. We really need to be leavin’,” I plead with the nicest voice my deep baritone could muster.

The young lady smiled, then repositioned the blood pressure cuff to take auntie’s blood pressure. When the reading came out normal and lower than the first time, auntie side-eyed me with a mug. “Like I was saying...”

“Thank you behbeh.” I interrupted auntie to address the obviously new nurse. “Can we get those discharge papers ASAP? We gotta get on the road.” The nurse nodded, then bounced out of the room. Dime was already in transit to New Orleans as the company had made sure to get him moved at first light. The doctors were looking at us kind of strange cuz they had never dealt with a situation such as this. Most likely they were just tryna figure out what made Dime so special that the government had him moved.

“What’s with you being so nice nephew? Normally you’re abrasive and arrogant.”

A nigga was ready to get to New Orleans and lay eyes on Amelia. Behbeh girl’s voice sounded so sexy on the other end of the line. I wasn’t gonna play myself into thinkin’ she was an ugllass bird, cuz deep down I knew she wasn’t either. I feel vibes from others. Much like Dallas has his intuitions, so do I. For some reason I felt drawn to a woman I had never seen before. Also, I had never felt a pull so strong before, if ever.

“Auntie, I’m ready to chill out is all.”

Eyeing me curiously auntie Francesca smacked her teeth. “Lyn’ ass.”

Chuckling, I shook my head. “Why I gotta be allat. I’m serious by the way, a nigga tired as hell dealin’ witchu and all of this crankiness ya got goin’ on, yahurme.”

Auntie crossed her arms over her chest glaring at me. Seconds later the nurse entered the room again, carrying a packet of papers.

“Okay, Miss Touissaint, all the paperwork is here. The only thing we’re stressing is that you take it easy with the baby and start on those prenatal vitamins. You’re considered high risk because of your age, but all is well as of right now. You will need to see your OB/Gyn within the next three days.”

My mouth was on the floor. Literally. Who the hell was fuckin’ pregnant? My auntie? Hell naw! Auntie looked like she wanted to fall through the floor and choke the nurse at the same time. I’m pretty sure that was information she did not want disclosed to me.

“Thank you airhead,” auntie mumbled as the nurse stood there flustered. I motioned for her to leave, while helping auntie from the bed.

“So, you’s really ‘round here pregnant?” Damn! I was gonna have to give Dime his props for that one. His old ass ‘round here still poppin’ out that potent sperm! Gon’ head unc!

“Shut the hell up. And you better not say anything to either of my boys or I’ll kick your ass.”

Chortling, I countered, “Hmm. That’s where that attitude comin’ from. Okay, I see you auntie! Better you than me.” For real. A nigga wasn’t tryna have no kids, yahurme. Hell naw. Them lil’ muhfuckas too fuckin’ demanding. I was enough to deal with by my damn self.

“Keep on talkin’ shit. I’ll call ya mama an’ tell her you’re disrespecting me,” auntie fussed.

“Let her know she gon’ be an auntie again while ya at it,” I shot back.

Auntie slapped my arm laughing. “Shut up. This isn’t funny for shit. What the hell I’mma do with a baby, Paul?”

Groaning, I said, “Saint, auntie. And I’ on know. Just pretend like they’re your grandbaby or sum.” What I say that fa? Auntie turned into the devil.

“Grandbaby? Boy, I oughta...”

“Let’s go nie, auntie. Don’t you wanna see Dime?” Mentioning Dime smoothed everything out.

Auntie smiled. “My behbeh’s still living. All the other shit the doctors are talking about is manageable.” I agreed with auntie. “So yeah let’s get out of here so I can get to my man.” Hell yeah, so I could get to my...woman.

Or at least my next conquest. Anyone that knew me knew I didn’t settle down with no bitch. Sorry, but a nigga had a certain lifestyle that didn’t mesh well with family, wifey and allat shit. Hell naw. I didn’t want to have a woman sittin’ ‘round wondering where the fuck I was at, or blowin’ my shit up cuz I’m late gettin’ home. What kind of life was that? It wasn’t a life at all ya ask me.

I rolled auntie out of the hospital in the wheelchair the staff had provided. She gave me hell for this too, but she wasn’t finna lose no baby on my watch. I’d cater to her ass just to get her to her fuckin’ son. Shit Dallas owed a nigga fa this shit real talk. Cuz his mama was itchin’ fa some duct tape and rope, yahurme. I had to hurry and get her off of me.

Hopefully, Amelia was ready to meet a nigga. Imaging what she looked like was fuckin’ with me. Never had I thought about a bitch twice. Here I was daydreaming about what Amelia complexion Amelia was. If she had short or long hair. If she was slim or thick. Shit, all of this was on my mind. This was gonna be the longest fuckin’ drive ever mane.

FRANCESCA TOUISSAINT

“Leave us be,” I requested. Saint left the room, leaving the door cracked.

We made it to New Orleans without preamble our first stop being the hospital to check on Dime. It was almost noon, and I needed to rest for the behbeh according to Saint. I would just as soon as I laid eyes on my man.

I hadn't seen Dime since the accident. Silently crying I gripped his hand in mine. I'd spent so much time running, scared for losing him. When now that I could've lost him, I was angry that I didn't allow us to live and grow together. Better to have been with him all this time, then to not have and lose him.

"I love you Dime," I whispered on a cry. Kissing his cheek, a few tears dropped on his face which I wiped away.

"You'll never believe this but we're pregnant behbeh. Just found out."

I stroked Dime's cheek, talking to him as if he could hear me.

"I'm ten weeks along. Hopefully, this is a girl so we won't have to listen to the boys compete over who's the most handsome," I chuckled.

"I need you here to help raise her Dime," I was speaking into existence that I was having me a girl!

"We all need you here. I'm going to start planning our wedding. As soon as you wake up, we will say I do. The traditional wedding can come afterwards. I just want to be Mrs. McQueen. I'm so sorry I waited so long. Please forgive me Dime."

Saint knocked on the door. "Dallas is on his way up here. We need to get to the house so you can rest."

Nodding in understanding, I turned back to the sleeping Dime. "No matter what Dimochka, I will never leave your side. I am your wife. I will stick by you through whatever. Please don't think any less of yourself when you wake up out of this. You will still be the man that we love and cherish." Kissing Dime's cheek again, I stood from the chair to leave.

"You tryna get me in trouble with that cocoo ass son ya got. I was 'sposed to bring ya straight to his house," Saint fussed.

Laughing I swatted his arm. "Thank you by the way for being such a good babysitter. I enjoyed your company even

though you were being crabby the whole time.” Saint was such a good nephew. My sister Anastasia had done well raising Saint alone.

“Hmm hm. Don’t say nothin’ to me fa at least the next two days while I recuperate from ya attitude I had to put up with all this time.” Shaking his head he sighed. Holding my hand, Saint led me out of the hospital. Things were looking up. With Dime down, I was sure my son was taking over handling this Grisham muthafucka. Good. Cuz Dallas was for sure not for the games. Smiling, for once I was glad my son was a hitta.

Chapter 8

DALLAS MCQUEEN

“**W**atchu doin’ up so early?” Early meaning before ten in the morning.

Houston turned from the microwave, eyes lookin’ restless as hell.

“Mane, somethin’ wrong wit’ Dime. I can feel dat shit. Every time I try to close my eyes, I see him and he ain’t lookin’ too good.”

Damn.

Walking up to Houston, I gave him a manly hug. I was gonna have to tell him ‘bout Dime. Just like me, Houston could sense shit.

“Look, mane. Dime was in that accident with mama. He is hurt aight.” Houston tried to snatch away from me but I held on to him. He glared at me angry.

“Why the fuck yeen tell me, D?”

Understanding Houston’s frustration, I tried to calm him instead of matching his energy. “*Calmez-vous* (calm down),” I soothed. “Dime is at Ochsner’s. I had him transferred here. He’s fucked up bruh. I’on want you to see him like dat, and neither would Dime. He gon’ pull through this shit though.” Houston was in tears, unable to grasp what I was telling him.

“I need you to be strong, yahurme. Ain’t no muhfucka on this planet stronger than the muhfucka that made us. Wipe them tears and tighten the fuck up. Act like ya know who ya daddy is, yahurme.”

Nodding, Houston wiped his tears. “I wanna see ‘em, D.”

Shaking my head, I replied, “Not nie. When he wake up we’ll talk.”

Houston held on to me for support as he got himself together. I expected this reaction from him. I couldn't fault him for it. Truth be told, I was afraid to see Dime myself.

A little while later I received a message from Saint letting me know he and my mother had just left Dime. I would go



Standing over Dime's hospital bed, I fought the emotions warring through me. Saint had already warned me that Dime was fucked up but to see him like this broke a piece of me that I didn't even think existed. Talking to Houston had already put me in a sorrowful mind frame, now it was all coming forward.

A nigga hadn't cried since I was a lil' behbeh, yahurme. Which is why I came to see Dime before my mother and Saint made it to my house. Once I laid eyes on my mama I was gonna probably have to shed a gangsta tear. But dat's my fuckin' moms though. The only other person who would eva get tears out of me was Chloe's ass. I felt that strongly for her.

Breathing heavily, I surveyed Dime's body. He was still on a vent, the medical staff deciding to help him breathe to help his body heal. His head was wrapped in white gauze, covering the side the doctor's had to shave to relieve some of the bleeding on his brain. Thankfully, the swelling had gone down almost immediately. I'on know, that had to be God cuz Dime sho' should be brain dead right now. He had several broken ribs, which would heal over time. The biggest gut punch was that Dime had paralysis of his lower extremities. The doctor's wouldn't know how long it would last until Dime woke up. Shit I hoped my dad would walk again.

Fuck that shit though. Dime had us. Yeah his injuries were devastating, hard to accept. However, if he eva walked again or not, wasn't none of us turnin' our back on him. I'd make sure to dead Grisham for this bullshit. He got me and Dime fucked up if he thought this shit was in the bag. Dime

was down for the count, but not his fuckin' seed. Dime was a killa, but I am *that* killa, yahurme.

My cell vibrated in my pocket. It was Hollis.

“Police already gotcha bitch. Supposedly it’s for questioning only.”

Hmm. So Rochelle was in police custody. Wonder what that crazy bitch had to say. Bitch killed two muhfuckas so she shouldn’t be walkin’ up out that bitch.

“How long she been there?”

“Since this mornin’. It’s funny cuz it ain’t circulating on the news. I found out from this crackhead bitch that work the front desk.”

Chuckling, I said, “Why she gotta be a crackhead dawg.”

Hollis laughed. “The fuck she is, my nigga. Hoe outchea bad too. But anyway, I’mma sit on the buildin’, see if she walk outchea. Sum tellin’ me she got sum up her sleeve.”

Agreeing, I told him to hit me up when and if she was released.

The justice system would be one less body cuz Ro wasn’t gon’ live to ride no fuckin’ sentence. Hell naw. Bitch tried me fa the last damn time. I was too fuckin’ cocky to let this shit ride.



“Auntie, fa the last time, if you’on go lay ya ass down somewhea. The doctor said you was on bed rest until ya follow up.”

I followed the noise to the kitchen where my mom was sitting at the table with Chloe, Mrs. Mel, Mariah, Yaya and Millie laughing shit up.

As soon as Chloe saw me her face lit up with the biggest prettiest smile. I had only left her a couple of hours ago to see Dime. It was clear though that I was making my

behbeh happy cuz she beamed with pride and love every time she looked at me.

Walking up to her, I bent down to kiss her lips.

“What y’all in hea talkin’ ‘bout. Saint look like he finna blow a gasket,” I clowned.

The girls giggled, neither fessing up.

“Mane ya mama trippin’. She—”

“*She* don’t need to do nothin’. I done carried a baby or two before Saint. Just because I’m older doesn’t mean anything. I know my body perfectly well.”

A nigga was too busy kissin’ on Chloe to have heard correctly what the fuck Francesca Touissaint had just said.

“Waiminute...” The whole table was hooting while I stared at my fifty-plus-year-old mama.

“Naw, ya heard her right,” Houston chimed in from the living room.

“The fuck mama?” With my nose turned up, I couldn’t imagine seeing her big and pregnant.

“Boy don’t act like it’s nasty or somethin’. If my ovaries can produce, who am I to stop it?”

“Mama!”

“*Mère!*”

“Auntie!”

“Hell nah!”

A chorus of shouts shot from me and the fellas while the ladies thought it was beyond funny. My mama stared at me unashamed.

“Does dad know?”

Mama shook her head. “Well, I told him this morning. So, if he’s able to hear me then yeah. Otherwise...he’ll find out soon enough.” I walked over to my mother, leaned down and kissed her cheek.

“Yeah, he’ll be up soon enough. No stress nie. And do what Saint said witch a difficult ass.” I had purchased all new furniture to accommodate everyone. I no longer had a gym or office both being converted into normal bedrooms. The pool house had a bedroom and a living room in it. I bought two sleeper sofas to go in it for Saint and Millie. Chloe’s parents could take the pool house room. I know y’all wonderin’ why they couldn’t just go to a hotel. Fuck a hotel. My niggas and fam could chill right here.

Mama huffed but got up.

“Honey, put him on punishment for me,” mama directed to Chloe, who grinned.

“Aht, aht, no double teamin’ allowed,” Mr. JJ yelled from the front. “I swear y’all women get together and think y’all runnin’ shit.”

“Excuse me, JJ?” Mrs. Mel was on his ass in a second.

“Baby I was talkin’ to them not you,” he clarified.

See how quick he folded to save his shit with his woman. That’s how the fuck I was with Chloe, so I couldn’t clown on the dude. Saint on the other hand groaned.

“Hell naw, fam, you gotta stand ya ground, don’t be scared. Ya said what ya said. No double teamin’. And that’s fa all y’all. Includin’ you witch a shy ass.” The last of what Saint said was directed towards Millie, who turned two shades of red. Yeah, my nigga was on that.

“Aye, don’t be in there talkin’ to my woman like dat!” Houston scoffed.

Millie rolled her eyes smiling. “Tell ‘em boo,” she encouraged.

“Lord, don’t encourage that boy. He’ll harass you forever,” mama warned Millie.

“Yeah, I’ll harass ya ass ‘til ya fold,” Houston shouted.

We all laughed. Saint merely smiled, staring hard at Millie. Damn he wasn’t even tryna be discreet or nothin’. Cuzzo was smitten fa sho.

Evening approached before I heard from Hollis. Me and lil' behbeh were chillin' in the bed watchin' this new Will Smith joint. One thing about Chloe that I loved, was the fact that when she felt on me, when her fingers touched me, that shit felt so genuine. Like, with every touch she was telling me she loved me or some shit. It may sound corny as fuck but when you had a girl that did shit like that then you'd know what the fuck I mean. Hitta or not, when you fall in love, them touches feel different, yahurme.

Grabbing the cell off the nightstand, I answered on the second ring. "What's good?"

"The hoe just waltzed up outta there."

The fuck?

"Aight. Follow her. I'll meet you there."

Chloe's body stiffened in my arms. She looked at me over her shoulder, her eyes questioning. I disconnected with Hollis, then kissed my behbeh's lips.

"Where you're going?"

Sitting up, I maneuvered out of the bed. "Handle some business behbeh. We talked 'bout this."

Chloe's eyes blinked rapidly, clearly annoyed. "Whatever Dallas."

"Remember what that attitude got you the last time. Quit that shit. I'll be back before bed, *chérie*." Quickly throwing on matching black sweats, I slipped on some all-black Jordan's.

Chloe sighed heavily, turning back towards the television. The lights were down in the room, but I could swear I saw behbeh girl's eyes watering.

"Chloe—"

"No it's okay, Dallas. You're right, we did talk about this. That doesn't mean I have to like it though." Understandable.

Pulling Chloe to the end of the bed, she sat on her knees facing me. Running my fingers down her stubborn face drew a smile from her sweet juicy lips.

“It’s me and you faeva, shawty. No matter what. Everything I do you won’t agree with and vice versa. I may not understand the way you feel sometimes and vice versa. But when it’s all said and done, whateva I do, is to make sho what we got is good. If anybody threatenin’ either of our livelihoods, or the livelihood of the fam, then I’m ten toes down to protect mine, yahurme.”

Nodding in resignation, Chloe tilted her head back, welcoming my kiss. Let me go deal with Rochelle so I could get back to my life and my girl.

ROCHELLE KEMP

All damn day I’d sat in this interrogation room staring at the same two detectives staring at me. They’d been pretty hard on me from the moment I came here. Until I casually informed them that I had information that could lead to multiple arrests within the police department. That’s right! I told them that if they arrested me for murder, I would spill everything I knew about each one of them. The mayor, councilman, board leaders...all of that shit, I would expose.

“Your father’s probably rollin’ over in his grave.” The older light-skinned detective grilled me as I smiled.

“Fuck you. Y’all didn’t even bring his killer to justice but you’re worried about how he’s eternally resting. Get the fuck outta here.”

“This why you tended to set Dallas McQueen up?”

Grinning, I kissed my teeth. “You’re pretty smart. But I didn’t kill anyone. And I didn’t set him up. He was taking a car that I owned to a mechanic in an area I could not be in at that hour.” Lying straight through my teeth but oh well.

“Bullshit, young lady.” This was the older dark-skinned detective.

I chuckled. “To you maybe, but I’m being honest, I swear. Arrest me if you want. I’ll just spend the rest of my life

ruining everyone else's that run this city. All these killings in the city are really gang-related? Yeah right," I chuckled. They both eyed me maliciously. Laughing on the inside, these muthafuckas wanted to choke the life out of me.

Hours later, I was walking out of the precinct skipping like a dirty little schoolgirl. I needed a bath and some fresh clothes. That would have to wait for now. While it was evening, I needed to get back to Lester's house and remove the box and my laptop. A part of me knew I wasn't really in the clear. Between threatening the police and fucking with Dallas, my next move should be getting the fuck out of dodge. And I would.

Calling an uber, I made it to Lester's without any issues. Lester's nosey neighbor's car was gone which meant she wasn't home. Good. That ole bitch. The front door that the police had kicked in was now replaced with a board and some tape. Sighing, I thanked the Uber driver then climbed out. Taking the trail leading to the back of the row house, I climbed the old rickety stairs leading to the back door.

Jimmying the lock, the door opened on an eerie squeak. Closing it behind me, I relished in the familiar smell of Lester's stale house. This would be the last night I stayed here. Come morning I was going to be on the first flight out of here.

My stomach rumbled reminding me that those mean detectives had only fed me chips and water the whole time I was being questioned. Once I got this box and laptop handled, I would order me a pizza. Shit, if my phone still had some battery life.

Opening the hidden wall, I was dragging the box out when I heard the raggedy ass back door stairs sound off. I didn't even have time to conceal the box back when the back door opened with a thud.

Shit must be the police back to harass me. Laughing, I stood up to welcome them. I got the surprise of my life, when Dallas' fine ass walked in accompanied by Hollis, Saint, Gatah, Stephan and some other nigga I didn't know.

When I say my heart was about to give out in my chest, I wasn't lying. These niggas looked like fucking death each dressed in all black, donning black gloves. If I wasn't so scared I would be turned on.

"Ro." Dallas stood in front of me.

"Dallas," I croaked shaking like a leaf.

Hollis and the dude I didn't know came up next to me grabbing either arm. I went to struggle but it was fruitless. Gatah pulled up an old folding chair that he found in the kitchen. Placing me in the chair, Stephan then came over securing my hands at the back with some rope. In all of this, I didn't shed one tear. I was too angry to.

Squatting to his haunches, Dallas eyed me. I wished I knew what he was thinking. This was the usual with Dallas. He thought to himself a lot. His emotions were never plain to see.

"Your first mistake was *thinkin'* you could fuck wit' me," he spoke lowly. His menacing voice reminded me of a predator who'd just caught his prey.

Chuckling, I replied, "Your first mistake was killing my father."

Dallas grinned. "Fuck you and ya pappy bitch. Ain't no remorse hea, shawty."

Growling, I seethed with anger. How could someone be so heartless to not care about the person they'd killed. Even I cared that I had killed two men. It had been for a good cause though.

Dallas and his goons laughed. "Oh you big mad. Fuck that too."

The nigga I didn't know brandished a vial and syringe, handing it to Dallas. *Oh my God!*

"You been watchin' me shawty. Fa two years you been 'round me, workin' fa me. I paid you good. Yet ya chose to cross me. Dumb move shawty."

Tears dropped from my eyes. “All you had to do was love me Dallas. I wouldn’t have needed to do any of this. You let a little ghetto tramp bitch come between us.”

Even in the darkened living room, the moonlight provided some light as I watched Dallas lick his lips, grit his back teeth. “Hmm. Jealousy and envy get a bitch every time,” he chuckled.

“My shawty is some shit you’ll never be. Her pussy is betta. Her head game is betta. *She* is betta.”

Enraged, I spit at Dallas. He only laughed as he popped the top on the vial, then proceeded to fill the syringe with the clear liquid.

Hollis untied my left arm bringing it to rest in front of me. Struggling against his strength was futile. Especially when Gatah put the Glock to the side of my head. “Move again and I’ll splatter yo’ shit uglass bitch.”

“Please...” Stephan wrapped a tourniquet around my arm cutting off my circulation.

“Please, Dallas,” I begged as he put the needle at my vein.

“Look at me Ro.”

Meeting his blue eyes, Dallas laughed in my face. “Ya mammy OD’d right? Tell her she should’ve taught her daughter betta. Fuck you,” he said, pushing the needle into my arm, filling me with an unknown substance.

As my body convulsed in the middle of the floor Dallas told the other guys to search the house. It only took a minute for Stephan to locate the box and my laptop.

“Dat’s all we need,” Dallas commented.

I listened to these niggas laugh over my dying body. Where did a woman like me go wrong?

Chapter 9

AMELIA “MILLIE” PRINCE

As the water from the shower caressed my skin, I tried hard to not think about the nigga sitting in the pool house living room smokin' a blunt. Damn, I wish I had a little toy to relieve some of this pressure I was feeling in my nether regions. Closing my eyes I envisioned Saint's dark chocolate skin, his perfectly white grill. His damn nose was even sexy.

I appreciated Dallas having the forethought to make me comfortable in his home, providing furniture and living space. Chloe truly had a good man by her side. Now, me being in the same quarters with Saint was the hard thing. I wasn't scared of him or anything, just attracted to him. If Dallas suspected his cousin was a pervert I'm pretty sure he wouldn't have placed me in his company. If Dallas trusted Saint, so did I.

I stayed in the shower a little longer before getting out, drying my skin, and moisturizing my body. Staring at myself in the mirror, the beautiful girl staring back at me looked peaceful for the most part. My short, cropped platinum blonde curls were extra curly due to the humidity from the shower. Perusing my body, I was satisfied with what I saw. I used to be so self-conscious growing up, but now as a woman, I was proud of my slim frame.

Coming out of the bathroom, the scent of Kush smacked me in the nose. Saint looked my way, smirking. He was sitting on the couch, his arm across the back, legs wide open. Even high as hell, I wanted him. I was covered in a ball shorts and a t-shirt that Chloe had let me borrow. The girls and I were set to go shopping in the morning so that I could purchase myself some things.

“Good thinkin' my behbeh. You look like a nigga in dat shit, but ya still sexy as fuck,” Saint drawled. Whatever the hell that meant. I just didn't want to give off any vibe that I was trying to be sexy around him. Ignoring the smile on his handsome face, I closed the bathroom door and went into the

kitchen for a glass of water. It was late in the evening and I really wanted some rest. I would call it a night after this drink.



My eyes popped open when I heard the pool house door open. Rock and Pebbles were asleep on their doggy beds, neither cracking an eye open. Saint sauntered into the living room, smelling and looking like straight fine ass, dark chocolate man.

The television played lowly, images of some children's network commercials. Yeah, I watched children's show so sue me. At least the shit wasn't depressing.

"Hope I didn't wake ya shawty." Saint spoke, dropping into the plush sofa bed I'd set for him. So, what hoe. I got the man's bed ready because I knew he'd be out late with Dallas and the crew. Chloe had put me up on game when it came to her man and his crew. Shit to be honest the shit turned me on.

The comfortable chair sleeper Dallas had purchased was a dream. I wasn't a short girl by any means, but I fit comfortably in it. I had the covers pulled all the way up to my ears, willing my body to calm down. Saint's deep baritone did things to me I couldn't explain. To look at him though, he was a visual five course meal with two...*damn it Chloe*, maybe three legs. That heifer had me thinking about the nigga's dick.

Would I be a hoe if I had sex with a man I just met physically today? Nah. Shit...one day or one week, he was still gon' get the coochie.

"No you didn't. Kind of hard to sleep when Mr. and Mrs. Smith are in there giggling and carrying on like some teenagers."

The walls of the pool house weren't thin at all. Them perverts were just loud as hell. I wouldn't disturb them though. They'd been a part from each other from years. How dare I interrupt them from enjoying one another.

Saint chuckled. I admired his dreadlocks that were all black and neatly twisted. The way his body was built reminded

me of a wide receiver, not too thick, not too slim. Just perfect as fuck with his tall ass.

“Hell naw, I’ on wanna hear that shit. I’d rather hear you giggling an’ carryin’ on like a lil’ teenager.”

Bitch, my damn stomach just fell through my ass!

“The girl on the phone was a firecracker. Nie you actin’ like a lil’ lamb, shawty. What’s good?”

Clearing my throat, I really wanted to take these covers off and relieve myself of this body heat that I was feeling. But I was damn near naked up under here. I chucked the ball shorts and t-shirt after Saint left earlier. I had hoped to be sleep by the time he made it back. All Saint was supposed to do was come his ass through the door and lay his ass down. Dat’s it!

“What do you mean?” I asked stupidly.

Saint, clothes, shoes and all laid back in the bed, positioning his arms behind his head as he stared over at me. I really tried not to let my eyes trail his body, but they did of their own accord. Saint was cocky just like his damn cousin. Knowing damn well he was fine as hell.

“Come now, Amelia. You were very...outspoken.”

Smiling I didn’t disagree. “I am outspoken. And why are you calling me Amelia. No one calls me that.” Except my father and I hated that shit.

“Cuz I want too. So, why ya been so quiet ‘round me then? Do I make ya nervous?”

Rolling my eyes, I replied, “No.”

“Seems like it. All day ya been avoidin’ me an’ shit. When I look at you, ya turn away. Like ya shy or sum,” he continued.

“Saint...” I sighed.

“Damn, don’t say my fuckin’ name like dat shawty ‘less you tryna take shit there.”

Lawd help me!

“Take what where? I didn’t say anything.”

“It ain’t whatchu said shawty, it’s how you said it. Lustful and sexual.”

Smacking my teeth, I said, “Yeah whatever, you wish. That’s what’s wrong with y’all arrogant niggas. Y’all think every time a bitch in y’all presence, she gotta want your ass. I don’t wantchu just in case you needed to know that.” I was lyin’ like a lil’ bitch but fuck him.

Saint’s laugh had me lookin’ his way. “For the record, I’ain need to know that, lil’ behbeh. I go off of vibes. According to ya vibe, ya want a nigga. That’s all I’m sayin’.”

Ignoring Saint, I turned over to face the other way, bringing the covers up over my ears, trying to block out his cackling.

Ugghhh! This is why I couldn’t stand cocky muhfuckas. They look good on the outside, but on the inside they have *the* worst attitudes. I did not need that. My mouth was reckless as fuck and make a nigga wanna go upside my head. My best bet was to stay away from this nigga and vice versa.

Saint hummed some tune while he flipped the channels, the flickering lights aggravating me. When I heard the distinct sounds of someone having sex, I threw the covers back, glaring his way. On the television was a movie portraying a sex scene.

Saint chuckled. “They ain’t doin’ half the shit I’d do to ya shawty.”

With bugged eyes, I snatched the covers back up over my head, wishing I would’ve stayed my ass in Orlando.

Twan was probably somewhere going bat shit crazy trying to find me. I wasn’t really close with my teammates; them hoes was too jealous of me. Like a girl couldn’t be beautiful and play basketball, what the fuck. But that’s how it was. They either tried you or *tried* you. Shit was ridiculous.

I prayed that Twan would stay his ass away from me. While I hoped, it was like asking the weather in Orlando not to

be sunny. Shit was bound to happen. I just prayed that he didn't kill my

Thinking about the day I'd been raped only came to me when I was really stressed out. Which had been a lot lately. I wasn't one of those people that used past situations as crutches for why I treated people a certain way. I didn't hate all niggas. Matter fact I didn't hate anyone other than the person that violated me. And I even forgave his ass. I wasn't going to walk around the rest of my life carrying the sins of someone else. Hell nah.

I only got sad sometimes. In those times Chloe would help me through it without any questions on what was wrong with me. Now that my best friend knew about my past, we had become much closer the last few days. Chloe's parents even treated me like one of them. I just really felt welcomed here. Between Dallas, his homeboys, and Chloe's family... I was falling in love with these people.

“Whenever ya ready I'm hea shawty.” Saint stated.

Damn! I was falling in love with everybody except that nigga! With his fine ass!

PAUL “SAINT” TOUISSAINT

Slipping into the pool house, I didn't expect for Amelia to still be awake. I wanted to blow another one after watchin' the life seep outta that fuckin' bitch Rochelle. What caught me by surprise is that Amelia had the bed ready for me. When I left with the crew the sofa bed was still upright. A woman only did shit like this if she was diggin' a nigga. Right? Her high yella ass was asking for me to break her off.

Cuz of this fuckin' girl, I couldn't sleep for shit. I tossed and turned the whole night, aggravated that shawty's scent was all over the damn living room. Well, it seemed like it. It was probably just me though.

Amelia had the body of an athlete. Slim and toned, soft where it mattered. She was tall too. Reaching just about five foot ten inches. I could deal with that. Her hips spread just enough to make her feminine. She had a track and field booty

that had a nigga mouth droolin', yahurme. Like how ya body that damn bad? To another nigga she might be too athletic lookin' but to me lil' behbeh was perfect.

"I'on know why ya volunteered my ass to take these females no fuckin' where." I was crankier than a muhfucka this morning. Losing sleep was some shit I'ain like to do.

Dallas chuckled. "It's either that or go with Stephan and Mariah to take mama to see Dime. Hollis and Trev gon' stay here and go through that box of shit we picked off of Ro."

"Oh, hell fuck naw. Who ridin' wit' me?" Let Stephan and Mariah deal with auntie. And that paper shit was fa the birds.

"I'll ride with you," Amelia announced. "Cuz these booded up tricks gon' get on my nerves with all that kissin' and love talkin' shit," she joked. Even though she said it, I knew fa sho Amelia wasn't jealous or envious of her friends in the least.

Yaya smacked her teeth. "Hmm hm. Don't play sis. We know Saint fine an' everything. Just say you wanna roll with him." Amelia's face turned beat red.

"Who is we?" Gatah scoffed.

"Lawd," Mrs. Melony shook her head. "Gatah shut up. Damn, y'all Smith niggas so sensitive." Mr. JJ ain't say shit to back up his nephew. The whole room died laughing.

"I'mma ride wit' y'all too. Make sho ya keep ya hands to yaself, ya dig." Houston grilled me as he passed me on the way to the front door.

Amelia smiled as she walked past me leaving her Chanel perfume in her wake. The flowy red sundress she had on was perfectly flirty, hitting just at her toned thighs. On her feet were some all-white canvas shoes. She looked relaxed and comfortable in the outfit. Smirking, I was glad lil' behbeh was even a ten when dressed down.

Every one filed into their respective vehicles, then we headed to the mall.



I hated to admit this, but I was having a good time hangin' out with the women. Their camaraderie was beautiful to see. I mostly kept my eyes on Amelia, catching her smiling at me every now and then. My mean ass even offered to carry her bags, which she accepted. Nobody really paid us much attention cuz they knew the attraction was there. Even Houston, wit' his salty ass, acquiesced that I had shawty in the bag. Amelia and I even made good conversation while she shopped. Because the other women had a nigga with them, I stayed close to Amelia, helping her decide which outfits, shoes, and bags she liked. Get this though, I paid for her shit like I was her nigga. She protested at first, but by the time I grilled her ungrateful ass, she fell in line.

“Bitch I wish the fuck you would call him another name!”

Everything was goin' good on this shopping fiasco until some lil' thot bitch decided to spill some shit on Houston, tryna get his attention.

Houston wasn't trippin' 'bout the shit tellin' the girl to chill while he tried to clean himself off with some paper napkins. The white Jordan's he was wearing were through but the nigga had a whole four bags of shoes sitting next to our tables.

We were sitting in the food court chowing down on some Japanese food when shit went down. Dusty ass lookin' bitch got mad when Houston ain't give her no play. She thought he was being funny tryin' to embarrass her when really he was tryin' not hurt lil' behbeh's feelings.

When she started smackin' her gums and rollin' her neck talmbout cocky niggas, Houston even laughed that shit off like the rest of us. The women was chillin' not givin' the girl any energy to cause a scene. Mall security wasn't 'bout shit, so if some shit popped off wasn't nobody breakin' it up but us. We was all grown as fuck outchea, yahurme.

However, things quickly escalated when her home girls walked up and started cosigning shit. The fuck these females get so beside themselves fa when a nigga ain't stuntin' them? Like bitch pick ya ass up off the floor and keep it movin', yahurme.

"Fuck you bitch, who you? His mammy?" One of the girl's older homegirls barked at Amelia.

Standing, Amelia tried to get around the table, grilling the girl. "Nah, but I'll beat yo' ass like I am." Jumping to my feet, I snatched Amelia up by her waist, holding her back. Aside from the bullshit goin' on, she felt good up against my body.

Chloe, Yaya, and Mrs. Melony jumped to their feet ready to have Amelia's back.

"Get the fuck on nie!" Dallas was being cool if ya ask me. He had Chloe in his arms, bear hugging her feisty ass. Same with Gatah and Mr. JJ with their women.

"This why I'on deal wit' young ass females. Y'all bitches dumb as fuck," Houston commented, shaking his head.

Ole girl ain't like that. She hauled off and smacked the shit outta Houston. Amelia broke my embrace, running full speed around the table. Her fist connected to behbeh girl's face sending her stumbling. Amelia didn't have any hair, so ole girl couldn't pull shit. She was wind milling trying to fight back as best as she could.

People were gathering around to see what the fuck the commotion was. Her homegirls stood around watching helplessly, until one of them got the bright idea to jump in. She was one of those short thick bitches. Yaya was trying to get out of Gatah's arms but he held fast to her. Dallas on the other hand, let his arms fall, releasing Chloe.

"Fuck her up, lil behbeh!" he coached as Chloe ran up. The thick bitch took one look at Chloe and thought shit was about to be gravy. Chloe punched homegirl in the face so hard *I* felt that shit. They went to swinging on each other, Chloe

knockin' every piece of sense the girl needed into her. Ole girl got tired of swinging and tried pulling Chloe to the ground.

Dallas stood close though, encouraging Chloe to, "fuck that bitch up, lil behbeh". And she was definitely fuckin' homegirl up. "Act like you wanna help her an' I'll knock one of you bitches out 'bout my shawty," Dallas warned the other two hoes.

By this point, Amelia had finished off her lil' fade. The lil' thot bitch's hair was everywhere on her head, her clothes covered in droplets of blood. Pulling Amelia back to me, I brought her hands up to check out her fists. They were bruised and bloodied from the beating she'd put on the poor girl.

When the chick Chloe was pulverizing realized she'd lost, with some help from her girls, she climbed from the ground.

"Nie see, y'all dumb asses should've kept it movin'. My shawties don't play 'bout me." Houston remarked. This nigga.

Chapter 10

PAUL "SAINT" TOUISSAINT

Yoking the truck into the driveway, I threw the truck in PARK.

"Stay here," I told Amelia, while Houston and I got out. I helped him take the shopping bags in, before coming back to the truck with a first aid kit.

Amelia eyed me suspiciously when I reached over to take her hand.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"Cleanin' this shit up shawty. Look like ya fought a bitch," I chuckled. She did too.

"Well, I wasn't gon' let that hoe come at Houston like that. Let's not talk about it though cuz I'mma get mad all over again."

Grinning, I opened the kit to remove the peroxide and gauze. I cleaned the residue of blood from Amelia's knuckles. Her skin was a little busted but it would heal in no time.

"Fightin' ass girl. Damn, I hope you have my back like that though on some real shit." Fa sho. Every nigga with a life like mine needed a woman that was gon' fight for him. Regardless of what it was, she'd have his back. Amelia ain't have no comeback so she just sat there and let me clean her up.

I know I'd said that I didn't want no bitch and family an' shit, but bein' around the homies with their women and meeting Amelia was making me see my life a lil' different. Could a nigga like me actually be with a woman on some family type shit and maintain my life as a hitta? One would eventually cause a strain on the other, I was sure of that.

But the man in me *wanted* a woman in my life. Not any woman though, *this* woman. The one I just watched beat the blood out of a bitch threatenin' somebody in her circle. That's

what the fuck I needed beside me. Bitches I'd fucked with in the past couldn't compare to shawty sittin' next to me. Amelia was a mixture of beauty, brains and gangsta bitch all in one. Shit, an' I loved it.

After I cleaned the dried blood, I smoothed some antibiotic ointment on the open wounds. "Fuck you was hittin' that bitch hard as fuck."

Amelia laughed, smacking her teeth. "I said to leave it alone, Saint."

Grinning I couldn't help but to fuck with her. "Ya sayin' my name all lustful an' shit, shawty. I'mma snatch ya ass ova this seat, yahurme." I expected Amelia to cuss me out, smack me or some shit. Instead she surprised the hell outta me.

"Do it then."

Mane, aye, that fuckin' first aid kit went flying to the backseat. I had one of those big boy trucks that was blacked out everything, even the tint. A muhfucka couldn't see through this bitch fa shit. I was glad too cuz the sun was still out. I ain't need muhfuckas in my business while I was 'bout to fuck this girl's life up.

At the same time I was pushing the seat back, I was pulling Amelia over into my lap. She straddled my lap, fitting perfectly. Reclining the seat back, I got comfortable. My dick was already hard, fighting against the restraint of the joggers I had on. Amelia pressing her pussy on me ain't make shit better.

"What sport ya play behbeh?" Random question but I was curious.

"Basketball," she responded wistfully.

Gripping her thighs, I bit my bottom lip, loving that although toned, her thighs were soft and smooth. My hands on her skin caused goose pimples to raise all over her body. The effect I had on her turned me on. Yeah I make other bitches feel some type of way when I touch 'em, this however, was different.

“Saint?” she whispered, staring into my eyes. Her beautiful brown orbs questioning.

“Yeah shawty?”

“Can I kiss you? Like a real kiss?”

While a strange request, I replied, “You can do whateva ya want to me, my behbeh.” Ain’t a bitch on the planet that I’ve ever kissed in the mouth. Hell to the muthafuckin’ no. These hoes outchea suckin’ every nigga’s dick. Wasn’t gon’ catch me kissin’ not a one of them muhfuckas.

Amelia leaned down hesitantly, her gaze never leaving mine. When her lips touched mine, her eyes drifted close. She seemed unsure about what she was doing, so I helped her out, leading the kiss. Parting her lips with my tongue, I dove in. Amelia’s soft wet lips and silky tongue tasted like cherry candies.

Sliding my hands up her thighs, I went further, palming her bare ass. She didn’t protest as I massaged them damn thick, soft muhfuckas.

Of its own will, her body grinded against mine as she reached up to palm my face. The kiss was getting sloppier. A moan broke through Amelia’s lips spurring me into action. Feeling for her panties, I pulled the thin straps, plucking them from her body.

Next I used one hand to free myself from these annoying as joggers.

“Wait... We need a condom.” Amelia stared down at my dick eyes wide. I swear he grew some more under her appraisal.

Reaching between Amelia’s thighs I felt the heat and wetness of her clean shaven pussy lips. Parting them with my finger, I stroked her.

“I’ll pull out.” Her pussy grew wetter, her scent doin’ shit to me that I’d never felt before. Like some primal type shit. Biting my bottom lip, I lifted Amelia up to sit her on my rod.

Resistance like a muhfucka is what met me. “You a virgin shawty?”

Amelia shook her head, pushing down on my dick. Fuck I ain't know what type of nigga hit a pussy and don't leave they mark. I was definitely 'bout to leave mine on this cat.

Amelia whimpered as I helped her sit on me. Her pussy was so fuckin' tight and sloppy wet, a nigga knew damn well he wasn't pullin' out of shit. Consequences could kiss my ass. Hurriedly, I removed my shirt, not needing anything to make me hotter than I already was. Amelia's eyes roamed my chest, pleased at what she saw. I had tattoos all over my body many of which were in code.

While Amelia's body was getting used to my length, I stared at shawty.

“Lemme make some shit clear.” She looked at me perplexed, in the middle of euphoria and reality. “We together after this.” I didn't give her a chance to respond before I encouraged her to ride me.

Leaning back against the seat, I tried focusing, to keep from moaning like a lil' bitch from how good this shit was feeling. Amelia took to riding me like a champ. She was moaning and biting into her bottom lip, looking sexy as fuck. Reaching up, I pulled the straps down on her sun dress, exposing her titties.

“Fuck...” Behbeh had beautiful breast, that were just enough for me to swallow. The tattoo trailing between her breast down to her rib cage read SEXY, DOPE, QUEEN. Indeed.

I flicked my tongue across her right erect nipple before taking her breast into my mouth, groaning when her pussy clamped around me. Amelia's moans grew louder, her hands going to my shoulders, her nails grazing the skin of my back.

Paying the same attention to Amelia's left breast, I then laid back against the seat to watch her work me. Clearly she enjoyed me watching when she opened her eyes to find me

watching her pussy slide up and down my dick she threw her head back, riding me faster.

“Damn I wanna lay ya down and fuck the life outta this pussy, behbeh.” Amelia’s pussy vibrated around my dick as she rained down on me calling my name. I held onto her ass, lifting up to meet her strokes. The noises we were making sounded erotic as fuck, and we were damn sho’ foggin’ up my shit. A Keith Sweat joint played lowly in the background, making this mood seem right as fuck.

Amelia smoothed her hands down my dreads, pulling on them as she bounced on me. She bent down tonguing me as she came again, moaning into my mouth. Yet I kept pumping, this nut I was holdin’ back refusing to be abated any longer.

I smacked Amelia’s right ass cheek so hard, they probably heard it in the house. “Fuck girl...” I groaned, cuz she came again sending me over the edge.

“Arrgghhh,” I continued pumping until every ounce of me was deep inside of her.

Breathing heavily we both said nothing as we stared at each other.

“You didn’t pull out,” Amelia stated.

“I can’t help it if ya pussy too good, shawty,” I drawled tired as hell.

Amelia smacked her teeth, climbed off of me, and back into the passenger seat. Her torn panties were on the dashboard. She picked them up disgusted.

“I hope you’re clean, Saint.”

Whipping my attention to hers, I sneered. “The fuck? Is you clean, my nigga? Don’t fuckin’ come at me like dat, lil’ behbeh. Dat’s sum fuckin’ hoe shit.” Leave it to this damn girl to blow the fuckin’ good day we were having.

Chuckling, Amelia opened the door. “Fuck you nigga.” She slammed the door, traipsing her crazy ass around the side of the house to the pool house.

Punching the steering wheel, I tried to tamp down my anger. I'd just had the best nut of my life and behbeh girl had to go and ruin it. I know one thing; she better had heard what the fuck I said. We was together now. Whether she liked that shit or not. Fixing my pants, I dug into my pocket for the blunt I had there. I had to relax before I went into the muthafuckin' house.

DALLAS MCQUEEN

“What we got?”

Me and the homies were in the living room smokin', while the women decided to hit the pool. I was interested to see what Hollis and Trevor came up with after going through Ro's box.

“Mane...first off, that fuckin' bitch *was* watchin' you.” Trevor stated.

Smirking, I shrugged. Good, stupid bitch. Now that Ro was dead, talkin' in my own house wasn't an issue.

“I broke her laptop, found the software. Let's just say she saw and heard everything. I think we need to go to the bitch house and burn that muhfucka down. Just in case she got any shit in there that could lead back to you.”

Smart man. I turned to Hollis who was already anxious to go handle that. “We gotcha big homie.”

“Yeah, and we found out how the bitch was able to walk her ass up outta the police station. It's shit in here implicating almost every public figure in New Orleans of illegal shit. Ain't no small shit either. Most of these muhfuckas should be in maximum security prison for the shit they done did.”

“The house Ro was in belonged to Lester. Judging by how old this shit is in here, this box is his.”

“There was one thing in here that I know you'll wanna see.” Trevor handed me a piece of paper that was old and wrinkled. Unfolding it, Dime's name was written across the top.

“The fuck?” On the paper were dollar amounts next to dates. One date in particular stood out. It was the day before I killed Lester’s ass. Knowing Houston was in the room, I kept the contents on the paper to myself, giving Trevor and Hollis a look to tell them to do the same.

“Fa sho,” Hollis understood, while Trevor nodded.

“Otherwise, what we gon’ do with the rest of this shit?” Hollis asked.

Dragging from the blunt, I exhaled, letting the smoke funnel around me. I was too caught up on what was on the paper to give a damn about anything else. What the fuck did Dime have to do with Lester. And in all these years this muhfucka never once mentioned that he knew Lester like that to be sending that nigga monthly payments in the thousands. I was legit wondering what the fuck was going on.

“You could clean up the city.” Papa JJ stated. Which would be the right thing to do. Leave it to old head to give sound advice.

“Right.”

“Listen, Rochelle had the box. The detectives knew she did which is why they let her ass walk. Whoever in that box is the biggest figure in there, publish that shit to newspaper and let the chips fall where they will. They’ll suspect she did it,” Stephan chimed in. He was the only one not smoking, so his thoughts were crystal clear. After his shooting incident, Stephan’s lungs couldn’t withstand him inhaling shit.

“See that’s why the fuck you my brotha. My nigga be havin’ that smart shit up his sleeve,” Gatah professed.

They were right.

“Personally,” Trevor started. “It’s one muhfucka in here that needs to be handled fa sho. He got the people of the city thinkin’ all this black on black crime is being committed by the gangs. Shootings, robberies, everything you can think of ain’t got shit to do with none of these affiliated niggas. This muhfucka ‘round here killin’ babies and by the dates on this shit in the box, he been doin’ it for decades my nigga.”

Damn. I was born and bred in New Orleans. Being that I worked for the government I wasn't naïve to the shit going on in my city. I knew the rise in crime wasn't solely placed on the shoulders of my people. There was someone behind the scenes pulling the strings, inciting shit. I guess I had my answer.

I noticed Saint hadn't had any input. Glancing over in his direction, I followed his gaze out the sliding glass door to the pool. His eyes were focused on a bikini clad Millie, who was like Saint, in her own world dazing off into space.

Smirking, I let my nigga have that. He wasn't paying attention fa shit and honestly I could understand. My behbeh was stepping out of the pool sporting a barely there white two piece that had her ass on full display. That's what the hell she had hiding under that fuckin' wrap she had on? Soon as I was done here, I was going out there to wreck shop, yahurme.

"So what we doin', D?" Houston asked. Houston saying "we" made me smile. He was down for whateva. I taught him well. You always ride by ya fam side, no matter what.

"Handle dat." Hollis and Trevor nodded.

"Any word on Grisham?" Gatah asked. I had discreetly put the word out for the streets to be on the lookout for a Russian muhfucka. Shit shouldn't be too complicated.

"Workin' on locating his fam mane without causing red flags. He know the same muhfuckas we know," Trevor commented.

True. No telling who was helping Grisham. Even though he was supposed to be dead, I couldn't believe Grisham had cut all ties with the company. He had someone still in his pocket and I was gonna find out who.

"I say we let him come to us. Knowing Grisham, he's gonna be even more intent on killing Dime after Dime survived that crash." This why I fucked with these niggas. We had the same way of thinking.

“Most definitely,” I acquiesced. I was ready to start killin’ muhfuckas. Killing Ro had been a tease. I was ready for the main course. Staring down at the paper in my hand, I wondered for the millionth time what the fuck Dime and Lester had in common besides Francesca Touissaint.

Chapter 11

YURI GRISHAM

“Fuckin’ cock suckers.” A couple of black kids nearly tripped me as I tried to make my way to the counter. Stumbling, I broke my fall by holding on to one of the shelves. I was already a little drunk, not nearly as drunk as I wanted, no needed to be.

Mumbling to myself, I threw the door open to the little convenience store I had just come out of. The six pack of beer wasn’t much, but it’d get me through the night at least. Pressing the fob to unlock my truck doors, I looked around to make sure no one was following me. I was fucking Yuri Grisham! The Russian killer that put the fear of God in many.

That was the old me. Sliding into my truck, my eyes landed on the photograph of my girlfriend and son. Jacqo was six in this picture. Amanda, my girlfriend, was radiant, smiling from ear to ear at the camera. I took this picture just months before they died.

Slamming the beer down in the passenger seat, I hung my head as I cried, wept for the only two people I had ever loved in my whole life. Every day was like this. Drinking, weeping, repeat. I was doing good to just eat. I hadn’t shaved in ages, and I couldn’t remember when the last time I had changed my clothes.

Snot dripped from my nose, the pain of my loss cutting deep. It was going on four months, but the pain was as fresh as it just happening. My head pounded from the amount of crying I was doing. With blood shot eyes, I tried to focus on the road as I left the parking lot.

Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Wasn’t many places I could duck off in without causing attention. I found this raggedy motel just off of the interstate and decided to lay low there until I made my next move.

Dimochka McQueen just wouldn’t fucking die. Not him or his fucking offspring. I hated to put his family in the

middle of our shit, but that's what happens when you come after a man's family. An eye for a fucking eye!

I actually worked side by side with Dimochka for years, helping him commit murders all of the world. It was the life for men like us who could give a fuck about anything. Doing something 'positive' for the government we served was uplifting at first. As time went on however, I realized the government could care less about anyone. Most of us who worked for the company knew this, however, until it came square to my doorstep did I have a real issue with the government.

A few years ago, Dimochka decided he wanted to retire. Instead of the company appointing me to Dimochka's commander position, they decided to give it to one of the younger guys. Dimochka's son was actually set to take the position but chose to get out of the company instead. Dallas had given the company twelve strong years, more than was required of a recruit when they come in. Dallas retired with a perfect kill rate. Every assignment, he completed. I commended him for that. Not many hitmen can say they've had one percent successful hits. Not even myself. Not even Dimochka.

The government deciding to pass me up for Dimochka's position infuriated me causing me to turn against the very people I had fought for. I started selling information to any and everyone willing to pay me. I was making good money too, setting it aside for the day I left the company to be a family man. I had made too many promises to Amanda and Jacqo that we would be together forever like a normal family.

Dimochka came after me, putting six bullets in me that effectively changed my way of life. Dimochka thought he'd killed me but he didn't. I lived, suffered through months and months of rehab. I no longer had the use of my bowels. I suffered brain damage, leading to psychotic breaks.

Chuckling through the tears, I parked the truck in the motel's dirty ass parking lot. My tires would be messed up driving through the raggedy gravel, and potholes. A little birdie told me that Dimochka McQueen was still kicking albeit

barely. It burned me up inside knowing he hadn't died. How he survived the collision baffled me. Maybe the motherfucker had a higher power on his side. His son had some pull still, getting Dimochka moved to New Orleans. That was okay. I'd gone farther to kill a motherfucker.

I wasn't sure but I wasn't going to stop until Dimochka was in the ground. I would spare his beautiful queen to mourn over him the way I was mourning over my family. As for his precious boys...they would have to go as well. I didn't have the chance to see Jacqo grow. I would never get the chance to teach him how to hold a gun, a knife, or how to kill like his old man. I would never find a woman as good as Amanda. My heart was too broken now. I would be good for no one.

Cutting the ignition, I grabbed the beer and climbed out of the truck. Going to the bed of the truck I stared at the large lock box sitting there.

"Sorry babe, sorry son." I repented for the millionth time. Their ashes were with me everywhere I went to remind me to continue to make those that put them there pay for their sins. I was paying for mine every day and all day.

Sleep rarely found me. When I tried closing my eyes, the images of me suffocating Jacqo were always the first I would see. Shooting Amanda through the heart was next. Me burning their bodies to ashes was the last. This was on repeat every night for the past four months. That's why I couldn't rest until Dimochka McQueen and his fucking half-breed mutts were put the death. Because of him, I killed the only people that ever gave a fuck about me. I killed the best parts of me. Yet, it was still that motherfucker's fault.

CHLOE SMITH

It was frustrating trying to finish up the last couple of chapters of my latest book with Dallas sprawled out next to me, bare chested with his dreads piled on top of his head. He had one arm thrown across my thighs, in between me and the laptop. His fingers seductively brushed my thigh. Any time I tried to move he'd stay me.

Dallas was flipping through the television, casually eyeing me. This was the first time I had sat down to write in a few days. I needed to get these thoughts out of my head and onto the paper ASAP. I hated to have clear visions of a scene then lose it cuz I procrastinated on it.

“So when ya gon’ stop bullshittin’ wit’ me an’ lemme know where dat name came from.”

My fingers stopped mid-type, my eyes darting to Dallas’ blue gaze. Licking his lips, he smiled causing heat to stir within me. I could never get tired of his stunning grill or looking at him.

Something had been on his mind today. I spent most of the afternoon with the girls us swimming and enjoying each other’s company. Us being together felt like a vacation or something. After the girls and I got done swimming, I came in the bedroom to find him in deep thought.

I wanted to be nosey but decided against it seeming as my nigga was into all types of shit. I wasn’t gonna be the naïve bitch. I knew *exactly* what Dallas was up to. I just didn’t need him to tell me for me to know.

He’d been pretty quiet though. I wondered if it had to do with Dime. Miss Francesca called earlier, letting us know that Dime was still stable, nothing changing. The doctors were hoping to let him wake up in the next couple of days which was a good thing. Dallas and I were set to go up to the hospital in the morning.

Truthfully, I still felt some type of way about the shit that went down with Rochelle. I did a good job of hiding my feelings and not saying shit when I really wanted to cuss him the fuck out. Dallas had no business falling for the shit she pulled.

I understood he was trying to do the right thing but fuck that bitch. Especially when he didn’t tell me beforehand. If he was going to start keeping secrets, then what me and him had wasn’t going to last long. Period. Cuz wasn’t no man, not even a man as fine as Dallas, about to take me through that bullshit and drama. No thank you!

Turning back to my laptop I continued typing.

“Damn, I guess issa secret then,” he chuckled.

“Just like Rochelle is a secret, or at least the shit you do for her,” I mumbled.

Dallas rolled over, pushing the laptop out of my lap. Scoffing, I reached for the device.

“Naw, we ‘bout to clear some shit up right nie, ya dig,” he stated, swatting my hand away. Taking me into his arms he rolled until he was on top of me.

“Say what ya gotta say lil’ mama. Get it off ya chest, cuz after dis, not shit betta come up ‘bout a bitch named Rochelle no muthafuckin’ mo’, yahurme.”

I eyed this nigga. No he didn’t! Did he not know what family I came from? “First of all, who are you talkin’ to like that?”

“I’m talkin’ to ya ass, shawty. You worried ‘bout a bitch that’s sleepin’,” he winked at me. “I’on want no fuckin’ problems witchu but I’ain gon’ be ‘round here walkin’ on fuckin’ eggshells cuz you in ya feelin’s.”

Chuckling with sarcasm, I replied sweetly. “Yeen gotta walk on shit, love. Leave me the fuck alone, and I’ll leave you the fuck alone. It’s that simple. I deserve a nigga that’s honest and it took one situation with a ‘bitch’ for you to fuck that trust up. So, I can be in my feelings all I damn well please. Fuck you for not giving a damn about my feelings when that bitch tried you the way she fuckin’ did.”

Dallas stared down at me unblinking. Turning away from his gaze, I hated that he made me even doubt him. That was probably my fault for holding him to a higher standard than the rest of these niggas out here.

Burying his head in my neck, Dallas inhaled deeply, then exhaled. His dreads fell out of the loose bun he had, falling across my face tickling my nose.

“I fucked up shawty, I admit that. Wasn’t nothin’ ‘bout what I did on no sneaky shit either. Get that outcha head. I

stand by what the fuck I told ya the day after I made ya mine. Don't eva fuckin' doubt me. On my life I'ain the nigga that's gon' do you wrong, shawty."

Dallas kissed my cheek, until his lips met mine. "I apologize fa makin' you doubt me lil' behbeh." That was it. My eyes misted over as I blinked rapidly to hold them at bay. Maybe I should make him suffer a few days, which would teach him not to try me like that again. Who was I kidding though. I was more upset that he fell for Rochelle's shit than him actually helping her. I could get past this one incident. Let me find out this nigga playin' me and he gonna see a whole other side of Chloe Smith that I promise you his ass wouldn't like.

"And if you ever tell me again that I can leave you the fuck alone and vice versa... I'mma tie you to this bed, and fuck ya 'til ya mind right, yahurme." Dallas bit my lips then growled.

Shit! Tie me to the bed anyway, nigga!

"Nie, back to Blue. I made that much of an impression on you, shawty?"

Ugghhh. Blue was my pen name I adopted. And, yes, it was because of this nigga. With his arrogant ass.

Smiling, Dallas continued to kiss on me. "It's cool *chérie*. That only means ya been thinkin' 'bout me when ya writin' allat freaky shit. I think my favorite scene was from your first book, Bleu and Tiece, when they recorded themselves fuckin'. Hmm. Would you do that wit' me shawty? Shit turns me the fuck on." I could tell from the massive erection he was getting from whispering this hot shit in my ear. I was turned on too.

Pinning my hands above my head, Dallas brought his lips to mine, kissing me deeply. He was grinding his dick on my pussy, setting her on fire. The thin lace panties I had on were no match for the heat I felt.

Dallas bit his bottom lip, nose flaring. Removing his hands from mine, he skated them down my body until he

reached my panties. “Can’t remember if I ate today,” he grinned sheepishly.

Kissing down my body, he placed wet kisses atop my bralette covered titties, kissing the nipple rings. He continued south, setting my body to a higher degree.

My panties were off in no time, Dallas’ lips replacing them. He licked along my tattoo. “My name is next,” he mentioned before his tongue connected with my pussy lips. He hadn’t even started good and we were both already moaning. Dallas brought me to two quick orgasms, cleaning me up before flipping me over.

In a daze I remember him grabbing for his cell phone wondering why he needed that shit at a time like this. I was on my knees with my ass in the air, eyes weak from the sexual lust I was under.

Dallas’ hand glided up my ass, squeezing my flesh. I felt the tip of his dick playing in my juices, causing me to moan. Dallas pushed inside of me, my tight walls screaming at the intrusion.

Fisting the blanket I accepted Dallas’ deep strokes, trying to keep my voice down. Last thing I needed was for anyone to hear us in here. I’d be damned if they clown on me again.

Dallas was grunting and groaning, his strokes so sure. Turning my head, I looked back at him to watch his facial expressions. It turned me on that he wasn’t a quiet or stoic lover. I ignored the fact that in one hand he held his phone above our nether regions, recording himself pulverizing my middle.

“Ya pussy look so good on my dick shawty,” he professed. I creamed instantly, my eyes fluttering from the euphoric feeling.

I started throwing my ass back, seeking more of what he had just given me.

“Yeah, put dat pussy on me!”

Moaning in pleasure I struggled to keep my eyes open as Dallas bit into his lip, meeting my thrust. I was close to another one, the feeling taking me even higher than the first one.

“Dallas babyyy.” I was throwing my ass in a circle the best I could. Watching the play of emotions on his face, I could say I was doing an okay job.

The sounds our love making made was getting louder. As my eyes fluttered close, I caught a glimpse of Dallas chucking his phone to the side. He leaned over me planting his hands by my head.

“Who the fuck I belong to?”

“M..me,” I stuttered.

“Who the fuck you belong to?”

“You, Dallas.” Sliding his left hand up my throat, he reached my mouth covering it. He planted his right hand on the bed for leverage as his strokes became deeper, harder.

I see why he covered my mouth. A bitch started screamin’ like a damn fool. Screamin’ in pleasure, definitely not pain. I came on Dallas’ dick again, the pleasure surreal.

“Damnn. Fuck I wanna hear ya screams...” He groaned deeply as his head lowered to my shoulder. “I’m cummin’ Chloe.” He pronounced gruffly, biting into the skin of my shoulder.

One lesson learned. I would *never* do that recording shit with this nigga again. I was gon’ feel them strokes and that bite for days.

Chapter 12

AMELIA “MILLIE” PRINCE

“You just gon’ ignore a nigga all night like a lil’ ass girl?” Jumping, I damn near dropped my glass of wine. I didn’t even hear Saint come in the house. The dogs and I were chillin’ listening to some Erykah Badu. Turning the radio down, Saint’s eyes fell to the ball shorts and t-shirt I had on.

“Have I said anything to you since you nuttied in me this morning? No. So the answer to your question is, yes. I’m ignoring you.”

Saint grinned. Rolling my eyes, I took my glass of wine, leaving the kitchen. The pool house was empty save me, Rock and Pebbles. The Smiths were in the main house chilling with Miss Francesca for a minute. She had just arrived home from seeing Dime, so she was a little down. Being that she was pregnant, the elder Smiths thought they’d give her some company.

That was cool, cuz I needed some time to myself. After Saint and I fucked earlier, I didn’t know whether to feel relieved or annoyed. Relieved because I had finally had sex that I wanted to have. Annoyed because the nigga nuttied in me with my no birth control havin’ ass. Even though I didn’t plan on going back to play basketball, I didn’t want to be out here with a kid either. Especially not from some random dick.

Shoving past Saint, I went to sit on my ‘bed’. Damn I was so in love with this thing, I’d have to buy one when I got my own *new* place.

“If I would’ve known ya ass was this childish, I would’ve left ya alone.”

Unfazed I replied, “There’s still time. Don’t talk to me on my account.” Fishing for the remote, I turned the volume up on the television. Sipping my wine, I leaned back on the bed, settled to watch the original Bad Boys movie. This joint was my shit!

“And for the record, ignoring your arrogant ass doesn’t make me childish. It makes me mature. Cuz if I say some shit I really wanna say, yeen gon’ like it.”

Saint was about to reply when my cellphone chimed with an incoming call. Reading the name on the display, I hesitated before answering.

“Hello.”

Saint came over to the bed, bending down in my space, reaching for my phone. “I was talkin’ to ya shawty,” he stated.

“Who is that?” Journey “Drew” Turner was one of my former teammates. She was the only one I really talked to on the team cuz she wasn’t threatened by me. If anything she had a crush on my ass, which I did not like. She’d never tried me in that way. It was just the way she’d look at me and shit.

“Nobody, Drew. What’s up?” Saint reached for my phone again, making me spill wine all over my t-shirt. Smacking my teeth, I glared at him. He grilled me back like the fuck nigga he was.

“Get off the phone fa I act the fuck up, ya dig,” he drawled.

Rolling my eyes, I continued talking. “Anyways, yeah Drew what were you saying?”

Getting up, I needed to change this shirt. I sat the remainder of the wine on the table, grabbed a shirt out of one of the shopping bags I had yet to unpack, then headed for the bathroom.

“You sure you good? Sounds like whoever that is means business.” Her nosey ass.

“Nah, just a friend of my homegirl.”

“Oh. Well, coach told us you’re not coming back to the team. I just wanted to talk to you to see if there was anything I could do.” Smiling, I wished I *could* go back home.

“No, I’m not ready to come back yet,” I replied.

“Oh,” she responded dejected. “Well, if you need anything let me know. I came by your apartment a couple of times but I couldn’t catch you.”

Sighing, I removed my shirt before putting the phone back to my ear. “I’m cool Drew. Just need some time. Things are a little crazy right now.”

“Is it school? The team? Because there’s counselors and coaches to help us, Millie.”

Why did I answer this fucking phone with this whining ass crybaby bitch?

“None of that Drew, listen. I promise I’m good. I’m with a good friend of mine resting that’s all. I enjoyed our time together but it was time for me to move on. I don’t know if I will ever come back and that’s okay for me. I have to go, take care.” Disconnecting the call, I placed the phone on the bathroom counter while I put the clean shirt on.

The bathroom door busted open. I rushed to pull my shirt down when Saint snatched me up. Throwing me over his shoulder he headed out of the bathroom, through the living room, and out of the front door. The whole time I beat on his back, telling him to put me down. Rock and Pebbles were looking like they ain’t know what the fuck was going on either.

Before I knew it, I was flying. I didn’t have time to scream cuz I hit the water seconds later. When I came up for air, Saint was standing there with my cellphone. Chucking it, it landed right by me, almost hitting me in the head.

“The wrong one to play wit’ shawty.” Walking casually away, Saint went back into the pool house, closing the door behind him and the dogs. Shit even Rock and Pebbles left me!

Swimming to the pool stairs, I hoisted myself out of the water. Stomping my way into the house, I wanted to smack the smirk clean off of Saint’s face.

“You owe me a phone asshole.” I stood in front of him, hand on hip. Saint leaned back on the sofa, arms across the back, legs wide, grinning at my soaked ass.

“I’ on owe you shit, mama. I tolya to get off the phone. Ya ass need to learn how to listen. I’m the muhfucka to teach ya, yahurme.”

Glaring, I seethed with anger. “Dumb ass! All my shit was in that phone!” Saint shrugged nonchalantly pissing me off even more.

“Nie you drippin’ water all ova the floor.” Shooting him the bird, I stormed off in search of dry clothes.

Showered and dry, I was beat at this point. I didn’t even get to enjoy the wine I had poured earlier. Forgoing a second round, I came out the bathroom headed straight for the bed. Saint hadn’t budged out of his spot. Paying him no attention, I laid down and pulled the covers up, turning my back towards him.

I must’ve dozed off, cuz the bed dipping startled me. Saint hovered over my face his lips close to my ear. The smell of Kush permeated off of his breath. Kissing my ear his tongue trailed my ear before he took my earlobe in his mouth. My panties flooded from the contact.

“Lemme eat ya pussy, behbeh.”

Oh, hell no! My mind screamed.

Saint moved the covers back, his eyes caressing my frame. I laid there speechless as he placed kisses down my abdomen. His long dreads swayed against his shoulders, begging me to reach out to them. When Saint made it to the top of my panties, he stopped.

Bitch, if this nigga was about to play me—

“Ahh,” I screeched as Saint snatched my panties off and dove headfirst into my nectar. He hiked my legs up over his shoulders, pushing my thighs back until they damn near touched the bed. I looked down, amazed at what I was feeling to find Saint staring back at me.

His eyes were cast low, speaking to me in ways I couldn’t *didn’t* want to understand. Placing my hands on his dreaded head, I tilted my head back as a wave of pure pleasure

swept over me. Saint was sucking and slurping loudly, encouraging me to cum in his mouth.

Nigga what? My body answered right away. The pulsing in my clit was strong, making the bud sensitive. I tried moving away from the pleasure but Saint held me still, sucking and slurping everything my body was giving him.

My legs shook from the powerful orgasm that ripped through me. “Ooohh...” This nigga’s tongue was lethal.

Damn Chloe was right about these good head havin’ ass niggas, I thought dozing back off.

Two Days Later

FRANCESCA TOUISSAINT

Between my nerves and this morning sickness I didn’t know what was keeping me in the bathroom more. Being pregnant at my age was scary. Not because I was afraid to *have* a baby. There were just certain issues that could arise to cause the baby to be unhealthy and I didn’t want that. Of course whatever God intended, I would love and cherish regardless.

God. He was funny for this one. Fifty-two and pregnant. Dime was going to blow his shit when he found out. I couldn’t wait to tell him.

Today the doctors would be taking Dime off of his breathing machine. I was excited yet nervous. I prayed all night that there would be no complications. It was going to be hard enough for Dime just to find out that he was paralyzed. My heart ached for the love of my life.

Rubbing my non-existent belly, I stood at the sliding glass doors leading to the backyard watching Dallas and Chloe play with the dogs. There wasn’t much yard space with the pool and guest house however the plush greenery was well put together and manicured. My son had done well for himself despite the lifestyle he’d been a part of. I was so proud of him.

“She is so in love with him.” Melony said whimsically, joining me.

Anyone that paid attention could see that my behbeh was in love with Chloe as well. “It’s mutual.”

Melony grinned. “Your son gave us a second chance, rescued us.”

“Rescued you?”

She nodded. Melony reminded me so much of the actress Rochelle Aytes. Melony’s skin was just the color of milk chocolate.

“A week ago, Jamison and I were in prison.”

Her revelation startled me.

“I’m pretty sure you’re aware who my husband’s family is. He and I were travelling to Atlanta for a weekend getaway when we were pulled over. Drugs were planted on us. Needless to say we both were charged with trafficking. JJ got fifteen years, I got fourteen. My baby was sixteen when all of it happened. Nearly killed her and us. The motive for the feds was to try and get JJ and I to give up his family. Neither of us would so...” She sighed heavily, consumed in her thoughts.

“I woke up one morning last week to the guards telling me I was leaving,” she chuckled. “Girl I thought they were lying or I was dreaming. I didn’t believe it until I was sitting in the back of Saint’s truck, heading to pick up my husband from his location.” Shaking her head, she wiped away the tears that fell.

“Dallas will always be a part of us. We will always protect him no matter what. If not for what he’s doing in Chloe’s life, then absolutely for what he has done for us. My husband and I are back together, happy, because of him.”

Damn, I was crying with Melony. Hearing her story made me all the more ready to be Dime’s wife. Here I was, running from a man I had within reach and I held him at bay. I regretted it deeply. There was no use crying now though. I’d do everything in my power to love Dime for the rest of his days. No matter what.

“I’m so happy for you two. Now I see why the depth of love you have for each other is so strong.” I hugged Melony to my side. “Are you guys planning on giving Chloe a sister or brother?” I asked trying to lighten the mood.

Melony’s head snapped back. “Chile, hell no!” she chortled. “I’mma leave that baby stuff to you and my daughter. I haven’t been free for eight years... I need my peace for a little while longer before I even *think* about some babies.”

I laughed so hard. I didn’t blame sis one bit.

“And at the rate Dallas and Chloe going, the baby and your grandchild gonna be the same age,” Houston commented laughing.

Melony and I both turned around swatting at him at the same time. I loved being around her. JJ and Melony made me feel like I had life again. I had no living siblings, and my relationship with Saint’s mom was cordial for the sake of Saint. I finally had people in my life I considered friends, family. And I loved it. I was ready for Dime to wake up so that he could share this with me.

Mustering up the courage to face the man I loved with all my heart, I prayed Dime’s coming to was without any issues. I don’t think my heart could handle it.

Chapter 13

DIMOCHKA “DIME” MCQUEEN

Carrying Francesca out of the house, I glanced up to see the black sedan parked along the street. Her detail was still here, watching the house. I'd let them hang out while I took her to the hospital to see what was wrong with her.

I wasn't a dumb man. Francesca hadn't been this sick since she was pregnant with the boys. Even though we were in our fifties, Chess could very well be pregnant again. It was a long shot, but I'd seen stranger shit.

Besides, her juicy pussy had been extra juicy lately. Hell yeah. Our age ain't mean shit! Me and my woman got down in the bedroom. Shit the bathroom, kitchen, truck, garage... Anyplace we damn well felt like it. It was gonna stay that way too.

Placing Francesca in the truck, I got in to head to the hospital.

“Francesca.” I waited for her to turn my way. She was suffering I could tell by the look on her face yet she still smiled at me.

“Yes, behbeh,” she answered.

I rested my hand on hers, interlocking our fingers.

“Let's get married. Fuck all the bullshit. Fuck what's going on around us. I'm not waiting anymore.” I damn sure didn't want to wait any longer. I kept my eyes on the road with a stupid smile on my face.

“You really think that's a good idea Dime? Look at what's going on. How can you even think about something like marriage with what happened to us the other night?”

I bit my bottom lip, a little annoyed.

“Chess, that's why I'm ready to get married, been fuckin' ready. What happened at Houston's game could've ended so differently. I'm tired of this between us queen Chess.

I want you to have my fuckin' last name and I'm not waiting anymore for you to decide. We've been together sixteen years. What the fuck are we waiting on? Stop letting your fears keep you away from me. You got my heart; take my fuckin' last name too." Why couldn't she fucking understand that?

The truck was quiet again as I merged onto the interstate, Houston traffic was as it normally was, busy as hell. All I knew the muthafuckas needed to move out of the way so I could get my lady some help.

"Okay, Dime," Francesca whispered.

I quickly glanced her way, hoping she was serious.

A loud burst that sounded like a bomb had the hairs on the back of my neck rising. Instinctively I checked my surroundings trying to locate the culprit. The truck jerked violently, sending us careening onto the shoulder of the road and into the thicket of trees lining the road.

Francesca started screaming, as the truck swerved violently tossing us around like rag dolls. When the tires lifted, I knew we were about to start flipping.

My window exploded sending shattered glass across my face. The sound of metal crunching were the only sounds I heard as the truck continued to flip. When we finally came to rest, the blood rushing through my ears created muffled sounds. The truck was on its roof, smoke filling the interior. I had to get Francesca out of here.

"Chess, baby," I groaned. I couldn't make out any sounds from how deafening the ringing was in my ears. Bright lights appeared through the interior of the truck.

"Dime!" Francesca screamed seconds before I felt every bone in my body being broken.

Confusion settled over me as hushed voices spoke around me. Little by little the voices became clear. Francesca and Dallas. Francesca was sniffing, crying. What the hell was my woman crying for?

Groaning, a slight pain rushed through my forehead as I tried to turn towards the voices. I blinked several times trying

to focus my vision against the bright light.

“The hell...” I muttered, realizing I was in a strange place. The strong scent of antiseptic filled my nostrils confusing me even more. Okay. So, I was in a hospital. That much I was sure of. The beeping from the machine I was attached to give it away along with the cliché smells.

“Dime?” Francesca whispered tearfully. Shit Francesca. I was supposed to be taking her to the hospital.

I thought I smiled. I didn’t know if I did or not because everything was moving in slow motion.

“Mr. McQueen, I’m Dr. Pierre. It’s good to finally meet you.”

What did this quack mean by finally? I tried to sit up my body too tired to do such. Struggling again to focus, I made out Francesca’s beautiful tear-stained face.

“The hell’s goin’ on?” My throat felt like I swallowed a bunch of tacks.

Francesca and Dime stood by the bedside, watching me closely. Dallas stood emotionless, his gaze travelling from me to the doctor.

“Mr. McQueen,” the doctor started as Francesca took my hand. “You were in an accident. You sustained some pretty serious injuries.” Slowly turning my head I made eye contact with the doctor.

“Tell me,” I ordered. Wasn’t like he wouldn’t. I just wanted to get this fuck shit over with. By the way Chess was silently boo-hooing I knew my injuries were serious.

“First, you sustained some trauma to your brain. This may result in confusion and migraines, pressure, blurry vision for quite some time.” Okay, that I could deal with.

“Secondly, a few of your ribs were broken, mainly on your left side. Those will heal over time. Thirdly, your back was fractured at L3. We were able to repair the break with steel rods. You will need extensive rehab to aid in your recovery. The break did cause nerve damage to both of your

legs. At this time you are paralyzed. The nerve that was damaged wasn't completely severed so there is hope that with extensive rehab you may one day have the use of your legs."

Devastated wasn't even the word. Thinking this quack was lying I tried wiggling my toes. Using that much brain energy to provoke a response made my head hurt. Francesca silently wept, rubbing my hand in assurance that she was by my side.

"We will do all that we can to see you walk out of here a success Mr. McQueen." The doctor said some other things before leaving the room. Leaving me in a state of shock.

"Dime," Dallas called. Blinking, I turned to my eldest son. "We gotchu." There was no doubt in my mind that they didn't.

"Grisham?" I asked Dallas straightforward. A single nod.

"Got dat too," he responded.

My eyes drifted close, with one thought on my confused mind. "Chess?"

"Yes, love, I'm here," she replied, squeezing my hand.

"You were sick. Is it a baby in there?"

Laughing through tears, she whispered, "Yes."

Dallas on the other hand scoffed. "Ugh mane. Lemme get ova thinkin' 'bout that shit fa y'all bring it up in my presence," he drawled. I couldn't laugh, but I smiled. We were gonna be alright.

DALLAS MCQUEEN

Now that Dime was awake, everything seemed to lighten up. He took the news about his injuries as best as he could. Time would tell what emotional damage he'd sustain from being paralyzed. Knowing Dime though, he'd fight to walk again. We would all help him.

Mind still on the fact that Dime had some connection to Lester, I needed to find out how ASAP.

Just as I thought it my cell phone buzzed as I was leaving the room. Houston was pacing the floor's waiting room.

"He up?" he asked, excitedly. I nodded grinning.

"I'mma take this call. Gon' in there and see 'em," I encouraged. I didn't have to tell him twice. Houston took off down the hall to Dime's room. Chloe was seated, texting furiously on her phone. Sitting next to her, I dropped a kiss on her pouted lips while connecting the call.

"What it do?"

"Mane, aye, I got that contact fa ya." Jamal Hunter, my nigga that owns club Voo spoke. Jamal wasn't just a club owner. He was a hitta too. Just in the streets wit' that shit. He was one of the people I trusted to get me information that I needed. Like Lester, Jamal had info on some of the top officials in the city, which kept him moving smoothly outchea.

"Derek Munroe." Jamal recited the address I needed to pull up on ole boy. "Holla at me if ya need me, yahurme."

"Fa sho." I disconnected the call, mentally storing the address me and crew was gon' hit up tonight.

"Who you textin'?" Chloe was all into that damn phone. I put my arm around her shoulders, letting her lean into me.

"Crazy girl Millie. She trippin' cuz Saint broke her phone." Chloe chuckled and so did I.

"Damn already?"

Chloe nodded.

"He's refusing to buy her another one. They are definitely gonna have a strange relationship."

I nodded in agreement.

"How is papa bear?" Chloe sat her phone in her lap to give me her full attention.

"He's in good spirits. 'Specially since mama told him 'bout the baby." I cringed just thinking about it.

Chloe chortled. “Well, I’m glad to hear that. Mama bear needs some good news so she can sit her ass down somewhere.” She fussed.

“Hell yeah.” I seconded.

Chloe fidgeted in her seat. Something was on shawty’s mind.

“Talk to me, lil’ mama.”

She sighed heavily.

“And it betta not be no bullshit.”

Chloe smacked her teeth. “No it isn’t. This is probably too much to ask but Millie needs a place to lay low for a little while. You think she can stay with us?”

“No question, behbeh. She good?” If Millie was in some trouble me and Saint were gon’ have to handle that.

“I don’t wanna tell her business, but she can’t go back home right now. Home as in Orlando.” Chloe stated.

“Aight cool. That’s ya girl so I understand. But if anything changes lemme know if I gotta put my foot off in a nigga.”

Chloe chuckled. “Yes baby, of course.” She leaned in to kiss me. “I love you.”

This was her first time ever tellin’ me she loved me first. I can’t lie and say it didn’t make me feel some type of way.

“If all these muhfuckas weren’t in the waitin’ room right nie, I’d fuck the shit outcha ,*chérie*. *Vous savez que je le ferai* (you know I will). *Je t’aime* (I love you).” I pecked her lips a couple of times drawing a smile from her.

“Damn girl I’on know what he just said but...damn!” Two old ladies sitting on the other side of the waiting room were staring at us fanning themselves. Whichever one made the comment had Chloe and I cracking up.



A little before midnight...

“This the house rightchea.” Saint checked the clip in his Glock before cocking it.

“Damn the fuck kinda salary this nigga got?” G commented, donning black gloves like the rest of us.

Not only was Derek’s house on swole, but his driveway was lined with expensive whips. Funny how a nigga that’s supposed to be a county commissioner ‘round here livin’ like he owned a couple of teams.

“I’m ‘bout to cut his lights nie.” If it had anything to do with tech, Trev was that nigga.

“Surveillance?” Steph asked.

“That too. All his shit finna disappear,” Trev assured.

That’s what I needed.

“Steph mane. Stay away from the hammers an’ shit. I’m still tryna get over seeing exposed bone an’ shit,” Gatah joked.

Steph grinned. “Not makin’ any promises bro.”

Once Trev cut the electricity, we slid from the van.

Desert eagle in each hand, I walked up the driveway flanked by Gatah and Steph. Saint and Trev took off on separate sides of the house.

I blew a hole through the lock securing the door. Had the silencer not been in place the whole block would’ve heard the blast.

“The fuck?” Derek’s sleep ridden voice sounded scared as fuck. Good.

Derek was coming down the stairs in nothing but a robe. He didn’t see us until it was too late. He tried turning around to run but I sent one through his knee, sending him tumbling down the stairs.

“Don’t touch shit.” I told the crew. We let Derek lay at the bottom of the stairs writhing in pain.

“What the fuck do ya want?” Derek managed to get out through the pain. Noise coming from upstairs had Saint and Trev rushing up there.

“We need to talk ‘bout Lester Burgess. Tell me the shit ‘bout ‘em I can’t find in the obituary nigga.”

Derek cried in pain, just as I heard a shot sound off from upstairs.

“Oh God!” Derek cried. Hate it fa whoever was up there. Fuckin’ with Derek had just costed them their life.

“Shut the fuck up, nigga. Lester, nigga. Now!” Aiming the heat at his forehead, I dared him to stall me.

“Lester? He died years ago. Some lil’ punk muthafucka —” As if he saw the revelation, Derek started crying. “No, hell no.”

“Yeah, nigga. Finish what you’s ‘bout to say.”

Derek whimpered. “Please. I had nothing to do with whatever Lester was into. He was working side jobs outside of the police force. Some German muthafucka paid Lester a shitload of money to provide detail for his girlfriend and her children. Her son...*you* killed him?”

Saint and Trev joined us back down the stairs.

I wondered if my mother knew that Dime had ties to Lester.

“Lester got greedy. He took one look at the German’s girlfriend and swore he had to have her. She resisted him for a while. One day Lester came to work bragging about how he had taken her out. I warned him that he was playin’ a dangerous game. Whatever the fuck that German did for a living had to be crucial if he needed protection for his family.”

While I hated to find out this way, at least I knew Dime wasn’t on no crooked shit. I breathed a sigh of relief, the mounting doubt I had in my head disappearing.

“How many prostitutes you fucked this week Commissioner? Ya people know ya got that shit? You the nigga killin’ all these females outchea in the Nolia.”

Derek sputtered. “Wha— Where did you hear that?”

I shrugged. “Don’t matter.” I sent one through his head, sending his brains all over the steps. “Burn this shit down.”

“On it.” Gatah and Steph went into the kitchen to do wat I requested.

“Who was upstairs?” I asked Saint.

He grinned. “A male...participant.”

Shaking my head, I grilled the lifeless body of Derek. I’ain care about him being gay or no shit like that. But this nigga was really outchea spreadin’ his disease to any and everybody. Dirty muthafucka!

Chapter 14

AMELIA “MILLIE” PRINCE

Aggravated wasn't the word bitch. If this nigga did not replace my phone today I was gonna burn his shit in the middle of the yard. Think issa game. Mrs. Melony and Francesca had cooked a big breakfast this morning. Everyone was in the kitchen, fixing plates and drinks.

I fixed my plate, piled with two pancakes, sausage and bacon, eggs, and strawberries. Once I had everything I needed, I made my way to find a spot to eat.

“Shit!” I bumped dead into a hard ass chest. My food toggled off of the plate, hitting the floor.

“Damn, my fault. Watch where ya goin', lil' mama.”

Oooh, this muthafucka!

Looking up into Saint's arrogant ass grin, I reached up and slapped the shit out of him. The impact caused everyone to gasp.

“Damnnn, g!” Gatah voiced laughing.

I think I heard Saint growl before he hoisted my ass up over his shoulder.

“Oh Lord.”

“Saint.”

“Millie.”

“Chile...these chirren.”

“Get her!”

A chorus of comments flooded my ears as I pounded on Saint's back, demanding that he put me down. It was only after he was headed out of the sliding glass doors that I had an idea of what he was about to do.

“You better fucking not nig—” My ass went flying, hitting the water angry as fuck.

The girls came running out of the house laughing in disbelief.

“Saint!” I sputtered in the water, my eyes burning from the chlorine.

“Uh, uh. Don’t call my name, shawty. Ya betta be glad dat’s all I did, yahurme.”

He stalked off back into the house, his niggas dapping him up.

Okay! He wanted to play games with me! Struggling to get out of the water in my fit of rage, Chloe and Yaya gave me a hand.

Busting through the doors of the pool house, Rock and Pebbles ears perked up at the commotion. Stomping past them, I went to the sofa grabbing Saint’s duffle bag. Shuffling through his clothes, I located all of his underwear, which were Ralph Lauren Polo by the way, but anyway. That’s another story. Along with the underwear I grabbed all his designer jeans. Going into the kitchen, I removed the trash bag from the waste basket. Dumping the clothes inside, I then rummaged through the kitchen for a lighter.

“Millie. What are you doin’ girl?” Chloe chuckled. Damn, my girl had just got the green light from Dallas that I could hole up with them for a while. I was about to show my natural black ass in this bitch. Hopefully, he wouldn’t change his mind. His fuckin’ cousin shouldn’t be so damn arrogant with his uglass.

I said nothing as I located a lighter in one of the drawers. A can of lighter fluid was under the kitchen sink. With all I needed, I drug the waste basket out of the pool house with the girls, Rock and Pebbles looking at me like I was psychotic. I was dripping wet, my body shivering against the gentle breeze as I poured lighter fluid inside the basket.

“The fuck?” Houston ran back in the house. “Aye Saint! She settin’ ya shit on fire!”

Saint flew out of the sliding glass doors just as I set the flame on the clothes. Laughing hysterically, I watched as the

clothes went up in flames.

“Hell nah!”

“Nigga finna kill her!”

“Son, calm down...”

“Call the police!”

Hoe, I clearly didn't think this shit all the way through. If you could see the look on Saint's face right now... It wasn't even an angry look. More like a *psychotic*, white serial killer look. *Oh shit!* I took off running as Saint barreled towards me. Rock and Pebbles were barking with excitement at the fiasco going on in the backyard. Saint ended up catching me. Where you think I ended up at, bitch?

**

“Ma'am what color phone would you like?”

“The white one,” I replied, skimming the phone cases.

“Aye, bruh. I feel like ya tryin' the fuck outta me dawg. Just get her a damn phone and don't ask her no muhfuckin' mo' questions.” This dumb ass nigga. The salesman, with his fine chocolate ass too, smirked unfazed while he went off to get my phone. Saint was acting like a jealous nigga. Granted the dude was all up in my grill, flirting and shit. We were having a good conversation until Saint walked in the store grilling the whole staff.

“You kee-keein' all in that nigga face but can't say shit to me?”

Nope! I'd been effectively ignoring his ass *for good* since this morning. Since I burned all his shit, here we were at the mall *again* shopping. It was just Chloe, Yaya and I with Saint, Dallas and Gatah. Mariah had opted to stay home as her feet couldn't handle the walking. Baby girl was carrying that baby though. Francesca and Houston were at the hospital with Dime. Mr. and Mrs. Smith along with Trevor stayed at the house to keep Steph and Mariah company.

Minding my business, I picked up a case that caught my eye. Fuck Saint! He could kiss my ass. I didn't care how

fine he was. Wasn't no nigga about to be running me. Especially after I had to go through that bullshit with Twan. Hell no! I'd be by myself before I let a nigga control me.

"I know you hear me talkin' to ya ass," Saint grumbled behind me.

"Here you go Miss lady." The salesman had a deep New Orleans drawl too. His name tag read Gold. When he smiled, a pair of deep dimples winked at me along with his glistening white teeth. He was a part of the beard gang, rocking a low cut Ceaser. What was funny is that he wasn't intimidated by Saint at all. His long lashes swept his cheeks as his eyes moved from my toes to my head.

Gold laid the box on the counter then waited for me to approach. Saint beat me to the counter. Saint had been dead set on not buying me a new phone so I was purchasing my own. I couldn't go another day without having my own communication device. While I didn't have many people that called my phone, I still needed it for obvious reasons.

Saint pulled his wallet from his back pocket.

"Keep your money, boo. I got my own so you can gon' with that," I shoed.

Saint mugged me, pushing me to the side while he handed his card to Gold. Gold peered back and forth between us, not sure what the fuck to do. He was amused though, the exchange comical.

Gold completed the transaction handing the receipt and bag to Saint. "Enjoy the rest of ya day pretty lady. Come back and see me sometime." He licked his lips, then smiled. So did I.

"I'mma fuck you up nigga." Saint made a move to go around the counter.

Gold grinned, egging Saint on.

Grabbing Saint's arm, I pulled him towards the entrance.

"I'mma see you nigga!" Saint shot back.

Gold chuckled. “We’ll see.”

The petty and messy ass niggas! Fuck my life.

**

PAUL “SAINT” TOUISSAINT

As soon as this damn dinner was over, I was taking my ass back up to the mall to meet ole boy so I could whoop his ass. Muhfucka tried me like a bitch and I wasn’t goin’ out like that.

“Welcome to Rachel’s Ave, what can I get you all to drink?”

Damn! Behbeh girl had a bad ass body that had me and the rest of the niggas tryin’ not to look at. Well, everybody except Dallas. That nigga was making bitch faces with his girl, taking pictures and shit. Those muhfuckas were weird.

Everyone gave their drink orders. When it was Amelia’s chance to order, I noticed the waitress giving Amelia the once over with a flirtatious smile.

“Yes, I’ll have a strawberry lemonade,” Amelia ordered. She smiled sweetly at the waitress, who asked, “Anything else I can get ya, love?”

Amelia blushed. “No, I’m good thank you, sweetheart.” The waitress put a little extra sway in her hips as she walked away, peering over her shoulder to see if Amelia was watching. Amelia was.

It took every amount of restraint I had not to flip this girl over this muthafuckin’ table. She was straight tryin’ a nigga, and in front of the homies. Amelia thought she had the upper hand, but I was ‘bout to burst behbeh girl’s bubble.

“Oh you fuck with the bitches nie? No wonder ya lil’ pussy was so tight.” Amelia’s eyes stretched wide as fuck.

“What did you just say?” The whole table was quiet while she stared me down.

“Come on shawty ya heard what the fuck I said. You flirtin’ with bitches and niggas right in front of me an’ that shit

ain't cool. You fuckin' tryin' me like I'mma lil' bitch, shawty."

"Flirting? Nigga is you crazy? I'm not ya girl, so—"

"Wait, repeat yaself."

Amelia observed me dumbfounded.

"Repeat what the hell ya lyin' ass just said, my behbeh."

Amelia rolled her eyes. "Saint," she sighed.

"Amelia," I countered. "Is my handprint still on ya ass? Hmm? Cuz I'mma have them marks you put on my shoulders and back for a few more days."

"Damn," Chloe whispered, causing everyone at the table to snicker.

"You're such an asshole." Amelia smacked her teeth, crossing her arms over her perky breast.

"Nah shawty ya playin' with the wrong muhfucka is all. How many times I gotta tell ya dat. Ya hard of hearin' or some shit."

Deciding she ain't wanna listen no more, Amelia got up to leave the table.

"Millie, wait!" Chloe went to stand, but D halted her.

"Behbeh that's they shit. Sitcho pretty ass back down."

Getting up I followed Amelia out of the front door of the restaurant. Every nigga in this bitch eyed her as she waltzed by. Even the lil' server bitch had a smirk on her face. I grilled her uglass! Hoe could think she was 'bout to slide in on my shawty all she wanted to but it wasn't happenin'.

Amelia was stomping her way down the sidewalk when a nigga came up on her out of nowhere, snatching her by her arm.

"Aye!" I yelled, reaching for the heat at my back.

"Dad, let me go!" Amelia cried out in fear.

Dad? Leaving my heat tucked, I approached the two, pulling Amelia away from the man she called Dad. Nigga must've lost his fuckin' mind hemmin' my shawty up like that. Not to mention she seemed afraid of him and I ain like dat.

“Aye mane be easy. Don't be snatchin' on her like that.” Placing Amelia behind me, I stood to her pops grilling him.

“Fuck you supposed to be? I'm her fuckin' daddy, nigga!”

“I'on give a fuck who you is, my nigga. Don't put ya fuckin' hands on my shawty. 'Less you want them bitches broke or cut off. Which one ya tryna have?”

“Saint—”

“Hush behbeh while I deal with this nigga. Nie if you need to address my behbeh 'bout somethin', do that shit minus touchin' on her. I'on like dat shit. You remind me of an ole prison ass nigga.”

“Boy I'll beat yo' muthafuckin' ass out here!” her daddy shouted, spit flying in my face.

“Twan please!” Millie cried.

“Oh this must be the nigga you fuckin', you lil' lyin' bitch! Be careful, she might claim you raped her!” Amelia's daddy ranted.

Amelia screamed, crying so loud I ain know what to do. Seeing how his words affected her pissed me off.

“Aight, Twan is it?” Amelia's dad seethed like a raging bull, as if he was out of his mind. Not knowing what he had up his sleeve, I drew my heat. “Get the fuck on. Last warning.” I guess hearing Amelia scream brought the rest of the crew running.

“The fuck goin' on?” D questioned.

Seeing I had the steel, D, Gatah, Steph, Trev, Houston, and Mr. JJ with me, Twan started coming to his senses.

“Man listen, I don’t want no problems.” Twan pointed to Amelia, who was still behind me, holding onto my shirt. “Lil’ bitch ruined my life.”

“Nigga I’on give a fuck if she tried to kill you. She obviously feel some type of way ‘bout you and it’s makin’ me nervous.”

Twan leered Amelia’s way before stalking off.

“Y’all go finish dinner. I’mma take Amelia back to the house.” Amelia was a mess of tears and snot. The girls were trying to console her to no avail.

“I got her.” Taking Amelia’s hand, I dapped the niggas up before heading towards the parking lot.

“I was fourteen. My dad’s best friend raped me. He’s the only man I’ve ever known that way besides you.” Sitting on the edge of the tub, my soap-covered hand stilled on Amelia’s abdomen for a brief second. She lay in the tub, head resting on a pillow against the back of the tub railing. Her eyes were closed as tears ran down the side of her head unchecked.

Allowing her to get what she needed off of her chest without interruption, I continued to wash her. “Because Twan didn’t report the rape even after I told him about it, he was arrested for child abuse and endangerment. He got out the day before you called me,” she sniffled. “He had threatened me before, saying he’d kill me. Whether he would or not... But the fact that he felt that was made me afraid for my life. The night you called me I was running from him. I left everything behind. School, basketball cuz I was too scared to face him.” Sighing heavily, she finished. “How the hell did he even find me?”

Rinsing the suds off of Amelia, I then used a dry hand towel to dry her tears. Helping her out of the tub, I wrapped her in a body towel. Leading her to the living room, I made her sit on the sofa while I moisturized her body. She relaxed against the couch, letting me soothe the stress away from her beautiful toes, up to her gorgeous head.

“Shawty. Ya got me now. I’mma check that nigga fa threatenin’ you. And if he won’t the smoke, he can have that too, yahurme.” Fuck you mean. Daddy or not I’d blow that nigga brains out and feed it to his mammy.

I lulled Amelia right on to sleep, vowing to *keep* her as mine.

Chapter 15

CHLOE SMITH

Today we decided to have some fun. It had been a few days since the whole incident with Millie's dad. Truly I felt bad for my girl. I couldn't imagine being violated in that way. Not at any age. The fact that her own father blamed her for what his friend did burned me up inside. With Saint's help, Millie's week had gone much better. The two were being cordial and everything. He hadn't even dumped in her the pool since the last time. And she definitely hadn't burned any of Saint's shit.

Whew, I was glad they came to an understanding!

Bummed, I tried putting on a smile as Dallas and I shopped for the food we were cooking tonight. Because there was a lunatic out there after Dime, Saint and Trevor were in the parking lot making sure Dallas and I could shop in peace.

Since my parents were leaving day after tomorrow, we decided to have a little cookout. My dad's parents and brothers were pissed that he hadn't come back to Pensacola yet seeming as he'd been out for over a week. When JJ explained that he and his wife needed their alone time before coming home, the family understood better. Grandpa and Grandma gave a stern talking to, to everyone letting them know that JJ and Melony were entitled to do whatever they pleased after spending eight years in prison. That's why I loved my grandparents. They were wise, loving and most of all loyal.

I would miss my parents. It wasn't like I couldn't hop on the interstate to go and see them. Just knowing they weren't going to be in the same space as me made me a little sad.

"Ya been starin' at the sausage fa a minute shawty. Kinda how ya be starin' at my dick. Only I know this shit ain't doin' the things to ya mind that my dick can do. So what's good?"

Chuckling at his nasty, filthy-minded ass, I hunched my shoulders. "Just thinking about missing my parents is all."

I placed two packs of sausage in the cart, then proceeded down the meat isle, Dallas positioning his arm around my shoulders.

“We can go see ‘em anytime shawty. Ya grown cry behbeh ass knows that,” he snickered.

Popping him on the chest, I simpered. “I know. We just haven’t been in the same space since they went away. All of it is about to change again.” Pushing away unpleasant thoughts I smiled. “But that does mean you and I can break the kitchen in.” I stated on a happy note.

“Behbeh who you tellin’. Shit, the fuckin’ pool too.”

“Ooh the pool, yes daddy,” I encouraged, soliciting a devious smile from Dallas.

“Keep playin’ I’mma bend you over this steak section.”

Laughing, I didn’t doubt him. We continued shopping, filling the basket with enough shit to feed a football team. Dallas paid the bill, then we headed to the parking lot.

Okay ladies. When your man is as fine as Dallas is, you can’t expect none of these bird-brained, dusty ass, stank-breath havin’ ass hoes to understand that staring is so disrespectful. Like look, then look away hoe! Don’t keep staring shit! But this happened everywhere Dallas and I went without fail. The nigga just attracted too much fucking attention.

Walking past these thirsty thots getting out of a cocaine white Beamer dripping money I resisted the urge to toot my nose up. There wasn’t a hating bone in my body. Never would I show another woman she got one up on me, I don’t give a fuck how fine and paid she is. Bitch! I’m a fucking Smith!

“Hey, Dallas,” One of them dust mites cooed.

Dallas through her a head nod. “NaNa.” We kept walking, and like some dumb hoes, they followed us, the bold one still trying to talk to Dallas.

“We havin’ a party tonight. Yeen receive the invite? You should come through. Me and my girls...ya know how we

do.”

Dallas and I made it to the truck just in time cuz I was about to tell this hoe something. Saint and Trevor got out of the truck to help put the shit in, while I was digging in my purse for my brass knuckles.

“Aye, allat is unnecessary. You disrespectin’ my fuckin’ shawty and ya know how *I* do. Don’t fuckin’ try me outchea. Nie you and ya girls keep it movin’. Tell ya brotha if he got a problem to come see me or I’ll pull the fuck up on his ass.”

Purple ranger cocked her head to the side amused. She looked me up and down probably not understanding why a man as fine as Dallas was with a woman as plain as me. I mean, here I had on destroyed denim jeans and a signature t-shirt, J’s on my feet. My face was makeup free, glowing! My juicy lips shimmered from the Fenty crystal gloss I was wearing.

This chick on the other hand, was dressed to the nines in purple flowery Gucci dress, smelling like Gucci. Her bundles costed a grip, hanging damn near to her ass. Another thing I loved about Dallas. He wasn’t disrespectful to any female. Now, whether she made him take it there was another story. As far as addressing a bitch when it came to me, Dallas kept his voice low, non-threatening and calm. He was still firm though. But my nigga wasn’t gonna be with me every time one of these crater-faced hoes addressed me. So...

“If you wanna see what my hands like I’m down.” Barbie smirked, then giggled, glancing back and forth between Dallas and me.

“Guh, if you’on step! I’mma blow that fruit rollup off the top of ya dome,” Saint added. His dumb ass. We laughed anyway.

“I’ll let my brotha know to get atcha.” The girl said back pedaling.

Dallas nodded. “Yeah, do that.”

As the blow pop trio walked away, I turned to Dallas.

“Who is her brother?” I asked, nosey as hell. Whoever he was must be bold as fuck to come see about Dallas.

“Black Vic,” he replied nonchalantly.

My eyes bucked. “The cartel nigga Black Vic?” Lawd this nigga Dallas is crazy! You can’t fuck with the cartel!

Dallas, Saint, and Trevor cracked up.

“You said it like dat’s supposed to mean sum to me shawty.” They were done packing the truck. Dallas told me to get in, still amused that I thought it was crazy he was provoking a known hot headed, drug-dealing, killer.

“Dallas boo, why would you provoke a nigga like that?”

Saint and Trevor guffawed.

Dallas licked his juicy lips, mugging me. “Shawty dat nigga put his jeans on the same way I do. Nan nigga on this planet put fear in me, yahurme.”

Blinking, I guessed I better shut up before I piss this nigga off. “I know baby. I actually love that about your sexy ass.” Leaning over, I turned Dallas’ head my way so I could kiss him. I bit his bottom lip for extra measure.

“Hmm hm. Don’t try me like dat no mo’, my behbeh,” he issued. *Yes, sir!*

DALLAS MCQUEEN

In other news. Investigators are struggling to piece together the events of the last seventy-two hours. Starting with the death of Commissioner Derek Munroe, who along with an unidentified male victim was found burned to death in his mansion earlier in the week. Investigators believe it to be an accidental explosion caused by a gas leak at the residence. Today, investigators discovered damning information regarding Munroe in the death of countless women in New Orleans. Investigators will not release how they suspect Munroe is tied to these women, citing family privacy.

A day after Munroe’s death, investigators discovered Representative Ellen Reaux hanging from the balcony in her

home. As with Munroe, investigators recovered information linking Reaux to Munroe. Investigators will not release if the cause of death is suicide is Reaux's case, however, investigators do not suspect foul play.

This morning, detectives were called to the scene of another house fire located on Easter Lane. The honorable Judge Perry McNeal was found in the garage of the home, unresponsive in his vehicle. Investigators aren't giving many details at this time but say they do not suspect foul play. Judge McNeal's wife and children were away on vacation at the time of his death. Our thoughts are with them in this difficult time.

Three days...three bodies...three pieces of shit off the New Orleans streets. Standing over the grill, I mentally recited the last few names on the list of muhfuckas that had to get bodied. Sometimes a muhfucka could slide without me having to body him. However, *Phantome* was talkin' and when he did, he ain't have no remorse. Wasn't none of these muhfuckas slidin'.

Flipping the burgers, I took a second to lay eyes on Chloe. Behbeh thought she got away with tryin' a nigga earlier. I'd let her have that. She really ain't know the full extent of how dangerous her man was. Honestly, I liked things that way. Chloe wasn't a hot head and kept her cool whenever some shit sparked off. That was good for me, cuz if my girl was bothered, then I was bothered.

Chloe was on the other side of the pool laughing with her mom and her girls. I was happy to see her happy, no bullshit. I'd do anything to keep that smile on her face. I ain't give a fuck how soft a nigga claim I looked being a good man to my queen, I was gon' be that shit.

Niggas stay wantin' a good woman but can't be a fuckin' good man. Got a good job but never home. Makin' bread but fuckin' blowin' it on dumb shit. Home all day but naggin' the fuck outta the woman. Good in bed but dumb as fuck with conversation. I mean...it was just a struggle for the niggas outchea that ain't have basic fuckin' common sense.

Provide, fuck ya girl good, be ya ass at home at a decent hour, learn how to fuckin' communicate, and make sho she get her alone time. Dat's it nigga!

For instance, last night Chloe and I were in the bed watchin' tv. Behbeh was workin' on her book, while I was massaging her feet. You know what the fuck behbeh did to me after that? Nigga, my dick was getting hard just remembering how deep she had me down her throat. All cuz a nigga know how to respect her fuckin' space and still be there supporting her.

As a man with the deep set issues I had with this killin' and shit, Chloe was my peace. After I bodied all three of them muhfuckas I came home to a hot shower and a perfectly rolled blunt. Yeah, my behbeh keep my blunts rolled fa me. See, that's that shit I'm talmbout. Chloe does that cuz she know she got a good nigga. Even if what I do makes her afraid for me, she doesn't let it make her stop loving me. It's like she loves me even more knowing I gotta deal with all this bullshit outchea.

"She's a lot like her mother," JJ spoke, holding a foil pan out for me to put the finished juicy burgers in.

"Oh yeah?" Let me listen to the ole g speak on his daughter.

"Yes sir. The last thing I wanted was for Melony to go to prison. She fought me tooth and nail on that shit but she wouldn't have it any other way. The feds were on us hard to flip on my fam, she stayed loyal, never gave up any of us. That's really why the system fucked her the way they did. Chloe, she has her mother's same loyal and loving spirit. Just make sure you do better than me and don't have her gettin' caught up in the bullshit. Otherwise, she gon' ride for you."

Nodding, I understood JJ one hunnid percent.

"Not only is lil behbeh safe with me, she *good* with me. As long as there's breath in me, Chloe gon' be straight. That's my word."

JJ huffed. “I don’t doubt it one bit. Else I wouldn’t be leavin’ my lil’ girl here. The fuck. If I would’ve had to strap her to the whip she was goin’ back with us.”

“Fa sho.”

“You don’t know how much we appreciate you man. Whateva you need, we a call away.”

Dapping JJ up, I told him, “It’s all good big dawg. My girl need you and Mrs. Mel. I wasn’t gon’ see her unhappy, yahurme.”

JJ smiled, pleased.

The phone vibrating in my pocket drew my attention.

“Yeah.” I answered. The number was familiar, ain’t seen it in a while.

“Heard ya lookin’ fa me Yella.” Black Vic was the only one who called me that fuck ass shit. Had been since middle school. I beat his ass for callin’ me a white boy. We settled on Yella.

“Yeah nigga. I see she do got some sense.”

Black Vic chuckled. “Aye get off Misha dawg. She stay wit’ that bullshit. I told her would’ve served her right if ole girl would’ve beat her ass. Her and them damn thot twins she runnin’ wit’. Tell Saint, I said to call Misha one mo’ fruit roll up head ass hoe, I’mma make a trip to Houston on his ass.”

Laughing, I replied, “Misha lyin’ like fuck but it’s cool. I got somethin’ else I need to slide by ya. Ya inland?”

“Fa nie, whazzam? You askin’ fa some shit is like the fuckin’ world ‘bout to collapse, yahurme. I need to be worried.”

“Nah mane,” I tsked. “This muhfucka comin’ through ain’t from ‘round hea. Ya still got ya blocks so I just need ya to keep an eye on ‘em. Lemme know if ya see anything.”

Black Vic owned industrial buildings along the port. If Grisham stayed true to the shit us mercs did, he was gonna look for a place that was mostly abandoned, run down, with

little traffic. Vic's buildings appeared to be abandoned but this nigga was movin' mo' shit than a lil' bit.

“Gotcha dawg. I need to bag ‘em? Ya know I gotchu homie. I still owe you a few.” I did business for Black Vic on a few occasions. Of course, it was shit the government knew about. What's funny is that Black Vic moved major weight, his product lining the pockets of some of the most elite muhfuckas in the country. The government would rather turn a blind eye to Black Vic than to fuck with him. Still, this nigga stayed under the radar for the most part.

“Good lookin' but I'm straight. I'mma bless that muhfucka really good.”

Black Vic laughed. “Somebody actually crossed ya ass? Damn, muhfucka might be crazier than you, D.”

Chuckling lightly, you'd think. “Naw, ain't nobody crazier than me dawg.”

Black Vic hung up with the promise he'd look out. I made sure never to burn any of the connections I made over the years. While I was *that* nigga, it was a lot of muhfuckas outchea that was on the same shit as me. As much as I wanted to, I couldn't have my eyes everywhere. I'd damn sho find some connects to get what I needed done.

Chapter 16

PAUL “SAINT” TOUISSAINT

“You good lil’ mama?”

Amelia shifted in the bed, rousing me awake. Peeking at the clock on the nightstand, it was a little after two in the morning. Lil’ behbeh had been tossing and turning since I laid down.

Mr. JJ and Mrs. Melony left to go home yesterday, leaving us the pool house bedroom and the pool house itself to just us. Rock and Pebbles were still hanging out, being nosey every now and then.

Throughout the previous day, Amelia and I spent a lot of time together, talking about her plans for the future. She explained to me that she lost her love of playing basketball the closer it was time for her dad to get out of prison. My behbeh was good at ballin’ too. Shawty could prolly kick my ass on the court, so I wasn’t even gon’ challenge her to a one on one. That’s how raw she was.

Not to mention, her grades were near outstanding. Amelia’s major was nursing. She’d already earned her bachelor’s degree in nursing and was pursuing her advanced nursing degree. She wanted to be a nurse practitioner, working in the field she loved.

I was proud of her. Proud of her for not allowing her past to dictate what she wanted to become in life. The arising bullshit with her father was what had my sexy lady all fucked up. We were gon’ fix that though.

Amelia’s body was pressed up against mine, my front to her back. Her long legs were soft and smooth gliding along my much rougher ones. I was six foot six inches, so Amelia’s five foot ten frame fit perfectly to me. We were going to have some tall ass children. Just envisioning Amelia swollen pregnant with my seed brought me joy. We hadn’t had sex since the first day we did. When all that shit went down with her pops, I had given her *sexual* space to get her mind right.

Amelia rubbed my hand, which was on her stomach, securing her to me. “Sorry I keep waking you up. You want me to go on the couch?”

This girl. “Naw, shawty. I want you to talk to me. Tell me what’s on ya mind.”

I’d only been in the bed a couple of hours. Me and the crew had to hit up a nigga out in Jefferson. Muhfucka jumped out of second story window, I went right behind his ass. My body was starting to feel the effects of the landing.

Amelia sighed deeply as she turned towards me. Her beautiful face met mine in the moonlit darkness.

“What we did the other day, in the truck. Would you consider that making love, or fucking?”

What?

“I mean, to be honest, we was fuckin’ shawty. That doesn’t take away from the fact of I wanted you and you wanted me. It doesn’t take away from the fact of I feel like you’re the most special woman I’ve ever met.”

Amelia simpered under my admission. “What if I want to make love. Do you know how to do that? Or are you used to...fucking?”

My dick stiffened, knowing I was about to slide up in my girl.

“Lemme show you.” Rolling her over, I laid on top of her, caressing the soft skin of her face. Amelia was only wearing panties and bra so nothing was in my way. Amelia was right in a sense. I was used to just fuckin’. However the vibe shawty and I had was out of this world. Making love to her wouldn’t be hard at all.

Kissing Amelia deeply, I relished in the soft touch of her hands gliding down my back. Goose pimples lined her skin as I feathered my fingers down her body, reaching her panties. Kissing down her neck, I stopped to suck on her beautiful breasts. Her body shivered under my tongue. Removing her panties, my fingers found their way to her middle. Behbeh girl

was soaked. Gliding down her torso and abdomen, I helped myself to her flavorful juices.

Amelia released not two minutes later, back to back. She was past ready. Moving back up her body, I planted a kiss on her lips. She licked my lips sucking her flavor off of me.

Hurriedly I removed my boxers, positioning myself at her entrance. I waited a second to see if she would request that I use protection. When she didn't I pushed in, groaning against the push back she was giving me.

"Ssss..." Stroking Amelia's tight, wet walls took me to another level of pleasure.

"Saint." Amelia's voice was breathless and filled with raw, sexual emotion. Her head thrashed against the bed as I built a rhythm making sure to tap every spot I could inside of her.

Biting into my bottom lip, I fought the urge to call Amelia's name. In my mind I was cussin' her ass out for having the best pussy a nigga has ever been in. Amelia had that lethal, kill you if you try me, on my mama I will, pussy.

"Saint..." Amelia chanted over and over as I tried to drill her into the bed. Amelia lifted her toned legs over my shoulder, opening up even more. I slid deeper, growling my approval.

Amelia's first orgasm had both of us moaning loud as hell. Her pussy was so sloppy wet, the squishy sounds spurring me on. Amelia lifted matching my strokes, flinging her head back in the process.

Palming her juicy ass cheeks, I went harder, burying my head in her neck to stifle some of this moaning I was doing. Shawty had me in my feelings, making a nigga feel shit I had never felt before.

I felt Amelia cummin' on me again, her walls collapsing around my dick as she called my name again. "Shawty ya want me to pull out?" *Fuck please don't make me pull out.* I mentally begged. Amelia was in such a euphoric state she ain't answer me, only moaned, whimpered.

“Shawty?” I was pumping faster, my nut ready. “Pull out?”

“Nooo....” No wonder she couldn’t answer. An orgasm gripped her body, leaving her mouth hanging open in awe.

Since I had the go ahead, I savored in my last few pumps. Feverishly I pounded Amelia until every drop of me was in her.

Breathing heavy, I slumped on top of Amelia, kissing her wet shoulders, neck, and face.

“See, how good ya fuckin’ pussy is? Got a nigga beggin’ to nut in ya shit.” I grinded against Amelia until I was stiff as a brick again.

Amelia groaned, pleased. Tilting her head up to suck on my lips. Yeah I had this pussy on lock. Behbeh girl wasn’t goin’ no muthafuckin’ where.

ANTWAN “TWAN” PRINCE

Ten years of my life gone. Just like ten years ago, the anger inside of me boiled over every single time I thought about being placed in prison. My own fuckin’ daughter turned her back on me. My own flesh in blood chose to rat on me instead of protecting me. I would never get over that I didn’t care how much time passed. Number one rule in a family: don’t turn your back on them.

No one wanted to hear my side of the story though. Sure, my best friend Ricky did rape Amelia. However, if you were around during the times Ricky would come around Amelia, a person would see that Amelia instigated everything. When Amelia came to me crying rape, I told her that it was good for her and that she needed to be broken in anyway. Sounded harsh but that’s what she got for prancing her half-naked ass around my muthafuckin’ house.

Ricky was a man. He saw a young lady prancing around him, not a lil’ girl. These fuckin’ hoes knew their bodies were a man’s weakness. Even at fourteen.

First it started with her wearing those ridiculously low cut shorts and tank tops that she knew garnered attention. Even for a slender fourteen year old. Amelia still had a little body on her. What drew men to her were her long legs and smooth café au lait skin complexion. She had inherited her attributes from her mother. I hoped her mother, Kim, was somewhere choking on a dick. Stupid bitch.

I still blamed Kimberly for walking out on me. Had she not walked out on me we would have raised Amelia together. Wouldn't you know that her daughter turned out the same way as her trifling ass mama, a traitor.

Crumbling the empty box of cigarettes, I didn't realize I'd sat here and smoked a whole half of box. I was on edge. Mainly because this bitch Amelia thought she was hot shit cuz she had some predator looking nigga protecting her.

I didn't give a damn. Prison taught me how to survive. I spent many days in that bitch fighting. Lost some, won some. But I walked out of that bitch with my dignity and respect.

Before I went in I had everything. A good job, stable money, a lil' girlfriend. The hoe faded as soon as she found out what my charges were and why. Job dropped me quick as fuck the moment I was arrested. My money went to the fuck ass attorney that helped me escape with just ten years. I lost every fucking thing.

Wasn't like I couldn't start over. I picked up a trade while in, learning how to weld. An established business may not hire me because of my background but I could do side jobs until I came up enough to have my own company. That would show Kim and her bitch of a daughter that neither one of them could break me.

Sighing in frustration, I wanted all those things. None of that would come until I dealt with my seed. She had to pay for putting me in prison. All she had to do was tell the judge I wasn't aware of Ricky raping her. No. Amelia told them everything, including what I had said to her.

The judge and everyone in the courtroom looked at me disgusted. I was lucky to walk out of there with just ten years.

Ricky on the other hand got life. Nigga wasn't even in a year before another inmate beat him to death.

Best friend gone. Life gone. All behind my own fucking daughter.

The beeping of my phone brought me back to reality.

“She just went LIVE again. Looks like they're at a club Voo on Bourbon Street. I can see the name in the background.”

“You don't know how much this helps me Drew. I promise to bring Amelia back.”

“Thank you Mr. Twan. We really need her and...I really like her.” Pulling the phone from my ear I stared at the screen.

“Sure Drew. Let me go so I can find her.”

Shaking my head, I couldn't believe Drew was really that stupid to believe I wanted to help her. It took only a second of convincing that I was looking for my daughter that I hadn't seen in a decade for Drew to help me. I saw her coming out of practice and determined she was a weak link from the way the other girls shied away from her.

Drew was a tall bitch, even taller than Amelia, with a manly body. On the outside she looked tough as hell. But wasn't shit upstairs. Literally. Someone was fixing baby girls grades cuz there was no way she was smart enough to maintain good grades to stay on the team.

With just one conversation I convinced Drew to reach out to Amelia. In that conversation Amelia gave it away that she was with her best friend. Drew just so happened to know who Amelia's best friend was as Amelia had mentioned Chloe a time or two. Going back to Amelia's house, I let myself in and dug through her shit to find any information on Chloe.

I found a piece of mail with Chloe Smith's name on it and her address. Drew looked Chloe up on social media, finding her in seconds. We determined from a LIVE video that Chloe was in New Orleans, living it up with some white looking muthafucka. I borrowed Drew's car and headed to New Orleans that same day. Drew had been keeping an eye on

Chloe's social media moves since Amelia had deactivated her page. It was fine though. Chloe posted a dozen times a day, chronicling her life with that ugly nigger she called herself being with.

Now this nigger that got in my face the other night. He clearly was Amelia's love. Dumb nigger didn't know he had a snake for a girlfriend. He'd find out soon enough though. Once he did he'd be just like me. Wanting to kill the bitch.

Turning the car on, I headed towards Bourbon Street. It was nearing eight thirty in the evening so Bourbon street was packed. I parked in the first space I could find, leaving me to walk a good ways to make it to the club. Among other things, Drew had given me some money to tide me over until I could make some.

Handing the twenty dollar bill over at the gate, the guard let me in, patting me for weapons while looking me up and down. The gun I purchased from a nigger that looked to be no more than eighteen was tucked into my sock and combat boot.

I was dressed in jeans and black t-shirt. Nothing special. I just wanted to get inside this club. A man that had been locked up for ten years was in heaven around all this ass and titties. My dick responded to at least ten females before I made it to the bar. Glancing around the room, something told me to look up in the VIP area. Sure enough, there was Amelia grinding her trifling ass on that predator nigger smiling and carrying on like I wasn't out here to take her fucking life.

Fuck going back to jail. I know I said all that shit about losing ten years of my life and starting over and shit. I really didn't give a fuck anymore. What woman would want a nigger with the baggage I possessed? I couldn't have a normal life no matter how fuckin' hard I tried or how bad I wanted it. If I was going to suffer, so was Kimberly's daughter. She damn sure wasn't my child anymore.

Chapter 17

DALLAS MCQUEEN

“How ya feelin’?” I asked Dime.

Grumbling he pointed to the fresh bandage wrapped around his head.

“Can’t remember anything for shit. It’s fuckin’ with me heavy.”

I’m sure it was. Forgetting where I put my keys would cause me to go into rage.

“Aside from that, how ya feelin’ ‘bout everything else?” I hadn’t broached this subject with Dime cuz it wasn’t the right time. Now that he had had his first day of rehab while in the hospital, I wanted to see where his mind was at.

Dime chuckled. “PT ain’t hittin’ for shit. The exercises they had me doing today were baby exercises,” he stated. “I know I want walk for a while but I’m not letting that shit get to me. My main focus is to make sure Chess is cool. There’s nothing I can do to change my situation right now that’ll come over time. Grisham being out there and Chess having this baby are what’s in my thoughts.”

Resting my elbows on Dime’s bed, I sighed. “Fuck Grisham. I tolya I got dat. Sum’n tellin’ me he’s already in New Orleans. He’ll be flushed out soon. That’s easier than hunting him. A man will come after something so bad, that he’ll expose himself. Grisham will expose himself soon. As for mama and this baby...y’all some nasty muhfukas first of all.” We laughed. “But I’m happy to see y’all together, being a normal couple an’ shit. The last few days have been the happies for mama, I can tell. She may be sad about you being down but she’s happy she actually has you now. So we gon’ keep it dat way.”

“I love you, son. Always have and I always will. Your mother gave me two of the best sons I could ever ask for. *She’s*

the best thing I could ever ask for.” Clearing his throat he said, “We got married this morning. Hollis was the witness.”

Smiling hard, I replied. “No wonder she was lookin’ all crazy when I gotchea. That’s whassup pops!” I dapped him up, happier than a muhfucka that my folks were happy.

“I found some shit out that I wanna run by ya. Lester. All this time ya neva said nothin’. I’ll take it to my grave from my standpoint. But in keepin’ all honesty, you should talk to mama ‘bout that.”

Dime tsked. “Already covered son. That’s why you’re my fuckin’ seed. I’m going to let her know what happened. How’d you find out?”

Grinning, I said, “Lester and his thot bitch of a daughter.”

“Lester had a daughter? Hoe still breathin’?”

Cocking my head to the side I gave him my answer.

“Just askin’. So, all this shit I’m seein’ on the news...” Dime mentioned.

I only smirked.

Dime laughed.



A little after 9pm...

There was that damn feeling again. It had me scanning the crowd intently, searching for anything out of place. This was why we came out early, so we could dodge all the bullshit that came with late night clubbing. The fellas and I wanted some drinks and the ladies wanted to dance. Voo was the only spot for that where I could actually enjoy myself.

“Aye yo’ at the bar,” Hollis discreetly pointed. My eyes landed on the bar. Ole boy that Saint had almost put a bullet in was sitting on a bar stool nursing a brew, his gaze falling on our section.

Chloe was in my lap, taking fuckin' pictures per usual. I ain't mind her doing it cuz who the fuck was I hiding from. Not nan bitch or nigga.

This muhfucka Twan though, was askin' to lose his life. Saint done already warned the nigga to stay away from Millie. I'on know if the nigga thought he was blending in or what but he stuck out like a sore thumb.

“Saint!” Tapping Chloe's thigh, she sidled onto the seat next to me. Saint who was grinding on Amelia all weird and shit peered over his shoulder.

Nodding towards the bar, Saint followed the direction. When his eyes landed on Twan, his face transformed to rage.

Leaning over, I kissed Chloe's ear. Handing her the key to the truck, she glanced at me perplexed.

“We 'bout to ride.” I took her hand and got up from the sofa. Gatah, Hollis and Trevor did the same. Good thing Stephan decided to keep Mariah at the house because niggas was out to play with their life tonight.

We led the ladies out of VIP, headed towards the exit, while Hollis and Trevor went towards Twan.

Next thing I knew, shots rang out. Grabbing Chloe, I shielded her body from any rounds coming towards us. Shit the way the bullets whizzed by my head I had moved Chloe just in time. Some nigga standing on the wall had a whole in his chest the size of my fist. Fuck! The fuck they let slide up in here with that shit.

Pulling my Desert Eagle, I pivoted on my feet still keeping Chloe behind me as we continued toward the exit. The club was in uproar as everyone tried getting out of harm's way. People were running past me, dodging the cannon I had pointed in front of me. My heart damn near fell in my chest when I saw Trevor coming towards me, dragging a staggering Hollis who had blood pouring from a wound in his chest.

Bullets rang out again, this time definitely meant for us. A glimmer of a window showed me who was wielding the weapon. This dumb ass muhfucka Twan was aiming our way.

Firing off, I sent a couple of shots his way. Twan had the wrong muhfucka today.

“Get them to the truck!” Saint yelled over the melee. He appeared by my side as we both let them guns off. Twan ran into the crowd, headed for the back exit. Running past a couple of security niggas laid out in the floor, I kept my focus on this nigga’s head I was about to cave in. The thick crowd created a barrier at the back exit. Pushing through, I caught Twan running through the parking lot.

One of our rounds caught him in the arm, leaving him leaking. Weaving through the vehicles in the parking lot, Twan tried desperately to outrun the much more skilled Saint and me.

A car careening through the parking lot was moving so fast they didn’t see Saint in their path. The front of their bumper collided with him, sending him over the hood and roof of the car, with Saint rolling off the back and hitting the pavement.

“Fuck!” Forgetting Twan, I ran to my nigga. Saint lay on the pavement, blood seeping from his lips.

“Shit,” he muttered, trying to roll over.

“Nah be still nig—”

“Muthafuckas!” I pointed my cannon towards the voice firing off at the same time another shot rang out. Twan was dead before he hit the ground. Over the screaming, I heard Millie screaming.

“Amelia,” Saint groaned. Sirens were heard in the distance.

“Gimmie yo heat.” Gatah took my gun as well as Saint’s. “I’mma run inside chop it up ‘bout the surveillance.” Damn, this shit had been messy as fuck. Aye, Twan should’ve thought that shit through.

Nodding, I tended to Saint who had an obvious head wound. Otherwise, nothing seemed broken on the surface. Whoever had hit him, kept going, not even stoppin’ to see if my nigga was okay.

“Saint,” I heard Millie scream again. Chloe and Yaya had her over by the truck, blocking her from coming to Saint. Saint was in a daze, trying to locate Millie’s voice.

“You good cuzzo, calm down,” I said to Saint, forcing him to stay still. “Where’s Hollis?” I asked Gatah before he walked away.

“Trev put him in the truck, hauled his ass to Mercy.”

Fuck, my homie couldn’t die. Not over no bullshit.

Gatah proceeded to the building while I waited for the ambulance.

“My mama gon’ kick my ass,” he grumbled.

Chuckling, I agreed. The vibration of my cell phone had me pulling it from my pocket.

“Aye, I got movement at one of my spots. Sendin’ you the location, ya dig.”

Black muthafuckin’ Vic.

“Aight.” Disconnecting the call, I spotted Gatah coming out of the club. Waving him over, I told him what was up.

“Nigga we gotta get there. We give the muhfucka too much time he might split.”

I agreed. “Yeah but we gon’ wait for the ambulance. Tell the ladies to take Millie to Mercy so she can meet Saint there.”

Gatah jogged to the truck. Millie was hysterical with worry. I heard it in her voice as she screamed at Gatah to let her come to Saint. Gatah wasn’t no push over though. Whatever he said to them, the ladies got in my truck and took off.

FRANCESCA MCQUEEN

Yesss, girl! I was officially Mrs. Francesca McQueen! I hated that it had to come to this for Dime and me to get our act together. I was still grateful for the blessing of having him

though. Over the last few days, Dime and I had talked about pretty much everything.

With his injuries, the company had immediately moved to retire him with full benefits and pension. Dime would be moving to Houston permanently to live in the house I'd built for my family. We talked about ideas for the baby room...*oh my God chile I'm pregnant!* I was still coming to grips with being pregnant even though I was overjoyed. Who was I to stop God's plan. Obviously, he felt Dallas and Houston needed some sibling company.

There was still something weighing on Dime though. I could tell. His demeanor was pensive as I stared at him over the paperback I was reading. His eyes were focused on the television but he wasn't paying attention to shit.

Tonight it was just Houston and I sitting with Dime. Normally Hollis, Saint, Trevor or one of the twins would be up here sitting with us. I however shooed them away for a little while to let them all get some time in to themselves.

Houston was in the corner watching football film on his phone. Being away from school and the team was taking it's toll on him. Most teens his age would be grateful to not have to physically go to school but Houston was the opposite. He found school as a necessary means to an end. He wanted to play college football and eventually go to the pros. Academically he hoped to get a degree in criminal justice. After all, he was following his father's footsteps, just not literally.

"I'mma go get somethin' to eat from the cafeteria. Want anything?" Houston asked, stretching his tall, muscled frame. My boy was so handsome. He'd make a fine husband someday.

"Behbeh it's almost eleven at night. Why ya wanna eat this late? Besides that, you're not supposed to leave this floor."

Houston chuckled, then huffed. "I'm growin' mama, I stay hungry. I guess I'll go raid the vending machine."

“Hmm hm,” I replied. “If you wanna go talk to some lil’ hussy just say that.”

Chortling Houston stated. “I wouldn’t lie ‘bout that mama. For real, I’m starvin’.” He said holding his stomach in mock hunger.

Houston strolled out of the room leaving Dime and I to smile after him. “Don’t leave this floor,” I called after him.

“He’s perfect isn’t he?” I rhetorically stated.

“Yes baby, he is.” The way Dime responded had me turning his way, concern lining my forehead.

“Dime, what’s wrong behbeh?” I prayed he wasn’t having second thoughts about us. I prayed he wasn’t having doubts about himself. I don’t know, I was just afraid of what he was going to say.

“Chess, I need to tell you something. Before I do, just know that I’d do anything for you. I love you and always have.”

Smiling nervously, I replied, “Dime there’s no question when it comes to the love we have for each other. Tell me what’s wrong.” Placing the book aside, I went to Dime’s bedside and took his hand into mine. His blue eyes were filled with emotion, *fear*. I had never seen Dime possess an ounce of fear. Now I was really nervous.

“I’ve always had a detail on you. Even sixteen years ago. I hired a detective that I was told did side jobs for people in the government. Lester Gibbs. I hired him to watch over you and the boys. According to what I found out, he took one look at you and wanted you for himself. I was so fuckin’ busy on jobs, I couldn’t see that the muthafucka I hired to protect my family was trying to move in on my family.”

I listened to Dime without saying anything. In my mind I was screaming. Outwardly I was calm.

“If Dallas wouldn’t have killed Lester, I would’ve. I almost lost you.”

I couldn't blame what happened to me on Dime. Not even Dallas becoming a killer behind a man his father placed in our lives. Dime would not knowingly subject us to anyone or anything that could harm us.

Sighing, I replied, "Lester is dead, behbeh. Whether by your son's hand or yours, he will no longer hurt a soul. Don't think I hold anything against you for what took place. You saved our son in the end, no matter how it changed his path. Dallas is a good man. *We* raised him right." I did have one question. "Did we have detail the day the accident occurred?"

Dime shook his head. "I talked with them the day after I woke up. They were aware of what took place. I reassigned them to another family that needed them. We got all the reinforcements we need right here. Between Dallas and his crew, they'll get Grisham. Shit will be normal. You and I are going to enjoy each other, our marriage, our baby. We're going to watch our oldest get married to Chloe and have a bunch of grandbabies. We're going to sit in the stands and watch Houston break all kinds of records. That's the shit you and I are going to do from now on."

With tears streaming down my face, I sniffled. Dime was right. We would enjoy life with each other from now on.

"I'm going to go check on Houston before I lay down. Hollis or Trevor will be by to pick Houston up after they leave the club." I bent down to peck Dime's lips, letting my lips linger for a second.

"I love you, too."

Walking out of the room, the waiting room where the vending machines were located was to the right, just a few feet away. Going inside the waiting room, Houston wasn't in there. The funny feeling in my stomach had me whipping around.

"Did you see a young man leave from this floor?" I asked the first nurse I saw when I stepped to the nursing station. The elevator was within sight.

She confirmed. "Yes, he was a little upset."

Heart dropping to my toes, I ran back to the room.

“Houston left the floor.” I panicked because I knew something was wrong. The nurse said Houston was upset when he left. *Lord!* My heart was racing.

“Calm down Chess, the baby,” Dime reminded me.
“Call Dallas.”

Chapter 18

YURI GRISHAM

I skidded into the parking lot of the hospital on two wheels. It took some clever driving to lose Dallas. The flesh wound on my arm burned like a sonofabitch. Parking my truck, I beat the steering wheel until my fists hurt.

I almost fucking had him! Dallas in all his arrogance couldn't fuckin' die just like his damn father! It had to end tonight! No longer would I live another day without putting these muthafuckers in their graves. All of them!

It must've been heaven sent when Dime's youngest boy walked through the parking lot, right past my truck. His head was down, he seemed to be talking to himself. This was perfect! Killing Dallas would wound Dime for sure. However, taking his baby boy would put him in an emotional grave. Sort of like the one I was in. Unlike Dallas, the baby boy was not involved with anything pertaining to Dime's lifestyle. Killing and innocent would be hard but for the purposes intended, I could do it. If I could take my own son's life, an innocent, I could certainly take someone else's.

HOUSTON MCQUEEN

"Let's talk son." I glanced up from my phone to find Dime watching me.

"Yeah, pops whassup?" Hollis had taken mama down to the cafeteria for a quick bite to eat. The behbeh was kickin' her fuckin' ass already. Good.

"I'm going to make this short and sweet. I'm in this situation because I kill people for a living. I get paid by the government to kill people."

Damn! The fuck!

"Dallas too huh?" That nigga!

Dime chuckled. "Used to. This shit stays with us. I just need you to watch how you're moving. You already know we're being targeted. His name is Yuri Grisham. He's a Russian mercenary that used to be a part of my team. Listen to your brother and his crew. If they tell you to do something, do it. Your mother also. I don't want to see her lose either one of us..."

Dallas was gon' beat my fuckin' ass but whateva. I needed this blunt. Now I see why that nigga used to smoke so fuckin' much. This shit did calm ya nerves. Hell, after listening to Dime tell my mother he'd placed Lester's fuck ass in our life had me seething. I was so emotional I *had* to walk away to get myself together.

Being away from school and football for the past couple of weeks was driving me crazy. Fuck the scouts and shit. Fuck the accolades. I just wanted to play football. *That's* what calmed me. Growing up it was the only thing I could channel my aggression into without gettin' my ass into any trouble.

My mother was always good to me and didn't deserve to go through the bullshit most kids my age put their parents through. I swore my mother would never cry because of me. She may get pissed off at me and cuss me out or whateva, but her sorrow would never come from me doing shit to her in that way.

If a nigga ain't know shit else, I knew Dime loved his family. I was pissed off that he'd kept that he knew Lester from us but I had to believe it was deeper than that. Dime would not knowingly bring danger to my mother or his children. This I knew. See...this fuckin' weed was helping a nigga think straight. The fuck.

Many men couldn't do the shit Dime and Dallas had done over the years. I wasn't stupid. Regardless of what happened in the past, I had respect for the man that created me. Knowing Dime could possibly never walk again broke my heart. I was used to seeing him as this strong ass man that ain't take no shit from nobody. To see him lying in that hospital bed fucked me up.

Unlocking Dime's truck door, I went to get in when I felt a presence behind me. Instinctively I knew it was the muhfucka Dime had warned me 'bout days ago.

I had had a strange feeling it was gon' be some shit today I just couldn't put my finger on it. Shit, I was supposed to be watchin' my moves carefully, instead I was so out of my mind and in my feelins' that I ended up forgetting some muhfucka was outchea tryna kill my fuckin' fam.

Dude was a coward ass muhfucka though. If ya ask me, ya got a problem wit' a nigga, you settle that shit head up. All this gunplay was un-fuckin-necessary.

"I should kill you right here. But that wouldn't bring me any joy. I want to watch your father's face when you take your last breath. He took my family from me I'm going to take his from him." Fuck Grisham and his family.

Nigga sounded dumb as fuck. Like how you gon' roll up on a nigga talkin' shit, when you got a fuckin' beast for a gun. Shit, shoot me muhfucka! Then talk shit. Matter of fact fuck all this talkin'.

Staring down the barrel of the gun held by who I now knew was Yuri Grisham, I smiled. I expected Grisham to be some lame lookin' Russian dude. He actually looked like he could be related to me. Aside from being dirty and bloody... But fuck that, this muhfucka had a gun in my face. Blunt forgotten, I prepared myself to do what I had to do to survive.

"Oh yeah?" I goaded.

Grisham sized me up, I guess wondering if his old ass could take me. I was gon' answer that fa 'em. My phone rang in my pocket back to back. I ignored it for now.

"Aye dawg. I understand you got some shit ya dealin' wit' or whateva but you gon' get that fuckin' gun out my face."

"Fuck you-ahhh!" Grisham cried out like a bitch when I damn near broke his fuckin' arm bashing it up against the open truck door. The gun went off, the silent bullet ricocheting off of the truck.

Grisham struggled with me, then tried to bear hug me. That move ain't work on a football player, not a good one anyway. I picked Grisham up like he ain't weigh shit, body slamming him on the ground. It knocked the wind from his body and I'm sure broke some bones in his back. Grisham groaned, his face showing every ounce of pain he was in.

"You talk too fuckin' much muthafucka!" My size fourteen Jordan met Grisham's face as I knocked his ass out cold. Shit I wasn't even out of breath.

Pulling my phone from my back pocket, I dialed Dallas.

"Whea ya at nigga?" He barked. He'd prolly cussed Dime out for letting me leave the room after telling me to stay put. Oh well. I'm sure I couldn't beat D's ass but hopefully this surprise would make up for how fuckin' pissed he sounded.

Grinning, I looked down at a napping Grisham. Muhfucka was snoring and everything. Damn. Looked like I crushed his nose. Oh well. Should've played with somebody else instead of me and my fam.

"In the parkin' lot. I got a package fa ya." Digging for the blunt, I relit the tip, puffing from it. Bitch came in handy for real tonight.

DALLAS MCQUEEN

45 minutes earlier...

With Saint's blood still on me, Gatah and I pulled into the lot of the address Black Vic sent me. It was one of his properties along the port of Louisiana. I always go with my instincts. If I was from out of town, I'd stick to the least travelled areas to avoid detection. Grisham fell right for the shit.

Gatah had already cut the lights. In the darkened parking lot, wasn't shit visible. Thankfully, I ran wit' a bunch of niggas like me that carried shit like fuckin' night vision goggles. The duffle bag Gatah pulled from the backseat had two pair in it.

With Trev being at the hospital with Hollis, Saint on his way to the hospital and Steph at the crib with Mariah, it was just me and G. Funny it was like how it all started between me and him.

“Aye, both of us walkin’ out of this shit. I’on wanna hear Chloe mouth and I damn sho’ don’t want to hear Yaya’s mouth, yahurme. Put a bullet in the muhfucka on site.”

“Most definitely,” G agreed.

Donning the goggles, we assessed the parking lot. Fresh tire tracks led into the steel building. Grisham had parked his vehicle inside.

Checking the clip, I opened the truck door. I wasn’t out of the truck good when shots struck the front of the truck.

“Bitch ass muthafucka!” Gatah growled. He loved this damn Denali like a behbeh. My shit was bullet proof, I’ain know about G’s so I let my gun sing as I ran towards the building. Firing in the direction of where the bullets were coming from, I didn’t stop until G and I were both in the building.

Grisham’s truck was parked just on the inside. A small lantern was inside the bed of the truck with a blanket, pillow, and a makeshift grill. There was also a steel box with a pad lock in the bed of the truck.

Listening for the slightest sounds, Gatah and I walked through the warehouse, clearing each isle. This was one of Black Vic’s drop sites. The crates were piled almost to my height making it a perfect place for someone to hide.

A bullet ricocheted off a crate next to me. Swinging around, I shot off four rounds. Through the goggles I saw Grisham running towards a side exit where his truck was parked.

“See him!” G acknowledged. Running full speed, I had to keep Grisham from getting away. This was the closest any of us had ever been to catching this muthafucka.

The sound of Grisham’s truck starting had me furious. Pointing towards the windshield, I shot straight through it.

Grisham grimaced with pain as he hit the gas, sending the truck careening backwards. Gatah and I let off several rounds as we ran back to his truck.

Grisham flew out of the parking lot, us right behind him.

“Shit!” I grumbled as Gatah pushed the gas trying to stay as close to Grisham as we could. When Grisham hit highway 90, traffic was a little heavier, slowing us down. He weaved in and out of traffic, horns blaring at him.

“He hoppin’ off!” G saw the same thing I did, damn near getting us side swiped when he tried to switch lanes. Merging over, G jumped off the highway as well. Grisham’s lights were still visible but further up ahead than we’d like.

G pushed the gas, running a couple of lights to catch up. The light up ahead switched to red, stopping traffic. There were several cars in front of us. We watched as Grisham’s truck hit a left at the next corner.

“Fuck!” I punched the console leaving a dent. Gatah and I drove back to the highway, headed west in the direction Grisham was initially going.

My stomach rolled, uneasy. “Head to Jefferson. Lemme check on my mama and Dime.” From where we were Jefferson was less than ten minutes up the road.

“You gon’ pay for that shit homie,” Gatah stated.

My mother’s ring tone blasted off, sending chills down my spine. Looking at the time it was damn near ten o’clock. What the hell was wrong.

“*Mère?*” I answered.

“Houston left; I don’t know where he is. I called his phone twice, he’s not answering. One of the nurses said she saw him leaving upset. Oh my goodness Dallas something’s wrong I feel it.”

“*Calmer la mère* (calm down mother). Stay in the room with Dime. I’mma be there in five.” I barely hung up the phone before it rung again. Houston’s ring tone.

“Whea ya at nigga?” I barked. An emotion I couldn’t describe fled my body when I heard Houston’s voice. At least he was okay. Shit! Fuckin’ hardheaded lil’ nigga. I was gon’ cuss his muthafuckin’ ass out when I saw him.

“In the parkin’ lot. I got a package fa ya.”

“I’m right up the street.”

“This shit need to end tonight.” G uttered.

“It will.” I was tired of fuckin’ knowing Grisham was on these streets. My plan had worked in funneling him out, now I just needed to lock his ass down. Once I dealt with Grisham, everything could go back to normal. Now that Dime and my mom were married and I had Chloe, life needed to be normal for all of us. Or what sense of normalcy we could have in this fucked up ass world.

Swinging into the parking lot, we scanned the rows until we located Houston standing next to Dime’s truck.

Hopping out, I stalked up to him, hemming him up against the truck. “Ya mama almost had a heart attack nigga!” The smell of Kush on Houston’s breath made me shove him. “Nigga you fuckin’ crazy. You smokin’ now? Nigga I should beat ya-.” Houston opened the back driver’s side door, revealing Yuri Grisham laid out in the back seat.

The fuck!

“The fuck!” G exclaimed. “Nigga how—”

“Apologize.” Houston grinned high as a fuckin’ kite.

“Fuck you nigga. Get ya ass in the truck!” I demanded pointing to G’s ride. Houston smiled goofy as hell as he sauntered to G’s truck.

“The fuck kinda family yo’ ass got nigga?” Gatah questioned.

“The same kind you got nigga,” I countered. “Savages.”

Chapter 19

AMELIA “MILLIE” PRINCE

Ask me did I give a fuck about Twan’s ass being killed. Hell muthafuckin’ no! Not only had he pushed the envelope when it came to me. Twan crossed the line fucking with the wrong niggas. The only thing I hated was that Saint ended up hurt.

“Shawty if you’on quit pacin’ that floor I know somethin’,” Saint drawled. He’d just come back from getting a brain scan to make sure he didn’t have anything concerning going on. X rays had already been taken as well. The emergency room physician was confident Saint didn’t have any major injuries outside of a few cracked ribs. Saint had refused any hard core pain meds, opting for plain ole Tylenol instead.

“I’m pacing because you scared the shit out of me,” I fussed. My nerves were so tore up. I had never cared about anyone other than Chloe. Chloe was closer than my friend, she was my sister. She had held my hand the whole way to the hospital, doing her best to keep my hysterical ass calm. Yaya was there for me too. Encouraging me to think positive.

The feelings I had for Saint were deeper than friendship. Only tonight did I come to that conclusion. Well at least I admitted it to myself that I felt that I was in love with Saint. I’d never been in love before so I really didn’t know. I just know in that moment, watching him being hit by that car, scared the life out of me.

“Aww, her mean ass cares,” Saint teased drawing a smile from me.

“Well, yeah I care. Hell, we had sex twice unprotected. If I’m carrying your offspring, I’d like to raise it with you alive and well.”

Saint watched me continue to pace. A few weeks from now I’d know whether or not Saint and I created a being. Honestly, I wasn’t even mad about it. If Saint wasn’t someone

I actually liked, or just a quick fuck, then I would've been livid.

"We gonna have some tall ass kids shawty," Saint commented, stopping me in my tracks.

"*Kids?* As in multiple?" I asked.

Saint smirked. His head was laid back on the pillow of the gurney, his eyes closed. He appeared to be warn and tired. Really it was the effects of being hit by the car rather than him actually being warn and tired.

"Hmm hm. I see it," he continued.

Chuckling, I replied. "See what? Me and you coexisting?" I joked. A small part of me was disgusted by the joy my heart felt at Saint's words.

"Yep. A family Amelia. I know we haven't known each other long and shit started off rocky. But I can't help how I feel 'bout you, yahurme. I'm tryna see whassup and if you agree cuz if ya don't I'on wanna waste my time." Normally it was the woman making statements like what Saint had just said. He was giving me a clear out or welcoming me in. It was my choice.

Moving to the gurney, I stroked Saint's shadow covered face. His hooded eyes opened scanning mine for any sign of doubt. There was none.

"Something I never told you. My mother walked out on Twan when I was five. She didn't even look back. I can't tell you where she is or if she is even still living. I have never asked Twan why my mother left and I guess I will never find out."

Saint reached up, wiping away a tear along my cheek. "You turned out perfect, behbeh. Even when both the muhfuckas who should've loved and nourished you turned their backs on you. You made it. You became some shit. I love that about you. You're a strong woman Amelia. That's what the fuck I need by my side." Saint brought me to tears.

"As long as we make each other a promise," I whispered.

Saint blinked. “What promise is that?”

Swallowing nervously, I said, “That we will love each other forever. That we will talk shit out and not assume on either end. That we will do whatever it takes to stay together.”

Holding out his hand, I placed mine in his. “Deal, my behbeh.” We kissed, staring each other in the eyes as we did so.

“I love you,” Saint professed in between pecks.

Overjoyed, I whispered that I loved him back.

“Is there any word on Hollis?” He asked. Damn poor Hollis. Twan had shot him in the chest.

Shaking my head, I responded. “Not yet. Trev is in the waiting room with the girls when they brought you back in from scanning your brain. Your mother called your cell phone though.” Shit, and I answered it.

“What she say?”

“That she felt some bad juju and if you were in trouble she was gonna beat your ass. I assured her you that you’re alive and breathing, just a little sore. She said okay and to have you call her when you get the balls to.”

Saint snickered. “Mama crazy. Fair warning to not take shit personal when ya do meet her. She swears she can read people spirits an’ shit.”

“That would only scare off a woman that doesn’t have your best interest at heart. I do Saint.”

Saint’s eyes drifted closed. “Fa sho’. She’s gon’ love ya anyway.”

Saint and I continued to talk as we waited for the doctor to come back with his results. He told me that he owned a couple of restaurants in Houston as well as a gym. He also told me about his other job. Needless to say it worried me. However, Saint assured me that he would look into doing something a little less dangerous. I hoped so.

I don't think I could take seeing him hurt. Tonight's incident had taken a toll on me. Every time Saint grimaced so did I. My boo was in pain, and I couldn't do shit for him but soothe him with my words. That would have to work for now.

DALLAS MCQUEEN

“Hollis is out of surgery. Nigga lucky, mane. The bullet went straight through.” This was why I had bullet proof vehicles and wore a vest almost every damn where I went. Muhfuckas was grimy as fuck outchea.

“Saint?”

“Nigga made of steel or somethin'. He got a few cracked ribs no other damage. He'll go home later this morning. I took Chloe and Yaya back to the house while Millie stays with Saint. I'mma stay up here with Hollis.” Trevor was one of those home boys that did whatever ya needed him to without you havin' to ask.

“Good lookin' yahurme. You'll be back in Tampa soon.”

Trevor grumbled. “To more bullshit,” he griped. I disconnected with him.

Straddling the rickety metal chair, I peered at the mess I was making of Grisham. He was still breathing, barely.

“The longer you don't give me what I want, the longer you gon' suffer, yahurme” Blood dripped from Grisham's lips. His body lay in the middle of the warehouse floor battered and bruised. Houston had done a good job fuckin' Grisham's back up. Bitch couldn't move for shit. He was experiencing what Dime would for some time. Served him right for coming after my father in the first place.

We were back where it started. Black Vic's warehouse. Gatah stood off to the side, cussin' under his breath from how foul Grisham smelled. Grisham had a shit bag full of his bowels that I'd mistakenly severed a little while ago. Oh well, G would get over it.

“You was talkin' shit 'bout Dime takin' ya family from ya. How, ya dig? Speak the fuck up!” I demanded.

With all of his macho and bravado, Grisham was reduced to a lil' ass behbeh as he started crying. I mean bitch ass, big ass behbeh tears muhfucka.

“Dime deserves to be dead,” he cried. I peeped that Grisham had hella beer bottles in his truck as well as filthy clothes. He'd been living in his truck for the most part. I for a fact knew Grisham made good money the time he spent in the company. How had he squandered it all away to end up living the way he was living?

“Dime tried to kill me,” he laughed hysterically.

“For good reason, Yuri. You sold your country over some jealousy and envy,” I retorted.

“Fuck you, Dime and this fuckin' country! You arrogant muthafuckers wouldn't know the first thing about loyalty! I was loyal!” he spewed.

“I gave everything to her... Yet the one time I needed her she turned her back on me. Because of Dime.”

“So, you tryna ghost Dime ova a bitch?”

Grisham growled. “Watch your fucking mouth!”

“Naw you watch ya fuckin' mouth, yahurme. What type of muhfucka come after a whole family ova a *bitch*? You 'bout to lose ya life ova a *bitch*. Damn I wanna know who the fuck she is to have ya outchea doin' bad, Yuri.”

Groaning with sorrow and pain, Grisham's eyes danced toward his truck.

“I didn't mean to kill them,” he cried. This drunk bastard was talkin' in circles. “My woman and my son were innocent. They had nothing to do with me or Dime. He injured me so bad it changed me, my lifestyle. Amanda couldn't handle the new form of me. I was always angry. Jacqo was afraid of me all the time. One day I just snapped.”

Oh, here we go. The truth.

“Jacqo...I smothered him. Amanda, she didn't have it so easy. It's Dime's fucking fault that I even had to kill my

own seed! Dime could've walked away! Instead he put six bullets in me that destroyed my fucking life!”

Grisham's diatribe didn't move me. Now I felt sorry for the woman and child, not for Grisham. A rat is a rat! A traitor is a traitor! It ain't no comin' back from that.

“Aye, fuck allat. You da blame fa ya own shit, bruh. Own that shit homie! Die a fuckin' man!”

Grisham stared off into space, thinking about what I'd said. Turning to me, he asked. “Will you bury me with them? Their ashes are in the lock box in the back of the truck. Please.” He cried accepting his fate.

Standing from the chair, I bent down next to Grisham. I'd already broken both his hands. That was for firing off on my mama and Chloe at Houston's football game.

“Listen to me well, Yuri. I'on give a fuck 'bout ya. The way you handled shit was ass fuckin' backwards. I'mma spread ya woman and *her* son's ashes somewhere ya soul would neva see. You. I'mma leave ya snake ass fa the gators.”

“Noo—” The hollow point hit Grisham's forehead, splattering his shit all over me. Wiping his blood from my forehead, I stood to my feet.

“You know... You and Steph is some crazy muhfuckas,” G quipped.



Investigators have officially confirmed that the death of three local prominent members of the community have been ruled suicides. Two more bodies have been discovered since then, leading investigators to believe this is all at the result of several internal investigations into damning documentation sent anonymously via mail to the New Orleans Police Department as well as several news stations across the country.

At this time, there is no further information to support that these deaths are a result of foul play...

“Mane, that fuckin’ bullet hurt like hell.” Tuning out the reporter I focused on Hollis.

Thank God the homie pulled through. It was a tough first couple of days, but he was in good spirits causing all the nurses trouble. The nurses were flouncing in and out of his room, doing the fuckin’ most for our attention. They better be glad Chloe wasn’t in sight or she’d cut the fuck up.

It had been a week since I killed Grisham. I hadn’t bodied anyone in three days. That was an accomplishment if ya ask me. New Orleans streets still needed to be cleaned up from the crooked officials. With the help of my crew we’d already started to fire. We just had to sit back and watch all these muhfuckas kill each other or themselves to save their own ass.

“From here on out ya were a vest my dawg. I’ain tryna bury none of ya niggas, yahurme.”

Hollis agreed. “Saint doin’ better?”

Nodding, I replied, “Giving Millie the what fa. She gon’ kill his ass fa it’s all said an’ done. He milkin’ that bed rest shit.” The two were still at my house chillin’. Gatah, Stephan, and their wives had left yesterday, so did Trevor. My house was back to being quiet. It was a strange feeling after having it so live the last four weeks.

Dime wouldn’t be leaving the hospital for a little while longer. We were just grateful that he hadn’t had any setbacks, both mentally and physically. I guess having the love and support of his family was keeping him strong.

“Hurry up an’ get better though. Mrs. Frita drivin’ a nigga crazy ya dig.”

Hollis couldn’t really laugh without it hurting. “Kinda how ya mama was gettin’ on me and Saint’s nerves when we had to baby sit her. Mane she a whole handful, nigga. Dime got some work on his hands.”

Scoffing, I replied, “Yeen lyin’ dawg. Aye, thank you mane, fa havin’ my back like always. I gotcha fa whateva, wheneva, yahurme.”

Dapping Hollis up, I made my exit just as another nurse was coming.

“Bye sexy,” she purred.

Winking, I kept it moving.

Epilogue

DALLAS MCQUEEN

3 months later... Late February

Watching my mother walk down the aisle was beautiful. Although her and Dime were already married, they were having their traditional wedding ceremony today. Mama was radiant in an all-white gown, her seven-month protruding belly making her look even more beautiful.

Dime was at the end of the aisle, seated in his custom wheelchair. The last three months of therapy had been good for Dime. He wasn't walking yet but he was proving that with time, he would. As long as him and my mama were happy, then I was happy.

Of course I was walking my fiancé down the aisle. The theme of the wedding was all-white everything. Chloe glowed in the white flowy strapless dress she had on. Her softly swollen belly made me smile. We'd be having a set of twins this fall. Shit! I had to remember twins ran in Chloe's family. Me and her fuck around an' have a whole country in this bitch.

I was down for it though, yahurme. This was my queen 'til the death of me. As you can see I'd do anything for shawty, whateva brought her joy and made her happy. She rocked with me the same way. The past few months we spent travelling. We went to Paris, which my behbeh loved so much she wanted to stay. That was until she remembered her parents weren't a drive away. She quickly nixed that thought. I taught her more French also.

Things were going better than good with us. That was all a nigga like me could ask for. I was a hitta my whole life and would be 'til the day I die. At least I had a woman by my side that would be with me for the ride.

PAUL "SAINT" TOUISSAINT

"Shawty I swea I'mma fuck you up in this bathroom if you'on quit playing with me." Amelia was throwing up every

fucking where. Couldn't have a normal day with this damn girl fa shit.

“Saint...” she groaned, bending over the toilet. “You’re not helping.”

“How the fuck can I help? The behbeh ain’t in me, it’s in you behbeh girl.”

Rolling her eyes, Amelia sniffled. “You’re an asshole. You should have remorse for your baby’s mother.”

Rubbing Amelia’s back, I scoffed. “I do have remorse fa ya shawty. Shit just smells bad as fuck. You gon’ need to hurry up so I can get the fuck up outchea, yahurme.”

I helped Amelia to the sink where she rinsed her mouth with some Listerine we carried faithfully. “Fuck you Saint. Wait ‘til I have your ass changing all these damn diapers for the amount of sickness your hardheaded ass child is causing. You’re gonna definitely have to repay me sir.”

Grinning, I kissed Amelia’s cheek. Those lips were gon’ have to wait. “Diaper duty. Yes ma’am,” I drawled.

Amelia narrowed her eyes at me, glaring. “See, you play too damn much.”

“What behbeh? I’m serious,” I snickered. I ain know the first thing about changing no damn diapers. Ma dukes was gon’ have to teach me so I ain lose my girl behind my bullshit.

Taking Amelia into my arms I kissed her cheeks, then bit her neck. Placing her arms around my neck, I felt up the white dress she had on, rubbing on her thick ass my behbeh had spreading.

“I’ll do anything for you, mama,” I said seriously.

Amelia and I had been going to counseling to help her deal with the death of her father. Although she said she didn’t care, as counseling went on, Amelia discovered that she did have mixed feelings about her dad dying. She was also coping with not really knowing either of her parents. I was proud of my behbeh. Which was why I was with her every step of the way.

Hitta or not, I'd kill a muthafucka behind this woman ritchea and now she was carrying my seed. War I would go through ova both of them. Dat's muthafuckin' it!

DIMOCHKA "DIME" MCQUEEN

Francesca leaned her back into me as I rubbed her belly. My little boy was growing healthy and strong despite Chess' age. If that wasn't a blessing I didn't know what was. Other than me walking again, I didn't lack anything I really needed.

Francesca stayed by my side without any issues. She never made me feel less than or a burden. That was hard to do. As a man used to being strong enough to handle any situation, without my legs I could've easily fallen into a state of depression. That was also a blessing. Not one day did I feel down about my situation. That's because the woman sitting on my lap, the two sons we made, and the third we were expecting gave me all the love I could ever need or want.

Francesca and I still had a normal sex life. Honestly, our love making was a lot more passionate than I had ever experienced. The chemistry between us had always been explosive. It was on another level now.

"You need anything behbeh?" Francesca asked as we watched our friends and family dancing and enjoying one another.

"No, baby. All is well, Chess." I smiled, then kissed her ear.

The life of a hitta wasn't easy. It was a lot of death and sorrow. Having that glimmer of light no matter where it came from kept a man's soul grounded. Francesca and our family were my light.

HOUSTON MCQUEEN

Turning my nose up at the lil' thot bitch that kept creepin' past my table, I hoped I gave her the hint to keep fuckin' walkin'. Damn, these lil' young ass girls needed a damn grandmama whoopin' for being so fuckin' fast in the

ass. I couldn't enjoy my cake in peace cuz these hoes was on my fuckin' jock.

"You can fix your face sweetie. Ain't nobody stuttin' your young ass." Young? I was officially nineteen as of two weeks ago, the fuck. I started to cuss ole girl out 'til I turned around and damn near swallowed my tongue.

"Dammnn!" I proclaimed. Shawty was bad as fuck!

She giggled, deep dimples poking both her cheeks. Her skin was the color of milk chocolate, her beautiful natural hair in a bomb ass dark afro. She was wearing jeans and a tank top, not dressed for a wedding at all!

"The fuck is you, shawty?" I asked intrigued. She looked young as hell but from the tattoos playing across her chest, she had to be at least eighteen. Right? Shit I fuckin' hoped so. I was into older chicks usually but I'd make an exception for lil' behbeh.

She stuck her manicured hand out. Taking it, I stared in her brown eyes as we shook hands.

"Kaliyah. My friends call me Kay-Kay." She pointed across the room to another female who was dressed much like her. "My sister Nita is a friend of the family. She came to drop off a gift to your parents."

Oh, okay.

"So, where y'all live?" My nosey ass.

She smiled. "Your nosey ass. I'm in Mobile attending the University of Alabama. I'm in my second year, majoring in criminal justice."

My eyebrows shot up. "Oh fa sho? That's what my major will be this fall. I got a full ride athletic scholarship to LSU. Football." Yeah ya boy was well on his way to fulfilling one of my dreams. Shit had been complicated going back to school, playing with the team again. My mama got it all worked out though and things were running smooth now.

Impressed she said, "Well, congratulations. I'll have to come see you play some time."

“Most definitely. Give me ya number so we can keep in touch.” She rattled off her number as I entered it into my cellphone.

“Enjoy your cake, Houston. It was nice meeting you.” She walked away just as smooth as she came.

Smirking, I asked, “Who told you my name.”

Grinning she winked, then continued walking away.

Man fuck, I couldn't wait to be with a woman like the women my family and friends had. Glancing over at my dad, he met my gaze. Nodding his way, he nodded back. We had had a deep ass conversation about the shit with Lester. He apologized to me for subjecting me to what took place that night. Of course I forgave Dime and let that shit ride. He was my fuckin' pops. A hitta. He would merc any muthafucka behind me and vice versa. I wasn't a hitta yet but behind my family, I'd be a whole fool in these streets, yahurme!

CHLOE SMITH

“Hoe, don't be staring at my man like that.”

I snickered as Millie told the same thing to another female for the third time tonight. These waitresses *were* being extra thirsty but who could blame them. We had no doubt the best looking niggas on the planet.

“Relax for you cause my baby stress,” I fussed. Millie and I were both pregnant now. Best friends having their little ones together. Our children were going to be the best of friends. These twins were kicking my ass just like her little onsie was kicking her ass.

“Girlll, they must not know I'll burn a bitch about my nigga.”

Laughing I didn't even disagree.

Millie had calmed down only a little since being pregnant. She was back in school as of January. She was attending the University of Houston and living with Saint in Houston. The two of them were still as crazy as ever but definitely in love.

Millie was glad to get out of Orlando permanently when she found out the only girl on her old team unwittingly became a pawn in Twan's revenge plan. Drew didn't face any prison time or trouble as she was found to have a low IQ. The school had been fixing her grades just so Drew could play basketball. In the end a couple of professors were fired. Drew was placed on suspension until she could bring her true grades up.

Twan had fucked up another woman's life behind his bullshit. Fuck his ass though. That's why he came for my baby and got his ass *got!*

"Chile, the fuck we gonna do with these crazy niggas?" Millie and I both peered at the makeshift dance floor watching Dallas, Saint, Gatah, Stephan, Hollis, Trevor, Houston, and the rest of the crew fake two step to a Drake joint. They each had a cup in their hand hyping each other up making all that damn noise in these folks' restaurant.

Yaya and Mariah stood off to the side shaking their heads at their clowns of husbands. Mariah was holding her little girl pointing towards the dance floor at her daddy. I didn't know who was cuter, their little boy Xavier, or his sister Siena. The both of them were just too fuckin' cute for anybody's business. Yaya was five months pregnant now. She was a raging beast as she had not too long had Shaun Jr., prior to becoming pregnant again. I thought the shit was funny.

My parents were strong as ever. The love they had for each other evident every time anyone laid their eyes on them. I couldn't thank God or Dallas enough for bringing them back together and in my life physically.

The Smith family. My family. We rocked solid *all the fucking time!* Couldn't nobody touch us!

Sighing, I replied, "I do not know. One thing's for sure. Ain't nobody gonna ever fuck with us. If they do, fair warning that our niggas don't play and neither do the niggas they run with."

"Facts boo." Millie giggled as we high fived. Catching Dallas' eye, I blew my man a kiss, which he returned. Ooh I

just loved that he showed me the upmost affection whether we were in front of people or not. The nigga just loved my ass to death. I loved him to death too.

Houston pretended to electric slide, sending everyone cackling. Millie and I laughed watching this foolishness.

A hitta and his hitta friends. I loved it!