

A K. NICOLE
EXCLUSIVE

Bought By
A HOOD
Billionaire
2

K. NICOLE

Bought By A Hood Billionaire 2

K. Nicole

A K. Nicole Exclusive

Copyright © 2022 K. Nicole

All rights reserved

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

No part of this book may be reproduced, or stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without express written permission of the publisher.

TENAIIA

“Save the tears for later,” Ju drilled into my head. “You are fucking beat to the makeup gawds and I do not want you to look like the Bride of Chucky for your pictures.”

“I’ll keep that in mind. I’m just so happy right now. I finally was able to see and hug my dad. It’s been three years, y’all,” I told them. My cheeks were hurting from the smile that graced my face.

“We’re happy for you,” Jessy said. Zee stood back, not saying a word. She was on her phone texting away.

Twenty minutes later, I was in my beautiful black wedding gown, hair and makeup done, and heels on. I received a beautiful bracelet from Zee for my something new. There was a blue garter on my thigh for my something blue, thanks to Ju and my something old was from Regina. It was a necklace she said

was given to her from her mom who received it from her grandma. I literally felt like Cinderella at this very moment.

“It’s time,” Zee announced.

Holding my dress up at the sides, I left the room behind Zee, with Ju and Jessy behind me, holding up my train. We took the elevator. My dad was waiting downstairs and I fought back the tears. I was so emotional seeing him. He was the first man I had ever loved.

He held his arm out, and asked, “Ready?”

I nodded. “I am. Zion’s a great man, dad.”

He scoffed but I looked over it. Right now wasn’t the time. I was so nervous but the wedding coordinator gestured to us that it was my time to walk down the aisle. From Smith to Legend.

Everything went smooth and I was now Mrs. Zion Legend. The passionate tongue kiss Zion had laid on me, still tingled my lips. Me and the girls had changed into our reception clothing, mine being another black lace dress with black blinged out Converse. The girls wore black short sweat suits with the matching short sleeved top that read Legend wedding blinged out in the back. They also wore black Converse but theirs weren’t blinged out.

Everything was going smooth after mine and Zion’s first dance until there was a commotion. Zachari had my dad hemmed up. My dad’s eyes were glossy. He had had a drink in his hands every time I checked up on him through the night. I was guessing he had gotten sloppy drunk and Zachari had to handle him but I didn’t like it.

“Stop him, Zion!” I cried out. He stopped me from taking a step towards the men.

“You. You were the reason I had to have my daughter kidnapped. I couldn’t pay you back and I had to sell her to Griff!” he slurred and my knees buckled.

“Wha... What?” I whimpered out. “No. This... That can’t be true.”

Zion tried pulling me up but I was having a fit and it was hard for him to control me. I was swinging at him because he had to have played a part in that if Zachari did. I just knew it.

The door to the ballroom swung open and a woman with the same colored eyes as Zachari stood there. I wiped my eyes as everyone stared at her.

“You bitch!” Zachari growled, marching towards her but stopped in his tracks when we all heard the sound of a gun cocking back.

Zion had his pistol pointed at the back of Zachari’s head. I was so distraught and heartbroken, I couldn’t even gather the words quickly enough to stop him. His finger was on the trigger and I just knew that I was about to witness Zion blowing his own father’s head off.

“Who the fuck is that, Zachari?” Zion asked through gritted teeth.

Everybody was calling Zion’s name and trying to persuade him into putting the gun down but it was going in one ear and out the other. The ballroom was full of people, some running for their lives. The others stayed to witness the outcome.

“Who is that Zachari!” Zion hollered. His voice was shaky as if he was trying to hold himself together.

“I know damn well you ain’t got your pistol to my head, nigga,” Zachari growled, but he didn’t turn around.

“You got one more time to give me the right answer, or I swear I’ll blow your head off right here, right now.”

“Zion...”

I had finally found my voice. He ignored me. Standing to my feet, I started towards him but was pulled back by my arm. My eyes landed on my father’s and I snatched it away and pointed a finger in his face.

“Don’t you dare touch me,” I croaked out. He had broken my heart into a million pieces and I wasn’t sure how we could come back from that. I doubt we could.

“Who was guarding the door? I swear they are fired!” Zachari spewed out. “What the fuck are you doing here?” he asked the woman at the door.

“Zion, chill. Put the gun down, bro,” Rock pleaded. “You don’t want to do this shit.”

“Don’t fuckin’ tell me what I do and don’t want to do, nigga. You don’t know how the fuck I’m feeling right now,” Zion told him, eyes still trained on Zachari’s back. “I want this nigga to tell me the fucking truth. Better yet...” His eyes darted passed Zachari and to the woman. “Why don’t you tell me who you are.”

“Don’t you fucking dare fix your mouth,” Zachari warned her. His fists were balled up at his side.

“Zion Ny’rie Legend,” she cried out, tears falling from her eyes. “I am your birth mother.”

Zion’s hand instantly began to shake as his lips quivered. Zavi acted quickly and grabbed the gun out of Zion’s hand but not before it went off.

Everyone grew quiet. You could hear a pin drop. That’s when I noticed a hole in the back of Zachari’s jacket and he dropped.

“Zachariiiii!” Regina screamed, running to his side. “Call an ambulance!” Call an ambulance!” She kept repeating over and over.

“Fuck. Get out of here,” I heard Zavi tell Zion.

Zion shook his head of course because he was so damn hard headed.

“Nah, not before I get more answers from her.” He nodded his head over to the woman who was fighting the guards who were now attempting to do their jobs and escort her out.

“Leave me alone!” she yelled. “I’ve been away for way too long from my son!”

Zion was literally a zombie right now, unaware of what was going on around him. He was nonchalant about Zachari being shot and bleeding out. He was nonchalant to the screaming and crying surrounding us.

“Get yo muthafuckin’ hands off her!” Zion barked. I watched him lean over and remove another gun from his ankle. Groaning at the sight of another damn gun in Zion’s hand, my problems with my father were long gone for now. I had to deal with this quickly before anyone else ended up with a hole in them.

The guards let the woman go and she cautiously sauntered towards Zion. Her clothes were way too big for her. She was dirty, but I could tell when clean she was very beautiful. Zion’s eyes were just like her eyes. Her long curly hair was matted up and she had a stench to her that made my stomach queasy. Zion didn’t seem fazed by it one bit.

“I’m twenty-three,” Zion muttered.

“I know how old you are. Every year on February 22, I’ve always wished you a happy birthday,” she told him.

“You saw me.” Zion licked his lips and continued. “You saw me that day at the courts in the hood.”

She wiped away a lone tear and nodded. “That was the first time seeing you in person since I delivered you...”

“Zion, I know you’re trying to have a kumbaya moment with Jada, but you need to get out of here,” Zavi came over and told him. I jumped and yelped when Zion’s hand wrapped around Zavi’s neck.

Zee ran over and began beating her fist against Zion’s back, yelling for him to let her father go. I cautiously approached Zion and placed my hand on his arm.

“Zion. Please snap out of it and let him go,” I pleaded. “Please.”

“Fuck!” he yelled, letting Zavi go who began to suck in air. “You knew about her too! This whole time you knew she was alive!”

“You are out of line, Zion!” Zee fussed at him. “Are you okay, dad?”

Zavi ignored her and peered at me. He gestured at Zion with his thumb. “Just get him out of here. I’ll deal with him later,” he said in between taking deep breaths.

“Come with me,” he told the woman, or Jada as Zavi called her. Zion held his hand out to me and I hesitated. “You trust me?” Slowly, I nodded. Slipping my hand in his, we left the ballroom, along with the Jada lady.

Gray already had the door open to the Denali. Jada climbed to the middle and I slid in the back. Zion and Gray spoke and I tried my best to listen but they spoke so fast and in a hush tone, I failed miserably. He finally climbed in the truck and the door closed. I covered my nose because I could not deal.

No words were spoken on the ride home. I had no idea where my father was going and right now I was too mad and disappointed to care. For three years, I had hope that he was searching for me. I thought he was hurt behind me disappearing that night. All this time, he knew. He knew where I was. He knew that I was taken and he knew that I would be sold to the highest bidder.

Right then it hit me. Not only did they take me, but they took my best friend too. He was the reason she was dead. I refused to forgive my father for this. He was dead to me.

“Some wedding,” I sighed. I turned my back to Zion so he could unzip my dress. I shivered as soon as his knuckles ran down my back.

“I’ll make it up on the honeymoon.”

“It’s not that.” I faced him. “My dad really sold me because he owed your dad. Him and Griff were in cahoots. Did you know about this? Is this why you dropped two million dollars on me?”

Zion’s eyebrows lowered and pulled closer together. “You really think I had some to do wit’ that shit? Like, be for real, Naia.”

My hands flew out. “I don’t know shit at this point. So much shit unfolded like a domino effect. I’m so...” I choked up. I was hurt. Zion reached out and grabbed me, pulling me into his chest. “Your dad knew who the fuck I was this whole time.”

“I’m sorry, bae,”

I buried my face into Zion’s chest. He smelled so good it almost took my mind off of everything.

“Are you going to check on him?” I stepped back and asked.

“On who?” he questioned, knowing exactly who I was talking about.

“Zachari.” I rolled my eyes and stepped out of my dress.

“Pshh, nah. I’m good. He ain’t dead.”

“What about your mom?”

“What about her? She’s getting cleaned up as we speak and I’m holding her ass hostage until she shakes whatever drugs she’d been on. I’m keeping her here until I’m ready to know what happened between her and Zachari and why she stayed away for twenty three fucking years.”

“Now that we’re married and I’m apparently not missing, does that mean I have more freedom? Can I come and go as I please?” I asked, hands on my hips. Zion removed his tux jacket and started unbuttoning his shirt.

“Come and go?”

“As in, I can leave and go places without you.”

“Yeah, as long as one of my men is always with you and Gray driving. You’re a Legend now. Niggas envy every day.”

“I just want to live a normal life,” I groaned out, following him into the bathroom so we could shower together.

“Normal? What’s that?” Zion muttered.

The steam from the shower was calming. I needed that after the day we’ve had. Although I didn’t want anything to do with my father anymore, I still needed answers. This wound was wide open and I needed it to heal and close.

ZION

Never had I blacked out like I did at the reception, but the shit that had unfolded deserved that reaction from me. How the fuck do you lie about my mom being dead? The woman that gave birth to me? How the fuck do you allow one woman who wasn't my biological mother be in my life, but the one that pushed me out of her womb - you denied? Zachari was foul but I honestly did not believe my own father could be grimy as fuck towards me. His damn son.

Then, my mother wanted to wait until the day of the wedding... during the reception... to make an appearance. That shit blew me. I was over the whole fucking family. It even had me looking at Regina sideways. She was someone I had grown to love and looked at as a mother. Now, she was really guilty by association. *Did she know my mother was alive too?*

Tonight, I wanted to make love to my wife and go to sleep, but I also wanted to face my mother and get the answers to the questions that wouldn't stop fucking with my mind.

In the shower, I pushed those problems temporarily to the back and focused on the beautiful woman in front of me. She too, appeared as if she was lost in her own thoughts and I was pretty sure she was. I mean, she just found out that her dad sold her to Griff. For three years she'd been wanting to go home to the man who was supposed to have been her protector, but was behind her kidnapping the whole time. Terrick could blame my father all he wanted, but he could have handled the shit a different way instead of shoving Tenaia in Griff's hands. He could have paid with his life instead.

Scooping Tenaia up, I held her up against the wall. I needed to be inside of her. That was the only way my mind would settle for now. Her hands found the back of my head as I crashed my lips against hers and pushed my hard dick into her pussy. Gripping Tenaia under her ass, I spread her cheeks, going deeper and delivering long hard strokes.

“Ziiion,” she purred. “It feels soooo good. Shiiit.”

I sucked on Tenaia's neck, leaving marks as I went. She had my shit in a headlock.

“I love this tight ass pussy,” I groaned out. “Fuck, I love it.”

Holding her up against the shower wall, I leaned down and suckled a nipple in my mouth, causing Tenaia to cream on my dick. Looking down, I watched as my shit disappeared in and out of her, creating more of the white discharge.

“I'm cuming,” I loudly grunted. Tenaia picked my head up and held my chin in her hands. I bit down on my lip as I stared down at her through lust filled eyes.

“Cum baby,” she said, and that I did. I filled her up as my body convulsed and twitched as if I was turning into the damn Hulk. That's all Tenaia had to fucking say in that sweet little voice of hers and I was exploding inside of her.

“Ziiiiion,” she whined and I knew why, but felt like playing dumb.

“What? What did I do?”

I pulled out and leaned against the wall to get myself together. Tenaia elbowed me.

“You know what! Why didn’t you pull out?”

Tenaia’s lips were poked out and I fought back from laughing because I knew that’ll piss her little ass off even more.

“My bad bae. I’ll remember next time.”

We showered and then went downstairs together. Since we didn’t get to eat or even cut our fucking cake, Tenaia decided she’d cook tonight and we’d cut our cake because I had it brought back to the house.

“Zion.”

I was in the living room area getting ready to turn on the game when Carl called my name.

“Sup?”

“Jada is requesting to speak with you. And she says she’s hungry.” Carl rocked back and forth on his heels. “Her eyes...”

I sighed. “Yeah, I know. Crazy huh. I actually saw her at the courts the other day and I just knew...”

“You checked on Zachari?” he asked, watching me closely.

“Nah, for what?” I snorted. “That nigga a fuckin’ liar, but aye, go ahead and send her in here. I’d like to talk to her ass too. She ain’t off the hook just yet either.”

“Yes, sir.” Carl turned on his heels and disappeared down the hall. Turning on the game, I plopped down on the sectional to wait on Jada’s presence. That’s what I was going to call her ‘cus I ain’t know her like that. She hadn’t been a mother to me so she didn’t deserve that title. She abandoned me and I need to know her reasoning behind it.

I heard feet padding on the floor behind me and didn’t bother turning around this time. When she came into my peripheral vision, my head turned and I was shocked. She was beautiful when she wasn’t filthy and in big ass clothes. Jada’s curly hair was freshly washed and in a sleek ponytail at the nape

of her neck. The only feature I took from her were the eyes. Other than that, I favored Zachari's bitch ass.

Jada's honey skin tone was somewhat lighter than mine. She had full lips, high cheekbones and a snub nose. I could tell by staring in her eyes that she had a story to tell and trust, I had all the time in the world.

"You wanted to talk?"

Jada sat down a few inches from me and nervously chuckled. "Can I get some food first?"

"My wife is in the kitchen. Talk." I positioned myself to where I could look her in the eyes, showing how serious I was right now. There wasn't a hint of a smile on my face. She let out a soft sigh and fiddled with her hands in her lap.

"Your dad was older than me. We met and it was like love at first sight. We hung out when we could because he was in the streets trying to prove himself to Zeek. He told me he needed a wife so he could take over. Zachari took me to meet Zeek..." Jada stopped and bit the inside of her cheek.

"And what?" I encouraged her to continue.

"And he didn't give a fuck about me. He didn't like me. Zachari was so set on pleasing his father, he quit checking for me. He broke up with me. Stopped answering his phone for me and everything. Years later, I had run into him and he had ended up marrying my best friend, Regina. She had disappeared for a while and I never knew about the wedding."

My jaw began to clench. It seemed like everyone around me was some dirty muthafuckas. Finding out Regina was once best friends with Jada, had me seeing red. Zachari always instilled how loyalty was important and the nigga couldn't even take his own advice.

"Zachari talked me into meeting him one night at a hotel that he paid for. We even spent the night together and when I woke up, he was gone back to her. Weeks later, I started throwing up every morning and was always dizzy. Found out I was pregnant at twenty-eight years old," Jada chuckled with a shake of her head.

“What happened next?”

“Well, I called and told Zachari and he was there for me while I was pregnant. Moved me into a house. He would sometimes sneak and have his way with me. That nigga wanted his cake and eat it too. Once I gave birth to you, he kicked me out and told me I better never show my face around again. He told me that I needed to forget about you and if I didn’t he would hurt me and everyone that I loved. So,” her lips quivered. “I stayed away.”

“I should kill that nigga,” I gritted. “Him, Zeek, and Regina.”

“When I saw you at the basketball court, shooting that ball... you walk just like Zachari. Look like him. But I noticed those eyes and I just knew,” she smiled. “I said to myself, ‘That’s my baby.’” Jada peered over her shoulders and at the kitchen. “Zeek met her?”

“Not really. He was at the wedding but they hadn’t met just yet. I ain’t afraid of that nigga. Even if he told me he didn’t like Tenaia, I would have told him to kiss my ass,” I huffed. “So where have you been living?” I sat back and relaxed a bit. Now knowing her story... the truth, I knew I couldn’t be completely mad at her but I wished she would have fought for me.

“Food is ready,” Tenaia called out.

Jada looked at me with wide eyes and I felt bad that she was practically begging me with her eyes if she could eat. I stood and nodded for her to follow me.

“Where have you been staying?” I asked her again.

She shrugged and her eyes shot down to the floor. “Around.”

We reached the kitchen but I stopped her. “What’s around?”

“I don’t have the type of money Zachari and his family has, Zion. I recently lost my waitressing job, so I lost the little apartment I had. I stay here and there with people I know,” she explained.

“People that are on drugs? Are you on drugs?”

Jada shook her head. “I’ve tried them. Even fucked up and got hooked on crack, but when I felt it getting too bad where I

depended on it... where all my money went to my habit, I checked myself into rehab. That's not the person that I wanted to be."

"I feel that. I wish you would have attempted to reach out to me. Obviously, you knew where Zachari lived. You knew where I was growing up," I told her. I peered up to see Tenaia watching us.

"I told you that he said he would hurt me and the ones I loved. Even you. I was afraid that he would hurt you. You know how powerful the Legends are," she stated, and I had to agree.

Before asking her anymore questions, I allowed her to fix her a plate of the smothered pork chops, mac 'n cheese, yams, and Jiffy cornbread that my wife had whipped together. Once we sat down and Jada took a few bites, I continued my interrogation.

"You think Zachari would hurt me?" I snorted.

Jada looked over at me and smiled sheepishly. "Maybe not now. I'm sure you could take his ass. But the younger you, maybe. Zachari could be ruthless." She placed a forkful of mac 'n cheese in her mouth.

"Zion."

We all turned our heads to Carl trekking in the kitchen at a fast speed. He was sweating profusely and that alerted me because Carl was never breaking a sweat.

"What's goin' on, Carl?"

"Your grandfather is at the door and demands you step out," he exhaled breathlessly.

I cocked my head and rubbed my thumb across my lip. "Demanding?"

He nodded. Carl's eyes were as big as saucers.

"What has you shook?" I asked, walking around him. Turning back towards the women, I said, "Stay in here."

"He pointed his gun right between my eyes. I saw my life flashing before me," Carl whispered.

"I'll handle it."

Zeek ain't running shit at my house. I knew why he was here. There was a hole in his son's back. Instead of charging me up at the reception, this nigga wanted to make an appearance at my shit. He must want a matching hole in his body like Zachari. As soon as he saw me, he started in.

"You think you can run a damn organization without thinking before you react?" he barked. His pistol was still dangling in his hand.

"Oh believe me, I thought about it. You're just as responsible as Zachari is. Be glad you're still breathing." My eyes fell on his gun again. "You have your piece out like you really finna use it."

Zeek picked his hand up and pointed a wrinkled finger at me. "You need to be humbled," he growled out. "Your head has gotten real big, Zion. You will not be head of the organization."

I shrugged. "Aight. You're only hurting yourself 'cus trust me..." I took two steps towards him. "Polo ain't gonna want to work witchu'. Get away from my house old man, and next time you want to pull that little gun out, don't forget I have men everywhere. You have three red dots on you right now."

Zeek glanced down and snarled. "Go see about your damn father."

"You go," I spat back. "Since you're so worried about his ass. Funny thing is, I wasn't the one who pulled the trigger." I slammed the door in his face.

TENAIIA

It was awkward sitting at the table with Zion's mother. She scarfed her food down and then went for seconds. I thought I had it bad. She wasn't even able to raise the child she birthed. Zion's family was all kinds of messed up.

"You're pretty," she said, sitting back down.

"Thanks. So are you," I replied.

She was. After a bath, clothes that actually fit her, and her hair washed, I saw how beautiful she really was. I could see what Zachari saw in her. She wasn't ghetto and loud. More so soft spoken. Her voice was soothing, Motherly. I felt more like I could relate to her more than Regina and didn't know much about her.

"My name is Jada."

“Tenaia,” I smiled shyly.

“How long have you known Zion?” she questioned, and I briefly shook my head.

“Not long,” I admitted, and her hazel and blue eyes ballooned.

I went ahead and gave her a rundown on how me and Zion met and how I found out my dad was behind it this whole time. Just thinking about it caused me to grow angry. For some reason, I was comfortable enough to confide in Jada. The awkwardness between us was no longer there.

“That’s sick.”

“What is?” Zion asked, strutting back inside the kitchen.

“You buying this girl to marry her. Not giving her an option,” Jada snapped and Zion appeared unbothered by it. He shrugged and then began eating. As he chewed, Zion began to smile. “Did she tell you how in love she is with me now?”

The smile that tugged at my lips and heart, couldn’t be helped. It was true. I had fallen for Zion. He had won my heart over even when I didn’t want to let him in.

“I see it all over your face,” Jada said to me.

“Anyway, where do we go from here?” Zion questioned Jada. “It’s obvious I ain’t no kid no more, but I’d like to establish a relationship with you off the strength that you had no choice.”

“I’d like that too,” Jada smiled.

Her teeth were somewhat yellow, but that wasn’t nothing that a dentist couldn’t fix. I wanted to do everything I could to get her back to the woman she may have been before.

Zion nodded and stood with his empty plate and cup. He took it to the sink.

“I’ll wash the dishes. It’s the least I can do.”

“Oh, no,” I told her. “You’re a guest.”

“And you cooked. Let me do something, chile,” she persisted, and my eyes darted over to Zion’s who nodded.

“Okay,” I yawned. I was tired.

“Are you two cutting the cake?”

Me and Zion looked at one another. I could actually go to sleep right now, but then again, something sweet before bed wouldn't hurt.

“Unless y'all want some alone time,” she grinned, causing me to blush.

“Let's go ahead and cut it. Wifey threw down in the kitchen. I don't know if I have some space,” Zion said, patting his stomach.

Excited, Jada clapped her hands and moved around the kitchen, looking for a cake cutter. When she found one, she handed me the cutter.

“So yall hold it together and cut into it,” she instructed. “Then yall feed each other a piece and Zion, you can't squash it on her face.”

Zion smacked his lips. “I wouldn't even do her like that, but why didn't you tell her that she couldn't do that to me?”

“I wouldn't do you like that either, baby,” I let him know, giggling. He narrowed his eyes down at me causing me to laugh harder.

Jada unboxed the beautiful three tiered cake. It was white with black lace decorations. I had chosen a white cake with buttercream icing. Now all of a sudden, my taste buds were watering for this cake.

Stepping closer to it, Zion covered my hand with his and we cut the first piece of cake. We both took a piece and fed it to the other.

“Mmmm,” I moaned, closing my eyes to savor the taste. “This is so delicious.”

“Why are you moaning like that, Naia?” Zion groaned out, and my eyes popped back open. I was embarrassed because Jada was standing right here with us. She was just standing there with her hands clasped in front of her legs and rocking from side to side with a wide grin on her face.

“Zion,” I hissed.

“Oh,” Jada held up her hands and stated. “Don’t mind me. Y’all go ahead upstairs. I’m going to clean up and call it a night myself.”

Quickly, I grabbed a small plate and placed the piece of cake on it because it was too good to waste.

“You tryna get freaky wit’ the cake?” Zion asked, as I trailed him out of the kitchen, calling out “good night” to Ms. Jada. I nudged Zion with my elbow.

“No, I’m going to eat this cake and not play with it,” I told him, taking another bite. We got to the elevator and I continued to eat it with Zion being touchy feely. His hands went from my hair to my ass.

“You’re now Mrs. Legend. How do you feel about that?” he pushed up on me and rasped in my ear. I shuddered from his breath tickling my ear.

Smiling cheekily, I waited until I was done swallowing the piece of cake I had in my mouth before answering Zion.

“I’m happy,” I finally said.

“Word?” The elevator opened and we stepped out.

“Yeah, why are you surprised? You’ve been honest with me and I’ve seen the love you have for me in your two different colored eyes.” Zion smirked and then licked those juicy ass lips of his.

“Shit, yeah I do love your lil’ ass. Hurry up and eat that damn cake so I can eat mine.”

Zion was not in the bed when I opened my eyes this morning. I stretched my limbs and instantly groaned out from the pain. The way me and Zion went at it last night was wild. We didn’t go to sleep until a little after four in the morning, therefore I was surprised that Zion was even up because I could still fall asleep right now.

Sliding out of bed, literally, I handled my morning business and then moseied downstairs to grab something to eat. Now that I was married to a respected billionaire, I knew there was a part I had to also play. The first place of business that I wanted to do is get me a phone, a laptop, and whatever else electronic. I've been missing out on a lot. The only entertainment I had was the TV and Zion. His type of entertainment left me sore every time.

Mildred was in the kitchen, along with Carl who was basically watching her every move. I snickered with a shake of my head as I sauntered over to the Keurig, minding my business.

“Good morning, Mrs. Legend,” Mildred sang out. “How are you feeling this morning?”

“Good morning to you both. I'm doing well.” Turning to Carl, I told him, “I would like to get a hold of my *husband* and see about getting me a phone and maybe a laptop.”

Carl nodded and before he left out, I caught that little wink he had given Mildred who fanned herself. I sipped on my coffee while Mildred fixed me something to eat. Seeing those too practically smitten with one another was cute, but I was really wondering where the hell Jada was.

ZION

Tired as fuck, I still forced myself to get out of the bed at eight this morning. Tenaia was a hard sleeper and didn't even stir as I showered and moved about in the room to get dressed.

Jada was already downstairs when I ambled into the kitchen this morning. Her and Mildred were holding a conversation and I fucked with that. They were both around the same age and were talking as if they'd known each other all their lives.

We ate and I had Jada get dressed as well so she can roll with me today. I had no hate in my heart for her. Around her, I was calm, just like when I was around Tenaia. Right now, we were headed to Zavi's crib because I had questions that needed answers. My finger wasn't near the trigger when it went off. Zavi had pulled it and I needed to understand why. That was his brother and he tried to take him out and then made it seem like I

needed to leave like I pulled the trigger. Some shady ass shit was going on and I wasn't here for it. Granted I did have the gun pointed at Zachari's head and was planning on pulling that muthafucka. But I didn't.

Zee was pissed because I had tried calling her, and it went unanswered. That was unusual for us, but I was gonna let her have her moment. I wasn't gonna be the one to tell her the truth — Zavi was.

“Where are we going?” Jada asked, the moment Gray pulled off from the house.

Jada was dressed in a dark navy Chanel pants suit. Her curly hair was in a sleek bun at the nape of her neck. She wore red lipstick and had black eyeliner outlining her eyes. She reminded me of a mafia boss lady and that brought me to chuckle quietly to myself.

“To Zavi's,” I replied.

She didn't ask why. Instead she sat back and glanced out the window while I responded to emails. My phone rang and I noticed it was Polo calling me.

“Sup?” I answered.

“Zion what the hell happened, my boy? Zeek called me talking about you are no longer going to be head of True Legends. What he mean? I like your business mindset and won't be working with no one else. I will cut their supply off!”

“Some shit popped off at my wedding and Zachari ended up getting shot. Zeek being petty and in his feelings,” I let him know, not sure how this conversation was about to turn.

“Okay. Okay. Okay,” Polo continued to repeat. This nigga was more angry than I was. “I'm about to give him a call. If shit doesn't go my way, he'll be looking for a new supplier. I'll speak to you soon.” With that, Polo hung up.

Polo fucked with me tough where he didn't want to work with nobody but me. I already knew Zeek would get some act right 'cus Polo had the most purest and potent drugs. Ain't no other shit like ours and Polo only fucked with True Legends in

the states. If they wanted to keep him as a connect, they would get with the fuckin' program and let me run this shit.

“You're going to bump heads with Zeek. Believe me,” Jada spoke in a hushed tone. She was looking ahead and looking zoned out.

“He did something to you?” I asked her. My hands instantly balled into fists.

“He's just an evil man, Zion. Always be two steps ahead of him.”

“Oh, no doubt. Your son knows how to take care of himself. No need to worry,” I told her.

“My son. I love the sound of that. This is the best moment of my life, Zion. For real. I dreamed of this moment.”

I reached over to wipe the tears that were fighting to flow down her cheeks. Jada seemed to be really sincere about not being able to raise me. That shit made me angrier, especially seeing her tear up.

I mentally vowed to keep her around me and to fuck up anyone that had cause my mother pain, starting with her so called bestie.

When we pulled over to Zavi's house, Zee's red Porsche was sitting outside behind one of his many. I was cool with her being here so I could kill two birds with one stone. Gray opened the door for us. I stepped out and before I could help Jada out, Gray was on it with a goofy ass smile on his face. Frowning, I nudged his ass with my elbow 'cus why the fuck he making googly eyes at my damn mama?

“Watch out folk,” I told him, snatching Jada's hand out of his. “You doin' too much.” Gray laughed and rounded the front of the Denali to jump back into the driver's seat.

“Zion, you are so crazy,” Jada snickered, as she followed me up the steps to Zavi's front door. He had a guard by his door who mugged the fuck out of me.

“You got a problem, nigga?” I asked, grilling him. Nigga was looking like he had a damn chip on his shoulder and I didn't mind knocking that hoe off.

“Fuck you, Zion,” he spat, and just as quickly as it came out his mouth, I knocked him in it. He reached for his gun and the door opened and he had one pointed right at his dome.

“You got me fucked up, Tanero,” Zee rasped. “That’s my muthafuckin’ cousin and you’re violating.”

“That nig-,”

Pow!

Tanero’s body dropped and I stood there not even shocked. Zee could be just as ruthless as her big cousin; she was just quiet with her shit. Jada on the other hand, had her hands up to her mouth while her eyes looked like they were about to pop out of their sockets. Tanero had blood running from his head and onto the white concrete.

“What the fuck!” Zavi hollered, gripping the sides of his head. “What the fuck, Zee!”

“He had a damn gun pointed at Zion and that was just a wrong move,” she shrugged. I held my arms out to Zee but she didn’t budge.

“Don’t think shit is sweet, nigga. You still had your hand around my father’s throat like you’re fuckin’ crazy,” she smacked, hand on her hip.

“Cus I am,” I smirked, shoving my hands into the pockets of my slacks.

Zavi’s eyes darted from me to Jada and then back to me. “Man, y’all come on in.” He held the door open for the three of us and called for someone to clean up Tanero’s body off his steps.

We were led to one of the two living areas. It was quiet as fuck when we sat down. Zavi’s eyes pierced through me, I guess trying to feel me out. Zee’s eyes were on Jada and Jada’s on her.

“Are you really his mama?” Zee blurted out. “Just because y’all have the same eyes doesn’t mean shit.”

“Aye Zee. You ain’t finna disrespect her,” I growled out with a stone face.

“Jada is Zion’s mother. I was there,” spoke Zavi.

“Let me get this straight... Because she didn’t have money like Zeek, she wasn’t good enough to be with Zachari or good enough to be a mother? A mother to me?” I questioned.

Frustrated, Zavi ran his hands down his face and that shit pissed me off even more, because why the fuck was he getting upset for? He played a part in all of this just like Zachari’s ass did. They were all fuckin’ foul and I didn’t want that shit around me. At this point, I was over True Legends.

“There wasn’t shit I could do, Zion,” he tried to explain, but I wasn’t trying to hear that lame ass excuse.

“I’m a grown ass man now!” I shouted, jumping out of my seat. “You could have come to me man to man and be like say nephew, your mother is alive. Just like Zachari, your ass is a damn coward! Y’all took my mother away from me, man. For twenty three years!” I yelled, beating my chest. “You take your loyalty to your pops and brother too fuckin’ far, Zavi. What about me?”

Zavi jumped up too and I knew this nigga wasn’t trying to see me. His ass was too damn old and was not on my damn level. He would have to shoot me to get me off of him.

“That shit was for your muthafuckin’ daddy to tell you. That was his secret. You don’t think I wanted to tell you nigga? I shot him. I shot him for the shit he did to you and Jada!” Zavi let out, and Zee gasped.

And there it is...

Me and Jada ended up going out to lunch after leaving Zee and Zavi who were having a shouting match. I grabbed Tenaia something to eat as we were leaving because Mildred had something to handle this afternoon.

“I love being around you, son, but I can’t evade your space like this. You’re a married man and I’m sure it’s awkward for me being there,” Jada said, back in the Denali.

“That house big as fuck and I’m sure Naia ain’t trippin’ about you being there,” I replied. “What do you want, Jada?”

She closed her eyes and sighed. “I hate when you call me that.”

I licked my lips and shook my head swiftly. “I don’t know what to tell you,” I said to her, pounding a fist into my other hand. “I know who you are to me but it’s gonna take some time for me to just start calling you *mama* when I never knew you as such.”

Jada nodded and then tugged on her bottom lip. I saw her eyes watering and had to turn my head. “I get that,” she replied. “I hope one day you will be able to.”

I just stayed quiet because I didn’t want this conversation to continue and she was already getting emotional. My phone rang and I grunted when I saw who was calling.

“Yeah?” I answered.

“Yeah? Since when do you talk to me like that, Zion?” Regina snapped. “Are you going to come check on your father since you are the reason he is down bad?”

“Ha ha ha,” I laughed out loud. “Are you fuckin’ serious right now? You know for twenty three years, he’d been claiming my mama was dead.” Jada rolled her eyes and I could tell she was getting angry just hearing Regina’s voice. “You know what I couldn’t understand though, Regina?”

“What?”

“How could you do some foul ass shit to someone that was your best friend. There should have been some type of girl code back in the day. You violated and then you married the nigga and had me look up to you as a mother. That’s some fucked up Regina and I feel like you need to pay for that shit.”

She got quiet then.

“What do you mean to pay for that? That was years ago, son.”

“Don’t fuckin’ call me *son*,” I snarled. “It doesn’t matter how long ago the shit was, you still did some foul ass shit, bruh. You helped hide that shit for years. I don’t even like disloyal ass people so, yeah, you gon’ have to pay for that shit.” I ended the

call because I was getting heated and felt like making that drive right now and blowing her muthafuckin' brains out.

Gray parked in front of my mansion, stepped out to open the door but I was on some other shit right now and that had me not thinking straight. I opened the door and swung it so hard, it almost came off the damn hinges.

"Damn man, break the fuckin' Denali," Gray fussed but I was already heading inside the house with Jada on my heels. Tenaia was coming from the kitchen with a bottle of water and a green apple. She was mid-bite when I opened the front door.

"You cool, babe?" she asked. Her eyes lingered on Jada briefly before they set back on me.

"Take him and calm him down," Jada told her. I smacked my lips and headed up the stairs instead of using the elevator. I felt like I needed to burn this anger before I took it out on the wrong person who didn't deserve my family's grave repercussions.

"I'm calm!" I barked.

"Don't sound like it!" Tenaia hollered back which made me grin a little. That girl had to get the last word now. It was cool because I was gonna punish that pussy tonight but right now, that punching bag was about to get this work.

TENAIIA

Jada wouldn't disclose what had happened to have Zion so angry. I saw that her loyalty was to her son already. No one had gotten back to me about a phone, so I was about to stomp up the stairs and question Zion about it. Halfway up the stairs, Carl called out my name.

"You have a visitor," he said somberly. My brows pinched together.

"Why that nigga here?"

I looked up and Zion was leaning over the railing staring at his phone. I was sure he had his camera up so he could see who it was. I still couldn't because whoever it was hadn't stepped inside.

I asked, "What nigga?"

Carl stepped back. Zion was rushing down the stairs. It was like a gust of wind passed me when he whizzed by. The “guest” entered and that was when I saw that it was my lying ass father.

The hate in my heart for that man was real. As a kid, I would have run and jumped on him with my arms wrapped around his waist, wanting him to hug me back because he used to be my favorite person in the world. Today? My nose turned up at the sight of him in his khaki cargo shorts and a flowered t-shirt like he was on his way out to vacation somewhere. Today, that ended. He could go back to that hell hole Zion told me he and Rock found him at. I honestly could care less.

What father gives his daughter to another man and does not care what happens to her? I could have been raped and beaten, or better yet, killed! Every time I think about what he did to me my heart gets even colder and I just feel nothing for him.

“What the fuck are you doing here?” Zion asked him, stepping into his space.

“I came to talk to my daughter. I want to make things right before I go home,” my dad said, eyes swaying to me.

“Nah man. Not today and I doubt she wants to talk to you right now. It’s best you leave ‘cus right now I want to lay hands on you.” Zion slipped the shirt that he was gripping in his hand on. He towered over my father. I noticed his jaw clenching. I had to stop Zion before he actually followed through with what he wanted to do to my father.

“I owe her an explanation.”

“You finna make me wild the fuck out, bro,” Zion spat out. Jada came tip toeing out of her downstairs bedroom. “How the fuck can you explain selling your daughter because you owed a gah damn lone shark? Is that what Zachari did for you? You borrowed bread from him that you gambled off and couldn’t pay back?”

True Legends owned a lot of business and Zachari even loaned money out, but you had to pay it back with a high interest.

“What did you need more for?” I finally found my voice.

My dad looked around the room at the few people that had eyes on him. He opened and then quickly shut his mouth before turning to me.

“Can we talk privately?”

“Hell nah,” Zion snapped.

“Yeah,” I said. Zion’s head slowly rotated and his wild eyes dug into mine. “I want to talk to him privately, *husband*.” His jaw was clenching, a sign that he was pissed off. “Come.” I motioned for my father to follow me to the living room. Zion was still throwing daggers at me with his eyes.

“This is a nice house,” my dad spoke behind my back, causing me to roll my eyes. He was having a conversation as if shit was actually normal. As if shit was okay. It wasn’t. Far from it. Once we sat down in the cozy living room, I went ahead and got to the point.

“What is it that you wanted to talk about? I mean, what is there even to hold a conversation about at this point?”

“I had no choice, Naia...” he started, but I stopped him from going further by holding my hand up.

“You had a choice. You didn’t have to sell me to Griff.”

My dad sighed and rubbed his face with his large fat hands. I noticed he’d gain a lot of weight over the years. Terrick used to be fit and worked out. Now he had a beer belly, bags under his eyes, and wrinkles on his forehead. His low cut even had grays and my dad was in his early forties.

“I was in a bad place in life, you just didn’t see it because I gave you the world. You never saw me struggling but I was. I also had a real bad gambling problem. Always thinking I could just gamble the little change I had left and come up. Sometimes it worked out, but most of the time it didn’t. I ran out of money and heard there was a man in Dallas that loaned out money. I had so many loans out... even had a title loan that I could even pay. What they didn’t tell me was how evil this man was. Zachari.” My dad paused to shake his head. “I should have done my research.

“When I met him, his eyes were so cold and he gave me a bad vibe, but I was money hungry. I needed it. I had to pay it back to him in two months plus interest and again, I paid some bills and then began to gamble the money, thinking I could triple it.” He grunted. “I fucked up and two months came and he was on my doorstep on the day I owed him, waiting with his hand out.”

Sounds like something Zachari would do, I thought to myself.

“Before the two months was up, I even thought about grabbing you from school and running far away where Zachari wouldn’t find us. You know he read my damn thoughts. He told me he could find me wherever I tried to hide because his reach was long. I believed him and I knew if I ran he would hurt me and hurt you...”

“So,” I interrupted him. I sighed and closed my eyes for a moment to gather my thoughts. “How did Kierra end up in the mix? You *killed* her.”

His eyes ballooned and he began to shake his head from side to side. “I didn’t kill her, Tenaia. I didn’t know she would do that.”

“It was bad enough you gave me away but Kierra was *not* yours to give away. You got paid for her too?” My eyes narrowed into slits as I awaited his response. I felt like I knew the answer already but I needed to hear him say it.

My dad’s head dropped which caused my heart to do the same. *I knew it. I knew it. I knew it.* This just made me hate him even more. How the fuck could he? We were just teenagers!

“Get out!” I stood and yelled. I pulled my shorts out of my ass and stomped out. I didn’t care if he followed me or not because I was positive that if he didn’t get the fuck out, someone would throw him out. Zion was probably itching to be the one to do it. Like I thought, I had run into his hard body trying to get away from the man whose blood ran through my veins.

“You good, bae?” he asked.

“No, I need him to leave. Wait...” I turned back around. “Zachari isn’t even the type to give you more money. You are alive today because you gave me and Kierra to them, am I correct?” I questioned.

“I am but...”

“No buts,” I interrupted him, voice breaking. “That’s all I needed to know. They will get you a flight back to Houston. Make sure he gets a way back, Zion.” He was grilling me, telling me with his eyes that my dad could basically find his own way home, but even though this man did me and my best friend dirty, I still wanted him to have a way back.

“Aight,” Zion mumbled.

My dad called my name but I refused to stop. I continued up the stairs to get as far away from him as I could.

I had cried myself to sleep last night and didn’t even feel the bed move when Zion got in, if he did. Along with my daddy issues, Zion head was in his own problems. He was gone when I woke up but I did have a few surprises in the bed with me. He left me an iPhone and an iMac. I jumped out of the bed and did a happy jig. That dance didn’t last long because as soon as that little jig started, my stomach felt weird and I could feel vomit about to spew out.

Taking off to the bathroom in a sprint, I made it just in time to throw my head in the toilet and throw up everything I had eaten last night and it wasn’t much. I could feel the color literally drain from my face. I don’t remember the last time I was ever sick.

Sitting on the floor, now weak, I had a clue to why I might be sick at this moment. Me and Zion have been having crazy unprotected sex. It was possible that I was pregnant, something I was trying to avoid because I had plans before kids came along. In reality, I had no idea that me and Zion would be happy with one another just because I still didn’t know him and he didn’t really know me. We were connected by paper and... by what was between our legs.

Finding energy to stand up and flush the toilet, I trudged over to the sink to brush my teeth and wash my face. I anticipated Zion already having numbers in that phone, specifically Zee's. I needed a pregnancy test right now.

ZION

When I woke up this morning, I told myself that I was gonna go see the devil himself. Zachari. I bypassed the suits this morning and dressed comfortably in gray Nike sweats with the logo printed all over in black and a white crew neck shirt. Never knew with Zachari and Zeek, a nigga might have to get dirty and I'd be damed if I fuck up suit today.

Yesterday while I was out, I had personally gone by AT&T and bought my wife a phone and an iMac. I had gotten the message she sent through Carl about her needing some electronics. Now that we were married and the cat was out of the bag about what her dad had actually done to her, I trusted her to not run off.

Crazily, I was going in with no security, no guns, not shit. If I wanted to really kill a nigga, I could do that shit with my bare

hands. I damn near took Zavi's ass out.

Instead of having Gray drive me, I pulled out my Hennessey Venom and hopped on the freeway towards the Legend Estates. Bobbing my head to Young Dolph's 'Preach', I got lost in my thoughts. After all the bullshit was handled, I wanted to take Naia on a honeymoon. Even though this wedding was arranged, I couldn't deny how my heart feels when she's around and how I can't keep my fucking hands off her. I couldn't even act like I didn't like Naia or that I was marrying her due to my own selfish reasons because the girl really did have my heart.

The way I was bobbing and weaving through the morning traffic, I arrived at the mansion quicker than Gray ever would. If only he knew how I drove, he would lecture my ass. Gray lived by rules and the books. *Square ass nigga.*

Approaching the house, I repeatedly chanted that I was gonna remain calm and not react impulsively. I parked behind the white Denali and looked up at the guards that were outside the house. *Frick* and *Frack*. I cackled. Opening the door, I stepped out and eyed my piece that I kept on the side of the door. I knew how Zachari liked to play dirty, but I still decided against it. I closed the door and proceeded towards the house. I noticed how tight the guards grabbed their ARs as I approached them. Smirking, I stopped in front of them and crossed my arms over my chest. They didn't budge from in front of the door.

"Y'all muthafuckas ain't gonna move or open the fuckin' door?" I was calm as fuck, surprising my own damn self.

"We... we..." Frick started, but Frack stopped him.

"Stop all that damn stuttering Vince. We have orders and were specifically told not to let you on the property."

Extending my hands out I said, "Well, I'm on it. You gon' make me leave, or what?"

"I ain't got no problem with it," Frack... aka Yancey spoke up. I shrugged and began removing my shirt because if that's what he wanted, he was gonna get it. "I'm not getting my hands dirty," he nervously chuckled. "I'm just gonna shoot your ass and be done with it. You know... how you did Zachari."

Before Yancey could hold up his gun I rocked his ass with a quick two piece. Put that nigga right to sleep. Vince simply put his hands up, telling me that he didn't have any issues, like I knew he would after seeing what had just gone down before him.

The front door opened and I was staring right at myself, just an older version. Zachari wore a frown on his face as his eyes landed on Yancey on the ground. He was shirtless with a bandage wrapped a few times around his waist. His eyes finally drifted to mine.

“Fuck you doing here?” he grunted.

“Shit, I need answers,” I stated, not bothered by his harsh tone at all.

“I don't owe you shit.”

“Maaaaan,” I said, pulling up my shorts. “You don't want me to make the rest of the life you have left a living hell. We both know where it's gonna go since Polo ain't trying to fuck wit' yall without me.”

I walked towards him and then past him, right up in the house because we were about to have a discussion whether he wanted to or not. He could be mad all he wanted to, but I ain't even shoot his ass. When Zavi grabbed the gun, my trigger finger slipped and his was replaced. At the time, I was too zoned out to even think anything of it.

Regina was talking and smiling big with their cook who had brought her some tea, but when she saw me in their house, the smile quickly dropped. I winked at the woman I looked up at as a mother for twenty-three damn years. I could see and even smell the fear seeping from her.

“She has nothing to do with this,” Zachari called out behind me which caused me to wince. The way he was going to bat for Regina was wild to me because from the way Jada talked, they loved one another. Only reason it wouldn't work between them was because Zeek was in the way.

“Oh trust, she has everything to do with this shit. What happened to girl code, Regina? How you go about fucking your best friend's nigga? That's some foul as shit. While you're

living all lavish, she was in the fucking streets!” I was getting mad now ‘cus spit was flying out my mouth. “All these fucking years, you knew my damn mama was alive!”

“She wasn’t good for him,” Regina squeaked out in a little voice. I looked at her with wild, crazy eyes because I knew that what she had just said wasn’t her way of justifying what she did. “Zachari needed a woman that matched his way of living and Jada... she didn’t come from nothing.”

My fists balled at my side at her words. I ain’t hit women and I didn’t have the balls to kill one, but in my head, Regina was an exception. I was gladly about to hurt her with my words though.

“That nigga ain’t love you. He loved Jada. If Zeek didn’t have a say in who he could be with, he would have been with Jada. It wasn’t about the money when they met... think about that shit. He knew she ain’t have shit. That’s why he fucked her behind your back and created me, dummy. Only reason he took me from her was because of Zeek’s ass.” I began to back away towards the front door because if I didn’t leave now, I was gonna follow through with what I wanted to do to Regina and Zachari. “Trust me though... just like I told your ass on the phone. Your time is winding down.”

“You threatening my wife, Zion?” Zachari growled. He was holding on to his side, looking pitiful.

“You know I don’t make threats, Zachari. I make promises.” I let him know, leaving out. That nigga was still on the ground and Vince was on his post as if nothing had happened.

As I jogged to my ride I heard Zachari fussing, telling Vince that when Yancey woke up, he didn’t have a job. I meant everything I said. I don’t give a fuck that Zachari and Regina raised me... they were gonna have to face the consequences of their actions. I didn’t know how yet, but for Jada I’m handle them. That... I can promise.

“What are you still doing in bed?”

Tenaia was lying on her side with the new phone in her hands. The TV was on but she wasn't watching it. She giggled at something on her phone and then finally gave me her attention.

"I guess I'm just being lazy today. There really isn't much for me to do and the girls are all busy during the day," she replied. "Ju did put me onto Tik Tok and I've been laughing and learning new things all day." Her brows dipped. "How was your morning?"

I sat down on the bed and sighed.

"What?" she pressed on.

"Being in the same space as Zachari and Regina was hard. I wanted to end both of their lives. One thing I hate, Naia... is to be lied to. I hate when muthafuckas play in my face. That nigga loved my mama. I made sure to let Regina know that."

"Petty," she smiled.

"Shit. Real shit. Regina was second pick just because her family had a little bit of money and my mama ain't have shit. She in that mansion thinking differently and I had to let the bitch know. I ain't forget Zachari calling Jada a bitch either. I can't wait to make him out of one."

Snapping out those thoughts I focused my attention on Naia who wasn't looking like herself. It was like some of her color was drained out of her face.

"You ate?" I asked, standing up to dig my ringing phone from my pocket.

"Earlier I had a little something," she answered.

"Sup, nigga?" I answered the phone for Rock.

"You good, bro?" he asked, while smacking in my ear.

"Yeah, I'm straight nigga. Get the fuck off my line chewing in my ear 'n shit," I griped.

"Yo ass blacked the fuck out, bro. I ain't never seen you do no shit like that. I understood where you came from though. A bond between a mother and son is powerful. A son's gonna

always look out for his mama and you just felt that shit at the time.”

“Aight, nigga. When did you become a therapist?” I joked. Tenaia’s eyes were on me.

What Rock stated was true. At the time when I heard Zachari call her a bitch, I felt a need to protect her. My heart ached for her when I saw the hurt look on her face when he spat that shit out. If Zavi hadn’t intervened, I would have blown his damn head off... father or not.

All this time my mama was alive. I couldn’t get this shit out of my head. It’s nice to be around her now, but for twenty-three years, I missed out on a lot with her. She missed out on a lot with her only child too. My first word... first steps... first days of school. All of that. Maybe if she was around, I wouldn’t have followed in Zachari’s footsteps and wouldn’t have been slanging on the streets just to prove myself. Maybe I would have been able to go to public school and meet people that were different from me. People that didn’t necessarily come from money but I could vibe with and play ball with. I just knew life would have been way different.

“I’m just saying bro. You know I’m close with my mama. I’ll kill for that woman.”

“Yeah, but anyway enough wit’ this soft shit. Get on the game and put some money on it,” I told him, quickly changing the subject. I turned to see Tenaia pouting and began to lightly chuckle. “Shit, hold off on that bro. Wifey needs some attention.”

TENAIA

While Zion was on the game downstairs, I woke up from the sex coma he had put me in and thought about my father. I was still broken behind that. I was sure that I was pregnant and wouldn't dare think to sell my child off to someone to do whatever they pleased to them, just to pay off a debt. That was some real sick shit and I didn't know how I could even get past this. In order to, I would have to be able to forgive my dad, but how can you forgive your supposedly protector for giving you away?

Rubbing my temples to calm my nerves, I let go of the tears that I've been really holding back because I felt like my dad did not deserve them. It just hurt so much and around Zion, I tried being strong Tenaia. Zion was the type of person that I could be myself around, whether I was sad or happy, but I didn't want him to see me crying behind this.

Naked, I climbed out of bed to shower. I had fallen asleep right after me and Zion had climaxed together. That shit was so powerful, it put me out like a light. When Zion slid inside of me, he paused and just stared at me. I wasn't sure what that was about, but I hoped he couldn't tell that I was pregnant just by my pussy alone. He didn't say anything. I remembered the words he spoke earlier when talking about his parents. *One thing I hate, Naia... is to be lied to.* Technically, I hadn't lied to him. I was just holding something back from him, so it wasn't the same thing.

After my shower, I headed downstairs to put something on my stomach. It was after nine but I was hungry. In my little gray cotton shorts and one of Zion's t-shirts, I slipped my feet inside my slippers and grabbed my phone before heading downstairs.

Besides being on Tik Tok today, I was looking into enrolling to get my GED. Zion had money and I did marry him, but I felt like I still wanted to make something of myself.

Zion had his headphones on while on the game when I walked past. He briefly looked over at me and then focused back on the game. Entering the kitchen, I rummaged through the fridge and pantry until I decided on cereal. While pouring the milk, Jada entered with a smile on her face which prompted me to give her one back.

"Haven't seen you all day," I told her.

"You haven't come out of that room either," she said, opening the refrigerator. "How are you feeling?"

I looked up at her as I pushed a spoonful of Fruity Pebbles in my mouth. *Did I look sick? Did she hear me throwing up this morning? Even though I wasn't showing, did I look pregnant?* Question after question was running through my head.

"I'm fine. How are you?" I tossed back.

"Oh, I'm peachy."

Jada sat down on the stool while I remained standing. Her eyes were piercing through me. I took the milk back to the refrigerator and I was sure she was still watching me. I wanted to grab my bowl and go sit in the living room with Zion, but Jada began talking and what she said made me tense up.

“You know, when I found out I was pregnant with Zion, I didn’t know how to feel. I was a mix of emotions... scared... excited... sad. His father was with my best friend. I didn’t have a friend to share it with so I ended up telling Zachari which was a bad idea,” she rambled on.

I nodded, but I kept eating and chewing. The corners of Jada’s mouth turned up.

“You’re pregnant. I can tell,” she whispered. My eyes grew. “I won’t tell him. I’ll let you do that, but you should do it soon. Being around my son, I can already tell how he is. Very loveable but has anger issues, but I blame that on his father.”

I swallowed. “I am pregnant. Well, I mean... I know my period is late and I threw up this morning. I felt nauseated all day so I stayed in bed. I haven’t taken a test yet. Stress might be pushing my period back too.”

“Oh baby, you don’t need a test because I can tell you that you are. The test is just to make it more real. When do you plan on telling Zion?”

I shrugged.

“A lot is going on right now between him, his father, uncle, and grandfather. I just want to keep the baby safe if I am pregnant,” I whispered to her.

“Understood,” Jada nodded. “Just take what I said into consideration about not holding that from him too long. Zachari is a special type of crazy and Zion ain’t too far from it. I can tell from the situation at the wedding with him choking Zavi and holding a gun to his father’s head. Zion reacts before thinking.” I nodded this time, and then Jada clapped her hands together.

“Will I be able to be a part of the baby’s life?” she asked me, pleading with her eyes. I could see the eagerness in them.

“Of course,” I smiled. “You’re Zion’s mother. I didn’t come from money either. Why am I still here?”

Jada tossed her head back while chuckling. “Do you see how headstrong that nigga in that living room is? He is more powerful than Zeek and Zachari together. He doesn’t give in or

back down. He's stronger than his own father. He has a backbone."

"What y'all in here talking about?" Zion questioned, swaggering in. He stopped right next to me and I begged Jada with my eyes not to spill the beans. He looked from me to her.

"Nothing. Just girl talk," Jada told him. "Where did you disappear off to today?"

Zion bit down on his lip while he stared at me. I felt uneasy. It was as if he knew what was going on with me without me telling him like Jada did. Like they had super powers or something. I was able to finally breathe when he gave his mama his full attention to respond to her.

"I went to see your baby daddy," he chortled.

"Boy, fuck you," Jada spat, causing me to choke on my cereal. Zion smacked me on my back while I got myself under control.

"You hear her cuss me out, bae?"

"I did," I laughed. We were all laughing at this point.

Jada leaned over onto the island. "So, how did that go?"

"I went over there and told him and Regina what was on my damn mind basically. They need to pay for the shit you went through," he told Jada.

"I'm here now, Zion. Leave them folks alone."

Zion reared his head back and his brows dipped. He shook his head.

"Nah, you know I can't do that. I missed too much time with you," he sighed.

"But we have the time now. You don't need that on your conscience."

"Ain't like I ain't killed before," he said. This time my head reared back as my mouth dropped. "You surprised?"

"I... I..." I stuttered but couldn't get my words out.

Zion smirked.

“This is different though,” Jada continued. “Ugh, I hate that you grew up this way.”

“And what way is that?” Zion challenged her. He crossed his arms over his chest.

“Like his ass! I wanted you to have a normal life. I prayed every day for that. To know he was raising you, I got on drugs just to not think about it.”

Zion pinched the bridge of his nose. I could tell he was talking himself into calming down because he did not like to be compared to Zachari.

“Chill with that shit. I ain’t nun like that nigga, Jada. I’m me. My own person.”

“Keep telling yourself that Zion, but I see it.” Jada left the kitchen and I sat there in disbelief.

“Man, I’mma have to get her her own crib,” he mumbled. “Fuck this shit.”

“She’s just trying to help. I don’t even want you to kill or hurt your dad or Regina. Just let them be, Zion. You have your mother now. Don’t stoop to Zachari or Zeek’s level,” I told him, hoping I wasn’t stepping on his toes.

I could tell what I had just said went in one ear and out the other. The look Zion gave me was blank. At the end of the day, Zion was going to do what Zion wanted to do. I hoped it didn’t come back and bite him on the ass.

This morning I was sick again. Luckily, Zion wasn’t in the room when I bolted from the bed and ran to the bathroom as if I was on fire. It felt like I was. My body was burning. Under my neck and my chest I was sweaty. *Was this something that I would have to deal with every day?*

I heard the bedroom door open and tried to quickly get up off the floor but failed miserably. Moving too fast only had me face down in the toilet again. I was heaving and crying.

A hand touched my shoulder and it wasn't Zion. I wiped my mouth with my hand and turned to see Jada standing there. She had a can of Ginger Ale with her.

"You need to see a doctor. Get some prenats started. Here. Drink this. It'll help ease your stomach and then you can eat some breakfast," Jada handed me the can of soda and I opened it and gulped it down. Some even dripped down my chin. I finally came up for air and wiped my chin.

"How long does this last?" I croaked out.

"It depends on the woman but morning sickness usually lasts for at least twelve weeks. Some have it longer, all throughout pregnancy and maybe all day. Like I said, it just depends." Jada leaned against the door and looked over her shoulders. "How are you going to schedule to see a doctor without telling Zion?"

"Easy. I'll have Zee take me." Jada laughed as I finally was able to stand to my feet. "Girl, those two I can see are tight as hell. You think she won't tell him, think again."

She might be right about that. I trekked over to the sink to brush my teeth and rinse my mouth out. My stomach was feeling so much better and my body felt much cooler.

"Thank you so much. How did you know I was up here struggling?" I asked her. I grabbed my toothbrush and applied toothpaste to it.

"I've been pregnant before," she chuckled. "I had morning sickness all day though. It was horrible. I should have known Zion would be a force to be reckoned with." We laughed. "I can take you to the doctor."

My eyes lit up. "How are we going to do that? What about Gray? His loyalty is to Zion."

"I can talk my son into letting me drive one of his cars."

"For what?" his voice boomed out. Me and Jada both jumped. Now I wondered what all he heard.

"We want to get out of the house for a bit."

I was so glad Jada thought on her feet because I couldn't think at all. I was flustered from almost being caught talking

about the pregnancy by Zion and also from how delicious this man looked. He was shirtless and in black ball shorts that hung off his hips, exposing his Versace boxer briefs.

“I don’t have a problem with it, but you need to be with security. Where y’all trying to go?” he asked. I looked over at Jada.

“Anywhere but in the house,” she stated.

“You good?” he asked me.

I wasn’t even aware that I started fanning myself. I had gotten hot again.

“It’s a little hot in here, but I’m good,” I replied. Zion continued to stare at me, eyes dancing.

“What are you doing in here anyway?” he turned and asked his mama.

I almost stroked out when Zion eyes landed on the now empty can of Ginger Ale on the sink.

“You sick?” he questioned, walking over and picking it up. “Only time people drink this is when they need to settle their stomach.”

Jada smacked her lips. “A lot of people drink that just because, Zion. It’s good.”

I can tell the wheels were spinning in his head and I just stood there praying, Zion would just leave it alone. He just nodded and tossed the empty can in the trash can.

“Aight. When yall want to get out, just holla at me. If I’m not here, hit me up on my cell and I’ll have Carl set it up.”

“Okay,” I said.

“Cool,” Jada replied. “I’ma go downstairs to see what Mildred has on the menu today.” Jada left out and Zion grabbed me and brought me into his body. Leaning his head down, he crashed his lips into mine and I melted into him.

“You good though?” he asked again.

“Mmhmm.” I stood on my toes, wanting another kiss. Zion gave in and cuffed my ass in the process. My pussy instantly got

wet as he pulled my cheeks apart. Zion pulled at the band of my shorts and then pulled them down along with my panties. I watched him pull his dick out and my mouth watered.

The first time I pleased Zion, I struggled because that was my first time, and he was so big. I've done it again since and was getting the hang of it. Pleasing Zion and watching his facial expressions turned me on. I guess he knew what I was thinking because he stood there with his bottom lip tucked in and holding his dick that grew right before my eyes.

“You gon kiss this muthafucka or what?” he asked.

Not having to tell me twice, I got down on my knees, swatted his hand away and took him in my mouth. The groan that escaped out his mouth had my pussy throbbing uncontrollably.

“Ssss,” he hissed, eyes now closed. “Just like that, bae.”

The choking noises I was making every time the tip hit the back of my throat, I came to realize Zion loved that sound. My eyes were watering and my nose was running, but I continued to suck him until he stopped me.

I grabbed a clean towel to clean my face. Zion's thick pole was covered with my saliva. Tossing the towel, I yelped when he spun me around and placed my hands on the wall. Zion pulled my hips back, spread my cheeks and pushed deep inside of me. My head fell back as my lips parted. He filled me up, fitting me like a glove.

“Fuck,” I moaned out when Zion picked up his pace. He was drilling a hole in me with his long, deep hard strokes. So pleasurable. When I reached behind me to push him back a little, he slapped my hand away and gripped me gently by the hair, pulling my head back more than it already was.

“Keep your hands on that wall,” he grunted in my ear, bringing me to chills as his breath tickled my earlobe.

My eyes rolled to the back of my head as my stomach clenched. I was about to cum. Zion pulled my shirt over my head and grabbed my breasts with both hands. He toyed with my nipples while continuing to pound the fuck out of me with no remorse.

“This pussy feels gushier. Warmer,” he huffed. “It just feels... different. Got me ready to bust quicker than normal.” His mouth attacked my neck and I used that to moan and cuss to keep from responding to what he had just said to me. I had no idea if a woman’s vagina felt different when she’s pregnant. I couldn’t wait to google it.

“Mmm, I finna come again,” I let him know.

“Shit, me too.”

Zion slapped my ass hard and then began delivering quick, short strokes. He whimpered and body began to twitch the same time my legs began to shake, and we exploded together.

With his flaccid dick still buried inside of me, Zion slowly kissed my neck while snaking his hand around to play with my very sensitive clit. My knees buckled at the touch.

Zion pulled out and walked over to start our shower. I peed and then as I sauntered over to join him in the shower, I noticed his eyes on my stomach. Zion didn’t say anything, but I felt like he just knew something. Like, he was waiting for me to tell him. I just couldn’t right away. I could have a stomach bug and not really be pregnant. I needed to know for sure. There was so much I wanted to do before having kids, and I felt at this moment we weren’t even ready for a kid. Maybe getting rid of it would be the best option right now.

ZION

There was something really weird going on with Tenaia. Her pussy felt different, and she was suddenly queasy and drinking Ginger Ale. I know I've been shooting inside of her every chance I get but if she knew that she was pregnant, she wouldn't hold that kind of information from me? Jada's ass wouldn't play along with that kind of information and not tell me... right?

I wanted to stick around today but I had some shit I needed to handle because Polo was flying in tomorrow. His first stop was to speak with Zeek and then we were going to link up and discuss business going forward. I was going to make sure whoever was their security today, report their every move back to me, but to not let them know they were talking to me.

We showered and dressed. Me in a suit and Tenaia in something comfortable that she could lounge in. I still had plans on taking her on a honeymoon. I wanted to go somewhere I

hadn't been to, like Africa. Maybe stay a week just to get away from the bullshit in the states and to apologize for the fucked up wedding.

My eyes would linger on her flat stomach, wondering if she was carrying my seed. I would be nothing like my grandfather or father. My child would live a normal life. I grinned thinking about them playing little league sports and me cheering them on from the stands. The smile quickly disappeared when I realized I didn't even know for sure if Tenaia was pregnant or not. If she was, she wasn't sharing it with me. This shit was going to bug me all fucking day and I needed to be on my A game fucking with Polo.

“Go head downstairs and grab some of Mildred's breakfast,” I told her, staring at her through the dresser mirror. “You look... hungry.”

Tenaia was on her phone, sitting in the bed under the covers with her knees to her chest. She was focused on whatever she was looking at on the phone. Whatever it was, made me want to hit my IT guy up to pull up her google search, text and call history. I was trying to give the girl her privacy, but shit had me on edge.

“Okay,” she mumbled. “You know I get sleepy after we have sex.”

“Aight, I'll have Carl bring you some food up here then.”

If Tenaia was pregnant, she needed to feed my damn child. She peered up at me and I raised a brow.

“I'll just go down there, Zion.”

“Bet. I'll see you later,” I told her. Ambling over to her, I leaned down and gripped her chin, pecking her lips a few times.

This girl drove me crazy and I hoped she wasn't keeping no shit like a baby away from me. I'll show her crazy.

“I told Zeek, I'm not fucking with nobody but you. He said he will fix it because he needs my product. You're a good man,

Zion. Good head on your shoulders and I like how you talk business. I fucks with that.” Polo stopped and chuckled. “Zeek say you shot your father.”

I sighed and shook my head briefly. “I ain’t shoot his ass man. Did he tell you he kept my mother away from me? Told me she had died and she is very much alive?”

Polo’s eyes widened and then he scoffed. “I would have killed his ass. He would not be alive today. I’d probably have slit his throat and fed him to my dogs.”

That shit didn’t surprise me. Polo was all kinds of crazy. He was a Dominican who didn’t give a fuck about killing a woman or a kid. Polo was a ruthless killer. I’ve heard several stories about the shit he’s done, and just sitting with him now, I knew they were true.

“I don’t want to work with that nigga. Only you.”

“I gotcha. I’m sure Zeek will be singing a different tune in a few hours. Gotta give that nigga a minute to put his pride to the side.” I laughed and stretched my legs out.

We had met at the warehouse and were sitting around the one table that was inside of it. Polo never visited the states, but he brought his wife and daughter with him and they were going to visit a few places. When they left Dallas, they were going to Vegas and then Cali.

“Oh yeah, he better or that’s it for him,” Polo chuckled. He stood and then I did too. I needed to leave and call my travel agent so we can get the honeymoon on the roll. I also had to figure out what I was going to do with Jada because right now, I had to keep security around her. There was no telling what Zeek and Zachari would do to get to her. One thing they did know was that if they touched her, they would pay with their lives.

Me and Polo chopped it up for about fifteen more minutes before his wife called him and told him to hurry the fuck up. That man was ruthless but I saw the love he had for his wife and the way he ran up out of here, I could tell who the real boss was.

Hopping in my car since I decided to give Gray the day off, I got a call from Carl. He never called so it had to be some serious shit. Probably Jada giving him hell. I picked it up.

“Yeah?” I answered.

“Boss maaan,” he stressed, and I tensed up. All I could think of is Zeek or Zachari doing some foul shit like ordering muthafuckas to hit my crib up. “Jada and Tenaia took off in your G Wagon.”

My forehead creased as I frowned. “They have any security with them?”

“Nah, I doubt it the way she bent the corner.”

“They’re doing some sneaky ass shit. I have trackers on all my vehicles, Carl. I’ll locate them and take care of it. Next time, keep an eye on those two,” I let him know and ended the call.

As I drove through the traffic, on my phone I navigated to my car tracking app to see where those two were headed. I saw they were still en route to wherever they were headed.

“Maya!” I called out once my agent picked up.

“Hi, Mr. Zion. What can I help you with?” she replied. I could tell she was cheesing hard since she knew I was about to put some bread in her pockets.

“I need you to book a week in Greece for me, for two. For me and Tenaia. Make sure to include a few things you might think we’d like to do and book the most expensive place for us to stay.”

“Ohhhh yes. I’m on it, sir. What week?”

“End of the month,” I said, turning into a Dairy Queen’s parking lot to stop and wait until my G-Wagon did the same.

“Okay, sir. I will get back to you,” Maya told me, and I ended the call after thanking her.

I went back to my tracking app and noticed the G-Wagon had stopped. I pulled the location up and squinted at where they were. It showed they were at a clinic. Placing my car in drive, I called one of my guys to tow my shit back to the house. *What the fuck were they doing at a clinic?*

TENAIIA

With Zion gone, me and Jada plotted to leave the house. I had lucked up and found where he kept the keys to all of his vehicles. After dressing in a yellow sundress and sandals, I brushed my hair into a messy bun. I left my room and found Jada in the living room, eating hot chips and watching BET.

Carl was in the kitchen with Mildred. I sat close to Jada and showed her the keys. Her eyes bucked.

“I want to go get on prenats. I called the nearest clinic and they told me I could walk in today and be seen. You think you could take me?” I asked her.

“Giiiiirl. That nigga is gonna kill us both.” Jada stuck a few chips in her mouth as she continued to eye the key. “How are we gonna get out?”

“Carl’s in the kitchen,” I whispered. “I’m ready. We can walk out the front. I doubt security will ask us where we’re going if we look confident as hell with the key.

“Okay. Let’s go. I look ratchet but if I go to my room now, by the time I come back, Car will be back and trying to notify Zion’s ass.” We hopped up and tiptoed to the front door. I stifled a laugh seeing Jada in her pajama bottoms and house shoes. She was not ready.

The guards didn’t say anything but I already knew they were going to alert Carl. Me and Jada took off towards the vehicles. They were guards everywhere with guns. Since I was now married to the boss man, I was boss lady in my eyes so I had every right to use anything that was his.

There were three vehicles out. I handed the key to Jada and she pressed a button on the fob. The lights to a G-Wagon lit up and we ran towards it. Once we were in, Jada started it and took off. I ended up looking in the rearview mirror and noticed Carl now outside with the phone to his ear.

Snitch.

“He’s calling Zion. Maybe we should just go back,” I told Jada. I was shaking. My nerves were bad.

“What can he do? You’re his wife. Now me? He might talk hot shit to me, but I can handle it. The worst he could do is kick me out of his house.” Jada shrugged. “If he does, I’ll be okay.”

Zion could be down right mean, but I doubt he’d just kick his mama out on the street behind us stealing his car and not having security with us. He just learned about her being alive and has her under the same roof as him. He couldn’t be that upset to just tell her to leave. Could he?

Paranoid, I kept looking back to see if one of Zion’s goons or even him was behind us. I didn’t stop until Jada parked in front of the clinic. We exited the car and entered the building. Shivering because it was so cold inside, I sauntered over to the front desk.

“Hi, how can I help you?” the young white receptionist asked, with a small smile.

“I called earlier about coming in because I think I’m pregnant. My name is Tenaia Smi - Tenaia Legend,” I said, correcting myself.

“Okay.” She smacked on her gum while pecking on the computer keyboard. “I will need you to fill out these papers. Do you have any identification and insurance on you?”

“Umm...no.” I chewed on my bottom lip.

“Ohhh ok. We can go ahead and do a test. Go ahead and fill those papers out to the best of your knowledge.”

Shuffling to the seat beside the one Jada was occupying, I began to quickly fill out the five forms she handed me on a clipboard. Three of them were just getting my consent so just a signature was needed. I filled out my medical history and when it asked about my parent’s medical history, I was lost. I put a big *N/A* and continued until I was finished and then hopped up to take it back to the nurse. She then held out a cup.

“Go ahead in that bathroom right over there,” she said pointing across from the desk. “Pee in this cup and leave it in there and one of our techs will grab it and go ahead and do the test for you. You’ll be taken to a room to discuss the results.”

I nodded, “Okay.”

I told Jada that I’ll be right back and trekked to the bathroom. Luckily, I had to use the bathroom so it didn’t take me long and I almost filled the cup up. I placed the cup filled with my urine on the metal counter and washed up. As soon as I stepped out of the bathroom I was instructed to follow a nurse to the back and in a room. Jada stayed back.

Zion crossed my mind as I sat in the cold room rubbing my arms. I knew he was pissed and wondered why he didn’t call my phone about it. He had to be waiting for me to get home.

The door opened and I was expecting a doctor in a white coat. Instead, in walked Zion, smoothly and calmly. I think I stopped breathing. He sat down beside me, leaned forward with his arms on his legs and clasped his hands together. Zion’s jaw clenched but he didn’t speak.

“I... I...” I started but couldn’t form the words that I wanted to say.

“Why are you here?” he asked.

I sighed and told him the truth. “To confirm that I am in fact pregnant and to get started on prenatal care.”

Zion nodded. Not as if he understood, but as if he was trying to understand why I would do this without him. It’s crazy how I knew him very well after a little over a month of being around him.

“I was going to tell you,” I continued.

There was a knock on the door and then it opened. This time the doctor appeared with a smile on his face. Zion frowned up at him.

“I’m Dr. Ellis. How are y’all today?” he asked.

“Confused. Are you planning on looking inside her or something?” Zion questioned, and I cocked my head at him.

Dr. Ellis laughed. “No. I’m just here to give the results and then we go from there.”

He had to get all kinds of people in here everyday with crazy questions, so thank God he didn’t get offended and said some slick shit back because Zion wasn’t wrapped too tight.

“Aight. Good. Good.”

“Well, you’re indeed pregnant, Mrs. Legend. According to your last menstrual period that you noted on your forms, you’re about four weeks pregnant. The next step is to get your prenatal started. Um... I see you don’t have insurance.” Dr. Ellis scratched his head looking at me.

“Yeah, we’re paying out of pocket for today,” Zion spoke up.

“Alrighty. Are we setting up the next appointment as well?”

“Nah, I have a doctor that Mrs. Legend could have gone too if she would have opened up her mouth and said somn’.”

I fought back the urge to roll my eyes. Dr. Ellis nodded and directed us back to the front desk to make the payment. He was

a nice man and I wouldn't have minded him being my doctor for this pregnancy, but Zion felt otherwise.

Jada was still up front. Zion trekked right past her, and didn't say anything to her. Suddenly, I felt bad for even putting Jada in this. Her and Zion were trying to build their relationship, and here I was getting between it. There was no reason that he should be ignoring Jada because it was me who went to her. It was me who took his keys. Because I couldn't drive, I needed her to.

"Zion... I called out, while following him outside. He ignored me too. Stuffing his hands in the pockets of his slacks.

"Where is the..." Jada started.

"My people picked my shit up. What? You thought somebody took my shit? Nah, ain't nobody crazy enough to take my shit but you two," he said, side-eyeing us. We walked over to the nice expensive car Zion had driven over here in and he opened the door for us. I tried to get Jada to sit in front, but she quickly declined.

"I don't want no smoke," she chuckled.

Zion was kind enough to stop and buy us something quick to eat at this wing place. It was as if my senses were different now. I smelled everything and when the aroma of the wings wafted in the air, my mouth watered and my stomach grumbled over and over.

The wing place wasn't far from the house. Zion ordered me and him bone-in buffalo wings while Jada requested boneless lemon pepper. I couldn't wait to sink my teeth into mine. I wanted to tell Zion to speed it up.

Finally at the house, I could tell the security outside was trying hard not to smirk. Rolling my eyes at them, I entered the house only to see Carl standing there.

"Really, Carl?" I whispered.

“I was not risking *not* telling Zion. I need this job Mrs. Tenaia, so please play by the rules,” Carl chortled.

“Tell her hard headed ass again, Carl. She must not know who she’s married to,” Zion mumbled, passing me to go into the kitchen. Jada and I followed him so we could get our food. Jada grabbed her food and began to leave the room before Zion barked out, “Sit!”

Jada’s eyes wildly danced as if she was about to ask him who the hell was he talking to like that. I could be wrong, but Jada seemed like she was a little firecracker. Ready to off any minute.

“I was trying to give you two some alone time to talk,” she stated, taking a seat at the island.

“Mmm mm, I don’t need alone time with him.” I laughed nervously, but I was very serious. That was the last thing I needed right now.

“Trust,” he said, staring at me. “We’re gonna have our alone time.”

“Don’t stress her out, Zion. She is carrying your baby and that baby can feel everything she feels,” Jada warned him.

“Well she better think about the baby before stealing a nigga’s keys then.” I opened my mouth to rebut but he stopped me. “Aht. Ain’t no excuses. You could have come to me. Matter of fact, I had my suspicions. I could have had a doctor come to you. You’re gonna learn that your man is with you and not against you one of these days, Naia. Eat and feed my damn baby.”

ZION

“Damn nigga. You got married and now you finna be somebody’s daddy?” Rock guffawed loudly. “I need to catch up.”

“First off,” I told him, stopping to take a sip of my lean and then take a pull of the blunt. “I’m already somebody’s daddy.” We both laughed and bumped fists. “Yeah, shit getting real.”

I hadn’t had a heart to heart with Tenaia yet because after she swallowed those damn wings the girl went to sleep. Jada said that’s all she would be able to do for a few weeks is piss, eat, and sleep. Her body would be tired as it got ready for this life she had inside of it. Rock had come over so me and him were chilling on the game; sipping and drinking.

“You and Zee coo’?”

My brows dipped. “Yeah, why wouldn’t we be?”

“I ain’t talked to her since you choked her old man up ‘n shit,” he smirked. “Nigga, you need to learn to count to ten and breathe out your fuckin’ nose.”

“Maaaaan, I blacked out. Zavi was my nigga but I don’t know now bro. He kept that shit from me too. That nigga tell me everything else.” My phone rang and I glanced down. Zeek was calling me just like I knew he would. “Mr. Zion Legend speaking,” I answered, bullshitting. Rock laughed into his fist.

“Cut your shit, grandson. You know why I’m calling. You are now head of the organization. All the paperwork has been transferred to your name. You better thank Polo for that.

“Yes sir,” I smirked, and ended the call. I looked over at Rock. “I’m bout to take over, nigga. A lot of shit finna change.”

Rock wasn’t necessarily a part of the organization. I met that nigga at the private school that I went to. His old man was a lawyer and on the Legend’s payroll. The best to ever do that shit. Now that I was about to be over all of this shit, it was time to give my nigga a job and let him eat just like I was.

My eyes darted towards a moving figure and saw my wife ambling to the kitchen in her little ass shorts. My eyes narrowed and I made sure Rock’s ass was not watching her. I hopped up and walked up behind her as she bent down to grab something out of the refrigerator.

“Fuck you got on this lil’ shit for, knowing I have niggas waling around this bitch?” I growled in her ear when she stood up.

“I wasn’t thinking. I’m hungry,” she pouted.

My right cheek hitched. My baby had her ass wanting to eat twenty four seven. Still behind her, I circled a hand around and placed it on her flat stomach.

“Baby got your ass greedy, huh?” I joked.

“I feel like I have to throw up if I don’t,” she said in a quiet tone. “I’m really wanting an ice cream sundae.”

“Your wish is my command. What all do you want on it?”

“The works,” she chortled. “In the meantime...” Tenaia switched her hips over to the counter and grabbed up a bag of

Cheeto Puffs. “I’m a snack on these.” My eyes were on her ass. Everytime she took a step, the shit rippled. “Stop being nasty, Zion. That’s how I’m in this position now.”

“Nah,” I laughed, walking over to her and getting back into her space. “You’re in this position because you got a feel of this dick and now you can’t stay up off of it.”

She rolled them brown eyes and trekked off. “Whatever. Hurry up with my sundae or you won’t get a lick of this tonight.” Tenaia patted her mound and walked off with a big ass grin on her face.

Sundae or not... Tenaia had me fucked up. She was gonna get that Sundae though. Whatever she wanted she could get, especially now that she was carrying my seed.

“Maaan bring your smitten ass on, bro! Always up Tenaia’s pussy!” Rock called out, and I sat back down to pick up my phone to get Zee to pick up a Sundae from Baskin’ Robbins.

“Aye man, don’t worry about my wife’s pussy, nigga. Zee finna come over here. That’s the only pussy you need to be worried about. That’s why you can’t find a bitch now. You’re still stuck on Zee. Don’t think I don’t know, nigga,” I bantered.

“Fuck you,” muttered Rock. “Zee knows what it is.”

“Enough ‘bout that. Let’s get one mo’ game in ‘cus I know as soon as Zee step in this house, you leaving wit’ her ass,” I chortled.

Those two weren’t sneaky. Everytime they were around each other, they seemed to dip off at the same time. I peep everything that happens around me and they know that shit too. Let Rock bring another bitch around Zee. I know for a fact Zee would shoot her ass first and then question Rock.

The front door opened and in walked Zee with a sundae in her hand. Her lips were pursed out so I knew she was about to start some shit.

“What the fuck I look like, Zion. I like Tenaia and all but why I gotta bring her ice cream? Where Mildred? Why you ain’t have her whip her up one and I knew Rock’s funky ass would be here,” she rambled. She shoved the container in my hands.

“Take it up to her, please. She in the room,” I told her, handing her the container back. “You see me whoopin’ this nigga’s ass.”

“And who the fuck you calling funky?” Rock added.

“What the fuck, Zion?”

“She’s pregnant,” I finally told her ass and Zee’s mouth dropped.

“What!” she screeched. “You move fast. And don’t think I forgave you just yet about you putting your hands on my damn daddy.”

I shrugged and took a sip of my lean. My eyes were low as fuck and I was a little fucked up. Zee smacked her lips and took off towards the elevator. She wanted me to care so bad about her being mad but overlooking my fucking feelings about secrets that were held from me. Fuck all that. Right now, it was all about my wife and unborn child. To be on some real shit, it’d crush me if Tenaia did some foul shit to me ‘cus I knew I would never be able to trust her ass again. I really loved that girl.

Rock and Zee was still at the crib thirty minutes later and my ass was ready to kick their asses out. I was high and fucked up from the lean and potent ass weed... it was time for me to lay it down and this time I wasn’t falling asleep on the couch. I was gonna fall asleep with my dick pressed up on Tenaia’s juicy ass. I stood and picked up my falling sweats.

“Shit, I’m ‘bout to head up to the bed my nigga. You fucked up so pick a room and stay over unless Zee take you home, but...” I snatched his keys up. “You ain’t getting behind the wheel.”

“Bet.”

I looked over at Jada’s room. She ain’t come out the whole time Rock and Zee was here. Granted, she had a bathroom in her room and a small fridge in her room. I was still gonna check on her before I head up. I staggered to the door and leaned up

against the wall next to it to hold my balance before knocking. The door opened after it seemed like ten minutes had passed.

“You okay?” Jada asked, peeking her head out. “You look fucked up.”

I busted out laughing, holding my stomach.

“I feel good. Are you good? I came to check on you before I headed upstairs.”

Jada sighed and I groaned. “What is it?”

“Nothing. We’ll talk tomorrow. Go up to bed and sleep it off.” She closed the door, and my brows dipped.

Being around my birth mother was still unreal. After years without her, it wasn’t easy to just hop on board and treat her as a mother because she hadn’t been that. I knew it pained to hear me call her by her first name, but I wasn’t comfortable with that just yet. I was working on getting there but on my time.

“Tell Zee to come on downstairs and come lay wit’ me,” Rock slurred, standing to his feet.

Having meetings after meetings, and dealing with family secrets and lies, I needed to feel this good every once in a while and kick it wit’ my day one. Soon it would be me running after my baby. Shit was still unreal.

“Aye, Rock said to come chill wit’ him for a minute. No fucking in my shit,” I told Zee when I made it up to the room and went in the direction of the bathroom. The girls were both sitting on the bed with their legs crossed Indian style. “Get out of my bed though. We finna go to sleep.”

“I ain’t -

“Before you fix your mouth to lie, we know you fucking Rock so save that shit!” I called out.

Zee ain’t say shit else. I heard her tell Tenaia good night and that she’d check up on her tomorrow. Zee ain’t never fucked with a female like she did Tenaia. It was always me and Rock. her taking a liking to Tenaia surprised me.

“Zee is still pissed with you,” Tenaia giggled as I entered the bedroom and slid in bed beside her after turning the light off.

The glow from the TV was the only lighting in the room. I snuggled up against Tenaia who laid down an arm around her.

“I don’t give a damn. She’ll get over it. Zavi will too. I’m tired of talking ‘bout this shit on the cool. Ain’t nobody apologizing for the lies. Go to sleep, Naia.”

“Don’t take your frustration out on me,” she huffed, tensing up. I sighed and pulled her tighter into my body.

“I’m not frustrated. I’m feeling really good right now. Floating actually.”

Tenaia giggled. “You look like you’re floating.”

My hand went in her shorts and her breathing hitched. I was good ‘n horny now.

“Zion,” she whimpered, inhaling sharply.

I slipped two fingers between her slippery folds and her walls clamped down hungrily. Tenaia began slowly moving her hips in circles and softly moaning. My dick was brick hard just from her sounds alone. My other hand found a stiff nipple. Twisting it between my fingers while my others were still buried between Tenaia’s legs, I enjoyed the faces she was making.

“Are you ready for me to fuck you?” I growled out. She nodded. “You know I don’t like that shit, Naia. Tell me that you want to be fucked.”

“I want you to fuck me, Zion. Oh shit, I’m cuuuuuming!”

Swiftly pulling my fingers out, I released my dick and thrust my hips forward to bury it deep inside of her. She was still cuming, wetting my dick up with her juices.

“Open your mouth.” I demanded. When she obliged, I placed the same fingers that were just inside of her wet hole, inside. Nastily, Tenaia tasted herself. Slowly sucking each finger.

The feeling of her wet tongue wrapping around my fingers and her tight hole choking my dick, I began to pick up my pace. Taking my hand out of her mouth, I pulled out and pushed her legs farther back where her knees were now touching her chest. I could see her face from the light illuminating from the TV and fear flashed in her eyes.

I dived back inside of her and pulled out enough to just leave the head in. I pushed back in and pulled back out again and this time I got what I wanted. She squirted.

“Oh my goooooosh, Zioooooon. You’re making me peeeeeee,” she squealed, hiding her face with her hands. I knocked them down and then continued to repeat until she had our bed soaking wet. I didn’t even think about putting a towel down. Shit, I ain’t really Tenaia was going to even squirt like a gah damn super soaker.

“Spread your legs apart. Further. Yeah, just like that and stay like that,” I told her. Wrapping a hand around her throat, I fucked my wife while watching my dick disappear inside of her until we both exploded together.

“Is this going to hurt the baby?” Tenaia asked, sitting up and rolling out of the wet spot.

Finally catching my breath, I sat up too.

“Nah, I’on think so.” The last thing I need is a fetus cock blocking.

TENAIIA

“Naia! Naia!”

My eyes shot open at the sound of someone calling my name. My shirt was stuck to my body, drenched with sweat.

“Girl who the fuck I gotta shoot in your nightmare?”

My eyes roamed to Zion’s narrowed ones. He reached out and moved strands of hair that were sticking to my face. My heart was beating out of my chest. The nightmare felt like it was really happening again. Me getting snatched and thrown into the back of a van. I saw Kierra. Scared. Pleading with the guys to let us go. She was panicking and told me that she loved me before taking her life. That’s when I woke up because I heard my name being called.

“Can... can...” My throat was so dry and I had to stop and attempt to swallow the little bit of spit I had. I wanted to laugh

at how Zion leaned in forward because I couldn't get my words out. He was genuinely concerned. "Can you get me some water?"

He jumped out of the bed with clean sheets. We had to place a couple of towels down and sleep on top of them due to the mattress being super soaked. Zion grabbed the first thing he saw which was my pink robe and wrapped it around him. The laugh that belted out of me could not be restrained. He wasn't naked but it was a little chilly in the house. We slept best like that since Zion wanted to be up under me all night and likewise.

I hadn't had a nightmare until tonight, and it had to be because I knew the truth about my dad's part in all of this. It felt like now that the truth was out, Kierra was haunting me. I knew what I had to do. I had to go tell them what happened to Kierra and couldn't wait another day. It was eating at me and will continue until they know. Kierra couldn't be brought back, but I could at least try bringing them some kind of peace.

Coming back into the room with two bottles of ice cold water, Zion handed me one and then placed the other on the nightstand closer to me. He removed my robe and hung it back up on the back of the door and then climbed back in bed with me.

"You gone tell me what that shit was about? You woke me up and I reached for my gun."

I was still in sweaty clothes and needed to change out of them because the air was blasting, and I was freezing. Gulping down half the bottle, I placed it on the nightstand. I climbed out the bed and went to start a warm shower. That might help me temporarily ease my mind.

I peeled out of my clothes and walked into the shower. Not long after, I heard Zion entering the bathroom like I knew he would. This man did not believe in letting me have space. The shower wall was pushed back, and he stood there naked.

"If we have to talk in here, then we will. Wussup, Naia?" Zion questioned. He ran his calloused hands down my arms.

I closed my eyes and quickly popped them back open. Kierra was appearing every time I closed my eyes. It was as if

she was trying to tell me something.

“I. Keep. Seeing. Her.”

Zion spun me around, his jaw clenched. “Who?”

“Kierra,” I whispered. “Her face keeps showing up every time I close my eyes. She was in my nightmare.”

“Damn,” he sighed, running a wet hand through his dreads. “What do you need from me?”

“I need to go see her parents and... and tell them about her. I think that is what she wants from me, Zion. She wants me to let them know to stop looking for her because she’s gone. She wants to ease their minds. I know... I just know that this will make them sadder. I don’t want to bring them any more pain though,” I cried out, and he grabbed me, holding me in his arms.

“Everything is gonna be okay, bae. I’ll go with you,” assured Zion, but I needed to do this by myself.

“I want to go alone.”

Zion pulled back and his jaw clenched.

“Why?” he queried, eyes narrowing on me.

“Because Zion. I’m not a child anymore and I need to be a big girl and do this alone. You can’t be with me all the time,” I pleaded.

“Why can’t I?”

I groaned. We were just standing in the shower eyeing each other. Zion

gripped his chin hair.

“Ziiiiion,” I whined. “Why are you doing this?”

“You think you finna go to Houston by yourself, tell these people their child is dead and it’s because of your father and think they might not do anything to you? You think you’re gonna walk out without feeling some type of way? Naia, you’re pregnant with my seed. I’m supposed to protect the both of you, and that’s what I plan on doing. I really don’t think this is a good idea right now. Jada said the baby feels what you feel and if they have you depressed and shit, I’ll murk ‘em.”

My eyes bucked. “Zion, you can’t go around killing everybody because you think you can. Their daughter is already dead!”

“And they can go right where she is if they want to!”

His eyes were moving wildly. He was so serious. Who the fuck did I marry?

On the jet, Zion was lying stretched out and I was between his legs, laying on his chest under a blanket. We both couldn’t even go back to sleep, so he suggested we hop on the jet and fly to Houston, get a room for a few hours and then go visit Kierra’s parents.

I had a good relationship with both of them when Kierra was alive. Her mother was the mother I no longer had. Her father treated me like his daughter too. What I was going to tell them today would change that. I was here and their daughter no longer was. I was about to break their hearts even more.

I couldn’t even sleep on the jet. Zion had his AirPods in, listening to music. I should have brought a book to read. That was a way for me to escape my world and dive into someone else’s for a while, fiction or not — it helped.

The jet landed and we headed to the hotel in the back of a Benz. It was just us. No security and hopefully we wouldn’t need them. Zion could handle himself though, he just didn’t know how to think before he reacted.

The room was nice, but we weren’t here for leisure, so I just footed it to the bed, peeled out of my clothes and buried myself in the bed underneath the heavy blanket. Before joining me, Zion smoked on the balcony. If I wasn’t pregnant, I probably would have joined him just to calm my nerves.

This bed was so comfortable, my eyes were fighting to stay open. The slide door opened and Zion trekked inside. He turned the TV on to ESPN, making sure the volume was low. I curled into his arms and gave in, hoping Kierra would leave me alone for a couple of hours.

“Bae?”

My eyes fluttered open. Zion was still holding me.

“We gotta get up. I paid the clerk to let us stay in the room until two.”

Zion was still sleepy himself. His voice was deep and raspy. Around nine this morning, I had to get up and vomit thanks to the morning sickness. I was hungry now and needed something on my stomach.

“Okay,” I groaned, stretching. He released me and I sat up. I had to hold my head because the room felt like it was spinning.

“You good?”

“Yeah, hungry.”

“We can grab something to eat before we head over there. There’s a Waffle House around the corner,” he replied, sitting up and throwing his legs over the edge of the bed.

“That sounds good. I’m so nervous,” I admitted. I stood to my feet and grabbed my clothes out of the small suitcase I brought with me.

We showered, dressed, and checked out. The driver that Zion had for us while we were in Houston was waiting outside for us. I inhaled the air. This was my hometown that I was taken from. I grew up here. I loved Houston and at the same time, hated it.

The Waffle House was crowded and ghetto as fuck. Bitches boldly eye fucked Zion and niggas had their chests poked out, trying to intimidate him. Zion was hip to everything going on around him and the smirk that played on his lips told me so.

“Is this alright witchu’ or do you want to go somewhere else?” he asked me as we found a table to sit at.

“No, this is fine.” I was hungry and if I didn’t get something on my stomach, I would be sick.

A waitress came and took our order. Her eyes rudely remained on Zion the whole time. He noticed that too and made sure to let her know I was his wife and that he was uninterested. Pissed her off as she stomped away.

“She better not touch our fucking food. I’ll break her damn neck,” Zion mumbled.

Before I could say anything, a man walked up and stood at our table. Zion’s fingertips drummed the tabletop. His face was expressionless. I hate that I couldn’t read him to know what his next move would be. The man just stood there with his arms crossed. I guess he wanted Zion to address him first.

“Say, where you from?” he asked, staring down at Zion.

“Why?” Zion shot back.

The man chuckled and peered up. I did too see what he was looking at and it was his homeboys at the table he had just come from. Niggas in parrrts of Hosuton didn’t know how to act. Wanted to act tough to show off in front of their friends. He was that nigga. What he wasn’t aware of was Zion was a crazy nigga. He was about to find out if he didn’t get back to his table. That would be best for him.

“‘Cus I fuckin’ asked you. You walk up in here with allat jewelry on. Where the fuck you from? We ain’t never seen you in these parts!” he spat. I could see spit flying from his mouth and landing on our table.

“I’m only gonna tell you once my nigga... get the fuck away from our damn table wit’ the bullshit.”

“Please get away,” I squeaked out and Zion grilled me.

“Ain’t no fuckin’ please, wifey.”

“Bobby, why the hell you messing wit’ these people?” asked the waitress as she reappeared with our food, placing our food on the table. As hungry as I was, I was no longer interested in this food. I focused on Zion who was clearly pissed off.

“You know this nigga, Tonya?” he asked the girl. She looked over at Zion.

“Nah, but I’on think you want to mess wit’ him. Gone back over there before there be trouble at my job, Bobby,” she

warned him.

“Maaan, I got my people wimme. I *can't* be fucked wit’.”

Click.

I didn't even have to look over to see that Zion had pulled out his heat. That sound was something I had now gotten accustomed to. He placed his gun that I wasn't aware that he had but I should have known he didn't leave home without it. Had to be one of the reasons we flew private. The other part was because Zion was rich as fuck and could do that.

“You think we ain't strapped? We in the damn hood,” the Bobby nigga laughed. My body tensed as his homeboys walked over. This wasn't gonna end well.

“Eat, bae,” Zion encouraged, as if five niggas weren't standing too close to us for my liking.

“Eat, bae,” another nigga that wasn't Bobby, mocked. He reached out and stroked my hair and that was all it took.

Pow! Pow! Pow! Pow! Pow!

Five shots. Five niggas slumped over. People ran out of the building. Zion hopped out and went directly to the back. I couldn't even move. This was getting out of hand. He killed five niggas in broad daylight. Three of them did no wrong. Zion came back, calm as fuck with the a video tape in his hand.

“C'mon,” he told me. “We'll get food from somewhere wit' better customer service.”

“Zion... why did you -”

“Not now, Naia. You already know there's so much disrespect I can take, and he was way past what I put up wit'. He fuckin' touched you. Let's go!” he barked, and I jumped up then.

As we were walking out, I saw red and blue lights and my stomach turned. I leaned over and vomited. This was it. Zion was going to jail. It was Zion still walking slowly to the car that had me confused. Why wasn't he running or trying to get away? The officer stepped out the car and ambled our way. We were almost to our driver.

“Zion fucking Legend. What the fuck did you do now? Come to my city and cause hell.” I heard the officer mumble.

“Clean up that shit, nigga. Five bodies.”

The officer’s eyes bulged out just like mine did. “Five, Zion? Gah damn.”

“Send me a pic and I’ll send your bread. Great morning, Officer Oakley. Let’s go, Naia.”

Officer Oakley tipped his hat at me as I scurried to follow behind Zion who was taking long strides with his long ass legs. If I had to keep questioning who the hell I married, I know something. Damn.

I was so damn mad at Zion not being able to control his temper that I was ready to go home. I wasn’t even in the mood to go see Kierra’s parents anymore. We were sitting side by side in the car, I scooted closer to the door because I didn’t want him touching me.

“Driver, take us to the nearest IHOP,” Zion called out and I whipped my head around to face him.

“I don’t want to get out anywhere else with you,” I snapped.

Zion’s eyes stared back at me coldly, it really gave me chills.

“What the fuck did you just say, Naia?”

“You heard me, Zion.” Yeah, I was growing a lil’ backbone. He smirked and then placed his hands in his lap, turning away from me.

“Take me back home.” Zion scoffed. I leaned forward and called out, “Driver, take me back to the airport.” His eyes darted to mine in the rearview mirror and then over at Zion who still retained a stoic expression.

“Tenaia, sit the fuck back and chill. You act like I just be doing shit just to do it. That muthafucka touched you. He touched my wife. I had every right to -”

“What about the ones who were with him who didn’t do anything! They were probably fathers!” I screamed out.

“Well they should have thought about that when they approached our table. Now their kids are fatherless.” He nonchalantly shrugged. My mouth dropped. Zion let out an annoyed breath. “You’re so green to this shit, Tenaia. Those niggas approached the table for a reason.

They saw a nigga dressed in designer that they never seen around that particular hood before and thought they could try me. Now they some dead ass niggas.”

In my heart, I knew Zion was probably right. That guy had no right to touch me. I was married and to see someone touching what’s yours, I guess that would set anybody off. But to shoot them all between the eyes was a little bit over the damn top!

The driver stopped and that’s when I realized we were at IHOP. I refused to get out no matter how much my stomach was growling. Zion just didn’t know how to act in public.

The door opened and Zion slid out and then waited on me. I sat back with my arms across my chest, looking forward.

“Get out, Tenaia. I’m not repeating myself,” his bossy ass told me. “If I gotta say it again, I’m gonna slide your ass out myself.”

“Oh my goooosh,” I huffed. Zion would do exactly what he said he’d do, so I gave in and scooted out of the back seat. Once out, I straightened out my clothes.

I could feel his eyes on me, but I dodged looking his way. Once Zion began to move towards the entrance, I walked a few steps behind him. He opened the door for me, and I stepped inside. My stomach began to do flips at the scent of buttery pancakes, bacon, and even the coffee smelled delicious to me.

“Table for two,” he told the hostess. After running her eyes up and down Zion’s tall frame, she led us to a table.

“A waitress will be back to take your drink orders,” she said bubbly, before prancing off. I rolled my eyes and Zion sat back, smirking.

“They can have you,” I uttered, focusing on the menu.

“Girl, if you don’t shut up,” Zion cackled. “You crazy for real.”

“Dead ass serious too.”

“I know for a fact you’re not,” he shrugged nonchalantly.

“Okay.”

“Damn, that baby got you moody as hell. This might be our only child.”

“It ain’t the baby, it’s the daddy,” I popped off, tilting my head to the side. Zion mocked me, tilting his own head.

“I can’t wait to get you home so I can fuck the shit out of you. Get some act right ‘cus you bugging right now,” he scoffed.

“I don’t want no dick,” I leaned across the table and hissed. “I want a man that’s gonna act like one.” His brow raised. Yeaaaah, I was definitely purposely pushing his buttons. “A man I ain’t gotta tell how to act in public. A man that got a lick of sense.”

Zion sat up straight, his different colored eyes zooming in on me. His brows were damn near touching from his frowning so hard. His jaw was clenching.

“Do you want out?”

His question surprised me. Yeah, I was irritated that he kept whipping his damn gun out and shooting everyone in sight like he did on the game when he played GTA, but damn, I wasn’t expecting for him to ask me that. My heart dipped down to the pit of my stomach.

A waitress appeared, her cheeks blushing at the sight of Zion. He was very good looking and the women seemed to pull to him like a magnet. Zion wasn’t in a suit today. He wore a black v-neck cotton shirt with black Balmaine’s that were distressed at the knees and black and white Dunks. With a fresh edge up, his locs in a high ponytail and his diamonds in his mouth, he even made my pussy pulsate.

“What can I get you two to drink?” she asked. Well at least she acknowledged me even though her eyes remained on Zion.

“Apple juice for my wife, and orange juice for me,” he replied. “We’re actually ready to order too.”

“Okay.” She bit down on her lip and pulled out her pen and notepad. Zion nodded to me and I gave her my order and then he did. When she bounced away, we continued our conversation.

“Do you?” he asked me, eyes digging into my soul.

“Did I say that Zion?”

My heart was pounding. The thought of falling deeply for this man and then us parting ways had me about to have a stroke.

“Then stop talking to me like that. I can deal with a lot of shit from you, Naia, but disrespect ain’t one of ‘em,” Zion lowly growled.

“You act like I’m supposed to get used to you killing people in front of me!”

“Lower your voice.”

“Oh lower my voice but you can shoot people in front of a room full,” I scoffed, rolling my eyes.

“I hope those muthafuckas get stuck,” he murmured with a sigh.

Zion pulled out his phone and I guess that was that. Conversation was over even though it got nowhere. Our food and drinks came, and we focused on the food more than each other. Every now and then I felt his eyes on me, but I didn’t even want to give him the satisfaction of looking up at him.

When we were done, I had to use the bathroom while Zion paid the check. I was nervous about going to see Kierra’s parents, but I was tired of not being able to sleep. This had to be done.

After washing my hands, I stood and glanced at my reflection. I placed my hands over my flat stomach, still shocked that I was carrying life. Whatever happens, I couldn’t let it affect me to where it would hurt my baby. Our baby. If I lost the baby, I was sure Zion would never forgive me. He was already protective over me, now he was overprotective.

He was waiting for me at the front door. When he wasn't frowning, the lust for me was transparent. Like now. The way Zion swiped the tip of his tongue swiftly over his lips, had the seat of my panties soaking wet. Still, I walked past as if he didn't have my body reacting to him.

The driver opened the door for us, and we fell in. Grabbing my hand, Zion placed it in his lap, daring me to pull away from him. I let him have that, plus, he was helping me calm my nerves.

“Tell him the address, bae.”

Oh, it was back to bae.

“Hopefully they hadn't moved. It's 543 Johnson Street,” I said. The driver nodded and he pulled out of the IHOP parking lot.

“I'm nervous,” I admitted aloud.

“Don't be. I gotchu.”

I knew he did and that made me love his trigger happy ass even more.

ZION

If Tenaia would have replied that she wanted out, I would have blacked out. She was now my world. Her and our unborn. To leave me would hurt me, and I wasn't afraid to admit it. There were other women, but there wasn't another Tenaia. She wore my last name and would be the only one who would.

She was a ball of nerves right now but whatever happens, I would be right there with her. My trigger finger was still itching so hopefully they were understanding because she didn't have to come tell them shit. I did feel for them. I wasn't that cold. They lost a daughter who didn't have shit to do with what Terrick was into. He was the one that I wanted to shoot but couldn't because it would kill Tenaia. Whether they were talking or not, a part of her still loved and cared for his ass.

The car came to a stop in front of a red brick house with a white picket fence. There was a flag by the front door with a picture of a beautiful girl on the front. Kierra.

Tenaia began sobbing at the sight of it and I had to hold her until she was able to get herself together. The front door opened, and an older black man with salt and pepper hair came out with a shotgun.

That's her dad," she sniffed. Tenaia reached for the door handle and pushed the door open. Before I could stop her, she was climbing out.

I was right behind her. The facial expression of the man changed from confused to shocked.

"Tenaia? Is... Is that you?" he stammered. He placed the gun back inside and came staggering down the steps. "Where... where's Kierra. Is she with you?" The man craned his neck to look behind us.

"Hi Mr. Rogers. Kierra... she's... she's not with me. Can we come in so we can talk?"

A woman appeared behind Kierra's dad.

"Who is that Mike? Te - Tenaia? Where's my daughter?"

"Come in. Move Hillary. Let them in so they can tell us where Kierra is. There is hope. There is a God!" The man shouted, not knowing in minutes, his heart would shatter. He ushered us in. Once Tenaia reached the woman, she pulled her into her chest and hugged her tightly, crying.

"Where's my baby?"

Me and Tenaia sat down in unison on the brown leather sofa. Pictures of Kierra were all over the living room. As a baby, toddler, in middle school, and high school. She was a cheerleader. Was put in gymnastics as a child. I knew a few things about her just from looking around the room.

"Where is she, Tenaia?" the man asked, sitting on the edge of the seat with his hands clasped.

"I can feel she isn't alive anymore, Tenaia. I know that much. My baby has been gone for years. I felt when her soul left

this Earth,” the woman sniveled, placing a hand over her heart. Kierra had looked just like her mother.

“Don’t talk like that, Hillary. You’re just assuming!” the man snapped. I winced and my fingers began to drum on my thigh. Tenaia looked down at them and placed her hand softly over my hand. She knew. She knew her husband.

Ignoring her husband, she asked, “What happened to you two?”

Taking a deep breath, Tenaia replayed how the two girls had disappeared. When she got to the part about Kierra taking her own life, she choked up.

“She took... Kierra took her own life. She drowned herself in a bathtub,” she cried out. I held onto her as Kierra’s parents bawled. This was expected. It tugged at my heartstrings.

“Where is she? I want her remains home. That was my baby,” Kierra’s mom sniffed. “Thank God, Khi isn’t here to hear this. He’s grown up without his big sister.”

“I don’t know where her remains are,” Tenaia somberly replied.

“I can find out, and I vow to bring her to you,” I voiced. Tenaia looked up at me with watery eyes.

“How?” she asked, eyes now squinting.

“I have my ways.” I winked and began drumming my fingers once again.

“I feel so much better,” Tenaia exhaled, emerging from the bathroom with a towel wrapped around her luscious body. “Thank you, Zion.”

“For what?” I asked. “What did I tell you about thanking me for shit? I’m your husband, Naia.”

“Oh, I’m back to Naia?” she asked, perfectly arched brow raised. “Earlier I was Tenaia.”

“Gone on girl,” I said, waving her away.

Instead of going about her business, she stood in front of me and then straddled me. Wet body and all. My hands had a mind of their own. They gripped her ass and squeezed.

“I love you,” she whispered. “And... and it’s so scary.”

“What are you scared of?” I had to know.

“Scared to love you so hard that it’ll hurt when you leave.”

“When?” I queried.

“It happens,” she shrugged. “You could wake up one day and decide that you don’t want to be here anymore.”

“Nah, that’s crazy that you think I would. I wouldn’t have wifed you if I didn’t see myself being with you forever, Naia. I know some people do go years being with someone and then boom, their whole mindset changes, but that ain’t me. We are gonna argue and not like each other on some days. Either I fuck you ‘til we like each other again or we just give each other space *in* the house until we do, but divorce ain’t ever gonna be up in the air. And guess what?”

I tilted her head up so I could look in those pretty brown eyes of hers.

“What?” she questioned.

“I love you more.”

A big ass smile crept on her lips. My dick hardened underneath her and the way Tenaia tucked her bottom lip in, she felt it. Holding her hand out, she admired the big rock on her finger.

“I still can’t believe I’m married,” she gushed.

“Believe it and I ain’t going nowhere,” I grunted, as I flipped her over onto her back on the bed and removed the towel from her body. I didn’t hesitate to suckle a nipple in my mouth while spreading her legs apart with my knee.

Tenaia’s back arched as she pulled my dick out of my shorts.

Manish.

Wrapping her hand around it, she began to slowly stroke it. Pre cum dripped out from the tip. Her eyes lit up, fascinated.

Sitting back, I pulled my shorts down and then removed her panties since she wore a nightie. Without any warning, I filled her up with one powerful thrust. Her nails instantly dug into my skin causing it to sting a little.

“Ziiiiiiiion!” she screamed out, and I was sure everyone that was in this house heard her.

“What baby?” I teased. I moved my hips back and forth, side to side, and in circles. Pushing her legs further apart, I peered down to watch my dick disappear inside of her sappy wet hole.

“You’re so biiiiig. I’m still... still not...fuuuuuck! I’m still not used to you!” she whined.

“Shhh,” I shushed her. “You’re so loud, girl” Chuckling, I leaned down and covered her mouth with my own. Moaning into my mouth, Tenaia opened her legs wider and I pushed in deeper. She then wrapped her legs around me.

Almost putting her ass in a headlock, I began pounding her pussy. The gushy shit was splatting and talking back to me. It definitely sounded like macaroni - heavy on the cheese.

Our skins slapped against each other and the sounds of her moans and me occasionally groaning and talking my shit, were the only sounds in the room. Tenaia’s pussy was so fucking wet, my dick kept slipping out and the last time it did, it poked at her back hole and she tensed up, quickly placing her hands on my chest to stop me.

“That hurt,” she cried out. “Took my breath away.”

“It was an accident,” I told her, kissing her lips. Tenaia turned her head away from me. She was pouting. Lips poked out and everything. I tried hard not to laugh. “Sorry baby.”

Slipping back inside of her pussy, I slowly eased in and out. Fucking in the ass wasn’t my thing, but I knew that shit had to be planned. Can’t just bust her ass open like that and expect that shit to feel good.

“Turn over.” I pulled out and tapped her leg.

As if she was in a lot of pain, at a leisurely pace, Tenaia turned over. She attempted to arch her back but I ain’t want her

in that position. Instead, I placed her flat on her stomach and put her legs together. With my arms on either side of her, my dick found her juicy pussy.

“Ouuuuuuu fuck!” Her mouth was filthy.

Tenaia was already wetting the bed. I knew she would be in this position. Gripping her ass, I pushed in deeply, watching her cheeks quake. I sped up my pace, until she was yelling out that she was cuming and I was right behind her.

If I could, I’d fall asleep buried still inside of her. Kissing her earlobe, I rolled over onto my back, and pulled her with me so that she was on top. I was spent and a shower would have to happen in the morning. I didn’t even mind the wet sheets right now.

“I love you wifey,” I told her before shutting my eyes.

“I love you too, hubby,” Tenaia said softly.

I hugged her tighter, not ever wanting to let go. They say you know when you found your person, the love of your life, and I could proudly say that I’ve found mine and it was war behind her.

Yawning, I made myself get out of bed and into the shower. It was barely creeping up on six in the morning and I had somewhere to be. I moved around as quietly as I could in order to not wake Tenaia. I didn’t need her to know what I was about to do, but I had made a promise to Kierra’s parents and one thing about me, I always follow through.

Griff had it coming to him since the night we crossed paths and honestly, my trigger finger has been itching ever since. Shooting him in the kneecaps just wasn’t enough. I wanted to hear that nigga take his last breath.

After dressing in all black and grabbing two guns, I left the room. Tenaia was still asleep but I ran into Jada who was sitting in the living room drinking coffee.

“Be careful,” was all she said.

“Always,” I replied, continuing towards the door.

It didn't take long for my dude to send me the address where Griff resided and where he held the girls. I had some niggas that were meeting me there. All the girls would be free from his ass today and will return to their families. I might be over my head thinking that I could bring Kierra's remains back to her people. It has been three years so we would be looking for a damn skeleton.

I rubbed my temples as I stopped at a red light. He might not even be the one who dumped her body. At the moment, I was feeling like shit because my family also played a part in this, but the blame mostly fell on Tenaia's father. The light turned green, and I placed my foot on the gas, heading towards Griff's mansion.

Of course, he had no idea that I was coming. Nobody did except the few men I trusted to help me move all the girls out of there and I had no idea how many were in there. Along with those men I had a forensic specialist, so I could make sure that the body that I hope to find today would be Kierra's.

Normally, when I wasn't the one to get my hands dirty. We had niggas to do that for us, but this... I had to do it for my wife and Kierra's family. Kierra meant a lot to her. That was her best friend. Her sister, let her tell it.

Pulling up to the address, I cut my engine and grabbed my gat. Tucking it in my waistband, I opened the car door and stepped out. The morning air was brisk, glad I had chosen to wear a hoodie.

Griff had a black metal gate around the perimeter which one of my guys was working on now to open. They'd already murked the guards that were standing around with silencers.

“We need to hurry up so I can catch this nigga by surprise. We don't need him catching us on his security cameras. Hopefully his ass is still asleep,” I said, looking around at the men.

“Horacio got the gate open, Zion.”

“Bet. Let's move in. Y'all work on getting the girls out and I'll handle Griff. He shouldn't be moving too much around the

house from a shattered knee cap.” I grinned. The men nodded and we took off towards the front of the house, a few staying outside and some heading towards the back of the house so it could be surrounded.

Using a pry bar, the front door was forced open and the men with me scattered about. Women began to scream, but I wasn’t worried about all of that. I was here on a mission. The mansion was quite big, but I moved pretty fast and found Griff’s room where I kicked down and drew my gun. A bullet flew past my ear. I shot right at his hand and the gun fell. Screaming like a bitch, Griff grabbed the sheet and wrapped it to stop the bleeding. Flicking the light on with my gloved hand, I grinned as Griff’s eyes settled on me, now realizing who the fuck was standing in his room.

“Legend?”

“Zion muthafucka Legend. Now, I bet you’re wondering what I’m here for. Her name was Kierra. She was taken one night with Tenaia from Houston. She drowned herself in the tub. Where the fuck is her body?”

“Her body? Man it’s been about three or four years...”

“Nigga, I know she ain’t nun but bones now. Where the fuck did you dispose of her at? I’m losing my patience, Griff,” I let him know. I lifted the gun again and this time he started talking.

“In the back.”

“Of the house?” I squinted, nostrils flaring.

His head bobbed. “I have her buried by the first tree when you first step outside.

“Get up,” I ordered, motioning with the gun. “You’re gonna show me.”

“Look man, I can barely get around since you shot me in my knee.”

The look I gave Griff made him scoot out the bed and grab a cane that was posted up against the wall by the bed. He had on some boxers and a white tank top. It was nippy out but I ain’t got time for him to bundle up. I wanted to get back home to help my wife with her morning sickness.

“Slip your feet in those slides and c’mon.” I kicked his Gucci slides closer to him.

Grunting and saying some slick shit under his breath that I couldn’t hear, I made Griff walk - I mean, limp, ahead of me. If he thought after he showed me her remains and it’s confirmed to be that of Kierra’s that he was gonna be breathing, he better think the fuck again. Where she was buried, that’s exactly where his ass was gonna rot. Payback a motherfucka. That gah damn karma.

“What the fuck is going on?” He turned around and asked once he saw all his girls being led out. “Where the fuck you taking my girls, Legend?”

“Freeing them, duh nigga,” I spat. “Don’t ask me shit else. Take me that damn tree.” I nudged his ass with the barrel.

“You’re fucking up my operation. Wait until Zeek hears about this!” he fussed, and that right there made me chuckle loudly.

“Nigga, fuck Zeek! I’m about to be running shit and I’m shutting your whole operation down fuck nigga!”

Some of the women started screaming hateful shit to Griff while they carried some of their belongings out of the house with them. As soon as the door to the patio opened, Griff tried backing up hollerin ‘about how cold it was. He backed up right into the barrel of my gun.

“Legend... Zion please. Let me go put some clothes on man,” he pleaded but it fell on deaf ears as my eyes landed on the first tree.

“You say she’s right there?” I asked, pointing with my gun. He nodded and shivered at the same time. The forensic specialist walked outside behind me. “Yo Dex!” I called out to one of the men that passed by.

“Sup, Zion?”

“We have shovels?” I asked him.

“We have everything, boss. I’ll grab a few and some of the men to help,” he nodded, taking off. That’s why I fucked with my team. If I needed to start my own shit, a lot of them were

coming with me. I bet I ain't even had to ask. They'd rather fuck wit' me than Zeek and Zachari.

Moments later, Dex and a few other niggas appeared and I told them to start digging by the first tree and to be careful. I wanted her skeleton to be together.

"Is she in a box or did you just throw her in a hole?" I queried, glancing over at Griff who was shaking like a stripper. It was now October, so it was getting pretty cool around the mornings, but still warming up by lunch time.

"In the hole," he grumbled.

Exactly how I'ma do his ass, I said to myself. Dirty ass nigga.

It took about fifteen minutes before I heard someone yelling for them to stop.

"I hit something!" he yelled. "I think it's part of a bone!"

Handing my gun to the forensic specialist, I told him to shoot Griff if he tried to wobble away. Taking long strides over to the men, I squatted and peered down into the hole that wasn't as deep as I thought it would be.

That was definitely a bone. Taking to shovel from the closest nigga, I thanked the men and told them I got it from here. I started shoveling the dirt carefully. There were no clothes. She had been naked when she was thrown in the dirt and that pissed me off even more. Something glistened and I tossed the shovel. Reaching in, I grabbed the skeleton out. Shit didn't even bother me. The eyes of the skull were looking directly at me. Around the neck was a nameplate necklace that read *Kierra*.

Placing her carefully down on the ground, I motioned for the forensic specialist to do his job. Handing me my gun, I pointed it at Griff who started shouting out how sorry he was and that he didn't kill her. He just tossed her body.

"Remove your clothes," I told him. His eyes bucked damn near out of their socket. "I don't like repeating myself."

"Please," he begged, while taking everything off. Once he was naked, I told him to get over there by the same hole I'd just pulled Kierra out of. He took steps to it and when I had him

where I wanted, I was satisfied. “Please Zion... you don’t have to do th-”

Before Griff could finish telling me that I didn’t have to do something that I was excited about, I put a single bullet in the middle of his forehead, and he fell right into the hole. Perfect.

The forensic specialist who I found out name was Dave, left to go bring out a black bag to place Kierra’s remains in. He didn’t have to identify her because of the necklace. He was still going to make sure it was her and to give him a day or two. I removed it, so I could give it to Tenaia.

Leaving the house, I called the captain of the police department to let him know what had gone down so he could cover my tracks. Of course, he tried cussing me out, but I gave him a run down on why I did what I did even though I didn’t have to. What I said should have been enough. He understood after and told me to make sure that muthafucka was buried and would never be found. Now, I was on my way back home to my wife to give her some relief.

TENAIIA

I sat up when I heard the bedroom door open, and Zion swaggered in dressed in all black. The sun had come up, shining bright from the little bit of curtain that wasn't closed. I squinted at whatever was dangling from his gloved hand.

A necklace.

As he got closer I read it.

Kierra.

Gasping, I jumped up and rushed him. Instantly regretting it. I had to grab my head to stop the room from spinning. I wished this part of the pregnancy would go away already. I was picked up and placed back on the bed.

"I found her," he said. Zion placed the necklace on my leg. It was hers. I had one that had my name but ended up breaking

it in a fight with one of the girls at the house.

“Thank you,” I whimpered. I traced her name with my fingers.

Zion grunted. “What I tell you about that, Naia. Shit.”

“Still—” I started, but couldn’t finish. I sprinted to the bathroom.

“I’ll go get you some Ginger Ale and Crackers. We need to keep that shit in here,” he fussed, leaving the bathroom.

Once I was done, I cleaned myself up and sauntered back into the bedroom. Picking up the necklace I had dropped, I cried. Looking up, I said, “We’re gonna bury you properly Kierra. I promise.”

It was too early for me to call her parents, but after putting something on my stomach and showering, I planned to. When I told them about what happened, I left out the part my dad played in it. They didn’t need to know that the man they had called their friend for years was behind it. My dad was already paying for it and if I would have known before the wedding, I wouldn’t have wanted him there to give me away. I wouldn’t want him to be a part of that day.

When we took Kierra back, I was going to go see him. See where he now lives. There wasn’t much left for him to tell me. I’ve gotten the closure that I needed. We had Kierra. I didn’t know what Griff had done to her body. I was so distraught that night after finding her body floating in a bathtub full of water.

“Good morning,” Mildred sang out. “How are you and baby feeling?” She winked at me.

“Sick,” I said truthfully. Jada entered the kitchen. She had to have been the one to tell Mildred I was carrying a baby.

“Zion had come down here for Ginger Ale and crackers, but he ended up getting a phone call and had to leave. He told me to tell you that he’ll be back to cuddle with you the rest of the day,” Mildred smiled.

“I’m so glad he got you,” Jada spoke, taking a seat beside me after grabbing a slice of bacon. “With you, he’s soft.”

I grunted. “Soft?”

Jada grinned. “Yes. He isn’t?”

I shrugged. “He’s something.”

We all laughed. Mildred placed a plate of biscuits, scrambled eggs, bacon, and grits in front of me. I closed my eyes quickly and prayed before I dug. I didn’t have time to wait on Jada. This baby was making me sicker by the minute if I didn’t feed it.

As we were eating, Carl appeared, announcing that Zee was here. I wasn’t expecting her but was glad she was here. I would have gone right back up to the room and in the bed. My body was so damn tired. I just wanted to eat and sleep.

“Heeeey,” she sang, eyeing Jada.

She was still suspicious of her just popping up out of thin air. I tried assuring her that Jada didn’t have any type of hidden agenda. She was the victim. She was the one who couldn’t raise her son. Just took him away from her. Jada was legit just trying to be in Zion’s life now. Getting in where she fitted, and I could see he really wanted her here. I would love for her to be here to be in her grandchild’s life and help me out.

I had no idea how I was going to be as a mom. My mom wasn’t here, and Jada didn’t get to experience being one, but she still had that motherly instinct.

“Hey girl,” I said.

“Hi Miss Zee,” Jada spoke, and Mildred did as well. “How is Zavi?”

“He’s good. I’m still mad at Zion about that, but I understood what transpired and what was probably going on in his head when you popped up. Why now?”

“What do you mean?” Jada asked.

“Why show your face now? My cousin was doing well.”

“Zee—,” but I stopped when Jada held a hand up.

“Why not? Carry a baby for nine months. Give birth. That whole time you are connecting with your baby, only for them to get taken away for years. Tell me how you would feel.” Jada was calm, I’ll give her that. At this point, having to keep

explaining why she was here was probably getting to her, but she wasn't showing it.

“I don't want anything from Zion, but his love. I don't care for money. I went without it all these years. He wants me here and as long as he does, I'm willing to stay,” she added. I was proud of her response. “Did Zion tell you Regina was my best friend?”

Both of our jaws hit the floor.

“Wait... the woman I called my auntie. The one I've been close to all these years? Nooo...”

Jada nodded and began to eat again.

“Let me kick her ass.”

I giggled. Zee was always ready to put her hands on someone. I wondered if her ass was abusive towards Rock.

“So what?” Zee took a seat next to Jada ready for some hot tea. Even Mildred tuned in. “Did y'all fight over Uncle Zachari?”

“No. It wasn't worth it. He wasn't. After they got together, me and Zachari had one night together and that's how Zion got here.”

“Zachari loved you, huh? I mean, you were the one he wanted, but couldn't be with because of my grandfather. Why didn't he just let you keep Zion and just visit so he could be sneaky and be with you at the same time?” Zee shrugged with a smirk. “You know them niggas love their baby moms.”

We all gave Zee a crazy look. To be so sheltered from public schools and people that “weren't in their tax bracket,” she sure knew a lot.

Jada sighed. “Zachari is who he really is, and I wouldn't want him today. She can have him. Now he has a son who hates him. Look how it played out.”

Zee nodded, soaking it all in. “This is better than the fucking Shade Room,” she commented, and we all laughed, but that quickly stopped when Zion came into our view. The white shirt he wore was covered in blood.

“Zion?” I croaked out, unable to move. All the blood was making me sick. Jada ran to him.

“Are you hurt anywhere? Despite him being covered in blood, she began patting his body down.

“It’s not my blood,” he mumbled.

“Then who’s blood, is it?” she asked.

“Zeek’s.”

Zee’s hand flew to her mouth as tears poured from her eyes.

“You... you killed grandfather, Zion? How could you? He’s still family!” she cried out. She ran to him and swung on him. He let her. Caught him right on the jaw. Zion didn’t even flinch. Jada stepped in front of Zion.

“Don’t hit my son anymore,” she warned Zee who was now yanking out her earrings.

“I didn’t kill him. He was already dead when me and Zachari, and Zavi made it over there. They... they mutilated him.”

“Who did this?” Zee cried out. “Who called you?”

“Raise your arms,” Jada instructed, and Zion did as she told him. She grabbed the hem of his shirt and pulled it over his head. “Mildred, hand me a trash bag.”

“I need answers!” Zee squealed.

I wasn’t sure who to console first. Zee or Zion. He didn’t appear to need it. He stepped out of his boots and peeled off his joggers, now in just ball shorts. He handed the joggers to Jada who placed those in the bag as well.

“Go shower, son.”

Zion quietly nodded and took off towards the stairs. Jada gently nudged me.

“Go with him. Make sure he’s okay,” she told me. I peered over at Zee. “I’ll handle her.”

I took the stairs and heard the shower running already running. Unaware of what to do, I stood in the middle of the room for a couple of minutes. Zion appeared okay. His

relationship with Zeek wasn't one of a normal grandparent and grandchild.

Still, that was your husband, Tenaia. Make sure that he is really okay.

I needed to shower anyway. Coming out of my clothes, I trekked to the bathroom. When I pushed the shower door back, Zion didn't even acknowledge me. Both hands were on the shower wall in front of him and his head was down, and the water cascaded down onto his head. Normally, Zion wouldn't have gotten his locs wet.

I reached out to touch him. His head rose and I could see that his eyes were bloodshot red. *Had he been crying?* I climbed in behind him and wrapped my arms around him.

"I'm sorry," I whispered.

"For what, Naia?"

"For the loss of Zeek."

He snorted out a short laugh.

"I hated that nigga. Despised him because he despised me. That's how I felt... but to see his body dismembered like that." He stopped and shook his head. "To hear my father and Zavi cry... I have never heard them niggas cry like that."

"Do you know who could have done this?" I questioned, still holding onto him. I guess he realized it too and grabbed my hands, removing them from his body. Zion pivoted his body to face me.

"Nah, but you're safe here. No sneaking out and going anywhere, Naia." Zion placed a hand on my stomach. "I need you and my unborn safe at all times."

"You think... you think whoever did that to Zeek would come after me?" I squeaked out.

"That's the thing, Naia. I don't know. Like I said, keep your ass in the house. You and Jada. Zee finna be mad, but her lil' ass staying over today as well. If I have to tie her ass down, I will. Enough talk about this right now. I need to be inside of you."

I shrieked when Zion picked me up and dropped me down onto his thick rod. We both let out a loud gasp. Cuffing my cheeks, Zion drilled into me. My hands gripped his dreads as I sucked and bit his neck.

“Yes! Yes! Yes!” I cried out as he repeatedly hit my spot.

“Fuck, Naia,” he groaned out. Placing me on my feet, Zion bent down and placed his mouth on my pussy. He sucked my clit in his mouth and made circles around it with the tip of his tongue.

“Ahhhh!” My stomach caved in as I released. Zion stayed put lapping my juices up.

Standing back up, he spun me around and entered from the back. Gaining a little energy back, I threw my ass back, meeting his powerful thrusts. Zion wrapped a hand around my throat and nastily licked my face. If it was anyone else, I would have been grossed out but that made my pussy even wetter.

Zion trailed kisses from my jaw to my neck and then he bit down on my ear with his teeth, gently pulling. His breath tickled my ear and that feeling in the pit of my stomach was back.

“I’m cumiiiiiiiiing!” I exclaimed, pinching my nipples as my head fell back.

Zion’s thrusts got harder and shorter until his body withered and then stopped. His breathing was heavy and I stood there in that same position with my ass poked out until he pulled out. Zion washed us both up and we dried off and ended up climbing back in the bed, still naked.

“I gotta get up in a minute and make sure Zee doesn’t leave,” he sighed. “If she hadn’t already. My legs feel like noodles right now,” he chuckled, the corners of his eyes wrinkling up but the smile wasn’t reaching his eyes. I felt bad for him. For the family, even though I still didn’t care for them. My best friend was gone and that was just something I can’t forgive.

I curled into Zion’s body, and he wrapped arm around me. Being married to him, this wasn’t what I expected. I still wanted to live a normal life. I could do without all the killing and people coming for me because of the Legends. What about our

child? Would he or she have to live like this? If it was a boy, would the organization be passed down to him? I shuddered at the thought. Right then, I knew I had to make a decision and I did. I loved Zion, but not enough to put my...our child in harm's way. I decided then to go back to Houston. He just didn't know it yet.

ZION

Tenaia had fallen asleep, and I slowly climbed out of bed to deal with Zee, hoping she was still here. Ambling to my drawer, I pulled out a pair of Versace boxer briefs, ball shorts and a black V-neck. I sat down on the bed to lotion my legs because a nigga was ashy and then put my feet in my Gucci slides. Grabbing my phone, I took off downstairs.

I heard Jada and Zee deep in a conversation. It appeared Zee finally warmed up to Jada. They weren't going at each other at least. When I appeared, the conversation halted. I sat down in the living room next to Zee who side-eyed me. I could smell the lunch Mildred had started on, but I wasn't in the mood for food.

“Are you okay?” Jada asked.

“Eyes look a little puffy. You've been crying?” Zee questioned.

“Nah,” I lied. “Look, I need you both to stay put until we figure out who the hell did that to Zeek. They might not be done.”

“You think my dad did that? I mean he did try to take out his own brother?”

I looked at Zee upside her damn head. “Hell nah. Not the way we found Zeek. Zavi wouldn’t have his father cut up into pieces,” I told her, and she covered her mouth. She looked like she was about to be sick. I mean that visual alone would do it to you.

“We didn’t have enemies.”

“Seems like we made one.”

“Mr. Zion!” Carl called out and I nodded my head, giving him my attention. “Rock has pulled up.” I caught Zee squirming and the corner of my lips curved. I knew that’d get her to stay put for a while.

“Bet. Let him in,” I ordered.

Rock swaggered in with a bag and I knew this nigga planned to get fucked up tonight, but I’d have to pass. I had to be alert at all times. That was the only way I could protect the ones I loved. Even Mildred wasn’t going anywhere tonight. She’d have to take up one of the guest rooms. The maid was gone already so I couldn’t hold her hostage. She always handled her business and got up out of here at the same time each day.

“Sup,” he spoke, looking around the room, but his dark eyes fell on my cousin. He walked over to me, and we dapped up. Once he sat down beside Zee, I let him know what the fuck went on this morning.

Zee was closer to Zeek than I was. Hence her name. They damn near named her after his ass. She was a little emotional right now. Eyes were watery, red and puffy.

“Damn nigga. Who he pissed off?” Rock asked. He sat up at the end of the sofa and started breaking down the weed.

I shook my head. “No idea. It might not have even been about him. They could have used him to get to anyone.”

My phone rang and I saw that it was Polo. Getting up, I walked outside to take it.

“What the fuck happened?” That was the first thing he hollered out.

“How’d you find out?”

“Zachari just got off the phone with me. Do I need to send some of my trusted men there to help figure this shit out, my man? Someone is angry about some shit to cut up Zeek like that!” Polo rambled.

“Nah, we got it. What else did Zachari say?” I questioned, eyes squinting.

“He just said that Zeek was gone and told me how y’all found him. Said that I can go through him until you take over.”

“Hmph. He ain’t tell me that shit,” I mumbled more to myself. “Aight Polo. I’ll keep in touch.” I ended the call.

“Okay. If you need me, I’m here.”

“Bet.” I ended the call and ran the pad of my thumb over my bottom lip. All the crying Zachari was doing, what clicked in his head to think to reach out to Polo to talk business? Something just felt off and it had something to do with Zachari Legend.

Tenaia was quiet all night unless spoken to. There was some shit bothering her and I had to find out what it was so I could fix it. That’s what I felt like I had to do. Her being emotional wasn’t good for the baby and it was my job to keep her happy.

Now back in our room, she laid quietly on her side. That wasn’t normal for her. Usually, Tenaia would be laying on me or cuddled to my side. Turning the TV off, there was no light coming into the room.

“What’s wrong?” I sighed, turning on my side and pulling her back into my chest.

“Nothing,” she replied in a soft tone.

“Naia, let’s not do this,” I called out.

“Do you want to raise our child in this type of environment?”

That caught me off guard. I was unaware that this was something heavily on her mind.

“What are your concerns?”

She shuddered when I kissed her bare shoulder.

“That we won’t be able to raise our child. What if something happens to us or the baby? Whoever killed your grandfather is very upset, Zion.”

“Nothing I can’t handle, Naia,” I huffed. “I understand what you’re saying though.”

“Zion you cannot possibly be with us twenty four seven” she argued, sitting up.

“I can’t, but I have people for that. Don’t get yourself worked up Naia. It’s not good for the baby.” I ran my hands down my face. I was drained and ready to close my eyes.

“Zion, if you were really concerned about the wellbeing of me and the baby, then you would allow us to live a normal life.”

I couldn’t see Tenaia’s face due to the darkness but I wished she could see mine. She had me fucked up because what was she implying?

“Fuck you mean, Naia?” I questioned, now sitting up myself. “What are you trying to say?”

“I’m...”

“Continue,” I encouraged her.

“I don’t know if I want to raise our child here.”

My stomach dipped and my heart crushed. My throat instantly went dry. Dallas was home and I was about to take over True Legends. Ain’t no way I could just up and leave now and her and my baby living in another town, in another house... yeah, that wasn’t gonna fly with me.

Instead of entertaining Tenaia tonight because it was obvious that she was out of her rabbit ass mind, I flopped

around to where now my back was to her and said, “Lay down and take your ass to sleep.”

“Married your ass and still don’t have no say in shit!” she hollered.

I sat up at the tone she was using with me.

“Watch how the fuck you handle me, Tenaia. You want to fucking go. Then go.”

I didn’t fucking mean that, but she had a nigga fucked up.

TENAIIA

He was going to eat those fucking words. Zion felt like he could talk to me any kind of way and think I would just sit here and take it? Yeah... okay. I loved him, but if he was going to keep on overlooking my feelings then it is what it is. I couldn't just worry about him anymore. I had a whole person growing in my stomach that didn't ask to be brought into this harsh world. Zion needed to grow up. It wasn't about him anymore.

I didn't give a fuck about the organization. Fuck Dallas. If having power was all he gave a fuck about, fuck him too!

While Zion snored lightly on one side of the bed, I was fuming on the other. How the hell could he just sleep peacefully right now? I tossed and turned, being dramatic and he didn't even wake up to see why I was moving so much.

He didn't care about me. Zion was showing me that he didn't. It was time for me to leave and move on with my life but where the hell would I go? How the hell do I go about getting a divorce? Did I really want to divorce him?

A heavy arm wrapped around me before I knew it. Then his chin rested in the crook of my neck. I had it in my mind to mush his head back.

“Go to sleep, bae. You're always thinking too much. I got you.”

Surprisingly, Zion was still in bed with me when I had woken up once again with morning sickness. He was sleeping on his stomach with the pillow on top of his head.

“Good morning,” he spoke, as I emerged from the bathroom feeling weak.

“Morning,” I uttered, sitting down on the bed. I opened the nightstand and pulled out my stash of Saltines.

“I have a doctor coming today to start you on prenatal vitamins and check on the baby. Do you want to hear its heartbeat?”

My eyes lit up and I nodded. “I would love that.”

Zion was doing and saying the right thing at this moment, making my thoughts cloudy. One moment I wanted to leave him and the next I was back having butterflies because he took good care of me. Just fucking my thoughts up.

“Aight. Let's shower so you can get some real food in your system and then I'll let her know to be on her way. After that I have a few things I need to leave and do.”

Zion climbed out of bed and trekked to the bathroom. I heard him urinating and then the shower running. I stuffed my face with a few more crackers and then removed a Ginger Ale from the mini fridge he had put in the room just for me. A gulped half down and then slid out of my clothes. Tossing them in the hamper, I joined my husband in the shower.

With lust filled eyes, Zion watched my every move. His body was already covered in soap suds, long thick rod dangling between his thighs. My middled stirred just thinking about him stretching me out. The smirk on his face told me he knew it as well.

Grabbing my pouf, I poured my body wash on it and began to wash my body with my back to Zion. The moment I slightly leaned over, Zion slipped two fingers inside of my wet hole.

“Fuck,” he groaned out, sliding them in and out as my walls clenched around them.

I bit down on my lips as my eyes rolled to the back of my head. *Shit*. Reaching down, I made circular motions over my sensitive clit.

“Fuck! Fuck! Ouuu fuck!” I cried out softly, panting. I was on the verge of exploding.

Zion removed his fingers, grabbed my waist as he pushed his dick inside. He filled me up as if he was made for me and only me.

“Pussy so fucking good,” he moaned out. “This is my wet ass pussy. Fuck me back, Naia.”

Everytime he demanded from me, I gave in. It was something about Zion that I couldn't resist. Placing my hands on the wall, I tossed my ass back, meeting his thrusts. The way he pummeled into me, talking nasty, pulling my hair and biting down on me, I knew I loved this man. My first.

Pulling my head back by my hair, Zion covered my mouth with his. Our tongues intertwined and I couldn't help the animalistic moans that escaped out.

“You thinking 'bout leaving me?” he asked, thrusts getting rougher. “Huh, Naia?”

“Uh uh,” I lied with a whimper.

“Good. I don't think I can live without you. If you leave me, don't think I won't come looking for you,” he grunted, smacking me hard on the ass. I creamed. “Ahhh, good girl.”

We fucked, washed up and stepped out of the shower, both wrinkled like raisins. My body was tired. I swear his dick was

melatonin. Food was ideal right now but the way my eyes were heavy...

“I’ll bring you a plate up.”

I had dried my body off and crawled back in bed, naked. Laying on an arm, I watched Zion move around the room.

“Don’t go to sleep, Naia. The doctor coming after you eat.”

“Maybe you can reschedule, Zion. We shouldn’t have had sex. You know how I get after you fuck me like that. I need a nap. Have her come this evening instead,” I whined and then a yawn followed.

“I did put it on you huh?” he guffawed, conceitedly. He had every right to be because he did that. I was sore between my legs. A good sore. We would eventually have to ease up. “I’ll be back up.”

He left me and I snuggled into my pillow. Dick was good and all, but I still had a few things to think about and staying was still up in the air. Sex couldn’t fit our problems all the time. Temporarily it did. After coming down from that sex high, the problems would still be there.

It was going on two when I woke back up. Zion had bought me a plate and I’d taken a few bites of a little bit of everything before putting it to the side and dozing off.

Stretching, I rolled out of bed and to the bathroom to deal with my hygiene. Dressed in a gray t-shirt dress, I sauntered downstairs. Zee and Jada were in the living room, talking shit while watching some reality show on BET.

“Heeey sleepy head,” Zee smiled. I eyed her with a squint. Her ass was glowing and if I had one guess, I would say she had gotten some dick from Rock.

“Hey,” I replied, taking a seat on the sofa and stretching out. “Where are the guys?”

“Business as usual,” said Jada. “How are you feeling? Zion said a doctor would be here today for a checkup and to listen to

the heartbeat. That makes everything real to hear an actual baby inside of you.”

“I can’t wait,” I beamed. Picking up my phone that was beside me, I sent him a text.

*I could really take some ice cream right now. Caramel and maybe some marshmallows in it. Nuts too. You know I love some nuts *wink emoji**

It took about three minutes before the three bubbles populated.

Greedy. Make sure you keep that same energy when you’re eating my dick tonight.

My cheeks grew warm, and my mouth dropped as I tried to hold back my giggle. His mouth was just as filthy as mine.

See, this makes my decision harder. I want to leave Dallas, but I don’t want to leave Zion. When I told him that I love him, I meant that shit. I do. I wouldn’t have agreed to marry him...as if I really had a choice...if I didn’t think he would be a great husband, lover, and provider. Zion had a hard exterior but melted like putty when it came to me. Sometimes. Sometimes he had to show me why his last name was Legend... like last night.

ZION

Rock rolled with me to Zavi's crib. From the love marks on his neck, I knew he had put some act right on Zee who was grinning hard as fuck this morning. Those two were hell.

"You really think your old man has something to do with Zeek's demise?" he asked, passing me the blunt. I took it and pulled, looking out in the distance as I drove.

"I wouldn't put it past him," I replied, with smoke in my lungs. I coughed and cleared my throat. The Legends are respected. Ain't no beef in the streets wit' our names in it, Rock. This was an inside job."

Rock nodded.

That was the reason that shit didn't have a nigga shook. Zachari wanted to plan this dry ass beef in our heads when in

reality, his ass took out his own father. Why he did it was the question.

I reached over and turned up the Future song that began playing from Rock's phone that was connected to Bluetooth. A message from Tenaia came through and my dick bricked up when she started talking about how she loved nuts. To toy with her, I responded with the same energy she gave me. Freaky. When she read my shit, I knew her pussy would be sappy wet, ready for me to dig in her guts.

Pulling into Zavi's crib, he wasn't alone. Zachari's driver was sitting outside smoking on the stairs.

"What the fuck is he doing here?" I said to no one in particular. "I know damn well not to be planning Zeek's funeral arrangements."

"What are you gonna do?" Rock queried as we stepped out of the car.

"Shit, they're both here. Might as well see what he gotta say in front of his brother. Zavi ain't got the balls to murk Zeek like that. His body..." I stopped and swallowed, remembering how we had found Zeek. "His body was in pieces, nigga."

"Damn," Rock exhaled. "That's some wild shit."

The last time I was over at Zavi's, Zee had put a nigga down. I could still see the stains from his blood on the white concrete steps. *Zavi needed to pay someone to get that shit out.*

Placing my hand on the handle, I was stopped by one of his guards who knew exactly who I was. My brow rose and my hand went to the butt of my gun that was tucked in the waistband of my joggers.

"No need for that," he said, voice a lil' shaky. "I was just told to announce everyone that showed up to his house if it wasn't Zee, Zion."

"You had time to do that when I pulled up. Why wait until I walk up on you, nigga. Move fo' I shoot yo ass." Shoving him, I opened the door and me and Rock sauntered in. Rock chuckled.

"Nigga, you are hell. That nigga was ready to shit his pants."

I just smacked my teeth and headed towards Zavi's office where I

knew I would find the two. They were in a heated argument when I approached and barged in without a warning.

"Zion! Don't you see that we're in the middle of something!" Zachari barked, face red and nostrils flaring.

"Watch how you speak to me, Zachari. I'm not your bitch," I grilled him. Stuffing my hands in the pockets of my joggers, I dared him to play wit' me.

"Nephew, what are you doing here?" Zavi sighed loudly, a little calmer than his brother.

"Damn," I chuckled, looking around the room. "Am I not welcomed here?"

"Right now isn't the time for jokes and giggles," he replied, bushy brows dipped.

"I see." Leaning against the door, my eyes flew from him to Zachari's piercing ones. "What are y'all discussing?"

"That ain't none of your concern," Zachari answered.

"Did you butcher your own father?"

His brows furrowed as his jaw clenched. I noticed how his hands shifted into fists. Lightly tittering, I mentally dared him to swing or shit, pull his heat out.

"Fuck you say?" Zavi queried.

"He heard me."

Rock let out a low whistle.

"Why the fuck would you think..." Zavi's head slowly turned to his brothers. "Why would he think you killed our father, Zachari? I know Zion's ass is crazy, but he doesn't ever miss."

"Damn right I don't," I pitched in with a grin.

I could see the steam coming from Zachari right now.

"You're my brother Zavi, and you're asking me did I kill the man that raised us?"

“Awww, you look fake hurt to me,” I snickered.

Zachari swung and I blocked it, pushing his ass back. He staggered backwards but caught himself before he fell over. Next time, I was gonna have his ass leaking.

“Watch it old man. You don’t want to open up old wounds,” I told him, referring to the bullet wound.

“Stop!” Zavi yelled. “What the fuck is going on? Zion, why the fuck do you think he killed Zeek? We arrived at the house at the same fucking time!”

“Man nigga, you don’t watch First 48? The perpetrator sometimes still be the scene or lurking nearby.” Zavi’s ass still looked clueless. Rolling my eyes I said, “Think about it Unc, who were we beefing with?”

“Nobody that I know of. What about the dude you murked in the club behind Tenaia?”

I sucked my teeth. “Hell nah.” I done took a few niggas out, but ain’t nan finna go after Zeek. Why Zeek? If they wanted to really hurt me, they’d go after Zee or Tenaia.”

Me and Zavi stared one another for a while until it finally was making sense to his ass. Unhurriedly, he spun around to his brother.

“Zachari?”

Zachari scoffed. “I can’t believe you’re believing this lil’ nigga right now.”

“Big nigga,” I corrected.

“What would be his reason,” Zavi asked, without facing me. He was still stuck on his big brother.

I shrugged. “I don’t know. We’ll find out soon.”

Zachari began to laugh as if I had said something hilarious.

“Ain’t shit to find out, Zion. You’re the one who hated him, maybe it was you who took our father out.

“Nah,” I said with a shake of my head. “That wasn’t my work. Close, but wasn’t. I’m taking over, I’d want that nigga to be here to see me making shit shake better than he or y’all ever

could.” I slapped Rock on the chest with the back of my hand. “Let’s go Rock. I know the truth whether Zavi believed it or not. “Watch your back, Zavi. That nigga ruthless but then again...so are you, huh?” I chuckled. I’m guessing Zavi didn’t mention to Zachari that he had shot him. I still didn’t know the reason behind that.

Me and Rock walked out, and I remembered Tenaia wanting ice cream. At this point, I needed Mildred to stock up on ice cream when she went grocery shopping because it was clear that was a craving of Tenaia’s.

“That nigga did it,” I said in an even tone.

“Shiiiiit, I felt that too,” Rock added, and I nodded.

“Zavi probably did too. He just didn’t want to believe it.”

“What you gonna do?” asked Rock. I took off towards Marble Slab.

“Nun. I’ma let the shit play out. The nigga gonna tell on himself eventually.

TENAIIA

We were all hanging out in the living room. Zion and Rock ended up taking over the TV and hopping on the game while me and the other ladies talked about the baby, gender reveal, a baby shower. They were even talking about what Zion should get me as a push gift.

“What the fuck am I getting for putting the baby in her?” he questioned, causing us to laugh, but I could tell he was so serious. “Why does the woman get the gift?”

“Because she’s pushing it out of her pussy!” Zee sniggered.

Zion and Rock damn near gagged.

“When you gonna push one out of yours?” Rock asked her, and we all got quiet. All eyes landed on Zee.

“Rock, quit playing,” she smacked with an eye roll.

“I ain’t. You know damn well you wanna have my kid.”

Zee threw a pillow at Rock’s head but he caught it and tossed it back onto the couch.

“Why don’t y’all take a break and come get some of this good food,” Mildred called out.

Didn’t have to tell us twice. We all stood and took off towards the kitchen. Zion hugged me from the back and walked us towards the kitchen. He placed kisses on my neck and told me to sit down and that he’ll fix my plate. Not wanting to argue, I mosied over to the dining room and took a seat at the table.

The aroma of greens wafted through the house. I couldn’t wait to mash my cornbread in it and stuff my face. My stomach growled at the thought. Zion and Zee came walking to the table.

“Bae, what time is the doctor coming?” I asked him. “You know as soon as I eat this good food I’m going into a coma.” Zion and Zee chortled like I was playing.

“She hit me up and said she was running behind due to her patients at the office. Dr. Rawls is still coming.” Zion sat beside me and Zee across.

“Is this a doctor that you are good friends with or an ex or something?” I questioned. I picked up my fork.

“I don’t have any exes and this is a doctor that is on our payroll. Any other questions or assumptions?” I picked my head up and looked to my left and his crazy eyes were on me. Jaw clenching.

“You really got a good ass husband girl. Zion used to just fuck ‘em and never give the girl another thought. He is in love and I never thought I’d see the day,” Zee added. Of course she would stick up for her cousin. Jada and Rock sat down at the table.

“Mildred grab you a plate and come sit down! Carl you too!” Zion ordered. He then looked at Zee. “You ain’t gotta tell her shit. She should already know. I treat her ass good.”

“You do,” I told him. “With a side of attitude.”

Everyone around the table, including Zion, laughed. He knew it was true. Mildred brought out a pitcher of fresh

squeezed lemonade and cups, which Jada took upon herself to pour for everyone. Mildred and Carl joined us afterwards.

Like I figured, after I had finished eating and took my plate into the kitchen, I wanted to lay down and sleep. I thought I could get a nap in before the doctor arrived, but that was short lived when she arrived.

She was a very beautiful brown skinned woman with a weave flowing down her back, touching below her voluptuous ass. The doctor was in chocolate brown scrubs with brown and white New Balance's on her small feet. Her makeup was flawless but I did notice that big rock on her ring finger.

"Who is the mama?" she asked. "I obviously wasn't invited to the wedding." She side-eyed Zion who shrugged.

"I am," I answered. She gave me a big smile.

"You're a beauty. I'm Dr. Rawls. Let me set up and then we'll listen to the baby's heartbeat and I can answer all the questions you may have. I nodded, and she took off towards an empty bedroom with Jada showing her where to go. She was also going to sit in to listen to the heartbeat.

"Chill out. Your body so tensed," Zion said. "I ain't never fucked that woman. She's married with three kids."

Rolling my eyes, I started to walk away but was jerked back by my shirt.

"What's with the attitude? We were just good at the table."

"Nothing," I mumbled. "Must be the hormones."

I could see his shoulders relax. He let me go and stuffed his hands into the pockets of the joggers that were already hanging off his hips, exposing the band of his black Versace boxer briefs.

"I wouldn't bring a bitch I done fucked around you. Nae was before we were married and I fired her when you told me to. She doesn't count," he uttered.

"Okay, I'm ready for y'all," Dr. Rawls called out.

Zion grabbed my hand and we walked to the room. The room was big enough for all of us so even Rock and Zee joined us to listen for the baby's heartbeat.

“Just lay down on the bed and I’m going to tuck some of this paper in your shorts so the gel won’t get on your clothing. Lift your shirt up please.”

I did as she asked. Zion was right next to me, watching everything that was going on.

“Ok, this gel is cold.” She picked up a bottle and squeezed some of it on my flat stomach. It was cold but then she took the machine and began using it to rub it around.

The sound was weird but then I heard a consistent thump and I looked at her with wide eyes. A big grin spread on her full lips.

“That’s it. That’s the baby’s heartbeat,” she confirmed.

Jada gasped.

A lone tear fell from my eye. This was so real. Zion reached up and wiped the tear away. Leaning down, he kissed me a few times on my forehead. God, I love this man so much in so little time.

ZION

Hearing our baby's heartbeat made me love Tenaia more than I was already in love with the girl. Looking down, I hoped that it was a happy tear. Kissing Tenaia a few times on her forehead, I watched as Dr. Rawls cleaned her up.

"Let's let them have some alone time with the doctor," Jada told Rock and Zee. Zee pouted but left. Before walking out, Jada turned around and said, "This meant a lot. Thanks for letting me be here for this moment."

I nodded and she walked out, closing the door behind her. Tenaia sat up and Dr. Rawls asked if we had any questions as she handed her a pill bottle.

"These are prenats. Take one everyday. They help the development of the baby."

"When will her morning sickness subside?" I asked.

“Twelve weeks into her pregnancy. She’s almost there, Zion. Saltines or a toast should help with that. She’s going to have a lot of great days and some days when she’ll probably feel like ‘fuck this shit’. The ending is worth it because you’ll be able to hold your baby in a few months.”

We stayed in the room for another thirty minutes asking questions and Dr. Rawls gave us the information that we needed. Next month she’ll be back so we could see the baby on the monitor. At the end of the appointment, Tenaia had a smile on her face. I hoped her mood matched it.

“Zee and Rock left,” Jada announced when we walked out of the room. I let Dr. Rawls out and had security walk her to her car.

“Together?” Tenaia snickered.

“Yeah. Those two got it bad for one another,” I told them. My phone rang and I answered it as soon as I saw that it was Dave, the forensic anthropologist. He told me all that I needed to know.

“That was her,” I told Tenaia.

“Who?” she asked, brows pinched.

“Kierra. The forensic anthropologist just confirmed what we already knew. Just knowing for sure, now we can take her to her parents.”

“Tomorrow?” Tenaia hopped up and ambled over to me.

“If that’s what you want. We can get up early and hop on the jet. I’ll pick up her bones before we leave.” Tenaia’s eyes narrowed at me. “What?” The way her mood shifted that fast was crazy to me.

“Don’t say bones, nigga.”

“Oh, damn. Well it ain’t really a body anymore, but I gotcha bae. Come on so we can get some sleep. Ma, you go to bed too. You’re coming with us.”

Picking Tenaia up in bridal style, I trudged to the elevator. I was gonna get my dick wet then go to sleep.

The alarm on the phone blared in my ear. Groaning, I blindly located my phone and turned the alarm off with one eye open. Sighing, I stretched and sat up. Me and Tenaia shouldn't have gone those two rounds. A nigga was dead ass tired.

“Naia, wake up,” I rasped, shaking her.

“Mmm,” she moaned, waking my dick up. I chuckled to myself. Any sound that comes out of that girl's mouth be waking my shit up.

“Mmm nothing. Do you want to take Kierra home or not?” I asked, getting out of bed and sliding my feet into my slides. “I can get back in bed and go to sleep with you, ma. Up to you.”

“No... no, Zion. I'm getting up.”

Rounding the bed, I went to her side and grabbed her crackers from the nightstand and then some Ginger Ale from the mini fridge. I placed both on the nightstand and then left to start the shower.

“Get up!” I yelled over my shoulder, knowing damn well Tenaia hadn't gotten up yet.

Stripping out of my clothes, I walked into the shower. Yawning, I stepped under the waterfall so it could wake me up. We still had to pick up Kierra and then I planned on going right back to sleep once we got on the jet.

Tenaia entered the bathroom and flopped down onto the toilet with her eyes closed. I began to wash my body off. As soon as she'd step in and my eyes fell on her sexy ass body, I'd want to fuck and we ain't have time for that.

“I can't wait to go back to sleep,” she whined.

“Me too, but you wanted to do this today. Let's do it. You're gonna feel a sense of relief once you do,” I told her. She nodded, still groggy. I was rinsing my body off once she flushed and removed her clothing.

“I need one of those massages again and my hair done. Can we set that up? You've been sweating my hair out like crazy and my arms get tired trying to straighten it myself.”

“It's your world,” I let her know. I stepped out of the shower while Tenaia was going in. I couldn't help but slap her on the

ass only to watch it jiggle.

Tenaia was dragging her feet. Jada was already up and dressed when I made it downstairs. She had her coffee in a travel mug. When she saw me she smiled.

“Good morning.”

“Good morning,” I responded. Mildred wasn’t in the kitchen because I gave her the day off. Her, Carl, and the maid.

After pouring a glass of orange juice, I gulped it down and then got on the phone to make sure the pilot was ready. Tenaia trekked slowly into the kitchen. Apparently, the shower hadn’t woken her up. While on the phone, she came and snuggled her head into my chest. I wrapped one arm around her.

“Bae, we gotta get moving,” I said, kissing her forehead.

“Okay,” she said, still not moving. Chuckling, I tapped her on the ass and moved around.

“Grab something to eat and c’mon. Dave waiting with Kierra’s bo- remains.”

“Okay. You know what?”

I spun around and asked, “What?”

“She didn’t come to me last night when I closed my eyes. I think she’s at peace now that she’s no longer at Griff’s but will be more at peace when she’s back in Houston,” she answered, giving me a small smile.

“Let’s get her home.”

Once we had Kierra’s remains and were on the jet, me and Tenaia went right back to sleep. Jada stayed awake thanks to her coffee and watched TV.

Of course, from Houston to Dallas wasn’t a long trip. It felt like we were woken up soon as our eyes closed. Carefully, I grabbed the body bag that held Kierra’s skeleton and climbed down the jet’s stairs behind Tenaia and Jada.

I brought Jada so she could get out of the house. She really ain't been complaining. Living in that house beats being on the streets or going from house to house for shelter. Ain't no use keeping her in since I knew for a fact Zachari was behind Zeek's death. No one could tell me any different.

There was a white expedition waiting on us. The driver stepped out, nodded, and opened his door for us. Tenaia started to step in and then she quickly leaned over and began vomiting. Jada stood beside her, holding her hair back that she chose to wear down today.

"She needs some food," Jada stated, looking up at me. I bobbed my head.

Once she was done, the driver handed her a bottle of water which I snatched and looked it over, making sure it hadn't been tampered with. When I was satisfied that it appeared to be aight, I handed it to her.

"Pop the trunk," I instructed. I needed to place the bag down. The driver opened the trunk and I carefully laid it out. "You want to eat now or wait until we hand Keirra over?" I asked Tenaia who mugged me. *I can never say shit right.*

"Really, Zion?" I shrugged. "We can go ahead and take her. I don't want her body to be sitting in the back of the trunk for long. Plus, I want to sit down at a restaurant." They climbed into the Expedition. I hopped in.

"She'd been sitting in the dirt for a few years, I'm sure she wouldn't mind." *See. Think before you speak, Zion,* I chastised myself.

Jada popped my arm. My wife crossed her arms and poked her lips out. I guess she was calling herself being mad. I wasn't trying to talk bad about the dead. Shit just came out that way.

"Give the driver the address, wife."

Tenaia grumbled out the address. When the truck began to move, she relaxed and closed her eyes. Still pouting with her cute ass.

Twenty minutes later, we were right outside of Kierra's parents house. Before we could hop out, the front door opened

and Kierra's father stepped out, glasses sitting on the bridge of his nose.

Climbing out, I headed to the trunk and I could see him grasp his chest, knowingly.

"Hillary! They got her! Oh my God, they got her!" he yelled frantically.

The driver popped the trunk and I retrieved the bag. All I could hear was shouting and crying. Once their eyes fell on the black body bag, Kierra's mama slid down the steps and shouted out 'Thank You' to the sky.

"How do we know it's her?" her dad asked. His whole round body was shaking.

"I wouldn't bring you someone else's child," I retorted, brows furrowed.

He gasped and was looking behind me. I turned halfway and saw Tenaia holding out Kierra's necklace.

"That was found with her, plus, I had forensics done to confirm." I pulled out the papers and handed them to him. Lifting his glasses, he looked it over. Tears fell.

"Thank you, young man. Thank you."

A car pulled up behind the Expedition. I pulled out my Glock out of instinct. The door opened and Terrick exited.

"Dad?" Tenaia questioned, confused. "What are you doing here?"

"What are you doing here, Naia?" he rebutted, just as confused. His eyes zoomed in on the bag that I was still holding.

"They found Kierra, Terrick. Thank God," Kierra's dad let him know.

Terrick's shoulders slumped and he held his head down. What came out of his mouth next was not what I was expecting. What any of us expected.

"It was me. I'm the reason my daughter and Kierra were taken that night," he mumbled. "I can't continue to live my life like this."

“What... What did you say, Terrick?”

“I—”

Kierra’s dad had snatched him roughly by the collar of his shirt with his fist drawn back.

“What the fuck did you just say?”

“Fuck! I owed someone money and couldn’t pay...”

Bam!

A fist smashed into Terrick’s face and he fell back and onto the hard ground. He continued to throw blow after blow. It seemed as if Kierra’s mom had frozen. The news had shocked her. I brought the bag over to her.

Tenaia’s hands were covering her mouth as she watched in horror, Kierra’s dad bloodying his face. When he reached back, I knew Tenaia would now have new nightmares. Kierra’s dad pulled out his own Glock and shot Terrick in the middle of his forehead. The shrilling scream that bellowed out of Tenaia’s mouth... I will never forget.

TENAIIA

My heart stopped. At least that is what it had felt like. To see Kierra's dad put a bullet between my father's eyes... To see my dad's life be taken... I... I... I'm speechless. I had so many questions that would never be answered.

What was he doing here? Did he know I was here? Was he planning on confessing to Kierra's parents?

The neighbors had ended up calling Houston PD, but of course, Zion had some kind of pull and they ended up letting Kierra's dad go. I knew why Zion had done it. Kierra's dad was grieving, but did it give him the right to take my dad's life when he wasn't the one who had actually taken Kierra's. My mind is gone right now. I was now in the Expedition with Jada comforting me. Now my dad was in a black body bag. Now, I would have to plan a funeral.

“I don’t want to eat,” I spoke through tears, when Zion hopped in the truck.

“Oh nah, you’re feeding my baby,” he advised. “I don’t even want to hear that shit.”

I was aware that I looked like shit. I felt like it too. My face was tight from the dried up tears and my eyes were puffy. Probably red. To make shit worse, Kierra’s dad had snatched her necklace out of my hands and took his ass in the house with it. That pissed Zion off and he damn near shot him, but Jada stopped him in time. Now, I had nothing to remember my best friend by. Nothing. And that tore me apart.

When I announced that I didn’t want to eat, that was the truth. My stomach went against me and growled on cue as if to say *bitch, speak for yourself*. Zion wasn’t going for that shit though and it would be selfish of me to deprive our child of their needs because I was in my feelings. How could I wat after seeing my dad murdered? I could still see the hole between his eyes and his eyes bucked as he fell to his demise.

“Pull over!” I screamed.

The driver pulled over after Zion nodded. As soon as he did, I opened the door and vomit spewed out. The little of what I had to snack on during the drive to Kierra’s parents’ house. Beef jerky and a Sprite.

“Take us to the nearest restaurant that serves some good shit,” Zion instructed.

The driver waited until I was good and ready. I bet he was hoping he wouldn’t have to clean his truck out today. Closing the door, I sat back with my head on the headrest and closed my swollen eyes, taking deep breaths.

“Calm down, sweetie. I know it’s hard but try to think of something peaceful. Something that’s not gonna have you stressed because that’s what you’re doing, and the baby can feel it.”

“It’s not even a full baby,” I snapped. It seemed like all they cared about was the baby, and not me. Jada and Zion both looked at me with wide different colored eyes. I instantly felt

bad for snapping at Jada but Zion's ass could get it right now. "Sorry, Jada," I mumbled, closing my eyes again.

"What about me?" Zion questioned.

"Fuck you."

"Brooooo. Stop this muthafucka right nie!" Zion barked.

The Expedition came to a halt, and I had it in my mind to open the muthafuckin' door and bolt out. I had it in my mind to run far away from Zion's ass. That's what I wanted to do. My life was already hell at Griff's and it seemed to be no better with Zion. Shit was getting worse.

Zion opened the door on his side and rounded the back. My door opened and he snatched me out by my shirt.

"Zion!" Jada squealed loudly. "Be careful with her. Don't handle her roughly, nigga! Are you out of your mind? You better not hit her!"

At the sound of Jada's words, Zion let me go and squinted his eyes. His head swiveled in her direction.

"You really think I'd hit her, Jada? You don't even fuckin' know me." His tone was - menacing.

"I... I... I just know you're angry. You're right, son. I don't know you."

"Don't call me that."

Jada looked as if her heart had just dropped.

"Okay," she whispered, with a head nod. Jada climbed back into the truck.

"Fuck me?" he reiterated. "Fuck me, Tenaia?"

I hated when he called me that. I was supposed to be Naia to him.

"Aight," he nodded, face twisted. "I'ma let you do your own thing."

My mouth hung open because what did he mean by that?

"Do you," he spat, answering my question.

Turning his back on me, Zion got back inside the Expedition. My door was still open. I looked around, familiar with where we were but I had no money. I had nothing. Sighing and feeling a little defeated, I slowly trudged back to the truck and leaped in, closing the door behind me. Refusing to look Zion's way, I stared out the window. My heart was bleeding.

Hours later, we were back in Dallas at the house. After that moment in Houston, instead of sitting down at a nice restaurant where we could enjoy our food, Zion had the driver stop at the nearest fast food restaurant which ended up being Wendy's.

Now here he was being petty, packing my things to be placed into another bedroom in the house. I didn't even have the energy to fight with him tonight. Me and Zion needed space. Jada had marched into her room, slammed the door and remained there for the rest of the night. I didn't blame her. Getting in Zion's path when he was on one wasn't the greatest idea. You wouldn't win. I had noticed.

I thought about calling Zee, Ju, or Jessy to come get me but it was late, and I really didn't want to push my problems onto someone else. So, I sat in the living room while Zion had his fit. Carl helped move my things to another bedroom. The room that I was placed in when I had first arrived. It was still too close to Zion's for my liking. I would rather be on the opposite wing.

Yawning, I checked my missed messages. One was from Zee venting about how much she loved Rock and that she wanted to see how things would be with them if they tried again. She was asking for my opinion. I was the wrong person for her to ask. I couldn't even get her cousin to act like he had some sense sometimes.

I responded, letting her know to go with what her heart wanted. *Shit, what did my heart want?* Was I too broken to love? Maybe that was it. Maybe that's why me and Zion didn't mesh well. I was broken. Too broken to be fixed.

An hour and a half later, I was in bed with the door locked. It was pointless because if Zion wanted, he could get in. That

fool looked like he knew how to pick a lock. Fuckin' hood billionaire.

The scent of weed wafted in the air. I could smell it all in my room. It was strong where I was choking on it, so I stayed quiet. We argued enough today, and I had no more words for him. Jada was right. I did need to focus on bringing a healthy baby into this world, but how would it be trying to co-parent with that fool? In order for me to be stress free, I had to get out of this house. Not temporarily. For good. I couldn't do it by myself either.

Zee was his cousin, and they were super close. I also felt like she wanted the best for me and her unborn relative. Maybe she would help me. Locating our message thread, I sent her a text. If she told Zion about this idea, he'd probably put a padlock on the door and keep me here until I gave birth. Then he'd probably take me like his dad did him.

You up?

She was. The three bubbles popped up seconds later.

Yeah girl. You good?

Could I trust Zee?

I need to get out of here. I want to leave Zion. Zee, I feel like I'm going to lose this baby if I stay. I need your help...please.

Biting down on my lip, I waited for her response. It seemed like hours passed before I saw her texting back. My heart was beating like crazy, and I was sweating although the air was blasting ice cold.

What do you need me to do?

She wasn't saying yes, and she didn't say no.

Help me leave. I don't have any money and if I take one of his cards, he can trace it back to me. I want to go back to Houston. Please, Zee. I'll come back once I have the baby.

It was horrible I was having her go against one of the most important people in her life, but I had no other choice. Jada didn't have the help that I needed. He would forgive her. Zion couldn't stay mad at Zee forever. They were too close for that.

Hopefully she wasn't telling Rock my plan because he was loyal, loyal to Zion.

Okay.

ZION

Putting Tenaia in her own room was best. She was making my temper come to surface every day and I was sick of it. Only she could press my buttons the way she did. I never went this hard with Zee. I would let her have her moment and then we'd be back like ain't shit happened. Tenaia? Nah, if we stayed around each other too much longer I might forget who the fuck she was and hem her ass up. I was going light on her retarded ass.

The next morning, I made sure to roll the fuck up out the bed early to avoid her stankin' ass. I was dressed in a tailored Armani suit, feeling like money. Today, I wasn't letting anybody get me where I try so hard not to go. Upside their muthafuckin' head.

I was on my way in my car to Zavi's crib. I let Gray take a day off. I didn't need him today and he wasn't to drive to Jada or Tenaia anywhere. Jada had pissed me smooth off, thinking that I'd fuck Tenaia up. The most I would do was hem her ass up. I wasn't a woman beater.

Walking into Zavi's house, I wasted no time searching for him. He wasn't in his office. It was still early, but my uncle was an early bird like I was. His bedroom was on the lower level so I stopped there next. He wasn't there either, but the scent of his soap lingered in the air. Zavi was here.

"You sure are popping up here a lot!" I heard him call out from the intercom he had installed. "I'm in the kitchen!"

That was my next stop. Trekking to the kitchen, I found this nigga in a suit with an apron tied around him looking like Betty Crocker. It was too early for him to be burning down his crib.

"Fuck you doing?" I asked, hopping up on the island and clasping my hands together.

"Fuck it look like? I'm cooking breakfast, nigga. What brings you here to disturb my peace this early in the morning?"

"Zachari," I grumbled. "You know he did that shit, right?"

Zavi's jaw clenched, but he moved around the kitchen as if he ain't heard a word I had just said.

"Zavi..."

"I heard you, nigga. I have my suspicions," he gritted through clenched teeth.

"Aight so, what would be his reasoning to do such a thing to the father he loved so much?" I queried sarcastically.

"Zeek was about to name you head of the organization. We had a meeting with him about Polo no longer wanting to work with us unless it was you, he was discussing business with. Zachari decided he wanted Antwan to take over instead of you and Zeek was going for it. He said you earned it," explained Zavi, which no made me even more confused.

"He ain't fuck wit' me," I reminded him. "He was fucked up behind thinking I shot his damn son. Showed to my house ready to take a nigga out."

“Nah.” Zavi shook his head. “Before his demise, I told him that I was the one who pulled the trigger. He was pissed and we argued. That’s why I’m so fucked up. My father passed away angry at me.”

“You think he told Zachari?” I asked him.

Zavi shrugged.

“Shit, Zachari might be scheming on you next. Like I said the other day, watch your back. I thought I wasn’t wrapped too tight. That nigga surpassed me,” I frowned.

“I’m already knowing.”

“What we gon do then?”

“I’ma handle it. I don’t need your hands dirty,” he responded. My forehead wrinkled as I frowned.

“That’s your way of saying you don’t want my father’s blood on my hands,” I snorted out.

“Something like that,” he mumbled. “If you’re going to run True Legends the right way, I need your hands clean. “

My head bobbed slowly, and I saluted Zavi. “Yes sir, yes sir,” I joked, but was serious. Crazy how I was cool with my uncle than my own father. That nigga always acted like we were in competition instead of on the same team.

“Where are you headed after this?”

Zavi removed biscuits and bacon from the oven that came out perfectly, and he turned off the grits he was stirring.

“Shiiid nowhere right now. I’m finna have breakfast wit’ my favorite uncle,” I laughed, hopping down from the island and grabbing a paper plate.

Zavi chortled and grunted out, “Nigga, I’m your only uncle.”

Before going home, I stopped at the barbershop to get a fresh edge up. I needed Kenisha to retwist my shit this weekend. Rock met me up there and we chopped it up. Now, I was

heading home to estrogen. These women were gonna be the death of me. Jada was pissed at me which didn't really bother me that much because we were still learning about each other. Tenaia... I wasn't ready to deal with her just yet.

Pulling up to the crib, some shit felt off. I didn't see anyone standing outside on their post. Parking in the garage, I called Carl. I didn't even give him a chance to speak.

"Carl, where the fuck is everybody?" I asked, growing angry as I stepped out of my car and rushed to the front door. All I could think about was something happening to Jada, Tenaia and our baby. Carl answering the phone all calmly threw me all the way off.

"Um... we had orders that you said everyone can go home." I could hear him swallowing a lump in his throat because right then, he knew he had fucked up.

"Who in the fuck ordered that shit? Carl, when have I ever fucking let everyone off at the same gah damn time. Ain't nobody protecting my wife or my mother. Who the fuck did you listen to?" I growled.

"Zee, sir."

"Zee? Why would... Fuck."

I rushed inside and called for Tenaia. I kept repeating her name frantically to where Jada came running out of her room.

"What's wrong? She asked, just as frantic.

Ignoring her, I took the stairs three at a damn time. She had to still be here. My heart was racing and I felt like I couldn't breathe. My head was getting dizzy and I could have sworn I was floating.

"Zion!" Jada called, running behind me. For her grown age she was very athletic, keeping up with me.

Making it to the room she was supposed to be in until she got some act right, I pushed the door open and I knew she wasn't in there. I dug my phone out of my slacks and pulled up my camera app. *She had to be here somewhere.*

"Where would she be?" Jada panicked. I could tell from her tone that she was genuinely concerned, which confirmed that

she didn't play a part in Tenaia leaving. "Is this a joke?"

She wasn't anywhere on camera. This wasn't just a 'mall trip', or 'going to get my hair done. I'll be back' moment. She was really gone. I was gonna kill Zee.

TENAIA

“Shit, give me your phone. He’s blowing me up. I gotta turn them off because he’s probably tracking us now,” Zee squeaked out. “Zion is going to fuckin’ body me. This better be worth it. I’ll see you in hell because that’s where we’re both going.”

I shoved my iPhone into her hands. Zee threw both phones to the ground and stomped them with her boots. With a bag full of cash, I would get myself a new one. Zee had made sure I would be good. She had even had a fake ID and social security card made overnight for me. I was now Riyah Long. Tenaia Smith-Legend was no more.

Make sure you email me and let me know how you are. Maybe if Zion knew you were good, he wouldn’t be as mad. Yeah... that was bullshit as soon as it came out my mouth,” she

sighed. “I just want you to have a healthy baby. You and Zion need a break and I hope he sees that.”

“You think he knows by now? That I’m...um... gone?” I wondered.

Zee’s brown eyes widened. “Heelllll yeah. He was blowing my phone up. Probably on the phone with Rock now.”

“I’m sorry, Zee. Really. I didn’t know who else to turn to. He kicked me out of his room, and I just felt like it would just get worse,” I told her.

“I understand. I gotta get back and deal with this. Be careful, Tenaia.”

Zee pulled me into her and wrapped her arms around me tightly. I hugged her back, on the verge of crying like a baby. She had dropped me off at a hotel that I would stay in for the night...maybe the week until I can figure out my next move. Zee jumped back into her rented car and drove off, leaving me wondering if I was making a big mistake. I was. I knew I was, but this had to be done. Zion would just have to hate me.

Instead of heading to Houston, a place that I was familiar with, I decided to move to Austin instead. It wasn’t far from Houston, but I didn’t think Zion would look for me here. Hopefully the pull he had in Houston, he didn’t have that here.

After checking into the hotel, I took a warm shower and then snuggled into the comfortable bed. It wasn’t Zion’s but it would do. Just like that, I missed him. I wasn’t even sure that was going to be possible, but I missed him so much. My heart hurt. It longed for him.

Glancing over at the phone in the room, I thought about giving him a call just to let him know that me and the baby were alright. Just to ease his mind because I was pretty sure he was going crazy right now. All the guards and Carl went home. I was actually surprised he hadn’t called sooner because I would have thought Carl would have reached out to Zion to confirm. Zee really made it sound believable. Now, thanks to my bullshit, they were probably out of a job. I felt bad but it had to be done. There was no other way that I would have been able to leave the house with luggage because that would have alerted them.

This was new to me. I had never been on my own like this. Before I laid down, I counted up the banded hundreds Zee had given me from her own account. It was almost one million. There was no way that I could repay her for this and I now had her in an awkward position. Zion might not ever forgive her this. Peering over the phone again, I thought about calling him to plead Zee's case. His phone number and Zee's were the only ones I knew by heart.

Closing my eyes I tried to sleep but it wouldn't come to me. All I could think about was Zion blacking out and going left on Zee. Turning over on my side, I reached for the phone and dialed her number.

"Hello?" she answered, sniffing.

"I'm so sorry Zee. I can come back." My heart sank at the sound of her crying.

"It's okay, Tenaia. He's just angry right now. Everyone is. My father. Rock."

I closed my eyes and pinched the bridge of my nose. I didn't mean for it to affect hers and Rock's relationship.

"I'm so sorry," I repeated. That was all I could say.

"Are you good?" she asked.

"Yeah and no. I didn't think this through and realized who all this would affect," I sighed.

"Tenaia, don't think much of it. Take care of yourself and the baby. Zion is really upset because I won't tell him your exact location. He thinks you're back in Houston."

I sighed. I hadn't even planned my dad's funeral. He was still at the morgue from my understanding. When it got out what he did because I wasn't dumb, Kierra's parents were going to tell anyone who will listen what my dad did, who would want to show up to put him to rest? I might as well get him cremated. When I woke up tomorrow, I would call and take care of it. Right now, I needed to close my eyes and try to get some sleep. It was hard when my heart was hurting from hurting some I loved. Zion would never forgive me. It was best that I never went back.

There was no morning sickness this morning. I woke up expecting it. It never came. After showering and dressing in a PINK lavender sweatpants and hoodie, I slipped on my socks and Uggs and trekked to the bathroom to just put my hair in a messy bun. Breakfast was my first stop. IHop was down the street. I could walk there, but I would need to get a prepaid debit card to UBER around to further places.

Grabbing about three thousand, I stuffed the bag underneath the bed so housekeeping wouldn't find it. I wasn't checking out so they had no need to be up under the bed. On top of the money, I had placed a lot of my clothes. I snatched my keycard up and left the room. My stomach growled all the way down to the hotel entrance.

Shivering, the Fall air was nippy. I hurried towards IHOP with my hands in the pocket of my hoodie. I think I had visited Austin maybe two or three times with my dad when I was kid. It was just as busy as Houston.

The aroma of pancakes and syrup could be smelled around the corner from IHOP. My mouth watered and my stomach began to grumble again. I put some pep in my step, taking longer strides.

Thankfully, it wasn't packed. I was ushered to a table right when I entered the building. When the waitress took my drink order, I went ahead and ordered my food since I always get the same thing every time. After I leave from here, I noticed a AT&T store across the street. I needed another phone. The laptop Zion had bought me, I had left in Dallas.

Sinking my teeth into the first bite, I loudly hummed with my eyes closed, savoring the flavor of the buttermilk pancakes. When I popped them back open, some older white guy was staring at me from across the room. My face warmed out of embarrassment. I kept my head down the rest of the time I was there. Once I was finished, I paid for my food and then headed back out into the cold.

Shivering and teeth chattering, I waited for traffic to stop so I could cross the street. Downtown, the traffic was horrible. Finally crossing, I hustled towards AT&T.

“How can I help you?” a nice looking gentleman asked, standing by the door and holding it open for me.

“I need a new phone, phone number, and maybe um... an iPad.”

He licked his lips while staring down at me. The nametag he wore read Roderick. He was about 5’11 and his complexion was a smooth caramel color. His eyes were lazy as if he was at work under the influence, but they could have been naturally like that. Roderick’s lips were juicy and wet from him licking them.

“Aight,” he said unprofessionally, but it made me giggle. He chuckled and corrected himself. “My bad miss lady. Terence over there can help you with allat...” He grinned and cleared his throat. “All of that.”

“Okay. Thanks,” I smiled back at him. I turned and headed towards Terence who wasn’t as cute as Roderick but that wasn’t what I was here for. I could feel Roderick’s eyes still on me and I didn’t dare turn around to check.

An hour later with the iPhone 14 and brand new iPad, I was leaving AT&T. My legs were stiff from standing so long at the counter and a nap was needed. My last stop was a store where I could purchase a prepaid debit card and load it.

“You need a ride, Miss lady?”

Spinning around on my heels, I was face to face with Roderick again.

“I’m off from work and can take you home,” he pressed.

As much as my feet hurt, I wasn’t going to chance it. Just because he had a legit job didn’t mean shit. He could rob me. I had to pull out all that money to count it earlier and he was probably watching me, thinking that I could be a quick lick. I had about four hundred on me now.

“Um... it’s okay. I’m not staying far,” I smiled as I shot him down.

“I don’t bite.”

“Good, but I’m good. I still have a few errands to run on this strip. Thanks, though.”

“No problem.”

I was already walking away from him. No matter how lonely I was, I couldn’t get close to anyone right now. Roderick was interested but he wouldn’t be for too long once he found out that I was a package deal. Plus, I was paranoid. Zion always reminded me of how much pull he had. There was no telling who all he knew in Austin, no matter how big it was. Staying lowkey for seven more months was the plan.

ZION

At this point, I didn't know what the fuck eating, or sleeping was. I was fucking livid! Every second of not knowing where the hell my pregnant wife was killing me.

I had waited for Zee at her crib, and she was in a rental. She tried acting all hard but she was scared. Zee knew me well though. I wasn't going to put my hands on her. What I was going to do was cut her the fuck off. That wasn't going to hurt her ass more than anything. She did the ultimate betrayal and some shit that I couldn't forgive her for. I still couldn't come to terms that she would help Tenaia leave me. That was some fucked up shit.

Zee cried when I told her she was dead to me, but she wouldn't give Tenaia's location up. All she kept reassuring was

that she was okay. I didn't want to hear that shit. I needed to lay eyes on her so I could see for myself.

Once I arrived back home, I headed to the gym to take my anger out on my boxing bag. For an hour straight, I beat the fuck out of it.

I hit it because my heart was hurting. I hit it because my family wasn't as loyal as I thought they were. I hit it because I fell in love with Tenaia when I never thought it would be possible. I hit it because she was carrying my child and wasn't here with me so that I could make sure they were safe at all times.

Drenched with sweat, I pulled the gloves off and tossed them to the side. My hands flew to the back of my head as I walked around the room to catch my breath. I had my tech guy trying to locate her. She wasn't using any of my bank cards. The phone I had given her, if Zee was smart, would have destroyed it. There had to be away around it. Waiting for him to hit me up letting me know that he found her was the worst part. Until then, I couldn't do shit.

Zachari... the organization... I didn't give a fuck about any of that shit. All the meetings that were scheduled for today, Zavi took care of. I wasn't in my right mind to do shit.

Irritated, I made my way to shower. I was going back to Zee's house. She had to tell me where the fuck Tenaia is. I wasn't understanding what clicked in her head to assist Tenaia with that dumb ass plan. The girl was pregnant with my child for God's sake. Growing angry by the minute, I punched the shower wall, no longer able to fight the warm tears that began to unwillingly flow down my face.

"Fuuuuck!" I hollered, heaving.

Fuck Tenaia! That's how the fuck I was feeling. I was only worried about my unborn child. If she would pull some dumb shit like this, ain't no telling what else she would do. I fucked up locking her ass down. Tenaia pulled wool over my fucking eyes, thinking that she was the one for me.

After I showered and dried my body off, I threw on a royal blue Nike sweatsuit, socks, and Nike slides. Leaving my hair

locs in a high ponytail, I grabbed my keys and phone then headed downstairs.

Jada was downstairs pacing as if that was helping anything. It wasn't her fault, but anyone in my way could get the side I try so hard to keep at bay.

“Have you heard anything?” she asked, reaching for me but I gave her a look that made her pull her hand back. She had concern etched on her face, causing her forehead to wrinkle. “Zion, I'm not the enemy. I'm on your side. I want to make sure Tenaia and the baby are okay just like you do.”

My eyes narrowed at Jada as I stared into the same eyes as my own. She appeared genuine but family ain't family anymore. I didn't put anything past anyone anymore.

How do I know you ain't help?” I grilled; jaw clenched.

“I haven't done shit since I took the girl to the clinic,” she replied, grilling me back. “I had nothing to do with this, Zion. She knew that I would be against it.”

I crossed my arms across my chest.

“Would you have told me if you knew?”

Jada's mouth opened and then closed. She appeared to be thinking but the fact that she didn't have a quick answer told me all that I needed to know.

“Family ain't shit,” I spat, walking around her and heading out the door.

“Zion!” she yelled at my back.

I didn't dare turn around.

It took me less than ten minutes to pull up behind Zee's Range Rover. The rental was no longer in her circular driveway. Zavi begged for me to not take my anger out on his daughter, but he even knew better than to ask me that shit. Zavi knew how I felt about loyalty. Zee was supposed to be loyal to me, not Tenaia. There was fucking reason for her to assist her in leaving the house. She was in her own room. I didn't fuck with her. She left out of spite. She left because I kicked her monkey ass out of the room we shared. Zee just went along with no knowing what

the fuck really was going on. There were two sides to every story, and Tenaia's was wrong.

"I'm not opening the door, Zion!" Zee's squeaky voice called out over the intercom as I stood outside her front door. I got close to her ring doorbell and stuck my middle finger at it. "You're so childish!"

"Nah, what's childish is helping someone leave who is carrying my child, Zee. We're family and you fucked up our relationship. You were the closest person to me. Now you ain't shit to me!" I spat, spit flying. My temples were throbbing.

"Then why the fuck are you here if I ain't shit to you, nigga?"

"What the fuck don't you get? You need to fucking tell me where the fuck she is? She doesn't know what it feels like to be on her own, bruh!"

Zee got quiet.

"I can't," she said softly, and I damn near saw red.

"Zee!" I pleaded. "Tell me where the fuck Tenaia is. Please."

"Zion, she left because she wanted to. I swear I hate to be in the middle of this shit and wished she didn't come to me. Anyone but me. I can't."

I nodded, running my tongue along the inside of my cheek.

"Bet."

Pivoting, I walked away before I did damage and wouldn't regret that shit. The moment I sat down in my heated seats, my phone chimed. It was from my IT guy. He sent me a one worded message.

Austin.

TENAIA

Instead of calling Zee from my new phone, I dialed her number from the hotel phone. She answered on the first ring.

“Girl,” she sighed, he just came by and I was scared that I would have to shoot my own cousin in the kneecaps. “He begged me to tell him where you were.”

“Did you?” I queried, holding my breath.

“No, Tenaia. It was hard not to, but I didn’t. Can you like... call him or something so he could calm the fuck down? Zion is reaaaaally going crazy right now, girl.”

Before I had laid down for a nap earlier, I had called to make arrangements for my dad to get cremated. I wasn’t even sure how I would even pick up his ashes.

“I bet he is. I’ll...” I let out a deep breath. “I’ll figure something out. I don’t want to do anything where he could track me.”

“Honestly, Tenaia... Zion’s going to figure it out. He has this dude in IT that can do any and everything.”

“Shit. What should I do?” I asked her.

“First, we need to get off the phone because he can track my phone if he hasn’t already,” she told me. “Stay safe girl.” Zee ended the call.

Sitting up, I pulled my knees to my chest.

What am I doing? I questioned myself.

I hadn’t eaten since earlier. The IHOP had filled me up, but now my stomach felt empty. Empty as my heart felt. I glanced back over to the phone, contemplating whether or not I should call Zion.

Time. That was all I needed away from Zion. The thought of not allowing him to help raise our child never crossed my mind. The stress was overwhelming and I ran.

Easing out of the bed, I dressed to keep warm and left the room to find something good to eat. Along with IHOP, there were a few fast food places I could choose from. Walking down the street, my eyes fell on a taco stand. The line wasn’t too long so I jumped behind a guy. His cologne tickled my nose and it reminded me of the same cologne the dude from AT&T wore. I guess he felt someone behind him and turned around. *It was the guy from AT&T. Roderick.*

He grinned down at me. His eyes were red this time.

“Damn. I’ma just call it. It’s fate,” he chuckled, rubbing his hands together.

I kissed my teeth, but couldn’t help the hitch of my cheeks.

“Small world I would say,” I rebutted.

“Whatever it is,” shrugged Roderick, “It’s working in my favor.”

“Oh?” I flirted back, surprising myself. He nodded.

It was his turn to order and once he was done he asked what I wanted.

“Oh, I...”

“What do you want, Riyah?” he frowned.

I tilted my head, about to go off on him for calling me another woman’s name but then I had to get myself together. I forgot I was now another woman. No longer Tenaia Smith, I was Riyah Long.

“Six beef street tacos,” I told him and he gave my order to the cook. “What do you want?”

Roderick’s bushy brows dipped. “What do I want?”

Rolling my eyes, I said, “You’re buying my food and you don’t even know me. You must want something. So, what do you want?”

“Shit, just sit down and eat wimme.” He grinned showing all thirty-two straight white teeth.

“And that’s it?” I glared.

“Damn, you tryna throw me the pussy or somethin’? That’s it, ma,” he chuckled. He pulled me to the side so the next person could order.

“No. Where’s your girlfriend?” I asked, looking around. I was pregnant and didn’t need a bitch sneaking me. Plus, Roderick was fine. He couldn’t possibly be single.

“I’m fuck female free,” he joked and I laughed because that was sooooo lame. He clapped his hands together. “Nah, I ain’t just found the right one I could vibe with.”

“And you still haven’t, nigga. She ain’t available.”

My eyes bucked out of their sockets when I heard that chilling, raspy voice. My heart began to pound and I was so scared to turn around and face him because I just knew I would be met with angry eyes.

“Damn, are your eyes two different colors or those contacts?” Roderick joked. He had to have thought Zion was just approaching us on some funny shit because he definitely wasn’t taking him seriously. I had to intervene or Roderick’s

blood would be on my hands, literally. “You know this nigga, Riyah?”

“Riyah?” Zion sarcastically shortled. “Who the fuck is that, *Tenaia*?”

“Zion.” I finally found the nerves to face him and it was like a punch to my gut. His eyes were bloodshot red but I could see the sadness hidden behind them.

“Why?” he questioned.

I shifted from one foot to the other, not wanting to do this right here.

“Can we... can we talk somewhere else?” I whispered.

“Fine,” he nonchalantly shrugged. “Grab your food so you could feed *my baby* and let’s go.”

“Baby?” Roderick queried.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Zion’s finger drum on the table that he was leaning on.

The moment they called Roderick’s name, I rushed to swipe my order off the counter and pulled Zion with me the other way. Well, I at least tried to. He pulled away from me quickly.

“Don’t do that. Don’t touch me, Naia. If I wanted to blow that nigga’s brains out, I would done that when I first saw him turning around and opening is mouth to talk to you.”

“How long... how long have you been—,”

“Doesn’t matter. Let’s go back to your room,” he grunted.

I didn’t dare turn around to thank Roderick for the tacos which would have been the right thing to do.

“Back?” I asked, catching up to him. “What do you mean by back?”

Without turning around, Zion said, “I’ve already been to your room Naia. Found the bag of bread Zee had given you.” He stopped walking. “C’mon. Don’t walk behind. I can’t keep my eyes on you like that.”

He was a little too calm for me. I mean, I appreciated it, but it also made me nervous at the same time.

“How did you find me?”

Zion scoffed and side eyed me. “All I needed to know was what city.”

“But I wasn’t going by Tenaia. I didn’t even check into the hotel with my real name.”

“Money fucking talks, Naia. C’mon. You’re walking too slow, and I know you’re hungry as fuck.”

He was right about that. My stomach was tearing me up as we footed it back to the hotel. As we passed the hotel clerk, I mugged the girl. Instead of me using my keycard, Zion whipped one out and opened *my* door.

Once inside, I turned the heat up and then sat in the middle of the bed with my tacos, ignoring Zion. I was not expecting to see him so soon. I should have known that leaving and being pregnant with his child would not sit well with him.

“Why?” he called out.

It was dark out and from my room window, you could look over the city. With his hands in his pockets and back turned to me, Zion was standing in front of the window looking out.

“I didn’t want to be in a house where I wasn’t wanted... loved. I’m carrying a baby, Zion. For nine months, I’m not about to stress. Every other day we argued and you... you kicked me out of your room as if I wasn’t shit,” I answered before stuffing my face. I moaned out, savoring the taste. Zion bit down on his lip while eyeing me. *I need to stop moaning.*

“As if you weren’t shit? Girl, I placed your shit in the room, not toss it out. You’re so fucking sensitive Naia. I felt like you needed space, so I placed you back in another room. You had all the space you needed. That room is just as big as a damn apartment. Then you get the closest person to me to go against me. That shit is foul, Naia!”

I hung my head. He was right and I felt bad about it. I didn’t mean for him and Zee to be at odds with one another. I just didn’t know who else to turn to. Jada and Zion were just getting started building their relationship.

“I’m sorry,” I mumbled, lip quivering. I heard him let out a long, exaggerated sigh.

“Don’t fucking cry, Naia. Damn.”

Zion ran his hands down his face and looked down at me. He then walked over and sat beside me.

“Gimme one of these tacos. I haven’t eaten or slept since you left.” He reached for a taco and greedily gobbled it down. Zion stood and swaggered over to the refrigerator. His joggers hangin off his hips, his white t-shirt wrinkled. I’ve never seen Zion in wrinkled clothing.

There were two sodas that I had in there from when I had gone to the store to buy a prepaid card. He grabbed both. Placing one in front of me, he opened the other and chugged it down.

While I continued to eat, I kept my eyes on Zion. He finished off the soda and tossed the can in the trash can. Then he slowly ambled over to a bag in the corner that I hadn’t noticed. It wasn’t mine.

He pulled out a toothbrush, floss pick, and Listerine. Leaving me, he went into the bathroom but kept the door open. I guess he was attempting to keep his eyes on me in case I decide to try to bolt out of the room. What he didn’t know was that I was actually relieved to see him. I couldn’t stay in this hotel room until I gave birth. It wasn’t where I wanted to bring the baby back to and I had no idea about leasing an apartment or purchasing a house.

I ate my last taco and then chased it down with the soda. Full, my eyes were now heavy again. Zion trekked back in the room. He placed his things back in his bag, peeled out of the joggers and removed his shirt before climbing in the bed and getting comfortable.

After cleaning my own mouth, I showered. I thought he’d be fast asleep when I emerged from the bathroom, but he wasn’t. Zion was on his back, looking up at the ceiling. He seemed to be deep in thought. Scrambling into the bed, I pressed my luck and cuddled into him. Immediately, it felt like the weight on my shoulders had lifted.

“You know... I came here not wanting to be with you. The fact that you got up and left behind my back and had my cousin in on it, that was like something I couldn't even forgive you for. But...” Zion bit down on his bottom lip. “But I realized how much I love you and how empty I had felt when you were gone. I love you so much, Naia and I never even thought that'd be possible.”

“Can we just stop arguing?”

“Naia... it's normal for couples to argue,” he sighed. “But I get it. I'ma watch what I say to you when I'm upset.”

“No more killing people?”

“Girl—”

“Zion, just leave the organization,” I suggested. “You have a family now.”

“I'm not leaving the organization, Naia, but I had planned on changing the way it is being ran,” he replied.

“Can I move back into the room with you?” I asked, before closing my eyes.

“It's being done as we speak,” he chuckled. “Don't leave me again. I damn near went crazy.”

“Make up with Zee, too.”

Zion scoffed. “You're pushing it.”

His lips were on me in a matter of seconds which caused my clit to throb, and I was no longer as sleepy as I thought I was. Pushing Zion on to his back, I pushed his shorts and boxer briefs down, lifted my gown and slid down onto his hard dick. We both moaned out in unison.

Placing my hands on Zion's chest, I began slowly gyrating my hips while I slid up and down. He reached up and pinched both of my sensitive nipples.

“Fuuuuck, Zion,” I exhaled.

“Shit your pussy clenching the fuck out of my shit. You missed me, didn't you?” he cockily smirked.

Being stubborn, I closed my eyes on him and continued to ride him. A hard smack to my ass made them shoot back open.

“You missed me didn’t you, Naia?”

Grabbing my ass, he pulled my cheeks apart and began to plummet me from underneath with quick, fast strokes. I fell forward and he inhaled a nipple into his mouth and sucked roughly. I creamed all over his dick.

Zion picked me up and placed me on my back. Lifting my legs, he held by my ankles as he pushed deep inside of me.

“Ziooon!” I screamed. “Yes. Yes I fucking missed youuuuu!”

Everyone in this hotel probably heard me. His eyes pierced mine as he continued to punish my pussy.

Reaching down, he teased my sensitive clit with his fingertips.

“Pussy so wet and tight, Naia. You gave that nigga my shit?” he asked in a gruff whisper. I shook my head from side to side madly.

Roderick was fine but it never crossed my mind to have sex with him. One, I was pregnant. Two, I was still married, and three... the only person who had had my body was Zion. His thick dick fit my pussy like a glove and the way he handled my body, I doubt there was anyone out there that could out do him.

My stomach clenched and I grabbed the sheets as I exploded - hard.

“Squirt again,” Zion demanded, rubbing my bud again over and over until I was letting loose all over his abdomen. “Fuck!”

Zion pulled out and flipped me onto my stomach. Dragging me to the edge of the bed to where my legs were hanging off, he entered me while spreading my cheeks to watch his dick go in and out of my wet cave.

His grunts, groans, and our skin slapping against one another were the only sounds in the room. I was biting down on the sheets to stop myself from disturbing the other guests. Zion pulled my hair out of the ponytail that it was and wrapped it around his hand. He fucked me long and hard, fast and slow.

“I’m finna cum,” Zion grunted, voice breaking. “Shit, this pussy so fucking good. Fuuuuuuck! He pulled out and shot his warm seeds all over my ass while palming it. “That’s that you better not leave me again or I’ma fuck you up the next time sex,” he hollered over his shoulder while heading into the bathroom.

I was nodding off until I was lifted off the bed and taken into the bathroom to shower.

Zion cleansed my body and wrapped me in a towel. My legs felt like spaghetti noodles, but I managed to amble back to the bedroom. Once my body was dry, I climbed in bed without thinking about putting on clothes.

Zion joined me fifteen minutes later. Once he put on his boxer briefs and ball shorts, he crawled in bed, and I snuggled up to his body. I was crazy to think I could leave the man that had bought my heart but I was now so mad in love with.

ZION

It took everything in me not to dead that nigga on sight. The way his ass was smiling all in my wife's face infuriated me. The only reason that he was still alive was because I was trying to show Tenaia's ass that I did have self-control. That I didn't go around just killing people just for the hell out of it.

I was glad to have my wife back and all, but I had to get back to Dallas to handle some shit with Zachari and Regina. I bet she thought shit was safe but nah, I was just letting her make it for a few days until I figured out what I wanted to do with her. I finally had the right punishment. Regina was gonna regret the day she betrayed Jada.

That sleep was needed. We both slept all the way to one in the afternoon. We could have slept longer since there wasn't a

checkout time. Tenaia had the room for a week but we were leaving today. I already had my pilot waiting.

Fresh, we packed and headed out. Grabbing a quick breakfast from McDonalds so she could feed my baby, we were finally on the jet and on the way back home.

“Riyah?” I chuckled.

“Oh my gosh,” she whined. “Let it go.”

“Aight man.”

She greedily ate and then fell back asleep while laying on me. The whole flight back, I stayed up. My body wasn't tired from all the rest I had earlier. Once we landed, Zachari and Regina would be dealt with. There was no way that I would let another day go by with them thinking shit was sweet.

Two years later...

“Brick!” I hollered as Rock shot the ball and it bounced off the rim.

While the girls were in Jamaica, me and Rock were in the hood shooting hoops. My mama was watching mine and Tenaia's daughter, Zionna Leah. She was mama now. I was comfortable and thankful I had this time with her. Jada was the best grandmother to Zionna. She was the only grandparent that she had.

I had ended up taking Tenaia on a late honeymoon to Greece where she had spread her father's ashes in the Mediterranean Sea. She thought he was gonna sit in an urn by the TV and I didn't want that nigga's ashes in our house.

Tenaia's birthday was today and I had sent her and the girls away to celebrate. Me and Zee were back coo' but she knew not to help Tenaia's ass with running away from me again, seeing that it didn't take much for her to come back.

Rock and Zee were now married and expecting their first. He really didn't want her to go on that trip but Zee's ass wasn't trying to miss out. She wanted to be outside with the other ladies.

I was still head over the organization but had niggas that I trust, like Rock, handling overseeing everything where I could

be home with my family most of the time.

“Is that — “

I turned my body to where Rock was pointing at two people digging in the dumpster, most likely looking for their next meal.

I nodded. “Yeah, that’s their asses.”

Zachari and Regina.

Instead of taking their lives how I wanted, Jada made me promise that I wouldn’t. I thought of the next best thing and decided to give them a taste of their own medicine. I froze all their accounts. Sold the house. Removed all the cash Zachari had in the house and kicked them out. I dared anyone to allow them to stay with them or there would be consequences.

I’ve heard about them being homeless and walking the streets. I’ve just never seen it with my own eyes until now. Imagine, these same streets were the first time me and my mama laid eyes on one another. Crazy how shit works out.

“Damn,” Rock said, with a shake of his head.

“Muthafuckas gonna learn to stop playing with Zion Legend,” I called out and Zachari stopped what he was doing to stare at me while Regina continued digging. Half her body was in the dumpster. Zachari looked like a fucking caveman and was skinnier than a stick. Him and I locked eyes for a minute before he joined Regina.

If it wasn’t for him and Zavi, I would have never met Tenaia. She was literally my better half. Her and Zionna meant the world to me and I made sure every day they knew that shit.

socials -

Instagram - [@authorknicole](#)

Join my exclusive reading group - [Kee Tribe](#)

Next Up

