

Tay MONAE

DRUNK IN LOVE

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DRUNK in LOVE

Written by: Tay Mo'Nae

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“This what the fuck I’m talking about!” I brought the *Ace of Spades* bottle to my mouth and sipped from it while bobbing my head as Moneybagg Yo’s *Scorpio* blared through the club’s speakers.

My label has been on my ass for the past couple of months about shit posted about me in the blogs, and no matter how many times I told them that shit was trivial, they kept telling me I needed to clean my public image up. Just because a video of some nameless broad giving me head got leaked to the media doesn’t mean shit. My label kept complaining about my brand being compromised. While I thought the publicity was good, apparently, they didn’t believe in the notion that all publicity was good publicity.

My second album was due to the label by the end of the month, and in order to accomplish that, I needed a weekend away to clear my head; what better way to do that than Sin City?

“Here, nigga.” Bishop passed me the blunt.

Snatching it from him, I brought the blunt to my mouth and inhaled. Instantly, I could feel the herbs filling my body.

“Hey, K-Don!” A group of half-naked women near the entrance of my section screamed. Smirking, I tossed them a head nod.

“It’s some bad bitches in here.” I chuckled, taking another hit from the blunt and passing it back to Bishop. I brought the bottle back to my lips and took it to the head.

“Yeah, some thirsty bitches, too.” My eyes scanned the club. It had been a minute since I slid in something. Since working on my album, I’ve been locked in the studio most nights. Outside of getting my dick sucked, my shit has been dry.

“Shoutout to my nigga K-Don in the muthafuckin’ building!” The DJ announced, and the spotlight fell on me.

I raised my bottle in the air.

“Here’s his latest single, *Loyalty*. Big ups, homie.”

“I watched my partna turn into a opp for a couple mill. Truth is with this fame shit comes a lot of lame shit. Niggas will turn on their brothers just to cop a deal....”

Bobbing my head, I rapped along to my latest song. It had already gone Gold and was estimated to turn Platinum by the end of the week.

“Can I have some?” I glanced over at the woman in front of me.

My tongue swiped over my lips as I scanned her curves. “Depends on what you talking about.”

Her teeth sunk into her bottom lip. “Whatever you’re offering.”

I chuckled.

Our section was filled with bitches trying to get close to me and my crew. While I hardly paid any of them any attention, the one in front of me might be the one to change that.

“Kneel down,” I told her.

A sultry look appeared on her face as she followed my command. “Open your mouth.”

First, taking a sip from the bottle again, I poured the liquid down the girl’s throat. She took it like a champ.

Placing my thumb over the opening, I shook the bottle and released it, spraying it on her face.

“Call it champagne showers,” I laughed.

A shocked expression appeared on her face as she shot up brushing the liquor out of her face. “Are you serious?”

“I’m good on you, baby girl.” I finished off the bottle. “Carry on,”

I turned to walk away from her.

“Nigga, you a fool,” YJ came and wrapped his arm around my neck, laughing along with me.

“Her body was sick, but baby girl wasn’t it in the face.” Walking over to where another bottle was chilling on ice, I snatched it up.

“Bishop, light another one up, nigga.”

The night continued, and the liquor and weed I consumed were starting to take effect.

The club had filled more and our section was more live than ever. Many people tried to make their way into my section and were pissed when they were turned away.

“Nigga, you’re fucked up.” YJ slapped the girl’s ass that was currently wrapped around his neck.

She giggled and started kissing on his neck.

“Both y’all niggas is,” Bishop seconded as he held onto the girl at his side. I looked between the two girls, realizing they were twins.

The three of us had been tight since Jr. High, and there wasn’t anyone else I trusted more. Once I started making a name for myself and my rap career took off, I had to weed out a lot of niggas from my circle, but these two were always solid. The three of us stayed in shit growing up.

“Is K-Don joining us?” The chick with Bishop asked, staring at me with lust-filled eyes.

I ran my thumb over my bottom lip and looked at Bishop. He was wearing an amused expression on his face. “You down for that?” He asked her.

“We both are. We all can have a lot of fun,” her sister lifted her head and spoke. She seemed to be a lot more drunk than her sister.

YJ slapped her ass and gripped it tightly. “Oh, y’all some freak hoes like that, huh?”

“We can be.”

I looked between the couples. This wasn’t the first time girls offered for me to join in with them and my niggas. When

they saw us, they saw a come-up. A lot of bitches would pay a lot of money to have a night with me.

Reaching out, I cuffed the girl's breast with Bishop. They were damn near popping out the dress she was wearing. A small moan left her mouth.

One corner of Bishop's mouth rose.

Licking my lips, I brushed my finger over her prodding nipple.

"As flattered as I am, Ima have to turn you ladies down. I'm not down for sharing tonight." I took a drink from the bottle in my hand and removed my other from her nipple.

"Good, more fun for us." Bishop slapped hands with YJ.

The girls giggled like he had just said the funniest thing.

I was trying to keep my promise to my label and stay lowkey, and an orgy would not be doing that. Looking between the twins, I almost contemplated giving in. They looked like they would be down for anything, but they also looked like hoes that ran their mouths.

“Shit, I gotta take a leak.” I nodded to Bruno, the head of my security team.

We staggered out of the section with one of Bruno’s guys in front and him behind me. My name was being called all around me once people noticed I was on the main floor. A couple people tried to grab me, but my team quickly moved them out the way.

“Excuse you!” A high voice shrieked as our bodies collided. My movements were slower than normal. I stumbled back.

I shook my head and blinked a couple of times to clear my vision. “You’re excused.”

She scoffed, “No, *you’re* excused.” She poked my chest.

“Back up,” Bruno demanded, pushing the woman back.

“He needs to apologize for bumping into me and spilling my drink on me.”

“Hold up, Bruno.” I pushed him back and stepped forward with a grin on my face. Looking her over, my eyes ran

over her blemish-free oval face as her dainty tripled pierced nose balled up.

“You’re right, I do owe you an apology. Let me make it up to you.” My eyes were glued to the cleavage of her full, melon-sized breasts. The red halter top jumpsuit she had on hugged her petite frame, showing off the half sleeve on her arm.

My eyes shot up to her narrowed hazel eyes.

“What were you drinking, love?” A crooked grin appeared on my face.

Not only was her body on point, but so was her face.

Her plump pink lips tucked in between her teeth and she lowered her eyes. “Kazier, we need to get going,” Bruno protested.

Leaning in so that my mouth was near her ear, I spoke. “Who you here with, love?”

“No one!” She shouted over the music.

I pulled back and looked her over again. Something about the beauty in front of me had me wanting to be around her more.

I glanced at Bruno out the corner of my eyes. “How about you wait for me in my section? Order whatever you want on me. Bruno,” I nodded toward the girl.

Her eyes shot up in shock. I winked at her and then continued to the bathroom.

After handling my business, I made my way back to my section. The night was dwindling, and I was ready to head upstairs to my suite.

“I’m glad you listened to me.” I snuck up behind the woman in red.

She jumped and spun around. I noticed the drink in her hand.

“Well, I never turn down free liquor,” she grinned, bringing the glass to her mouth.

“That’s you, fam?” YJ shouted at me.

One of the twins was on his lap moving her body, but her eyes were glaring at the girl I invited into the section and me.

I wrapped my arm around the woman. “For the night at least.” I pulled her into me. My groin pressed against her ass cheeks.

“I ain’t mad at you, boy.” He cheered, making me laugh.

She looked over at me with a coy grin. “Is that right, Mr. K-Don?”

I licked my lips. “Only if you’re lucky.” I pushed myself into her and brought the Ace of Spades bottle I grabbed when I walked into the section to my mouth.

Her eyes grew low. “No, if you’re lucky,” she opened her mouth, hinting she wanted some. Obliging her request, I poured the alcohol into her mouth.

WAP blared through the club and she grinded her ass on me. My dick pushed against the jeans I was wearing.

“You better chill before I give you what the fuck you looking for,” I bent down and said in her ear.

“Don’t talk shit unless you can back it up.” Her words slurred and her eyes were alluring.

My dick grew harder.

“Love, I back up every fucking thing I say. Believe dat.”

“Suck all that shit,” I growled, drinking from my bottle as the beauty in front of me took me to the back of her throat.

Her eyes shot up to me as her tongue circled my tip.

My hand went to the box braids I had pulled out of the ponytail she once wore.

She gagged when I pushed myself deeper into her mouth. My dick grew harder.

I wasted no time leaving the club downstairs and bringing the beauty upstairs to my penthouse suite. She kept talking shit and grinding her ass into me. We continued drinking and passed a couple of blunts around. Eventually, I said fuck it and ended the night, making sure she was with me.

I started fucking her face, grabbing her braids tighter. A moan left her mouth. She bobbed her head faster.

Her hands went to my balls, and she massaged them while sucking tighter.

“Fuck!” I groaned.

“Open your mouth and stick your tongue out.”

Doing as I said, I jerked my dick and shot my seeds on her face.

She ran her tongue over her lips and smiled at me.

“Damn, that’s sexy as fuck.” I swiped my thumb over her bottom lip.

She flicked it with her tongue.

“Go clean yourself up and come back,” I told her, jerking my dick.

She got off the floor and walked to the adjoining bathroom.

“I’m ready.” When I turned around, she was now naked.

I took in her body, admiring her slim-thick frame. While she wasn’t the curviest, I couldn’t deny her wide hips and small waist.

“Get on the bed,” I demanded.

Making her way to the bed, I sent my hand across her ass the moment she passed me.

My dick had sprung back to life and was leading the way. Climbing on the bed, my hand went between her legs. I was instantly pleased with the puddle between it.

“Sucking my dick caused this?”

She nodded her head.

Grinning, I dipped my head and flicked my tongue over her hardened nipple.

“Ahh shit!” She cried when I pushed my finger into her.

My thumb massaged her clit and I inserted another finger inside her. Her pussy was like a never-ending river, soaking my hand.

Lifting up, I poured the bottle of Ace of Spades down the crease of her breasts, watching it flow down to her flat stomach.

“Mhm,” she moaned when I bent down to slurp it up.

Her body trembled under me.

“Gotta bad bitch that always flows like water.” I bit her flesh between my words.

“Honey pot always hot and ready.” I sucked the liquor trapped in her deep belly button.

“I want you to fuck me.” She gripped my head tightly as her hips grinded against my hands. She tightened her walls around my finger.

Lifting up, I stared at her. “Your wish is my command.” I tossed the bottle to the floor.



My eyes fluttered open.

A groan escaped my lips as my head spun.

Squeezing my eyes back shut, I grabbed my head, giving it a slight squeeze. My intentions last night were not to go overboard with the liquor, but once rapper K-Don insisted on treating me to free rounds, I couldn't resist.

Opening my eyes back, I blinked a couple of times and looked over. K-Don was sleeping on his stomach facing me.

I took a second to take in the hip young rapper. His milky brown face was relaxed. His hair was braided into his signature two braids.

A tingle shot through my center and I winced slightly when I went to stand up. I had read what women said about K-Don in the blogs. They always said he was an animal in the bedroom and they weren't lying. I didn't know if it was because of how much he had drunk, but the way he tossed me

around the room last night was slowly coming back to my mind.

A small grin appeared on my face. I could still feel him inside me. The rumors of his length didn't do him justice at all.

Slowly I rose and stretched my arms above my head. My eyes went around the room we were in. I could never afford this nice ass suite.

Sunlight was beaming from the large double windows on the side of the bed. I was sure the moment K-Don woke up, he would be kicking me out, but I wasn't planning on leaving without some kind of compensation.

A phone vibrated next to the bed, causing K-Don to stir. My bladder felt like it was about to explode.

Jumping out the bed, I hurried into the bathroom, where I noticed my red jumpsuit from last night in the middle of the sparkling floor.

Wiping myself, I flushed and headed for the sink.

I could hear K-Don's deep baritone speaking lowly in the bedroom.

As I washed my hands, my brows squinted, feeling something foreign on my hand.

“What the fuck you talking about?” K-Don’s voice suddenly grew louder. “I’m not fucking married!”

My eyes bucked as they shot down to my hand and the large diamond on my ring finger.

“Holy shit,” I muttered.

Spinning around, my eyes darted around the bathroom. K-Don was still ranting in the bedroom and he didn’t sound happy.

“Who the fuck took these?” I heard him say as I picked up my jumpsuit.

Slowly I made my way out of the bathroom. The moment K-Don’s eyes fell on me, his thick eyebrows bunched together. His phone was pressed against his ear and broad shoulder.

His squared jaw was clenched and his dark, black eyes tightly narrowed.

“Jonay, let me hit you back.” Instead of waiting for whoever to answer, he hung up and tossed the phone on the bed.

I swallowed hard as his eyes grew harder.

“Who are you?” His voice was just as hard as his eyes.

His stocky arms crossed over his tattooed, wide chest.

I cleared my throat. “Ny’asia or uhm your wife.” I lifted my left hand to show off the rock on it.

I stumbled back surprised by how fast his long legs allowed him to make his way toward me. He snatched my hand up and examined the ring.

“This is a joke, right? What the fuck!” I flinched when he squeezed my hand.

“I, uh.”

“Fuck!” He tossed my hand down before I could answer.

He started pacing in front of me. His back muscles flexing.

Stopping suddenly, he spun to face me. “You drugged me or some shit?”

My face balled up. “What?”

“You had to have slipped something in my drink last night. Ain’t no way I’d be tricked into marrying some bitch I

don't even know.”

Offended by his words, I stalked towards him. “Nigga, I don't have drug anyone to marry me. Both of us were drinking and fucked up. I don't give a damn if you're *thee K-Don*, you're not that famous that I would have to trick you into marrying me. Boy, fuck you!”

He gripped my hand and squeezed it. “You did something, and Ima figure out what the fuck it was, then we gone get this shit canceled.”

We stood there in a stare-off.

He dropped my hand angrily and stalked around me.

I jumped when he slammed the bathroom door.

I released a heavy breath and stared at the ring on my hand. A small smile formed on my face as I admired it. I didn't come to Vegas to get married, but this ring was a beauty.

Looking around the room, I decided I should give K-Don some space. He was pissed, and I wasn't about to stand around being his vocal punching bag.

Quickly, I grabbed my heels from by the bedroom door and slipped them on.

My eyes went around the room one more time and fell on K-Don's wallet on the dresser near the door.

I looked at the bathroom door then back at the wallet, grabbing it.

"This is for the insults." I looked inside and grinned. Grabbing the money out of it, I stuffed it in my cleavage and headed out of the room.

The moment I was in the living room of the suite, I saw three guys sitting there. They all stared at me with unwelcoming looks on their faces.

Rolling my eyes, I started for the door.

"I don't think K-Don wants you to leave," one of them stood up and said.

I paused for a moment. "Disrespectfully, fuck K-Don!"

I continued to the door. K-Don might be fine as fuck, have money, and dick that'll have a bitch climbing walls, but he wasn't about to talk to me any kind of way.

"Leave me alone!" I shouted, rushing into the hotel I was staying in. It was a little ways down the strip from where K-Don was staying, and I didn't expect paparazzi to be

waiting to bombard me. I was bent over trying to catch my breath from trying to outrun them.

I looked around the lobby to see everyone staring at me.

“What are y’all looking at?” I hurried to the elevator. Unzipping the pocket of my jumpsuit, I grabbed my key card and scanned it before pressing my floor.

Laying my head on the wall, I blew a deep breath out. I couldn’t believe the shit I had gotten myself into.

The whole reason I came to Vegas was that I needed a break from reality. I didn’t expect to get married to one of the most popular rappers in the industry.

The moment the elevator stopped on my floor, I hurried out and down the hall to my room. All I wanted was to shower and lie down. My head was still ringing from the night before and my coochie was sore as hell.

As soon as I stepped inside my room, I removed my phone from my other zipper pocket and walked past the small sitting area to the bed. I tossed my phone on the bed and removed my heels, kicking them to the side and stripping out my clothes.

“Oh yeah,” I mumbled when I saw the pile of money fall out of my jumpsuit. It had been a long time since I hit a lick. I had given that lifestyle up, but I was running low on cash, not to mention K-Don was rude as hell this morning.

Bending down, I picked the bills up and sat back on my bed to count them.

Five grand.

A small smile appeared on my face. It wasn't a whole lot, but it was enough for now. Enough for me until I figured out my next move. I was rebuilding my life back home. I had just moved into a small apartment in a low-income building and was currently looking for a job.

I had gotten some money from my ex and decided it was time to treat myself. The past couple of years had been stressful as hell. I was only 24 and felt like I had lived a hundred lives already.

Releasing another heavy breath, I took my braids out and ran my fingers through them. I banded the bills together using the ponytail holder and tossed them on the bed near my phone. I reached over and clicked the button to turn it on, but realized it was dead.

After climbing off the bed, I plugged my phone in and headed to the bathroom to shower.

I was laughing watching a random video on my InstaFlik timeline. I had ordered room service and was currently eating quesadillas while laying back in my bed.

Continuing my scroll, I saw a couple from back home posting different pictures of themselves and things going on around them. Tomorrow I was leaving Vegas and headed back to my bleak reality. Looking at the pictures didn't make me any more excited.

My scrolling stopped on *All Shade's* latest post. They were a celebrity hip-hop blog.

Is playboy rapper K-Don off the market? Sources say he was seen at a wedding chapel in Vegas late last night with a mystery lady. He and the woman were all laughs and smiles while standing in front of the officiant. We have yet to find out who the mystery lady is or if the two are legally married, but ladies, you might have to get your hearts ready.

See the pictures above.

My mouth dropped as I stared at the pictures of K-Don and me. I briefly remembered last night. We grew hungry at some point during the early morning hours, and we walked a few blocks searching for food and walked past a chapel. We made a joke about marriage and that was the last thing I remembered.

Continuing scrolling, I stopped at *Word Around Town's* page. They had also posted the story about K-Don and me getting married. Thankfully, no one could identify who I was, but reading the comments a lot of his fans weren't happy.

I don't think I've ever been called so many hoes, gold diggers, and bitches in my life, and those were the nice comments.

At least I was getting called cute and pretty for the most part. I saw a few basic comments, but I guess all those were to be expected.

K-Don was always in the blogs with some wild story involving a different girl or partying. He seemed to make a scene wherever he went. While this was normal to him, it wasn't for me. I had enough shit back home to carry to worry about possibly being married.

I lifted my left hand and examined the ring. I wasn't sure how many carats it was or what kind it was, but it was stunning and looked good as hell on my finger. It was an oval halo diamond. That's as far as I got when I looked up diamond shapes. It looked expensive though.

From K-Don's reaction earlier, I was sure this marriage would be short-lived. Judging from the phone call I overheard, I was sure his team was on his ass about it. I didn't know much about his life outside of his music but marrying a stranger more than likely wasn't on his to-do list.

I smirked for a moment. I guess what happens in Vegas doesn't always stay in Vegas.



My phone was blowing up all morning to the point that I finally had to silence it. My manager and PR team were on my ass about the news of my spontaneous marriage being the hot topic in the blogs. Paparazzi were surrounding the hotel trying to get comments and pictures from me.

I was currently in the living room of my suite with Bishop, YJ, and Bruno.

Sitting on the couch with my head leaned forward and balled up fists pressed against my forehead, my head felt like it was about to explode. I had been trying to process this situation with no luck all morning.

“I can’t believe yo ass really went and got married,” YJ laughed, causing my head to snap up. I glared at him while curling my top lip up.

“You think this shit is funny? Ain’t shit funny about this!”

“C’mon, man, at least you ain’t marry no ugly broad. She was fine as hell.”

“I don’t give a fuck about that. I ain’t never been so fucked up that I did some stupid shit like this. Her ass had to be scheming on me and put something in my drink.”

“I don’t know, Kazier. Yo ass was taking the bottle pretty hard last night. Not to mention the shots you took in between and all the blunts we had. You were pretty fucked up,” Bishop spoke up.

“Man, I been more fucked up than that. I ain’t no damn lightweight.” I craned my neck to look at Bruno. “And where the fuck was your team at when all this happened?”

Bruno gave me a blank stare. “You told me to let my men go once you got back to the room. You said you were good to handle yourself.”

I clenched my jaw. “So, when we left, no one thought to come with me?”

“You told us not to.”

I swiped my hand down my face. “Maybe it’s fake. I mean, who’s to say this thing is legit?”

“Nah, Jonay called to make sure, and that shit is real.”

I sighed. “And that bitch stole from me.”

When I came out of the bathroom earlier, I was actually relieved I was alone. It gave me a moment to think about what was going on. Jonay called me bitching about how much harder I make her life. I tried explaining to her that I didn’t even remember what the hell happened last night. Hell, I didn’t even know the damn girl’s name.

As I walked into the living room, I noticed my wallet was open. When I looked inside I saw it was empty, which I knew for sure shouldn’t have been the case. I never walked around without cash on me.

“Look, all you have to do is get the shit annulled and it’ll be like it never happened,” Bishop suggested.

“That would be easy if I knew where the hell her ass was or even who she is.”

I grabbed my phone from on side of me. Clearing out all my notifications, I was about to click on InstaFlik when my mom’s name popped up on the screen.

“Shit.” My headache instantly got worse.

I knew she was about to be on my ass.

Standing up, I answered the call and headed into the bedroom.

“Wassup, beautiful.”

“Don’t *wassup beautiful* me. Kazier, what the hell is this I’m hearing about you getting married? Who the hell did you marry? I didn’t even know you were dating someone. I hope it’s not one of them damn floozies that you be running around here with. I don’t know how many times I have to tell you-”

“Mom, chill woman. Take a breath,” I chuckled, shaking my head.

My mom was very involved in my life. One thing I appreciated about her was that she never changed when I got famous. She didn’t give a damn that I was K-Don to the world. She would set me straight whenever and wherever.

Walking over to the king-size bed in the middle of the floor, I took a seat.

“It’s not what it looks like.”

“Then what is it? According to your cousin, there are pictures of you and some woman at a chapel.”

I gritted my teeth.

Iris.

My nosey ass cousin. Her ass was always in my damn business. I tried to keep my mom out of my work life because I knew she wouldn't approve of a lot of the shit I be out here doing. No matter how many times I tried to explain that I was young and single, living my paid life, she always gave her disdain for some of my choices.

Iris and I were raised like siblings. I loved her, but she couldn't stay out of my damn business to save her life.

“Mom, don't listen to Iris ass, man. It's a misunderstanding that my team will have straightened out soon.”

“Kazier, I don't know what the hell is wrong with you. I get that you're this famous rapper now, but that doesn't mean you get to neglect the common sense the good Lord gave you.”

I dropped my head. “I hear you, mom.”

“Don't just hear me, listen. You need to stop running around here like some horny ass little boy and stop sticking your little pecker in everything.”

“One, ain’t nothing little about me, mom, and don’t refer to it as a pecker.” I frowned. “Two, I don’t slide in everything; I’m selective about my choice in women.”

My mom grunted. “Could’ve fooled me. You know yo daddy gone have some words for you when he gets wind of this.”

“Trust me, I know.” I ran my hand over my braids. “Look, mom, I have to go. I’ll be back in town later this evening, a’right.”

“Mhm-hm. Make sure you come see me too.”

“I will. Love you.”

“Love you too.”

I hung up with my mom and tossed my phone to the side. Laying on my back, I closed my eyes. Images of the girl from last night invaded my mind. I didn’t remember much, but I did recall bits and pieces, mainly us fucking all around my room.

I grabbed myself.

I was cutting my trip short a day to fly back home to meet with Jonay and the rest of my team. Hopefully, this was

something that could be fixed easily, and this woman wouldn't make my life a living hell to get rid of her.

“You just live to make my job harder, don't you?”

Jonay paced in front of me.

I leaned back in the chair I was sitting in, listening to her rant. This wasn't the first time Jonay was ripping me a new one and I'm sure it wouldn't be the last time.

“You act like I woke up and said Ima marry some random ass lady today.” I interjected, causing her to pause and glare at me.

I flew back home to *New Haven Falls* an hour ago. Before I could even go home and get settled, I was headed to Butter Ridge Falls to meet with Jonay at my label company, KB Records. We were currently in one of the conference rooms, and while I wanted to take my ass home, wash my ass and get in my bed, Jonay had other plans.

“Is this shit a joke to you?” She snapped.

Normally I wouldn't tolerate anyone talking to me like this, but Jonay had become like a big sister to me over the years of us working together. I made sure I was close to those

around me. She never sugarcoated things and made sure to keep me in line, or at least she tried to.

“I’m not saying it is, but damn, I fucked up. It’s something that could happen to anyone.”

“That’s where you’re wrong, Kazier. Most people don’t get so fucked up that they do stupid shit like this.” Jonay stopped speaking for a moment. She inhaled a sharp breath and then released it. “Okay, there’s no point in crying over spilled milk. You’re married and there’s nothing we can do about it now. The media is eating it up and so are your fans. All we can do is get a handle on it before it gets even more out of control. What’s her name?”

I sat there with a dumb expression on my face. “Uh.” I licked my lips and ran my hand over my braids. “Nya, Asia, something like that.”

Jonay’s face grew tighter. “Great, you don’t even know who the hell you married. Did you at least get her number?” I stayed quiet.

Jonay rolled her neck. “A’right, Ima get with Teresa and her team and see where we go from here,” she told me, referring to my PR team. “I’m glad you pay for one of the best around because with your track record they stay on standby.”

“Well, at least there’s never a dull moment with me, right,” I joked, trying to lighten the mood.

Jonay shook her head. “You can head home. Ima meet with label and see how they want to handle things along with Teresa, and I’ll call you in the morning.”

“I don’t get why the label should care anyways. It’s my life.”

“But you represent them. They invest a lot of money into you, Kazier. You can’t keep fucking up and getting bad press. You just had the video of the woman giving you head last month. Before that was the fight at the restaurant, and don’t get me started on the sex tape.”

“Okay, okay. I get it.” I tossed my hands up. “I’ll get my shit together.”

A serious expression appeared on Jonay’s face. “I hope so because the label is feeling like you’re not worth all the trouble to keep around.”

Jonay’s phone went off, prompting our meeting to be over.

I collected my things and exited the conference room to the front of the building, where my car was waiting for me.

NY ASIA

It had been a little over a month since the whole marriage fiasco, and since then I'd been trying to keep a low profile.

It seemed like the whole thing had blown over, and the world was talking about the next big thing.

Since being back home, I've been trying to figure out my next move. With the money I stole from K-Don, I was able to fill my fridge and pantry up with food. I had used the money from my ex to furnish my apartment, so that money came in handy. I had been applying for jobs since being back.

Although I didn't live in the best part of Lynnwood, I was trying to find a job closer to downtown. It was challenging since I didn't have a reliable car, but I was determined to make it work.

Finding for myself wasn't new to anything new to me. Since I turned 18, I've been on my own. I never got along with my parents, and when they gave me an ultimatum, I took the latter and left their house and hadn't spoken to them since.

It was early April, and the weather was pretty nice. The sun was shining and there was a slight breeze, but it was comfortable. I was currently walking from the corner store up the street, bobbing my head to *Your Heart* by Joyner Lucas and J. Cole. Unfortunately, I could relate to this song in more ways than one.

Finally, I got to the developments where I lived. Kids were running around, playing and yelling in their front yards. A few parents were sitting on the stone porches in front of their duplex, watching the kids play.

I passed by a small group and the weed they were smoking filled my nose.

“Wassup, Ny’asia,” one guy in the group spoke.

I nodded my head in greeting but didn’t stop for a conversation.

I got to my duplex and walked to my door. Going into my jacket pocket, I pulled my keys out and unlocked the door.

When I was inside, I locked the door, pulled my jacket off and kicked my shoes off, heading straight to my kitchen. Earlier I realized I was out of a couple of items for the meal I wanted to prepare today.

I set the plastic bag on my counter and removed the contents. Before cooking, I grabbed the pack of Woods I got from the corner store and headed out the kitchen to grab my rolling tray.

Once I was rolled up, I lit my blunt and headed back to the kitchen to prepare my dinner. I had been craving cabbage and noodles.

Days like this were when I missed my old life. Nowadays, I was a loner. I knew the people I used to hang out with weren't good for me. It took me a long time and a few losses to realize that, but now that I had separated myself from them, I was determined to do better.

I pulled my phone out while waiting for the noodles to boil and the cabbage to cook. Still chiefting on my blunt, I leaned on my counter and went to my social media apps. Watching everyone's life through my phone was my only form of entertainment now.

First, I went to Twitter and scrolled through my timeline. Once I noticed nothing going on there, I switched to InstaFlik. Like most times when I logged onto the app, I went to K-Don's page first. I hated that I did, but he was technically my husband. I almost reached out to him a few times, but then

I remembered how he reacted to the news about us being married.

Thankfully, I had a veil on in the pictures that were uploaded, so you really couldn't see my face. I had no doubt people who knew me would dime me out if they recognized me on the blogs.

My center throbbed when I looked at the latest picture he posted. He was grinning into the camera and his diamond grills were blinding. He was holding a plaque showing his latest song, *Loyalty*, was Platinum.

K-Don, or Kazier, I learned after doing some research was annoyingly handsome.

Once I googled him, I realized just how much Kazier really was in the press. It seemed like there was some scandal being posted about him every other month. I found a couple articles about him being married too, but since no one could locate the 'mystery wife,' there wasn't a lot on it.

Blowing the smoke out, I continued to scroll through his page. I paused on the picture of him shirtless showing off the canvas of tattoos on his chest and arms. Kazier's stocky, milk chocolate body was covered in ink.

Butterflies filled my stomach thinking of the night we experienced. Kazier was a skillful lover and the way he handled my body should be illegal. He knew his way around a woman's body, and he was passionate even with us being strangers.

I inhaled the smoke again.

Shaking my head, I left his page. I needed to figure out what to do going forward. I couldn't just stay married to this man, and I was sure he felt the same.

“What mess you've gotten yourself into, Ny'asia,” I muttered, blowing the smoke out.

I thought all the chaos was over in my life. Leaving my past life was supposed to be a fresh start for me. Sadly, trouble always seemed to follow me.

I gripped the toilet seat releasing the contents of my stomach into it.

“Oh my...” I paused, gagging and continuing to release the bile from the back of my throat.

Sweat dripped from my forehead and my stomach was turning.

Once I was sure I was finished throwing up, I collapsed on my ass and leaned my head back, panting. This seemed to be how I spent my mornings, hugging the toilet bowl, the last three days. At first, I thought it was something I ate, but now I was starting to get worried.

Weakly I stood up, flushed the toilet, and wobbled to my sink so I could wash my face and rinse my mouth out.

Gripping my sink tightly, I studied my reflection in the mirror. My skin was pale and clammy.

Closing my eyes, I said a silent prayer that whatever was going on with me passed soon. I needed to go job hunting again today, and I couldn't do that with an upset stomach.

Stripping out my clothes, I walked to my tub and turned the shower on so I could start my day.

After spending the majority of the day in and out of Lyfts, I finally called it a day. I had filled out multiple applications, and even with my lack of job history, I hoped that I would hear back from someone soon.

I was currently sitting in a booth at a small pizza place, stuffing my face and looking through my social media. I

posted a picture of myself for the first time since coming back from Vegas, and I got quite a few reactions.

Since I was going job hunting, I had put a little effort into my look today, doing my makeup, and my braids that were due to come out soon were in a bun. My clothes weren't anything fancy, but I was able to find a cute sundress in my closet.

Tweeted by @Nybabyxo: To new beginnings.

I hadn't been too active on Twitter either. I was paranoid and feared that the correlation between Kazier and me would be made. Now that a month and some weeks had passed and nothing happened, I felt comfortable getting back to normal.

The moment my teeth sunk into the pizza I'd ordered, that same feeling in the back of my throat I'd been getting the past couple of mornings consumed me.

Setting the pizza down, I balled my fist up and placed it to my mouth. Blinking a couple of times, I swallowed the acidic taste down.

My eyebrows knitted together. I looked down at the pizza. I was a regular here and always got the same thing. A

deep-dish Hawaiian pizza.

Grabbing my Sprite, I took a swallow and shook my head. Once the upset feeling left my stomach, I proceeded to eat my pizza again.

Halfway through my meal, the same feeling washed over me. Jumping up, I rushed over to the garbage and emptied my stomach.

“Ma’am, are you okay?” Someone asked behind me.

I went to respond but couldn’t speak. Instead, I raised my hand, asking them to give me a minute.

Coughing a few times, I lifted my head and held my stomach.

“Are you okay?” A young guy handed me a napkin.

Nodding my head, I stumbled, feeling myself grow weak. He grabbed me to help me stay stable.

“Are you sure?”

I wiped my mouth and cleared my throat. “Yes, I’m fine. Thank you.” I released a few small breaths.

He stared at me with nervous eyes causing me to give him a forced, weak smile.

Heading back to my table, I picked my things up and went to the trash to throw everything away. My appetite was gone, and my stomach felt weak.

I brushed my hand over my forehead as I headed out of the building. The breeze felt good against my now warm skin. I closed my eyes, inhaling the fresh air.

I was nervous right now. I didn't get sick often. Oddly, after all I'd done, I had a pretty strong immune system.

Gnawing on my bottom lip, I tried not to jump to conclusions as I headed down the street. There was only one time I had been this sick out of nowhere, and I was praying I was just overthinking right now.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck!” I screamed, seeing the three positive pregnancy tests on my bathroom sink.

How the hell did this happen? Not only was I married to a man I didn't even know, but now I found out I was carrying his child. A child I was in no position to take care of.

I dropped down to the floor as tears filled my eyes. Pulling my knees to my chest, I lowered my head and placed my forehead on them, allowing the tears to fall.

My heart was heavy.

My stomach was churning.

The headache I had all day became worse.

My life was in shambles without adding a baby to the mix. I wasn't sure what to do right now. Here I was trying to get back on the right track, and it was like whenever I took a step forward, I got kicked back ten.

I was tired of life kicking my ass.

All I wanted was for life to lighten up on me. I know I didn't always make the best choices, but I always wondered what the hell I did in my past life to deserve all the bullshit thrown my way.

Leaning my head back on my cabinet, I covered my stomach with my hands. My shoulders sunk forward.

For a moment, Kazier appeared in my thoughts. I was sure the last thing he wanted was a baby with his lifestyle. After his reaction to the marriage, I could only imagine how this news would come across to him. I didn't even know if he wanted kids.

My tears fell faster.

A strange tingling formed in my chest.

After taking several minutes to gather my thoughts, I stood up to get myself together. Turning the water on, I splashed some on my face. I looked at the mirror and studied my reflection for a moment.

My eyes shifted to the pregnancy tests again. I knew it was only one way to handle this situation.



“Nah, run that shit back,” I told my producer.

“Kazier man, we been going at this shit for hours. Let’s call it a day,” he complained.

“You getting paid, ain’t you nigga? We gone do it until I feel like it’s right. Run the fucking track back.”

I gripped the headphones and bobbed my head when the beat to the song started. The hook played and I waited until it was time to come in on my last verse.

It had been a rough damn month since the Vegas shit. My PR team has been working overtime to get the attention off my fake ass marriage to my album. I was almost finished recording and then I would put the tracklist together to show the label. They have been on my ass about the whole marriage thing too, but Jonay ensured them that it wouldn’t be an issue.

Whoever the girl was hadn’t shown her face since dipping out of my hotel room. I thought for sure she would have been hit me up for money or some shit, but I hadn’t heard

a peep. I did an interview a couple of weeks ago, and they were strictly directed to stay on the topic of my music. The host tried to be funny and bring me being married up, and Jonay cut that shit short quick.

My label was on me to find the girl as well. They didn't think it would be good to just leave her out there to pop up at any moment. My issue was that I didn't know who the fuck she was or even where she was from. My mom had been on my ass about her, and I kept telling her the news was fake, but she didn't believe me.

I was stressed the hell out and been blowing hella trees back. I was trying to cut back on the partying since that's what got me in this shit in the first place.

“K man, you missed your fucking cue ago.” I snatched the headphones off my head.

“Fuck it, man. We'll do this shit again another day.”

I didn't wait for him to say anything. I stormed out of the booth.

Reaching behind my ear, I grabbed the blunt and went into my pocket to grasp my lighter. Sitting on the couch on the back wall, I sparked up and grabbed my notebook and pen.

“A’right, man. I’m out.”

“A’right.” I didn’t raise my head.

The song I had been working on today wasn’t clicking for me. I didn’t know what it was about it, but something about it wasn’t flowing, which is why I kept fucking it up.

Blowing the smoke out, I mentally went over the words in my head.

“I can’t lie. Fuck a nine to five when you poppin’ on live.

Hoes gone hate, do the most, but ain’t got shit to show.

French type nails, use post at Gils.

Now you go to Yale, gotta body of a goddess, but was always into sales.”

I chuckled while still smoking my blunt. Crossing out a couple of words, I altered the verse I had written down before.

“Kazier.” Jonay stood at the door.

Lifting my head up, I blew out the smoke in my mouth before speaking. “Wassup?”

“I need you to come with me.” My brows knitted.

“Why?”

“Just come with me... NOW!”

From her tone, I could tell she wasn't giving me an option. I knew that voice, and she was about to tear me a new one, for what I wasn't sure.

“Aye Nay, I been chillin' like you said, so whatever you about to bitch at me about, save it,” I spoke behind her after putting my blunt out and following behind her.

“Shut up, Kazier. Not now.”

We walked down the halls to where a few conference rooms were.

When I stepped in behind Jonay, I noticed a girl standing by the window.

“Ny'asia,” Jonay called out.

My eyes bucked when the chick from Vegas turned around.

Dressed in black leggings, a white V-neck with a cropped jean jacket, and white and black Converse on her feet, she looked as good as she did the night, I first saw her, even dressed down. Her braids were half up, half down. The top in a tight bun. I also noticed she had a hoop ring in one nostril and a stud in the other with a septum piercing in the middle. I

didn't remember her having all that, but maybe I was too fucked up to remember.

She looked like she was about to jump out of her skin the moment we made eye contact.

“Aye, I hope yo ass showed up here to give me my fucking money back.” I went to step towards her, but Jonay grabbed me.

“Kazier, not now.”

I whipped my head in her direction. “She stole five bands from me!”

“And that's nothing to you. Right now, we have more important shit to worry about.”

“Like what? Getting a divorce.” I turned to Ny'asia. “Aye, why the hell you just dip out on me like that?”

She looked taken aback by my words. “Because you accused me of drugging you and were being disrespectful.”

“Because yo ass tricked me into marrying you.”

“I told you I didn't trick you! You need to get that through your big ass head!” Red hues flashed on her cheeks. Her doe eyes grew wider as she spoke.

“Big ass head? Bitch-”

“Okay, OKAY!” Jonay got between us. She placed her hand on my chest and gave me a stern look.

I could feel my blood growing warm. One thing about me was I hated fucking arguing. “Man, I got work to do. Why is she here? Matter fact, why the hell you ain’t been popped up? We need to get divorced ASAP!”

“Kazier, you need to listen to what she has to say.”

“What does she want? Money?” I glared at Ny’asia. “You came here to get money, didn’t you? How much to make you disappear out of my damn life?”

Her nose flared. A crazed look flashed through her eyes. Her fist balled up at her sides as she squared her shoulders. “You damn right I want money for this baby you put in me!”

Her words knocked the wind out of me. My mouth snapped shut. For the first time since I walked into this room, I was speechless.

My eyes went to Jonay, who was staring at me, waiting for me to respond.

“Say that shit again?” I stammered out. I knew I had to have heard her wrong.

“I said I’m pregnant, and before you start your shit, yes, it’s yours.”

I chewed on the inside of my jaw. “Man, get the fuck outta here. You think you the first broad to try and pull that pregnancy card on me?”

Her eyes narrowed. “I don’t have to lie about a damn thing. I am pregnant.”

“Even if you are pregnant, it ain’t my damn baby. Yo ass might have tricked me into marrying you, but fucked up or not, I always strap up.”

“Yeah, well either the condom broke or you forgot because the three tests I took last night all said you’re going to be a daddy.”

I looked at Jonay, laughing. “Man, get her ass outta here. Do you hear this shit? She’s trying to get more money out of me. Is that your end game, more money?”

I glared at Ny’asia. “Kazier, you don’t even remember marrying her or anything that night. You had sex with her, right?”

My mouth turned upside down. “Yeah, but-”

“Okay, then that’s all I needed to hear. You two had sex. No matter how you put it, there’s a possibility she’s telling the truth.”

Jonay released a heavy sigh before turning to Ny’asia. “Listen, I don’t know you, so I won’t say if you’re lying or not.”

“I’m not.”

“Okay. First, we need to get some proof that you’re actually pregnant.”

“Fine, go get a test and I’ll pee on it.”

“Hell nah, yo ass is going to the doctor,” I interjected. “I don’t trust them at-home tests.”

Jonay nodded. “I’ll call a private doctor in to administer the test, and once we get the results back, we’ll go from there.”

I bit back on my back teeth.

My eyes grew tight as I stared at Ny’asia. A large knot had formed in my stomach. Rolling my neck, shoulder to shoulder, I tried to ease the building tension.

“You handle this. I have shit to do.” I glared at Ny’asia one last time before turning and storming out of the room.

My day had completely been blown.

After taking the twenty-five minute drive from Butter Ridge Falls to New Haven Falls, I pulled up to my gate and entered the code. I waited a few seconds for it to open before driving forward.

The second I got my first advance, I purchased this house. New Haven was a smaller Atlanta and even smaller Hollywood. It was a more high class city that you got your money’s worth living in.

I lived in a four-bedroom, three-and-a-half-bath, Mediterranean-style home. I pulled into my stone driveway and parked my 2022 all black Aston Martin.

Climbing out of the car, I walked to my front door and used my key to open it. After turning the alarm off, I kicked my shoes off and walked through my foyer. My house was huge, and I lived alone, but I loved having my own space. The only people who were here day to day were the cleaning crew and my personal chef.

My house came equipped with a library, media room, rec room, a bar loft area, two balconies, a large pool and attached hot tub out back, and a courtyard in the middle of the house that you could access through one of the living rooms or breakfast nook. I had the basement soundproofed and put a studio down there for when I didn't want to make the drive into the city.

Heading to my bedroom, all I wanted to do was drown the outside world out right now. My head was still spinning on Ny'asia trying to pin a baby on me. After she disappeared on me, I should have known her nut ass would pop up with some crazy shit.

It was just my luck that some shit like this would happen to me. The last thing I needed was a pregnancy rumor to get out there.

Stripping down to my boxers, I walked to my dresser and picked up a half-smoked blunt out of my ashtray and the lighter next to it. I walked over to the double doors that led to my backyard and opened them as I smoked my blunt.

“This shit is wild,” I chortled, shaking my head.

This wasn't the first time a broad claimed to be pregnant by me. When I first got signed and started getting a

name for myself, it happened a lot. Girls saw me as a come-up. It was something my parents warned me about the moment I signed my name on the dotted line. Of course, all the girls either turned out to be lying, or the baby wasn't mine. Like I said, I always strapped my shit up and brought my own condoms. Ain't no way I would get caught slipping with some bird who was only looking for a check.

I didn't know what Ny'asia's end game was, but she was about to learn quickly that I was the wrong nigga to go after if she was looking for a come-up.

Turning around, I went to my pants on the floor while the blunt hung from my lips and grabbed my phone. I had to hit my lawyer up. When the test came back that Ny'asia wasn't pregnant, I would have the divorce papers right there for her to sign.



“Congratulations, Ms. Bridges, you are indeed pregnant.” Dr. Olsen smiled, looking around the room.

“Just like I’ve been saying.” My eyes cut to Kazier, who was more concerned with his phone than what the doctor was saying.

After finding out I was pregnant, I woke up the next morning and googled Kazier’s label company. Seeing it was in Butter Ridge Falls was a bit of a drive for me, and with an unreliable car, I prayed I would be able to make it. Thankfully my car stuck it out and I was able to make it.

When I asked for K-Don, the lobby called his manager. She seemed like a nice woman, stern but nice. Once I told her why I was here, she went and got Kazier. I could tell my news didn’t make her happy, but the damage was done.

“Can you find out how far along she is?” Jonay asked Dr. Olsen.

Jonay did as she said she would and contacted a private doctor. Dr. Olsen was one of the top celebrity OBGYNs here in New Haven, according to Jonay. Her office took patients' privacy seriously and she seemed like a good doctor.

"Yes, my tech will be in shortly to give her an ultrasound." Dr. Olsen looked at me. "Do you have any questions?"

"I do. When can we do a DNA test?" Kazier spoke up. It was the first words he's spoken since we'd been here.

"Kazier!" Jonay spat.

"What? It's a logical question. She's pregnant, but I don't know if that baby is mine. She let me hit on the first night without knowing me. Not only that, but she disappeared for a month and then popped up talking about she's pregnant. That shit's fishy as fuck!" His words and harsh tone tore into me. My fist balled up on my lap.

Dr. Olsen didn't seem shocked by Kazier's outburst. I guess since she dealt with celebrities frequently, she was used to situations like this.

"Just like I told you the other day, this *is your baby*. I don't give a damn how much you keep trying to tell yourself

you're not the father.”

His eyes narrowed. The tightening of his jaw brought attention to the patch of hair he had on the bottom of his chin and the well lined up mustache over his top lip. “So you say.”

Rolling my eyes, I wasn't about to go back and forth with him. Since I knew I hadn't been with anyone after him, so it would be a waste of breath.

“I'm going to have my tech come in.” Dr. Olsen turned and left out.

“Kazier, can you please try to act like you have some sense?” Jonay glared at her client.

“Why do you keep defending her? I'm your client. It's your job to make sure I'm good. Not some broad who's trying to come up off me.”

“If you would have listened to me in the first place and taken it easy like I've been advising you to, then you wouldn't be in this situation. Regardless of how you look at it, there is a possibility this is your baby, so you need to act like it.”

Kazier's eyes cut to me. His phone went off and his attention went to it. Darting his eyes back up. He answered the phone and headed towards the door with it to his ear.

“Is he always that charming?” I questioned once he was out of the room.

Jonay laughed. “Kazier can be a man child but you have to look at things from his point of view as well. He’s used to women trying to take advantage of him. Kazier’s in love with the fast life and the fame. It sometimes causes him to come off as a jerk, but he really isn’t a bad guy. Just guarded.”

“Well, I didn’t marry myself or get myself pregnant, so he needs to put his ego to the side.”

I picked my phone up out of my lap and unlocked it. I had nothing in particular to look at, but I didn’t want to talk about Kazier anymore. He was handsome as hell and talented, but his attitude sucked. I hated even admitting I was a fan of his music before this.

There was a knock on the door, and a few seconds later, a younger black woman walked into the room.

“Hi. I’m Quin. Are you ready to look at your little nugget?” She walked over to the sink and washed her hands.

I forced a smile on my face, wishing I felt as happy as she looked.

“Okay, just lay back for me.”

I did as Quin said, making sure to have the blue sheet over my waist.

“Since you’re still early, we’ll be doing it vaginally.” She put her gloves on.

I watched in silence as she pressed a few buttons on the sonogram machine in the corner. She rolled it over to me and took a seat on the stool.

I looked over at Jonay, who gave me a small toothless grin.

Propping my legs up on the sternums, I waited for her to get started. “A little discomfort,” she told me as she placed the probe under the blue sheet.

Just as she was stuck the instrument in me, the door opened again, and Kazier walked in.

“You’re just in time,” Jonay told him.

Quin looked over, and her eyes bucked when they landed on my baby’s daddy. “Uh, are you dad?” She stuttered out.

He flashed her a grin, showing off the diamond grills in his mouth. “So she says.” He winked at her.

I noticed her cheeks grow red.

Something pierced through my chest. Clearing my throat, I cut my eyes at the tech. “Can you see the baby?”

Her eyes darted to me. “Oh yeah, one second.” She tapped a few buttons on the machine.

Kazier chuckled, but I ignored him. I couldn’t wait to get away from him.

“Here we go.” My eyes went to the screen and my heart swelled in my chest.

Quin started talking, but I tuned her out. I was fascinated seeing my baby on the screen. “Looks like you’re measuring a little over seven weeks.”

She tapped the machine a couple more times. She removed the probe from me. “I printed some pictures for you.”

Nodding, I slowly sat up and grabbed the images from her hand. Quin cleaned up and moved the machine back to its original position. She walked over to the computer and scanned her ID before typing a couple of things in.

“Dr. Olsen will be back in to finish your appointment. Congratulations.” She was talking to me, but her eyes were locked on Kazier, who was back on his phone.

“Thank you,” Jonay told her.

Quin looked at her with a tight grin before turning to leave.

I stared down at the sonogram in my hands. It was still crazy to me that I was pregnant.

“Kazier,” I called out to him.

His head lifted and his eyes penetrated me. “What?”

I blew a deep breath out. “Do you want a copy?” His eyes went to the sonograms in my hand then back to my face. “Nah.”

My stomach turned. I know he didn’t believe this was his baby, but I wished he would show some kind of excitement about this.

Dr. Olsen eventually came back into the room. She finished my appointment, giving me an estimated due date in late November.

“If you have any issues, don’t hesitate to give me a call. I’ll see you at your next appointment, and it was nice meeting you all.” She smiled at us and left back out.

“We’ll give you some privacy to change,” Jonay told me, but Kazier was already out the door.

I knew this was going to be a long pregnancy, and I wasn't sure if I even wanted him to be a part of it. A divorce and going our separate ways seemed like the best thing right now.

After getting dressed, I walked out of the examination room and to the lobby, where I stopped to set my next appointment at the front desk. What I liked about this office was that it was small and intimate. Dr. Olsen had her own practice, so you didn't have to worry about having a lot of people in your business.

"Where's your car?" Jonay asked, looking around the small parking lot.

I slid the sonograms into the outside pocket of the crossbody purse I had on today. I tapped my phone a couple of times and looked up at her.

"My car is messed up, so I have to call a Lyft." I focused back on my phone to see how long my wait would be for a Lyft.

"Girl, bump that. Kazier can drive you." His head quickly popped up from his phone. Whatever he was looking at kept his attention for the duration of the appointment.

“I ain’t no damn taxi.”

I shook my head. “It’s fine. I can grab a Lyft.”

“You live in Lynnwood, right?” I nodded.

“That’s over an hour away. Do you know how much that’ll cost to get you there? Kazier can take you.”

“I have to go to the studio. Why can’t you take her?”

Jonay spun around to face Kazier. She propped her hands on her wide hips. “Because she’s not *my wife* or carrying *my child*. Take her to the studio with you, and then you can take her home afterward.”

“I’ll have Jodeci drop her off.”

“Kazier.”

I giggled.

Jonay didn’t play with Kazier, and it was clear he respected what she said because he rarely went against her.

Kazier clenched his jaw and glowered at me. “A’right damn. C’mon, man.” He nodded towards the blacked-out truck that had just pulled up in front of us.

A burly guy got out and opened the back door. “C’mon, Ny’asia.” Jonay smiled at me.

Swallowing hard, I nodded and followed behind her, climbing in the back of the truck. Once the three of us were inside, the driver, Jodeci I assume, walked around the truck and got inside.

“We’re going to the studio,” Kazier let him know.

I went to my social media and explored my TL.

“Don’t be tweeting or posting about this either,” Kazier rudely spat.

I ignored him. Going back and forth with him was giving me a headache.

I continued to scroll, not seeing anything outstanding.

“Oh Ny’asia, I meant to tell you girl that your makeup looks good. Who did it?” Jonay said out of the blue.

I smiled. “I did, actually.” Her brows lifted.

“Really?”

“Yeah, it’s kind of a hobby to me.” I shrugged my shoulders.

“Nice.” Her eyes dropped to her tablet that she pulled out of her bag.

The car was silent outside of the radio playing. I wished I would have just called a Lyft, but my money was running low, and I hadn't heard back from any jobs, so I had to reserve all the funds I could.

It took us about fifteen minutes to arrive at the studio.

"I have to go see a few other clients, and then I'm meeting with Teresa. We need to figure out our next move." Jonay informed Kazier as she got out of the car. Her eyes bounced between the two of us. She sighed heavily and shook her head.

She didn't wait for him to answer. Instead, she headed to a silver car parked in front of the building we had just pulled up to.

Now it was just Kazier and me in the car. He didn't seem too interested in having a conversation with me, and the feeling was mutual.

My head popped up when loud voices filled the studio we were in. The moment we got to our destination Kazier made it clear not to record anything and to sit on the couch and wait for him to finish. I didn't have the energy to argue with

him, so I did what he said. Eventually, I ended up falling asleep while waiting for him to finish.

“Nigga, you ain’t done yet?” My eyes squinted at the tall caramel man in front of me. I remember him from Vegas but didn’t know his name.

“I’m wrapping up now. Give me a minute,” Kazier responded.

The guy came over to the couch where I was sitting and took a seat. He stared at me with amusement on his face.

“Runaway Wifey, wassup, I’m YJ.” He grinned, showing me the grill in his mouth.

He was fine as hell with a low-cut fade, and a goatee covered his plump nude lips.

I smirked. “Actually, my name is Ny’asia.”

YJ tossed his hands up. “My bad, Ny’asia. I ain’t mean no harm.”

I looked at the booth where Kazier was rapping but staring at us. “I see you finally decided to show your face. Wassup, where you been?”

I looked back at YJ. He had round, light brown eyes, hooded by bushy brows. From the short sleeve *Gucci* shirt he

had on, I could see the display of tattoos covering his arms.

“Home.” I shrugged.

He nodded and looked me over. “Well, it’s nice to meet you, Ny’asia.”

“YJ,” Kazier was now out of the booth.

Hopping up, YJ walked over to him and slapped hands with him. He dug into his pocket and handed him a bag of what looked like weed. Kazier pocketed the herbs and handed him some money.

“Good look.” He nodded.

“Aye, me and Bishop was talking about hitting up Pleasures tonight. You down?”

For a moment, Kazier’s eyes shifted to me, then back at his friend. “For sure.” They slapped hands again.

“Bet.”

YJ turned to leave. “Nice to meet you, Ny’asia.” He grinned at me again before leaving out the room.

“You ready to go?” Kazier asked as he finished tapping on his phone.

He was in a black and white Supreme shirt and black jeans. Around his neck were two gold and diamond chains and an iced-out necklace with the letter K attached in all diamonds. I had to squeeze my legs together.

Clearing my throat, I answered, “Yeah.”

He nodded. “Jodeci gone take you home then. I got some more business to handle here.”

I didn’t protest. I didn’t understand why that wasn’t the plan in the first place.

Collecting my things, I prepared to leave. Kazier was now back in the booth and didn’t give me a second glance as I headed out of the room.



Wiggle by Rick Ross x DreamDoll blared through Pleasure's speaker.

"Damn," I muttered, slapping the ebony-skinned ass in front of me. She stood straight up and shook her thighs, causing her ass to clap. It was tatted with a butterfly, making it look like it was fluttering.

My teeth sunk into my bottom lip.

She bent over and popped her ass in front of me while looking back at me with a smirk on her face.

"Her ass fat as hell!" YJ shouted over the music, tossing a couple hundreds on her.

"Hell yeah!" I slapped her ass with the stack of Bluefaces in my hand.

Grabbing the bottle of D'ussé on the table next to me by the neck, I downed a good amount of it.

Every time me and the boys came to Pleasure, a popular strip club located downtown New Haven, we got the

same section. Two-way mirrors surrounded it so we could see out, but the general public couldn't see inside for privacy.

The stripper in front of me, Bambi, was one of the regular girls I normally requested.

I looked over at Bishop, who was on the other couch with two girls in front of him. He was making it rain on both with a wide grin on his face.

“Look at that nigga over there like he Hue Heifer or some shit.” I joked, chugging from my bottle again.

“You know he's an ass man.” I looked over at YJ, who was now distracted by a light skin girl who had come into the section.

Bambi straddled my lap backwards so that her back was facing me and grinded in my lap.

“It's been a while since you been to see me.” She leaned back and wrapped an arm around my neck. My arm wrapped around her and I gripped her large breast.

“A nigga been busy.” I pinched her pierced nipple.

She started making her ass bounce in my lap. She bent over and placed her hands on the floor. I grabbed more money and sprinkled it on her.

Bambi was good at her job. She knew how to keep niggas memorized and dripped sex appeal.

Palming her ass cheeks, I caressed them. My mans started to grow in my jeans.

Wrapping my arm around her waist, I pulled her back on me. “Let’s go into a room,” I said into her ear. A sneaky grin appeared on her face.

Bambi stood up and held her hand out. I finished my bottle and stood up, fixing myself in my jeans.

“This nigga,” Bishop laughed when he noticed I was walking off. “Don’t get married.”

I flicked him off and continued to follow Bambi.

She said something to the security guard in front of the private rooms. He gave me a nod as I walked past him.

Once we were in the room, I sat on the leather couch.

Bambi turned and faced me. Her eyes dripped with lust.

Already knowing what was up, I unzipped my pants and pulled my dick out, stroking it slowly as I looked over her full frame.

Seductively she walked over to me and stood above me. Her eyes locked on my dick.

“Don’t just stare at it. Handle this shit.” Without hesitation, Bambi dropped down to her knees and took me in her mouth.

She took me to the back of her throat, showing off her lack of gag reflexes. Pulling up, she spit on my shaft and her hands wrapped around it. She rotated them up and down while staring at me before taking me back into her mouth.

I grabbed the back of her head and thrust my hips upwards, fucking her face. She gripped my thighs, taking my aggressiveness. A moan left her mouth.

A few minutes later, I was shooting my seeds down her throat.

“Open your mouth,” I demanded.

She did as I said and stuck her tongue out, showing me that she had swallowed it all. You could never be too careful.

Bambi ran her tongue over her full lips and grinned. She grabbed my dick and started jerking me off, causing my mans to grow again.

Once I was back at full attention, I stood up and grabbed the condom from my pocket.

“Bend over the couch,” I told her, slapping her ass after covering myself.

She showed all thirty-two teeth, doing as I said. Moving her G-string to the side, I grabbed her hips and pushed myself inside her.

“Uh,” she moaned.

I was about to take all the stress that’s been building up inside me out on Bambi’s pussy.

“Long night?” Jonay asked, setting her bag on the table.

I lifted the sunglasses up for a moment to look at her before covering my face again. “Something like that.”

She shook her head. “You’re just not gon’ learn, huh?”

“Look, Jonay, my head is pounding. I don’t need a lecture right now.” I leaned back in my seat.

Instead of responding to me, she just shook her head.

A few seconds later, Teresa and Ny'asia walked into the conference room. My eyes scanned over Ny'asia. She didn't even look my way as she took a seat next to me.

A couple of hours ago, Jonay called me and told me to come to her office so we could talk things over. I didn't get in the house until close to five this morning, and she called me around eight. I didn't understand why she needed to see me right this moment, but I assume it was because I had the divorce papers drawn up and it was time to handle it.

“Okay, so Teresa and I have been trying to figure out the best way to handle your situation. We've spoken to the head of the label, and we've all come to an agreement.” Jonay's eyes bounced from me to Ny'asia.

“You two need to stay married,” Teresa spoke up.

“What!” I shot up and snatched the glasses off my face. “What the hell is wrong with y'all?”

I mugged both of them. “Listen, K, this is the best option for you right now. Now that a baby is involved, we need to make this look as clean as possible. The most important thing is to make sure your image is protected. Getting married during a drunk one-nightstand is not a good look, then getting that woman pregnant and leaving her is even

worse. This is the best solution. It'll look good to your fans and show you're trying to do better and turn your life around."

I stared at Teresa like she was crazy. "I'm not staying married, and we don't even know if that's my baby."

"There's a strong chance that it is though," Jonay made sure to point out.

"The label is close to ending your contract, Kazier. They don't like the bad press you keep getting. It's not a good reflection on KB Records. This is your only option right now. If it seems as though you're cleaning your image up and becoming a family man, then that's all that matters."

I gripped the glasses in my hand tightly.

Turning to face Ny'asia, I stared at her. "You don't have nothing to say?"

She was nibbling on her bottom lip and nervously playing with her hands in her lap.

Clearing her throat, she brushed a few braids out of her face. "What do I get out of this?"

My face scrunched up. "You serious right now?"

She turned to face me with a blank stare. "I'm hearing how us staying married will benefit you, but I'm not hearing

how it'll help me. I'm the one who's pregnant and carrying the baby. I'm the one who's about to sacrifice my life and body, so what do I get out of this?"

"I knew it." I shook my head and looked at my manager and PR rep. I knew that Ny'asia was after something.

The both of them stared at each other. "You'll be required to sign an NDA first. To the public, it has to seem as though your marriage and relationship are real. The two of you have been dating for about a year, but you wanted to remain out of the press is the story we'll go with," Jonay started. "Following that, you'll move in with Kazier, and you'll be paid ten grand a month. All your medical expenses will be covered as well."

"The fuck, when was someone going to ask me if I wanted her in my house? I don't know her ass."

"Well, you're going to get to know her. You caused this, so you're going to have to make some choices you don't like. If we want everyone to believe this, she has to live with you."

My jaw was aching by how hard I was clenching it. None of this shit sat right with me.

“I want at least fifteen thousand a month.”

“Fifteen!” My head whipped to her.

“Done,” Jonay said and pulled some papers out of her bag. “Now, we did a background check and saw that you have previous petty theft charges. Is there anything else that we need to know about?”

“So, I wasn’t the first nigga you stole from, huh?” I mugged Ny’asia.

She looked at me and rolled her eyes. “I had a rough couple of years and did what I had to do to survive. I won’t apologize for that.”

“We’re not asking you to,” Teresa spoke up. “But we need to know if there is anything else in your past that could reflect badly on Kazier.” Ny’asia was quiet for a moment. She pulled on her plump bottom lip with her teeth before slowly shaking her head.

“Okay, good. Here is the NDA for you to sign. I’ll have the contract drawn up for you to sign regarding payments, and we’ll move you into Kazier’s house this weekend.”

I watched as Ny’asia signed the form Jonay gave her.

I wasn't even sure what the hell to say right now. In a matter of minutes, my life was being turned upside down.

“We'll do an official announcement of you two announcing your marriage to the public the proper way. There's still a lot of speculation about who you married. You have an interview coming up next week and that's where we'll reveal Ny'asia. In the meantime, Kazier, please stay out of the blogs. We're on damage control and I don't need any more added to my plate.”

I ran my tongue over my top teeth. Nothing about this situation was sitting right with me.

“I need to get to the studio,” I finally said, putting my glasses back on and standing up.

I didn't wait for anyone to respond to me. I felt like I was suffocating in that room and needed some space. Right now, a blunt and the booth were calling my name.

NY ASIA

“That’s all you’re bringing?” Kazier asked as I handed Jodeci my two duffle bags.

“That’s it,” I noted before turning and looking around my house.

The weekend had arrived and it was time for me to move in with Kazier. I wasn’t sure how this was going to go. It was obvious Kazier wasn’t happy about me moving in. Honestly, I wasn’t too thrilled either. I didn’t want to be back in a situation where I depended on a man. I didn’t want my life shaken up after fighting so hard to get it back on track.

I knew this was my best solution at the moment. With me being pregnant, I knew I wouldn’t be able to care for the baby on my own. I only hoped me and Kazier could come to some mutual ground.

I didn’t have much when I first moved into my apartment, so all I had to take with me was some clothes, a couple of pairs of shoes, and my makeup. Everything else could stay here for the next tenants, or they could throw it out.

I was able to get out my lease because Kazier's team paid for it to be terminated.

"A'right, let's go." I turned and looked at my husband.

Dressed in an olive-green Nike sweatsuit and green and black Ones on his feet, I wasn't sure how he could be this fine even when he wasn't trying. The three signature chains he always sported were around his neck.

My fingers ran over my left hand. My ring had been on my dresser for weeks, but I felt obligated to put it on for some reason. I never really saw marriage in my future. After my past relationships, I had given up on it. But if I ever did get married, I pictured myself truly being in love. This wasn't an ideal situation. The only positive was that I would be coming up on some money.

"Okay," I finally agreed.

Giving my living room one last scan, I turned and followed Kazier out the door.

When we stepped outside, I noticed people huddled close to the door. Loud murmurs were around us and phones were out recording us.

“I told you that was K-Don!” I heard a feminine voice shriek.

“Oh my gosh, he’s even finer in person!”

“What the hell is he doing out this way?”

“Is she dating him?”

“Aye, K man, I got a song for you to listen to!”

A bunch of people started yelling things our way. Bruno and another guy made sure to keep them back and guide us to the truck parked in the street in front of my house.

“Wow, I wasn’t expecting that,” I proclaimed once we were safely inside.

The tint was dark on the windows, but I could see outside. Everyone’s eyes were hawking the truck. Phones were still out pointed toward us.

Kazier looked unaffected by all the attention. I guess he was used to it.

“Does this happen all the time?”

He was on his phone, like always. “Pretty much.” He kept his eyes on his phone.

“What about my car?”

“One of Bruno’s guys will drive it back to the house.”

The whole time he spoke, he never looked at me.

I shifted in my seat and sat back.

Everything seemed unreal. Since moving into this development, I have kept my head low and stayed out of the way. I would have never guessed that an impulsive weekend in Vegas would change my life so dramatically.

“Holy shit,” I muttered with wide eyes as I gazed at the house we’d just pulled up to.

It was larger than anything I was accustomed to. Even the grass looked expensive.

We pulled into a wraparound driveway, where two expensive cars were parked in the driveway.

“This is your house?” I turned my head to face Kazier.

“Yeah, it is.” He slid his phone into the front of his hoodie and climbed out of the car once the door was open.

Climbing out of the car behind him, I followed him to the front door.

Kazier unlocked his door, walked over to the panel on the wall, and hit a couple of numbers.

“The alarm code is 0212,” he told me.

I nodded my head, barely listening.

My eyes roamed around the foyer in amazement. To the left of us was a large room, I’m assuming the living room, decorated in gray and black. My eyes instantly fell on the tan stone fireplace on the wall.

Directly in front of me was a wraparound staircase.

“C’mon, I’ll show you your room.”

Kazier walked to the stairs. Beyond them, I noticed a lot more down the hallway.

When he pushed the door open to the room I would be staying in, I was even more shocked. The room could fit two of my old rooms in it.

“You have your own bathroom over there, walk-in closet. Across the hall is the theater, the game room. I’m about to head out.”

Jodeci walked in and sat my bags near the door. He left just as quickly without saying a word.

He turned to leave. “Wait.” My eyes wandered around the room. “You’re just going to leave me here alone?”

Kazier turned around to face me. He looked annoyed by my question. “Look, the only reason you’re here is because Jonay’s ass is forcing me to have you here. I don’t like people all in my space, but I don’t have a choice right now. Stay out my way and I’ll stay out yours. The chef is on call. If you get hungry, let him know what you want to eat. The number is in the kitchen. The kitchen is fully stocked too. My room is downstairs. My only rule is don’t go in it or my studio in the basement. Oh, and none of my shit better not come up missing.”

He didn’t wait for me to respond.

His words left me feeling cold.

I knew he didn’t want me here, but I didn’t think he would make me feel so unwelcomed. This was a new place for me, and I thought he would at least give me a tour.

Rolling my eyes, a heavy breath escaped my mouth.

Walking over to the large bed in the center of the room, I took a seat and dropped my head. My fingers went to my temples, where I tried to rub the headache forming out.

Since it looked like I was on my own, I figured I would explore the house and get familiar with it. I didn't need Kazier for shit. He wanted to act like two strangers, then so be it.

I was blown away the more I explored Kazier's house. I wasn't sure why one person would want to live in a house this big.

In the backyard was a whole sitting area, outside island, and grill area. He even had a smaller version of the stone fireplace from the living room on the patio. The patio was covered by the balcony, protecting you from the weather if it rained or snowed.

I was now in the kitchen making myself a sandwich.

Kazier's kitchen was huge. The fridge was built into the wall, along with two ovens next to it. There were plenty of counters surrounding the island in the middle, and off in the corner was a breakfast nook. It had a circular sitting with a glass table in the middle. It even came with a bar that separated it from the second living room behind it. The kitchen matched the rest of the house's tan, beige, and chestnut colors.

After finishing my sandwich, I headed out of the kitchen and walked down the hallway to the doors that led to the courtyard.

It was beautiful outside. There was a small fountain on the wall near the courtyard doors. On the other wall was a long stone bench.

Making my way over to it, I took a seat. It was astounding to me that Kazier's house had so many parts to it.

I pulled my phone from my back pocket and sat my plate on my lap.

My brows knitted together when I viewed all the notifications on my home screen. Using my face scanner to unlock the phone, I clicked on one of the notifications.

“What the fuck,” I dragged out.

Setting my plate on the bench next to me, I continued reading the blog post.

People had tagged both me and Kazier in pictures from earlier. There were some of him first arriving and the two of us leaving together.

I clicked on *All Shade's* post.

Uh oh, has K-Don's wife finally been identified? Pictures of Kazier entering and leaving with a mystery woman, we now know as Ny'asia. If you previously recall, we reported Kazier at a wedding chapel over a month ago in Vegas with a woman. If we look side by side, the two look similar. What do you think, gang? Have we finally identified the woman who snatched the playboy off the scene? Tap in with your thoughts.

My mouth dropped as I scrolled through the pictures.

When I went to *Word Around Town*, I was even more shocked when they zoomed in on my left hand, showing my ring. They also made a post about me being the mystery wife.

My heart sped up in my chest. I wasn't trying to be in the spotlight like this. Everything was happening so fast.

I didn't bother to respond to any of the notifications. Instead, I went back to InstaFlik. When I went to my profile, I noticed my followers had shot up already.

I switched over to Twitter and the same thing was happening there too.

I had a bunch of tags from random people on both platforms asking if I was married to K-Don. People were

questioning who I was and how we met. I screenshotted a couple of them and sent them to Jonay.

It didn't take her long to respond.

***Jonay:** Don't comment on anything. We're on it.*

Gnawing on my bottom lip, I sat up straighter.

Kazier was supposed to announce our marriage next week during his interview. Now that the cat was out of the bag, I wondered how things were going to change now.



“Damn nigga, you’re breaking the internet right now,” Bishop told me, scrolling through his phone.

I blew out the smoke I’d just inhaled and pulled my phone out.

“Yeah, looks like they’re back on your marriage,” YJ noted.

I unlocked my phone. I had tons of notifications on my screen. When I clicked on my social media app, there were millions of tags of Ny’asia and me from this morning.

“This shit just keeps getting better and better.” I ran my hand over my braids.

“So let me get this straight; you really staying married to ole girl?” I glanced up at my boys.

Both of them were staring at me.

“Yeah,” I sighed, going back to my phone. “She’s pregnant.”

“Shit.”

“It’s yours?”

“That’s what she’s saying.”

I shook my head. A few texts from Jonay and Teresa had come through, but I didn’t bother opening any of them. It was their fault I was in this predicament. They were the ones that insisted Ny’asia move in with me.

“How long y’all supposed to stay married?”

I shrugged. “Hell if I know. Not too long. I’m too damn young to be tied down right now.” I passed the blunt and leaned back in my chair.

“Good news is you got in-house pussy.” A chortle escaped my mouth at YJ’s words.

The night in Vegas was still foggy, but I briefly remembered how good her pussy felt wrapped around my dick.

“And she’s fine as fuck too.”

“If you ain’t happy with her, pass her to the crew.”

“Aye, nigga chill. That’s my wife.” I mugged YJ.

“You don’t even want her ass.”

“Yeah, well, as long as she got my last name, I’m the only one sliding in her.”

“Look at that nigga being all possessive and shit.” Bishop and YJ thought it was funny, but I was dead serious. The fact that Ny’asia was not only carrying my last name but also could possibly be carrying my seed made her off-limits to any other nigga at the moment.

“Haha. We gone play the game or keep on gossiping like some bitches?” I picked the controller up.

My phone vibrated again. My mom was texting me.

I clicked on the message and she was telling me to make my way over to her house. I already knew I was due for an earful from her. Since coming back from Vegas, I’ve been avoiding her.

Locking my phone back, I turned to the TV screen.

Right now, the only thing that had my attention was beating these niggas in *Call of Duty*.

When I stepped into my mom’s living room, she was on the phone, smiling wildly. I knew only one person could bring that kind of smile her way.

Walking over to her, I kissed her cheek and took a seat next to her.

In addition to buying my house when I got my first check, I made sure to put my mom in a bigger crib, too. She didn't want all the extras and only wanted a simple house. I grabbed her a three-bedroom, two-and-a-half bathroom home. It came with a finished basement and a large fenced-in backyard with an inground pool and deck.

"Your son just arrived. Hold on." My mom handed me the phone.

"Wassup, old man?" I put the phone to my ear with a smile on my face.

"Ain't shit old about me, boy," he laughed.

"How you doing, dad? You good? Need some money?"

"I assure you I got enough money on my books to last me a lifetime. I told you to stop adding more."

"It's my job to make sure you're good."

My dad was in prison. When I was fifteen, he was sentenced to twenty-five years with the possibility of parole after fifteen. He'd already served ten years of his sentence.

“It’s not your job to do anything for me. Just keep doing what you’re doing and staying out of trouble. Speaking of, what’s this I hear about you being married?”

Pulling on the corner of my bottom lip, I glanced at my mom out of the corner of my eye. “Uh, yeah. Something like that.”

“Well, either you are or you ain’t.”

I cleared my throat. “I am, but it ain’t real.”

My dad chuckled. “Well, the meaning of marriage must have changed. I never heard of a fake marriage before.”

I wet my lips. “It’s a long story that I’ll have to explain next time we talk.”

“You have one minute remaining.”

“I love you, Dad,” I told him.

“I love you too.”

I handed my mom the phone and she spoke to my dad for a few seconds longer before hanging up.

A somber expression appeared on her face. Every time she spoke to my dad, that look appeared on her face. I knew it was hard for her to only communicate with him through the

phone. It had been ten years since he's been locked up, and my mom's been riding with him since the beginning. No matter how many times he told her to move on, she refused. My mom loved my dad endlessly.

"The new legal team I hired said they might be able to appeal dad's sentence," I spoke.

My mom looked over at me with unmoved eyes. "Kazier," she stressed.

"They have faith they can get him out."

My dad's last lawyer tried for an appeal twice since he's been locked up, but he was shot down both times. I ended up firing him, feeling that he wasn't doing enough. This new guy was a shark in the courtroom, and with the money I was paying him, he better get my dad free.

"I'm sure they do." My mom covered my hand with hers. "I didn't call you over here to talk about that though."

I smirked, already knowing what was coming. "Yeah, I know. So let me hear it."

My mom stared at me without speaking right away. Her fingers tapped along the top of my hand.

"You've been avoiding me."

“I’ve been busy.”

“Mhm hmm. Busy my ass. So, this wife, that’s real huh?”

Blowing a deep breath out, I nodded my head. “Yeah, for now at least.”

My mom’s face hardened. “Kazier, what the hell were you thinking? Who is this woman?”

“Her name is Ny’asia. That’s not all though.”

My mom lifted an eyebrow waiting for me to continue.

I cleared my throat. “She’s pregnant.”

“Kazier!” She snatched her hand off mine and slapped the back of my head.

“Ow, shit!”

I flinched, grabbing the spot she slapped. “How many times have both me and your dad warned you about these fast ass girls trying to trap you! Now you done married her too, did she even sign a prenup?”

I dropped my head and ran my hands over my head.

My mom muttered something I couldn’t understand.

“Where is she now? I want to meet her.”

When I lifted my head and looked at my mom, she looked disappointed in me. I knew she fought hard to help me get to where I was today. She and my dad always supported me when I showed interest in rapping.

“At my house. The label thinks it’s a good idea for us to stay together. They think it’ll help my image.”

“Bring her over so I can meet her.”

“What?” I balled my face up.

“If this woman is carrying my grandchild and is now my daughter-in-law, I want to meet her.”

I narrowed my eyes.

If anyone could see Ny’asia for what she truly was, it was my mom. She was a great judge of character and had fought hard to keep ‘these fast hoes away from me,’ as she would say.

“That’s not optional either.”

I nodded. “A’right. I’ll bring her over when I have some free time.”

“Sooner rather than later.” She cut her eyes at me.

“I hope this situation motivates you to get your shit together, Kazier. You’re getting too old for this foolishness.”

I chuckled. “You sound like Jonay.”

“I always liked her.” Her face softened. “Let me see a picture of her. I know you have one.”

Going into my pocket, I grabbed my phone and opened up InstaFlik. I went to Ny’asia’s profile and handed my mom the phone.

“Well, at least she’s pretty.” My mom continued to scroll.

Ny’asia didn’t have a lot of pictures on her page, but she had enough to get a good look at her.

When my mom handed me the phone, I stared at the screen. The picture was one of Ny’asia sitting with her back to the camera. She was looking over her shoulder, grinning at the camera. The way the sun was shining and her makeup made her face shine and glow.

She looked happy in this picture. Her hair was in a puffy bun on top of her head. She looked a couple of years younger too.

“Yeah.” I stared at the picture a little longer before locking the phone back.

“Tell me about her.”

I glanced at my mom. “I don’t really know much about her.” I lifted my shoulders.

“Well, don’t you think that needs to change? You’re having a baby with her.”

“Allegedly.”

My mom smacked my head again. “Ma!”

“Get your head out your ass, Kazier. I hear it in your voice. You don’t sound too happy about the situation. That’s too bad because you made this mess, and you were raised to take care of your responsibilities.”

She was giving me a stern glare.

“I hear you.” My mom shook her head.

“Anyways, I cooked. Come get you a plate and you can take your wife one home too.” She stood up without waiting for me to answer.

When I stepped inside my crib, I headed straight for my bedroom when I saw Ny'asia coming from the same direction with a glass of sweet tea in her hand.

“Excuse me.” She went to step around me.

I took in the shorts and thin shirt she was wearing. She was braless underneath, giving me a full view of her nipples.

When she noticed my eyes were on her chest, she glanced down and crossed her arms over her breasts.

My eyes shot up to her face. Her face was bare of any makeup and looked freshly washed. I could smell body wash radiating off her.

“Here.” I handed her the plastic bag with the plate of food inside.

She looked down at it, confused. “What’s this?”

“My mom cooked and insisted I bring you a plate. I stopped by the studio before I came home, so it probably needs to be heated up.”

“Your mom?” She grabbed the bag.

“Yeah, she wants to meet you too.”

“You told your mom about me?”

“It was kind of hard not to. We’ve been the hot topic all day.”

She pulled on her bottom lip. “Yeah, about that. I’m not sure how comfortable I am with all this.”

“Comfortable with what exactly?”

“This newfound fame. I mean, everyone is talking shit about me in the comments, trying to figure out who I am.”

I gave her a once over. “Yeah, well, you signed paperwork that stated otherwise. Not to mention that nice deposit you received earlier today.”

Her eyes narrowed. “I know what I did. I’m just saying it will take some getting used to.”

“Just don’t post shit about me or our situation. Let Jonay and Teresa handle things.” I stepped around her.

“I know you don’t want me here, but there’s no reason to be an asshole. I’m not the only reason why we’re in this position.”

I didn’t bother to stop and acknowledge her comment.

Next week I had a photo shoot for a magazine. The following week I had a meeting with a female artist for a possible collab. I was wrapping up the last couple of songs for

this album too. I didn't have time to nurse her feelings about this fake ass marriage.



Sluggishly, I pulled myself up from the toilet and stumbled over to the sink. “I can’t wait for this stage to be over,” I mumbled, turning the water on.

Morning sickness has been kicking my ass since finding out I was expecting. Every morning I found myself over the toilet for what seemed like forever, emptying my stomach. It always left me feeling weak and exhausted afterward.

After handling my hygiene and gathering myself, I made my way out of the bathroom into my room.

I had been staying at Kazier’s house for two days now, and so far, the two of us had managed to stay out of each other’s way. I typically stayed in my room unless Kazier was out of the house, which was often.

“What the fuck!” I gasped, holding my chest, seeing a girl sitting on my bed.

She looked up from her phone with a wide grin on her face.

“Hey! You must be Ny’asia.” She pushed herself off the bed. “My bad, I didn’t mean to scare you.”

My brows bunched together. “Who are you, and why are you in my room?”

“Oh, duh.” She slapped her forehead and snickered. “I’m Iris, Kazier’s cousin.”

Iris looked around my age, with the same milky brown skin as her cousin. She was a few inches taller than me, around my size, though. Her hair was styled in a short pixie cut that complimented her round face well.

“Okay, but what are you doing in my room?” My eyes squinted.

I looked around and nothing seemed to be out of place. “Well, I thought since Kazier hasn’t taken the initiative to introduce you to anyone, I figured I would come and do it myself.”

Slowly, I nodded my head and tugged on my bottom lip. “Okay.” I was on guard since I didn’t know this woman from a can of paint. Kazier hadn’t attempted to tell me about

any of his family, but I assume the two had to be close if she was here.

“Let’s go shopping. We can get to know each other better, and you can get out of the house.”

Her idea did sound tempting. I hadn’t left the house since I moved in over the weekend. Not to mention with the deposit from Kazier, I could afford to splurge a little bit.

“Okay, let me get dressed.”

Her smile grew. “I’ll be downstairs,”

Iris turned and left out of my bedroom. I stood where I was for a moment, still thrown off about her just waiting for me like she was. She was completely different from her cousin. Thankfully, she didn’t seem like an asshole.

Walking over to my closet, I opened it and went to the duffle bags on the floor. I had yet to remove anything out of them besides my makeup bags. I sorted through the few clothes I brought, deciding on a white V-neck shirt and some jeans.

I was actually glad Iris suggested shopping, my breasts had already started to fill and my bras were getting snug.

It took me about twenty minutes to get ready. Today, my makeup was done in darker colors, making my eyes look a little bolder. My braids were pulled into a ponytail, and I made a mental note to take them down this week.

“What are you doing here?” I heard Kazier speak as I headed down the steps.

“Can’t your favorite cousin come and visit?”

“Hell nah, not yo nose ass.”

When I got to the bottom of the steps, I laid eyes on Iris and Kazier. He was in a black muscle tee and basketball shorts. Sweat dripped from his head and tatted toned arms. Since being here, I learned that he went jogging on a trail near the house three days out of the week.

“Whatever. I came to take your wife shopping with me.” I noticed Kazier’s jaw clench for a moment before turning and seeing me. His eyes roamed me over as if he were trying to photograph my appearance.

When his eyes found mine, the hairs on the nape of my neck rose. An unusual flutter formed in my chest.

“You ready, boo?” My attention stayed on Kazier for a second longer before breaking away and responding to his

cousin.

“Uh, yeah, I’m ready.” I repositioned my crossbody on my shoulder.

“Ooo, your makeup is cute. I like the dark and daring look.” The corners of my mouth rose.

“Thanks, girl.”

I headed towards her. “Where y’all going?” Kazier asked when I got closer. He looked at his cousin.

“To the mall and then lunch.” His eyes found mine again. I thought he was about to say something to me, but instead, he nodded.

“A’right.”

His eyes roamed me one last time before he walked around us and down the hall to his bedroom.

I turned and watched him. His back muscles flexed as he walked. From the way his shirt was cut, I could see the hint of tattoos covering his back.

“C’mon.”

Snatching my eyes away from Kazier, I turned to Iris. She was watching me with an amused expression on her face.

My stomach flipped. It annoyed me that I was attracted to her cousin. It seemed like assholes were my weakness. Even though he had barely spoken to me since I'd been here, I couldn't seem to break my magnetism towards him.

“So, Kazier's parents took you in when you were young?” I stood next to Iris as she flipped through dresses on a rack. I never heard of the store we were in, but it was full of high-end designer clothes. Some of these prices were more than my previous rent for a year.

“Yep! When I was ten, my parents were sent to jail for fraud, embezzlement, and armed robbery. Kazier's dad and my dad are brothers. He and my aunt took me in so I wouldn't get lost in the system.”

She grabbed a couple of dresses off the rack and placed them on her arm. “You don't see anything you want?”

I looked around the highly lit store. “Do you see some of these prices?” I grabbed one of the price tags and looked at it. “This dress is twenty-three hundred dollars.”

“It's cute too.” She grabbed it and looked it over.

It was an off-the-shoulder, long-sleeved, black and white striped minidress.

“You should get it. It’ll be cute on you.” She put it up to me.

“First off, did you not hear the price? Secondly, in a few months, I won’t even be able to fit this.”

“Oh yeah, I forgot auntie told me you were expecting.” Her eyes went to my stomach. “How is that?”

I shrugged. “If I didn’t wake up with my face in the toilet every morning, I would honestly forget,” I snickered.

“My aunt is excited even if she hasn’t met you yet. She loves babies. Anyways, your husband is rich, so why not spoil yourself a little bit?”

Iris pushed the dress towards me. “Right, *my husband* is rich. I’m not.”

“Girl.” She waved me off. “Please don’t give me that. Just get the dress.” I looked down at the dress and grabbed it from her. I could admit it was cute.

“What do you do, Iris?” I asked, turning the dress around to look at the back.

“I’m in law school.”

Lowering the dress, I looked at her in amazement.

“Really?”

“Yep, I want to be a family court lawyer.”

“Wow, that has to be challenging.”

“You have no idea, but I only have two years left and I’ll be done.”

I went to put the dress back, but Iris stopped me.

“Seriously, Ny’asia, get the dress. It’ll look cute on you.”

“Fine, okay.” I giggled, seeing she wasn’t going to let up. She was right; I could afford to spoil myself a little.

“Ooo, I love this!” She picked up a strapless minidress with bold floral print on it. It had a sweetheart neckline and an asymmetric draped front skirt at the bottom.

“That is super cute.”

She looked down at it then up at me. “Here.”

“Huh?”

“It’s the last small. Take it, and once you outgrow it, I’ll come snatch it from your closet.” I laughed at her words and accepted the dress.

“Let’s go look at the shoes.” She started across the floor.

I found myself having a good time with Iris. She was fun and energetic. I needed this kind of energy around me right now. Lately, I have been finding myself lost in my own thoughts. Since I left everyone in my past in the past, I didn’t have any friends to vent to about what was going on with me. With all the changes in my life, I felt trapped in my head about everything.

After spending a few hours in and out of clothing stores, we headed for the mall entrance. I never been to a mall like this before. Part of it was outside and part was inside.

My stomach growled, and since I didn’t eat breakfast this morning, I couldn’t wait to sit down and eat.

“Oh wait, can we go in there?” I stopped and pointed at *Sephora*.

“Sure.” Iris shrugged.

Excitement filled me the moment we stepped into the store. I’ve always loved makeup since I was young. I used to sneak into my mom’s room all the time and play in her makeup.

I went straight to the *Fenty* display when I laid eyes on it.

“This is the most excited I’ve seen you all day,” Iris commented.

I set the bags in my hands down and looked over my shoulder at her. “This is my happy place,” I joked.

I picked up several things, unscrewing the samples and rubbing them on my skin to test the colors.

“Well, since this seems to be your thing, you can help me out. I’m not a makeup person, but I would like to learn to do something simple.”

I cheesed at her and nodded. “Now you’re talking my language.”



By the time Iris and I got back to the house, I was exhausted. I had spent more than I had originally planned, but I felt good. I never was able to go out and spend money on myself like this. Even though I couldn’t completely go crazy like Iris did, I grabbed a few new things.

I walked back downstairs, where I could hear Iris talking on the phone from the back of the house. I had placed

everything I bought today in my room, deciding to put it away later.

She was sitting at the bar, eating a bag of chips with her phone pressed against her ear.

First, going to the fridge to grab a bottle of sweet tea, I walked over to the to-go bag I had brought home and took a seat. We ended up going to an Italian restaurant not too far from the mall.

“Okay, I’ll talk to you later, auntie. I’ll let her know.” Iris hung the phone up.

“Reporting your findings about me?” I looked over at her.

“Busted,” she laughed. “No, I just told her she would like you. She really wants to meet you, though.”

I tugged on my bottom lip. “Just waiting for her son to make it happen.”

“Yeah, that cousin of mine.” She shook her head and her smile dropped. “Kazier isn’t the easiest egg to crack.”

I took a sip of sweet tea. “Yeah, I’m learning that.” I stared forward into the kitchen.

“He’s been through this before, you know.”

“Marriage?”

“What? God, no!” Iris laughed. “A girl he was with when he first got signed popped up pregnant. Kazier was excited. He really loved her. My aunt wasn’t too fond of her, but K didn’t care. Anyways, when the baby was born, auntie demanded a paternity test. My cousin was coming into fame and money, and she didn’t trust the girl he was with. Long story short, the baby wasn’t his. It crushed Kazier, and he started this wild boy lifestyle from that moment. A couple of other girls tried to throw the pregnancy card around, but my cousin never fell for it. They turned out to be liars anyways.”

I didn’t respond right away.

Now it made sense why Kazier was so reluctant about this pregnancy. After being lied to so many times, I would be on guard too.

“Yeah, considering how we met, I’m not shocked. We met, got drunk, had sex, got married, and created a baby all in one night. That’s gonna be a wild ass story to tell our child.” I snorted, just thinking over what led me to this point.

“What about before you met my cousin? What were you doing?”

A pregnant pause passed.

I wasn't sure how much of my past I wanted to reveal.

“Nothing. I was actually trying to get my life back on track. When I was younger, I got caught up with the wrong crowd. It took me a while, but I finally broke away and tried to go straight.”

Iris's head slowly moved up and down. “Hey, no judgment. We all have a past. I told you how fucked up parents were.”

“Yeah, the crazy thing is, my parents weren't fucked up. I just was young, dumb, and in love. Too blind to see that the guy I gave my heart to wasn't good for me.”

My mind traveled to a place I fought hard to escape for a moment.

I cleared my throat after a few seconds. “Anyways, now I'm trying to figure out what to do now.”

“Well, I'm sure you'll figure it out. I wouldn't worry too much.”

Iris stayed for a little longer until she had to leave to get ready for an evening class. We exchanged numbers and

agreed to get together again soon. I promised her I would teach her how to apply the makeup she brought today.

Once I was alone, I headed to my room to put my things away. Now it was time to wallow in my loneliness again.



“Now that we’ve talked about the music, which by the way, we’re all excited for the upcoming album. Let’s get to the juicy stuff.”

I sat forward in my chair and ran my hand down my chin, pulling on the hair attached to it. I already knew where this was going.

“And what’s that?” I licked my lips.

“This mystery wife that’s suddenly appeared out of nowhere.” I chuckled at her words.

I was currently doing an interview at *Be Bold* network. Today was the day I was originally supposed to announce my marriage before nosey ass fans ruined it.

My eyes drifted off to the side where Jonay was. She waved her hand telling me to continue.

I looked back at Natalie and sat back. “What about her?”

“Well, first pictures appear of you two at a chapel, then more pictures come out a month later. Fans would like to know what’s the scoop with you two.” I looked behind Natalie and pictures of me and Ny’asia that were floating around the internet appeared on the screen. “Neither of you has spoken on your relationship, and there’s a lot of speculation that your marriage is fake and for show.”

My eyes narrowed at her choice of words.

Folding my hands in my lap, I smirked at Natalie. “Yeah, I’ve been seeing a lot of that bullshit too. So, I guess it’s time to clear it up, huh?” I chortled. “Ny’asia and I have been seeing each other for about a year now. She’s not one to want to be in the spotlight, so we kept our shit lowkey. While we were in Vegas, we decided to make it official between us. Simple.” I shrugged.

Natalie didn’t look convinced by my statement. “So, you’re telling me you had a girlfriend for the past year with all the scandals that have surrounded you, and she was just sitting in the background, not saying a word.”

“My wife understands the kind of man I am. She knows how I feel about her and knows what’s up. All them hoes, can I say hoes? Anyways, all them hoes that called

themselves exposing me were just mad because I didn't want their asses. Me and my wife moved past all that."

Again, Natalie looked unconvinced. From what I knew about her, she was messy and loved to twist stories. Many celebrities didn't care for her or her tactics. She was one of the biggest celebrity gossips in the industry. The only good thing is she had a huge following and people loved her show.

"I noticed wifey isn't here today with you. Is there a reason why?"

"I told you she doesn't like the spotlight."

Natalie tapped her note cards on her chair.

"Right, right. Well, I could be wrong so correct me if I am, but I heard that you and your wife were strangers and only got married because you were drunk."

I bit back on my back teeth.

Natalie smiled like she had just hit the jackpot. I glanced over at Jonay and she shook her head. She knew I wanted to tell this nosey bitch off.

Running my tongue along my top teeth, I released a heavy breath. "Your sources are wrong. I don't know what to tell you." I shrugged, keeping it simple.

Natalie didn't say anything right away. She bobbed her head and looked at the camera.

“Well, folks, there you have it. The playboy K-Don himself has officially announced he's off the market and a married man.”

She looked back at me. “Any last words for your fans?”

I looked at the camera and flashed my grill. “Yeah, make sure y'all be on the lookout for the *Loyalty* remix featuring Janae. It'll be available this Friday on all streaming sites.”

Natalie said a couple more words before the director yelled cut.

I snatched the mic off me and hopped up. “What the fuck was that?” I snapped at her.

Natalie was unbothered by my outburst. “What? I asked what I was told.”

“That shit wasn't a part of the deal. I told you what was up and about my marriage, and that's where it was supposed to end.”

“Yeah, well, I call bull.” She shrugged.

“Bit-” My nose flared and my blood ran warm.

“Kazier!” Jonay stalked over to me, grabbing my arm.

“Let’s go.”

She tried to pull me away.

My eyes cut to Natalie, and I wanted to knock the smug grin off her face, but I knew that wasn’t a good look.

“Yeah, let’s bounce.” I mugged Natalie before turning and following behind Jonay.

“Don’t let her get to you. That’s her job. To be messy and press buttons. You handled it well.”

I shook my head. “That’s why I hate dealing with these fucking people. They always be on some bullshit.” We walked to my dressing room. I wanted to grab my shit and go.

Neither of us spoke while I gathered my stuff. I was annoyed by the direction the interview almost went, and Jonay was on her phone checking social media’s reaction to the interview.

“You need to be seen out with Ny’asia in public more frequently,” Jonay told me once we were in the truck.

I frowned at her. “What?”

“Natalie might be a messy bitch, but she’s not lying. A lot of people aren’t buying this marriage. You two need to make it look real. The only time y’all have been seen together is the day she moved into your house. Take her out, act like a real couple.”

“But we’re not a real couple.”

“That’s why I said act, Kazier. I’m trying to help your career, okay. I don’t need you fighting every damn move I tell you in order to do that.”

I clenched my jaw. I knew Jonay was right. She was good at her job, and normally what she suggested worked in my favor. “A’right, I hear you.” I turned to look out the window as we drove.

“Thank you. Hanna’s back from vacation, right?” She asked, referring to my assistant.

“Yeah, she came back this morning.”

“Good, Ima have her call and schedule you guys’ dinner. She’ll text you where and when.”

“I’m busy tonight.”

Her eyes cut to me. “A’right damn.”

Rolling her eyes, she pulled out her Apple Pencil and went to work on her tablet.

All this shit was starting to turn into one big ass headache.

I stepped into my foyer dressed down in a cobalt blue, *Burberry* wool-blend sweater and black pants. Around my neck were my three chains and on my wrist was my gold diamond *Rolex*.

Ny'asia was sitting on the steps and stood up when she noticed me.

My top teeth sunk into my bottom lip as I took her in. She had on a white sheer strapped dress with gold sequence overlaying it. On her feet were gold heels showing off her white toenails.

“Now I feel overdressed,” she commented, looking me over.

I noticed her makeup brought out the gold in her dress. She had studs in her front lobe and medium-size hoops behind them. My attention went to the piercings in her nose. I always felt like it gave her more of a bolder look.

I also took in the fact that she had taken her braids out and was wearing her hair in a tight fro. It looked good on her and made her look younger.

“Nah, you look good.” My tongue ran over my lips. My eyes wandered down to her long legs.

A bashful grin appeared on her face. “Thanks.” She grabbed a jacket off the railing. “I’m ready if you are.”

Ny’asia bent down and picked up a white clutch from where she was sitting.

I nodded. “Let’s go.”

Hanna had texted both of us that she had made us reservations at *Hale’s Steakhouse*, a high-end restaurant near downtown New Haven.

She walked in front of me towards the door. I made sure to set the alarm and turn the lights off behind us.

“Where’s the truck?” She asked, looking around.

“I’m driving tonight,” I let her know, walking to my Blu Nobile *Maserati*. I promised Jonay I would be on my best behavior tonight.

“Oh, okay.”

We climbed into my car, and I pushed the button to start it. “Damn, this is nice.” Her eyes lit up the moment my car turned on.

“Yeah, it is.” It had an all-black custom interior.

I tapped the screen a couple of times and *Lil Baby* started blaring through the car. I drove around the driveway and waited for the gate to open.

Her eyes bucked when I pulled away from the house.

“Hold on,” I smirked at her with one hand on the wheel and the other in my lap.

“I am never getting in the car with you again,” Ny’asia jumped out of my car, causing me to laugh.

“Yo ass is being dramatic. Chill.”

“No, you were driving like a crazy person,” she whipped around and glared at me.

I laughed harder. “We got here, didn’t we?” Ny’asia rolled her eyes.

She turned and stormed towards the door. I handed the Valet my keys. “Don’t scratch my shit.” I grabbed the ticket

from him and followed behind Ny'asia.

We walked to the hostess stand, and as soon as her eyes landed on me, her eyes lit up. "You're K-Don!"

I chuckled and licked my lips. "Wassup. Reservation under Waters."

Stars were dancing all in her eyes. "Ri-right," she stuttered, looking down at the screen in front of her.

Ny'asia snickered on the side of me. I glanced over at her, and she didn't look annoyed, more so amused by the girl's actions.

"Follow me." She grinned at me.

I allowed Ny'asia to walk first and my hand went to the small of her back. She looked back at me as if my actions surprised her.

"Uh, I don't mean to be rude, but can I have a picture with you? I'm one of your biggest fans and my girlfriends are gonna be so jealous," she gushed.

The girl couldn't be more than 18 or 19. I was used to things like this.

"Sure, I can never tell a fan no." The smile on her face grew larger.

“Do you mind?” She went into her pocket and grabbed her phone, handing it to Ny’asia.

“Uh, sure.” She took the phone.

I wrapped an arm around the hostess and pulled her into me. Her body was shaking as she grinned next to me.

“Here you go.” Ny’asia gave her a toothless grin, handing the phone back.

“Ah, thank you,” she gave me a quick hug before rushing off.

“You made her day,” Ny’asia commented.

I took a seat and picked the menu up. “Yeah, I’m sure she’s gonna have that posted before we get our drinks.”

“No, Bruno tonight either?”

“Nah, I don’t always have my team with me. Brings too much attention. Since we’re having a date night, I figured it would be best.” My eyes scanned down the menu.

“I was surprised to get a text from Hanna. I think her name was.”

“Yeah, my assistant. Jonay said we need to be seen out more to make things look real, so here we are.”

Things grew quiet between us.

Our waiter came over and took our drink order. I ordered a double shot of Henny from the bar and a water while Ny'asia got sweet tea.

“Everything sounds good right now. I can tell this baby is going to have me big as a house.” Ny'asia's comment caused me to look up at her.

“Things going good with that?”

“With that?” Her eyebrow rose. “You mean my pregnancy?” Chuckling, she shook her head. “Things are fine for the most part.”

“Meaning?”

Her shoulders lifted. “Morning sickness is kicking my ass, but that's normal, I guess.” Her eyes dropped down to the menu again.

“I don't know if I want the New York Strip or the roasted chicken. Both sound super good.”

“Get both.”

“Yeah, you really want me to blow up.”

I glanced up at her. From what I could tell, there were no visible signs that she was pregnant, but I hadn't been around her to really see.

“Your hair looks good like that. I like the natural look on you.”

Ny'asia looked at me and raked her hand through her tresses. “I hate maintaining my hair, but it needed to breathe from the braids, so thanks.” A small smile formed on her face.

Our waiter came back with our drink. Ny'asia ordered fried pickles for an appetizer.

“I enjoyed my time with your cousin yesterday.”

I picked my glass up and chuckled. “Yeah, Iris is one for the books.”

“She's fun. I didn't realize how much I needed interaction with another person until I spoke to her.”

My face balled up. “What's that supposed to mean?”

“Outside of social media, I don't have anyone to talk to. Jonay texts me to see how I'm doing, but that's it. It was just nice to have someone physically there.”

I stayed quiet.

Pulling my phone out, I scrolled through my notifications.

“I saw your interview this morning.”

“Oh yeah?” My eyes stayed on my phone.

“Yeah, Natalie is a character for sure.”

“She’s messy as fuck is what she is. I didn’t even want to go on her damn show.”

“You handled it well though, even when she tried to derail your responses. My Twitter and InstaFlik notifications have been blowing up since then. I have never been this popular in my life.”

“You’ll get used to it.” A smirk formed on my face seeing messages from previous women I dealt with.

Going back into my pocket, I pulled out my second phone and went to a certain name that appeared in my DMs. She was a chick I chilled with from time to time. She had already signed an NDA, so I didn’t have to worry about her running her mouth about us interacting.

“So, you’re Kevin Gates now?”

“What?”

“Two phones.” Ny’asia’s eyes were locked on the second phone I pulled out.

“Oh yeah, one for business, one for pleasure.” My eyes dropped.

Kiaa had sent me a picture of her naked, squishing her breast together. She was begging me to see her.

Shifting in my seat, I let her know I was busy but would slide by later.

Locking my second phone, I stuck it back in my pocket.

The fried pickles had come out, and we gave our main dish orders. Ny’asia decided on the New York strip, garlic mash potatoes, and green beans. I decided on the T-Bone steak, a side of shrimp, garlic mash potatoes, and corn.

“Does it worry you that she questioned the marriage being fake?” I finished my liquor.

“I don’t give a fuck to be honest. We are married. The behind-the-scenes shit isn’t their business. As long as it looks real on the outside, we’re good.”

“Right, that’s all that matters.” She tossed a pickle in her mouth.

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Nothing, Kazier.” She pulled her phone out and got lost in it.

Our food eventually came. I wasn’t sure why, but Ny’asia’s attitude had shifted. She was quiet for the remainder of the dinner.

My phone vibrated and it was a notification from InstaFlik. When I looked at it, I saw the hostess had posted our picture. Double tapping the picture, I even took it a step forward and shared it on my story.

“What do your parents say about you being married and pregnant?” I asked suddenly.

“I don’t know. I haven’t spoken to them since they kicked me out of the house at 18.”

Her answer caught me off guard. She didn’t engage further in the conversation, but I wasn’t satisfied.

“Why?”

“I really don’t want to talk about it. We disagreed on a lot, and they gave me an ultimatum.”

She stuck a piece of steak into her mouth. A soft moan escaped from her mouth. “This is the best steak I’ve ever

tasted.”

Snickering, I finished off the second glass of Henny I had brought out halfway through the meal.

“Can I have the strawberry cheesecake to go, please?” Ny’asia asked the waiter when he came to check on us.

“Anything else?” He looked between us.

I shook my head. “Nah, that’s it. The check too when you bring that.”

He nodded at us and walked off.

I pulled my second phone out, letting Kiaa know I’d be by in about an hour and to be ready. My plan was to get in and out. I hadn’t slid in anything since Bambi last week.

“Shit,” Ny’asia groaned, causing me to look up at her. Her hand was balled up to her mouth.

“Yo, you good?”

She lifted her other hand and nodded before jumping up and rushing off. She grabbed a random server saying something to them. She pointed to the back, and Ny’asia took off in that direction.

“Is everything okay, sir?” Our server walked over with a black book, questioning.

I looked in the direction my wife had just gone. “Uh yeah.” I went into my pocket and grabbed my wallet. I pulled my black card out and slid it into the book without looking and stood up.

Following in the direction Ny’asia had just gone, I came upon the restrooms. I leaned against the wall, waiting for her to come out.

“What happened?” I asked the moment she walked out.

She jumped and her hand went to her chest. “You scared me.” She shook her head. I noticed some of the color had drained from her face and the once bronze lipstick on her lips was now gone.

“This baby didn’t like something I ate.” She headed back for the main floor.

I followed behind her, not sure exactly what to say. When we sat back down, there was a brown paper bag with the company’s logo on it, and the checkbook sat near it.

Grabbing the book, I signed the receipt inside, leaving a nice tip.

“You ready?” I asked, standing up.

She had put her jacket back on and was now standing with her clutch in one hand and to-go bag in the other.

“Yeah.”

Eyes were on us as we walked through the restaurant. A few people were whispering as we walked through.

When we got outside, I handed the valet my ticket for my car, and we stood near his stand silently.

“You need anything before I dip out?” I wasn’t completely heartless. Since Ny’asia had thrown up at the restaurant, I wanted to make sure she was good before I dipped out.

“No, I’m fine.” She climbed out of the car.

I watched as she made her way to the door. Once she unlocked the door, I let Kiaa know I was on my way.

As soon as Ny’asia was inside and the door was closed, I pulled off.

NY ASIA

Currently, I was sitting at the breakfast nook, enjoying the breakfast I whipped up this morning. I woke up craving breakfast food. Normally, I skipped out on eating first thing in the morning because I always felt sick, but today I pushed that to that side and cooked.

My phone was in one hand and French toast in the other.

I was reading my comments on the picture I posted last night. Since being married to K-Don, I have received more likes and comments than normal. Most of them were complimenting me, but of course, there were those few haters who proclaimed they couldn't see what K-Don saw in me.

*@Nybabyxo to @Littlebaddie: Girl, you're weird asf wondering what's going on with my pussy. Just because yours isn't good enough to bag a baller, don't be bad at me *wink emoji**

I let a lot of the negative comments go, but this little baddie bitch commenting about me and my pussy annoyed me.

I never understood women who worried about what was going on between another woman's legs.

My comment instantly shot up with likes. I chuckled as people started commenting for me. Clicking on my TL, I went to the blogs. I had always kept up with them, but now I made sure to even more since I was a part of this life.

Just like I thought, pictures of Kazier and me last night were posted. I scrolled through the pictures on *All Shade*, stopping at the one of Kazier's hand on the small of my back. I was looking back at him, and he had a crooked grin on his face. We actually looked like an actual couple.

My eyes went to their caption.

***Looks like the newlyweds had date night tonight.
Y'all can't deny they look good together.***

I clicked on the comments and saw a bunch of heart eyes. A lot of people were commenting on us. Some were saying he could do better. Others were saying how good we looked together. There were a few even calling me a gold digger.

Rolling my eyes, I closed out the app and went to my Twitter.

Tweeted by @Nybabyxo: Never understood how people have so much to say about someone they NEVER met!

Locking my phone, I tossed it on the table, watching it light up with notifications.

“Damn, Ben got it smelling good as fuck in here,” Kazier complimented, walking into the kitchen.

I inhaled a sharp breath seeing him in nothing but his boxers. His dick couldn’t be hidden if he tried. My eyes locked on the bulge as a familiar throbbing formed between my legs. It had been two months since I had some dick, and I was in dire need of some.

Last night I was pretty sure Kazier went to be with a female after dropping me off. I knew this thing with us wasn’t real, but it bothered me that he couldn’t even make sure I was good after getting sick. As horny as I was, I couldn’t bring myself to sleep with him again.

“Ben didn’t cook this. I did, actually.” Kazier’s head whipped in my direction.

“You did?” His face balled up.

I scooped up my eggs, stuck the fork in my mouth, and nodded.

“You know I pay that nigga to cook, right?”

“Yeah, but I wanted to cook this morning.” I grabbed my sweet tea and took a drink.

Kazier turned and went to where the food was and started to make himself a plate.

“I hope yo ass can cook.” He sat on the other side of the table and bowed his head.

“No one told you to get a plate if you were worried.” He squinted his eyes and snatched the syrup over to his side of the table.

“This my shit. Ima eat whatever I want in here.”

Rolling my eyes, I picked my phone up and saw that *All Shade* had tagged me in a post. I laughed, seeing they posted my clap back to the girl under my picture.

“What’s funny?”

“Your groupies on the internet.” I locked my phone back. “Some girl was talking about I looked like a cheap whore and suggested you needed to get checked.”

“Yo!” Kazier spit out some food as he laughed.

My frown deepened. “It wasn’t that funny,” I told him with a blank face.

He hit his chest a couple of times. “Nah, that’s fucked up. Damn.” He chuckled some more.

Rolling my eyes, I took another bite of my French toast. “Glad you find me being disrespected funny. Great husband moment.” I finished up my sweet tea and stood up.

“Man, who gives a fuck about them bitches on the internet? You know how much shit they talk about me, and I could care less.”

“Well, excuse me if I don’t take people talking shit about me lightly.”

I went to the garbage, emptied the rest of my plate, and put it in the sink. I knew the cleaning crew would be here soon. I grabbed my phone off the nook and walked out of the kitchen.

After leaving the kitchen, I went to my bedroom to get dressed for the day. I didn’t want to be cooped up in the house.

Since I didn’t want my hair in my face, I was rocking a puffy bun today. After finishing my makeup and making sure

my baby hairs were done, I headed out of the room.

Iris had sent me her address, so I was heading over to her house.

I grabbed my North Face in case it was breezy.

“Hey, Ny’asia.” Jonay smiled at me.

She and Kazier were in the front living room talking. She had her iPad out and looked to be in business mode.

“Hey.” I grabbed my keys off the rack near the door.

“You heading out?”

My eyes shifted to Kazier, whose eyes were locked on me. “Yeah.”

“Well, I’m glad I caught you before you left. Kazier has a performance this weekend and a club appearance right after. I want you to attend both.”

Again, my eyes went to Kazier. “Okay.” I nodded.

“Great, Hanna will have some pieces for you to select something to wear. They’ll be here Friday morning for you to look through.”

“Sounds good.”

I went to leave. “Where you going?” Kazier’s deep baritone rung out when I unlocked the door.

“Does it matter?” I was still annoyed about him laughing earlier. Maybe it was the baby making me a little more sensitive, but I don’t care.

I walked out of the house and to my blue Corolla. I hadn’t driven it since I’d been here and hoped it started.

Crossing my fingers, I stuck my key in the ignition and sighed in relief when the engine turned over.

Pulling my phone out of my jacket pocket, I put Iris’s address in my maps app and pulled down the driveway.

“Hey boo,” Iris opened her door, allowing me in.

“Hey, Thanks for inviting me over.” I walked inside and kicked off my Nike slides.

“Girl, no problem. I told you to let me know whenever you want to get out of the house. As long as I’m not in class or doing schoolwork, I’m down.”

I nodded and looked around her house.

“Girl, your house is cute.”

“Thanks. Kazier bought it for me for my birthday a couple years ago.” She smiled widely.

I looked around her condo. “Wow, that was generous of him.”

“That’s my cousin for you. He always looks out for those close to him. Come on, I have everything set up in my dining room.

I was helping her with her makeup today.

“Cool.” I followed behind her, taking in her house. It was done in different shades of pink, gold, and white, giving a feminine chic vibe.

“Okay, this is everything I purchased that day.” I sat down at the table and looked everything over. I stared at Iris, mentally putting a look together for her in my head.

“I think I got it.” I grinned. “Grab that brush right there.” I pointed.

“Girl, you would not think this was my first time doing this shit. I love it!” I laughed. Iris couldn’t stop looking at herself in the mirror. “I look good as hell.”

“I didn’t do anything big.”

“You have a real knack for this thing, huh? How long have you been doing makeup?”

I shrugged. “Since I was like five, I think. My mom was always yelling at me for sneaking in hers when I was young.”

“You’re really talented. I can’t do makeup to save my life, but you guided me well.”

I stared at Iris with a small grin on my face. I was envious of her upbeat personality.

Iris looked up at me and her smile dwindled. Her brows bunched together and she pressed her lips together.

“What’s wrong?”

“Huh?”

“You look like something is bothering you.”

My right hand covered my left, and I twisted my ring around. I hated that this was starting to feel like a weight on my hand instead of a ring.

“I’m just glad you popped up at the house when you did. I spend most of my day alone in that house, not talking to anyone. Jonay texts me here and there to check on me, but it’s

just me outside of that. It's just nice to have someone outside those walls to talk to."

Iris gave me a sympathetic smile. "Have you spoken to my cousin about how you feel?"

I snickered. "He doesn't give a damn. I'm a big girl though, so it's fine." I lifted my shoulders.

"You don't have any friends from back home?"

I shook my head. "Hell no. I left all of them in the past. They were no good for me."

Iris bobbed her head, and her smile grew. "Well, you have a friend in me. We're family now, so let me know whenever you need to get out of the house."

I grinned. "Thanks, girl. I 'preciate it."

My stomach rumbled, causing both of us to look down. "I guess my little cousin is hungry." I snickered.

"It's always hungry."

Iris picked her phone up and tapped it a few times. "I have a place we can go." Her phone dinged.

I didn't ask any questions. As long as I was about to eat, I didn't care where she took me.

“Whose house is this?” I asked when Iris opened the door.

“My aunt Maggie.”

I stopped. “Your aunt Maggie, as in?”

“Your mother-in-law, you got it.” A woman appeared in front of us.

The middle-aged woman caught me off guard. Her auburn hair was parted down the middle and stopped just above her breasts. She was a medium-sized woman, around the same height as Iris.

I cleared my throat and cut my eyes to Iris, who was innocently grinning at me.

“Nice to meet you. I’m Ny’asia.” I stuck my hand out with a smile on my face.

She looked down at it, then up at me. “So, you’re the one who married my baby and got knocked up, huh?” My smile quickly vanished.

“Auntie, c’mon, you said you’d be nice.”

Again, I glared at Iris just as my stomach growled.

“Uh-huh, let’s go feed you before your stomach wakes up the neighborhood.” She turned and headed towards the back of the house.

“Seriously?” I whispered harshly to Iris.

“She wanted to meet you. Trust me, you’ll love my Aunt Maggie. She just has to get to know you.” Iris grabbed my arm and pulled me forward.

I was tempted to call a Lyft and leave. I wasn’t feeling Maggie’s attitude, and now I understood where Kazier got it from. The only thing that stopped me was the good smell coming from the direction we were headed.

We stopped in the dining room, where Maggie already had plates made. My stomach growled again seeing the fried chicken, mac n cheese, cabbage, and dinner rolls.

We took a seat. “I hope you eat everything I cooked.”

I nodded. “It all looks good.”

“What do you want to drink?”

I looked up from the food. “Sweet tea, please.”

She narrowed her eyes. “I’ll get you water.” I pressed my lips together.

Iris gave me a sympathetic look.

A few seconds later, Maggie reappeared with three water bottles and a cup. “I got you the tea, but you need to drink water too.”

“Thank you.”

“Ny’asia, bless the food, please.” I stared at her for a moment before bobbing my head.

“Uh, okay.”

The three of us bowed our heads and I said a quick prayer.

The second I was finished, I practically inhaled the food.

“Girl, you gotta start eating in the morning,” Iris told me, laughing.

I grabbed one of the napkins on the table. “Surprisingly, I did eat this morning. This baby is just greedy.” I snickered and grabbed the tea.

“You have problems eating in the morning?” Maggie questioned.

“My morning sickness has been horrible, so I often skip breakfast. Today, however, peanut allowed me to eat.” My hand went to my stomach.

For the first time since we arrived, Maggie grinned. “That’s how my pregnancy with Kazier was. His father used to hold my hair every morning while I emptied my stomach,” she giggled.

“How far along are you?”

“Ten weeks.”

“Are you experiencing anything else besides morning sickness?”

“Just the increase in appetite and increase in breast size.”

Maggie snickered. “Boy, that takes me back.”

I was starting to relax a little more, that was until Maggie’s face fell.

“What are your intentions with my son? Do you see him and you having this baby as a come-up?”

“Auntie!” She put her hands up to stop Iris from speaking.

“According to my son, he doesn’t one hundred percent believe that’s his baby. I want to know if your angle is money or what.”

I placed my fork down and didn’t respond right away. My eyes stayed locked on Maggie as my pulse sped up.

“Well, Maggie, as I previously told your son, I didn’t force him to marry me or knock me up. My intentions when I saw him were not to trap him or anything else he might have told you. In fact, your son came on to me that night!” I stood up.

“Ny’asia,” Iris called out, but I ignored her.

“I get that Kazier is famous, and there are a lot of women out there looking for a come-up off him, but that’s not me. It was *his team* that suggested we stay married, not me! This baby in my stomach *is* your son’s, regardless of if you and him believe otherwise. Y’all don’t know me, but I don’t have shit to lie about. I don’t care about your son being famous because, FYI, from what I’ve seen, he’s not that great of a catch!”

I turned and stormed out of the dining room and headed for the front of the house.

I was ready to go.

I wasn't going to take any shit from Maggie just like I wasn't taking it from her son.

"Ny'asia, hold on!" Iris called out to me when I was outside.

"Unless you're about to take me back to your house to get my car, I don't want to hear it."

"I'm sorry for my aunt. She's just protective, that's all."

"And I get that! But for her to judge me before even trying to get to know me won't fly with me. Now, are you taking me to my car, or do I need to call a Lyft?"

She looked back at the house before sighing.

"No, I'll take you."

"Thank you." I stalked over to her car.

One thing I wasn't in the business of was kissing ass. If Maggie wanted to think the worst of me off rip, then that's on her.



I was currently in the studio working on the last two songs for my album. After these two were finished, I would be submitting the tracklist to my label. I was excited about my second album. My first one did good, and the EPs in between even better. I knew this album was gonna take off. I hadn't come up with a name for it yet, but that normally was the last thing I did anyways.

I was sitting on the couch bobbing my head to the beat the producer had sent me with a blunt in my mouth when my phone started vibrating.

Annoyance instantly hit me. I hated to be interrupted when I was flowing.

I looked at the screen and it was my mom calling.

Setting my blunt in the ashtray in front of me, I put my notebook to the side and grabbed the phone.

“Wassup, mama?” I answered.

“I met your wife.” Instantly my eyebrows furrowed together.

As far as I knew, my wife didn't even know who the hell my mom was, so how...

Iris.

My jaw clenched.

“Oh yeah, how did that go?”

My mom let out a soft chuckle. “You have your hands full with that one, K. She called herself ripping into me.” I sat up straight and my jaw clenched tighter.

“What you just say?”

“She got offended by some of the questions I asked her, which I don't blame her for. I would have done the same thing.” My mom laughed again. “I can tell she doesn't take anyone's shit.”

My tongue ran over my top teeth. “Nah, she doesn't.” I ran my hand over my braids. I had a meeting with my barber tomorrow so that my cut would be fresh for the weekend. I knew I looked rough right now, however.

I stared straight ahead, looking at the soundboard and booth. “So, what do you think of her?”

A pregnant pause passed before my mom spoke again.

“I can tell she’s rough around the edges, but she didn’t seem like she was holding back. She wasn’t at the house long enough for me to get a full read on her, but from what I can tell, she’s good at showing what she wants to be seen.”

My eyes tightened. “Meaning?”

“Meaning that she was reserved and didn’t say too much. I got a little out of her about her pregnancy, but that was it.”

I nodded. “You think the baby’s mine?”

“I don’t know, baby. The way she snapped on me, I *can* say it’s a strong chance. She didn’t seem like she was lying. Look, Kazier, I know the situation with Naomi messed you up, but you can’t look at every situation like that. That girl told me she’s been sick a lot. Have you been keeping an eye on her?”

I kept quiet.

Outside of the day at the restaurant, I didn’t know Ny’asia had been sick. I didn’t really ask anything about her pregnancy, and she didn’t offer any information either.

“From your silence, I can tell that is a no. Talk to the girl. You have her living in your house, and she’s married to

you. You have to come to some common ground with her.”

I mulled over my mom’s words. Ny’asia’s face the day we went out to eat played over in my head. I could tell she wanted to ask me to stay the night I dropped her off at the house, but she held back.

“I hear you, mama. How you doing today?”

“I’m fine, son, just taking it one day at a time.”

“I’ll be over to see you soon. I’ve been trying to finish up this album.”

“You don’t need to explain. I know you’re busy, boy,” she responded. “Don’t worry about me.”

“If I don’t, who will?”

“Here I thought I was the parent.”

I smiled. “Yeah, well, I’m the man.”

“Yeah, okay, *man*. Since you’re a man, handle your business with your wife like your father and I raised you to do. I love you.”

“I love you too.”

My mom and I hung up.

I placed my elbows on my knees and thought about what my mom had just said.

Going to my contacts, I went to my cousin's name and hit the call button.

"Hey, cousin." She answered in her normal cheerful voice.

Even though my aunt and uncle were sent to prison when Iris was young, it never turned her cold-hearted. She was always happy and cheerful. She kept in contact with her parents and put money on their books.

"Why did you take Ny'asia to meet my mom?"

"Because auntie wanted to meet her."

"That wasn't your call to make, Iris. When I was ready for my mom and my wife to meet, I would have made it happen."

"And when was that going to be, Kazier? When she delivered the baby?"

"If that's when I chose, then yeah. You need to learn to mind your damn business. I tell you this all this time."

"And you need to stop being such an asshole to that girl. She uprooted her whole life to come here and stay

married to you, and yet you leave her in the house all day, barely speaking to her.”

“I saved her ass. She didn’t have shit before this. The place she was staying in was the size of my closet. She gets paid every month for being married to me, and I don’t force her ass to stay in the house.

“Okay, and that’s all good, but you’re not there for her. She’s lonely, K. I don’t know if you’ve noticed, but Ny’asia doesn’t have any friends. She doesn’t seem to have any family either. All she does is sit in the house all day and scroll on social media. You could take the initiative to try and make her feel more at home.”

My forehead creased. “How you know she’s lonely, Iris? She got you, right?”

Iris smacked her lips. “You’re missing the point. She wanted to get out of the house, and while she was at my house, auntie said to bring her over, so I did. She’s doing you a favor. The least you can do is act like you give a damn about her.”

I heard two beeps, and when I looked at my phone, it was on my lock screen.

I blew a heavy breath out.

It seemed like everyone had some shit to say about this situation. I didn't hear Ny'asia complaining, so why was everyone on my case?

I grabbed my blunt back out of the ashtray and my lighter. Placing it to my lips, I relit it.

I inhaled the smoke and closed my eyes.

All I wanted to do was rap and make money. This extra shit wasn't what I was looking for.

Stalking up the steps, I walked over to the room Ny'asia was staying in and pushed the door open.

“Aye.”

“What the hell!” She snapped, dropping the towel that was in her hand.

For a moment, I got lost staring at her body. Her blemish-free skin was glowing. My eyes raked down her body, taking in the bloating in her mid-section that wasn't there when I first met her. My eyes stayed locked on it for a minute longer.

It was proof that a baby was growing in there.

“You don’t know how to knock?” She reached down and snatched her towel up, wrapping it around her.

“I don’t have to knock on any door in the house I pay the bills in. You act like I haven’t seen titties and ass before. Especially yours, ain’t no reason trip.”

Her scowl deepened. “As long as I’m occupying this room, you need to knock! I don’t just barge into your damn room, so give me the same respect!”

I bit back my response and nodded. She was right. “A’right, my bad.” I tossed my hands up.

She rolled her eyes and tightened the towel around her. “What do you want, Kazier?”

I ran my tongue over my lips. “Get dressed and meet me downstairs.”

“What, why?”

“You’re lonely and tired of being in the house, right? So, get dressed and meet me downstairs.”

I turned around, not giving her any room to respond.

Heading downstairs, I pulled my phone out and saw Hanna had texted me about my schedule this weekend. I

replied to her and saw that YJ and Bishop had texted me in the group chat. They wanted to meet at Pleasures tonight.

Just as I was about to reply to them, I heard feet on the steps.

Ny'asia walked down in a colorful sundress that hung off her shoulders, showing off her half sleeve. From what I could tell she wasn't wearing any makeup. This was the first time I'd seen her leave the house bare-faced.

"Ready?" I asked, sliding my phone into my front pocket.

She nodded with a hesitant look on her face. "You don't have to look so uptight. Chill." I chuckled.

"I'm not sure what to expect from you right now. You randomly tell me to get dressed, and I don't even know why."

I smirked. "I have some things to handle and figured you could roll with me. That's what married people do, right?"

She looked down for a minute then her eyes found mine again. "Yeah, I guess."

"Then let's go."

We left out the house and I had my black-on-black G Wagon waiting out front for us.

“How many damn cars do you have?”

“Four.”

Chuckling at her face, I opened her door and held my hand out to help her inside. “Oh, you showing out today, huh?” She grabbed my hand, allowing me to help her.

“Believe it or not, I was shown how to treat a woman, love.” I closed the door behind her and rounded the car to my side.

After turning the car on and putting my seat belt on, I headed down the driveway. Behind us was Bruno and his team in the black truck.

“So, my mama called me and told me you gave her an earful,” I spoke once we were on the road.

Ny’asia turned to look at me with a blank face. “Your mom was rude as hell to me, so I dished it right back. I’m not sorry about it either.”

Her words caused me to chuckle and shake my head. “I didn’t expect you to be. I’ve learned you’re an ‘I said what I said’ kind of girl.”

A coy grin appeared on her face. “Well.” She shrugged her shoulders. “I didn’t even know that’s where Iris was taking

me until we got there. I tried to play nice, but I'm not for anyone disrespecting me."

Looking forward, I stopped at the light in front of us. "Yeah, Iris has a habit of sticking her nose in places it doesn't belong, but I can't be mad at her for that. My mom's been pressing me about meeting you, and I kept putting it off."

"Yeah, she let me know that you had a few choice words about me and peanut."

"Peanut?" I looked at her confused before pulling off when the light changed.

"Yeah, I didn't want to keep referring to the baby as 'it,' so I call him or her peanut." Quickly I glanced down at her stomach. The dress hid the small pudge I noticed earlier.

"My mom might come off as rude, but she means well. That woman raised both Iris and me alone after my dad was sent to prison."

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a shocked expression appear on Ny'asia's face. "I didn't know your dad was in prison."

"Yeah. It's no secret, but it's not something I go around broadcasting either. Anyways, my point is, she raised both of

us by herself and never complained. She's always had my back, and since I been signed, she's tried to make sure I didn't get caught up as much as she could." Pausing, I licked my lips. "Don't hold her behavior against her. She just doesn't want to see me taken advantage of."

"I understand that, but I didn't ask to meet her. If she asked for me to come to her house, she could have been more welcoming."

A silence grew in the truck as I continued driving. Knowing my mom and knowing Ny'asia, I should have known the two would clash.

"Why is your dad in prison?" Ny'asia asked suddenly.

I chewed on the inside of my jaw and gripped my steering tightly. "My dad used to be in the streets but eventually got out, said he was getting older and outgrew it. Apparently, he had beef before he left the game and the son of that person wanted to finish it. They broke into our crib when I was fifteen, and only my mom was home. He attacked her and left her with a message for my dad." My grip grew tighter. My knuckles began to turn white.

"When my dad found out, he was furious. He went and found dude and killed him without hesitation. Turns out the

guy was an informant for the feds and made sure he got my dad on tape, so when they found his body, they were able to prove my dad murdered him. He was charged with first-degree murder and sentenced to 25 years with a chance of parole after 15.”

“The courts didn’t consider that he was defending his wife?”

I shook my head. “They didn’t give a fuck. The feds had been trying to get my dad since he was in the streets, but never could catch him slipping. It’s cool though. I got him a new legal team, and hopefully, they’ll be able to get his conviction overturned.”

I had heard from my dad’s lawyer last week. According to him, there was a high possibility that he would be able to get my dad out. They had evidence of my mom’s attack that the court disregarded ten years ago, and he was sure once that was presented to the new judge on the case, things would be seen differently.

“Damn, that’s fuck up. Were you two close?”

I smiled. “Hell yeah. My dad was my hero growing up. Still is. Even though he’s locked up, he never let that shit get

him down. That's why I'm doing whatever I can to get him out."

The truck grew silent again. Thinking of my dad being locked up weighed on me greatly, but I had faith in this new lawyer.

"What about you?" I glanced at Ny'asia.

"What about me?"

"C'mon on, love, I just told you about my dad, now tell me about your parents. You said you don't speak to them, right?"

Slowly Ny'asia's head moved side to side. She pressed her lips together and gripped her phone tightly in her lap.

My eyes went back to the road. "My parents wanted me to go to college after high school. I wasn't the school type. Once I graduated high school, I was done in my mind. They didn't approve of that. When I was 17, I started dating this guy. He was known as a stick-up kid and hoodlum, as my parents called him. They forbid me to see him, but I wouldn't listen to them. I would sneak out and break curfew, whatever I had to do to be around him." She paused and cleared her throat.

Her head turned and she stared at the window.

I pulled into the jewelry store parking lot, where I was a frequent buyer, and pulled into a spot, parking my truck.

Taking my seatbelt off, I turned to face Ny'asia, waiting for her to finish. "When I turned 18 and graduated, my parents gave an ultimatum. Either leave ole dude alone and go to college or leave their house. I was young, dumb, and in love. Since I was 18, I thought I was grown and could make my own decisions. So, I left, and that was the beginning of a bunch of misfortune in my life. I refused to go back to my parents with my tail tucked between my legs so they could say I told you so, so I dealt with it. Now here I am."

Ny'asia stopped speaking and turned to look at me. I could tell she was waiting for me to respond to her story.

"That's where the petty theft charges came from?"

She nodded. "He had me on some Bonnie and Clyde stuff," she scoffed. "My dumb ass thought I was showing him I was a rider and loved him by sticking by his side."

"What caused you to leave?"

Her face dropped and her eyes shifted. "Are we getting out of the car?"

I raised an eyebrow at her sudden shift. She unbuckled her seat belt and grabbed the door handle.

Whatever Ny'asia went through in her past must have had a big effect on her for her to shut down like that.

Not pushing the matter, I exited the car behind her.



I stood off to the side as Kazier and the jeweler spoke. While the man behind the counter showed him a watch he customized for Kazier, I examined the jewelry in the glass cases.

I admired a bracelet and necklace set with emeralds embedded in it. The bracelet had two diamonds between every emerald, and the necklace was silver with an emerald stone hanging from it.

“I’m done,” Kazier came up behind me, causing me to jump. I noticed the iced-out watch on his wrist.

“Damn, blind me, why don’t you?” I laughed.

“I don’t do anything lightly.”

Turning my head, I looked back at the set.

“You like it, huh?” The jeweler walked up and asked as he unlocked the case.

“Yeah, it’s a beautiful set.”

He placed the display on the counter. The moment my eyes locked on the price, they bucked. “You want it?” Kazier asked.

I whipped my head to face him.

“I can’t afford that. It’s fifteen grand.”

Kazier’s eyes narrowed. “I didn’t ask that. I asked if you wanted it.”

Turning to look at the set again, I ran my hand over it.

“Bag it up, Nathan,” Kazier requested.

When I turned back to him, he was going into his pocket. “No, you don’t have to.”

“I know I don’t.”

He pulled a black card from his wallet and handed it over.

A warm filling filled my stomach. My heart accelerated in my chest as the corners of my mouth rose.

“Thank you.”

He nodded his head.

Nathan went to put the jewelry in a bag, and I stopped him.

“Actually, can you put it on me now?” I asked Kazier.

“Yeah.” He licked his lips.

Nathan handed the jewelry to Kazier. First, he put the bracelet on, then I turned so he could place the necklace around my neck.

The moment his fingers brushed against my skin, a shiver shot down my spine and the hairs on my neck stood up.

“Done.”

My hand went to the necklace, and I grabbed the pendant.

“Thanks.”

I wasn't sure where this shift in Kazier's behavior came from, but I wasn't complaining.

“I've never owned a *Chanel* purse before.” I admired the bag in my lap.

We stopped at the mall after leaving the jewelry store. I stood off to the side while Kazier shopped. I ended up venturing off to the woman's section and browsing.

When Kazier walked over to me, I was eyeing a light pink *Chanel* purse with a gold and silver chain. Instead of asking if I wanted it, Kazier called over the sales associate and told her we wanted it. He even told her to throw in the all-black and all-white ones.

To say I was shocked was an understatement. I didn't expect to go on a shopping spree today. Hell, I didn't even think Kazier cared for me, but I wasn't going to turn down the bags.

“What I look like walking out the mall with a bunch of bags and my wife leaves empty-handed?” His hand was on the top of the steering wheel. He was leaned back in the seat with the other resting in his lap. I wasn't used to him referring to me as his wife.

“Well, thank you.”

“It's a small thing.” He shrugged me off.

“Before we head home, can we grab something to eat? I'm starving.”

“What you want?”

“We can do something quick.”

“I know a place.” He turned off the road we were on.

I pulled my phone out and clicked on my InstaFlik. I had posted the three bags Kazier got me with the caption *When hubby decides to spoil you.*

Just like any other time I posted lately, my likes and comments shot up instantly. Normally I stayed lowkey, but it felt good to be able to flex for once.

“My mom told me you been sick. Why you didn’t say anything?” Kazier’s question caused my attention to switch to him.

“You haven’t been very interested in what’s going on with me or this pregnancy since I’ve been in your house, so I figured it would be a waste of time.”

His jaw flexed. “What’s been going on?”

“Nothing major. Morning sickness is a part of being pregnant. Mine is just more severe, I guess. When I go see the doctor next week, I will mention it.”

“I wasn’t aware you had an appointment coming up.”

“Yeah.”

He cleared his throat. “Let Hanna know the date so she can add it to my schedule.”

I side-eyed him. “Why?”

“What you mean? That’s supposed to be my baby, right? Shouldn’t I know about things like this?”

A tingle shot through my chest. I didn’t know what was going on with Kazier today. This was the most attention I’d gotten from him since we decided to do this.

“Why the sudden change of heart?”

Again, his jaw flexed. “Look, I’m just trying to hold up my part of the deal. You say the baby’s mine, so until that’s proven otherwise, Ima rock with it.”

My mouth twisted to the side. I was about to bring up what Iris told me about his ex-girlfriend when a call rang out over the car speakers.

When Kazier noticed the number on the screen, a wide grin appeared on his face.

He hit his steering wheel, and a woman’s voice sounded through the car. It was then I realized it was a call from prison.

“Pops,” he spoke as soon as the call connected.

“How you doing, son?”

“You know me, old man. I’m always good. What about you? You need anything?”

His dad chuckled. Kazier sounded like him; the only difference was his dad's voice was a tad bit on the raspy side.

“I tell you I'm good every time I talk to you, and you still always ask.”

“Ima keep asking too. I want to make sure you're comfortable in there.”

“I 'preciate you, son, but I don't need anything. Just taking everything one day at a time. Speaking of, my lawyer came to see me yesterday and said he might have found some holes in my case.”

Kazier nodded. “Yeah, he let me know. Hopefully, that means he can get you home soon.”

Again, his dad chuckled. “I stopped holding onto that a long time ago. Just keep taking care of your mom.”

“You know that's without question.” I studied Kazier as he spoke to his dad. He sounded relaxed.

“Your mom told me she met your wife. Says she's a feisty one.”

My eyes widened.

Kazier looked over at me with amusement written all on his face.

“Yeah, apparently mom said some shit my wife didn’t agree with.”

“Knowing your mama, I can only imagine.” His dad laughed. “Tell her chill on my wife though.”

The lady’s voice interrupted the call, letting us know the call was being recorded.

“She’s right here, so you can tell her yourself.”

I cut my eyes at Kazier and he grinned.

“Hi, sir,” I spoke.

“Sir? I ain’t that old. Call me Keyon. What’s your name?”

“Ny’asia.”

“Ny’asia. You gave my wife hell, huh?”

I giggled. “No, I just let your wife know I didn’t appreciate how she came at me.”

“Kazier, your wife sounds like she doesn’t take no mess.”

“She doesn’t, Pops. She reminds me of mom lowkey.”

“Ah hell,” Keyon laughed. “That ain’t good for anyone. Your mama used to give it to anyone who looked at

her wrong.”

Kazier smirked at me, and I could feel my cheeks growing warm.

“So, I hear you’re carrying the next generation, Ny’asia.”

My hand went to my stomach. “Yes, I am.”

Keyon cleared his throat. “Make sure you take care of yourself. That’s a legacy inside of you. Kazier, you listening to me, son?”

“I’m listening.”

“I don’t care about whatever bullshit your label has you and your wife into. As long as she carries our last name, you respect her as your wife, you hear me? Step up and take care of her and that baby, too. We didn’t raise you to slack on your responsibilities. You listening to me?”

My eyes were glued to Kazier, waiting to see how he would respond. I didn’t see too many people set him straight, often, and he listened.

“I’m listening, dad, and Ima make sure I do that.”

“Good.”

“Ny’asia?”

“Yes?”

“Don’t let my son or wife scare you off. If either of them gives you problems, let me know. They like to bully people sometimes, but they’re harmless.”

I laughed at his words.

“Will do, Keyon. Thank you.”

Kazier spoke to his dad a little longer before the time ran out.

I looked at Kazier with a grin on my face. He had pulled into a burger spot at this point.

“Your dad seems like a good dude.”

“Yeah, he is.”

“Do you ever go see him?”

Kazier shook his head. “Nah, he asked mom and me not to, so we respect his wishes.”

I pressed my lips together. “That has to be hard. The two of them being apart like this.”

Kazier was quiet for a minute as we waited in line. “Yeah, but she holds him down without any complaints.”

I laid my head back against my seat, thinking about how the day has been going. I don't know what it was about Keyon's phone call, but it caused me to look at this whole situation in a new light.



“Good, good. K-Don, lift your chin a little more. Carmen, place your right hand on his shoulder and look over your shoulder,” the photographer yelled out directions.

Following his suggestion, I did as he said.

“Yes, Beautiful.” My face remained firm until he got the pictures he needed.

“Okay, good. Now let’s get Carmen alone, then we’ll have Kazier get his solo shots.”

Carmen smiled at me as the magazine crew came over to touch up her makeup. We were being featured as artists of the month for Hip-hop Culture magazine.

“You’re looking good out there,” Jonay complimented as I took a drink of my water.

“I can’t wait to be done with all this. All them lights got me hot as hell.” I wiped my forehead with the back of my hand.

“Once you get your solo shots you’ll be done.” I looked over to where Carmen was. She came out around the same time that I did and had been taking the female rap game by storm.

Dressed in a spiked bra and black biker shorts with black thigh-high boots, I had to admit she looked fine as hell. Her ass was fat as hell, especially in the shorts she was wearing.

She was bent down with one hand on each knee, and she had a seductive look on her face. Her blond shoulder-length hair looked good against her light brown complexion.

“Don’t even think about it,” Jonay spoke without looking up. She glanced up from her tablet with a stern eye on me.

“What?”

“I see that look in your eye. You’re married, and Carmen is off-limits.”

Running my thumb over my bottom lip, I chuckled. “It don’t hurt to look, do it?”

“Kazier, I’m serious.”

“Ain’t no one thinking about that girl, Jonay. I have enough shit to worry about anyways.”

The look on her face told me she didn’t believe me.

“Kazier, we’re ready for the switch.”

I winked at Jonay and set my water bottle down. The team came over and wiped me off, positioning me how they planned the shots. Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed Carmen’s eye on me.

“A’right, smile for me, Kazier,” the photographer told me, bringing my attention back to him.

“One thing I will say is you two look good together,” Jonay complimented Ny’asia and me while we all sat in my dressing room.

Ny’asia was dressed in a bright blue satin one-shoulder bodycon dress that stopped mid-thigh with gold heels. It was cut low, showing off her full breasts. Hanna had scheduled her a hair appointment where she got something called a perm rod set. And like any other time she stepped out, her makeup was flawlessly done.

I wouldn't deny how good she looked with hardly any effort.

"I think you're right. What about you, love?"

Ny'asia looked over at me with a smile on her face. "I know I do. I guess you compliment me some." I chuckled at her remark and licked my lips.

"K-Don, five minutes," a member of the promotion team stuck her head in the room and said.

"Hold on, let me get a picture of you two," Iris hopped up and said.

Ny'asia looked over at me as if she were wondering what I would say.

My arm went around her waist, and I pulled her closer to me.

She looked surprised by my actions. "Smile for the camera, love."

We faced Iris. Ny'asia wrapped her arm around me, and the two of us smiled for the camera.

"Hold that," Jonay took her own picture. "This is getting uploaded. We need to start showing pictures of you two together so people believe this thing is real."

She started tapping my phone.

Chuckling, I shook my head.

“A’right, I’ll see y’all after my set.” I grabbed the black towel that was on my chair.

“They’re ready for you, K-Don.” I nodded and headed for the door.

The adrenaline that always passed through my body whenever I was about to perform started.

“I love y’all, man. Whether you’re a new or old fan, I appreciate the love y’all have for a nigga. Y’all been one hell of a crowd. I’ll be at Club Phantom tonight, and we can keep this muthafucka going!”

The crowd’s screams spread throughout the building.

I turned and headed off stage. Sweat was racing down my face and chest. Halfway through my set, I ended up taking off my shirt.

When I made it over to everyone, I grabbed Ny’asia and pulled her into me. I leaned down so that my mouth was close to her ear. “You always been a fan, or did that happen after we got married?”

She pulled back from me, grinning. “What made you ask that?”

“I saw you over here rapping my shit word for word.”

Playfully she rolled her eyes. “I might have heard a song or two.”

“K-Don, can we get a few pictures of you and your wife,” I heard from behind us.

Looking over my shoulder, I noticed a man with a camera.

I looked at Ny’asia, who shrugged. Positioning her in front of me, I let the guy take a couple of pictures before I nodded at Bruno.

“Okay, that’s enough.” He stepped in and rushed the guy away.

“You always look so natural out there. I would be a nervous wreck.” Iris commented as we headed to my dressing room.

“You get used to it after a while.”

“Nigga, that shit was lit,” YJ exclaimed as he and Bishop approached us.

“Wassup y’all?” I slapped hands with them.

“Ima take the girls to the car while you get changed,” Jonay told me, and I nodded.

Bishop and YJ followed me into my dressing room, where I instantly took a seat. I grabbed the water bottle that was sitting there waiting for me.

“I see you and wifey are starting to look cozy,” Bishop commented, sitting on the couch.

I ran my hand over my head. “Yeah, well, I figured I might as well try. It’s easier than beefing with her.”

“So that means you’re tied down, like out the game?” YJ asked, leaning back.

“Nigga, you just heard him say he was gone try his marriage.”

“And that means he’s gotta hang up his player’s card?”

“Both y’all niggas chill,” I responded. “I just said I’m not being an asshole to the girl anymore. That don’t mean shit else about me changing.”

YJ jumped up and headed toward me. “My nigga.”

We dapped hands.

“Now, can y’all niggas get the fuck out so I can change?”

“I’d die for my muthafuckin’ nigga. Jump in front of a bullet for my muthafuckin’ nigga. On the stand I’d lie for my muthafuckin’ nigga.”

Iris and Ny’asia were standing up in our section, rapping along to the *My Nigga* remix. Iris had her arm around Ny’asia’s shoulder as they rocked side to side, rapping loudly.

Bringing the bottle of D’ussé to my mouth, I downed it.

So far, the night has gone well. Bishop and YJ found two girls for the night and have been occupied since we entered our sections.

“K, I got someone who wants to meet you.” YJ was standing there with a girl built like a damn stallion.

“Oh, my gosh, you’re really K-Don!” She gushed, bouncing up and down. The little dress she had on left little to the imagination as her breasts freely moved.

“Wassup?” I shouted over the music, smiling at her.

“I just love you and your music. Do you mind if I get a picture?” She didn’t wait for me to answer. Instead, she slid into the seat next to me.

“Here,” she handed her phone to YJ.

Caught off guard, I let the girl slide, since I was in a good mood.

YJ took the picture and the girl eagerly inspected it. “Perfect,” she looked at me and licked her lips.

“You’re so much finer in person, damn.”

Chuckling, I brought my bottle to my mouth, chugging the liquor. “Preciate it, sweetheart.”

She stood up and YJ gripped her ass, pulling her close. I tilted my bottle to him, and he smirked before walking off with the girl.

“In case y’all missed it, we got muthafuckin’ K-Don in the building tonight! Wassup King?” The spotlight shined on my section.

I lifted my bottle to the DJ. “Here’s the *Loyalty* remix that dropped yesterday featuring the lovely Janae.”

I pulled the blunt from behind my ear and went into my pocket to grab the lighter. Taking a pull of it, I bobbed my

head as the track began to play. Janae's voice played over the speaker.

"You tell me, you looking for some that's gone ride for you, but what about me? Always looking over my feelings, leaving me feeling lonely. Never been the one to nag or cry about the little things, but all I'm asking is for a little loyalty."

Iris and Ny'asia came staggering over to me. Ny'asia sat down next to me.

"You look like you're having a good time," I said into her ear.

She looked back at me, grinning. "Yeah, your cousin is a lot of fun." I looked over and saw Iris pouring herself some liquor in a cup.

"Yeah, she's something else."

"Adding Janae to this song was a brilliant move. She compliments it well." She was leaning over to me. Her breasts pressed against my arm.

"Yeah, she's a great artist."

"I'm so mad I can't drink or smoke. I hate being sober in the club." I chuckled at Ny'asia's pouting.

"Don't worry, love. It won't be like this forever."

“Long enough.” She rolled her eyes.

“Awe, look at you two looking like a real couple over here.” Iris walked over, plopping down on the other side of Ny’asia.

“Don’t start your shit, man,” I chuckled, pulling on my blunt again. Turning my head, I blew the smoke in the other direction.

“If I ever had to question your loyalty, I can’t have you around me. Only keep solid niggas in my circle. Learned yo own brother could turn into an opp.” I rapped along to Loyalty.

“Let me hit that,” Bishop held his hand out for my blunt. I took one more pull from it and handed it off. “Ladies,” he grinned, nodding at my wife and cousin before cuffing the girl’s ass at his side.

“I see you and your friends are still dogs!” Ny’asia leaned into me and shouted. Again, her breasts pressed up against me.

This time I reached around her and grabbed her ass, pulling her closer.

“I’ve been on my best behavior tonight.”

The liquor was filling my body along with the weed.
“Yeah, the night is still young.”

Lifting one corner of my mouth, I squeezed her ass. “I didn’t tell you, but this blue looks good as fuck on you, love.”

She leaned her head back and stared me in the eye. My dick started to stir in my jeans. “Thank you.”

A yawn escaped her mouth. “Excuse me,” she covered her mouth.

“You tired?”

Ny’asia shook her head. “I’m fine.”

As the night continued, the more live the section got. Bishop and YJ had dismissed the first girls they had and now were entertaining a new set. Iris was currently at the bar with some nigga in her face. I made sure one of Bruno’s men was with her.

I currently had a mic in one hand and another bottle in another. *“I ain’t never been a trick, but if that bitch bad she might get a bag outta me. She wanna be iced out, but first I’m tryna see what that mouf do. Ain’t never been the type of a nigga to fly a bitch out unless she down for fuckin’ the whole*

team,” I paused from rapping along to one of my earlier songs and chugged my bottle.

A bunch of fans were in front of my section, rapping along with their phones out.

I noticed Ny’asia had stood up and was now rapping along to the song too. I reached over and pulled her into me. The fans got louder as I started rapping in her ear, kissing on her neck.

“If she do tricks on the dick I might spoil her. She say she want my heart, but all I got is dick for her.” I kissed Ny’asia’s neck again, this time sucking on her flesh.

“I fuck with y’all heavy man. No cap,” I lifted my hand and shouted in the mic before handing it over.

“I love you K-Don!” A couple of girls outside of the section shouted.

“I love y’all too!” I shouted back, flashing my grill at them.

A couple of them screamed, and flashes from their phones went off.

“They really love you!” Ny’asia turned and yelled at me.

My head dipped back down so that I was at her ear.
“Yeah, they do, but I ain’t worried about them right now.”

“So, what are you worried about?” Her ass grinded against me.

Back in Blood started playing.

I thought Ny’asia would move, but she started moving her ass to the beat. Pointing her finger, she rapped along to the lyrics.

“Let me find out you a gangsta for real.”

She looked back at me with a sneaky grin. “You better ask me about me, baby.”

“Fuck the opps, inside my city, lil bro put them in the (brrah).”

I chuckled as she skillfully kept up with Durk. I held her tighter into me. My hand brushed over her stomach, and I could feel her small pouch under her dress.

“Pooh Shiesty that’s my dawg, but Pooh, you know I’m really Shiesty!”

Ny’asia yawned again. I spun her around until she was facing me. I noticed her eyes were getting droopy.

“It’s time to take yo ass home,” I bent down and told her.

“I’m fine.” She yawned again before giving me a toothless grin.

“Yo ass can barely keep your eyes open.” I laughed. “Aye, Bruno!” I yelled, gaining his attention.

“What’s up, boss?”

“Take Ny’asia home. Get Iris and take her too.”

“What about you?”

“I gotta finish this hosting, and then I’ll be there.”

Another yawn left her lips. “I got her boss.” I nodded.

“Go with Bruno.”

Ny’asia left the section, and I finished off my bottle.

“Now we can finally party like the old days!” YJ shouted, wrapping his arm around my neck and handing me a shot.

Laughing, I tossed the shot back. “Fuck off me, nigga.” I pushed him off, making him laugh harder.

I bobbed my head to the music playing.

From the concert to the club, it had been a great night. Between the liquor and weed, I was feeling great. I rubbed my hands together and scanned the scene. Now I was ready to end it buried between some thighs.

NY ASIA

I was resting peacefully in my bed. After the long yet exciting day, I was exhausted. The minute I got home from Club Phantom, I showered and was out as soon as my head touched the pillow. Normally I could hang, but this baby had me tired as hell.

My eyes fluttered when I felt lips pressing against my neck and a hard body against mine.

I thought I was dreaming when I heard Kazier's voice in my ear. "Love?"

"Mhm," I moaned the moment his hand cuffed my breast. I was naked as the day I was born under the covers. I never liked sleeping in clothes.

Kazier placed feathery kisses on my ear leading to my jaw.

His large rough hands pinched my nipples as his tongue ran down my neck.

Finally, I opened my eyes and looked down. I could see the silhouette of hands on the front of my body. Craning my neck, I looked over my shoulder, laying eyes on Kazier. “What are you doing?” I moaned when his other hand brushed over my pussy. A shiver of delight shot through me. It had been too long since she received any contact that wasn’t from me.

Instead of responding to me, Kazier lifted up and pushed me on my back. He hovered over me, and even though it was dark, I could see the whites of his eyes gazing down at me.

“You feel that?” He lowered his body against mine. I felt his hardened pole press against me. It was then I realized he was completely naked as well. I felt the blood coursing through my veins like an awakened river. My breathing became uneven and quicker.

“I’m horny.” He kissed the side of my neck. “My dick is hard.” Another kiss. “And my wife is who he’s craving.”

My eyes rolled to the back of my head when he sucked on my skin. Using his knee, he nudged it between my legs, spreading them open.

While sucking on my neck, Kazier's hands went to my breasts again. He began rubbing and kneading them. His fingers teased my hardened buds, squeezing them causing a tingle in my chest.

“Should we be doing this?” I panted as his mouth moved lower. His tongue swiped over my needy bud. They were so sensitive. The moment they felt the wet sensation from his tongue, the floodgates between my legs broke open.

“Why shouldn't we, love? You're my wife, and I'm your husband.” I was trying to think logically here. I knew that us having sex would only further complicate this already complicated situation. Today we had a good day, but Kazier hardly even said two words to me prior to this. I knew he didn't deserve my body, and I should tell his ass to fuck off, but my body was giddy from the pleasure it was receiving right now.

My hands went to his bulging arms when he quickly flicked his tongue over my nipple before covering my breast with his mouth.

His hand traveled south and he rubbed on my clit. His long fingers invaded my tunnel, one at first, then another.

The heat in my body increased.

On their own accord, my hips grinded against his hand.

“I’m almost there,” I cried, gripping his shoulders tighter.

He released my breast with one long pull, stretching my nipple between his teeth. That, along with the pressure he was applying to my clit and his fingers inside me, caused my body to convulse.

Squeezing my eyes shut, my stomach tightened, and my back lifted off the bed.

“Fuck, you drowning my fucking hand.” His words were slightly slurred. The smell of liquor and weed brushed across my nose.

I tried to deny the sensation he was causing me in my stomach, but it was too strong.

Kazier snatched his hand from inside me. He lifted up and stared at me in the eyes again. The tip of his dick moved up and down my wet slit. My heart hammered in my chest.

Pulling my bottom lip between my teeth, I inhaled a sharp breath as he pushed his way inside of me.

“Fuckkkk,” he gritted.

My nails sunk into his skin.

His lips seared a path down my neck and shoulders as he began moving in and out of me. His thrusts were quick yet deep, stealing my breath every time he pushed inside.

Lifting up, he pumped in and out of me roughly. My hips bucked upward, matching his strokes.

“Damn, girl,” he grunted when my walls locked around him.

One of his hands went to my neck, and he gripped it tightly, making me grow wetter. His other hand went to my waist and his fingers sunk into my skin.

A loud whimper left my mouth as my stomach quaked.

Kazier lowered his head until his mouth was inches from mine. The tip of his tongue outlined my lips before he pulled my bottom one between his teeth and sucked on it roughly.

His actions sent my pulse into a frenzy. My legs lifted and locked around him, pulling him further into me. I could feel myself getting wetter.

“Damn, no wonder why you pregnant. This pussy’s good as fuck.” His lips brushed against mine as he spoke. Just as he finished his statement, our lips crashed into each other.

The kiss was rushed and rough. I could taste the lasting flavor of the liquor on his tongue, causing a drunken sensation to overcome me.

My nails clawed into the taut muscles encasing his shoulder blades when he thrust into me one last time before I climaxed.

As his dick exploded inside me, I bit down on his bottom lip.

I kept my tight grip on him.

I swallowed hard and ran my hands down Kazier's now sweaty back before finally releasing him from my grasp.

Kazier pecked my lips a couple more times before, moving down to my chin and scraping it with his teeth.

“Fuck, I needed that.”

I blinked a few times, smiling softly. “Me too.”

A knot formed in my stomach. I wasn't sure if the giddy feeling was because of the back-to-back orgasms or something else. My heart was still racing.

Kazier pulled his dick out of me, causing me to quiver. I watched as he rolled out of bed without saying anything and gathered his clothes.

He didn't even look back at me as he left the room.

Swallowing the lump that formed in my throat. I placed a hand between my legs. It was still pulsating.

I wasn't sure what tonight meant for Kazier and me. His actions caught me off guard completely, but I could say my body felt refreshed. I needed someone else to make me cum. This pregnancy only made the need worse.

I closed my eyes and exhaled a deep breath. Sometimes I had the tendency to overthink things, but I forced myself not to make this one of those times.

Currently, I was sitting in my bed, scrolling through my phone. I had been awake for a couple of hours. I showered but remained in my room. My morning sickness was in full effect, making me feel weaker than normal.

When I woke up, my phone was flooded with notifications from both Twitter and InstaFlik. Apparently, me being at Kazier's side last night caused a lot of noise. I was tagged in tons of pictures of the two of us from the club, not to mention the ones the concert promoters posted of me backstage.

Many of his fans seemed to be becoming fond of us being together. I saw a lot of comments about me being a good look for him and they were glad he was leaving the thots in the past.

I laughed at and even went through hearting a few of the comments. There were a bunch of great shots from us last night, and they were hot. Kazier and I did look good together. We even looked like a real couple to anyone looking in from the outside.

I hadn't left my room since I woke up, but I doubt he was in the house. After leaving my room last night, I didn't hear anything else from him. He normally was on the go early regardless of if he had a long night the night before.

A text message came through my phone, gaining my attention. I was confused because the number wasn't saved.

442-753-1442: Hey Ny'asia boo! It's Kiki. Girl I see you on the Flik doing your thing! We need to get together sometimes. I miss you girl!!

My mouth turned upside down as I reread the message. Kiki was a girl I used to hang out with but hadn't talked to in months since I no longer hung around that crowd. I had no desire to hang out with her or be around her.

Another message came through before I could respond.

442-753-1442: Chardae and Shannon want to meet up too girl! We all need to get together like the good ole days!

Snorting, I rolled my eyes. I hadn't talked to any of these girls in months. After all the bullshit I went through before breaking away from my old life, I promised myself I would never go back to that life.

Me: Nah, I'm good. I hope y'all are doing good though.

I clicked out the message, but another one came through before I could lock my phone back.

442-753-1442: You're good? What you marry a rapper and suddenly become too good for old friends?

I couldn't help but laugh because I knew this was where this would go.

Me: You said it, not me.

442-753-1442: Girl fuck you. Don't forget where you came from. Don't forget we know THE REAL YOU!

Instead of going back and forth with her, I closed out the message. Kiki was messy as hell, always had been. The old me would have gone back and forth then been ready to pull up on her, but I wasn't that girl anymore.

Feeling myself grow hungry, I finally decided to leave my room and go down to the kitchen.

As I made my way downstairs, I took in the silence of the house. Sundays were normally quiet because the staff didn't come by.

My phone vibrated in my hands. Annoyance shot through me, thinking it was Kiki again, but I saw it was Iris.

I clicked on the message and saw it was the picture she took of Kazier and me last night. My stomach fluttered as my eyes bounced between both of our smiles. He was a good foot taller than me. I looked like a small cub compared to his bulky body.

Saving the picture, I went to my InstaFlik and nibbled on my bottom lip, thinking over my next move as I headed into the kitchen. My eyes lifted and I noticed food sitting on the island, meaning Ben must have been here at some point.

My mouth watered seeing the omelet and waffles. I grabbed the plate and walked over to the microwave to heat it up.

Going back to my phone, I leaned on the counter and went to the upload screen. I decided to post the picture of

Kazier and me, captioning it **About last night *kiss emoji***.

It was the first time I'd ever posted Kazier. I made sure to tag him before locking my phone. My stomach was doing flips at this point.

Once my food was done, I headed over to the breakfast nook and took a seat. My phone started blowing up with notifications causing me to laugh.

A text from Kazier came through, making my breathing slow down. I wasn't sure how he would react to the picture I posted. We never discussed if we would post each other.

I cut into my omelet as I opened the text.

***Kazier:** I must have put it on yo ass good last night if I'm getting posted *laughing emoji**

Smirking, I couldn't stop the small snicker that escaped my mouth.

***Me:** Don't get cocky. I just thought it was a good picture.*

***Kazier:** Ain't no reason to front love. I know I got great dick, just admit it.*

I noticed Kazier never called me by my name. He always referred to me as 'love.' I wasn't the one to get caught

up in pet names, but some part of me felt good whenever he referred to me as such.

Me: Goodbye K-Don!

Laughing, I was about to lock my phone back when a comment caught my attention, followed by some mentions from Twitter.

First, I clicked on the InstaFlik notification.

Kikiluv: Damn look who done came up from the cumbag she used to be LOL. Y'all see this! @uniquelyME @Daebaex3.

My jaw clenched and my eyes squinted reading over Kiki's comment.

I switched over to Twitter.

Mentioned by @Kikiluv: it's funny how @Nybabyxo acting like she wasn't the same bitch bouncing from couch to couch a couple months ago. Now that she done married a rapper she forgot where she came from LOL. Girl humble yourself!

Instantly my leg started bouncing up and down. Kiki wanted attention because I blew her off. The only reason she

even hit me up was because of all the attention I was getting right now and my connection to Kazier.

Tweeted by @Nybabyxo: Same bitches trying to expose me are the same bitches thirsty for CLOUT! Do you need some water? @Kikiluv

Mentioned by @Kikiluv: You so tough now, but where was that energy with Damien???? Girl don't make me blow yo whole scene. I wonder how @KDonTheDon would react knowing he married a ran through hoodrat!

My blood instantly began to boil after seeing her tag Kazier. Pushing my plate to the side, my fingers started moving at lightning speed.

Tweeted by @Nybabyxo: @Kikiluv, you know I don't do the internet beef Kiki. You're MAD because I don't want to hang out with you? LOL how old are we? When you see me keep this energy!

Mentioned by @Kikiluv: Bet bitch, it's on sight too!

My phone rang, and silently I cursed myself, seeing it was Jonay. I knew she wasn't calling for a happy chat.

“Hello?” I answered, poking my waffles with my fork.

“What the hell is that on Twitter and InstaFlik? Who is that girl?”

Sighing, I closed my eyes. “Some girl I used to hang around. She texted me this morning trying to hang out and got mad when I told her no.”

“What is she talking about blowing up your spot? Who’s Damien? Is there anything I should know about?”

I tasted blood from how hard I was biting down on my bottom lip. My temples began to throb.

“I don’t know, Jonay. Kiki is messy, period. She always has been. She wants clout because she sees me on the blogs and stuff. Don’t pay her any attention.”

“We don’t need this right now, Ny’asia. All this back and forth on the internet isn’t a good look. Don’t respond to her if she writes you, and stay off social media, okay?”

My leg bounced faster.

“Okay.”

She sighed. “Thank you. I’ll talk to you later.” She hung up before I could respond.

I tossed my fork on the plate and dropped my head, grabbing my forehead with my hands. Seeing her mention

Damien caused a bad taste in my mouth, and I lost my appetite. He was the last person I wanted to think about or have brought up around me.

He was a poison that I finally found an antidote for and freed myself from. Kiki knew how my relationship with him was, so for her to bring him up was a low blow.

One is my biggest pet peeves is people having something to hold over my head. I had dealt with it enough in my life.

Pushing myself up, I left my phone on the table and headed out of the kitchen to the doors that led to the courtyard.

Right now, I needed a moment to get my head together. My stomach was knotting, and that bad taste wouldn't leave the back of my throat.



My mentions were being blown up from the argument Ny'asia had gotten into this morning. Of course, the blogs picked it up, bringing more attention to it than necessary.

“Here I thought the only person I had to worry about was you,” Jonay complained, causing me to laugh.

I leaned back on the couch.

“I’m glad you find amusement in this, Kazier.”

“What the hell you want me to do, Jonay? I don’t know shit about my wife, so how was I supposed to know she had issues with whoever this Kiki bitch is?”

“Watch your mouth.” My mom walked up behind me and slapped the back of my head.

“Tell him, Mama Waters,” Jonay laughed.

I cut my eyes to the phone screen. “Look, I talked to Ny’asia, and she said she’s not going to respond anymore.”

“Okay, so why am I being bothered, then?”

Jonay gave me a hard glare. “The label wants your tracklist by the end of the week. Are you going to be able to do that?”

I ran my hand over my head. “I should be able to. Yeah.”

“Okay good. Let me know when you have it so we can set up a meeting. They want it out by June.”

“A’right.”

Jonay ended the Facetime.

I could feel my mom’s eyes boring into me.

“Say what you got to say, woman.” I looked over at her.

“I didn’t say a word.”

“But I know that face. You want to. Say what you want to say.”

“What was that call about?”

I shook my head at her nosiness. I knew she was listening, even if she wasn’t close to me.

“Nothing. Ny’asia got into with some girl she used to be friends with this morning. That’s it.” I shrugged my

shoulders while going to InstaFlik. I was reading the comments from random people who were weighing in on what transpired this morning.

Babiigirl: Ny'asia's right, this Kiki girl sounds like a clout chaser.

Foreignprincess: @KdonTheDon you don't have to deal with drama baby. Come home to mama.

ItsNaybytheway: Kiki girl, why are you mad?

Iiamqueen: I knew Ny'asia wasn't shit. She don't deserve my man.

There were a lot of people weighing in on the argument. A lot of the comments were ignorant as hell and amusing to me.

“Hmm,” I glanced over at my mom.

“What?”

She shook her head. “Nothing. What do you have to say about it?”

“Ain't nothing for me to say. It don't have anything to do with me.”

“But it has to do with your wife. Wasn’t the whole point of you two staying married to help clean up your image?”

I didn’t answer right away. “Let me ask you this, son. How do you feel about Ny’asia?”

“What you mean? She’s cool.”

“No, I want more than that. How do you really feel? I saw the pictures of the two of you.”

“You need to stay off the blogs, mom,” I chuckled.

Since I came on the scene, my mom has become a lot more invested in the blogs and social media. She had an InstaFlik account she didn’t use for much but to be nosey.

“You’re laughing but I’m serious. Answer the question.”

I ran my tongue over my top teeth and tapped my fingers on my phone screen.

“I don’t know. I’m still not feeling this whole being tied down thing, but Ny’asia doesn’t make my life hard. She stays out of my way and lets me do my thing. We’re married on paper, but in reality, it’s like nothing is different.”

“So, you don’t have any feelings for her?”

I took a minute to think over her question. Last night I was fucked up and was tempted to call up Kiaa and tell her I was about to slide through or even go to Pleasures, but Bruno made sure my ass went home.

Thinking with my dick, I allowed it to guide me into Ny'asia's room. When I stepped into her room and saw that she was naked, I wasted no time stripping out my clothes and climbing into her bed.

I could smell whatever fruity body wash she used to wash up with on her skin. At first, I could feel her resistance to the whole thing, but her body eventually loosened up. When I entered her, I felt like I was about to let loose in her.

Her tunnel was like paradise. That was the easiest way to describe it. It was like a waterfall between her legs. Her walls kept tightly gripping my pole as if it was holding me hostage. It took everything in me not to bust right away.

I didn't know how I felt about Ny'asia at this point. I do know last night showed me how she could have gotten pregnant. Her pussy was begging me to let off inside her the moment I entered her.

“I don't know what you want me to say. She's cool.”

She shook her head. “I want you to bring her back over here.”

I narrowed my eyes. “We got off on the wrong foot last time. I want to talk to her again, feel her out more.”

I chewed on the inside of my jaw. “I’ll talk to her about it and see what she says.”

My mom smirked. “You do that.”

I stayed at her house a little longer before heading out. A yawn left my mouth when I got inside my car. My body was used to working off three hours of sleep, but it didn’t get easier. After busting my nut last night, my ass slept like a baby, but I was starting to feel the partying catching up to me.

I planned on relaxing for the rest of the day. Most of the time, I tried to spend my Sundays lowkey.

My head bobbed to the current beat I was listening to while my blunt hung from my mouth. I came home and came right down to my studio.

Since I had to get my tracklist finished up this week, instead of taking today off, I was gonna spend it down here.

The one song I had been working on was finally just about finished. All I needed was the engineer to clean it up a little. Now I was trying to put lyrics to the final beat sent to me.

Restarting it, I ashed my blunt. I flipped through the notebook I had on the board, looking through the lyrics I had written down, trying to see if any of the words matched the melody.

“Hey.” I heard from behind me. “Kazier.”

I paused the beat and spun around, inhaling the smoke. My eyes landed on Ny’asia.

“I thought I told your ass this room was off-limits.” My eyes were low.

I licked my lips, zeroing in on her thighs. Dragging my eyes up, I noticed her shirt showed off the bottom of her rounding stomach.

She ignored my words and looked around the studio.

“I was craving pizza and was about to order some. Do you want anything?” She looked back at me.

I inhaled the smoke one last time before blowing it out and setting my blunt in the ashtray. “C’mere.” I nodded her

over.

She made her way over to me. When she got close enough, I pulled her down on my lap.

“What was up with that shit earlier?” Ny’asia shifted some, brushing against my dick.

“Just some dumb bitch being stupid.” She rolled her eyes.

My hand ran up and down her smooth thigh. “What made her come at you like that?”

“She wanted to hang out, and I told her no. She got mad.”

“Is there a reason why you didn’t want to hang with her?”

Ny’asia cocked her head back. “Is this an interrogation?”

Chuckling, I slapped my hand down on her leg and gripped it. “I’m just trying to see what’s going on with my wife, love. Is that wrong?”

Ny’asia stared at me with an unreadable expression on her face. Her mouth parted then she pressed her lips together.

“You’re a puzzle to me, K-Don.” My brow rose.

“K-Don, huh?” A crooked grin appeared on my face.

“Up until last week, you barely looked my way. Suddenly you’re telling me to get dressed, opening up to me, sleeping with me. What is this?” Her forehead creased. Her eyes searched mine.

I licked my lips and brushed my hand over her breast, then down her chest to her stomach. “I could tell you, but truthfully I don’t fucking know,” I chuckled. “Just trying to make this whole thing easier for the both of us.”

Her small pink tongue poked the side of her mouth.

Ny’asia caught me off guard when she turned to straddle me. Her eyes stayed locked on mine as she went inside my sweats and pulled my dick out.

I didn’t stop her when she rose up and removed her shorts before climbing back on me and sinking down. My hands went to her ass and I held it.

Ny’asia’s arms wrapped around my neck and she rode me slowly.

“Since we’re making this easy, then why shouldn’t we have a little fun while we’re at it?”

She leaned in and pressed her lips against mine.

I gripped her ass tighter as she bounced faster up and down on me.

I watched her face twist with pleasure and her face reddened.

“Kazier!” She cried when I thrust upwards into her. Forcefully, I pulled her back down on me.

“Take this dick, love.”

“I’m taking it,” she tossed her head back and closed her eyes.

My face went to her neck, and I bit it. I felt like a vampire thirsty for blood as I sucked on her flesh.

Ny’asia’s walls locked around me, and her body shook. Her moans grew louder, and that shit sounded sexy as fuck.

When I lifted up, Ny’asia was staring at me with drunken eyes. I grabbed the back of her neck and pressed my forehead against hers. Cuffing her neck tightly, I continued pounding her from below.

Her mouth parted and her breaths became heavier.

“Kazier, Kazier,” she cried.

I licked her lips and pulled on her bottom lip.

After a few more thrusts, my dick jumped inside of her. My grip on her neck grew tighter. I wasn't ashamed to admit my toes started throwing up gang signs, feeling how warm and snug her pussy was as she came again.

Ny'asia lowered her head and rested it in the crease of my neck. I could feel her warm breaths on my skin.

After a couple of seconds of silence, Ny'asia finally lifted her head with a bashful smile on her face.

“So, about that pizza.”

The corners of my mouth rose as I tossed my head back and laughed.

“Grab me some hot wings, and I'll eat whatever pizza you get.”

Ny'asia pulled herself from on top of me and bent down to grab her shorts. “I can do that.”

She turned to leave. I couldn't help but slap her ass as she headed past me. Turning her head, she smirked at me and then continued to the stairs.

Rolling in my chair, I faced my board, tucking myself back in my sweats. I didn't expect Ny'asia to come down and

give me some pussy, but I was complaining. A burst of inspiration suddenly hit me.

I hit some buttons to play the beat and grabbed my notebook and pen.

Proper when in public, nasty behind the sheets

She keeps it cool under pressure

Never gotta worry about her being on some opp shit

*Yeah, she got me on some simp shit, but shorty a rider
so she can have that*

I grinned as the words continued to come to me.

Maybe having in-house pussy was better in more ways than one.



“That’s my baby?” I whispered in disbelief with my eyes glued to the monitor.

I had just hit 13 weeks, and it was all finally starting to feel real. My stomach was still flat for the most part, but the bottom was rounding out, giving me a bloated look.

“Everything looks great.” The technician hit a few buttons on the monitor and then lifted the doppler off my stomach. I heard my baby’s heartbeat today, and tears clouded my eyes instantly. At this moment, I knew that if no one else in this world loved me, my baby would.

The technician handed me a towel to wipe my stomach off, and once I was finished, I sat up and pulled my shirt down.

“Dr. Olsen will be back in shortly.” She smiled at me and then headed out of the room.

I busied myself on my phone.

Kazier must have forgotten about my appointment because he was gone when I woke up this morning. I was tempted to call him but decided against it. We hadn't discussed the baby situation, and I didn't know where he stood on it at this point. Even though things had been good with us lately, I wasn't sure if he still questioned the paternity.

The doctor came back in, and I talked to her a little longer. My morning sickness hadn't let up, so she prescribed me something to help with that.

I walked to my car after scheduling my next appointment. It was now early May, and the weather was nice. It was warm but not blazing. The sun was shining and the sky was clear of any clouds.

My deposit from Kazier's team had hit my account, and I planned on doing a little shopping. Since it was getting warmer out and my stomach would be growing over the next months, I needed to update my wardrobe.

Sticking my key in the ignition, I turned it and my eyebrows furrowed when it wouldn't start.

"No, no, no. Don't do this." I attempted to start it again.

My car hadn't given me any issues lately, but I guess not all good things last forever. After the third time with no luck, I blew a frustrated sigh out and rested my forehead on the steering wheel and closed my eyes.

I knew my car wasn't going to last too much longer, but I couldn't really afford to get another one right now.

Grabbing my phone from my bag, I went to Iris's number and attempted to call her. Her phone rang a couple of times before going to voicemail.

I tried one last time but got the same result.

Scrolling through my contacts, I went to Jonay's name.

"Hey, Ny'asia. Wassup?" She answered.

I lifted my head and swiped the curls off my forehead.

"Jonay, hey. I hate to bother you, but I just left my prenatal appointment and-"

"Prenatal appointment? Kazier didn't mention an appointment to me."

I cleared my throat. "I don't know. I guess he forgot. But my car won't start, and I'm stuck in the parking lot."

"One minute, Ny'asia."

I heard her speaking in the background for a few seconds, and then she returned to the phone. “Make sure you send both Hanna and me your appointments from now on, so we’ll know. Kazier is the worst person to have to remember stuff.” My tongue swiped across my lips.

“Noted.”

“I would come get you myself, but I’m out of town right now on business. I just let Kazier know you need help though. He should be calling you soon.” As soon as she said that, a call came through.

“Oh, this is him. Thanks, Jonay.”

I clicked over. Instead of calling me normally, Kazier Facetimed me.

“Love, where you at?” Were the first words out of his mouth. His full dark lips pulled from his blunt before blowing the smoke out.

“In the parking lot of my doctor’s office.”

He repositioned the phone so that I could see his full face. His bushy brows bunched together. “Ah damn, my bad. I forgot to have Hanna put that shit on my calendar.”

“It’s fine, Kazier. I just need a ride. My car won’t start, and I’m stranded. If it’s a bother, I can just call a Lyft.”

“Chill, you ain’t calling no fucking Lyft.” He pulled on the blunt again.

“Aye nigga, what the fuck you doing?” I heard someone yell in the background. His eyes shifted to the side.

“I’m talking to my wife. Get off my dick.”

His attention fell back on the camera. “Ima have Jodeci come scoop, a’right, love?”

“Okay. Thank you.”

“You were headed to the house?”

Something warmed pierced my heart when he referenced the house. “Uh no, I was going to go to the mall. I’m starting to outgrow my clothes and need to go shopping.”

Kazier nodded his head and gave me a stern look. The way his eyes stared into me was captivating.

“Bet. Ima send my black card with Jodeci to give to you. Get whatever you want on me.”

My eyes bucked. “Uh, okay.”

He grinned at me. I loved when he had his grill in, but I loved his natural smile even more. It was large and his teeth were pearly white and straight as hell.

“Don’t look so shocked. You gave me some motivation to finish this song I was having problems with the other day, so this is my thank you.”

I could feel my cheeks grow warm and my center pulse.

“Then let me motivate you more often then.” He laughed.

“I have to get back to what I was doing. Call a tow truck too, so they can get your car. I’ll see you later.”

“Okay. Bye.” We hung up.

The smile on my face couldn’t be erased even if I tried. Every day it seemed like Kazier showed me a different side of him. This newfound closeness we were gaining had my heart doing summersaults in my chest.

“Girl, you need to start doing tutorials. You’re a beast with makeup,” Iris complimented, sitting on my bed,

examining her face. We did another practice on how to beat her face. This time a less dramatic look than the first time.

I looked out my closet at her. “Girl, I’m not that good.”

“Bullshit, you need to be doing this professionally. Have you thought about it?”

“Once upon a time, but then reality set in, and I gave up on it. Now I just enjoy doing it on myself.”

Iris was quiet for a moment. “We should set you up a YouTube channel.”

Again, I looked out the closet. I was finally putting all my things away. After being here for months, I figured it was time to finally settle in and try to make this place more like home.

When Kazier told me my shopping was on him, I made sure to utilize his black card. I had never been told to shop with no limit before, and I wasn’t going to waste it.

“You really think people would watch?” I stepped out of the closet.

Iris looked at me like I was crazy. “Girl, yes! From what I’ve seen you do on yourself, to the pictures you’ve

shown me, hell, to me right now, I know you're talented as hell. You need to take doing makeup more seriously."

I pondered over Iris's thoughts. I wanted to be a professional makeup artist when I was younger, but that dream slowly started to seem unattainable. I eventually gave up and just started working on myself.

My mouth twisted as I thought the idea over. "I wouldn't even know how or what to do."

"I can help you, don't worry. We can get you a channel set up and then go from there. Maybe you can start doing people's professionally too."

I tugged on my bottom lip. "Maybe, you might be on to something."

"I have a friend who's getting married. She's been trying to find someone to do her makeup for her engagement photos. What if I give her your number?"

"Uh, yeah, sure. Thanks."

"I know it's not a lot, but it's a start, right? Plus, you've already gained a huge following. You can use that to help build clientele."

Iris wasn't lying. Every day, I was gaining followers on Twitter and InstaFlik. More times than I can count, I got compliments in my comments about how flawless my makeup always was.

"You know what, you might be on to something," I told her, bobbing my head.

"See, plus, soon you'll be big and pregnant. You might as well do what you love while you have the chance."

I laughed. "Gee, thanks girl."

She snickered. "Just saying."

"It would be nice to start making my own money. Okay, let's do it."

Iris clapped her hands.

I was excited for this next journey in my life. I wanted to be a makeup artist my whole life, and it felt good having someone who believed in my skills in my corner.

Since the weather was nice, I decided to utilize the pool tonight. Kazier had heat control on the water as well. Since I was pregnant, I couldn't get in super hot water, so the hot tub was out, but I could get in the warm pool water.

I had only been out here a handful of times, but that was all about to change with the weather getting warmer.

Diving underwater, I swam to the other side, loving how the water felt against my skin. It was dark outside, but the pool was lit up with lights.

Lifting up out of the water, I tossed my head back and brushed my hair out of my eyes.

“Okay, I see you, mermaid.” I jumped and my head shot up. I noticed Kazier standing shirtless on the balcony connected to the game room overlooking the backyard.

“You scared the shit out of me.” I grabbed my chest.

“My bad. I didn’t know you were in the pool.” Leaning on the back wall of the pool, I stared up at him.

“Someone has to use it, right?”

“I use it... when weather permits. I done had some dope ass pool parties in that pool.” My eyes gazed around the backyard. It was huge and perfect for a gathering.

“I bet. Why don’t you come get in now?” I pushed off the wall and floated while kicking my feet.

“Nah. I’m about to go meet YJ and Bishop at Pleasures.”

My face scrunched up. “The strip club?”

“Yeah.”

Standing straight up, I made sure to hide my disappointment.

“Oh, okay. Have fun,” I told him.

“My mom wants us to come by tomorrow, by the way. I told her as long as you were up to it, that’s fine.”

I stared up at him blankly. “Your mom? I don’t think so.”

He chuckled. “Don’t do my mom like that. She’s not a bad person, and I want y’all to get along.”

Rolling my eyes, I blew a heavy breath out. “Fine, Kazier. But I’m not going over there to get attacked again.”

His mouth lifted. “You’ll be good, love. Don’t worry. I’m about to head out, though. You’ll probably be in bed when I get back, so I’ll see you tomorrow.”

Kazier turned and went back into the house.

Sighing, I positioned myself on my back and floated, looking up at the sky.

Lonely nights had become my norm, so I didn't understand why my heart felt so heavy right now.



“I hope this turns out better than the first time,” Ny’asia muttered, making me chuckle.

“I already told you it will.”

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Ny’asia roll her eyes. She crossed her arms and laid her head back on the seat.

I pulled into my mom’s driveway and put the car in park.

“Look, stop looking like you’re going into a war zone, damn.”

“I feel like I am.” Again, her words caused me to laugh.

I turned the car off, and the two of us got out, heading for the house.

Using my key, I unlocked the door and pushed it open, allowing Ny’asia to walk in first.

“C’mon.” I grabbed her hand and pulled her to the living room.

My mom was sitting on the couch with a glass of wine in her hand, laughing at something on the TV.

“Wassup, beautiful.”

Her eyes turned in our direction. “Look at my handsome son.”

Smiling, I let Ny’asia go and walked over to my mom, kissing her temple.

I stepped back and my mom’s eyes fell on Ny’asia. “Ny’asia, nice to see you again.”

Ny’asia had a smile on her face that didn’t reach her eyes. Her arms were crossed across her body and her lips were pressed in a straight line. “You too.”

“I cooked. Are you two hungry?” My mom’s eyes bounced between us.

“You know you don’t have to ask me that.” I rubbed my stomach.

Mom laughed and shook her head. “I should have known. What about you, Ny’asia?” Her eyes fell on my wife.

Ny’asia didn’t respond right away. Her eyes shifted to me, and I nodded, silently telling her to speak.

“I can eat.”

Mom set her wine glass on the side table next to the couch and stood up. “Ny’asia, take a seat. We’ll bring you a plate. Kazier, come help me.”

Mom headed out of the living room with me behind her.

“She’s still upset about the last time she was here, huh?” My mom asked the moment we were in the kitchen. “Grab three plates out of the cabinet.”

“She’s just defensive.” I did as she said and handed her the plates.

I noticed she made chicken alfredo. I watched as she opened the oven door and pulled garlic bread out. She loaded the plates and handed me two.

“Well, I hope she doesn’t have an attitude the whole time she’s here.”

We walked back out to the living room, and Ny’asia was sitting with her phone in her hands. “Here you go.” She looked up and gave me a small smile.

I took a seat next to her and placed the plate on her lap. “Looks good.”

“I’ll grab us drinks.” While my mom did that, I looked over at Ny’asia. My eyes dropped to the necklace I had gotten her. She hasn’t taken it off since I put it around her neck.

My mom came back into the living room and handed me and Ny’asia glasses. “It’s sweet tea.”

“Thank you.”

We prayed over the food and dug in. It was quiet outside of the forks hitting the plates.

“Okay, this is what we’re not going to do,” my mom said after a while.

Inwardly, I groaned. This shit was about to go left.

“Ny’asia, I know I offended you the last time you came over, and I’m going to be honest, I’m not sorry about it. As a mother, it’s my job to protect my son. I’ve seen women try and take advantage of him before, so when he comes telling me he randomly married some girl he just met not even 24 hours ago, and then she’s pregnant, that’s when the red flags pop up. Kazier is a big deal right now, and as you may know, there are a lot of women who have tried to trap him to keep him in their lives.

I wasn't questioning you to offend you, but at the end of the day, I'm going to stand by my son and do what I have to do to protect him, period."

Ny'asia set her fork down and stared at my mom with an unreadable expression on her face.

My eyes bounced between the two. Both of them had sharp tongues and were feisty as hell. I didn't know how Ny'asia was about to respond.

"I don't blame you for being protective of your son. My baby might not be here yet, but I'll be the same way when he or she gets here. My issue is that the second I walked through your doors, I could sense that you were on attack mode. You didn't even attempt to try and get to know me or get my side of the situation. Kazier's your son, so you're going to stand by his word, but you don't know me, and instead of trying to get to know me, you just took what he said and ran with it." Ny'asia cut her eyes in my direction.

"Me marrying your son wasn't planned, and when the baby is born, I have no issue giving him a DNA test. I have nothing to lie about at the end of the day."

Mom squinted her eyes and kept them casted on Ny'asia. "Has my son told you about the girl he was in love

with, who lied about his baby?”

“Mom.”

She ignored my protest. “That girl had us all thinking my son was about to be a father, just for DNA to prove her wrong. Kazier had just gotten signed to his label, and he was so happy to be a dad. When the test came back that the baby wasn’t my son’s, he was crushed. I never want to see him that defeated again. Kazier might come off as an arrogant asshole, but my baby is sensitive and has a big heart.”

“Ain’t nothing sensitive about me.” I cut in, frowning.

“Boy, hush,” she cut her eyes at me then looked back at my wife. “Like I was saying. He didn’t let the fame and money change him. He has never turned his back on his friends and family. When his father went to prison, he stepped up and became the man of the house without me having to ask. We raised my son to be a man and to stand by those he loves. I just don’t want anyone in his life that doesn’t have good intentions.”

Ny’asia sat there moving the fork around her plate for a while in silence. I could tell she was thinking about something deeply by the creases on her forehead.

“You don’t have anything to worry about. I would have signed the divorce papers if they had been presented to me. His people asked us to stay married. All I wanted was help with my baby. I messed up a lot in my past, but one thing I would never play with is the paternity of my child.”

I stared at my wife as she spoke to my mom. I couldn’t see her eyes, but I could hear the sincerity in her voice.

“I believe you. My husband told me he talked to you, and he seems to like you from that short conversation. I don’t know the status of your and Kazier’s relationship, but I’m willing to put the claws away and call a truce if you are.”

We stared at Ny’asia, waiting for her response.

“That’s fine with me.” For the first time since we’ve been here, a real smile formed on Ny’asia’s face.

The tension in the room finally faded, and we went back to eating.

Once we were finished and the plates were placed in the sink, we sat around the living with my mom and Ny’asia making small talk.

“Are you still getting bad morning sickness?”

Ny'asia shrugged. "My doctor gave me something to help. It takes the edge off, but peanut still doesn't like to play fair."

"I had morning sickness until my sixth month. Kazier took me through the wringer. Try some tea with lemon and ginger. It helped settle my stomach."

"I'll have to do that." Ny'asia drank her sweet tea.

"Is your family excited?"

Clearing her throat and lowering her cup, Ny'asia's eyes dropped to her lap. "I actually don't talk to my family. It's just me."

"Oh." My mom looked at me with questions in her eyes, but I shook my head.

"Well, if you need anything, don't hesitate to ask. We need to make sure you bring my grandchild into the world healthy." My eyes went to Ny'asia's stomach. Sitting down made her forming bulge look bigger than it was.

I hadn't made much effort to try and connect with the baby because I didn't want to be let down in case it turned down not to be mine, but I couldn't lie and say part of me wasn't hopeful now.

“Are you working?”

Ny’asia shook her head. “I’m actually in the process of starting a YouTube channel for makeup tutorials. Iris also hooked me up with one of her friends who was looking for a makeup artist for her engagement photos.”

That was news to me. I looked at Ny’asia in shock.

“That’s amazing. You’re into makeup then?”

“I am. It’s always been a passion of mine. I hope to be able to do it professionally one day.”

Again, that was another shocker to me. “You did your own?”

“I did.”

“Just from seeing your face, I think you have a good chance. Your makeup is beautiful.”

Ny’asia’s smile grew. “Thank you, Maggie.”

My mom and Ny’asia continued to talk while I stared at my wife in amazement. I was worried she didn’t have any plans but sitting on her ass and doing nothing this whole time we put on this show. Even though I gave her my black card the other day, I wasn’t in the business of just tricking off because I had it. Hearing that she wanted to actually do something with

herself caught me off guard. I knew she never really left the house without her face done, but I was unaware that's what she wanted to do with her life.

After spending another hour or so at my mom's, Ny'asia and I ended up leaving, but not before she and mom exchanged numbers.

"I told you it was going to be harmless," I taunted the moment we were in the car.

Ny'asia turned and put our to-go plates on the back seat, then looked at me. "Yeah, yeah. I guess your mom isn't that bad." A small smirk appeared on her face.

"I have to run to the record company for a minute. You good with that?"

"Sure. I don't have nothing else to do."

My eyes grazed her over for a moment. She was dressed in an orange halter top and dark denim jeans. It was clear from the cleavage I could see her breasts were growing.

"Kazier," Ny'asia had her phone out. I gave the camera a blank look, and she took the picture.

"Jonay said we need to start showing ourselves together more. You could at least make it look like I'm making

you happy.”

I chuckled at her words and leaned over, biting her cheek. She squealed and quickly took the picture.

“I guess this is better.” She laughed and showed me the camera. I bit on my bottom lip. Ny’asia was in mid-laugh and glowing.

“Send me that.” I licked my lips and put my seat belt on.

Pushing the button to start the car, I backed out of my mom’s driveway.

“So, what do you think, K?” Jonay asked, looking over at me.

I looked across the long square table at Carmen and her manager while twisting in my chair before lifting my shoulders.

“I’m with it. Carmen’s dope.”

Out of the corner of my eyes, I glanced over at Ny’asia, who was sitting next to me on her phone.

“I’m glad you think that. Because I’ve been working on some stuff that I think would sound good as hell with you added.”

“Samples of the magazine shoot you guys did were put out as a preview, and the fans love you two together. If we get a track out with you guys soon, it’ll blow up.”

“We definitely look good together.” Carmen was giving me a seductive stare. She slowly dragged her tongue over her red glossed lips.

Smirking, I leaned back, gapping my legs.

Jonay cleared her throat. “Okay, get the contract to me, and we’ll look it over.”

I licked my lips. “Sounds good.”

Looking over at Ny’asia, she was frowning at Carmen. “Let’s roll.”

I stood up. “Actually, I need you two to hang back for a moment.” Jonay looked at Ny’asia and me.

Carmen smiled at me before standing and strutting towards the door with her manager behind her. My eyes zeroed in on her ass that looked like a full moon in her jeans.

My eyes snapped to Ny'asia when her phone slammed on the table. She was staring at me with the same look she was giving Carmen.

“You good, love?”

“I'm fine. Are *you* good?” Her eyebrow rose.

Grinning, I nodded. “I'm Gucci.”

She turned her attention to Jonay.

“I received a request for an interview and photoshoot featuring the two of you. Hip Hop Culture wants to do a piece on you two after the issue with you and Carmen, and Issa Vibe magazine wants to spotlight you two for being newlyweds.”

I looked back at Ny'asia. “What you think?”

“Are the interviews important?”

I looked back at Jonay. “They are. Kazier has a huge following, and his fans want to see more into his marriage. People finally stopped bringing up the sex tape and are focusing on the marriage. That's a great sign. We need to keep the attention on you two and the music.”

“Okay. It's fine with me then.”

“Me too. Set it up.”

Jonay nodded and tapped her iPad a couple of times.

“Okay good. I’ll write the editor of both back and we’ll schedule something.”

“Bet.” I pushed away from the table. “Let’s go.”

“Kazier, don’t forget we’re turning in the tracklist at the end of the week, so make sure everything is set to go.”

I nodded. “It is.”

Ny’asia and I left out of the conference room.

Something in Ny’asia’s demeanor had shifted. She was happy and smiling before we got here. Now there was a cold aura coming from her.

“K-Don,” I heard behind us.

We stopped walking, and I turned around.

Carmen sashayed up to us, swinging her wide hips.

“Wassup?”

She grinned at me. “I just want to thank you for agreeing to work with me.” Her hand went to my arm.

“I really think we’re going to do great things together.”

I pulled on my bottom lip and nodded. “No doubt.”

I was surprised when Ny'asia grabbed my arm and pulled me back, causing Carmen's hand to fall from me.

"Ny'asia, right?" Carmen gave her a smile. "I still can't believe you locked playboy K-Don down."

Ny'asia's grip became tighter on my arm. "Yeah, well, I've been known to shock people a lot in my life."

The two of them held a stare down. "Well, you two look good together. I should get going. K-Don, I'll be seeing you."

Carmen turned and strutted off.

When we were alone, I looked down at Ny'asia with amusement. "What was that?"

She pulled away from me. "What was what?" She started walking off, but I rushed behind her and tossed my arm around her shoulders. "You were jealous, weren't you, love?"

She rolled her eyes. "No, but-" Ny'asia stopped walking and turned to face me, stepping out of my grasp. "I know this marriage isn't real or whatever. But the least you could do is respect me enough not to flirt with bitches when I'm around."

Spinning around, Ny'asia stalked down the hall.

I ran my hand over my head and dragged my tongue over my lips. I never expected Ny'asia to get upset about seeing me interact with another woman.

A small smirk found its way onto my face. I believe my wife was starting to feel me more than I thought.

NY'ASIA

“How are you, Ny’asia? Is everything going okay?” Jonay asked, sitting across from me. I had asked her to meet with me to discuss my YouTube channel. We were currently at Java Books in Butter Ridge Falls.

I took a sip of the passion fruit tea I had ordered and nodded my head. “Things are fine, I guess.”

My eyes shifted to the window on the side of us. I watched people walk up and down the street. Apparently, the coffee shop was in a busy area.

“That doesn’t sound very convincing. Is Kazier fucking up?” Her eyes narrowed, making me laugh.

“Kazier is Kazier honestly.” I shrugged.

“Uh-huh, that doesn’t sound any more convincing.”

I tugged on my bottom lip and gripped my cup tighter. “I don’t know if I have the right to be upset, but I have been feeling some kind of way since the meeting with Carmen.”

A few days have passed, and as much as I tried to put the attitude to rest, I couldn't. I didn't do well with other women trying to push up in my space. I wasn't ashamed to admit I had a jealous streak, and I was possessive. Maybe it was the Gemini in me, I don't know, but I have never been good with sharing.

“Ah.” Jonay took a drink of her coffee. “You’re starting to have feelings for Kazier?” She stared at me over her cup.

I shifted and blew a deep breath out. “I don't know what to call it, honestly. I'm living in the man's house, carrying his baby, having-” I paused, thinking that might be too much.

“Having sex with him?” Her brow lifted.

I snickered. “Yes, which was probably a mistake given I'm sure he's fucking other women. This pregnancy just has me horny all the time, and obviously, I can't satisfy that need with other men. At the same time, I'm getting mixed signals from Kazier, so I just feel all over the place.”

Jonay set her cup down on the table. “You know my grandma used to always say, why would a man buy the milk when you're giving him the whole cow.”

Twisting my mouth to the side, I thought her words over. “I knew having sex with him was wrong,” I groaned.

“Hell, he *is* your husband, so I’m not saying that. I’m just saying Kazier is used to getting what Kazier wants. He is not used to getting kickback from anyone. If he doesn’t have to work for it, he won’t.”

I sighed. “If it’s any help, I think Kazier has feelings for you too, so you’re not alone. Just be honest with him and let him know how you feel.”

I snorted. “Yeah okay.” I wasn’t sure if Jonay’s advice would work, but she knew Kazier better than me.

Glancing out the window again, I tapped my fingers on the cup. “Anyways, that’s not why I wanted to meet you. I want to start a YouTube channel for my makeup. I was wondering if you knew anyone who could help me get it set up. I’m also trying to start taking on clients, so if you have anyone that needs a makeup artist, I’m your girl.”

Jonay stared at me momentarily before leaning back and smiling at me. “I knew it was something about you that I liked.”

Confusion filled me. “You’re a hustler. I saw it in your eyes the moment you walked through my doors. Let me make some calls. I think I can help you.”

I grinned. “Thank you. Every day I sit on my ass and I’m tired of it. I need to keep myself occupied as well.”

“I understand that. You’re good at makeup. I can see your work for myself. I’ll help you in any way I can.”

Excitement filled me as I drank my tea and gazed out the window again. There was so much in my life I wanted to do for so long that I never thought would happen. Now all that was changing.

“What do you want to do for your birthday?” Iris asked me.

“Nothing.” I shrugged, scrolling through Twitter.

Kiki and the others had been throwing subliminals at me since I got into it with her, but I’ve been ignoring it. I knew they wanted a reaction out of me. It’s even been times they’ve retweeted things about me with smart ass comments. I thought it was funny that they were so bothered that I didn’t want to be around them.

“Nothing? Oh no, ma’am.” I glanced up at Iris and saw she was standing in front of me with her hand on her hip.

After leaving my meeting with Jonay, I called and asked if she was home. I didn’t feel like going home to an empty house and could use the company.

“My birthday isn’t a big deal, Iris. Hasn’t been for years.”

I had mentioned that I wanted to post my first video by my birthday at the end of the month. Instead of letting it slip past her, Iris had been on my case about it.

“What the hell was your life like before? Your birthday should always be important.”

Smiling a toothless grin, I locked my phone and set it on my lap. “It was a mess. I hung around the wrong crowd, got caught up in the wrong things.”

“Mhm, well, you’re in a different life now, and we need to do things differently, starting with your birthday.”

“I’m pregnant, anyway. I can’t go out and drink.”

“And? You can still enjoy yourself. How about we schedule you a hair appointment, ooo and maybe your nails too? Then we can go shopping and then go to dinner.”

Iris was the friend I never knew I needed until I met her. I always found myself in good spirits being around her.

“Okay, fine. We can do that.” She clapped her hands.

“I’m going to make all the arrangements. You, my friend, are going to have a great birthday.”

Iris plopped down on the couch next to me. It was safe to say I wasn’t used to girls that weren’t messy and on bullshit. Being around Iris was refreshing.

I didn’t feel like I had to always be on guard with her.

“Aye, you know how to braid?” Kazier stepped into the kitchen. I was in the middle of eating some strawberry ice cream I picked up on my way home.

He was shirtless and had trickles of water on him as if he had just gotten out of the shower. What caught me off guard was that his hair was out of the braids he normally wore it in. His sides were perfectly tapered like he had just stepped out of his barber’s chair.

I blinked a few times, admiring the canvas on his chest.

“Uh, yeah, as long as it’s simple.”

“I might need you to hook me up. The girl who normally braids me up is outta comission right now.” He shook his head and tapped on his phone.

My bottom lip dragged between my teeth.

Digging into the ice cream carton, I scooped up some and stuck it in my mouth.

“How many girls are you fucking?” I blurted out.

Kazier looked up at me with a shocked expression. A low chuckle escaped his mouth. “What?”

I wasn't going to try and fight the feelings that were developing for Kazier. I wanted to let him know I wanted to give this thing with us a real shot. After talking to Jonay, I knew I had to draw the lines in the sand and have him pick a side.

Licking my lips, I repeated my question. “What made you ask that?”

I glanced down at the ring on my left hand. I wasn't sure why I never removed it, but something in my gut wouldn't allow me to.

“Why are you answering a question with a question?”

Leaning on the counter, I crossed my feet at the ankles.

Kazier glanced down at his phone then looked at me with his head tilted to the side.

“Recently, two. You and another chick.”

My heart dropped into my stomach. I was hoping he would say no one.

“I don’t know why I’m not shocked.” I shook my head.

Turning around, I grabbed my ice cream carton and walked to the freezer, placing it inside.

Walking to the sink, I tossed my spoon in it and then started out of the kitchen.

“Aye, hold on.” Kazier grabbed me when I brushed past him.

“Let me go.”

“What’s wrong? Why you get so upset?”

I tried to snatch away from him, but he kept me in his grasp.

“K-Don, let me go.”

“K-Don, huh? You must really be pissed.” His voice was laced with amusement.

“I’m so glad you think this is funny.” Again, I tried to snatch away.

“Stop trying to fucking snatch away and tell me what’s wrong, damn.” The humor was gone from his voice.

Stopping, I turned and glared at him. “I’m pregnant with your baby and we’re married, yet you confess to me that you’re having sex with other women like it’s no big deal. You flirt with them in my face like it’s nothing. You just have no damn respect.”

The unbothered look on his face had my hand twitching to slap it off. Here I was emotional, and he stood in front of me unbothered. It only pissed me off even more. “It’s not a big deal. It’s not like this marriage is real anyways.”

Flaring my nose and puffing my cheeks out, I snatched away. “I’m glad you showed me where we stand.”

Hastily leaving the kitchen, I rushed to the steps with a heavy heart and hurt feelings. I was glad I didn’t admit what I truly wanted to. I would have ended up looking like a fool.



“Mr. Waters, after reviewing your father’s case and the facts behind it, I’m surprised his previous lawyer couldn’t get him some kind of plea deal or reduced sentence,” Ken from Ken & Co Law told me.

His head was lowered and he was flipping through some files. After getting another appeal turned down for the second time, I realized my dad’s previous lawyer wasn’t doing the shit I was paying him for. I fired him and had my team do some research, and that’s how I found Ken & Co Law firm in Lynnwood. His company’s success rate with overturned convictions and appeal wins was over eighty percent, reassuring me that I needed to hire his team. I made sure he knew money wasn’t a problem.

“So, what does this mean?” I asked, leaning forward with my hands folded on the table in front of me.

“It means I’m going to work on getting your father out. With time served, I’m more than positive that he’ll be out soon.”

Moving my head up and down, I liked the sound of that. “My father is a good man. Do whatever you have to do to get him out.”

Ken’s eyes lifted and he eyed me. “I assure you I’ll do everything I can.”

I spent fifteen more minutes at Ken’s law firm before shaking his hand and exiting the building.

Once I was in the back of my truck, I rolled my neck between my shoulders and blew a deep breath out. The situation with my dad had been sitting heavy on my chest for some time now. When he was first sentenced, my family took a major hit. My mom was a mess for months following his incarceration and everything changed. Even though we all bounced back, we never fully recovered from my dad’s arrest.

That day the judge slammed his gravel was the day I knew I had to step up. I started taking my rapping more seriously and putting all my effort into the booth. I was pissed off and frustrated. I used all that energy in my rapping. Not wanting to bother my mom, I sold weed for a while just to pay for studio time. Seeing my mama cry was the worst day of my life, and I vowed to do whatever I could to make sure she never had sad tears in her eyes again.

Pulling my phone out, I scrolled through the notifications. It was never easy to recover after discussing my dad's case, even after all this time. Keeping myself busy was my best solution.

I clicked on one of my InstaFlik photos and a small chuckle escaped my mouth.

Since my barber was out of town on a family emergency, I hadn't got my routine cut, nor was she able to do my braids, so I had been rocking a man bun for now. My hair was thick as hell and curly. Honestly, I hated this shit, but it fit me, and the ladies loved it, so I refused to cut it off.

I was going to ask Ny'asia to braid it the other day, but she got in her feelings and stormed off before I could. Now she was giving me the silent treatment.

My barber wouldn't be back until next week, so I was rocking my man bun until then. I posted a picture this morning. It had been a while since my hair wasn't braided, and I wanted to show it off. I didn't even have my grill in either.

I smirked, reading through the comments from the ladies. My DMs were being blown up too.

My other phone went off in my pocket. I pulled it out and saw it was Kiaa mentioning my picture and wanting to meet up.

I was on my way to the record company to meet with Jonay, but I let her know I would get up with her soon.

Sliding both phones back into my pocket, I laid my head back in my seat and closed my eyes.

“How did things go with the lawyer?” Jonay asked me.

Running my hand down my chin, I pulled on the hair attached and tugged my bottom lip with my teeth.

“Good, he’s more than sure he can get my dad out.”

Jonay bobbed her head. “That’s good to hear. I know your mom will be happy about that.”

Jonay had been my manager since I first got signed. Over the years, she had become family. She was a few years older than me at 30, but I respected her more than anyone. She and my mom had developed a close relationship over the years too.

“Yeah, I’m not going to tell her about the meeting though. I don’t want to give her any more false hope. She

knows he's working hard to get him out, but that's as far as it goes for now."

"I can understand that. It's been a tough few years for all of you."

"And that's exactly why I'm waiting until I get confirmation he's being released before I say anything. I hate seeing the disappointment in her eyes every time they deny his release. I'm not going through that again."

The corners of Jonay's mouth rose. "It's nice when you show your sensitive side, you know."

Laughing, I leaned back, resting my arm on the back of my chair. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"Everyone thinks you're this cocky, arrogant playboy that's full of himself."

"Shit, I am," I chortled.

Jonay rolled her eyes. "Anyways, if you allowed people to see this side of you from time to time, you wouldn't have such a wild reputation."

"And ruin my image? Get outta here. My fans love my personality. It's the reason why I'm such a hit."

Jonay shook her head. "There goes that ego."

Chortling again, I pulled out my phone, feeling it vibrate in my pocket. It was the group message with Bishop and YJ.

“I have good news. The label approved your tracklist. Now we just need a name for the album.”

“The Don.”

“The Don? That’s what you want to call it?”

“Yeah.”

“A’right, I’ll run it by the big guys.”

I could hear her nails tapping her tablet.

“How are things with Ny’asia going? Did you guys talk recently?” When I looked up at Jonay, she had this odd expression on her face.

“Nah, she ain’t fucking with me right now.” I looked back at my phone and replied to the messages. They were asking if we were still hitting this industry party up this weekend.

“What did you do, Kazier?”

Frowning, my head lifted. “Why y’all always acting like I’m the bad guy? What if it was her?”

“Because I know you. The last time I saw you two, things were good, so what happened?”

My shoulders rose, then fell. “I don’t know, man. One minute we were in my kitchen talking, and then she suddenly asked me if I was fucking other women. I told her yeah, and then she got all pissed off.”

Jonay’s eyebrows pinched together and her eyes squinted. She placed her middle fingers on her temples and massaged them for a moment before finally speaking.

“Are you an idiot? Like seriously, Kazier?”

Scratching my chin, I frowned. “What did I do?”

“Why would you tell her that?”

My eyes widened. “Why wouldn’t I? I don’t have shit to lie about.”

Blowing a deep breath out, Jonay shook her head. “Did it ever occur to you that Ny’asia has feelings for you and that your answer hurt her?”

For a minute, I stared at Jonay without speaking. My brows dipped and my lips pressed in a straight line.

“Nah, I mean we cool or whatever, but I don’t think it’s that deep.”

Again, Jonay massaged her temples. “Next time I talk to your mom, Ima ask her if you were dropped on your head. No wife wants to hear about their husband fucking other women.”

“Our marriage ain’t real, though.”

“Kazier, you cannot be this dimwitted.”

I didn’t reply to her right away.

I pinched my brows together and thought about my last interaction with Ny’asia. I wasn’t paying attention then, but now that I thought about it, her stance changed when I answered her. Her shoulders had slumped forward and she wouldn’t look at me anymore.

My phone vibrated in my hand, breaking my concentration. It was a number that wasn’t saved.

“What’s wrong?”

“Nothing.” I cleared the call.

“Look, Ny’asia don’t have an issue speaking her mind. If she had feelings for me or felt some type of way about what I was doing, she would speak up and tell me.”

My phone went off again, and I saw it was the same number. I never answered numbers I didn’t know. Normally it

was some reporter or crazed person who got my number from God knows who.

“Naomi really fucked your head up, you know that?”

Lifting my eyes, I gave Jonay a hard glare. “This ain’t have shit to do with her.”

“It has everything to do with her. Ever since you found out she cheated on you, you turned into a completely different person. I would like to blame it all on the money and fame, but I know that’s not the case. From what your mom told me, you weren’t this playboy before.”

I waved her off. “My mom doesn’t know how I was when I wasn’t around her.”

Jonay was about to speak when her phone went off on the table. She looked down and confusion filled her face.

“What?”

Holding her finger up, she picked the phone up and pressed it against her ear.

“This is Jonay.”

My attention went back to my phone. I was texting back in the group message again when Jonay’s heightened voice grabbed my attention.

“Okay, we’re on our way.”

“What’s wrong?” I asked the moment she hung up.

“That was the hospital. Ny’asia was bleeding and was rushed in.”

My heart dropped to my stomach.

Panic shot through my chest, causing a pain I had never felt before. “Is she alright? The baby?”

“I don’t know, but we need to go.”

Jumping up, I didn’t have to be told anything else.

“Iris, what the fuck happened?” I asked when I laid eyes on her.

Jonay and I had just walked into St. Ridge Hospital. We laid eyes on her as soon as we entered the waiting room. A bunch of stares and whispers could be heard when I stepped inside the hospital, but I wasn’t paying any of that any attention.

“I don’t know. She had been complaining about her stomach bothering her all day. We were working on her YouTube stuff. The next thing I know, she goes to the

bathroom and starts screaming. When I rushed to check on her, I saw blood on the toilet paper in her hand. I rushed her here and forgot my cell phone; that's why the hospital had to call you guys." Her eyes were swollen and red. Iris was an empath. She took on the pain of those she loved, so I knew seeing Ny'asia in pain bothered her.

"Where is she?" Jonay asked.

Iris cleared her throat and wiped her eyes. "In the back. Once the nurse told me she was able to get in contact with you, I came out here to wait for you."

"What are they saying?" I asked.

"They were still running tests before I came out here."

"Is the baby okay?"

Iris's shoulders lifted then fell. "I'm not sure. I can show you where she is though."

I nodded.

Bruno made sure he stayed close as Iris led us through the automatic double doors. I could see people with their phones out, but I had tunnel vision right now. If anyone tried to approach me, I knew he would handle it.

Ny'asia had grown on me these past couple of months, and I didn't want to see her hurt. I was fearful the baby was in danger. I was starting to come to terms that this was my baby, and the excitement I felt the first time I thought I was going to be a father slowly started to creep in.

When we got to the room where Ny'asia was, I instantly noticed the tear stains on her rosy cheeks. She was in a hospital gown and her hands were resting on her stomach while she stared up at the ceiling.

“Ny'asia, look who's here.”

Ny'asia's eyes fell on me, yet her facial expression didn't change. “I told you that you didn't need to call him.” Her voice was scratchy.

Instantly, I frowned. “Why wouldn't she call me?”

“I don't need you here.”

“The fuck you-”

“How are you feeling, Ny'asia?” Jonay cut in, pulling me back by my arm. I craned my neck to look at her, and she gave me ‘the eye.’

“I'm fine now. You don't have to look so worried.” When I looked back at Ny'asia, she was giving Jonay a more

welcoming look than she had given me.

“Did the doctor say what happened? Is the baby okay?”

Ny’asia shook her head. “I’m waiting for them to come in.”

“What the hell is taking them some long? That’s why I hate public hospitals,” I spat. I turned around. “I’m about to go find someone.”

“Kazier,” Jonay warned, but I ignored her.

I snatched the curtain back just as an older black man was about to walk in.

“Whoa, is everything okay?” He asked with concern on his face.

“Are you the doctor?”

“I am. I’m Dr. Arnolds.” He held his hand out for me.

Looking down at it, I grabbed it. “Kazier. What’s up with my wife?”

His eyes shifted behind me to Ny’asia. “How about I come in?”

“Move, Kazier. Let him in,” Jonay requested.

I stepped back and allowed the doctor into the room. He pulled the curtain to give us some privacy and then looked around.

Iris was sitting on the edge of Ny'asia's bed, holding her hand.

“Ms. Bridge, is it okay to speak freely?”

My frown deepened hearing him reference her maiden name, but I knew it wasn't the time to address it.

“Yes, it's fine.”

“Okay, well, the good news is the baby is fine.” Relief filled my body the moment those words left his mouth.

“It turns out you have scarring on your uterus. It's what we call Asherman Syndrome. The growing fetus is pushing up against it, causing some inflammation and irritation along the uterus lining.”

My eyes were on Ny'asia. She was staring at the doctor without any emotions on her face.

“What caused the scarring?” I asked, seeing that my wife was remaining silent.

Dr. Arnolds turned to look at me. “We typically see this in women who have had a D&C or C-section and an infection

formed from the procedure.”

“What’s a D&C?”

“An abortion,” Ny’asia spoke up.

My eyes darted to her. She was still staring at the doctor.

“Well, it could form as a result of an abortion or if you suffered a miscarriage. Were you ever pregnant before?”

Ny’asia didn’t verbally answer. Instead, she bobbed her head up and down.

That was a shock to me. I looked at both my cousin and Jonay, and they looked just as surprised as I was. Apparently, it was something Ny’asia was keeping from all of us.

“Is the baby going to be okay?” Jonay asked.

Pulling on my bottom lip, I kept my eyes on Ny’asia while waiting on the doctor to answer. Ny’asia had this blank look on her face. She was hardly even blinking.

Dr. Arnolds cleared his throat. “As of now, everything is fine. We were able to get the bleeding under control, and the baby looked good on the scans. However-” The doctor paused and looked down at the tablet in his hands. “Ms. Bridge.”

“Mrs. Waters,” I cut in.

Dr. Arnolds looked at me. “Excuse me, Mrs. Waters will have to be monitored closely the further she gets in her pregnancy. As the fetus grows, it’ll need more room to form. With the scarring in the uterus, the baby has less room, which could cause her to go into early labor or, worst-case scenario, miscarry.”

“Why is this the first time we’re hearing about this? Her doctor never told us any of this.”

“Your doctor had no reason to perform the type of imaging that would see the scarring. If it showed up on the ultrasound, it might not have been seen as an issue at the time.”

Tears were now falling down Ny’asia’s face.

“I’m sorry. I don’t have any better news. As soon as possible, follow up with your doctor. She’ll be able to monitor this situation better. I advise you to keep your stress levels down as well.” He paused for a moment. “If there are no questions, I’ll be discharging you.”

“Dr. Arnolds,” Jonay spoke up. “As you may know, Kazier is a high-profile person, and we need to be certain that

everything spoken here remains confidential.”

Dr. Arnolds looked at her. “I assure you that no one knows the nature of this visit.”

“Still, I have some paperwork for everyone who handled Mrs. Waters to sign.” Dr. Arnolds headed out of the room with Jonay behind him.

It was quiet in the room. Ny’asia was still silently crying, staring at the ceiling.

I wasn’t really sure what to say at the moment. I didn’t know she had ever been pregnant, or that she had gotten rid of it.

“Iris, can you give Ny’asia and me a minute?” Her eyes finally fell on me. They were puffy and red, just like her flushed face.

“Uh yeah, Ima go grab something from the vending machine. You want anything?” Iris looked at Ny’asia, who shook her head.

Iris stood up and walked past me. She grabbed my shoulder and squeezed it before leaving out the room.

It was just Ny’asia and me now.

Trying to find the right words, I bit the inside of my jaw. I had never been in a situation like this before, and I wasn't sure what was going through Ny'asia's mind. I did know that this situation showed me just how little I knew about the woman I married.

NY ASIA

The air was thick in the hospital room. My stomach was in knots, and I couldn't stop the tears from falling from my eyes.

Hearing the doctor explain what was wrong with me took me back to a place I never wanted to visit again. When I decided to get rid of my baby years ago, I knew it was for the best, but I never expected it to haunt me later in life.

I was waiting for Kazier to speak, but he just kept staring at me like I was diseased or something. His eyebrows were tightly bunched together, and he was tugging on his bottom lip so rough that I thought he would pull it off.

I licked my dry lips and used the back of my hand to wipe my eyes.

My throat was sore from all the crying I had done since leaving Iris's house. I was thankful for her. As soon as I wiped and saw blood, I started to panic, but she kept it together enough to get me to the hospital safely.

“We gone talk about this?” Kazier finally asked me.

I stared at him, not really sure how I felt about him at the moment.

I hadn't said two words to him since he confessed to sleeping with other women. It was just like when I first moved in. I knew I had no reason to be in my feelings. We had never discussed being exclusive to one another. Nor did we ever talk about how we would handle things if feelings shifted between us. I figured that both of us were on the same page, being that things were going so well with us.

I cleared my throat. “What is there to talk about?”

His nose slightly fared. “How about the fact you never told me you were pregnant before?”

“Just like you never told me about the girl who lied about having your baby?” A stare-off formed between us. My chest ached.

“That was different.”

“How? We both withheld something from each other. I had to learn about it from people who weren't you, just like you just learned about my previous pregnancy from someone that wasn't me.”

His jaw clenched.

He dragged his tongue across his lips and pulled on his chin hair.

“When were you pregnant?”

For a moment, I wanted to tell him to leave me alone, but I knew that wouldn't get us anywhere. In reality, I needed him to comfort me. I was scared and nervous about possibly losing my baby. It had been so long since I had someone have my back like I needed them to.

My eyes dropped to the IV in my arm. I poked the side of my cheek with my tongue and fiddled with my hands.

“Two years ago.” My voice was low and brittle.

Releasing a heavy breath. I attempted to swallow the lump that had formed in my throat.

“Why didn't you ever mention it?” His voice was gruff but not as rough as before.

I blinked a couple of times, trying to get my emotions under control. I hated speaking about my past. I hated thinking about all the bullshit I endured because I was too bullheaded to listen to my parents.

I cleared my throat.

“My ex-boyfriend wasn’t a good guy. I told you that. By the time I realized it for myself, I was in too deep with him. I was ready to leave him when I found out I was pregnant. I knew if he knew I was carrying his child, it would be much harder to leave him.” I paused, trying to keep my emotions in check. I felt like my tongue was suddenly swelling in my throat.

I sniffed back the tears forming in my eyes and played with my wedding ring.

Inhaling a deep breath, I released it slowly. “Instead of telling him about the pregnancy, I decided to get an abortion. I ended up getting an infection following the procedure, which caused some issues. I thought I was fine after being treated. I guess I was wrong.”

It grew quiet in the room.

Kazier didn’t respond right away.

My stomach was still in knots and my chest was heavy.

Kazier made his way to my bed and stood next to me. He still didn’t say anything.

“The scarring I was aware of, but I thought I was good when Dr. Olsen let us know everything was fine.”

Sniffing, I ran my hand over my mouth and tucked my lips in my mouth.

“Everything will be a’right. Our baby is going to be good.” For the first time since being here, I saw light hovering over me. It was the first time I heard him take ownership of our baby as well.

“You said ‘our baby.’” A small toothless grin formed on my face.

A crooked smile appeared on his face. “Yeah, well one thing I’ve learned about is you’re not afraid to tell it how it is. If there was a chance I wasn’t the father, I’m sure you would’ve admitted it by now.”

I snorted.

My body was still tense, thinking this could be karma from my past. I was praying God kept his hands over my baby and didn’t allow my karma to hit him or her.

I was currently in my room with my laptop on my lap, watching the video I had recorded yesterday at Iris’s house. We went to the store and got all the things I would need to

start my channel last week. It was a simple smokey eye and dark contrast look.

Since being released from the hospital the previous day, I had been in bed. The pain I felt was now gone. Although I was feeling better, I was still fearful that my past actions could harm my baby. Back then, I didn't want to get rid of my baby, but I knew it was what was best at the time.

My phone vibrated next to me. I saw it was Kazier texting me.

Kazier: Come to my room.

I was surprised at his request. Since being here, I have yet to step foot inside his room.

Me: Okay.

Setting my laptop to the side, I collected my phone and headed out of my room. Making my way downstairs and to the back of the house, I saw that Kazier's bedroom door was already opened.

As soon as I stepped inside, my eyes roamed it. Done in black and gray, I noted the black furniture. He had a large bed in the middle of the room, and his comforter was black and gray. There was a large TV mounted on the wall near the

door. The doors that led to the backyard were on one side of the room. I noticed a couple of pictures of him on the wall that looked like they were taken during different performances. There were also a couple of plaques near them.

I stepped further into the room and saw what looked like a living room on the opposite side of the room. Kazier had a dark gray couch with black pillows on it. Another smaller TV on a stand was in that area, too. What really caught my eyes was the silver stripper pole in the middle of the room.

Kazier walked out from what looked like the bathroom dressed in only his boxers.

“How you feeling?” He walked to his bed and tossed his phone on it.

“Fine. Peanut has me hungry as ever, but besides that, I’m good.”

“You want me to call Ben up?” I shook my head.

“No, I’m good right now.”

With the silence between us, my eyes roamed around the room again. Kazier’s room was so masculine. I could smell the mixture of weed and whatever cologne he sprayed that day.

“You still pissed off at me?” He turned to face me.

“Why would I be pissed off at you?” I crossed my arms over my chest and shifted my weight to one side.

“Don’t insult me, love.”

“I’m fine, Kazier. Whatever you do in your free time is your business.”

He tugged on his bottom lip with his teeth. “You mean that?” He rose an eyebrow.

“Is that why you invited me in here?”

“Nah, it’s this.” His hand went over his head. It was then that I noticed he was wearing his hair out. I always saw Kazier with his two braids, but it was nice seeing him with his hair out. His hair was full of thick, tight curls that most natural women would kill for. “You said you can braid, right?”

Slowly, I moved my head up and down. “You trying to hook me up? I can only tolerate this shit being out for so long. My barber won’t be back until next week, and she normally hooks me up.”

“Your barber is a girl?”

“Yeah, she cuts then braids me up.”

I was shocked. I had never heard of a female barber before that did house calls and braided.

“Oh okay. Well, yeah, sure.” I shrugged. “Do you have everything?”

“I have a comb and some grease. You need anything else?”

I laughed. “No, that should be good.”

“A’right, let me grab it out of the bathroom. We can sit in the nook over there.” I nodded and walked over to where the couch was. Stepping down the two steps that led to it, I observed it was a nice size space.

“I don’t know why I’m shocked about this.” I snickered, grabbing the pole and circling around it once Kazier came into the room.

He chuckled. “Gotta have some entertainment somehow, right?”

Turning around, I stared at my husband. “How many women have been on it?”

His eyes shifted to the pole.

“Believe it or not, none. It was just recently installed about a month before you moved in. I don’t trust women enough for them to know where I live.”

“So why get it?” He shrugged.

“You never know what could happen.”

He grabbed a remote from the arm of the couch and hit a button, causing the pole to raise. “In case you want to watch TV without it in the way.” He grabbed the other remote and pressed a button, turning the TV on.

Kazier sat in front of the couch on the floor, and I made my way over to him, sitting behind him on the couch.

“When I pictured myself between your legs again, I didn’t think this would be why.”

I giggled at his statement. “Kazier, please.”

I ran my fingers through his hair. “Oh, wow.”

“What?” He looked over his shoulder at me.

“Your hair is so soft. If this is what I have to look forward to with our baby, then I’m happy.” My fingers massaged his scalp.

“What, you thought a nigga’s hair was nappy? I got that good shit.”

“I can see that.” I laughed.

“That shit feels good as hell, too.” He leaned back more.

He had thick hair and I ran the comb through it. I wasn't a professional at doing hair, but I could do the two braids I typically saw Kazier wear.

Using the ponytail on my wrist, I put the hair I just parted up.

"You should wear your hair out more."

"Hell nah, I hate this shit for real."

"Why not cut it?"

"It's my look." He shrugged.

A stirring formed in my stomach when I turned his head and laid it on my bare thigh.

"Your skin is soft and you smell good."

"Kazier." I combed through his hair.

"I'm just saying."

"I can feel the heat between your legs." I released a shaky breath.

Kazier was trying to get me worked up, but I refused to take it there with him again. I ignored his words and focused on his hair.

“You and your ex, what happened to make you want to leave?” Kazier asked out of nowhere. I froze for a moment.

“Where did that come from?”

My eyes went to the TV. We hadn't put anything on, so it was on the Firestick home screen.

“You aborted the man's baby. Most women don't do that for no reason.”

“He was a jackass. Wouldn't grow up, did some things I didn't like, so I had to leave.”

The last thing I wanted to talk about was my crummy ex and all the shit I went through with him.

It grew quiet between us again. Kazier grabbed the remote for the TV and went to the Pandora app.

“I was scared,” he admitted after a while. I had finished up the first braid and was moving to the other side.

“What?” I ran the comb through his hair.

“When I heard you were in the hospital, I was scared. The first time I learned I was supposed to be a father, I was happy as fuck. Naomi was supposed to be my endgame. We had been together for a little over a year and a half. I got signed and thought we were going to be a power couple in the

industry. She wanted to model, and I was rapping. It was all good. When I found out that the baby wasn't mine, I was crushed. That was the day I detached myself from my feelings and said fuck that monogamy shit."

"So, you loved her?"

"I did. She was the first girl I decided to try and be faithful to. It wasn't always easy either because females loved a nigga for real, but I tried."

Twisting my mouth to the side, I greased the patch of hair I was about to start braiding.

"Anyways, once I got my head off my ass and started accepting the baby you're carrying could really be mine, I started feeling happy like the first time around. Finding out that you were in the hospital and not knowing why had my stomach in all kinds of knots. Since getting signed, I learned money pretty much fixes everything. Well, this was one situation it couldn't. I wasn't expecting to find out about you being pregnant before, but that shit is irrelevant for real." His head lifted and he turned to look at me.

"Kazier."

“Is there anything else that I should know about you?”

His eyes pierced into me.

Licking my lips, I shook my head. “No.”

His nodded. “A’right, cool.” He faced forward. “I just want to make sure you and peanut are good. Anything that can cause that to change fucks with me.”

“I have an appointment with Dr. Olsen. She’ll be able to give me more insight on everything.”

“I wanna be there. Make sure you tell Hanna so I can be there.”

My heart fluttered in my chest. Hearing the dedication Kazier was showing to our baby caused a tingling in my belly.

“Okay.”

A small smile formed on my face.

The music from the TV played in the room as we sat in comfortable silence. When I finished his braids, he walked over to his mirror in the room and looked them over.

“You ain’t do half bad, wifey.”

I giggled. “Yeah, well.” I shrugged and picked my phone up.

When I looked at my screen, I couldn't help but furrow my brows and turn my mouth upside down.

“What the fuck.” I muttered, clicking the notifications.

“What's wrong?” Kazier faced me.

My eyes ran over the post on InstaFlik, and my mouth dropped. This was the last thing I expected to happen.

I looked at Kazier, who looked lost.

“Someone leaked my pregnancy.”



“Your lawyer and a couple of people from my team are down at the hospital trying to figure out how Ny’asia’s pregnancy was leaked,” Teresa ranted.

Since someone leaked the news about Ny’asia being pregnant, the blogs and fans have been going crazy. My phone has been blowing up with tags and notifications from people asking if it was true.

“Everyone on shift who handled Ny’asia was forced to sign an NDA before we left. I made sure that day. Not to mention that HIPPA bullshit was supposed to make sure her privacy was protected,” Jonay interjected.

“I don’t get what the big deal is,” Ny’asia spoke up, causing all of us to look at her.

“You don’t see the big deal? Your pregnancy was supposed to be kept a secret until the photoshoot the two of you have scheduled. We decided that’s when it would be revealed.”

My face frowned up, and I turned to look at Teresa. “I wasn’t aware of that.”

With a quick dip of her chin, she looked at Jonay and then back at me. “We decided it would be the best way to announce it. It would have done wonders for you. With your album coming out this summer, your sales would be off the charts.”

I scratched the bottom of my chin. “So, what now?”

“We’ll have to make a statement. There’s been a lot of questions whether the news was real or not, if we-”

“Stop,” Ny’asia spoke up again, causing the attention to go to her.

“What’s wrong?”

“This, this whole thing.” Ny’asia sat up in her seat. “This pregnancy is not going to be used to help album sales. My baby isn’t some prop to be dangled in front of his fans. Using a photoshoot to reveal my pregnancy is nice, but it should have been run by me first.”

Teresa cleared her throat. “Ny’asia, if you remember, the whole reason you and Kazier stayed together is because-”

“I know why we stayed together. You don’t have to remind me. Still, that doesn’t mean you get to decide how I handle my pregnancy. The only reason why I’ve kept it a secret is that the first trimester is the most crucial, and they say to wait until you’re out of the danger zone. I honestly don’t care if people know I’m pregnant. I’m starting to show more anyways, and unless I wear bigger clothes, people will speculate.”

Ny’asia’s speech caused me to smirk. One thing I admired about her was the fact that she wasn’t afraid to speak up for herself. Even if she was firing her sharp tongue at me, I loved that she didn’t let anyone walk all over her.

“Okay. Well, the news is out, and there’s nothing we can do about it.” Jonay spoke after a pregnant pause. She looked at me. “Do you have anything to say?”

With a lazy shrug, I shook my head. “I mean, my wife said what she had to say. I honestly don’t give a damn.”

Jonay’s eyes tightened. “You don’t care about shit, do you?”

“Yeah, when it’s relevant. We can’t change the fact that the news is out. All this back and forth isn’t going to take that away.”

Teresa released a heavy sigh. “Okay, I want you two to just not comment on it. Let the speculators talk, and when the time comes, we’ll make an official announcement.”

“Or we can just confirm the news. I’m going to take a picture and post it. Problem solved.”

Teresa glared at Ny’asia. Her right eye started to twitch.

A small chuckle escaped my mouth. I don’t think she realized that my wife was going to do what she wanted regardless of how she felt.

“I don’t think-”

“Well, I do.” The two were in a stare-off.

“Teresa, let her handle the situation how she wants. We’ll do what we need to do with the hospital, and that’s all that matters.”

Teresa turned to me, but I only lifted my shoulders.

“Okay, okay.” She tossed her hands up.

“Let me know when you decide to do it.”

“That I can do.” I watched Ny’asia run her hand over her growing belly out the corner of my eye.

Teresa collected her things and prepared to leave.

“What did the doctor say?” Before coming to this meeting, we had an appointment with Dr. Olsen. She had a last-minute cancellation and was able to get Ny’asia in sooner than expected.

“She said everything looks good for now. She wants to keep monitoring me closely, especially since I’m getting bigger. My labs and everything came back good though. Her biggest concern was if the baby would have enough room to grow the further along I get.”

Jonay nodded. “I’m glad to hear that. If there’s anything you need, don’t hesitate to let me know.”

Ny’asia grinned. “I will.”

Jonay looked at me. “We have one more meeting to go to, and then you’re free for the day.”

I nodded my head and stood up. “C’mon, Jodeci is waiting for you outside.”

Ny’asia stood up. “I’ll talk to you later.” Ny’asia waved at Jonay.

My hand went to the small of Ny’asia’s back as I led her out of the conference room and down the hall. As we were walking, Carmen and her manager passed us.

“Hey, Kazier.” She grinned the moment she laid eyes on me.

I tossed her a head nod. “I’ll be right back,” I let her know.

Ny’asia turned her head and her eyes were squinted. “What?”

“That’s your meeting?”

I chuckled. “Yeah, we’re about to do a track together.”

She rolled her eyes and kept walking. “What’s with all that?”

“Nothing, I just don’t like her.” Walking quickly until I was on her side, I tossed my arms around Ny’asia’s shoulder.

“Why is that?” I glanced down at her.

“She’s disrespectful. Any woman that blatantly flirts with a married man in front of his wife is trash and has no morals.”

Again, I chuckled. “Ain’t no one thinking about that girl. Love, I hate to tell you, but your husband is fine as fuck. A lot of bitches want to fuck me. That don’t mean Ima fuck them. I’m selective with my dick.”

Ny'asia looked up at me with her nose bunched up. "I didn't need to know that."

We made it to the elevators, and I hit the down button.

"I ain't been fucking lately, in case you want to know."

"I don't," she quickly let me know.

The elevator doors opened, and we stepped inside. I hit the L for the lobby and waited for the doors to close.

"I'm starving." Ny'asia lifted her hands above her and released a yawn.

"Have Jodeci go grab you something, then go home and lay down."

She scrunched her face up at me. "You ain't my daddy."

"The doctor told you to take the next couple of days easy, right?"

She rolled her eyes.

Smiling, I gave her a slight push when the doors opened.

We stepped into the lobby that was clear, for the most part. A few people were at the receptionist's desk. I tossed a

head nod to a couple of artists making their way to the elevator.

“A’right, I’ll see you later,” I told Ny’asia once we were outside.

Jodeci was holding the back door open for her.

“Okay.” She turned to get in the car. My eyes dropped to her ass. Her hips had spread some and her ass looked like it had gained some weight as well. My teeth sunk into my bottom lip.

Memories of how her pussy was like a river the last time I fucked her popped in my head. I always heard pregnancy pussy was unmatched.

Feeling myself getting excited, I adjusted myself.

“After you drop her off, you can chill. Ima stay in the studio for a while. I’ll call you when I’m done.” He nodded.

“Got it, boss.” Jodeci walked around the car while I turned to go back into the building.

“This shit gone be fire,” I told Carmen while bobbing my head to the beat.

We had finished our meeting, and while our managers finished up some last-minute stuff, we ducked up into the studio I would be working in today. Draco, a well-known producer, had sent me some beats to work with for some upcoming projects. Once Carmen let me know how her verse would go, I picked one of them that I thought would go perfectly with it.

“I was thinking we could use a sample of Jenae’s *With You* on the chorus to bring it all together.”

When I didn’t get a response back, I noticed Carmen was staring at me with a guileful look on her face. She leaned back in her chair and crossed her legs at the knee, bringing my attention to her legs covered in dark gray leggings.

“I like the idea. I fuck with Jenae, and I love that song.”

“Bet. Ima have Jonay reach out to her people.” Carmen pulled her bottom lip between her teeth. Her eyes lowered.

“I’m glad we finally get to work together, K-Don. I’ve had a couple songs where I asked who I should add to the remix and your name always comes up. Our fans have been wanting this collab for a while now.”

I had to agree with that. It's been a lot of talk of us working together, but it never happened until now.

“The magazine is releasing the issue with us this week, right?”

She nodded. “Friday. I bet everyone goes crazy too.”

“Hell yeah, we looked good as fuck.”

This time when Carmen smiled, she showed every one of her thirty-two teeth.

“We do. They sent my manager a preview and we look like a couple.” She leaned forward. She was dressed in a black V-neck and whatever bra she had on was pushing her cleavage up high. My eyes went to her chest. I dragged my tongue across my lips, lifting one side of my mouth.

When I brought my eyes to hers, she still had that guileful twinkle in her eyes. “I noticed your wife giving me the stink eye when I saw you two earlier. She doesn't like me very much, does she?” Her elbow went to her leg and she propped her chin on her hand.

“She's territorial over what's hers.”

“Meaning?”

I smirked. “She thinks you want to fuck me.”

Carmen's smile grew. "That woman's intention is a bitch. We always know what's what. I do want to fuck you though. She's not wrong about that."

She licked her plump pink lips, making my dick twitch. "Are you going to be trouble?" I tilted my head.

She giggled. "As much as I want to fuck you. I'm not the one to play mistress to anyone. I might flirt, might even touch, but that's as far as I'll go."

I studied Carmen. Her whole persona screamed sex. She was a sex icon in the industry that had a lot of men lusting over her and women wanting to act just like her. She got a lot of backlash for being as sexually liberated as she was, but she always said she didn't become a rapper to be little girls' role model. Her raps were always grown and sexy.

The door to the studio opened, and both mine and Carmen's manager walked into the studio.

"Carmen, you ready?" He asked her.

She kept her eye on me for a minute longer before looking at her manager. "Yeah, we can leave."

The both of us stood up.

“I look forward to recording with you.” She held her hand out.

With a chuckle, I grabbed her hand and shook it. “Yeah, me too.”

Carmen and her manager left, and I could feel Jonay’s eyes boring into me. “What?”

She tossed her hands up. “I’m not saying a word.”

I ran my hand over my braids. “I know what you thinking and it’s not like that.”

I could tell she didn’t believe me, but she didn’t push. Fucking with Carmen would be messy as hell. She might have been sexy as fuck and stacked as hell, but there were some lines even I wouldn’t cross.

After securing my Rolex on my wrist, I walked over to my mirror and gave myself a once-over. With one diamond stud in my ear and my signature three chains on my neck, I wanted to keep it simple today. I had on a black and white Dolce and Gabbana shirt with black shorts.

Today, DJ Skeezy, a popular DJ, was throwing a party. It was warm out for late May, and he was known for his

elaborate celebrations.

I walked over to my dresser and grabbed my Dior Sauvage cologne, spraying some on myself before snatching my phone up and walking out of my room.

I was heading to my garage, where I planned on pulling my Maserati out.

Iris and Ny'asia were walking towards the back laughing about something when they passed by me.

“Look at you looking all clean. Where you going, cousin?” Iris asked me.

“A party,” I told her. My eyes cut to my wife. Ironically, she was dressed in a striped black and white dress that went mid-thigh and tied around the stomach, matching me. Around her neck was the necklace I bought her and on her wrist was the bracelet. I wasn't sure if it was on purpose, but the top of her chest was highlighted in glitter, which caused the area to glow. From what I knew, she and my cousin had just come back from going out to lunch.

“You didn't ask if we wanted to go.” My eyes shifted back to Iris.

“It's an industry party. It's not even your scene.”

“It’s a party and it’s nice out. We don’t want to be cooped up in the house.”

“So don’t be. Go out and do something.”

“We want to go with you. Right, Ny’asia?”

I looked at Ny’asia, whose eyes were already trained on me. “It would be nice to see how you guys party,” she spoke.

I licked my lips and rolled my shoulders.

“Are you up to going to a party?”

Ny’asia rolled her eyes. “Yes, Kazier, I feel fine. If you don’t want us to go, just say that.” She crossed her arms over her chest.

Not wanting to cause a fight, I tossed my hands up. “A’right, fine. It’s a pool party though. You don’t have a bathing suit,” I told Iris.

“I’m sure I have one upstairs you can fit that I haven’t worn yet,” Ny’asia let her know.

“I’ll be waiting down here for y’all.”

This would be the first time I stepped out with Ny’asia outside of my concert and hosting I did last month. I didn’t

have an issue with her coming. In fact, it'll be interesting for me to see how she handled herself.

“I love this car.” Ny’asia gushed over my G Wagon. She ran her hand over the dashboard. I pulled into Skeezy’s driveway, which was already loaded with cars, and found a spot.

After I parked, I pulled my phone out to let YJ and Bishop know I’d just pulled up.

I took my eyes off my phone and looked at Ny’asia. Her face was done up in a more natural look today. She had added silver hoops to her ears and two small silver studs in front of them. In her nose was a stud in one nostril and a silver hoop in the other, along with her septum piercing. My wife was truly bad as hell. I couldn’t lie about that. She didn’t have to try very hard to look good. She just did. “Yeah, this shit’s cool, I guess.” I shrugged and turned the car off.

We got out of the car. “Wow, it’s a lot of people here,” Iris mentioned.

I looked around the yard. “This ain’t shit.”

“Wassup y’all.” YJ and Bishop walked up to us.

“Wassup.” I slapped hands with them.

“Oh, the ladies is partying with us today!” YJ mentioned, eyeing my cousin.

Iris linked her arm through Ny’asia’s. “We sure are.”

Both of them had wide grins on their faces. We headed in the direction of the house.

“This is unexpected,” Bishop commented.

“I was headed out the door and they asked to come so.” I lifted my shoulders.

“It’s gone be a lot of fine ass bitches in here and you brought wifey.” YJ shook his head. “You sure that’s the right move?”

I looked ahead to where Ny’asia and Iris were. “Hell, if it’s not, it’s too late now.”

I could hear the music from the backyard loud and clear from the front of the house. When we walked to the back, it got even louder.

“I’m about to turn up!” YJ shouted and rubbed his hands together.

I laughed. His ass was always down to party. While all three of us were wild, I believed YJ was the one who was the worst. Bishop had his limits, but was always down for a good time at the end of the day.

The backyard was full of people scattered around it. Some in bathing suits, others fully dressed. People were in and out the door. The music was loud. You could hear loud laughs and people talking around us. Everyone seemed to be in a good mood and having a good time, though.

“I’m going to the liquor.” Bishop turned to walk off.

“Hold up, nigga, I’m going with you.” YJ followed behind Bishop, and I turned to look at the ladies.

“I can smell the barbeque from here, so that’s where I want to go,” Ny’asia stated.

I laughed when I saw her eyeing the food area close to the house. “Then that’s where we’re headed.”

The two of them went to walk off, but I stopped them. “Aye, y’all be careful. It’s gone be a bunch of drunk muthafuckas here, and I don’t want to have to put anyone on their ass.”

“We can handle ourselves.” Ny’asia stuck her tongue out at me.

“I can put something in that mouth if that’s what you want.” Her eyes bucked, and Iris’s face scrunched up. “

“Okay, eww.”

The two of them walked off, and I watched them for a moment. Now that we were here, I wasn’t sure if I was feeling them being around all these people. I gave Iris a hard time, but I looked at her like my sister, and with Ny’asia carrying my baby, I didn’t want anything to happen to her.

After keeping my eyes on them a little longer, I headed for the bar. One thing Skeezy always made sure to have was an open bar that was fully stocked. I was ready to get fucked up and enjoy the day.

“I’ve been looking for you.” I jumped seeing Kiaa standing outside the bathroom door. I eyed her in her orange bathing suit leaving little to the imagination. From the front, you could see the outline of her ass.

“You must not be looking that hard because I ain’t been hiding. And why the hell you standing outside the

bathroom like a damn stalker?” I went to walk past her, but she grabbed me.

Kiaa was a video vixen. I had used her in a couple of my videos. After one shoot, I ended up blowing her back out in the dressing room. It was good enough that I kept her on my roster. I hadn't met up with her in a few weeks though.

A giggle left her mouth and she grabbed my arm. “You're so funny, K-Don. Don't be like that.”

Staring down at her, I narrowed my eyes. “What you want, Kiaa?” Again, I dragged my eyes over her bronze skin. Her breasts looked like they were about to bust out of the skimpy top she had on.

“It's been a while since we linked up.”

“I've been busy.” I pulled my arm out of her grasp and looked around.

I was in the pool house where Skeezy had everyone going to use the bathroom so his main house wouldn't be touched.

“Well, are you busy now?” She touched my chest and ran her hand down until it got to my dick. She dropped down

with a duplicitous grin on her face, pulling my shorts down with her.

“Looks like he missed me too.” She licked her lips before taking me in her mouth.

“Shit,” my hand instantly went to the long bundles in her head. I pumped in and out her mouth, fucking her face instantly. Kiaa didn't have gag reflexes and loved when I was rough with her. She took me to the back of her throat, almost causing my knees to buckle

Kiaa pulled up and spit on my dick, then ran her hand up and down my shaft. She stared at me with lustful eyes before taking me back into her mouth.

My hand went to the wall behind me, and I continued fucking her face until I emptied my seeds down her throat.

Her tongue ran along my dick and she nibbled on the now sensitive tip.

“Damn, you're *too* good at that,” I muttered, shaking my head.

I didn't know who taught Kiaa how to suck dick, but I appreciated them.

While she stood up, I turned to go back into the bathroom to wash my dick off. When I turned around, Kiaa had stripped out of her bathing suit.

“What you doing?” I looked towards the entrance of the pool house.

“I want some dick now.” I shook my head.

Not only did I not have a rubber, but anyone could walk in at any moment. We were already risking it with her sucking me off.

“I ain’t got a rubber on me.”

“I can get one.”

“Hell nah. You know I don’t play that shit.”

One thing I always do is bring my own condoms. You read about too many niggas getting trapped by bitches lookin’ for a come-up.

“K-Don! You know I’m not on no bullshit,” she pouted.

“I don’t know shit, maybe another time. Thanks for the release though. I needed that.” I slapped her ass before walking to the doors.

I adjusted myself, making sure I was good before heading back out to the party.

NY ASIA

I looked around the backyard at the plethora of people having a good time. “Do you see Kazier anywhere?” I asked Iris, lifting my sunglasses.

We had been here for a good amount of time, and I hadn’t seen him since we first got here. Iris and I were sitting off to the side in two beach chairs. She was drinking a premade mixed drink while I sipped on sweet tea. Right now, I envied her because I could use a drink.

Iris sat up and looked towards the pool. It was large with an attached waterfall. The hot tub was full of people, with others standing near the stairs to enter it. Behind it was a large grass field where a group of people had set up a volleyball net and were currently playing. The DJ hadn’t missed with the music yet. Some people were dancing and grinding with each other. It looked like a Freak Nik video going on.

“No, but with all these people, who the hell knows where he could be.” She took a sip of her drink.

I located YJ, who was currently being danced on by some big booty girl. He was grinning widely with a drink in his hand, moving along with her. I laughed at him. YJ was a character for real.

I looked down at my phone and didn't have any messages from Kazier either.

I did have a lot of notifications from InstaFlik when I clicked on it. I saw a lot of people commenting about seeing a bump in my midsection. Some were asking if I was even pregnant. There were even a couple saying I trapped 'thee K-Don.' I shook my head. The internet was really an interesting place.

"Let's take a picture. We look too cute not to post," I told Iris and turned my back to her lifting my phone.

"I know that's right!" We took a couple of pictures. Some I posted on my story, one of us smiling I posted to my actual page.

"Yes! Send those to me so I can post them too."

"Will do." I clicked my phone and prepared to airdrop the photos.

Once I was finished, I lifted my head and searched the backyard again. “I’m going to go see if I can find Kazier.” I gripped my tea and phone.

“I’m coming with you. I need another drink anyway.”

We weaved in and out of the crowd. “Damn, who are you and why don’t I know you?” Some guy grabbed my hand as I passed him.

I looked up at him with my face frowned up. He licked his lips and hungrily stared down at me. “I’m taken.” I let him know by lifting my left hand. He was cute, but I wasn’t interested.

“Damn, the fine ones always are.” He grabbed his chest. I pulled my hand out of his grasp and followed behind Iris.

While she filled her cup up, I looked around. When my eyes landed on the pool house, I noticed Kazier walking out.

“Oh, I found your cousin. I’ll be right back.”

“Okay, girl.” I turned and walked towards Kazier. It was weird even though we lived together, my heart rate increased the second I laid eyes on him.

I noticed the pool house door open, and some girl in a skimpy orange bikini came walking out. My strides slowed back while something shot through my chest.

Kazier was now laughing and talking to Bishop and some other dude. He had a drink in his hand too.

Swallowing down the acidic taste that threatened to flare, I continued to make my way toward him. This time not as cheerful.

“Aye, love, there you are,” Kazier announced when I got closer. He wrapped his arms around me and pulled me to his side.

“Skeezy, this my wife, Ny’asia. Love, this Skeezy, the nigga throwing the party.”

I forced a smile at the handsome brown skin man in front of me. “It’s nice to meet you.”

“No, it’s nice to meet you, sweetheart. I couldn’t believe my boy was really married but looking at you, I don’t blame him for being tied down.”

“Aye, watch that shit,” Kazier warned before they all laughed.

“You hear this nigga, man,” Bishop joined in.

“Right, being all protective. I don’t blame you though.”
Skeezy gave me one more once over before someone called his name.

“Niggas always want something,” he gritted, then turned and walked off.

“You enjoying the party?” Bishop asked me.

I nodded. “It’s cool. It would be even better if I could drink.”

“You’ll be able to soon.” I looked up at Kazier.

“Not soon enough.”

A girl walked over and wrapped her arms around Bishop. He looked down at her and grinned. “Excuse me y’all,” he drank his drink and cuffed the girl’s ass, walking off with her.

“Where’s Iris?” I turned towards the drinks and pointed. “Over there at the bar.” I noticed some guy in her face. Whatever he was saying must have been good because she was all smiles.

“You good for real? Ain’t no one been fucking with you?” His eyes were low and red, indicating at some point he was smoking. He brought his red cup to his lips and took a sip.

“I’m fine. Where you been?” My eyes shifted to the pool house then back at him.

“Shit, everywhere.” He laughed.

I narrowed my eyes at him. I didn’t think he would fuck some girl with me right outside, but then with Kazier, you never knew.

“Ahhhh shit! I know this is the ratchet anthem!” The DJ said into the mic when *Back That Azz Up* started playing.

“Oh, this my shit.”

“What you know about this song?” Kazier stared down at me with his hooded eyes and smirked.

Instead of answering him verbally, I grabbed his hand and walked over to where a bunch of people were dancing on the stone patio.

Once I found us a spot, I planted my ass against his pelvis and started shaking my ass on him.

It had been a while since I was able to let loose and enjoy myself. Everything had been so chaotic, but today I could just be Ny’asia.

Kazier gripped my hips, and he was dancing to the beat with me, matching my movements.

Lifting my head, I noticed the girl who came out of the pool house was glaring at Kazier and me. I took it up a notch with my eyes locked on her, winding my hips into Kazier. When he lifted my dress, my bathing suit bottoms showed, and his bulge pressed against my ass cheeks.

The girl's eyes were still beaming into us. Her arms were crossed and her hip was poked out to the side. I could see the steam coming from her head.

"I see you ladies. Show out then!" The DJ said over the mic.

Smiling at the girl, I planted my hands on the ground and spread my legs more.

Kazier matched me and bent his knees, thrusting into me. His fingers sunk into my sides. Eyes were on us. I'm pretty sure it looked like we were fucking on the dance floor.

"Okay, K-Don, nigga, we see you with the baddie!"

Kazier and I continued to fuck up the dancefloor. Eventually I forgot about the girl watching us. I was having a good time.

I grew tired after a while and needed something to drink. Beads of sweat formed on my forehead.

“You like showing your ass, huh?” Kazier pulled me into him and said into my ear. I could smell whatever he was drinking brush across my nose.

“I was matching you,” I smirked up at him.

Someone bumped into us. Kazier gripped me tighter.

“Aye, watch where the fuck you going,” he snapped at the dude.

The guy laughed. “My bad, K-Don man. We was goofing off and-”

“I don’t give a fuck. You need to watch where you going.” Kazier was mugging the guy.

He tossed his hands up. “Damn, chill, it was an accident.” His eyes dropped to me. It was clear he was drunk.

“Damn, you bad as fuck. This you, K-Don?”

Kazier’s grip on me loosened, but I gripped his wrist. “Ain’t she with me right now?”

“You always got some bad bitches with you. Damn, save some for the rest of us,” the guy laughed.

“Aye, do she look like a bitch to you?” By this time, eyes were on us.

“Kazier,” I whispered and pulled on him when he let me go.

Both of them were drunk and about the same height. Kazier had a little more weight on him than the guy though. Still, I didn’t want them fighting.

“It was a compliment. Why you being so testy?” The guy frowned and looked at me. “Did I offend you, sexy?”

Before I could answer, Kazier snatched me behind him and stepped to the dude. “Don’t fucking address her.”

“What happened?” Iris walked up and whispered, but I kept my eyes on Kazier.

“You getting real testy when all I said was yo bitch was bad. Damn, you act like I said I wanted to fuck her.” The dude’s words were heavily slurred.

“Kazier, come on.” I pulled on him, but he shook me off.

YJ and Bishop were now standing next to him, waiting for Kazier’s next move.

“Aye wassup?” Skeezy approached everyone.

A couple of guys had stood next to the drunk dude.

“K-Don here got his panties all in a bunch for no reason. He probably just mad I could fuck his bitch if I wanted.”

“Kazier!” I shrieked when his fist went flying into the dude’s face.

Iris pulled me back so I wouldn’t get hit.

The next thing I knew, it was a brawl. YJ and Bishop were fighting along with the other dude’s friends.

Iris and I tried our best to stay out of the way. People were scattering like roaches to get out of the way and yelling.

My heart was beating fiercely in my chest. My stomach was tight. I tried to keep my eyes on Kazier, but everything was happening so quickly.

The fight was finally broken up, and my eyes immediately went Kazier. The same girl in orange was attempting to speak to him and grab him.

Kazier was snarling and panting heavily. “Fuck off me! Where’s my wife?” He looked around. I didn’t realize I was holding my breath until I heard his voice and finally released it.

His eyes finally found mine. I was gripping Iris’s arm.

Kazier stormed towards me. His eyes bounced from me to his cousin. “Y’all good?” We nodded.

In the background, I could hear the drunk guy shouting along with his friends. The next thing I saw was them being escorted out.

“K man, what the hell?” Skeezy walked up to us.

“That nigga was being too disrespectful.” He wiped his bleeding lip. That was the only mark on him.

“Good look y’all.” Kazier slapped hands with Bishop and YJ. They didn’t look like they were in a fight either.

“You know we got you.”

“Can y’all just not start any more shit, damn. Black people can never kick it without some bullshit,” Skeezy ranted, walking off.

Kazier waved him off and snatched his shirt off, causing me to lose my train of thought. His chest was glistening with sweat. I eyed every toned cut and art piece on it.

“Y’all wanna leave? Y’all can take my truck and I’ll catch a ride.”

I looked at Iris. “I don’t want to, but we can if you want.”

She shook her head. “No, I’m good.”

“A’right.” He placed his shirt over his shoulder. “If any more shit goes down y’all leaving, though.” The fight seemed to have sobered him up.

The chick in orange was still watching us, well, more so watching Kazier.

A sinking feeling formed in my stomach. Right now wasn’t the time, but I made a mental note to ask about her later.

“I need a damn blunt and another drink,” Kazier said, brushing his hand across his thick brows.

Everyone went back to partying like the fight never happened. A few people walked up to Kazier, asking him if he was cool. I recognized a few of them from TV. He stopped and introduced me, making sure to keep me close.

It was odd, but I was excited knowing that Kazier had fought because the guy was disrespecting me. What I thought was one-sided must have been wrong.

Leaning up, I kissed his cheek.

He stopped drinking and looked down at me.
“Wassup?”

I gripped his bicep tighter and shook my head.

“Just wanted to.”

Giving me a cocky smirk, he nodded then turned back to the guy he was talking to previously. The dude had said something that made Kazier laugh, and the sound made my stomach flutter. Even with the fight breaking out, I had to admit I found myself having a good time.

“Wassup, love?” Kazier answered the phone.

“Hey, my car is acting stupid again, and I have to meet with Iris’s friend to do her makeup.”

“You need me to send Jodeci?”

“It’ll take too long. I was hoping you would let me use one of your cars.” I bit down on my bottom lip.

Since the party, things have been good with Kazier, and I was grateful. Of course, someone was messy and sent the fight to the blogs, and they were all on it. I found out the guy was another well-known DJ. Teresa chewed Kazier out, which

was comical, but he didn't care. He let her know that he wouldn't allow either of us to get disrespected.

This was the first time in a while since Kazier had gotten any negative press. Teresa logged into his Twitter and released a general statement to clear things up, letting everyone know he was defending his wife when the fight broke out. Surprisingly Jonay didn't get on his case about the situation.

“Ny’asia.” I grinned.

Kazier never called me by my real name, so I know he wasn't feeling it.

“C'mon, Kazier, I can't be late. Let me take the G Wagon.” I had fallen in love with his truck and have been itching to get behind the wheel.

He released a frustrated breath. “Don't crash my shit, love.”

My smile grew wider. “I won't. Thank you.” I hung the phone up and hurried out of my car. My excitement couldn't be contained.

“Ny’asia, you did an amazing job,” Vivica gushed as she admired herself in the mirror. I smiled at her while I put my things away.

“I didn’t have to do anything major. You’re already beautiful,” I complimented her.

Vivica was Iris’s friend who was taking engagement photos with her fiancé today.

“Thank you, but you still did an amazing job.” My phone vibrated and I saw it was Iris. “Iris told me today is your birthday, right? I’m more than grateful for you agreeing to help me.”

Iris was asking how much longer I would be. I was meeting her at the hair salon when I left here.

“It’s just another day really.” I shrugged.

“You’re so modest.” Vivica laughed. “Happy birthday anyways.”

I finished collecting my things just as there was a knock on the door. The photographer, Grayson, stuck his head inside.

“I’m ready if you are.”

Vivica turned her head. “Coming.” She looked back at the mirror and fluffed her curls some.

“Hey. I need an artist for my wedding. Are you free?”

I zipped my bag up and stood up straight. I wasn’t expecting this request at all, but I was excited. I was planning to reveal my YouTube channel later today, and now this.

“Yes, yes, of course.”

She clapped. “Yay, thank you. It’s nice to finally have someone who doesn’t make me look like a damn clown or make my face a whole different shade than the rest of my body.” I laughed when my phone went off again.

“I have to go meet Iris, but you have my number. Just send me the details, okay?”

“I will. Thanks again, girl, and make sure you enjoy your birthday.” I waved to Vivica and grabbed my white Chanel crossbody and rolling bag. I wasn’t too far from the hair salon where I was meeting Iris, so I knew it wouldn’t take me long to reach her.

Just as I got into the G Wagon and was about to pull out, my phone went off again. I thought it was Iris and decided to call her to let her know I was on the way.

When I looked at the screen, my brows pinched together, seeing it was a number that wasn't saved.

442-343-0982: Happy birthday Birdie. I'm home now. You went superstar on a nigga, I see. I hope you ain't forget about me because I can never forget you. You'll be seeing me soon.

My body tensed and my blood ran cold. It was only one person in the world who called me Birdie. I blinked a few times, feelings my breathing stagger.

Iris's name appeared on my phone.

"I'm on my way," I answered, then hung up just as quick.

With shaky hands, I turned the car on. I was trying not to panic, but if Damian was really out of jail, I knew he would keep his promise about trying to see me. Since I was no longer in Lynnwood, I prayed that he wouldn't be able to find me, though.



“Trey’s people aren’t going to press charges,” Jonay informed me, causing me to frown.

“Why the fuck would they? His ass was in the wrong.”

She rolled her eyes. “That’s not the point. The point is, you threw the first punch, so you were in the wrong.” I looked straight ahead, not trying to hear what she was saying.

“Well, maybe next time his ass will learn not to be so damn disrespectful.”

My other phone went off, and I rested the one I was talking on between my ear and shoulder before pulling it out of my pocket and looking at it. It was Kiaa texting me. She had messaged me several times since the party, mostly about seeing Ny’asia.

***Thotbox:** So since you finally brought wifey out to play, you forgot about me, huh?*

Chuckling, I shook my head. This was the shit I wouldn’t deal with.

Me: Stop texting my phone.

One thing I made known from the beginning was that I hated drama and childish bullshit. Kiaa knew that, and up until now, I never had issues with her. I guess seeing me with Ny'asia made her feel some type of way. I didn't care, though. She signed an NDA the first day we slept together. She couldn't reveal our relationship, no matter how pissed off she was.

“Kazier, are you listening to me?” My attention went back to the phone.

“What?”

“I said don't forget you have a photoshoot coming up, and then you have a show in Atlanta in two weeks.”

“As long as Hanna has it on my schedule, I'll remember.”

“You and Carmen are scheduled to start your collab next week too. Draco agreed to come work with you two, and Jenae's team agreed to let us sample her chorus.”

That news brought a smile to my face. Even though working with Carmen was like opening Pandora's Box for me, I knew the song we would create would be a hit.

“Bet, anything else?”

“No, that’s everything. I’m going to be in meetings for the rest of the day, so if you call me and I don’t answer, that’s why.”

“A’right.” The two of us hung up.

Once I finished the call, I climbed out of my car, stuck my second phone back into my pocket and walked to my mom’s door.

“I was wondering when you were going to get out of the car,” my mom spoke as I stepped into the house.

“I had to finish up a call,” I kissed her cheek.

“Why didn’t you bring Ny’asia with you?”

I took a seat next to her. “She had some things to take care of this morning.”

“Mhm, guess I’ll have to catch her another time. I wanted to make sure she was okay after being in the hospital.”

“She’s fine. The doctor said she would be monitored closely, but as of now, everything is good.”

My mom picked up her glass and took a drink. “So, you out here fighting and showing yo ass, huh?”

Chortling, my head moved side to side. I should have known she knew about the fight. “It wasn’t even like that.”

“Then what was it like? From what I saw, you punched that young man and caused a scene.”

I tugged on my bottom lip with my teeth. “He was outta pocket after bumping into me. He said some disrespectful stuff, so I handled it.”

My mom dropped her head. “You are your father’s child.”

When she lifted her head, she gave me a small grin. “What did he say?”

My tongue dragged across my top teeth and I ran my hand over my braids. “Just spit some stuff at Ny’asia I wasn’t feeling. I couldn’t let him get away with disrespecting my wife like that.”

My mom’s brows rose. “Is that right? So, what’s the status of you and your wife’s relationship?”

“Mom.”

“I’m just saying. You’re fighting to defend her, so your feelings must be growing.”

I couldn't help but chuckle at the look on my mom's face. It was like she was in on a joke only she knew.

Scratching my jaw, I smirked. "I was raised never to allow the women in my life to be disrespected. I would have done the same thing for you or Iris."

"But it wasn't me or Iris."

"Doesn't matter. She's wearing my last name right now, meaning she's a reflection of me. Him disrespecting her was the same as him disrespecting me."

"Is that it?"

For a second, I didn't speak. I thought about my mom's question and the past couple of months.

"She's grown on me, a'right? That's the answer you're looking for?"

She shook her head. "I just want the truth."

I inhaled a deep breath and then released it. "Truthfully, she's grown on me. Getting to know her and being around her makes me look at her differently. When I first was forced to stay with her, I wasn't happy about it, but I don't know now. I don't look at it like a burden, I guess."

"Are you falling for her?"

My brows pinched together. “I don’t know if I would go that far, mom.”

The amused look on her face intensified. “You might not see it, but just watch, you will.”

She stood up. “I baked a peach cobbler. Come grab you and Ny’asia a piece.”

Mom didn’t wait for me to respond to anything she had to say, but that was typical. She always made sure to get her point across, and once she said what she wanted, she moved on. It annoyed me a lot of the time, but one thing I could say was that she was hardly ever wrong.

“I was thinking I could come visit you,” I told my dad while blowing out smoke. My eyes traveled around my backyard.

Once I left my mom’s, I came straight home. It was one of those rare days I didn’t have anything planned, so I was using the time to catch up on some relaxation.

“You know I’m not going for that.”

I sat up in my chair. “I can understand why you don’t want mom to come, but I don’t get why you banned me too.” I

hadn't laid eyes on my dad in over eight years. At first, he allowed us to visit, but he started declining our visits out of nowhere and eventually took our names off his visitor's list.

“Because I don't want my son to see me behind bars. It's hard enough being behind here knowing my family is out there without me. Having y'all come see me and knowing I'm not leaving with y'all makes it worse.”

I bit the inside of my jaw. “I get that, but damn dad, it's been eight years.” I may have sounded like a kid right now, but fuck, I missed my dad.

My dad laughed. “I know, son, but this way is best.”

I took a pull of my blunt and held the smoke in for a moment. “I met with your lawyer. He said the odds are looking good for you to be released.”

“I don't want to talk about that shit.”

“But dad, this is good news if you get out then-”

“IF! If I get out. There isn't a guarantee. Look, Kazier, I get it. You're hopeful and trying to exhaust every angle you have to get me out, and I appreciate it, but son, we have to face reality. I acted irrational and got caught slipping. Now I'm paying the price. I've come to terms with that.”

“But you weren’t being irrational. You were protecting your wife. I don’t get why you should still be punished for that.”

“Stop fucking crying, you’re not a little ass boy anymore, Kazier. When you do shit you know is wrong, you have to be ready to face the consequences, no matter if you had good intentions.” It had been a long time since my dad raised his voice at me. My dad normally spoke in a low yet deep monotone. He wasn’t the one that normally needed to raise his voice. I knew I was pushing his buttons by not letting the subject go.

“Now, talk to me about something else.” This time his voice was calmer. “How’s married life treating you? How’s my grandbaby?”

“Everything’s good, Pops. Just taking it day by day.”

“I talked to Iris the other day. She told me she enjoys hanging out with your wife. No one seems to have anything bad to say about her, not even your mom. That’s a good thing.”

“Yeah, I guess so.”

“Kazie,.” my dad’s voice changed. “Listen to me. When you have a good thing, you do what’s necessary to keep it. I know that you been out there showing your ass, sleeping with all those random hoes, and all that may seem fun for now, but that shit is going to get old. You watched me love and cherish your mom for fifteen years. Even with being in here, I never disrespected her. Use that as an example. You hear me?”

I didn’t reply right away. My eyes went to my pool, and I watched the ripples in the water.

“Kazier.”

“I hear you.”

“There’s nothing wrong with fighting for those you love, but look at where I am. Don’t make the same mistakes as me.”

I was about to question my dad further when the lady came on reminding us that the call was being recorded. “Now tell me what’s going on in your life. Did you finish your album?”

For the next ten minutes, I caught my dad up on all the things going on around me. My album was set to be released

this summer, and its promotion would start soon as the cover art was completed.

After speaking to my dad, I hung up and tossed my phone on the chair next to me. I was in deep thought, smoking my blunt. The late afternoon air was calming. One thing I loved about my backyard was the sense of tranquility it always brought me. I didn't have a neighbor for miles for this exact reason. When I wanted to be alone, I wanted isolation. Buying this land and having this house built was one of the best investments ever.

I closed my eyes as the conversations with each of my parents played over in my head. I knew the topics of the conversations weren't coincidental. My mom must have mentioned the fight to my dad and shared her thoughts with him.

After spending another twenty minutes outside, I went into the house through my kitchen. I wanted to grab something to drink before hopping in the shower and then retiring to my studio for a few hours.

I heard laughter coming from my second living room. I entered the room, and Iris and Ny'asia were sitting on the couch.

“I didn’t know y’all were here,” I called out.

“You looked like you were in deep thought out there, so we left you alone,” Iris said.

Ny’asia sat up and my eyes widened at the change in her hair. She had it straightened and it was cut into an asymmetrical bob. That wasn’t what was shocking to me. The top of her hair was black, but it Ombred into a burgundy/pink color. The cut looked good surrounding her round face, and the color complimented her honey skin.

Ny’asia smiled and stood up from the couch. “What do you think?”

I had to blink a couple times. “That’s your real hair?”

Both she and Iris laughed. “Yes, it’s my real hair. I wanted a change, something completely different. You don’t like it?”

A stirring formed in my stomach. “Uh, no, I love it. It looks sexy as hell on you.”

Her smile grew brighter. “I think it looks good. What better way to celebrate your birthday than to get a new look?”

My brows pinched together. “When’s your birthday?”

“Today.”

That was news to me. “Why didn’t you say anything?”

She gave me a half-shrug. “You never asked.”

I looked her over. My eyes focused on her forming belly. She was carrying her pregnancy well. The change in her hair only enhanced her beauty.

“Ny, come look at this. Your views are shooting up already.” Ny’asia turned and rushed back to the couch.

“Holy shit!” She sat down and grabbed the computer.

“What happened?” I walked closer to them and looked over their shoulder. They were on YouTube.

“I launched my YouTube channel today. I only uploaded three makeup tutorials, but those three videos already each have over three thousand views in just an hour.” The excitement in her voice caused a warm sensation in my chest. I don’t think I’d ever seen her eyes shine as bright as they were right now.

“I told you it would be a hit, you’re a beast with makeup.”

I felt like I was in a twilight zone. Everything my wife and cousin were talking about was foreign to me. I remember Ny’asia mentioning wanting to start a channel, but I wasn’t

aware she went forward with it. Not knowing today was her birthday was a gut punch to me as well.

Quietly, I stepped away and headed for my room. Even though it was never brought to my attention, I felt like shit for not knowing it was my wife's birthday. It made me realize just how little I truly knew about her.

Once I showered, I hung back in my room.

I was lying on my back and had just logged on InstaFlik. I clicked on my notifications and frowned because I had multiple tags. One of them was from *All Shade*.

They had posted about Ny'asia launching her YouTube channel while wishing her a happy birthday. Apparently, she mentioned it on her page during her announcement.

Clicking on the comments section, my eyes scanned over them.

Souniique314: Y'all notice @KDonTheDon didn't tell her happy birthday. I knew my man didn't really care about her.

MercedesNix: @KDonTheDon why ain't you tell wifey happy birthday?

Jujuonthebeat: I knew their relationship wasn't real.

@KDonTheDon come home to mama!

DJMasonflex: Y'all weird as hell. How y'all know he ain't tell her happy birthday privately?

My teeth sunk into the fat of my bottom lip.

The comments continued. A bunch were telling Ny'asia happy birthday, but even more were wondering why I hadn't acknowledged it.

I sighed.

This was the only part I hated about being in the public eye. Everything you did or didn't do was under a microscope.



“Thank you for making this birthday enjoyable,” I hugged Iris.

Today was the first time in years I actually had a good birthday. Getting that text earlier almost ruined my day. When I got to the hair salon, I knew I needed a change, something dramatic. After giving it some thought, I told the stylist my vision and let her do her thing. My hair couldn't have turned out any better.

After leaving the salon, Iris surprised me with a trip to the spa, and then we went to the mall, where she gave me gift cards to both Sephora and Mac. We ended our girl's day with dinner, then came back to the house to launch my YouTube channel. I had been talking about it on my InstaFlik story and Twitter all week and kept getting replies from people who were eager for my channel. I was grateful for the overnight fame becoming Kazier's wife brought me. It made launching my channel so much easier.

Iris made my birthday one to remember. It was simple and wasn't anything extravagant, but the fact that she took the time to make sure I enjoyed myself made me indebted to her.

“You deserve it, girl. I wish I could have done more.”

I waved her off. “You did more than enough. I'm excited to create some new looks with the stuff I brought today.”

I hugged her again, fighting back the tears. I wasn't used to having a real friend who didn't have ill intentions toward me. From the day I left my parents' house, I was surrounded by shady people who never really gave a damn about me.

Swallowing hard, I pulled away from Iris and wiped my eyes. “Your stomach is really starting to form.” She rubbed my belly.

I snickered. “I know. I feel like I woke up and it was just kind of there.” It looked like I swallowed a soccer ball. One day my stomach was flat, and now it was round and bulging.

“I'll call you tomorrow, okay?” Iris said, walking to the front door.

“Okay, let me know when you get home.” I watched her walk to her car, and once she was safely inside, I shut the door and turned around to go up to my room.

“Why didn’t you tell me it was your birthday?” I paused.

Kazier was shirtless and in basketball shorts. No matter how many times I saw him like this, there was always some fluttering in my stomach when I laid eyes on him.

“My birthday was never really a big deal to me. The only reason Iris knew is that I mentioned it when I brought up the day I wanted to launch my channel.”

He folded his hands in front of him, causing my eyes to drop below his waist. My sex yearned to feel some kind of penetration. I hadn’t slept with him since he told me he was having sex with other girls. Besides my fingers and my toy, my girl hadn’t gotten any action.

“You should have told me. I would have got you something.”

I gave a half shrug. “I told you it’s no big deal.”

I lifted my eyes and he was giving me a hard stare. “You’re my wife, the least I should know is your birthday.”

I sighed, seeing he wasn't going to let it go. "Kazier, why would you know that? It's not like you ever took the time to get to know me."

"And I could say the same about you, we both fucked up."

"Your birthday is February second. You're an Aquarius."

I snorted when the shocked expression appeared on his face. "Like I said. It's no big deal. My birthday hasn't been a thing for years now."

I walked to the steps and headed to my room. Kazier didn't have a reason to feel any kind of way because today was just another day for me.

Once in my room, I went straight to the bathroom to shower. It had been a long day, and I was ready to wash it off me.

"I can't wait to find out what you are." I smiled, rubbing my stomach. Watching myself in the mirror, I admired the changes peanut was doing to me. My breasts were fuller, my areolas were darker, and when I didn't have clothes on, you could clearly see my pregnant stomach.

I didn't have a preference for the sex. I just wanted a healthy baby. Someone that would love me through the good and bad. I promised I would never be the kind of parent I had with my baby. Just because they made choices I didn't agree with, I would never abandon them or turn my back on them.

Tears clouded my eyes, thinking about my parents. It had been years since I had seen them. When I first left, I thought they would change their mind. Every birthday I waited to hear from them, but it never happened. It was times I wanted to knock on their door and apologize, but I couldn't bring myself to do it. At the end of the day, I was their child. They didn't give a damn about my well-being when they kicked me out. I could be dead somewhere and they wouldn't even know it.

Sniffing my tears back, I used the back of my hand to wipe my eyes.

My past molded me into the person I was today. When my baby got here, I would make sure they never went through anything I did to get here.

Shaking my feelings off, I finally got in the shower. The massage and facial I got at the spa had released a lot of

tension I didn't know I was holding onto. I felt recharged and like a brand new person.

I stepped back into my room and jumped when I saw Kazier sitting on my bed.

“What the hell,” I covered myself.

He looked up at me. “I don't know why you always cover yourself like I ain't seen all of you.” He laughed and licked his lips. His eyes lowered and brows bunched together.

“Still, we talked about this.” I frowned.

“Whatever, when you get dressed, come into the game room.”

“For what? I was going to record some videos for my channel.” I got a new vanity that had these bright lights around the mirror. It provided the perfect lighting for recording.

“Just meet me in there.”

I had only been in the game room once before. I checked it out when I first moved in but hadn't stepped foot inside it since.

Kazier left out my room, leaving me to get dressed in peace. I wasn't sure what his angle was, but I did as he requested.

Throwing on a nightgown, I grabbed my phone and headed across the hall.

“A’right, I owe you,” Kazier said into his phone just as I stepped into the room.

He hung his phone up and turned to look at me. “What did you need?” I looked around the room.

Kazier had an air hockey table, foosball table, darts board, and pool table in here.

“You know how to play?” He picked up one of the pushers.

Staring at him curiously, I nodded. “Of course.” He hit a button and the table turned on. He placed the puck on it. “Here.” He slid the other pusher towards me.

“If you want to lose, then let’s play.” A laugh escaped his mouth.

“Let’s add a wager to it though.”

“A wager?”

He nodded. “Whoever scores gets to ask the other person a question, and they have to answer honestly.”

I thought about it for a moment. “Okay. Deal.”

A sneaky grin appeared on his face. “Since it’s your birthday, you can go first.”

“Well thank you.”

Kazier and I pushed the puck back and forth for a few minutes before he finally scored on me.

“What’s your favorite color?”

I wasn’t expecting that question, but who was I to judge if he wanted to waste his win on something that simple.

“Pink.”

He set the puck back on the table, and it didn’t take long for him to score again. “Do you have a middle name?”

I laughed because here I was living with him for months and he didn’t know the simplest things about me.

“Shantae.”

“Ny’asia Shantae,” he mumbled lowly.

I studied Kazier and realized right now I wasn’t getting K-Don. He was just Kazier. The one the people closest to him advocated for all the time. I always enjoyed seeing this side of him. It was different and showed he could be a normal person.

This time I managed to score on him. “The girl in the orange bikini at your friend’s party, you fucking her?”

I could tell he wasn't expecting my question. "Damn, you don't want to know my middle name or something simple?"

"Your middle name is Maurice."

His forehead creased. "Iris told you?"

I giggled and shook my head. "You think I would just agree to live with someone without doing some kind of research on them? I don't care if you're K-Don, I still needed to do some fact-checking on you."

He pulled his bottom lip between his teeth. "So, the girl, are you fucking her?"

I hadn't brought her up before now, but that didn't mean it didn't weigh on me. I was just waiting for the right time. Things had been peaceful in the house between us, and I wasn't trying to disturb that.

"Am I fucking her? No."

"Okay, have you fucked her?"

"That's two questions."

I narrowed my eyes, causing him to chuckle. "A'right, yes, I have fucked her before."

I bit the inside of my cheek and swallowed hard. “Did you at the party?”

Kazier licked his lips and set the slider back on the table, prompting me to do the same. He placed his hands flat on the table and focused his attention on me.

“No. I didn’t.”

“You’re lying.”

His brows pinched together. “What? I don’t lie.”

“I saw you. Both of y’all came out of the pool house together. You adjusted your shorts the moment you stepped out.”

He dropped his head and sighed heavily.

My heart fell into my stomach. Even though I was pressing for an answer, I knew I wasn’t trying to hear about him fucking someone else... again. A knot formed in my throat and my hands balled into fists.

“I didn’t fuck her in the pool house. She wanted to, but I didn’t have a rubber. She sucked my dick, and I sent her on her way.”

My nails dug into my hand as my eyes lowered. Hearing the only reason he didn’t fuck her was that he didn’t

have a condom was a gut punch.

“So, if you had a condom, you would have?” I tried to keep the shakiness out of my voice as I lifted my eyes to his. My stomach flipped.

His tongue slowly dragged across his lips and his shoulders became rigid. “Truthfully, nah, I wouldn’t have. It was fucked up for me to let her suck my dick while you were outside. Fucking her would have been overkill.”

“Are you still fucking other women?”

Kazier didn’t answer right away. He stood up and walked around the table until he was face to face with me.

“No, I’m not fucking anyone right now.”

I studied his face. My heart turned over in my chest and a jolt shot down my spine.

Kazier reached out and grabbed both my wrists. “I know you probably don’t believe me, but I can go without sex. I just love to fuck, but I don’t have to. I’ve been chillin’ these past few weeks.”

Lifting his hand, he ran it through my hair. “I really do like this new hair on you. It’s sexy as fuck, love.” Kazier pulled me closer to him. My breathing slowed.

“What do you want for your birthday.” I shook my head.

“You don’t have to get me anything.”

“Why don’t you celebrate?”

“Because it was only me celebrating for so long, and that was no fun.” His thumb brushed over my hand. Kazier’s touch was gentle, stoking a growing fire inside of me.

Falling for him was dangerous, but it was like I couldn’t do anything to stop myself. I was attracted to danger. Situations I knew could possibly hurt me made my urge for them stronger. It was a toxic trait I tried hard to get rid of for years, but it’s obvious that didn’t happen.

“You don’t have to worry about that anymore, love. From now on Ima make sure your day is celebrated every year.”

A ripple of excitement shot through me hearing Kazier reference us and a future. I honestly didn’t know how long this thing with us would last.

“How do you know this marriage will last?”

A crooked grin appeared on his face. His hand went to my collar and brushed over it. “Even if we get divorced

tomorrow, you're still carrying my baby, meaning yo ass is still mine." He pulled me closer to him. His dick pressed against me.

"So now you're claiming me as yours?" A low chuckle fell from his lips. My heart beat wildly in my chest. For a second, I froze as I heard my heart beating loudly in my ears.

"As long as your last name is Waters, you're mine."

"I never thanked you for defending me at that party. You didn't have to do that."

"That is where you're wrong, love. Ain't no nigga gonna stand in my face disrespecting my wife and think Ima let that shit slide."

"You're getting comfortable with that wife word." His smile grew.

"What's the saying? If you can't beat 'em, join 'em."

Kazier dipped his head and crashed his lips into mine. He pulled my bottom lip into his mouth and sucked on it roughly. His hand slid around my waist, down the small of my back, to my ass, squeezing it tightly.

A moan left my mouth as a delightful shiver of want ran through me. My arms circled his neck as our kiss grew

deeper. My pulse quickened.

Kazier lifted me, turned me around and sat me on the air hockey table. He nudged himself between my legs.

“I have to tell you something,” I muttered against his mouth.

Bright yellow caution tape flashed in my head, telling me to keep my mouth closed, but the adrenaline to ignore it was stronger.

“Tell me what?” My eyes fluttered when he went under my gown and pressed his thumb against my swollen bud. I wasn’t wearing anything under it. I was soaked between my legs and the desperate need to feel him was driving me crazy.

“I’m falling for you,” rushed out my mouth before I could stop it.

Kazier’s eyes shot to mine. His fingers halted between my legs as he pulled his face from mine.

“Kazier,” I said slowly, seeing a switch in his demeanor.

He licked his lips and broke our embrace. I was caught off by his sudden shift.

His hand swiped over the top of his head, and without saying anything, he turned and walked out of the room.

I swallowed the lump that had formed in my throat and tried to ignore the tight feeling in my chest.

I didn't think he would admit he was falling too, but I didn't expect him to completely disregard what I said either. Honestly, it was a slap in the face and made my stomach churn.

My eyes wandered around the game room. The high I had been feeling all day slowly was starting to fade.

My hand went to my stomach and I rubbed it slowly.

Right then and there, I wished I would have taken heed of the yellow tape.

“Love, get up.” I heard in my ear.

“Mhm,” I mumbled and slapped the hand away from me.

“C'mon, get up.” Kazier shook me harder.

My eyes flickered open. My attitude was at an all time high right now.

“Kazier, what do you want?” I covered my mouth as I yawned.

“I need you to get dressed and meet me downstairs.”

“For what? I’m tired.”

My birthday was a few days ago, and since then, Kazier has made sure to keep his distance which was okay with me. I didn’t get embarrassed easily, but confessing I had feelings for him and him ignoring me challenged that.

“Look, just do me this solid and get dressed, a’right. Ben made breakfast for us too. Meet me downstairs and don’t keep me waiting.” He kissed the side of my face and was gone that quick.

I was confused by his sudden request, especially since I hadn’t really seen him these past few days. My stomach rumbled, indicating that even though I wanted to go back to sleep, peanut had other plans.

Tossing my covers back, I groaned and closed my eyes for a second. Whatever Kazier wanted had better be important because I wasn’t really feeling him right now.

“Where are we going?” I asked Kazier as we sat in the back of his truck.

After getting dressed and eating, he led me outside, where Jodeci was waiting for us.

“Would you just be patient, damn?” He laughed.

I rolled my eyes. “Kazier, you wake me up from my sleep and demand me to get dressed. No, I can’t be patient!”

“Well too damn bad.” He pulled his phone out and started tapping on it.

I wanted to address the elephant between us, but I wasn’t sure how to bring it up. Having an egg cracked on my face for the second time wasn’t ideal.

My phone vibrated just when I was about to speak again.

442-753-1442: I heard Damien’s out and looking for you LOL. Better hope superstar hubby will still want you after he learns about the real you.

442-343-0982: Birdie, its time me and you link up. Either you come to me or I come to you and your rich husband. You know I’m not a patient man so don’t keep me waiting long.

My stomach dropped when a text from both Kiki and Damien came through my phone. It was no coincidence that they texted me at the same time.

“Love.” I jumped when Kazier grabbed my leg. “The fuck you jumping for?” His brows pinched together.

“Sorry, I got lost in something on my phone.” I cleared my throat and locked my phone, laying it face down on my lap.

Kazier watched my face for a moment. His eyes shifted to my phone then up to me.

“C’mon, we’re here,” he finally said. That’s when I noticed the door was open.

Nodding, I ran my hand through my hair and slid out of the car with Kazier behind me.

“A car dealership? What are we doing here?” Kazier didn’t reply.

I followed behind him as he approached a middle-aged black man and shook his head.

“It’s good to see you again, Mr. Waters.”

“Yeah, I bet it is. Every time I come here it means I’m spending money.” The guy laughed.

I stood by watching both of them. “You’re getting a new car?”

Kazier looked at me and nodded. “Something like that. Everything ready?”

The guy nodded. “This way.”

Kazier signaled for me to come on, and the two of us walked behind the guy. My eyes scanned the luxury cars, wondering which one Kazier would get next.

The guy led us into a building where a bright pink G Wagon was sitting with a bow on the hood.

My eyes bucked, and my mouth dropped.

“Kazier.”

“Happy birthday, love.”

My pulse sped up as exhilaration shot through me.

“This is mine? You got me a G Wagon,” I was in disbelief. I had fallen in love with his truck the moment I stepped foot inside it, but I never expected him to buy me one.

“I couldn’t have you driving that raggedy ass car, could I? Plus, when the baby gets here, you’ll need something bigger.”

I stood there, unable to move. My mind was racing, but no words seemed to form.

“Are you going to check it out or just stand there?”

“How did you do this so quickly?”

“Money talks, love.” He shrugged. “Go check it out.”
He tilted his head to the car.

Like a switch was flipped, my feet finally moved, and I rushed to the truck. Snatching the door open, I gasped at the black and pink interior. My first and middle names were stitched in the headrest in bright pink letters.

Climbing into the driver’s seat, I examined the inside before starting the engine. My smile grew as everything lit up.

“What do you think?” The guy asked.

“I love it.” I ran my hand over the steering wheel. Kazier pulled this off so quickly that I couldn’t believe it.

“All I need is a few signatures from you, and you guys are all set.”

Ignoring him, I continued to inspect the car. I had never owned anything this luxurious in my life.

Through the windshield, I focused my attention on Kazier.

Scrambling out of the car, I rushed to him and jumped in his arms. I could tell my actions caught him off guard, but he quickly recovered and held me.

“Thank you,” I said, with tears in my eyes.

“Ain’t no reason to thank me, love.” I crashed my mouth into his. My hold around his neck grew tighter. Our kiss grew deeper.

My heart threatened to leap out my throat at any moment.

“Let’s get the papers signed so you can take it on the road.” He pecked my lips.

Nodding, I kept on clinging to him, though.

“We have more stops to make after this, love, so let’s get going.” I stared at Kazier, trying to figure out what else he had up his sleeve. I learned Kazier did nothing small. After gifting me this G Wagon, I wasn’t sure what else he could do to top this.



“What are we doing here?” Ny’asia asked when she pulled into the parking lot of the jewelry store.

“Just follow me.” Instead of responding to her, I climbed out of her car and made my way over to her side to open the door.

She looked shocked by my gesture but grabbed my hand anyways.

“C’mon.”

We headed into the building while my phone vibrated like crazy in my pocket.

Nathan was assisting other customers when we walked in, but he looked up when the bell went off and lifted his finger to tell me one moment.

I nodded at him and turned to Ny’asia.

“Go ahead and look around.”

“What?”

“Go look around. Let me know if you see anything you like.”

Her eyes bucked and then wandered around the shop.

“Okay.” While Ny’asia browsed around the store, I grabbed my phone out of my pocket.

The corners of my mouth lifted when I clicked on my InstaFlik. I had posted a picture of Ny’asia in front of her G Wagon.

*A wife as bad as mine deserves a ride to match.
@Nybabyxo let ‘em know we don’t do small gifts this way!*

My comments and likes were being flooded. Many of my fans were saying how they knew I wouldn’t forget my wife’s birthday. There were a lot of compliments on how good she looked next to the truck. Of course, there was some hate being thrown here and there too, but I ignored them.

“Kazier, I’m ready for you.” I lifted my hand, waving Ny’asia over to the counter.

Nathan disappeared in the back for a few minutes. I tapped on the glass while we waited and turned to look at Ny’asia. She was examining something in the case furthest away from me.

“You put quite a lot of pressure on me for this,” Nathan spoke once he reappeared.

“You got it done though, right? That’s why you’re my man. Love, come over here for a minute.”

“They say you can’t put a price on love, but for what this man dropped on this, I beg to differ.”

“What does that mean?” Ny’asia questioned.

“Just show her.” I cut in, narrowing my eyes.

Nathan cleared his throat and nodded.

He lifted the black square box and opened it.

“Oh my…” Ny’asia’s hand went to her chest.

A wide grin appeared on my face when I eyed the ten karat, white gold, iced out diamond Miami Cuban link choker. I spent a lot of money to ensure it would be ready in such a short period of time, but Nathan was good at what he did, so I knew he could get the job done.

“Want to try it on?” Nathan sat the black box on the counter and took the choker out, handing it to me.

“Turn around,” I commanded, grabbing the jewelry.

Ny'asia did as I said, and I placed the necklace around her neck. My fingers brushed against her silky skin as I clasped it shut. She trembled under my touch.

“Take a look.” Nathan lifted a mirror.

Ny'asia's mouth dropped as her hand slowly ran over the diamonds around her neck. It meshed well with the necklace I bought her the last time we were here. Something warm shot through my chest as I watched her smile grow.

My wife turned to me, and the moment our eyes connected, emotions flooded my heart, emotions I hadn't felt in a long time.

“What do you think?”

“Are you kidding? I love it! It's beautiful,” Her eyes were shining just as bright as the choker around her neck. She turned back to the mirror and continued to admire her gift.

“I noticed you eyeing something over in the corner,” I stated.

“Oh no, after this I couldn't.”

“What was it?”

Ny'asia turned and looked at me curiously before eyeing Nathan, who was grinning. He knew whenever I came

into his shop it was a payday for him.

“There was a tennis bracelet that caught my eye.”

“Show me.” She studied my face, and I nudged her forward to show me.

Ny’asia turned and walked over to the counter where she had been looking previously.

“Ah, yes, that’s a beauty.” Nathan nodded his head, unlocking the display. “It’s a platinum bracelet covered in marquise diamonds.

“I love the butterfly pattern the diamonds are cut in.”

My eyes went to the colorful butterflies tatted on her arm. I never asked her why butterflies, but it seemed like those were her thing.

“Ring it up.”

Ny’asia’s head whipped to face me.

“Seriously?”

I went into my back pocket to grab my wallet.

“You want it, right?”

Her head slowly nodded.

“Ring it up, Nathan. Throw in the whole set, matter a fact.” I noticed he had earrings and a necklace with the same butterfly diamond as the bracelet.

“Kazier,” she spoke lowly.

Grinning at her, I winked. “Happy birthday, love.”

I turned and walked over to the cash register. I knew I was about to drop a house in this store today but seeing how bright Ny’asia’s eyes were and how big her smile grew made it worth it.

I was in my room, sitting in my nook with a blunt in one hand and a glass of Remi in the other. I had the lights off in my actual room, and only a lamp was lit in this area. Instead of having the TV on, I had Pandora playing over the Bluetooth speakers I had set up throughout the room.

My head was leaned back and my eyes were closed.

Today was a great day. Ny’asia seemed to love all the gifts I had got her, and the smile hadn’t left her face since we left the jewelry store. We ended up grabbing something to eat and then coming back to the house.

I went and worked in my studio for a while, and she went and did some recording for her channel. Apparently, her views had tripled since she first launched.

I inhaled my blunt and slowly released it through my nose.

Ny'asia's smile flashed in my head. I couldn't stop the smile forming on my own lips thinking about it. I never noticed how electrifying and big her smile was. It was something I longed to see again. I never felt the burning desire to make someone happy like I did today.

Bringing my glass to my lips, I downed the liquor. The burn that shot through my chest was almost as strong as the one caused by Ny'asia today. Before today I realized I never took the time to think over how I felt about her, but I could admit she had grown on me.

When she revealed her feelings for me on her birthday, I was thrown off. I wasn't sure how to respond to her, so I ran and kept my distance to collect my thoughts. Seeing how my pulse seemed to accelerate whenever we locked eyes today showed me maybe my feelings for her were growing as well.

“Knock, knock,” I heard, causing my eyes to pop open.

“Hey, sorry to just barge in.” I took one more pull of my blunt before putting it out in my ashtray.

“You good, c’mere.” I finished my drink and set my glass down on the floor in front of me.

My eyes dragged over her, zeroing in on her stomach before traveling down to her legs. She always wore little ass clothes around the house. Most of the time, I thought she was teasing me. The baby t-shirt she had on might as well be nothing by how thin it was, and the shorts looked more like panties than anything.

She slowly made her way over to me.

“I just wanted to come and say thank you again for the car, the jewelry, everything you did today.” She was thumbing her new necklace nervously. The choker we agreed she would only wear when it called for it. I didn’t need her getting mugged out here. She always had to have security with her.

“Sit down.” I nodded next to me.

Her body wash filled my nostrils as she sat next to me. My eyes lowered as I took her in.

“Your stomach is starting to show more.”

Her eyes dropped and her hand brushed over her poking belly. “I know. I think Ima just make the announcement soon. Your team wants to make an official statement with that magazine, but-”

“Let’s do it.”

She snapped her mouth closed and raised an eyebrow. “Huh?”

“C’mere.” My arms wrapped around her waist and I pulled her over to me.

Maybe it was the effects of the liquor and weed, but her body in my arms right now had me using all my willpower not to take things further.

“What are you going to do?” She looked back at me.

Her face was bare of any makeup.

“My money looks good on you.” I brushed over the necklaces on her neck, then moved down the center of her chest.

Pulling on my bottom lip, I kept my eyes locked on her face. I noticed the change in her breathing instantly.

“Let’s make the announcement.”

I grabbed my phone off the arm on the couch. “Isn’t Teresa gonna be mad?”

I gave her a half-shrug. “That’s nothing new.”

Ny’asia giggled.

I pulled her back, so that she was leaning back on me. I positioned my arm across her body so that you couldn’t see her breasts through the thin shirt. My hand rested on her stomach.

“Smile for the camera, love.” I tapped my phone a couple of times before lifting it.

“Damn, we really do look good together,” Ny’asia mentioned once I snapped the photo. I couldn’t disagree.

Going to InstaFlik, I posted the picture of the two of us with the caption, ***Baby mama harder than a lot of you niggas.***

Knowing my notifications were about to blow up, I quickly locked the phone and tossed it to the side.

My face went to Ny’asia’s neck, and I inhaled. “You smell good.”

She inhaled a sharp breath.

I placed soft kisses against her skin, loving the way her body lightly shook under my touch. “Your skin is smooth as fuck, too.” I ran my hand down her thigh.

Moving my other hand up, I brushed it over her breasts, teasing her hard nipples.

Using the tip of my tongue, I spelled love and sucked on the same area.

A moan left her mouth.

Blood rushed to my dick, causing it to grow under her. My hand was still stroking her thighs softly. I could feel the goosebumps forming.

I pulled up and stared into her drunken eyes.

Her pink tongue appeared and swiped across her glossed lips.

Motivation came on and Kelly Rowland’s voice filled the room.

“Where’s the pole?” Ny’asia suddenly asked in a smoky tone. Her eyes were low and a shade darker than normal.

The sultry look on her face caused my brows to pinch together. I didn’t question her though. Instead, I grabbed the

remote that controlled the pole.

I hit the button to lower the pole and changed the lights so that they were lower.

Ny'asia climbed out of my lap and seductively strutted over to the pole. On her way, she stripped out her shorts. She grabbed it and circled around it before placing her back on it and making eye contact with me. She rolled her body to the floor and opened her legs. Her fat, wet lips smiled at me. My dick was standing at attention in my shorts.

Turning to face the pole, she surprised me when she lifted herself up and spun around it. Wrapping one leg around the pole and sticking the other out, Ny'asia slid down to the floor, ending in the splits.

Pulling her shirt off, she tossed it to the side.

She kept her hand on the pole, leaned forward, and made her ass cheeks bounce, looking over her shoulder at me. By now, I had released my dick and was stroking it slowly.

She used the pole to pull herself up and again propped her back against it. Sticking her hands between her legs, she rubbed on her bud while slowly winding her body against the pole.

Her back arched and her eyes closed when she started humping the air.

My grip on my shaft became tighter. My teeth sunk into my bottom lip.

“Ah,” she moaned and inserted a finger inside herself. Pleasure engulfed her face. She was still swaying her body to the beat of the song as it slowly started to fade out.

“C’mere!” I commanded, no longer wanting to be teased.

I had to feel her now.

Her juices were starting to run down her legs and her moans grew louder.

She slowly opened her eyes and stared at me. Instead of doing as I said, she released the pole and ran her now free hand over her nipples.

Her eyes never left mine as she pleased herself.

“Shit,” I grunted as precum coated the top of my dick.

“Ny’asia, bring yo ass over here now.” A coy grin appeared on her face.

“Yes, hubby,” she replied lowly.

I kept my eyes glued to her as she made her way to me, never blinking. The moment she was close enough, I snatched the hand between her legs and stuck it in my mouth. My tongue weaved in and out of the creases, making sure to get all her juices.

It had been a minute since I ate pussy but seeing how fat and wet Ny'asia's was had me thirsty. Not to mention her shit always smelled fresh.

Releasing her hand, I turned my body and leaned back on my couch.

“Put your leg on the back of the couch.” My wife didn't give me any fight. The second she was in position and her pussy was in front of me, I went in for the kill.

“Oh, fuck,” she cried, grabbing the back of my head, pushing it deeper into her sex. Her pussy was like a rainforest. Sucking on her lips, my tongue slid inside her wet slit. Her juices coated my tongue.

Her hips pumped into my face, almost smothering me, but I didn't complain. I continued eating her like my last meal. As if my tongue was a vibrator, I flicked it across her sex.

Pulling up, I used my thumb to play with her swollen bud. Her hips bucked and legs quaked. Dragging my thumb down, I drenched it in her wetness before replacing it with my mouth.

Sucking on her clit. I spread her ass cheeks and inserted my thumb slowly inside.

“Holy shit,” she cried.

I continued my attack on her center while slowly moving my thumb in and out of her. I loved the way she tasted on my tongue and cursed myself for waiting so long to experience it.

Her grip on my head grew tighter as her body shook above me.

My hand sunk into her ass cheek and my face pressed further into her pussy. I sucked on her lips, alternating flicking my tongue over them, bringing her orgasm to the surface.

The moment she let loose, I covered her pussy with my mouth, not missing a drop.

Ny’asia’s leg dropped next to me and she fell back on my chest. My tongue ran over my lips.

She stared at me as if she was hypnotized. “I didn’t think you could eat pussy,” she panted.

I chuckled. “What the fuck?”

Her breathing was heavy. “You never attempted, so I just figured.” Her words faded as she shrugged.

Chuckling again, I shook my head.

Ny’asia wiggled down some so that her ass was on my stomach.

I grabbed the back of her neck and pulled her face down. Leaning up, I met her halfway and kissed her. She hungrily sucked on my tongue.

I could feel her juices soaking my abdomen and her stomach pressing against me.

Her hand wrapped around my dick. She lifted her head and stared at me as she moved down and lowered herself onto my length.

Her mouth gaped and her eyes fluttered.

My hands went to her hips and hers to my chest. She started bouncing up and down on my pole. My mouth watered watching her breasts move and up and down.

Leaning up, I took one in my mouth. Sucking on it roughly while palming the other.

“Kazierrr,” she cried.

Realizing the couch wasn't big enough for us, I wrapped my arms around her waist, never disconnecting my mouth or my dick from her and headed for my bed.

I laid her on her back and planted my feet on the floor, pumping in and out of her.

My teeth grazed her nipple before pulling on it with my teeth and sucking on it. She thrust her hips upwards to match my strokes. Her walls locked around my pole.

Her back lifted off the bed and her eyes rolled to the back of her head as she came again.

Her pussy was drenching my dick.

Snatching out of her so I wouldn't cum yet, I stroked my dick, watching her as she attempted to get her breathing under control.

She rested on her forearms and stared at me. I could barely see her eyelids they were so low.

Getting on the bed, I dipped my head and kissed her. Our tongues wrestled while my heart rate tripled in my chest.

“Come ride this shit.” I slapped her thigh and laid on my back.

Sluggishly, Ny’asia rolled over, and I helped her saddle me. She grabbed my headboard and sunk down on me.

Getting on her feet, she bounced on my dick like a jockey on a horse. Her pussy snuggled around my pole, suffocating it. The sound of her ass clapping around my length filled the room as she leaned forward, using my headboard as leverage.

One of my hands went to the small of her back while the other to her ass. I teased her nipples that were dangling in front of me with my tongue.

“I’m not going to last,” she cried when I pumped my hips upwards.

“Just give me one more, love.”

She lowered her hips and wound them on me. Her walls locked around my dick. I slapped her ass cheek, causing her to whimper.

Her movements became faster, and she was once again releasing on me.

Just as she was about to let out a moan, I grabbed the back of her head, crashing her mouth into mine, drowning it out.

Still pumping in and out of her from below, I wanted her to feel a nigga in her throat.

My grip on her neck grew tighter.

My dick twitched, indicating I was close.

Rolling us over, but being mindful of her stomach, I pulled out of her.

Ny'asia looked sexy as fuck spread out in my bed. She was the first girl who had ever been in her like this, and I was happy about that right now.

“Turn around,” I told her lowly, stroking myself.

I knew I wouldn't last much longer.

Ny'asia did as I said, and I grabbed her hips, lifting her up.

My head instantly dropped, and I pulled her lips into my mouth.

“Oh,” she dug her face into my bed.

I sucked on her peach from behind, using my tongue every so often to tease her.

She attempted to run, but I gripped her legs tightly.

“Nah, baby, none of that.” Dragging my tongue up, I spread her ass cheeks and circled her hole before lifting up and spitting.

“Kazierrrrr!” She moaned when I started eating her groceries. I didn’t have boundaries when it came to my woman, and she was about to learn that.

“Fuck my tongue.” I lifted up, slapping her ass.

She started throwing her ass back into my face as I hungrily accepted.

Maneuvering from her ass to pussy, I left no inch of her lower backside untouched. I kissed her cheeks, biting them in between, loving the added weight.

The moment I felt her body tremble, I lifted up and plunged inside her.

My fingers dug into her sides and I pumped wildly.

I slapped her ass cheeks, loving how I looked disappearing in and out of her. It was then that I knew there

was no way I could give this up. Ny'asia had gold between her legs and there was no way I wanted to part way with it.

Feeling a powerful tug in my chest, my strokes became faster.

I pushed deeper into her and she shuddered.

My teeth sunk into my bottom lip and my head went back as I finally released myself inside her.

For a minute, I blacked out as I came hard as hell.

“Shit,” I grunted as I finished.

I swallowed hard and had to blink a couple times.

Slowly, I pulled out of Ny'asia and gently laid her down and fell backward.

“That was the shit, love.” I chuckled lowly.

Low snores filled my ears as I waited for her to reply.

Glancing at her, I saw her mouth was partly open and eyes shut.

“Damn.” I licked my lips with a grin on my face.

Her hair was matted to her face, and sweat was covering it too. My tongue dragged over my bottom lip. My

pulse increased and a strange sensation shot through my stomach as I gazed at her.

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Slowly my eyes fluttered open, and I flinched instantly, feeling a soreness between my legs. I glanced down and saw that I was still naked. My hand slid between my legs as memories of last night replayed in my mind causing a shiver to shoot down my spine. A small smile formed on my face. My eyes landed on Kazier, who was on his back asleep.

One of his hands was across his stomach and the other at his side. Brining my eyes down, I zeroed in on the bulge under the cover. A pulsating formed between my legs.

“You just gone keep staring at a nigga, huh?” My smile grew.

Kazier opened one of his eyes and looked over at me.

I could feel heat rush to my cheeks.

Kazier turned on his side and tossed his arm around my waist, pulling me closer to him. He peppered kisses on my chest.

I closed my eyes for a moment embracing the way his lips felt against my skin.

“I’m sore,” I whined, causing him to chortle.

“I did my job then.” He looked up at me. His eyes seemed lighter than normal. “Most women don’t look good when they first wake up, but you....” He licked his lips.

My heart threatened to leap out of my throat. I closed my eyes as he dragged his lips over my skin. “Peanut is hungry.” Kazier licked his lips and kissed my arm.

“Want to call Ben?”

My breathing became labored. “No, I can make something.”

His hand brushed over my stomach, causing it to tighten.

“I never asked why butterflies.” His lips brushed over my tattoos. It was five butterflies with colorful wings between them on my upper shoulder.

“Caterpillars go through a transformation ending in a beautiful butterfly at the end of their journey. I went through a lot to finally become a butterfly.”

“Mhm.” He kissed my arm again and stared up at me.

I ran my hand over his large arms and moved to his jaw.

“Ima go get cleaned up,” I told him.

He continued to stare at me. The look in his eyes almost caused me to stop breathing. They were full of adoration and affection. Something I had never observed in them before.

“Go ahead before I’m tempted to slide in you again.” His hand slammed against my ass and he jiggled it.

I giggled and slowly slid out of his bed. Once I was on my feet, I lifted my hands above my head and stretched. Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed Kazier watching me as if he was photographing me in his memory.

I smiled at him as I turned to leave the room.

Last night something shifted between us. I wasn’t sure what it was, but the energy between us became more intense and electrified. Each time Kazier penetrated my walls, I had to remind myself to breathe. Normally sex with him was rough, but there was passion behind his roughness last night. His touch was calculated, and his fingers stroked the fire forming inside me.

Once I was in the shower, I was in no rush to get out. The hot water felt good against my skin. I closed my eyes and allowed it to ease the tension in my body. My hand brushed over my chest.

When I started to prune up, I finally washed up and got out of the shower. I loved my bathroom because although it wasn't the master, it was still a nice size.

I walked to the sink so I could handle my hygiene. My eyes focused on the passion marks scattered on the top of my chest.

“Sheesh.” I smiled.

Knowing how much money Kazier spent on me yesterday created a flood between my legs. I wanted to show my appreciation to him, but I didn't expect things to get as intense as they were last night.

I grabbed my towel and dried myself off before walking into my room. I picked up my phone and sat down on my bed to look through it.

The picture Kazier posted of us had my notifications blowing up. I was even receiving tweets from people about it.

It felt good to finally be in a place where I wasn't the only one embracing my baby.

I pulled down my notifications tab and noticed a text from an unsaved number that made my stomach drop.

442-343-0982: Not responding to me is only gonna piss me off more Birdie. Unless you want me to reveal you to your husband I advise you to stop ignoring me.

My blood turned cold. I was in such a great headspace, but just like any other time I was on a good high, life came to kick me down.

Me: Where do you want to meet?

I knew Damien wouldn't just go away. That's not how he operated. When he had his mind set on something, he wouldn't give up.

442-343-0982: Our spot at 4 pm.

Swallowing hard, I cleared the message and tossed my phone on the bed. My hands raked through my hair. I was trying not to let my ex-boyfriend's reappearance rattle me, but it was hard. Damian was shady and underhanded. His main motive was money, and he didn't care what he had to do to get it.

Pushing the sinking feeling that was starting to creep inside me to the back of my mind, I stood to get dressed.

I wasn't the same 18-year-old girl that was easy to manipulate anymore, and Damian would soon learn that.

I tapped my fingers against my bouncing leg. I was sitting at this park in my old neighborhood where Damian and his crew used to hang around.

Part of me wanted to meet somewhere else, but I figured this would give us some discretion.

My stomach was in knots thinking of how this meetup could go.

I hadn't laid eyes on Damian in over two years. The day he went to jail I thought I was free of him.

"Birdie." That name sounded like nails on a chalkboard.

Turning my attention to the raspy voice, I laid eyes on the man I would have given my left kidney for once upon a time.

I couldn't hide my lack of enthusiasm as he approached me.

Damian was never an ugly guy on the outside, but on the inside was a different story. He was 5'11 with light brown skin and dark whisky eyes. His time in jail had buffed him up some, making his once lean frame more cut and toned. Before he went in he had shoulder-length dreads. Now he sported a low Caesar cut and goatee around his once bare face.

“Damn, don’t look excited to see me.” My scowl deepened.

He had minor cuts around his face and arms from various fights throughout the years.

“I’m not.” He chuckled and stroked his goatee.

“Can a nigga get a hug?” I stayed planted where I was.

His eyes narrowed and a snarky grin appeared on his face. He slowly moved his head up and down.

“A’right, that’s how we’re going to play it.”

I looked around the park. Relief filled me, seeing we were the only two people present. It also made me weary. Damian could be unpredictable at times.

“How you been? You look good.” His eyes scanned my body. The way he stared at me caused my skin to crawl.

“Damian, I didn’t come here to get caught up. What do you want?”

The smile that was on his face quickly disappeared.
“You always had a smart-ass mouth, Birdie.”

“Don’t call me that shit.”

I turned my body to face him.

His eyes locked on my stomach and something flashed through his eyes.

“So, you really having that nigga’s baby, huh? I guess his seed is good enough to keep.”

Scoffing, I crossed my arms around my stomach. “You know why I didn’t keep that baby.”

“I don’t know shit, but that you were a selfish bitch that had an abortion behind my back.”

“I told you I didn’t want to be with you anymore, and a baby wasn’t going to change that.”

His eyes grew darker. “The old me woulda beat that baby out of you, but I turned a new leaf.” A chill shot down my spine.

“I’m leaving.” I stood up.

“Sit the fuck down!” His voice boomed, causing me to jump and squeeze my eyes shut.

Slowly, I did as he said, but scooted away from him. I wasn't trying to provoke him in any way.

“Now-” He ran his hand over his jeans and grinned at me. His smile was anything but welcoming. “I know since you married that rapper nigga you done came into some money.”

I bit the inside of my jaw. “Since I got out, I been in a jam, and I need your help with that.”

My eyes squinted. “What am I supposed to do?”

He licked his lips and leaned forward. “I want five hundred thousand.”

“Damian, I don't have that kind of money.”

“But your husband does.”

“That doesn't make it mine. I can't just ask him for half a million dollars.”

Damian chuckled. “You know what's funny? When I got out, I located a lockbox that held something significant to the both of us.”

My stomach churned and an acidic taste filled the back of my throat.

“Damian,” I whispered, knowing where this was going.

“From that nice little truck you just got out of and the jewelry you have on, I know it’s no issue. Unless you want what’s inside that box to become known to your husband, you’ll get me the money.”

I closed my eyes as tears threatened to form.

“Please, don’t do this.” My voice shook as I spoke.

“Get me my money and no one has to find out your little secret.” His smile grew.

Damian leaned over and kissed my cheek. It felt like someone burned my skin when his lips touched my skin.

“You got two weeks, Birdie.” He stood up and walked off.

The tears I had been holding back finally fell. My shoulders hunched forward and my body shook.

I couldn’t believe this was happening to me. Why couldn’t life just go my way just this once?

My phone vibrated.

After taking a couple of deep breaths trying to get myself together, I went into my pocket and looked at it.

***Maggie:** Ny'asia. It's Maggie, Kazier's mom. I was doing some running around and was wondering if you would like to meet for lunch. You can pick the place.*

A deep sigh left my mouth.

I hadn't spoken to Maggie since leaving her house. She texted me a few times after learning about me being in the hospital, but that was it.

After this interaction, I wasn't really in the mood to deal with her or anyone, but I knew I couldn't turn her down either.

***Me:** Sure.*

I locked my phone back.

Using the back of my hand, I wiped my face and inhaled a deep breath. I needed to figure out a way to get Damian off my back without Kazier finding out about him or the past we shared.

“You should find out what you’re having soon, right?” Maggie asked me as I pushed the food around on my plate.

After meeting with Damian, I hurried back to New Haven in record time. I wanted to get as far away from Lynnwood as I could.

“Uh, yeah. At my next appointment as long as peanut cooperates.”

“What are you hoping for?”

I shrugged. “I don’t have a preference really.”

“I’m sure my son wants a boy. He’s always dreamed of having someone to carry on his legacy.”

“Yeah, I can see that.”

My eyes dropped to my plate.

“Is everything okay?” Maggie asked.

When I lifted my head, she was staring at me with concern written across her face.

Clearing my throat, I nodded. “Yes, peanut’s just giving me hell today.” I forced a smile. Picking up my glass of sweet tea, I took a sip.

“Morning sickness still?”

I shook my head. “No, just been balled up or something.”

“Ah, I don’t miss that,” she snickered. “I used to rub the area and sing to Kazier when that happened.”

“No wonder why he loves music.”

“My husband said the same thing.”

For a second, it got quiet between us. “Ny’asia.”

I looked up. “I know we started off on the wrong foot, but I want you to know that you can come to me if you need anything. I know being pregnant isn’t the easiest journey, so having someone that’s been through it before might help.”

The sincerity in her tone eased the tightness in my stomach. “Thank you, Maggie.”

She nodded and took a bite of her burger.

I grabbed a couple of fries and threw them in my mouth.

“Is it hard having your husband in jail?”

Maggie lifted her shoulders slightly. “It is. I thought it might get easier over the years, but honestly, it doesn’t.”

“You don’t ever think of moving on?”

She snorted. “When you have a man like Keyon, there is no moving on. He tried to encourage me to once, and I shut him down. That man went to prison for me, and I would never turn my back on him.”

My head bobbed. “That’s real love.” My mind ventured off, and I wondered if Kazier and I could ever form something like that.

“Are things with you and my son okay?”

“Oddly, yes, they are. I feel like we’re slowly starting to get on the same page and he’s starting to let me in.”

She smirked. “My son, my son. When you get him to open up completely, good luck. That boy loves hard, just like his daddy. He’s possessive and protective too. Are you ready for that?”

I thought about her question. Was I ready for that?

I had never had a man love me like that before.

“I think I am.”

She rose an eyebrow. “If I were you, I would make sure because Kazier doesn’t take having his heart played with lightly.”

I picked up the burger on my plate and bit into it, processing the information she had just given me. It only made the tightness return in my stomach.

I prayed that I could get Damian off my back without involving Kazier or anyone else.



I snuck behind Ny'asia while she stood at the kitchen counter eating her strawberry ice cream out of the carton.

My arms wrapped around her waist and she jumped. Nuzzling my face into her neck, I bit it.

“You been jumpy lately. You good?” She turned her head to look at me. Her tongue ran along her lips, getting the remaining ice cream left on it.

“I thought you had left already, so I wasn't expecting someone to grab me.” Her body relaxed into mine. I tightened my grip around her.

“I'm about to head out now.” She lifted the spoon and I opened my mouth.

Rolling her eyes, a small smile appeared on Ny'asia's face as she stuck the ice cream in my mouth.

When she removed the spoon, I leaned up and crushed my mouth into hers. Her mouth opened, receiving my tongue and sucking the ice cream off it.

I finally stopped battling the back and forth I was having when it came to Ny'asia and this situation. I was going to go with the flow and let the cards fall how they fell. The more time I spent around her, the more I found myself opening up to her.

My hand moved up her stomach to her breasts, and I caressed one. They had grown so much that they now filled my large hands.

Ny'asia flinched. "They're sore," she whined.

Pulling my bottom lip into my mouth, I softened my touch.

A low sigh escaped her mouth and her eyes closed. I loved how her body reacted to my touch. I wasn't sure if she was always like this or if her senses were heightened because of her pregnancy, but Ny'asia's body seemed to react to the simplest touch.

Releasing her, I spun her around, lifted her up and sat her down on the counter. I always enjoyed the little to no clothing she wore around the house.

Right now, she was in her panties and a sports bra. My hand brushed over her stomach. "You been feeling a'right?"

My face went into her neck and I peppered kisses on it.

“I had some mild cramping this morning.” Ny’asia grabbed my hand when I froze.

“I’m fine. No blood or anything.”

Closing my eyes, I inhaled a deep breath. I didn’t realize how excited I was about this baby until I finally came to terms that it was mine. The further Ny’asia got, the more nervous I became. The emergency room doctor’s words played over in my head. Knowing the further and bigger she got, the riskier her pregnancy became caused my stomach to knot.

Ny’asia’s hand went to the back of my head and she ran her nails between my braids.

“We can’t think negatively. Peanut is okay.” Instead of responding, I continued kissing her neck, making my way up to her jaw.

Ny’asia opened her legs, and I wedged myself between them. Her hands dropped to the side of my face, pulling it back. She stared me in the eye before moving forward and planting her lips on mine. Her kiss was slow and passion-filled.

My hands went to her ass, and I scooted her forward.

I released myself from jeans and boxers before sticking my hands between her legs. Just like I expected, she was already soaked. I rubbed on her lips through her drenched panties.

Her hips grinded against my hand as she moaned into my mouth.

Moving her panties to the side, I grabbed my dick, positioned it at her entrance, and pushed inside of her.

She gasped for a moment before her walls allowed me in.

I stroked in and out of her while she kept her hands planted on my face. My hands went to her thighs, and I gripped them tightly.

“I can get used to this shit.” I sucked on her bottom lip.

Ny’asia opened her mouth to speak, but I pushed deeper inside her, causing her words to halt.

She tightened her walls around me and my teeth sunk into my bottom lip.

“Shit, you don’t be playing fair.” My head dropped, and I watched as I moved in and out of her.

“Mhm,” she moaned as her eyes rolled to the back of her head.

My strokes became quicker.

I knew I was on borrowed time and couldn't dig her out like I wanted.

Ny'asia wrapped her arms around me and dropped her head into the crease of my shoulder and neck. Her moans grew louder as her body shook.

I grunted just as I released inside of her.

Ny'asia's hold on me became tighter. I could feel her pussy growing wetter as it contracted around me.

For a moment, neither of us spoke.

She was panting when she lifted her head.

“Great, now I'm going to be tired for the rest of the morning.” Chuckling, I pecked her lips and slowly removed myself from her.

A small whimper left her mouth.

I helped Ny'asia off the counter before grabbing a paper towel and cleaning myself off.

“You know I would have gotten married a long time ago if that meant I had in-house pussy on demand.” I slapped her thigh.

“Ow!” She mugged me while I laughed.

I pulled her into me. “I’ll see you later, a’right.” She nodded her head.

Kissing her one last time, I released her and prepared to leave.

“I knew you wouldn’t disappoint.” I slapped hands with Draco.

He grinned. “Nigga, you know I always come through.”

My head bobbed to the beat he was working on.

Today was the first day Carmen and I would be working on our song together. Draco came by the studio early to get ready.

“Carmen’s flow is solid. I can hear her on this shit.” Draco turned and hit a couple of buttons on the board.

My head moved up and down. Mentally, I went over the lyrics to the track in my head. Jenae's song would play on the chorus while Carmen rapped over it. It blended well with the beat and our lyrics.

My phone vibrated interrupting my mental flow. It was my dad's lawyer.

"Oh shit, I need to take this." I stood up.

Draco nodded and continued messing with the board while I headed out of the room.

"Ken," I answered the minute I was in the hallway.

"Kazier. Hello, is this a good time for you?"

"For you, always. Wassup?"

He cleared his throat and I heard papers shuffle around. "I have good news. I was able to get your father's case reviewed. Things are looking promising. Turns out the previous judge on the case had some bias intentions towards your father and a few other people he put away, causing all his cases to be reviewed. There is now a new judge overlooking his case."

My grip on my phone tightened. "So, what does that mean?"

“It means that I should have your father home by the end of the month if everything works out.”

My eyes closed and fell back into the wall. “Ken, man,” I struggled to get out.

My emotions were running high. This was the first time I had heard this much assurance about my dad’s case since he was locked up.

“Your father’s case is a noble one. He was doing what any husband would do, and that’s defending his wife. I have spoken to your mother and got her side of what happened the night of the attack. Taking that into account, as well as the new judge, I’d say things are looking up.”

My eyes squeezed shut. “Thank you, man. You don’t know how much this shit means to me.”

“Don’t thank me until your father is home.”

I sniffed and ran my hand down my face. “I hear you, man.” My eyes opened and I noticed Carmen heading my way.

Swallowing hard, I looked down at the floor. “I have to go, but I really appreciate you, Ken.”

“No problem. I’ll be in touch.” The two of us hung up, and I had to take a minute to gather my emotions.

My dad had been gone for years, and I hadn't laid eyes on him in what seemed like forever. Knowing that he would be home soon showed me there was a light at the end of the tunnel.

"Were you waiting for me?" When I lifted my head, Carmen was standing in front of me grinning.

My eyes raked her over in the yellow bodysuit she wore.

"Nah, I wasn't." I stuck my phone in my pocket and stood up straight.

"Eww, someone woke up on the wrong side of the bed."

I smirked. "Actually, I woke up to something good and warm."

For a moment, she looked confused before catching my drift.

"Well, we should get started." She flashed me another grin before walking past me into the studio.

Running my hand over my braids, I took another couple of minutes to gather my thoughts. My day couldn't have gotten any better if I paid for it.

“I think we’re good for the day,” Draco said, collecting his things.

“I’m so glad you decided to work with us, Draco. I’ve been trying to get in with you for a while now.” Carmen leaned on the board with her eyes locked on the producer.

I chuckled and shook my head while looking through my phone.

“Yeah, I be busy.” Glancing up, I saw that Draco wasn’t paying her much attention.

“I have a few more songs to finish up for my upcoming EP. I was wondering if you would produce them?”

Draco paused and looked at Carmen. His face was blank.

“Have your manager hit me up. My schedule’s tight, but I’ll see what I can do.”

“Yay, I will do that.” She walked to the couch where her purse was and pulled her phone out.

“A’right, man. As always, it was good working with you.” Draco walked up to me and we slapped hands.

“Good look again.”

Draco left, and I walked over to the couch and took a seat. Going behind my ear, I grabbed the blunt I had rolled earlier and then reached in my pocket for my lighter.

Once it was lit, I unlocked my phone.

“Can I hit that?” Carmen took a seat next to me.

I glanced at her out of the corner of my eye. “I don’t know what you do in yo free time.”

She giggled. “You act like I don’t brush my teeth.”

“Toothpaste don’t clear up herpes and shit, shorty.”

Carmen rolled her eyes. “Nigga, I don’t have herpes.”

“I didn’t say you did, but you never know.” I shrugged and took a pull from my blunt again.

My eyes went to my phone.

I opened Twitter and had a couple of mentions about my album. A lot of my fans were anticipating it and asking when I would be releasing it. I didn’t really fuck with Twitter too much, so they knew if I was active, I had something coming soon.

I took a picture of the studio and then posted it, *Album loading...*

Closing out Twitter, I went to InstaFlik. Ironically, the first picture to pop up was from Ny'asia.

Her face was done up in blue makeup with some gold glitter on her eyes. She was posing with her eyes lifted up and to the side and her lips poked out.

Like this look? Tutorial on how to achieve it on my YouTube channel, Ny On The Beat. Link in bio.

Licking my lips, I went to the comments and scrolled through them. A lot of women were complimenting her and telling her how much they loved her channel and content. I also noticed niggas trying to shoot their shot.

I chuckled.

A few comments were talking about how they could take her from me and how I didn't deserve her.

I clicked on the add comment section and added my own.

*KDonTheDon: @Nybabyxo Damn, I'm the luckiest nigga alive to have a wife this bad *tongue emoji**

I shared the picture to my story to help bring more attention to her channel. One thing I was gone make sure of was that if I was winning, so was my wife.

“Wifey is cute.” Carmen was looking down at my phone.

I pulled from my blunt and exhaled the smoke.

“Cute? My wife’s fine as fuck.”

She looked back at the phone. “She is.” She licked her lips. “I’ve seen some of her videos, too. Even tried to do a couple of looks. She’s talented.”

I nodded. “Yeah, she is.” I clicked on her page and went through her pictures. Each time she posted a video on her YouTube channel, I noticed she posted a picture featuring the look to promote it. I had to give it to Ny’asia; it had only been a couple of weeks, but it seemed like she jumped full force into this makeup thing.

“Question,” Carmen asked me.

“Wassup?” I continued scrolling through my timeline.

“You and your wife ever thought of having a threesome?”

My head popped up, and I stared at Carmen, shocked by her question. A coy grin was on her face.

“I’m just saying, the both of you are attractive and well-” she shrugged.

“You gay?”

Slowly, she dragged her tongue across her lips. “I’m bi. I don’t discriminate.”

Locking my phone, I leaned back in my seat, tossing my arm behind the couch, and stared at Carmen. “So, that shit you be rapping about, you be for real?”

Her smile grew. “I was raised never to lie.”

Running my tongue across my top teeth, I took her in. Carmen was bad as fuck for sure. She was built like a stallion, and I’m sure she was one of them bitches that was down with anything in the bedroom.

“My wife ain’t that type of girl.” I truthfully didn’t know if Ny’asia would be down with inviting another woman into our bedroom, but from what I’ve observed, I was sure she wouldn’t go for it.

“Damn.” Her hand went to my thigh. It inched upwards some until she hit my dick. “Mhm, I knew you were hung.”

Her eyes flashed up to me.

Licking my lips, I glanced down at her hand and into her eyes. “You tryna get me in trouble?” I leaned over where the ashtray was and ashed my blunt.

“I’m just letting you know how much fun I can be.” She swiped her hand over my dick and sunk her teeth into her bottom lip.

It tempted me to stand her ass up and fuck her from behind right here in this studio for a second.

“I thought you said you weren’t the mistress type?”

She shrugged. “I’m not, but no one said I couldn’t have one night of fun.” She winked at me before standing up.

My eyes went to her center. It was clear she wasn’t wearing anything under her bodysuit. The outline of her pussy was clear as day.

I shook my head. “I ain’t even on that kind of time with you.” I chuckled.

Mixing business with pleasure wasn’t a good idea. Me and Carmen needed to make this song and then go our separate ways.

Carmen leaned down in front of me until her breasts were in my face and her lips went to my ear. “Too bad, I heard I’m a lot of fun in the bedroom.”

She lifted up with her purse and phone in her hand.

When she turned around, I stared at her ass and shook my head.

“See you at our next session.” She looked over her shoulder and winked at me.

I took another pull of my blunt, watching her leave out.

“These women, man,” I chuckled, rubbing my head.

NY ASIA

“Oh, look who finally has time for me again,” Iris smiled.

“Oh, whatever.” I walked over to her and hugged her.

“Now that you’re becoming YouTube famous and you and my cousin are looking cozy, you just forgot about me.”

I laughed at her dramatics. “Whatever, c’mon,” I grabbed her arm and pulled her.

My clothes were starting to get tighter, so Iris agreed to meet me at the mall so I could grab some new stuff. I hadn’t seen her since my birthday.

“So, how has everything been? I noticed that your views are shooting up and your subscribers.”

“Yes, girl, I’m so happy. I didn’t expect things to take off so quickly, but they are. I even got a message from YouTube about me getting paid due to the popularity of my channel.”

“Yes, that is amazing. See, I knew that you would be a hit.”

“It’s more than likely because of your cousin, but I’m thankful his popularity is helping my channel.”

“Pshh, whatever. Being K-Don’s wife might have got you noticed, but your talent is what keeps them coming back.”

My smile grew. “I am pretty dope, huh?”

“Yes, dope as fuck.”

We walked into a store that was known to carry cute maternity clothes. “How are you? Law school kicking your ass?”

“Girl is it, I’m so thankful for summer break because last semester was hell. I felt like my eyes would fall out my sockets with all the studying I did for finals, but ya girl aced them so-” she brushed her shoulders off, making me laugh.

“And that’s all that matters.”

While in the store, I was getting stares and whispers from a few people. I wasn’t used to all this attention on me. It was overwhelming most of the time, but I was learning to drown it out.

I looked through some shirts on one of the tables, picking up a couple and putting them in the bag I grabbed when we walked in.

“I see you and my cousin been looking real cozy on InstaFlik lately.”

I couldn't stop the smile that formed on my face. My hand went to the bracelet Kazier got me for my birthday.

“I guess you can say that.”

“Girl, look at your smile. Your eyes are damn near closed.” I snickered.

“Things are good with us. Have been since my birthday.”

“So, you guys are like a real thing now?”

I chewed on the corner of my bottom lip. “I mean I think so. We honestly haven't discussed it, but I think that's what this is.”

Iris smiled at me. “I'm glad to hear it. I love Kazier with all my heart. He looked out for me my whole life, him and my aunt and uncle. Without him, I would be drowning in debt and much more. He comes off rough, but he's a good guy when you get to know him.”

My hand brushed across my stomach as my chest grew warm. “You don’t have to convince me, I know. Kazier is an asshole, but I won’t deny he has a caring side to him.”

I continued to look through the clothes and was caught off guard when someone bumped into me.

“Excuse you.” I turned and mugged the girl.

Spinning around, I instantly recognized the girl from the pool party. “You’re excused.”

The other girl with her laughed.

“You okay?” Iris asked, walking up to me, sizing up the girl.

“Yeah, some bitches just like to act like they’re blind when they’re walking.”

The girl’s eyes dropped to my stomach and her mouth turned upside down. “I can’t believe K-Don really got someone like you pregnant,” she scoffed.

“And what the fuck you mean by that?” I went to step towards her, but Iris grabbed me.

“It means some basic nobody like you doesn’t even deserve to carry his baby.”

“Ny’asia don’t,” Iris warned. “You know and I know that’s not true, so fuck her. My cousin probably just fucked her and left her, and now she’s mad.”

The girl laughed. “Nah, he ain’t left nothing.” She looked me up and down. “I don’t see the hype about you. You look like some charity project that K-Don is helping out. I doubt K-Don is taking you seriously.”

The girl’s friend started laughing, and the two turned to walk away. I bit the inside of my jaw. My desire to shop had disappeared.

“Let’s go.” I snatched away from Iris.

“Wait, Ny’asia.” She called out behind me as I stormed out of the store.

I didn’t slow down though. This is what I wasn’t going to tolerate.

“Where are you going?”

“To see your cousin.”

“Wait, what? Hold on.” Iris grabbed me. She turned me so that I was facing her. “Don’t overreact, okay?”

“Either you’re coming with me or staying here. Either way, your cousin is about to see me.”

She stared at me like she was debating what to do. Finally, her shoulders sunk forward.

“Okay, I’ll follow you.”

I pulled away from her and continued towards the entrance of the mall. It was time for me and Kazier to get a few things straight right now.

“Kazier!” I busted into the studio he was working in. Thankfully, the lady at the reception desk knew me and was able to tell me which studio he was in.

His eyes, along with YJ and Bishop’s heads, popped up and looked at me.

Kazier’s face scrunched up as his eyes bounced from me to Iris. “What y’all doing here?”

“We need to talk.” I crossed my arms and glared at him.

“Oh shit. You in trouble,” Bishop muttered, causing both him and YJ to laugh.

“Shut the fuck up.” Kazier spat. “I’m busy right now, love. Can we do this later?”

“No, we can’t, and unless you want me to cause a scene, I advise you not to try and brush me off.”

“Damn, she told you,” YJ laughed.

Kazier cut his eyes at his friends, who only laughed harder.

He blew a deep breath out and stood up. “I’ll wait here,” Iris mentioned.

I nodded, then left out of the room with Kazier right behind me.

“C’mon.” He went to grab me, but I snatched away. He furrowed his brows and stared at me, tightening his jaw.

Kazier headed down the hall and pushed open one of the closed doors. I walked in behind him and he closed the door.

“What the fuck is up with you?” He instantly turned to me, his scowl deepening.

“That girl from the party, you still fucking her?”

His face balled up. “What girl?”

“The girl in the orange bathing suit. Are you still fucking her?”

“Man,” he dragged his hand down his face. “That’s why you came here showing yo ass? Some broad we already talked about.”

“Yes, because that broad approached me today when I was at the mall!”

“Wait, what?”

I slammed one of my hands down on the table next to me. “When I was at the mall, that girl bumped into me, then proceeded to let me know I was some charity case you’re taking care of right now and that you’re still fucking her.”

I couldn’t hide the jealousy building inside my stomach. Staring at Kazier right now didn’t help either. My hand was itching to react, but I kept it at my side.

Kazier stood up straighter and crossed his arms across his broad chest. He ran his tongue over his top teeth and his face went blank.

“I’m not fucking anyone but you, love.”

“So that girl just approached me talking shit because-”

“Because it pissed her ass that I stopped fucking her. I told you I had fucked her before. Outside of her sucking my dick weeks ago, I haven’t touched that girl. As for her

approaching you, I don't know why she did that stupid shit, but I'll take care of it."

He eyed me for a moment before stepping closer to me. He uncrossed his arms and reached forward to grab me, but I stepped back out of his reach.

"Kazier, I am jealous, I am possessive, and I don't do well with sharing. If you're still out here fucking with other women, then you need to leave me alone and let us just go back to how things were before."

Instead of taking what I said seriously, a crooked grin appeared on his face. "Love, I figured all that shit out a long time ago. Yo ass is lowkey crazy. I see that shit all in your eyes."

My eyes grew tighter. "I'm not fucking no other girls, a'right? You're the only one getting this dick, wifey."

This time, when he reached out for me, I didn't pull back. "You coming up here huffing and puffing. Showing yo ass in front of my niggas for no reason." He pulled me into him while smiling.

"I didn't slap ole girl because I'm pregnant, but Kazier, I'm not the one to be played with. I fought hard to change my

life around. I don't need anyone taking me back to the old me."

"And no one will. I got you, and Ima handle that. You just make sure my baby stays good, okay?"

My eyes searched his for a moment. "Whatever, Kazier, you think this is funny, but I'm for real."

He continued to grin and laid his forehead on mine. "I know, love. I believe every word out your mouth."

Butterflies filled my stomach. Tilting my head up, I puckered my lips and pressed them against his.

"We find out what we're having soon, right?"

I bobbed my head. His hand brushed over my stomach. "A'right, so just focus on that. Fuck all that other shit, okay?"

"Don't play with me, Kazier. I'm serious."

"And I hear you. I have no plans on hurting anyone, love." I pecked his lips again.

I was trusting that Kazier would handle the shit with ole girl. I had enough on my plate without his crazy entourage messing with me.

“Okay, are you two ready to see what you’re having?”

Dr. Olsen smiled, looking between the two of us.

She had completed her examination to make sure everything was fine with the baby, and after easing my mind by assuring us everything looked good, she was ready to reveal the sex.

“We are.” I looked over at Kazier, whose eyes were locked on the monitor.

This was the first appointment he’s been to since finding out I was pregnant, and unlike the first time, he was actually attentive.

“Okay, let’s find out what this baby is.”

She moved the doppler around on my stomach. “Here’s the arm and hand,” She pointed to the screen.

I was holding my breath as she continued. “Well, it looks like you two are having....” she hit some buttons on the machine.

“Congratulations, you two are having a baby boy! Here’s the penis.” She pointed.

“Hell yeah!” Kazier cheered as soon as the words left the doctor’s mouth.

Joy filled me.

A baby boy.

Even though I didn't care either way, I was excited to bring a son into the world.

“My little nigga gone be fly as fuck too.”

“Don't call my son that.” I cut my eyes at Kazier, but he waved me off.

The shine in his eyes caused my heart to turn over. The first time he was here he didn't even seem interested in this baby. Now his face was glowing and his eyes beamed.

I reached over and grabbed his hand. He squeezed it and leaned down, kissing it.

“We got this shit, love. Our son's gone be the shit.”

I giggled at his words.

I looked back at the monitor as the doctor finished up our reveal.

We were in the office for about ten minutes more, finishing my examination before we were sent on our way.

Our son was growing at a healthy rate, according to Dr. Olsen. The scarring in my uterus was still a concern that she

wanted to monitor closely, but I was trying not to think about that.

When we got in the back of the truck, Kazier's smile was still planted on his face.

"I hope you would have been this excited if it was a girl." I laughed.

Kazier looked over at me. "A nigga wasn't even prepared to have a little girl. They say karma hits your daughters, and I don't ever want that for my daughter. I'm glad it's a boy."

Giggling, I shook my head. "I was thinking our photoshoot is next week, and we can announce the sex to the public with it."

Kazier scratched his chin. "It's whatever to me. I got my boy, so I don't give a damn about anything else."

Playfully rolling my eyes, I pulled my phone out when it started vibrating.

442-343-0982: Tick tock Birdie. I hope you're getting my money together.

Staring at my phone, I pulled my lips into my mouth. Damian would text me right now.

“You want to grab something to eat?” Kazier asked.

I looked up at him after locking my phone. “Uh, yeah.”

I nodded. “Chinese, please.”

“Aye, Jodeci, locate the closest Chinese spot.”

“Got it, boss.”

I looked over at Kazier while leaning my head back on the seat. “What?”

A small grin appeared on my face. “It’s just nice to finally be on the same page.”

“Yeah, well turns out you’re not that bad.” He tossed his arm around me, pulling me closer.

I laid my head on his shoulder, trying to ease the stirring in my stomach.

Things with Kazier were looking up. The blogs were finally off our case, and we were forming a genuine bond. I couldn’t allow anything to change that.



I shook the bottle of champagne in my hand and allowed it to explode all on the stripper's ass in front of me before bringing the bottle to my mouth and chugging it.

My hand went across the fat, vanilla ass cheeks before me while my pulse raced. Since finding out I was having a son, I had been on a high I wasn't trying to get off of.

"I ain't see you this happy in a long time." Bishop came and tossed his arm around my neck.

"Nigga, I'm having a fucking son. It's a celebration," I took the bottle to the head again.

We had been at Pleasures for a few hours celebrating, and I was about ready to call it a night and dive in between my wife's thighs.

I needed a night out with the guys to celebrate. It was crazy how I didn't even want to believe this kid was mine at first, but now I was all in. Ny'asia was excited as well. The minute we got home from the doctor, she went online and

started ordering things for the baby. We were going to convert the room next to hers into a nursery.

We were doing the whole reveal to the world with our photoshoot this week, but I told my mom the news, and she was ecstatic. I knew she probably wanted a girl since she never had a daughter biologically. Even though Iris had become her adoptive daughter, she didn't get to experience the early stages of having a girl. Still, she was happy and already talking about spoiling him.

One thing my son was going to know was love. My parents both raised me to know that I could count on them no matter what, and I wanted to do the same with my seed.

“You good? You got some fine ass bitches in your lap and you zoning out,” YJ asked while making it rain on the girl in front of him.

Bobbing my head, I finished my bottle. “I'm good. Just in a good ass mood.”

Throw Sum Mo blasted through the club. The girl in front of me grabbed her ankles and made her ass cheeks flutter. I grabbed the stack of hundreds in my lap and started thumbing through them, making them fall on top of the girl.

She bent down, placed her hands on her knees and bounced her ass cheeks.

“Damn,” I slapped her ass.

She looked behind her at me and grinned before standing straight up and strutting to the pole in the section we were in. She grabbed it and swung around it. Lifting herself up, she went upside down, spread her legs, and made her thighs vibrate.

Her top was off, and her big, round breasts shook as she continued to work the pole.

“Since when do you come here and not request me?” My attention went off the girl on the pole and to my right, where Bambi was standing with her hand on her wide hips. She was wearing pasties on her nipples and a bright green G-string, matching the green bundles in her hair.

My tongue swiped over my lips and I cut my eyes at her. “I didn’t know I was required to let you know my movements.”

My eyes went back to the stripper on the pole. I started tossing hundreds at her, ignoring the glare coming from Bambi.

“Aye, you about to shake some ass or nah? If not, move. You ain’t made of glass.” Bishop let Bambi know. She looked at him and rolled her eyes.

“So, it’s like that, K-Don? I thought me and you-”

Again, my attention went to Bambi and my mouth turned upside down. I eyed her thick frame. “A’right, let me stop you there. Ain’t no me and you, shorty. I come here to let loose and have a good time. Sometimes I allow you to drain my dick, but we ain’t on that type of time anymore. Now, like my nigga said, either shake sum or take yo ass on.”

Bambi looked offended by my words, but it didn’t bother me. I zeroed in on her lips for a second and thought about letting her drain me one more time before writing her off, but I quickly pushed that thought from my mind. For one, I wouldn’t be able to go slide in Ny’asia after getting top from a stripper, and for two, I told her I was only giving her this dick, and I was a man of my word.

When Bambi saw I wasn’t giving her any more attention, she smacked her lips and stormed off. She knew better than to cause a scene. My niggas and I spent a lot of money in Pleasures when we came through. If I wanted her ass canceled, I just had to say the word, and she was gone.

“Aye, hand me that bottle.” I demanded YJ, while grinning.

The song changed, and now the girl who’d had my attention all night was giving us pussy shots. I was going to finish enjoying my night and celebrating my son while staying on my best behavior.

“So, tell me, Ny’asia, how is it being married to *thee K-Don?*” Chantae, the writer at Hip Hop Culture magazine, asked her.

We had already finished the photoshoot, and I couldn’t lie, that shit turned out good as hell from the pre-edits I saw. Now we were back dressed in our normal clothes doing the interview portion. Teresa had prepped both of us on what questions were supposed to be asked. Hopefully, Chantae wasn’t one of those journalists that went off-script.

Ny’asia turned and looked at me with smiling eyes. Her makeup was done up in gold and brown colors. It went well with the white dress she wore during the shoot.

“Well, at first it wasn’t easy. K-Don was someone whose ego could hardly fit into the room.” She flashed her

pearly whites at me, then turned back to Chantae. I chuckled at her response. “It took some time for us to get the hang of things and learn each other, but I would say we’re in a good place now.”

Chantae smiled at Ny’asia before turning to face me. “K-Don, same question. How does it feel being married to Ny’asia?”

Ny’asia turned and looked at me, waiting for my answer. I didn’t respond right away, however. Pulling my bottom lip between my teeth, I gazed at her. My eyes focused on every inch of her.

“Ima be honest, I didn’t think marriage was for me for real.” Pausing, I ran my hand over my braids. I tried to vocalize how I had been feeling lately. It was easy to express myself when I was rapping, but my tongue was heavy as hell right now. “I was a nigga that enjoyed his freedom, having different women at my disposal, doing what the hell I wanted without having to worry about anyone else’s feelings,” I continued, staring into Ny’asia’s eyes. They were still beaming and her smile was still shining.

“In the beginning I fucked up a lot, and let me tell you, my wife wasn’t afraid to let me know it either.” Ny’asia

laughed at my words. “I didn’t think being married had a point, honestly, for me at least. I’m young, rich, and handsome, and it just didn’t make sense to take myself off the market. Lately though, I’ve been thinking differently....” my tongue dragged across my lips. “I realized I needed someone that would get in my ass and not be afraid to tell me when my shit wasn’t right. Being married to Ny’asia was an adjustment, but it was what I needed. She’s a rare catch, and in this industry, you don’t find that often, but I lucked up.”

Reaching over, I used my knuckle to tap Ny’asia’s chin. Her smile seemed to grow, causing feelings to shoot through me that confused me. I felt a knot of emotions burn into my chest and a fire form in my stomach.

“Wow, okay,” Chantae chuckled.

I didn’t take my eyes off Ny’asia right away. I could tell my answer probably surprised her, but I hoped she noticed the truth behind my words.

“There was a lot of talk about you two when you first got married. Many fans thought the marriage was staged or a sham because it came out of nowhere. We noticed you never really spoke on those claims. Anything to say about it now?”

My head turned and I stared at Chantae. I scratched my chin and lifted one corner of my mouth.

“People talk about shit they don’t know every day. Unless it comes from me or my wife’s mouth, y’all shouldn’t listen to shit.”

“I second that.” Chantae was smiling as she looked between us two. She nodded and dipped her head writing something on her notepad. The interview continued, and the conversation thankfully stayed on topic.

By the time we were finished and in the back of the truck, I was feeling good.

“You know, I wasn’t expecting your answers today.” Ny’asia was snuggled into my side. My arm wrapped around her and I palmed her ass.

“I’m an unpredictable nigga. I thought you would have learned that by now.”

She cheesed. “Trust me, I am. It seems like every day you surprise me more and more, Mr. Waters.”

Tugging on my bottom lip, I kneaded her ass cheeks. The weight our son put on it made it hard to keep my hands off it.

“You’ve been so touchy lately.” Ny’asia’s voice dropped an octave. Her eyes lowered and shifted a tad.

“Is that an issue?”

Twisting her lips to the side, she shook her head. “Physical touch is a part of my love language. You don’t ever have to stop.”

Ny’asia stretched her neck to nuzzle into mine and planted her lips on my skin. She pressed her chest further into me.

“You better chill before you start some shit.” I let her know.

Ny’asia didn’t take heed of my warning. One thing I can say for sure is that she matched my sexual energy. My wife was always hot and ready.

“It turned me on hearing you speak about me so positively.” Her stomach pressed against my side as she rose up and spoke in my air.

Licking my lips, I placed my hands on her thigh and moved it under the dress she had on.

One of my brows rose, and I narrowed my eyes at her when I realized she wasn’t wearing any panties. I flicked my

finger over her clit before brushing my finger across her wet slit.

She tugged on the bottom of my ear, peppering kisses downwards until she reached my neck again. Her legs spread and I inserted a finger inside her.

A low hum escaped her mouth. “Damn, love,” I grunted in a throaty tone.

Ny’asia was soaking wet. “Let me find out all I have to do is speak some sweet shit to get you like this.” I inserted another finger inside her. Her walls were snug around them. My thumb went to her hard clit and I massaged it.

Ny’asia wound her hips into my fingers and continued kissing on my neck. Sticking her tongue out, she flicked my skin.

“Love,” I choked out. My dick was hard as hell and straining in my jeans.

In response, I got a moan. Her hips started moving faster.

She threw an arm around my neck and smothered her face in it as her body began to tremble. I stroked her pussy faster with my fingers. Her wetness drenched my hand.

“Kazier,” she whimpered in my neck.

I could feel her body go lax against mine.

Removing my hand from between her legs, I wasted no time bringing my fingers to my mouth and sucking off her juices.

Ny’asia was breathing heavily into my neck. “Now I need to go shower.” She lifted her head with a lazy grin on her face. Chuckling, I bent my head and pecked her lips.

“I like this scent on you though.” She giggled and her head fell on my chest.

Jodeci continued to drive, and soon low snores could be heard from Ny’asia. Jonay was texting me, finalizing things for this weekend when I was due in Atlanta. I was performing at a festival along with a bunch of other artists. This would be my second time performing at it.

My eyes went down to Ny’asia. My hand covered her stomach. I didn’t know much about pregnancy, but I knew I should be able to feel my son move soon.

Ny’asia’s body shifted slightly.

Releasing a small sigh. I kissed her forehead. This girl had put me in a chokehold that I believe had no plans of

lightening up.

“Mhm, do you really have to go?” I looked over my shoulder at Ny’asia, tangled up in my sheets. Her scarf was wrapped around her head and a pout on her lips.

I was about to head to the landing strip to board my flight to Atlanta. It was going on eight in the morning.

“Cancel that wedding and come with me.” I pulled my sweats up.

A small toothless grin appeared on her face as she laid her head back on my pillow. She’s been sleeping in my bed since we came to an understanding of where we stood with one another.

“I wish I could, but this is my first wedding party, and Vivica already paid a deposit. I need this recognition.”

This time I turned around completely so I could focus on Ny’asia. “You don’t need shit as long as you married to me. I can make some calls and get you booked until next year.”

She playfully rolled her eyes. “I don’t want that, Kazier. I want to earn this. This has been my dream for so long, and it’s finally happening. I don’t want any handouts.”

I walked over to my bed and kneeled on it, leaning over until I was hovering over Ny'asia.

“I know. You're talented as hell and people gon' fuck with you for sure.”

She smiled. “You know what complimenting me does to me.” Smirking, I pecked her lips.

She grabbed my head and deepened the kiss. “You better be on your best behavior down there. Don't make me have to make a red-eye trip and show my ass.”

Chortling at her words, I grabbed my sweatshirt off the bed and stood up. “Girl, I ain't going down there to do shit but this festival.”

I pulled the sweatshirt over my head. “Yeah okay. Just remember you're a married man now and your wife is crazy.”

It was crazy as hell but my dick twitched at her words, causing me to shake my head. Ny'asia had put some damn voodoo on me, I was convinced.

I studied her for a moment while grabbing my phone and sticking it in the front of my sweatshirt.

“Aye, you have your passport?”

Ny'asia had grabbed her phone and was now looking through it. "Yeah. I never got to use it though. I was supposed to go out of the country for my graduation, but I fell out with my parents before that could happen."

I didn't miss the sadness that suddenly appeared in her voice. I didn't know if it was because of her missed trip or the mention of her parents. I made a note to get more information out of her when I got back about that whole situation.

"Bet, that's all I needed to know." I walked over to my closet and grabbed my Nike duffel bag.

"Why did you ask me that?"

Turning to face her, I lifted my shoulders. "Just curious."

I walked back over to the bed with my bag in hand. "My mom told me to tell you to call her if you need anything, a'right?"

Ny'asia snorted. "I can handle two days alone."

"Yeah, but still. Hit her up, a'right."

Ny'asia stared at me and nodded. "Fine."

My eyes raked her over. "Now c'mere. Give me those lips again so I can head out."

Her smile grew as she leaned up with her lips puckered out. I kissed them, allowing my lips to rest on them for a minute longer.

“Have a safe flight,” she whispered when I pulled away.

“I will.”

Turning around, I headed for my bedroom door. It was officially time to turn Kazier off and K-Don on.

Before getting dropped off at the airstrip, I had Jodeci make a detour. I didn't forget about the altercation my wife had with Kiaa.

I lowered the baseball cap over my eyes and knocked on the door. Stuffing my hands into my pocket, I looked around. Although there wasn't anyone around right now, I didn't want to get caught slippin'.

“Who is it?”

“Open the door, Kiaa.” I called out, facing the door.

“K-Don?” The locks on her door turned and she opened the door with a wide grin on her face.

“I wasn’t expecting you, but I’m glad you stopped by.”

A seductive look appeared on her face.

I shook my head and turned my mouth upside. Even though I was pissed that she had the balls to approach Ny’asia, it didn’t stop me from giving her a once over.

“Nah, we ain’t on that time.” I checked the Rolex on my arm. I didn’t have much time.

“A quicky? I’m good with that too,” her smile grew.

“Yo mom sick, right?” The once seductive look on her face slowly turned to confusion.

“Yeah. What does she have to do with anything?”

“You like what you do? The money you make from shaking your ass in videos?”

A frown formed on Kiaa’s face. She crossed her arms over her chest and leaned on her door. “What’s going on, K-Don?”

I swiped my tongue across my top teeth. “Approach my wife on some bullshit again, and I’ll ruin you. You won’t be able to shake yo ass in a chicken commercial when I’m done with you. This shit is a wrap, Kiaa. Don’t make an enemy outta me because yo ass won’t like the outcome.”

Just as quickly as I appeared, I made my exit.

I wasn't worried about her exposing what we had going on because she signed an NDA, and if she revealed our past, I'd take everything she and her future grandkids had.

Kiaa was a good fuck, but I hoped she took my warning seriously and found another nigga to pound her out.

NY'ASIA

“Vivica, you better stop before you mess up your makeup,” I chastised her with a smile on my face.

“I can’t help it. I’m getting married, and you did an amazing job with all our makeup.” She used the tissue in her hand to blot under her eyes.

I blushed at her compliment. Her wedding party wasn’t big, only five women, not including her. She didn’t want anything too dramatic with their looks. It was a simple day, but I got a lot of great content for my channel and the portfolio I was building.

“Here, let me spray some setting spray on you.” I picked up the spray bottle. “Close your eyes.”

I spritzed her face to help keep her makeup intact. I had put on waterproof makeup, so I wasn’t worried about her tears ruining anything.

“Thank you, Ny’asia. Seriously, I was freaking out because I couldn’t find a talented artist for today. When Iris

told me about you and then seeing how good you did at my photoshoot, I knew I couldn't let you slip by. Your work is amazing and you're a doll to work with."

"Vivica, please, you can't be throwing all these compliments at a pregnant woman and not expect me to tear up." I picked a tissue up and started dabbing my eyes. It seemed like the further I got into my pregnancy, the more emotional I found myself.

"How is your pregnancy? You've been on your feet all day. You should take a seat." Concern suddenly filled her face, but I waved her off.

"Don't worry about me. I'm fine." I started to clean up my things. "Do you guys want kids?"

"Yes, we both want at least five."

My eyes bucked. "Why so many?"

She giggled. "We both come from large families and loved it. We want to continue the tradition."

I nodded and rubbed my stomach. A small cramp shot through my lower half, causing me to wince briefly.

"Are you okay?"

There was a knock on the door. “Are you ready, sweetheart? Oh my gosh.” Her mom came into the room, shutting her door behind her. Vivica didn’t want anyone in the room with us while I did her makeup. She wanted to be a complete surprise to everyone. “You look beautiful. Allen is going to fall in love all over again.”

Vivica forced a smile but kept her eyes on me. “I’m fine, just gas,” I assured her.

She looked hesitant for a moment before turning to her mom. “I’m ready.”

Her mom’s eyes went from me to her daughter. “Is everything okay?”

I nodded. “Everything is great.” I rubbed my belly.

It took a couple more seconds of convincing, but they finally left the room, leaving me alone.

Once I was by myself, I took a seat in the chair on the loveseat and took a few deep breaths with my eyes closed.

The cramping slowly started to fade.

My phone went off, gaining my attention.

My breathing became easier when I noticed it was Kazier Facetiming me. I had texted him before arriving at the

church the wedding was being held, and he was just getting back to me.

“Hey,” I smiled into the phone.

He had a snapback low on his head, covering his eyes. A lazy grin fell on his face when the camera showed me.

“Wassup, love. Where you at?”

“Still at the wedding. I just finished the bride’s makeup and was packing my things up.”

He nodded his head. “How did that go? Everything good?”

“Yes, you should see the bride. She was beautiful.”

He licked his lips and lifted his hat so that I could see his eyes more. They were low and red, indicating he was high.

“I’m sure she was; look who did her makeup. You could make the ugliest bitch beautiful.”

“Kazier.” I snickered at his words while he chuckled.

“Shit, I’m just being honest.” There was a knock on his door and his eyes left the camera for a second. I could hear someone speaking in the background.

My eyes narrowed at the voice. “My bad, love.” He looked back at me.

“Who was that?”

He chuckled. “Yo bionic ass ears. That was Carmen.”

My mouth turned upside down. “Carmen? I didn’t know she was going to be down there too.”

“Yeah, she’s in the festival too.” I couldn’t stop the frown from forming on my face. I didn’t like Carmen, and I wasn’t going to pretend like I did.

“Mhm,” I rolled my eyes.

Kazier was cheesing as if I had said the funniest thing in the world. “What you have to say, love?”

I shook my head. “Nothing.”

His smile widened. “I can see it all on your face.”

I snorted. “Just remind Ms. Carmen to keep her flirting to herself.”

“I ain’t thinking about that damn girl, love. What I tell you before I left, I’m only worried about this festival.”

My stomach cramped again, causing me to wince. It must have shown on my face because alarm covered Kazier’s

face.

“Yo, you good?”

I took a couple of small breaths. “Yeah, I think the baby just moved wrong or something. I’m fine.”

He didn’t look convinced. “You ain’t bleeding or no shit like that, are you?”

I shook my head and slightly smiled. I knew I shouldn’t be smiling right now, but I couldn’t help it. Seeing how concerned Kazier was had my heart pounding in overdrive.

“No, Kazier.”

“You would tell me if something was up, right?”

“Yes, Kazier.”

“Stop sounding like I’m annoying you. I ain’t forget how Iris said you brushed off the last time you were in pain, and you ended up in the hospital.” I thought about the incident he was speaking of. It was one of the scariest days of my life.

I sighed. “Dr. Olsen said I may experience cramping here and there because the baby is brushing up against the scarring. If something doesn’t seem right, I’ll make sure to go to the hospital.”

Seeing him be a concerning father had my heart swelling in my chest. Goosebumps filled my arms.

“A’right, man. Ima believe you, but don’t play about my son, Ny’asia. If something doesn’t feel right, go get checked out.”

Hearing Kazier use my real name let me know he was serious.

Butterflies flooded my stomach. “I will.”

There was another knock on his door and a woman’s voice sounded again. “Carmen again?”

He looked at the camera. “Nah.” He laughed. “We’re about to do another soundcheck. I gotta run.”

Disappointment filled me. I was enjoying talking to him.

“Okay. I should finish getting cleaned up.”

“Take it easy after this, love.”

Rolling my eyes, I beamed. “Yes, *daddy*.”

For a second, his eyes darkened. “You know what.” He shook his head. “I ain’t even about to do this shit. I’ll hit you up later.”

I laughed when Kazier disconnected the call.

My eyes closed and I gripped my phone tightly, feeling warmth shoot through my chest. Whenever I talked to Kazier nowadays, I couldn't stop a goofy grin from forming on my face.

“I told Kazier I was fine.” I smiled over at Maggie as she moved around the kitchen. After the wedding, Iris and I left the church and came to the house. We were in the middle of looking over pictures when the door opened and Maggie walked in.

“Yeah, well, that's for me to determine.”

I looked over at Iris, who giggled and tossed her hands up. I wasn't completely annoyed that Kazier had sent his mom over here. She did arrive with bags offering to cook.

“Auntie, I don't know what you're cooking, but it smells good.”

“I'm making Rasta Pasta.”

“I knew it,” Iris gushed. “I haven't had that in forever.”

I couldn't help but laugh at Iris's eagerness. “Ny'asia girl, you're going to love my aunt's Rasta Pasta. It's to die

for.”

Maggie laughed. “I don’t know about that, but I do put my foot in it, huh?”

“Well, me and peanut can’t wait to taste it.” I rubbed my stomach. I hadn’t experienced any cramping since leaving the church. I chalked it to being on my feet for too long.

“Ny’asia.” Maggie stopped stirring and turned to look at me.

“Yeah?”

“Excuse me if I’m overstepping, but I was curious. Do you have any plans on getting your parents involved in this pregnancy?”

I grew quiet because I wasn’t expecting that question.

“I only ask because we wanted to do you a baby shower, and we weren’t sure.”

Before she could continue I shook my head. “My parents and I haven’t spoken since I was 18. Me being pregnant won’t change that.” I looked down at my table.

I would have loved to have my parents at my side during this new chapter of my life, but it had been so long since I spoke to them. There were times I wanted to reach out

to them, show them how I overcame all the bullshit I went through, but I hated anyone being able to tell me, ‘I told you so.’

Iris grabbed my shoulder and squeezed it. “Do you have any ideas for a baby shower?” She asked. I appreciated her for changing the subject.

“Actually, I don’t. Haven’t really thought about it.” A soft laugh escaped my mouth.

“Don’t worry, we’ll get you together.” Maggie let me know.

I couldn’t help but smile at her. She rubbed me wrong the first time I met her, but she’s grown on me since then. I knew she would be a great grandmother to my son, and I was thankful he would have at least one grandparent in his life.

Iris and Maggie started talking about something when my phone vibrated. I glanced down at the text message.

442-343-0982: Do you have my money?

My stomach knotted.

I glanced at Iris, making sure she wasn’t paying any attention to my phone, before replying.

Me: I need more time.

Damian was getting impatient. He texted me every day this week, reminding me my time was almost up.

442-343-0982: *Guess I have to start a flame under you.*

A chill shot down my spine and my throat grew dry.

“I’ll be right back.” I hurried out from the breakfast nook and headed for the front of the house. Rushing upstairs to my room, I slammed my door shut and dialed Damian’s number.

Annoyance filled me when he answered the phone, laughing. “I’m going to get you your money. I don’t need you to keep tabs on me.”

“You seem to forget who I am, Birdie, and I don’t like your tone. You have until Sunday, or I’ll go about getting my money another route. One you won’t like.” He hung up.

I clenched my jaw and dropped my head.

This was getting out of hand. I knew I wasn’t going to be able to get this money by Sunday. My only option was to talk to Kazier, but I didn’t know how he would react to this. If I told him about Damian, I would have to explain what he had over my head, which would open up a whole different can of worms.

Me being with Kazier was supposed to make his life easier. The baggage I was carrying wouldn't allow that.

I swallowed and chewed on the corner of my bottom lip.

After going into the bathroom and splashing water on my face, I headed back downstairs.

"Everything okay, boo?" Iris asked when I returned to my seat.

I forced a smile on my face. "Yeah, I'm good."

I tried to ignore the sinking feeling in my stomach.

Maggie finished cooking, and the three of us made plates and sat in the living room eating and watching reruns of *Living Single*.

"Don't tell him I told you this, but Kazier used to love this show," Maggie laughed.

"He did, I forgot about that." Iris joined in.

"Kazier? My husband?" My eyes grew. "No way."

"Yep, he loved him some Regina and watched it specifically for her."

My eyes went to the screen, and I couldn't stop the small snicker from escaping my mouth. I couldn't picture Kazier sitting around watching episodes of Living Single for some reason.

“Kazier really does have a lot of layers to him, doesn't he?” I stuck another forkful of pasta in my mouth.

“He sure does, I always say my son is like an onion. You gotta peel back those barriers to get to the core.”

I thought about her words, and she was right. Over these past months, I found myself learning more and more about Kazier. I would have never known some of the stuff from the outside looking in.

My phone started to light up, gaining my attention. I was confused about why I was getting so many tags from InstaFlik.

Setting my plate down on the end table, I picked my phone up and clicked on a notification.

“What? No.” I murmured.

My eyes bucked and my chest tightened.

“What's wrong?” Iris asked me.

My tongue was heavy. I couldn't break my eyes away from *All Shade's* post.

According to an anonymous source Ny'asia, wife of rapper K-Don, was seen meeting up with who we were told is her ex-boyfriend. We don't know what the two were meeting up about, but the two look cozy in the picture. It seems the ex was recently released from prison and is looking to get that old thang back. Is Ny'asia missing her prison bae? What do we think gang?

They posted one picture of Damian gripping my thigh while I looked at him and another one of him kissing my cheek.

I grew sick as I scrolled through the comments. A lot of people were calling me a cheater and bashing me. They were talking about how they knew our marriage was too good to be true and that K-Don deserved better.

Tears clouded my eyes.

"Ny'asia, what's wrong?" Iris asked.

"I..." I struggled to speak.

I wasn't even sure what to say right now.

Maggie grabbed my phone out of my hand once they saw I wouldn't respond.

“What the hell is this?” She asked.

“It's not what it looks like,” I finally managed to get out. “I, I wasn't doing anything with him.”

My chest hurt as I struggled to get my words out. My stomach grew tight.

“It's okay, just calm down.” My throat squeezed.

My eyes went back up to Maggie. I didn't know what she was thinking right now. The pictures did give a false narrative, but I hoped she didn't believe them.

Iris rubbed my back.

I was tired of the bullshit Damian brought into my life. Every day I regretted allowing him to sweet talk himself into my world.



I tugged on my bottom lip as I ignored another call from my cousin and clicked back on my InstaFlik.

The festival went off without a hitch. Everyone loved my set, which was to be expected. Carmen and I even previewed a sample of our song, and the fans went nuts. Atlanta always showed me love when I came through. That's why I fucked with the people here. It was like my home away from home at times. I ended up getting a rental property here for six months when I was working on my first album. During my time in Atlanta, I was living my best life. It was a wild time filled with a lot of liquor, weed, partying, and bitches. That's where a lot of the backlash I received came from.

I chuckled, thinking about that time in my life. I was still fresh in the industry and was still making a name for myself. Back then, I thought I had a lot to prove, so I showed my ass more than needed to get noticed. I learned that my music spoke for me, causing me to dial it back some.

I pinched my bottom lip between my pointer finger and thumb as my eyes narrowed. I kept going back to the picture of Ny'asia with her ex-boyfriend and hated the sting that formed in my chest while viewing the picture.

My wife had tried to call me twice, along with my mom, but I ignored all the calls. It was right before I went on stage, and I couldn't afford to be distracted. I got wind of the post right as I arrived at the venue I would be performing. It caught me off guard because, from what I understood, Ny'asia despised her ex.

The more I stared at the photos, the more fire burned inside me. It wasn't in my nature to show my ass unprovoked. I brushed off a lot of things unless someone close to me was affected. This situation, however, had my pulse racing and my mind wandering.

I rolled my neck between my shoulders, trying to release the tension building up. I swiped to the picture of the guy pressing his lips against Ny'asia's cheek. My top lip curled and my hand tightened around my phone.

I bit on my back teeth, trying to understand why Ny'asia even thought it was okay to let this nigga close enough to touch her, let alone put his mouth on her.

Iris's name appeared on my phone. She was the only one who hadn't given up calling me. I didn't want to talk right now. I knew if I spoke to anyone about the situation, I would say some shit I might not be able to take back. Being disrespected was a huge trigger for me. I was raised to respect those who respect me.

There was a knock on my dressing room door.

As soon as my set was done, I retired here to figure out my next move.

“Hey, you tryna make a surprise appearance at Gold Room? I'm not ready to retire for the night.” Carmen was standing in front of me in a green and black dress that looked painted on her.

She smiled at me when she noticed me checking her out. “You can't look at me like that, K-Don.” A hint of mischief flashed through her eyes.

Dragging my tongue over my lips, I locked my phone and leaned back in my chair.

“Like what?”

“Like you want me to come sit on your dick.”

Chuckling at her words, I had half a mind to allow her to do just that. I was trying to ignore the anger building inside of me at the thought of Ny'asia stepping out on me. One thing about me, I would never try to keep a bitch who didn't want to be kept.

“Yeah, give me a minute and we can ride out,” I replied.

She never took her eyes off me. I only had a white wife beater and some jeans. Her eyes were glued to me.

“Don't make me wait too long,” she smiled at me before closing the door.

Shaking my head, I was about to return to my phone when the door opened again.

“Damn, what if a nigga was naked?” I frowned as Jonay stepped into the room and shut it behind me.

“Boy,” she waved me off. “I have been running around handling stuff for the past hour, so I hadn't had time to stop in. First, what the hell was Carmen doing in here?”

I stared at Jonay as she gave me a ‘don't lie either’ look. She had her tablet in one hand and the other propped on her hip with her eyes narrowed.

“Nothing, damn, is it a crime for me to have a conversation with the girl?”

Her eyes grew tighter. “No, but she doesn’t need to be in your dressing room. You’re married, Kazier.”

My tongue went over my top teeth and my nose flared. “Yeah, well, my wife wasn’t thinking about me when she met up with her ex-nigga.”

“That’s what I came to talk about. Have you spoken to Ny’asia?”

“Nah, I don’t have too much to say to her ass right now.”

Jonay sighed. “So, you don’t know why she was with him? This doesn’t look good, and the internet is being tough on her. I can have Teresa on standby, but-”

“Jonay, to be honest, I ain’t trying to think of that shit right now. This is my last night in the A, and I’m about to go enjoy myself. I’ll worry about my cheating ass wife when I get home.”

Jonay pressed her lips together, and I could tell she wanted to say more.

“Kazier, don’t go out and get in any trouble or do something dumb.”

Smirking, I picked my phone up and stood up. Adjusting my jeans, I walked over to my bag.

“I’m about to go enjoy myself, and I don’t need to be micromanaged.”

“You’re impossible,” she muttered.

A few seconds later, my dressing room door slammed shut.

Releasing a heavy breath, I ran my hand over my braids. One thing I wasn’t going to do was sit around and allow anyone to make me look like a damn fool.

I stepped into my house and gritted when the alarm didn’t sound off. I always told Ny’asia not to forget to set that shit. Normally, I followed up behind her to make sure she set it when the both of us were in for the night, but since I hadn’t been here, that didn’t happen.

Shaking my head, I headed straight to my bedroom. I wanted to wash my flight off, then lay my ass down. Last night was wild and I got fucked up, causing me to push my

original departure time back because I overslept. It was a good thing I was flying private because I would have had to get another ticket.

I stepped inside my bedroom, and the first thing I noticed was my wife spread out in my bed like she had no worries in the world. Ny'asia was a wild sleeper. Since she's been sleeping in my bed, I learned that quickly. Right now, she had my sheet wrapped around half of her body. One of her legs was sticking out of it, resting on top of my comforter. Her mouth was open and small snores were coming from it.

She was naked, and I smiled for a moment at her stomach. She didn't have any stretch marks as of now. It was rounded and smooth, with a dark line running from her belly button to her waist. One of her breasts was visible as well. Her areolas had gotten darker too, and her nipples were bigger.

My eyes traveled up to her face. Like always, her hair was wrapped up in a scarf, and her face was bare of any makeup. Ny'asia had a whole nighttime routine to keep her face clear, and she even got me hip to it.

Taking a couple more minutes to admire the beauty in my bed, I found myself in an internal battle with myself. Ny'asia looked at peace, which pissed me off. Her ass should

be here waiting on me to get home so she could explain herself. I set my bags down and headed to the bathroom.

Just like the rest of my house, I had my master bathroom done to my liking. It had a Jack and Jill sink with a large vanity on the wall above it. In the middle of the room was an oval-shaped jacuzzi tub. On the wall opposite the entrance was a standalone shower with a rainforest style and a handheld shower wand on the wall. The shower was also equipped with an O-led screen that controlled the massage jets, water pressure, and temperature.

I spent a half-hour in the shower trying to get my mind right. After drying off, I walked into my bedroom to see Ny'asia was now up and sitting cross-legged in the center of my bed. She was still naked but had my sheet wrapped around her.

Ignoring her, I walked to my dresser to grab some basketball shorts. I could feel Ny'asia watching me as I moved around my room.

“You're not going to say anything?” Ny'asia finally asked.

I stopped and turned to look at her, making sure to keep my face blank. Leaning on my dresser, I crossed my arms

over my chest.

“About what?”

She rolled her eyes. “Kazier, please don’t patronize me. I know you saw the blog post.”

“What about it?”

Confusion flashed over her face. “Obviously, you’re upset about it, so don’t you think we need to talk?”

I looked towards the patio doors. It was dark out. The shutters were closed, but I could see the lights from the pool.

“You was meeting up with your ex,” I lifted my shoulders. “What else is there to talk about?”

Ny’asia rolled her eyes. “There’s a lot to talk about, Kazier.”

I never raised my voice, and my body stayed leaning against the dresser. I could tell Ny’asia was annoyed by my nonchalant attitude.

“I was under the impression you didn’t fuck with that nigga. From the pictures I saw, y’all looked pretty damn cozy.”

“We were not cozy, I don’t fuck with him and whoever took those pictures tried to make it seem like something it

wasn't, but there is *nothing* between me and Damian.”

Bringing the corner of my bottom lip between my teeth, I pulled on it while I studied Ny'asia. She was getting more upset as she tried to explain things to me, which oddly brought me pleasure. It showed me she was sincere in what she was saying.

“So why meet up with him? If you don't want that nigga, explain why you felt the need to meet up with him and let him put his mouth and hands on you.” I tried to keep my voice level, but it was getting hard. Just saying the words out loud made my stomach turn.

Ny'asia's shoulders sagged forward and her face fell. She dropped the sheet that was wrapped up in her hands, allowing it to fall. For a moment, I got caught up staring at her chest. “Damian reached out to me about some bullshit. I hadn't seen him since he got locked up right after I had my abortion. I wasn't expecting him to reach out to me after he was released, and I damn sure wasn't expecting anyone to take pictures of us.”

My jaw tightened at her explanation. “Tell me more about y'all relationship. You said you got the abortion because

you didn't want any ties to him. What about him was so bad?"

My eyes went to her stomach while I spoke.

When I looked back at her face, Ny'asia's lips were tucked in her mouth. She looked off to the side and her forehead creased.

"Damian was a stick-up kid who would do anything for his next come-up. While we were together, I tried to be his Bonnie. We hit licks, schemed, and did a lot of other bullshit together. At first, it was exciting to me, but after getting picked up a couple of times by the cops, I learned that shit wasn't as fun as I thought. You know the rest after that. I wanted to leave and he wouldn't let me. I was pregnant, and then I wasn't."

"So again, why did y'all meet up?"

Ny'asia didn't respond right away. She poked the side of her cheek with her tongue.

"Damian thought shit would go back to how it used to be. He wanted something from me I couldn't give him, that's it."

I could see her pleading for me to believe her. "Ima say this one time, Ny'asia. I have too much shit to lose to be in

some bullshit because of yo ex. Whatever you had with that nigga make sure it's dead. The last thing I need is to be beefing with some lame ass nigga over *my wife*. You know every move we make is watched, and as much as I hate that shit, it comes with the territory. Don't give them folks, actually fuck them, don't give me any reason to believe you on some disloyal shit."

I kept my voice even.

Going back and forth over a girl wasn't my thing. It never has been. I would say what I had to say and leave it at that.

Ny'asia moved to the edge of the bed and climbed off it. Grabbing her phone, she stuttered over to me and stopped when she got inches away.

"You don't have to worry about me being disloyal. Especially when it comes to anyone in my past. I left that life where it was a long time ago." She cut her eyes at me. Raising her hands, she tapped her phone screen a few times, then flashed it in my face. "Now that we got that settled, let's talk about this."

I looked at her screen. Pictures from last night of Carmen and me, along with a couple other artists, were posted.

The photos she was talking about were the ones of Carmen hugging on my arm, one of her whispering in my ear, and some of us laughing together.

My eyes dropped to the caption.

While wifey's getting cozy with her ex, it looks like K-Don and rapper Carmen were getting turned up together last night at Gold Room. The two were seen arriving together after performing at the New Age Festival, where they gave a preview of their new song. They also left the club together, according to sources. There's been chat about how the two looked good together after their magazine feature. Maybe trouble in paradise will cause K-Don to stray. What y'all think gang? Are y'all #TeamNyDon or #TeamCarDon. Sound off in the comments.

I laughed at the messy ass blog post. I saw that shit when my plane landed and brushed it off. Yeah, I was fucked up last night, but I ain't do shit with that girl. I went back to my hotel room and crashed, and she went wherever the hell she went.

“What's there to talk about?” I asked, pushing the phone out my face and staring down at her.

She had her plump lips poked up and her dainty nose flared. “You come in here asking questions about me and my ex after pictures were taken out of context, yet you’re all hugged up with this Carmen bitch in the club?”

Fire danced in her eyes as she spoke. A crooked grin appeared on my face.

“Oh, that’s funny to you?” She stepped closer to me. “You and *that bitch* think I’m a joke? What you fucked her thinking I was still fucking with my ex or something?” The more she spoke, the harder my dick became. Seeing jealousy run through Ny’asia was a turn-on to me, as crazy as it sounded.

I chuckled and shook my head. My arms still were crossed over my chest and my body was lax. “I didn’t fuck that girl.”

Her eyes squinted and she lifted up and grabbed my chin hair. “I’m not laughing, Kazier. I know she wants to fuck you, and whether you fucked her or not, it’s disrespectful for you to be all hugged up with her-”

“We weren’t hugged up,” I corrected her.

“Hugged up!” She made her voice louder. “While you have a pregnant wife at home. I called you over and over to try and explain that the pictures weren’t what they looked like, yet you ignored me, your mom, and your cousin and went out with Carmen. I don’t like that. I don’t like her. I know y’all have to work together but let me find out it goes past that.”

She cut her eyes while my smile broadened.

Finally, I stood up and uncrossed my arms. I wrapped them around her and pulled her into me, cuffing her ass. Her stomach pressed against mine.

“Then Ima fuck *both y’all* up, and me and my baby are out.”

That grabbed my attention. It was sexy as hell this whole time seeing Ny’asia worked up, but I wasn’t about to play about my son.

A yelp escaped her mouth when I picked her up and set her on my dresser. I moved in close to her, wedging myself between her legs.

My hand traveled up her body until it reached her neck, where I gripped it. “What we not gone do it play about my son,” I let her know in a low tone. “I don’t give a fuck what

we go through, don't *ever* take my seed away from me." My brows were tightly pinched and my mouth turned up.

I was waiting for her to talk some slick shit, but her mouth opened without anything coming out. Her eyes fluttered, and I noticed her breathing pick up.

My grip around her neck got tighter, and my dick twitched when a moan left her mouth.

She wrapped her legs around me and pulled me closer. I glanced down and her nipples were like two pebbles.

"You really are crazy as fuck." I brushed my hand over her nipple.

"Unless you really want to find out just how much, don't get too friendly with that bitch again." I loved her possessive spirit.

"Yes, ma'am," I dipped my head low and captured her mouth with mine.

Ny'asia was the first girl I'd come across in a while that matched my fire. I believe that's what made it so easy for me to allow her in. She didn't take my shit and never bit her tongue. All I knew was that she was mine and I was about to remind her ass that.

NY ASIA

“This is beautiful, Kazier.” I gushed wide-eyed as I walked through the villa, we were staying in. After we cleared things up about the Damian and Carmen pictures, things were like they were before he left.

Sunday had come and gone, and surprisingly Damian hadn't reached out to me. I was on edge at first, thinking about what he might do since I wasn't able to get the money. After the talk with Kazier, I knew there was no way I could bring up my situation. On the outside, he was calm while he spoke to me, but how he really felt showed through his body. His jaw kept tightening and untightening. His stance was defensive. Every so often, his eyes would narrow and a frown would display on his mouth as he spoke.

I couldn't bring any more strain to our situation. I would figure out how to handle Damian on my own. I knew him. He was about his money, so if I could come up with a plan to get him his money casually instead of a lump sum, we could make this work. He was quiet for now, and honestly, I

knew that wasn't a good thing, but I was hoping he honored my pleas for more time.

Still, I was pushing that out of my mind for now. A few days after Kazier returned, he woke me up from sleep by fucking me senseless and then telling me to get dressed.

"For what?" I whined, wanting to go back to sleep.

Thanks to Kazier, I was now sore between my legs and ready to go back to sleep. He had spent the last few days in the studios in the city and his basement. He was preparing for his album release.

"You ever been to Greece?"

My face scrunched up. "No, I haven't."

"Well, that's all about to change, love. Get yo ass up and get dressed. I'm about to show you what it's like to fuck with a rich nigga." He slapped my ass cheeks.

After that, he didn't get any complaints from me. I hopped my ass up and got dressed. Hours later, we were on a jet traveling to Greece. Although the flight was long, I was excited.

This was the first time Kazier and I would be alone together like this since being married. Apparently, after asking

about my passport, he had Hanna make this happen. I hadn't stopped smiling since we stepped off the jet. With my pregnancy getting further along, I knew this would probably be the only time I could travel this far until my son's arrival.

"I only fuck with the best, love. You gotta know that by now." I whipped around to him and grinned. We were staying at the *Blue Palace* in their *Royal Blue Villa*. It was huge, too massive for just two people, in my opinion, but I wasn't complaining.

It was a private villa with multiple bedrooms, a private outdoor heated pool, an open living room, an upper private terrace equipped with a fireplace, and a private beach for us.

Walking up behind him, I wrapped my arms around him and pressed my face into his back. "I'm glad you made this happen." I pressed my lips against his back. He was shirtless, standing in front of the large window that gave us a full view of the grass landscape in the front.

Kazier covered my hands with his. "I figured it would be good for us to have some privacy without everyone in our business."

I smiled and kissed his back again. "I agree. It's nice when it's just the two of us." I laid my head back on him.

Kazier pulled away from me and then turned to face me. His hand went to my belly. “How’s my son treating you? You feel a’right after that flight?” My heart did backflips in my chest.

I was just two days shy of 20 weeks. I had been feeling small flutters in my stomach lately. At first, it scared me until I realized it was my baby. They were faint movements, but they were there. I couldn’t wait for them to grow stronger.

“I’m fine. He’s been on his best behavior.”

“Good, you had me nervous as hell when I was in Atlanta.”

“I told you I was fine. Dr. Olsen explained that I could experience some cramping because of the scarring. My uterus is expanding and cramped with another body. It makes sense.”

His mouth turned upside down. “Still, I don’t like that shit. I ain’t tryna see you in the hospital again.”

I giggled and smiled softly. “Let me find out you care about me.”

Kazier didn’t laugh though. “I do.” The way his voice grew guttural made my chest tighten. “I told you I don’t play about those I love. It was embedded into me since I was a kid.

My dad never played about my mom, and I'm following that lead. We're still new, but I've grown to care a lot about you. I don't want anything to happen to you or our son."

This moment of vulnerability from Kazier was not something I expected. I searched his eyes for the reason behind his sudden openness.

My hand covered his on my stomach. "Nothing is going to happen to either of us."

The way his eyes bore into me made my breathing stagger. My pulse raced and my head whirled. Every day, I felt as if I was Alice being whisked down to Wonderland. I tried to resist my feelings, but the more I fought them, the stronger they became. Now I was just allowing them to flow how they happened.

"Good, because yo little ass done grew on me."

Fluttering formed in my stomach. I wasn't sure if it was the baby or butterflies from Kazier's words, but it didn't matter to me. They warmed my chest and caused my smile to grow.

"I like this side of you," I spoke lowly.

"What side is that?"

“The side that not everyone gets to see. K-Don is cool, but I love receiving Kazier.”

We stood there watching one another for a moment longer. “I don’t mean to ruin the moment, but if I don’t eat soon, your son isn’t gonna be too happy.”

He chuckled and nodded while wetting his lips.

“Bet there’s a restaurant we can go to.”

“Sounds good to me.”

The restaurant sat directly in front of the bright blue water. The sky was clear, and the sun was beaming with a small breeze. It was the perfect weather to eat out and then explore afterward.

“Have you thought of possible names?” I asked Kazier, wiping my mouth.

I was full and felt the ‘itis threatening to kick in, but I refused to sleep the day away. I wanted to explore the island and soak up the sun.

“I’m thinking a junior,” He leaned back in his seat.

My face balled up. “No.” I shook my head. “I always said if I had a son, I would never do a junior.”

“Why not?”

“For one, I think it’s a curse. Don’t ask me why. Second, what if I start hating you? Then I gotta change my son’s name. Last, I want my son to have his own identity.”

Kazier tossed his head back and laughed. “Man, you are something else, love. Having a junior will help continue my legacy.”

“He’s your son, your legacy will be continued, regardless.”

He licked his lips and looked out into the water. “You got something in mind, then?”

I shook my head. “No, but I’ve been looking some up. None spoke to me, though.”

Kazier was about to speak when his phone vibrated on the table. His eyes went to it and he quickly snatched it up and answered.

I took a drink of my sweet tea while he talked. I wasn’t sure who it was on the other end, but from the way Kazier was

smiling and answering, I could tell whatever was going on was good news.

The moment Kazier hung up, I asked him what was going on.

“My dad’s getting released.”

My eyes bucked. “What? I thought he had a few more years before he could get parole.”

“He did, but this new lawyer got some shit rolling and was able to get him released now. He’ll be on parole, but that’s beside the point. He’s coming home.”

Seeing the joy on Kazier’s face brought joy to mine. I knew what his dad meant to him, so I was extremely happy for him.

“That’s great news, Kazier. I know your mom will be happy.”

“Yeah, she gon’ lose her shit,” He chuckled. “Don’t say anything to her or Iris’s big mouth ass. I want to surprise them.”

I nodded my head. “Don’t worry, I can keep a secret.” I batted my eyes as he eyed me. A crooked grin appeared on his face.

“Oh yeah?”

My head bobbed. “Sure can.”

A low grumble left his mouth. “Good to know.”

Kazier picked up the dark liquor he had been sipping during our dinner.

“If you weren’t a rapper, what would you be doing?” I asked randomly.

“Where did that come from?”

I shrugged. “I just want to get to know you more.”

He scratched his jawline. “Shit, I don’t know. I always knew I wanted to work in the music industry, so probably producing or some shit. What about you? If not makeup, then what?”

I shook my head. “Nothing. Makeup is the only thing that interests me.”

Propping my hand on the table, I balled my fist up and placed my chin on it. Kazier had millions of women swooning over him, and us getting together wasn’t traditional, but we were making it work. My eyes traveled around us. It was beautiful, no, it was breathtaking. Never in a million years did I think he would do this for me.

I was used to taking losses. Even with Damian dangling in the background, life was finally starting to look up for me.

My phone lit up, causing my eyes to travel to it. It was flooded with InstaFlik notifications.

I was sure it was because I posted a picture of Kazier and me before we came to eat once we were dressed with *baecation* as the caption.

We were showing that the bullshit over the weekend didn't matter, and we were still going strong.

I played with my hands for a few minutes. "After the baby is born, what are we going to do?" I asked.

Kazier looked at me, confused. "What you mean?"

Clearing my throat, I looked at the water. "I mean, we stayed married because I was pregnant and it would look good for you. But once the baby is here, is the plan to stay married? Or are we going to divorce and co-parent?"

His jaw clenched. I watched his Adam's apple move up and down. "That's what you want? To get divorced?"

Quickly, I shook my head. Maybe I would have said yes in the beginning, but now, that was the furthest thing from

my mind.

“That’s not what I’m saying. I just don’t know what this really is. I mean, it all started as a drunk mistake, then turned into a fake relationship,” I paused and swallowed hard. “I told you on my birthday I was falling for you, Kazier. I just don’t know what’s going on anymore. Things with us are untraditional as hell and that scares me. For years I’ve dealt with instability and surviving. I don’t want to have to go back to that. I don’t want to fall so hard that I hit the ground again.”

I didn’t know where this sudden rush of fear came from, but the thought of starting over again with nothing terrified me. I didn’t want to lose the life I had grown accustomed to. More importantly, I didn’t want to lose Kazier.

“Aye,” he called out, causing me to focus on him. Unwanted tears filled my eyes.

He leaned forward with his arms on the table, giving me an intense stare. “Don’t worry about none of that shit. We locked in this shit, even after my son gets here. I’ve enjoyed having someone to come home to and lay up with at night. I told you earlier that I like how you match my energy too. This might have started as a fake marriage, but ain’t shit fake about how I’m feeling you now. It’s me and you, love. And even if

we do happen to break up, I would never leave the mother of my child out there bad. I got you.”

Confessing my love was on the tip of my tongue, but I held back. I didn’t know if we were at that point or if it was too soon. For the first time, I was unsure of my own feelings, which scared me.

“For life?” I asked lowly.

With a subtle nod, he reached his hand out for me to grab. “Until the casket drops.”

My cheeks were hurting from how hard I was smiling at the pictures I had taken today. We didn’t get to explore much yesterday, being that it was so late by the time we finished eating, so we enjoyed the private beach instead. Today, however, I made sure we were up bright and early to make the most of the day.

We took a boat ride to Milos Island, which was known for its crystalline waters, white rock arches, and sea caves, according to our tour guide. The scenery was beautiful, and even though I couldn’t snorkel like I wanted to, I did see fish and rocks I had never seen before.

Pausing on one of the pictures of Kazier and me, I twisted my mouth to the side. His arm was wrapped around my neck, and my back was against his chest. We were in front of one of the large white rocks. The sun was shining on the water, making our picture look more magical. My heart turned over in my chest when I noticed I was smiling into the camera, but Kazier was staring at me.

There was a certain beam in his eyes like a glass volcanic rock. They were gentle. The corner of his bottom lip was pulled into his mouth. His gaze caused a fire to form in my stomach. I could be seeing things, but it looked like Kazier's orbs were filled with love.

I stared at the picture a little longer before going to InstaFlik so I could post it. After posting the picture, I clicked on Kazier's profile and noticed he had posted a picture of his own. It was just me, sleeping in our bed last night. The covers were wrapped around me, and I was on my side with one hand around my stomach.

I snickered lowly when I looked at the caption.

Vitamin D put that ass to sleep.

I wanted to say I was shocked by his caption, but I wasn't. Normally I would go through the comments, but I

decided against it this time. I wasn't trying to have my mood ruined by the internet today.

Closing out the app, I went back to my photo gallery and continued to look through my photos.

“Shit,” I jumped, almost dropping my phone in the pool. I had been out here for about fifteen minutes, enjoying the night air.

Setting my phone on the edge of the pool, I turned and glared at Kazier, who was grinning at me with red-rimmed, low eyes. He tugged on his bottom lip, raking me over with his eyes.

“My bad, love. I didn't mean to scare you.” The low huskiness in his voice caused my stomach to quiver.

I inhaled a deep breath when he moved closer to me. He had gotten a fresh lineup and his braids redone the day before we left. I ran my eyes down, tracing the art on his skin.

“You feel a'right?” He grabbed my hips.

My clit pulsed when I felt his hardness brush against my leg.

I glanced down. “Where are your trunks?” Suddenly my throat felt dry.

One corner of his mouth rose. “What the fuck I need that shit for, love?”

My breathing slowed when he moved in and kissed the top of my shoulder. His luscious lips felt like silk gracing my skin. Goosebumps filled my arms.

He gripped my hips and pulled me into him. A small whimper left my mouth when he pressed his shaft against me.

“Today was a good day. You agree?” He asked lowly.

My words seemed to be caught in my throat. Instead of responding verbally, I nodded my head.

Kazier lifted one of his hands out of the water and brushed it over the top of my chest.

“I never did no shit like this before. Taking women out of the country isn’t my thing.”

I swallowed hard. “I’m glad you chose me to experience it with then.”

He stared at me with dark eyes that brimmed with tenderness and passion. I wasn’t sure if it was from the weed he had smoked or what, but Kazier seemed different tonight. His aura was more calm and mellow. His facial features were soft.

I lifted my hand and brushed it over his cheek. My thumb swept across his bottom lip. Kazier stuck his tongue out and flicked over it.

My chest rose.

“Your skin is glowing.” His words were slower.

He had dipped his head and his lips were now inches from mine.

“It’s the baby.”

A cocky smirk appeared on his face. “That might have something to do with it, but that ain’t why.”

“Then why?”

I gasped when he pressed himself into me again. “You tell me.”

His lips brushed against mine, causing a hunger for him inside me. I grabbed the back of his head and pulled him into me, kissing him deeply. His hold on me tightened.

“Mhm,” I moaned in his mouth, feeling my heart threatening to leap out my throat.

A warmth covered me like a blanket.

Moving my hand down, I grabbed his pole and stroked it. A low grunt fell into my mouth from Kazier's.

My pussy ached for him right now.

"I want you inside me," I bit on his bottom lip.

Like that was all he needed to hear. Kazier bent down and lifted me up. My back pressed against the wall of the pool. He moved my bathing suit bottom to the side and slid me down on his length.

Small, staggered breaths left my mouth.

I expected him to fuck me senseless in this pool, but he didn't. Kazier pumped into me slowly.

My arms circled his neck as flames of passion burned within me.

My eyes rolled to the back of my head when he thrust deeper inside of me. I attempted to speak, but my words got caught in my throat.

"Fuck, you feel so fucking good," he growled in a honeyed voice, nuzzling his face in my neck.

His teeth sunk into my skin.

"Deeper," I begged as my lips quivered.

Giving in to my request, he pushed into me so deep I thought he would break into my stomach. My son was balled up, but I ignored the slight cramping I felt. The pleasure Kazier was bringing me was almost overbearing.

Kazier slowly lifted his head and gazed into my eyes. A twinkle blazed through them. Dropping my eyes to his dark lips, I moved forward and brushed against them.

Tremors shot through me. I clenched my walls around his dick and rolled my hips, matching his rhythm.

My mouth opened, accepting his thick tongue. I sucked on it, getting the faint taste of the weed he smoked. Passion ached inside me.

Suddenly, Kazier's thrusts became stronger. His grunts grew louder, along with my moans.

"I feel you holding back, love. Don't do that," Kazier's voice broke. "Let it go."

Tossing my head back and parting my mouth, I clenched my walls as my orgasm ripped through me.

His dick massaged my silky walls.

Kazier leaned in and kissed the hollow spot in the center of my neck.

A level of passion I had never experienced overtook me the moment I felt him release inside me. His hold grew tighter on me.

I looked at him with low eyes. A drunken expression was on his face.

He kissed me with so much possession that it caused my head to spin. I knew right then and there that something shifted between us during this trip. Kazier had imprinted himself inside me. He effortlessly broke down the wall I had built around my heart without even trying.



Life was good.

Better than good.

We had been back from Greece for two days now, and the space me and Ny'asia were in was something I never expected to happen. Being away from the public eye was something both of us unknowingly needed. I made sure to let Jonay know not to hit me up unless it was urgent and to forward everything to Hanna until I got back.

I closed my eyes and visualized our last day.

On the last night of our trip, I had a dinner set up for the two of us. Ny'asia was dressed in an all-black dress, and the choker I got her for her birthday was around her neck. She, of course, had done her makeup and looked like a goddess in my eyes. The dress she wore showcased her stomach perfectly.

I wasn't able to focus on anything but her. I realized the joy on her face was something I always wanted to see. She was smiling brighter and laughing more.

Ny'asia had asked me what was next for us after our son was born, and truthfully, I wasn't sure, but I did realize I wasn't trying to let her go.

I opened my eyes and looked down at the pen in my hand.

After returning from our trip, I got a burst of inspiration for a new single. I spent the whole night in my studio at the house, working on it. Now I was in the studio at the label, watching the engineer do his work.

Lately, I been going crazy

Do I shoot or keep my gun on safety

Shorty bad and her past ruff

She the type you run to when you had enough

She the type to hold you down when you can't get up

The type to motivate you when you giving up

She a queen fit for a king

I was thinking Prada heels, now I'm thinking rings

I had to swallow hard when my voice sounded through the room. I never expressed myself like this, but once I started

working on the song, it was like my words had a mind of their own.

“Yo, K man, I can’t lie this shit sounds dope as fuck.” Manny, the engineer, said as he tapped a couple keys.

“Yeah, it does,” I brushed my thumb across my bottom lip.

The song was raw even for me. I never was the one to mince words or hold back how I felt, but for some reason, when it came to Ny’asia, I couldn’t just tell her what was going on in my head. This song made it possible though.

“That’s gone be done by the end of the day?”

“Yeah, give me an hour and we good.” I bobbed my head.

I was gonna add this to the album and have it drop right before my release.

I looked at my phone and noticed Ny’asia had texted me. I had been so caught up in this song I didn’t even hear my phone go off.

*Ny’asia: Vacation did the body good *picture attached**

Fuck.

She sent a picture in the mirror in my bathroom, wearing nothing. She was turned to the side, giving me a full view of her honey silhouette. Her breasts looked like two ripe melons.

I had to adjust myself and calm the beast that wanted to break out and go find her.

The studio door opened just as I was about to reply to her.

“Kazier, this came for you.” I looked towards the studio door.

Gloria, one of the receptionists at the studio, had a small yellow envelope in her hands.

“What is it?” I frowned.

She stepped deeper into the studio. “I don’t know, I was just told to give it to you.”

I grabbed the envelope from her. There was no return address on it, only my name.

“Who dropped it off?”

“I have no clue,” she left out.

Setting my phone down on my lap, I tore open the envelope. Inside was a flash drive; attached was a sticky note saying **play me** with a phone number written beneath it.

“The fuck is this?” I didn’t see anything else inside the envelope.

“K?” Manny called out, gaining my attention.

“Wassup?”

“C’mere real quick.”

Picking my phone up, I shoved it and the contents from the envelope in my pocket. I couldn’t focus on it since I was trying to get this song done and out, but I made a mental note to come back to it as soon as I was finished.

After spending the majority of the day in the studio, the song was completed. Now I was home in my backyard, with a blunt in my hand and laptop on my lap. Ny’asia was out with my mom, so I was here alone.

The flash drive I received earlier had been burning a hole in my pocket all day. Now that I was settled, I was preparing to watch it. I took a pull from my blunt and tapped

my touchpad a few times to open the content on the flash drive.

My brows dipped when I noticed it was a video.

I blew the smoke out my mouth and clicked the full screen button before hitting play.

“How that shit feel, Birdie?” A guy’s voice sounded.

Ny’asia lifted her head with a lazy grin on her face and white powder under her nose. She was on all fours and naked.

“Mhm, so good. Ooo!” A loud slap sounded.

The video shifted, and a guy was positioning himself behind her. He grabbed her hips and thrust into her.

Her moans grew louder as he fucked her roughly.

Another guy appeared, and a dick slapped her across the face this time. Sticking her tongue out, she licked it.

“Show that nigga what that mouth do.” Ny’asia opened her mouth and the guy shoved his dick inside it.

“What the fuck!” I yelled.

My stomach churned and my blood began to boil. A flash of red shot through me when another guy came into play.

The video was fifteen minutes, and in that timeframe, those three dudes whose faces you couldn't see had their way with Ny'asia. She was grinning and begging for the orgasms they seemed to be giving her.

Halfway through, she did another line.

I was done when she laughed as one of the guys busted on her face and breasts.

The blunt I was smoking had dropped from my hands. My chest tightened watching these men have their way with my wife. Seeing the pleasure on her face infuriated me.

Slamming my laptop screen down, my pulse elevated.

I picked up my phone with a shaky hand, along with the number that came with the flash drive.

“You must have gotten my gift.” Creases filled my forehead.

That voice.

It was a bit rougher, but I was sure it was the one in the video.

“Who the fuck is this?” I growled.

“I’m sure Birdie, I’m sorry, Ny’asia mentioned me,” he laughed.

My hand clenched along with my jaw. “You’re her ex?”

My skin prickled like sharp needles were piercing my skin.

“Bingo, rich boy.”

“Why did you send me that shit?”

“I just thought you would love to see how enjoyable our little Birdie could be.” A piercing laugh blared through my ears. “Oh, and what makes the world go around? Money.”

“Money?”

“500,000. Your wife didn’t come through like she was supposed to, so now I have to go to the source.”

“Nigga, you must be out your fucking mind. I ain’t giving you shit!”

“See, that’s where you’re wrong, rapper boy. Either you give me the money, or Ima have a payout through blogs. Either way, I win.”

A pain shot through my jaw due to how hard I was clenching it.

My mind was going a hundred miles a minute. I was trying to process what the hell was going on when he spoke again. “Tic Toc, you have seventy-two hours, or the entire world is gonna see how much of a coked-up slut your wife really is. I’ll be in touch.” The phone beeped, indicating he had hung up.

My nose flared, and I blew a harsh breath through it.

My body was on fire.

“Hey, I brought you something to eat.” Ny’asia sounded behind me.

The moment her voice hit my ears, my heart squeezed.

Losing all sense, I hopped up, not caring what went crashing down. I stormed towards Ny’asia, who was smiling.

“Hey,” she tried to touch me, but I snatched back.

“Don’t fucking touch me.”

The smile on her face slowly vanished. Her face balled up, eyebrows furrowed together.

“What’s wrong?” She studied me.

“You think I’m a joke? Is that what the fuck this is to you?” I bellowed.

More confusion filled her face. “Wh, what are you talking about?” She went to step back, but I grabbed her.

“Kazier, what the fuck? Let go!” She winced, attempting to break loose from me.

“You and that nigga thought y’all were going to come up on me, huh? Huh?”

Her face dropped. “Kazi-ow!” She yelled when I yanked her forward.

I pulled her to where I was just sitting and released her once we got to the chair. Snatching my laptop up, I lifted the screen and played the video.

Ny’asia’s eyes widened when she looked at it. “How did you get this?” She asked with a shaky voice.

“That’s why you met up with that nigga, ain’t it? Y’all came up with a plan to extort me!” Her head quickly shook from side to side.

“No, I swear.”

“Shut up!” I barked.

She jumped and her body began to tremble. I noticed a wet spot form in the gray dress she was wearing.

I couldn't stop the flood of emotions that were running through me. This betrayal pained me.

Ny'asia had told me about her past and what she and dude used to be up to, but I never thought she would make me her next victim. I knew they used to set up people, and I overlooked that shit like a dummy. The red flags were there, but I was thinking with everything but my head.

“Kazier, listen to me, Damian he-”

“He what?” I dropped the laptop on the chair. “That nigga told me you were supposed to get money from me. So, what y'all was supposed to take that punk ass half a mill' and run off happily ever after?”

My hand clenched tightly. I could feel the veins in my neck pulsing from the rush of adrenaline running through them.

“No. Kazier, I wouldn't do that to you. I told you Damian is shady. He'll do whatever he needs to do for money and-”

“Get out!”

Her eyes grew large. “What?”

“Get out. I’m done with this fake ass marriage and I’m done with you!”

Again, her head hastily shook. “You don’t mean that,” she whispered, her eyes filling with tears.

My top lip curled while my heart pounded in my chest, causing a ringing in my ears.

“Pack the shit you came here with and get The. Fuck. OUT!” She jumped when my voice rose.

“Where am I supposed to go? What about the baby?” For a moment, I forgot she was pregnant. I looked down at her stomach then slowly dragged my eyes back to hers.

“I don’t give a fuck where you go. When my son gets here, I’m taking him. He ain’t gone grow up to be a snake like his hoe ass momma.”

You would have thought I struck her the way her head cocked back. Her cheeks flushed bright red.

“You’re not even gonna let me explain? That’s it? After everything we’ve been through, the time we spent in Greece? You won’t even listen to me.”

I gave her a blank stare.

The moment the tears fell from her eyes, I felt a pull to bring her into my arms, but I ignored it. My mind flashed back to when I learned the child I thought I fathered wasn't mine.

“All that shit was for show. I was being pressured to make our shit look real. Pretty good acting, huh?” I smirked while releasing a low chuckle.

Something broke as soon as those words left my mouth.

Her eyes cut into slits. “Fuck you, Kazier. Fuck you! I never gave you any reason to think I was playing you. Everything, every emotion I showed you was real, and now you... you.” Her voice shook. She inhaled a deep breath and held her stomach. “I'm not going to allow another man to bring me down and belittle me. I don't need you. Fuck you and Damian!”

Ny'asia turned to storm off, but I grabbed her. “Fuck me? Nah, love, *fuck you* and yo punk-ass ex. Tell that nigga to suck my dick and I ain't giving him shit. Y'all think y'all can scam me outta money?” I paused and dragged my tongue across my top teeth. “Nah, I ain't no sucka. I upgraded yo life, and this is how you repay me? I took you out of the slums, and

now I'm sending yo ass back.” Ny'asia's eyes drew dark, almost black. Her nose widened.

“Let me go,” she spoke in a low animalistic tone.

Snatching away, she turned and dashed to the door.

A voice in my head told me to go after her, but I ignored it. My eyes traveled down to the laptop. The video had ended, but an image of Ny'asia's cum ridden face was plastered on the screen.

A feeling of rage filled me again.

I lifted the laptop and launched into the pool, not giving fuck what I messed up. I wanted to fuck something up. I was tired of letting these scandalous bitches in only for them to play me.

I thought shit between Ny'asia and me was solid. She came up and shook up my world. What started as something for show changed. My feelings towards her shifted and grew the more time I spent with her. Knowing the way my life seemed to be coming together because of her, just for her to blow it up made my heart hurt.

This was the last time I ever allowed a bitch to get over on me.



I was curled in the center of the hotel bed, drained and defeated. It had been twelve hours since I left the place I had called home for the past four months.

The words Kazier spat at me kept replaying over in my head. The disgust and anger on his face showed up every time I closed my eyes. I wasted no time packing my shit up and hopping in my truck, getting as far away from Kazier Waters as I could. I went a city over to Butter Ridge Falls and checked into The Velez Hotel.

Knowing that Damian had revealed that video to Kazier crushed me. I prayed that no one outside the two of us ever saw it. He held it over my head for so long, and when he got locked up, I thought I was free from the torment he caused me.

My hold on my stomach grew tighter. My son had been balled up since I arrived at the hotel. I knew he felt everything I felt, and as much as I tried to calm myself, I couldn't. My eyes burned from the nonstop crying.

I never felt as low as I did last night. For once, I thought things were in my favor, only for reality to slap me in the face. Life had a constant way of humbling me, and I couldn't understand what the hell I did to get cursed with the cards I had.

Just a few days ago, I was living my best life in Greece. How things could get so fucked up that quickly was a mystery to me.

Maybe it was foolish of me to think that Kazier and I had formed some kind of bond and trust. I knew we had our differences, and there was the issue of my past, but since being married, I hadn't done anything that would be viewed as disloyal to him.

Sniffing back the tears still threatening to fall, I squeezed my eyes tighter when my stomach rumbled. I knew I needed to eat, but I had no appetite.

I just wished that Kazier would have allowed me to explain the video and situation to him before jumping to conclusions. I knew I should have told him about Damian when he first reached out, but I didn't because I wanted to avoid this. I knew how Kazier's trust was set up, and I didn't want him to think I was trying to get over on him.

A bitter scoff left my mouth.

Jokes on me because it happened anyway.

My heart ached.

The love I had grown for Kazier was loud, and I wished now I could turn it off.

I continued to lay in the same spot for another hour before finally finding the energy to get up.

My body felt weak and my head was pounding.

My eyes traveled to my nightstand where my phone lay, dead, I was sure. When I checked in the battery was low, and I had placed it on silent after leaving the house.

“Okay, peanut, I feel you,” I whispered when cramping formed in the bottom of my stomach. The last thing I wanted to do was put my baby in harm’s way. I knew stress wasn’t good for either of us.

My hand went through my hair.

I didn’t know what I was going to do now. I was currently right back where I started, alone. The only difference now is that I’m pregnant.

Slowly I dragged myself out of bed and walked into the bathroom. I looked in the mirror and couldn't help but shake my head.

My eyes were swollen and bloodshot red, along with my face. My hair was wild all over my head. Dried tears stained my cheeks.

Suddenly a metallic taste filled my mouth. I rushed over to the toilet and lifted the seat. The moment my knees touched the floor, I was emptying my stomach. Since I hadn't eaten, I was only throwing up bile.

I held my stomach, gagging.

My throat was sore.

My eyes watered.

Falling on my ass, I closed my eyes. I thought I was past this throwing up stage.

Gathering myself, I slowly stood. I felt lightheaded and had to grab the wall to steady myself.

I flushed the toilet and made my way back to the sink. Turning the water on, I splashed some over my face and rinsed my mouth.

The first thing I needed to do was shower. I knew the hot water would do my body good and hopefully relieve some of the tension filling my body.

As soon as the hot water touched my skin, I released a heavy breath. Submerging myself under the spraying water, I allowed it to massage my tight shoulders.

Pressing my hands against the wall, I allowed my head to drop. Again, the fight between Kazier and me played over in my head. I couldn't get the way he spoke to me out of my head. Normally I was full of rebuttal, but at that moment, it was like all my senses had escaped me.

After spending the next twenty minutes in the shower, I finally bathed and stepped out. Drying off, then putting the robe provided by the hotel on, I walked back into the bedroom.

I had no desire to be around people, so instead of leaving to grab something to eat, I found a menu on the nightstand and called down to order room service.

I had plugged my phone in and it lit up with notifications. Some were from my social media, and there were texts from Jonay and Iris.

Truthfully, I didn't want to speak to either of them right now. I wasn't sure if they had talked to Kazier. I wasn't trying to deal with any more judgment right now. Nor did I feel like explaining what was going on.

I cleared the notifications and went to my picture gallery. My eyes teared up as I scanned through my latest pictures. I couldn't stop the tremble of my bottom lip as I attempted to smile while watching the last video I took with Kazier.

We were in the car on our way home, and I was singing loudly to *Insane* while rubbing my hand over his face. He was driving and kept taking his eyes off the road to look over at me while smirking and laughing through the video.

Sniffling, the corners of my mouth lifted, seeing the smile form on his face towards the end of the video.

I closed my eyes and took a few breaths.

The last time I felt like this was when my parents kicked me out of their house. The ones I expected to have my back through thick and thin turned their backs on me. I wasn't sure how I kept putting myself in this situation.

Sometimes I wondered if I was worth love or a happy ending.

A knock at the door took my attention off my worries. My stomach rumbled again as if it knew it was my food.

Just as I was about to lock my phone back, a call from Iris came through. I contemplated if I was going to answer. Going with my better judgment, I locked the phone and tossed it to the side. I just needed some time to gather my thoughts and figure out my next move.

My heart had been shattered and my spirits were crushed. I felt dirty, low, and abandoned. So, for now, the best thing was to distance myself from anyone from Kazier's world.

Two days.

It had been two days since I checked into this hotel and shut out all contact with the outside world. I refused to answer anyone's phone calls or respond to text messages. I hadn't checked my YouTube channel or my social media. Disconnecting from the world was the best thing for me right now.

On the first day, I was sad and embarrassed.

Today though, today I was angry. I was angry that Damian had once again come into my life and ruined things.

Kazier hadn't tried to reach out to me since I left. He didn't give a damn that I was pregnant with his child and had nowhere to go. It only made me that much more upset.

I rubbed my stomach with oil from this black all-natural line that helped with stretch marks and itchiness.

My eyes traveled over to my phone when it lit up. It was still on silent.

I walked closer to it and saw Iris was calling me again. I released a heavy breath. It seemed like she wouldn't stop calling until I answered.

"Hello," I sat on the bed.

"Ny'asia, What the hell? I've been calling you for two days. Where are you? Kazier told me you moved out when I stopped by."

My stomach churned. "More like he kicked me out."

Even though I was angry, I couldn't stop the tears that kept flooding my eyes.

“He what?!” My eyes squeezed shut.

“Please don’t yell, I have a headache.”

“Sorry, but did you just say Kazier kicked you out?”

I dropped my head. “Iris, I’ve had a long couple of days. I really don’t feel like talking right now.”

“Where are you?”

“Iris.”

“Ny’asia, I can hear it all in your voice, you’ve been crying.”

My tears started to fall. “He just kicked me out like I meant nothing.” My shoulders shook and I gripped my phone tightly.

“Where are you, Ny? We’re family, right? You know you can count on me.”

I took a minute to get my emotions in check before finally revealing my location.

“You’re in a hotel?” Her voice elevated. “I’m on my way.”

I dropped my phone and covered my face with my hands. My shoulders continued to shake as I cried into my

hands.

“So, what happened exactly? Don’t leave anything out.” Iris had been here for ten minutes now.

I pressed my lips together, unsure how or if I was ready to reveal what happened. I didn’t want to bring more attention to the tape or the fact that my ex was blackmailing both of us for money. I didn’t want her thinking I was that person anymore or that I had a hand in what was going on.

“I don’t even know where to start,” I finally said.

I was staring straight ahead, attempting to gather my thoughts from the haze its been in the past couple of days.

I inhaled a deep breath and started to tell Iris about my past with Damian. For the next ten minutes, I summed up what led me to this hotel room. When I was finished, Iris was staring at me with a bewildered look on her face.

“So, you didn’t know he was recording you?”

I shook my head and wiped my eyes.

“I didn’t even know I was having sex with three men. Damian knew that all I had was him. One night we were at this get together and he gave me a blunt. I smoked it, not knowing

he had laced it. I was high out of my mind during that video and had no recollection of what happened until Damian showed me the video. He had cleaned me up, but I woke up sore as hell in areas I knew I would never allow just anyone to touch.”

I swallowed hard as my voice broke. “Damian threatened to send the video to my parents if I left him. I had already disappointed them when I chose my relationship over them and left. I couldn’t let them see the video, so I stayed with him. Thankfully, he was locked up a few months later after a robbery went wrong.”

Iris rubbed my back.

I felt like a weight was now off my shoulders. I had been holding onto all this for a long time. I never had anyone I could confide in about what I went through with Damian. He violated me in the worst way, and for that, I would forever hate him.

“I would have explained to your cousin what happened if he let me. I hate Damian with everything inside of me. I would never, I mean *never*, deal with him again. And I would definitely never set Kazier up. I...” my voice trailed off just as I was about to reveal my true feelings.

“You what?”

Bringing my lips in my mouth, I rubbed my belly. A cold knot formed in my throat.

“I love him,” I confessed lowly for the first time out loud. I was sure the first time I admitted those words would be to Kazier.

A raw set of emotions overwhelmed me.

My shoulders sunk forward.

“I’m sorry, Ny’asia. Maybe after he calms down, y’all can talk.”

A bitter laugh left my lips. “Talk? Talk? Fuck that, Iris! You didn’t hear the shit your cousin said to me. I have nothing, I mean absolutely nothing to say to him ever again!” My blood ran hot at the thought of talking to Kazier. My hand itched to connect to his jaw.

“Understandable,” she bobbed her head. “So, what now?”

My shoulders lifted. “I don’t know.”

I wasn’t ready to face what had happened. Talking about it now made it real, and I wasn’t ready to stare it in the

face. All I wanted to do was stay locked in this hotel room away from the world.

“What about the baby?”

My eyes cut in her direction. Kazier’s threats to take my child caused an ill taste in the back of my throat. “*My* baby will be fine. Your cousin said he’s going to take him, but that’ll be over my dead body!”

The hairs on the back of my neck lifted.

Everything was fucked up right now, but one thing I knew for sure was that my son wouldn’t suffer because of this mess.



I rolled my neck between my shoulders, trying to release the tension in it. I gripped my steering wheel tightly as I stared forward.

For the past two days, all I've done was submerge myself in liquor. I couldn't get the images from the video I was sent or the fight I had with Ny'asia out of my mind.

I thought I would be able to just brush it off, but it seemed to be easier said than done. I didn't realize the impact she had on me until I was faced with an empty house. Before she moved in, I loved my space and the silence that surrounded me. Being in the spotlight and always around so much noise, I welcomed the silence, but once I realized I was back in that lonely space, my chest grew tight.

Instantly, I missed Ny'asia's presence. Even when she was upstairs doing her own thing and I was downstairs handling business, I was content with just knowing she was around. I grew accustomed to her company and even more to

her sleeping next to me at night. I never realized how much I craved her warm body next to me at night until she was gone.

I gnawed on my bottom lip.

Knowing she tried to extort me with her ex was a blow I wasn't expecting. I kept replaying my time with her over in my head, trying to see if I missed something. I was always on guard because I always thought someone wanted something from me. It was hard for me to trust and let people in. I finally broke that with Ny'asia, only for it to slap me in the face.

My attention went to the left of me when the iron gates sounded. I pushed my troubles to the back of my mind and hopped out of my G Wagon.

A broad smile mirrored the one on my dad's face as he walked toward my truck. Instantly, I noticed he was more fit than when he went in. My dad was always in shape, but now that nigga was bulky as hell.

He now sported a full beard compared to the mustache he had when he got locked up. I was a perfect mix of my parents, and I see that hadn't changed.

He dropped the bag over his shoulder when he got in front of me and pulled me into a fatherly hug.

“Thank you, son,” he spoke, his voice breaking. “I didn’t think this day would ever come.”

My grip on him grew tighter. We were fairly the same height.

I was a grown man, but I felt like that fifteen-year-old boy again right now.

“I’m glad you’re finally free, Pops.”

When the lawyer called me in Greece, he informed me my dad would be released this week. I had driven a little over five hours to arrive at the prison he was at. No one but me knew he was coming home today. I wanted to keep it a surprise.

Our hug lingered a little longer. I couldn’t describe how I felt at the moment. For so long, I dreamed of this moment. My dad being free and our family being brought back together.

“A’right, enough of this shit. Get me the fuck away from here.” I chuckled as he leaned down and picked up his bag.

“This yours?” My dad asked when he got closer to my truck.

“Yep.”

He whistled. “You really made it, son. I know this must have cost a pretty penny.”

I shrugged and climbed inside. “It did, but that ain’t shit.”

My dad examined the car once he was inside. “I’m proud of you, Kazier. You had to step up when I got locked up and you didn’t complain.”

I waved him off. “It ain’t shit, dad.”

“But it is, you’re a man now, and I couldn’t be prouder of all you’ve accomplished.”

I looked over at my dad. He had his eyes closed with his head laid back. I noticed his time didn’t seem to age him as much as I thought it would. My dad has always been the one to roll with the punches, though, so I wasn’t shocked.

During the time it took us to drive back, my dad and I spent that time catching up. He had been locked up all these years, but thankfully, it never messed with our bond. In reality, I feel like it grew stronger.

My dad grew quiet at times, taking in the scenery as I drove. A lot had changed since he got locked up, including where me and my mom lived.

I pulled into my mom's driveway and cut the engine.

"This your mama's house?" My dad looked over at me.

I nodded and looked down at my phone. Iris had called me again, but I cleared it. I knew she probably had talked to Ny'asia, and that's not what I wanted to discuss right now.

"She knows?"

Lifting my head, I shook it.

A big smile appeared on my dad's face.

I didn't know how my mom would react to seeing her husband after all this time. I knew she never gave up on him or left him. My mom had been saving herself since I was fifteen years old. I didn't know a woman more loyal than her. The love she displayed for my dad was what I hoped to find in Ny'asia.

I frowned, just thinking of how foolish I was for a moment. It wasn't until my dad opened and closed his door did my focus go back to the situation at hand.

"Why you look so nervous?" I chuckled.

I have never seen my dad look unsure in my life, but he looked like he was about to jump out of his skin right now.

He rubbed his hands together. "I'm just excited to see my woman."

Using my key to unlock the door, we walked inside. "I see you got her set up nice."

My head bobbed up and down. "She deserves it."

We walked deeper into the house. "Mama," I called out. "Mom."

"Kazier, what have I told you about-" her fussing stopped when she walked into the room and noticed who was with me.

Her body trembled and tears instantly fell from her eyes as she shook her head. "How?" She whispered.

"I'm home, baby," my dad stepped around me and hastily approached my mom.

The moment he embraced her, she crumbled in his arms and let out a loud sob. "I'm so sorry I left you."

My dad was never soft unless he was dealing with my mom. She was the only one I'd ever seen him break down over.

“I don’t understand. How is this possible?” Her voice was shaky.

She lifted her head and ran her hand over his face as if she didn’t believe he was really here.

“Our son.”

My mom looked around me. “Kazier...” her voice trembled.

I smiled.

Seeing how happy my mom was filled my heart. My parents back together is all I’ve wanted since my dad got locked up.

My mom hugged my dad tightly like she was scared he would disappear.

“Let me feel them lips. It’s been too long.” He lifted his chin and kissed her.

I turned my face up.

I knew it had been a while for them, but I wasn’t trying to see them get all lovey-dovey.

After my parents stood in the hall embracing each other for a while longer, we headed for the living room. My

mom's sniffles could be heard throughout the room.

"Why didn't you tell me?" My mom asked me.

She was sitting on my dad's lap. He had his arm securely wrapped around her. She had melted back against him. Looking at them, you would never know a decade had passed.

"I didn't want to get your hopes up in case things fell through." I shrugged.

My mom craned her neck to look at my dad. "I can't believe you're really here," her voice broke again.

"Believe it, baby."

The two of them kissed. My mom's hand went to my dad's beard and she giggled. "This is different, but I like it."

It was slightly amusing to see my mom act like a love-struck teenager.

"Do you?" My dad smirked while my mom nodded.

"Then I'll keep it."

The two connected lips again. "A'right, I know y'all just reconnected but can y'all chill?" I turned my mouth up.

“Don’t hate, son. I know you and your woman be on the same thing.” My mom giggled at my dad. “Speaking of, I thought you would bring your wife when you picked me up. I’ve been wanting to meet her.”

“I meant to mention it, but I’ve been trying to call her and she hasn’t answered. Is everything okay?”

My jaw clenched.

I hadn’t broken the news to anyone about Ny’asia and me. I was still trying to process it and come to terms with everything. The anger I felt towards her was still fresh.

“I don’t want to talk about her right now,” I chewed on the inside of my jaw.

Just thinking about the situation made my blood run hot.

“Auntie,” Iris’s voice sounded, giving me an out from the topic of Ny’asia.

“I know that’s not who I think?” My dad’s smile grew.

Just like my mom thought of her as a daughter, he did as well. They talked often when he was locked up. He knew how hard it was for her to lose her parents and then him a few years later.

“In here, Iris,” my mom called out.

“Auntie, I don’t know what’s wrong with that son of yours, but he’s out of control,” Iris ranted.

When she walked in, she was texting on her phone. “You have something to say about me?”

Her head lifted and whipped in my direction. “Yes, I do! How dare you kick Ny’asia out of your house and leave her?!” She stomped toward me.

“You kicked Ny’asia out?” My mom’s voice sounded.

My eyes narrowed. “You need to mind your business, Iris.”

“You need to stop being an ass and check on your wife. Do you know she’s been locked in a hotel room crying since she left you? You didn’t even listen to her side!”

“Again, it’s none of your business. What goes on between me and my wife is between us,” I gritted.

“A’right, a’right. Let’s calm down.”

Iris’s frown deepened. She turned around and her eyes widened. “Uncle Keyon!”

He moved my mom off his lap and stood up. Iris wasted no time rushing to him and throwing her arm around him. “I didn’t know you were getting released.”

She pulled away from him. “I’m so glad you’re out. Maybe you can talk some sense into your son.”

I glared at her.

My eyes went to my mom, who was now staring at me with a pissed off look on her face.

“You kicked Ny’asia out?” She asked me.

“I ain’t trying to talk about this.”

“Well, too bad. What happened?”

Again, I chewed on the inside of my jaw. “I learned she wasn’t as trustworthy as she appeared to be. I can’t have those kind of people around me, so she had to go.”

“You don’t even know the full story, Kazier!”

I shot out of my seat. “I know what I was told and what I saw. Ny’asia is a snake, and I should have ended shit with her when she popped back into my life.”

Today was supposed to be a good day. After being gone for years, my dad was finally home, and we should be

celebrating. Instead, Iris came over here with bullshit ruining the mood.

“Aye, both of y’all calm the hell down,” my dad got in between us. His eyes bounced between us. “Now, Iris, what Kazier has going on in his marriage is his business, and you need to respect it.”

“I’m glad someone else is telling her.”

My dad’s eyes narrowed on me. “She isn’t wrong though. You kicked your pregnant wife out of the house? What the hell is wrong with you?”

“My wife is disloyal, and at this point, I don’t even know if that’s even my baby.”

“Kazier!” My mom exclaimed

“Mama, I respect you, but truthfully, I ain’t trying to talk about this right now. Dad’s home, and that’s all I’m worried about.”

My dad wrapped his arms around her and pulled her into him. He bent down and whispered something in her ear.

“Fine, Ima go to the grocery store and get something to cook. Since I wasn’t aware of this, I didn’t have anything prepared.” She turned and grabbed my dad’s face. Standing on

her tippy toes, she kissed him. “Iris come with me.” She looked over at my cousin when she pulled away.

Iris glared at me but followed my mom out.

I ran my hand over my braids and blew a frustrated breath out.

My dad turned and watched me. “What you have to say?”

He shook his head. “Like you said, it’s my first day out. All I wanna do is shower and enjoy my family right now.”

His mentioning showering reminded me of the clothes I had for him in my truck.

“I’ll be right back.”

I turned and headed out of the room.

I went out to my truck to get the shopping bags. There was no way I wasn’t going to make sure my dad was good when he got out. I had purchased him an iPhone, clothes, and shoes and set him up a bank account. Knowing him, he would probably fight the money, but I wasn’t taking it back.

My phone went off when I opened my trunk. I noticed it was a blocked number.

“Who is this?” I answered.

“You got my money?” My nose flared.

“You think Ima some sucka you can play with, huh? Don’t let this rap shit fool you.”

Damian laughed. “You say that now, but unless you want your wife being slutted out shared across the internet, you’ll have my money in cash.”

Biting the inside of my jaw, I ran my hand over my head. “Give me until the weekend.”

“You think you’re in the position to be making demands?”

I bit back what I really wanted to say before I answered. “If you want cash, then I need time to gather it.”

He was quiet for a moment. “Saturday, I want my money and no funny shit. I’ll text you the location that morning where to bring it.” He hung up.

Running my hand over my face, I leaned on my truck, feeling a volcano threatening to erupt inside of me. There was no way I was giving that nigga a half a mill’. I had three more days to figure out how I was gonna handle this situation.

NY ASIA

I had been sulking in my misery for long enough and knew I needed to get my shit together. Still in my feelings about the situation, but I had been through worse and knew I couldn't allow this to break me.

When my phone went off, just as I finished my makeup. I had no plans to go anywhere, but I figured I had been looking homeless long enough.

“Hey,” I answered Iris's call.

“Hey, boo. How are you feeling?”

I looked in the mirror, noting I had done a good job concealing the dark circles that had formed under my eyes.

“Better, considering everything that has happened.”

After speaking to Iris about what occurred between Kazier and me, I couldn't deny I felt a little better. I was used to handling things on my own and not being able to rely on anyone, so it felt good to know she was in my corner.

“My aunt is having a cookout, and she wanted me to invite you.”

I chewed on my bottom lip and my eyes dropped. “I don’t think that’s a good idea, Iris. The last thing I want is to be around your cousin.”

“Ain’t no one worried about Kazier, Ny’asia. That’s my house, and I say who and who is not welcomed. Please come,” Maggie voiced.

“Do you have me on speakerphone?” My brows dipped.

“Yes, she does. Now either you can come to the cookout willingly, or I can come to where you’re staying. Either way, I expect to see you here.”

I snorted and shook my head. I didn’t expect anything less from my mother-in-law.

“Is your son going to be there?” It wasn’t that I was afraid to see Kazier, but I wasn’t in the mood to deal with him and his verbal abuse right now. Today was the first day I hadn’t cried since leaving his house, and I wanted it to stay that way.

“Yes, but you don’t have to worry about him.”

Twisting my lips to the side, I pondered her request.
“Come, Ny’asia.”

Allowing my shoulders to fall forward, I finally agreed to show up. “But I’m not staying long, and I have nothing to say to Kazier.”

“Okay.”

Iris hung the phone up, and I dropped my head. Grabbing the dresser, I shook my head. Something in my gut told me this was a bad idea, but I was going to ignore it.

My insides were tingling as I made my way to Maggie’s front door. My heart was beating rapidly and my stomach wouldn’t stop flipping.

I ran my hands over my joggers and took a few deep breaths. Since my belly was growing, it was like nothing fit comfortably anymore. I was thankful I went shopping for new clothes when I did.

I opened the door and was greeted by silence. Iris had told me they would be in the back when I let her know I was on my way.

Slowly, I made my way through the house until I got to the kitchen and the backdoor leading to the backyard.

I pushed the screen door open, and laughter and soft music could be heard. My eyes grazed over the yard.

“He had to make a run,” Iris approached me as soon as I stepped in the back, causing me to jump.

“Huh?” I questioned her.

“Kazier, that’s who you were looking for, right? He had to make a run.”

The racing of my heart decreased when I heard the news. I wasn’t ready to be in the same space as him again, so I was thankful.

“Good. Hopefully, I can be social for a little bit and leave before he comes back.” Iris laughed and grabbed my arm.

“C’mon,” she pulled me over to the grill area. I noticed Maggie was smiling and grinning at the tall man working it. I was shocked because I hadn’t seen her even bat her eye at another man since I’d known her.

“Auntie, look who is here.” Both Maggie and the man turned around.

“Ny’asia,” Maggie grinned. “I’m so happy you decided to come.”

I was about to speak, but my words got caught when I eyed the unknown man. The familiarity in his features slammed into me.

“Ny’asia,” His deep baritone hit my ears. “It’s nice to finally meet you. Keyon.” My eyes bucked when I realized I was face to face with Kazier’s dad.

“Keyon? Kazier’s dad?” His smile widened as he nodded.

He stuck his hand out. I looked down at it and slowly reached out to grab it. He pulled me into a hug. “I knew my son wouldn’t let me down. You’re a beauty.” My cheeks grew red and the corners of my mouth rose.

“Thank you.” Keyon released me and looked me over. “Look at that belly. My grandson treating you right?”

My hand went to my stomach and I nodded. “Yes, for the most part.”

With me being so upset these past couple of days, I had been experiencing mild pain, but thankfully nothing serious enough that I had to go to the hospital.

“I can’t wait until he gets here. I miss having a baby to spoil,” Maggie grabbed her husband’s arm and gushed.

I was in shock as to how Keyon was even here right now. I know that Kazier had mentioned his early release, but I didn’t think it would happen this fast.

“I’m happy to finally put a face to the name, and I hope to speak to you more once I get off this grill.”

I gave a small toothless grin and nodded. “Of course.”

Maggie gave me a reassuring smile, and the two of them turned back to the grill.

“Wow, I have never seen Maggie glow like she is now,” I giggled when Iris and I walked away.

“I know right. Kazier surprised us with my uncle’s release. I can’t believe he managed to get him released early.” I looked over to Kazier’s parents. There was no denying that Keyon was his dad. The two were the same height and roughly the same build, his dad being a little buffer. The biggest difference was that Keyon had low cut hair and a beard.

“You look better than you did yesterday.” I took a seat in one of the chairs at the table.

“Gee, thanks,” I snickered and brushed my hair out my face.

“I’m just saying,” she tossed her hands out.

I looked around the yard. It was spacious and the landscaping was beautifully done.

“I’m back,” my eyes went to the door the moment I heard his voice. My body instantly became tense.

Like Kazier could feel my eyes on him, his head reared in my direction. A frown immediately formed on his face.

He stalked over to me.

“What the fuck you doing here?”

“Excuse me!” I cocked my head back.

“Kazier, stop.”

His head whipped in Iris’s direction. “I told you to mind your business. I told you I wasn’t fucking with her ass, and you should have respected that!”

“Kazier!” Maggie walked up to us.

“Not now, mama.”

“Yes, now! I told Iris to invite Ny’asia.” He spun around.

“Why would you invite her here?”

Maggie propped her hand on her hip. “This is my house, and I can have whoever the hell I want here.”

I stood up. “I knew this was a bad idea. I should go.”

Kazier gave me an evil glare. “You do that.”

My eyes squinted at him.

Instead of feeding into his shit, I ignored him and prepared to leave.

“No, you’re not going anywhere,” Maggie countered. “I don’t know what happened between the two of you, but now isn’t the time. My husband just came home, and I want to celebrate. Kazier, stop this foolishness right now.”

Keyon had come over to us. “What’s wrong?”

“Your son is showing his ass,” Maggie glared at her son.

“You and Iris need to respect the fact that I don’t want her here.”

I shook my head. I knew this was a bad idea. It was best for everyone if I just left. I turned to Iris. “Ima leave. We’ll hang out another time.”

My stomach was in knots, and I willed myself not to cry. Kazier and I were right back to where we started. Him being a cold jackass.

“Now hold on. Kazier, if your mom wants your wife here, then-”

“Don’t call her that shit!”

Keyon’s face suddenly changed. He stepped away from his wife and walked up on his son. “I don’t know who the hell you think you’re talking to, but you better check that shit. Whatever issue you have with *your wife*, you need to get a handle on that and stop acting like a little ass boy!” The authority in his voice caused my eyes to widen. He didn’t raise his voice one time, but you could tell he wasn’t playing. It made me want to listen to him and he wasn’t even talking to me. I thought Kazier would have a rebuttal, but it was obvious he knew not to try his dad.

Kazier cut his eyes to me again. His jaw tightened.

“I guess you didn’t tell them what you did, huh?”

“Kazier,” I warned.

“Nah, everyone’s jumping down my throat, but why don’t you let them know how you and yo ex nigga tried to

extort me for half a mill’!”

Maggie gasped. “What?”

“I’m not trying to extort you. If you had listened to me, you would know I had nothing to do with this shit!” I bellowed and hunched over, grabbing my stomach. A sharp pain shot through the bottom.

I could feel my pulse racing.

“Ny’asia,” both Iris and Maggie rushed to my side.

“I’m fine,” I winced and squeezed my eyes shut.

“Sit down.” Maggie pulled the chair I was previously in out, and I took a seat. “Deep breaths.” Doing as she said, I released a series of deep breaths.

I rubbed my belly.

“I’m fine.”

“Do you see what you’re doing?” Maggie chastised her son. “You need to stop this foolery and take your son and wife into consideration.”

Slowly, I brought my eyes up to Kazier. He was staring at me, and I could see mixed emotions on his face. While his face was blank, his eyes were full of worry.

It took a few minutes, but the cramping in my stomach finally subsided.

“Kazier, I know what you think, but I swear to you I had nothing to do with Damian’s plans.” I closed my eyes and continued my small breaths.

“Now, now. Don’t get yourself back worked up,” Maggie told me.

I opened my eyes and looked at her. “Ny’asia, do you need anything, sweetheart?” Keyon asked.

I gave him a soft smile. “No, I’m fine.”

My eyes dropped to my left hand, where my ring still was. I didn’t know why I hadn’t taken it off, but I couldn’t bring myself to do it.

“Kazier, come over to the grill with me to check on the food.”

“Nah, Ima head out.”

“That wasn’t a request.” His dad glared at him.

Kazier’s jaw clenched, and he shoved his hand into his pockets. He followed his dad over to the grill.

“I’m sorry about all this, Maggie. I knew me coming here would cause issues.”

“It’s not your fault. Kazier shouldn’t be acting like this.”

“Iris is right. My son is in his feelings right now and is acting out. Although I am curious about what this whole extorting thing is about.” She rose her eyebrow.

A lump formed in my throat.

“My ex just got out of prison. He has a video of me in a compromising position and is threatening to expose it to the blogs if Kazier doesn’t pay him. I swear I have nothing to do with this. I would never try to force money out of Kazier. If he would have just heard me out, he would know that.” Tears clouded my eyes. I was so tired of how sensitive I had become.

Maggie rubbed my back. “I believe you.” I was shocked when those words left her mouth. I thought she might side with her son, especially given how things played out when I first met her.

Maggie smiled softly at me. “I’ve learned that you are a straight shooter, Ny’asia. You might have been one way

before meeting my son, but you're not that person anymore. I can see it all on your face. You love my son, don't you?"

I tugged on my bottom lip and played with my hands while sluggishly nodding my head.

"You don't take me as a person to betray those you love. Kazier has dealt with his share of betrayal since becoming a rapper, and he's had to weed out those who were trying to use him. The last girl he trusted lied and hurt my baby, so his actions, although I don't agree with, I understand. He's on guard."

I wet my lips. "Yeah, well, regardless of if he's on guard or not, your son said some things to me that I'll never forget and until he can man up and apologize and show me that he really wants this, I can't forgive them."

Maggie nodded. "I understand, and I'm glad you're standing your ground. I'm a woman first, and I would never encourage you to be with someone who disrespects you. I have to go check on the food on the stove. Why don't you two join me?"

Nodding, Maggie and Iris helped me out of the chair, and we headed for the house. My eyes traveled over to Kazier and his dad for a moment, and my heart stuttered in my chest.

I wish we weren't at each other's throats right now. It had only been two days, but I already missed the comfort of his arms.



“So, you mean to tell me you’re trusting the word of some random nigga you never met over your wife and the woman who is carrying yo child?” My dad questioned as he checked on the ribs.

I ran down the back story of what happened with Ny’asia and me, not leaving anything out. My dad was always my voice of reason. Even while locked up, he never sugar-coated shit and always kept it straight with me.

“Knowing her past, why wouldn’t I? She told me out of her own mouth that she used to be on some shady shit just like this with the same dude. Why wouldn’t I believe she’s back at it?”

My dad closed the top of the grill and turned to look at me.

“So, you mean to tell me that the woman who is not only carrying your last name but your baby too, who has access to everything you have, on that fact alone, is going to

throw it all away for an ex that just got out of jail and don't have shit?"

I scratched my jaw but didn't answer. "I know you're used to people trying to take advantage of you, Kazier, but come on son, you can't be this damn dimwitted. I was locked up and every time I spoke to y'all, I could tell that girl had deep feelings for you just through her voice. Look how upset she just got. If you had any doubt about her, you shouldn't have agreed to stay married to her."

"What if you were in my shoes and this was mom?"

My dad chuckled. "I would never be in your shoes because I would never allow another man to dictate how I feel about my wife. Ain't no way in hell I would take some random nigga's word over the woman I share a bed with, especially without hearing her out first. That's some sucker shit."

I clenched and unclenched my jaw. "Plus, what the hell would Ny'asia gain from having her ass exposed like that on the internet for everyone to see? I don't give a damn how shady you claimed she used to be. I don't see her as the type to exploit herself like that."

Swallowing hard, I never thought about that.

Ny'asia wasn't the type to allow herself to be embarrassed just for a quick dollar. Even if exposing the tape was a bluff, she wasn't the type to allow it to be used as leverage.

My eyes went to where Ny'asia, my mom, and cousin had just appeared. They came out of the house, and Ny'asia was now smiling and drinking from a water bottle. Even with everything going on with us, she still was glowing.

“You need to go talk to your wife and hear her out, son. Don't ever allow outsiders to come in and disrupt your home. Do you know why your mama held me down my whole bid?”

I forced my eyes off Ny'asia and looked at my dad. “Because we built an unbreakable bond. Your mom and I didn't make it this long without some snags in the road, but one thing about us was we never allowed people in our business, and we never, I mean ever, allowed what others thought to persuade us to feel different about one another. And she also knew I would protect her, and I would never allow any harm to come her way from anyone.

If your wife is on some shady shit, then figure out some co-parenting agreement, divorce her, and go on about your life. But don't make that call without speaking to her.

Your mom told me that girl has no one outside of you. Do you really want to be added to the list of people who let her down?”

My dad’s words slammed into me. I shifted my focus back over to my wife. A lot of what he was saying made sense.

My hand went over the top of my head.

“Even so, I need to figure out what the fuck do about this nigga trying to get money out of me. I can’t allow that video to get out.”

“You have a picture of him?” My dad asked.

I raised an eyebrow. “Why?”

“I can make some calls.” I shook my head.

“Hell nah. You just got out and you’re on parole. I’m not about to let you put your freedom at risk.”

My dad chuckled. “You underestimate me, son. I have some people who still owe me favors from way back. Get me a picture and the dude’s full name. I’ll take it from there.”

“Dad.” I didn’t feel good about this. The last thing I wanted was for my dad to get caught up again.

“I left you and your mother out here alone and forced you two to fend for yourself. I won’t make that mistake again, but I won’t sit back and watch my son be in trouble and not help.”

From the look on my dad’s face, I could tell this wasn’t up for discussion. Sighing, I nodded.

“A’right. I’ll get that for you.”

I looked back at Ny’asia. I still wasn’t feeling her ass or the drama that came my way because of her, but I could admit my dad had a point. I needed to get her side of the story and then decide what I would do from there.

“Let me holla at you,” I walked up to Ny’asia and spoke.

The whole time we had been at my mom’s, I kept my distance from her. My dad’s words made sense, and I needed a moment to gather myself. Throughout the evening, I found myself stealing glances at Ny’asia and noticed how much my family had bonded with her. My dad had only spoken to her on the phone up until now, but watching them, you would think he had known her for years.

Ny'asia turned around. The smile on my wife's face slowly faded.

"I'm not tryna argue with you, Kazier."

Stepping back from her, I stuck my hands in my pockets and wet my lips. "I ain't tryna argue."

She stared at me silently for a moment. Her lips twisted to the side as she gave me a look of skepticism.

"Okay."

I turned and walked toward the house.

I figured while everyone was occupied, this would be my best bet.

We stepped inside, and I walked her to the living room to give us a little more privacy. Once my family noticed we were gone they would come looking, especially my nosey ass cousin.

"Wassup?" Ny'asia spun around and faced me with her arms crossed over her chest. The brightness that used to grace her face when she saw me was gone. Her lips were tucked inside her mouth, and I could see the anger in her eyes.

"Tell me about the video."

Creases formed on her forehead and her brows dipped together. She poked her lips out and scrunched her nose.

“What?”

“The video, what’s the deal with it?”

Out of nowhere, Ny’asia shook her head and started laughing as if I had just told her the funniest joke in the world.

“You can’t be serious?” She finally gathered herself. The amusement on her face made a frown appear on mine.

“I’m deadass. You wanted to explain what’s what, so let me know.”

Ny’asia’s eyes narrowed and she frowned.

“No.”

My face balled up.

“No?”

“No. When I tried to tell you about it, you didn’t want to listen. Instead, you disrespected me and kicked me out of your house. You didn’t give a damn then, so keep that same energy now.” She crossed her arms over her chest again and rolled her eyes.

I swiped my tongue across my top teeth. “Can you blame me for how I reacted? That shit was suspect as fuck. The same nigga you told me you used to scheme with hit me up trying to extort money out of me. Right before that, you snuck off and had a secret date with the nigga.”

“That wasn’t a date, and I didn’t sneak anywhere,” she objected with her mouth turned up.

“Still, that shit looked suspect as fuck! Now this nigga trying to get half a mill’ out of me? What the fuck was I supposed to think?”

“You were supposed to not automatically think the worse about me!” She tossed her hands up and shouted.

I poked the corner of my mouth with my tongue. “A’right, you got me there. But shit, at the time, it pissed me off.”

“Well, now I’m pissed off, and I don’t want to talk about this.” Ny’asia rolled her eyes and tried to storm by me, but I grabbed her arm, stopping her. The moment I touched her skin, my heart turned over in my chest and a spark shot up my arm.

I missed running my hands over her silky skin and caressing her body.

“Where you going?” Her eyes dropped down to my hold on her.

“To tell everyone I’m leaving.” She went to pull away from me, but I wouldn’t let her. It had only been a couple of days, but I craved her closeness. I wasn’t trying to let her leave outta here without us resolving this shit.

“Nah, not without us talking this shit out. Explain the situation to me.”

“I said no.” She snatched away from me, harder than the first two times. “I tried to tell you my side before you kicked me out. Now suddenly you want to talk? I don’t have shit to say to you if it doesn’t involve our son, Kazier.”

When she went to walk away, I grabbed her again and spun her around.

“Stop trying to walk away from me!” My voice grew louder.

I was trying not to spaz out, but Ny’asia was pushing me. I knew she was stubborn, but right now wasn’t the time for that shit.

“Then leave me alone! I’ve been here before, Kazier, and I’m not doing it again. Being someone’s verbal punching bag isn’t me. You can find someone else for that shit.” She mugged me before turning to leave.

I bit the inside of my jaw and blew air out my nose. “Ny’asia.” I wasn’t looking at her, but I knew she had stopped walking.

Licking my lips, I turned and faced her.

“What’s the nigga’s full name? Just tell me that.”

She didn’t respond right away. “Damian Reynolds.”

Ny’asia walked off.

I stayed put in the living room in deep thought. I knew it wouldn’t be easy, but I didn’t think Ny’asia would completely blow me off, either.

A bitter chuckle escaped my mouth, and I swiped my bottom lip with my thumb.

At least I tried.



“You look stressed,” Bambi leaned over and whispered in my ear.

Holding the neck of the liquor bottle in my hand, I took it to the head while wrapping my arm around her and cuffing her ass cheeks.

“I didn’t come here to talk,” I let her know.

Ny’asia ended up leaving after I tried to talk to her. Part of me wanted to force her ass to come back with me. I still wanted to know her side of the story, but I wasn’t in the business of begging anybody for shit. It made her look more suspicious for not putting in more effort.

My mom ended up kicking us out shortly after, claiming it was time for her and her husband to catch up. I couldn’t blame her, though. She and my dad had been separated for a long time. I’d be surprised if they didn’t stay holed up in the house for a few days.

Bambi pulled back and grinned at me. “I got you.”

I chugged the bottle again as Bambi turned around and shook her ass. She grabbed my knees and fell into my lap, grinding her ass to the beat.

Bambi pressed her back against my chest and leaned up. “You know, we could always go in the back, and I could help you release whatever stress you have.”

I ignored her and bobbed my head to the beat of the song playing.

Bambi rolled her hips, pressing harder against me.

“If wifey’s stressing you out, I can help distract you.” She stopped dancing and placed her mouth closer to my ear. “I can keep a secret.”

Hastily I stood up, causing Bambi to fall to the ground. “What the hell!”

I scowled down at her. “I told you I didn’t want to fucking talk.” Her eyes bucked.

“I was just trying to help,” she stammered.

“Is everything okay, K-Don?” Roger, the owner of the club, asked. His eyes bounced from me to Bambi.

“Nah, you need bitches in here that listen.” I stepped over Bambi and pushed past him, exiting the section.

“K-Don!” I heard yelled in my direction. Normally I would soak up the attention from the fans, but right now I wasn’t in the mood to be bothered.

“Back up,” Bruno made sure no one approached me as I headed for the exit.

I wasn't trying to discuss Ny'asia, and Bambi bringing her up put me in a bad headspace. All I wanted was to see some fat asses, spend some money, and drink in peace. She just couldn't shut the hell up.

I stepped outside and the night air brushed against my face.

Jodeci was parked close by on the curb, and I headed for my truck.

Once in the truck, I leaned my head back on the seat and closed my eyes.

"To the house," I informed him.

My body was exhausted, but I wasn't tired. Once I got to the house, I knew sleep wasn't anywhere on my agenda. Normally when nights hit like this, I would spend it in the booth until I eventually crashed, and it looked like tonight was no different. I had a lot of pent-up frustration I needed to get out. What better way to do that than in the studio?



“I appreciate you letting me stay here, Iris, even though I didn’t mind the hotel.”

I took a seat on the bed in her guest room.

“Why would I continue to allow you to waste money on a hotel room when I have a bedroom just taking up space here?” She frowned at me.

I swallowed hard and looked around her guest room. It wasn’t as big as my room at Kazier’s house, but it was homely.

“Why are you so nice to me?” Confusion filled Iris’s face.

“What?”

Clearing my throat, I fought for tears not to fill my eyes. “Why are you so nice to me? From the moment we met, you never were rude to me. You instantly welcomed me in. Why?”

Iris tilted her head and squished her brows together. “Why would I be rude to you?”

“Because you didn’t know me, and in the beginning, your cousin wasn’t the most accepting of me being in his life.”

Iris suddenly grinned. “I guess I don’t look at the glass as half empty.” She shrugged. “Kazier is more hesitant with people because of who he is, which is understandable, but I don’t have to be on guard like that. Losing my parents to the system made me realize that life is too short to be angry or whatever. I don’t know. You never gave me a reason not to like you either. Plus, we’re family, right?”

We’re family...

I repeated those words over in my head. “You really consider me family?” My words dragged as I spoke.

“Of course, I do. And it’s not just because you’re married to my cousin, you’ve become a great friend, and I admire how much fight you have in you even after all you’ve been through.”

Bringing my lips in my mouth, I lowered my eyes and fumbled with my hands. “I guess I’m just not used to this. After leaving my parents’ house, I kept running into people who left or misused me. It’s nice having someone in my corner that’s different. Thank you.”

“No problem, trust me, I get it. It’s been a few times I’ve been deceived because someone learned Kazier was my cousin and used me to get closer to him, but still, I try to see the good in people. It’s one reason I want to work in the family courts. I’m tired of shitty people.”

I brushed my hand over my stomach. My next appointment was approaching. I was excited to go and see my peanut. He was one of the only good things in my life.

“I get it. Funny, I used to be a shitty person. Maybe this is my karma for all the dirt I did when I was with Damian.”

Iris walked over to me and grabbed my shoulder. “You’re not that person anymore though. I don’t know the Ny’asia you used to be, but the person you are now isn’t a shitty person. That Damian guy is just a creep with no morals.” Her face twisted, causing me to laugh.

“You’re right about that,” my shoulders lifted and fell as I released a deep breath. “I need to fix this shit.”

My hand went through my hair. I was loving the short hair on me compared to the medium length I had previously.

I hadn’t attempted to reach out to Damian because I was angry at him for causing all this chaos in my life. My life

was finally starting to look up, only for him to come and turn it upside down.

“I think you should tell Kazier the full story and let him handle it.”

I rolled my eyes. “I don’t have anything to say to your cousin.” It still annoyed me how he tried to demand I explain my side to him after he dismissed it previously. He didn’t even try to apologize for what he did or said.

“Ny’asia...” Iris stepped away from the bed, her shoulders slightly slouched. “I know it may not seem like it, but Kazier cares about you a lot. That’s the main reason he reacted as strongly as he did. He acts irrationally when he feels like people he cares about have betrayed him. His attitude can be impulsive sometimes, but he has such a big heart. He doesn’t take people taking advantage of it lightly.”

Hollowing my cheeks, I looked off to the side. “I’m not faulting him for that, but at the same time, Kazier didn’t take our son into consideration when he kicked me out. I could handle it if it were just me because I’m used to being alone and finding a way, but now it isn’t just me. I’m pregnant and homeless,” my anger began to rise. “Thankfully, I hadn’t had to spend any of the money I’ve been getting paid for being

married to him since he's been footing the bill for everything, so I have a nice cushion, but still..." I swallowed hard. "I thought we were going to do this together. I thought things with us, I don't know, I just thought things were different.

To the world, K-Don is this rich rapper that women fond over. He's cocky and arrogant. Rude and charming at the same time. *Kazier, though?* He was all that and so much more. When he looked at me, I felt seen and safe. He was so much more than a rapper to me and..." I stopped talking. I didn't even know why I was explaining this. Whatever I felt for Kazier obviously was all in my head. He showed me his true colors.

"Don't count him out yet, Ny'asia. I believe two of you will make it back to each other."

I quickly shook my head. "Nah, it's a wrap for us. I've lived and learned. Fool me once, and you'll never have the chance to fool me again. After all I've been through, I'll never give a person the chance to fuck me over twice."

My chest grew heavy.

Maybe I was meant to be a loner. People always left me when I needed them the most, and one would think I would be used to it by now.

“So, are you planning to do some new content soon?”

Iris asked, changing the subject.

I looked up at her and actually smiled. “Yes. It’s a few looks I want to try, and I’ve gotten requests for some too. I think working on my channel will help keep my mind distracted. I also need to start looking for somewhere to stay.”

I sighed.

House hunting was always a pain in the ass.

“You know you can stay here as long as you need, right?”

“I appreciate it, but I need a bigger space with the baby coming, my own space.”

She nodded and glanced at her phone. “I understand. Well, just know there’s no rush for you to leave. I have to head to class. Do you need anything?”

I shook my head. “No, I’m going to start working on some looks.” My eyes went to my recording equipment.

I didn’t take a lot from Kazier’s house, mainly whatever could fit in my truck, but I made sure to grab everything I used for my channel.

I had gotten some emails from companies that wanted me to sponsor their products. I planned on weening out the ones I was going to accept. My goal was to have at least three sponsorships by the time I delivered my son.

I needed a plan, something that gave me some stability. I was tired of the uncertainty in my life. Bouncing around with no direction got old fast. I was getting older and soon would have someone depending on me. I couldn't keep playing my life by ear anymore.

Iris had left me alone with my thoughts.

I eyed the ring on my hand. It was finally starting to feel real, but now it was back to feeling like a weight. I circled it around my finger before reaching for the necklaces Kazier got me. Since he placed them around my neck, I had refused to remove them. The choker was too expensive to wear daily.

To me, the jewelry meant something. I learned Kazier showed his feelings through gifts.

I snickered.

I guess I misread these, however.



“It’s been taken care of,” my dad said on the other end of the phone.

My brows furrowed.

Leaning forward, my tongue dragged across my lips as they turned upside down.

“What does that mean?”

I had given my dad the name of Ny’asia’s ex. He wouldn’t tell me anything more except he would look into it.

“It means you don’t have to worry about it. It’s been taken care of and won’t be traced back to you.”

“What about you?”

I was due to meet Damian tomorrow with the money. He sent me a text from a blocked number of a location and told me no cops either. I was supposed to deliver the money in cash with untraceable bills.

“I’m good. After all those years I learned not to be so impulsive. Although I don’t regret what I did, I won’t make any more rash decisions that could get me jammed up and taken away from my family.”

Pressing my lips together, my stomach stirred. I was hoping what my dad was saying was true. After all, I did to get him out. I didn’t want him to get locked back up.

“Now, my woman is waiting for me. Go do whatever you rappers do, and don’t worry about this shit anymore.” My dad’s voice broke me from my thoughts.

He and my mom were going away for the weekend. The two hadn’t been out of each other’s presence since he got home.

“A’right, old man, remember you not as young as you were when you got locked up.”

My dad laughed. “As long as it still gets up, I’m good.”

I frowned. “Man, I ain’t trying to hear that shit.”

He laughed again. “Oh, before I hang up, Kazier.” His voice grew serious. “You need to have a conversation with your wife. Hear her out, and then you two decide what y’all want to do moving forward, but man up and talk to her.”

He didn't wait for me to reply. My dad hung up, leaving me in my thoughts.

He didn't have to tell me I needed to speak to Ny'asia; I knew that shit. My problem was, she wasn't fucking with me. I texted her and it went unanswered. She ignored my calls when I tried to reach out.

I figured she needed time. I knew she was staying at my cousin's house, but I was giving her space right now.

Running my hand down my face, I clicked on InstaFlik and went straight to Ny'asia's page. She hadn't posted today, but I did click on the picture she posted yesterday.

It was a look she did a video on for her YouTube channel. It was a rainbow look. Her hair was fluffed out with bangs covering one eye.

My dick stirred.

She was smiling like what happened between us wasn't affecting her.

I clicked on her comments. It looked like a lot of women were feeling these looks she was doing.

When we first got together, she received a lot of backlash from females because of me, but it seemed now they

were fucking with her. A frown formed on my face seeing the dudes commenting. It seemed like the females weren't the only ones feeling her.

Going to the comment button, I decided to leave my own.

Damn wifey. You fine as fuck. Glad you all mine!

After posting the comment, I went to my homepage and scrolled through. My new single, *The One*, dropped at midnight, and the fans seemed to be fucking with it. Manny really helped me get it together, and it might be one of my best pieces of work. I had been getting hit up since it dropped with tags of people complimenting it and quoting the lyrics.

I went to the blog pages and saw they posted it too. Scrolling through the comments, I saw it was getting a lot of love. Women thought it was cute that I was showing love to my wife through my work, and niggas were fucking with the lyrics. It was a win-win. I was revealing my album cover next week with the release date.

Spending a couple more minutes on social media, I finally closed the app and tossed my phone to the side. I needed to shower and head to the studio.

“It’s been a pleasure working with you.” Carmen grinned at me.

“Yeah, you too. I think they gone fuck with this song.”

We wrapped up our song today, and now it was up to the engineer to fine-tune it so we can prepare to release it. It was Carmen’s song and would be featured on her upcoming EP.

“I know they will. We’re a powerful duo.” She batted her lashes.

Chuckling, I shook my head and turned to gather my things.

“I heard your song. It was nice. You made it for your wife?” Not bothering to turn around, I continued to collect my things. I was done here today.

“Yeah, it was.”

“She like it?”

“Haven’t spoken to her about it yet.”

“Why not?”

Pausing for a second, I poked the corner of my mouth with my tongue.

“You nose as fuck, you know that?”

She giggled. “Just making conversation, it was a nice song. Sounds like you really care about her, too.”

“I would hope so, she *is* my wife.”

“True, but not everyone was convinced that your marriage was legit. It came out of nowhere and -”

“Aye, what the fuck you doing?” I turned around and stared at Carmen. Even though she was overly flirty a lot of the time, she didn’t bother me. Most of the time, I found her comical. Right now though, I wasn’t feeling the direction of this conversation. I have never been the one to discuss my personal life with just anyone.

An innocent look appeared on her face. “What? I’m just making conversation.”

“More like interrogating. If you have something to ask, just ask.”

A smirk appeared on her face. “Fine, is your marriage real?”

Standing up straight, I crossed my arms and trailed my tongue over my top teeth. “Why is it any of your concern?”

She looked me over and tossed her long bundles over her shoulder. “It’s not. I’m just wondering. Before her, you were never seen with a female seriously, and then randomly, you pop up married. Just makes me wonder if the rumors were real.”

My head tilted to the side. “You a rapper or journalist?”

She giggled. “Come on, K-Don. You can be honest with me.”

I swiped my thumb over my bottom lip. “Carmen, listen, Ima keep it a buck with you. Me and you ain’t friends, shorty. We built a good business relationship while working together, but we don’t have shit outside of that. I don’t ask you shit about your personal life because, truthfully, I don’t give a fuck and it’s none of my business. Keep that same energy with me, a’right?”

She stared at me, surprised by my response. Carmen was trying to cross boundaries and I wasn’t about to let her. After gathering my stuff up, I headed for the door. Carmen

hadn't said anything else to me. She was on her phone rapidly texting away.

“Carmen,” I called out. “To answer your question, my marriage is very much real.”

“Kazier?” Iris stepped out her door and paused when she saw me.

“Where are you going?” I noticed she had her bookbag on her shoulder.

“On my way to a study session. If you're here to see Ny'asia, I don't think it's a good idea. She doesn't want to see you.”

I was proud of my cousin for working so hard to become a lawyer. She never let her parents' situation hold her back. In fact, she often said it only motivated her to go harder. I knew she had grown close to Ny'asia since she came into our lives. Since my wife didn't have any friends, I was appreciative of that. Still, she needed to learn when to stay in her lane.

“Well, that's too bad because we need to talk.”

I went to step around her.

“Kazier.”

“Iris, please don’t piss me off. I get it you want to protect Ny’asia, but at the end of the day, that’s *my wife*, and you’re *my cousin*. You need to stay in your lane and let me handle my home how I see fit.”

She gave me a hard stare.

“She hasn’t been feeling well, Kazier. All the stress with you and her ex has had her down. She’s been trying to put on a brave front, but I’m worried. If you came over here just to stress her out more, then I’m not going to allow you in my house. I don’t care what you say.”

My chest tightened.

Hearing that Ny’asia was having issues caused panic to shoot through me. I should have been more rational, knowing my wife was pregnant and the issues she was already facing.

“I’m not here to stress her out, Iris. I just want to talk.”

Her eyes shifted to her front door. “Fine.”

I stepped around my cousin and opened her front door. Stepping inside, I headed down the hallway, where I heard what sounded like gagging.

Pushing the door open, the gagging became louder. I saw Ny'asia hovering over the toilet. Hurriedly I rushed to her side.

My hand went to her back and I rubbed it. "What are you doing here?" She gagged again.

"I came to talk to you. You need to go to the hospital?"

She shook her head. "No, I'm fine."

It took a couple of minutes for her to gather herself. When she did, I stepped back and watched her rinse her mouth and wash her hands.

"I thought you were past the sick stage?" I looked her over, noting her flushed face.

"Peanut didn't like the garlic parmesan wings I was eating." She wiped her mouth.

Ny'asia pushed past me and headed out of the bathroom with me behind her. I followed her into the bedroom she was staying in. She walked over to the bench at the end of her bed and took a seat.

Neither of us spoke right away. She stared at me with unreadable eyes.

“What can I do for you, Kazier?” Ny’asia finally asked.

I leaned against her dresser.

“We need to talk.”

“About?”

“About? About us. What else?”

She shook her head and released a sarcastic laugh.

“According to you, there is no us. Remember?”

My hand went over my braids. “I might have jumped the gun when I saw that video. But damn, I’m here trying to make things right now.”

“Might have jumped the gun?” She scoffed. “You were disrespectful as hell, Kazier! You kicked me out and said to hell with me and our son.”

“I never said to hell with my son.”

“You might as well have. You weren’t thinking about him when you told me to leave.”

“Do you blame me?” I pushed myself off the dresser. “The whole situation was suspect as hell, Ny’asia. You and that nigga had just met up, and then he’s contacting me for

money. You can't tell me you didn't know what the fuck that nigga's intentions were." I narrowed my eyes.

Ny'asia lifted her head to the ceiling and brought her lips into her mouth. "I knew," she spoke lowly. "He came to me first for the money. I didn't expect him to go after you when I told him I couldn't get it."

I began pacing back and forth. "Why didn't you tell me? Why the hell did you keep that shit to yourself?"

"Because I wanted to avoid this. I didn't want you thinking I was on any bullshit. We were doing good, and then Damian came in making these stupid ass demands." She rolled her eyes and looked at me. "We might not have known each other long, but I know that your trust is fucked up, Kazier. I didn't think you would react well with my baggage coming in and disrupting your life."

I stopped moving and faced her. "That wasn't your call to make. This shit blindsided me, and now that nigga is threatening to expose your sex tape. Do you know what that could do to my image?"

"Fuck your image, Kazier! What about me? What about my life? Do you think I want of video of me being gang-raped spread on the internet?"

Her last statement was a punch in the gut. I stumbled back some and my forehead creased. “Gang raped? What the fuck?”

Ny’asia stared at the ceiling again. This time closing her eyes and releasing a shaky breath.

Ny’asia allowed a few minutes to pass by us before she finally revealed the back story behind the video. My eyes widened the more she spoke. I found myself speechless. When I watched the video, it seemed like Ny’asia was into everything going on. She seemed to enjoy the actions being done to her. I would have never suspected someone drugged her without her knowledge.

Ny’asia stared at me with glossy eyes, but she refused to allow a tear to fall. I was trying to wrap my mind around the information she had just revealed to me.

“So, he blackmailed you until he got locked up to make sure you stayed with him?”

“Yes.”

My fist clenched at my side. Suddenly I wanted to find her punk ass ex and beat his ass.

Rolling my neck between my shoulders, my temple throbbed and my ears began to ring.

“You should have told me.”

Her mouth dropped. “Are you serious?”

I clenched my jaw. “If I were aware of this situation, we wouldn’t be here.”

Ny’asia shot up from where she was sitting. “No, if you would have allowed me to explain myself, we wouldn’t be here. You instantly jumped to thinking the worst about me, Kazier! I get that it wasn’t the ideal situation, but still, you should have given me the benefit of the doubt.”

I gnawed on the corner of my bottom lip. “So, what can we do to fix this?”

Ny’asia’s shoulders sunk forward. “Nothing, Kazier. I’m used to people walking out on me and letting me down. I’ve been dealing with it since I was 18. I’m going to add you to that list and move on.”

The disappointing look on her face didn’t go unnoticed. It caused my stomach to churn. The tightness in my chest returned.

“I can handle this shit with your ex, and then we can work on us. Until then, I think you should come back to the crib.”

“Are you even sorry?”

My face balled up. “What?”

Her face hardened. “I said, are you even sorry? You haven’t apologized once, yet you’re here trying to make demands.”

“I fucked up. I can admit that, and I realize I jumped the gun.”

“Yes, you did, and that hurt me, Kazier. I didn’t care about all the shit in the beginning, but I developed real feelings for you, and I thought you felt the same.”

“I do, I-”

“I love you, Kazier!” She cut me off and shouted. She rubbed her stomach. “I stupidly ignored all the warnings in my head that told me not to and fell in love with you. The words you spat at me that night crushed me. Do you not understand that? They made me realize that this relationship is one-sided. You haven’t changed from the same ignorant asshole you were when we first met. I just kept psyching myself out. It doesn’t

matter though. I'm going to bounce back like I always do and move on."

I didn't like her referencing moving on. I heard what she was saying and she was wrong. I thought I had been showing her how much she meant to me through my actions. "What does that mean?"

She slowly licked her lips while still rubbing her stomach. "It means we should just focus on co-parenting and that's it."

My pulse raced and my body tensed.

An ache shot through my jaw from how hard I was clenching it.

"You know you're still contracted as my wife, right? Regardless of the shit you're saying, we're married."

"And I'll do whatever we need to do to put on the front that we're together and happy for the public. Outside of that, I'm good on this."

I wasn't sure what to say at the moment. The last thing I expected was this. For some reason, I thought coming here would help our relationship, but it seemed it only made things worse.

“I have to do some recording for my channel. I have an appointment next week. I’ll make sure Hanna puts it on your schedule.”

She turned and walked over to her vanity.

“Your ex won’t be a problem after this weekend.”

She paused. “What does that mean?” She turned to look at me. Instead of the coldness that was just in her eyes, she looked worried. “Kazier, I don’t want you getting in trouble.”

I stuffed my hands in my pockets. “I won’t. It won’t even lead back to me. Just know I’m taking care of it. I told you no one disrespects my wife.”

“Except you, right?” Her voice was low, but I heard her.

Seeing that this was going nowhere, I decided to head out. Obviously, Ny’asia was going to hold onto what I said for a while. I guess I needed to come up with another way to fix things.



“I see you’re listening to that song again.” I jumped and pressed pause on my phone.

Looking through my vanity mirror, I stared at Iris’s guileful grin.

“It just so happened to come up in my shuffle,” I told her, shifting my eyes to the mirror. I just finished recording my latest video and was currently taking pictures to upload as promo.

I had heard Kazier’s newest song, *The One*. I wouldn’t admit it, but it had me in a chokehold. The words Kazier never spoke to me, I felt them when I listened to the song. I couldn’t lie and say I haven’t played it more than a handful of times. My heart fluttered every time I let the song play though.

“Yeah, whatever. Say whatever you need to convince yourself that you don’t love the song.”

“I mean, it’s a good song,” I lifted my shoulders. “I wouldn’t get all dramatic about it.”

Iris laughed. “Ny’asia, I know when Kazier came over here, he put his foot in his mouth, but I wouldn’t count him out completely.”

“Iris,” I cut her off. “Please, I don’t want to talk about Kazier right now.”

I looked at her through the mirror again, and she gave me a small smile. “Okay, my bad.”

“How’s school? You’ve been at study group all weekend.”

“Good, I can’t wait for this case study to be over,” she groaned, making me laugh.

“You’re going to ace it, I’m sure. You’ve been working on it so much you have my head hurting.”

She sighed. “I hope so. It’s half of my final grade.”

“You’re gonna kill it.”

My phone vibrated, pausing our conversation. My eyes shifted to it. I scrunched my face at the unsaved number.

I hit the side button to ignore the call.

“Do you have study group today or-” My phone went off again. “What the hell,” I muttered.

“Who is it?”

“I don’t know.”

I answered the call. “Hello?”

“You killed him!” A female voice bellowed in my ear.

My nose scrunched and my eyes squinted. “What?”

“You killed him, admit it!”

“Ny’asia?” Turning around, I faced Iris. The confusion on her face matched mine.

“Kiki?”

“Admit it, Ny’asia! You had Damian killed, didn’t you?”

“What the hell are you talking about? I haven’t seen or talked to Damian since he tried to blackmail me.”

“Then why did I find him dead this morning in his apartment?!”

My mouth opened but then snapped closed. “Dead?”

I blinked repeatedly.

Suddenly, Kazier’s words replayed in my head.

What the hell did he do?

“Kiki, I don’t know what the hell you’re talking about, but I didn’t kill Damian.”

She sniffled. “Either you or K-Don, and I’m going to prove it!”

My face balled up. “Girl, get the fuck off my line. You sound crazy as hell. Damian was sleazy as hell and had plenty of enemies. We both know that! One of them finally put the world out of its misery and ended his life. Don’t bother me again.”

I hung the phone up.

“Ny’asia, what’s wrong? Who was that yelling?”

I stared at Iris without speaking right away. I couldn’t believe Damian was finally gone.

“My ex is dead.”

“The guy who was blackmailing you?” Slowly, I moved my head up and down.

“Iris, can you give me a minute?” I picked up my phone and went to Kazier’s name.

“Are you okay?”

“Yeah, I’m fine.”

She stared at me for a minute longer before giving me privacy.

“Wassup, love?”

“Damian is dead,” I said the moment Kazier was on the phone.

“I know.”

“You know?” My brows dipped. “Kazier, what happened to him? Someone just called accusing me of killing him.”

It sounded like he was smoking. He coughed some then was silent. There was noise in the background that didn’t last long.

“Who said that?”

“This girl Kiki.”

“Your old friend?”

“Yes.”

“Don’t worry about her. That nigga died and it won’t be blamed on anyone but himself. You’re good.”

I heard what my husband was saying, but I still felt unsettled. “How did he die?”

“It doesn’t matter. Just know that nigga tried to come up, and it cost him.”

My phone vibrated against my ear. I put the phone on speaker and looked at the screen. Seeing a notification from Twitter, I clicked on it.

Mentioned by @Kikiluv: @Nybabyxo, why don't you tell everyone how you had your ex-boyfriend murdered all because he threatened to leak your sex tape, you whore! Damian is dead because of you!!!!

My stomach fell as my eyes read the words. My throat grew tight, and suddenly I was struggling to breathe.

“Oh, my gosh...” I whispered.

My body felt like it was on fire.

“Ny’asia, what’s wrong?”

“I, I.” I attempted to speak but couldn’t seem to form a sentence. My head spun and the bottom of my stomach cramped.

“Kazier,” I cried before everything went black.

I woke up groggy, with my head pounding. The bright lights above me were fuzzy, and it took my eyes a minute to focus.

Blinking twice, I cleared my dry throat.

“Ny’asia?” Suddenly Kazier, Iris, and his parents were surrounding my bed.

“What happened?” I whispered, trying to ignore my pounding head. “My baby,” my hands instantly went to my belly as panic shot through me.

Monitors started going off around me. “Love, relax, relax. The baby is fine.” Kazier grabbed my hand.

I still wasn’t feeling him, but him holding my hand right now brought me comfort.

“Your blood pressure spiked and caused you to pass out,” Maggie told me.

I squeezed my eyes shut and laid my head back on the pillow. Memories of the tweet I saw just before I passed out flooded my mind.

“Kiki’s tweet,” I started.

“It’s being taken care of. Jonay and Teresa are all over it.”

“Ny’asia, I promise nothing will come back, showing you had anything to do with your ex dying.” My eyes opened and landed on Keyon. He was giving me a sincere look.

“How did he die?”

Keyon looked at Kazier, who nodded. “He overdosed, turns out your ex had a drug problem.”

My tongue went across my lips. I knew Damien was on drugs when we were together. No matter how many times I tried to persuade him to get clean, he ignored me. It’s not unreasonable that he would die from an OD.

“And Kazier or I won’t be blamed.”

“No.”

Sluggishly, I nodded. “My head is killing me.” I grabbed it and released a heavy breath.

“You must have hit your head because you had a small gash when I came into your room. The doctor couldn’t give you anything besides Tylenol to help,” Iris told me.

My other hand went to my stomach and I rubbed it protectively. “Mhm,” I winced.

“What’s wrong?”

“My stomach hurts too.”

“We’re gonna go find the doctor,” Maggie said, grabbing her husband’s hand.

“Iris, can you give me and Ny’asia a minute?” Kazier looked at his cousin.

She nodded and gave me a reassuring smile. “I’ll go with auntie and uncle.”

Soon it was just Kazier and me. “I thought your parents went away.”

“They were only an hour out, and they came back early when I told them you were in the hospital.”

“They didn’t have to do that.”

“They were worried about you and wouldn’t have it any other way.” His words caused my chest to grow warm. It had been a long time since I had anyone that really cared about me. I wasn’t used to having parental figures in my life anymore, but knowing his parents cared enough about me to cut their reunion trip short made me happy.

“Ny’asia,” Kazier called out, causing me to worry. He never called me by my name.

I looked up at him. “The internet is having a field day with that girl Kiki’s tweet. Of course, the blogs have picked it up, and Twitter is going nuts over it. She was dating that nigga or something?”

I shook my head. “I don’t know, honestly. They always claimed to be close like brother and sister, but who knows.” I lazily shrugged.

For a moment, he was silent. “Jonay and Teresa are trying to get the situation under control. My lawyer is also on it.”

“Your lawyer?”

“Yeah, we’re suing her ass for defamation of character. Her words hold no merit, and she ain’t got no proof.”

My stomach was flipping. As soon as Kazier told me about Damian, I knew something bad would happen.

“I know Teresa’s pissed.” I snickered before coughing, making Kazier laugh too. “Hell yeah, but this is what her ass is getting paid to do.” He shrugged.

“She mentioned the tape.”

“She doesn’t have proof of that either. Look, my team is gonna handle this. I don’t want you worrying. My son needs

you healthy,” His large hand went to my stomach. “I hope today shows you that you need to bring your ass back home.”

Before I could answer, the door opened and the doctor came in.

“Ny’asia? I’m Dr. Carter. How are you feeling?” She asked.

My eyes left Kazier’s. “My stomach and head hurt.”

She nodded. “To be expected.”

Dr. Carter told me my blood pressure was still slightly elevated, and she wanted me to take it easy for the next couple of days to get it under control and avoid high-stress situations. She also sent me for a sonogram. My baby was growing quickly, and with the scarring of my uterus, Dr. Carter seemed concerned. I let her know I went to see my doctor this week.

She discharged me after several hours of monitoring me. Kazier tried to get me to come home with him, but I refused. He followed me back to Iris’s instead. Even his parents tried to get me to come to their house, but I wasn’t trying to intrude on them. I had already messed their trip up.

“I don’t get why you would rather come here than to the crib with me.”

I climbed into my bed and pulled the cover up over my neck. Turning to the side, I eyed my husband. With his chains around his neck, one gold diamond in his ear, a black short-sleeve shirt, and gray joggers, Kazier looked like a walking snack.

“Because Kazier, this doesn’t change anything. I’m still not feeling you. I appreciate you and your dad helping me out, but that doesn’t mean I’m over what happened between us.”

He ran his hand over his face. His thick, unruly brows bunched together, and his lips turned upside down. “Why you gotta be so fucking stubborn, man?”

“I’m not being stubborn. Just because I’m not letting your shit get swept under the rug doesn’t mean anything. Now the doctor said I don’t need to be stressed out, so if you’ll excuse yourself, I’d like to get some sleep.”

It was nighttime now. I was at the hospital for five hours before finally being released and sent home. All I wanted was peace. My head was still hurting too.

Kazier wanted to say more, I could see it all over his face, but his eyes fell and zeroed in on my stomach.

“Just call me if something else happens, a’right? Ima get up with Jonay and Teresa and see what’s going with this Twitter shit.”

“Okay.” His jaw clenched.

Kazier turned and stormed out of the room. When I was alone, I inhaled a deep breath and slowly released it. I was scared on the inside. My baby didn’t deserve this stress my body kept going through. I didn’t want to do anything that could risk my son’s health. All this shit from my past needed to be snipped ASAP.

I grabbed my phone from my nightstand and unlocked it. Immediately I went to my social media. My Twitter was blowing up with retweets and mentions asking if Kiki was telling the truth. Some were telling her to drop the tape. Some were calling her a liar and even shutting down the lies. When I went to InstaFlik, it was the same result. It looked like a lot of people were calling Kiki a hater and clout chaser, remembering when she tried to cause trouble for me a while back.

The more comments I read, the more I found myself getting upset. I bit the side of my cheek. Goosebumps filled my arms.

There wasn't much I could do right now, given I was pregnant, but I swear as soon as I dropped my son, Kiki had to see me.

Just as I was about to close my app, *All Shade* made a post of Carmen's last story. Rolling my eyes, my top lip curled up. It was a video of her and Kazier in the studio, and she was showing a preview of their new song. He was sitting in a chair, bobbing his head. When she called his name, he looked up and smiled into the camera before she put it back on her.

"Thirsty bitch," I muttered, closing the app and locking my phone back.

I set it back down on the nightstand and pulled the cover over my head. My life seemed to be one circus show after another, and I just wanted it to end.



“So, let’s talk about what’s been floating around social media for the past few days,” Natalie stated. Biting the inside of my jaw, I made sure I came across as relaxed even though I was everything but that. Once again, I knew Natalie was about to be messy as hell. If her following wasn’t so huge, I wouldn’t even bother doing interviews with her ass. “The screen behind me shows a tweet not only accusing your wife of murder but also having a secret sex tape out there. Now a lot of our viewers don’t believe it, but there are those few who think it’s true. Since you’re here, K-Don, why don’t you clear it up for us? Are the claims in the tweet true?”

Folding my hands in my lap, I turned and looked at the screen behind Natalie. I read over the tweet before a bitter laugh left my mouth.

“I’m not gone cap; I hate coming on here for multiple reasons, Natalie. We both know that I got a love-hate relationship with your show,” Natalie grinned and nodded. She knew I couldn’t stand her ass. “Today, however, I’m happy to

be here,” Again, I looked at the screen. “Ima clear this shit up real quick so all these fake ass rumors can be put to rest.”

I knew Teresa was gonna be on my ass after this. She gave me a direct order on handling if I was questioned about the tweet, but fuck that. I was handling it my way.

“So, let’s hear it, K-Don. Is there any truth to it?”

“Natalie, my wife is six months pregnant. How the hell do y’all think she could commit a murder with a big ass stomach attached to her? She ain’t no damn mobster that puts hits on people. She’s a normal woman who enjoys doing makeup and creating videos for her YouTube channel, *Ny On The Beat*. As for the sex tape, if there was one, don’t you think it would have been released by now, being the guy who supposedly had it is dead, and this girl feels so passionate about it? That girl ain’t no one but a broad looking for clout from my wife’s past. She’s mad because my wife didn’t bring to the top with her, and now she’s slandering her name. Now that’s all Ima say about the matter. My lawyer will handle the rest.”

I leaned back in my chair with my hands still folded.

I thought Natalie was gone pry more, but she shocked me. “Well, folks, you heard it here first. The claims against K-

Don's wife, Ny'asia, are false and legal action is being taken against the person spreading the lies. We wish both you and your wife the best of luck with your case."

For the first time since I sat down, I smiled. "Preciate it."

The interview continued, and I actually wasn't in a bad mood by the end.

"Since today went well, Ima leave you and your viewers with some news." I let Natalie know. She tilted her head to the side. "My album is dropping on July 14th, be on the lookout for the cover and tracklist. Y'all enjoy the rest of your day."

While Natalie closed out her show, talking about the exclusive I gave them, I headed off set. Snatching the mic from my ear, I handed it to the producer and walked to where Jonay stood waiting.

"I'm proud of you, Kazier. You handled yourself well."

Chuckling, I grabbed the water bottle from her. "I don't always show my ass." I shrugged, this time getting a laugh out of her.

“You know Teresa’s gonna be pissed because you went off script, right?”

I waved her off. “She’ll be a’right.” I didn’t care if she wasn’t fucking with me right now. I was going to shut down whatever assumptions people came up with concerning Ny’asia and her ex. Anyone who had a problem with it could address me.

The next few minutes I spent in my dressing room collecting my things.

“You riding back with me?” I asked Jonay once we were outside.

She shook her head. “Nope, I have some business to handle.

“A’right, I’ll get up with you later then.”

“Hey. How’s Ny’asia? I texted her to check on her, but I wanna make sure she’s really okay.”

“You know my wife, she’s a fighter. Even if something was wrong, she’s not gonna admit it until it gets bad. She’s good though.”

A smirk appeared on Jonay’s face. “You’re getting real comfortable with that ‘my wife’ line, huh?”

One corner of my mouth lifted. “Yeah well...” my voice trailed off.

“I’m glad you’re finally coming around. I knew it was only a matter of time.”

“You ain’t know shit.” The both of us laughed.

“I’m glad she’s doing well, though.”

“Yeah, me too.”

Jonay and I went our separate ways.

Once I was in the back of my truck, I unlocked my phone and pulled up my notes. “Aye, Jodeci, I need to make a stop before we go back to the city,” I informed him and then read off an address.

I watched him enter the address on the touch screen.

My phone went off just as I was about to lock it. I answered when I saw it was my mom.

“Wassup, mama?” I answered, laying my head back and closing my eyes.

“How are you, son?”

A smile filled my face. “I’m good, mom. Hanging in there. How are you? Dad?”

“We’re fine. Don’t worry about us,” she giggled and muttered something. “Your father says hi.”

“Wassup, Pops.”

“We saw your interview. You handled yourself well,” my dad said. My mom must have put me on speaker.

“I just did what needed to be done. Ny’asia is innocent, and Ima let everyone know.”

“Speaking of Ny’asia, I just got off the phone with her. Kazier, when are you going to put this foolishness to rest and get your wife back home?” I felt a headache coming on.

“Mom,” I groaned.

“I’m just saying, Kazier, she’s pregnant and borderline high risk. She needs to be at home with her husband, not at his cousin’s house, living in the guest bedroom.”

“I know that, but Ny’asia isn’t on the same page as us.”

“Well, I don’t blame her. You let your ego mess things up. Have you apologized to her and meant it?”

I opened my eyes. “She knows I messed up.”

“We all know you messed up, but have you actually tried to make up for it? Does she know that you know you

messed up?”

I scratched my jaw. “What you trying to say?”

“Your mom is trying to say, a real man apologizes and means it, Kazier. When you fuck up, you have to take it to the chin and make things right.”

“Do you not want your wife back home with you?”

My mouth turned. “Of course, I want her back home with me.”

I hated being at home alone now. I had grown accustomed to having Ny’asia in my house. It didn’t feel right now that she wasn’t there.

“Then you need to fix it... now.”

“I hear you, mom. Shouldn’t y’all still be somewhere in the honeymoon stage? Not all in my marriage.”

“For your information, your father and I are about to go out to lunch now. We were just calling to check-in.”

I talked to my parents a little longer before hanging up.

“Jodeci,” I called out.

“Yeah, boss?”

“You’re married right?”

“9 years.”

I ran my tongue over my top teeth. “How you make it work that long?”

Jodeci laughed. “A lot of hard work, patience, communication, and knowing in the end my wife is really the boss.” I laughed at his last words. “You just have to pick and choose your battles and not let your pride speak for you.”

My head turned to the window.

I heard what he and my parents were saying. Maybe I was still holding onto some pride and ego, which was holding me back from fully fixing things.

“If you want your wife back home, boss, show her that you want her home. Words are meaningless without actions to stand on.”

I thought over his advice in my head. It all made sense. I was trying to strong-arm Ny’asia into forgiving me, but that wouldn’t work with her. I had to find another way to get her back home, a way that meant something.

“I won’t be too long,” I let Jodeci know and pulled the baseball cap low on my face.

Walking up to the one-story, light green family home, I knocked on the white door and waited a few seconds before knocking again.

“I’m coming, I’m coming. Who is it?” A man’s voice sounded on the other side.

Instead of answering, I knocked *again*.

I heard the lock being turned before the door was snatched open. “I said, who is it?” The man was a couple of inches shorter than me, but his skin color matched my wife.

“Mr. Bridge?” His scowl deepened.

“Who’s asking? If you’re here collecting money for something, we ain’t got any.”

My hands went into my pockets. “Nah, I’m actually here to speak about your daughter, Ny’asia. Can I come in?” At the mention of Ny’asia, his face softened some.

“Who are you?” He watched me curiously.

“Can I come in?”

I could tell he was sizing me up, but I ignored it. Eventually, he moved to the side and allowed me in.

“Who was at the door?” A woman’s voice questioned.

I looked up and felt like I was staring at an older version of her Ny'asia, except her mom was a few shades lighter than her.

“I’m...”

“Ny'asia's husband.” The woman stood up with a shocked expression.

“You knew she got married?” I lifted an eyebrow.

The woman nodded. “I read articles about it.” Her husband walked over to where she was on the couch. “Please take a seat.”

I looked around before walking over to a love seat not too far from the couch.

“What can we do for you?”

Sitting down with my legs gapped, I eyed Ny'asia's parents. Her mom seemed open, but her dad didn't seem like he wanted to be bothered.

“Mr. and Mrs. Bridge-”

“Please call us Tina and Marshall,” her mom interjected.

“Tina and Marshall, I'm here because of my wife.”

“We haven’t spoken to our daughter in six years. I don’t see what you could want.” My eyes narrowed on her dad.

“Well, I think it’s time for you guys to make it right and reconnect with her.”

“Excuse me?”

“You heard me. Your daughter puts on a front, but I can tell she misses you two. She always mentions being alone and not having anyone. She’s six months pregnant, and I know having her parents there with her would help take some of the stress she’s feeling away.”

Ny’asia might think I’m blind, but I notice the somber look that always fills her face whenever she references her parents or not having anyone in her corner. I believe having her parents back in her life would be a good thing for her mentally.

“Ny’asia made her choice when she was 18 and walked out of here with that hoodlum.”

“Marshall,” Tina scolded.

“Tina, we’re not going down this path again. I’m not going down this path again.” Marshall stood up and walked

out of the living room. Not before giving me a hard glare.

“I must apologize for my husband. He took it hard when Ny’asia left. We both just wanted the best for her, and when she decided to be with that boy, well, it hurt both of us.”

My brows pinched together. I wasn’t feeling how dismissive Marshall was about his daughter.

“So, you just kicked her out on her own without looking back? Do you know what she went through because of that?”

Tina pressed her lips together and shifted her eyes to the side. “Mr...?”

“Kazier.”

“Kazier, yes, Ny’asia had a choice, and she chose to leave instead of leaving that boy alone. We told her he was no good, but she didn’t want to listen to us.”

“Still, she needed you two. She still needs you two.”

“I’ve tried to find her. It hurt my heart knowing my only child was out there possibly alone, but you have to learn to let your child make their own path. It’s the only way they’ll grow.”

Tina stared back at me. I could see the regret dancing in her eyes. Her husband might have been unaffected by their choices concerning their daughter, but it was clear she wasn't.

“You two should come see her.”

Tina's brows lifted. “What?” I stood up.

“Ny'asia has my family and me, but I think having her parents in her corner would do her some good, too.”

Tina's eyes shifted in the direction her husband went. “I'ma leave my number. Just hit me up if you two are up for it.”

After leaving my number, I headed for the door.

“Kazier, how did you and my daughter meet?” Tina asked just as I reached for the door handle. “I mean, you're a famous rapper, and Ny'asia is...”

“An amazing woman who makes me feel lucky that she came into my life every day.” I opened the door and walked out.

I thought it was a good idea that I found Ny'asia's parents, but after speaking with them, I wasn't so sure anymore.

NY'ASIA

“Ny’asia, I don’t want you to worry. I know when women hear c-section, they panic, but I promise it’s not that bad and is the healthiest solution for you,” Dr. Olsen reassured me.

My eyes shifted to Kazier, who was staring at me. Dr. Olsen had just told us she would do a scheduled c-section to deliver the baby once it was time, and I instantly panicked. The thought of being cut open didn’t sit well with me at all.

“And there’s no way I can deliver vaginally?”

She gave me a sympathetic look. “I wouldn’t recommend it. This is the best route, especially with your recent blood pressure spike.” I released a shaky breath.

“What do you think?” I asked Kazier.

“If it’s the best option, there really isn’t anything to think about.”

Gnawing on my bottom lip, I swallowed hard and bobbed my head. “It’ll be fine. I’m sure of it.” Kazier grabbed

my hand.

Giving him a small smile, I looked back at the doctor.
“Okay, let’s get it scheduled.”

The rest of my appointment went well. The baby was healthy, and thankfully, the scarring in my uterus wasn’t too severe to where it caused major complications right now. Once he grew larger, however, that’s another story, but I wasn’t trying to think of that.

When the appointment was done and we were in the back of the truck, the ride was silent. I was still thinking about being cut open, and I wasn’t sure where Kazier’s head was.

“I have a viewing for a place tomorrow.” I broke the silence.

“What?” Kazier turned and looked at me.

I cleared my throat. “Yeah, out in Butter Ridge Falls. There’s a townhouse available in *Sunset Developments*. It’s a nice, gated community, and from the pictures online, it’s spacious enough for me and the baby. I’m looking at a three-bedroom unit.”

“You, for real right now?” Kazier put his phone away and gave me his full attention.

I felt small under his eyes for some reason, but I kept my composure. “I can’t stay at Iris’s forever, and we will need our own space.”

“You have your own space. At my house. Where there’s rooms for the both of you.”

“Did you just hear what you said? At *your house*. Kazier, I can’t keep getting put out of places that I consider mine. It makes me uneasy.”

“I didn’t mean it like that. My crib is just as much yours. Just move back in and-”

“I need something I can call my own, a place I don’t have to worry about being snatched away from me, and somewhere I feel safe.”

“You didn’t feel safe at the house with me?”

My eyes dropped. “I did at first. Up until everything happened with us, I was good.”

Kazier grabbed the back of his neck. “Love, listen. I’d rather have you home with me. With you being as far as you are in your pregnancy and the complications you could face, it’s better for you to come home and let me keep an eye on you.”

“And I don’t want that.”

“Ny’asia.”

“Kazier!”

Sighing, I shifted my eyes out the window. I should have known this was going to go left.

“Look, love, I get it. I fucked up, bad, and you’re making me pay for it.”

“I’m not-”

“But that shouldn’t be the reason why you put you or our son in harm’s way. You don’t need to be alone right now, and you’re my wife. It’s my job to keep an eye on you. Just come back to the crib, at least until you give birth. If you still want to move out then, I won’t fight you.”

My eyes squinted.

Kazier was normally arrogant and wanted his way regardless of anything else, but I wasn’t getting that from him right now. From the look on his face, I could tell he was genuinely concerned for the well-being of our son and me.

He reached over and grabbed my hand. My stomach fluttered.

I might be upset with Kazier, but my body still responded to him. A shock shot up my arm, sending my heart into a frenzy.

A lump formed in my throat that I attempted to swallow down.

“You’re still wearing your ring.” Kazier’s finger brushed over the ring on my hand.

For some reason, I couldn’t take it off. Since I’ve agreed to stay married to him, it hasn’t left my hand. Maybe I had got so accustomed to wearing it that I forgot it was there. Or maybe it brought me some kind of security in my life. The ring was kind of like a safe haven to me.

“We still have to act like we’re happily married, correct? If I remove the ring, then people will get suspicious.”

His finger brushed over the ring again. He stared up at me with a certain gleam in his eyes. My tongue suddenly felt heavy in my mouth.

“Just come home, Ny’asia. I won’t even bother you if that’s what you want, but for my mental, I’ll feel better if I can physically see you every day. When you were in that hospital bed, again, it scared the shit out of me, love. I might not act

like I give a fuck, but I do, and even though I said some fucked up shit, that doesn't mean I don't give a fuck about you."

Like it was destiny, *The One* started playing in the car. A crooked grin appeared on Kazier's face.

"She the type you run to when you had enough. She the type to hold you down when you can't get up."

Kazier rapped along to the words while staring into my eyes.

"Oh," I gasped when my son moved.

"What?"

Grabbing Kazier's hand, I placed it on my stomach. "Looks like peanut likes the song." I smiled.

His eyes widened and shined when our son moved again. "Damn," he mumbled. His face matched mine.

"I'm still going to go look at the townhouse, but I will agree to come back home until I give birth. After the c-section, I won't be able to move around a lot, and it wouldn't be fair to Iris if I put that on her shoulders."

Kazier nodded his head. "I'll have Bruno come and help move everything back to the house."

He kept his hand on my stomach, moving it around periodically.

I watched Kazier and couldn't stop the way my heart threatened to leap from my chest. I hoped my going back to his place wasn't a mistake.

A groan left my mouth and I squeezed my eyes shut as my phone went off next to me. I wasn't sure who was calling me or why, but they were about to receive all the attitude in the world.

Moving my hand around, I located my phone and tapped the screen a few times before placing it to my ear.

I had been back at Kazier's house for two days now, and just like he said, he was staying out of my way. I went and toured the townhouse yesterday and fell in love. It was a perfect starter place for my son and me. Even though I wasn't going to take it right now, I did put down the holding fee for it. It would be a few months until I moved in, but I wanted it.

"Hello," I muttered.

"Ny'asia? Did I wake you?" Jonay's voice rang in my ear.

I released a yawn. “Yeah, but it’s fine. I needed to get up, anyway.” As fast as I could with my stomach, I lifted myself up and wiped my eyes. “Wassup?” I yawned again.

“I need your help!” The urgency in her voice had me on edge.

“What’s wrong? Is it Kazier?”

“No, one of my artists has a video shoot, and the makeup artist canceled last minute. If I try to help, I’ll have her looking like a damn clown. Can you please come meet us?”

Pulling the phone back, I looked at the time. It was almost ten in the morning. “Sure, send me the address. I’ll get dressed and head right over.”

“You’re a lifesaver. I’ll see you in a few.”

It was a good thing I showered last night. All I had to do was get dressed and do my hair.

Yawning again, I saw that Jonay had texted me the address.

I looked around my bedroom and a bittersweet feeling filled me. Maybe it was the baby hormones, but I was kind of emotional being back here.

I shook that feeling off. This wasn't permanent. I was just here until I delivered. Pushing the ill thoughts out of my mind, I climbed out of bed and headed for the bathroom to handle my bladder and hygiene.

“I knew it was a reason I liked you. You just saved my ass,” Jonay gushed.

I waved her off. “It was nothing.”

“But it was. This is Simone's first video for her first single that topped the charts. She's still making a name for herself in this industry. Nothing can go wrong today.” I stood on the sidelines and watched as Simone mimicked the choreographer's movement.

“*Lifetime*, right?” I questioned, referring to the song.

“Yes. She had a few flops, but *Lifetime* took off, and Simone's name is making noise. We have to keep the fire going while it's hot.”

“She seems talented enough. I'm sure she'll make it.”

“She is. Her vocals are amazing. She's young and green to a lot, but I'm trying to keep her on the right track, so she doesn't fall victim to this damn industry.”

“How long you been doing this?” I glanced at Jonay out the corner of my eye.

“Since I was 22, so almost eight years.”

“You’ve been Kazier’s manager the whole time he’s been signed?”

She nodded. “Yeah. It wasn’t always an easy journey either. That husband of yours is a piece of work at times, but I managed to keep him on the straight and narrow for the most part.”

I looked back at the set. You could tell Simone was nervous, but it looked like she was soaking in everything she was being told.

“Did you guys work things out?”

My arms crossed and rested on my stomach. “We’re being cordial for the baby.”

“For the baby, huh?”

I side-eyed her. “What’s with the voice?”

She smirked. “I’m just saying, if there are more reasons you forgave him-”

“I didn’t forgive him. I’m just taking the peaceful way to keep my blood pressure down and for my own sanity right now.”

“But you want your marriage to work out, right? You want to fix things?”

I stayed quiet. Truthfully, I didn’t know what I wanted now. It was like my mind and heart were in a tug of war.

“I just want peace in my life,” I told her.

“Understandable.”

“Quiet on set!” The director yelled.

My attention went back to Simone. It amazed me watching her work. This was the first time I’d ever been on a video set and watched it in person. It was so much going on that I’d be overwhelmed as hell if I were in her shoes.

Since I had nothing else going on, I stayed for the whole shoot. Simone was a sweet girl. At first, she was shy, but the more we talked between her takes while I touched up her makeup, the more she loosened up.

By the end of the shoot, she had asked me to do her makeup for her future shoots.

“Look at you! You got your first permanent client.” I had already signed a sponsorship with *The Lip Bar* and *Juvia’s Place* for my channel. My next step was to build my clientele, and this was definitely a win in my book.

“Because of you. Thank you for recommending me.”

“Your work is great. The moment the artist we originally booked called and canceled, you instantly popped in my head.” I leaned on my G-Wagon.

“Still, thank you for the opportunity.”

“You know-” Jonay pressed her lips in a straight line before continuing. “I have a couple more clients that have some things in the works. I know you have to keep your workload light, but I would love to hire you to do their makeup.”

My eyes bucked. “Really?”

She nodded. “Really. You’re serious about your craft, and you’re good at what you do. I want to hire you.”

“Yes, of course. Jonay, thank you.” If I were smiling any harder, my eyes would be closed.

I couldn’t believe she was giving me this opportunity.

“Cool. I’ll send you the schedule for the days I’ll need you. Just let me know if there is any conflict with what you have going on.”

I bobbed my head.

“I can do that.”

She gave me a small smile before turning to leave.

I climbed into my car, still shocked at the opportunity Jonay had just presented me. Doing celebrity makeup would be a huge boost to my career.

As soon as I started my truck, my phone vibrated. It was a DM from my InstaFlik.

“The hell.”

I clicked on it and saw it was from Chardae, another girl I used to hang with back in the day. I was about to close out the message, not wanting any more bullshit. Kiki was still tweeting about Damian’s murder, except now she was subbing me instead of mentioning me. Since a lawyer was involved now, I was told not to engage.

I skimmed over the message and my mouth dropped.

Hey, long time no hear,

Anyways, it's Chardae. I know that you don't fuck with us like that, but I thought you needed to see this. Kiki's ass has gone too far and she's getting weird as fuck. We might not be cool anymore, but you never did anything to me, so I wanted to give you a heads up. Do with it as you please.

Photo attached

I clicked on the picture, enlarging it. It was a text thread between Kiki, Chardae, and Shannon. In the messages, both Chardae and Shannon were telling Kiki to let it go and move on, referring to Damian, but she refused. Kiki was saying how I would pay, and she would make my life hell until I admitted to having something to do with his murder.

The girl is obsessed with you, always have been. Whatever you had she felt like she had to have it too. It's sad for real. I would watch my back if I were you.

I chewed on my bottom lip and thought about what to do with the information I had just received. I knew I needed to turn it over to my lawyer, but at the same time, I was tired of Kiki's ass.

After thanking Chardae and screenshotting the pictures, I went to *All Shade's* DMs, along with *Word Around*

Town, and sent them the pictures of the text messages. Kiki's
ass wanted attention; well, she was about to get it.



“The good news is that the text thread sent to you coincidentally got sent to the blogs too,” Teresa paused and gave Ny’asia a look before continuing. “It gave us the upper hand. Now everyone believes the girl who wrote the tweet was lying and was just looking for attention. We released another statement, and the fans seem to be on our side.” Teresa was smiling like she had hit the lottery.

“Also, I spoke to the lawyer, and legal actions have been taken. Kiki is being charged with slander and defamation of character. The message from whoever was a huge help,” Jonay followed up.

I glanced over at Ny’asia, who didn’t seem interested in this conversation.

“Do you have anything to say?”

She shook her head. “Nope, I’m honestly ready to just put it all behind me. I’ve been trying to wipe my hands with everyone from my past for a long time, and now I finally feel like I can do that.”

I couldn't put my finger on it, but something with Ny'asia was different. For the past couple of days, she's been walking around with a certain light around her. The two of us were back to being roommates rather than a married couple, so I haven't gotten the chance to speak to her.

I've been giving her the space I promised her if she moved back in. My album was dropping this month, and that's been getting all my energy anyway. My label finally approved the cover art for it, which will be released this week, and then the tracklist will follow. Jonay was putting together the details for my release party as well.

My plate was full, and a nigga was backed the hell up too. I hadn't had sex in almost a month, and that shit was killing me. Keeping busy with my album was the only thing keeping my mind off it.

“Well, I don't believe you'll have any more issues with that girl. The lawyer is also getting a restraining order on her since the texts show she wants to harm you physically. Unless she's crazy, she'll stay away and let all this go.”

Ny'asia nodded. “Kiki is an attention whore. Always has been. Once she realizes that she's not getting the clout she intended, she'll move on to something else.”

“So, that’s it? She doesn’t have to do anything else?” I spoke up.

“No. We’re handling everything.” That caused relief to fill me. I didn’t want this situation to stress Ny’asia out any more than it already had. The death of her ex was something I didn’t regret, but I hated that it had a negative backlash on my wife. My only hope was that people moved the hell on.

Teresa finished up what she had to say and collected her things to leave.

“Kazier, *The One* is still topping the charts. The fans are loving it and the fact that you expressed how you felt about Ny’asia to the public. It’s a good thing since your album is dropping soon. Everyone’s anticipating the rest of the songs,” Jonay said while tapping on her tablet. “We need to go forward with the video and make it happen ASAP. Ny’asia, I think you should be in it.”

“What? Why? I’m not a video girl,” Ny’asia balled her face up.

“I know, but the song is about you, and what better way to make the video than to have you as the leading lady? You won’t have to do anything but be in a few frames with Kazier, and all y’all have to do is be a couple, It’s simple.”

Ny'asia still didn't look convinced. She looked over at me. "What do you think?"

I looked Ny'asia over. My eyes lingered on her stomach for a few seconds. Knowing she would be giving birth to a part of me in a few months was a different feeling. The further she got in her pregnancy, the more I found myself wanting to be crowded by her. I missed the space we used to be in if I was completely honest with myself.

"I'm with it if you are," I lifted my shoulders and looked her in the eyes. "I think it'll be dope."

Ny'asia slowly bobbed her head. She rubbed her stomach and looked back at Jonay. "Can I think about it?"

Jonay smiled a toothless grin. "Of course."

I watched as Ny'asia stood up. "Ima head back to the house. I didn't get much sleep last night and want to lie down."

I stood up and stepped closer to her. Grabbing her arm, worry filled me. "Everything straight?"

She nodded. "Yeah, restlessness comes with being this far along in my pregnancy. It's hard to get comfortable

sometimes with my stomach getting larger. A lot of tossing and turning, but I'm fine."

I chewed on the inside of my jaw and creased my forehead. "Why ain't you say shit? You could have just stayed home."

She rolled her eyes. "Kazier, I'm six months pregnant. There's nothing that can be done. I can't stop my life because of some sleepless nights. I told you I'm fine," she yawned.

I looked over at Jonay, who was smirking at me.

Shaking my head, I turned back to my wife. "A'right, well chill for the rest of the day then. You're already having enough issues and-"

"I got it, Kazier," she cut me off. "I don't know why you're acting like you care anyway."

I frowned at her sudden attitude. I didn't know if the lack of sleep made her so damn crabby, but she needed to check this shit.

Ny'asia rolled her eyes and turned to leave, but I grabbed her. "What's that supposed to mean?"

She glared down at my hand on her arm and snatched it away. "I'm leaving. I'll talk to you later, Jonay." She smiled at

her but didn't give me another look.

I was lost as hell.

“What the hell was that?” I turned to Jonay and asked.

“Looks like your wife doesn't do well with no sleep,”
Jonay snorted.

“She ain't have to take that shit out on me. I ain't the
one making her lose sleep.”

“I mean, technically, you caused it.”

My frown deepened as I stared at the door she'd just
left out of. “I hope she doesn't keep this shit up the rest of her
pregnancy.”

“How do you feel about Ny'asia, K?” Jonay suddenly
asked.

I turned to give her my full attention. She had set her
iPad down and observed me seriously.

“What you mean?”

“I mean just what I asked. Do you love her? Strong
like for her? Care about her? I try to read how you might be
feeling about her, but I can never get a clear indication of how
you feel. It's like you give her enough to show you have

feelings but not enough to bring her comfort. Maybe she's just checking out."

I flopped back into my chair with my legs gapped. Resting my elbows on my legs, I folded my hands and propped my chin on them.

"I feel like if I jump all into this, something is going to happen to pull the rug from under me," I admitted. "The last time I tried this love thing, it ended wrong, and I'm not trying to go through that shit again. It was easier to function when I was fucking different bitches and not getting attached. But now that I'm focusing on one female, I don't know, that shit makes me anxious or something. And it doesn't help that I been fucking up a lot lately with Ny'asia."

"Ny'asia doesn't hold back her words. It's funny that the two of you act a lot alike. I think that's why y'all bump heads like y'all do. Both of y'all have trust issues for obvious reasons, but if you just take the time to actually let your guard down and be a real husband to her, it'll be better for both of y'all. I know she was all in with you at first, up until this ex popped up. Maybe it's your turn."

I chewed on the corner of my bottom lip. "Why does it seem like you fight hard for her every time the topic of our

relationship comes up?”

Jonay grinned. “Because I’ve seen a change in you since she’s come in your life. I believe people don’t change unless they meet someone worth changing for. You still have your ways, but they’ve gotten a lot better. Also, I like Ny’asia. She’s a good fit around here.”

Rubbing my chin with my thumb, I couldn’t help but smile. Jonay was right. Since Ny’asia moved in, I have noticed I have changed in a lot of ways.

“Women want to feel secure in their relationships, Kazier. They want to feel loved; they want to know the person they’re with has their back. Your partner should be your best friend and someone you can let your guard down with. You’re in the public eye all the time. Every move you make is zeroed in on. You need someone who you can decompress to. I’ve known you for years, and I saw you genuinely happy in the past few months. You’re my client, but you’re also like a little brother to me. I just don’t want to see you mess up a good thing because you’re self-sabotaging.”

Jonay picked up her tablet and tapped it a few times. “I have a meeting to prepare for but think about what I said.”

“Nigga, where yo head at?” YJ asked, passing me the blunt.

I took it from him and took a long pull. “Yeah, you been zoned out since we got here,” Bishop mentioned.

I looked up at the game of 2k on the screen but didn’t reply right away. Since Ny’asia complained about not being able to sleep, I brought my game out of the game room down to my second living room. The guys had come over to play a couple of games, but my head wasn’t in it.

I hadn’t been able to get the talk I had with Jonay out of my head. Her words had been sitting on my chest since leaving our meeting.

“I’m good,” I passed the blunt and picked up a controller.

“You sure? You don’t seem fine.” I looked at YJ and Bishop.

They were my closest friends, my brothers. I had known them most of my life, but I knew they weren’t the ones to talk to about what I was feeling. The two of them were still in the stage of their lives that I was enjoying just a few months ago. Partying, bullshitting, fucking around.

“Y’all think y’all want to settle down anytime soon?” I asked randomly.

Both of them looked at me like I had three heads. “Hell nah, why would we want to do that shit?”

“Do you know how much pussy gets thrown at us daily? Why would we give that up so early in life?”

I chuckled.

“You regretting this domestic shit, huh?” Picking up the glass full of clear liquor, I shook my head.

“Nah, the complete opposite, honestly. It feels good having someone consistent around me.” I tossed the alcohol back.

“I mean, that might be cool for you, but nah, that ain’t the life I want, not right now at least,” Bishop commented, picking his controller up.

“Hell, I don’t think that’s the life I ever want. Being with one female for the rest of my life seems boring as fuck.”

I rolled my neck in a circle.

“That’s because you stay fucking with ditzy ass bitches,” I joked, making us all laugh.

“Aye, as long as I can bust a nut, they can be as ditzy as they want.”

“Ny’asia is cool, though. I can see why you’re cool with settling down with her.”

“Yeah, I fuck with her mean ass.”

“Kazier!” Ny’asia’s voice rang out.

“Pick yo team.”

I looked up at the screen. “Here,” I handed YJ the controller and stood up.

“Kazier!” Urgency filled Ny’asia’s voice.

“In the back,” I started for the kitchen

“Look, oh shit!” She quickly wrapped her robe around her naked frame. She was only wearing a sports bra but was panty less.

“Hey Ny’asia,” both Bishop and YJ called out.

I turned and mugged them. “Y’all better keep looking forward. C’mon,” I nodded my head in the direction she had just come from.

Ny’asia quickly turned and rushed back towards the front of the house.

“Sorry, I didn’t know you had company.” I waved her off.

“It’s cool. I’m sure they didn’t see shit. Wassup? You sounded like you were panicking.”

She shook her head. “No, I wanted to show you this.” She lifted her hand and her phone was in it. “The magazine released our pictures from the shoot. They turned out great!”

I grabbed the phone from her and tapped the screen.

In the first picture was Ny’asia blowing blue confetti, revealing the gender of our baby. It made me stop for a moment. The way her face was lit up in the next picture where I was caressing her stomach caused my heart to quiver. There was one of my holding her from behind while she held the sonogram in front of her.

“Damn, these turned out good.”

“They did. They make me want to do maternity pictures and have a real shoot.” I handed her the phone back. She was smiling as she looked through the photos again.

“Of course, they were posted, and the internet is having a ball and is being very supportive.”

“Fuck them if they weren’t supportive. This ain’t about them.”

“I know, but I feel like they’ve been battling me since I came into the picture. It’s nice finally seeing them not criticize something that has to do with us.”

Maybe it was the restlessness that had Ny’asia cranky this morning. She seemed like a completely different person now. I never realized how bright her face was when she was smiling. Her cheeks were fuller than they were pre-pregnancy, but it looked good on her already round face.

“I got you something.”

Ny’asia’s attention left her phone and she looked at me, confused. “You do?”

I nodded. “C’mere,” I led her to my bedroom.

I walked over to where I left the bag on my bed and picked it up. “Here,” I turned and handed it to her.

“What’s this?”

She looked inside. “You said you were having problems sleeping. I looked up how to fix that, and you know they actually make something called a pregnancy pillow.

Apparently, it's supposed to make you more comfortable when you sleep."

"Wait, you bought me a pregnancy pillow because I mentioned I had trouble sleeping?"

A gave her a lazy shrug. "I mean, you ain't the nicest person when you're sleepy." She giggled. "Plus, it really isn't much I can do to make this last trimester bearable for you. I figured the least I can do is make sure you're comfortable."

A soft expression appeared on her face. "Thanks, Kazier. This means a lot."

"You're not in this alone, and I wanted to show you that. Just let me know what I can do to make things easier, and I got you." Her smile grew.

"I'll keep that in mind. I'll let you get back to your friends."

I waved her off. "Them niggas will be a'right. I wanted to talk to you about something."

"What?"

"A family dinner. How does that sound to you?"

"A family dinner?"

“Yeah, we all got together when my dad came home, but obviously, shit wasn’t good with us. I know it still ain’t perfect, but we’re cordial, so I was thinking a redo.”

“Uh, yeah, sure, okay, I guess. I’ll never turn down food.”

I chuckled, “A’right bet.”

Ny’asia left my room, and I took a seat on my bed. Pulling my phone out, I went to my text messages.

I needed to put a couple things in motion, and this dinner was the start of it all.

NY ASIA

“I don’t think I’ll ever be happy about grocery shopping,” Maggie spoke as we moved through the grocery store.

“I have never been the one to grocery shop either. I’m more of a go grab what I need and leave type person,” I snickered.

“Oh, that’ll change once the baby gets here, trust me. Once you have to actually keep meals prepared, going grocery shopping will be a lifesaver.”

I followed Maggie down the baking aisle. “Today Ima show you how to make my famous peach cobbler. It’s my son’s favorite too,” Maggie winked at me.

“Maggie, I am not a baker or cook. I promise I’ll leave it to you.”

Maggie gave me a look. “How are things since you moved back in?”

I shrugged and grabbed one of the no-bake cheesecake boxes, scanning the directions. “Okay, I guess. We’re not arguing, so that’s a plus.”

“So, you two made up?”

I glanced up. “No. We just know we have to get along for the sake of his image and the baby.”

Maggie pressed her lips together. “Since Keyon’s been home, I’ve been the happiest I’ve been in a long time. Sometimes I’m afraid to go to sleep because I think it’s a dream, and he’ll be gone when I wake up.”

“I still can’t believe you held him down all that time. I salute you because I don’t think I could.”

“The whole reason my husband was behind bars was that he was defending me. There was no way I would turn my back on him. Plus, I know there’s no one in the world who I would connect with and love me properly.”

“My parents had a weird relationship. I knew they loved each other, but sometimes I felt like they were just going through the motions. I don’t think my mom would have stayed if my dad got locked up.”

Maggie stopped and grabbed a few spices. “You don’t talk about your parents. Would you be open to it if they wanted to reconnect with you?”

My eyes scanned the aisle. “I don’t know, I’m kind of content where my life is. I gave up wanting to have a relationship with them a long time ago. My relationship with my parents isn’t how you and Keyon are with Kazier. I mean, they made sure I was taken care of and everything. But my house wasn’t full of affection or open feelings. We just mainly lived our lives and took it one day at a time. I missed them because they’re my parents, of course, but truthfully, I was able to get over them kicking me out quickly.”

Maggie stared at me as if she wanted to say something but was holding back. “Well, I want you to know that’s not the case with us. If you ever need to talk or just need someone to hold your hand, whatever it is, I’m here.”

The corners of my mouth rose. “Thank you, Maggie. You’ve been so great since we got over that hump. I appreciate all the love both you and Iris have shown me.”

“That’s what family does. You’re a part of our family, and we look out for each other.”

She continued walking with me waddling behind her.

I had never been grocery shopping with my mom, so this experience was new for me. It was something simple, but it did mean a lot to me to be included.

“And our final step is to spray our setting spray to finish our look.” I closed my eyes and sprayed my face.

Today, I showed how to do eyes that were ombre yellow, orange, and red. I also added some jewels near the crease to spice it up. Today was the first day I brought out my airbrush machine. I’ve had it for several weeks now, and I have been practicing it so I could do a tutorial on it.

This week I will be using the machine a lot more and focusing on specific eye looks. I was excited to get to work. I received my color pallets from *Juvia’s Place* as well. I would be creating a few looks using that to fulfill my sponsorship obligations.

The colors seemed to pop more than normal eyeshadow which was the look I was going for.

I ended the recording and set my phone up to capture some pictures. First adjusting my mini ring light, I zoomed in

on my eyes, getting a closeup of the details. Then I got some shots of my full face.

I didn't do a full face beat today, but I did have a red tint gloss on my lips, making the red in my eyes pop more.

Once I got the shots I needed, I cleaned up my vanity area. I needed to go over my video later on before uploading it and then select what pictures I would upload for promo.

Since starting Ny On The Beat, my followers have doubled even more than they did with Kazier coming into my life. Women seemed to really be taking to my videos and loved my content. I received comments all the time asking me about different looks to try and recommendations on brands. I finally felt like I was making a difference and doing what I loved.

I also had received the email from Jonay with the dates she would need me to work on her clients, along with the pay I would receive. She told me she didn't want me to take on too much right now and only sent me a couple of events, but still, I was happy. I knew this would help me get my name out there.

Since getting with Kazier, I felt like people only saw me as his wife. I couldn't make a tweet or post a picture without him being mentioned. Now I was gaining my identity outside of him.

“Mommy’s gonna be a big makeup artist one day, peanut. Just wait,” I rubbed my stomach.

There was a knock on my door, causing me to spin my chair and turn around.

“My mom said the food is almost done,” Kazier poked his head in.

We were going to have Ben come cook, but Maggie instantly came and shut that idea down. It surprised me when Kazier recommended we have a family dinner, but I guess this was normal for them because no one else seemed surprised.

“Okay, I’ll be down in a few.”

He smiled at me. “I like the eyes, It’s different.”

My cheeks heated up, “Thank you.”

He nodded and walked out of my room. I looked towards my bed, where my pregnancy pillow was. It actually had helped me sleep the last couple of nights. I didn’t expect Kazier to go out of his way and get me one, but I was happy he did. I had been moody with him, mainly because I didn’t want to sweep what he said under the rug. I wasn’t really angry about the words anymore, more so hurt that he didn’t seem to have any remorse about saying them.

Shaking the thought away, I wouldn't let it get me down right now. I had been having a good day, and it would stay like that. Before I came to record, Maggie had shown me how to make her peach cobbler. I must admit it was fun, but not something I would do alone.

“Hey, boo,” I walked over to Iris and hugged her.

“Belly alert,” she laughed when she pulled back and placed her hand on my stomach. It was weird being in the dining room since we had never used it since I'd been living here.

“I know. He just keeps growing and growing,” I snickered.

“Hi, Keyon.” I moved around Iris to hug Keyon.

“How are you feeling?”

“Oh, you know, pregnant and huge,” I laughed.

He released me. “You seem to be carrying well. Maggie was huge with Kazier.”

“Gee, thank you!” Maggie walked into the room with a pan. Kazier was right behind her with another one.

“You were still beautiful though, baby.” He smirked at her.

“Don’t try to clean up now.” Keyon walked over to her and pulled her into him once her hands were free.

“I loved seeing you carry our big-headed son.” He dipped his head and kissed her.

“Do y’all have to always do all that?” Kazier complained.

“I think it’s cute,” Iris gushed.

“It’s actually not.”

“When you get out of the doghouse with your wife, maybe you’ll get shown some love.” Keyon winked at me, causing me to giggle.

My stomach rumbled when I smelled the food. I had requested a soul food dinner when Maggie asked what I wanted. I could smell the chicken and yams from here.

“Peanut, we’re about to eat good.” I rubbed my stomach and walked to the table.

It took a few minutes, but all the food was brought out, and we all took a seat.

“Maggie, this all smells and looks amazing. I can’t wait to dive in.”

“Then let’s not keep the pregnant woman waiting. Let’s say grace and dig in.”

She was getting no complaints out of me. We bowed our heads and Maggie blessed the food.

The moment she was done, I was ready to fill my plate, but the doorbell rang.

“Who’s that?” I asked, turning to look at Kazier.

He looked at his parents, then stood up. “Let’s find out.”

I was confused by the look they just shared but shrugged it off. We all started to fill our plates. My stomach growled louder.

“Someone’s excited,” Iris laughed.

“The further I get, the hungrier I find myself.” I shook my head, setting the greens down.

Maggie had made baked mac and cheese, yams, fried chicken, greens, and rolls.

“Ny’asia,” Kazier called out just as I bit into a drumstick.

Looking up to see what he wanted, the chicken dropped from my hand when I laid eyes on my parents.

My brows pinched and my nose scrunched up.

They were standing next to Kazier. My dad with a blank look on his face, and my mom smiled awkwardly.

I had to blink a few times to ensure I wasn’t seeing things.

“Mom? Dad?” I grabbed a napkin and wiped my mouth.

Slowly, I pushed away from the table and stood up.

“Look at you,” my mom gushed, stepping away from my dad.

“What, what are you two doing here?” Confusion filled me. My eyes bounced from Kazier to my parents.

“Your husband here reached out and invited us.”

“I…” my words escaped me.

I wasn’t sure how I felt exactly. “I’m Maggie, and this is my husband, Keyon. We’re Kazier’s parents,” Maggie spoke

up, breaking the awkward silence.

Most people might have been excited to be reconnected with their parents, but I wasn't. I could feel an inferno forming in my stomach.

“And I'm his cousin, Iris.”

“It's nice to meet you all. I'm Tina, and this is my husband, Marshall.” Just like when I was growing up, my dad wasn't very social, and my mom was the one breaking the ice. He looked like he didn't even want to be here, which I was sure was the case.

“Come sit down. There's plenty of food.”

My mom walked closer to me. She was staring at me in disbelief. “You look so good, honey.”

“No thanks to you,” I told her blandly.

Her mouth opened, but no words came out. “Love,” Kazier walked up to me.

I turned and faced him. “Why did you bring them here without speaking to me first?”

He looked confused. “I thought it might make you happy to have your parents around.”

“I haven’t had them in my life since I was 18. I was doing fine without them.”

“I see you’re still disrespectful as hell,” my dad finally spoke. “You would think we didn’t raise you with sense by how you’re carrying on.”

I looked around Kazier and cut my eyes at my dad. “Well, I act just like you, father.” I laughed sarcastically.

“Marshall, please. Don’t do this,” my mom pleaded.

“Don’t do what? She’s still the same ungrateful girl she was when she left our house all those years ago.”

“Left? I didn’t leave. You kicked me out. I was only 18, and you made me leave.”

“You damn right I did. Do you think I was going to allow you to throw away your life with that delinquent under my roof? I told you that boy was no good, but you wanted him anyways.”

“And that gave you the right to kick me out? Do you know what I went through because of that? How hard my life was?”

“Ny’asia,” Kazier grabbed me, but I snatched away.

“A hard head makes a soft behind. You didn’t want to listen to us, so you had to find out what life was like the hard way.”

My frown deepened.

I turned to my mom. “And you agree with him, right?”

She looked torn. Her eyes bounced from me to my dad.

“Can you both just calm down, please?”

I rolled my eyes and scoffed.

I felt like a teenager again. My dad and I always butted heads, and my mom tried to play the peacemaker.

“The two of you could have stayed away. I was fine without you.”

“I have never been the one to stay where I’m not wanted. Tina, let’s go.” My dad turned to leave.

“Good, I didn’t ask you to come here anyway.”

My dad and I stood in a stare-off. My hand went to my stomach. I could feel my son balling up, but I tried to rub it out. I knew the tension I was now feeling wasn’t good.

“Marshall!” My mom looked at me. “Ny’asia, please, can we just talk?”

“I don’t want to talk. You had years and didn’t use them.”

“Tina!” My dad’s voice grew louder.

“A’right, all that yelling isn’t necessary,” Keyon stood up.

My dad cut his eyes at him. “I get that you’re upset, but don’t be in here hollering at anyone.”

Instead of arguing, my dad looked back at my mom. “Tina, let’s go.”

My mom stared at me, but her shoulders sunk forward once she noticed I was budging.

“Thank you for the invite.” She looked at Kazier and turned around to leave.

The appetite I had was suddenly gone. There was no one in the world that could upset me like my dad could, and nothing has changed.

I turned to Kazier. “You should have asked me before you invited them.”

Spinning around, I stormed out of the dining around. I didn’t want to be around anyone right now. Seeing my parents after all these years had my emotions in a frenzy, and I wasn’t

sure how to deal with them. I should have known my perfect day wouldn't stay that way; it never failed.



“Ima go check on her.” Iris stood up, but I stopped her.

“Nah, I got it.”

My eyes went in the direction Ny’asia had just gone. I knew bringing her parents here was risky, but I wasn’t excepting the blow-up that had just happened.

“I could have slapped the hell out of her dad,” my mom complained as I left the dining room.

While on my way to Ny’asia’s room, I inhaled a deep breath, preparing myself for the attitude I knew was coming.

“Ny’asia,” I opened her door and stepped inside.

The moment I stepped inside her room, I heard her sniffles.

“Love?” I walked towards the bed where she was hunched over, crying into her hands. Seeing her upset caused a hollow feeling inside me.

Sighing, I sat on the bed next to her. For a while, neither of us said anything. I didn’t expect this reaction just

because I brought her parents here. “You shouldn’t have invited them here,” she said between her cries.

“I thought I was doing the right thing.”

She lifted her head and stared at me with a tear-stained face. “What made you think that was the right thing?”

“You’re always mentioning how you don’t have anyone, and you’re not used to people having your back. I just figured that if you and your parents fixed shit, you wouldn’t feel like that anymore.” I lifted my shoulders.

Ny’asia pulled on her bottom lip and wiped her eyes with the back of her hand.

“You know, I think one reason I was so quick to side with Damian back then was that I was so anxious to prove my dad wrong. We were always bumping heads and never agreed on anything. I guess me being with Damian was me rebelling against him,” she snorted. “Funny how that backfired.”

“I didn’t bring them here to upset you, love. All I wanted to do was help. If you want me to go find yo daddy and beat his ass for talking to you like that, I will.”

That got a laugh out of her. “As tempting as that sounds, no, I don’t want you to beat my dad’s ass. He just,

ugh, he's the only person in the world that could get me so upset." She rolled her eyes.

"Well, fuck that nigga then, love. You don't need his old ass anyways." I smiled when Ny'asia laughed again. I never realized how much I enjoyed that sound.

I wrapped my arm around her shoulder and pulled her to my side. "C'mon, you need to eat and feed my son."

Ny'asia looked up at me. "You really are a good guy when you're not being an asshole."

I smirked and kissed the top of her head, leaving my lips there for a moment. I felt a sense of serenity fill me, having her back in my arms. This was the first time since our argument that she allowed me this close to her. The fruity body wash I had grown accustomed to filled my nose.

Warmth scattered through my chest.

Ny'asia pulled away from me suddenly and her eyes shifted away from mine. Her cheeks were stained red.

"We should get downstairs," she stood to her feet. "I'm going to clean my face and I'll be back down there in a minute."

My eyes narrowed at her sudden change in behavior. I hated that even though we lived together again, we still seemed so far away. I thought tonight I was doing the right thing, and it might help us, but I was wrong.

I wasn't used to being in a position where I didn't know what to do. Females naturally gravitated to me. I didn't have to do shit but look their way, and they were ready to throw the panties at me. I hadn't been in a real relationship in years, and even then, I didn't have to put that much work in. Show a little attention, speak a few sweet words, and buy her something here and there while fucking her good was all Naomi wanted.

With Ny'asia, it was different. She wasn't accepting bullshit, and it seemed like all I kept giving her was bullshit. I had seen my dad handle my mom effortlessly until he got locked up. Even behind bars, he still made it work. I wasn't sure what the fuck I wasn't grasping when it came to this shit.

Pushing myself off the bed. I looked towards the bathroom where Ny'asia was. She had the door closed so I couldn't see her.

Gnawing on my bottom lip, I shook my head and walked back to the dining room.

“Thank you for meeting me,” Tina spoke as I took a seat across from her.

I looked at my phone. “I don’t have much time, so wassup?” I had a show tonight and had shit to take care of beforehand. Tina had called me, begging me to meet with her today. I was ready to tell her ass to get the fuck off my line, but my mom would beat my ass if she knew I disrespected my elders like that. She sounded sincere and desperate when she was on the phone, causing me to give in.

“How’s Ny’asia doing?” She asked with worried eyes.

“She’s good. I can say that you and your husband raised a fighter. I have never seen her let anything keep her down.”

A small snicker escaped Tina’s mouth. “She gets that from her father.” I frowned at the mention of her dad. I still wasn’t feeling how that nigga came in my crib and spoke to my wife. “I should have known coming to your house wasn’t going to go over well. My husband tried to shut the idea down, but I wouldn’t let up on the thought of seeing our daughter again.”

“Here’s where I’m lost. You seem like a decent woman, and the other day it looked like you cared for your daughter. So, explain to me what the hell made you kick her out and turn your back on her?” I cocked my head to the side and waited for her to answer.

She pressed her lips together and played with her hands. Her actions made me think of Ny’asia. She did this often when she was in deep thought or unsettled.

“As you can see, Ny’asia and her father both have fire spirits. She may look like me, but everything else she gets from Marshall. They always bumped heads because they were so much alike. Most of the time, I let them handle their issues and only stepped in when it got out of hand,” Tina paused and ran her hands over her jeans. “When Ny’asia started seeing that boy, she became a different person. Her attitude had gotten worse. She started breaking curfew and sneaking out. Lying about where she was. She wasn’t the daughter me and my husband raised.”

“So, because of that, you two thought it was best to kick her out?” My eyes narrowed.

“No, that wasn’t it. We told Ny’asia to leave that boy alone, that he was no good, but she wouldn’t listen. Once she

turned 18, she felt like she was grown and didn't have to listen to us at all. Now, I let a lot of things go, but a disrespectful child wasn't one. I was raised to respect my parents, and my daughter was raised the same way. Ny'asia thought she could stand on her own and that she didn't need us, so we let her go. Oddly enough, her father was against it at first. He comes off rough, but he does love our daughter. After a couple of days, I thought Ny'asia would see the grass wasn't greener on the other side and come back home ready to get her life back on track, but soon days passed, then months, and then years." A somber look appeared on her face. "The last thing I wanted was this much time to pass before we saw her again."

I stared at Tina, not speaking at first. Her reasoning for kicking Ny'asia out was understandable, but I didn't agree with them. Maybe it was because I came from a household where my parents never turned their back on me, but I couldn't see leaving your daughter out in the cold as a good solution for anything. Knowing what Ny'asia went through because of everything infuriated me.

"Do you have any idea what she went through because y'all turned your back on her? The hell she experienced because she felt like she didn't have anyone in her corner?"

Guilt filled her face. “Ny’asia could have come home at any time as long as...”

“Ain’t no as long as. Y’all should have been there for your daughter regardless of her going through a rebellious stage.”

Knowing that my son would be here a few months, I couldn’t picture myself turning my back on him. At first, I wasn’t all in with this pregnancy, but now that I was, I would never leave my kid out there to dry.

“I just want to be in my daughter’s life. Knowing she’s about to be a mother, seeing her carrying my grandson made me so happy. I know Ny’asia will be an amazing mother, and I don’t want to miss it. I want to get to know my grandchild as well. I was hoping that you could convince her to meet with me again.”

I stared at Tina trying to see if she was serious. “Look, if you know your daughter, you know she’s not one to turn the other cheek easily. In your case, I don’t blame her either. If she wants to have a relationship with y’all, then she’s gone do that shit on her accord. If she doesn’t, then I don’t blame her.” I stood up.

I didn't bother saying anything else. Everything that came from Tina's mouth sounded like excuses. I wasn't feeling her explanation, and I wasn't going to pressure Ny'asia to talk to them either. If she decided to deal with her parents again, it would be on her terms.

Currently, I was at Club Phantom celebrating another successful show. The crowd was lit, and I was in such a good mood that I played one of the tracks that would be featured on my upcoming album. I was always on a high after performing, and today was no different.

Too Easy remix was currently blaring through the club.

I sipped on my drink and bobbed my head to Gunna's verse. Phones were pointed at my section, and a flash would go off in my face every so often. I could see the dancefloor from where I was standing in my section. Just like every weekend, the club was packed.

"K-Don in the building. Wassup, bro?" The DJ shouted me out and the spotlight fell on me.

I lifted my glass and tossed a nod.

A few people started yelling my name, trying to get my attention.

“Boss,” Bruno walked over to me and whispered in my ear. I looked over towards the section entrance and saw Carmen standing there. I was riding solo tonight, just stopped by to show my face and leave.

“Let her in,” I told him.

He nodded and walked back to the front of the section.

A few seconds later, Carmen sashayed my way, grinning. She leaned over to me. “Hey.”

Glancing her way, I tossed my chin up. “Wassup?”

“You plan on being here long?” I finished my drink.

“Nah, I’m actually about to head out in a few.” Even though I had a good show, I wasn’t in the mood to be around a bunch of people partying. I had fulfilled my role and showed my face, and now I was ready to head out.

Carmen poked her bottom lip out. “So soon?” She stepped closer to me. The leather green dress she wore had her breasts ready to pop out.

“Yeah, I ain’t feeling this shit tonight.” I looked around the club again and then back at Carmen.

“What you doing here anyway?”

She shrugged. “Just thought I’d make an appearance.”

I rose a brow. “Alone?”

A sneaky grin appeared on her face. “Okay, you caught me. I knew you had an appearance and wanted to come show love,” she placed her hands on my arm and leaned in. “You know our song is being released next week?”

Pulling my head back, I stared at her. “Oh yeah? That’s wassup.”

Her smile grew. “I got the invite for your release party too. I’m excited to hear what you’ve been working on.” She dragged her tongue across her lips.

My eyes shifted to Bruno, and I tossed my head towards the door, letting him know I was ready.

“I’m about to head out though. I’ll see you at the release party.” I went to step around her, but she grabbed my hand.

“Wait, drink with me,” she batted her lashes. “Let’s celebrate our song.”

My brows furrowed. “Carmen, if this was a few months ago. I would have taken yo ass in the bathroom, bent

you over, and fucked the shit out of you before sending you on your way. I ain't on that shit anymore though. Find someone else to catch yo interest because it ain't me.”

I pulled away from her and stepped around her.

I had enough shit to worry about, and I wasn't about to add Carmen's ass to the list.

When I got home and was headed to my room, I saw the light from my second living room shining. Stepping inside, I saw Ny'asia was sitting there watching TV.

“You know there's a theater upstairs, right?”

Ny'asia jumped and looked behind her. “You love scaring the hell out of me,” she was holding her chest.

I chuckled and walked over to the couch sitting next to her. “My bad, I didn't mean to scare you. You know there's a theater upstairs, though.”

She shrugged. “I know, but I like sitting down here instead.”

Ny'asia was curled up with a cover over her, and I noticed an empty carton of strawberry ice cream on the table.

“What you watching?” I looked towards the TV, noticing a police station on the screen.

“Hangover.”

“Ah, this shit is funny as hell,” I leaned back.

Ny’asia glanced over at me. “Part one, two, or three?”

I gave her a look of disbelief. “You playing, right? Part one all day.”

She smiled and nodded. “Good choice. If you would have said any other one, I would be side-eyeing you.”

I chuckled. “How was your show? I saw some clips reposted by the blogs. Looked like a good turnout.”

“It was dope, sold out show.”

“People really fuck with K-Don, huh?”

“Can you blame them?” A cocky grin appeared on my face, causing her to roll her eyes.

“You’re too damn conceited, you know that.”

“It’s not being conceited when the facts add up.”

Licking my lips, I focused back on the TV. A loud laugh left my mouth when Allen was tasered. It could be

because I was high as hell, but this shit seemed ten times funnier than normal.

“God, I hope I don’t pee on myself.” Ny’asia laughed, holding her stomach.

“What the fuck,” I stared at her.

“Look, it just comes out sometimes, don’t judge me.” That only made me laugh harder.

“Yo pissy ass, man.”

“Whatever, it’s your son’s fault.” She whined, causing my eyes to drop to her stomach. It was hard to believe only a few more months were left of her pregnancy.

“Time’s getting closer.”

“You’re telling me.” I reached over and laid my hand on top of her stomach. She leaned back on the couch and turned to the TV.

I stayed in the living room with Ny’asia, enjoying the movie night I had invited myself to. We started the second Hangover, and halfway through Ny’asia was snoring in my ear, laying on my shoulder. I smiled down at her.

She casually got closer to me as the night went on. I don’t think she realized it when she laid her head on me, but I

wasn't complaining.

Lifting my hand, I pushed her hair out of her face.

She shifted some but didn't wake up.

My eyes went to her lips, slightly parted, releasing small breaths.

A stirring formed in my stomach, and my heart raced.

Grabbing her chin, I lifted her face up and slowly dipped my head, placing my lips on hers. My chest constricted. I missed the feel of her pillow-soft lips against mine.

"Mhm," she moaned and snuggled closer into me.

I lifted up and studied her face.

I needed to figure out how to get the two of us back on the same page.

Pulling my phone out, I sent Hanna a text. I think I finally understood what everyone had been telling me. Now it was just time to prove it.

NY ASIA

“Damn,” Kazier muttered when I stepped down the steps.

The corners of my lips lifted into a smile.

“I take it you like what you see?” I stepped on the bottom step and did a spin.

“Shit, I love what I see,” he licked his lips.

Tonight was Kazier’s album release party. Jonay had been texting me all day to let me know how important it was for me to show up. I was on the fence about it at first since, even though I was being amiable, I still wasn’t completely over what Kazier had said and done. His attitude had been different since I came back to the house, but I have yet to hear the words ‘I’m sorry.’ Still, I decided to go. I had never been to an album release party before, and I thought the experience would be nice.

The two of us were matching in red and black. I was wearing my choker Kazier had gifted me for my birthday and

the tennis bracelet. Kazier, of course, had his three chains on and his Rolex around his wrist.

Slipping my feet into my flats, I turned to face my husband. “Ready?” He asked.

I nodded. “Yeah.”

I ran my hand down the front of the jumpsuit I was wearing, smoothing it out. Kazier reached out for my hand. I looked down at it before slowly reaching for it. The hairs on my arm rose the moment my hand was in his.

I looked at him and he was wearing a cocky grin.

“Let’s roll.”

I was sitting on the L-shaped couch watching as the lounge where Kazier’s release party was being held filled up. Bottles were being served, waitresses in white crop tops and black biker shorts were walking around with trays of champagne in flutes.

The screen behind the DJ booth was playing the video to one of Kazier’s songs being played over the speakers now.

I took a sip of my sweet tea while nodding my head to whatever Iris was saying to me. I was too busy taking in the

scene.

“Yo, there’s some fine as bitches here tonight.” YJ came into the section with a bottle in his hand.

“Do you always have to be so vulgar?” Iris looked at him with her face balled up.

He looked at her, grinning. “I wouldn’t be me if I wasn’t baby.” He brought the bottle back to his lips before taking a seat on the loveseat. I watched him pull out some weed and paper to roll up in.

“God, I miss smoking,” I groaned, drinking my sweet tea again.

“You feeling a’right?” Kazier walked up to me with both Jonay and Hanna with him. She was around Jonay’s age and good at her job.

I looked up at him. “Yeah, I’m fine.”

“Still, I had Hanna grab you something to eat.” Hanna stepped up and handed me a bag. “It’s those chicken sandwiches you like.”

“Now you’re speaking my language.” I set the drink down and happily took the bag.

Everyone around me laughed, but I ignored them.

“Hanna, I could kiss you right now,” I said with a mouthful of food.

“Damn, I had her buy it. What about me?” Kazier smirked at me.

“Eh, you might get lucky.” I bit into the sandwich again.

“Oh, Kazier, they need you for some pictures,” Jonay looked up and told him.

He glanced over his shoulder at her.

“A’right. Iris, keep an eye on her for me, a’right?” Kazier’s eyes were locked on mine. Something was dancing in them, but I couldn’t put my finger on it.

“I got her.”

The three of them walked off.

I bobbed my head to the music, enjoying the mixed playlist that was currently going on. I could see Bishop in the corner whispering into some girl’s ear while she grinned like an idiot at whatever he was saying. I noticed a bunch of celebrities in the building too.

“Isn’t that Carmen, the girl Kazier just made a song with?” Iris pointed, and I rolled my eyes.

“Yeah, that’s her.”

She walked through the crowd in a sheer see-through dress, all smiles showing off her bra and panties.

Iris laughed. “By that look, I guess you’re not a fan.”

“She’s just too friendly for my liking,” I rolled my eyes.

“She fine as fuck though,” YJ spoke, blowing smoke out his mouth. I had forgotten he was there.

“If you say so.” I tossed the rest of my sandwich in my mouth and grabbed my tea.

“Aye, I wanna thank all for coming and fucking with your boy tonight.” Kazier’s voice sounded through the building. I looked in the direction of the stage where he was standing with his mic. “This project has been a long time coming, but a nigga’s a perfectionist, so I wasn’t releasing shit until I was satisfied with every track. Now let’s get to why all of y’all are here. DJ, play that shit.”

The current song that was playing shut off as the song switched.

“Yeah boy!” YJ hopped up and headed out of the section.

A guy with a camera walked over to us and told Iris and me to pose.

“I’m about to go grab a drink from the bar. I’ll be right back.” Iris stood up once he left.

I was crowd watching, and it seemed like everyone was fucking with the album. My eyes found Kazier, and Carmen was in his face. Rolling my eyes, I watched them for a minute. She had laughed at something and brushed her hand over his shoulder.

“Thirsty bitch,” I mumbled.

A couple minutes went by, and I pulled my phone out, snapping a few pictures. “Let me hop in one of these.” Kazier sat down and pulled me into him. I could smell the liquor and weed on him.

“I thought you were busy with your friend.” I tried to hide my jealousy but failed.

“Who?” His face frowned up.

“Carmen. It looked like y’all were having a funny conversation.”

He stared at me before laughing and pulling me closer to him. “I ain’t thinking about her ass. It’s only one girl in here

that got my attention.” Kazier surprised me when he nuzzled his face into my neck.

“What are you doing?” He bit down on my skin.

“K-Don, can I get a picture of you and the misses.”

The photographer was back.

Kazier kissed my neck then lifted his head. “Yeah.”

We took several photos for the guy. Kazier was being extra touchy tonight. I was playing along because we weren’t letting the public know we were having issues, but it was throwing me off. Part of me was enjoying the extra attention since we hadn’t been on the same page, I hadn’t been getting the affection I had grown accustomed to. It was safe to say my body was still craving his touch.

“I’m going to blame how you’re acting on the liquor,” I leaned in and whispered to him.

He turned his head and a lazy grin fell on his face. “Ain’t shit about how I’m acting got to do with alcohol. I can show my wife love, right?” He moved in and pecked my lips quickly.

“I’m glad to see you two getting along.” Jonay walked over to us, smiling.

“I’m just playing the part.”

“Bullshit. Stop acting like you don’t miss a nigga.” His eyes ran over me.

I could feel my body getting hot. “Whatever.” I turned my head.

The night continued. Kazier would disappear at times, but he always made sure to come back to where I was.

The One was playing, and I was standing up, rapping along to it. Kazier had come in the section behind me. I glanced down when I felt something hit my neck. I noticed he placed his K chain around my neck. I grabbed the chain feeling my heart swell. His arm wrapped around me and he pulled me into him. Instead of pulling away, I melted against him.

His mouth went to my ear, and he rapped along to his song. I rocked along with him to the beat, rapping along with him. I closed my eyes enjoying the space we were in right now. My stomach began to flutter.

A flash appeared, causing my eyes to snap open, and I saw it was the photographer. As the song faded out, Kazier kissed my ear.

“I have a surprise for you.” Craning my neck to look at him, he pulled away with a sneaky grin on his face and grabbed my hand.

“C’mon.”

Kazier pulled me through the crowd. He made sure to keep me close and stopped a few times to dap people up and speak.

I was shocked when he pulled me on the stage with him.

“Wassup up, muthafuckas,” he said into the mic. “I’ve been doing this for years and it still seems unreal. Releasing my second album at 26 was never where I saw myself, but God had other plans for me, and I’m thankful as hell.” Kazier still had a hold on me as he spoke.

“I know y’all came here to listen to The Don, and I fuck with y’all because y’all fuck with me, but I wanted to take a minute and speak to my wife.”

My brows furrowed when Kazier turned to face me. His thumb brushed over the top of my hand while the corners of his mouth rose.

“We been putting on a good show for everyone, but truthfully my wife ain’t been fucking me lately.”

“Kazier,” I whispered, turning to look at the crowd.

“I learned some shit from her past, and instead of holding my wife down and being on her side, I let outside people influence me, and I said some fucked up shit to her.” His tongue ran over his lips.

I turned back to him; from the corner of my eye, I saw we were now on the screen behind us.

“I thought shit with us would just blow over, and we would go back to normal, but I was wrong, for the first time in my life.” Playfully rolling my eyes, I snickered. “Anyway, love, I want to say I’m sorry in front of everyone here and, most importantly, you. The shit I said to you was wrong, and I should have never even let that shit come to mind.

You and I started off in the most bizarre way. We both know that, and I didn’t think this shit with us would work out, but I was wrong. Over the past months, we grew a bond that I ain’t never felt with anyone else. I know you ain’t really fucking with me right now, but I’m willing to do anything to get back in your good graces and restore peace in our house. Seeing you carrying my son, my legacy, makes a nigga happy

as hell. I know I wasn't on board at first, but now I'm excited about becoming a father. I see you doing your makeup, making a name for yourself without ever asking me for any help. You wanted to get that shit out the mud, and you're doing that shit, love, just like I know you're going to be a bomb-ass mother.

I'm rambling and shit now. But I'm saying all that to say I love you, Ny'asia Shantae Waters. I privately hurt you, but I want to publicly let everyone know I fucked up. I'm sorry, and I love you."

Tears were clouding my eyes. My stomach hadn't stopped doing flips since Kazier first started talking. The last thing I expected was this speech he was giving. It was the first time since everything happened that he took accountability for what he did and said.

My mouth dropped when Kazier dropped down to one knee and grabbed my left hand. He went into his pocket and pulled out a box. "I didn't do this shit right the first time, and I know you deserve more than just a spare of the moment ass wedding. So let me do this the correct way. Ny'asia, love, will you marry me?" He let go of my hand and opened the box.

The tears in my eyes finally fell.

I was shocked to see the size of the ring. I thought my current ring was nice, but this one was gorgeous. A round double halo ring. It was coated with white diamonds on the outside and pink diamonds inside, with a large circular pink diamond in the middle. The band was encrusted in white diamonds as well.

“Answer him, girl,” I heard Iris’s voice ring out after I was silent.

I looked into the crowd and all eyes were on us. I saw phones out recording.

My attention went back to Kazier. My head moved up and down.

“Yes, yes, I’ll marry you.”

He put the ring on my finger and pulled me into a hug.

“I love you.” I wrapped my arms around him.

“I’ll never doubt you again,” he told me before crashing his lips into mine.

I thought my heart was going to leap through my chest. To say I was completely caught off guard was an understatement. Hearing Kazier confess his love in front of everyone was sweeter than any piece of candy I could eat.

After all the doubt I had about us, I finally felt like we were on the same page.



“You’re trending,” Ny’asia let me know.

I brushed the hair from the nape of her neck and pecked it lightly. “Oh yeah?” I rubbed on her swollen belly.

“Mhm. For your album and your heart-filled apology to your gorgeous, amazing wife.” Smiling, I inhaled her scent.

I had been on a high since she agreed to marry me for real. I couldn’t wait to get her to our house alone.

“My wife is amazing, huh?”

“And gorgeous, don’t forget that.”

“Never.”

I kissed down the back of her neck. “Can you get on your hands and knees?” I asked in between kisses.

I didn’t know what was safe or uncomfortable for her, so I didn’t want to overdo anything, but my tongue was craving her essence. I had a lot of time to make up for.

Ny’asia looked over her shoulder at me. “I’m sure we can make it work.”

Moving in, I pulled her bottom lip into my mouth and sucked on it. My hand slid down between her thighs and swiped over her already drenched walls.

“Damn, do you ever dry up?” I groaned, inserting a finger.

“Never for you.”

Pulling back, I stared at her low eyes. “Just for me?” I moved my thumb to her clit and rubbed on it. Her eyes fluttered and she pulled her bottom lip into her mouth while nodding her head

“Just for you, baby.”

“And only me.”

“And only you. Oh god,” she moaned when I inserted another finger.

It took no time for her juices to soak my hand.

Withdrawing my hand from between her legs, I sucked on my fingers, causing my hunger to grow. Lifting up, I helped Ny’asia get on her hands and knees before moving behind her.

I kissed her back, moving lower and lower. Shivers shot through her body each time my lips touched her flesh.

When I got to her ass, I caressed her cheeks and sunk my teeth into them. They were plumper since she had gotten pregnant. Pulling her cheeks apart, I kissed my way to the center, sticking my tongue out and circling her hole before kissing it. Her body jerked.

Moving my hand to her pussy, I rubbed on her slick walls.

“Damn, you cumming already, love?” I smirked when I felt her growing wetter and her body jerking.

“I can’t help it,” she pushed her ass back into my face.

Chuckling, I dove back in.

Her pussy was staring at me from behind, wet and swollen, begging me to put it in my mouth, which I happily did.

I sucked on her lips while thumbing her clit. My tongue swiped over her juices before entering her.

Ny’asia’s moans grew louder as she grinded her pussy into my face. Her legs begin to shake. I sucked on her peach roughly, trying to milk her for all she had.

I loved the way she was making it rain on me.

Lifting up, I licked my lips, stripped out my boxers, and positioned myself behind her. Slipping inside her, I closed my eyes the moment her walls locked around me. You couldn't even tell I was just inside her last night.

I grabbed her hips and started moving in and out of her. "Shit, love. I don't think Ima last long." She started throwing it back on me, matching my pace.

Her skin slapped against mine, sounding like two hands clapping. Moving one of my hands to her shoulders, I gripped it and sped up my strokes.

"Kazier!" She cried.

I watched myself move in and out of her. My dick was drenched in her wetness. She clenched her walls around me.

"Shit, love, let up," I complained, trying not to cum yet.

"I can't," she cried, throwing it back faster.

Swiping my tongue over my lips, I wrapped my arm around her waist, being mindful of her stomach, and pulled her up. Her back hit my chest, and I held her securely. I kissed on her shoulder, still moving in and out of her.

Ny'asia's head fell to the side and she sighed lowly.

I moved one hand to her breast and tweaked her swollen nipples.

“These titties big as fuck, love. Look how they fill my hands,” I said into her ear as I gripped her breasts and kissed her ear.

She reached down and gripped my knee, sinking her nails into it.

Using the tip of my tongue, I dragged it up her shoulder to her neck, sucking on it roughly. Feeling myself about to cum, my strokes sped up.

Fire filled my stomach.

My pulse raced.

“Damn, I love this pussy,” I mumbled against her neck, pushing deeper into her.

Her body trembled then jerked forward. Her lips quivered with unspoken passion.

Giving her a couple more strokes, my body tensed, my hold on her became tighter. My teeth sunk into her neck as I exploded inside her while squeezing my eyes shut.

Again, her walls clenched around my dick, milking it dry.

Tremors shot through Ny'asia's body, and a whimper escaped her mouth.

I released a couple deep breaths. My heart was pounding faster than normal in my chest.

“Kazier,” Ny'asia spoke in a weak and tremulous whisper.

Lifting my head, I stared into her eyes. They gleamed with a smoldering flame.

“We're really going to do this? Like for real right?”

I searched her eyes and could see a hint of uncertainty filling them. I didn't blame her; I let her down when she needed me most.

Moving in, I rested my forehead on hers and pecked her lips. “We locked in for life, love. This shit forever till the caskets drop.”

“Look at you, son. I'm so proud of you,” my mom grabbed my face and gushed.

“Maggie, let the boy get in the house before you ambush him,” my dad lifted his head and spoke.

“Oh hush, Keyon, my son is finally becoming a man. You made me so happy when I watched that video.” She pulled my face to her and kissed my cheek.

Chuckling, I shook my head. “Mama chill. I’ve been a man.”

My mom let me go and stepped back. “No, you weren’t, but it’s okay. I knew you would get it right soon.” She walked over to where my dad was sitting and took a seat next to him.

“Where’s Ny’asia? Why didn’t you bring her?”

I walked over to the loveseat and took a seat. “She was tired, so I let her sleep.” Smirking, I ran my hand over my braids. The moment Ny’asia and I finished up, she was already snoring. I figured that would happen though. It seemed like her ass was always tired now.

“Oh yeah, well, that’s understandable.”

I leaned back in my seat and pulled my phone out. Jonay was sending me the numbers so far for my album sales. I had already hit number one on Apple Music and number two on Spotify. My streams were steadily climbing too.

“I hate we missed your release party, but it looks like it went well.”

I lifted my head and nodded. “Yeah, it did. Everyone rocking with the album too.”

“That’s good! I know your label must be happy.”

“Yeah, they have been on my case for months about finishing the album. Now that it’s out, they’re satisfied.”

My eyes bounced between my parents. “Anyway, I didn’t stop by for that. If we can get approval from your parole officer, dad, I was thinking we should take a trip.”

“Ooo, a trip where?” My mom’s face lit up.

I lifted my shoulders. “Anywhere y’all want. Hawaii, Cali, Miami, Puerto Rico. I know you can’t go out of the country, so we’re limited, but we can make it work.”

My dad rubbed his chin. “It would be nice to see something different. Even though I’m out, I hate that my movements still have to be limited.” He looked over at my mom. “Fuck it, let’s make it happen.”

My mom’s smile grew. It was nice seeing the love she had for my dad never wavered.

“But Ny’asia can’t travel this far in her pregnancy, right?” My mom looked over at me.

“Nah, I’m sure she can’t. I was thinking after she gives birth. My son will be here, and I can start showing him the world early,” I looked at my phone. “Just figure out where y’all wanna go, and I’ll handle the rest,” I stood up.

“Ima head out,” I walked over to my parents. Leaning down, I kissed my mom’s cheek.

“I’ll walk you out,” my dad said, standing up.

“Bye, son.”

My dad and I walked out of the house. The sun hit us instantly. Summer had come full blast swinging.

“Wassup?” I turned to him.

My dad stuck his hands into his pocket and looked out into the street.

“You only have a few months until the baby gets here. You fixed things with your wife. Your career is going well.” He stopped talking and looked at me. “I just want to tell you I’m proud of you. I know me going away when I did wasn’t easy, and you stepped up to be the man of the house when you shouldn’t have had to, but you did. I wasn’t there to show you

how to properly be a man or handle a woman correctly. I tried to guide you from behind bars, and I don't know if I did that or not, but-

“You did,” I cut him off. My brows pulled into an affronted frown. “I don't blame you for getting locked up. You were not only defending the woman you loved, but my mother. I didn't mind stepping up and helping when I did. You said you didn't get to show me how to be a man, but you did. Until you got locked up, I saw you as my role model; hell, even when you were behind bars, I still did. You always gave me advice when I needed it, chewed me out when I needed it, and kept me motivated when I needed it. You don't have anything to worry about.”

His jaw clenched. “Still, sometimes I feel like less than a man. I come home just to sit on my ass. I've been applying for jobs, but let's be real, no one's gonna hire an ex-con with a murder charge on his record.”

“You don't need to work, Pops. I got you.”

“That's the point. You shouldn't have to have me. I'm the parent. I'm used to being a provider for my family. Prison snatched that away from me, and that shit doesn't sit right with me.” He started pacing back and forth.

I watched my dad as he walked back and forth in front of me. Scratching my jaw, I thought about what he said.

“Dad, you’ve only been out a few weeks. Enjoy that and stop worrying about all the other shit. Mom’s happy to have you home, and y’all got a lot of years to make up for.”

My dad stopped pacing and turned to look at me.

“And here I thought I was the parent,” He smirked, causing my face to match his.

“You always told me there’s nothing wrong with a man accepting help when necessary.” I grabbed his shoulder. “Let me help you, Pops. Enjoy being a free man, and when you’re ready to work, start your own business or some shit, but don’t be out here beating yourself up about anything.”

“Everything okay?” The front door opened and my mom popped her head outside.

She looked between my dad and me.

I looked at my dad and a grin appeared on his face. “Yeah, just realizing you were right. Our son is finally a man.” This time he patted my shoulder.

I spoke to my parents a little longer before heading out. I needed to stop by my label and a couple other places before

heading back home.

“What you in here in deep thought about?” I asked Ny’asia when I stepped into my room.

“Ordering stuff for the baby. I figured we should start working on the nurse.” Her eyes were locked on her laptop. “I told the people who were holding my townhouse I would pass on it. I hope that’s okay.”

Gripping the papers in my hand, I walked over to the bed and sat on the edge of it.

“I’m actually glad to hear you say that. Here,” I held the envelope out.

“What’s that?”

“Just take it.”

She dipped her brows together and grabbed the envelope. While she looked through it, I grabbed the laptop to see what she was considering.

“Okay, so you don’t want a theme?”

“No, I like the colors navy blue, white, and gold. I think that will be good. What do you think?”

I scrolled through the cart. She had a crib, changing table, wall decorations, and some other things for the room.

“I like it. You getting anything else?”

“No, not from this site at least.”

“Cool,” I clicked the checkout button and started entering my information to pay.

“Wait, what is this? Kazier!”

“Huh?” I went into my pocket for my wallet and pulled out my black card.

“What are you doing?”

“Paying for our son’s stuff.”

“But I-”

“Am going to let me pay.”

“Okay, but what is this? The deed to the house?”

“Yeah, I had my lawyer add you to it. That way, this house is half yours too.”

I kept my eyes on the laptop screen.

“Wait, you’re serious?”

After hitting the place order button, I looked up at her, and she was staring at me in disbelief.”

Setting the computer to the side, I tilted my head to the side and glanced down at the papers.

“I don’t want you to ever worry about not being stable again. You thought I wasn’t listening when you were cursing my ass out, but I was,” she smiled when I said that. “So, this house is yours too, love.”

“Kazier,” her voice broke.

Her eyes filled with tears and her hands trembled.

Ny’asia set the papers down and climbed over to me and onto my lap. Her arms circled my neck and she hugged me tightly. Her face went into the crease of my neck, and I felt her tears hit my skin.

“Thank you. You have no idea how much this means to me.” Her body shook against mine.

My arms wrapped around her and held her tightly.

I allowed her to release her emotions as I silently held her. A sure feeling shot through me. My body was numbed with comfort.

I could feel my son's kicks on my stomach, only causing my heart to grow larger.

“Thank you.” Ny'asia sniffed back her tears and lifted her head. She was smiling softly and her cheeks were flushed.

“Don't thank me for shit I should have done a long time ago. This is your home, Ny'asia. Now me or anyone else can take that away from you.”

She inhaled a deep breath and licked her lips.

Seeing how emotional this made my wife showed me this was the right move. She stressed about not having anything solid and stable in her life. I now realized it was my job to give that to her.

NY ASIA

“I hope this is the right move,” I spoke while pulling my dress up. “Can you zip me please?” I asked Kazier as I turned around.

“If you don’t want to go or you’re not ready, no one will fault you,” he said, brushing his hand down the center of my back.

Today I was going to meet with my parents. Kazier had told me about his meeting with my mom, and it got me to thinking. With my son coming, I didn’t want to leave any stone unturned. I wasn’t agreeing to let them back in my life, but I was going to hear them out for closure for myself.

“Ow.” I gripped my stomach.

“You good?” Rubbing the pained area and taking small breaths, I nodded.

“Yeah, Peanut just moved wrong. Shit,” I winced.

“Maybe you should reschedule this and just chill here.”

“Kazier, I’m fine.” Standing straight up, I headed into the walk-in closet where the mirror was and looked myself over. The strapless dress I had on flared around the midsection and hugged my breasts snugly. I was going with a natural look today, doing light makeup, and my hair was parted down the middle. It had already grown back a good length since I cut it.

I stepped out of the closet and walked over to the bed, grabbing my crossbody.

“Ima start moving your shit down here while you’re gone.”

I looked over my shoulder.

“Oh, I get to move in the house and the room full time, huh?” He chortled.

“What the fuck I look like not having you in bed with me every night?”

Heat rushed to my cheeks.

Turning around, I walked to him. “Well, good thing I feel the same way,” I leaned up with my lips poked out.

I loved the shift in dynamic that Kazier and I were experiencing.

“I’ll see you later.” I went to leave the room and jumped when Kazier’s hand went across my ass.

“That shit is looking nice as hell.”

Giggling, I added an extra switch in my walk. I wasn’t going to complain about the affection Kazier was showing me. Since being with him, I craved his touch. I loved that I didn’t have to fight it anymore.

“I’m so glad you agreed to come by, honey.” My mom welcomed me into the house. Not bothering to respond, I looked around the house I had grown up in. Not much had changed since I left years ago.

I looked at my dad, who was sitting on the couch. His eyes bore into me with an unreadable look in them.

“Are you hungry, or do you want anything to drink?” I shook my head.

“I’m fine.”

My mom stared at me. “I can’t believe you’re having a baby. Seems like just yesterday I was pushing you out and holding you for the first time.” Her eyes locked on my stomach.

“Marshall, isn’t it amazing? Our baby is having a baby.”

My mom turned to my dad. When he didn’t respond, she turned to face me again. “Come sit down, Ny’asia. You shouldn’t be on your feet.”

I nodded and walked over to the loveseat.

An awkward silence filled the room. I was thinking this was a mistake.

“Okay, I’m just going to get this out the way so I can go,” I finally spoke. “At 18, I wrote the both of you out of my life, and since then, I’ve been learning to survive on my own. I’ve struggled and went through hard times, but as you can see, I overcame them. Now I’m married, pregnant, and building my brand as a successful makeup artist, and more importantly, I’m happy. I know that Kazier had good intuitions when he came and found y’all, but honestly, I’m not looking for a relationship with the two of you. You two weren’t in my life, but I was fine with that. I’ve built a life without you, and it’s a glorious life.”

Sadness flushed over my mom’s face. “So why did you come here, then?” My dad spoke up.

“Marshall!”

“No, Tina. I can see she’s still that same ungrateful girl she was when she left at 18.”

“You mean when you kicked me out? Stop making it seem like I voluntarily left the house, dad.”

“You basically did. You wanted to be grown, so we let you be grown. Don’t be upset with us because of whatever you went through.”

“Marshall, stop,” my mom cut her eyes at him. “Ny’asia, please. You have to see where we were coming from. You weren’t being rational back then, and at the time, allowing you to make your own mistakes seemed like the right thing to do.”

I winced when a cramp shot through the bottom of my stomach. “Now that I’m about to be a parent, I could never see myself giving up on my kid. I know I acted out back then, and I was wrong for siding with Damian, but you two didn’t even try to compromise with me. You just cut me out of your lives and went on with your lives.”

“That’s not true and you know it!” My dad’s voice boomed.

“It is! Don’t tell me it’s not. Because I made things uneasy for you guys, you gave up. Y’all always hated things that didn’t fit into the box, y’all wanted them to. Y’all ever wondered why I connected with Damian? Huh? It was because he actually showed me attention and affection. I felt like I actually mattered to him.”

“Oh bullshit, Ny’asia. Stop acting like we neglected you.”

“I never said you did, but you two weren’t affectionate, either. I barely heard the words, I love you growing up. I hardly ever remember being hugged. Everything was just straight and narrow with you two. If I wasn’t arguing with dad about actually listening to me, I was annoyed because mom was so mellow with everything.”

“Ny’asia,” my mom sputtered.

My stomach began to hurt more. I stood up, preparing to make my exit. This wasn’t doing anything but stressing me out, and I didn’t need that. “Look, I just came here to let you know I’m good without you two. I don’t want you in my life, and I would like us to continue living how we’ve been doing these past few years.”

I didn’t bother to wait for either of them to answer me.

I walked out of the house and to the truck, where Jodeci was waiting for me.

“Where to?” Jodeci asked when I was in the truck.

“Home, please.” I laid my eyes back and closed my eyes.

I wasn't sure if my parents thought I was coming there to reconcile with them, but that's not what I wanted. When I said I wanted to leave my past in the past, that included them.

“You've been quiet since coming home.” Kazier stepped into the shower with me.

My eyes snapped open and I jumped. “I really hate when you do that.”

He laughed and pulled me into him. “My bad. I just wanted to see how you were feeling.”

I had asked Kazier for some space when I got home. I just needed to decompress from meeting with my parents. The tightness in my stomach had thankfully gone away, and after eating, I laid down and fell asleep.

Turning around, I faced him. I could tell he was worried.

“I’m good now.”

“I shouldn’t have went to see your parents. If I knew, it would cause more harm than good-”

“Sshh,” I moved in and kissed him. “I appreciate the thought. I needed that closure, and now I can move on.” I stepped closer to him.

I had the overhead showerhead on. The water poured down on us as our kiss grew deeper. Kazier backed me into the wall and bent down, lifting me up.

He slowly lowered me down on his shaft, never breaking his lips from mine. I whimpered into his mouth as he pushed upwards. Kazier’s tongue entered my mouth. I sucked it slowly as a hot searing bolt of pleasure struck me.

Right now, this was what I needed. The connection from my husband. Something that felt real to me. My heart choked within my throat. My brain seemed to spin and fire rushed through my blood.

I cried out in pleasure. Begging Kazier to fuck me faster. The physical connection the two of us were sharing was desperately needed right now.

“Kazier!” I groaned, hitting his arm. Pain shot through my stomach. It felt like it was being torn apart.

“Kaz-” I couldn’t even get his full name out this time. My eyes squeezed shut. I clenched my jaw. Tears filled my eyes.

I hit Kazier again, this time gaining his attention.

“Ny’asia, what the hell!”

“Something’s wrong.” I whimpered.

That caused him to spring up. He reached over and turned the light on.

“Shit, you’re bleeding,” I hugged my stomach tightly. The pain was getting unbearable at this point.

I was scared, praying my baby would be okay.

“I, I, AHHH!” I yelled.

“I got you. Fuck, where’s my phone?” I heard him scrambling around. My body was burning up. I could feel sweat forming on my forehead. My head began to spin and breathing became harder.

I could faintly hear Kazier in the background before silence took over.



Pacing back and forth as my heart pounded loudly in my chest, I couldn't get the sounds of Ny'asia's screams or the image of her bleeding out of my head.

This was my fault. I noticed her grabbing her stomach more than once, but when I brought it up, she said our son had moved wrong. I should have known something was wrong and forced her ass to the hospital.

"Kazier, why don't you take a seat?" My mom came up behind me and grabbed my shoulder.

I stopped moving and turned to face her, chewing heavily on my bottom lip. "You didn't see the blood, mom. What if..." I couldn't even let the words leave my mouth. Not only was I worried about my wife, but my son as well. As soon as we got to the hospital, they rushed her into the back for an emergency c-section. That was an hour ago. I called my family once I finally got a grip on what was going on.

"Don't even think that. Ny'asia is strong and she's going to make it out of this."

Tears clouded my eyes. I hadn't felt this kind of fear, ever. Pain shot through my chest. The back of my throat burned.

A sympathetic look flashed over my mom's face. She leaned up and wrapped her arms around me, pulling me into a hug.

"They're both going to be okay, baby. We just have to pray and believe God has them."

My eyes squeezed shut.

My shoulders were tight.

"Come sit down." I allowed my mom to lead me over to the chairs in the waiting area. The hospital put us up in a private waiting area away from prying eyes. The last thing I wanted to deal with was nosey-ass fans.

Leaning forward, I rested my elbows on my knees with a tight jaw. Folding my hands, I tried to ease my racing mind.

My eyes shifted when a hand touched my back. My dad had come back from the bathroom.

"Any word?"

Silently, I shook my head.

A few more minutes passed.

My leg began to bounce as an antsy feeling overcame me. My stomach was tight.

Sweat was forming on my forehead.

“Fuck this,” I shot out of my seat. Storming over to the receptionist, I slammed my hand on the desk.

“I need an update on my wife and son.”

She looked up at me. “There is no update, sir.”

“It’s been over an hour, what the hell is going on?” My voice grew louder.

I could feel the vein in my neck pulse.

“Son,” my dad came over and grabbed me. “I get you’re frustrated and scared but yelling and getting kicked out of the hospital will not do Ny’asia or your son any good.”

I dragged my top teeth across my bottom lip. “I just need some news.” My knees felt weak. I have never been a patient person. The waiting, along with the not knowing, was killing me.

“I know, we all do. But we need to let the doctors do their job.” He led me back to my seat.

My leg bounced even faster than before.

My pulse was racing.

“She’s going to be okay, Kazier.” Iris sat next to me.

I closed my eyes, drowning everyone around me out. Right now, I just needed a moment to get myself together.

Another half-hour went by. My jaw was sore from how hard I had been clenching. I could feel my nerves starting to become even more uneasy.

“Family of Ny’asia Waters?” My head shot up.

“Right here.” I stood up and rushed to the doctor with my family behind her.

His face gave no indication of the condition of my son or wife. My stomach bubbled and my heart turned over in my chest.

“How is she? My son?” I blurted out.

My mom grabbed my arm and held it tightly.

“It was touch and go for a minute. Mrs. Waters lost a lot of blood.”

My breathing began to stagger. The room began to spin and my body grew warm. I could see the doctor speaking, but

I couldn't process what he was saying. If he was about to tell me Ny'asia was gone, I knew I wouldn't be able to handle that shit. Not after we just got on the right track.

“Kazier, are you listening?” My mom asked.

I blinked a couple times. “What?”

“He said both Ny'asia and the baby are stable.”

“My son is here?” I asked slowly.

My throat was tight.

“He is. He is premature, so he'll be in the NICU for a while, but we have him stable. We're doing some tests on him right now.

I couldn't seem to form words.

My mind felt like mush at the moment. My eyes shifted and everyone's eyes were on me.

“I want to see my wife,” I forced out. “Is Ny'asia okay?”

He nodded. “I can take you to her.”

“We'll wait out here,” my dad spoke.

Swallowing hard, I nodded and followed behind the doctor.

I wasn't sure why my chest was so tight right now or even why my hands were shaking. I wasn't sure what I was about to walk into.

"She's right in here." He opened the door.

Swallowing the lump in my throat, I inhaled a deep breath and stepped into the room.

Ny'asia was in bed with her eyes closed. Her skin was clammy, and she was paler than normal.

"Love," I whispered, walking up to her and grabbing her hands. They were cold, but I didn't care.

It took a few seconds, but her eyes eventually flickered open.

"Hey," she spoke lowly with a raspy voice.

A weight lifted off my shoulders the minute I heard her voice.

"You scared the fuck out of me, love." I gripped her hand tightly. Bending over, I pressed my lips against her forehead.

"Is peanut okay?"

Lifting my head, I nodded. “He is. I haven’t seen him yet, but the doctors said he’s stable.”

She closed her eyes. I watched her chest rise and fall. “I was so scared.” Tears began falling down her face.

“I know. But you’re fine. You’re both fine.” I kissed her forehead again.

Seeing Ny’asia in the hospital for the third time had my heart squeezing in my chest. I hated she continued to be put in this situation. The last thing I wanted to think about was life without her. I had just gotten used to life with her, and I couldn’t lose her.

EPILOGUE

“I can’t believe this day is finally here,” Ny’asia cried as she and Kazier packed up their son’s things in his hospital room.

“It’s here, baby. Our son is coming home.” Kazier looked over his shoulder and smiled at his wife. Every day, his heart filled with relief when he laid eyes on her. The day she woke him up bleeding, it turned out she was in active labor. At only 28 weeks, they rushed her into an emergency c-section. She lost a large amount of blood and had to receive two blood transfusions, but thankfully, the doctors got it under control. The scarring in her uterus had caused problems, just as the doctors were worried about. She was experiencing pains all day that were actually contractions.

The baby, however, had a few mild complications. He was premature and had minor breathing problems. In the NICU, he was placed under a special lamp to keep his body temperature regulated.

He had been in the hospital for the past three months, gaining weight and growing every day. It killed Ny'asia not being able to bring her son home. She had completely shut down for the first two weeks following her emergency cesarean section, pushing everyone away. She even refused to go see her son at first. Finally, Maggie was over her antics and came over and got her straight.

Kazier was having a rough time too. He kept seeing Ny'asia bleeding and that image haunted him. He refused to leave her side unless he was going to the hospital to check on their son. His attention had eventually become overbearing to Ny'asia, causing a blowout between the two.

His parents and Iris had been in their corner the whole way, helping them get through this tough time. Once the couple was able to hash out their differences and get on the same page, thanks to their family, they were able to be there for their son.

“Are you ready to go home, Kameron?” Ny'asia smiled over her son's crib.

Kameron Kazier Waters was born weighing two pounds three ounces. He had a rough beginning, but now he was healthy and as happy as he could be.

“We’re going to miss his cute self around here,” one of the nurses who worked on the floor said.

“Yeah, well it’s time for my boy to come where he belongs.”

“Yes, it’s been a long time coming.” Ny’asia rubbed her son’s cheek with the back of her hand. He shifted in his sleep and moved his hands to brush her hand away.

Between hospital visits, both Kazier and Ny’asia had been working. His album went platinum, and his team was now planning a tour for the beginning of the upcoming year. His fans had been supportive since learning about his son’s condition, as well as his label.

Ny’asia’s career as a makeup artist had been flourishing as well. After she got over her depression, she started taking jobs that Jonay set up. She had made a lot of connections in the industry, and most importantly, it was all on her own. Her YouTube channel had hit over a million subscribers, and her views were off the charts. She was now receiving checks from YouTube and the brands she was an ambassador for, which she seemed to get requests for every day.

“Let’s get out of here,” Kazier said with his son’s car seat in hand.

“I’ll ring the bell,” Ny’asia rushed in front of them. The NICU had a bell for babies who were finally healthy enough to leave. Both Kazier and Ny’asia had never been so happy to hear that sound.

“God, I never want to see another hospital,” Ny’asia sighed once they were in the car. Kazier glanced over at her with a smile on his face.

“I agree with you, love. These were the roughest three months of my life.” Ny’asia reached over and grabbed his hand.

“I’m so glad it’s all behind us, and our son is home.” She looked behind her at the car seat in the back. Her anxiety had been high the whole time her son was in the hospital. It felt like a part of her was missing, and her emotions had been up and down every day. Now she finally could breathe.

Kazier felt the same way. He wasn’t used to not being in control and knowing his son was fighting for his life and there was nothing he could do about it made him feel like a failure.

Ny'asia turned in her seat and held her camera up, taking a picture of Kameron's car seat.

Our baby boy is finally coming home.

She captioned her picture and tagged Kazier in it. Her followers had been just as supportive of Kameron and his condition. She always received comments that they were praying for him and asking for updates on his health.

Noticing she had an email, she clicked on the notification.

“Oh my gosh!” Ny'asia's mouth dropped.

“What?” Kazier glanced at her.

Ny'asia's eyes scanned over the email. “This popular makeup brand Nubian Queen reached out to me for a sponsorship.”

“I thought you weren't accepting any right now.” Ny'asia had shut down submissions since her son was coming home. She wanted that to have all her focus.

“I'm not, but Nubian Queen is my absolute favorite brand. There's no way I can't accept.” Ny'asia scanned over the contract.

“Have the lawyer look the contract over then.”

Ny'asia was walking on clouds right now. Today couldn't be any more perfect.

A few minutes away from their house, Kameron began to cry in his seat.

“We're almost home, baby.” Ny'asia turned and grabbed the car seat, attempting to rock it.

When Kazier pulled into the driveway, Ny'asia wasn't surprised to see his parents and Iris's cars waiting for them. Those three had been the couple's lifelines during this whole experience. They were just as excited for Kameron to come home.

“Ready to meet your family, Kam?” Ny'asia stepped out of the car with Kameron's diaper bag on her shoulders.

Kazier grabbed his son, and the two didn't even get to the door before it was snatched open.

“My grandson is home!” Maggie gushed. “Aw, why is he crying?”

“It's safe to say he's not a fan of car rides.” They walked into the house and stopped at the first living room.

When the car seat was on the ground, Ny'asia quickly took her son out. Having her son in her arms, her heart was

finally whole now. She began to tear up and held Kameron tighter.

“I told myself I wasn’t going to cry,” she said, rocking her son, who was now quiet.

“The both of you have been through a lot. Cry if you want,” Keyon stepped up and spoke.

“I just want to see him. Pictures didn’t do him justice.” Iris got closer. “He looks like both of you. So handsome.”

Only the parents had been able to visit Kameron, so this was everyone’s first time physically seeing him.

Ny’asia knew everyone was eager to see the baby, but she truly didn’t want to part ways with him.

“Hand him to my mom really quick and let me holla at you, love,” Kazier leaned in and told her.

She frowned at him, then gazed down at her son, who had fallen back to sleep.

“He’s not going anywhere, Ny’asia.”

“Fine, but make it quick.” Kissing her son’s forehead a few times, Ny’asia handed him over to his grandma, who happily accepted him.

Kazier grabbed Ny'asia's hand and led her out of the room to the back of the house. He opened the doors to the courtyard and led her outside. It was kind of cool out but not unbearable.

"How are you feeling?" He asked her.

The doctors told him it might be a rough adjustment for them, especially her, so he wanted to make sure she was good.

"I'm fine. Excited, nervous, happy."

Kazier grabbed his wife's hips and pulled her closer.

"Why are you nervous?"

Ny'asia tugged on her bottom lip and shifted her eyes. "I just don't want anything to happen to him." She cleared her throat. Since being pregnant and even after, it seemed like she was more emotional than ever before.

"Nothing's going to happen to him, love. The doctors cleared him, and you see him, he's safe, healthy, and happy.

Ny'asia's eyes shifted to her husband. "I know, but it still makes me nervous."

His arms tightened around her. He pulled her into him, and her head rested on his chest. "I get it. I'm nervous too, but

we got this shit, love. Our family is here to help us too. You birthed a fighter.” He kissed the top of her head.

Kazier’s words brought comfort to Ny’asia. She closed her eyes for a minute.

“You’re right. We got this.” She lifted her head and pulled the corners of her mouth upwards.

“Hell yeah we do.”

She craned her neck up and poked her lips out. Kazier met her halfway, and the two kissed slowly and unrushed.

“Now c’mon. I ain’t even been able to hold my little boy yet.” Ny’asia snickered and nodded.

“Spring. Let’s get married again in the Spring,” she said randomly as they approached the house.

He looked over his shoulders at her. “Whatever you want, love. I’m with it.”

She squeezed his hand. “We’re locked in for life, right?”

The corners of his mouth lifted into a smile. “Until the casket drops, love.”

The end!

More Tay Mo'Nae

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Overdosed off a Hood Boys Love

These H*es Ain't Loyal

These H*es Doin' Too Much

These H*es Actin' Up

When Love Becomes A Need

When Love Becomes A Reason

When Love Becomes A Purpose

This Heart Plays No Games

This Heart Still Holds You Down

Riskin' It All For A Bad Boy

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