



HOT

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TALES

SAGE'S STORY

CION LEE

Hot Girl Tales: Sage's Story

By

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Chapter 1

Sage Orchid

May 28,2015

It may have sounded silly to most people, but I was simply happy to be riding in the passenger side of my big sister's car with her on this beautiful spring day. I guess my outlook on life had been tainted after spending a half a year in prison. Most people would look at me and never assume that I would get in any type trouble, let alone trouble that would lead me to doing time. My pretty face and chill demeanor were deceiving, and perhaps that's why bitches felt like they could fuck with me. I'd been fighting my entire life. I'd lost fights and won them, but I'd go to war over my respect each and every time. I didn't mind going toe to toe with any bitch. Hell,

niggas weren't off limits to me either. That exact mindset had been my downfall.

After beating a wannabe ass bully into a coma, I'd come to the realization that I had to chill on proving points. I turned 18 behind bars and my senior year had gone down the drain, but my spirits were at an all time high. I didn't have a pot to piss in or a window to throw it out of, but I had my freedom and hope. If that girl had died they would've thrown my ass under the jail forever. I thanked God everyday because my situation could've been ten times worse.

"Let me text this hoe," I said as we pulled in front of my best friend's house. I noticed my sister rolling her eyes, and all I could do was laugh. My best friend since first grade, Kaysha, who most people called Kay or Sha, was not liked by my big sister, Zahara. She claimed she was fake and useless as a friend, and she constantly let me know how she felt. She expressed it for most of the ride to the St. Thomas Projects, where Sha resided. Zahara only had two years on me, but her opinion usually meant a lot to me. But when it came to Sha what she said went in one ear and out the other because she'd never done anything to cross me. My girl had stuck by my side in those six months I was locked up when most of my so-

called friends went ghost, so I knew her loyalty was solid. Zahara was just super protective and territorial. She always had something to say about all of me and our little sisters' friends. Zahara was the oldest at 20, then there was me who'd recently turned 18, next it was Calla at 17, and lastly, it was Rose who was 16. Growing up our parents always taught us to follow Zahara's lead because she'd never steer us wrong, and we took that to heart. But we still had minds of our own and she fully understood that we had our own lives to live. That wasn't going to stop her from voicing her opinion though.

“I hope we get approved for one of these,” Zahara voiced, as she eyed the apartment that was more like a townhouse. The projects in New Orleans had always been built spaciously on the inside, but the outside had undergone a major face lift after Hurricane Katrina. Most residents blamed gentrification although the majority of people who resided in the projects were still black.

“You wanna live uptown?” I asked with my face turned up. We were born and raised downtown. The Desire projects had molded us, and we still lived close by. In New Orleans it was always downtown vs uptown. Most of the time the beef

between both sides was playful, but we repped our side of the city hard regardless.

“Bitch I’ll live anywhere that’s not Tremesha’s house.”

I cocked my head to the side. “Point made.”

We all lived with our mom’s sister, Tremesha. Being away in jail made me forget just how aggravating and miserable she was. Then again, she wasn’t that bad when I was underaged and she could receive government benefits from me. Ever since I’d been home she made it clear that I needed to contribute to her household in some way. Mind you, Tremesha had five other daughters who she’d never treated that way. From oldest to youngest there was Latisha, Laquelle, Lanae, Lanika, and Latonya. Only Laquelle had left the nest right away due to college where she’d been for almost two years now. Tremesha damn near begged Latisha to stay when she moved out over a year ago even though she never helped pay for a damn thing around the house. Then there was Lanae who was 20 years old. She was trying her hand at her senior year in high school for the third time, and a mother of a small child. Yet Tremesha coddled her and acted as if she could do no wrong when really her whole life was wrong. It

was clear that my sisters and I weren't given the same love and grace because we hadn't come out of our aunt's pussy, and that was sad. Our mother was her blood sister. That should've meant everything to her considering she was no longer with us.

I finally got to see how Zahara had been feeling since our parents had passed away. She'd always been overly ambitious because she had the weight of the world on her shoulders. Our parents had tragically died in a car accident when Zahara was only ten, making her grow up fast to look after us. Once she was old enough she kept a job to get us things that Tremesha refused to, and she excelled in school because she knew that would lead to a good career path. Zahara had been working on an exit plan from the moment she turned 18 because she was on borrowed time. The moment everybody was legal Tremesha wouldn't tolerate our presence in her house anymore. So Zahara was planning to get the fuck this year and no later. She wanted to stack as much money as possible so she didn't fail whenever she left. She also didn't plan on leaving our little sister's behind who were still minors, so she wanted to have a stable situation in case Tremesha tried to fight her in court over Rose and Calla.

“C’mon y’all!” Sha shouted from her porch, after stepping outside. Zahara eagerly got out of the car because she wanted a supper plate. Sha’s mom sold plates out of her house for a living and she had put two free ones up for me today. That had been the only reason Zahara drove me over here after we left the nail shop. Her greedy ass loved Ms.Karmen’s food and today fried fish and macaroni was on the menu.

“Hey girls! Whew, y’all just too damn pretty for y’all own good!” Ms.Karmen greeted us after Sha led us into her kitchen. Not to sound cocky, but me and all of my sisters knew we were gorgeous. No one was going around raving about people’s looks for the hell of it. It was a reason people always pointed out how beautiful we were from the time we were little girls. We were all different shades of brown. Zahara being the lightest with a warm light bronze complexion, and me being darkest with a deep brown skin tone like Hershey. I was close to my dad’s color, so he always hyped me up by calling me his “chocolate drop baby.” Other than skin color everything else was inherited from my mom. My pouty lips, full, yet slender nose, round face, sharp cheekbones, and thick brows were all her features. The same could be said for my sisters, especially Zahara. People often said we were the same

person with different skin tones. She used to be way thicker than me, but I was catching up to her now. I guess my new found thickness came with age. My thighs were nice and fat, my hips had gotten extremely round, my ass poked out something serious, but my stomach still remained flat. I was giving serious consideration to hitting up somebody's strip club if these job applications I put in didn't pan out. I knew how to shake my ass really well thanks to New Orleans culture, and I wasn't opposed to doing it for money. Hell, I was desperate to get out of Tremesha's house too.

We chatted with Ms.Karmen for a few minutes, but we kept it short because she had to get back to work. When we stepped back outside I stood back on the porch to talk a little bit more with Sha while Zahara walked to her car. Sha was telling me about the bar she walked at on Bourbon and how they were hiring bottle girls. I was about to ask her how to get on when I felt someone tap my shoulder. I turned my head and saw a strikingly handsome, tall drink of water standing behind me. I didn't know him from a can of paint, but I was happy he'd reached out and touched me.

“Hey, Zane!”Sha grinned, as her eyes looked him up and down. I couldn't even blame her ass for checking his fine

ass out. He had the face of a male model or an Egyptian king with his slanted brown eyes, long lashes, perfectly shaped big lips, sharp jawline, and striking cheekbones. His light brown skin was blemish free and hitting under the sun. He donned a white beater, showing off his broad shoulders and muscles, burberry shorts, all white G-Nikes, and a gold diamond cross rested around his neck. His outfit was a standard hood nigga uniform, but he made it look exquisite.

“Wassup, girl?” He nodded at Sha, before smiling at me. “What’s your name, love?”

“HEY ZOOLEY!” Sha screamed, making me look over towards the street. Zahara was standing by her car with her ex-boyfriend standing over her. I didn’t know much about her ex, Zooley, because they started dating months ago when I was still locked up. From phone calls I learned that my sister was falling fast for that nigga. She never shut up about him and our little sisters liked him too. That’s why I didn’t expect this break up to last. They recently broke up a few days before I got out of jail due to him cheating, according to Zahara. What she described to me sounded more like violating than cheating, but it was her call, and she made the right decision. He deserved to be put in timeout for a little while. I still

appreciated him coming to my welcome home party and breaking me off nicely. He proved my theory that even the solid niggas fucked up.

I looked back at Zane and squinted. “Are y’all related?”

“Damn,” he chuckled. “Is it that obvious?”

“Y’all not twins or nothing, but I see the resemblance.”

“Yea, well that’s my big brother. So are you gonna answer my question or nah?”

“Oh shit, my bad,” I giggled. “My name’s Sage.”

He smiled while looking down at my face. “Nice to meet you, Sage. I’m Zane. You got a pretty smile.”

I stifled my smile and rolled my eyes. “If you wanna fuck with me then just say that. Don’t be bucking my head up.”

“Shit, I thought it was obvious I wanted to fuck with you. I ain’t come over here and make conversation for the hell of it,” he chuckled.

“A smart ass,” I nodded with a smirk. “I like it.”

“Yea, probably because you can relate.”

“Probably,” I tittered.

“I’m already knowing...and I would never compliment you to buck you up. I like what I see. Straight up. I know you always hear how fine your ass is.”

“I hear you.” I laughed.

“Say...how old are you? Because you gotta grown woman body with a baby face.”

“18, and you?”

“Dang, you are a baby,” he chuckled. “I’m 21.”

“Boy, I’m thinking you was bouta be all the way up there in age. And I ain’t no damn baby.”

“Shitttt,” he rubbed his head while eyeing me skeptically.

“Well let me take my young ass on,” I started to walk off.

“Stop playing,” he grabbed my hand. “Let me get your number.”

“What you want with my number?” I questioned, knowing damn well I was going to give it to him.

“I want to take your fine ass out sometime and get to know you. You gon let me?”

I held out my hand. “Gimme your phone.”

He handed his phone over and I began locking my number in.

“Sage, I don’t like playing games...so when I reach out you better respond.”

“I’ll see what I can do.” I flipped my fresh sew in over my shoulder and twisted off after saying bye to Sha. The hair was old but it looked new thanks to Zahara’s styling skills. When I got in Zahara’s car she was anxiously waiting for the tea. The amused smile on my face had her questioning me right away.

“And what are you smiling for?”

“This nigga just tried to gas my head up, but he ain’t fooling me. I know what he wants.”

I was good at sizing niggas up just by looking at them and everything about Zane screamed playboy. I didn’t mind though as long as he was single. He had a right to move however he wanted to, because I would do the same.

“I’m glad you know. He talks to Shana anyway.”

“And?” My head jerked back. “That’s yo friend.”

I was confused about her bringing up a bitch she was cool with from her old job at Victoria’s Secret. I didn’t know Shana from a hole in the wall! I had no loyalty to her, and clearly Zane didn’t either or he wouldn’t have hollered at me.

“Bitch it sound like you want to fuck with him.”

“Shit maybe I do. I need a new trade.” I admitted. I was definitely trying to get my niggas up after being sat down for months on end. I was ready to date and meet new people.

“Hmmp, so I guess whatever he said to you over there worked, huh? And what about Ace?” She questioned, referring to my on and off again boyfriend. We were currently off because he was a whole hoe when I was locked up. He gave me the good ole jail talk at first but his whorish ways got back to me through my little sisters and Sha, which meant he was being sloppy. That was the final nail in our coffin for me. If he couldn’t be faithful for six months he could’ve kept it real with me, but he chose to gas my head up with lies instead. If I did that shit to him while he was in jail he would probably never speak to me again.

“What about him?” I blinked my eyes.

“Didn’t y’all fuck the day you came home?”

“Yea. What does that mean?” My eyes blinked rapidly. I was horny so I went for what I knew. Ace’s dick was good and familiar. He was also available to me because he made himself smart and popped up at my welcome home party that Zahara threw. I used his ass for the one thing he was good for and I’d probably do it again.

“Girl that nigga gon fuck you up,” Zahara cackled.

“Bitch fuck him,” I declared. “Where was he while I was in jail? That nigga folded so quick. Then I heard he was wilding and fucking anything in a skirt. So yea, I’m good on his broke ass.”

He actually wasn’t broke. He was the weed man, so his pockets were never on E. But I was in my feelings, so his ass would be broke if I felt like saying so.

“And I don’t blame you. But Zane?” She posed.

“What’s wrong with him?” I asked, looking for real answers. “He’s handsome, and he seemed cool for the most part.”

“Nothing’s wrong with him, but you just said that he was trying to buck your head up. That nigga got hoes for

days.” She replied, telling me something I already heavily assumed from the moment I laid eyes on him. That wasn’t news.

“You acting like I’m looking for something deep. I’m just looking for a lil snack while I get my life together. Shit he could be a perfect snack. I don’t care if your friend is on his hoe roster.”

“So you wanna be on the hoe roster, too?”

“Bitch don’t play with me. I’ll get some dick from him and keep my mouth closed. I’m not gon be all loud about the shit, trying to make myself known. Nobody don’t ever have to know that we mess.” I stated confidently. I meant every word I said too. I didn’t have plans to run off into the sunset with the nigga. Zahara needed to fall back expeditiously because nothing she said had alarmed me into not fucking with Zane. As far as I was concerned that was my new trade.

Chapter 2

Zane Romero

June 1,2015

I felt intense eyes on me as I moved around my room, getting ready to start my day. My morning had been perfect. I woke up to my dick getting sucked, good pussy, and breakfast. Yea, Danielle knew how to take care of a nigga forreal. I'd been dealing with her since I began attending LSU three years ago. She was a BR native, and really popular around the city since her highschool days. I had instant popularity because I was a star freshman on the football team. We ran in the same circles, so we naturally hit it off. She was a beautiful girl with a caramel complexion, a cute smile, and a slime-fine body. She looked real good on a nigga's arm and everybody liked seeing us together. But I didn't play with people's emotions. I didn't want no parts of a monogamous relationship and I let her know that off that bat. She was cool with it, which made her the number one girl in my life. Everybody else always wanted to fight for a position that wasn't available, but Danielle was always easy going and laid back.

Things changed when I got injured during the second game of my sophomore year. I thought I'd bounce back from the back and knee injury, but it was close to impossible. I was told that if I tried to keep playing ball I'd permanently ruin my leg, and I didn't want that. I went through a real depressing time because I thought football was my way out. I was the first

person in my family to go to college. Majority of the men in my family were in the streets, so they were proud of me for breaking the mold. Not being able to play football anymore made me feel like a failure. My big brother Zooley was quick to remind me that I was still smart as hell, and school was something no one could take from me. That nigga always knew just what to say because I was close to dropping out.

By the second semester of my sophomore year I was on the dean's list and was able to walk again without the help of my crutches or bandages. School was much more of a breeze without the hassle of a busy football schedule, so I got to focus more on my social life that was suffering. My depression had me sticking to myself, but people had also stopped fucking with me the same...including Danielle. Since I was no longer a star athlete and wounded I was no good. Of course everybody started singing a different tune when they started seeing me around again and in good spirits. I was back to posting on the gram regularly, chilling on campus more, and attending every party. Then when the hashtag "#MCM" became popular; my followers skyrocketed. I already had over seven thousand followers because of football, but my shirtless pictures being reposted by women really did it for me. Before I knew it I had a whopping 30k followers before my

sophomore year was over and I quickly capitalized off that shit. I did paid promo, some modeling if the money was right, and I was even being paid to host clubs and parties all over BR. I was back to feeling like myself again, and everybody noticed it.

All of a sudden Danielle was begging for time when she'd gone ghost while I was at my lowest. I wasn't entertaining her or none of them other hoes outside of sex and laying up occasionally. When Danielle saw I was treating her like every other girl in my life that laid back shit she was on went out the window. All of a sudden she wanted all the smoke, but I could care less. She couldn't do shit but take whatever I was giving her. It wasn't like I was holding her hostage. The pussy was good, but that was a dime a dozen.

“So where we going?” Danielle questioned after staring at me for at least a minute straight.

“Shit...I don't know what you bouta do, but I'm finna go to New Orleans.”

“Oh,” she bit her lip. “You could've asked me to go with you. I would've gone.”

“I'm staying out there for a few days.”

My apartment was in BR, but my family was in New Orleans, so I was constantly back and forth. I also like being in New Orleans more in general. BR was a good time, and school was here, but there was nothing like my city. Over the course of the next few days I had a hosting at Eiffel and a photoshoot with a new street wear brand. They were paying me \$1500 for a two hour shoot, so I was lit. Nothing was about to bring me down, not even Danielle's pitiful puppy dog face.

"I used to sleep out there with you all the time during freshman year."

"Yea, I remember that," I recalled. "Whatchu finna do, though?"

It was never the goal to be an asshole to her or any of the other women I dealt with, but I wasn't about to be a sucker either. She was bringing up the past like that shit meant something. My response was actually *nice* compared to what I could've said.

Her head jerked back. "Why the fuck you gotta be so mean?!"

I gripped the bridge of my nose before sighing deeply.

“I gotta leave in like ten minutes, Dannie. You want me to drop you off or what?”

“Fuck you, Zane! I don’t need shit from you!”

She jumped off my bed, slid on her pink Nike slides, grabbed her duffle bag, and stormed out. She was more than likely going to walk to her homegirl’s spot because she stayed in the same apartment complex as me. That was on her because I offered her a ride.

When she left I double checked my bags and headed out. While I was on the road I slid through my contact list thinking about who I wanted to pull up on tonight. I was free tonight, so I wanted to see one of my New Orleans girls. I smirked when I scrolled by a name I had yet to chill with. We had only texted but I was intrigued by those conversations alone. I promised her we would link whenever I came back to the city and I wanted to make good on that. I pressed her contact and waited for her to answer.

“Hello?” She uttered, after taking forever to pick up.

“Wassup Ms. Sage? You busy?”

“Depends. Why? Whatchu want?” She sassed, bringing a smile to my face. Her feistiness was amusing.

“Shit, I’m tryna chill with your fine ass tonight.”

“Well unfortunately my fine ass gotta work tonight.”

“Damn...”

“I know...but if you pull up in the next two hours we can chill in your car or something.”

“That’s a bet, love. I should get to New Orleans within the next 50 minutes. Shoot me your l-”

“BITCH WHO THE FUCK IS YOU TALKING TO?!”

A deep voice roared from the background, catching me off guard. Was this girl really making plans with me while in the presence of another nigga? See, this was the main reason why I didn’t trust females as far as I could throw em. My own maw wasn’t shit either.

Sage smacked her teeth as if it was no biggie. “Zane, I’m hit you up when I leave here.”

I looked at my phone in disbelief when she ended the call. A few seconds later she sent me an address. She had to be out her top if she thought I was still pulling up on her ass. I hit up my brother Diamond to see what was popping in New Orleans because these hoes weren’t.

Sage

*“Ok now ladies! Yeah! If you know you bad...Yeah!
Don’t need no man, got yo own bands, put up yo hands. If
you a top notch bitch let me hear you holler. Bend it over.
Yeah! Touch ya toes, whip it out. Yeah! Show them hoes ya
bank roll. Slang it out, hit a broke ho with it. Poke it out,
Damn Shawty you can get it”*

I worked my waist to the Travis Porter song while making three drinks that I now had memorized after only working here for a few days. My memory had always been A1, so my new gig as a bartender was a walk in the park for me. It was funny how I wasn’t old enough to drink alcohol yet, but I was old enough to serve it in the state of Louisiana.

“Here you go, baby.” The handsome man who ordered the drinks flirted, sliding me a \$20 tip after paying with his card. My girl Sha hadn’t lied when she said I could make a lot of money off of tips alone being a bottle girl slash bar tender. I visited her job with her on Bourbon street and immediately decided that wasn’t the environment for me. Serving drunk ass white people was sure to make me click out. A girl who worked there informed me that Eiffel was hiring and that I had the look to work there. Eiffel was always popping, so I looked

into it. A day after putting in an application they told me to come in for training. I was still in the midst of being trained, and I was doing better than some girls who'd been there. Other than having to be on my feet for hours, the job was really fun. I also really like the uniforms. It was a simple crop top with the club's name on it with high waisted french cut briefs. The flesh toned stockings I wore with it made me look finer. I wore comfortable black Nike sneakers and thigh high white socks with two black stripes. I couldn't wait for the themed parties where we wore different outfits.

“Sage, help me carry some bottles over to this section,” my trainer, Neosha, said. She was a pretty brown skin girl and cool as fuck. She was a big reason why I was adapting so fast. We carried four bottles over to a big section on the floor. The second I walked up I noticed Zane sitting back while some big booty bitch shook her ass in his lap like this was a strip club or something. He was with two other good looking guys, but the section had mostly women in it. I got the vibe that they'd invited random ladies in the section to keep them company. I wouldn't have given two lovely fucks if the nigga hadn't stood me up tonight. Nothing blew me more than a man who couldn't keep his word and about simple shit at that. If he changed his mind about coming through he could've

just said that. When I sat the bottle of Hennessy and Ciroc in the bucket of ice, we finally locked eyes. I rolled my eyes at him, and he stifled a smile. He beckoned me with his finger after he patted the girl on her ass, basically telling her to move. I looked at him like he was crazy and started to curse him out until Neosha nudged me. I looked at her and she gave me a look. That's when I remembered I was working and had to be professional. Zane was obviously a big spender tonight, which meant my actions could also affect Neosha.

“Wassup?” I questioned after twisting over to him with my hand on my hip.

“I didn't know you worked here.”

“You want something?” I snapped. I was trying to act right but he was pushing it by saying dumb shit.

“Am I sensing some hostility?” He smirked.

I just stared at him, making him chuckle.

“Seriously...why you gotta attitude with me?”

“I don't,” I responded. “I just don't care for liars.”

“Liars?” He gasped. “That ain't me, love.”

“So what do you call someone who says they're going to do one thing and then do another?”

“Okay,”he laughed. “Now we getting somewhere. I didn’t lie, baby. I changed my mind.”

I wanted to ask why but that was doing a little too much for a nigga I didn’t even know. He could change his mind about me all he fucking wanted to. I wouldn’t lose sleep over it.

“Well then what the fuck you called me over here for?”

“Damn, I can’t speak?” He opened his arms.

“Boy, fuck you,”I declared dryly before switching off. I was proud of myself for holding off on cursing him out for as long as I did because his rude ass deserved it.

Zane

“Lil nigga where you at? I just spoke to Diamond and he said y’all left the club an hour ago.”

I smacked my teeth. “Damn, what that nigga don’t tell you?”

Zooley had a few years on us, so he was like a father figure to my brothers as well as my sisters at times. Then with our oldest brother Mykel being locked up he really took

looking after us even more seriously than before. Diamond was in the streets like Zooley, selling drugs, so he was like his protege at 18 years old. But I was still really close to Diamond because we were closer in age. Honestly, I was close to all my siblings. My mom birthed seven kids, but there were eight of us in total. Diamond was her best friend's child and she left him with us when she was on the run. He'd been with us since he was a little boy, so blood couldn't make us closer.

“He tell me everything just like you do, nigga. Where you at though? You not sleeping at my house?”

“I am...”

“Well you need to get here asap so I can lock down.”

“Zooley I got a key, yea.”

“I'm ready to set my alarm and shit though.”

“You sound like somebody mama right now, nigga...”

“Well excuse me for tryna make sure you good.”

“I'm good. I'll be there soon,” I said before ending the call when I saw a familiar car pulling up. I got out of the car when I saw her get out. She jumped when she saw a dark shadow approaching her and went straight for her purse.

“Hold ya fire,” I chortled.

“Zane, what are you doing here?!” Sage exclaimed while clutching her chest. “You was finna feel the wrath of my mace!”

“That better be mace in that purse because convicted felons can’t carry guns.”

She glared at me while giving me the finger.

“No, seriously...why are you here?”She questioned.

“I’m keeping my word,”I smirked. Being cursed out by her made me want to end my night with her ass. She was looking good as fuck at Eiffel and that smart ass mouth sealed the deal for me. Potty mouths on women usually disgusted me because of my mama, but with Sage it was like music to my ears.

“What happened to you changing your mind?”She threw her hand on her hip and fluttered her eyes.

“I changed it back. Shit.”

She burst into laughter. “Zane, I’m not finna play with you.”

A weird feeling hit my chest when she said my name. I shook that shit off with the quickness.

“You was playing with me earlier.”

“And how is that?”

“I’m saying,” I licked my lips. “How you gon make plans with me while you was with your nigga?”

A pretty smile overcame her face. “Trust, if I had a nigga you would have zero access to me. I don’t play that.”

“So the nigga was cursing you out and questioning you for no reason?”

“I couldn’t tell you his reasons because I’m not him. All I can tell you is that I’m big single. Now do I have friends? Of course.”

“But do that nigga know you single?”

“Do you want his number so you can talk to him?” She snapped.

“C’mon bruh. Don’t play with me.”

“I’m not! You just asking me a lot about the next niggas personal thoughts like I’m supposed to know. I told you what it is with *me* and that’s that.”

The words coming out of her mouth sounded like *deja vu*, resulting in me laughing.

“What’s funny?” She rolled her neck.

“Nothing...you just sound a lot like a nigga,”I tittered, not bothering to mention that the nigga she sounded like was *me*.

“Oh you would know huh?”She smirked.

“What makes you think I would know?”I asked innocently.

“One thing you can do is keep it real with me, Zane. I saw you in action all night. It’s clear that you be doing your thing.”

“Good thing I keep it 100 regardless,”I chuckled.
“You’re right though. I’m single so I have fun.”

“Which is why I’m confused.”

“About what?”

“You changing your mind because you heard a nigga in my background.”

“Mannn, I just couldn’t believe your audacity.”

“Please,”she huffed. “If only you knew the shit that nigga has done to me.”

“Ohhhhh,”I nodded, finally getting it. “You got history with that nigga and was attempting to shit on him?”

She giggled. “Not necessarily...he was in the bathroom when I answered your call, but when he walked out I wasn't rushing off the phone for his ass.”

I couldn't help but laugh. “And you say *I'm* a mess? That might be like the pot calling the kettle black, love.”

“Well can I be the kettle?”

“Mannn,” I laughed, and she joined me. “But look, now that we've cleared the air can we end the night together?”

“Where? Because my living situation is not ideal for overnight guests.”

“We can go to my brother's house.”

Normally that would've been a no go, but she was Zahara's sister so I knew Zooley wouldn't mind.

“Okay. Let me go pack a bag.”

When she turned around her fat booty caught my eye. After watching it all night I finally reached out and did what I'd been tweaking to do.

“Ou!” She squealed after I'd slapped the shit out of her booty. I thought she'd have something smart to say but she just turned her head with a sexy smile and lust filled eyes. That look alone let me know she was on the same shit as me.

Sage

“You sure your brother is cool with me spending the night?” I asked Zane as I entered his white Audi with my overnight bag. The car let me know he had real money. He rocked a Robin’s Jeans ensemble with Balenciaga sneakers and an icy cross chain with an icier watch. But people rocked designers everyday with nothing else to show for it, so I never went off of that.

“Yea.”

“Y’all live together?”

“No. My apartment in BR is my permanent spot. I do stay at his house though when I visit New Orleans.”

“Do you plan on staying in BR once you finish school?”

Through texting conversations I’d learned he was a student at LSU.

“Hell no,” he chuckled. “I’m a be right back in the city when I graduate next year.”

Him being in college was lowkey intimidating because I only ever delt with street niggas and college definitely wasn't in the cards for me. I wasn't dumb, but I was constantly missing school for being suspended which made my grades trash. I wouldn't get into anybody's college with a 2.0 GPA. My senior year was also cut short due to my stint in jail, so I'd washed my hands of school completely. My only goal now was to get money and live my life. I couldn't see someone as ambitious as Zane taking me seriously outside of messing around, but that was fine. I was down for just messing around and sending him back to his bougie, college girls at LSU.

We continued to talk about life as we drove to the Westbank. The ride from downtown was long, so the conversations were taking a deeper route. When we started discussing the fight that landed me in jail I knew I was 100% comfortable.

“Wait, you beat the girl into a coma?” He marveled.

“Unfortunately,” I sighed. “I was tired of that hoe messing with me over dumb shit. She was really upset with me because her nigga was tryna fuck with me.”

“And you really never fucked with him?” He glanced at me.

“Hell no! I don’t fuck with niggas that are taken and that boy was fucking ugly! I did not want him.”

“So how it got to the point of y’all fighting over it?”

“Because she kept picking with me! She started through twitter by calling me a dirty hoe and thot.”

“She put a name on it?”

“Zane, this girl was tagging me.”

“Oh no, she was outta line.”

“Right?! I tried taking the high road by ignoring it because I knew I had to see this girl everyday at school. I already switched high schools four times because of fighting since my freshman year, so I was trying to be a better person and shit.”

“Damn. You a lil menace to society, huh?”

“All my life I had to fight,” I mocked Sofia from the Color of Purple.

“You a clown,” he laughed hysterically. “Finish telling me what happened with ole girl though.”

“Okay, so me ignoring her on social media just made her go harder. She mistook me ignoring her for me being scary. One day when I walked past her in the hallway she was like ‘look at that ugly hoe,’ so I turned around and went off on her. She was like keep talking and I’ma beat your ass after school and I told her let’s do it. We fought that day at a corner store that was by our school.”

“So your hands put that girl in a coma?”

“Nah, a bat did that,” I admitted.

His eyes widened. “Where the fuck you got a bat from, girl?”

“It was just by the store,” I shrugged. “I don’t even know why I picked up that bat when I was already winning the damn fight. I guess I let my anger build up and I just blacked out.”

“Remind me to never cross you.”

I laughed. “Those days are behind me.”

“Jail gotcha mind right huh?” He chortled.

“Hell yea. A half a year was enough.”

“At least you’re smart enough to learn from your mistakes. Some people never learn. Take my big brother for

example.”

“Zooley?” I asked in confusion.

“Nah, we got a brother older than him named Mykel. That nigga was in and out of juvie as a teen, then he fucked around and got a ten year prison sentence when he was 26.”

“Dang,” I gasped. “That’s fucked up.”

“I know, but he’ll still be young when he gets out so I hope he gets his shit together so he can be here for his kids.”

“He has kids?”

“Twin daughters.”

“Poor babies,” I shook my head. “They got a good mama though right?”

“Yea.”

“That’s good then because I know what it’s like to be parentless and it’s the worst.”

“I can kinda relate to that except my mama and daddy are both alive and well.”

“That’s a blessing within itself, Zane. Don’t take it for granted.”

“I don’t! It’s them who take it for granted.”

“How?”

“They just not good parents,”he chuckled. “My dad just ain’t shit in general. That nigga been absentee my whole life. He was around a whole lot towards the end of my highschool football career. There was a lot of hype surrounding me in the city about what college I was going to choose. That nigga was like the world’s proudest parent and my dumb ass was eating it up. Then he really clung to me once I was at LSU. He was at every game and supporting the fuck outta me. My mama was telling me that nigga was just getting ready to use me because I was going to the NFL, but I wasn’t trying to hear shit her negative ass had to say. She was right though. The minute I got injured he disappeared again. I can count on one hand the amount of times I’ve seen him since I stopped playing ball.”

“Ewww, what a bum! I’m sorry to hear that, Zane. Seriously.”

“Don’t be. It’s not your fault he’s an opportunist.”

“So what about your mama?”

“What about her?”

“You said both of your parents were bad but you only spoke on your dad. You called your mama negative but it sounds like she was looking out for you.”

“Sage, my mama is a hot ass mess. Just take my word for it. I don’t even feel like going into detail about that lady,”he sighed.

“So you don’t deal with her either?”

“I couldn’t get away from Zora ass if I tried.”

“I feel like you’re being dramatic,”I giggled.

“Me and my siblings beg to differ.”

“How many of y’all is it?”

“Eight. Five boys. Three girls.”

“Shit, Zora was busy!”

“You don’t know the half,”he chuckled.

“Y’all have the same daddy?”

“Hell no,”he laughed. “But Zooley daddy was a real one. He used to show all of us love. Mishae, Mason, and Madison have a decent dad, but he only looks out for them... as he should. I don’t take that personally.”

“What happened to Zooley’s dad?”

“Prison.”

“Damn...”I muttered.

“I know, right?”

We continued talking for the duration of the ride about everything that came to our minds. By the time we pulled into Zooley’s driveway I felt like I knew Zane a lot better and was happy that he pulled up to Tremesha’s house to scoop me. I would’ve never thought that me cursing him out at Eiffel would’ve led to us spending the night together.

Zane

I had my keys in my hand ready to unlock Zooley’s door, but before I could even reach for the lock, the door was opening. Zooley stood there with a deep scowl.

“Zane, who the fuck you bringing to my crib?” He questioned, before flicking on his porch light. Now he could see Sage clearly standing by my side. He broke into an instant smile.

“I’m sorry, he said it was fine,” Sage said, before rolling her eyes at me.

“Oh no, you good sis. Y’all get in here,” he opened the door wide. She walked in first and I was right behind her. That nigga dapped me off like I’d won the lottery or something. He was a fool sometimes.

“Y’all kids need anything before I go to sleep?”

“Nigga if you don’t get the fuck,” I replied hastily. He was embarrassing the fuck out of me.

“Alright,” he chuckled. “Goodnight, y’all.”

He walked off while Sage laughed her head off.

“That nigga ain’t that funny,” I snapped, making her laugh harder.

“Bring your ass on,” I grabbed her hand and led her to the guest room I deemed as my own. It was a second master bedroom that came with a bathroom. She was the first girl I’d brought back here so I never realized how good the room was for entertaining guests.

“I’m a go take a shower,” she announced after sitting her bag down.

“Can I join you?” I asked jokingly.

“Yea, c’mon,” she shrugged, surprising the hell out of me.

“You serious?”

“Yea,” she glanced around confusingly before lifting her shirt over her head.

I was surprised yet again. I considered myself to be experienced as far as women were concerned, but I’d never come across someone as daring as Sage. Most chicks weren’t about to strip naked in front of me or take a shower with me for the first link. They would be too shy in my presence, but she obviously gave no fucks and I liked that. I started stripping down with her.

She twisted to the bathroom once she was butt naked and my eyes followed her ass jiggling in amazement. Her body was perfect. She had curves in all the right places and her chocolate skin looked edible. I wanted to gobble her ass up. She turned around and gave me a sexy grin.

“You coming or you scared?”

“Scared?” I repeated incredulously. “You gon fuck around and eat those words up.”

I went to the bathroom with her and my dick was now hard as a brick. I dropped my Calvin Klein boxers while she turned on the water in the shower. When she looked up her eyes immediately made contact with my dick. The look on her face was priceless.

“You scared?” I asked tauntingly.

“A big dick ain’t nothing but a challenge for me and I welcome those.”

That response had me all over her in seconds. I grabbed her ass up and kissed her with all tongue. She returned the favor while running her hands all over my ripped chest. My hands ran down her back until they lowered to her soft booty. I squeezed it like I was playing with a plush toy while exploring her mouth with mine. I’d always liked kissing, but the shit never felt *this* good.

We went at it for a few minutes before we came up for air and decided to get our asses in their shower. We started washing our bodies, but the minute we locked eyes our lips were connecting again.

“You got some soft ass lips,” I said in between kisses.

“And you got a nice ass tongue. What else can you do with it?”She inquired sexily.

I gripped her by her neck and started sliding my tongue all over it.

“HMMMM,”she moaned softly. I swooped her up in my arms with ease, causing her to squeal. I guess she was caught off guard...or maybe the weak ass niggas she was used to fucking with couldn't handle her like this.

I put her back against the shower wall and lowered my head to her hard nipples. I alternated between both breasts equally. I sucked and flickered my tongue all over them, really enjoying myself. I was especially enjoying her sweet moans in my ear. My dick was so hard I couldn't control myself anymore. I wanted to wait until I got her to the bed, but I couldn't wait. I bent my knees and plunged my dick deep into her.

“FUCKKKKK!”She screamed with her mouth wide open.

“Uh-huh,”I gritted, as I began fucking her at a steady rhythm. God hadn't been playing fair when he created her. Not only did she have a beautiful face, a perfect body, and a cool personality, but she also had exuberant pussy. Her shit was fist

tight like a virgin's pussy and she was sopping wet. She was definitely going to become one of my favorites with sunshine like this between her thighs.

Sage

“Damn this pussy feel good,” Zane said in a husky voice as he fucked the life out of me. When I saw his dick for the first time my eyes almost fell out. I wasn't expecting his fine ass to be so damn big. Usually the strikingly handsome niggas left much to be desired in the sack. Take Ace for example. He was borderline pretty and his dick was very much below average size on hard. But Ace had also taught me size didn't always matter if a nigga knew what to do with it. Well Zane had the length, girth, and he knew what to do with it. If he kept fucking me like this he would be my go to dick and Ace would be an after thought.

“Fuck me back,” he demanded, while stroking me deeper.

I moved my hips up and down his big dick, bringing myself even more pleasure. I didn't think that was even

possible.

“This dick so big, Zane,” I moaned while fucking him back.

“I know, but you handling this shit like a G.” He kissed me nastily and I wrapped my arms around him tighter. The next thing I knew he was pounding me out. I felt pain, but the pleasure outweighed it.

“UGHHHHHH!” I screamed, as my pussy thumped. This nigga had me cum from penetration...I didn't think that was possible.

“That's right, let me feel you cum all over this dick. Leave my shit dripping.” He coached me through it. Suddenly he gripped my booty harder and put his back more into his strokes.

“Aw fuckkkkk!” He roared, as he gave me quick strokes before abruptly stopping. His head flew back and he appeared to be possessed. I was confused until I felt him busting inside of me. I wanted to be mad...but it felt kinda good and he looked so sexy. I gripped his chin and brought his face towards mine. I kissed him deeply as he continued to cum.

“Shit,”he expressed, once he was finished. “You on birth control?”

“You pick a fine time to ask that, don’t you think?”I giggled.

“Are you?”

“Nope.”

“Fuckkkk,”he groaned.

“Calm down. A Plan B will solve this problem. Next time put on a condom, nigga.”

“A condom?”He chuckled. “Rightttttt.”

Chapter 3

Zane

June 9,2015

“Ouuuu! I’m cumming! I’m cumming!”Sage screamed for the second time within 30 minutes.

“I know,” I grinned cockily. “I’m right behind you, baby.”

I slapped her ass and pounded her out from the back. I took great pleasure in watching her ass bounce against my pelvis and hearing my balls slapping her wet pussy. By the way we were going at it you would’ve thought we were in a king sized bed instead of the back seat of my car. For the past nine days we’d been getting it in wherever and whenever we could. When she wasn’t at work, she was with me. I was supposed to return to BR three days ago, but I saw no sense in rushing back when I was having fun in New Orleans.

“Zaneeee!” She screamed probably because I was digging into her guts while she was cumming.

“Fuckkkkkk!” I howled as I came, not bothering to pull out.

She looked back with an irritated face while I was still high off of busting my nut.

“I told you to stop doing that, Zane.”

“Nobody told you to throw this ass back like that,” I popped her booty and pulled out.

“Well now you gotta buy me another plan b.”

“You say that like it’s a problem for me.”

I’d been buying Plan B’s everyday over the past week. This time I was just going to go to the store and buy bukoo. I don’t care who looked at me like I was crazy.

“What you think about getting on birth control though?”

“I don’t know...I tried the monthly shot in highschool and got really sick. You ever thought about wearing condoms?”She countered.

“Let me take you home so you can shower and get ready for work. I’ll bring your Plan B before you leave tonight,”I said, before pulling out of the movie theater parking lot. That’s something else we’d been doing almost every day...dates. I liked to get out and do things, so I’d taken numerous girls on dates before, but never back to back like this. I guess I just liked chilling with Sage. She was cool as fuck and we stayed laughing together. She honestly felt like a genuine friend who I just so happened to be smashing, so I was loving it.

“Exactly,”she giggled. “And I better be the *only* bitch you fucking raw.”

I wasn't going to tell her that I hadn't had time for other bitches because then she might think I was on some exclusive shit with her and I wasn't. Just because I hadn't had time for other women over the past week didn't mean that I was dropping everybody else. Sage was just new, which meant sleeping with her was more appealing to me now. I couldn't say how I'd feel a few weeks from now.

"You are," I said, keeping it short.

"I hope you're being honest about that because one thing I wouldn't do is fuck multiple niggas raw."

"You fucking other niggas?"

That shit flew out of my mouth before I could even think but I really wanted to know. I could've sworn I was leaving her satisfied, so why would she need to fuck somebody else? A million questions started running through my head about who the fuck I was dealing with.

She paused, before looking at me sideways.

"You can't answer a simple question?" I snapped.

"I can," she laughed. "I just don't get why that's a question. We not together."

Ouch. That shit stung. I now knew how girls would feel when I hit them with that shit.

“No shit,” I grumbled. “But I am fucking you raw.”

“No shit,” she mocked. “That’s why I asked are you only fucking me raw because safety is important. If I asked you that question then of course I’m abiding by that.”

I breathed deeply, before gripping my nose. “So who else you fucking? Your ex, Ace?”

“How you know my ex name?” She marveled.

“I looked through your instagram. You still got pictures up of you and the nigga from 2013. Don’t you think you should delete those?”

“I think my instagram is my instagram,” she giggled. I found myself growing more and more irritated because what the fuck was so funny?

“How you claim to be single and got pictures of you and a nigga on your page? I’m your side nigga or something? Shit, let me know.”

She stopped laughing and just stared at me blankly.

“Zane, please stop being weird.”

“I’m not being weird! You being weird!”

“How?! You the one all over the place right now!”

For some reason I was pleased to see her energy finally matching mine. Her ass wasn’t laughing no more.

“No I asked you one fucking question! Who you fucking other than me?”

“That’s not your fucking business! I don’t question you about all the hoes that’s constantly tweeting about you including my big sister’s friend, Shana!”

“And you shouldn’t question me about a bitch if I been with you 24/7 lately!”

“The same thing applies to you, nigga! How the hell would I have the time to fuck somebody else when you been taking up all my time?! Shit my pussy wouldn’t be able to handle another dick fooling around with you!”

That last comment made me crack a smile.

“So why not just answer the question by saying no Sage?”

“Because you don’t need to get comfortable questioning me!”

“Alright,” I relented. “Maybe I was tripping.”

“Maybe?!” She exclaimed.

“Alright, I was,” I laughed, while wondering what the hell came over me. I was honestly confused but I felt ten times better knowing that she wasn’t sleeping with anyone else.

Sage

June 15, 2015

“Lemme get a shrimp po-boy on bun and gimme a watermelon Arizona tea, too.”

I had been in Tremesha’s house starving, so my mouth was watering when I put in my order. Tremesha had cooked red beans and fried chicken, but she claimed it wasn’t enough for everybody. She was just attempting to stir up drama like she always did. She had to be out her top if she thought my overgrown ass was about to fuss with other grown mutherfuckers about food. I carried my happy ass right out of her house and walked to the nearest corner store with my little sisters. Zahara was busy doing hair and she was booked up for

the day, so she had no idea what was going on. The convenient part about living in any hood in New Orleans was all the corner stores selling good ass food.

“Sis, come to this penthouse hotel party with me tonight.” Calla looked up from typing away on her phone.

“Is it really a penthouse, hoe?” I put my hand on my hip and looked at her skeptically.

“That’s what Von saying.”

I rolled my eyes when she mentioned her trade, who was deep into the streets. She’d known him since middle school though, so she knew him better than most people. Still, if Von was hosting this event it was sure to be a rowdy ass mess. I had paroled out of jail early and a bitch wasn’t trying to get sent back. I also couldn’t see myself letting Calla go by herself.

“Don’t make that face, girl. It’s his cousin’s party and she goes to Tulane.”

I smacked my teeth. “Oh, well why you ain’t just say that? You rolling, Rose?”

“She is too young to come!” Calla shrieked.

“She’s a year younger than you, bitch. And it’s a penthouse party. It’s not like it’s a club. Don’t do her that.” I asserted. I was really just trying to include Rose because I didn’t want her to be bored at home alone tonight. Maybe a college party was a bit too mature for a 16 year old, but I would be there to make sure she was straight. Besides, Rose had seen a bunch of shit a girl her age shouldn’t have seen growing up in the 9th ward. She wasn’t completely green.

“Thank you, sis,” Rose grinned before poking her tongue out at Calla.

“Y’all make me sick,” Calla muttered, making us laugh.

After we got our food we walked back home and decided to sit on the porch to eat. It was a lively summer day outside. Kids were playing, old ladies were gossiping on their porches, girls were out in skimpy clothes, and niggas were beating the block. It was the perfect scenery to distract me from the fact that I had texted Zane hours ago and he had yet to respond. I had to keep reminding myself that he wasn’t my nigga to refrain from cursing his ass out through text message. I had to swallow my pride to text his ass in the first place because he hadn’t hit me up since he dropped me off at work days ago. When we parted ways he was all smiles and he

kissed me goodbye, so I thought our little argument was water on the bridge. He was obviously harboring that shit. I was more mad with myself than I was mad with his ass. I'd gotten addicted to his dick in a short period of time. I hated that it was the best I'd ever had because now it would be hard to shake him.

“Oh so y'all went got y'all selves something to eat, huh?!” Tremesha questioned after barging out the front door. Her ill built ass looked a hot mess with a nightgown and bonnet on in the middle of the day.

“Yup,” Rose answered simply before biting into her hot sausage sandwich.

“And I guess Zahara across the street slaving her day away, huh? Couldn't be me.” She popped her lips. It was obvious she was just saying anything to pick with us, but we weren't moved. Our sister had started doing hair full time a few months ago when she lost her job behind some bullshit. Zooley allowed her to do hair in his deceased grandmother's house because Tremesha was acting stupid. Him letting her use that space didn't change when they broke up, and I loved that. Sometimes I wondered why Zahara didn't just ask Zooley if we could move into that house, but knowing her she

probably wouldn't go for that. Calla told me that he had to practically beg her to continue doing hair in the house when they broke up. Zahara most likely didn't want to bank on a niggas generosity when it came to where we laid our heads. As much shit as Tremesha talked, she wasn't kicking nobody out of her house yet because those government benefits from my little sisters were still hefty. She knew if we went then so did they. Anyway, Zahara was getting her hustle on and our auntie didn't know shit about that. Her specialty was protective styles like braids and sew ins, so she was always busy. Since she was on summer break from college she had unlimited time to get to the bag. She was definitely going to reach her goal of getting out of Tremesha's house before the year was over, and I was on the same kick as her. I was highly considering getting my own spot because I felt like it was time to be on my own. But my first step was getting a car. I'd been using Zahara's car to get to and from work. I worked mostly on weekends. Sometimes Eiffel would host week day parties, but it was rare. I was currently searching for a job to hold down during the week.

“You can call it slaving or working hard,” I replied sarcastically.

“This new generation is different. We had niggas take care of us back in my day,” Tremesha rambled. I tuned her out as I chewed on my poboyn and navigated to Zane’s twitter. Checking his twitter was habitual for me and it was something else I hated myself for doing. I just couldn’t help it. I instantly frowned at his latest tweet.

@TheyloveZane_ : BR so boring. What’s the wave NOLA?

If he was so damn bored why would he ignore my text about linking? Just when I was entertaining the thought of double texting him the reply under his tweet stopped me dead in my tracks.

@Danniedoll_ : @TheyloveZane_ boy how you gon say you bored when I’M laying right next to you?”

He replied with a series of laughing emojis and she replied telling him don’t get fucked up. This was obviously someone he really liked if he was laying up midday with her. I was stuck. It was one thing when I thought he was ignoring me over our argument, but he was ignoring me because of another bitch’s presence. Now I was heated...and my feelings were a little hurt. It was cool though. I was going to pop out with little

sisters tonight and get me some more niggas. Zane wasn't the only nigga in New Orleans with a superb, big dick.

Hotel parties always made me leery because people loved to claim they had suites or penthouses when they really had a basic ass room with two beds. But Von hadn't been fronting. His cousin, Liya, really did have a penthouse at the Doubletree downtown and it was nice. There was a big floor to ceiling window that overlooked the city, and she even had it decorated nicely. There were huge pink balloons that read "Nasty 19." The hotel was full, but it wasn't packed. Everyone had room to dance, get to the food or drinks, and mingle. When we walked in, several niggas eyes went to us. I could tell they were wondering who we were and that garnered a smirk from me. I knew we looked good because I'd picked out our outfits. I decided we'd be casual because hotel parties usually weren't dressy. Looking at the party goers I realized I'd made the right call. Rose wore a white t-shirt style mini dress that brought out the curves on her petite frame with a crossbody fringe purse and fringe sandals. Calla rocked jean shorts, showing off her thick thighs, with a blue crop top, and

blue and white pumas. Her pretty, bush hair was styled in a twisted out that brushed past her shoulders. I opted for a pair of aztec stretchy bell bottom pants that looked painted on. I was going to buy up every pair of pants like this because they had my ass looking better than it usually did. I put a pink crochet bikini-top on with it as well as pink sandals. I took my sew in out and wore my natural hair in a big puff at the top of my head. My baby hairs were laid for the Gods and of course my make up was slayed. Calla and Rose were beasts at makeup and they'd taught me everything they knew. So I could see why people were staring at us. We were looking good.

Von popped up by our side in no time and greeted us. He then kissed Calla, I guess to let niggas know she was taken even though she wasn't. His ass wasn't her boyfriend.

“Ou! Cousin is this the girl you be telling me about?!” Liya asked after walking up to us. I knew she had to be the birthday girl and his cousin because she had a birthday crown on her head. They also looked a lot alike with their light skin and light brown eyes. She looked cute in pink shorts, a crop top, and heels.

“Yea, this my baby, Calla,”he kissed her cheek. She rolled her eyes, but the smile on her face let it be known that she was loving the attention from him. “And these are her sisters, Sage and Rose.”

“Okayyyyy!”Liya sang. “Y’all is cute! Let’s take a selfie for the gram!”

She held up her phone and we jumped into the camera frame. I was happy that the birthday girl was nice and welcoming because that meant the night would most likely be fun. After taking selfies I scanned the crowd and noticed a mixture of people. All the girls were really pretty and the guys were handsome. Some people seemed more hood than others. It was evident that Liya was a college girl but you couldn’t take the ghetto out of her. It seemed to be the perfect combination because her party was rocking! Whoever was on the AUX was cutting up. They were playing all the bounce and twerking songs.

“Somebody real is hard to find. Somebody worth all your time. Somebody who to tell you the truth. Someone who loves you for you. Someone who knows all of your flaws and doesn’t impose, try to control them. Let’s you be free. Doesn’t

deceive and gives you a chance to believe...believe in something.”

I had no idea they had put a bounce beat on Tink’s “Treat You Like Somebody” but I was thoroughly pleased. This was my shit during my junior year of highschool when I was going through it with Ace. I didn’t have any Ace problems anymore, but the message of the song still stood. I rocked my hips to the beat, getting my entire life while singing with a house special daiquiri in my hand. Calla’s underaged ass was also drinking but it wasn’t like I could tell her anything. I wasn’t exactly 21 either. Thankfully Rose wasn’t interested in drinking liquor, but she was dancing right with us and having a good time.

“I told her jumpity jump dat booty! Twerk! Jumpity jump dat booty! Twerk!”

Kangaroo Booty by Ksytlis had every girl in the vicinity throwing her hands on her knees and throwing that ass in a circle. I was a skilled twerker so I dropped into a squat and popped my ass cheeks one by one.

“Ayeeee! Fuck it up, Sage!” Rose screamed, while recording me.

I stood back up and bent over to wobble my ass. I saw several phones recording me but I didn't care because I knew I looked great. When I put my hands on my knees and started clapping my ass, I felt someone slap my booty so hard that it stung. I turned around to curse Calla or Rose out. My heart dropped when I locked eyes with the actual culprit behind the booty slap.

Zane

When Diamond told me about this hotel party I didn't think it would be this lit. Usually hotel parties were sketchy. He assured me it would be a good time. Apparently he was fucking with the birthday girl and her cousin worked for Zooley. When we entered the party I recognized that nigga Von right away. He was from the 10th ward like my family, so I came up with him. He was cool people. After speaking to him my eye cut to the girl that was twerking on him.

“You know my girl, Zane?” Von questioned.

“Yea, but I know her sister better,” I chuckled.

“Aw shit,” Von laughed. “Which one? She got two of em here with her tonight.”

He nodded to his left. That’s when I saw Sage twerking a few away from him. Her back was turned to us as she threw her ass cheeks all over the place. She was cutting up. Her little sister Rose was trying to record her, but she was dancing herself.

“Damn,” my younger brother, Mason, gawked. I didn’t even know which sister he was looking at, but I’d let him live. His ass was only 17, but he got to tag along with the big dogs tonight. Madison, my little sister and his twin, wanted to come too but we told her ass to sit down somewhere. She didn’t need to come anywhere with a bunch of niggas, and Diamond had a invited a few of his homies that he hustled with to come. We treated our sisters like fine china, and Madison was the baby so we were extra cautious about her.

“Damn her ass fat,” one of Diamond’s home boys said. That was my que to move my feet. I walked up behind her and slapped her booty with great strength. She popped up and turned around like she was ready to go off, but when she laid her eyes on me her face relaxed.

“Come here,” I grabbed her arm and pulled her towards the nearest corner.

“What are you doing? I was fucking it up!”

“Yea, me and the whole party saw you.”

“I hope one of them videos somebody got of me goes viral.”

“What?” I frowned. “What type of that shit you on?”

“I don’t think that’s your business. Go worry about Danielleeee,” she said mockingly. Right then I smelled the liquor on her breath.

“Who drove y’all here?”

“We caught an uber, but it doesn’t matter. I’m not drunk! I just know about your little girlfriend,” she smirked. That smile was nothing but a cover up to mask her true feelings. She was jealous as shit and it made me feel good.

“That girl ain’t my girlfriend. Go ask her if you want to.”

“What I look like questioning a bitch over a nigga who can’t even respond when I text him? I could’ve really needed something and you’re ignoring me because of another btich. I’m so good on you.”

My eyes enlarged at her last declaration. I hadn't expected it to escalate to all that.

"I wasn't ignoring you for no other bitch! I was just falling back a little because I felt like I was doing too much. I wanted to give you your space."

"Did I ask you for space?!"

I chuckled. "Nah...you didn't. My bad for assuming. It's just...I ain't like how I was acting the last time we were together. That ain't even me. Ya know?"

"I don't know shit, all I know is you better answer me whenever I hit your line. I don't come second to no bitch."

My dick bricked up at that assertion. I gripped her throat roughly and kissed her erotically. She wrapped her arms around my neck, welcoming the public display of affection. I'm sure several people, including my niggas, were watching this and clowing me but I didn't give a fuck. I was going with what felt good.

"FUCK UPTOWN, NIGGA!"

I pulled away from the kiss quickly on high alert, looking around. A nigga threw a closed fist at Diamond, and I rushed over there without even thinking. Diamond dodged the

lick, but I still clocked the nigga in his jaw, sending him flying down. Utter chaos commenced after that. His friends tried to jump on me, but Diamond and his boys along with Von and his boys weren't letting that happen. Before we knew it we were having a full out brawl in the middle of the party. We were getting the best of those niggas, but they weren't backing down.

“Fuck this!”Diamond shouted, pulling out his piece and aiming it. Those niggas scattered to the hallway. Diamond and his boys followed them with their guns still cocked. I followed because I wanted to see what the fuck was going to happen. Them niggas barrelled down the hallway to the nearest elevator.

“Nigga I'ma see you!”

“Make sure you strapped and ready to shoot it out, pussy!”Diamond laughed hysterically. At that point I had to laugh too because that nigga was crazy. When all those niggas were gone, everybody joined in on the laughter like we didn't just get into a big ass fight.

“Where Mason?”Diamond asked, looking around.

“I told him to stay in the hotel,”I replied. My brother was a star basketball player and he already had multiple full

ride scholarships on the table for college. He didn't need to be getting into this shit.

“Good.”

“Diamond, really?!” Liya snapped, appearing in the doorway.

He started laughing again. “My b. I didn't mean to start wildin like that. I told your ass I ain't want to come because I ain't know who was gonna be here.”

That nigga was a hot head and always had beef. One thing was for certain though, he handled his shit.

“We finna leave. I'ma catch up with you another time,”Diamond said, before hugging her.

I went back inside the hotel where the party had started back up again. I found Sage and her sisters standing by the door.

“Let's go, y'all.”

“We've only been here for an hour,”Rose whined.

“And after what just happened maybe that's enough,”Calla muttered.

“I second that,”Sage agreed. “I'm hungry.”

“Let’s go hit up waffle house. My treat.” I insisted.

“You right, we really should leave,”Rose raised her hand and headed straight for the door.

“That damn girl is greedy,”Sage giggled, and then focused on me. “And we got something else in common.”

“What?”

“Nigga you got hands. That’s what,”she broke out in giggles. I thought she’d be upset about what just took place, but she found it humorous just like I had. We were really one in the same and that’s probably why I enjoyed her company so much.

Chapter 4

Sage

June 19,2015

“Whatchu think about this?” Zane held up a Gucci bucket hat. I accompanied him to Canal Place to shop for his 22nd birthday trip that was vastly approaching. He was going to Miami with most of his siblings and some of his friends. He’d been talking about the trip for the past few days and how it was super last minute. He’d enlisted me to help him get his shit together before he flew out on the 20th. I liked spending time with him so I didn’t care what the fuck we were doing as long as we were doing something.

“I like it. Are you gonna get the matching shorts and slides?”

“Yea, I might just rock it with a white beater.”

“Or go shirtless,” I smiled.

“Your lil hot ass would like that,” he popped my but that was covered in a yellow maxi sundress. The color looked so pretty against my brown skin. My natural hair was pulled back in a slick bun and I had on natural makeup. Zane’s hands had been all over me so I knew I looked bomb as fuck.

“You would love it, too,” I laughed. “You know you always have your lil bird chest out.”

“My lil bird chest?” He chortled. “Girl, you wouldn’t last five minutes in the gym with me.”

“Boy please! I played bukoo sports in school.”

“Was that before or after you started terrorizing people’s kids by beating on them?”

I giggled hysterically. “Zane, fuck you.”

He laughed before leaning down to kiss my lips repeatedly. I returned the kisses for a second, but when my head started feeling all dizzy I pulled back. I didn’t have time for all that.

“Girl, bring them lips back here,” he demanded before kissing me deeply. When he started flickering his tongue all over my mouth I had to really stop him because I was getting wet and I was sure people were staring.

“Alright, I’m chill,” he chuckled. “You should get that Gucci bikini so we can match.”

“Nah, I’m good.”

“You sure?” He raised an eyebrow.

“Yea, that ain’t in my budget and why do we need to match? We not gon be together when you wear this.”

He scowled. “You not coming on my birthday trip? I thought you said you was off all week.”

Chills ran up my spine. “I am, but I don’t recall you asking me to go anywhere.”

Admittedly, I felt some type of way about not being extended an invitation but I knew I needed to get over it. It hadn’t even been fucking with this man for a month. He wasn’t obligated to invite me out of town. And I lowkey felt like it might be best for us to pump the brakes a little bit because we were moving at a fast pace. I just couldn’t get myself to verbalize that to him because it would actually result in us spending less time together. My mind was just all over the place and I wasn’t used to that.

“So you think I just been telling you about this trip for my health?”

“I can’t call it, Zane. All I know is that you never formally asked me, so I wasn’t going to assume and look stupid.”

“You wouldn’t have looked stupid because I bought your plane ticket and everything. Now get that bathing suit.”

“Zane, I told you this high shit not in my bu-”

“I’m paying, Sage. Damn,”he grumbled in annoyance.

“Am I blowing it?”I blurted out, really wanting to know how he felt.

“A lil bit, yea,”he admitted.

“Well you are too. How you gon be annoyed with me because I didn’t want to assume shit?”

“I just figured it was common sense.” He shrugged.

“Well it wasn’t. In the future you gotta be more straightforward.”

“Noted, now let’s get you some shit for this trip.”

We spent the rest of the afternoon shopping. I was hesitant at first about just picking up shit, but Zane made it easy by picking up whatever I looked at. I had several designer swimsuits, cute sandals and slippers, a few pairs of pricey heels, and I had some cute pieces for day and night time activities. I even got a Louis Vuitton, Marc Jacobs, and Tory Burch purse. I grew up wearing designer clothes because my drug dealing father wasn’t settling for anything less, so I’d had nice things before. That became a thing of the past once he and my mother died. My job had been generous to me, so I could afford whatever I wanted to buy. I just wasn’t splurging on

pointless shit when I had real shit that I was working towards like my own spot and car.

“How long do you think it’ll take you to pack?”

“I’m not su-”I gasped. “Shit, I need a suitcase!”

“You can use one of mine. I got bukoo.”

“Thank youuu,”I smiled, before reaching out to pinch his cheek.

“Alright, so I’m a swing you by your house so you can get your stuff, then we’ll go back to BR and pack together. After that we’ll drive back to the city to sleep by Zooley’s house.”

“Cool,”I said nonchalantly, but I was eager as fuck to see his spot. I’d been thinking it was hella suspect how he’d never invited me back to where he really lived. “But can we get something to eat first? I’m hungry.”

“We sure can. What you wa-”

His ringing phone cut him off. He looked at the screen and sucked his teeth, but he still answered. “What Zora?”

My eyes bounced to him in alarm. He was out of line for talking to his mother like that.

Whatever she said garnered an aggravated groan from him.

“Mannnn, I’m busy. You can’t ask somebody else?”

I heard loud shouting from the other line and I just knew she was going off on his ass.

“Alright, I’ll be there in like 20 minutes,”he grumbled before rushing off the phone.

I laughed. “She cursed your ass out, huh?”

“It’s nothing new,”he shrugged.

“If you talk to her like that all the time then I don’t blame her.”

“Alright,”he nodded, while staring straight forward.

“You mad?” I questioned.

“Nah...I just can’t get you to understand my frustration about somebody you don’t even know. But say, do you mind if we go over there right quick? She needs me to hook up her new tv and apparently ain’t nobody else around.”

“No, go do what you need to do.”

My phone vibrated in my hand. I had a text message from Ace. I smirked because he’d been blowing me up the

past few days and it had been about Zane. Apparently someone had told him that I was kissing him at the penthouse hotel party. His jealousy was boosting my ego like a mutherfucker and I was amused by the whole thing. That nigga cheated on me multiple times and expected me to not move on with my life. I guess us having sex made him think I was willing to work through our problems. In my eyes his habitual cheating wasn't a problem to work through. I was done with him, and I definitely didn't need him for dick anymore with Zane in the picture.

“What you over there smiling at?”

“Nothing,” I lied, until I thought about it. “Actually, maybe you can help me understand something.”

“Wassup?”

“Why do niggas shit on you constantly and then be upset about you moving on and living your life?”

“Shit, that nigga must know that he lost something worth keeping.”

“Yea, you might be right.”

“I am, but say, I know damn well you not asking me for advice about another nigga's thought process.”

I rolled my eyes, while stifling a smile. Unlike Ace, Zane's jealousy was a turn on for me.

"Zane, I clearly just said I've moved on and I'm living my life. So yea, my ex is on my line, but I ain't pressed."

"If you not pressed then what the fuck you smiling and shit for?"

"Wow...are you serious?" I asked, because I didn't know what else to say.

"Yea. If you not worried about him then he'd be blocked."

"Is that what you would like me to do?"

"Sage, I want you to do whatever the fuck you wanna do. If that nigga contacting you make you smile then do you."

"Aw lawd," I groaned while shaking my head. I wasn't about to go back and forth with him about this when hoes still had access to his line. As far as I was concerned Zane and I were only in the talking stage. I initially thought it would be something light but I was catching feelings for the nigga. That was irrelevant though. I wasn't doing shit to appease him when there was no clear understanding on where this situation was going. Through his actions I could see he obviously liked

me too, but I didn't want to get beside myself by reading into shit too deeply.

We made it to his mom's two story brick home which was all the way in Chalmette, so my stomach was growling by the time we got there.

"Alright, we shouldn't be here long. C'mon,"he said dryly, before getting out of the car. He'd been dry with me ever since Ace's dumb ass texted me and that alone had me strongly considering blocking his ass. Then again...Zane look sexy as fuck when he was mad. I couldn't wait to ride the attitude out of him later.

As we were trekking up the walkway, the door swung open and a beautiful woman stood there. She resembled Zane a little but her skin was bronzer and her facial features were softer. She was on the thicker side and her kinky hair brushed past her shoulders. She looked like an older sweet lady who'd aged magnificently.

"Hey,"I waved, politely with a smile.

She looked me up and down before focusing on Zane.

"Nigga who is you bringing up here to my house?"

My face fell as every nice thing I just thought her ass went down the drain. I felt so stupid for even speaking in the first place, but I wouldn't have done it any other way. I was entering *her* home, after all.

“This is my friend, Sage, so be nice or we gon leave and your tv won't get hooked up.”

“Oh boy, please,” she scoffed. “How ya doing Miss Sage? You look some familiar.”

“Oh yea, this Zahara sister.”

“Hmmp,” she mumbled with a stank face. Did this bitch have an issue with my sister too? I was so confused where all the animosity was coming from when I'd only said hey. “Y'all look just alike.”

“Thank you,” I said evenly. I saw no reason to play nice or kiss ass when it was obvious she already didn't like me.

“So y'all keeping it in the family, huh?” She asked Zane as we entered the house. “Diamond or Mason better not bring one of her other little sisters home.”

“Ma, you interrupted my day. Nigga wasn't planning on coming over here,” he snapped, as we entered the living room.

A handsome, brown skinned man who resembled his twin siblings was on the couch.

“Man, I know you ain’t call me when this nigga here!”

“Zane, you better mind who you talking too, lil nigga,”the man replied.

“Mannn, get the fuck outta here, Mishon! You ain’t my daddy. Ion owe you shit.”

“Alright, that’s enough,”Zora tittered. “You know this old ass nigga don’t know shit about technology.”

“Obviously,”he muttered, before looking back at me. “Sit down, love.”

My heart fluttered when he referred to me as “love” even though most New Orleans dudes called females that. It just sounded extra special coming from Zane’s mouth. I sat down on the nice, brown sectional. The house was spacious on the inside and decorated nicely, but I felt severely unwanted. Zora was looking at me like she was trying to figure me out. I needed Zane to hurry up and finish with this tv. My stomach was rumbling from the good food I smelled in the air.

“What you cooked, ma?”Zane asked.

“White beans, cornbread, and fried chicken...but I ain’t make enough to feed the whole damn world,” she said, before glancing at me. That right there did it for me.

“Oh, I don’t eat from everybody anyway. I had no plans on asking for a plate.” I spoke up, and I didn’t bother removing the hostility from my voice. Zane smirked, showcasing that he found my response funny.

“Good, because I don’t know you to be feeding you. Ya know?” She asked.

I laughed. “Yea, I know. And after today I don’t ever want to get to know you.”

“Oh, shit,” Mishon laughed hysterically.

Her head jerked back. “Zane, you know I don’t allow disrespect in my house!”

“Then leave her the fuck alone! Damn,” he chuckled. “You the one called me over here to plug in a tv and a few wires.”

“Exactly, I called you,” she pursed her lip.

“And she was in the car with me.”

“You could’ve dropped her off at home first.”

“No I couldn’t have. We have our whole day mapped out.”

“Hmmp, so you spending time with her before you go to Miami and fuck other bitches?”

My head tilted in disbelief. This miserable ass lady was on one and I now understood why Zane didn’t care for her. I’d obviously misspoken in the car and was currently eating my words.

“Nah, she gon be the only one I’m fucking in Miami,” he chortled.

“Zane!” I shrieked in embarrassment. Zora may have been a hot ass mess, but she was still his mama.

“Oh girl, please,” Zora scoffed. “I know y’all fucking. This lil nigga been fucking since he was 13 with his nasty ass. I’m surprised I don’t have multiple grandbabies from him because he keeps hoes.”

“Alright! Shut up, bruh!” Zane clamored.

“Forreal, you blowing up that nigga spot,” Mishon chuckled.

“I’m just telling the truth. I’m sure she can handle it,” Zora said.

“I sure can,” I replied, unphased. “Zane and I are not together, so it’s whatever.”

“Whatever helps you sleep at night, maw,” Zora popped her lips.

“Man, chill out, ma,” Zane gritted.

“Don’t talk to me, boy! How the fuck you bringing somebody on vacation but you not bringing your own mama?”

“Because I want to have a good, drama free time.”

Damn. That had to hurt. Zora glared at him like she wanted to fuck him up, but he he stepped away from the tv and tossed her the remote.

“There you go. Let’s go, baby.” He grabbed my hand and pulled me off the couch. Meanwhile my head was spinning. Did he just call me baby? He’d only ever said that during sex. I had to urge myself to calm down about a simple ass pet name.

When we got back to his car, he focused on me.

“You good?”

“Yea...I’m sorry.”

He frowned. “For what?”

“For speaking on shit I didn’t know nothing about. You were right about ya mama. She’s nothing nice.”

“You ain’t gon let her run you off, huh?”

I smacked my teeth. “Hell no. I know bukoo other miserable old hoes just like her, including my auntie. She’s light work.”

Zane

June 20,2015

“Yea, that’s the one. Arch your back a lil bit more,” I instructed Sage as she posed by the pool of the mansion I’d rented for the week. Really Zooley paid for the shit as a birthday gift to me. It had eleven rooms and eight bathrooms, and it overlooked the water. Our cousin Johan lived in Miami, so he led me to this house, saying it was perfect for entertaining a lot of guests. He’d told no lies. All of my sisters and brothers were here except Mason and Madison. I’d also invited my friends, Carter and Herb. I’d met Carter at LSU freshman year in English class and he’d been my road dog ever since, and Herb had been my closest friend through high

school. Carter played basketball for the New Orleans Pelicans and Herb was in college at Southern. His true desire was to make it big in the music industry as a rapper. I'm not gon lie, my boy was raw, and he had local success in Louisiana. I just knew he was going to take it to the moon once he graduated college next year. Those niggas were flying some females out for the trip and I didn't mind. We usually didn't bring girls on trips but when they learned I was bringing Sage, they switched it up. I'd told all my siblings they could bring a plus one if they wanted to but my sisters Zanae and Mishae claimed none of their niggas were worth bringing around. Then there was Diamond who said "why would I bring a hoe to Miami when there's already hoes in Miami." I guess he'd made a valid point. And Zooley was the last nigga who'd bring a random female around us for the sake of having company. He didn't play that shit.

"Why you got my sis posing like this?" Zanae asked as she walked over to us. Ever since she'd met Sage at the airport this morning she'd been calling her "sis." At first I thought she was trying to be funny because she didn't even know Sage like that. However, they'd been talking to each other all damn day. Clearly Zanae really liked her for whatever reason.

“Because she looks good,” I reached out and popped her ass. She was wearing the hell out of her Gucci bikini that I got her yesterday.

“Alright, relax,” she giggled, before climbing out of the risqué pose I’d had her in.

“Watch out, sis. He might be tryna turn you into an ig model and make money off you,” Zanae laughed.

“Lies. These pictures are for my eyes only.” I stated.

“Oop,” Zanae smirked.

“Wait, so you made me do a whole photo shoot out here and you not gon send me my pictures?”

“Right,” I nodded. “I’ll go through them, pick the appropriate ones, and then send those to you.”

“Damn,” Zanae giggled.

Sage looked back and forth between us. “Y’all sure y’all not twins?”

“Nope. We just got the same sorry ass daddy and mammy,” Zanae giggled.

We got asked that question all the time because she was a much prettier, female version of me. She was also tall

like me standing at 5'11 while I stood at 6'1. Her ass could probably really be a professional model but she was real lowkey. She attended Xavier University and held down a real job at a popular sports bar.

“Yea, I’m her *big* brother,” I said, just to fuck with her.

“Boy please,” she pushed my shoulder. “You know I’m the oldest!”

“By nine months, big whoop,” I spun my finger in a circle.

“So are y’all the only two with the same daddy?” Sage inquired. “I mean, other than the twins obviously.”

“The twins’ daddy is Mishae’s daddy, too. I never got the chance to be the baby because she wanted to come eleven months after me,” I jested. I actually loved that my siblings and I were so close in age. Our childhood was lit as fuck together.

Sage let out a whistle while shaking her head. “Damn, y’all mama really ain’t take no type of breaks.”

“I know,” Zanae laughed. “I think once she had me she started realizing how beneficial it was to have a lot of kids, so she just kept making ‘em. She used to get bukoo food stamps!”

“Girl, you a clown,” I chuckled.

“You know I’m not lying,” she laughed. “You don’t remember her and daddy always fighting around tax season?”

“Mannn,” I laughed so hard my stomach hurt. I had a flashback of my daddy snatching my mom’s wig off because she told him he could carry us only for her to go back on her word. “Them muthafucka’s used to be ignorant.”

“Y’all childhood sounds...eventful,” Sage laughed.

“It was, but I ain’t gon do Zora too bad. My mama may have been hard to deal with and nothing but drama, but we never wanted for shit. She was a hustler, for sure.”

I looked at Zanae like she was crazy because what our mama used to do for money was nothing to brag about or be proud of.

“Uh-oh, what Zane?” Sage laughed.

“Nothing...” I sighed, before changing the subject. I didn’t want to ruin the light hearted mood. “I was just thinking, it might not be a bad idea to have kids back to back.”

“You want kids?” Sage and Zanae asked in unison while looking at me strangely.

“Really, y’all?” I laughed. “Of course a nigga want kids some day.”

“Well you’re mama did say she would’ve expected you to have a bunch of kids by now, so maybe I shouldn’t be surprised,” Sage shrugged.

“Girl, my mama slow,” I chortled. “One thing my daddy did show me was how to wear condoms. Ain’t no kids should be running ‘round here for me, nothing.”

“How is that when we never use them?” Sage asked.

“Ewww, and on that note...I’mma go back in the house and fix me a drink,” Zanae twisted her face up in disgust and started walking off. She turned back around when she was by the door. “What we doing today, bro?”

“A chef gon come through and cook lunch for us, and we gon chill poolside. Johan got a section for us at KOD tonight, so we taking it easy for now.”

“Sounds good to me.”

“Make me a drink, too, sis!” Sage hollered after her as she walked back in the house.

“You’ve gotten comfortable rather fast with my people,” I chuckled.

“That’s what happens when I get good energy from people. It’s kinda hard to believe that your mean ass maw pushed out such nice human beings...one of y’all gotta be rotten.”

“Why would you say some shit like that?” I laughed.

“Shit, let me know if I’m tripping.”

“Well between me and you, Mishae got quite the mean streak on her. You don’t want to get on her bad side.”

She smacked her teeth. “Boy please, that girl is sweet as fuck.”

“Until you cross her.”

“Luckily I have no plans to do that. I think you might be the rotten one.”

“What?” I tittered.

“Somethings gotta be wrong with you,” she squinted.

“I be thinking the same thing about your ass,” I confessed before pulling her face into mine for a kiss.

“Hmmm, your lips are so sweet.”

“My other lips are sweet too,” she uttered, before licking my lips. My dick jumped as I suddenly felt the intense

urge to taste those other lips she spoke of. I hadn't given head in a while because I hadn't been dealing with females who were worthy of it in my eyes. But now I was starving.

In the midst of us raunchily kissing, I led her to the pool daybed, and guided her onto her back. When I started kissing on her neck, her head flew back in pleasure.

“Wait, Zane! Whatchu doing?!” She asked in panic when I moved her bikini bottom to the side revealing her freshly waxed pussy. It was glistening in her juices, looking nice and ripe for me.

“About to see if you are as sweet as you claim to be,” I said gruffly.

Sage

My head bounced back to the door, because anybody could literally walk out at any second and this fool was trying to eat my pussy. I guess I was an even bigger fool because I made no real effort to stop him. When his tongue flickered over my clit I decided to just let him be great. Shit it would be him who got caught with a mouth full of pussy if somebody walked out here, not me!

“Awwww, Zane,” I crooned as he pushed my legs further apart and really zoned in on my clit with his mouth. Every now and then his tongue would travel down my slit, but he knew the focal point and that was pleasing for me. I’d been with three other guys before Zane and had to instruct them all on how to eat my pussy. Zane needed no type of help, but I still pushed his head in it for moral support.

“Ouuuuu,shit,” I gasped, while fucking his face. He seemingly loved it as he gripped my fleshy ass cheek and slapped it. “I’ma cummmmmm!”

“Mhmmm,” he muttered arrogantly, refusing to release his mouth from my pussy.

“Z-Za-Zane, o-o-u-u-u, fuckkkkkk!” I yelped as my body shook violently. He slurped up all my juices like a human vacuum and then moved my swimsuit back over my pussy. He came up on top of me and let me taste what he’d just consumed through a deep, tongue kiss.

“You was right,” he uttered, while looking into my eyes. My heart skipped a beat.

“Yea?”

“Yup. You sweet just like sugar. Why you ain’t been tell me to eat your pussy?”

Chills crept up my spine.

“Don’t worry...we can make up for lost time this week.”

“Fucking right,”he eagerly agreed. “I can’t wait to eat this pussy until you cry.”

My clit thumped. “Let’s go upstairs.”

“C’mon.” He sat up, and pulled me up.

When we walked in I noticed some more people had joined us. Me, his siblings, and his friends had all caught a morning flight together. His friend’s female guests had an afternoon flight, and I guess they were here now.

“Nigga I started to come outside to get you...but you looked busy,”Zooley chuckled.

“Yeaaa, we finna go upstairs y’all.”

I thought it was kind of rude how he hadn’t spoken to the girls, but he couldn’t stop and talk with my pussy on his breath. Evidently Zooley had seen enough to know what we were up to outside so I couldn’t even look anybody in the eye right now.

“So Zane, you can’t speak?”

Now that made me look up swiftly. That’s when I noticed three girls were in attendance except for two. They were all pretty, but the girl who just questioned him was bad. She had a warm light brown skin color, her bone straight sew in was laid, and she donned a pink Chanel romper. I didn’t even know if Zane had a specific type, but it looked like she would be it. She was giving material “IT” girl, and he was definitely a label whore himself. The cherry on top was her questioning him all smartly. The fuck was going on here?

“Danielle?” He marveled, as if he was just noticing her for the first time too. “The fuck you doing here?”

Danielle’s face fell flat.

“I invited her as my plus one,” the girl who was in Carter’s arms replied.

“And I told you as my plus one you were out of line for that.” Carter asserted.

“I have my own hotel,” Danielle rushed to say. “I’m not trying to impose. I hope me being here is no issue, Zane.”

He looked around while scratching his head.

“As long as you here to have a good time and ain’t on no bullshit, it’s cool. C’mon Sage.”

She smirked at me as we walked past and I just looked at her stupid ass. She just didn’t know that I could beat that stupid ass smirk off her face. Her best bet would be to keep it cute!

When we made it to the master bedroom, Zane tried to pick back up where left off, but I pushed him off me.

He threw his head back in agony. “Sage, I didn’t know that girl was coming.”

“But you told her it was cool if she stayed!”

“Mannn, if that girl wanna stay here and watch my be up your ass then that’s on her, straight up. I ain’t fucking with her like that.”

“Mhmm, so when’s the last time y’all had sex?”

He breathed deeply. “Don’t ask me that, baby.”

“I ain’t ya fucking baby and I must look like boo boo the fool! It’s a reason that girl feels so entitled to show up to your birthday trip uninvited and that’s because you’re still digging in them guts.’

“One time! I fucked her one time when I was tryna give you some space. It ain’t mean shit to me. It was just some available pussy!”

Hearing him admit that stung. I hadn’t let another nigga touch me since I started sleeping with him. In fact, I’d been chilling completely when it came to other niggas. Perhaps this was the reality check I needed.

“Whatever, Zane,” I hissed.

“Don’t let her ruin this trip for us, baby. Fuck her,” he declared.

“Yea, fuck her,” I said just to end the conversation. I didn’t have shit else to talk about.

Zane

I stood around while everyone encouraged me to take my third shot for the night. My birthday was an hour away, so they were undoubtedly trying to get me fucked up. I had a buzz going from the Ciroc shots but my tolerance was higher than a muthafucker, so I was ready for more. Despite Sage and I arguing over Danielle’s desperate ass popping up, I knew tonight would still be fun.

“Zane, my snapchat loving your outfit,” Danielle grinned all in my face. Everybody had gone off into their own conversations, so I guess she saw this as a perfect opportunity to slide next to me and make conversation. Sage was upstairs, still getting dressed. That also gave Dannie the greenlight to make a move.

“Forreal?” I questioned, dryly. I was aware that my black and gold Versace shirt, black Versace jeans, and black Louboutin sneakers was fire, but I didn’t care to hear it coming from her. Her presence wasn’t really bothering me. It was the fact that I knew she had ulterior motives. She wanted to convince me that she was worthy of being taken seriously, but that ship had sailed. I also had somebody that I really liked here with me, so I didn’t have time for her bullshit. If Sage came down here and whooped her ass then that would be on her. Nobody told he to pop up here.

“Yea. We kinda match,” she smiled. She wore a black mini Herve Leger dress. One thing I always appreciated about Danielle was her fashion sense. I was into clothes too, so we always had that in common. However, she had started feeling bland to me in terms of style despite wearing pricey items.

“A lot of us have on black,” I looked around the huge kitchen.

She smacked her teeth. “Zane, why did you switch up on me? We used to be better than this.”

“Danielle, all that don’t mat-”

“What time are we leaving?!” Sage jumped in front of me, pushing Danielle back roughly in the process.

I wanted to laugh, but I was too busy admiring how perfect she looked. I could see what took her ass so long. Her natural makeup enhanced her beauty effortlessly and the red ombre lip she wore was enticing. Her hair was in an array of pretty curls that framed her face, making her resemble a baby doll. Lastly, her outfit was so sexy that I knew I was keeping her up under me for the entire night. The black Versace lace mesh shorts were completely see through and she wore a black thong underneath, looking fine as fuck. She paired it with a white, black, and gold Versace logo top that she tied up, turning it into a tight, crop top. On her feet were tall Versace heels, making her 5’5 frame stand a little closer to mine. Now we definitely matched.

“You look so good,” I grabbed her booty, and smashed my lips against hers.

We indulged in the kiss for a few seconds until somebody interrupted us.

“Um, excuse me!”

“Whatttt?!” Sage grumbled after turning around to face Danielle. Everybody in the kitchen was looking on.

“You bumped me pretty hard.”

“Oh, okay,” Sage nodded. “Anything else?”

I heard my sisters cackling, amping up the mess. I ain’t gon lie...I was kind of amused too. Danielle wasn’t a punk by any means, but she could not handle Sage.

“You could say sorry for unnecessarily pushing me!”

“I’ma unnecessarily beat your ass if you raise your voice at me again,” Sage said calmly with a blank expression. That right there let me know her ass was really crazy.

“Beat my ass?” Danielle repeated, but I noticed her voice had lowered back to its normal tone. “Girl, that is so uncalled for. My shoes cost over a thousand dollars alone. I wish I would fight.”

“Well I don’t how much my outfit cost because Zane bought it, but I can still whoop your ass in it. Now go stand your dumb ass over there and stay out his face.” Sage flipped

her hair in Danielle's face, and grabbed my face to continue kissing me.

“Boy, she ain't nothing nice,” I heard my cousin Johan say while laughing with my siblings.

Meanwhile my dick was semi-hard from how Sage had just handled Danielle. If I was her I would've been on the next thing smoking to BR, but of course, she stuck around.

Sage

June 21, 2015

“Shawty got a big ol' butt oh yeah! Shawty got a big ol' butt oh yeah! Clappers to the front, front, front, front!”

Clappers by Wale played, making all the strippers in our section twerk harder.

“I wanna dance on the birthday boy!” I shouted excitedly. I bent over and bounced my ass on Zane's pelvis. We'd been at KOD for two hours and I was having the time of my life. This was my first time at a strip club and I'd been dancing with the strippers all night, giving them a run for their money. Zane was for all the bullshit as he encouraged me to no end by recording me and throwing money on me too. The strippers

also loved me and were showing me the same amount of attention as Zane. If our strip clubs were lit like this back in New Orleans I'd definitely work at one.

“Ayeee, throw it back, sis!” Mishae shouted while filming me and Zane. She hadn't been calling my “sis” all day like Zanae but she started after I checked Danielle. That led me to believe that she was with the shits like Zane claimed earlier.

Suddenly Zane stopped slapping my ass and patted my thigh. I looked back at him and he pulled me up.

“What's wrong?” I frowned.

“Nothing, niggas just acting like they never saw a fine bitch shake they ass before!”

My face twisted up in shock. Clearly he wanted whoever he was talking about to hear him loud and clear because he was shouting. He was also drunk at this point. I wasn't exactly sober myself but I wasn't on his level.

“What are you talking about? Who?” I asked, being messy. Shit I wanted him to point 'em out.

“This lame ass nigga! Recording you and shit!” He pointed to a guy who his cousin Johan knew. I think I'd

overhead someone calling him Darius. He looked scary with his face tattoos, but he was still cute. A few of Johan's friends in Miami had shown up tonight and they were all handsome in their own right. If I wasn't with Zane then I definitely would've been choosing.

"Nigga, you got a problem?" The man stepped forward with a hard facial expression. Zane did not back down.

"Yea nigga! Stop recording my bitch!"

I would never admit it outloud but my heart fluttered when that nigga called me "his bitch."

"I'm recording the strippers. Not her!"

"Them strippers over there and your phone was pointed at her ass! Don't bitch up now, nigga."

"Bitch up?! That's you, ya lil instagram model!"

"This instagram model a beat yo' ass and have your job in jeopardy. It's in your best interest to shut the fuck!"

They were now shouting at each other, but with the loud music and naked girls dancing all over the place almost everyone was oblivious. Mishae was witnessing it all so she ran to get Zooley and Johan, who were both getting lap dances.

“Nigga you doing too much over a female who in this bitch with a thong on! Shit I’m sure it’s a lot of people mistaking her for a stripper!”

I opened my mouth to speak, but Zane patted my side, urging me to be quiet. He continued to let Darius’ ass have it.

“Bitch nigga she can be in this bitch butt ass naked as the day she came into the world! You or nobody else ain’t gon fuck with her!”

“Zane, take your soft ass on and don’t let the liquor you been downing get you fucked u-”

BAM! BAM! BAM!

One second Zane was holding me by the waist and the next he was punching Darius in the face. Darius was a big nigga, so he couldn’t be dropped easily...but he sure did look a little whoozy. Zane obviously was quicker than him because he was swinging faster and dodging everything Darius threw. The fight was actually starting to get pathetic to watch because Zane was whooping his ass badly.

“Woah! Woah! Woah!”Johan ran over with Zooley and they broke it up instantly.

“The fuck going on?!”Zooley questioned.

“This nigga was disrespecting me so I beat his ass!”

“What?! You disrespecting my lil cousin?!” Johan roared before punching Darius in his already bloody mouth. Zooley took off on the poor man too. At this point he had to be seeing stars.

“Man, Enzo come get your lil brother bitch ass friend out my cousin section before I pop him!” Johan ordered.

Enzo’s fine ass rushed over. I thought he’d be comforting to Darius since he apparently was his brother’s friend, but he pushed him towards the exit while threatening him. I guess Zane was right, it was in Darius’ best interest to shut up.

Zane

“Sage, I’m good,” I growled, as she rubbed my shoulders urging me to calm down. I was sitting down because my adrenaline was rushing and I was pissed. I couldn’t believe that nigga had the audacity to try me like that. But it was what it was. Niggas were constantly getting it twisted. They let the fact that I’d stayed on the straight and narrow my whole life

confuse them. I grew up in the 10th ward and my brothers were savages. I got a lot of shit honestly.

“No you’re not, you’re still mad. Don’t let that ruin your night.” She grabbed my chin and pecked my lips.

“I’m not. I just need a minute to calm my nerves.”

“I know, she laughed. “But no more drama, okay? It’s your birthday and we’re supposed to be having fun.” She kissed me again. This time I pulled her into my lip so I could intensify the kiss. I gripped her thigh as we shared tongues.

“Ewww! Get a room!” Zanae shrieked.

We laughed in between kisses, but we didn’t pull away. I had half a mind to ditch the club or duck off to a secluded area with her. I needed to feel my dick inside of her in the worst way.

“I’m a fuck the shit out of you when we get back. I hope you ready,” I uttered, before softly biting her lip.

She smiled. “I’m rea-ouuuu!”

She jumped up, immediately alarming me, so I jumped up too.

“What’s wrong?”

“I gotta peeee!” She ran off.

I bursted into laughter before looking at Zanae to ask her something.

“I’m following her,” she seemingly read my mind before walking off.

I sat back down after helping myself to another drink. It was my birthday afterall, I could get as fucked up as I wanted to. In the midst of my drinking, I felt a body sit next to me. I looked over and shook my head.

“What is wrong with you?” I asked, seriously wanting to know.

“What’s wrong with you?! You fighting over hood rats now?!”

“Danielle, carry your ass on and don’t worry about what I’m doing. It’s plenty of single niggas right here in this section. Snag one. I’ll even put in a good word for you. Just leave me alone,” I practically begged.

“So you would actually be okay with me dating other people? We just fucked like two weeks ago! Now all of a sudden you’re all in love with another bitch? Why are you tryna make me jealous? What did I ever do to you?”

I laughed at the series of questions she threw my way because they were ridiculous!

“Danielle nobody is worried about you, bruh. I put that on everything I love.”

“Well I’ma keep bothering you until I get answers! You can’t just throw years of friendship down the drain for some new bitch!”

“Girl, we not friends. We were fuck buddies at best.”

“Were? Oh, so now we not fucking no more?”

“Hell no, because you annoying the shit out of me. If my dick making you do all this then consider yourself cut off.”

“Zane, get over yourself! I actually fuck with who you are as a person unlike this new bitch who’s just in it for your status! She ain’t know shit about designer until she started fucking with you!”

“She looked good, don’t she?” I smirked. I refused to acknowledge the hating shit she said because she really couldn’t talk. It was her who was in it for my status and money that she’d never even had the opportunity to touch.

“She look alright, but I bet she can’t fuck you like I can,” she reached over and touch my leg.

“WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON?!”

Danielle quickly removed her hand.

“Nothing is going on. I was telling her to get the fuck,” I spoke up, not wanting there to be any room for confusion.

“So why the fuck was her hand by your dick?!”

This time Danielle opened her mouth and clearly the alcohol she’d been drinking had her feeling brave. “What’s the big deal?! I’ve felt his dick a million times! You’re not his girlfriend! Bitch, I don’t have to walk on eggshells around yo-”

Sage reached over and pushed the fuck out of her face with both hands, and then punched her across the dome several times before I grabbed her up. Danielle sat there with big, crocodile tears falling down her face. She was crying like a big ass baby, making sounds and everything.

“Zane, how could you let this happen?!” She boo-hoed, while holding her forehead. She was probably trying to hide that lump but she was doing a terrible job. “You let a bitch from the projects fight me!”

“Bitch, shut up!” Sage picked up a bucket of ice and threw it on her.

“Ahhhhh!” She screamed. “I’m calling the cops!”

“No the fuck you not,” Johan rushed over, and gently helped her up. “Enzo gon put you in a cab, you’re gonna go back to your hotel, and then you gon fly outta here tomorrow.”

“B-b-but, I’m not ready to leave,” she sniffled.

“Damn, this bitch must like getting embarrassed,” Zooley shook his head. “Real shit, love, you gotta get the fuck. Bye.”

“And you bet not call them people unless you want more problems,” Johan said. Based on the way she looked she definitely recognized the threat. She knew my family’s reputation like most people in New Orleans and BR. If she couldn’t handle Sage she definitely wasn’t ready for them. Enzo guided her out the section as she continued to cry. Her so-called friends continued partying with my boys like nothing had happened. Those sack chasers were nothing nice. I turned to Sage and we stared each other down before bursting into hysterics.

“Y’all are fucking crazy,” Zooley shook his head. We were crazy alright. Crazy about each other.

Sage

“Happy Birthday to youuuu! Happy Birthday to youuuuu! Happy Birthday to Zaneee! Happy Birthday to youuu!” Everyone sang. He had a great, big birthday cake that was lit up with a bunch of candles. We went up for his birthday last night at the club, but the party was far from over. After getting a few hours of sleep me, Zanae, and Mishae woke up to decorate the backyard with balloons and we fixed brunch. I was in the kitchen at a very young age thanks to my mom. Zane’s sisters could throw down too, so we made a bomb ass brunch. We had different flavor mimosas, fried chicken wings, shrimp and grits, lamb chops, waffles, bacon, different types of eggs, and french toast. He woke up to the surprise and he looked so happy. He wasted no time filming the pool side set up and he panned the camera to us three to thank us.

“And many moreeee.”Zanae sang loudly after we finished singing, garnering laughter. After brunch we got ready for the day that was going to be spent on a big, luxurious yacht. This was another first for me and I wasn’t trying to act brand new, but I was snapping pictures left and right. We’d been on the boat for about four hours, turning the fuck up. Alcohol was in heavy rotation and we had food galore courtesy of the boat staff. Zooley and Johan carried out a lit up cake for Zane, taking us all by surprise. Even though he appeared to be happy and expressed how thankful he was, I could tell all the attention was overwhelming for him. That’s why I waited until we were alone to give him my birthday gift. Okay, maybe it was because I felt like my gift didn’t hold a candle to the shit his people got him. It seemed like Johan got him the entire new Balmain collection and then Zooley got him iced out jewelry galore. The bust down rolex made everybody’s jaw drop. They effortlessly made me feel like a slacker in the gift giving department.

After we cut the cake, Zane ducked off to the bathroom downstairs on the other side of the boat. I located my gift bag and followed him. I waited patiently for him to come out of the bathroom. When he did and saw me standing there he laughed. It was one of those “I’m drunk so everything is funny

to me” laughs. Not only was he drunk but he was higher than a kite. His eyes were red and low, but I found it sexy.

“Whatchu standing here for like a creep?”He chuckled before wrapping his arms around me.

“Oh, I’m a creep? Now I’m not gonna give you your gift.”

His head bounced back with an amused grin. “You got me a gift?”

“Really? Why wouldn’t I get you a gift?”

“Girls don’t buy gifts,”he laughed.

“What?”My face screwed up. “What type of weak bitches do you fuck with?”

“Don’t do that,”he chuckled. “Everybody gave me my gifts when we first got on the boat. Why you waited?”

“I don’t know,”I lied,”but here.”

He released me from his arms and took his gift. When he dug into the bag and pulled out the box I immediately started explaining before he could even reply because I felt stupid.

“I remember you saying how much you love taking pictures and how you want to start a youtube because that’s

where the big money is so I thought you'd appreciate the cam-"

He cut me off with a firm and passionate kiss that had me feeling like I would pass out when he pulled back. He was all smiles.

"I was literally just looking at this camera, Sage. I was mad I didn't have time to go and get it before this trip because I wanted to vlog everything. I wish you would've given it to me at the beginning. This really the best thing I got today,"he rambled with a big smile.

I eyed him, not fully buying what he was selling. The over thinker in me was telling me he was probably just trying to make me feel good about my little pathetic gift.

"Why you looking like that?"He queried.

"Because I know this gift is not shit compared to what your people got you,"I laughed.

"This a top of the line camera by the best brand out there,"he held up the cannon box. "And I just told you it's my favorite gift. Why you think I'm lying?"

" I don't know, Zane,"I sighed. "Maybe I'm tripping."

“You are,”he shook his head with a small grin. “That’s why you waited to give me this? You thought I wouldn’t like it because of what everybody else got me?”

I shrugged.

“Don’t ever think like that again. At this point I’m used to designer shit, so although I like it and it’s appreciated, it’s not everything to me. You showing me that you’ve actually been listening to the shit I’ve been saying means a lot to me. And these cameras are far from being dirt cheap, so I don’t know why you was in your head so much. Shit, if we being real I was cool with no gift from you after the way you rode my dick last night.”

That did it for me. My mouth found his lips again and we kissed erotically. We tasted each other’s tongues like we’d never get the chance to do it again. When I felt him drop the gift bag by my foot, I knew it was on and cracking. He gripped my booty that was clad in a gold Dolce and Gabbana itty bitty bikini that turned into a thong every time I walked. When I put it on I almost thought about not wearing it because it was a little too small, but Zane swore it was perfect, so I went with it.

“Bend over right quick,”he said gruffly.

“Bend over?”

“Yea, right here,” he turned me around towards the stairs that led back to the top of the boat. Anybody could walk down and see whatever the hell he was trying to do, yet I didn’t protest. I obediently bent over and wiggled my ass in the process. I had a strong buzz going and “Pop That” by Migos was blasting from the top of the boat. I was merely doing what the song was saying. He showed his appreciation by moving my bikini to the side and driving his dick deep into my pussy. I squealed loud but it was concealed by the music.

“The way she shake that ass, she make me wanna make a million babies. Pop that, pop it, pop that, pop it, pop that, pop that booty. Pop it nasty!”

“Fuck, this pussy so good it dont make no sense!” Zane growled, slapping my ass. I looked back at him and it looked like he was having an internal battle with himself. That made me twerk my ass harder on his dick, propelling his ass to get real vocal.

“Awwwww, fuck! You gotta know you stuck with me. You can’t never take this pussy away.”

WHAP! He slapped my ass again, making my pussy throb.

“Shittttt!” He groaned. “Why you feel so fuck good?”

“Because this the best dick I ever had!” I moaned. I reached under, gripped his balls, and started playing with them.

“F-f-f-f-f-fuckkkkk! Damn, you must want a nigga to bust all up in this pussy!”

“You know I dooo!” I looked into his eyes, just knowing I had him by the balls...literally. That was until I felt his hand find my clit. He rubbed in a circular motion just like I liked it. With his fingers playing in coochie and his big dick stroking me, I didn't last long.

“Zaneeee!” I screamed his name as I came hard.

“I know,” he gruffed. He started fucking my faster and I already knew what time it was.

“Why you ain't pull out?” I said weakly after he came inside of me. Now that I'd busted my nut I realized I had to be out in public with a pale of cum in me. I was gonna have to wash myself off as well as I could in the boat's bathroom. I

also had baby wipes in my purse. I was praying I could work a miracle.

“Because you told me to bust in you. You forgot?” He laughed, before pulling me up and slobbering me down. I held the side of his face, indulging in the kiss. Both of our swimsuit bottoms were still around our legs, and he took advantage of that by running his fingers through my pussy lips. A round two was risky...but I was down.

“Zane and Sage, our time on the boat is almost u-AHHHHHHH! MY EYESSS!” We jumped apart as Mishae ran back up the stairs in horror.

I was mortified, but the moment I looked at Zane holding back laughter, I started cracking up. We were probably going to hear about this shit for the rest of the trip, but I’d do it all over again with his ass.

Chapter 5

Zane

July 4, 2015

“Baby, your auntie knows she can cook,” Sage praised as she went in on the ribs that were fresh off the grill. She then dipped into her baked beans with her fork.

We were at my Auntie Nora’s annual 4th of July party. She was my mom’s half sister or as my grandma used to say “bastard” or “outside” child but we still grew up knowing her. In total my mom had two sisters; Meekayla and Nora. Nora was my favorite because she was the nicest and everyone loved her for it. My grandma had always treated us like we were her world, but I often wondered what the fuck happened in her household to make my mom and Auntie Meekayla turn out the way they did. Auntie Meekaya wasn’t as bad as my mom these days, but she used to be a real piece of work back in the day. That’s why her son, Johan, didn’t really fool with her now. That shit killed her too, but she had no one to blame for that but herself.

“Yea, she cooks way better than our maw,” Madison popped her lips before taking a sip of Auntie Nora’s freshly squeezed lemonade. I would’ve shown up for that alone.

“Well I wouldn’t know how y’all mama cooks. I was denied a plate the last time I was over there.” Sage reported, messily.

“Girl, I know you lying,” Rose laughed. Sage had brought both of her little sisters with her today and my mom had been nice to them. She still gave Sage the same energy she gave her last time though, so I was keeping them away from each other. We were seated at a picnic table far from my mom’s crazy ass.

“Nope. She said she wasn’t feeding my hoe ass.”

I burst out laughing. “Man, that lady did not say that shit.”

“You sure? Cause that’s what I heard.”

“If she did say it, it’s not off brand for her,” Diamond chimed in. “What she cook anyway when y’all was over there? Seafood potatoes and steak?”

Everybody laughed loudly, while Sage and her sisters looked confused.

“What’s wrong with seafood potatoes and steak?” Calla asked. “That shit sounds good.”

“That’s her go to meal, and we be tired of that shit,” Zanae laughed.

“Well she didn’t cook that. I think she made some type of beans.”

“White,” everybody said in unison. I just shook my head, while laughing.

“So what y’all saying is that her cooking palette is limited?” Sage questioned.

“Basically,” Maddie tittered. “One time she bat me in the mouth because I said Auntie Nora be killing her in the kitchen.”

Everybody laughed so hard that we brought attention to her table. Before I knew it my mom was standing at the head of it, demanding answers.

“And what’s so damn funny? I want laugh,” she folded her arms.

“Aw lawd, lady go head with allat,” Zanae rolled her eyes.

“Bitch you must be tryna get slapped!”

My mama was always quick to lay hands on my sisters, making it evident that she had a low tolerance for them. But she let me and my brothers skate on thin ice. It’d been that way since we were all kids.

“Man, we over here having a good time. Take that negative shit back over there, bruh,” I asserted.

“Real shit,”Diamond cosigned. “How you mad because we laughing?”

“I ain’t mad! I just wanted to know the damn joke!”

“Why you over here fucking with these children, Zora?”

“Daddy, where did you come from?”Zanae asked, appearing just as puzzled as I was. The last time I saw this nigga was on Christmas and it was in the mall. He was in there with some young bitch who looked around the same age as Zanae. That would’ve infuriated a normal person, but I wasn’t shocked.

“I asked Zora what y’all was doing today. When she said y’all was coming over here I knew I had to stop by and get me a plate. How ya doing, son? You can’t speak?”

“Wassup,”I said evenly with a small nod.

“How the rest of y’all doing? Y’all aint been giving my Zora no trouble, huh?” He asked, as if he cared. Him referring to my mom like he owned her wasn’t abnormal considering the nature of their relationship.

“Nah, she been giving us trouble,”Mason replied, garnering some laughs. Even my mom released a little laughter this time. She always got giggly when my dad came

around. It was clear he still had some type of influence on her and the shit was sad in my eyes. She could easily tell me and Zanae that he didn't fuck with us but she still kept in contact with him, fucked him every now and then, and looked at his ass with googly eyes like he was the most attractive nigga in the world.

“And who are these beautiful nubiean queens you got with you?” He grinned at Sage and her sisters. I swore I saw them all blush. My daddy had the charm of ten suave niggas combined. He needed that in his field of work. Today he was decked out in a casual red Ralph Lauren Polo, white blue striped Ralph Lauren shorts, Kenneth Cole brown loafers, and a brown fedora hat. I was surprised he didn't have one or two women at his side.

“This my girl, Sage, and her little sisters, Calla and Rose,” I introduced them. I couldn't believe how easy it was for me to refer to Sage as “my girl,” but it would feel weird to address her as anything less than that.

“Alright, son,” he nodded his head in approval. “You sure know how to pick ‘em. Nice to meet y'all pretty young ladies.”

“Nice to meet you too,” they sang in perfect harmony. That seemingly pissed my mom off because she was now scowling. Or maybe it was him looking at Sage like she was his newest girl. Either way the entire scene wasn’t sitting right with me. Everybody was tripping!

“Don’t think about it,” Zanae cut her eyes at him.

“Think about what, pumpkin?” He chuckled, playing stupid.

“You know, nigga,” I snapped. “Keep your eyes off my bitch.”

“Zane!” Sage exclaimed, slapping my shoulder.

“Fuck, it looks like she’s ready to hit the hoe stroll for ya daddy from the looks of it. Let her go for what she knows and bring the money home like I used to do back in the day,” my mom sneered. I saw different reactions. Sage and her sisters look startled by the information she’d just divulged. She basically announced that my dad was a pimp and she used to be a prostitute. That left me and my siblings feeling embarrassed. We all knew about her past life, but we didn’t like speaking on it. She on the other hand was unashamed. She used to refer to herself as a “happy hoe.” Whenever we expressed how we didn’t like for her to broadcast that shit she

would go off on a rant about how we needed to be grateful because her hoeing put food on the table and clothes on our backs.

Then there was my sorry ass paw who was still pimping out girls. I had a little respect for my mom because she bowed out of prostitution gracefully in her late 20's. But my dad seemingly had no plans on stopping. He had a bunch of young girls working for him all around New Orleans. My mom was turning tricks already when she met him, so it was light work for him to reel her in. She would often brag about how he was the best pimp ever and always spoiling his girls. She claimed it took little time for her to fall in love with him. Apparently their relationship went left when she got knocked up back to back. My mom was cool for him to pimp out and hump on, but having a family with a hoe was where he drew the line. Growing up he always did his part financially, but he came into our lives whenever he felt like it and she allowed it. I despised being named after this nigga, and I didn't get why my mom would even do that after the way he treated her. His pimp game had to be immaculate.

“What? Bitch you got my fucked up! I ain't tryna pimp out that beautiful black queen! Now see you, bitch? I'd

definitely throw you back on Chef or the back streets of Bourbon!” He lashed out at my mom. Him cursing her out didn’t phase any of us. It wasn’t like we’d never seen it before. If it was a stranger cursing our mama out we would’ve gotten active regardless of our personal feelings about her. We weren’t getting involved were my dad or other men in her life were concerned because it wasn’t like she’d appreciate it by not fucking with them anymore.

“And I bet I’d make more money than any of them young hoes combined!”

I dropped my head in second hand shame at her rebuttal.

“Yo’ old, ran through ass wouldn’t do shit! If you wasn’t pretty you wouldn’t even be able to pick niggas up. Nobody likes old hoes!”

“You wasn’t saying that when you was fucking me the other ni-”

“Say!” Zooley’s voice boomed, interrupting their embarrassing argument. They were seriously making fools of themselves and each other. “Y’all loud as fuck and giving everybody a show. If y’all want to fuss, take it somewhere private. Nobody wants to hear that degrading shit.”

“Awwww, my bad Zooley. You know I respect you and the family. It’s this dumb ass bitch that pisses me off! She gotta problem with me speaking to these beautiful queens! Did I do anything, y’all?” He asked us as if we were really about to fix our mouths to side with him.

“Aye, I really don’t give a fuck and she ain’t gon be too many more bitches in my presence,” Zooley said with a warning look.

“Aw Zooley, cut all that out. That drama you bringing over here ain’t even necessary.” My mom spoke up, making all of our heads jerk back at the audacity. That was exactly why I didn’t interfere when my dad was disrespecting her slow ass.

“Like I said, take y’all dysfunctional ass bullshit somewhere else and respect my Auntie’s house.”

“Chile, fuck Nora’s bible thumping ass,” my mom mumbled before twisting off. My dad watched her ass like he was longing for her. He eventually followed her. I didn’t even want to think about what they were about to do.

“Why y’all let that nigga talk to y’all mama like that?” Zooley asked. His voice sounded serious, but the smile on his face gave him away. Deep down, he found the shit funny.

“Man, you gotta know I wasn’t getting involved. She bouta duck off somewhere and fuck that nigga,”Diamond said, garnering disgusted murmurs.

“I’m sorry. I’m stil gagging at the fact that your mama was a prostitute and your daddy a pimp,”Sage voiced in disbelief, making some of us laugh. I didn’t because I didn’t find it funny.

“This was a hell of a way to find out,”Rose muttered.

“Zane, why you ain’t tell me?”Sage asked.

“You serious? Why would I tell you some shit like that?”I snapped while glaring at her. “And you was damn near fliritng with the nigga!”

“What?! Are you stupid?!”

“I know what the fuck I saw.”

“And I know I wasn’t flirting. I smiled and said hello!”

“Niggas is wilding,”Diamond chortled, while everybody else laughed.

For the remainder of the party Sage was dry with me, so I knew she was upset. I started to think about everything and maybe I read into the situation too much. That was her first time meeting me dad, so she could’ve just been being

polite. I pushed up on her while she was making herself a to go plate.

“Move, Zane.”

“Nope,” I kissed the side of her neck. “You coming back to BR with me tonight?”

“I have to work. I told you that, already.”

“You can’t call off?”

“On a holiday? Boy, you must’ve lost your mind. What you going back to BR for anyway?” She looked directly at me, causing my heart to skip a beat. She looked beautiful as always. She’d gotten a sew in with straight hair that reached the top of her ass. I liked her natural hair best but this hair was sexy as fuck on her.

“I have a hosting. Remember?”

“I actually don’t. I needed you to bring me to work tonight. Zahara made a mistake and took her car keys with her to Miami.”

All of a sudden, Zooley popped up before us like a magician who had supersonic hearing.

“So sis, you ready to tell me who she’s in Miami with?”

When we arrived at the party hours ago, Zooley was expecting to see Zahara there with her sisters, but she was missing. Sage openly shared with him that she was in Miami, but she refused to say with whom. When I tried to encourage her to tell him, she brought up one of my hoes, Shana. That right there made me shut the fuck up and mind my business because I'd just been texting Shana earlier that day. She sent me all types of freaky shit, including videos and pictures. I was tempted, so I let her know that I might come through to see her one of these days. But I was still going back and forth in my head about it. Shana was Zahara's friend and Sage was Zahara's sister. This could easily jeopardize what me and Sage had, and I didn't want that. I was also a single man, so I was confused. I never had to think this hard about receiving some pussy that was offered to me.

“Nope,” she laughed.

“Name your price.”

“Nigga go head with that shit,” I grumbled. “You can't buy this girl.”

“Welllll....how much are you offering?” She scratched her head, making me give her a cold glare.

“I’m playing!” She laughed. “I’m not bouta sell my sister out.”

“This that bullshit,” Zooley sucked his teeth and then walked off.

“Alright, back to this transportation issue. You definitely need a car of your own. You can’t depend on Zahara’s ride or me to chauffeur you around.”

“No shit! That’s the main thing I’m working towards right now!”

“Take my Audi.”

“Tonight?”

“Forever.”

She looked visibly caught off guard.

“What? You know I bought myself a Benz for my birthday. That Audi just sitting at Zooley’s house untouched.”

I’d gotten the Audi as a high school graduation gift from Zooley, so I loved that car to death. However, I was more than happy to give it up because I’d outgrown it. I had plans on selling it, but I didn’t like seeing Sage want for something that I had right at my fingertips.

“But that’s still your car.”

“How if I’m giving it to you?”

“You know how. Nothing is mine if it’s not in my name.”

“That’s no issue, baby. We can get the title changed to your name as early as tomorrow. But tonight, drive that bitch to work.”

“Zane,are you su-”

“Positive.” I cut her off hastily.

“Don’t catch no attitude with me! I’m just saying, do you really want to give me your perfectly good vehicle?”

“Sage, just say thank you bruh. You blowing it.”

She moved closer to me and cuffed my face, before standing on her tippy toes to land a sweet kiss on my lips.

“Thank you my sweet baby. You love me don’t you?”

My heart dropped at that question. Why did she have to ruin a perfectly good moment with the “L” word?

“Mannn, go head with allat,”I chuckled, trying to keep it light. Her face dropped for a millisecond but she regained her composure quickly.

“Boy, I was just playing with your ass,” she pushed my face before moving out of my arms. “Take me to my car, please.”

Sage

“Ayeeeeee!” Neosha egged me on as I shook my ass to “Fuck Me Like a Dog” by Calliope Ceedy. This was the number one perk of working in a club. I basically got to party while I made money, and tonight the tips had been extra lovely. Neosha and I were assigned the best sections, including the biggest one that was on its own upper level, looking over the rest of the club. A popular local rapper by the name of Beno was hosting tonight. Although he rolled through later than everybody else that didn’t stop him from spending money. I was shaking my ass by the bar as we gathered more bottles because I was happy. This was my happy dance.

“Alright bitch,” Neosha laughed while slapping my ass. “Let’s move.”

I stopped dancing and went to grab my bottles.

“Excuse me?!”

I looked up to see who was rudely addressing me. It wasn't what they said but it was how they said it.

“Fetch me a drink.”

“Bitch you better get the fuck out my face before I fuck your scrawny ass up!”

“Sageeee,” Neosha stressed with startled eyes. I was no longer being trained but she was still like a mentor. She was also three years my senior so she was way more mature than me. Talking to any customer disrespectfully was a no-no to her and she always voiced it. I didn't give two fucks about Shana's ass though. She was attempting to belittle me because I was at work and she assumed I wouldn't step. I didn't care about this damn job that much.

“No, Neosha, fuck this hoe! She tryna be funny like I won't whoop her ass!”

“You want whoop my ass because I asked for a drink? You know damn well you just salty over that nigga,” she slurred. Of course she was drunk. I couldn't see her stepping to me in person if she was sober. She just gave me pussy ass bitch energy.

“Girl, I wish I would ever be salty over a nigga!
Especially a nigga who just ate my pussy a few hours ago and
gave me a car today. The fuck?!”

“You’s a damn lieee! He don’t even eat pussyyy,” she
pointed her finger before stumbling. I was about to knock her
dumb ass out when a girl appeared by her side.

“There you go,” she breathed in relief. “C’mon hoe.”

“No, cousin! This bitch got me fucked up! She fucking
with my man.”

Her cousin shook her head before looking at us. “I’m
sorry, y’all. She’s drunk. Come back to the section before you
got us into some shit.”

Her cousin smartly dragged her away.

“Girl, who the fuck was that?” Neosha asked.

“One of Zane’s hoes,” I rolled my eyes.

“I warned you about him,” Neosha giggled.

“Girl, my big sister did too and I didn’t care. I’m so glad
I didn’t listen to y’all because I fuck with that dumb ass nigga
the long way.”

“Wait,” she tittered. “Why he a dumb ass nigga then?”

“Because he blew me earlier.”

“But didn’t he give you a car and eat your pussy? Shit if that’s how niggas blowing it these days then sign me up!”

“Girl he blew me in between those two separate events. But it ain’t bout nothing.”

Zane dodging my question about loving me hurt my feelings but it just enforced those thoughts I’d started formulating in Miami. I didn’t need to be out here being all about him because he definitely wasn’t all about me. I was single and needed to stand on that.

When we brought the bottles up the section, Beno was flirting with me like he’d been doing since he’d arrived. At first I didn’t read into it too deeply, but when he placed his hand on my lower back to ask me questions it was evident where his mind was. He wanted me.

“How old are you,love?”

“18.”

“That’s perfect,”he grinned. Through the internet I knew he was 26. I didn’t understand why me being 18 was such a good thing to him.

“You single?”He asked.

“Um,” I hesitated. “Yea, I am.”

“You don’t sound too sure, lil mama,” he chuckled.

“Because I do have somebody,” I replied honestly. “But we’re not together so I can do what I want.”

“Music to my ears,” he smirked. “Let’s exchange numbers, beautiful. You might be my new lah muse.”

Zane

“Do you think I’ll ever need your love, more than you need me? Show me your true colors girl, I just want to see. ‘Cause I done had too many come around and change on me. She screamin’ please don’t waste my time. I say I totally agree/ See girl I’m fine with that. I done gave my watches away, ain’t got no time for that. Askin’ where’s my heart, good luck findin’ that.”

Everybody was around me rapping the Kevin Gates song word for word while I texted Sage repeatedly. I understood she was at work but I know she saw me texting her ass. I really didn’t want to separate from her tonight because I knew she felt some type of way towards me because of the “L” word thing. I thought I fucked whatever ill feelings she had towards

me out of her at Zooley's house when we went to get the car. She fucked me with the same passion as usual, but once we came she went back to acting all standoffish. What really blew me was her claiming to be "okay." I knew she wasn't okay and I wanted her to express that shit to me. So I was texting her to let her know how the fuck I felt. The bottle of Hennessy I finished off was probably contributing to the way I was blowing her up too, but I didn't care.

So you can't text me back now? You got me bent.

I fuck with you and you know that. Why you acting like this?

Talk to me bruh before I get mad forreal.

Stop acting like a bitch! We better than this!

Man fuck you, Sage. Really can't text a nigga back.

Dumb hoe.

Those were just a few of the texts I sent her. My boys were begging me to get out of my phone and enjoy myself but I just couldn't for some reason. When my supporters started surrounding the section I had no choice but to let it go. I couldn't ignore the people who came out to see me. Sage wasn't about to come between my bread and butter.

“Can y'all hurry up?” This girl snapped, as I took selfies and chatted with her friends. I wasn't going to pay her no mind until I caught a glimpse of her. She was pretty as fuck. Her big lips, cute button nose, and almond shaped eyes caught a niggas attention, but when my eyes traveled down to her slim thick body scantily clad in a red mini dress I was really intrigued.

“You not enjoying yourself or something?” I questioned with a small smile.

“You got me wrong,” she smiled back. “I want them to hurry up so I can get my selfie with you.”

“Oh shit,” I chuckled. “Let's get it then.”

We snapped up and she recorded a few videos of us rapping along to the music that was playing. After we did that I invited her and her girls into my section. Carter and Herb were hype because they were all bad and they had good options to choose from.

“I was not expecting you to be this cool,”Radiya smiled. I’d learned her name when she was recording a video where she wanted me to say her name. That was common with female supporters.

“Why not?”I chuckled.

“You almost got a million followers on instagram. I just thought you’d be.....”

“Stuck up?”I volunteered when I saw she was struggling to find the right word.

“Yea, I guess,”she giggled. “I’m so glad you’re not like that though.”

“Never. I don’t let this shit go to my head. I’m the most down to earth person ever.”

“Hmmm, you down to earth enough to take me home with you?”

Damn. She was straight to the point and I couldn’t do shit but respect it. I still wasn’t sure though. I couldn’t get Sage out of my head and that was an issue for me. I needed to stop tripping over a bitch who couldn’t even text me back or tell me whatever was on her mind. Radiya must’ve read the hesitation on my face because she quickly backpedaled.

“I mean...no pressure or anything.”

“You good,” I chortled. “I was just thinking of something but I’m tripping. I can’t take you home with me but we can get a hotel.”

“Hey, that works for me.”

Chapter 6

Sage

July 9, 2015

“So bitch y’all really been talking?”

“We been texting here and there...and I went to his studio yesterday.”

“Bitchhhh,” Sha marveled. “You down bad for not taking me!”

“It was last minute, best.”

“Mhmm,” she muttered. “I know you ain’t go by yourself. So who you went with?”

“This girl I work with. Her name Neosha.”

“See, bitch you been acting some funny. We don’t spend no type of time together no more.”

“Girl please, anytime I hit you up you be with that nigga Demario.”

“Oh so now my favorite trade to blame?”

“Yup, you know you be up his ass,” I tittered.

“See, now you violating,” she laughed. “And you would know about being up nigga’s asses seeing as how you been up Zane’s. Y’all been moving hella fast. I’m surprised you gave Beno some action.”

“Obviously I’m not up his ass if I’m entertaining another dude, bitch. Speaking of Zane, he’s throwing a pool party tonight.”

“I’ve been seeing that on twitter and instagram. If I ain’t have to work I’d be in there like swimwear.”

I smacked my teeth. “Damn, I was gon ask you to come with me.”

“Ask Neoshaaa,” she said mockingly.

“Let me find out you jealous of my work friend.”

“Girl, what I look like being jealous of a *work* friend?”

“You would look like yourself because you jealous as fuck,” I giggled. “But Neosha is actually coming. I just wanted to invite you, too.”

“I might fuck around and call off. I could use a night off. I wish my job was only on weekends too.”

“I don’t know why. I’ve been filling out applications left and right for a job during the week.”

“Well, you act like you too good to work on Bourbon sooo,” she shrugged.

“Bitch, anyways, you know a girl named Shana? She’s short, small, light-skinned, and always switching her hair up?”

“Yea... I think we follow each other on twitter or instagram. I don’t remember. Why?”

“She was Zahara’s Victoria’s Secret work friend, and she messed with Zane before me. She been throwing subs at me on twitter ever since I started fucking with him and she tried to play me at my job.”

“What?! Oh, you gotta know she still fucking him.”

“Girl, I wouldn’t put it past him or her.”

“Yea...and can I keep it real?”

“I guess.”

“Alright, I feel like you definitely stepped on her toes. You knew she was on him first.”

“And?” I twisted my neck. “I don’t know her at all outside of being someone my big sister was cool with. Me and that girl ain’t never kicked it.”

“Yea, but I probably wouldn’t go for a nigga my big sister friend was smashing. It’s just asking for trouble and it can come across as fake.”

I looked at her sideways. “Tuah, fake is something I’ve never been. Now if Zane had been Shana’s boyfriend I would’ve never fucked with him. I hear you about the asking for trouble thing, but I ain’t never been scared of a little trouble. I got this, and Shana couldn’t take me on her best day.”

“Thanks for inviting us, Zane,” Radiya said graciously as I led her into the party. I always invited a handful of baddies to my parties for free because that made niggas come out and

spend big. Radiya and her crew were turning heads left and right in their thong bikinis.

“No problem. The drinks are over there, the food is over there, and the bathroom is right through those doors. Y’all enjoy yourselves and if you need anything just come find me,” I said, before swaggering off. The party was being held in a St. Charles mansion with a big backyard and pool. I’d had several outdoor sections set up and I was charging \$2500 for them and they were all sold out. I always did three big pool parties a year. One at the beginning of spring, the next in the middle of the summer, and the last one was at the end of the summer. This was the mid-summer pool party and it was already going up despite us only being an hour in.

“Nigga, this shit litty!” Herb exclaimed before dapping me off. He just arrived with some of his musician friends. They purchased two sections, so they were alright by me.

“You know I try,” I smirked, attempting to be humble.

“Zane you know your parties be going up and you always have the baddest hoes in the city in the building. But say, you still fucking with the girl you brought on your birthday trip?”

My heart skipped a beat, because his demeanor shifted into something serious, which meant this had to be bad news. The last time Sage and I saw each other was when we got my Audi put in her name. Of course we argued when we first laid eyes on each other due to me drunkenly cursing her out and then not responding when she finally hit me back. At that point I was laid up at a hotel with Radiya, but I wasn't about to tell her that. We'd been talking over the past week, but we hadn't physically seen each other. I was honestly confused on where we stood. She claimed she was coming through tonight and I'd saved a section for her free of charge of course.

“Yea. Why? What about her?”

“Mann, I saw that nigga Beno walking her out the studio last night.”

My stomach tightened and I couldn't stop the anger that flowed through my veins. This was a prime example of why I didn't trust bitches. To make matters worse Beno was one of the niggas who purchased a section tonight. I bumped elbows with that man frequently and now Sage was fucking with him? It was curtains for that hoe.

“That shit crazy. But aye, she ain't my bitch,” I attempted to play off.

“I just had to let you know, bro. It seemed like you was really into her.”

“Nah, that ain’t bout nothing.”

“ZANEEEEE!”

I looked towards the backyard entrance and saw Mishon calling my name. For all my pool parties I had my mom collect the money at the door and Mishon stand guard. My mom was a lot of things, but she didn’t play about her kids’ money because it took care of her.

I rushed over. “What’s the problem?”

“Nigga, you gotta come settle this,” he said, as he held the door open for me. Walking through, I saw Sage, Kaysha, and another familiar face. I think she worked at Eiffel with Sage.

“What’s the problem?!” I questioned, because Sage and my mom were going back and forth loudly.

“She tryna charge us \$35 to get in!”

“Because that’s how much it costs, lil girl! My son never told me you was getting in for free.”

She was right. I didn’t tell her that, but I also expected Sage to tell me whenever she arrived and I was going to go to

the door and get her.

“Zane!” Sage looked at me, like she was waiting on me to go off on my mom or let them in. I wasn’t in the mood to do either after the shit I’d just learned.

“What? She’s right. It costs \$35.”

“Bitch, I know you lying,” one of her friends said. I didn’t know who because I was too busy looking at Sage who looked stunned.

“Or you can wait until Beno gets here and come in for free with him. He can bring ten people in with him for his section. If you fucking him right then you should make the cut.”

WHAP!

She slapped me so hard that spit flew from my mouth.

“Oh fuck no!” My mom screamed while hopping up like she was about to do something. When Sage threw her set up I jumped in the middle, knowing I couldn’t let them physically fight. I placed Sage in a bear hug, and my mom rained punches all down my bag, trying to get to Sage.

“Zane, move! If this bitch hit me I’m a kill your stupid ass! I put that on my mama and daddy!” She affirmed, giving

me chills.

“I ain’t gon let her hit you!” I vowed, before looking over at Mishon who was just laughing. “Get her, bruh! Or I swear I’m not paying you for tonight!”

That made him move and scoop my mama right on up.

“Alright, let her go so we can leave because we didn’t come here for this type of foolishness,” her friend from Eiffel asserted. That’s when I started feeling lame as hell about everything that had just transpired. I was in my feelings so I just reacted instead of looking into the situation. That just wasn’t like me. I immediately felt the need to fix everything.

“Say, y’all go in and go to section one.” I said to her girls. Kaysha started to walk in, but the friend from Eiffel stood still.

“What?!” Sage’s head bounced back. “Zane, fuck you and your funky ass party! I won’t give you another chance to embarrass me again!”

“Embarrass you?! You fucking with a nigga I’m cool with! I’m embarrassed!”

There was a long line outside so we were giving a show.

“Zane, fuck you!”

“That’s all you can see because you know that shit fucked up and that you on some hoe shit!”

Somehow she wriggled out my arms and swung on me again, this time catching me straight in the mouth. I didn’t know what to do because a bitch had never laid hands on me before. I wasn’t used to this type of dysfunction, but I knew I wasn’t about to let somebody hit on me. I grabbed her wrists forcefully and pulled her away to a secluded area off to the side of the big driveway.

“Let me go, bitch!”

“Not if you gon keep hitting me! You outta line!”

“ME?!”

“Yea, you! If I hit you I would be dead wrong, right?!”

The anger on her face shifted into guilt for a few seconds before her scowl reappeared. “Fuck that, shit! You deserved them licks! I came here to have a good time and because you invited me! So for you to treat me like some random bitch over some shit you heard is wild. But it’s cool, you don’t gotta worry bout me no more.”

Strong emotions were overcoming her because her eyes filled with water, but she blinked the tears away.

“What makes you think I heard something?”

“You had too! I just got the niggas number last weekend and we only hung out once. I’m not fucking him.”

“You not?”

“NO!” She shouted. “But I don’t see why it matters! I’m sure this party filled with bukoo bitches you then fucked on! If you feel some type of way about me entertaining another nigga then do something about it.”

“Mannn,” I released her arms before shaking my head. “I like you whole lot, Sage. Real shit.”

“I know, and I like you too.”

“How can you say that though when you fucking with another nigga? How am I supposed to feel comfortable taking things to the next level with you when you do shit like this?”

“I’m sure I could ask you the same questions, so let’s not go there.”

“You just assuming shit though. I bet you don’t got people walking up to you on my behalf with bullshit concerning another bitch.”

“First of all, fuck whoever got my name in they mouth. Secondly, your hoe Shana approached me at my job talking

bout some I'm fucking her man."

"I ain't fucked that girl since you been in the picture!"

"And I haven't fucked anybody since you been in the picture! Can you say the same?" She countered.

"Yup," I lied, to avoid looking like the world's biggest hypocrite.

"Are you being honest?" She asked, looking all vulnerable and angelic. Tonight her hair was in a sloppy bun, she had on a face of natural makeup, and the yellow string bikini she wore made her brown skin glow.

"Yea, man," I breathed, before gripping her chin. I pecked her lips repeatedly, before gazing into her eyes. The anger that was once there was now gone. "Sage, I'd never fuck with a bitch you know."

She let out an exasperated sigh. "Zane, how was I supposed to know you knew the nigga?!"

I gave her a look. "You know now."

"Okay, I won't talk to him," she rolled her eyes.

"Don't say whatever sounds good to me."

“I’m not that pressed to fuck with that nigga, no! Like I said, we just met.”

“Well that’s good to hear. And say, I’m sorry about the way I handled you back there. That was some bitch nigga shit.”

“Uh-uh, so what does this mean for us?”

“Whatchu mean?”

“If I’m dropping niggas at your request then I need to know what we’re working towards.”

“I mean I could see myself being with you. So maybe we can work towards a relationship, but I don’t want to jump head first into something until we’re ready as a unit.”

She stared at me, I guess gauging my sincerity.

“Zane, don’t waste my time. If you can’t see yourself in a relationship then just say that.”

“I can’t see myself in a relationship...but I can definitely see myself with you.”

She stifled a smile. “Alright, I guess I can live with that for now.”

“Cool...and say, in the future keep your hands to yourself.”

“Pshhh, no promises.”

Chapter 7

Sage

July 17, 2015

“Damn, you and your sisters look just like your mama.” Zane said as he looked at a throwback picture I was showing him from Zahara’s facebook page. Our mom had us decked out in Gucci outfits for Christmas and of course she was fly too, rocking Fendi.

“Everybody says that,” I smiled.

“She had y’all fly too. This is how I would want my daughter to dress. Designer from head to toe.”

“Really?”

“Hell yea, look at how I dress. Why would I want less for my kids?”

Chills ran up my spine. “My daddy used to say shit like that. My mama would pick out all our clothes but my daddy would put the battery in her pack to get the best of the best. Which was kinda wild considering we were staying in the projects.”

“Man,”he chuckled. “Ain’t nothing wrong with being hood rich. I mean, y’all didn’t want for nothing, right?”

“Yea, when they were alive. I want to make something of myself so I can leave something of value behind for my kids.”

“So what you plan on doing to achieve that?”

That question stumped me and I was positive it showed on my face.

“I honestly have no idea and that’s sad.”

“No it’s not. You’re only 18. There are plenty of 18 year olds who don’t know what they want to do with their lives. I know because I met bukoo while attending college. At least you not sitting around on your ass, doing nothing. You have time to figure it out before we settle down with kids and stuff.”

“We?” My head tilted, while I held a smile back. It felt good that he was looking towards the future with me like that, but he wouldn’t be knocking me up any time soon.

“Yea. Shit you gon fuck around and get pregnant soon if I keep nutting in you. We gotta chill,” he threw his head back on his pillow in fake agony. I’d been at his apartment in BR since the night of the pool party and I was so comfortable. I was dreading going back to New Orleans for the weekend to work. He had to return to the city too for a photoshoot, so I wasn’t the only one who had to work.

“No we don’t....cause I went and got on birth control.”

He raised up and looked at me in shock. “When?”

“Last week.”

“Damn, why you ain’t tell me?”

“For what? Me being on birth control changes nothing for you. You gon still cum in me.”

“Well let’s test this shit out and see how it works,” he rolled on top of me and slithered his tongue into my mouth. I was wearing his football jersey with no undies, so he thrust into me with no restrictions.

“Uhhhhh,” I moaned. He was invading my womanly space with precision, making me feel everything as usual. K Camp’s “Comfortable” was playing in the background setting the mood perfectly to our lazy day. This was the type of dick that made me want to say fuck everything just so I could lay up with him.

Zane

July 19, 2015

“Why we coming to Eiffel again?” Diamond asked as we walked towards the entrance. “I’m already knowing we can’t get a section this last minute.”

“Shittt, you never know. I heard it’s not super packed tonight.”

“You heard, huh?” Herb chuckled. “This dude so phony, bruh.”

“I’m saying, we already know his lil girlfriend works here,” Diamond chuckled.

“Big girlfriend nigga, ain’t nothing lil about her.” I said in a joking manner but I was dead ass serious.

“Dang, so now you claiming shawty? Because just last weekend it was something else,” Herb laughed.

“Nigga fuck you,” I replied, making them both laugh.

“It’s cool, we know you crazy bout that girl. I ain’t believe none of the shit coming out your mouth last weekend,” he chortled. “You better stop playing and make it official with her, bro. She don’t seem like the type to wait around.”

“How would you know? You asked her? Shit.”

“Yea, go ahead and lock her down for real because you’re losing your damn mind,” Diamond laughed. “God better keep that love shit from me because ion got time.”

“Whew, who you telling,” Herb cosigned, and then they dapped each other off.

I wasn’t paying them no mind because I was too busy trying to get inside the club to see my girl. Spending a week straight with her had spoiled the fuck out of me and I had half the mind to tell her to quit this bullshit ass job just so I could keep her in my back pocket. I didn’t need Herb or Dime

preaching to me because I had decided I needed to stop playing with Sage on my own. I was going to ask her to be my girlfriend tonight or tomorrow.

“You’re here,” Sage’s eyes lit up as we approached the bar. She rushed into my arms and we hugged tightly. I rocked us from side to side as I kissed her face.

“Alright, that’s enough,” she giggled. She pulled back and spoke to my boys. “Y’all want a section?”

“Yes indeed, sis,” Diamond said.

“Alright, well come on,” she waved her hand and twisted off. I grabbed her hand and watched her ass bounce with each stop she took. Those french cut briefs the club called a uniform had Sage shitting on every bitch in here. She looked too damn fine. I couldn’t resist reaching out and slapping her ass.

She turned around with a smile on her face but it fell when her eyes connected with someone else’s.

“Bitch, I know you’re not out here disrespecting me?!”

“Nigga who the fuck is you?!” I roared, inching closer to him. I was ready to get it on but Sage touched my shoulder.

That made me think what the fuck she had going on to be trying to protect a nigga who'd just disrespected her.

“Ace go head with that dumb shit! This is my job!”

“Nah, fuck allat! Tell this nigga what it is before I do!”

I looked at Sage and she looked spooked. I instantly felt stupid. There was clearly something they knew that I didn't.

“Yea, tell me, Sage,” I urged.

“It's nothing for me to tell!” She snapped defensively.

“So us being married ain't nothing?! You low down!”

That admission had Diamond and Herb looking just as perplexed as I felt. Confusion wasn't the only thing I felt. It was like someone snuck me with a right hook when I wasn't looking. I thought she'd recently fucked the nigga or something, but marriage? I dropped her hand like it had piss on it.

“Boy please, that jailhouse marriage don't mean shit!”

“Not according to the state of Louisiana, hoe! I'll beat you and this bitch ass nigga as-”

BAM!

I punched that nigga dead in his face, tired of hearing his mouth. I also had to take my anger out on somebody, and since Sage wasn't an option I had to settle for this clown. His potnah who was a few feet away rushed over with his set up when he saw me punching Ace repeatedly. Diamond and Herb started tag teaming him instantly. That left Sage screaming for us to stop but nobody was worried about her raggedy ass. This was on her. How could she be married and not tell me a thing? Then she had the audacity to ask me about other hoes and a relationship. I'd never seen no shit like this in my 22 years of life.

“That’s enough, Zane!” A security guard I was familiar with pulled me off of Ace. He was still standing but his face was fucked up.

“Nigga I’ma kill you!” He roared. “You must not know bout me!”

“No nigga, you must not know about us!” Diamond shouted, before pulling his shirt up to reveal his gun. We were affiliated with powerful people in the city. My brothers were able to bring their guns in any spot. “

The security dragged them out. They were obviously going to let us stay but I was good. Wasn't shit here for me

anymore.

“Let’s get the fuck out this bitch. Only dirty hoes work here,” I grumbled.

“Zane!” Sage shouted, touching my back.

I jerked away from her. “Get the fuck away from! I don’t want shit to do with you and that’s on everything I love!”

She looked visibly hurt but I didn’t give a fuck. If the roles had been reversed she would’ve tried beating my ass. She was lucky I didn’t slap her around like I did her husband.

Chapter 8

Sage

I walked out of Eiffel trying my hardest to control my emotions but I felt like I’d fall apart at any given second. Getting out of jail and jumping right into a good job was a blessing I did not take for granted, so the fact that I’d just lost my job over a fight I didn’t start or participate in was devastating. If I was going to get fired then I should’ve been the one to beat somebody’s ass. That wasn’t even the worst thing that came out of tonight though. The main thing that

plagued my mind was Zane claiming to be done with me. That was something I just couldn't take. I could find another job even though I was dreading doing so. Finding another nigga to make me feel the way Zane did would probably be close to impossible.

“Why you looking down?”

I jumped, thinking I was about to get got.

“Uh-huh, you know your hoe ass ain't living right.”

“Alright, I get it. You're upset. But you not bouta be calling me out my name!”

Zane glared at me, while leaning up against my car. He was obviously still very angry with me, but him being here and waiting for me was a good sign. It showed he wasn't as done as he claimed just an hour ago. A sense of relief overcame me even as he was cursing me out.

“Yo, you get a lot of nerve. Any bitch who's fucking on another nigga while she's married is a hoe.”

Those words were like daggers to my chest, but I maintained a brave face.

“Zane, it's not even like that.”

“I don’t hear you denying the shit!” He shouted, making me jump.

“Zane, let’s dip up outta here!” Diamond demanded from his car that was parked right behind mine.

“You can go ahead and go!”

“Nigga, you sure? You seem pretty mad and I don’t want you doing something you might regr-”

“Man, just go!”

“Alright, go ahead and deal with ya soap opera bullshit,” he muttered loudly before moving his head back into his car and pulling off. I dropped my head in shame. This had all really unfolded in front of his people. They probably thought I was the most scandalous bitch around.

“Oh, so you embarrassed?!” Zane bellowed into my face. “Imagine how I feel?!”

“I’m sorry!”

“You sorry? So bitch you married?!”

“Like... technically, but that shit means nothing!”

“You gotta be shitting me,” he held his head and turned around, as if he were catching his bearings. “How the fuck do

you fail to mention this shit to me?!”

“Zane, nobody knows about this. Not even my own family! It’s fucking embarrassing so I’ve just been pretending like it didn’t happen until I can undo it!”

He looked at me in disbelief. “Man, your age...it’s really showing now. Because only a childish ass person would do some grown shit and then act like a child about it.”

“Zane, you knew I was 18 from the jump!”

“But I ain’t know you was fucking married!”

“Okay, I was like two months into jail and Ace was really there for me at first! He was looking out, visiting me, sending letters, calling everyday. The whole nine. So yes, I was head over heels in love! When he kept bringing up getting married I fell for it. It was jail talk gone wrong! I was still 17 when I did that shit.”

“So who signed off on it?! Somebody had to if you were a minor!”

“His mom!”

“Man, that shit not legal! You could’ve easily got that bullshit annulled!”

“Wait, it’s not?”

That was seriously news to me.

He shook his head before releasing a dry laugh.

“Yea, Sage, no.”

“No?” I panicked. “No, what?!”

“This...us....it’s not gon’ work. We’re not in the same head space mentally.”

“Wow, all this because I got married in jail?” I sniffled, losing the battle with my emotions. “You know I lost my job because you fought in there?! But I bet they’ll allow you to come back with open arms. This shit is not fair!”

“You know what’s not fair?! You getting close to me, making me fall for you, all for you to have a fucking husband!!!!” He roared. “You lucky I ain’t beat your ass in your job!!! And it’s on sight every time I see your flock ass groom!”

“I said I’m sorryyyy,” I broke down. “Ace made me regret marrying him shortly after I did it. I just pushed it to the back of my mind and I didn’t want anyone to know how stupid I was. I can fix this!”

“Man, you can’t fix shit with me. It’s a wrap.”

I flung my arms around his neck and cried on his shoulder. He tried pushing me off but I was holding on with all my might.

“Mannn,” he stressed with laughter in his voice. “I see how bitches get caught up fucking the next woman’s husband now.”

“Zane, it’s not even like that and you know it!”

“I don’t know what it’s like! I do know I’m done with you!”

“You don’t mean that. You just need space and I’m willing to give you that, but we’re not done.”

He wore a puzzled look on his face like he was trying to figure out who the hell he was dealing with. It was simple. I was a bitch who was crazy about him and didn’t want to let him go.

“So, do you wanna take me home so you can take the car bac-”

“Why would I take something back that’s in your name?” He snapped. “Nah, what you can do is take me to Zane’s spot and then drive your ass home and never talk to me again. I’m done with you.”

“UGHHHHH! GIVE ME THAT DICK! GIVE IT TO MEEEE!” I screamed while throwing my ass back at Zane.

I drove his ass to Zooley’s house alright, but I wasn’t leaving. He found out when I pulled his dick out the moment we pulled into the driveway and started sucking it. If he was going to leave me alone I wasn’t making it easy for his ass.

He was in a frog position on the bed literally throwing dick into my stomach. He was serving me up angry dick, but it didn’t feel any less good. If he really meant that he was done I was going to enjoy this one last night.

“Shut the fuck up,”he gritted, slapping the shit out my ass.

“I CAN’T TTTT!” I screamed due to him deciding to plunge deeper into me. He knew what the fuck he was doing and I welcomed it.

“Why you can’t?!”He gripped my hair rough as fuck. I swore I felt a track almost come out.

“Because I love this dick so much!!!!”

“You love it, huh?”He groaned, while separating my ass cheek to spit in them. He proceeded to plug me anally with

his finger. That sent me over the moon.

“AHH-EEEE-OUUUU! I LOVE YOUUUUU!” I screamed while squirting everywhere.

“Fuck, Sage!” He gruffed, before collapsing. “You might as well take all this nut for the road.”

That made my heart drop. No way was he about to send me on my way after I just said I loved him for the first time. I was mentally preparing myself to kill him, but he pulled me into his arms. All my crazy thoughts ceased, and I relaxed. He definitely wasn't done with me.

Zane

July 20, 2015

“Fuckkkkk,” I leaned my head back in pleasure. Sage was before me on her knees servicing the fuck out of me with her mouth. I kept telling myself I was just enjoying her one last time before I sent her low down ass on her way, but we were well into a brand new day and she was still right here with me. I could already see that detaching myself from her

wasn't about to be easy and I detested her for making me do so!

“There you go, baby,” I coaxed, while moving her head up and down my shaft gently. “Suck that dick like you love it.”

“HMMMM,” she moaned. I glanced down at her and almost busted my nut. She was simultaneously bobbing her head for dear life and playing in her pussy. That's when I got to thinking maybe I could overlook this little marriage thing. Shit she said it meant nothing, so it must've meant nothing.

When she allowed my dick to plop out her mouth, she zoned in on my balls. Between her humming on nutsack and jacking me off I couldn't take it anymore. I busted a load right in her hand.

“F-F-FUCKKKK!” I bellowed, making her smirk arrogantly. I had to let her have that one because she did her thing. But seeing her smile after she kept such a secret from me irritated me. Wasn't shit amusing or funny right now.

“You not a swallower, huh?”

Her smile fell. “What?”

“You gave me head three times between last night and now and you always pull back when I'm finna bust.”

“It looks like you just answered your own question, Zane,” she replied timidly.

“It’s nothing to be ashamed of. I already know you haven’t really grown up yet.”

She shook her head, before standing up. “I’m bouta go take a shower.”

“Oh, you don’t got shit to say to that, huh?”

“Do you want me to fuss with you?! Fuck I’m tryna let you have your lil moment.”

“My lil moment?!”

“Yea, you’re in your feelings right now and rightfully so.”

“I’m in my feelings, huh?” I chuckled. “Okay, you ain’t seen shit yet.”

“What the fuck you mean by that?!” She asked, but she was talking to my back. I rushed to the bathroom and slammed the door before locking it. She started banging on the door.

“Zane, you heard me say I was about to take a bath!”

“FUCK YOU!” I shouted, meaning it from the pits of my soul.

“Stupid ass hoe,” I mumbled as I slid into the shower. I was 22 dealing with an 18 year old who had the problems of a 40 something year old. What type of idiot would get married at 18? I understood jail talk could be powerful but she was only in that bitch for half of a year! I don’t know what Ace said to her to get her to make that type of commitment when she was only two months in, but it had me fucked up. Clearly she cared about this man more than she let on. There were plenty of girls who were ready and available to give me their all. I wouldn’t have to worry about coming second. I didn’t have to put up with Sage’s drama.

I got out of the shower after twenty minutes. I felt refreshed and relaxed, but the moment I looked at Sage my nerves would get bad again. It was time for her to go ‘bout her business.

I was ready to tell her that when I entered the room, but I was met by a hard object bouncing off my fucking head.

“What the fuck?!” I clamored as Sage barrelled towards me like a wild maniac. In seconds she was all over me, punching me all in my face.

“NIGGA YOU LIED TO ME! YOU HAVE BEEN
FUCKING OTHER BITCHES!”

That’s when I realized it was my phone that had been thrown at me. I didn’t mean to leave that muthafucker in the room at all, but a part of me felt satisfied. She deserved to feel a portion of what the fuck I was feeling. Deep down I knew my way of thinking was flawed since I’d lied to her face before even knowing her secret, but it was what it was. What we had was simply built on a lie thanks to her. Me fucking another bitch and lying to her face about it was miniscule compared to her being fucking married and keeping it to herself. All of this shit just proved we didn’t need to be together.

BAM!

Sage brought me back to reality with a punch square to my face. My nose felt like it had been crushed. My entire body got hot as rage filled me.

“Bitch I’ma fuck you up!” I grabbed her by her neck and slammed her against the wall with immense strength. Fear overcame her face resulting in me feeling guilty right away. I released her and she dramatically started crying like I tried to shoot her or something.

“I’m leaving!” She cried, before rushing over to the dresser for her purse. That’s when I noticed she had on one of my t-shirts and she smelled like soap. She probably took a bath in Zooley’s bathroom because he wasn’t home. Her ass probably took my phone with her in there.

I ran over to the dresser in record time and snatched her purse up. I grabbed the keys out of the purse. “Bitch you ain’t going nowhere in my shit!”

“Oh, so now you’re taking it back?! That’s the type of nigga you are?!”

I wasn’t that type of nigga. I just didn’t want to see her leave after I put hands on her like she was some battered woman. She needed to know I was sorry and that I’d totally gotten out of character. That’s when blood dripped down from my nose to my mouth reminding me that it was me who’d gotten my ass whooped, not her. This bitch was too powerful, man. She had me feeling like Ike Turner for defending myself!

“Fuck allat, you ain’t going no where!”

“Nigga I’m done with you! You ain’t gotta hit me but once!”

“SAGE YOU HIT ME MULTIPLE TIMES! WHAT THE FUCK?!” I shouted in her face. She palmed my face roughly.

“I don’t give a fuck! You the world’s biggest hypocrite, acting like you perfect. Whole time you been fucking over me! I asked you a question and you blatantly lied to my face!”

“You want talk about lying?!”

“You never asked me if I was married!”

“I DIDN’T THINK I HAD TO!”

“Alright, Zane. You got that. I would like to leave now.”

“I would like it if yo hoe ass wasn’t married, but we don’t always get what we want in life.”

She tried reaching for the keys. All I had to do was hold them up way over my head. She grew frustrated and started crying hard. That almost made me laugh.

“This shit is funny to you?!” She quizzed. “Okay, I got something for your ass.”

She pulled out her phone and dialed a number out.

“Girl, if you calling somebody to my brother’s house you must not value living!”

I wouldn’t be able to stomach if she was taking it to the level of calling somebody to come handle me. Because that meant I would have to stoop to that level too, and I cared about her dumb ass too much to get down like that. The voice I heard on the other end of the line made me breathe easier for her sake. She’d called Zahara.

“COME GET ME BEFORE I FUCK THIS NIGGA UP AND END UP BACK IN JAIL!”

“What the fuck is going on?!” Zahara replied. The phone wasn’t on speaker, so her voice sounded muffled but I could still make out what she was saying.

“This bitch ass nigga won’t let me leave! That’s what’s wrong! He tryna hold me hostage because I saw some bullshit in his phone!”

That wasn’t even *half* of the story. I could’ve blown her spot up with ease, but I wasn’t even about to go there. I’d already sworn Diamond and Herb to secrecy because I felt played. A bitch had never crossed me like this and I didn’t want anyone knowing how I fucked around and caught feelings for a married woman.

“What nigga?”Zahara asked. That question right there ignited something in my chest.

“Why she asking what nigga?! How many niggas you fucking with?!”I barked, making her jump. I guess her own reaction pissed her off because she toughened right back up.

“BITCH GET OUT MY FACE BEFORE I PUNCH THE SHIT OUT OF YOU! YOU TESTING ME! BACK UP!” She warned with her Superman ass fist cocked back.

“BITCH IF YOU HIT ME YOU BETTER BE ABLE TO TAKE IT BACK! I ain’t the nigga that’s gon let you hit on him, I’ma punch your ass back!” I threatened. I think I meant that shit too.

“I’m at Zooley house! Come get me!!” I guess Zahara had asked her where she was. Now her sister was about to think I was over here whooping her ass when it was really the other way around.

“Man, you not going nowhere! I don’t know why you calling Zahara with that dumb shit!”

“Bitch fuck you! You said you done with me so be done!”

“I am done! I just don’t see why you gotta leave right now! You hit me first over some bullshit!”

“So lying to me is bullshit?!”

“I may have lied but it ain’t like we was together, no! I could do whatever the fuck I want!”

“So continue doing that, stupid ass!”

“Why you so mad?! You knew what it was when you started fucking with me!” I shouted.

“Bitch I’m mad because you won’t let me leave! I don’t give a fuck about you fucking the whole New Orleans you dirty dick hoe!”

Now that got to me because I had fucked a lot of girls in the city, but she couldn’t talk because she was in love with this so called dirty dick.

“If my dick dirty then so is your mouth because my dick was just in it about twenty minutes ago!”

BOP! BOP! She punched me twice with impeccable speed.

“Man what the fuck?! Get off me crazy bitch!” I squawked, before gripping her hair.

“Bitch let my hair go!” She screamed, as she swung on me again. This time I dodged the hit and palmed her face hard just like she’d done to me a few minutes ago. Her head flew back as I did it repeatedly.

“Stopp!” She screamed, while trying to swing on me, but she couldn’t see where she was swinging. It wasn’t long before she gave up and started crying...again.

“You done tryna fight me? Because that wasn’t shit compared to what I can do.”

“Fuck you,” her voiced cracked. She yanked at my heart strings effortlessly...again.

“Come here, man,” my entire demeanor softened, as I went to embrace her. I thought she was about to welcome the hug, but her hard fist flew to my face instead. Just that quick we started tussling again. This time I decided to step it up a bit. She wasn’t about to just fuck me up. Somehow we wound up in the living room where she was still going even though I’d hit her ass back several times. I could really just knock her dumb ass out but I couldn’t bring myself to do it. She had no qualms about getting in my shit, though. I got tired of the bullshit, and pulled her into a bear hug.

“Get of me!”

“No! You fucking tripping! You got issues, man! This shit not normal!”

“I never claimed to be normal!!!”

I think it was the Gemini in me that made me laugh at the wrong times, because I started cracking up. This bitch was hilariously crazy.

“And you still laughing?!”

“Yea, which means you wasting your fucking energy tryna fight me.”

“Nigga I’ll spit in your face!”

“Nah, what you finna do is sit on this dick.”

She looked at me like she wanted to fuck me up, but less than two minutes later she was riding me butt naked on Zooley’s sofa.

“Shit,” I slapped her ass as she slammed down on my dick over and over again. She was going to town. “You still love me, huh?”

“Yessss!” She screamed. “I love you so much, baby! That’s why I act like this.”

“Act like that again and you’ll never feel this dick again. You got it?” I gripped her ass and began pummeling my dick into her upwards.

“OH, FUCK YEA! I’ll never put my hands on you again! I promise! I love youuuu!”

“I was tryna love you, too,” I professed before tonguing the side of her neck.

“You still can.” She moaned. “I’ma right my wrongs. I promise.”

She made me feel like a bitch begging her nigga to do right by her. I gripped her hair, pulled her head back, and sucked on her neck.

“Shut up and just ride this dick before you piss me off.”

She really started cutting up after I made that demand. She was riding me better than any other bitch I’d ever encountered and that saddened me. I didn’t want to leave her ass alone, but this toxic shit couldn’t go on. I thought about fucking her whenever I wanted and just stringing her along as a form of get back. But even I knew that was childish. I also felt like I got my lick back when she went through my phone. I

didn't have to do shit else. Truthfully, cutting her off cold Turkey would hurt her more than anything.

“Nigga you serious?!”

When we realized we had company we jumped apart like two kids who'd gotten busted by their parents.

“Oh God,” Zahara held her forehead as she looked away from me. I picked up a pillow to cover my dick that was leaking with pre-cum and still hard as a rock. Sage wasn't about to go nowhere just yet. We had unfinished business.

“Sage, I'll be outside waiting for you.” Zahara said.

Sage ran off to the bathroom with a blanket around her naked body. I tried to go after her, but Zooley stopped me. That's when I noticed the mess we made from fighting in his house. He had every right to be pissed but I wasn't trying to talk with my dick and ass out.

“Nigga my house is off limits to you from now on. Get your own spot in the city or bring your females back to your apartment in BR. And I want all this shit cleaned up before you dip,” he stated, before walking out.

Chapter 9

Sage

August 2, 2015

“So bitch you really knocked her out?” I asked for the millionth time while checking myself in the rearview mirror.

“Fucking right! I told that hoe stop talking about you on twitter and she gon say she can tweet whatever she wants. I showed her.”

“That hoe is dumb. I knew that when she approached me here a few weeks ago,” I said, nodding towards Eiffel. After getting fired I bitterly swore I’d never return. This club had to see me tonight though.

“Her dumb ass got fucked up today,” Zahara declared.

“So, y’all not friends no more?” Sha asked from the back seat. We both snapped our necks towards her with crazed expressions. “What?!”

“Why would I be friends with a bitch who is always talking shit about my sister on twitter?!”

“Okay, Shana is always talking shit, but we know where that’s stemming from. She’s hurt, and I think being neutral in the situation would’ve been bes-”

“Girl, please shut up,”Zahara snapped. “I don’t give a fuck what you feel is best. Ain’t no such thing as neutral when it comes to me and my sisters. Remember that.”

Kaysha sealed her lips, although it looked like she wanted to say more. I was glad she had enough sense to be quiet. She wasn’t making any sense anyway. Shana had the right to feel however the fuck she wanted to feel about Zane leaving her with a wet ass and nothing more, but she fucked up when she decided to direct all her energy to me. Secretly I knew I’d never have to fight her. My big sister handling it was a given. She fell back from Shana long before she saw her at the mall today and decided to put hands on her. I don’t know why Kaysha was acting like we had to have sympathy for the hoe when she started it and wouldn’t let up.

“Anyways, let’s get up in this club,”I sighed nervously.

“Girl, I know you not scared,”Zahara giggled, seeing right through me. I hated that about her at times like this.

“Girl, please,”I huffed to play it off.

Zane was different. Niggas had chased me my whole life even when I was the one to do them wrong. It was always me who cut people off and went about my business. I didn't know how it felt for a nigga to truly leave me alone. Well there was a first time for everything because Zane had completely fallen back from me. I thought we could maybe come to an understanding after the fiasco at Zooley's house. After we got busted he asked me to stay. We cleaned up the mess we made in his brother's home and then we went to BR in his car. I spent the night with him, thinking everything was everything because we weren't fussing or fighting. I thought I'd stay with him for a few days because it wasn't like I had a job to go back to in New Orleans. He showed me when he woke me up to tell me he was taking me back to New Orleans because he had things to do. He took me to Zooley's house to get my car, and we kissed each other goodbye. Something in that kiss felt forced, but I convinced myself that I was overthinking everything.

It turns out I wasn't. The next day I texted him, asking if I could see him and he merely said no. I tried to check him, but he just ignored me. I continued to text and call him. Sometimes he'd answer, but he'd always be dry. After about five days of that same song and dance, I decided to take a step

back. I was on his dick, and only boosting his ego. I figured if I stopped doing that then he'd start checking for me.

Unfortunately, I was wrong. We hadn't talked in days. Just when I started contemplating driving to BR to make him face me, I saw him post a flier on instagram. He was hosting an all white party at Eiffel. He would typically invite me to his hostings, but he obviously hadn't mentioned this one to me. I didn't care about that because I was going to show my face regardless. This was a public party.

When we entered the club it was packed. That was the norm for any party Zane was hosting. He was popular like that. I turned to Zahara as we walked through the crowd. Her eyes were moving around like she was looking for someone.

“You looking for your man?” I said teasingly.

“Who, bitch? I don't got no man.”

“Girl please, you know you want to see Zooley.”

“Not as much as you wanna see Zane,” she giggled.

“And I don't even know if Zooley will be here because the club not really his thing.”

Zahara and Zooley were still on the outs. I was shocked that she had this much willpower to break up with the

man and stand on it for so long. I had a feeling they would reconcile soon because Zooley really wanted her back and months had gone by for him to learn his lesson.

“Damn, baby,” a nigga voiced as I brushed past him. I’d been getting that since I stepped in the club. I looked fine as hell in my white booty shorts, white bralette top, gold body chain, and knee high gold Tom Ford heels and the matching clutch, courtesy of Zane. I’d gotten them for the Miami trip and never got a chance to wear them. They were already making my feet cry but they made my legs and hips look amazing. After getting my hair pulled by Zane multiple times I had to take my sew in out, but my natural twist out was beautiful. I posted a selfie an hour ago, and multiple girls were in my comments asking me how I achieved the look. If ten more people ask I was going to fuck around and make a tutorial for youtube. The natural hair community was really taking off on social media, and getting a foot in now could be lucrative in the long run.

“There goes Zane,” Sha pointed towards the upstairs section.

My stomach churned at the sight of him. He was dressed in a white Balmain ensemble, looking fine as hell with

his fresh haircut. I watched a pretty girl approach him, and I immediately recognized her from his pool party. She had told me and him goodbye. When I asked him who she was he played her down as a friend. Based on the way she was flirting all and in his face, that had to be yet another lie. She was running her mouth and he smiled, revealing a gold grill. My feet started moving to the section.

“Act like you got some sense,”Zahara advised as we walked up the stairs.

That went in one ear and out the other. No one was guarding the section, so we walked right on it. I strutted up to Zane, feeling several lustful eyes on me. It didn't take long for Zane to notice me. He looked at me approaching him with no reaction at all and that was weird. Did he feel no type of way about me already? It had only been about two weeks since he stopped fucking with me. Real feelings didn't go away that fast! Now I was questioning if he ever felt anything for me at all.

“Hey Zane,”I said with my hand on my hip before glancing at ole girl. “Are you having sex with him?”

A startled expression covered the girl's pretty face.

“Say, if you gon be here then you ain’t finna be questioning my guests like you got a fucking right,”he asserted in a calm manner.

“Fuck that! Because this girl spoke to me after watching us kiss and hug all night at your pool party. I’m tryna see if you lied to me.”

“For what though? I’m not fucking with you now so it don’t matter.”

My heart dropped. “Oh, so that’s what it is?”

“Yea, and I told your ass that multiple times so I don’t know where all the confusion is coming from!” He raised his voice, causing other people to look on. My sister and best friend already had a front row seat. I never felt more played in my life.

“There is no confusion! I just don’t like being lied to.”

“Who lied, though? This girl is my friend! Just like you was my friend!”

That was another dagger to the heart.

“Okay, so you are fucking her.”

The girl laughed uncomfortably. “Uhhhh, Zane, I’ll be over there with my girls. I don’t have time for drama.”

She twisted off and he had the audacity to watch her.

“Are you serious right now?!”

He looked back at me. “Yo, why are you here?”

“Don’t play me like I’m crazy, Zane. Yea, you said you were done with me but don’t act like other things didn’t happen after that. We were cool when we parted ways.”

“Your ass is so toxic that you think us fucking and not fighting means we’re cool. We not fucking cool.”

He was throwing those words at me so fast I couldn’t even keep up. Now I was toxic? The “drama free” bitch he had here had to be influencing him.

“You like that girl you invited here tonight, don’t you?”

“That ain’t your business, Sage! If you wanna stay then I’m cool with that even though I didn’t invite you for a reason. You gotta chill with the drama though. I’m just tryna have a good time.”

“Sage, let’s get the fuck out this nigga section,” Zahara spoke up. From the sound of her voice I could tell the nature of the conversation had pissed her off.

“Zahara all that ain’t even called for. I said y’all could stay. Your sister just gotta chill.”

“We don’t wanna stay,” I snapped. “Let me take my uninvited ass on somewhere. You don’t gotta worry about me no more. That’s on my parents grave. Let’s go y’all.”

“That shit was crazy,” Sha said as we walked down the stairs.

“Bitch I’m surprised you didn’t slap his ass.”

I just shook my head. “Girl, I’m over it at this point. It is what it is.”

I had given them a brief overview of why Zane fell back from me and it didn’t include the whole truth. I didn’t want to push him into revealing that. That was the real reason I kept my hands to myself. But my attitude had shifted to “it is what it is.” I wasn’t about to give Zane any more opportunities to play on me in front of a bunch of people. I also had to take accountability for my part in this. I had my own baggage that he had a right not to deal with. He didn’t enter our situation knowing I was married. This was my problem to fix and it was immature for me to keep it to myself while pretending like it never happened. Shit, maybe I was toxic.

“We really could’ve stayed though,” Sha sighed.

“That’s the nicest section in this club and this party popping.”

“Girl, we leaving this bitch altogether. Fuck is you talking about?!” I went off.

Zahara gave me a knowing look that read “this is why I don’t like this bitch.”

Chapter 10

Zane

October 31, 2015

I miss you. I wish I was there.

I started to reply until I felt no need to. She knew I was celebrating Halloween and my brother’s birthday, so she’d understand like she always did. We’d talk tomorrow. I took a swig of my Hennessy straight and nodded my head to White Iverson, feeling the lyrics on another level. My personal life wasn’t something to write about, but my professional life was

booming and I was balling on another level now. When one area in my life was lacking I would often overcompensate in others.

My youtube channel had instant success, and I was now getting bookings and modeling gigs all over the world. My email was getting so hectic that I had to hire a manager. Akiah was a good friend of mine I'd met at Southern. She was a year above me, majoring in business, and had graduated top of her class. She was smart as a whip, and working as a teacher because she couldn't find a job in her field. I wasted no time scooping her up. Unlike a lot of my female friends, I'd never touched her. We were strictly friends, so it was easy to keep it business. Yesterday she booked me to be the face of a popular black owned sports brand, and the gig was leaving both of our pockets fatter. I was undoubtedly celebrating that too tonight.

“Check this nigga out,”Diamond nudged me while nodding towards the entrance of the section. Zooley was leading Zahara into the section by her waist. It couldn't have been more than a sheer coincidence that he was dressed like Hugh Hefner and she wore a Playboy Bunny costume because they still weren't together. Her showing up was a good sign for

my brother though. If he got her ass back it was in his best interest to never cross her again because she was stubborn as fuck. Maybe it ran in the family.

I lowkey expected Sage to continue popping up on me and wilding out, but she completely fell back. Then she proceeded to block me on everything, including my phone number. I knew that because I tried texting her to check on her. Regardless of everything I'd grown to care about her and that couldn't change overnight. She straight up made it easy for me to stand on my word of not fooling with her anymore.

“And there goes your girl,”Diamond chuckled.

He was trying to be funny, but little did he know I spotted her from the moment she entered the club. I even offered to go get her and her sister off the dance floor to lead them to the section, but Zooley said he had it. I let him have that because I was nervous. It was obvious Sage didn't even want me speaking to her, and I hadn't laid eyes on her in three months. I would see her sisters every now and then, mainly Rose because she'd gotten close with Maddie. I even helped Zooley move them out of their aunt's house, and I only agreed to see Sage. Yet she wasn't there and I didn't want to draw attention to myself by asking.

“She still married?”He laughed.

I smacked my teeth. “How would I know? I don’t fuck with her...I’m finna go speak though.”

“Awww nigga,”he chuckled. “You better leave that nigga wife alone.”

“Nigga shut up,”I grumbled, getting annoyed. Sage’s ass was really off the hook. I still wanted to know what that nigga told her to make her think marriage was a go at 17. It really boggled my mind.

“Go get her back, nigga,”he tittered.

I wasn’t even on that. I just wanted to say what’s up and despite the way things ended there was no bad blood on my end. Life was too short for all that dumb shit.

I approached her as she was laughing with Zanae. She looked killer in a devil costume and it really fit her personality. The costume consisted of a red leather bikini top, matching high cut briefs that mirrored panties, sheer skin tone stockings, devil ears, a tail, long gloves, and patent leather red thigh high boots. Her hair was bone straight and touching her ass, and she had on a full face of makeup that included a seductive red lip. She’d obviously put a lot of effort into her costume unlike

most girls who just used the night as an excuse to wear as little as possible. The only reason I got into the whole costume thing was because it was my brother's birthday. It was a costume party so I had to follow the rules. This year I found a cool boxing costume. It included a robe and boxing shorts, and I stayed true to a boxer by wearing no shirt. I added my own touches by wearing my diamond name chain and Jordans.

When I stepped into her space, she couldn't help but look up at me. She looked me up and down before turning her head back to Zanae.

“So yea, like I was saying, working at V-Live is really fun. I thought the Eiffel tips were nice but baby V-Live don't play,” she bragged. I was aware of her gig as a bartender at the newly built V-Live on Bourbon because she always posted work pictures on instagram where she was growing more and more popular.

“Girl, tell me bout that youtube money!” Zanae smiled.

“Huh?” Sage giggled. I don't know why she was trying to be modest. She was pulling in over one hundred thousand views per video. Compared to others on larger scales she still had ways to go, but for a newbie who started with no type of following or support base that was major. Her first video was a

natural hair care routine and that took off. Everyone in the comments was asking about her makeup so she followed up with an everyday makeup tutorial. That video showed off her bare face at the beginning, which led to people raving about how perfect her skin was. That led into a skin care routine video. After that she did a storytime about a fight she had in the 9th grade, and that video made people fall in love with her personality, so they wanted more storytimes. Her channel was different from mine. I did vlogs of my everyday life while her main focus was beauty, hair, and storytimes. But we were both killing it in our respective lanes. It was sad we couldn't take this journey together but she'd fucked that up.

“Hey, Sage. You can't speak to me?”

She looked at me after rolling her eyes.

“Hey,” she said dryly.

Zanae laughed. “I'ma go fix us a drink, sis.”

“Please do, because I'll need it.” She pursed her lips as Zanae walked away.

“You really hate me, huh?” I questioned with laughter.

“Why does it matter how my toxic ass feels about you?”

I caught the animosity in her voice and how she threw back some of my words in my face. Clearly she was still in her feelings about our last interaction. I guess I did go kind of hard on her.

“Aye, I’m sorry about the way I handled you the last time we saw each other. I was mad with you but I could’ve pulled you to the side or something.”

“Zane, I honestly don’t give a fuck,” she snapped.

“Yea, alright,” I relented. She was stunting her ass off.
“So how’s the husband?”

She looked at me blankly before bursting into laughter.

“Fuck you.”

“Fuck me because you married?”

“No, fuck you for being a low down dirty liar.”

“Hmmm, so you still married?” I asked, ignoring her jab. Hell it was a valid jab.

“That ain’t your business, Zane. You gotta chill with the drama. I’m tryna have a good time,” she rebutted, throwing more of my words back at me. This time I had to laugh.

“Damn, you just getting all your licks back, huh? I must’ve really hurt you.”

“And I bet that made you feel so good. That’s just why I ignored that bullshit ass apology.”

“Man, my apology wasn’t bullshit. I was hurt my damn self. Ever heard of the saying ‘hurt people hurt people?’”

“I guess, Zane,” she huffed. “I’m off that though. I’m in a good place.”

“I’ve been seeing that through instagram and youtube. I’m proud of you, for real.”

“Thankyo- wait, I got you blocked on instagram!”

“I know. I be watching from my burner page.”

“Wow,” she laughed. “Now see, had you cut me off like you had some sense then all that wouldn’t even be necessary.”

“Well we live and learn,” I sighed. “But I’mma leave you alone for the rest of the night, girl. I just didn’t want it to be awkward between us. And it’s still on sight for your husband.”

“Baby, the state of Louisiana declared that marriage invalid last month. It never even happened,” she winked, before twisting off. I watched her close, wanting to go after

her, but things in my life were different now. I had to leave Sage in the past.

That was easier said than done when she wasn't a few feet away from me shaking her ass in glorified underwear. The smirk she bore was a clear sign that she was aware of how she was enticing niggas left and right. She wasn't playing fair at all. I said I would leave her alone for the rest of the night, but I was lying my ass off.

“I seen two of my niggas in the club! And I know they know about each other! I think these niggas tryna set me up! Maybe I'm just paranoid!” She rapped from the gut. The way she remixed the Ty Dolla Sign song made me raise an eyebrow. Knowing her she was probably really living like that. When she started throwing her ass to the beat, I stepped behind her immediately killing her groove.

Sage

“Nigga didn't you say you was leaving me alone for the rest of the night?”

“I lied,” he replied with no shame.

I couldn't help but laugh and that irritated me because I wanted to be super dry with his ass. He deserved it from how he treated me at the all white party. Holding a grudge against him was much easier when I didn't have to be around his ass. What made me fall so quickly for him in the first place was his contagious personality and the fact that he always kept me giggling like an idiot.

"Yea, you one big ass liar." I jabbed, trying to keep my guard up.

"I'm working on that though," he breathed. Just like that I was laughing again.

"Boy, leave me the fuck alone," I pushed his chest. He grabbed my hand and caressed it.

"Mishae, get your brother," I complained.

"Why I gotta get him if y'all both smiling big as fuck?" She tittered. "Brother, you better stop playing and snag her up for real this time."

"I'm not up for snagging," I stated firmly.

"Oh so you got a nigga?" He asked, with his arm now around my waist.

"I got a few," I twisted my neck.

“Oh shit,” Mishae giggled, before stepping off.

“That’s so like you. You just can’t help yourself, huh?”

“Sure can’t.”

“I would think you would want to focus on yourself after the way shit ended with us.”

“Oh, I’m sorry you thought that,” I giggled.

He smacked his teeth. “I’m saying though...how I get back on the roster?”

“What?” I giggled.

“I’m tryna get back in wherever I can fit in.”

I scoffed. “So typical.”

“What you talking bout?”

“You! You gave me your ass to kiss...and yea, you had valid reasons, but let’s not act like you didn’t do your share of dirt too! So we ended because you wanted us to end. You were hard up about me leaving you alone and I did that! I haven’t bothered you at all in months. But you see me tonight looking good and not worrying about your ass, now you wanna be down with the team again.”

“Down with the team? Again? Sage, you know damn well you wasn’t fucking with nobody else when I was in the picture.”

My eyes shifted. “Okay.”

He looked at me like he was dying to know what was going on in my head, but he didn’t press the issue.

“Don’t try to play me, bruh. I never stopped thinking or caring about you. If you didn’t block me on everything I would’ve continued checking in on you because that’s how my heart is set up. We needed space so you could get your shit together. I don’t know why you’re acting like I’m the one who put the nail in our coffin. That was all you,love. You got all this pride for nothing.”

“So we’re conveniently glossing over the fact that you lied about fucking other bitches?”

“Nah,”he licked his lips. My clit thumped as I remembered what he could do with that tongue. “I was wrong for that shit and I’ll own that, but you fucked up from the moment you started fucking with me and didn’t mention being married. Can you own that?”

“Whatever,” I rolled my eyes. “I apologized for my part multiple times.”

“So if we both sorry then we should at least be able to be cordial, right?”

“I’m talking to you without whooping your ass, right? This is as cordial as it will get.”

“I had something else in mind.”

“I bet you did,” I smirked. “But it ain’t happening. Like I said, my roster is full.”

“Whatever Sage,” he released me. “You and me both know that if I enter the picture them other niggas would disappear.”

“You’re so arrogant. What about you? I know you be thotting and bopping.”

“Nah, actually I been chilling.”

“Then continue doing that because this,” I patted my coochie, “is off limits to you.”

“Move your hand!”

“I can’t take ittt,” I whimpered with tears in my eyes as his dick reached places no other nigga could. I talked all that shit earlier just to end up back at this man’s spot. I couldn’t feel stupid because the pleasure he was bringing me blocked everything out.

When Zooley’s party ended Zahara went home with him. Considering how she’d been under him all night that wasn’t surprising. Zanae invited me to go to Waffle House with them and I readily agreed. When I got behind the wheel I realized how tipsy I was, but I was still able to drive. Upon arriving, Zane was knocking at my window demanding that I give him my keys.

“Boy, go to hell,” I slurred as I climbed out the car.

“Sage, we gon fight you over them keys, girl. You was driving too damn crazy,” Mishae butted in, looking all worried. That’s when I really started to believe that I didn’t need to be driving. In the midst of my thoughts I felt my keys be snatched from my hands. I continued to curse Zane out, but he ignored me as we walked in Waffle House.

I sobered up significantly from drinking water and coffee, but Zane still wasn’t trying to give me my keys. I thought I was hallucinating while I was eating my food

because I felt a hand palming my kitty. I looked over at Zane and he bore a grin while talking to Diamond. Despite my pussy thumping from enjoying the attention, I removed his hand. He still found his way to my thigh, caressing it. The entire time we ate, he felt me up, making my pussy feel all warm. I didn't know what the future held, but I was fucking him tonight.

When he got behind the wheel of my car he asked me where I was going and I told him "I'm going wherever you are." He pulled up to a Metairie townhouse. I recalled him saying he wanted a spot close to New Orleans when we were still talking, so I guess this was it. As soon as we crossed the threshold of his house we started going at it like two dogs in heat. We weren't holding back at all. Zane was really going hard.

"You still love?" He said gruffly as he swished through my pussy, beating my walls up.

"YESSSSS!" I screamed against my will. Saying no or ignoring him wasn't an option when he was dicking me down properly like this.

"I still love you, too," he tongue kissed my neck.

His words sent me over the moon. A little piece had chipped away at my heart when I expressed my love for him during sex and he didn't say it back. I swear I felt the missing piece of my heart come back when he said that shit.

"I'ma always love you,"he professed, before slithering his tongue in my mouth. He gripped my ass cheeks and started banging my pussy out.

"O-O-OUUU! Ohhh shit!"I screamed while reaching my peak.

"Where you want this nut at, baby?"He asked me while gazing into my eyes. After orgasming I came to my senses.

"P-pull out,"I moaned. He was still stroking me and it felt amazing.

"Wrong answer,"he gritted, before emptying everything he had in me. All I could do was thank the man upstairs that I was still on birth control.

Zane

I woke up to the sun beaming down in my face and a soft body on top of me. I smiled as I looked down at Sage sleeping peacefully. I leaned my head down and kissed her lips. Last night couldn't have ended more perfectly and I'm sure she agreed. However, I didn't know how her unpredictable ass would act once she woke up. She could very well go back to saying fuck me. So I decided to enjoy her in my arms for as long as possible. I closed my eyes to force myself to go back to sleep.

“Zane, baby I'm h- WHAT THE FUCK?!”

My eyes popped open in alarm hearing Radiya's voice enter the room. I could've sworn she wasn't due back until tomorrow. What the fuck was she doing here?!

The screaming had awakened Sage as well, and she didn't look too thrilled. She took one look at the house keys in Radiya's hand, before turning to me and slapping the taste out my mouth.

“THIS BITCH YOUR GIRLFRIEND?!”

“NO! I'm single! I swear!” I grabbed her wrists so she wouldn't hit me again. “Rah, tell her!”

“Tell her?! Nigga we live together!” Radiya screamed in disbelief.

“No, I’m letting you stay here because you’re going through some shit right now!”

After I ended things with Sage, me and Radiya started hanging out a lot, and we made a connection. Her apartment became unsafe because her roommate’s man was mentally unstable and constantly threatening them. She couldn’t afford to break her lease, and paying rent somewhere else wasn’t an option when she was still under contract to pay rent there. I told her she could stay at my townhouse because I was mainly in BR for school. I gave her the guest room and everything so there was no confusion.

“Ya know what,” Sage laughed. “You are not worth it, Zane. You can have this trash ass nigga, girl.”

“How you gon give me to somebody I’m not even with?!”

“Zane, really?! I sleep with you in that bed you just got done fucking her in!”

“Yea, let me get the fuck before I kill somebody,” Sage grabbed a shirt from my drawer and pulled it over her head.

I tried to grab her but she moved out of my reach.

“Don’t touch me! You’ve really shown me why I need to never fuck with you for good!”

Chapter 11

Sage

July 1, 2016

I couldn’t wait to get off this damn plane. Since last summer Miami became one of my favorite cities to visit, but I couldn’t even enjoy this past week there with my sisters because I was sick the entire time. It felt like my period was about to come down with the cramps I was getting back to back. If that was the case then it needed to come on so I could get past the pain I was feeling.

“We landing now, Sage,”Zahara said, while rubbing my shoulder to comfort me. I was on the verge of real tears, so she knew I wasn’t being dramatic. It had been her idea to take Calla to Miami for one last hooray because she was going off

to the University of Baton Rouge next month. She also had a big audition for their dance team, the Dancing Diamonds, this upcoming weekend. If she made it she wouldn't have any time for us between being a full time student and dancer, so we needed as much time together as possible. I tried to have as much fun as I could on the trip, but I turned out to be a party pooper.

As soon as we got off the plane my phone started ringing. I was sure of who it was before even looking. I told him what time I'd be landing and as usual he was on it. I'm not going to lie, after months of focusing on myself and properly healing it felt good to be pursued so heavily. Cutting Beno off didn't stop him from consistently hitting me up. With Zane out the picture there was no real reason I couldn't fuck with the man, but I wasn't trying to date period. I was in a serious funk after Halloween. I was good at being tough, but that situation with Zane and ole girl hurt me. He denied being with her but she was living with him and had a whole key. Not to mention he'd shitted on me in her face at his all white party, so clearly he liked this girl more than he wanted to express. The whole thing put me in a "niggas ain't shit" funk. For months I focused on myself and my money. I was still bartending at V-Live and pulling in thousands, and my

youtube channel had over 500,000 subscribers. My instagram followers had gone up as well and people had started referring to me as an influencer. I owned that title because I was able to make money through instagram too with paid promo. It was safe to say that focusing on me had worked out magnificently for my bank account. I just recently moved into a highrise condo and I got myself a BMW.

Beno came back into the picture because I felt like it was that time to start dating again. I was completely over the Zane shit and it made me feel good to fuck with someone he asked me not to. I gave Beno my new number weeks ago and he'd been going hard since. So far I'd gotten multiple dates, money, and a shopping spree out of him. We didn't have this deep connection or anything, but it could get there with time if he stayed consistent.

“Hello?” I spoke into the phone.

“Wassup, pretty girl? You made it back to the city?”

“Yea. Just got off the plane actually.

“That's good...you want to go shopping?”

“Honestly, I just wanna lay down. I'm so tired.”

“Awww, c’mon,”he begged. “Whatchu supposed to wear in Hawaii if you don’t let me buy you some new stuff?”

“Hawaii?”I perked up.

“Yea, we going next weekend.”

“You asking or telling me?”I laughed weakly. Those sharp pains in my stomach had started cutting up again.

“I’m telling you but I’m praying you don’t break my heart by telling me no.”

“I’m with it, Beno, but I can’t do shit today. I feel terrible.” I said as we approached baggage claim. Today I truly appreciated how small New Orleans airport was because I didn’t have the strength to walk for a long time.

“What’s wrong?”

“I got cramps.”

“Take Advil or something.”

“Check you out,”I laughed.

“Shit that’s what my lil sisters be doing,”he chuckled.
“Feel better though. If you want I can pass by later and bring you whatever you need.”

“I’ll definitely let you know. I’m about to get my bags, so I’ll call you later.”

“That’s a bet. Bye, love,”he ended the call.

“We’re waiting on our bags now, baby,”Zahara said with her phone to her ear. She was undoubtedly talking to Zooley. She had much better luck after Halloween night than I did. Her night led to her and Zooley finally getting back together officially, and they wasted no time picking up where they left off. Watching the way he loved her was really admirable and she deserved nothing less. They got engaged back in May, and she was currently a little over a month pregnant.

“Ow!”I howled, before gripping my stomach.

Zahara looked at me in alarm. “Baby, we gotta take Sage to the hospital to see what the fuck going on with her.”

I frowned, because she was being extra.

“I’m not going to no hospi-”

My words were cut off as I pissed on myself involuntarily. I looked down in horror as pee ran down my legs.

“Did you just pee?” Rose leaned forward for a closer look as if her eyes were deceiving her.

I couldn’t answer because my back literally gave out on me.

“Sage!” Calla tried to catch me but we both fell together, making a big commotion. Everyone looked on as I literally felt like I was dying.

“I’m a nurse! Move!” An older white lady rushed through the crowd. When she got to me she reached down and started asking a million questions about how I felt. My sisters had to answer them all because I was too busy screaming in pain.

“Okay! She needs to get to a hospital! I think she’s in labor!”

Zane

“You sure you not hungry, boy?” My mom asked. It was a rare day where I didn’t have shit to do. I had graduated college this past May and officially moved back to New Orleans. My lease on my town house was up, so I moved into

a brand new condo in a downtown building. With my degree under my belt I could solely focus on my career, but I vowed to just have as much fun as possible this summer. Luckily what I did for a living was fun, so I didn't really have to choose. Outside of making money I wanted to spend more time with my family. Even Zora's aggravating ass.

“Nah, I'm good.”

“I keep telling you we tired of them seafood potatoes,”Mason blurted out, making me laugh.

“Fuck yo' tall ass. Any other time you tear it up.” She lashed.

“I never said it was nasty. I said we tired of it,”he chuckled.

“Zane, can you bring me to get some tacos?” Madison walked in the living room and asked, not even knowing we were talking about our mom's redundant dish.

“Tacos?! Girl, I wish you would after I slaved over that damn stove.”

“Mama I don't feel like eating that again,”she stomped her feet. Meanwhile I was joked out. As much as my mom annoyed me I enjoyed coming over just so I could laugh. Her

drama was entertaining and funny sometimes. “And I’m tweaking for some tacos right now.”

“Mhmm, I’ma make your lil fast ass piss on a stick. You think you slick,” she squinted.

“Piss on a stick?” I frowned. “For what?”

“Because I been dreaming bout fish. Somebody’s pregnant and based on the way Maddie’s always hungry and gaining weight I think it might be her,” she stated confidently.

“What?” Mason smacked his teeth. “Zora you tripping.”

“Big tripping! I’m on birth control,” Madison said.

“Birth control?” I repeated. “That shit better just be for decoration.”

“Oh boy please,” my mom scoffed. “You ain’t the only one getting they freak on.”

“Man, what is wrong with you? We talking about your daughter!”

“Zane, I’m a realist! I know what I was doing at her age, so I know anything is a possibility. Like getting pregnant on birth control. You and Zanae were birth control babies. So

like I said, Madison's gonna piss on a stick because my fish dreams gotta be coming from somewhere."

"Ma, Zooley got a whole baby on the way, yea," Mason said.

"That we already know about, so the dream can't be about him," she replied.

"Well it ain't about me and I'll gladly take whatever test you need me to because I ain't doing nothing that would lead to a baby," Madison said.

"You better not be," I mumbled just as my phone began ringing.

"Why don't you question one of your sons? I'm pretty sure it's one of them," Madison huffed.

"Lies," I uttered, while accepting Zooley's call. "What's up bro?"

"Nigga, you need to get to the hospital like now."

"The hospital?" I repeated, alerting everyone.

"What's going on?" My mom asked.

"Yea, nigga. No questions. Just get here. We at Ochsner. I'll send you the room number and shit," he said

before ending the call.

When I got off the phone everybody started bombarding me with questions I didn't have the answers to. I told them to just come because I didn't know what I was walking into and it had to be family related if Zooley was calling me.

We made it to Ochsner in a little under an hour. During the car ride my mom called all my siblings to see what was going on and they were clueless. That left me even more lost and I felt like I'd fucked up by telling my family to tag along. Maybe Zooley wanted to keep whatever he had going on between us. He told me to come, not my mom and the twins. As we were approaching the hospital room, Zooley was standing there. When he saw us, a smile started breaking through on his face. This nigga was acting weird. Clearly nothing tragic had happened if he was smiling and shit.

“Nigga what's good?” I held my arms open. “You got me scared as shit and you're smiling.”

“I don't know,” he scratched his head. “I think you should be scared. Let's get in here.”

Zooley led us into the room and the first person I saw was Calla standing by the bathroom. It was crazy how Sage

was able to avoid me so easily when I constantly saw her sisters. Now that Zahara was pregnant with my niece or nephew and she was engaged to my brother, Sage wouldn't be able to ignore me anymore. I looked forward to that. After shit hit the fan at my townhouse she wanted nothing to do with me. I still reached out over and over again to make things right. She wasn't moved by my efforts so I eventually stopped. I thought we'd at least be able to get to a place of being amicable but it never got there. The only time I was able to see her was during Mardi Gras season and she barely looked my way. This past Mardi Gras was drama filled, so I couldn't have chased after her if I wanted to. I finally just started living with the fact that she was the one that had gotten away.

So when I walked deeper into the hospital room and saw Zahara and Rose standing around a hospital bed that Sage laid in my heart stopped. My eyes instantly went to the tiny human in her arms whose face I couldn't see. Sage looked just as surprised to see me. Her shock turned into anger as she looked at Zooley.

“Why did you call all of them here?!”

“I just called Zane. I ain't know he was bringing my mama and the twins.” He chuckled.

“Why you called me though?” I asked. “What her having a baby gotta do with me?”

“That’s what I’m tryna figure out,” Zora crossed her arms.

Sage’s eyes squinted into a tight glare. “Well seeing as how you’re the last person I slept with I think it has everything to do with you!”

My heart stopped beating again for the second time, as my mom brushed past me. She went to Sage’s side to view the baby’s face. I watched my mom’s face go from skepticism to lit up. She looked at me with a smile.

“Congratulations, Zane. You gotta daughter.”

“Go look at her, nigga,” Zooley nudged my back, bringing me back to life. I felt like a zombie walking closer to Sage who looked like she wanted to fight me. When I looked down at my daughter’s little face my heart skipped a beat. My daughter....damn this was some Lifetime type of shit.

“She looks just like you and Zanae,” Madison beamed from over my shoulder.

“Let me hold her,” I said. Zahara came over and gave me some hand sanitizer. I scooped my baby up like it was

second nature. I stared down at my sleeping beauty and she was really my twin. She was light so she was probably going to be my skin color, her silky hair was wrapped around her head, her lips full like mine, her nose pointed just like mine did, and she even had the same slant in her eyes. A dna test wasn't needed at all. I looked up and shot Sage the same glare she was giving me.

“And why the fuck am I just learning this?!”

“Woahhh,” Zahara spoke up. “She just found out. She went into labor after we got off our flight but she's been in pain all week. I guess those were contractions.”

“Hol' up, you didn't think it was strange that you missed your period for nine months?” Zora asked.

“No, because ever since I got the birth control implant my periods have been irregular. I just thought it was a birth control side effect and I wasn't mad at it. Any month without a period was a win for me...of course now I realize I wasn't that lucky. And it's been eight months actually.”

“Wait, so she's early?” I asked. My knowledge on newborns was limited, but I did know eight months wasn't a full term pregnancy.

“Yea, she’s premature...but she’s healthy by the grace of God.” Sage said. “They want us to stay here for a week to make sure everything is okay.”

“She’s so small,”Mason marveled.

“She’s five pounds and ten ounces,”Calla said.

“I can’t believe this,”I voiced, before looking at Sage.
“You really didn’t know?”

“No!”She snapped. “It wasn’t like I was walking around with a big, round belly. It’s called a cryptic pregnancy. Look it up.”

“I told you that you were getting super thick though,”Zahara shook her head.

“What’s her name?”I asked. “She better have my last name.”

“I wasn’t going to do nothing like that without you here.”

“What?! She’s mine right?!”

“Boy, calm your excited ass down,”my mom touched my back. “I think she’s saying that she wanted to see your reaction first so y’all could name her together.”

“That’s exactly what I was saying,” she rolled her eyes.
“I like the name Samaya.”

“That’s a nice middle name, but her first name should start with a Z.”

“I don’t see why,” she twisted her neck. “Me having a baby don’t have nothing to do with you, remember?”

“Really Sage? You mad at what I said when I didn’t even know what the fuck was going on? We haven’t talked since last year.”

“Common sense and quick math should’ve told you.”

“You think I was doing math when I walked in here?!”

“Alright, that’s enough. The baby can feel your energy,” my mom removed the baby from my arms. Joy overcame her face as she looked down at her granddaughter.
“She’s so precious, Sage.”

“Thankyou,” Sage responded.

“She ain’t do it by herself,” I said, feeling offended.

“You look just like Zanae, grandma baby. Yes you do,” she cooed. “You know I almost named Zanae Zaryah?”

“I love that,” Sage gasped. “Zaryah Samaya Romero.”

“There we go,” my mom smiled while rocking my baby.

“Pass me the clipboard, sis,” Sage said to Zahara.

“You really bouta write that down without my approval?” I quizzed even though I really loved the name and felt like it fit.

“Yep. Just like you got me pregnant without my approval,” she answered while scribbling the name down. I still had so many more questions about the pregnancy and how it was missed for eight damn months, but for now I just wanted to enjoy my baby girl.

Chapter 12

Sage

July 6, 2016

“Hey dada pretty baby!”

I looked up from scrolling through my phone to look at what was becoming my favorite thing in the world; Zane in daddy mode with our daughter. He was infatuated with

Zaryah. He hadn't left my side all week in the hospital. His family would tell him to go home for a few hours to take a nap in his bed but he claimed the hard ass hospital couch was cool. His parents were really obsessed and that took everyone by surprise. Zane Sr. came up to the hospital with bags of designer baby clothes that our small baby couldn't even fit yet. Then Zora visited the hospital everyday. She was her usual ignorant self until she laid eyes on Zaryah. I couldn't even fully dislike her anymore because I loved how she loved my baby. She'd taken it upon herself to pick out everything for her nursery and I allowed her to. Being an unexpected mother for the first time was something I was still trying to wrap my head around, so she was actually doing me a favor. She'd also been sending me everything she was picking out for approval, so she was being nice about it.

“Why your mama all in our face? Huh, baby?” He cooed, before kissing her. I stifled a smile.

“I told you to stop kissing her with that mouth of yours. Who knows where it's been,” I jabbed just to get a rise out of him.

He paused before cutting his eyes at me. “Ain't shit been going on with my mouth.”

“Let me guess...you been chilling?”

He caught the slang because he smiled.

“I wasn’t lying to you when I said I had been chilling on Halloween night.”

“Sure,” I sighed, not even trying to get into all of that.

Yea I threw my little shots here and there, but getting along with Zane was important to me. We shared a whole child now. This shit had gotten super serious overnight. I was still reeling at the fact that I’d gone so long without knowing I was pregnant. According to the doctor cryptic pregnancies weren’t common but they weren’t rare either. After Halloween I hadn’t had sex with anyone and the birth control implant I had lasted up for a year, so doctor’s appointments weren’t at the top of my to do list. I didn’t experience morning sickness in the beginning and I didn’t gain the typical round belly. I only picked up excessive weight in my lower body, but that wasn’t alarming. It just made me happy because I was looking fine as hell. The one thing I realized was how my stomach suddenly stopped agreeing with alcohol. I’d either get really sick or have to shit, so I just stopped drinking completely. It wasn’t like I was hard up to do it, but now it made sense to me. I was grateful that despite the fact that my baby was a month early

that she was healthy and a decent size. The doctor informed us that she was close to being a low birth weight baby.

“Your mama got all her stuff for her room,” I changed the subject.

“Where her room gon be at?”

“My house of course.”

“Why your house?”

“Maybe because I’m her mother and I’m breastfeeding.”

“Okay, but don’t you think she should have a room by me too? You not gon keep her 24/7.”

“I’m sure I’ll be keeping her more than you with the type of work you do.”

“Bullshit. I make my own schedule. I really think it’s best if we’re both under the same roof as her for these first few months. She needs us both.”

I rolled eyes, sniffing out bullshit. I didn’t doubt that he wanted to be there for our daughter, but we didn’t have to live together for that.

“Fuck is you rolling you eyes for?!” He questioned hastily.

“First of all, calm down,” I pointed my finger. “Second of all, us living together is not happening. Don’t you live with a whole bitch?”

“Okay, now we getting to the real issue.”

My face tightened. “Nigga you got issues. I’m asking a valid question.”

“But it’s invalid. I let a friend stay with me while she was going through a tough time.”

“A friend you were fucking. I don’t want my daughter around allat.”

“And she won’t be. That girl don’t stay with me no more and I then moved out of that townhouse. I got a condo downtown. It’s a three bedroom so you can have your own room and everything.”

“I got my own condo downtown so I’m good.”

“Forreal? What’s the name of your building?”

“The California.”

A smile broke out in his face. “Looks like we got that in common.”

“No way...”

“No bullshit, I just moved in last weekend to the top floor.”

“Okay, big money,” I breathed. “Well see, you can just hop on the elevator and come see her whenever you want. Shit, you can even take her back up to your apartment. No need for us to cohabit.”

“Look, I was just looking out for the best interest of my baby.”

“I’m sure you were,” I said sarcastically.

“Your mind is in the gutter. I ain’t tryna get at you, girl. You ain’t been worrying about me just like I ain’t been worrying about you. Calm down,” he asserted.

Damn. I started to tell him I really didn’t give a fuck about him not wanting me because I didn’t want his ass either, but my phone rang. I picked up my phone to see Beno calling. I’d been ignoring his text messages because I didn’t know how to tell him I just had a surprise baby with a nigga I no longer fucked with. But I needed to face the music. This man had a whole trip planned for me and I definitely couldn’t go. I was also about to thoroughly enjoy answering my phone for a nigga in Zane’s face. To really rub it in I threw that shit on speaker phone.

“Hey Beno,” I greeted him, sounding all friendly. I watched Zane get heated in a matter of seconds.

“Yo, you had a baby?” He came right out and asked. This time my face dropped.

“Wait, what?” I asked. I was trying to see how he became privy to this private information.

“Say, just answer the question because this wild.”

“Yea...I do. I gave birth on the 1st. I didn't even know I was pregnant.”

“What? That sounds like some bs, love.”

“Well it's not,” I snapped, not appreciating being called a liar. “It's called a cryptic pregnancy. I'm tryna see how you know.”

“Man your baby daddy...a nigga who I thought I was cool with, posted a picture of y'all babies feet with the caption ‘an unexpected blessing’ with her name. Then he tagged you.”

“WHAT?!” I exclaimed as my eyes shot to Zane. Now he was wearing a cocky smile that I wanted to slap off his face. If he wasn't holding Zaryah I would've ran up and beat his ass for announcing this shit to the world without my approval.

“Yea. You ain't know?”

“No! But Beno, I’ma call you back,”I ended the call just to go in on Zane. “Why would you do that?!”

“Because I’m happy and proud of what I created,”he smiled before kissing Zaryah. “Tell mommy you too pretty to be a secret, daddy baby.”

“That should’ve been something you consulted with me about first!”

“Oh like you consulted with me about how my mom’s picking out baby furniture that’s going back to your place? Fuck outta here, Sage. And if you keep fucking with Beno after this I’ma whoop his ass whenever I see him.”

Chills ran up my spine. “For what though?”

“Because he knows you my baby mama now and he would be out of line.”

I thought about talking some sense into him, but it was clear he was going to do what he wanted to do. Shit they could fight it out if they wanted to. That had nothing to do with me.

Zane

September 1, 2016

My patience was running thin as I knocked on Sage's door. Her ass knew it was me out here because I was the only one who came to her place everyday. I asked her for a key multiple times and she continuously told me no. I had been contemplating stealing her key one day and going to make my own copy because I was tired of waiting in the hallway every time I wanted to see my daughter. Approximately five minutes later, Sage opened the door with a towel wrapped around her soaking wet body and her hair was wrapped up in a towel too. In the midst of eating her up with my eyes I noticed my baby was crying. I immediately brushed past her.

“Well damn! You finna knock me over!” She screamed.

“Why the fuck you letting my baby cry?” I had already sat the stuff I'd gotten from the store on the countertop and scooped Zaryah out of her swing.

“Nigga she just started crying because you was banging on my damn door.”

“You should've tended to her before you answered the door,” I scolded while bouncing Ryah in my arms and kissing her. She was quickly simmering down.

“Boy please, ain't nothing wrong with her spoiled ass,” she rolled her eyes before looking over at her counter. She

stifled a grin. “Zane you really do the most.”

“I don’t see how. Don’t you celebrate your fucking birthday?”

I’d gotten my baby some balloons and a small cake that read “Happy 2 Months Ryah.” Maybe it was extra considering she couldn’t even eat cake, but I didn’t give a fuck.

She broke out into laughter. “It ain’t her birthday though! She turned two months old today. Big whoop.”

“Man, stop hating on ya own daughter. That shits lame.” I looked at Ryah who was smiling big while watching me talk. “Your mama in here being mean to you, huh beautiful?”

Sage laughed. “Nigga you’re crazy. I’m glad you’re here though. You just in time.”

“Why? Where you tryna go?” I questioned. She had dropped her job as a bartender to fully take care of Zaryah. Since it was my idea for her to quit that job I took on the responsibility of paying her bills. She still had her youtube and instagram income, so she was technically still working. I liked how our baby sat her down though. She couldn’t really do shit but be a mom and I liked it that way. Of course I was still out and about but it was always work related. Most of the time.

“I want to get myself together. Go get my hair, nails, and toes done. Shit maybe even get a wax. I’ve been looking like shit for the past two months.”

“What?” I frowned. “You look fine to me.”

I wasn’t going to completely gas her up by telling her she looked the best she ever had. Being a new mom forced her to be completely natural 24/7 as far as hair and makeup, and I loved her that way.

“Nigga you lies. Ion believe shit you say.”

“Whatever, Sage. That’s all you tryna do today?”

“Pretty much...why? Do you have something to do?”

“Nah, I’m just asking.”

“For what, if you don’t got shit to do today?”

“Girl, stop tryna fuss with me.”

“Whatever,” she huffed. “Just don’t be worried about what the hell I got going on because I don’t question you.”

“Girl you don’t got shit going on. Go to your lil nail and hair appointments.”

“Put the baby down and talk all that shit.”

“Sage, take your violent ass on. Always tryna beat on somebody,” I chortled.

“Yea, you know what my hands are about,” she hissed before twisting off to her room. I watched her ass wiggle in her towel the entire way. My baby cooing brought me back to reality. “Your mama crazy, Ryah.”

I played with Ryah until she started fussing. I changed her diaper, fed her, and then laid her on my chest for a nap. She was out like a light in less than a minute. Sage re-entered the living room dressed in a pink Fenty Puma short set that consisted of booty shorts and a sports bra. She also rocked the matching pink fur slides. On her arm was a big pink Chanel bag that I’d gotten her as a thank you gift for my baby girl. Her hair was now blown out and pulled into a messy bun. She put on a little makeup too and that made me look at her sideways. Why the fuck had she put so much effort into her appearance if she was just going to get her hair done and shit?

“What?” She blinked.

“Nothing. You look good.”

“I know,” she smirked.

“If you finna go see a nigga you could just say that. I mean you are single. No need to lie.”

“Chile,” she giggled. “I wouldn’t be going see no nigga with my hair looking like this and a bush on my coochie.”

“Alright. TMI.”

“Shit, you asked. Let me kiss my bookie goodbye.” She switched over and leaned down to kiss Ryah while she was still laying on my chest. “This why her lil ass so spoiled now. You don’t have to hold her while she’s sleep, Zane.”

“Yes I do. Before we know it she gon be too big for this. I’mma enjoy her this size for as long as I can. And she can be spoiled. She a baby.” I kissed her cheek.

“You’re creating a monster,” she sang, before standing up. “I’m finna go though. Take good care of my baby.”

“What? Girl, don’t play with me.” I slapped her ass, making her squeal.

“You better chill the fuck out.”

“For what?” I grinned. “Them six weeks been up.”

“And? That don’t got shit to do with us,” she muttered. “Come on and go to your own apartment.”

“You must got a nigga hiding in here. Acting like I can’t chill in this bitch without you being here.” I said as I stood up, with my baby and grabbed her diaper bag. I honestly like being in my own apartment anyway because all my shit was there. She just blew me kicking me out of something I paid the rent in. I couldn’t even have my own damn key. Shit was wild.

“Maybe I do,” she pursed her lips.

I didn’t feel any type of way about her response because I knew she wasn’t doing shit. She didn’t have time to. Hell apparently she hadn’t been doing shit even before she had Zaryah. Truthfully I hadn’t even been doing anything since my baby had been born. I didn’t even have the desire to fuck someone. If I wasn’t working then I was with my daughter. Everything I needed was right here with my family whether Sage and I were together or not.

Sage

“I’m backkkkk,” I sang into the camera, making a video of my new hair do. I had gotten a big and curly sew in that reached the middle of my back. I’d already gotten my nails done, my toes done, and my kitty cat waxed. Zahara was my

last stop of the day for my hair and I felt like a brand new woman now.

“Yes you are,” Zahara smiled. “And you know I love your ass because I haven’t touched a head for my entire pregnancy. These twins are taking me out.”

Zahara learned she was with two babies shortly after I had Zaryah and we were all over the moon. Apparently twins ran in this family. Zora had a set of twins, Mykel had a set of twins, and now Zooley was having twins. I was hoping for two boys because I was tired of girls, but Zooley and Zahara didn’t care one bit. They just wanted healthy babies.

“I’m so happy you could do it because I don’t trust nobody else in my head.”

“Shana’s still taking clients.”

I shot her daggers, making her laugh hysterically.

“So you got jokes?”

“And do,” she tittered. “But seriously, how’s everything with you and Zane? Y’all been over there hunching or what?”

“Nope. We’ve been being parents to our child that neither of us signed up to have.”

“Oh please, both of y’all knew what raw sex could lead to.”

“Which is why I was on birth control. I didn’t want this.”

“That’s exactly why it happened the way it did. Because I know you would’ve ran off to the clinic if you found out right away.”

“And would’ve,” I confirmed. “So I’m happy I didn’t know.”

“Oh really?” She smiled.

“Yea. I love my baby with all my heart and I’m happy I created her with Zane.”

“Oh shit!” She shrieked in amusement. “Well tell me something then.”

“Why you sound so surprised?”

“Because you be acting like you hate him or something,” she laughed. “But I know there’s a thin line between love and hate.”

“I love him as a father, Zahara. Zaryah is his everything.”

“That’s the only way you love him?” She smirked as if she knew something I didn’t.

“Nah...”I answered honestly. “I love his stupid ass in general.”

“Why he gotta be stupid?”

“Because he’s a dog ass nigga, a liar, and he think he slick.”

“How so?”She giggled.

“Because he wants me to always be in the house with the baby.”

“He said that?”

“Of course not but if I ever have to run any errands he got a million questions. I be telling his ass that ain’t even his place.”

“Bitch, y’all share a whole child. He can ask you questions.”

“Lies,”I sneered. “He still be outside enjoying himself and I don’t ask him a damn thing.”

“Because you choose not to and most of the time he’s outside it’s to make money, Sage.”

“*Most* of the time,” I repeated. “He still be out having dry ass fun with bitches in his face.”

“You sound jealous, sis.”

“Puh-lease,” I waved her off. “Like I said, he’s a liar and a dog. That’s why we couldn’t work out in the first place.”

“Was that why? Or was it because you were married?” She raised an eyebrow.

I spilled my tea to her after I got the marriage annulled. She cursed me out from a to z but I didn’t care because the shit had been undone. She proceeded to contact Ace’s mom and curse her out too for co-signing it. Of course his mom argued back which led to Zahara promising to whoop her ass if they ever ran into each other. Luckily that never happened because my sister was bound to keep her promise.

“Girl he was lying and fucking other bitches before he even know about that sham ass marriage.”

“Okay, but you were still married and neglected to mention it. That’s a lie, Sage,” she giggled.

“Whatever,” I grumbled, not wanting to own my shit verbally. I knew she was right though. My phone rang, saving me from the conversation.

“Hey Kaysha,” I spoke, making Zahara roll her eyes. I shook my head, holding back a smile at her reaction.

“Hey girl, how’s my niece?”

“She’s with her daddy being spoiled rotten,” I fake complained. I loved how Zaryah was the apple of Zane’s eye.

“That’s how it’s supposed to be,” she giggled. “So does he have her for the rest of the night or what?”

“We didn’t discuss that, but that is his child. He can have her for as long as I’m out.”

“That’s what I like to hear,” she tittered. “My boo got a section at Republic tonight and he invited me. I don’t wanna go by myself though. Can you come with me?”

“I sure can come,” I answered with no hesitation. “I’ll pack my bag and get ready by you.”

“Perfect. Hit me up when you’re on your way.”

“So are you stepping out because you want to? Or are you trying to prove a point to Zane?” Zahara asked as soon as I got off the phone. I didn’t even get a chance to answer the question because my phone rang again. It was the nigga Zahara was asking me a dumb ass question about.

“Yea?” I answered the phone.

“What time you getting back?”He asked.

“In a few hours. Why?”

“I need to hit up V-Live tonight.”

“You need to? You got a hosting there or something?” I asked, even though I knew that wasn’t the case. He just told me earlier that he was free for the whole day.

“No, it’s nothing official. It’s more like a networking thing.”

“Oh, alright. Well I’ll be back in a few hours,”I lied. I’d really be home in the next hour or earlier.

“Alright, and don’t take too long because my baby finna run out of titty milk.”

“Okay Zane,”I giggled. He was in for a rude awakening.

Zane

Zaryah was wide awake on my bed watching Doc McStuffins while I shuffled around the room getting ready for V-Live. It was going on 11 pm so I was expecting Sage soon. She’d left around 5 to handle her business and I called her at

about 8, so I figured she was still getting her hair done. I picked up my phone to call her and make sure everything was on track. I got an incoming text from her as soon as I unlocked my phone. It said to open my door. I was happy she wasn't on no bullshit and allowed me to do my thing with no hassle.

I opened the door and frowned in confusion because no one was there. That's when I heard loud heels moving fast. It was Sage! She was running towards the open elevator dressed in a short ass light blue dress with tall Tom Ford Heels.

“Sage! Where the fuck you going?!” I screamed.

“The milks on the floor, nigga! You keeping your baby tonight!” She shouted as the elevator door closed. I looked down and saw a Gucci diaper bag full of breast milk storage bags and empty bottles. I wanted to run after her ass to drag her back but I couldn't leave my baby inside by herself. My blood boiled because she'd straight up lied and played my ass. She had me fucked up! I hoped that she enjoyed her night out because it would be the last one.

Sage

I walked to my front door with a megawatt smile on my face. I hadn't had that much fun in what felt like forever. Kaysha's new boo was a flashy low level ball baller. His lack of playing time didn't affect his money though, and he and his buddies spent it all night long on us. All his friends tried getting at me, and I ate the attention up. My baby hadn't altered my appearance but giving birth still made me feel different. Getting male attention made me feel like I still had the sauce and I relished in that. I ended up giving one of his friends named Dre my number after dancing with him for most of the time. I was attracted to him the most and he wasn't coming on too strong. He was a brown skinned cutie with deep dimples and a white smile. After he locked my number in his phone and stepped away for a second, Sha wasted no time telling me that he was a star player on the Pelicans and how she initially wanted him at first. I told her I would fall back because I was really just giving him my number to have something to do, and she didn't protest. That made it evident that she still wanted the nigga even though she was all over his friend. That shit had nothing to do with me though.

“These haters on my body shake em off...

OUUUUUUU!”I drunkenly sang while stumbling into my house and locking the door behind myself.

“I think I had too much Hennessy, man. This Hennessy getting to me. I ain’t gon’ lie, I’m a little smizz, I’m a little drizzzzzzz,” I giggled. That Young MA song was stuck in my damn head because I took back to back shots of Hennessy to it. I was happy I had plenty of pre-pumped breast milk in the freezer. I flicked the lights on and damn near jumped out of my skin.

“You a little drizzed, huh?” Zane questioned while jumping up and storming towards me. I wanted to run or throw my hands up to sock him but I was drunk as fuck and caught off guard. He was able to run up on me and get in my face with ease.

“Bitch you really abandoned my daughter to go shake your ass on some basketball players?!” He barked while pushing up on me. I damn near fell because I still had my heels on.

“I don’t know what the fuck you talking about!”

I normally would have rubbed it in his face but it appeared like I had pushed this nigga off the ledge.

“Ain’t this you?!”

My heart dropped as he held his phone up to my face, showcasing a video of me working my ass like a real Caribbean girl on Dre to Work by Rihanna. I was caught red handed.

“How did you get this?”

I hadn't posted shit all night and I also asked Sha not to post me. I didn't want Zane knowing where I was to potentially blow up my spot. He could easily take our baby to one of our siblings or his mother and pull up on me. That's when something else hit me.

“How the fuck did you get in my house?!”

“Because money talks!”

“You can't be invading my privacy like this! I ain't your bitch!”

“I DON'T GIVE A FUCK!” He bellowed. I jumped back and hit the door. “You think you can leave your child to hit the clubs and be a groupie like that shit cool?! You got me fucked up!”

“No bitch, you got me fucked up! I did what you thought you was about to do tonight and you can't take it!”

“What you did tonight, huh?!”

“I went to the club!”

“Bitch it’s 5 in the morning! The club been closed!
Where you went after?!”

“Nigga we went to Waffle Hou- what the fuck are
doing?!”

He pulled my dress up and pulled my thong to the side.
He went in to sniff my pussy and I punched him on his head.

“MOVE, PSYCHO!” I screamed. I couldn’t believe this
shit.

“So you fucked that nigga?!”

“If I did that’s my fucking business!”

“What?! Stop stunting, you know this pussy is my
business.” He grabbed my wrists to prevent me from hitting
him and moved his nose back to my pussy. My thong was still
pushed to the side so he was able to sniff me easily. He ran his
nose all between my slit and over my clit. That was a clear
indication that he didn’t smell another nigga on me.

“Moveeee, Zane,” I moaned while trying to release my
wrists from his hands. The friction his nose was creating
against my clit was pleasing, but I needed him to move. I told
myself I wasn’t fucking with him no more and I wanted to

stand by that despite our lives changing overnight. Our baby was no excuse for us to start messing around again.

“You know you fucked up tonight, right?” He asked gruffly. This nigga started full out tongue kissing my pussy. Acting like I didn’t want it was pointless now.

“Ughhhh!” I moaned while humping his face. Somehow my legs had ended up over his shoulders while my back rested against the door. He had me in the perfect position to feast on my pussy. Before I knew it I was having an orgasm. He continued sucking on my clit.

“Z-Z-Z-ANEEEEEE!” I shouted with tears in my eyes. I was trying to push his head away but he was relentless. That nigga didn’t move until I came again. I was left seeing stars and wondering how we could make a real relationship work for our daughter.

He put me back on my feet. I almost fell because my legs were shaking and weak, propelling him to laugh arrogantly.

“Now you know no other nigga can make you feel like this. Bend over.”

I was under a pussy eating spell, so I was eager to comply. I went to take off my shoes, but he slapped my ass firmly.

“Shoes on. Dress and thong off.” He demanded.

I obliged, stripping down to nothing except my heels.

“Touch your toes.” He instructed. I bent over and touched them.

“Damn, you so fine,” he grabbed my ass and played with it. I decided to make it clap for him by wiggling it.

“Keep doing that shit,” he grunted before thrusting deep into me.

“Ahhhhh!” I hadn’t had sex in ten months so that initial entry was painful, but when he started fucking me I knew daddy was home.

“Bounce that fat ass, baby,” he coaxed.

I gripped my ankles and threw it back while he dick me down in a way only he could.

“This pussy too damn good. Ain’t nobody fucking with you,” he gritted.

I looked back up at his face. Seeing how much he loved being in me sent me over the moon.

“You love me?”

“Fucking right!” He slapped my ass.

“Say it.” I moaned.

“I love you, Sage. I love you so fucking much.

FUCKKKKKK!” He shouted. He held my hips in place and closed his eyes. This nigga was nutting in me. I saw no reason to protest because it was a done deal now.

“That’s my next daughter right there,”he professed, making my heart skip a beat.

Chapter 13

Sage

“Please go to Walgreens, Zane.” I begged. We were on his way to his mom’s house. He’d brought my baby there last

night so his dumb ass could break into my house and wait for me in the dark like a crazed maniac.

“Walgreens this dick,”he grumbled.

I reached over and slapped him, making him laugh.

“You’re such a violent person,”he said mockingly.

“Ya mama,”I jabbed.

“Damn, just when y’all started getting along.” He shook his head while laughing. “I can’t wait to tell her this.”

“Zane, I don’t give a fuck. And I’ll get my own Plan B!”

“What you need a Plan B for? Stop tryna kill our second daughter.”

“Nigga I’m convinced you have air for a brain. Our first child wasn’t even planned. Why would I plan a second child with you?”

“Because we love each other, we obviously make pretty babies, and we’re great parents,”he said, before pausing like something had crossed his mind. “Well, you did some fucked up shit yesterday as a parent so the jury’s still out on you.”

“Exactly, I’m a bad parent, so there’s no need to add in another child.”

“You not slick, no,”he chuckled. “You ain’t no bad parent, you just did some bird shit last night.”

“Well caw caw!!!! I deserved a night out. That’s you who thinks I’m just supposed to stay inside and tend to Ryah 24/7.”

“I do not think that.”

I gave him a look, making him stifle a smile.

“Exactly,”I twisted my neck, not finding shit humorous. “You get to come and go as you please. That shit not fair.”

“Oh so now I’m a bad parent?”

“No. I think you’re a great father, but you still get to have your social life. And yea, I understand your job is your social life. But last night you were going to V-Live for fun and nothing more. I’m only 19, Zane. I want to go out sometimes, too.”

“Alright, I get everything you’re saying but why not just tell me that?”

“Because I felt like you wouldn’t have been understanding. Look how you acted last night.”

“Because you lied to me, Sage. You could’ve kept it 100 from the jump.”

“I guess, but my way was more fun,” I sighed.

He glanced at me with a straight face, making me laugh hysterically.

“You like drama, don’t you?”

“No,” I giggled. “Honestly, you’re talking a good game about this like you would’ve been all understanding but when I was leaving the house to take care of myself you had a million and one questions like I didn’t have the right to go anywhere. So going forward I’ll be more honest if you promise to be more approachable and open.”

“Alright, Sage. That’s a deal,” he agreed. “And you were right...you galloping down that hallway in those heels was kinda funny.”

We laughed together.

“Seriously though...how’d you get that video of me?”

“A burner account on instagram posted it and tagged me. It could’ve been anybody in the club recording your ass.

They know we have a daughter and I'm always posting y'all, so they probably thought you was violating...and you kinda was. When I see that basketball nigga it's up."

"Oh but I'm violent?" I laughed.

"Yea. You rubbed off on me."

We laughed together and continued joking around for the remainder of the ride. I was kind of disappointed that our conversation hadn't ventured off into what we were doing as a couple. I didn't even want to ask because I didn't want to look sprung off the d. Maybe it was childish but I just didn't want to put myself out there like that. If he wasn't pressing to be in a committed relationship with me then it wasn't something I wanted.

"Look who it is," Zora laughed as we entered her house. She had Ryah in her arms and Mykel's twin daughters were there as well. They rushed to hug me and their uncle.

"What's funny?" I asked.

"You making this nigga babysit lastnight." She snickered.

"No such thing as babysitting your own child."

“Shit, I know that’s right. I told Zane a mother needs her own time.”

“You used to have plenty of time away from us. You used to drop me and Nae off with daddy even when he didn’t agree to keeping us.”

“Sure did! Ain’t no shame in my game. I ain’t make no babies by myself so y’all was gonna go with y’all daddies or the bitches they called themselves laying up with. I used to love me a good step mama.”

“See, now I don’t know about all that,” I uttered, making them laugh but I was dead serious. If Zane got another bitch my baby was not going to be a part of the equation. I realized I mainly felt that way because I wanted the nigga myself. I knew he wanted me too, but I wasn’t sure if it was in the same capacity I wanted him. That scared me.

Zane

September 26, 2016

“Damn I wish she would’ve had this type of excitement for her own kids,” Mishae muttered as she watched my mom cry crocodile tears after learning Zooley and Zahara were

having a boy and a girl. We were at their gender reveal that was being held in the home Zooley had purchased for them in August. It was basically a crawfish and seafood boil but it was set up professionally with blue and pink decorations.

“Some people change for their grandkids,”Diamond shrugged.

“That lady ain’t changed,”I laughed, even though I was aware that my mom had a soft spot for her grandkids. No one had any idea why either. Either way I appreciated it. I was grown so I wasn’t crying over spilled milk, but at least my baby would have a good relationship with her grandmother.

“Shit, she definitely changed with me,”Sage said.

“Because she loves Ryah. She ain’t crazy,”Zanae giggled, before bouncing Ryah on her hip. “Ti-Ti you about to be a big cousin!”

Zaryah had been from arm to arm all day. My family was in love with her and I never got tired of hearing how much she looked like me.

“We should make Zanae one of Ryah’s Godmothers,”Sage whispered to me even though Zanae had stepped off.

“I like the sound of that but it’s your decision,” I said. We’d already agreed that she would pick the two Godmothers and that I’d pick the two Godfathers. I had plenty of options but I was planning on going with Zooley and Carter because they were the two most stable niggas I knew. Diamond was a strong choice but he was too damn wild.

“Okay, so I’m gonna do Zahara and Zanae.”

“You don’t think your little sisters or best friend gon feel a way?” I asked just to stir the pot.

“They shouldn’t! My sisters are too young to be anybody’s Godparents. Calla is only a year younger than me but she’s in college and she made the dance team. She ain’t worrying about no kids.”

“What about Kaysha?”

She rolled her eyes and didn’t offer a verbal response.

“You funny,” I laughed. “We talking bout Godparents when neither of us attend church to get her christened.”

“That can change, Zane.”

“You would go to church?”

“Um, yea! I’m a child of a God, nigga. Would *you* go to church?”

“Yea. But have you seen my parents? I’ve obviously never been.”

“We used to go with my parents all the time. When they died I kind of missed it.”

“So let’s go next Sunday,” I said, calling her bluff.

“Let’s,” she readily agreed. “We can go to New Home uptown.”

“Alright. We got a photoshoot next Saturday too.”

“What?”

“I scheduled a professional photoshoot for us. I was thinking we could wear head to toe designer or we could do jeans and white tee’s.”

“Why am I just hearing about this?” She squinted.

“I just booked that shit like two days ago. I been meaning to tell you.”

“Zane, what are we doing?” She asked with her hand on her hip.

“What?”

“What are we doing? We’re fucking everyday. You’re always keeping tabs on me and my vagina. Now you got me

doing family photoshoots. We need to establish what this is.”

“I thought it was obvious,” my eyes shifted.

“It’s not, so tell me.”

“We’re doing something my parents never did for me.”

“Which issss?”

“We’re being active parents to our daughter.”

Her entire face hardened before she released a light laugh.

“Thanks for clarifying,” she said dryly, before attempting to walk off.

“Woah, what’s wrong?” I asked in confusion.

“Nothing. Thanks for letting me know that we’re only co-parenting because all that other shit is dead now and you can shove that photoshoot up your mami’s ass.”

She yanked away from me and made her way to Zahara. I wanted to snatch her ass up after that disrespectful comment she made, but we were going home to the same place. We’d talk.

Sage

“Who you talking to?”

I looked over at Zane in the driver’s seat. I thought he’d catch the memo about me not wanting to be bothered with his ass for the rest of the day. I guess my fingers rapidly tapping against my screen was bothering him.

“Sha,” I answered. “We going out tonight.”

“This is the first I’m hearing of it.”

“Oh, forreal?” I asked dryly.

He sucked his teeth. “I love everything about you except when you do childish ass shit like this.”

“Childish? Childish would’ve been me running off again without telling you. You asked me to just keep you in the loop and you’d be cool. If anything you’re being childish, going back on your word.”

“Girl, miss me with the bullshit. You and I both know you on some petty shit. You wasn’t thinking about going out with Kaysha until I answered that dumb ass question at the gender reveal.”

“Oh it was dumb, huh? I’ll show you dumb.”

“See!” He raised his voice. “Why you can’t just tell me what’s bothering you instead of conspiring some shit to make

me mad? Everything could be as simple as we make it, Sage.”

“I ain’t explaining shit that should be obvious.

Something tells me I gotta show your ass.”

“Show me? Sage, I’m not your child. I’m your man, and as your ma-”

“You’re my man?! Since when?! Because two hours ago we were just active parents.”

“We are active parents! You’re saying that like I said something bad.”

“Because I asked you what are we doing and you said that.”

“Doing a photoshoot with our child is us being active parents. We’re a family!”

“Zane, I’m not crazy. You tryna make shit sound sweet now but I know what the fuck I heard and what I asked. I ran down how we were fucking and everything when I questioned you. I was clear in my question and you were clear with your answer.”

“In families the mama and daddy usually fuck, so I’m not understanding where you getting at. If we’re raising our

child together and doing us then it's obvious what the fuck we're doing. The question was dumb.

“No, you're dumb and you must think I'm dumb too! In so many words you calling me a babymama with benefits.”

“No, in so many words I'm saying your mine and I don't understand why it's being questioned when the shit is obvious. Everybody knows what it is.”

“Yea, everybody but me.”

“Okay,” he breathed heavily. “You're my girlfriend, Sage. You and my daughter are the only girls I'm committed to.”

“Let me see your phone,” I held my hand out. I wanted to see if he really was all about me like he was claiming.

He looked annoyed but he still passed me his phone while rambling off the code. As I scrolled through his dry ass text messages he just shook his head.

“It's sad my word not enough for you.”

“Well, you've lied in the past. What ever happened to ole girl you were living with?”

“Radiya? She got mad with me because I gave her two weeks to find somewhere else to stay after she entered my

room without permission while you were there.”

That shit wasn't funny, but laughter still fell from my mouth. Zane was a real piece of work. That shit was all his fault and he was talking as if that girl had violated him. But really I didn't give two shits about her. I searched her name in his messages and their message thread popped up. The last time they spoke was in November of 2015, so he may have been telling the truth.

“I want to go through your phone too when we get home.”

I instantly stopped scrolling through his messages.

“Huh?”

“I want to look through your shit too. I'm curious now.”

“Ya know what, let's just start on a clean slate right now,” I put his phone down. “The past is the past and we had no clear understanding on what we were doing.”

He gave me a deadly look, and I tried my hardest to avoid his eyes.

“Now I'm really going through that phone.”

“Anything in my phone is the old me, Zane. We just need to trust each other moving forward.”

He glanced at me incredulously. “Yo, you really different!”

I leaned over and kissed his face while holding back laughter. He was not getting in my phone unless I deleted some things first. I hadn’t done anything crazy but I had been texting a few niggas here and there. I knew if Zane saw it he’d get upset with me and I couldn’t have that. Progress had been made and I was going to hold on to it for as long as I could.

Chapter 14

Sage

November 23, 2016

“Aw shit, you seasoned the shit out that turkey, baby!”

Auntie Nora praised my skills.

We were in Zahara’s kitchen throwing down for Thanksgiving tomorrow. Their family usually celebrated at Auntie Nora’s house, but she wasn’t feeling up to hosting this

year after her son was tragically killed earlier this year. I was surprised that she even showed up to help cook. Losing a child was a feeling I never wanted to know. I imagined it had to get harder around the holidays. Perhaps her being around family helped her cope. I was glad she was here because she was dropping a lot of valuable cooking information on us all. Even Zora was taking everything in.

“Sister, how many eggs do you put in your macaroni?” Zora asked.

“Two,” she replied.

“Girl, my mama never used none. That’s probably why the cheese never stuck,” Zora hissed, making everybody laugh.

“What you got against granny, ma?” Zanae snickered.

“You always throwing jabs at her.”

“I’m saying,” Mishae giggled. “Let granny goose rest.”

“Baby, fuck y’all granny goose.”

“Oop,” Rose uttered, propelling Calla to laugh.

“Granny was always so sweet to us,” Maddie said.

“To y’all,” Nora laughed. “Baby she took every chance she ever had to let me know I was a bastard ass outside child.”

Maddie's mouth fell. "She use to say that to your face, Auntie?"

"I don't know why y'all think my mama was so damn perfect. That lady was the devil in angel's clothing. Meekayla can vouch for me."

"Mama, you sure the liquor not talking for you?" Zanae posed while glancing at the wine bottle she finished off.

"A drunk mind speaks a sober heart," Zahara butted in.

"That's a word, daughter in law!"

Zahara had been no different from me. Zora had put the claws away once she found out a baby was on board. Now that we knew it was two babies for the price of one I think she liked Zahara way more than me. I wasn't tripping on that though. Zora's liking or disliking me wasn't something I needed, but getting along was important for my daughter.

"So tell me how my sweet granny was the devil," Zanae challenged. "She showed us a lot of love and affection that you refused to."

"Maybe I was hard on y'all, but I never let men in our family touch y'all!"

My eyes expanded in horror.

“Zora!” Nora gasped.

“Mama who touched you?” Mishae asked while clutching her heart. Zanae and Maddie were looking at Zora like somebody had beat her up. I felt like me and my sisters were intruding on a personal moment, but I wasn’t about to leave. I was too invested now.

“It don’t matter,” she released a fake laugh and her eyes were void of any emotion. “Just know that I loved y’all in my own way by not letting anything bad ever happen. I didn’t have time for all that soft shit.”

Zanae moved towards Zora and wrapped her arms around.

“Girl, go on!” Zora hissed.

“Zora, hug your daughter back. Stop acting like that.”

Zora rolled her eyes and embraced the hug. For a second I saw her face soften and her guard go down. Whatever happened to her had really fucked her up and my heart felt for her because she was far gone. She was stuck in her ways and thought she was effectively dealing with her past when she really wasn’t. It wasn’t my place to speak on it though.

“Mama, can I ask you something?” Mishae inquired after Zanae stopped hugging her.

“What?”

“Do you think your childhood is the reason... you know... you started doing what you did?”

“Prostituting? Girl, why is you beating around the bush like I’m ashamed?!”

“You should be,” Nora scolded. “If any of your daughters was doing that you wouldn’t like it which means you know it’s wrong deep down.”

“Oh Nora go on with all that shit,” she brushed her off. “None of my daughters had to resort to that because I got it out the mud for them and they’re all smarter than I ever was. But to answer your question Mishae, no, I don’t think so. I started off stripping shortly after Mykel was born because nobody was helping me out and y’all grandma kicked me out. I learned the game fast in the club. Niggas were paying more for sex then they were for lapdances. Once the money started rolling in I became addicted.”

“It definitely stems from her childhood,” Nora said solemnly. I had to agree with her on that. Zora sounded in

denial, but her reasoning sounded realistic too.

“Nora, you think you know everything! I’m finna call Meekayala in here to beat your ass.”

Nora laughed. “You better leave her non-cooking ass in the next room. She’s watching tv where she belongs.”

We all laughed as Zane entered the room with Ryah. She looked so cute in her light pink Juicy Couture tracksuit. I wore one as well, so we were twinning. Zane had taken so many pictures of us and posted them on instagram and twitter. On twitter alone the pictures had gotten thousands of retweets. That left me and him wondering if we should do a youtube channel together. It would be very lucrative and we both loved money. However, we were in agreement that most youtube couples were corny and desperate. We didn’t want to be boxed in with them.

“Heyyyy grandma sugar lips,” Zora greeted Ryah with a big smile before kissing her and taking her from Zane.

“What y’all in here talking about?” He asked.

“Oh I’m just telling the girls about my happy hoeing days.”

That made everybody laugh, including me.

“Oh, so you think that shit funny?!” He snapped at me. He turned to his mom and grabbed Ryah with the quickness. “Gimme my damn daughter!”

I saw a hurt look wash over Zora’s face as Zane stormed out.

“That boy been emotional his whole life,”she muttered before reaching for a new bottle of wine.

“Mama I think that’s enough,”Zanae advised.

“Girl go to hell,”Zora replied.

I decided to go find my boyfriend and make sure he was good. I located him sitting in the front living room that no one was in. This room was really for looking and not sitting. Zane was in his feelings so he really didn’t care.

“Are you okay?”

He looked at me with a hard glare. “Fuck no! You laughing at her stories like they funny!”

“No one was laughing at anything she told us. Trust me.”

“You sure was joked out when she called herself a happy hoe, though.”

“Everybody laughed!”

“But why would you know when you know I don’t find that shit funny?!”

I sighed deeply knowing I had to let him have this. His mom was a sore topic for him and there really wasn’t shit funny about Zora’s past. The way she made light of it could be comical at times though.

“My bad for laughing, Zane. But you gotta cut your mama some slack. She’s been through a lot an-”

“I on gotta do shit.” He cut me off. “I’m privy to some things that took place in her childhood because my dad told me a while back. I feel for her...and that’s why I have the little patience I do have for her. But that’s no reason for her to act the way she does up until this day. She could get better if she wants to.”

“Baby, that’s easier said than done. She obviously doesn’t know better to do better. In her mind nothing is wrong with her. Maybe you should try getting through to her.”

He looked at me intently before a smile came across his handsome face.

“You have a big heart,”he gripped my chin. “You know that?”

“Yea,”I grinned.

“So where’s that energy for your own family?”

My smile fell. “Zane, please!”

“Real shit,”he continued. “Why don’t you try to get through to your Auntie and cousins. Maybe there’s a reason they treat y’all the way they do.”

“Fuck them,”I declared. “After last Christmas they don’t exist in our world.”

My Auntie Tremesha had actually tried fighting Zahara over a petty argument she started. Zahara ended up beating Lanae’s ass instead because she wanted to jump stupid for her mama. Ever since we deleted those people from our lives we’d been better off. Besides, Tremesha’s issues were rooted in jealousy. She didn’t fuck with our mom so it trickled down to us. There was nothing for us to work out with that lady or her hateful ass daughters.

“See, at least my mama still exists in my world.”

“Well your mom actually loves you. It’s different.”

“Maybe so, Sage. But you know what my mom and your auntie have in common? They’re stuck in their ways and don’t see shit wrong with how they are. I can’t worry myself with that, and neither should you. In the future please don’t entertain her embarrassing ass memories that she glorifies.”

“Alright, Zane,” I said. Dropping it was the only option. His mind was made up and he’d made valid points. Sometimes in life things just remained the same and this was obviously one of those things

Zane

November 25, 2016

“Ain’t no tellin’ what I’m finna be on. I’m beyonddddd all that fuck shit, hey! Hey lil’ mama would you like to be my sunshine? Nigga touch my gang we gon’ turn this shit to Columbine!” I rapped while pouring up another drink.

“Ice on my neck cost me 10 times 3. 30,000 dollars for a nigga to get flee. I just hit Rodéo and I spent like 10 Gs!” Sage sang along with me while twerking her ass on me. I was hosting a Bayou Classic after party at Masquerade and it was going up. My supporters showed up in droves and they loved

themselves some Sage. Most of my support base was women, so I liked seeing them interact with her. They probably watched her youtube channel too.

Verbalizing that our shit was official was something that I didn't see as necessary initially but things had gotten ten times better once I did. Sage was a lot more open and vulnerable with me now. She didn't hold back anything. Best of all, there were no other niggas in the picture even though I still owed a few some ass whoopings. I wasn't too invested in that though. I was invested in my relationship and making it better. I wanted to make the best memories for our family so we could look back and smile. Tonight my way of making memories was buying us matching red Gucci ensembles to rock. I was enjoying watching her ass clap in the booty shorts that her hot ass had gotten altered to make shorter. I couldn't hate because she made it look great.

"Dance with me, friend!" Kaysha pulled Sage off the large couch, killing my vibe. I never felt one way or another about Kaysha. I just knew she was Sage's friend since they were little, so she was cool in my book. Being around her tonight made me not like her ass. She was acting like it was a crime for me to touch my own bitch. Whenever Sage did

something with her I let them rock out and never interfered. But this was *my* hosting. This weird hoe was acting like I was interrupting their girl time or something. She needed to get off of Sage's jock and entertain one of my niggas.

"Occupy this bitch, please," I leaned over and whispered to Carter, who was standing on the couch next to me.

He looked down at Kaysha and laughed. "I already had her. I'm good."

"When?" I laughed.

"Last year. She's a wild one," he chuckled. "She's a Pelican's pass around."

I started to just whisk Sage away, but my supporters got her attention. She went over to them to speak, take pictures, and make videos. I kept a watchful eye on her the entire time until I felt another body stand up on the couch. I looked over and saw Kaysha's weird ass.

"It looks like my girl should be getting paid for this hosting," she smirked.

"I'ma lace her regardless."

"Oh shit, I know that's right," she grinned. "I'm happy for y'all."

I nodded and left it at that.

“Maybe we can all have fun one day.”

I hear a loud record scratch in my head. I just knew this bitch wasn't saying what I thought she was.

“Have fun in what way?”

“You know,” she giggled. “I taught Sage everything she knows. It's gonna take some convincing on her end for us to all get down, so we should probably hook up first.”

I squinted. “Ain't you Sage's friend? Why would you wanna fuck me?”

“Zane, I knew you way before her. We from the same hood. I've always had a crush on you, so Sage being my girl is irrelevant. I know you're still out here doing your thing, so one girl can't be keeping you satisfied. Shit, I'm sure Sage is still doing her thing too.”

“Oh really?” I unlocked my phone.

“Yup. You're welcome for that video of her with Dre,” she smirked.

“Oh you tagged me in that?”

She shrugged. “I thought you should see. You have no reason to feel bad about doing your thing because she is too.”

I considered what she was saying and how Sage didn't even want me going through her phone. Maybe she was getting at something.

Sage

In the middle of taking pictures with girls who came to see Zane, I felt my phone buzz. I finished taking the picture before I checked. I smiled because it was a text message from Zane. He had a habit of texting me when we were at the same exact place. Sometimes we'd be right next to each other. It was one of the many things I loved about him. When I read the text message my light hearted smile turned into a deep frown and my heart started racing.

Come get your fake ass friend. She over here tryna throw her dirty ass pussy at me. She the one that recorded and posted that video of you and that basketball player. I don't want her around us no more. On God.

I turned around and saw Kaysha running her mouth all in Zane's face while he basically ignored her. I marched over furiously.

“Bitch, what are you doing?!”

“Standing here and talking,” she laughed. I knew her well enough to know that was her nervous laugh.

“Talking about what?!”

“Wait, why are you coming at me like that? I been knowing this nigga. Why I can't chop it up with h-”

I grabbed her leg and pulled her ass clean off the couch. Once she was on the ground I started punching on her. I knew she was full of shit. All night she'd been acting weird. She wanted to be all under me whenever I talked or danced with Zane. She never did that when we went out. I knew Zane wasn't lying on her because he had no reason to. He never spoke ill of Kaysha and our friendship never bothered him. For him to text me that meant that she was over here saying some wild shit. Her desperation for niggas had always been at an all time high, so this wasn't out of character for her. I just thought she had some sense of loyalty for me. Truth be told, her recording me dancing on Dre crossed my mind but I stopped myself from thinking like that. I ignored all the red flags about

her ass. The biggest one being Zahara strongly disliking her. I guess she'd been right after all.

Chapter 15

Zane

December 18, 2016

“You gon have her shitting everywhere, Zane. Babies are not even supposed to have table food until they around nine months.”

“My baby can have whatever she wants,” I cooed while feeding Zaryah grits. After church we came to eat brunch at Monty’s On The Square in the French Quarter. This had become our ritual every Sunday and I always looked forward to it. “Shit my mama started giving us table food at the five month mark and we turned out fine. My baby is tired of milk. She ready to explore her taste buds. ”

“I can tell by the way her fat self tearing them grits up,” she laughed. “Let her taste some eggs too.”

I looked at her and laughed. “But *I’m* gon have her shitting?”

“You already started her off with grits!”

“Da-da-da!”

Zaryah pulled at my heartstrings every time she chanted that. She was really the best thing that could’ve happened to me even though I wasn’t expecting her arrival. I couldn’t wait to make another baby with Sage so we could have the full experience together.

“Say mommy, Ry-Ry,” Sage begged.

“That begging shit is sad. Have some dignity,” I jested.

“Nigga, I’ll show you dignity and slap the shit out of you.”

I howled with laughter. “Girl, that don’t even make sense. You just looking for a reason to hit somebody.”

“That’s not true. I don’t like to fight.”

“Don’t make me pull up that video of you fighting Kaysha at Masquerade.”

It took me and Carter to pull Sage off of Kaysha. Of course people recorded the shit and it had gone viral. The fight had just made her followers go up. It was sad how drama attracted people. That was just the world we lived in I guess.

“I said I don’t like to fight. But sometimes I gotta come outta character. And that whole thing was your fault anyway.”

“My fault?!”I chortled.

“Yup. You could’ve waited to tell me that shit.”

“So you wouldn’t have beat her up if I didn’t tell you right when it happened?”

“No, it would’ve still beat her up. I just would’ve pulled up to her house to do it.”

“Wow,”I laughed. “I had to tell you right away just so there was no confusion.”

“I’m glad you did.”

“I’m still stuck on her trying to apologize to you the next day. Talking bout she ain’t know you felt that deeply about me.”

“She lucky I ain’t whoop her ass again for saying that dumb shit.. She knows I don’t play about you.”

“You don’t?”I grinned.

“Nope,”she leaned over and puckered her lips. I gripped her throat and kissed her deeply. Zaryah started fussing, propelling us to pull apart.

“Ryah, why you be hating us?” Sage giggled.

“Dadaaaa,” she whined with her hands reaching out to me. I wasted no time unbuckling her from her car seat that was sitting up on the restaurant’s high chair.

“Spoiled self,” Sage rolled her eyes while stifling a smile.

She whimpered until I started kissing her face.

“You just wanted some attention, huh beautiful?”

I thought maybe Ryah’s face would change over time and she’d get some of her mother’s genes, but nope, she still looked just like me. Her hair had grown a lot and Sage had started combing it. She would just do two ponytails with a headband or bows. Today she looked adorable in a cream Dior dress, cream stockings, and matching Dior booties. She wore her gold nameplate necklace and matching bracelet that my dad had gotten her. My dad wasn’t an active grandparent like my mom was but I could care less. He kept the same energy he had with me and Zanae. He always bought her a lot of shit. I wasn’t turning down anything that was coming my baby girl’s way. With the life my dad lived I didn’t really want him around my daughter too much anyway. He could love her from a distance.

“Come here, mama baby,” Sage reached for her, but she turned away and clinged tighter to me.

“See, I can’t wait to have another baby to replace you Ryah.”

“That’s a hell of a thing to tell your child,” I laughed.
“Ryah, tell her she ain’t replacing shit. You the first to ever do it. You can’t be replaced.”

“Yes she can,” Sage laughed. “I’m tired of her daddy’s girl tail.”

“Wasn’t you a daddy’s girl?”

“Sure was, and Calla was a mama’s girl. So my next baby gon balance it out.”

“*Our* next baby. You really warming up to the idea of having another one?”

“Zane, I know I’m gonna have more kids one day.”

“We. Damn, you got something to tell me?”

She laughed. “I gotta carry the baby and push it out.”

“And I gotta nut in you.”

“Which you do all the time!”

“Exactly, so where’s my second daughter?”

“Why you want another daughter? You got something against boys?”

I laughed. “It’s crazy you say that because I always thought I wanted my first child to be a boy but Zaryah changed all that. She’s perfect and I want another baby just like her.”

“Well you know we can always make the boy version of her. I don’t want another rotten little girl. I want a boy. That way we can be done.”

“Done?” My face scrunched up. “Now you just saying anything.”

“Well how many kids do you want?”

“At least five.”

She choked on her Hurricane that she was sipping on.

“Five? Zane, you’re tripping. I’m only 19.”

“I know how old you are. I ain’t say I wanted all five back to back. We can have the second one soon and then save the other three later down the line when we’re married.”

“And when are we getting married?” She asked in amusement.

“Whenever we ready. Duh.”

“No time soon, right?”

I cocked my head. “Well damn. You ain’t tryna lock in with me?”

“We locked in already thanks to your little mini me. Hell, I wasn’t even ready for her which is why I tried to prevent it. God had other plans.”

“God’s plan was the best plan,” I kissed my baby’s cheek.

“I can’t argue with that...but I’m still not ready for marriage. I just want to enjoy our surprise baby and our new relationship before we make another major step, and that includes baby number two.”

“I mean we already got one baby. Another won’t hurt.”

“Tuah, Zane you better go head with that shit.”

Sage

He laughed. “Didn’t you enjoy growing up close in age with your sisters? That was the best part of my childhood. I want that for Ryah.”

“Ryah got two cousins that’ll be here soon. She’ll be alright.”

“Alright, I see God gon have to show you again. He more powerful than them Plan B’s you be popping like vitamins. We already know your birth control was no match for him.”

“Boy, stop wishing pregnancy on me,” I giggled. It really made me feel good that he wanted to extend our family but I wasn’t about to let him knock me up back to back. Zaryah wasn’t even six months yet! “Tryna keep me barefoot and pregnant.”

“The fuck does that mean?” He chuckled.

“You want to keep me busy with being a mother so I don’t have time for shit else.”

“No, I just know there’s no greater love than us making a life together and I want to experience it again. Ya know... without it being a surprise.”

My heart skipped a beat. “One day, Zane. For now I just want to enjoy where we are now.”

He smacked his teeth. “Alright, but eventually I want my second daughter and my wedding.”

“Oh yea? Which one first?” I asked, testing him.

“Well we shouldn’t have no more kids out of wedlock so let’s do the wedding first.”

I burst into laughter. “Zane, bye! You then went to church for a couple of Sundays and all of a sudden you got morals.”

“Girl, I got mad morals. You the heathen.”

“Ya mammy...and ya daddy.”

“Why you think I’m going outta my way to break the cycle?” He opened his arms. “So for the wedding I was thinking you should walk down the aisle to Caroline by Anime.”

“Now that’s some heathen shit. I wish the fuck I would.”

“So what would you walk down the aisle to?”

“I don’t know, but we should do our first dance to Faithful by Drake.”

“Girl, that’s the song we was fucking to last night?”

“Yup. It’s perfect right?”

“Yea...for fucking,” he laughed hysterically. “You right, let’s grow a little bit more before we get married because this

wedding already sound ghetto as fuck.”

I giggled. “Okay, keep that same energy for the second baby too.”

“Hey, I can’t control that one. It’s up to God.” He pulled my face to his by grabbing my jaw and kissed me. “I love you.”

“I love you, too.”

It was crazy how much my life had changed since last year. When I got out of jail I had no intentions on catching feelings for any niggas. Then I met Zane. I tried to fight what I felt, but there was no denying what he was doing to me. We could’ve been great a lot sooner but we both were on some dumb shit. All of that was irrelevant now. The past could stay buried because neither of us were tripping on it. Our baby girl deserved happy parents and we were happily together. I was willing to fight tooth and nail to keep it that way, and I know he was too. I went from a hot girl to a lover girl overnight thanks to Zane.

The END!!!! For

updates, visuals, and sneak peeks

join my reading group on Facebook,

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