

**LOVE ME  
RIGHT**

*OR* **DO N'T  
LOVE ME  
AT ALL**

*National Best Selling Author*

**DIAMOND D. JOHNSON**

*Diamond Johnson Presents*

LOVE ME  
RIGHT  
*or*  
DON'T LOVE ME  
AT ALL

DIAMOND D. JOHNSON

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*Wait!*

*Before you read this, familiarize yourself with *Turned Out by His Hood Mentality*, *Marrying My First Love*, *Comfort of a Thug*, and *A Glizzy Christmas*. This is the correct order before starting this book.*

## CHAPTER 1

## *Mia Randolph*

“**S** hitttttt... Fuckkkkkk... Damn... I’m about to cummmm againnnnn... Damnnnn!” I cried as I had this nigga behind me, doing his best to swallow my pussy whole.

The way he devoured my pussy was just his way of making up for the nut he stole when he was behind me, with his large hands on my waist, fucking me from the back. I was just a few strokes away from cumming all over that dick, but he got his first, so I couldn’t get mine. Before I could even talk shit, he’d pulled his dick out of me, and there he was, sucking on my clit, on the verge of sending my body to release spasms.

I liked head, don’t get me wrong, but I liked getting the shit fucked out of me even better. Even right now, I was angry about the nut that was robbed from me as I aggressively slid the back of my pussy up and down on his tongue, rushing my nut. By the time I released, his dick needed to be standing up again, and he could give me that nut he’d talked all that shit about giving me since I met him three months ago.

The fine nigga behind me, sucking on my pussy like a neck bone, was named Zay. My husband, Beatz, would have fuckin’ killed him if he knew my pussy juices were slipping onto the tip of his tongue. According to my husband, another nigga isn’t supposed to have me in the same way he had me.

I personally didn’t give a fuck about none of the shit Beatz was always talking because I hadn’t had any kind of relations with Beatz since our seven-month-old daughter, Ivy, was conceived. I hadn’t fucked any nigga in over a year. This was my first time having a dick inside of me after all this time, and the way this nigga kept getting his before me, it was just such

a fuckin' let down. I should have stayed on my celibacy journey like I had been doing all this time.

“Damn. Let me eat that shit again. You taste so fuckin' good, baby,” Zay's deep voice said after I reached back and pushed his head out of the way.

I'd already came, and the next time I came, I wanted to do it on a dick! I turned my body around and looked up at Zay. The nigga was fine. Fine as hell. He had caramel-colored skin, a medium build, with hella tattoos. His light brown locs hung loosely, and greenish-hazel eyes matched mine. He stood up naked with a six-pack that was sexy as hell. There were beads of sweat dripping down his body from the sex we'd had for the last twenty minutes.

Zay was working with a medium-sized dick. It was thick too, veined up, just like I liked it, but it was such a shame he didn't know how to work it. What was crazy to me is that Zay was a rapper, and he talked all that shit in his music about how good that dick was. Every time I was around him or on the phone with him, the nigga would brag on his dick, so there I was, handing the nigga the pussy, and he didn't even handle me the way I needed him to.

“Zay, I want to get fucked. That's it. You need to get him up again,” I said, now lying on my back with a pillow behind me as I looked up at him.

“Come get me right.” He motioned with his hand for me to scoot over.

I just knew this nigga wasn't trying to convince me to suck his dick. Listen, I only sucked dick when I was in love with a nigga, and there was only one nigga in this world that I had ever been in love with, and that Beatz. It was one thing for me to give the nigga's pussy away, but to be sucking dick.... Nah. Now, that was just fuckin' wilding.

“You talked all that shit, Zay,” I blurted, never one to hold my tongue when it came to shit. I was one of those people who didn't think before I said something. How ever I felt, I usually let it slip out of my mouth, and I would just deal with the repercussions later.



“I ain’t expect the pussy on you to be so fuckin’ good. Your shit had a nigga in a fuckin’ choke hold. Hold on. Let a nigga get right. I ain’t leaving up out of here until you bust a nut on my dick,” he promised as he reached for my right ankle that had the name Mehki in red lettering with a heart.

I was so silly for having this nigga’s name on me the number of times I did. Mehki is Beatz’s real name. I tend to use the two of them interchangeably, but it really just depended on my mood. What I’ll say is that lately, he’d been Mehki because every time I had to be around that nigga, he had me fucked up, so I would call him by his government name to let him know I meant business.

Once Zay got me at the edge of the bed, he slipped two fingers inside my pussy, and with his other hand, he started jacking his dick. As annoyed as I was, I couldn’t even lay here and act like that shit didn’t feel good, so I started moaning. My pussy was wet. This motha fucka smelled good, it was waxed, and sitting right in this nigga’s face, but he didn’t know what to do with it.

Zay was finally able to get his dick back up, and he came over with the rubber on, then slipped inside me, making us both release moans of passion. He held me by my knees, which he had pinned back, and he bit his lip as he pushed in and out of me.

“Damn, Mia. Yo’ pussy so good, baby,” he groaned.

As he slowly fucked me, I fucked back from under him, moving faster than he was because I wanted him to match my rhythm. Zay was trying to make love to me, and all I wanted was to get fucked. He finally got the hint and sped up his strokes. Then he leaned in and started sucking my nipples. God, that probably had to be so weird for him to be sucking on my right breast, only to look up and see my husband’s name again in red lettering. As he deep stroked me, we were finally on the same rhythm, and I started squeezing his dick with my pussy muscles.

“Stop doing that shit. Shit going to make me bust before you again,” he grunted, and then he bit me hard as hell on my

neck.

See, I loved rough shit like that, so when he bit me, it made me moan.

“If you nut before me again, nigga, I swear you’ll never in your fuckin’ life sniff this pussy again,” I threatened him as I held him by his arms.

He smirked and looked me in my eyes.

“I like you, Mia. I’m damn near in fuckin’ love. We going to get married, so I can get this pussy whenever the fuck I want. Stop fuckin’ playing with me,” he said and then hit me hard as hell on my thigh, which made me moan again.

Zay sped up his strokes, and right when this shit started feeling really good, there was loud banging on my front door. It was loud and aggressive like it was the fuckin’ police. See, if it was light knocking, I probably would have ignored it and allowed this nigga to continue beating my pussy up, but that knocking had just fucked up my mood.

I pushed at his arms, so he could get up.

“Man, fuck that door! Let’s finish fuckin’,” he demanded.

“Zay, wait. I need to see who that is,” I replied, still pushing at his arms.

He sucked his teeth, mad as hell. I jumped my naked body up from the bed, grabbed my phone off the dresser, and pulled up the camera app to see who was banging on my damn door at ten in the fuckin’ morning! It was Beatz. Seeing him standing there had me feeling like I needed to shit myself. Granted, we weren’t together and hadn’t been together in almost two years, but Beatz didn’t believe in us not being together like I did. The nigga was in denial.

You would think that he would have gotten the picture when I moved out of our house in California and relocated to Miami, but no. I got threatened on a daily that he would kill me if I got with someone else. He told our kids that we were just having issues or that I just wanted attention or whatever bullshit he liked to feed them.

Our oldest two were twelve and eight and highly fuckin' intelligent, so they knew that Daddy fucked up, and Mommy left his ass for it. They didn't know the extent of everything that happened between Beatz and me because although I looked at him as a fucked-up individual for being stupid and reckless and breaking up our family, I didn't want our girls to look at him in that same light. Then again, I can't speak for them, so they might have known more than I thought.

Our oldest, Maddy, was in middle school. The kids in school can be hella messy, so they had come to her a few times, exposing things they read on the blogs or wherever, and questioned her about it. When all this mess happened between Beatz and me, our kids knew we were having issues, but again, they didn't know the full details. Maddy found out about us getting ready to start the divorce proceeding when some friends at school asked her about it. I was afraid of telling my kids at the time because I knew how much they loved their father and me, and I just didn't want to break their hearts with the news.

Maddy liked to keep a lot of shit in, so if there was something she knew about her father and me that she hadn't already talked to us about, I wouldn't know because she made it so hard to get into that mind of hers.

"Mia... ten seconds. You got ten fuckin' seconds, or I'm kicking this bitch in. Don't play with me, aight?" his deep voice boomed from outside the front door.

I was at my penthouse in Miami, where I had lived for over a year. Cali had been my home since I was a freshman in high school. I had a few businesses there, so I would still fly out to handle business, but I also had businesses in Miami, and this was where I was originally from. In a way, I felt like I was back in my old stomping grounds. Beatz's mother was there as well. She'd owned a second home in Miami for the last five years.

When I decided to up and move my ass to Miami, she came down as well, even though I told her she didn't have to. She wanted to give me a hand with the kids, so she insisted. Really, I thought her ass moved just in case her son ever did

some crazy shit like what he was doing right now. I could call her, and she would be only fifteen minutes away from me versus being all the way across the country in Cali. My mama would come back and forth as well because she was still working in Cali.

I grew up an only child, and my mom raised me on her own. Back then, my mom worked as an elementary school teacher, but she would write music and record herself singing on the side. My mom had the voice of an angel. On the weekends, she would drop me off with my grandmother so she could go to different clubs and perform her music. As a little girl, there were times when I would get out of bed at around two or three in the morning, and my mom would literally be up in her room, sitting in the middle of her bed, writing music with sheets of paper spread out. Then, off in the corner, there would be balled-up papers that didn't make the cut, and she had tossed them to the side.

She was her biggest critic, but I thought everything that she created was a masterpiece. My mom was into R&B music. I'm talking, "T-shirt and Panties" by Adina Howard kind of R&B. My best friend, Twinkle, and I used to sneak and listen to her music on CD when she would record herself, and let me tell you, we had no business listening to that shit back then. After all the hard work she'd put in, she was finally recognized by a producer in California, which is why we up and moved in the first place. Her name started ringing bells, and we didn't have to struggle anymore.

The money my mom used to make as a teacher was just enough for us to get by, and honestly, sometimes we weren't even getting by. There were times when she had to choose whether to pay the light bill or pay for my field trips. We struggled. I'm talking about the kind of struggle where we had to light candles when she didn't pay the light bill, just to have some kind of light in that dark ass house. Knowing what that shit felt like to struggle is why I opened shelters in Miami and California that were solely dedicated to single mothers and children. Luckily, we had a roof over our heads back then, but not everyone was so fortunate, and that's why I started my business. I wanted to help single mothers and young runaways.

As a kid, I never really knew what I wanted to do with my life. Don't get me wrong, I was smart as hell, which is why I'd graduated from high school when I was just sixteen years old. Although smart, I just didn't have a vision. I enrolled in community college at seventeen without a real goal in mind, but I figured that once I was enrolled in school, I would figure out exactly what I wanted to do as far as a major.

During my first year of community college, one of the highlights of my day was going to the recording studio with my mom and watching her create. I was eighteen then and didn't have a lot of shit going on besides going to school and pretty much being in my mom's shadow since she was a big R&B singer at the time.

One day at the studio, I met Beatz. He was recording in one of the rooms a couple doors down. Instantly, I was intrigued by the nigga. I could tell he was older than me, but he still held a youthfulness to his face. Even then, he already had tattoos, and because I was so nosy, I'd looked through the glass window of the room that he was in and saw him smoking a blunt. He was so fine to me. Back then, he had hair. A head full of it too, and at that time, he had it in long braids that were down his back.

I had a thing for hood niggas, and the way he worked the room and his presence alone just screamed that he was hood. I didn't know Beatz personally at the time, but I knew who he was. This was my first time actually seeing him, though. He was only twenty, but his name was already big in the industry because of his creative skills when it came to producing a song. At that time, he didn't have his own production company yet. Instead, he worked for the label that my mom was signed to. Although he didn't own his own production company at that time, I knew he eventually would because of his devotion to his craft and how good he was. His mind was too creative for him to spend the rest of his life working for someone else.

Beatz and my love rollercoaster was a ghetto love story. I'd excused myself while I was in the studio session with my mom, so I could go outside. There was a nigga out there who

was probably in his thirties, trying to holla at me. He grabbed me while I tried to walk away, and like Beatz had always done, he came to my rescue and beat the shit out of the dude. That was only because he caught the dude grabbing on my ass while I was trying to push him away from me. My young, dumb ass was in love after that. Couldn't tell me shit.

I gave him my number that same day and got some of the best dick in my life from him the following week. Shit, the rest was history after that. I had done my best to live in that nigga's balls ever since. When I got with Beatz, his name was getting up there in the industry while I was still in school, seeking a degree in business. I still wasn't sure what I wanted to do with my life, but I knew I wanted to run a business, so that was my major. I was only Beatz's girlfriend for a year before he made me his wife.

We were young and in love. I remember when he'd asked me to move in with him after just four months of dating. My mama didn't agree, but shit, I was eighteen, so I moved in with him anyway. He brought his ass home one day and said he wanted to get married, so we got married at the courthouse the following week. I didn't care for a big, fancy wedding because I didn't have much family, so I didn't see the purpose of us doing that. We spent the first year of our marriage just being in love and traveling the world. The following year, when I turned twenty, I got pregnant with our first daughter, Madeline, or Maddy, as we liked to call her.

Beatz didn't want me working. He had it made up in his mind that he was going to take care of me. In one ear, I had him telling me he didn't want his girl punching a time clock, then I had my mama in my other ear, telling me not to depend on a nigga and put my life in his hands. I ended up getting pregnant with Maya three years later. As a twenty-three-year-old mother of two, and my man was hella big in the industry, spoiling the hell out of me, I really didn't have any dreams. My dreams were his dreams and whatever my kids' dreams would be.

I lived life for my husband and kids, not really caring about what Mia wanted. I put my kids in modeling when they

were just babies. Maddy graced the cover of her first kids' magazine when she was only six months. I had them modeling clothes for children's websites, they had been featured on toy commercials and were walking runways. That was my entire focus, so school was pushed to the back burner.

It was fun being with someone like Beatz. I felt like I was married to my best friend. I had a man who took damn good care of me, plus our children, which was something I didn't have growing up. As good as it was with him, sometimes I would be around prominent people because of Beatz, and the question, "So, what do you do for a living?" was often asked. It hit me that I was only a wife and didn't have anything to my name.

Beatz and I disagreed on that for months, and he tried to convince me that I had one of the hardest jobs, which was being a wife and a mother. But I wanted more, so I went out and got more. I took my ass back to school and completed my business degree. There was a building in Miami for sale soon after I graduated, and that's where I opened my first shelter. From there, I opened another one in Cali, and over the years, I had opened two more in Miami.

About three years ago, an apartment complex in Miami had gone up for sale, and as a birthday gift, my husband purchased it for me. That was housing I offered to young single mothers. There were requirements to stay there, of course, like having a job, having the kids enrolled in school, and so forth. I could be tough and a hard ass, but giving back had always been in me.

I would slap a hat on, throw on some tights and a shirt in a second, and take my ass down to the roughest neighborhoods where a lot of homeless people resided. I would give out food in a second. Shit that I had been through in my life where I had to struggle the way I did with my mother was why I was always so quick these days to lend a helping hand. I knew how that shit felt.

Anyway, back to this ain't shit ass nigga. Once all that bullshit went down between Beatz and me, I ran my ass back home to Miami with our girls. I was pregnant at the time, and

he didn't have a clue where I went. My daughters, who were daddy's girls, missed their dad and ended up dropping dime on our location.

I got my ass cursed out, jacked up, and although Beatz had never put his hands on me, I always thought back to that day he was outside my door, banging on it like a crazy person, just like he was now. He would have beat my ass had I not been pregnant with Ivy. He did all that barking at me, jacking me up, and I still didn't bring my ass back to Cali. The fuck nigga took my kids, though, which forced me back to Cali to get them.

He didn't have a choice but to accept the fact that I no longer wanted to live in California, and Miami was where I wanted to be, so this was what we were doing now. He would fly private to Miami on the weekends and have the girls, but the girls were at his mother Yolanda's house right now, so I had no fuckin' clue why he was over there this morning, banging on my fuckin' door.

"I gotta open the door. Just stay back here. Zay, get under the bed, please. He's crazy. I'm telling you, he will kill you," I pleaded as I picked up my hot pink silk robe off the floor and quickly put it on.

Zay sucked his teeth as he slipped his briefs on. "Man, fuck that nigga! I ain't hiding under shit. I'm a grown ass fuckin' man. Go out there and handle your business," he spat.

As much as I wanted to stand there and plead with the nigga to just get under the bed, I rushed to the front door because I had about two seconds left.

I finally got the door open for Beatz. He pushed my ass out of the way, pulled his gun out of his sweats that were sagging on his waist just a bit, and like he paid my mortgage, he started walking through the house.

"Mehki, why—"

"It's a nigga in here?" he asked as he walked to the back. There were three bedrooms, and as he walked the long hallway, I knew for a fact that he was going for my bedroom.



“No. Mehki, what are you doing?” I screamed, running, so I could get in front of him.

The second I was in front of him, he jacked my ass up by the front of my robe, slammed my back against the wall, and shook me. He had a crazed look in his eyes like he wanted to fuckin’ kill me. He had come over there on a fuckin’ mission as if he’d gotten the heads up from someone that I had a nigga in my house. He stood in front of me in a black *Gallery Dept.* hoodie with black jogger shorts from *Gallery Dept.* as well. Beatz was big. Not fat, but big and muscular, and if he wanted to, he could lift my ass up just the one hand he was using to jack me up with.

I wasn’t small either. My ass was thick. Ivy had put weight on me that didn’t leave, so I was a firm 175 pounds, but I loved the weight. I had always been thick, but my ass had never been this thick before. My waist was still super small, having bitches talk shit about me in the blogs every day, saying I had work done, but I’ve always had a slim waist with wide hips and ass. I’ll admit to the work that I had done, which was a breast lift and a breast enhancement that I’d gotten three years ago. I was a secure woman, but I’ve always had small breasts, and that was the only thing that a bitch could make me insecure about. Because I’d chosen to breastfeed Madeline and Maya, a bitch’s titties had dropped a bit, which was why I’d gotten the lift. That was the only surgery I’d had, but let these hating ass hoes tell it, I’d had a BBL, my eyes were fake, my lips had fillers, and a bunch of other bullshit that they come up with.

“So, when I open your room door, it ain’t going to be a nigga in there? Lie to me, and Ima fuck you up!” he barked, shaking me.

I never got the chance to answer because my room door opened, and it was Zay standing there. He was in his polo briefs without an ounce of fear in the world about Beatz being there. Zay wasn’t some square ass nigga, which was why I was scared of how this would go. You already heard me say I had a thing for hood niggas, and Zay was just that. He ran with a bunch of niggas who seemed to be up to no good, and he

rapped about some of the most gruesome things, always talking about killing. So, Beatz and Zay going at it just wasn't good for anyone.

Beatz let go of me, did that cocky walk over to Zay, and didn't ask any questions. He just swung the gun, hitting him across his face with the butt, and then he started beating the shit out of him. Zay wasn't able to fight back as he should've because Beatz was much bigger, stronger, and faster.

"Mehki, stop! Stop! You're going to fuckin' kill him! Stop!" I screamed, running over and putting my hands on the back of Beatz's hoodie, trying to pull him off Zay. He was lying on the floor with a bloody face from Beatz kicking his ass.

"Shut the fuck up, Mia, before your ass is next! Move, before you be on the floor with this nigga!" he barked at me.

I backed up and went over to the wall. Beatz kept beating the shit out of Zay for over five minutes. In the beginning, Zay had tried to put up a fight, but it was literally to no avail. I paced the floor while biting my lip, scared because I just knew Beatz was going to kill him. Shit, he could probably smell my pussy on Zay's breath.

Beatz eventually stood up, still holding the gun, as he looked down at Zay, who had blood leaking from his face, making it hard for me to even look at him. The sight was gruesome. Zay had an angry look on his face like he wanted to kill Beatz.

"She sucked your dick?" Beatz asked.

"Mehki, stop!" I screamed.

"Yo, don't look at her, nigga. Look at me. Did you feel her throat or what?" Beatz had the gun trained on Zay's head, and he seemed ready to kill him if he said I sucked his dick. Even if I did, I didn't think Zay was stupid enough to lie there with a gun trained on him and say that I sucked his dick.

"Nah, man... We fucked.... That was it. I swear to God. Chill... the fuck out, nigga!" Zay yelled.

“Let me tell you something, nigga. I don’t know what the fuck she been telling you, but we ain’t divorced, my man. That’s married pussy you over here fuckin’. The kind of married pussy that’ll get your ass fuckin’ killed. The pussy on her is forbidden. Don’t listen to shit Mia tells you. You’re going to let a pretty face with a fat ass get you sent to an early fuckin’ grave. It’s my birthday today, so I’m feeling nice. You got thirty seconds to get the fuck up and get out of my face before I let this motha fucka ring,” Beatz threatened.

Zay weakly stood up and moved as fast as he could into my room and get his clothes and phone. Then he walked to the front door. Before he walked past Beatz, he sized him up, and that stare down gave, *Ima see you, nigga*. When he walked past me, I moved from the wall to walk him out.

“Console that nigga. I fuckin’ dare you. Mia, you really got a nigga fucked up. You trying me, yo. I’m trying to calm the fuck down, so I don’t walk my ass over there and beat the fuck out of you next! Fuckin’ that nigga in a crib where my motha fuckin’ kids live. My kids still sleep in the fuckin’ bed with you from time to time, and you got that nigga in there. If I fuck you up, Ima be wrong, right?” he asked as he got in my face.

Not only did I see anger in his eyes, but I saw a bunch of hurt too. Call me heartless, but I could give a fuck about the hurt in his eyes. That hurt didn’t fuckin’ compare to the damn hurt this nigga caused after humiliating me and cheating on me with that bitch! We’re not even going to talk about the fuckin’ gonorrhea this nigga gave me. Fuck his hurt!

He was standing in my face, breathing hard, just itching to slap the shit out of me. The front door eventually opened and closed, so it left just Beatz and me in the house.

“If you hit me, Mehki, I swear to God I’m calling the police on you. Do you see now why I didn’t want you to fuckin’ know where I lived? Look at the stupid shit you do!” I yelled in his face.

“As long as you got my kids, Ima always need tabs on where the fuck my kids lay their heads, so fuck all that you

talking 'bout. You better be lucky your ass is still breathing," he threatened.

"Nigga, how fuckin' dare you? We are not together. I can do whatever the fuck I want with my life. I ain't gotta ask you shit, I don't have to run shit by you, and I don't have to be faithful to a nigga I don't even want! Nigga, you were served with divorce papers twice. Sign the shit, so I can move on with my fuckin' life!" I yelled.

"That nigga been around my fuckin' kids?" he asked, changing the subject and not bothering to respond to anything I said.

Beatz knew that I hated when I talked to him about something that meant a lot to me, and he would just switch the subject like what I said didn't matter. So, with a smirk on my face, I nodded.

"He's been around his kids. Those are my girls' real daddy," I said as I walked to the front door, so he could leave.

My feet never even moved an inch before he reached out and grabbed my ass up. There was a couch behind us because we were in the living room area, and he slammed me down on it. The force caused my robe to fly open, but I quickly pulled at the strings to tie it back.

"Any other nigga would have probably shot your ass for saying some shit like that, but Ima let it slide because I know your dumb ass is lying. The last thing I'm worried about is not being the father to my kids. You know who to play with, and you know that it ain't me. This shit ain't no fuckin' game, Mia. Any nigga I see you with, I'm killing 'em. The only fuckin' reason I let that nigga walk up out of here is because how the fuck was I gonna get a dead body down when you stay on the motha fuckin' the twenty-sixth floor, huh? You know if the setting was different, I would have blown that nigga's fuckin' head off. You want blood on your hands? Because that's what the fuck going to happen to any nigga you get involved with!" he spat.

The smirk was no longer on my face. Shit, at that point, I was shaking because I was so fuckin' angry, and he sounded

so selfish.

“I haven’t really been hearing you this past year because the sight of you just makes me sick to my fuckin’ stomach. So just to make sure I’m hearing you correctly, what I’m taking from this is that it’s cool for you to go out, fuck on hoes, pay bitches’ rent, live a double life, bring home a disease to me, have videos of you fuckin’ a bitch, and I gotta take it? I can’t go anywhere, I can’t get angry, I can’t get the divorce that I asked for, and I can’t move on and find happiness? You’re fuckin’ selfish, Mehki, and when I say this, it ain’t out of anger, but I really do fuckin’ hate you. Move! I don’t even know why you came over here. You knew the kids weren’t here!” I screamed as I stood up from the couch and walked into the kitchen. He was right on my tail.

“Mia, a nigga never said you couldn’t be angry, you couldn’t hate me, and that you gotta take this shit. You entitled to feel all that shit. I fucked up, and I’m man enough to stand on that shit. At the same time, the good that I did with you outweighed the bad. I fuck up one time, and that’s it? You ready to leave a nigga already?” he asked.

“Mehki, I got with you when I was eighteen years old. Married you at nineteen and had Maddy at twenty. Nigga, I’m thirty-one! You really think I’m stupid enough to believe you only fucked one bitch on me? Especially since we were married, you know I always told you to do what you gotta do, but just don’t bring that shit to our doorstep. If you saying that it was only one bitch, well nigga, that’s only one bitch that I found out about. Mehki, you been talking to hoes! Them bitches sent me screenshots. You were entertaining other bitches. Please don’t try and dumb down what I’m really mad about. You gave them hoes too much fuckin’ room to laugh at me. You did that!” I screamed, and my voice cracked.

He tried to embrace me, but I swung my arms, not wanting him to touch me.

“I can’t even put all the blame on you, though. I gave you the green light that this shit was okay, but nigga, you went all the fuck out! Paying rent for bitches, bringing diseases back to me, and you even laughed with these hoes, knowing damn

well you would have knocked my fuckin' teeth out of my mouth if you saw me showing them to the next nigga. Mehki, please get out. Go!" I screamed, not even wanting to be around his ass.

"I ain't going nowhere, man. Every time a nigga tries to talk with yo' ass, you quick to run the fuck away. I been trying to have a conversation with you for damn near two fuckin' years, yo. You run off with my motha fuckin' kids, don't tell a nigga where you was taking them, and you vent to my mama on how you feel, but don't tell me shit. I ain't trying to make no excuses, but Mia, when we met, I was twenty. Come on, you knew I was doing my thing, but at the same time, I wasn't willing to give you up. I loved you, and I wanted you to be my wife, and that's why we got married so quick," he said.

I sucked my teeth and rolled my eyes at him.

"I don't care to know about the bitches you fucked on me when we were younger. When we met, I was only eighteen, and you were twenty and already producing. I knew you were around bitches. I knew you were going to cheat, and that's why I went into this, saying that I didn't care what you did while I wasn't around as long as that shit didn't get back to me. I felt that way for years because in the back of my mind, I just always believed every man was going to cheat, so my stupid ass gave you the green light.

"I'm older now, Mehki, and certain shit, I'm just not going for anymore! You think I still want you cheating on me? I got three of your fuckin' kids. You say I'm your best friend, and you love me more than anybody in this world, but look how you did me! Somebody you supposed to love, you don't do them the way you did me. When I was with you, there were people who loved what we had, and there were people who hated it. You know a lot of these bitches hate me, and look at all the room you gave them to fuck with me. Them bitches exposed my fuckin' medical files, letting the world know the disease you gave me.

"I don't have that shit anymore, but they still fuck with me. I post a picture of my fuckin' kids on social media, and I gotta see bitches in the comments, saying how I have gonorrhea.

You want to know who gave them hoes the okay to play with me like that? You did! You don't fuckin' respect me, so why should they?" I asked with tears falling down my face that I didn't even bother to wipe.

Anyone who knew me, I mean, really, really knew me; I'm talking Miami born and raised Mia, knows I'm not a crier. I'll pull my earrings off and beat the shit out of a bitch quick, but crying wasn't my thing. Loving a man will humble the fuck out of you, and it will make you the most vulnerable that you've ever been in your entire life. I've cried so many tears this past year and change that I could have my own river by now. Then, it sucked that Beatz and I were in the public eye, so even when I forgot about the shit we were going through, those bitches made sure to remind me every time I got on social media.

"You act like I find pleasure in knowing that hoes are online fuckin' with my wife. Mia, bae, this me. How many times I done got on social media to go live or made a post, damn near threatening motha fuckas that I'll be at their front door, ready to kill them for fuckin' with you? I been on all kinds of blogs for months for defending my fuckin' wife. I ain't giving bitches the green light to fuck with you because you know I'm the same nigga that'll kill somebody for doing some shit to you that'll make you hurt.

"I know I embarrassed you, and I put our shit on front street, but damn, baby. What the fuck I gotta do to make shit right? I tried buying your love back. I done bought you another yacht, a jet, gave you millions, and I realized that shit ain't going to get you back. I'm fuckin' stuck, and I don't know what else to fuckin' do," he pleaded, grabbing my hand and staring at me.

I snatched it away from him and walked closer, getting in his face. My husband was fine. He had a face that was so delicious looking. There wasn't another nigga in the world who looked like Beatz. God only made one version of him. It was his perfect brown skin, his long, full, and thick beard. He stood tall, 6'5" to be exact, and he had the build of an athlete. An eleven-inch dick that, at one point, could fuck all my

problems away. Big feet, which let you know the kind of dick he was working with, and large hands with a portrait of my face on his right one.

Beatz was covered in ink. When his shirt came off, there were portraits of all three of our daughters on his back. There was all kinds of ink on his upper body, stomach, legs, and thighs. He had the most beautiful, light brown eyes that went so well with his brown skin. It took a special kind of woman to deny such a beautiful face like his, but I had to. There was too much hurt in my heart that had been put there by this man, and I just simply didn't want him anymore. I didn't.

“The only thing you can do to make this right, Mehki, is sign the divorce papers. That's all I want from you. That's the last thing I ever want you to give me,” I honestly let him know.

He sucked his teeth, just like he did whenever I told him that. I wasn't surprised when he walked out of the house and slammed the door behind him. I rushed over to the door and locked it. Once it was just me in the house, I slid down with my back against the door, pulled my knees up to my chest, and released a cry.

Crying had become my best friend. Hell, that was all I fuckin' did these days.



## CHAPTER 2

*Mehki 'Beatz'*  
*Randolph*

“N ah, mommy. Ion like that one. Get something else,” I said to my eight-year-old daughter, Maya, who’d just come out of the fitting room wearing a mini dress.

I wasn’t even sure why lil’ mama even bothered to come out modeling it, knowing damn well that me, the fun police himself, would tell her to find something else. It was my birthday and my weekend with my daughters. They were doing what they did best today, which was trying their best to break a nigga’s fuckin’ pockets. Every weekend when I picked them up, it was daddy and daughter time, and I allowed them to pick whatever they wanted to do. We always ended up right at this fuckin’ mall.

My kids were my motha fuckin’ world, man. My wife, too, with her crazy ass. I’ll bleed cities red, cause all kinds of wars, make all kinds of shit shake for my wife and my kids. I was still living in Cali because that’s where all my business was. My fuckin’ production company was there, and a lot of artists I worked with were out in Cali, so when Mia decided to jump her ass up and move to Miami, she inconvenienced the fuck out of me and the relationship I have with my kids. Whenever I wanted to see my girls, I had to hop on a jet and sit on that bitch for five hours just to pick my daughters up and love on them.

The nigga in me wanted to pack my kids up and drag my wife on the plane back to Cali, so my kids could be in the same city as me, but I don’t believe in raising my kids in a toxic environment, which is the only reason I let Mia stay in Miami. Shit could get bad between us. Her dumb ass shot at

me, leaving bullet holes in our bedroom wall, and I didn't want to expose that crazy shit to our kids.

I grew up seeing a lot of shit. My mama and my pops used to argue, and them motha fuckas used to fight too. I'm not about to sit here and act like my pops was beating my mama ass because she would get her licks in too. They didn't talk shit out. They were always yelling at each other, which would lead to them fighting. I always said I wouldn't raise my kids in that kind of toxic environment, and that's why I was giving Mia the space she needed, even though I desperately wanted my wife to come back home.

My life just wasn't the same without her in it. In the past, when I would fuck up, I felt like I always knew the right thing to do to get Mia to forgive me, but this time, I don't know if she would come back around. It had been a fuckin' year. I thought her having Ivy would put us back together because when Mia was pregnant, that's when she was the clingiest and needed a nigga more, but nah. I swear, when she was pregnant with Ivy, it's like she didn't even want my ass around her.

I fucked up. This was probably the worst I had ever fucked up in my marriage. I'm not going to act like I was this faithful nigga to Mia for the thirteen years we'd been together, but I treated her ass well. I lived a lifestyle surrounded by a lot of temptation. I wasn't out there fuckin' everything with a skirt, but I had sampled some shit along the way and gave my wife's dick to hoes who weren't supposed to have it. I never had a situation where a bitch put our shit out on front street to my wife because I would make hoes sign a non-disclosure agreement. Hoes these days were so fuckin' shady and looking for clout that they'd set a nigga up fast.

It was one hoe in particular whose name was Myesha, and that was the hoe who had Mia wanting to kill me. See, the deal with Myesha is that she ain't new pussy to me. I went way back with her. We used to fuck around in high school, so her pussy was familiar.

Myesha was in the industry, just like me, but she was a make-up artist. Women artists that I've worked with or currently work with, Myesha was often responsible for beating

their faces. All this shit started about two years ago. I was in Dubai, attending a concert. It was a big thing, and a lot of artists I worked with were performing, so I went to show love. Mia ain't wanna go with a nigga because she was sick. Whenever I went out of town, especially out of the country, I wanted my wife with me. I begged her ass to go, but she really was sick, and she wasn't able to.

I went without her, and long story short, Myesha was staying in the same hotel as me, and I ended up fuckin' her. I ain't explaining full details because it all comes down to me stepping out of my marriage and fuckin' a bitch that I didn't have no business fuckin'. That was one time I fucked her, and the second time was a few months before Ivy was conceived. Ladies, y'all take it easy on a nigga when I tell this story because I know how y'all like to stick together and shit, and how y'all going to team up with Mia because she a woman. So, ease up on me when I tell this part, aight?

I'd just finished up a studio session, and I had about thirty minutes to spare before another artist came in. It was just me in the studio, and I was playing around with different sounds. There was a knock on the door, and it was Myesha. She said some bullshit about how she was there with one of her girls in the next studio, working with one of my other producers. We chilled, and this is probably the most fucked up shit, but I ain't have no rubbers on me, so I went in bare. My dumb ass thought because that pussy was familiar that she was clean. Even as I fucked her, I saw images of my wife, and everything in me was telling me to get that bitch from on top of me, but when you think with the wrong head, nothing ever turns out in your favor.

When I finished fuckin' her, a nigga felt so fuckin' dirty. I pushed that bitch off me, telling her to get the fuck out. Myesha ain't ever been on the kind of shit where she would hit me up, telling me to fuck her. All of a sudden, she started hitting me from different numbers, then that bitch started sending me pictures and videos of her and me that I didn't even know she fuckin' had. When we were in Dubai, that pussy put me to sleep, so she had pictures of me laid in the bed. That hoe had a camera set up in Dubai, and she sent that

to me too. I knew if Mia saw that shit, she would leave me for good.

Like I was her fuckin' dummy, that hoe had me sending her hush money. I paid her fuckin' rent for a year, all because I didn't want that shit to get back to my wife. I'm a street nigga before this producing shit, so trust me, I wanted to kill that bitch. Before I could plan the shit out, Mia brought her ass home from the doctor, all riled up, telling me how she'd gotten gonorrhea, and my life had been fucked up ever since. Shit had just been going downhill ever fuckin' since. My mama told me the key to marriage was keeping my dick in my pants when it came to other women, and I should have fuckin' listened because I had been paying for this shit ever since.

"But Daddyyyy, it's almost to my knees," Maya whined, looking like the mini version of her damn mama.

Mia did a lot of things right, but my wife showed the fuck out by blessing me with these drop-dead ass gorgeous girls. I kept a few guns locked and loaded, just in case that day ever came when a nigga was bold enough to knock on my front door, talking about taking one of my girls out on a date. Maddy and Maya were replicas of Mia. I mean, they looked just like her, down to their attitudes that I had to check them about from time to time. My girls have had modeling gigs since they were six months old, getting their own checks and shit already. They'd walked in kids' runways, been in a few commercials here and there, and even starred in some kid movies.

If you take this as me bragging... I am. I'm going to forever brag about my creations until the day I die because I'm proud of my girls and the things they've accomplished. I gave all that credit, though, to their mama. Mia was the one who'd gotten them an agent, and she stayed on top of shit like that when it came to the girls. I might have had to jack her ass up this morning, but Mia didn't play about our fuckin' kids, and I loved her so much for that. She was going to make sure the girls were good before she was good, and she'd been like that since the very beginning.

“I need that dress to your knees, mommy. Tell her, Ivy. Say, ‘Daddy said it gotta stop at your knees,’” I said in baby talk to my adorable daughter that I had in my lap.

Ivy was the only kid of mine who played fair and came out looking like I’d spat her out. That was only because I’d pissed her mama off her entire pregnancy, and let Mia tell it, she hated my ass, so that’s why she came out looking just like me. Ivy was seven months and dressed in a cute denim romper with clear sandals on her small feet. She had full, light brown curls that my mama had put in two ponytails for her this morning since her mama was at the crib fuckin’ and ain’t have the chance to do it.

If I ever wanted to beat the shit out of Mia, it was this morning. There had been times in the past when Mia would say the wrong shit to me, and I had to watch how I handled her ass, but she ain’t ever have a nigga as hot as she did this morning. The crazy thing is, Mia probably thought somebody told me she had a nigga in the house, but I swear, it’s like I just fuckin’ knew. I felt that shit in my spirit that a nigga was over there, knee-deep in my fuckin’ pussy! I think what really had me feeling like she was fuckin’ is when my mama called to tell me happy birthday, and I could hear Ivy in the background, gurgling and running her little mouth. Instantly, I wondered why Mia had the kids over there already because she usually dropped them off in the afternoon so I could come and get them.

I played shit cool on the phone with my mama, listening to her sing happy birthday to me, and my kids hopped on the phone to do the same thing. The second I got off the phone with them, I bussed a u-turn in the middle of the street en route to get some straightening. I’d just landed in Miami too, and Mia already had a nigga on this bullshit. My jaws are still flexing because I didn’t kill that nigga.

“Ugh. Okay, Daddy,” Maya whined, and then she turned around and went back into the fitting room.

We were in the kids’ section in *Forever 21*. There were about ten bags from different stores that belonged to my daughters on the floor by my feet. Maddy was holding about

five different outfits as she talked on a Facetime call, showing whoever she was on the phone with all the different clothes that she was picking up. Maddy was the child who reminded me so much of Mia, and I don't know if that was a good thing or a bad thing. Maddy could be sweet, but there were times when she would call and tell me to come and pick her up because she and Mia would be at the house damn near about to throw down.

She was twelve but swore she was every bit of twenty. Her mouth was slick, which caused her phone to often get taken and for her to be on punishment by her mother. She was a good kid, but she just had her mother's personality, and that shit often landed her in trouble. Because I could hardly get full conversations out of my wife, she'd tell my mama the shit Maddy be doing, and then my mama would report back to me, so I could handle it.

Maddy had just been really angry lately, and that's why I made it my business to hop my ass on a flight every weekend, even if it was just to spend two days with my daughters. I wanted to be involved, check on them, and make sure everything was going well in their lives.

"Aight. I like that one. Come here," I called out to Maya, who'd come out wearing a unicorn shirt with a colorful skirt.

She walked over with a smile on her face, and once she was in front of me, she tickled Ivy's stomach, making her little sister laugh.

"Ima wear this one on Friday when we get to dress down at school. You think Mommy will let me wear her pink Chanel purse to school?" Maya asked.

"Man, gone on. You better take a book bag to school, like you usually do," I responded, making her laugh.

She kissed me on top of my bald head and went to the back, so she could take the outfit off. I hoped she would change back into the clothes she came there in because her little ass thought she was supposed to try on and model all the clothes. And truth be told, a nigga was ready to go. Ivy had laid her little head on my chest, and I could tell she was

getting sleepy too because we had been there for four hours already.

“Who you was on the phone with?” I asked Maddy once she walked over.

“Ma. I was showing her what I was picking out,” she said and took a seat next to me with all the clothes in her lap that I was buying for her.

As much as Maddy bumped heads with her mother, she still looked for validation from Mia when it came to shit. I didn't think she realized how much she needed her mama, although she would get into these little moods and act like she didn't need anyone.

“What she doing?” I wanted to know.

“I don't know. I didn't ask her all of that. You and her must have been fighting today,” she assumed and released a sigh.

“Why you say that?”

“Because she wasn't in the best of moods, and I know that once you make her mad, we all gotta feel it. That crap is so annoying,” she spat and stood in front of me.

She tried to walk off, but I grabbed her arm, especially once I saw that her eyes had watered, and it looked like she was about to cry.

“What? Talk to me,” I stated, wanting to know what was going on with her.

“Daddy, this. I hate this. This whole situation. We're back and forth to Grandma's house for you to pick us up because you and Ma can't get along for two seconds, which is why Grandma has to be in the middle. We moved to Miami, and I didn't even get the chance to say bye to my friends in California. Whenever you come down, you and ma get into it, which causes her to get into these bad mood swings, and I hate that. Just... don't worry about it.” She set the clothes on the bench next to me and walked out.

This was the part where I would get angry at myself because I'd caused this shit. Not only did I break my wife's



heart, but I fucked my kids' heads up with this shit too. This temporary separation that Mia and I had going on was the reason for Maddy acting out. I would have the girls with me until tomorrow, and usually, I would just drop them back off with my mama and let Mia pick them up from there, but I was going to drop them back off at Mia's crib tomorrow because we needed to have a conversation about Maddy.

Shit, once we got out of this mall and went back to the apartment that I had here in Miami, Maddy and I were going to talk again because I ain't like seeing my baby girl cry. If it was some shit that she wanted me to work on, I would do that shit. It was one thing for my wife to think lowly of me, but I didn't need my kids thinking the same thing.

## THE NEXT DAY

“Mommy knows you dropping us off here? You know how she gets,” Maya stated as the four of us stepped off the elevator, heading for the penthouse that Mia lived in with our kids.

The bellman would be up next because he had to put all their shopping bags in the cart and bring it up.

“Nah, how she gets?” I questioned Maya.

“Attitude. You know Mommy,” Maya stated.

I laughed. This little girl was too fuckin’ much. She was right, though, but ain’t nobody fuckin’ worried about Mia. That attitude shit didn’t scare me. Maddy was walking on my left with her air pods in her ears, listening to music and in a whole other world. It was hard to get much out of her yesterday, so when we got back to my apartment, I tried to have a conversation, but she really wouldn’t let a nigga in. Mia knew how to get through to her, so hopefully, we could have a conversation, and I could tell her she needed to talk to Maddy.

Maya made it to the door first, and she knocked. Mia didn’t know that I was coming over with the kids. My mama didn’t even know. I’m sure my mama was under the impression that I was just going to drop them off later like I always did. Mia didn’t answer the door right away, so Maya had to knock again. I wasn’t worried about her having a nigga in the house because after the way I fucked that nigga up in there yesterday, she wasn’t brave enough to have anyone else over there. At least, not while I was still in town.

I knocked a little harder, and maybe a minute later, the locks turned, and Mia opened the door. She had been in the back, sleeping. The shit was evident all in her face. Her eyes were red, and I could see the sleep lines on the side of her face. She stood there in a gray half tee that showed off her flat stomach and her belly button piercing. She wore gray tights, and my eyes zeroed right in on her fat pussy. This was my wife, someone I was attracted to more than anyone on this

earth. So, when she came around, I would always look and always remind myself of the fuckin' L I was currently taking by cheating on her, getting caught up, and losing her.

Mia used to have long hair like our girls. The long, curly hair that Maddy and Maya had Mia used to have the same. It touched the tip of her ass, but after she had Ivy, she cut it. I knew I fucked up for real to make her cut her damn hair. Her hair was a honey blond color, and she wore it in a bob. Shit was sexy as fuck too.

“You was sleeping, Mama? We been knocking on the door for ten whole minutes, girl,” Maya said.

“What I told you about calling me, girl? Stop playing with me, Maya,” Mia fussed.

Maya laughed and wrapped her small arms around her mother's waist.

“I'm playing with you, Ma. We was knocking on the door for ten whole minutes, though. I bought you something from the mall. You want to see it?” Maya asked.

Mia was half paying attention to her because her eyes were too busy on me, and they screamed, *Nigga, why are you here?* She wasn't going to say that shit in front of the kids, though. Ivy was in my arms, fussing for her mama. Mia reached took her from me and quickly started raining kisses on her little face.

“Umm, can I get a hug, please?” Mia asked Maddy, who'd walked past her mother like she didn't see her standing there.

“Hey, Ma,” she dryly said and wrapped an arm around her waist. Before she went to the back, she hugged me too.

I squeezed her tight, kissed her forehead, let her know how much I loved her, and then she walked off. Maya hugged me, and I showed her the same love that I'd just given Maddy. By this time, the bellman had come up, and he started bringing all the bags inside, leaving them by the front door. I reached in my wallet and handed him a fifty-dollar bill since it was the smallest thing I had. After he thanked me for it, he walked off.

“Why didn’t you just leave them at your mama’s house, and I would have come and got them? You thought I was going to have another nigga in here, and this was your way of trying to make me look bad in front of my kids, right? Hug your daughter, Mehki, so you can go because I’m not letting you in,” she bitched.

Maddy and Maya had walked to the back already, so it left just her and me. She was holding Ivy in her arms, trying to hand her to me, so I could hug her and dip, but we had to talk first.

“After the shit you pulled yesterday, you ain’t brave enough to have another nigga in here. Step outside. Let me talk to you,” I requested.

“Talk to me about what?”

“Man, bring your ass outside the door, and you’ll find out. I ain’t having this conversation with you inside the house, only for the girls to hear us,” I snapped.

She huffed and stepped into her house shoes that she had by the door, then she walked out, closing the door behind her. Ivy was up and alert, trying to grab the small chain that was around Mia’s neck. That small action had me looking at her neck and seeing a bite mark there. That shit could have been there yesterday, but honestly, I was on ten from walking in her crib, seeing her in a robe with nothing underneath, and then seeing that bitch ass nigga walk out of her room in just his briefs, so I didn’t catch it then.

“Something going on with Maddy. She ain’t been herself all yesterday or today. She said some shit in the mall about how she hates the situation that she’s in with having to be back and forth to my mama’s house and then back and forth with me and you. She’s mad about moving away from her friends in Cali. She started crying and ran off, and I ain’t really been able to get shit out of her since then. Talk to her and find out what’s going on because she ain’t trying to let a nigga in,” I revealed.

“Okay,” she plainly said.

“Okay? Fuck you mean, okay? That’s all you got?” I asked.

“For you, yes. For my daughter, I’ll have a conversation with her. Your daughter knows her father is a dog, and he’s the reason her parents split up and—”

“Man, watch your fuckin’ mouth!” I snapped, cutting her off.

“Mehki, I ain’t gotta watch shit. You know damn well why Maddy is acting the way she is. This shit isn’t easy for any of us. We basically had to start over—”

“Bruh, ain’t nobody tell you to move yo’ ass out here, man. Keep that shit real, Mia. You up and moved with my kids to Miami to hurt me. It’s plenty of fuckin’ cribs on the market in Cali. You could have picked any one of them bitches to move to, but you up and moved to a whole new city. You did that lame ass shit out of spite,” I spat.

“Mehki, this is where I’m from! This was my life before I moved to Cali. I have a business here. Your mother is here with me. I moved to get away from your ass! I don’t want to be in the same city as you, nigga. I’m going to tell the front desk to stop letting you up here because every time you come up, it’s an issue. Don’t worry about getting the girls next weekend. They have a shoot in Atlanta,” she said.

“And I’ll be at that motha fucka too. Go inside before you get hurt, shorty,” I threatened.

“Like how you were hurt yesterday when you walked in and saw me giving something you thought belonged to you to the next nigga. Move, Mehki. You can’t hurt me,” she spat and went for the door, but I grabbed her.

I placed her in front of me, and her ass was right on my dick. My right hand wrapped around her waist, and I put my lips to her ear. From where I stood, I could see the hairs on her back standing up. I wasn’t going to rough her up any more than I already had, especially since she had Ivy in her arms.

“You already hurt, and that’s why you carrying on like this. Don’t play with me about my motha fuckin’ kids, aight? I ain’t

some nigga who pick and choose when I want to be a father. I call my kids every single day, and if I ain't have to work, you know as well as I know that I would see my girls every fuckin' day. I'm on a jet every Friday morning, just to see my girls on the weekends. Send me the motha fuckin' details to where this shoot going to be next weekend, so I can be there. We good on that?" I asked in her ear. I was talking low enough for her to be the only one to hear me but rough enough for her to get the fuckin' point.

"Mehki—"

"Yo, all I need to hear is okay. Nothing more, nothing less," I demanded.

"Okay. Now, move," she spat.

"Find out what's going on with my daughter and put some foundation on your neck before you go around my kids. Can't let them know they mama was fuckin' broke ass niggas in the house," I said and let her go.

"You are so lucky I have Ivy in my arms, and the girls are in the house. You know when to try me, Mehki!" she said,

"Yeah, yeah. Take your ass in the house. Bye, Mommy. Daddy see you next week, okay?" I said to my daughter as I kissed her on her cheeks. After I finished loving on her, I backed away.

"Mia, remember what I said yesterday. That'll be blood on your hands, baby," I threatened.

She didn't say shit, but her ass knew exactly what I was talking about. I bet she won't have no more niggas in this house, or anywhere around her, for that matter.

## CHAPTER 3

## *Loyal Brooks*

“M ommy, don’t forget to get the sweet and sour chicken for Saint. You forgot it the last time,” my daughter reminded me as I stood at the counter of the Chinese restaurant across the street from my house, picking up dinner.

I was beat right now. After dropping Dream off at school this morning, I had to run a couple of errands for the house, like getting groceries, and I had to make a quick stop at the post office because I had some packages there that needed to be picked up. From there, it was time to open my boutique. We’d gotten a shipment in late last night with new inventory, so I spent the majority of the day unpacking boxes, getting price tags on merchandise, dealing with customers, and even trying to do things on the backend with my website. I worked all day with no break, and after getting Dream from aftercare, I had to take her to swim lessons.

Although Dream didn’t belong to Saint, he was really hands on when it came to her. He would often get her from school, so once I left work, all I would have to do was come straight home. But my baby had been away this week on business, and I expected him to be back home later tonight. Saint owned his own trucking company that picked up inventory for businesses like Pepsi, Lays chips, and other big-name companies and would transport them from state to state.

Saint was really successful in that line of business with over thirty trucks and a lot of employees under his belt. Although he didn’t drive the trucks, he was quick to get on the road, networking with other companies, so his company could act as a third party for transporting the goods. That’s what he



was away on business for right now. Plus, he'd seen a couple of trucks in Georgia that interested him, so he went to check those out.

While my fiancé... yes, I said fiancé because a bitch was engaged now. If you read, *A Glizzy Christmas*, then you would know he proposed to me on Christmas Eve. Anyway, while Saint was handling his business with his trucking company, I was doing the damn thing with my boutique. I came home with the goal of working my ass off and wanting to take my clothing line seriously. Everything I'd prayed for was happening.

Not only was I heavy into sketching out different looks, making my own clothes, and sending them off to designers who would create them in bulk for me, but I was also getting booked as a stylist for celebrities. That all started a few months back when my sister, Twinkle, shouted me out at a red carpet event that she attended with her husband, Truth. She was asked by different interviewers all night who styled her in the vintage Chanel gown. After she shouted my name out multiple times and left them with my social media, I had been getting booked like crazy.

I've always had an eye for fashion, but I would just put looks together for Twinkle and me. Then I came home and turned Dream into my personal mannequin. I would style her up, and I even went as far as giving her school uniform a little pop. As tired as I was, and as much as I knew I was running myself thin with everything I had taken on, I loved what I did, and I would rather this than to be back in prison.

"I ordered his sweet and sour chicken. I saw you swimming in six feet today. You did so good, baby. You going to have to teach Mommy," I cooed to my daughter as we went over to a booth to wait for our food.

I pulled her into my lap and wrapped an arm around her. Dream was eight, and she let me know every chance she could that she was a big girl, but I had missed out on so many years of her life. Whenever I saw an opportunity to pick her up, put her in my lap, and rain kisses on her, I did so without hesitation.

“You don’t know how to swim, Mommy? You supposed to know. You’re an adult,” she said like she was annoyed that my grown ass didn’t know how to swim.

I just laughed at her and playfully rolled my eyes.

“Me, Khari, and Maya were all on three-way yesterday. Can we have a sleepover this weekend? We just don’t know whose house it’s going to be at, but we already have all the plans,” she let me know.

Khari was my big cousin, Billion’s daughter. She and Dream were the best of damn friends. Maya was Mia’s daughter, and she and Dream were just as close. The three of them were always together and would sit up on the phone, making all kinds of damn plans with no transportation to get to wherever the hell the activities they were planning.

“I’ll call Normani and Mia to see what they say. Come on. They calling our number now,” I said, tapping her on her hip, so she could raise up.

Usually, I would cook during the week, but something about today just had a bitch tired. Plus, I knew how much Saint loved Chinese food. His ass would eat it every day of the week if you let him, so I figured this was easier.

I made it to the car with Dream, placed the food in the passenger seat, and once Dream was in the back, I closed the door and went up front. The drive home was a quick one because it was literally right across the street. Saint and I were living together. I moved my ass in with him after talking all that shit about coming home, starting a celibacy journey, and not dating any men because I didn’t want any distractions. And damn sure not dating Saint because I knew how toxic the two of us used to be before I went to prison.

Saint just had a way of making me weak in the damn knees and going against everything I stood for. Now, although I did complete my 90-day celibacy journey, I didn’t stand on my word about not getting in a relationship with him. I was engaged to the nigga and going to check out different wedding venues with him every weekend because we both wanted a nice wedding. We were doing the family thing, and Dream

adored Saint because he did all the things, plus more that a father should do, even though he wasn't biologically her father.

I hadn't heard from Chance since Christmas when his ass came to my daughter's Christmas show at her school and showed his ass, acting like a drunk fool. It was crazy because he would come around, act like he gave a damn about Dream, cause all this fuckin' commotion, and then disappear, and I wouldn't hear shit from him. This nigga went so far as having me served with fake documents like he was going to fight for full custody of my daughter.

I didn't care what anyone said; I felt like the only time he came around and showed the least bit of attention to my baby was when he and his bitch were beefing. To get under her skin, he'd come to Dream, who he treated like his stepchild. I refused to allow a nigga to play like that when it came to my fuckin' daughter, so on everything I loved, that nigga wouldn't see Dream.

For me to say that, it really meant his ass had driven me there because I believed in children having a relationship with both parents. Twinkle and I grew up without our father, so I knew how that shit felt as a little girl to yearn for the presence of your father, and I never wanted my daughter to experience that shit. Where Chance lacked is where Saint picked up because that man went so fuckin' hard for Dream that it made me love him even more.

We made it to the townhouse, where Dream, Saint, and I resided, and I parked in the driveway. I got out, holding my purse, and opened the door for Dream. That little girl was so busy running her mouth on the phone that I didn't even think she realized we'd pulled up to the house. I opened the door for her, and she stepped out, still running her mouth.

"Girl, get this book bag," I yelled because she was already walking up the driveway, about to go into the house.

She giggled and then ran back down to grab her bookbag along with her duffle that was back there since she'd gone to swimming lessons straight from school. I grabbed the food,

locked my doors, and within a few seconds, I let us both into the house.

As I walked through the house, my phone started ringing in my back pocket. I set my purse and the food down on the counter and pulled my phone out to see who was calling. It was a group Facetime call with Mia and Twinkle. Mia and Twinkle used to be the best of friends. I mean, they still were; I'm just saying how it all started for them as kids. Because Mia spent so much time with Twinkle, I naturally started looking at Mia as a little sister too. I loved Mia. These days, her ass stayed in some damn drama, especially with the shit she was going through publicly with her husband. Whenever I received a phone call from her, I had to take a seat because most times, she would call with some shit that was going to sweep me off my feet anyway, so I might as well sit down for it.

See, I didn't know Beatz personally because Mia met him when she moved to Cali. My ass had gotten locked up later, so even till this day, I was still familiarizing myself with people my family and friends knew that I didn't. From what Twinkle had told me when I was locked up, he seemed like a good dude who loved his wife and his kids, but the nigga had fucked up severely, and Mia was ready to make the nigga walk.

Beatz was a prime example of not cherishing the shit you had until it was too late. Mia was beautiful, and she gave that man three beautiful daughters. She was a supportive wife, putting her dreams on hold to take the backseat while he lived his dreams, yet all of that didn't mean shit.

I answered the phone, and both of their beautiful faces popped up on the screen once I answered.

“Okay, she not sucking dick yet, so we got time,” Mia stated when I answered, which let me know that she and Twinkle had been talking about me before I got on the line.

Dream had already gone upstairs, more than likely to take her shower. So, I didn't have to worry about her witnessing the inappropriate shit these bitches were saying and that I was about to engage in with them.

“Give it about another hour, and his dick should be down my throat. What were you hoes saying about me?” I questioned, taking a seat on the stool facing the island.

Both of them laughed.

“Nothing. Me and Mia were already talking, and I told her to add you in, but she thought Saint was home, and you were already on your knees. Where’s my brother? He didn’t make it home yet?” Twinkle asked.

As she spoke, I could hear my niece, Story, in the background whining, which had Twinkle standing up from the couch. Seconds later, Story and Twinkle’s faces were on the screen, and they looked almost identical. Taevion, Twinkle’s three-year-old son, was every bit of his father, Truth, while Story came out looking just like my little sister. Story gave a bitch so much baby fever. She was adorable, and whenever I was around her, she had me tempted to stop taking my birth control pills and give Saint the baby his ass had been begging me for. But I felt like I still had shit that I needed to accomplish, and I still had years’ worth of making up to do with Dream.

Dream had already made it clear that she didn’t want me to have any more children. When I asked her why she felt that way, her response was that she didn’t want to share me with anyone else. I was sure that comment stemmed from her being an only child, but I knew it also had a lot to do with the fact that for years, I belonged to the state while I was in prison, and she knew what competition felt like when it came to me spending time with her. I wanted more kids, though. I wouldn’t mind having another daughter and a son, but I wasn’t in a hurry to do it.

“I just tracked his location. He should be home in another five minutes. Hiiii, Stormy ma. Ti-ti misses you so much. Why my baby fussing, Twinkle?” I asked my sister, jumping heavily into auntie mode. I didn’t play that shit when it came to my niece or my nephew.

“Girl, because her ass is spoiled, and she thinks somebody is supposed to hold her every five minutes. Truth got her

spoiled like this,” Twinkle fussed, now standing up with Story in her arms.

Story was eight months, and her chunky self wanted to be held 24/7. I didn’t mind, though, because whenever I came around, I had her in my lap or in my arms, knowing that my sister hated that. I had also played a role in why she always wanted someone to hold her.

“What’s going on with you, Mia? I heard you got caught over there fuckin’,” I joked, repeating something Twinkle told me last week.

Mia groaned, and Twinkle laughed.

“Ugh, don’t remind me. Here’s the kicker to all this shit, though. Y’all know a bitch has been celibate for damn near two years, right? I haven’t had sex since Ivy was conceived. I went my whole pregnancy without getting any dick until now. Finally, I decided to entertain somebody because Zay had been sweating me hard. I sit up on the phone with this nigga, listening to him tell me how he’s going to fuck me to tears, give me multiple orgasms, and all of that, right? So, for a bitch who hasn’t been fucked in all this time, you have my attention, and I’m trying to see all that he was talking about on that phone.

“Dick was average size, and I didn’t even get my nut. It was just a waste, and then Beatz brought his crazy ass over here, so it really had me regretting fuckin’ with Zay. I could see if the dick was good, and Beatz came over here tripping. Then, okay, I would feel as if I’d accomplished something, but nah. I got my ass jacked up by Beatz all over some mediocre ass dick,” she said, sounding hella annoyed as she told the story.

I laughed with tears falling from my eyes as I saw the disappointment all over Mia’s face.

“Did Zay call you? That shit gotta be embarrassing for him to get his ass beat like that in front of you. Twinkle told me that Beatz fucked him up,” I threw in.

“No. I haven’t heard from him. Zay is a street nigga. He just got heavy into this rapping shit. He still has brothers that are heavy in the streets, and he hangs with a bunch of niggas that you can tell are up to no good. I’m sure he’s going to try and get some get back on Beatz, and that’s why I was screaming like that for him to stop. I’m supposed to see Beatz this weekend in Atlanta because the girls have a shoot, so I’ll just bring it up then. I thought leaving him would make shit in my life be a little less fuckin’ complicated. I’m stressed out on a fuckin’ daily, and it fucks with my mood swings. I hate that my kids have to affiliate me with having attitude problems, but I see shit online, and it fucks with my mental-

“And that’s why I tell you to stay off social media, Mia. It ain’t nothing on there but I bunch of hating ass bitches,” Twinkle jumped in to say.

“I hear you, but that’s easier said than done. You see that bitch Myesha is sitting down with Messy Talk tomorrow, and she’s supposed to expose the details of her and Beatz’s relationship. The podcast is supposed to air on Saturday, so I gotta hear about this shit all over again. The world doesn’t play fair at all. Bitches don’t care that I have kids and that my kids have to hear this shit, even though I try my best to hide it from them. Maddy is at an age where they like to talk about the latest gossip in school, so she knows about some of the stuff the world says about her father and me. It is what it is, though. I don’t mean to ruin the mood, so change the subject,” Mia said.

“Nah, you not ruining the mood. We’re your girls, and you’re supposed to come to us and vent. My thing is, why is this bitch still talking about the shit between her and Beatz? It’s been almost two years since that shit got exposed. It can’t be that she’s doing it for money. That hoe is one of the biggest make-up artists out in Cali. She has over two million followers on her Instagram, and she stays booked and busy, so why the fuck is she still talking about that old shit?” I asked. That shit had me annoyed.

“Clout is one hell of a drug,” is all Mia said in response.

“You think her and Beatz still messing around? Like, you think she going to expose some shit in that podcast that you might not know already?” Twinkle asked.

“Honestly, Twinkle, I don’t know. That man can’t do shit else to hurt me, though. Nothing will ever hurt me any more than going to the doctor, finding out about an STD that he gave to me, having my medical files leaked, seeing text messages and DMs between him and other bitches, the sex tape... the list goes on and on. I’ll call y’all back. I hear the girls in the room arguing, so let me check on them,” Mia said with her voice cracking.

She didn’t even give Twinkle and me a moment to respond because she’d already hung up the phone on us.

“Damn, Twink. I feel bad. I just want to kill the nigga myself. Then, I want to roll up on that bitch and beat her ass,” I revealed.

“Me too, Loyal. Girl, me too. Mia is stronger than we both think, so she will be okay. I just know that she’s going to be a complete wreck on Saturday once this shit airs. I feel like she just kind of started getting back to her old self, but once this shit is brought back up, she’s going to go back to that dark place that I feel like she just escaped from,” Twinkle sadly said, and I nodded in agreement with her.

We walked about it for a few more minutes, and then I heard the front door open. That’s when I let my sister know I would call her back tomorrow, and I damn near broke my neck jumping up and rushing over to the front door, so I could get to Saint.

He walked in with the phone glued to his ear, and when he saw me, he smiled big. He had his right hand on his luggage that he had just brought into the house, and he stood there in a black Nike sweatsuit. He was sagging in the joggers, and I could easily see the print of his dick through them. Nike sneakers were on his feet and a snapback on his head. I jumped into his arms like I hadn’t seen him in months, and he cradled the phone in his neck, so he could hold me by my behind.



“Yeah, she right here, Ma. I just walked in the house,” he said to his grandma.

I had my arms wrapped around his neck, clinging to him, not wanting to let him go.

“Hey, Ma,” I called out to his grandma.

That was my girl. I had known her since I was a teenager. Saint passed the phone to me, and after I briefly talked with his grandma, I hung up and placed the phone in his pocket.

“HmMMM. I missed you so much,” I cooed and kissed him on his lips.

He had a strong hold on my ass while I tongued him down, doing exactly what I’d been hoping to do whenever he brought his ass home to me.

“Damn, I missed you too, baby. You smell so fuckin’ good,” he said and buried his face into the crook of my neck, tickling me with his long, full beard.

“Saint! Hi, Saint! Hi, Saint!” my daughter excitedly screamed as she rushed down the stairs.

I turned my head in his arms, so I could look at her, and she was moving just as fast as I was a few moments ago when I heard the doorknob turn. Saint lowered me to the floor and picked up Dream. She happily took my spot. Dream had changed into her pajamas, and I could smell the Dove soap that she’d bathed with.

“What’s going on, beautiful? How was your swimming lesson today?” he asked.

“Really good. I swam in six feet today. I floated on my back, swam backward, and I held my breath underwater for thirty seconds. I’m getting too good. Mommy said I’m going to have to teach her,” she bragged.

“Your scary ass mommy ain’t getting in the pool,” Saint told her, knowing me to the T and making Dream laugh.

I feared pools, and I knew it was something I needed to conquer. When you have experiences in life that traumatize you as a child, it’s just hard to shake. Back when Twinkle and

I were kids, my mom used to take us to the neighborhood pool sometimes on the weekends. Mind you, I was never the kind of kid who would get in the water anyway. Half the time, I would just sit at the edge and put my feet in. This day, I was doing that exact thing, chilling with my feet in the water and sipping from my Capri-Sun.

Twinkle wasn't afraid of the water, and although she couldn't swim, she would still get in three feet and make all kinds of splashes that would have me yelling at her ass to stop getting water in my hair. I was in the sixth grade at the time, and there were boys at the pool too. One boy, in particular, his name was Jonas. He had a black father, and his mom was Puerto Rican. He was cute, but I couldn't stand his ass. He was always fuckin' with me. That day was no different. He was fuckin' with me, calling me scary for not getting in the water, and he had all his friends laughing at me and shit, and I've never liked being laughed at.

My mama was too busy having a conversation with three of her home girls. They were off to the side, chilling on the lounge chairs, so she wasn't paying much attention to what was going on. That's why I started cursing at him and called his mama a hoe. I only repeated what I'd heard my mama say to her friend on the phone a while back about his mother. He didn't like that, so he picked my skinny ass up and threw me in six feet. I swear, my damn soul left my fuckin' body that day. It felt like I was drowning, and out of all people, it was my mama who hopped in and saved me. She wanted to beat Jonas's ass so bad, but she couldn't because he was just a child, so she found his mama and beat the shit out of her.

This was a story that I had told to Saint, and he thought that it was the funniest shit in the world. From that day on, I just didn't fuck with the pool. I never learned how to swim, but I made sure my daughter knew how because I didn't want her to have the same phobia of the pool as I did.

“You brought us something back? What you got for us?” Dream asked, getting right to the point.

Saint laughed as he walked, still holding her in his arms and leading the way to the kitchen.

“See, I was moving so fast, trying to make it back home to you and your mama, that I ended up forgetting to get something for y’all. I got you the next time,” he said.

She laughed and let him know it was cool, and she was just so happy he was back.

Before joining them in the kitchen, I went ahead and washed my hands in the half bathroom downstairs. Then I fixed everyone’s food. I was going to wait and take my shower with Saint, which is why I chose to eat first.

“Thank you, Mommy,” Dream sweetly said once I set her food in front of her. She liked to get the shrimp lo-mein from the Chinese restaurant.

I was allergic to anything seafood, so I would just get the fried chicken wings with the ham fried rice, and Saint loved his sweet and sour chicken with the same rice that I would get. After they both had their food, I fixed mine and sat next to Saint, watching Dream and him with love in my eyes. Tired wasn’t the word to express how I felt, and it was a struggle to keep my eyes open.

I finished the majority of my food and then packed up what was left and placed it in the refrigerator. Then, I went upstairs with Dream and waited for her in her bedroom while she brushed her teeth in the bathroom. After she told Saint goodnight, she joined me in her bedroom room and got under the covers.

“You okay?” I asked.

With a big smile on her beautiful face, she nodded her head up and down that she was fine.

“I’m happy, Mommy. You happy?” she asked.

“I’m happy. I’ll see you in the morning, baby. Goodnight,” I sang as I stood and leaned over to kiss her on the cheek.

“Goodnight, Mommy. I love you so much,” she cooed.

“I love you more,” I honestly said, and then I left the room, closing the door behind me.

I made it to my and Saint's bedroom, where he was sitting at the foot of the bed. The remote to the TV was in his hands as he scanned for something to put on. His hoodie was off, leaving him in just his sweatpants. I could see the tattoos all over his chest and stomach, along with the band on his Ralph Lauren briefs. His hat had been removed, and he could use a lineup, but I promise it didn't take away from how fine he looked at that moment.

Saint stuck to one barber, so he wasn't going to be out of town, getting his hair cut by someone new. His hair was full and in a tapered kind of look. I admired him for a few more seconds, and then I walked over to my dresser, where I pulled out a pair of boy short underwear and a tank top. As I closed the drawer, he wrapped his strong arms around my waist and buried his head into the crook of my neck. We stared at each other through the mirror, and I smiled at the attractive-looking couple the two of us made.

"I'll take Dream to school in the morning. Take a break from the store tomorrow. Your ass is tired," he affirmed, moving his hands from my waist and putting them on the first button of my light blue cotton button-up shirt. He started unbuttoning my shirt, leaving my flat stomach exposed to him.

"It's too much work at the store for me to take the day off tomorrow. We have a lot of inventory to put on the shelves," I pleaded.

He removed my shirt, letting it drop to the floor. Then, he unsnapped my bra from behind, removed the straps from my shoulders, and let it fall to the floor as well. The upper part of my body was exposed now. His hands cuffed my medium-sized C cup breasts, and he massaged my nipples. I tossed my head back against his chest as he placed light kisses on my neck.

"I don't like to see my baby be overworked. You falling asleep at the dinner table and shit. Take the day off tomorrow, and rest, Lo. They can handle running the store for a day without you there," he lowly said into my ear, and then he started sucking on my neck.

His touches, his demands, the way he smelled, all that shit was turning me on. My pussy was purring for him, especially since it hadn't been licked or penetrated for the whole week that he'd been away from me. His hands left my nipples and went to my low-rise denim jeans, and he unbuckled them for me. He used both of his hands to bring them down to my hips, and I stepped out of them.

The only things I had now were the lace pink underwear that I'd gotten from *Victoria's Secret*. His right hand started massaging my pussy through the thin fabric, which had me lowly moaning. I wasn't sure if Saint wanted to fuck me out there or in the shower, but from the way he was doing all that touching and feeling, I wasn't even sure if we would make it to the shower. Like my panties didn't hold any kind of value, he ripped them off me and tossed them to the floor. He tapped me on my thigh, telling me to spread my legs a bit for him, and I did that. Then he slipped three fingers inside my pussy, and I moaned louder.

"You're testing me? You think I fucked somebody while you was awayyy?" I moaned, looking at him in the mirror as he finger fucked me with three fingers, driving my ass crazy.

I swear, being fingered never felt so good until he started doing it to me.

"Nah. You ain't crazy, baby. Just opening you up because daddy has been away. I don't need no running once I slip 'em in," his deep voice whispered in my ear.

As he finger fucked me, his thumb massaged my clit, and it had me going crazy. I was trying to be mindful of Dream in the next room and not moan too loud because I wasn't sure if she'd fallen asleep already, but the shit that he was doing to me felt amazing. He was sucking on my neck too, which he knew was my spot and would drive me crazy. My head dropped down to watch the way his fingers sped in and out of me, and I knew I was seconds away from cumming and wetting up his fingers. Because I was so observant during sex and wanted to see everything, I got pleasure in seeing the way my juices wet up his hand.

That nut was quick, but it was powerful, so after I came, I moved his hands out of me and panted, struggling to catch my breath. Saint pushed my body against the dresser with my titties resting on it. I could feel him behind me, pulling his sweats and his briefs down. Within seconds, he had my left leg in his hand, and he was pushing his dick inside of me, making me cry out.

“Ohhhhh... Shittt...” I moaned, slamming my ass aggressively into him, taking that dick and fuckin’ back, not giving him the satisfaction to say my ass was running from that big ass dick.

“That’s right. Oh, shit! Do all that shit to my dick that you was on the phone saying you was going to do to it when I was away. Make a nigga believe you, Loyal,” he demanded, and then his large hand moved from my waist and slapped me hard as hell on my ass, making me shriek.

I bounced all over that dick, making one ass cheek bounce, then the next one, and then I would do both. I promised Saint that he could slut me out when he made it back home, and I didn’t hold back on telling him the nasty ways I was going to ride and suck his dick, so now I had to fuckin’ prove it to him.

“Tell me how good my pussy is, Saint. I want to hear itttt,” I moaned, looking at him over my shoulder as he fucked me senseless.

“This pussy so good, baby. It’s kill-worthy. I’ll lay a nigga down over this pussy. This pussy been on the move since eight this morning, and she still smells good. No odors from this pretty motha fucka. God damnnnn, baby,” he grunted, reaching up and wrapping his hand around my throat.

He pulled the top of my body up off the dresser. His arm was extended as he held my throat and fucked me so good that I couldn’t even talk. All I could do was keep my mouth open and moan.

“Nah... Don’t shut the fuck up now. Ask me something else,” he demanded.

“Shittttt!” I cried.

“That ain’t a question! Ask a nigga something else,” he said, his hold on my throat getting tighter.

“Saintttttt... Shittttttt... I’m cummingggggggg!” I whined, not even asking him another question because I started cumming all over that dick.

After I came, I pushed him back, dropped to my knees, and started licking my juices off his dick. Then I proceeded to swallow his dick whole. What I loved about my man was that he wasn’t afraid to moan. A lot of niggas tried to hold back because they thought that moaning was for bitches, but Saint was going to moan, grunt, talk shit, and just let me know that what I was doing felt good to him. His hands went to the side of my head, and he started dumping his dick in my mouth. A bitch didn’t gag once, and his dick was huge, so that said a lot about my skills.

“Fuckkkkk... Damn, bae. Shittt... Ima nut,” he grunted. I kept on sucking and licking up all the juices that he fed me.

“Too fuckin’ nasty,” he said once he’d caught his breath and looked down at me while I showed him that I’d swallowed it all.

Saint shook his head at me like he couldn’t believe this shit. We did a lot of fuckin’ in that room after that. He took me over to the bed, where he ate two orgasms out of me, and then the fuckin’ started back up. He carried me to the bathroom, where we fucked all over again in the shower.

After the shower and once we’d brushed our teeth and washed our faces at the sink, we got in bed together. Saint gave me one last powerful orgasm from slow lovemaking, and that’s where a bitch tapped out. When it came to sex, I was like an Energizer bunny, but that last orgasm took a lot out of me. I passed out with no more energy left in me to do a damn thing.

## CHAPTER 4



## Myesha Goodman

“O kay, so what the people really want to know is if you were the one who gave Beatz and Mia the clap? See, Mia loves that nigga, and she ain’t going to cheat on him. But the whole world knows that Beatz ass has been cheating, with you being the main woman he was involved with. Did you give that shit to him, and he took it back home to Mia? Keep that shit one hundred,” Dominique, the owner of the podcast, *Messy Talk* asked me.

I was sitting in front of a mic with Dominique to my right and two of her co-hosts, Brandon and Tamika, on my left. This show was messy as hell, and when you came down there, you had to come and spill the tea. Now, before I answer this question, I want to explain something because I don’t want a bunch of motha fuckas to have this strong opinion of me like I’m this messy ass bitch who was doing this shit for clout because that wasn’t the case at all.

Beatz got his ass on social media, defending his hoe, and he liked to downplay what he and I were doing to save face for his bitch, and I didn’t like that. He made it seem like I was just some groupie ass bitch who was desperate to get a taste of that big ass dick when that wasn’t the case at all. Me and that nigga had been messing around since Dubai, and he was giving me hush money not to tell his wife about us. When he would piss me off, that’s what I would threaten him with because a bitch had hella receipts when it came to the shit that he and I were doing behind his wife’s back.

I was fuckin’ Beatz long before that hoe Mia was ever thought of. She’d been married to Beatz for all these years,

had three children by that nigga, but I knew for a fact that I've had that dick more times than she ever had. Beatz and I went to school together as kids until high school, so I've been known his ass. To pacify his wife, he told the hoe that all we did was fuck back then, but he was my nigga, and he'd fucked up plenty of niggas for doing something so simple as saying hi to me because I had his ass sprung.

Beatz and I broke up because of my mouth. He wanted a bitch who was going to sit back and take direction from him when that has never been me. I was raised by my strong ass mother and some strong ass aunties who had slick mouths on them, so that shit was just naturally in my blood to talk back. He wanted me to be his puppet. Basically, he wanted me to be what Mia is. That hoe just laid on her back and had his children. He kept her locked in the fuckin' house, and that wasn't going to be me.

I'll give the nigga credit and say that when he got with Mia, he wasn't fuckin' with me. He was solely about his bitch, so even when I would try to reach out to him, all my calls had gone unanswered. That's when I realized the nigga had changed his number on me. This was years ago when he got with Mia on some official shit. Beatz and I didn't fuck again until the two of us were in Dubai almost two years ago. He was a big producer, and Beatz was also a DJ, so he was out there to DJ a couple of sets for different artists and to watch some of his artists perform. I was booked to do about ten artists' makeup that weekend in Dubai.

Beatz and I were staying at the same hotel. Lowkey, I was shocked when I saw him check-in, and he didn't have his wife with him because he took her everywhere, like he couldn't breathe without that bitch. I didn't see Beatz again until the night before I left. I had been down at the bar that we had at our hotel, sipping on my second glass of a lemon drop. That drink had my ass in a choke hold. Beatz came to the bar not long after, and the nigga was high, then he started drinking.

Before he became my man, he was my friend, so it was no big deal when he came over and the two of us started talking. Talking led to this nigga coming to my room, and we fucked.

Because I knew that whatever you do in the dark would come to the light, I was aware that somehow it would get exposed to his wife that we were fuckin', so I made sure I propped my phone up on the dresser and recorded the whole thing. That was for my evidence because if the truth ever came out about us two, I didn't need the nigga lying to his bitch or to the public, making it seem like I was just some hoe he fucked.

Beatz loved me, and with the footage I had of us fuckin', you could tell from the nigga's strokes that he was fuckin' on pussy that he was familiar with and he missed. Since Dubai, we had fucked a few times, even though he got his ass on social media and lied. When he apologized to his wife worldwide, he claimed that he only fucked me twice when that was a big ass lie. I'll get to that part later, though.

"I didn't give that nigga gonorrhea. I never had it. She was either fuckin' another nigga, and she got it from him, or I wasn't the only bitch that Beatz was fuckin' around on his wife with, and he got it from somebody else," I said, lying through my teeth.

I loved sex. Sex was something that I had been participating in ever since I was fourteen years old. Beatz wasn't the only dude I was fuckin' when he and I started back messing around almost two years ago, and he wasn't the only one who had hit it raw either. See, I didn't find out I had the shit until maybe two days after I fucked Beatz that night at the studio. This was after the Dubai trip. About a month after.

I knew something was wrong when I noticed that whenever I would use the bathroom to pee, it was painful. Once I started having this abnormal discharge, I really knew something was up. That's when I took my ass to a doctor's office that was further out of Cali because I didn't want to go to my regular doctor and find out that I had the clap. I swear, about a week later, different blogs started talking about Mia and Beatz's breakup. The thing is, no one knew the real reason they broke up. Motha fuckas were making up rumors and shit simply because they hadn't seen them out together.

Once their oldest daughter had some kind of award ceremony at her school, someone leaked footage to one of the

blogs, showing that Mia and Beatz hadn't sat together during the ceremony. See, while no one knew why the two of them had broken up, I did. If I had gonorrhoea, and I'd just fucked the nigga the week before, there was a strong chance that he and his bitch had it too, which would explain the rumors about them breaking up. She was about to leave the nigga. That was just me putting two and two together, though, because I hadn't heard from him, so I really didn't know if he had it.

Shit, that all changed in another day because the nigga was damn near kicking down my fuckin' door two days after I'd tested positive. God, I remember that day like it was yesterday.

*It was Saturday night, and I was in my bedroom with my luggage spread out on the floor, packing up different outfits. I had an early morning flight to Houston to do make-up for a bride and her wedding party. I wanted to make sure I was well-rested because Lord knows I hated waking up early. My make-up bag was already packed, but I just needed to pack a bag for myself because I was going to be in Houston for three days.*

*After the wedding, I was also doing make-up on a video shoot for a rapper in Houston that goes by the name Star. As I was almost done packing up my bag, I heard loud banging on my front door. I lived alone, so I made sure I kept heat at my house, just in case a nigga felt brave and wanted to kick down my door one day. I didn't have any kids, so I quickly picked up my gun that I carelessly had on my dresser and rushed to the front door with the gun in my hands. I looked out the peephole, and it was Beatz standing on the other side of the door with bloodshot red eyes, pacing the floor, waiting for me to open the door for him.*

*Because the rumors were getting wild in the blogs, and I'd tested positive for gonorrhoea, I knew it was only a matter of time before he kicked down my door. That had to have been what he came down there for, and knowing niggas would kill a bitch over some shit like this, I should have just left his ass out there. But it didn't matter because I knew he would kick it down. The nigga was crazy like that. I knew one thing, though; I was going to lie till I was blue in the face and say I didn't*

*have it if that's what he came over there for. I had to because Beatz would swear it came from me when we really didn't know that for sure. The nigga wasn't innocent, and I was sure I wasn't the only bitch he was fuckin' outside of Mia.*

*I opened the door for him, and the first thing he did was look down at the gun. He snatched that shit out of my hand and tucked it in the back of his jeans. His eyes were red, but I really didn't know if it was from crying or if the nigga was just high.*

*"You a dirty ass bitch, yo. Rotten ass pussy. You knew you had that shit. Bitch, I should motha fuckin' kill you!" he roared and charged at me.*

*I ran from him because he had this look in his eyes like he wanted to kill me. I hid behind a couch in the living room, ready to dash in the opposite direction of whichever way he was going to come.*

*"I don't know what you're talking about, Beatz. You need to get the fuck out before I call the police on you," I threatened, knowing damn well I wasn't going to call the police on him.*

*My stupid ass let him walk in and take my gun from me. I knew he would be mad, but I didn't expect him to come over here with this look in his eyes like he wanted to kill me.*

*"Call the fuckin' police! Hoe, I don't care. Bitch, you fuckin' dirty. Should have never fucked you. You gon' give a nigga some shit that I took back home to my fuckin' wife-*

*"Beatz, fuck your wife! I don't owe no loyalty to that hoe! You do! You want to be angry at me, nigga, be angry at yourself! You chose to run your dick in me without a motha fuckin' condom—"*

*"Because I didn't expect your pussy to be rotten, hoe! You realize that's the kind of shit you can get your ass killed for, bitch?" he asked and charged at me.*

*I ran but tripped over the end table next to my couch. When I fell, he grabbed my leg, dragged me to him, and put me down on my back. His hands held my wrists over my head.*

*I kicked and screamed for him to let me go. Like the bitch ass nigga he was, he put his knee in my stomach, demanding for me to shut up. Because he had a deranged look in his eyes, and I wasn't quite sure if he would kill me or not, I didn't say anything. I wasn't going to confess to having gonorrhea either. I would stick with my story that maybe his wife fucked another nigga, or maybe he fucked another bitch, and they got that shit from them.*

*“You knew you had that shit? Yes, or no? When we fucked in the studio, you knew then that you had it?” he asked.*

*“Had what? What the fuck are you talking about, Beatz?” I screamed, which only caused him to use more force with his knee in my stomach.*

*“Gonorrhea, bitch! You knew you had that shit, man!” he barked.*

*I had never in my life seen him this mad. Not only was he angry, but I could tell the nigga was hurt too, so his bitch must have left him, just like the rumors said.*

*“I don't have gonorrhea, nigga! Get the fuck off meeee!” I screamed again.*

*He raised off me and walked through my house like a fuckin' mad man. My stomach was in pain from the force that he'd just placed on it with his knee, but I still followed him to see where he was heading. The nigga was in my bathroom, searching through my medicine cabinet. He would pull different pill bottles out, read the name on them, and throw it on the floor. He eventually got his hands on the ceftriaxone that I was prescribed to get rid of the STD. He threw that shit at me, hitting me right in my mouth with it.*

*“Hoe, I ought to fuckin' kill you, bitch!” he roared.*

*“And you'll be in prison tonight, motha fucka. My sister has the camera app to my apartment on her phone, so nigga, I'm sure she knows you're in here. I didn't fuckin' know I had gonorrhea when we fucked, and we not about to stand here and act like I gave you this shit. For all I know, your dirty dick could have given this shit to your wife and me and—”*

*Before I could even finish what I wanted to say, he rushed me, jacked my ass up, and slammed me into the tile wall in the bathroom. My head slammed against the wall, and I screamed.*

*“My dick ain’t dirty, bitch. I fuck my wife without protection, and I was fuckin’ stupid to do the same thing with you. I know my wife wasn’t fuckin’ nobody else, which lets me know we got this shit from your dirty pussy ass! You just sat here and lied about not having this shit, and I found the fuckin’ medication right here in your cabinet that you using to treat that shit.*

*“Listen to me, hoe. It’s a couple of things keeping you alive tonight. One of them is that I know a camera crew followed me here because they been waiting on me to give a statement for weeks about the bullshit that’s going on between Mia and me. Second, I done touched too much shit in here, so my fingerprints are on too many things. I won’t walk away freely from killing you, and that’s the only reason your stupid ass is still alive. I should have never fuckin’ stuck my dick in you!” he spat and pushed the shit out of me, then he backed up.*

*“You act like I put a fuckin’ gun to your head, Beatz, and told you that you had to fuck me. You know my pussy good, and you know my head is good. That’s why you kept coming back—”*

*“Bitch, you was fuckin’ blackmailing me, hoe! You took fuckin’ videos of us fuckin’, and you threatened to send all that shit to my wife! You know as well as I know that was the only fuckin’ reason I stuck my dick in you after Dubai. I knew that if my wife found out about that video and us, she would have left me, so I gave your dumb ass what the fuck you wanted, which was dick and money! Motha fuckas don’t get to blackmail me, Myesha, but you got too much shit in your phone. And because you run your mouth the way you do, I know you told your girls and your sister, so if you popped up dead, they would have easily pinned that shit on me. I ain’t expect this kind of low-ball shit from you, yo! Maybe one of these scandalous hoes out here, but not you, man,” he spat and turned to walk away.*

*I saw it in Beatz's eyes that he wanted to kill me, but he had too much to lose. If he killed me right now, he would go to prison for it for the rest of his life because, like he said, there was paparazzi outside my door, and my camera picked him up coming into the house. He wasn't stupid enough to kill me right there, and that's why I kept talking shit because I knew that he wasn't going to do it.*

*"What you want me to do, Beatz? Apologize? You took vows with that bitch, not me! Yes, I blackmailed you because I don't like how your ass did that fuckin' interview, sitting up there like this faithful husband when you know as well as I do that me and you were fuckin'. That's when you had me fucked up. You're mad that the truth was exposed to your wife, and you want to take that shit out on me. Take it out on yourself!" I yelled.*

*"It won't be long before you end up missing. Remember that," was all he told me before he left the apartment.*

*His threat sent a chill down my spine because I could see the seriousness in his eyes when he said it. Plus, this man had so much hurt radiating off him from losing that bitch. He made like his wife was his everything, and since he'd lost that, I knew the nigga was itching to kill me.*

*I loved Beatz. I'm not about to act like I expected him to leave his wife for me because that wasn't the case. I knew he would never do it, but at the same time, as a woman who had deep feelings for him, it made me feel some type of way that he would lie to the world about how his wife was the only woman he was fuckin', when he knew he was fuckin' me too.*

I think everything went left for Beatz and me when he fucked me raw in the studio. He did that, then the following day, he had an interview where he went on and about his fuckin' wife, how much he loved her, how good of a mother she is, how he doesn't cheat, and so on. I was angry when I saw the interview because we'd literally just shared fuckin' bodily fluids the day before, and then he did some shit like that. I wanted to talk to him after I saw the interview, and that's when I told him to pull up on me, but he didn't. Then I



threatened to tell his wife about us, and boom, he was at my door.

Because I knew how this shit would go, and I knew he wasn't going to leave the bitch, I made my demands clear. I wanted that dick whenever I asked for it, my rent paid for the rest of the year, and anything I could think of along the way. I got the dick from him the same day, the money sent to my account for my rent, and I was good. The story I just told about him kicking down my door was the following week after I found out I had the clap.

He acted like I went months blackmailing him when that wasn't the case. Once his wife caught the same STD that I had, she knew he was fuckin' around on her. So, how the fuck could I blackmail him for that long when she knew? When Beatz was fuckin' me, it was because he wanted to, not because he was getting blackmailed. For a nigga like Beatz to take the rubber off, he clearly had feelings for me because if he didn't, he would have just asked for some head when he didn't have rubbers. We still fucked, and when we fucked like that, my feelings got involved, so I wasn't apologizing for going about this the way I did. I was hurt, and it was the only way that I knew how to react.

I didn't feel bad for Beatz at all. He decided to cheat, and he wanted to put the fuckin' blame on me when he should be blaming himself. Like I said, I didn't owe that bitch any loyalty... he did!

"Myesha, you know you my girl, and I fuck with you heavy, but I on know, sis. Although I don't know Mia personally, I just don't think she was cheating on Beatz. You can look on her social media when the two of them were together, and even seeing them out in public, she loved her husband. I don't see her stepping out, fuckin' another nigga, and she be the one to give her husband an STD. Beatz is a street nigga. If he even felt like that shit came from his wife, he would have killed her off rip," Tamika said, and I sucked my teeth.

Tamika was in the industry, and because I did a lot of make-up for different women in the industry, we met a few

years back, and she was cool. We would often hit up different clubs together or go out for drinks whenever the opportunity allowed it with our busy schedules. But I wouldn't call her my best friend or no shit like that.

“And that nigga was posting her all the time. They were calling him husband of the year, and y'all know he didn't spare any money when it came to splurging on her, but what the fuck does all that mean? He still made that bitch look dumb in the end because he was cheating on her. Showed that bitch off in public, made like she was his world, and he was still fuckin' around. Mia can't do the same?” I asked.

I wasn't going to expose that I had gonorrhea. When all that shit had gotten exposed with Mia's files being leaked, of course, Beatz tried to get his ass online and defend his wife by coming out with this bullshit apology and saying how he'd gotten that shit from me and then passed it back to his wife. He didn't have any proof, though. Yes, he'd found my medicine in the bathroom, but the nigga was so angry that he didn't think to take a picture of the bottle.

For so long, it had pretty much been his word against mine. I also wasn't going to confess to being the one who had given them the STD because, for all I know, I could have gotten that shit from one of them. Yes, I fucked different niggas, and I didn't always use protection, but as we can see, Beatz was fucking around in his marriage, so he could have very well gotten that from another woman. He claimed that I was the only woman he had relations with other than his wife, but I didn't believe it. Beatz would never be faithful to just one woman. That nigga loved pussy, and he would fuck on you all damn day like a fuckin' dog if you let him.

“I hear you, but talk to us about the sex tape. You leaked that shit or what?” Brandon asked.

Brandon was gay, and the nigga was messy as fuck. He was messier than Dominique, and Dominique was the messiest bitch I knew. So, for me to put Brandon at a higher ranking than her, then that obviously said a lot about his character. He already acted like he was team Mia, so I knew he was about to come for my neck.

Their podcast is on YouTube, and it was like a ritual for me to listen to it every night because bitches would come to their podcast and spill all the tea. Brandon liked to ask questions that would make you feel uncomfortable, and if you brought your ass down there lying, he would have receipts, so you had to be ready for him. I was made I answered each question to the best of my ability, and things I knew I was lying about, like not having the clap, I made sure I had back stories and shit, just in case this nigga tried to challenge me.

“Right hand to God, I didn’t leak that shit. I got nieces and nephews on social media, so I would never leak no shit like that for the world to see. I lost my phone in the airport, and by the next morning, whoever had access to my phone had already leaked it—”

“Hmmmmmm, I on know, Myesha. Knowing that you had sex videos in your phone, you mean to tell me you didn’t have a lock on it? If somebody stole your phone, how the hell were they able to unlock it and have access to the videos? Let’s talk about it, boo,” Brandon said, cutting me off.

“Bitch, because all you gotta do is look me up, and I’m sure once they saw my birthday, they used that code, and it worked. Damn near everybody uses their birthday as the code to their phone. There’s a picture of me on my wallpaper, and not on some cocky shit, but if you see my picture, then you know exactly who I am. So, they hit the jackpot once they found my phone,” I defended myself.

“I hear you, girl, but keep it real. Why did you sneak and take them videos of you and Beatz in the first place? You knew that nigga had a wife. You planned on blackmailing that nigga from the very beginning. Why you couldn’t just get your dick, shut up about it, and move on? You ain’t have to ruin that man’s life like that,” Dominique was the one to step in this time.

I laughed and tucked a strand of blonde hair behind my ear as I thought about how I wanted to answer that question.

“This had nothing to do with me having plans to blackmail from the very beginning. This was just me playing this shit

fuckin' smart. If his wife ever went through his phone and saw a message thread between him and me, and she came to me, trying to check me about her nigga. Or he lied to her, saying how I was some groupie bitch who just wanted to fuck him. I needed my proof. You gotta understand that me and this nigga have history. That hoe gon' want to kill me when she hears this because I know she's going to watch it. She miserable, and all she does is sit online and watch my page, so she could see what I'm saying about her nigga, but that was my dick long before it was hers.

"I ain't proud that the video got leaked, but I'm sure y'all saw it. Was he fuckin' me like I was a groupie? He was fuckin' familiar pussy, and I was riding on some familiar dick! To keep it G, I never had plans to tell his wife about us. I knew if I snitched, I would never get that dick again. I only used that threat to get him to come over and fuck me. Contrary to what the world may think, I swear I didn't have that girl's medical files leaked because I don't even have friends in the medical field, and I didn't give him gonorrhea to take back home to his wife.

"The world already had speculations of him cheating. They exposed that shit when they didn't sit together at his daughter's award ceremony. I started talking when the nigga got on social media, apologizing to his wife and downplaying the fact that he'd fucked me multiple times. All I did was post a message thread between us when the nigga was asking me to fuck again. Everything else, the world did it," I explained.

"You think she going to take him back?" Tamika asked.

"Yeah, she gon' take the nigga back. Beatz not going to let her go nowhere either," I said, already knowing the truth.

"How is that dick on Beatz? We saw the video, and bitch, you were hollering like that nigga was killing you. It's that good, or were you putting on for the camera?" Brandon wanted to know.

I laughed at his question and crossed my legs, feeling myself getting a little tingly at the thought of sex with Beatz.

“Beatz fucks gooodddd. That video was nothing, honestly, to show off his skills. I love me a nasty nigga, and that’s exactly what he is. When he fucks you, you ain’t going to just lay your ass there and look cute either. He gon’ make you fuck back, he gon’ flip you in different positions, so that wig you go in there with, that shit ain’t going to be secured by the time he’s finished with you. Eyelashes going to be off, body going to be sore, and you for sure going to wake up limping. He’s a nasty ass talker too. Just all around a thug ass nigga with some good dick. If that dick wasn’t good, I wouldn’t even be doing all of this, but damn. Mia, if you’re listening, sis, I don’t want to get in a relationship with your nigga. I just want the pleasure of letting him fuck me from time to time. I swear that’s all I want,” I joked, but I was dead ass serious. I had the three of them in there cracking up.

From there, it turned into the Beatz and Myesha show. I explained the history between us, how back in the day, he swore I was going to be his wife, and a lot of stuff that I knew would have his bitch sick to her fuckin’ stomach once this shit aired. I knew I was playing with fire by even exposing that shit because Beatz had already threatened me to leave him and his wife’s name out of my mouth, but this was the first real interview that I had done since all of this shit had been revealed. Hell, he’d exposed his version of the truth, so I had the right to do the same thing.

Different news outlets and radio stations had been hitting me up for over a year since this had been going on, but I kept turning it down. Since Tamika and Dominique were my girls, and Messy Talk was something I supported, I didn’t mind going down here for an hour or two, exposing this nigga and his bitch, and telling the world the shit they had been dying to hear. I knew this podcast would have millions of views on YouTube. When the *Messy Talk* page shared that they were sitting down with me today and the video would be released this weekend, it got over a million likes. I was already prepared for the bullshit that was going to come after this.

The nigga wasn’t going to kill me, so that’s the only reason I did this podcast today. I already told my friends and my family that if something ever happened to me, to take it to the

police and let them know that Beatz was responsible because I didn't think anyone wanted me dead as much as he did.

## CHAPTER 5

*Mehki 'Beatz'*  
*Randolph*

**I**t was after four in the afternoon, and I was at the shoot where my daughters were gracing the cover of an urban kids magazine. We were in Atlanta, and I was right there, just like I told Mia that I would be last weekend. Maddy and Maya were posing as the photographers snapped multiple pictures of them. As beautiful as they looked, and as my girls effortlessly worked the camera, my wife is who had my attention.

I saw the fight in her eyes as she held Ivy in her arms, who had fallen asleep. She was trying to be strong for our girls and cheer them on, but because I was her husband, and I knew her better than anyone, I knew she was fighting back the urge to let some tears fall. That bullshit ass interview with Myesha had dropped at midnight. Truth be told, I didn't watch that shit, and I didn't have any plans to watch it either. I ended up deactivating my social media early this morning because they were going crazy in my comments, talking fuckin' reckless, telling me I needed to kill myself, Mia deserved better, and my wife needed to leave me, along with a bunch of other shit.

You gotta understand that before I started making beats, a nigga was out in these streets heavy for real. I was the kind of nigga who would kick a motha fucka's door down and let my gun sing, just off a nigga feeling like he could disrespect me. I had a history of trouble with the law since I was nine years old. I did a whole year in juvie when I was eleven because I had a shit load of charges like running away, breaking into houses and cars, and I even had drugs on me. It was easy for me to jump into the dope game because I always hung around niggas who were older than me. Shit, we were fuckin' broke, so I had to find a way to make this money. My bitch ass daddy



was no longer in the picture after having too many fallouts with my mother.

I mentioned before that as a kid, I used to witness my parents fight. They did that shit from the time I was born until I was seven years old. Their last fight, that bitch ass nigga took that shit too far, shooting at my mama and missing her head by an inch. She went crazy, telling the nigga he'd better leave and never come back, or else she was going to call the police, and he did just that. That nigga already had two strikes, so he knew if she called the feds, his ass was done. My father sold dope, so the money he provided for the house was more than enough.

When he left, that's really when the struggle began, and I started acting out. The little money that my mama would bring home from driving school buses wasn't cutting it, so I had to jump my ass off the porch and get it. I pushed dope from the time I was twelve, once I was released from juvie, and I didn't stop selling weight until I was twenty-one. I would work on my beats and shit on the side, and at nineteen years old, that's when I started making a little noise, and motha fuckas knew who I was. But that music money wasn't bringing in that much at the time, so I was still moving weight.

I produced a song by this group called "Tuff," and that song went crazy. From there, different labels started reaching out to me, wanting me to produce music for their artists, and that's when the big checks and different contracts started rolling in. At twenty-one, I realized it was time to leave the streets alone because, for one, I didn't need that money anymore, and secondly, I was going to end up dead like a lot of the niggas I grew up with or back in jail. I did my time in jail between the ages of seventeen and twenty for dumb shit. Getting with Mia had me wanting to take the music more seriously and leave that street shit alone because she made a nigga want to live for something.

I say all that to say that motha fuckas thought because I sat my ass behind a mixing board that they could try me. I had plans to get my ass on live and film myself in my mancave at my crib, showing off all my guns and threatening motha

fuckas to stop playing with me. Before I ended up in jail, my PR hit me, telling me to deactivate my page because she knew my temper, and she knew if I responded, I'd be in jail by tonight.

I just never allowed a bunch of motha fuckas to play with my name, and I didn't do shit about it. Having to take shit like this and watching the way I carried myself because I was in the public eye was one of the things I hated about being famous. It ain't so easy to just pull my ass up to a nigga's crib and blow his brains out for trying me because I always had eyes on me. Since I had broken up my family, paparazzi was always on my trail, so I had to watch the way I moved.

If I was some regular nigga, Myesha would have been got her ass touched. That bitch was trying me because she knew that if I popped her, it was back to the slammer for me, but this time, them niggas weren't going to let me out. That's why she felt like she could play with me.

"Mehki, Ima tell you something. I love you, and I look at you as a son, but that woman over there, that's my daughter. She came from me. I love Mia more than anything in this world, okay? I'm tired of seeing my fuckin' daughter cry. Fuckin' sick of it!" Junie, Mia's mother, said to me in a harsh whisper after she walked over.

I loved Junie. She didn't play that shit when it came to her daughter, and she was tough as hell, which is the reason my wife was so tough, and she didn't take a lot of shit. I met Junie before I met Mia because she recorded at the studio I used to work at years ago. She had a voice of a fuckin' angel, and I'd produced her last album that she did a few years ago. She'd won Grammys and all kinds of big awards since she'd been in the industry, but now she liked to be behind the scenes, writing music for other artists.

I had produced songs that she'd written, so my ma-in-law and I worked together a lot, and when we put our talents together, we always came up with some kind of magic. Although she wasn't recording anything new for herself, her name still rang bells in the world, and she was a legend in this game. She had just come off tour, performing old songs, and

every city she toured in, it was a sold-out venue. Junie was a good person, she ain't play that shit about her daughter, and she definitely didn't play that shit when it came to her grandkids.

“Ma, I know. I'm tired of seeing her fuckin' cry too, man. She holding that shit in for my daughters, but it's only a matter of time before she lets them tears fall. Ma, when the shoot is over, take the girls with you. I gotta talk to her,” I pleaded, and she shook her head no.

“Mehki, I don't know how much of that interview Mia saw, but they've even been tagging me in that shit since early this morning. I've heard enough to want to slap the shit out of you right now, so I can only imagine how she's feeling and what she's heard. No. Let the girls go back with Mia because I know my daughter's temper, and if she's around you, she's liable to go to jail today. Mehki, why? Why? I mean, I know I asked you this question multiple times already, but why Myesha? That bitch is messy as hell, and she runs her mouth too much. Look at what you lost. Look at your daughters. Look at your wife. That shit was foolish,” she snapped, sounding like my mama.

Whenever I went over, I got my ass cursed out by my mama, and that's why I hated taking my ass over there when it was time to pick the girls up or drop them off. I fucked up, and she wasn't going to miss an opportunity to remind me of that. See, I wasn't too sure what Junie wanted to happen between her daughter and me, but my mama made it clear that she wanted Mia to leave me, and I didn't deserve her. That's why I didn't like when my wife went around my mama because I hated that she was putting that bullshit in Mia's ear, but it was impossible to keep them two away from each other. My mama loved Mia, and Mia loved her just as much.

“Junie, I fucked up. I know. Ain't no excuses on why I did what I did, so I ain't about to stand here and give you one. Just take the girls with you after this for like an hour, aight? I know Mia. She going to try and fuckin' run off with my kids because of the shit she's seeing online. I ain't gon' let her get arrested,

no matter how irate she starts acting. I'll let them put me in cuffs before I let them slap cuffs on my wife," I let her know.

She didn't even respond; she just walked over to Mia and took Ivy from her arms. I stood there, with my hands in my pockets, watching the way my wife crashed her head into Junie's chest and broke down crying. Her cries weren't loud or anything like that, but I could tell from the way her shoulders were moving up and down that she was crying. Junie walked off with her arm wrapped around Mia, and that visual alone made me feel like shit. I was the one doing that shit to my wife. I was stressing her the fuck out, I had the world fuckin' with her, and it was me causing her pain. I was supposed to be the nigga she went to with her problems, not the person fuckin' causing them.

"You saw us, Daddy? We got one more outfit change, and then we're done. Where Mommy went?" Maya asked, running over to me, looking so pretty.

She and Maddy had on matching, custom overalls with their names on them. Maya's long, curly hair was in two ponytails that the stylist on set had done for her, and she wore just a bit of pink lip gloss on her lips. Because she and Maddy had top-tier faces, they didn't need all that make-up shit. Maddy's curly hair hung loosely as she walked over and wrapped an arm around me. Even though I was the one who fucked up, and it was me causing my family all these fuckin' problems, I swear I needed that hug.

"She went to the back with Ivy and your grandma. She coming back. Y'all go ahead and get changed, aight?" I said.

Both girls looked at me with suspicion in their eyes. My kids weren't dumb. I was sure they knew their mama had walked off to cry because Mia didn't cry in front of the girls. Well, she tried not to, but sometimes that shit was hard for her. I kissed them on their foreheads, and they walked off to pick out their final outfit with the designer whose clothes were.

Mia came back about five minutes later, and this time, Junie was holding Ivy, and Mia went back to watch our girls once they were changed and took their spots again. My eyes

met hers, and she put a large pair of Tom Ford frames over her eyes. There were a lot of people there, and I knew the glasses were to cover the fact that she had been crying. She didn't want my ass anywhere near her, but I walked over, which caused her to take a couple steps away.

“Move, Mehki. Don't. Just don't.” Her voice was gone, and that told me all I needed to know.

As soon as the clock struck midnight, motha fuckas had already watched the podcast and was fuckin' with her. I knew she'd been in her feelings about it ever since. I saw a lone tear fall from her eyes that I tried to wipe before she did, but she slapped my hand away.

“No! Don't touch me! Don't fuckin' touch me!” Her voice was raspy as she talked to me.

I ain't want to keep pushing her and draw attention to us, so I let her be and walked away. I went back over to where I was standing, and my girls finally came back out, this time dressed in beautiful white gowns. I pulled my phone out and snapped some pictures and videos of them as I watched the rest of the shoot.

My phone started buzzing in my pockets, and it was my nigga Phaizion calling me. I grew up with Phay, and he was still heavy in the streets. He was like a brother to me. I would take the shirt off my back and hand it to this nigga if he ever needed it, although I knew he wouldn't need it because that drug money was doing him lovely.

“What up?” I answered.

“Man, say the fuckin' word, and I'll smoke this bitch tonight. Hoe sitting down, doing fuckin' interviews and shit. That bitch talking a little bit too much. You might not be able to do it, with all them eyes on you, but nigga, I can do it. Say the fuckin' word, yo,” Phaizion said over the phone, all riled up and shit.

The nigga adored Mia. Not on some lust shit, where I had to put a gun to his head and tell him to chill, but he took that big brother role with Mia seriously. He was the uncle and

godfather to my children, so the nigga was going to always stand ten toes down about his.

“Nah. Let her live. Ima handle the shit,” I let him know and flashed my daughters a smile. They were still posing for the cameras but had quickly looked over at me.

“You watched that shit?” he wanted to know.

“Nah. I don’t plan on watching it either. Shit ain’t going to do anything but have me kicking that bitch’s door down and killing her on sight, so I don’t plan to watch it,” I responded.

“My baby mama called me, talking about the shit, and she was telling me some of the different shit that bitch was on the interview saying. You straight? I just wanted to check-in and see how you was feeling. How is Mia? Nigga, I know she ’bout ready to kill your ass over this shit,” he said, and I nodded like he was standing right next to me and could see me.

“We here at this shoot with the girls, and she’s just holding it all in. She’s on ten, though, and she been crying. If they was fuckin’ with me earlier on social media, I know they fuckin’ with her. When this shoot is over, I’ma follow her back to the hotel and talk with her. I know I’m the last person she wants to be around right now, but nigga, this is my wife. I gotta find a way to somehow make this shit right, even though I feel like I’m all out of shit to do to get her to see that I’m sorry,” I revealed and then ran my hand over my face.

A nigga was fuckin’ stressing. I ain’t ever been this deep in a hole with Mia where I felt like it was impossible to get myself out. I saw a look of defeat in Mia’s eyes every time I came around her, and I could see that she didn’t have any more chances left to give me. Honestly, that’s what scared the shit out of me. I knew I had fucked up, but I couldn’t lose my wife over this shit.

“You gotta make shit right with her, bruh. Go ahead and take care of home. I’ll hit you back later,” he called out and then hung up.

For the rest of the shoot, my eyes were back and forth between my wife and our children. When the shoot was over, Mia walked over to the girls and hugged them. She celebrated their accomplishment, letting them know how well they'd done. She then went to the back with them, so they could change back into the clothes they'd worn there. I walked over to Junie, who was sitting down, holding a sleeping Ivy in her arms.

"You gon' take the girls with you, so I can talk to my wife?" I asked.

"Yes. I'm bringing them right back in another hour, Mehki, so whatever you have to say to her, you better say it while you have the time," she demanded.

I nodded, then took Ivy from her arms and held her. Her pretty self was knocked out as she rested peacefully in my arms. While I held her, I could hear little feet running my way. Maya had run over and her little arms wrapped around my waist. Maddy joined us a few seconds later, accompanied by Mia, who had Ivy's Dior baby bag wrapped around her. She had a baby blue Hermes purse resting on her shoulder, and she wouldn't even look at me.

"I'll take the girls with me, Mia. Let me give you a break, and I'll take them for some ice cream or something," Junie said.

Mia just nodded without saying anything. We all walked out, and because Junie drove a rental car to meet us after flying in early this morning, she let Mia's driver know what the plans were. He took Ivy's car seat out of the Escalade truck that it had been in and placed it in Junie's rental. I put Ivy in her car seat and kissed her on her cheek before I closed the door.

After I hugged and kissed Maddy and Maya, letting them know I would see them later, I rushed to my rental that I would have until tomorrow. Mia's driver was pulling off, and I needed to follow them to her hotel because I didn't know where they were staying. She landed last night with the kids while I'd gotten in this morning and met her at the shoot.

People probably thought I should give Mia her space and let her deal with this shit, but if I gave her space to go through this shit on her own, it would look like I didn't give a fuck, when that was the furthest thing from the truth. I didn't believe in letting my wife go through shit on her own.

About twenty minutes later, her driver pulled up to the W Hotel in midtown Atlanta. He pulled the car through the valet and quickly got out and opened the door for her. She rushed into the hotel. During the ride there, I didn't drive directly behind them, so I really didn't know if she was aware that I'd followed her. I quickly put the Corvette in park, let the valet know the keys were inside, and I would be back down shortly, and I did a quick jog into the hotel.

Mia had already walked in, and from where I stood, I could see that she was getting ready to step onto the elevator, so I walked even faster. I was hopped in just in time before the doors closed. It was just the two of us on the elevator, and when she saw me, she sucked her teeth and tried to press the button to open the doors, but I blocked the panel.

At this point, her sunglasses were off, so I could look into her hazel eyes and see how red they were. Her eyes held sadness and defeat. Her nose was red and puffy, which confirmed that she had been in the car crying on the way to the hotel.

“Mehki, move. Get off the fuckin' elevator, right now!” she spat, reaching around me to try to press a button, but I wouldn't let her.

“What floor you on?” I asked, ignoring what she said.

“Mehki—”

“Mia, what fuckin' floor you on, man? Let's talk about this shit on the fuckin' inside—”

“I don't want to talk to you about shit! You're a fuckin' liar and a damn dog, and I'm done! I'm fuckin' done. Do you hear me, nigga?” she screamed with big tears steadily falling down her face.



Her voice was already gone, and with the way she was screaming, it was only a matter of time before she wouldn't have a voice left.

“Bae, I know you done, but come on. Let's go inside and talk about this shit,” I pleaded.

The elevator doors opened on the fifth floor. There was a white family waiting to get on.

“Get on the next one. This one is full,” I said and pressed the button, so the doors would close.

“There's room. We can just squeeze on the other side,” the white man said, who I assumed was the father.

“Yo, like I said, this one is full, so take the next one!” I demanded, my voice a bit more serious this time.

Out the corner of my eye, I saw Mia trying to step off, but I grabbed her arm and let the elevator doors close, pressing a random floor so the elevator could go up.

“Shorty, I got all fuckin' day. We can ride this motha fuckin' elevator up and down if that's what you want to do. What fuckin' floor are you on, Mia? Damn, bruh! I'm trying to do this shit in private and not have a lot of motha fuckas in our business, but you trippin!” I roared.

“Oh, nigga, please! When you decided to stick your dick in that dirty ass bitch, you allowed the world into our fuckin' business, knowing that loudmouth hoe was going to expose you, so why stop now? You want to give these people a show, well let's give them a fuckin' show!” she screamed.

Then she jumped on me and started raining blows all over me. I caught her while she was in the air and slammed her body into the elevator wall, trying to restrain her as she continued throwing punches. I hadn't pressed another floor for us to get off on, so the elevator wasn't moving, but the doors were still closed.

“I hate you, Mehki! I fuckin' hate you. You did this. You did this shit to me.... to us... to our fuckin' kids. I hate youuuu,” she cried, irate, really out of her fuckin' mind.

“Bae, what floor? Come on,” I demanded, shaking her since I was still holding her up.

She wouldn't tell me. She just continued to cry and say over and over how much she hated my ass. Her Hermes purse had fallen to the floor when she jumped on me, so I put her down and quickly picked her purse up. There was a small envelope in her purse with her room number. She was on the thirteenth floor, so I pressed the button to take us up there. When the doors opened, she didn't want to get out, so I had to carry her ass out with my hand over her mouth because she was screaming for me to put her down. I used the key card in the small envelope to let us inside her hotel room and closed the door behind us.

“That bitch and the rest of them bitches can have you, Mehki. You really think you can fuck that bitch without a condom, bring something back to me, and I'm supposed to want you back? Fuck you! Watch how dirty I do you. Watch I get me a nigga, have him film us fuckin', and show that shit to you, so you can see how this shit feels. Nigga, Ima make you hurt!” she barked and punched my ass dead in my jaw.

Mia had a good set of hands, and I knew she had it in her to fight like a nigga, so naturally, it was in me to swing on her and knock her ass out, but I didn't. I stood there and ate that shit up, flexing my jaw because I really wanted to knock her ass the fuck out. She walked toward the bedroom, and I was on her heels. When she kicked off her high heels, took off her YSL earrings, and started pulling her hair up in a ball, I knew she was getting ready to act a fuckin' fool, so I was ready to restrain her.

“I gotta be the stupidest bitch alive to be going through this shit with you. Almost fuckin' thirteen years in with your black ass, and this how the fuck you going to do me! Watch how nasty I get, Mehki! Ima suck another nigga's dick, and Ima have him record that shit and send it to you. See how the fuck you feel afterward!” she spat as she pulled her hair up in a bun.

All she had on was a pair of tight light blue denim jeans, and they were low riders, so if she bent down, her ass crack

would be out. The camouflage jean jacket that she had on, she took it off and threw it down on the bed, leaving her in a half white tee, showing off her flat stomach and the butterfly tattoo on the lower part of her stomach.

“Ay, watch your fuckin’ mouth—”

“Or what, nigga? What the fuck you going to do if I don’t?” she screamed, rushing over to get in my face.

“I ain’t eat that bitch’s pussy,” I had to let her know.

“Fuck nigga, you did worse! You fucked that hoe without a condom!” she yelled and tried to swing on my ass again, but I grabbed her arm and threw her ass down on the bed.

She kicked at me, and her foot hit me right in the chest. Her body wildly moved while she screamed and cried as I tried to restrain her arms. I was eventually able to get a hold of her arms and put them over her head. My knees went into her thighs to restrain her legs too. My lip was bleeding from one of her kicks, but that pain wasn’t shit compared to the pain I felt from my wife trying to leave me. She was trying her hardest to get out of the hold I had her in, but I was twice as strong as she was, so she couldn’t go anywhere, and that was making her even angrier.

“Tire yourself out. I ain’t letting you go,” I threatened.

“Get the fuck off me, Mehki. Moveeee!” she cried, trying to unleash both her hands and her thighs that I was holding down, but she couldn’t.

“Nah. You don’t know how to keep your fuckin’ hands to yourself. You tired yet? I already told you, I ain’t got shit to do today. I got all fuckin’ day,” I shot.

Tears fell from her eyes, and snot leaked from her nose. It made me feel like shit because I knew I’d caused this. She took about ten minutes before she calmed down and started talking.

“I used to think that all men cheated. I would hard down have these arguments with my girls because some women actually believed their man could be faithful and wouldn’t cheat on them. I was never a fool, Mehki. We got married

when I was nineteen. You were fresh in the industry, making a name for yourself, and I knew you were surrounded by bitches. There were times when you would have to travel, and I knew the day would come when a woman came to me and said she fucked my man. So, I made that shit known from the beginning that you could do what you wanted when I wasn't looking as long as that shit didn't make it back to me.

“I've been called foolish by a lot of people for telling you that, but shit, I was young! At the time, I loved you so much that I was willing to take whatever the hell came with you, including cheating. I don't know the number of bitches that you've fucked since we've been together, and honestly, I don't want to know. What I do know is that I don't trust you.

“You went and fucked a bitch that you used to be in a relationship with. You were so familiar with her pussy that you thought it was cool to run up inside her raw, not even knowing if that bitch had a disease, and you recklessly brought that shit back to me. You could have given me something that wasn't curable. For that, I don't trust you, and I just don't want to be with you anymore. You told that bitch that if it wasn't me, then it would be her, so go be with her because I don't want you anymore.” She let me in on a mouth full, and when she finished, I sucked my teeth.

“I never in my fuckin' life told that bitch that if I wasn't with you, I would choose her. Never! All Myesha ever was to me was pussy! I told you that shit when me and you first met, and you ran into her for the first time. If I was fucked up about that girl, there wouldn't have been no fuckin' room for me to fall in love with you. Bae, I'm sorry. A nigga fucked up, and I know this shit sounds like a broken record because I been apologizing for almost two years, but that hoe don't meet nothing to me—”

“How can you say that, Mehki? How can you say that she didn't mean anything to you, but you fucked her without protection? Huh? When me and you had sex for the first time, you strapped up, and every time after that. You didn't stop wearing condoms with me until you fell in love. You love her? Mehki, just be fuckin' honest with me because I'm trying to

fuckin' make this shit make sense. How can a nigga that's supposed to be my world, who tells me every second of the day how much he loves me, who at one point was sticking his dick in me raw seven days out of the week, could go fuck another bitch, doing the same shit to her that you do to me? How?" Mia cried.

She was emotional as hell, and I honestly didn't know when she was going to calm down. I wasn't the kind of nigga to ever show emotions because I just wasn't raised up like that. But seeing my wife cry and knowing I was the nigga responsible for her tears had a tear falling from my eye that I didn't even bother to wipe.

"I don't love her, Mia. I know you hate when a nigga swears on our fuckin' kids, but bae, I swear on Maddy, Maya, and Ivy that I don't love that bitch. I don't have an excuse as to why I fucked her, so I ain't going to sit here and try to make up one. The shit I did was stupid, and I'm fuckin' sorry for that shit. The first time we fucked was in Dubai. That's the truth. I never lied to you about that shit. I messed around with her a couple of times after that, and the last time was at the studio, and that's when I went in without a rubber.

"I know you don't like hearing this shit, but bae, that's the truth. The last two times me and her fucked, I only did that shit because she started making fuckin' threats to tell you about us. I knew that if you found out I was fuckin' with her, you would leave me. Bae, I fuckin' swear," I said, telling her the God honest truth.

Mia shook her head, and I knew that was her way of letting me know she wasn't buying the shit I was saying to her. I removed my hands from her wrists and wiped her face. She didn't swing on me this time when I touched her. There were so many tears on her face that I came out of the white Givenchy shirt I was wearing and used it to wipe the tears and snot off her face. She lay there, just numb. She was emotionless.

"Ima handle that bitch. You know me. You know a person don't even have that many times to fuck with me and mine before I make them disappear. I'm just in the spotlight a little

too much right now, and I'll be a fool to handle Myesha at the moment. If that bitch come up missing, they going to know it was me who did that shit—”

“Killing her won't change the past. Go, Mehki. My mom will be back with the girls soon, and I just need a moment to myself so when they get back, I can be in better spirits. I really can't be around you right now,” she urged.

I stayed on top of her for a few seconds more, and then I stood up. My jeans were sagging as I grabbed my shirt from the bed. I was just in my wife-beater, my jeans, and my white Forces. I left Mia in the bed and walked to the bathroom. I let the water run in the sink, so I could clean up my bleeding bottom lip. There were scratches and shit all over my face from her ass flipping the fuck out in the elevator.

After cleaning myself up, I left the bathroom, and she was still in the bed, but she was now lying on her side with her head resting on top of the pillow. It was a bunch of shit that I wanted to say to her, but I knew she didn't want to hear shit, so I just left her there and eventually walked out of the room.

I took the elevator down, and once I made it to the valet, they had paparazzi outside the hotel with a bunch of cameras and shit in my face.

“Yo, go get my car,” I demanded to the valet attendant, not wanting to be asked a bunch of questions by those motha fuckas. He knew which car was mine, so he quickly grabbed the keys to the rented Corvette and rushed off to get it.

“Beatz, is it true that all of this is fake, and you're just promoting your new album that you have set to release in the next few weeks?” one of the men asked me with a mic in my face.

They had all kinds of cameras in my face, but that didn't stop me from slapping the fuck out of the mic he had in his hands and pushing his bitch ass out of my fuckin' face. I did have an album coming out in a few weeks, which were all songs that I'd produced, and I had major artists on the project. Junie had even blessed one of the songs with her beautiful

voice, and that took a lot of convincing on my part because she wasn't into recording anything new.

I knew this album would do well, but the shit I was going through was real fuckin' life. The tears my wife was probably still up there shedding were real fuckin' emotions. I ain't going to put fake news out into the world for some fuckin' album sales, and I damn sure wasn't going to sacrifice my wife and exploit her with fake news, just for some fuckin' money. Not when I was already sitting on enough millions. The money from this album would be money for my kids and money that I made from doing something that kept a nigga at peace, so fuck whoever thought this shit was fake.

“Ay, get the fuck out of my face before I beat the fuck out of you, nigga. Don't ask me no dumb ass question like that!” I snapped.

All of them got the fuck on out of fear that they would be next to feel me. Now, watch this shit go viral, and they try to continue that story of me having a fucked-up temper. I was already in a fucked-up mood, and then they come with that bullshit.

The valet driver came around a few minutes later with my car, moving fast as fuck because he could tell I wasn't in the best of moods. I quickly handed him a tip, and I got the fuck on. I had to get Myesha touched. Like Phay said, that bitch was talking too much shit. Although I didn't listen to the podcast, I knew that hoe well enough to know that she'd gotten her ass on that bitch, lying like a motha fucka.

## CHAPTER 6



## *Aaron Brown*

“Normani, is it cool if I bring someone with me to the dinner tonight? I probably should have asked you earlier,” I said to my big sister as I stood in front of Cassie.

She wore a nervous look on her face as we both waited to hear what Normani would say. Cassie and I were cool. After getting her number at the airport two days after Christmas when I was heading back to Chicago, I didn’t call her until almost two weeks later. Truth be told, I wasn’t going to call, but I heard my sisters’ voices in my ears, telling me that I needed to find someone. So, I went ahead and dialed Cassandra up.

She had a child, and there wasn’t anything wrong with her having a child, but if I were to get with a woman, I would prefer her not to have children because I wanted us to share the same children. I hope I don’t offend anyone by saying that, but it was just my preference. I wanted to get with a strong, black woman, and I would like for her to be the only woman to bear all my children without her having any children prior.

Although Cassie had a child of her own, it didn’t stop me from liking her, and the beliefs that I had about not dating a woman with children were slowly thrown out of the window because this woman had my attention. I was intrigued. We had been talking for a little over four months, and I liked everything about her. She was a classy woman, very intelligent, a great mother, and she had a really nice personality. She believed in God as well, which was really important to me as a pastor. Whoever I chose to settle down

with, it was important that they believed in the same amazing God that I served on a daily.

Cassie lived in New Jersey, and I had been there for the past two days, visiting her from Chicago. I planned to fly into Miami later this afternoon because my sister, Normani, was having a dinner tonight at her house that she'd invited me to a couple of weeks ago. The last two days that I'd spent with Cassie had me not wanting her to leave my side, so there I was, asking Normani if it was okay for Cassie to join me.

“Ooooh, you have a girlfriend, Aaron? Of course, it's cool if you bring her. Me and Naomi would loveeee to meet her. Oh, my God. I'm so happy. How long have the two of you been dating?” Normani wanted to know.

I could hear the genuine happiness radiating from her side of the phone, which caused me to smile as well. Cassie was standing directly in front of me, holding her adorable son, Lamar, in her arms. He was such a good baby. I had been around him only a handful of times, especially since Cassie and I didn't live in the same city. I had been in town for two days, and I was staying at a local hotel, but during the time that I'd spent with her, Lamar was there, and he was always so calm and chill.

“She isn't my girlfriend. We're just getting to know each other. She's someone special to me, though. We met after Christmas when I was coming home,” I let Normani know.

“Okay. Of course, you can bring her with you. I'll see you tonight at eight, okay?” she said.

“No problem, sis. Thank you for letting me bring her on short notice. I'll see you tonight,” I responded.

Normani let me know that it was no big deal, and then she hung the phone up. I noticed that the smile Cassie had been wearing on her face had kind of faded. I was new to this whole dating lifestyle because I had been single for so many years. Although I was a pastor, I wasn't a saint, and I liked to say that God was still working on me. I wasn't a virgin, but I also didn't go around having reckless sex with any and everyone. I hadn't been in a serious relationship in over three years, so

dealing with a woman and her feelings that could go up and down was something that I would have to familiarize myself with all over again.

“Are you okay? I thought you would be happy about getting to meet my sisters. That’s the only family I have,” I told her.

She took a seat on the couch with Lamar in her lap and released a sigh.

“I know who your sisters are. I kind of have history with... ummmm Naomi. Nothing too crazy, though,” she revealed.

I laughed as I reached for Lamar and held him in my arms.

“I’m sure it’s nothing too serious, so you don’t even have to tell me about it. Naomi is sweet, but I also know she can be a firecracker. I’m not too worried about that. At this point, my sisters are pretty much desperate for me to introduce them to a woman I’m seeing. So, whatever old history you have with her, I’m sure it won’t matter once they see how happy I am with you coming into my life,” I told her, and she smiled.

“I really make you happy, Aaron?”

With a smile on my face this time, I walked over and took a seat on the couch while still holding Lamar in my arms.

“Yeah, you make me happy. This happiness is genuine, and it’s not based on the physical since we haven’t been intimate. I look forward to coming home and sitting on the phone with you for a couple of hours. I like the motivational good morning texts that you send me each morning. I haven’t dealt with anyone in over three years. I’m so wrapped up in running my church, getting to know my sisters because they just came into my life a couple of years ago, and just working on being a better me that for so long, it felt like I didn’t have time for dating.

“Although the two of us have only been getting to know each other for a few months, I’m interested in seeing where this will go. And to show you how interested I am, I want you to meet my sisters. I know that whatever you and Naomi might have been through in the past isn’t a big deal. I like you,

Cassie, so whatever it is, I don't plan to walk away from you any time soon," I let her know.

She smiled at my words and then I leaned in and kissed her on her cheek.

Cassie wasn't even from Miami. I knew she'd spent some time there, especially since that's where her late husband was buried. Whatever history she and my sister had couldn't have been big of a deal because she wasn't in Miami long enough to have a deep issue with Naomi. It wasn't that I was shrugging it off, but I just didn't want to dwell on the past. Whatever past issues she and Naomi might have had, I was cool with it staying right in the past.

Cassie and I would only be in Miami until tomorrow afternoon, and while we were away, she was going to leave Lamar with her neighbor, Malika. Lamar wasn't my son, so I tried to watch my boundaries, but she'd introduced me to Malika yesterday when I got into town, and she just didn't look like the kind of person I would leave my child with. She didn't have a job, and when Cassie did the introductions, she smelled like weed and cigarettes. I could hear the loud trap music coming from her house, and every other word that came out of her mouth was a curse word.

Look, I don't judge people, and I allow people to live their life however they want. I don't expect people to change up who they really are when I come around just because I'm a pastor. But at the same time, I just think that people should give a lot of thought to who they leave their children with. I could really tell that Lamar adored Malika because the second he saw her, those little legs started moving, and he released a lot of gurgling noises.

I'd questioned Cassie on if Lamar would be fine with Malika while we were gone, and she assured me that Malika was a great sitter for her son, and Lamar loved her. On days when Lamar's daycare was closed and Cassie had to work, she would leave Lamar with Malika. According to Cassie, Malika had been watching Lamar for a while. I wasn't going to question the way she chose to parent her child, so I kept quiet about it, even though I did have a few concerns.

## THE DINNER

8:13 P.M.

We were a few minutes late to the dinner, but nothing too serious. I pulled the rental that I'd picked up from the airport into Normani's driveway, and once I stepped out with the bottle of wine that I'd come with, I headed over to Cassie's side and helped her out. Cassie was a beautiful, full-figured woman. I didn't discriminate when it came to any woman I dated because I solely looked at a woman by what was in her heart and her soul. I couldn't care less how beautiful a woman was, but if her soul was ugly, then I promise you I wouldn't find her attractive at all.

Not only was Cassie beautiful on the outside, but she was even more beautiful on the inside. I think seeing her with her son and observing how soft and gentle she was with him is what really had me intrigued. At the airport, when we'd met after Christmas, and she started singing, "Yes, Jesus Loves Me" to him, in that beautiful, angelic voice that my mother used to have, it really had me wanting to get to know her. I was nervous as I could be, but after talking with her a little more, I asked for her number, and I was surprised when she gave it to me.

I only took so long to call because although I did find her attractive, and the quick conversation that the two of us had at the airport was a good one, I really had to sit down with myself and question if I was ready for a relationship. I went with my heart and ended up calling her. We'd been pretty much inseparable in our communication ever since.

She stepped out, wearing a beautiful yellow flowing dress with a pair of gold sandals on her feet. Cassie had short hair, but she had it styled in curls that were absolutely stunning on her full face. Beautiful, chocolate skin and a nice smile with the prettiest white teeth that I'd ever seen before on a woman. I booked us two rooms, and her room was right next to mine.

She'd spent a good amount of time in the bathroom, doing her make-up, and I have to say she did a really good job. The sweet scent radiating from her had me smiling even harder. Cassie looked beautiful tonight, and I felt confident walking with her to the backyard where the dinner party was being held at.

The kids were there, so when I opened the gate, my nephew, L.J., was the first kid I saw. He was running around, looking so adorable in a black button-down Prada shirt with matching black pants and Prada sneakers. His long hair was in some straight back braids, and because I had been around my nephew to know how active and wild he could be, the cast on his arm wasn't questionable at all. Even right now, he was running through the backyard, but once he saw me, he paused and ran over to give me a pound with his free hand. He was adorable in every way. He looked like his father to me, but I did see features of my sister in him.

"What happened to your arm, little man?" I asked with my arm wrapped around his shoulder.

He laughed at my question. "I was jumping off Mommy and Markell's bed, and I fell and broke it. Uncle Aaron, you should have been there to see it. Mommy was crying and yelling because she was scared. It didn't even hurt. I didn't even cry. You would have cried?" he asked me, and I laughed.

"I probably wouldn't have cried either," I revealed to him.

I removed my arm, and he stood in front of me. Then his eyes landed on Cassie. He looked at her like he'd seen her from somewhere before, and then he made a face like he was uncomfortable. He looked at me, this time making an angry face, and then he ran off.

"What you think that was about?" I asked Cassie.

She never answered my question. Her eyes were looking at the same thing I was watching, which was L.J. running over to Naomi, who was sitting on her husband, Markell's, lap. I watched as L.J. pulled at his mother's arm, and he was whining, trying to tell her something, but I really couldn't make out what he was saying.

Naomi turned around to look at us, and her eyes landed on Cassie. Then Naomi said something to L.J., who nodded his head up and down, and then she walked over. She had a look of annoyance mixed with anger as she walked over. At that moment, all I could think about was the fact that I probably should have asked Cassie how bad the blood was between her and my sister because Naomi looked pissed.

“You know who this is, Aaron? I would like to think that my brother doesn’t know who this bitch is, and that’s the only reason why you thought that it was cool to bring her here. Please tell me she left the part out of the story about how she had someone pull up to the church where Liam and my son were with a gun and attempt to rob Liam. This is the same woman Liam had an affair with when he was married to me. Did you know this stuff?” Naomi asked.

Hearing those things caused me to remove my hand from Cassie’s. I didn’t know this stuff and the way Cassie was standing there, biting on her bottom lip like she was nervous and looking at Naomi like she’d just seen a ghost only proved the things my sister said were true.

“I didn’t know. Cassie, why didn’t you—”

“Oh yeah, it’s Cassandra, right? When you met me, it was Tischina at the time. Her and her ex-husband are professional con artists and thieves. They came to Miami with a lick in mind, and the lick was Liam. This bitch was around my son and me. My son could have died when you brought your husband to that church to rob Liam and—”

“Naomi, I didn’t tell Antonio to go down there to that church. I know you can’t trust me, and my word probably doesn’t mean anything to you, but I mean this. I would never agree to anything that could possibly harm a child. I actually love L.J. I still love him—”

“Girl, fuck you! You don’t love my son. You were going after his daddy, who you knew had money. But Liam is the most selfish person I ever met when it came to money, so if you had asked me, I would have told you that you weren’t going to get a damn dollar out of him. If you and my brother

have been talking, girl, you had to know that Normani and I were his sisters. What the hell did you think was going to happen tonight? You thought that I was going to see you and forget about all the shit that happened in the past?" Naomi yelled, walking up on Cassie like she wanted to hit her.

Markell came over just in time, and he was able to grab her back. At the same time, Normani was walking over. When she saw who I was with, she made that same face like she was confused by me being there with someone I didn't even know was the enemy. I felt terrible. My sisters meant a lot to me, and I'd just gotten them in my life. If I had known half the things Naomi said that Cassie had done, I would have never entertained her. I wouldn't have brought her around my family either because it was disrespectful. There were other people there who were friends and family, and what we had going on had them staring at us. I decided to go ahead and leave, but I had to apologize first.

"I'm going to go ahead and leave," Cassie said.

"I think that's best," Naomi threw in.

Markell was still holding her, and he was whispering something in her ear. I was sure he was telling her that she needed to calm down because she was angry, and I have to admit that I'd never seen Naomi this riled up.

Cassie walked off, leaving just me standing there, and I threw my hands up in defeat, ready to plead my case and let them know I didn't know anything about this.

"Look, I didn't know about any of this. We met after Christmas, and I've been talking to her for about four months now. The only thing I know about Cassie and Miami is the fact that her ex-husband is buried here, and she lived here for a little over a year. She didn't tell me anything about the things you just brought up, Naomi. This morning, all she said was that you and her have history. That's literally all she said. I thought it might have been something small and petty, and that's why I chose to not have her reveal it. I didn't want anything to taint the way that I feel about her, and I'll admit that that's really why I had her keep it to herself. I'm sorry. I



feel like we just ruined the vibe, so I'm going to go," I told them.

"So, what now? Do you continue seeing her?" Naomi asked.

"Naomi, let me just talk to her—"

"Because the shit I just said to you was made up? Cool. You picked your side. Stay there," Naomi spat and snatched away from Markell.

She walked away and used the side patio door to enter the house.

"I walked over at the last minute, but whatever Naomi said happened with Tischina, or whatever the hell she calls herself now, is true. Her husband attempted to rob your nephew's father at the church, and L.J. was right there to witness it all. Both of them could have died that night, Aaron. She played a part in a lot of the hurt that my sister had to endure. You're welcome to stay, but that bitch? Hell no!" Normani snapped at me, and then she walked away.

My hands were in my pockets, and I was looking ahead of me at my nephew, who was being held by Billionaire. L.J. was pointing over at me, and I saw the look of fear on his face. I felt so bad.

Markell came and stood next to me. "Naomi, not going to lie about some shit like this, man. Shit, I came into her life when all that bullshit was going on. Look at L.J. That's my son, and I know when something is bothering him, and right now, he just got the shit scared out of him because that bitch reminded him of when her nigga had a gun aimed at his head. If your sisters mean shit to you, you'll leave that bitch alone. I tell you one thing, as long as you entertaining that hoe, Naomi is not going to want shit to do with you," he let me know before he walked off.

I eventually walked out of the backyard and went to the driveway where my car was parked. Cassie was inside already. When I got in, she was hysterically crying. I was a calm person, never really getting out of character, and I rarely

showed my emotions no matter how mad I was. Right now, I was pissed. I was embarrassed. I was also mad at myself for not getting the full details earlier from Cassie about this history she had with my sister. Had I known, I wouldn't have brought her.

“Aaron... I'm sorry... I'm sorry. That isn't me... me anymore. I lived that lifestyle with my husband... because I loved him... and I was desperate to do anything to show him I loved him. I... I wanted out of that for years, though. He would always promise that our last time living that way would be the last time... but it never worked that way. I wanted to... I wanted to tell you, but me and you are so different, and you never had to do the kind of things in life that I had to do.... So, I felt like you wouldn't agree with it, and you would have left me. Aaron, I like you. I don't.... I don't care nothing about what you have... I promise I don't... I like you for you,” she cried. Her emotions and her words were all over the place.

I turned in my seat to look at her, wanting to be careful with my words.

“You embarrassed me. I would have appreciated you more if you had made up an excuse for why you couldn't fly down with me today and meet my sisters. Let me ask you something, though. You've always known who my sisters were?” I asked.

“No... No, I promise I didn't. I found out last month when you started sharing your life with me. The second you said the names... Naomi and Normani, I knew. Then, when you came up and showed me pictures... I knew. Aaron, I was scared. I like you so much, and I just didn't want you to judge me on my past and not want anything to do with me. That's not me anymore... I promise that I'm a good person!” she cried.

Her emotions were pure, and I could see it in her face that she was telling the truth. At the same time, my sisters' emotions were pure as well, and I also saw it in Naomi's face that she was telling the truth. Naomi was my sister, and I loved her dearly. The family that I had here was the only family I had left. My mom died, and I didn't have much family on that side. She didn't have any siblings, so there weren't any aunts, uncles, or cousins on that side. This was all the family that I

had. At the same time, I was sitting across from someone who I had grown to really like over the last few months.

I was a Christian man who believed in not affiliating someone's present with their past because anyone could change. The woman my sister was talking about just a few minutes ago as she screamed at me, I didn't know that woman. I knew the woman who had been in my life for four months, and this woman was amazing. Because Naomi was my blood, I naturally was supposed to take her side, but do I forget about myself in the process? I hadn't had someone that I cared about in a while as far as a relationship. I finally had that in Cassie, and I was supposed to just ditch her because of her past?

The bible literally says in Jeremiah 29:11, "Our past has changed because, in God's eyes, we have no past, only a great future." I got up on that podium every Sunday and preached about bettering ourselves and how we aren't the same people that we were yesterday, a month before, a year before, and so on. That sermon pertained to Cassie as well. I couldn't make a decision right now, but what I can say is that I didn't want to lose my sister, but I also didn't want to lose out on Cassie.

## CHAPTER 7

## Markell 'Glizzy' West

“M arkell, I’m so damn mad. Like, I want to fight. That’s how mad I am. I don’t know if I’m more pissed at the fact that he came there with that bitch, or that he didn’t check her ass once I revealed the shit she did. He was standing there like he had to choose. Why does he have to even think about it? I’m his sister!” she screamed.

“Bae—”

“I gotta give it to her, though. She’s bold. Real damn boldddd! I’ll give her that. She’s always been bold like that. This is the same bitch who was walking her ass around the old house that I once lived in with Liam in my damn robe. Shit, she laughed in my face, and me and her were damn near friends, yet she was fuckin’ my husband behind my back. No offense, baby, but I’m just talking about at the time when Liam was my husband. I’ll never give somebody an ultimatum because I don’t believe in that, but come onnnn. I don’t see why he has to even choose.”

My wife was riled the fuck up, wouldn’t let a nigga get two motha fuckin’ words in. I had been trying to calm her ass down since we were at Normani’s crib but wasn’t shit working.

We were in the bedroom, and she was walking around in just her bra and jeans because she was getting ready to get in the shower. She was standing over by her dresser, pulling out some panties or whatever the fuck she was going to put on after her shower. Her ass had been drinking on that *Casamigos* tonight with her sister, Askiya, and even Loyal popped her ass out tonight because Loyal don’t be outside at all. She came

home from prison, and if she wasn't at her boutique or up under Saint and Dream, then she was home.

Because I went way back with Billion, of course, I knew Loyal. She used to be a fuckin' hot head, but she'd slowed down heavy. Prison scared the shit out of her, and going before a parole board where her freedom was in other motha fuckas' hands was a reality check, and she came home a different person.

"I'm 'bout to go stand on the balcony and smoke. I need something dealing with you. Bae, you ain't wrong for feeling the way you're feeling. He shouldn't have come to the crib with that bitch. Hold on. Let me smoke something because I can already tell what kind of night this is getting ready to be," I said.

I stood from the bed and removed the black Prada button-down shirt I was wearing that matched L.J.'s. His little butt wanted to match with his stepdaddy tonight. My other three were with my mama. She swore those were her fuckin' kids, always trying to kidnap them and shit.

Once I had the shirt off, it left me in just my black jeans and my socks. I slipped my feet into my house shoes and walked over to my stash that was in my nightstand. After grabbing my weed, wraps, and a lighter, I went out on the balcony. I took a seat on the chair and based on how it was positioned, I laughed, remembering that Naomi and I were out there last night, fuckin'.

We fucked in random places like we didn't own a bed. Ima be honest, we rarely fucked in the bed. We were usually out on the balcony, the bathroom, shit, the laundry room, the car, you name it. Whenever I wanted that pussy, I asked for it, and it didn't matter where we were, she was going to always put that motha fucka in my lap. The way she was riled up in that room, though, I doubted my black ass would even get a fuckin' kiss, and that's why I was pissed too with Aaron and his bitch. They were going to be the reason a nigga didn't get blessed tonight with some fire head and pussy.

I'm mad with that nigga for coming to the dinner with that bitch. Every nigga knows that you supposed to do your homework on a bitch, especially one that you plan on taking to meet your family. Maybe I just had trust issues, but I looked up every woman I ever dealt with. See, I wouldn't have had to be surprised by Cassandra's or whatever the fuck her name was past because once I gave her name to one of my niggas to get a story on her, I would have been going in the other direction, feeling like that bitch was out to set me up.

As I smoked the blunt, a part of me was just a little curious to know which side Aaron was gon' choose. I knew my wife, and she wouldn't want anything to do with that nigga if he chose to pursue a relationship with that bitch. She was responsible for having her ex-nigga pull up on Liam when L.J. was with him. Shit could have gone left that night, and L.J. could have gotten shot, right along with his daddy. Naomi still brings that up from time to time because it's something that still bothers her. L.J. had nightmares about that shit for the longest. It ain't an apology in the world that Cassandra could give my wife to make her forgive her because she played a part in that shit.

As I was smoking, my phone started ringing. I looked down, and it was Normani calling me. I answered the phone for my sis and placed it on speaker, leaving it right in my lap.

"What's good?" I answered.

"Hey. Where's my sister? I tried calling her twice, but she didn't answer," she let me know.

"In the shower. She ain't calmed down yet. Let me work my magic with her, and then you can just talk to her in the morning. Y'all women really know how to stress a man the fuck out," I revealed, and I heard her suck her teeth on the other end.

"And don't get me started on the shit that you men do to women," she shot, and then she hung the phone up.

I finished with my blunt, and out the corner of my eyes, I saw Naomi coming out of the bathroom. That was my cue to go back inside the room. She was sitting on the ottoman with

her towel still wrapped around her as she applied lotion to her skin. Her hair was pulled up, and the light makeup she had on her face tonight had been washed off, so she was in her natural state, which was my favorite. Bareface, with just some lashes, was the way I loved seeing her. Her gray eyes were on me as I stood in front of her and then took a seat on the ottoman after grabbing the lotion from her.

“Normani called me. She said she tried calling you,” I told her as I hit my thigh, letting her know to put her feet on my lap.

She turned sideways on the ottoman and placed her long legs on my lap, where I proceeded to rub the lotion on her pretty feet.

“I saw it. I’ll just call her in the morning.” She sighed.

“Bae, I just want you to know that ain’t nobody saying you wrong. If he chooses to deal with her, then you ain’t wrong for not wanting to further a relationship with him. Those are your feelings, and you’re entitled to feel however the fuck you want to feel about that situation. Why you letting that shit stress you out?” I asked as I reached up to drop the towel she was wearing and apply some of the lotion to the upper part of her body.

“I don’t know. I guess out of all the people in the world that Aaron could have shown up with tonight, I didn’t expect it to be her. I just don’t want it to seem like I’m being selfish, you know? Aaron told Normani and me that he’s been single for a while, and the first woman he gets with, look what happened. If he’s happy with her, then who the hell am I to stop them from being happy? I’m just not going to come around and support it. L.J. ran over to me, looking like he’d gotten the shit scared out of him as he pointed to Tischina, well Cassandra, because I’m sure he probably thought Antonio was going to pop up and start shooting again.

“You know we told L.J. bits and pieces because he wanted to know why that man had come to the church, shooting at him and his father. We didn’t expose too much because he’s still a kid, but he knows Tischina isn’t a good person. Whatever,



though. I'll drop it. I don't want to ruin your high," she said and stood up. She reached for her panties and my wifebeater that she had on the bed.

"Why you got up? Come here," I said and tapped my lap.

I set the jar of lotion on the bed as I stared at my wife's perfect body. I mentioned before how the triplets had added weight to her slim frame, and I loved that shit. Her waist was still small as hell, but her hips were spreading, and her ass had gotten bigger. I couldn't get enough of that shit. Naomi had enough breasts to easily fit in my hands, having the sides spill out just a little, and everything on her body always tasted so sweet.

"Because I feel your dick poking me. I'm tired, Markell. Plus, I'm tipsy. We'll start having sex, and I'll agree to something that I won't remember in the morning. I got you tomorrow when I'm sober," she tried to reason, but I grabbed her arm and pushed her down on the bed, having her lay on her back while I got on top of her.

My chains dangled in her face that I hadn't removed yet. She loved when my chains dangled in her face because that's usually when I was in that pussy good.

"I'm going through something, and you trying to fuck me," she bitched.

I laughed as I grabbed her arms and had her wrap them around my neck. She took it upon herself to wrap her long legs around my waist, trapping me in.

"We always fuck when you going through something. That's the best kind of therapy. Come on. Pull my dick out," I pleaded.

She removed one of her hands from around my neck, and because my jeans were sagging low, she was able to easily get my dick out through my briefs. This would be a quickie. Just some shit to last me until I went in the bathroom, took a shower, and came back to give her the real thing.

For the rest of the night, I wasn't trying to hear, "Aaron this" or "Cassandra that," so hopefully, my dick would have

the power to shut all that shit up. At least until morning, when I knew she was going to bring that shit up all over again.

## CHAPTER 8

## *Mia Randolph*

“**W**e need to add more cots in room A. We had a lot of women and kids come in last night, and we didn’t have enough beds. We can use the company that we used the last time because the cots got here pretty fast. How are we on blankets? I know we have a shipment coming later this evening with more toiletries, so we’re good on that,” I said to my assistant, Regina, as I sat in my office with her at my shelter, going over some of the things that needed to take place.

This was my first day back there in a week. That bullshit ass podcast came out, and I felt like I just needed a break from everything, so once I got back to Miami from Atlanta with the kids, I stayed in the house. I had Loyal, Beatz’s mom, and Twinkle flew in a couple of days ago and stayed the whole day with me. She said she was worried about me because I hadn’t been answering the phone for her as often as I had in the past. I was fine, just a little embarrassed, but I would get through this.

I had no choice but to deactivate my Instagram page just for a bit because the comments and messages I was getting were going to make me commit suicide. The thing is, a good number of people were actually defending me and sending me positive messages, just making sure I was okay. But then I had Myesha’s stupid ass fans coming on my page, laughing at my pain, and just being real fuckin’ ignorant.

I planned to pull up to Cali in two weeks because I had things I needed to take care of at my other business. While I was there, I most definitely planned to pull up on that bitch

and beat the shit out of her. Bail money was already sitting pretty in an account because with the pent-up energy I had, I already knew I would go to jail for the night. I knew where that bitch did makeup when she wasn't traveling, and I planned to show up with high hopes that she would be there.

“A lot of the blankets are coming out of the dryer now and being folded by the laundry crew, but we will have new blankets delivered tomorrow too. I know the last time you and I were talking, you mentioned different vendors to do the food. Let's finish that up, so I can make some calls and get quotes,” Regina stated with her notepad out, ready to jot down notes and action items from our meeting.

Regina sat in my office with me for over thirty minutes, and then she stood to make her exit.

“I don't want to get too personal with you, Mia, but I just wanted to see if you were okay. I saw some of the things that are taking place online with your marriage, and with that type of stuff being put on blast for the world to see, I can only imagine the level of stress you must be under,” she revealed.

I released a sigh as I leaned back in my chair. Regina was cool. She was twenty-seven years old and such a hard worker. I loved everything about her drive and her ability to take charge, and that's why I hired her as my assistant two years ago. She made good money working for me. I knew I could be a hard ass at times, but I meant well. I was always respectful to her, though, and she had the same passion as me when it came to providing for a lot of single mothers who came there with their children. She was a single mother herself who once had to struggle to take care of her five-year-old son.

“I'm better. Just taking it one day at a time, you know?” I said, and she nodded in agreement with me.

“You know our God doesn't play about us, so what you're going through won't last forever. I pray for your sanity and your happiness on a daily, boss lady. I'm not sure if, along the way, you might have forgotten this, but remember that you are beautiful, and you're a queen, and any man who comes into your life should treat you as such. You've done good for your

community. The world could give a damn about these single mothers out here, or these women out here in general who don't have a place to stay, but you do, and that's what I love about you. You have a heart of gold. Let me go because you know that I will literally stand here and talk you to death," Regina stated.

I smiled at her words, and not going to lie, I found myself getting a bit emotional too. One lone tear fell, which I quickly wiped away. She'd hit a lot of nails right on the head with the things she said to me. Over the past week, I found myself crying in bed, and one of the things that I kept questioning was myself. I questioned my beauty, my role as a wife, a mother, and just anything I lacked that would make my husband go out and fuck that bitch to the point that he thought it was cool not to wear any protection.

I needed to be reminded that I was beautiful and that I didn't lack anything, and I think that's why Regina's words moved me the way they did. Although she was younger than me, she had so much wisdom. Her aunt was a preacher, and she was super close with her. I knew that was where a lot of her motivation that she poured into others came from, along with her ability to pray for not only herself but for others too.

She was about to leave the room, but when she saw me drop a tear, she quickly walked over, wrapped an arm around me, and gave me a quick hug. Then she left my office and closed the door behind her.

For the next two hours, I helped out around the shelter. The hours when we accepted new members were from 8:00 A.M to 10:00 A.M. We had to have a cut off time, and as much as I would love to take on different people all day, this specific shelter couldn't hold all of them, which is why there was always room to expand in this business.

Although I was CEO, I was really hands on with my business because this was my passion. If I had to tie my hair up and put a net over my head to help out in the kitchen, I didn't mind doing it. If I had to go outside and work the line, accepting new people, I didn't mind. I would wash towels, blankets, all of that. I felt like being the CEO didn't require me

to sit back with my feet kicked up and just watch from afar the way the business ran. If anything, it would make you work twice as hard because I wanted to keep the business up and running.

I finally had a moment to get back to my office, and I did things on the computer, on the back end. Five minutes after I sat down, my cellphone started ringing. It was one in the afternoon, and Maddy was calling me. Her ass liked to think that I was supposed to drop by her school with lunch whenever the cafeteria served food that she didn't like eating. She was in private school, right along with her sister, and that school ran their daddy thirty-thousand dollars a year to have them there.

Although I ran my ass off with the kids and brought them to a whole other city, Beatz was a standup guy and would always take care of his kids, so he handled their tuition. Her food served good lunch too. They gave them kids options. I grew up going to public schools, and the food we had was in competition with the food they served in prison. My kids were just bougie as hell, and their father played a huge role in how spoiled they were, so their taste in food was up there with mine, which is why they often didn't like school lunch. Look at me, blaming it all on Beatz, knowing that sometimes I would give in and drop off food for Maddy because she has a way of conning me and just making me feel guilty as hell.

“Hey,” I answered the phone.

“Mommmyyyy!” she screamed, followed by a gut-wrenching cry.

I instantly shot up from behind my desk and grabbed my green Goyard purse that rested on the table. I could hear the urgency in my daughter's voice and knew this wasn't drama like it usually was with her.

“Maddy, what, baby? What's going on?” I asked, panicking as I walked out of the office after closing and locking the door behind me.

I happened to see Regina in the hallway, talking with one of the workers, and I mouthed to her that I was leaving. I would text her later to find out what was going on. In the

meantime, I needed to find out what was going on with my daughter, who couldn't get two words out because she was hysterically crying.

“Maddy, you gotta tell me what’s going on, so I can help. Come on, baby girl. You’re about to scare the shit out of me,” I pried once I’d stepped into my Tesla and started the engine, ready to shoot my ass to her school. Well, I hoped her ass was still at school because she wasn’t telling me anything.

“I... I... started my period... in math class. Mommy, you gotta come get me. Please come and get me... it’s all on the back of my pants. I wore my khaki pants to school today. They were recording me and laughing at me. Mommmmyyyy! Come!” she cried, just a complete mess.

Instantly, my heart broke for my baby girl, and as a mother who always wanted to protect my kids, I would easily take this problem from Maddy and give it to myself if I could. I was already dealing with the public fuckin’ with me about my disaster of a marriage, but I was willing to take on my daughter’s problems, too, although I knew that life didn’t work that way.

I wouldn’t say that Maddy wasn’t strong, but she didn’t do too well with having to always defend herself. Y’all know that kids can be cruel, so of course, the kids at school, especially the boys, would fuck with her about her dad cheating on me and giving me a disease that their young asses probably didn’t even know what the fuck it was. The thing is, Maddy was new at her middle school. Don’t get me wrong, she fit right in, and she already had a bunch of girlfriends, but outsiders were still fuckin’ with her because of me and Beatz’s marital issues being out there for the world to see.

I knew that played a part in why she’d shut down the way she did and why she wasn’t easy to talk to like she’d been in the past. I had that talk with her a couple of weekends ago after Beatz told me she had a breakdown in the mall. To sum it all up, she just wasn’t happy with the way things were going between her father and me. At the end of the day, I wasn’t fond of the shit that was taking place between Beatz and me at the moment either, but it is what it is.



“Okay. Maddy, baby, calm down. I’m on the way to you right now. I should be there in ten minutes. Baby, I told you that you needed to take your pads to school. I gave you your toiletry bag with your pads, wipes, and medicine for cramping. You’ll be thirteen in a few more months, so I knew your period would start soon—”

“Mommy, I know. I didn’t expect it to come on today, and I left the bag at home with my pads in it. I’m embarrassed. Everybody was laughing at me. I left my sweater in my locker, so I wasn’t able to wrap it around me. When the class ended, everybody was laughing at me. I knew it had come on because I could feel it... but Ma, I didn’t think it was on the back of my pants. What am I going to doooo?” she cried, wanting me to have all the answers.

“First, you have to be strong. It’s natural what’s taking place with your body right now, and it was an accident. You can’t let a bunch of immature fuckin’ kids make you sweat like this, Madeline. Fuck them! You’re stronger than this, and you know it,” I let her know.

I could hear her sniffing on the other end of the phone, but she wasn’t saying anything. She had me stay on the phone with her until I made it to the school. Even when I got to the office to check her out, she still had me on the phone. Luckily, I had a jean jacket in the backseat, so I was able to bring that inside with me and could have her wrap it around her waist once she left with me.

“Did you bring the jacket, Ma?” she asked because I’d already let her know I had one in the car with me, and I was going to bring it.

“Yeah, I have it. What bathroom are you in?” I asked as I stood in the office, waiting for someone to walk over and greet me.

“The one on the second floor by the gym,” she let me know.

I removed the phone from my ear because someone had walked over. It was a black woman, middle-aged, and she was pretty as hell. I knew her as Ms. Morgan. Maddy often talked

about her, saying she always had an attitude. She gave me a phony smile as she took her seat behind the desk.

“Hello, Mrs. Randolph? Should I call you that? With everything that’s going on right now, I wouldn’t want to offend you by calling you by the wrong name,” she threw at me.

I hit her with a phony laugh and shook my head. I was so sick and tired of bitches playing with me that I wanted to reach across that fuckin’ desk and bang her head into it multiple times. It was unnecessary for her to say that. Mrs. Randolph was enough. She didn’t have to throw all that extra shit in there.

“But you easily just offended me by throwing up what’s going on right now, but don’t worry about it. I’m signing Madeline Randolph out,” I let her know.

She made a face like she was taken aback by what I’d just said to her.

“I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to—”

“It’s fine. Sign my daughter out, please,” I repeated.

“Okay. Let me just see what class she’s in—”

“No need to. I know where she is already. By the way, when you walk into this school, it’s all kinds of signs on the walls about how this school doesn’t support bullying, this is a no-bullying zone and a bunch of other shit. My daughter was bullied today, and you can’t call her science teacher to let her know to come to the front because my daughter is in the bathroom hiding, where she’s been for the last twenty minutes. This expensive ass school needs to stop sending out newsletters, trying to nickel and dime the parents every chance you get and focus more on what the fuck these kids are going through,” I snapped, then pushed the double doors open and walked out.

The whole time I was running my mouth to her and talking my shit, Maddy was in my ear, telling me to stop. I just didn’t like that bullying shit. My daughter was already going through some shit that she didn’t want to talk to anyone about, and I

didn't want to add this shit onto her plate. That's why I went so hard in the office.

"It's me about to walk in, so don't freak out," I said to her a second before I walked into the bathroom.

The door opened to the stall she was in, and I saw her standing there with bloodshot red eyes, looking like a smaller, younger version of me. If I looked at pictures of me when I was Maddy's age, she was the replica of me. Maddy was just taller and super slim. Her light brown, curly hair, which she didn't like me touching these days because she swore she could do her hair better than mine, was hanging loosely with a gold headband in front. She wore a light blue polo shirt with her school's logo, khaki skinny uniform pants, and white Converse on her feet. She turned around to show me the back of her pants, and it was worse than I thought. My mouth opened, and I placed my hand over it.

"Mommy, stop! Stop!" she cried.

"Okay. Okay. It's not that bad. It's not even that bad," I lied, so she wouldn't feel even worse.

I didn't know if I wanted to cry because my daughter had to go through being bullied today or because my daughter had started her damn period. Granted, I knew this day would come, but still, nothing prepared me for it, although I had been preparing her for it ever since she'd turned twelve last year. I remember when I got my period at twelve, and my mama hopped her ass on the damn phone, telling all her friends. I was so angry at her about that shit for weeks. Look at me now, knowing I was going to be on the phone tonight with my mama and my girls, letting them know that Maddy was a little lady now.

"It is that bad?" she cried again, taking the jacket from my hands.

She wrapped it around her waist, and I pulled her to me for an embrace. Maddy stood an inch taller than me. She wasn't even done growing, so pretty soon, she would be looking down at me when she wanted to talk. My arms wrapped around her as she buried her head into the crook of my neck.

She was holding onto me for dear life. She wasn't crying or anything, but the way she hugged me, I knew she needed me.

"I feel so nasty," she revealed, making me laugh.

"Get ready to feel nasty for a lot of years because, baby girl, this is just the beginning. You're not the only one in the world who gets a period. We all do. Hell, I was just on mine," I let her know, and she groaned.

"I know. Whenever you're on yours, you act like a mini devil," she just had to throw in.

I playfully popped her and then kissed her on her forehead before I pulled away. She grabbed up her bookbag, and we walked out of the bathroom together. We walked to my car in silence, and although she had the jacket on, I still went into my trunk and grabbed my gym sweater, then placed that on the seat as well. I loved my daughter dearly, but I didn't want that blood to go through my white seats.

Once we got home, Maddy rushed upstairs to take a shower. When she finished, I showed her the right way to put on her pad. She told me that her stomach was cramping a little, so I gave her some Midol, and I didn't see her little butt again until dinner. While she was in her room, I made my phone calls to my mom and Twinkle, letting them know what happened today with Maddy at school. When I picked Maya up from school, her little butt was pissed that I'd picked Maddy up early and not her. I explained that she didn't have the day her sister had, but she wasn't trying to hear all of that.

During dinner, I sat with all three of my children as we ate the baked chicken wings, homemade mashed potatoes, and vegetables that I'd cooked. After that, Maddy and Maya helped me clean the kitchen, and then they went upstairs to get ready for bed.

Now, the two of them were both in their beds while Ivy was in bed with me, turned up, looking like she didn't have any plans to take her butt to sleep any time soon. I was going to give her little butt this bottle, and she should knock out soon. When I looked at my baby, sometimes a sense of sadness came over me because Beatz wasn't in bed with me for these

moments like how it had been for Maddy and Maya. Don't get me wrong, Beatz would get his kids, but it was just something that we didn't get to explore together because from the moment I found out I was pregnant with my daughter, we hadn't been together. I had hated his ass ever since.

The situation that Beatz and I were in was just an all-around fucked up one. I always said that I would give my children a loving, two-parent household since that wasn't something I had while growing up. My mom did it on her own, and as a kid, I would yearn to have a father in the house. That's why it meant so much to me to provide it for my children, but the way Beatz had hurt me, I just couldn't do it.

All this talk about Beatz and our kids just spoke his ass right up because my phone started ringing on the nightstand, and when I picked it up, it was a Facetime call from him. This was usually the time he would call to check in and see how Ivy was doing. Maddy and Maya had their own cell phones, and I was sure he'd called and talked to them already. I slid the bar across, answering it for him. As I lay on the pillow, I put the camera on Ivy, so he could see his daughter. She was in a pineapple onesie, and when she saw her daddy, her little butt started going crazy, clapping her little hands as she tried to reach for the phone. I handed it to her, and the first thing she tried to do was put it in her mouth, so I took it back.

"What you doing, fat girl?" Beatz asked in his deep voice, calling her by the nickname that he'd been calling her since she was born.

I breastfed Ivy for the first three months, and then a bitch just threw in the towel and stopped. The breastmilk is what had my baby chunky, but I loved every second of it, from her little meaty thighs to her chubby cheeks. I could kiss her cheeks all day.

"What you doing, mommy? You miss da- da? Say da- da," Beatz cooed to her.

"Da-da," she said with no hesitation, making me lowkey want to roll my eyes. Da-da was Maddy and Maya's first words, and as you can see, it was Ivy's first word as well. She

started saying it a few weeks ago, being a traitor, just like her damn sisters.

“That’s my girl. I love you. Say I love you Da-da,” Beatz went on.

He had a full-blown conversation with her for over five minutes, and she was right there, talking in baby language and laughing with him like she knew what he was talking about. It was adorable, and I found myself smiling when I saw the way her little face lit up as she listened to him talk to her over the phone.

“Get the phone, Mia,” he called out.

I held the phone in my hands, but I put it on the headboard, not wanting him to have the luxury of seeing my face. From his surroundings, I could tell he was in the studio. He didn’t have a family to come home to, so I wouldn’t put it past him to probably spend the rest of the night there. When Beatz and I were together, he would always tell me that the only thing that made him come home from the studio at night was the fact that he had a wife and kids to come home to.

When he was in the studio, creating magic behind those beats, he escaped to a whole other world, and it was difficult to pull him out of it. It was his passion. As much as I couldn’t stand his black ass right now, when it came to music, he would always be the most talented person I knew.

“I can’t see your face,” he called out.

“I know. What’s going on?” I asked.

“Man, I swear you always be on that bullshit, yo. You fuckin’ that broke nigga again, and you don’t want me to see the hickies on your neck?” he asked.

“They not on my neck this time. They’re on my titties. What, Mehki? I’m about to lay down with my daughter,” I snapped.

There weren’t any passion marks on me, and I hadn’t fucked with anyone since he brought his ass in there, acting crazy and beating the shit out of Zay. Don’t get me wrong, niggas were trying to holla at me on a daily, knowing that I

was single, but I really wasn't interested at all. I was focused on being a business owner and a mother to my kids. That's it.

I ended up having to block Zay. The nigga started back calling a couple of days ago from a different number, talking crazy to me about Beatz and the bullshit he claimed that he was going to do to him. In that same breath, he was asking when he could pull up on me again because he wanted to finish where we left off. I would never let him close to my pussy again in life, and it didn't have shit to do with the threats Beatz made. Beatz threatened me every day, and that shit went in one ear and out of the other. I wasn't going to fuck Zay because the dick was trash, and it was just all-around a waste of my fuckin' time. I hated that Beatz popped his ass up while Zay was there because he felt the need to bring the shit up every chance he got.

"Whatever. Like I told you the last time, you don't have the fuckin' balls to bring another nigga over there to the crib. That ain't what I called you for, though. Maddy called me, and she told me what happened today in school. She let me know that you handled it, so I ain't going to stress that. She straight, though? She got everything she needs for tomorrow?" he asked.

"She's fine. I watched her put her toiletry bag in her bookbag tonight, so she'll be fine. She'll go to school tomorrow with a sweater on. Maddy is tougher than she thinks, so she'll be able to handle herself. I told her that if somebody fucks with her tomorrow, to call me, so I can go out there. I might not beat the kids' ass, but I'll have them call their mama in a minute, and I'll handle her," I told him.

"Aight. Fuck around and get your ass beat," he threw in, trying to be funny.

"Mehki, please. Oh, text your bitch and let her know that I'll be in Cali in two more weeks. I'm beating her ass. I know you still text her, so tell your bitch to get in the ring and learn how to fight because I'm coming for that ass," I threatened.

Ivy had turned down and was lying on the pillow, drinking from her bottle. She held the bottle with one hand and used the

other hand to play with her ear. That's what she did whenever she was getting ready to knock out. I could tell from how low her eyes were that she was about to fall asleep.

“I don't text that bitch, Mia. Fuckin' around with that hoe, I lost my fuckin' family. What kind of dirty ass nigga you take me for—”

“The kind of dirty ass nigga that brought me back a disease. Goodbye, Mehki. I'm not doing this with you tonight,” I snapped, not even giving him a second to respond because I hung the phone up in his face.

He called me back twice, but I didn't answer the calls because I already knew where that conversation would head. It was in my plans to get my ass to California and walk that hoe like a dog. Since all this shit went down, I had never confronted Myesha about shit. Her loyalty wasn't to me, so there was no purpose in me pulling up on her. Mehki owed me all the loyalty in the world, and that's the reason the nigga has been feeling me for almost two years over this shit.

I watched the whole podcast and listened to her call me all kinds of bitches and hoes and say shit about me that wasn't true. What really did it for me was when the bitch made claims about Maddy and Maya not belonging to Beatz since they didn't look anything like him. My oldest girls looked exactly like me, with just little things about them that came from their father, like their long toes, their lips, and hands. Even though I knew the shit she said was false, I couldn't just let her put that shit out into the atmosphere while I just sat back and didn't do a damn thing about it. Nah. I was ready to get to Cali and catch a case, just to beat her ass and prove a point.



## CHAPTER 9

## *Loyal Brooks*

It was after eight in the morning, and I was at my boutique. I was there with two of my workers in the backroom, organizing a bunch of new clothes that had come in from the inventory drop-off earlier in the week. The store wasn't set to open until eleven, so we had a couple of hours to sort through the clothes and get them out front. It was Thursday, and Thursdays were usually the days that we would start new sales and new looks would be introduced. The weekend was coming up, and that's when the store got super busy, and we had a line outside since I didn't let everyone inside the store at one time.

Saint had dropped Dream off at school this morning for me, so when I woke up, I was able to shower, get ready, and this was my first stop. I had been there since seven, and I had been yawning since I walked through the door. I stayed up late as hell last night, watching old episodes of *Girlfriends* on Netflix. I didn't close my eyes until a little after two in the morning, and there I was, paying for it.

"Loyal, you gotta do the fashion show in the summer. I'm telling you, the pieces you showed us yesterday that you designed are going to go crazyyyyyy," one of my team leaders, Ebony, said as she sat next to me, pulling out new clothes from the boxes that were just delivered.

Ebony was cool. I didn't meet her until the hiring process. She came with a great resume and was one of the people I hired on the spot. She had an eye for fashion, just as I did, so at times when I was in the middle of creating, I would hit her up and get her input on certain things. Yesterday, I showed her my notebook of sketches that I had been working on for about

a month. Summer was approaching, and I was going for that old school, hoochie mama, Miami look with the things I was cooking up.

I came up with a fire design of booty shorts with rips in them, tie-dyed shirts, and summer dresses because niggas loved summer dresses the same way us bitches loved gray sweatpants. The name of this line that I was working on was called Loyal, and it wouldn't be sold in this store. It would be an online website, but to launch it, I wanted to have a small fashion show here in Miami, giving shoppers a sneak peek of what I had in store. I had all these damn ideas, and I felt like it wasn't enough hours in the damn day to juggle everything, but I was making it work.

"I'm shooting for July to make it happen. Y'all gotta walk in it too," I said to Ebony and Melissa.

"You too. I gotta see that ass in some shorts," Melissa joked, making me laugh.

Prison had put weight on me. It wasn't in a bad way or anything like that because I've always been slim. But my family kept the money on my books full, so when we could order commissary, I would go crazy with the snacks. A lot of the shit I ate was solely because my ass was depressed. The weight had stayed, and I promise that most of it went directly to my ass. I was a solid 140, and this was the weight I wanted to stay at. I ate clean, and I would join Saint only on the weekends when he went to the gym. I swear, that man would work me out and have me in there sweating and damn near ready to fight him because of the shit he would have me doing. Saint would make a good personal trainer, though, because he pushed my ass like one would.

As we talked amongst each other, I heard loud knocking at the front door. The room we were in had a big TV screen with cameras, so I quickly stood and walked over to the screen, so I could see who was there. It was a woman, and she was holding a newborn baby in her arms. That baby didn't look more than a month old. I walked to the front, prepared to unlock the door, and let the woman know that we were closed. My boutique was in a plaza, and there was a nice Mercedes parked out front

that hadn't been there before, so I assumed the car must have belonged to her. I looked into the eyes of a woman who looked tired as hell. Her baby was probably keeping her up all night.

"Ma'am, we're closed. We don't open until eleven," I nicely let her know.

"I didn't come here to shop. I'm Isis. Chance's wife," she said.

I had never seen the bitch in person; I just heard little things about her from my sister when I was locked up. And then from Chance's lying ass when he tried to justify the two children he had with her on me that I didn't even fuckin' know about. One of her sons was the same age as Dream, and then she had another one younger, and that baby was conceived like two years into my bid. Although I was locked up, Chance promised to hold me down. Did I believe the nigga when he said he wasn't going to fuck other bitches on me? No, but I didn't think he would be out there creating babies with other women either.

We were hopeful that I would beat parole, and because I was so in love with the nigga, I planned to have a bigger family with him once I was released. He turned out to be the biggest fuck nigga I knew, but that was a different story for another day. Right now, I just wanted to know what this bitch wanted and why she was at my place of business, obviously looking for me.

I stepped out, and before I did, I motioned back to Ebony and Melissa that I was fine.

"What's up?" I asked, getting right to the point.

"Chance hasn't been home in two weeks. I just gave birth to our baby three weeks ago, and he just up and left. I know the two of you have Dream and a history together, so I came down here, thinking you might know where he's at," she revealed, and I scoffed at her question.

"Girl, I don't know where the fuck that nigga is, and honestly, I couldn't care fuckin' less. You was with that nigga when I was locked up, knowing he wasn't taking care of his

fuckin' daughter. Yet you was still over there, fuckin' that nigga because Dream didn't matter to you since he was with the two kids you had with him, right? You ain't give a fuck about mine, so I don't give a fuck about yours. Nah, I don't know where that nigga at," I spat and turned to go back into the building, not about to do this shit with her.

"Look, I know Chance spent Christmas with you and—"

"Spent Christmas with who? Listen, I don't know what lies that nigga told you, but I spent Christmas with my man and my daughter. Your drunk ass baby daddy did bring his ass to my daughter's Christmas show and made a fuckin' fool out of himself, and that was the last time I saw him. Don't you live in Atlanta? Chance made it clear that the two of you have this big, beautiful house in Atlanta. You mean to tell me you got on the road with that three-week-old baby, looking for a sorry ass nigga like Chance? Girl, you a better bitch than me," was all I could say.

"Because a bitch was fuckin' desperate, and at this point, I don't know if the nigga is alive or in jail somewhere. Look, not only does my husband have a drinking problem, but he gambles a lot too. You probably don't care to hear any of this, but he cashed out good at the casino a few years ago, and he had me use the money to get us a nice spot in Atlanta because the houses there aren't as expensive as Miami. The two of us were always back and forth to Georgia anyway, since we both have family there, so he figured it was a good move. The house was in my name. We were renting there, but because he was the one who paid all the bills, I wasn't looking at the bills when they came in the mail.

"Come to find out, he's been behind on the bills for months, and the owner popped up three days ago, saying that I had one day to get my things and move. I had to pack my kids up and everything I could, and now I'm back in Miami with my mama. Look, I ain't asking you for no money. My pride wouldn't even allow me to do that, and you're not required to do shit for my kids and me anyway. I just simply want to know if you might know where Chance is."

She poured out her life story to me, and out of everything she said, the only people my heart went out to was her children. They didn't deserve to be kicked out of a house they called home like that. When I was with Chance years ago, gambling was just something he would do every once in a while. Fraud and shit was really how he made his money. He was the one who put me on. To know that this man was now a fuckin' drunk and gambling just let me know that the way our shit ended had worked in my favor. I was sick to my fuckin' stomach when I'd called Twinkle while I was locked up, and she told me about the two kids Chance had. That's how he was, though. The nigga had always been out for himself, and there this woman was, standing with his newborn baby after just losing their house, and it was no fuckin' telling where that nigga was.

"I don't know what to tell you. I don't know where he is. If that's all, I need to get back to work," I threw out.

She nodded and then turned around and went to the Mercedes. I watched her as she placed the baby in the car seat and then pulled out of the spot. Maybe a few years ago, I would have been concerned about Chance being missing, but I promise you, I simply didn't give a damn. Wherever the fuck he was, his bitch ass could stay there! What I did know was if they'd lost the house in Atlanta, and she was back down here, then if Chance was alive, his ass would be back in Miami as well. That wouldn't turn out well. I could already feel that he was going to be a pain in my ass.

I wasn't worried about him trying to take me to court for custody over Dream, though. Shit, his own fuckin' wife just let me know that her husband gambled, was a fuckin' drunk, and about my child, I'll play nasty and throw that up in court.

His wife. Chile, I didn't even know that nigga was married. She made sure she referred to him as her husband, so I could know that too. Chile, a fuckin' joke.

## CHAPTER 10

## *Layden 'Lay' Hoggins*

I somewhat knew Mia's schedule, so I knew that after she dropped the kids off at school, she would come back to her crib and work out for about an hour in the gym on the fifth floor, go back to her penthouse, shower, and then she would be off to work. Shit, she was somebody I was talking to for a bit, and she would often run her day down to me. It had only been three weeks since she'd stopped fuckin' with me, so I was sure she kept the same routine.

I have no understanding of why she decided to stop fuckin' with me. If she was so over that nigga like she claimed, then why was she so quick to cut me off after her bitch ass husband pulled up and we got to fighting? I was a young nigga, reckless, and everything I talked about in my rap songs was true. I never got my ass in the studio, bragging about some shit that I didn't do for real. The bodies that I talked about dropping, I meant all that shit. I was adding that nigga to my list of niggas that I would have to drop. Fuck rapping, this street life came first, and that man disrespected me by coming into the house and laying hands on me.

Y'all can go ahead and talk all that shit about how I got my ass beat, but I wasn't a fighter. I was a real-life fuckin' shooter, and on my mama, I was going to pop that nigga. I knew of Beatz before this shit happened, but I didn't know the nigga personally. Shit, I was fresh in the industry, and I was on a high right now from dropping my most popular song, "Dangerous Thugs." Shit had been killing the charts for a whole month. I had different labels reaching out, trying to sign me and shit, but I got some niggas in the rap game, and they told me that going independent was the best route since you



got to keep all your money. But at the same time, you gotta come out of pocket and pay for everything like video shoots, producers, all that shit.

I was getting booked for about twenty Gs to perform, and I've seen some million-dollar contracts in front of me, but I wasn't quite sure what I wanted to do yet. It was a nigga down here in Miami who owned a big label, and his name was Sincere. That's who I was leaning toward working with, but shit, I was just waiting on the nigga to notice me. He hadn't hit me up like a lot of different labels had.

Before this shit happened with Beatz, I was telling my niggas how I wanted to work with him, even knowing I planned to fuck his wife because Mia and I had been talking for months. Beatz was versatile, and he could make a beat for any style, and I didn't know a lot of niggas in the industry who created fire shit with everything they produced. Shit was personal now with that nigga, and I wasn't going to cool down until I popped his ass. You ain't get to lay hands on me and live to talk about it. Nah. That nigga would have to see me again.

Mia finally got her fine ass off the elevator and was walking down the long hallway to her door. She was on the phone, running her mouth, laughing at something, but she stopped laughing once she saw me. I could read her lips when she told whoever she was on the phone with that she was going to call them back, and she started walking faster. Them thick ass thighs and that fat pussy were the only things I could look at.

Mia's shit was natural. I knew when I was fuckin' a natural bitch versus one filled with silicone. The way her ass jiggled on my dick, them bitches who bought theirs didn't look like that or jiggle like hers did, so that was one way to tell. I knew a lot of bitches hated Mia, and they would be all in the comments online, trying to figure out if her body was real or not, but I saw that shit up close and personal, and I dug all in it, so I could vouch for it being real.

She walked over, wearing a black and gray Nike sports bra with the matching black and gray Nike tights that were pulled

up to her waist. A face towel rested on her shoulder, she held a water bottle in her hand, and her hair was pulled up into a ponytail. I could see the beads of sweat on her stomach, forehead, and even some on her arms.

“How did you get up here? Zay, you cannot be doing shit like this. What if I had my kids with me? Come on, now. This shit ain’t cool,” she snapped once she made it in front of me.

“Man, you ain’t leave a nigga with much of a fuckin’ choice, Mia. You fuckin’ blocked me, and I ain’t been able to get in contact with you. I don’t understand you. We was cool, talking every day, but when that nigga found out about us, you kicked me to the curb. You gotta explain that shit to me,” I said, grabbing her arm and having her stand directly in front of me. She released a sigh and then looked me in the eyes.

“Zay, I’ve always been real blunt with you. I made it clear from the beginning that I wasn’t looking for a relationship with you or to fall in love. I wanted dick—”

“Man, stop lying. We been talking for over three months now. If all you wanted was some dick, you would have let me fuck when I first met you, so quit lying to yourself!” I snapped, cutting her off.

“I’m not like you niggas. I can’t just meet a man today and fuck him two hours later. Sorry, but that’s just not in me. You made threats over the phone about killing my kids’ father. I can’t fuck with you no more after that. You also can’t just pop your ass up to my house like this because I live here with my fuckin’ kids. You were cool, Zay, and someone that I enjoyed talking to, but not anymore. I know you have other bitches that you could hit up, so call them, and please just leave me alone. You gotta go because I need to go to work,” she said and put her key in the door, thinking that was going to make me just walk away.

I stayed my ass right there, and the second she turned the lock and pushed the door in, I was on her ass, following her inside the house. She tried her best to push me out, but I was stronger, so I was able to muscle my way inside. I forgot this bitch was crazy. She quickly pulled out a nine from a small

picture frame on the wall that I didn't even realize was a safe and cocked it, holding it right at my head.

“Zay, I'll use it. I swear to God, I will. The camera footage will show you forcing your ass into my house, so I won't have to sit for killing you. Go!” she snapped.

“You a lying ass bitch, bruh. Sat up there and talked about how you was over that nigga, and all that other bullshit. You ain't stop fuckin' with me because I threatened that bitch ass nigga. Just like Myesha said in that podcast, that nigga got you on a fuckin' leash. He told you to leave me alone and look at you, like the fuckin' puppet ass bitch you is to that nigga, listening to him. Fuck you!” I spat, and she laughed.

“Yeah, yeah, fuck you too, nigga! You lied to me too. Told me that dick was going to make me cum back-to-back. You got in my pussy and drowned. Forgot about all the shit you promised me. Get the fuck out of my house, Zay!” she spat right back, going for the door and opening it for me, still holding that gun.

“Fuck you, hoe! That rotten ass pussy!” I spat, which really made her laugh.

“You wish my pussy was rotten, nigga! You had your face all up in it, so if my pussy was rotten, as you say, then that says a lot about you! You was damn near crying because my pussy smelled and tasted so good. Bye, Zay. You cornball ass nigga,” she spat.

I had her big mad, and the only thing I could do was laugh.

“Whatever, bitch. I still fucked, though,” I just had to let her know.

“Barely, nigga. I had to guide your dick to my hole. Get the fuck out!” she roared.

Before both of my feet could fully get out the door, she closed it, and I heard the locks turning from the inside, letting me know that she'd locked it. I liked Mia, and this was just me talking shit because I felt like she'd played a nigga. I opened up with her, which was something I rarely did because it was hard for me to trust bitches. I had to wait three fuckin' months

to get the pussy, and with any other bitch, I would have been moved the fuck on, but I actually liked her dumb ass.

Mia was older than me by a few years, and she was much wiser, which was something a lot of these other hoes that I fucked with were lacking. I never met her kids, but her face would always light up whenever she talked about them. Her ability to always put her children first just let me know how much of a good mother her ass was. She was fine too.

I had been crushing on Mia for a couple of years, just from following her on social media and shit. We didn't meet each other until one night in the club. She was there with her girls, and I caught her while she was on her way to the bathroom. From there, we'd just been talking. In the beginning, it was hard to fully get her attention because I felt like she had a lot of shit going on, but once I got her attention, we started talking heavy. All them months of getting to know each other, and the first time that nigga catches her with another nigga, she was so quick to drop me, and I ain't like that shit.

I was sure I had pissed her off by popping up at her crib and then disrespecting her by calling her out of her name, but I did that shit out of anger. I was going to let her calm down, and then I would call her from a different phone number, so we could talk about the shit that just happened. As far as her baby daddy went, oh, me and my niggas already had something for his ass. Beatz had a record in the industry already of being a hot head and not taking shit from anyone. That nigga had all them muscles and shit, and he thought the world was supposed to be afraid of him.

Where I'm from, we didn't throw hands. We saved that shit for the little niggas. We let our bullets do all the talking over here, and his name was already written on a few of my bullets.

## CHAPTER 11

## *Mia Randolph*

It was after ten when I pulled up to the office building where Myesha rented out a suite. I knew the bitch was there because I had booked an appointment with her under the name Kimberly Johnson. It was the only way I would have gotten access to the building code and known for certain which office suite belonged to her. She was famous, and you couldn't just walk your ass up to her place of business without knowing the codes or the address to her business. I had wasted fifty dollars on a deposit, so I could get a location on this hoe. She was expecting me because she had texted me earlier from the textnow number that I created just to confirm the appointment.

I had allowed the bitch to play with me long enough, and the more I kept quiet, the more room I kept giving her to think that shit was cool to keep my name in her damn mouth. It sucked because I knew I would get arrested tonight because I planned to beat the dog shit out of her. There was a receptionist still sitting downstairs, and I saw the security outside as well. Once those cameras started rolling, and they saw what was about to take place on the sixth floor, there was no doubt in my mind that they would call the police on me.

My kids were good. They were back in Miami with Beatz's mother. Beatz knew I was going to be in Cali, but he just didn't know the exact day because, of course, I didn't tell him. It was Friday, and usually, Fridays were when he would hop on a plane to be with the girls for the weekend. I hadn't been answering his calls because the second he called me, trying to talk me out of what I was doing, I was going to feel as if he was defending this bitch, and I just might go the fuck off on him. So, to keep the peace, I ignored him.

I stepped off the elevators and walked toward room 612. As I neared it, I could hear the loud music coming from inside. I knew that hoe liked to go live on Instagram and show everything, so I prayed to God she had her phone in her hands and was on live, so the world could see her getting her ass beat. My black Nike hoodie was on with the matching black sweatpants, and I had sneakers on my feet. Because I knew the bitch would go right for my face since that was usually what bitches went for in fights that I'd had in the past, I already had Vaseline on it, my hair was pulled up in a bun, and the only thing I had on me was my phone in my pocket, my keys, and my wallet. I left my gun in the car because I didn't come there to kill the hoe. I just wanted to beat the shit out of her and let her know to stop playing with me and keep my name and my kids' names out of her mouth.

I made sure my sweats were tied tight before I stood in front of the door and knocked. It swung open, but it wasn't Myesha who opened the door. It was one of her friends. I didn't know the hoe's name, but I had seen her with Myesha before on her page. She knew it was me, so her ass quickly tried to close the door in my face, but I used all the strength I had to push it back. I saw another woman sitting on the couch, who probably was another friend of Myesha.

Myesha rounded a corner and made her way to the front. I leaped my ass over and punched her dead in her mouth. She was holding a bunch of make-up brushes that she quickly dropped to the floor and swung on me.

"Hoe, you had to know I was coming!" I released, swinging on her again, but she dodged it.

Myesha was taller and bigger than me, but that didn't mean shit. I threw my set up, ready to get down like a nigga because fighting wasn't anything new to me. I literally grew up fighting. I was a pretty face, and that shit was a blessing along with a curse. The niggas liked it, but the hating ass bitches couldn't stand it, so half the time, they didn't have a valid excuse on why they didn't like me. I've had bitches try to pull my eyes out when we fought because these hazel eyes

were what they really hated. They never went for body blows whenever they fought me. It was always licks to my face.

“You gon’ fight me over that cheating ass nigga? Hoe, you gon’ look for the rest of these bitches in Cali that he was fuckin’ too? I ain’t the only bitch that Beatz was fuckin’, bitch!” she yelled with her set thrown up too.

My eyes were on her, but I was also trying to watch the two bitches behind me just in case they tried to jump in. The second I took my eyes off her to look at them, she swung and punched my ass dead in my jaw. I was running high off so much adrenaline that the punch didn’t do shit to me. If anything, it only made me angrier, and I swung, hitting her ass with a quick, two-piece combo, one in the eye and the other one in the lip.

“Beat that hoe, My! What the fuck is you doing?” one of the friends yelled, who had a phone in her hand, recording the whole thing.

Again, I moved my head to look at the bitch because I still had to have eyes behind me. That gave her the opportunity to swing, hitting me hard as hell in my head, and I stumbled back a bit. I swear it felt like that bitch had knocked the wind out of me, but I couldn’t let this hoe see me fall. She’d disrespected me too many times, and she even had my kids’ names in her mouth. Everyone knows I’ll shake fuckin’ tables about my three. Her lip was leaking blood, and that’s when I charged in, giving that shit my all, and I was able to slam her ass.

I was on top of her while she was down on her back, landing blow after blow to her face, damn near trying to fuckin’ kill her ass. She was throwing her hands too, trying to hit me, but I dodged all of them. It felt like I blacked out, and all I could think about was the shit that I had been through with my husband behind this bitch for almost two fuckin’ years.

I felt something hit me in the back of my head, and it made my body freeze up. One of them bitches had hit me with something, and it caused my head to jerk. As much as I wanted to scream out in pain, I didn’t. It did make Myesha



start fighting back, and we were on the floor, damn near trying to kill each other. While we were fighting, I heard the door open, and about three police officers rushed in along with the receptionist who was downstairs when I'd come up. I was sure the receptionist had a spare key and had let the officers up.

I gave this hoe the best of me, and she lay there, looking like she'd just gotten beat by four bitches instead of one. Even with the officers in the room, I was still tagging this hoe. It took two of them to pull me off her, and even when they had me in the air, dragging me away, I was swinging my legs and arms, saying all kinds of shit, simply because I was fuckin' angry.

The officers had to hold me the entire way out of the suites and over to the elevators. Once we made it outside, I was put in cuffs, and they had me sit in the back of the police car. I was on a high, but I could feel the back of my head pounding, still not really knowing what them bitches had hit me with. I could also feel the stings on my face from being scratched, punched, and slapped. My neck was even stinging me. I wasn't sure if this bitch had bit me or what.

It felt like I had been sitting in the back of that police car for over twenty minutes before a cop finally walked back over to me. Myesha still hadn't come down. One of the officers had gone back up, leaving two officers upstairs with her and just the one that was now walking back over to me.

"She gave a statement. Would you like to give one as well?" the black police officer asked.

I didn't respond; I just sat in my seat, staring straight ahead.

"Mrs. Randolph, you do understand that you are under arrest for assault, right? There was a lot of damage done to her face, and she's talking about pressing charges. You don't want to say anything to try and clear your name?" the officer asked.

At the same time, I saw a black Rolls Royce come speeding through the parking lot. It was late, and the office didn't have many cars parked in the lot, so it was easy for me to see the car that had just made its way into the lot. The car I

knew belonged to Beatz. He quickly hopped out, and the officer standing by the car backed away from me to go over to Beatz, who probably didn't even know I was back there.

"You can't go up there, sir," the officer said to Beatz.

"Man, get the fuck outta here with that bullshit. Where the fuck my wife at, nigga?" he roared.

"She's in the back of this police car. Your wife is getting ready to be taken to the police station. She's been charged with assault, and the victim upstairs has already agreed to press charges and—"

He wasn't even able to finish because Beatz came over to the squad car. The door was closed, but the front window was rolled down just a bit, and that's how I was able to hear the entire conversation. Just when he was about to pull on the back door handle, the officer jumped in front of him.

"Mr. Randolph, I'm a big fan. Huge fan, actually, but you cannot do this. Your wife broke the law, and like anyone else, she has to be punished for her actions. I'm getting ready to take her down to the police station, and if she gets a bond, you can handle that there, but now is not the time to do this. It isn't," the police officer said, his voice getting the loudest that's it had been since I'd seen him.

Beatz probably couldn't see me because of how dark the tints were, but I could see him clear as day. I wasn't sure what the officer was saying to him, but it got Beatz to calm down and nod his head. Then he hopped in his car and left. He was the last nigga I wanted to be around. It was his fuckin' fault in the first place that I was down here, fighting bitches. If I was given bail, I would call Twinkle and ask her to come and get me. I wasn't leaving with Beatz because all it would do was lead me back to a police car. The way I was so fuckin' mad right now, I just might kill him, so for both of our sakes, we needed to stay the fuck away from each other.

## TWO HOURS LATER

I stood in an open cell where you would go to make phone calls. Once I was given a bond, it was finally my fuckin' turn to have access to the telephones. I had a headache out of this world, and my body felt like it had been run over by a damn bus. Because I knew Twinkle's number by heart, I dialed it, and an operator came on the line, asking if she would accept the charges. I heard panic in the way she said yes, once I stated my name. She didn't sound like she had been sleeping. My friend sounded wide awake and like she was relieved to hear my voice come over the phone.

"Mia, what the fuck!" she screamed.

"Twinkle, you're my girl, and I love you, but I don't need you fuckin' yelling at me right now. Look, I made bond. I need you to go to a bail bondsman for me and get it all sorted out. As soon as I get out of here, I'll transfer the money right back to you. I'm sure Beatz is in the parking lot, but I don't want to leave with him. You have his number. Please, just call him and tell him to go. I don't want to fuckin' leave with him!" I screamed.

It wasn't Twinkle that I was mad at, but I knew Mehki. He would try to bully me into leaving with him, and that's not what I wanted. I just wanted to be far fuckin' away from him.

"Randolph. You made bond. Let's go," one of the correctional officers walked over to the cell and said to me.

"Mia—"

"Who's out there to get me?" I asked the correctional officer.

"Ma'am, I couldn't care less who's out there to get you. I just got a call on the radio, letting me know that you made bail, and I'm just doing my job. You can hang the phone up now, so I can let someone else come and make a call," she nastily said.

“Mia, just go. Have him drop you off at your mom’s house, and I’ll meet you over there. Please, just please calm the fuck down before they make your ass stay there!” Twinkle snapped.

I didn’t even respond; I just hung the phone up on her and walked over to the gate, which was open for me, then I followed the officer. She walked me over to get my things, and as they were passing me back my phone, my wallet, and my keys, I turned to my right and saw Beatz standing at the end of the hallway. His hands were in his pockets, and he had the nerve to have a pissed-off look on his face. I tried to cut my phone on, but the battery was dead.

Sucking my teeth, I walked with the items in my hands down the long hallway to the front. As if I didn’t even see him standing there, I walked right past him. He didn’t say anything to me because he knew I was pissed. Just like I knew when to walk away from him and allow him to calm down, he knew when to do the same thing to me. When we made it outside, I stopped in my steps while he continued walking. When he saw that I wasn’t walking anymore, he froze, and with that angry scowl on his face, he turned and looked at me.

“Bruh, what the fuck is wrong with you, yo? Come the fuck on!” he barked.

With tears in my eyes, I shook my head no. “Why her, Mehki? Why?”

“Bae, come on. Don’t do this bullshit out here. If I answer that question, no matter what I fuckin’ say, you going to turn up and want to fight. They going to put your black ass back in there, and this time, you ain’t going to be able to easily walk away—”

“I did everything for you. I was supportive, I took good care of the kids, I was faithful, I... I loved you more than I loved myself. Was I not enough for you? Why her? Out of all the bitches in the world, why the fuck would you have chosen her to fuck? Let alone fuck her without a fuckin’ condom!” I screamed.

I was super vulnerable, and any pride I had was thrown out of the window. My husband had the ability to bring me to my lowest, and I was at my lowest. Every day, I tried to put on this front for my kids and pretend that everything was okay because I hated having to cry in front of them, but the truth was, I was hurt. I was so fuckin' broken, and a man who was supposed to love me more than anything else was the cause of all this pain.

“Bae, come get in the car. Come on, yo. Don't do this shit out here. All them fuckin' police officers on the inside, and you gon' get both our asses arrested. Mia, come on, man,” he pleaded.

As badly as I wanted him to answer my questions, I finally started moving my feet and walked with him to his car. A car that I didn't even remember the last time I'd been inside it. He opened the door for me, and once I was in, he closed it behind me. I dropped my things on the floor and buried my head in my lap, where I released my tears. I was so sick and tired of all this fuckin' crying, but the truth of the matter was, no matter how angry I was at him or how much I screamed and cried about hating him, I still loved him. I knew that was why this shit was hurting me so bad. He was inside the car with me now, and I felt his hand touch me on my back.

“Mehki, moveeee. Don't touch me. Don't touch me!” I screamed, fighting his hands off me.

“My wife is fuckin' crying, and I can't console her? Since when the fuck I can't console you when you crying? Mia, look at me,” he begged, but I wouldn't.

“Bae, look at a nigga. Come on, because if you ain't looking, I feel like you ain't going to feel what I'm saying. Just look at me, yo. That's all I want from you,” he begged again.

I took my head from my lap and looked at him. His eyes had the same helpless look as mine, and when he blinked, a tear fell that he didn't even bother trying to wipe away.

“Baby, I ain't got a fuckin' explanation for why I did what I did. You ain't lacking in shit, so don't think I stepped out of

our marriage with that bitch because it was something you didn't have because that's not the case at all. All that shit was on me. I did that immature, hurtful shit, and it's been almost two years, and Ima keep apologizing until you can see how serious a nigga is. What the fuck a nigga gotta do to make you believe me? Bae, say the shit, and I'll do it," he urged.

With tears fresh on my face, I looked him in his eyes, being careful about what I would say to him.

"If you love me like you say you do, Mehki, you'll sign the papers and let me go. I love you, but I'll never love you the way I did before all of this happened. You can put the blame on me all you want and say you didn't do anything I didn't give you the green light to do, but you took it too far. I was young and naïve when I met you. I've always told you that if you were going to do your dirt, the shit just better not come back to our front door, and it took me being hurt like this to realize I was stupid for saying that. I basically gave my man the okay to cheat, so I guess you can say I deserve this, right?"

"You had a choice on whether or not you would strap up with that bitch, but you felt so comfortable with her that you chose not to, and that's the part I can't shake. I'll never get over finding out from my doctor in one breath that I'm pregnant with your third baby and told that I have gonorrhea in the next breath. I just can't. You want to make me happy? Sign the papers," I told him.

With a lone tear falling from his eyes, he nodded. "Because you and my kids' happiness is what means the world to me, Ima grant you that. You want out? I'll give it to you. Just know that I love the fuck out of you. I ain't going to force you to stay nowhere you don't want to be. I fucked up, and I've been trying hard to get you back for almost two years, but if you tired, and you can't take this shit no more, I'll sign the papers and let you go," he assured me.

Knowing that this was final kind of broke me, and all it really did was make me cry even harder. He drove me to my mom's house. The radio was off, so the only sound in the car was my sobs, and every once in a while, Beatz would release a sniffle, which let me know he was shedding a few tears as

well. He knew just as well as I did that our marriage was a wrap. I would forever love Mehki. Because of him, I was blessed with the most beautiful little girls that I'd ever laid eyes on in my life, but I couldn't forgive this.

Every time he came around me, the only thing I could seem to think about was that sex video between him and Myesha. I thought about the injections I had to take to get rid of the STD that he'd given to me and the other screenshots of text messages that had been brought to my attention from him entertaining other bitches. I knew some women might not have felt for me, and they might think this was what I deserved since I'd given the nigga the okay to fuck around on me anyway. For those with that opinion, fuck you!

This final separation between Beatz and I would hurt our daughters because Maddy and Maya had been holding onto hope that the two of us would work it out, but it didn't work out that way. I hated that I couldn't give my girls what they wanted, especially when I was the kind of mother who hardly ever told them no in the first place.

## CHAPTER 12



*Mehki 'Beatz'*  
*Randolph*

## THREE MONTHS LATER

**M**y album had been pushed back for a couple of reasons.

Three months ago, when that shit was set to drop, I just wasn't in a good space mentally, and without that positive energy around me, I couldn't release it. Mia wanted me to sign the papers, and her ass had been singing that same song and dance for the whole nine months she was pregnant, along with the first seven months of Ivy's life, which put us at almost two years.

Before, I wasn't willing to give her that shit. For one, I loved that woman way too fuckin' much to ever willingly sign over some bullshit ass papers and let her be single, so another nigga can come in and sweep her off her fuckin' feet. That night when she was in the car with me, and she was screaming, crying, and all that other shit, I saw the defeat in her eyes that my mama and her mama had been talking about all along. I was too stubborn to see that shit with my own two eyes.

Like I told Mia in that car, I loved her more than any fuckin' thing, and if signing those papers and ending our marriage is what would make her happy, then I would give her that. A month ago, the divorce was finalized. It wasn't what I wanted to do, but Mia wasn't trying to hear a nigga, and I couldn't beg a woman to be with me when she made that shit clear that this ain't where she wanted to be anymore.

Our divorce wasn't a nasty one because, together or not, I would always make sure Mia was taken care of. Before she became my girl, she was my best friend, so just off the strength of our past friendship alone, she would forever get what the fuck she needed out of me, even though in the papers, she wasn't asking for shit. On some petty shit, I wanted to request for her to give me back the fuckin' titties that I paid for, but I didn't. I didn't fight her on shit, and we kept the same schedule where I would pick the kids up on the weekends while she had them during the week. She ain't put a

nigga on no child support either because there was no need. I did for my kids without the government making me.

Mia and I were somewhat in a better place. There was a time when I couldn't even go to her house and pick the kids up because we would always start fuckin' arguing about something. Now that we were divorced, we didn't have to do all the back and forth arguing because these days, it ain't shit to argue about. We would always have our little disagreements here and there, but it was nothing major.

“Where you find these bitches at, Beatz? These hoes don't look nothing like the bitches that be in the strip club,” Phaizion said as he stood next to me with a stack of ones in his hands as we threw money at the strippers.

It was my album release party, and it wouldn't be a party without bringing the bitches out who were showing ass and titties. They had my record playing, which people were already calling the summer anthem. Niggas were bobbing their heads to the beat, and even a lot of the women were getting a little vibe. I rented out a club, and my assistant handled all the party details by getting in touch with different companies to decorate the event. Shit came out nice, and although I was happy about the turnout, and people had been walking up one me all night, telling me how good the album sounded, there was a piece of me that wished Mia was standing next to me. She'd have her arms wrapped around me as she let me know how happy she was for me and all my accomplishments, just as she did three years ago when my last album came out and went platinum. She did call a nigga up this morning, though, to congratulate me on the album, but she didn't come.

“Shit, Toi hooked all this up. You know she be on it,” I responded, talking about my assistant who had done her thing with planning this party.

Phay was a wild ass nigga, and if given the chance, the nigga would probably move his bed inside a strip club because that was just how much the nigga liked going. When he wasn't in the streets, moving weight, he was in the club. I grew up with him, and he would forever be like a brother to me, but the nigga was a fuckin' hot head. Sometimes, that shit would have

us going at it with each other because he was the kind of nigga who liked to do shit without thinking about it first, while I, on the other hand, wasn't like that. Don't get me wrong, I have a temper, and sometimes I would just fuckin' snap, but it wasn't all the time. Phay was wild 24/7.

“You acting like you scared to touch the bitch, Beatz. She got her ass all on you, nigga. Man, take that hoe to the back,” he yelled at me over the loud music as he pointed down to the thick ass black barbie in front of me, dancing all on my dick.

I was just pouring money on her and touching her every few seconds. Physically, I was here, but my mind was somewhere else. I ain't going to act like I didn't get pussy because I did. I was a single man now, who was free to do whatever the fuck I wanted to do, so I had taken down my fair share of bitches since I signed them papers, and Mia and I were no longer together. I swear I just be fuckin' though, just to fuck. I wasn't interested in any of the bitches I fucked, and I wasn't trying to take shit further with them. I made sure I wrapped my dick up twice, though, because that shit with Myesha scared the fuck out of a nigga.

Speaking of that bitch, she was still alive and kicking. She dropped the charges that she'd filed against Mia, but the court was still ordering shit for Mia to do, like going to anger management. I wanted Myesha dead. Niggas like Phay were in my ear, telling me to just say the word, and they would handle it for me, but I had never been the kind of nigga to just sit back and allow another nigga to handle my dirty work for me. I was going to get that bitch myself. Although that hoe was quiet now, she had done too much talking in the past, and I just wasn't the kind of nigga to allow someone to disrespect me, and I don't do shit. Ima handle her, but it's going to be when she least expects it.

The rest of the night went well, and the party didn't end until a little after three in the morning. I was walking outside the club with a chick next to me named Lauren. She was the pretty black thing who was dancing on me tonight. She'd been in my ear, saying how badly she wanted to suck my dick and claiming that she could suck my dick better than any woman

had ever done it. I was trying to see what that felt like because she had some huge shoes to fill. The lips on Mia, mannnnn, she could suck a mean dick, and I had gotten head from plenty of bitches in my lifetime, but not a soul could give me head like my wife... I mean, my ex-wife, since we not together no more.

“Yo. Yo. Check that black car. Get the fuck down,” one of my homies, Tate, called out.

All of a sudden, a black jeep pulled into the parking lot that had been speeding at least one hundred miles per hour. They slammed on the brakes, which caused the tires to make a loud, screeching noise. I already knew what time it was, so I pushed Lauren’s lil’ ass behind me and pulled my shit out along with Phay and every other nigga that was strapped. Instantly, the windows on the jeep rolled down, sending shots our way, and we busted back at them.

I didn’t have a fuckin’ clue who them niggas were, but I was shooting my shit back, and at the same time, ducking, so I didn’t get my ass shot the fuck up. Partygoers were behind us, screaming and stumbling over each other as they tried not to get hit. The kind of niggas that I ran with, half of them weren’t in the industry and were still in the streets, so they weren’t running from no bullets. As we busted our shit back, the jeep sped off.

“Who the fuck was them niggas, man?” I roared, not really talking to anyone in particular.

“Beatz, I don’t know, yo! Come on, man. My car is right there. Let’s hop in that bitch and follow them motha fuckas. You know the way I drive. We got time to catch up with them. Come on. We can kill them pussy ass niggas tonight,” Phay called out, damn near ready to run to his car, but I didn’t move.

My eyes landed on Lauren, lying on the ground with a dime-sized bullet in the middle of her head. She looked like she was scared for her fuckin’ life. I tucked my gun behind my back and got on the ground with her, cuffing the back of her head. Her body had gone into shock, and she lay there, looking

at me. I saw the fear in her eyes, letting me know she was afraid of dying.

“Somebody call the fuckin’ ambulance, man. Call the fuckin’ ambulance!” I yelled as I held her by the back of her head, looking her into her weak, light brown eyes that looked as if they were getting ready to close on me.

I’d just met this girl, but I had a heart, and all I could think about was when her dance was over, and she sat next to me in my section. Lauren told me how she was dancing to feed her two kids. She had a four-year-old daughter and a one-year-old son. When she stopped dancing on me, I let her hit the blunt, and she had been drinking, so it had her exposing her life to me. I didn’t mind, though, because I liked to hear shit about people’s past and shit they had going on in life.

Lauren was beautiful, and just from vibing with her for the hour and change that she had been in my section, I could tell she was a good person with a good head on her shoulders. I didn’t have any judgment on her because she danced. I once sold drugs and killed motha fuckas, so I had no room to judge her based on how she chose to make her money.

“Man, fuck that hoe! Beatz, we need to find out who the fuck them niggas was in that jeep. You just going to let them get the fuck away, all for a bitch that you don’t even know?” Phay yelled.

“Nigga, chill the fuck out. Lauren, come on, girl. Fight, yo. Think about your two fuckin’ kids that you got at home. Fight!” I yelled, shaking her because it looked like she was getting ready to give up on me.

“Don’t... don’t leave my... kids with my... mother,” was the last words she was able to get out before she took her last breath and closed her eyes.

This wasn’t my first time seeing a dead body. I saw my first dead body when I was five years old, coming home with my mama from school. A nigga was laid out in the middle of the old, run-down apartments that we used to live in. I remember asking my mama what was wrong with him, and she told me that he was asleep. I had seen a lot of sleeping

niggas since then, and by the age of six, my mama had a talk with me, and that's when I really learned exactly what death was. I just never had someone die in my arms like this, so it fucked me up.

This was someone I was just talking to. Someone that I was about to go chill with, and then this bullshit happened. Niggas shot at us, and I didn't even have a fuckin' clue who those niggas were. I'm sure they wanted me, though, because it wasn't a coincidence that the second I walked out of the club, that car came in our direction, and they started gunning at us.

The ambulance had finally pulled up to the scene, and they rushed to get Lauren out of my arms. That shit did something to me when I watched two of the EMT workers give each other a look and pretty much put it out there that she was dead. I had to turn my head because I couldn't stand around and watch that shit unfold. Lauren was the only one who died tonight, but about five other people had been hit. They looked like they were going to make it, though. Police officers had swarmed the place, ready to figure out what was going on. My gun was already tucked, and I was heading to my car.

"This is your party, right? Can I have a word with you?" a white officer asked.

It was no secret that I was hosting my album release party tonight. That shit had been broadcasted on the radio, social media, billboards, and flyers had been going around for a whole month. I stopped walking and stood there, looking the officer in his face.

"Look, I don't know shit, aight? Motha fuckas rolled up and started gunning at us. I don't know who them niggas was, and I didn't see their faces. That's all I got for you, yo," I spat, trying to walk away from him.

Another officer came over, and they both let me know to hold on and that I couldn't just walk away so easily.

"It's a problem, officers? Me and my niggas were just shot at, and I can look in y'all fuckin' eyes and tell that this is about to turn into some kind of interrogation. Y'all niggas should be

asking us if we fuckin' okay. Today was a celebration tonight for my nigga's new album. Motha fuckas came shooting at us. We ain't have nothing to do with that shit," Phaizion said, bringing his ass over, all riled up.

I gave the nigga a look, telling him to chill the fuck out. He brought his ass over, all riled the fuck up, and he was going to give these officers a reason to think we had something to do with the shooting.

"Sir, we just arrived on the scene. No one is saying you had anything to do with the shooting. We just want to figure out what's going on. We are not your enemy here," the black cop said to Phaizion, who sucked his teeth and walked away.

I wasn't telling them shit else because I didn't have anything else to say, so after that, I walked over to three of my other close homeboys. Jax, Neron, and Rion were posted up against the club wall, all with looks of anger on their faces because of the bullshit that had just taken place.

"That nigga needs to calm the fuck down. Nigga just be doing too fuckin' much. He carrying on like we don't want to find out who was in that fuckin' jeep, right along with him. We want to know, but shit is hot right now. All these fuckin' officers here and shit, so that shit wouldn't have been fuckin' smart to go looking for them niggas now. I been telling you for years, Beatz, that that nigga moves fuckin' reckless. He's the type that'll fuck around and get our asses killed," Rion snapped.

These niggas were dudes that I've known just as long as I've known Phaizion. We all went to school together. None of them had an interest in the music field that I was in, so they did the same hustling shit that Phay did. Neron would bring his ass to the studio, get behind the mic, and say that he was bullshitting, but the nigga had underlying talent. He didn't want to take it serious because the streets just be having niggas in a chokehold, and they aren't willing to give that shit up.

I was the same way; I was only twenty-one when I was getting ready to work under a big publishing company, and they fronted me some big money. Them niggas knew what I



was out there doing, so they basically sat me down and told me that I had to choose because I couldn't be in the streets, making their company hot with the shit I was into. It really took me a whole week to think about that shit. I was young and didn't have any plans to walk away from hustling, but I also knew the kind of talent I was sitting on when it came to this producing shit. So, I chose wisely, and I didn't have any regrets. Hanging around niggas who were was still in the streets, though, kind of had me feeling like I was still in it.

"Ima talk with him," was all I said as I put my hands in my pockets and posted up against the wall.

"You got an idea of who could have done this shit?" Jax asked.

"Shit, I'm not too sure. I been fuckin' bitches, so maybe I might have fucked a nigga's bitch or something, but I doubt a nigga would come with that kind of dramatics and shoot at me over some lil' shit like that. Ion know who the fuck that was," I revealed.

"That rap nigga, Zay. You know, the one you had to beat down a few months back for fuckin' around with Mia. You don't think this him, coming to get his lick back?" Rion questioned.

Truth is, I had forgotten all about that nigga. I knew Mia wasn't going to fuck with him again, so I stopped bringing his bitch ass up months ago. Mia was different. She wanted a nigga who was going to defend her, beat a nigga's ass, and all that shit. The fact that she watched that nigga get fucked up would make her look at it like the fuck nigga didn't deserve no more of her pussy. So, even if I didn't send threats her way, telling her to leave him alone, she would have done it on her own, regardless. I knew the way her mind worked, so I knew she wasn't fuckin' with him no more. He wasn't even a candidate, but now that Rion had brought him up, it very well could have been him, though. I beat his ass four months ago, though. That nigga was just now wanting his lick back?

"I'll find out," was all I said and left it at that.

I didn't say too much after that because it was a million fuckin' things running through my mind. The biggest thing that had my mind fucked up was the shit that happened to Lauren and how she didn't deserve that shit. Although I'd just met her tonight, I could tell from her vibe alone that she would have been someone I kicked it with. We wouldn't have gotten into a relationship or no shit like that because I wasn't ready for one. I would probably be single for a while, but I knew we would have vibed.

Before Lauren took her last breath, she told me to make sure her kids didn't end up with her mother, and I had to figure out a way to keep that shit from happening. I blamed this shit on me, though. I couldn't prove it yet, but I was sure those niggas came tonight to kill me, and an innocent woman had lost her life. Without a doubt, I would try to find her family, handle all the funeral expenses, and I was going to leave some money for the kids. I didn't know the kids' situation, and I didn't even know her family, but out of all the shit she could have told me before she took her last breath, for some reason, it was imperative that they didn't end up with her mother, and that was said for a reason. Fuck, man! I swear to God this was some bullshit!

## CHAPTER 13

## *Mia Randolph*

It was a week before Maddy's thirteenth birthday, and she was kicking off the birthday festivities tonight. Earlier in the week, she wanted to know if she could have a sleepover at the house with about five of her friends. She came with a whole bunch of damn demands, too, like not wanting Maya or Ivy there. She didn't want Maya there because she knew her little sister would want to sit around Maddy and listen to her conversations with her friends. Then, she didn't want Ivy here because Ivy was going to be in the way and crying every two minutes.

I gave her ass what she wanted. My mom was in town, staying in her apartment that she had here, so she was on grandma duty. Maya had a fit about not being at the sleepover, and because that child was every bit of me, she had already told Maddy that she wasn't invited to her ninth birthday party. Lord knows my kids drove me crazy, and they were the reason I went through at least one bottle of wine by myself each night. I needed something in my body just to remain sane. It was the bickering between the two that drove my ass crazy.

Maddy and her girlfriends were back in her room. She told me that she wanted a chef to come over tonight and cook Hibachi for them, and that's exactly what I did. Well, I just made the reservations. She told her daddy the expensive bill, and he paid. The chef left about an hour ago, and I was closing down the kitchen for the night after cleaning up. I wasn't going to go right to sleep because Beatz had called me about two hours ago and said he needed to come over because he wanted to talk to me about something. He didn't say what it was over the phone, so I had been walking on pins and needles

since then, trying to figure out what he could have possibly wanted to talk to me about.

Together or not, my love for Beatz would always run deep, so last weekend, when I woke up to the news about the shooting at his album release party, I panicked. I called him with worry, just to check in and make sure he was okay. We had made promises to always be there for our children, so I would kill his ass for leaving our girls. I was just glad he was okay, though. You know the media had gotten hold of a picture of him and the woman who had lost her life that night, and they were already claiming she was the other woman. They said Beatz had been seeing her for a year, and she was the reason we had finally divorced.

I swear, people in the media were fuckin' sick. That woman lost her life and left behind two kids, but instead of that being the story, they were choosing to spread lies. Beatz already cleared that up and told me how he'd just met the woman, Lauren, that night. Although he didn't have to, he did it anyway because he knew I would see it since it was literally the only damn thing the blogs had been talking about since last weekend.

The blogs. I was so sick and tired of the damn blogs. Of course, our divorce was public record, so you know them messy bitches got a hold of it and posted it a month ago when the divorce was finalized. I kept my last name, wanting to hold onto the same last name as my children, and our split was fair. I didn't ask Beatz for anything because I had enough, but that didn't stop him from sending hefty funds for the girls and putting the majority of it in their savings accounts, which had been set up for them since they were babies.

I left the kitchen, holding my cell phone in my hands. as I passed Maddy's closed door, I heard a bunch of laughing on the other side. I was going to keep walking, giving the girls their privacy, but the question that one of Maddy's friend's asked her had me pausing because I was dying to hear my daughter's answer.

"When are you going to get a boyfriend, Maddy? You're so pretty. You can have anyone. All the boys at school like

you,” that was her best friend, Zari, talking.

I was really cool with Zari’s mom, Kamirah. That was my bitch right there. Kamirah was married to her high school sweetheart, who was a star NFL player, and we met after I moved back to Miami with the girls. Zari and Maddy had both signed up to be on the dance team at their school, and I met Kamirah at the meeting. We were both sitting on the bleachers, annoyed that the meeting hadn’t started fifteen minutes past the time it was set to start. We instantly clicked, and that said a lot because I didn’t have many friends. Since Twinkle and I were brought back into each other’s lives a few years ago, we instantly got back close, and now that Loyal was home, I considered her a close friend as well.

When Twinkle came to town, she liked to plan these dinner dates, and she would often invite Normani, Naomi, and Askiya. The three of them were cool, but we really only chilled with each other when Twinkle put something together. Shit with Normani and I started off rocky due to my past relations with Billion that only happened one time, but we were past that. I wouldn’t call her my best friend, and I was sure she wouldn’t call me hers either, but we were two mature women who were very cordial with each other. I’ll go as far as even calling her a friend, just not my best friend, chile.

“I don’t want a boyfriend, like at all,” Maddy let Zari know.

I laughed, knowing that her father and his crazy threats about what he would do if she called herself having a little boyfriend must have affected her. I wasn’t the kind of mom to kick down the door and tell my daughter that she needed to change the conversation because this was innocent. Shit, at her age, my grown ass was talking about worse. Twinkle and I used to sneak and listen to my mom’s songs, so way before Maddy’s age, we already knew too much, just from the music we would sneak and listen to.

“So, like you’re going to like girls?” that was another one of her friends, Amy. It made all of them laugh, even Maddy.

“No, I’m not going to like girls. I just don’t want a boyfriend right now. I don’t know if I’ll ever want a boyfriend. Watching my mom and my dad go at it, I don’t want that. I love my mom to death, don’t get me wrong. She’s so good to me, Maya, and Ivy, and she gives us whatever we want. I know sometimes I tell y’all that she can have such a bad attitude, but she’s good. As much as I love her, when I grow up, I don’t want to be anything like her. My dad cheated on her, he gave her a disease, and I don’t think she’s happy for real, although she says that she is.

“She has three kids, and she’s lonely. I don’t think another man will want to be with her. Besides, I know my dad isn’t going to let her get with anyone else. I don’t want those kinds of problems. Plus, I want to be stronger than her. I love her, but I don’t look up to her and don’t want to be anything like her. Her situation with my dad is the reason I don’t want a boyfriend. I don’t want to get hurt like that,” Maddy shared.

Her words were like thorns. God, they stung so bad.

“Dang, Maddy. That was mean,” Zari commented.

“It’s the truth,” she let her know.

I walked away from the door and went into my room, where I closed the door behind me. I laughed through the tears that fell down my face, telling myself that this was what I got for eavesdropping on my daughter’s conversation with her friends. There were voices in my head, trying to calm me down and tell me that I shouldn’t be hurt over Maddy’s words because they were her true feelings. But, on the other hand, it was hard not to let her words crush me because, as a mother, I felt like I was doing my best when it came to my kids.

I probably didn’t make some of my best decisions when it came to the shit I had been through with their father, but I always tried to set a good example. I ran a successful business, made sure my kids were excelling in school by helping with homework and just staying on top of them in general. Anything they showed interest in, I always supported, and my kids were the three people I would go to war about. For my daughter to say that she didn’t want to be anything like me,

and she didn't look up to me, that shit hurt me to a core that I couldn't even explain. It was so much anger behind my daughter's words. She said that shit with her chest, letting me know she meant it for real.

I sat at the foot of my bed, having a whole breakdown, when a text message came in from Beatz, letting me know he was getting off the elevator and for me to come out. I quickly jumped off the bed and went into my bathroom to splash some water on my face. I tried to hide the fact that I had been crying, but my eyes and nose were still red. After I got it together as much as I possibly could, I went outside, where he was standing by the door with his back posted up against the wall and his hands in his pockets.

He took one look at me and frowned. "Why you crying?"

"Oh... ummm, I was in there watching *The Notebook*. You know what that movie does to me," I explained, followed by a nervous laugh.

A lone tear fell, but I quickly wiped it away. I was so angry with myself for being weak, especially in front of Beatz.

"Man, no the fuck you wasn't watching that shit. What's wrong with you, Mia? Why you crying?" he demanded.

Beatz reached out and pulled me his way, making me stand in front of him. I bit down hard on my lip because I was fighting my emotions. My period was on, so I was sure this also played a part in why I was in my feelings so deeply about what I'd heard Maddy say. I looked up into his eyes like he was the one with all the answers.

"I... I just feel like a bad mom, you know? I overheard Maddy telling her friends that I'm basically not someone she looks up to. Mehki... I... I thought I was doing everything right. You think I'm a bad mom? Huh? Or a bad person in general? I want the girls to look up to me... I bust my ass to give them inspiration. With everything that's going on... I'm trying... I'm fuckin' trying." I broke down in tears, crying worse than what I'd just done in my bedroom.



He pulled me to him, and I buried my head into his chest. I let it all out. A big part of me felt so damn selfish for crying about things my daughter said about me. At the end of the day, she was entitled to her opinion. I knew Maddy had been angry for a while just because I picked up and moved us all to Miami. It just felt like the right decision at the time. I was angry, and I needed a different environment because Cali just reminded me of the way things used to be between Beatz and me when we were happy.

I took my kids with me on this move, thinking that was the best decision. I would have felt like shit as a mother had I left them in Cali to be with my mother and their father while I came to Miami to figure it all out. That's why I brought them with me.

Beatz had one of his hands on my back, and he rubbed in a circular motion while his other hand cuffed the back of my head.

“Look at me, Mia,” his deep voice crooned.

It took me a few seconds, but I eventually looked up at him as he looked down at me since he was so much taller.

“You're not a bad mother. Never been, and never fuckin' will be. You raise the fuck out of our kids, and that's one of the many things that I fuckin' love about you. When we first met, I know you talked to me a lot about having to watch Junie struggle to raise you on her own and how you had to witness her have a lot of breakdowns due to her frustration with the shit y'all had to live through. You always said you didn't want the girls to see you at your lowest.

“I fucked up when we were married, and I put you at your lowest. Instead of being in the same house as me, fighting with a nigga every day, you decided to move out of that situation and not reveal that shit to our girls. I was angry about it for so fuckin' long because I looked at it as you taking them from me, but as the months went on, I got why you had to do that shit. You'll move fuckin' mountains for them girls. For the first few years of their lives, you put all your dreams and shit

on hold, just so you could get the girls in modeling and all that other shit.

“If Maya says she wants to be a singer today, you quick to get on the phone to find the best voice coach. Anything them girls want, you bust your ass for them. Ain’t shit wrong with you as a mother or a woman. You ain’t lacking in shit. If Maddy wanted to say something, what she should have said is that when she’s old enough to date, she don’t want to get with a nigga that’s going to break her fuckin’ heart the way I broke yours. Stop crying like that. You know I ain’t ever been fond of you crying.”

Beatz had let me in on an earful, and honestly, his words had me feeling much better. I brought my hands up to wipe my face, and he still was cuffing the back of my head as he looked down at me.

“Thank you. I guess I needed to hear that,” I let him know.

“I got you,” he assured me.

At any point, I could have removed myself from standing in front of him, but a piece of me hadn’t been wrapped in his strong arms in so long that I lowkey forgot what it felt like. He smelled so good too. He had a fresh cut, his waves were nice and perfect, and he stood there in just a navy blue Nike hoodie with the matching sweats and fresh white Forces on his feet. I’d just finished crying, so I guess you can say that a part of me was super vulnerable.

After the two of us stared at each other for so long, it was only a matter of time before he leaned his head down, and there I was, standing on my tiptoes, and we kissed. I hadn’t kissed Beatz in almost two years. I got butterflies in the pit of my stomach, just like I did when we kissed for the first time years ago. His hand, which had been cuffing the back of my head, snaked around to my neck. He fed me his tongue, which I gently sucked on. My eyes were closed as I got lost in the kiss, forgetting how sweet and soft his lips used to taste.

He held his right hand around my throat for a few seconds more, then removed it, and both of his hands went to my ass. Once I felt myself wanting to jump on him, I pulled away. I

pushed myself away from the hold he had me in and stood next to him on the wall, placing my back against it.

“My bad. I just had a moment. Your mouth probably been in all kinds of pussy,” I said, making him suck his teeth.

“There you go with that bullshit,” was all he said.

He never said I didn’t know what I was talking about, so it did make me feel some kind of way. Although Beatz and I were no longer together, if he told me that he had fucked another bitch last night, I wasn’t going to act like I didn’t give a fuck because I would. It wouldn’t make me want to jump on him and start swinging or anything. There was no reason for me to get angry since he didn’t owe me shit. At the same time, I didn’t want to hear the damn sex stories.

Did I think Beatz was celibate and not fuckin’ anything? Ummmm, no. I would be a fool to believe that. I, on the other hand, had just been chilling. Although the niggas were asking, I hadn’t been on a date or anything like that. I’d just come out of an eleven-year marriage, so I didn’t think it would be smart to jump into something else so soon. Shit, my ass needed to heal first. Get these tattoos covered up or something.

“What did you want to talk to me about?” I asked, changing the subject and getting back to the real reason he’d come over in the first place.

He looked at me out of the side of his eye and then moved from against the wall to stand in front of me.

“You still talk to that nigga Zay? And I ain’t asking because I’m trying to check you about what you doing in your personal life. Shit is a little deeper than that,” he explained.

“I have him blocked from everything. I haven’t talked to him in months. He was outside my door, waiting for me a few months ago, and he forced his way in. I had to pull my gun out on him and everything—”

“Why the fuck you ain’t tell me that shit when it happened, Mia? Together or not, you supposed to tell me shit like that. I could have handled that nigga for doing that shit!” he snapped.

I could see the veins sticking out on the side of his neck, letting me know that I'd pissed him off with this revelation for real.

“Because it was handled, Mehki. What? Why you asking me about Zay?”

“We just trying to figure out who the fuck shot at us at my album release party. Rion brought up Zay. I don't know. Be honest with me, Mia. After I came down here and fucked that nigga up, I'm sure you talked to him, and he was talking shit. What the fuck he said to you?”

“He talked shit, Mehki, just like any other nigga would. It was just, ‘Ima kill that nigga,’ and this and that, but that's what niggas say when they get their ass beat. So, I didn't expect anything less from him. I'm not defending Zay, but Mehki, you had all your fuckin' drug dealing homeboys at that album release party with you. You don't think it could have possibly been someone that they're beefing with that pulled up and shot at y'all? Phay was with you, and you know his ass stays in some shit,” I had to let him know.

“I hear you. You said that you ain't defending that nigga, but it lowkey sounds like you defending him to me. Rion and them are with me tonight. They know where that nigga Zay and whoever the fuck he runs with be, so we going to figure some shit out tonight. Tell Maddy to come out here,” he said, switching the subject just that fast.

I laughed at him while shaking my head.

“So, you're mad at me? I don't follow Zay on any of his social media, and I haven't talked to him in months. I wasn't defending him, but at the same time, look at the kind of niggas you run with, Mehki. That could have been anyone who pulled up at that party and started shooting. You beat Zay's ass four months ago. Why would he wait that long to come for you?” I questioned.

Beatz just nodded without saying anything. He looked at me like he was trying to think over his words before he just aired something out.

“You probably don’t care to hear this shit, but remember I was telling you about the chick Lauren, who was killed the night of the party, right? Her family had been posting her, and I gave them a hefty check to cover the cost of the funeral and shit like that because this shit been weighing heavy on my fuckin’ heart that she died at a party I put on. I’m blaming myself heavy for this shit, especially since she left behind two kids. Before she died, she told me not to let her kids go with her mama, but is that my place to really try and figure that shit out?”

“She has a sister, and according to her, their mama and a few other aunties are the only family they have. Shit, based on the sister and the aunties that I saw, I don’t see how any of them would be a good fit for them kids. Her sister already got five kids of her own that she’s raising. I didn’t even know her. I had just met her at the party, but damn, that shit is heavy on my mind about why she ain’t want the kids with her mama,” he vented.

I could see the stress and worry in his eyes.

“Did you meet her mom? What were you able to gather about her?” I asked.

“That she’s a fuckin’ drunk,” he quickly responded.

“Where are the kids’ daddy?”

“I guess that nigga ain’t in the picture. Ion know. I just wish those weren’t her last words to me before she died because now a nigga feels like I’m obligated to do this shit,” he said, and I nodded.

Although Beatz could be a fuckin’ asshole, and the world viewed him as this aggressive man with a bad temper, I knew him inside and out. Therefore, I knew he could have a heart of gold, especially when it came to kids.

“You gotta do what your heart is telling you to do. You can’t save everybody, Mehki, but I know you’re going to overthink this whole thing. So, if getting them kids out of the care of their grandmother is what Lauren wanted you to do, then you do that because that was obviously important to her.

I'll go in the house and get Maddy, so she can see you," I let him know and then turned to open the front door and let myself inside.

"Mia?" he called out before I could walk in.

I turned around and looked at him. "I ain't been eating no bitches' pussy," he said.

I nodded with nothing else to say. He wasn't eating them bitches' pussy, but he was for damn sure fuckin' them. I wasn't going to get into all of that with him because it was no longer my place to check him on that, so I headed for my daughter's room. I knocked on the door and then turned the knob to let myself in. All of them were on the floor and had made their own little pallets while they watched a movie.

"Come here, Maddy," I called out.

She quickly got up from the floor and made her way over to me.

"You was crying, Mommy?" she wanted to know.

I wouldn't tell her that I'd overheard her conversation with her friends. It was something that had hurt me, but I was going to just let it go. I did, however, plan to pick her and Maya's brains one day because I was just curious to find out more about how the girls felt about me as a mother and if there were things I needed to work on. I already knew how they felt as far as their father and me divorcing, though.

Well, I knew how Maya felt. It broke her heart. She cried for weeks because it was like the hope she had been holding onto of us getting back together was gone once I sat down with them and told them about their father and me divorcing. Maddy had yet to say how she felt, even though I tried to get it out of her on a few occasions. She would ball it all up, and I was sure the things she'd just revealed to her friends in her room about me were just a portion of how she really felt.

"Yeah, but I'm fine. Your dad is outside. He wants to see you," I said.

"And that's why you were crying? You and him were out there arguing?"

“No, we weren’t arguing. Maddy, go and see your dad,” I ordered.

She released a sigh and walked past me to the front door. I went back to my bedroom and closed the door behind me. Once inside, I flopped on my bed, lying on my back as I put a hand over my head, feeling like a headache was coming on. Beatz saying that he’d come to Miami with Rion and the rest of his homeboys wasn’t good news for anyone. I saw it in his face, and I could hear it in his voice that he was convinced Zay had shot at him last weekend at his album release party.

Zay had made threats about Beatz four months ago. So, why the hell would he have waited four fuckin’ months to do that shit? The one time a bitch opened my legs to someone other than my husband, this bullshit happened. I should have just ignored Zay’s ass like I’d done with the rest of the niggas who had been begging for my number and my time since the split between Beatz and me. But, noooo, I gave in, and all that talk that he was doing on the phone about fuckin’ me crazy and eating me even crazier had me letting the nigga hit it. He turned out to be a total fuckin’ letdown.

All that for nothing, and from the sound of things, Beatz and Zay were about to be at war.

## CHAPTER 14



## *Layden "Lay" Hoggins*

“Man, drop that shit right now. I’m ready for the smoke behind my bitch,” I called out with a blunt hanging from the side of my mouth that I removed to take a quick pull.

I was in the studio with about twenty of my niggas. There were some fine bitches walking around, but nobody was thinking about them hoers. I was shaking shit up in the studio, and I’d just played a freestyle for my niggas that I recorded last night. They were in there going fuckin’ crazy when they heard that shit. The song was called “GP Mia,” and that stood for Good Pussy Mia. I probably was going about this shit the wrong way, but I was fucked up about her, and I ain’t like the way she just cut a nigga off when I felt like we were getting somewhere.

I’m a young nigga, only twenty-six years old, and I’d quickly made a name for myself in this rap industry, so you can bet that being in a relationship and settling down with a bitch wasn’t something on my list of plans. But for Mia, mannnn, I’ll sell my fuckin’ soul. I never in my life met a bitch like her before. She was so fuckin’ raw. Fine as hell, smart, educated, and she gave off some of the best conversations that I’ve ever had with any bitch.

When I started fuckin’ around with her a few months ago, I only told one of my homies about it, and I remember him telling me to be careful with her because she was the kind of bitch that would go back to her nigga. He looked me in my eyes and told me she was just pissed with Beatz right now and showing off, but when she got tired of being away from that bitch ass nigga, she would go back. I didn’t believe it because

of the shit she told me about him when we would have our deep conversations.

Just like the rest of the world, I knew about the nigga fuckin' with Myesha on her and giving her gonorrhoea. See, with me, Mia actually exposed deeper shit about that situation. And since we had gotten so deep, I really believed her when she said she was done with that nigga. He caught us fuckin', and right off the bat, she decided to stop fuckin' with me. I ain't like that shit because I never did nothing wrong to her ass.

“Listen to this nigga, talking about his bitch. Say the word, and I'll upload this motha fucka right now. Shit about to go fuckin' crazyyyy,” my producer, Eddy, said as I stood next to him, smoking on a blunt.

We already had the cover for this EP too. It was a screenshot from a message thread between Mia and me the morning she had me pull up, and we fucked. Right there, for the whole fuckin' world to see, was a text message from her, telling me, *Good morning. Pull up. I want some dick now.* I remember that day. I almost broke my fuckin' neck to get my ass up out of the bed because I had been talking to Mia for months, and I could just tell that her pussy was good. Shit, that nigga put three kids in her, so I knew the shit was immaculate.

I texted her back, saying, *Text me the address. Don't have shit on when I get there.* When I pulled up on her, she wasn't in shit, just like I told her. Without a doubt, that was the best pussy I ever had in my life, which explained why I kept nutting before she could. It also explained me being in my feelings like this and putting out an EP, talking shit. Yeah, that was me and my niggas who pulled up on that fuck nigga last weekend, and because I heard his bitch ass had been looking for me, this track was for him too. Niggas are going to ask why I didn't make a move on this shit months ago when the shit happened, but the truth is, my record label was telling me to chill.

I ended up signing with a label the week after that shit happened with Beatz at Mia's penthouse. I was cool with the owner, Sincere, and outside of business, that nigga and I had a

personal relationship. So, when I went to the studio to record after the shit went down between Beatz and me, he questioned the busted lip I had the day I came down and signed. I ain't mind sharing that shit with Sincere, so I told him. Of course, I had to hear from that nigga about how I was in the wrong, and any nigga would have done to me what Beatz did because Mia was still his wife.

I ain't want to hear that bullshit, though. Sincere urged me to just take my L and leave that shit alone. He knew that although Beatz was no longer in the streets, he still hung around a bunch of street niggas, just like I did, and he didn't want that kind of heat in his company.

It was crazy because I had been waiting damn near with my fingers crossed for Sincere to reach out to me because that's really who I wanted to work with. When he called, I swear I went running. I liked what he did with his artists, giving them niggas the best of the best, and that's the kind of nigga I wanted behind me.

Because I looked up to a nigga like Sincere, I respected his wishes and left the shit alone for four months. Then, my nigga, Juice, hit me like two weeks before Beatz's album release party and said that we could air shit out at the party. That was the kind of niggas we were. We shot up parties, not giving a fuck who got harmed in the process. I was all in, and after doing that shit, I was pissed that we didn't kill the nigga.

The day after that shit happened, I was back in Miami, recording. Sincere came down, looked me in my eyes, and asked if me and my niggas had anything to do with that shit. And I looked him in his eyes, lied, and told him that I didn't. There I was, a week later, fuckin' with that nigga some more. Getting on this track and talking about the many ways I had fucked Mia and ate on that pussy would make that nigga want to kill me even more now. And I had brought up Maddy, Maya, and Ivy, saying how I was the kids' new stepdaddy. Well, that's if he was smart enough and put two and two together to know that it was us who pulled up on him at the party. Shit, if he didn't know it was me already, he would know after this song dropped.

“Drop that shit, man. We ready for the smoke that’s gon’ come behind this, though,” Juice spat and pulled out a gun from his waist, letting it be known that he and the rest of my niggas were always strapped and never lacking.

See, the day I was at Mia’s house, I’d left my shit in the car. I knew I was going over there solely for some pussy, so I didn’t even think to bring it with me. If I even had the smallest feeling that nigga was going to pull up to the crib, I would have brought my shit in the house with me, and he would have been a dead man.

“Drop it, Eddy. Sincere gon’ be pissed because he told me not to bring this street shit to his label, but all this shit is fun and games to me. Sincere about his money, and this is going to make the label some fuckin’ money. It may start a fuckin’ war too, but we’ll deal with that shit later. Fuck the fact that we didn’t have time to promote this shit either. The song is the promotion, and I already know the numbers are going to go crazy. Mia may get mad at me for dropping this and exposing our shit, especially since she wanted to keep it on the hush, but fuck all that. She should have never blocked me and been fuckin’ ignoring me. This ain’t my get back on her, though. This my get back on that nigga,” I spat.

Eddy slapped it up with me and prepared to drop the song. I went to Instagram and played a snippet of the song in my story, letting the world know that I was getting ready to drop this shit in another hour. Within ten minutes, my story already had over half a million views, and different blogs had already posted the cover of the EP along with the quick eight seconds of the song that I’d shared.

“The part where you say, the pussy on that bitch was prettier than that black jeep, he’s going to know right there that it was us last weekend. It’s gon’ be big smoke behind this shit. I just want to make sure you know that,” my cousin, also my manager, Floyd, came over to let me know.

Floyd was older than me, and the nigga was much wiser than me as well. Truth be told, if he wasn’t in my life, I would have probably been dead or in jail a long time ago. He was the voice of the good angel that rested on my shoulder, telling me

not to do certain shit. The nigga was smart too, and I trusted him more than I trusted my own mama, which is why I'd decided to make him my manager in the first place. He didn't agree with this shit that I was on right now with Beatz. He was solely about the music, making money, and me just staying my ass out of trouble.

"I know that. I don't know about you, bruh, but I ain't scared of that nigga—"

"Zay, this ain't got shit to do with you being scared, my man. It's just disrespectful, and you're playing with your life and the rest of these niggas' lives in here because we know how Beatz is coming behind Mia. Married or not, you know that nigga is not going to let nobody disrespect her or him. That nigga's kids' name coming out of your mouth, and that's enough room for a nigga to want to kill you. How many times have we seen that nigga in the blogs over the years, solely off him defending Mia? That nigga posted on his Instagram page, posting guns and shit, saying how he was going to kill people in the comments for disrespecting Mia.

"You on that song, talking about fuckin' her, then you brought up playing stepdaddy to that nigga's kids, and you even brought up the black jeep. Shit is going to get dangerous, is all I'm saying. On top of that, you about to put this song out, and Sincere didn't even fuckin' clear it. Did you think about the consequences of all that shit?" he asked.

I sucked my teeth, took another pull from the blunt, and blew it into his face.

"If he wants smoke, we ready," was all I said, and then I walked away from him. I wasn't worried about the bullshit that my cousin was talking about.

"Ay, one of you hoes come over here in the studio with me. I want to record this next track while I'm getting my dick sucked," I called out, and damn near five of them bitches raced to where I was, damn near trampling over each other to get to me.

The pretty black bitch who made it to me first, I grabbed her hand and brought her into the booth with me. I went inside

with my notebook, so I could bless the mic with something I was working on early this morning. Before I could fully get to the page I wanted to be on, this bitch was already on her knees, trying to get my dick out of my jeans and out of the slit in my boxers. Her full lips wrapped around the base of my dick, and I'm not going to lie, that shit damn near made a niggle stumble, but I grabbed her by the back of her head to stop my fall.

"Eddy, play that beat you played for me when I got in here," I said.

"Nigga, you fuckin' wild. Aight, hold on," he called out.

The beat dropped, and I started flowing. I fucked with a lot of different women, and they all told me that they liked my music, but they wanted to hear something for them. A lot of my music talked about drugs, killing niggas, the money I had, the bitches I fucked, and all that. The kind of sound I had was one that would play in the club and make motha fuckas want to fight each other. I heard the ladies, and this song was for them. I wanted a woman to sing on it, and the only person I could think of to bless this track was Ryan.

Ryan was from Miami too. She was *Miami's Superstar*, and there wasn't a soul who could blow like her. She was married to a big-time producer out of Miami named Messiah. That nigga was the truth, and he was someone I wanted to work with as well. This song was called "Spoil Her," and I was just talking about the way I be tricking off my money on a lot of these bitches out here. This was going to be the one, and I could already see it being the summer anthem.

Two hours passed, and I was still in the studio. The head was excellent, and I was able to bust a fat nut. Pizza and wings had just been delivered, and "GP Mia" had dropped already. My phone was out front because I didn't want the distraction of the hype that I knew was taking place, and I needed to get in there and write. I bobbed my head to a beat that Eddy had played as I wrote in my journal.

"Come out here, Zay," Eddy called out.

I looked over at him, and he was standing up with his phone in his hands. A lot of my niggas had their phones in their hands too, and they were glued to whatever was on their phone screens. From their faces alone, I could tell that it was some bullshit, and I was sure it had everything to do with the song I'd just dropped. I placed my notebook on the chair that I had been sitting in and walked out the glass door to where everyone was.

“Beatz just hopped on live. That nigga already at two million views,” Eddy said.

I stood next to Eddy and looked at his phone screen. Beatz was driving in his car, and people were in the comments, telling him to hurry up and park the car, so he could tell the people what they wanted to hear. The nigga was pissed, which made me laugh because that was the exact reaction I wanted from him. His jaws were flexing, and I could tell by how aggressively he drove the car that I had pissed him clean off.

“Aight, nigga, you wanted a reaction out of me, so let me give you one,” he started.

I could tell he'd parked the car because he picked the phone up and held it in his hands.

“Ay, y'all niggas turn y'all shit down, so I can fuckin' hear,” I yelled.

All these niggas were on Beatz's live, and not everyone's video was playing at the same speed, so it was echoing, fuckin' up me hearing the audio. They turned it down, and then I watched Beatz get out of the car and flip the screen. It was like one in the morning, and this nigga had pulled his ass up to a cemetery, showing headstones. You gotta be a crazy motha fucka to take your ass out to a cemetery by yourself this late at night. After five minutes, he flipped the screen and put it back on his face. His views were up now to three million. This nigga was making us wait for him because he knew the world was dying to hear what he had to say. The live kept pausing like it did when I was on live, and someone was calling me.

“GP Mia, bae, stop calling. I know you on the live, and you hear me, so stop calling for a minute, so I can handle this fuck nigga right quick. I’ll hit you back after I talk my shit. Let daddy handle this fuck nigga for a second,” this crazy ass nigga said.

She was why the live kept freezing because she was calling him, and I was sure to tell him to stop this shit. The fact that he referred to her as GP Mia let me know he’d heard the song, and he was on live to address that shit.

“This ain’t Beatz talking right now. This Mehki. Fuck Randolph records right now because ain’t shit I’m about to say business-related or fuckin’ professional, for that matter. This shit here is life-related. Your life, nigga! I know you watching this shit too because you gotta know that putting out a track and bringing up some fine shit that belongs to me as well as my motha fuckin’ kids would get me going. Zay, right?”

“Homie, listen to me and listen to me good. I’m giving you one hour to take that motha fuckin’ song down. Ion make threats, homie. Anything I say Ima fuck do, Ima do it. Know that. If that song ain’t pulled in the next hour, I swear to God, nigga, this gon’ be your new home.” Beatz flipped the camera, showing the cemetery again. He let the camera linger on that for a few seconds before he flipped it and put it back on his face.

“Look outside them windows, nigga. Pause for a second and look outside them windows,” he spat.

“Aye, somebody look out the window,” Eddy called out.

Two of my men rushed over to look.

“It’s ’bout five trucks out there,” one of them said.

“I’ll make them niggas run up in there and air that shit out right now, motha fucka! You signed to Sincere, ain’t it? That’s my nigga, and I would hate to fuck up his place of business like that, but I’ll take it out of the millions that I’m sitting on and pay for it. In an hour, I swear, by the time them niggas get done with y’all, every motha fucka in there going to have a



closed casket. You get in the studio with them niggas, and now all of a sudden, you feel bold!

“Tell the world the truth, nigga. You got the fuck beat out of you over the same pussy that you in there rapping about. Pussy that you ain’t even make cum! You and I both know the real reason you still alive, homie. Come on, tell the world why you really mad. That same woman that got you in your feelings because you got a sniff of her pussy is the woman I fuckin’ jacked up and told her that your bitch ass better never come around my pussy ever again, fuck nigga! We ain’t even together no more, but I call the shots when it comes to that pussy, and I bet you ain’t seen that pretty motha fucka since!

“Find you something safe, nigga. You pulled up in a black jeep, right? You don’t know what’s prettier, my bitch or that black jeep, right? That lame ass bar. My motha fuckin’ eight-year-old daughter can come up with a harder bar than that. A black limousine is what’s going to be sent your way for your mama to cry in while she follows the hearse with your body in it for thinking shit was safe to play with me, motha fucka. I’m with all that street shit. I’ll come out of retirement for a bitch nigga like you. One hour, Zay. One hour,” and with that, the nigga ended the live.

“Yessss, Beatz. Well, Mehki because he said that wasn’t Beatz talking and that it was Mehki. If my nigga don’t clear shit like that over me, I don’t want him,” one of the hoes in the room yelled.

“Hoe, get your thirsty ass out. You and the rest of these hoes get the fuck out!” I angrily spat.

They quickly got out, and at the same time, my phone started ringing on the table. I looked down and saw that it was Sincere calling me. I saw his name flash on the screen, and then I turned to look at Floyd. He threw his hands up, like he was over this shit, and walked away from me. I knew I couldn’t just ignore Sincere because he would just pop his ass up over there.

I answered the phone on the very last ring.

“Yo,” I called out.

“Take that motha fuckin’ song down right now, nigga! Yo, have your ass at the studio tomorrow morning at ten. Me and you gotta talk, homie. You and the rest of them niggas get the fuck out of my studio right now, before I send my own niggas down there to air that shit out! Stupid ass niggas!” he spat and hung up in my face.

Eddy was looking at me, waiting for me to tell him what Sincere had just said. I blew out an annoyed breath, pissed with this shit.

“Pull the song down,” was all I said.

My niggas got angry because of my decision to remove the song. They weren’t rap niggas, so they didn’t understand the seriousness of this shit, as far as the business side. Legally, I couldn’t even drop that song without getting it cleared by Sincere anyway, but I was on some reckless shit tonight, and I still did it. More than likely, Sincere was going to drop me from his label because he’d already threatened me not to bring that street shit to his business, and that’s exactly what I’d done.

Motha fuckas already knew who Zay was, and after this shit tonight, they would really know me. So, even if he dropped me, I could do well independently. I just hated that I had to remove the song because it would make me look like a pussy and show the world that I only did it because Beatz told me to. Another thing that sucked was that I wouldn’t even get the money from the song because it had been removed so fast, but other people were probably going to upload that shit to YouTube, SoundCloud, and shit. They would get a bag off it, especially since I was pulling it down. I guess this shit came back and bit me in the ass.

“Them niggas gone now,” Eddy said after thirty minutes.

I was sitting in the chair, mad as fuck that the song was now down, but just like I’d predicted, motha fuckas had already uploaded it to YouTube and other outlets. Shit in the streets was about to get crazy with Beatz and me. That nigga was bold to hop his ass on live with that many people for the world to see, cops included, sending out threats like that.

That's the shit I be talking about from that nigga, though, and why I didn't like him. He moved like his ass was untouchable.

The same way he was so sure of getting me touched, my niggas and I could very well do the same fuckin' thing. Look how we pulled up on him at his own album release party. We might have missed, but that proved he could get put down, just like any other nigga. We weren't going to miss the next time. I was sure of that shit.

## CHAPTER 15

## *Loyal Brooks*

“I ma have to sew this right here and make it tighter. Twinkle, hold the damn dress. Damn!” I snapped at my sister.

She was at my boutique, in the large back room where I kept all the inventory stored. I had been fussing at her for ten minutes, trying to get her to hold the dress properly. She wasn't doing it the way I needed her to do it, and it was aggravating the hell out of me.

Twinkle was scheduled to attend a big ball in a couple of weeks with her husband, Truth, and of course, her ass had me making a custom dress for her at the very last minute. She'd just told me about this damn ball last week, and it was supposed to take place in two weeks. Mind you, she'd known about the ball for months. According to her, she was going to get a dress from a store, but nothing stood out to her, which is why she'd asked me to make it.

There was so much shit on my plate already. I had my fashion show coming up in less than a month, which would showcase my new summer line for the ladies. I was getting booked for different jobs as a stylist, and with running this store online and the actual boutique, I felt like I was running myself thin. Not to mention, Saint and I were planning a wedding, and we still hadn't found a venue yet.

Saint was getting annoyed as hell with me because he felt like I was putting everything ahead of the wedding. This man wanted to marry me tomorrow, and Lord knows I wanted to be his wife, but these days, I just felt like there weren't enough hours in the day. Back in prison, I felt like time dragged, but

now that I was out and keeping myself busy, time was moving too damn fast.

“You gotta be on your period. You been bitching since I walked in here. I’m holding the dress, Loyal. What the hell else you want me to do?” Twinkle snapped back at me.

She was holding the top half of the dress, which was strapless. I would have to adjust that part too and make it tighter, but right now, I was working on her waist, trying to get it extra tight to show off her tiny waist. Then, I had to adjust the slit as well because Twinkle wanted it to come up higher on her hip. It was a beautiful gold gown that I’d designed for her, and I’d outdone myself, although there were a few minor things that needed to be touched up.

I’d sketched this dress out literally the same day that Twinkle told me about the ball. Anything dealing with designing brought me peace, so I’d started it a little after eleven at night, and before I knew it, it was well after three in the morning. My sketchbook was still in front of me, and I was still putting my creative mind to work.

I didn’t respond to Twinkle, but that was mainly because I had a safety pin in my mouth. That’s what I would use as a guide once I placed it on the dress, so I would know how tight I needed to go back and adjust it tonight. Twinkle was my sister, and we bickered from time to time, but we said what we needed to say, and then we would move on to the next thing. I loved this girl with everything in me, but I would be lying if I said the bitch didn’t work my nerves from time to time.

“Where you want to eat tomorrow? I told Normani, Naomi, Askiya, and Mia, and they are all down. I want a steak,” Twinkle said. She was only in town for the weekend because I needed her to try the dress on and make adjustments.

“Your ass always wants a damn steak. I don’t care where we go, as long as they have a good drink menu,” I said and got up.

All of this time, I had been sitting on a chair, but now that I was getting to the strapless part of the dress, I needed to be higher. Before Twinkle could even respond, there were light

knocks on the door. We both looked over, and Mia staggered her ass in. This bitch here. I swear, she stayed with more damn drama than a little bit. I'm not even about to act like Saint and I weren't up two nights ago at midnight, watching Beatz show his ass on live.

The crazy part is I don't even do social media like that. I didn't have a personal page, but I had a business page for my boutique. I just happened to be in bed that night with Saint, posting new outfits in my story that were coming to the store soon, when Twinkle texted me a link to Beatz's page, telling me to jump my ass on and watch it. I don't know if I was more shocked that the nigga took his ass to a damn graveyard to get his point across or the fact that he actually had niggas posted up outside the studio, ready to have them niggas shoot that shit up. Mind you, this nigga did this shit for the whole fuckin' world to see.

Now, I don't know if this makes me crazy, but I love some hood, crazy shit like that. That's probably why I loved Saint the way I did. My man will air some shit out about me, and I loved that. The song that Zay put out about Mia was so fuckin' disrespectful, and his ass was lucky to still be breathing. I knew it was a few people in the industry that Beatz wanted to pop, but because he was in the spotlight, he had to watch the way he moved. I knew for a fact that Myesha and Zay would have been dead if Beatz didn't have eyes on him. The two of them alone had talked too much shit, especially that Myesha bitch.

"Yeahhh, bring your ass in here. We gotta address this shit," I called out, looking at Mia as she set her baby blue Chanel bag on a table and walked over. Mia was absolutely fuckin' gorgeous.

Honestly, the bitch was fine as hell. She came in, wearing a baby blue and white polo half tee, which showed off her flat stomach and her diamond belly button ring. She wore light denim high-waisted jeans and clear heels on her feet, which she walked effortlessly in. Her honey-blonde bob was perfectly cut in a side part, and it was one of my favorite features about her. Mia had just cut her hair after she had Ivy,

and this look was so nice on her. She came in with the iced-out Cartier watch on her wrist and the matching Cuban link chain. She walked over to me, sighed, and gave me a hug. Then she did the same thing to my sister.

“Where you coming from? Fine ass,” Twinkle complimented and playfully hit Mia on all that ass she had on her.

“My mom is in town. We went to breakfast this morning and shopping,” she replied as she took a seat in one of the empty chairs and crossed her right leg over her left.

Mia had a look of annoyance on her face. That girl couldn't catch a break. Every time shit in the media would slow down with her, it would pick right back up. See, Beatz could go out and fuck all kinds of hoes while he and Mia were together, and the world would praise that shit because he was a man. Let people tell it, men were supposed to cheat, which was the dumbest shit I had ever heard.

Now, ever since Zay put out that weak ass diss song, where he basically exposed that he'd fucked Mia, you know the world didn't have the same energy for her fuckin' Zay. To them, it was like she was passing her pussy around. Meanwhile, Beatz was slinging dick to another bitch while he and Mia were still together. Always having to be in the media, and for negative shit at that, I know that was why Mia just hadn't been herself these days.

“Beatz cursed you out, huh?” I asked, and she laughed.

“Oh, you know he did! None of this shit would have happened if I didn't give his pussy away and a bunch of other dumb ass shit that he was on the phone saying. I just hate that he called me out on the live, saying that I was calling him because it looked like I'm back fuckin' him and that I'm really just out here passing my pussy around. A bitch decides to have some fun, get my little lick back, and the whole damn world gotta know that I fucked Zay.

“It's just like a man, though, to point the finger at me for this and say that I'm to blame. Mind you, all this shit happened because he was fuckin' that hoe, brought back an



STD, and a bunch of other shit. Beatz likes to say that he only kept fuckin' her because she was blackmailing him. Talking about he was scared that I would leave him, so what was he supposed to do? You love me, right? Kill that bitch then! You was supposed to kill that hoe," Mia snapped.

I laughed because this bitch was fuckin' crazy. The thing is, she was dead ass serious too.

"I hate that I fucked Zay. I don't have many regrets in life, but letting that nigga even sniff my pussy is a big regret of mine. He ran his mouth like a little bitch. Dick wasn't even all of that. I didn't even cum," she spat.

"That nigga said you ride dick like you getting paid millions to do it. Mia, you got these niggas ready to kill each other. I just know that pussy good, GP Mia," I joked but was dead serious.

She laughed, and that laugh explained it all.

"I don't think I've ever seen Mehki that mad before, and that's why I kept calling him while he was on live. I didn't know what the hell he was about to do when he pulled up to that fuckin' graveyard. He had literally just left my house about an hour before all of that happened. He wanted to talk to me about the shooting that happened at his album release party and pick my mind to see if I felt like Zay had anything to do with that shit. I listened to the song, and the foolish nigga pretty much told on himself. Then, he got his ass on that fuckin' song, just lying. Saying I was running from the dick. I ain't ever in my life ran from no fuckin' dick. Dick wasn't even in me long enough for me to run from it," Mia stated.

She had us rolling from the shit she was talking.

"When it's all said and done, Mia, do you think you and Beatz are going to work it out? Y'all are divorced, and even you said that your relationship with him has gotten better, especially in terms of communication. If y'all can become friends again, seek therapy, and then try the relationship again, would you be willing to do it? You know I'm not condoning shit that Beatz did because I know what that shit feels like to be cheated on. It's like a low blow to your gut, especially from

a nigga that's supposed to be in love with you. It's no denying that he loves you. He fucked up, but with the time you two are having a part, do you think y'all can fall back in each other's lives and get it to how it was before all this shit happened?" I really wanted to pick her brain and see where she stood with all of this.

Mia took a few moments before she answered the question. She was staring off into space, and from the look in her eyes alone, I could tell the wheels in her head were spinning. She seemed to really be trying to dissect this question and figure out just how she would answer it.

"To be honest, Lo, I don't know. We're divorced. I'm supposed to be over him, but every time I see him, I'm tempted to ask him about the bitches that I know he's out here fuckin'. I don't have any proof of it because I wouldn't put it past Beatz to make these hoes sign an NDA, making them agree to not tell the world about him fuckin' them. There's still a part of me that wants to fuck him up for being with other women, but we're not together, so I can't do that. That's how I know I still love him.

"At the same time, if we get back together, it will be so hard to trust him. That shit he did with Myesha really made me lose all trust in that nigga. I'll be with him and scared to let him hit it without a condom because there will be voices in my head saying that this nigga is going to give me another STD. I never really said this out loud to anyone other than my mama, but in a way, it's like I kind of deserve all of this shit because I put it in Beatz's head years ago when we first met that he could do what he wanted as long as I didn't find out about it \_\_\_"

"Mia, you were young! You married Beatz when you were nineteen," Twinkle cut her off to say.

"I know, but even as I grew up, I kind of still lived by that. I guess that was just my way of protecting my heart because, back then, I swore that every nigga was going to cheat, no matter how good of a man they were. It took me being single and just dissecting this whole thing. I dropped the ball from the moment Beatz and I started dating. I basically told him, go

ahead and fuck them bitches, but just don't let me find out about it," she revealed.

"You think if you never said that, he wouldn't have messed with Myesha?" I wanted to know.

"I really don't know. Beatz fucked that bitch because he wanted to. Nobody had a gun to his head and told him he had to do it. God, I love him to death, but I really don't know if it's any coming back from this. Who knows, though? Maybe this time apart is something we need, and later down the road, we can see if we are meant to be in each other's lives and in a relationship like it was before. These days, I find myself making a lot of my decisions for my kids. The shit I heard Maddy say to her friends hurt me. Her opinion was strong as hell. If I were to get back with her dad, you know she would view me as weak because Maddy knows the shit that's been going on. She may not know all the details, but she knows enough," she said.

Mia had called Twinkle and me earlier in the week to tell us the things she'd overheard her daughter saying about her. I could only imagine how hurtful that shit must have been because Lord knows, when I was in prison, I worried about Dream and the way she would view me. I feared that she would grow up and think I'd left her for my sister to raise. As parents, it meant the world for us to know what our kids thought of us, and for Maddy to view Mia in the light that she did, it had to hurt.

"You should have walked in there and grabbed her little ass up," Twinkle threw in, making Mia laugh.

"Nah. See, I give my kids privacy, and my ass should have never been listening to her damn conversation in the first place. It's cool, though. I needed to hear that, so I could work on myself," she added.

Mia was stressed the fuck out. As fine as the bitch looked, for so long, she'd been walking around with worry and just pure annoyance on her face. I remember when Saint and I first got together, and the nigga would be out cheating. Our mind registers that if we beat the bitch's ass that they cheated on us

with, it would make us feel better, but it really didn't. Myesha had been a thorn in Mia's ass since all this shit started going down, and almost four months ago, she took her ass down to her makeup studio and beat the brakes off her.

I saw the video because Myesha's homegirls had been on live when Mia barged in, so they captured all the footage. But, even in the end, after doing all that, it didn't make her feel any better. Shit, if anything, it only made the situation worse. Luckily, Myesha had dropped the charges, but now Mia was taking anger management classes one day a week, which was ordered by the judge. The shit on her plate just kept piling up, so that look of worry and aggravation that was always on her face was there for a reason.

"See, this is why I can't wait for my birthday trip that we're taking next month to Aruba. I think all of us could use a break from real life and just get away. We're going to be gone for a whole week, and Lord knows I can't wait. I love my kids dearly, but they're the first two that I'm ready to get away from," Twinkle exclaimed, making me laugh.

Twinkle was spending her actual birthday back in Cali, just doing dinner with Truth, but that weekend all the women were going out. Because my ass was on probation, I had to request permission from my probation officer a month ago when Twinkle planned the trip. I would've been butt-hurt if I couldn't go, but my probation officer was cool, and she approved it. I had only been out of the country once, and that was before my prison sentence. Chance and I had gone to Jamaica one year for my birthday.

"I can't wait, girl. I'm telling y'all right now that I will have to get carried back to the villa every night. I'm getting sloppy drunk, turning up, and enjoying all this time away from the bullshit that I've been going through," Mia chimed in.

I high-fived her in agreement. From there, we talked about other things. Those two women had the power to have me laughing to the point that I would have tears falling from my eyes. I'd been working so hard at the store over the past few weeks, so this drop by from the two of them was well needed. It was a quick break from the madness at the store. They ended

up staying with me for at least another hour, and then they left. We had plans to all go to dinner the next night since Twinkle was only in town for a couple of days.

I stayed at the shop a little later than usual because it was busy as hell with the new clothes that had been added along with a sale that I had going on. It was so much to take care of that I didn't want to leave right away. The store closed at nine, and I literally left thirty minutes before closing time, leaving my crew to close down the store and everything else.

I made it home about fifteen minutes later since the shop wasn't too far from the house. I grabbed my purse from the front seat along with Twinkle's dress that I had laid across the backseat in a nice garment bag. Walking with the items in my hands, I went over to the garage, keyed in the code, and let myself in. I usually came in through the garage. Really, just because I was lazy, and this was a quicker walk versus walking to the side of the house to the front door.

I let the garage down once I was fully inside and used my key to let myself into the house. I could hear the TV on in the den area, and it smelled like something was baking. Both Saint and Dream had a sweet tooth, especially at night, so there was no telling what they were in there baking. There was a room downstairs that was solely dedicated to designing and working on my business, so before joining my little family, I took the items in there and left them on the table.

I found Dream and Saint in the kitchen. Dream was sitting on top of the kitchen counter while Saint stood next to her. They were putting icing on some delicious-looking cookies, which explained the sweet baking smell that I picked up when I walked into the house.

"There go Mommy right there, Saint. Hi, Ma. Me and Saint making cookies," Dream cooed with a big smile on her face as she held a little baggie with pink icing in it.

She had her natural hair out in a huge fro. Before I left this morning, her little butt had some braids. The braids were ready to come out, though, and I was supposed to have taken them

out today, but I didn't expect to get home so late from the shop.

"Hi, beautiful. Who took your braids out?" I asked, walking over and kissing her on her forehead.

"Saint did. He washed my hair at the sink too. He even blow-dried it. I didn't cry either, and that's why we're making cookies. You want one, or you on a diet?" her little ass asked me.

I laughed because that just showed she paid too much attention to me. If I even gained one pound, I was quick to say that I was on a diet. What had me more impressed than anything was the fact that she'd just told me Saint had taken her braids out by himself, and he even washed her hair. Women, I think y'all know how much time this man had just saved me. Yeah, he looked good as hell in the black sweatpants and the white wifebeater but knowing what he'd just done tonight had him looking even better. I walked up behind him, wrapped my arms around his waist, and kissed him on his back.

"Thank you, baby. What would I do without you?" I asked.

"Start bringing your ass home on time. You can start there, shorty." He said it in a joking way, but I knew he was serious.

I didn't bother to respond because then we would be arguing, and I didn't want to do that shit in front of Dream. Saint and I didn't have bad arguments, but let's be real, we're a couple who lived together. Therefore, we weren't always going to agree on everything. Saint was my number one supporter, but lately, he'd been saying little comments like the one he had just made about wanting me to be home earlier. Sometimes, I would make it home after he and Dream had already eaten, and she would be tucked in bed. It wasn't like I was coming home to my family late on purpose, but I swear it was always something to be done at that damn store.

Before walking away, I squeezed myself in front of Saint and kissed him on his lips. He kissed me back, and then I went upstairs to run myself a bath. As tired as I was, I wasn't in the mood for a cookie or anything else.

I got my bathwater started. After adding my bubble bath, I lit a couple of candles that I had on the side of the tub and played some soft music from my phone. I stood in the massive bathroom on my side and pulled my long hair up in a bun. From there, I stripped out of my clothes, and the water had risen to a good height. I stepped in, loving the hot temperature, rested my head back on the padded cloth, and closed my eyes. The jets were on in the tub, beating against my tired body, and it felt amazing. I really sat here and dozed off.

“Loyal.” Saint’s deep voice called my name out, causing my eyes to jump open and land on him.

He was sitting on the edge of the tub, looking down at me. The shirt that he had been wearing when I walked in the house was removed, just leaving him in his joggers. I could see his black briefs since he was sagging. There were so many tattoos on his well-defined chest, stomach, and even on both arms. Saint had a curly taper, and as always, his hair was to perfection along with the lineup and nice, full beard.

“Remember tomorrow that we got two appointments to see venues. Shorty, I proposed Christmas Eve. It’s been damn near six months, and we still haven’t come up with something. What’s the holdup?” he asked.

“Shit, Saint. I forgot all about those appointments tomorrow. What time is it again?” I asked.

He sucked his teeth and looked at me like I was crazy.

“Yo, let me ask you something, and keep it real with me. Do your ass even want to get married, Loyal? I feel like you running away from this shit. I ain’t ask you to marry me, Loyal, because the shit sounded good. A nigga fuckin’ loves you, and that’s why I asked. Every weekend, you got me pushing shit back because you gotta take care of shit at the shop, and even the ones that we did see, you always got an excuse as to why you don’t like it. I feel like we ain’t equally excited about this shit, yo. Let me know if this ain’t what you want to do, so I can know if I’m wasting my fuckin’ time or not,” he barked.

“If I didn’t want to marry you, Saint, I wouldn’t have said yes. I’m not running away from shit! The venues that me and you went to see, I didn’t fuckin’ like them! How you going to get mad at me because I’m not jumping at the first fuckin’ venue that we saw—”

“It wasn’t the first, shorty. We done seen about six of them bitches so far, and it’s always an excuse with you. I ain’t telling you what time the appointments are. If that shit was important to you, then you would have known already. You trippin’, man,” he snapped and left the bathroom.

I sighed and quickly finished my bath. Once I’d cleaned my entire body, I stepped out of the water, wrapped a towel around my body, and I went over to the sink to do my skincare routine and brush my teeth. I walked out of the bathroom, and when I made it to the bedroom, Saint wasn’t in there. I quickly dried off with my towel, put some lotion on, and a little bit of oil on my skin, then threw on a pajama top with the matching shorts. I slipped my feet into my house shoes, and before I went to see where the hell Saint was, I checked on Dream, who was tucked in her bed, lying on her stomach, knocked out.

I kissed her cheeks a couple of times and went downstairs, where I found Saint in the living room. He had the TV on, the lights were off, and his feet were kicked up on the square-shaped ottoman in front of him. I straddled his lap, and he wrapped his strong arms around my waist, then lifted me and sat my ass on the couch with him. I climbed back on his lap, and this time, he didn’t move me. It felt like I was sitting on dead weight, though, like his ass didn’t even want me on top of him.

“Saint, I do want to marry you. You know that when it comes to the love I have for you, we can schedule a wedding at the courthouse next week, and I’ll be fine with that. Don’t try to make this like I’m dragging my feet when it comes to me being your wife. Nigga, you are my soul mate. I’m sorry about my lack of time management. With this fashion show that I have coming up, running this store, and taking on personal stylist gigs on the side, I’ve just been doing too much.



Baby, what time are the appointments tomorrow for the venue? This is me being honest with you and letting you know that I really did forget. Tell me,” I said, with my arms wrapped around his neck and looking him in his eyes.

His hands were no longer resting at his sides. He’d brought them down to my ass, and he had a nice hold.

“I on remember. I need some head to make me think straight,” the nigga had the nerve to say.

See, it really didn’t matter because I came down there with the intention to suck him off anyway, which is why I’d kept my hair pulled up after my bath. I giggled at his words, then leaned my head in and proceeded to suck on his neck. As I did that, I could feel his dick jump under me, and it was getting harder. I sucked and sucked my way down until I was finally on my knees, with my face right in front of his dick.

I placed soft, sensual kisses on his dick through his sweats until I eventually pulled his dick out and gave him the nastiest head for over ten minutes. The whole time, he had his hands on the back of my head, fucking my mouth. When his groans, grunts, and moans got a little louder, I sped up my pace, and all of that nut hit the back of my throat. I sucked it all up, just like I did damn near every day of the week. I sucked as much dick as he ate pussy. The way he got pleasure from eating me, I received the same from giving him head.

“The first appointment is at twelve. The second one is at two,” he said.

I stood and removed my shirt and shorts, getting ready to stand up on the couch and put my pussy right on his nose. By the time he made me cum, his dick should be back to life, and the fuckin’ could start.

“We’ll be there,” I let him know as I climbed on him.

“Cool. You treading fuckin’ lightly, Loyal,” he threatened.

“I hear you. Tread your tongue up and down my pussy. I want to cum,” I demanded, now standing over him.

Saint cuffed my ass cheeks and ate my pussy with so much skill and passion that I knew that it wouldn’t be long before I

came. I'd heard everything Saint said to me tonight. I'd been slacking, not taking our wedding planning as seriously as I had taken everything else in my life, but all of that would stop tomorrow. I hated that he thought I didn't want to marry him when that wasn't the case at all.

Outside of Dream, Saint was the best thing that had ever happened to me. That man loved my daughter like she was his, and that was only a portion of why I loved him so much. I would be a fool not to marry a man as good to me as Saint was. I had to get my shit together and get it together fast before the nigga got sick of my shit and decided he didn't want to marry me anymore.

## CHAPTER 16

## *Cassandra White*

It was Sunday, and I was in Chicago, just walking into Aaron's church. This wasn't my first time in Chicago. I had come before with Antonio, but it was my first time there since Aaron had been in my life. In the past, whenever we saw each other, it was because he had flown to New Jersey, where I now lived. The reason why I said in the past is that ever since the whole thing happened at his sister's house, where he pretty much found out who I really was, he hasn't been back to Jersey to see me. We still talked, but it wasn't like how it used to be.

Aaron admitted to caring about Lamar and me, so he would often call, more so to check up on my son than to talk to me. Aaron had a good heart, and he was one of those people who would be more considerate of other people's feelings than his own, which was why I knew it was so hard for him to choose. In the end, he didn't want to break his sister's heart, and he didn't want to break mine. Aaron was about peace, and he was calm, which was completely opposite of what I was used to. I had been married to an asshole for so long who only cared about his damn self.

Antonio was rough, aggressive, loud, super dominant, and a damn bully. Aaron wasn't any of those things, which is what had attracted me to him in the first place. It was crazy because when we met after Christmas at the airport, I remembered sitting at the crowded gate with Lamar in my lap, waiting for the plane to start boarding. I saw him making his way in my direction. The seat next to me was literally the only seat available, and I had hoped he would take it, and he did. He

was handsome, and I could tell that he was a good guy. We talked, and when he asked me for my number, I gave it to him.

At the time, I didn't know who he was. I didn't even know who his sisters were. When he finally called me, almost two weeks later, and he explained a little about himself, that's when I did my research on him. I'd found out that he was a pastor, and it checked out once I looked him up. He had a big church in Chicago. Then, I learned about the relationship that he'd just built with his father two years ago.

It wasn't until he came to Jersey to visit me a month before we'd gone to Normani's house that he started talking to me about his sisters. He said the names Naomi and Normani, and instantly, I knew that I'd fucked up. I wasn't going to say anything, though, because I thought I had time before he was ready to do the introductions. Even when he said his sisters' names, I tried to be naïve and say that maybe it was just a coincidence, but once he showed me their pictures, it was the same Naomi that I knew hated my guts. I wasn't ready to expose that to him yet, which is why I hadn't said anything. I knew if I told him, I would quickly lose him.

Because Aaron was such a good man, I knew that if he found out the part I played in pretty much destroying his sister's marriage and even L.J. possibly getting hurt, whatever we were trying to build would be done. So, I kept quiet.

The day he called Normani right in front of me, I knew I should have backed out of flying to Miami with him to meet his sisters because once they saw me, shit would go left. But, nope, I still decided to go. Everything in my mind told me to just tell Aaron the truth, but my dumb ass went up there on that dummy mission and got the shit embarrassed out of me. It had been almost four months, and things just weren't how they used to be.

I wanted Aaron in my life because, for the short period that he'd been in it, he'd made me happy. To show that I wanted him, there I was, stepping into his church and sitting all the way in the back. I didn't want Aaron to see me and lose that drive to deliver a great sermon. Although I had never seen

Aaron preach in person, I had watched a lot of his sermons online, and whew, he was baddd!

Lamar was with my neighbor, Malika. Because she would often watch him for me, she had become the only person I trusted with him. Lamar would get all excited every time he went with her, so it made me feel good to know that I was leaving my baby with someone he loved being around. Aaron had questioned me on a few occasions about whether I really trusted Malika watching my son, and I assured him numerous times that I did.

I sat through the choir singing three songs. When they sang one of my favorite gospel songs, "Spirit Fall Down," it brought me to tears. That song had always brought out a lot of emotions in me, and I knew it was because of the things I'd been through while I was with Antonio. Setting men up to get robbed and playing a dangerous game that could have gotten me killed years ago. Even now that I was over that lifestyle and in a new city with my son, I still found myself looking over my shoulders, getting a little scared that a past lick would recognize me and try to kill me.

I wasn't supposed to be here, but the fact that God had given me another chance had me emotional during church this morning. I felt like God had placed Aaron in my life for a reason. He was that good angel that I'd never had before, and if I didn't care about him, I wouldn't be there.

Aaron had made his way up to the podium, and I admired him from the pews, taking in how handsome he looked in his three-piece suit. He preached from one of my favorite scriptures in the bible, which was 1 Corinthians 13:4. It talked about love being patient and kind and not being envious or boastful. It was so ironic because love is what brought me to Chicago. There was a full house in church that morning, and Aaron had everyone on their feet because he just knew how to talk about God.

I found myself sitting through this sermon and crying. See, although I had been with Liam, and I had to sit through different sermons, listening to him, Liam had never moved me

like this. He liked to get up there and rant. Plus, his word wasn't pure like Aaron's was.

When church was over, members went around, hugging each other. A lot of them were even lined up afterward, waiting to have a word with Aaron and let him know how good of a sermon he'd preached today. The line had cleared up, and everyone had pretty much cleared out. I stood off to the side as he hugged one of the older women. He happened to look over at me. I could tell from the look in his eyes that he was shocked to see me. I'd just talked to him last night because he called to check on Lamar, and I never said anything about flying out to Chicago to see him. I let him finish talking with the older lady and a few other members. Once there wasn't anyone else, he walked over to me.

"Hey. Is everything okay? What's going on?" he asked.

Aaron was so handsome. He was tall, and he had a medium build to him. He had the same gray eyes as his sisters and nice, jet-black hair that he kept in waves. Whenever he came around, he always smelled so good. He had a clean face, free of a beard, but he did have a nice mustache. Clean nails, not a tattoo in sight, and I'd never heard him curse. He looked so good in his three-piece, burgundy suit as he looked at me with those gray eyes that held so much worry in them.

"Everything is fine. Can we talk?" I asked.

"Umm, yeah. You didn't have to come all the way out here, Cassie, for the two of us to talk. We could have had a conversation over the phone. Let me have a quick meeting with the deacons, and then we can go to my office and talk," he offered.

"Okay. I'll wait outside in the foyer for you," I said and then turned on my heels and walked away.

Before I went out into the foyer, I went to the ladies' room. Before coming out, I washed my hands and checked myself out in the mirror. I waited out in the foyer for Aaron for about ten minutes, and then he finally made his way out. He spotted me, waved me over, and I headed in his direction.

The two of us walked in silence to his office. He had a big office, but it was plain-looking. On his desk was a 4x6 frame, which had a picture in it of a beautiful woman and a little boy, who I could tell was Aaron. He looked to have been at least five in the picture. He confided in me about his mom dying, and although I'd never seen a picture before her, I could bet my last dollar that it was her on the photo.

Aaron removed his suit jacket and placed it on the back of his chair before sitting down. I took that as my cue to sit in one of the chairs that faced his desk. He gave me a look like he was waiting for me to start talking, especially since that was why I'd come anyway. I wanted to lay everything out on the table for Aaron because I wanted him to be able to trust me. In order to have a healthy relationship, you have to be able to trust each other, and because I didn't reveal the full details of my past, I knew he felt like he had been giving his time to a complete stranger.

I released a sigh, just trying to figure out where I wanted to start because there was so much. My childhood was probably a great start.

“Everything I told you about my childhood is the truth. My grandmother raised me after my mom pretty much signed over her rights when I was just a baby because she didn't want to take on the responsibility of being a parent. My grandmother raised me and my aunt's kids, and she worked at a daycare. I think you can tell that the money wasn't good coming in, especially having to take care of me and three other kids. Going to college and getting a full ride happened to be an option for me because I was smart and made perfect grades.

I received my degree in accounting, but I wasn't able to find a job right away, so I started working at the bank. I made decent money. It was just enough to pay for my car note, my apartment, and other necessities. My job is where I met Antonio. He would often come in to deposit large amounts of money. Naturally, I thought he sold drugs or did something else illegal, but hey, I didn't judge him.

One day, he asked me for my number. He was a nice-looking dude, so I gave it to him. During our time together, he



would spend money on me and take me to the finest restaurants, but I wouldn't see him often. It was like he was always on the move. We became official, and I started complaining about the lack of time he gave me. I started bugging him, wanting to know what he really did for a living that was causing him to spend so much time away from me.

“For so long, I had been under the impression that he was a club owner since that's what he told me. I stopped believing it because I would always ask him to take me to the club he owned, but it was always some excuse as to why he couldn't. I threatened to leave him, and that's when he told me he was a scam artist, but he didn't go into detail. He was also into fraud. One night, he came to me and asked if I would go with him to the club because he wanted me to talk to a dude there. He told me to dress sexy, talk to the dude at the club, and somehow convince him to leave with me. I loved Antonio, and I was stupidly willing to do anything he asked,” I explained.

I took a pause because I found myself getting emotional, just having to relive that shit. That was the very beginning of him getting me involved in his bullshit. As I told the story, Aaron looked deep into my eyes, holding onto my every word because all of this was new to him. I'd never revealed this part of my life to him. Aaron was a good guy. I felt like he didn't have any hard struggles other than growing up without his father and being raised by a single mother. He didn't do anything hard and gritty, so I didn't tell him out of fear that he wouldn't be able to relate to my past.

“That night, I wasn't too sure what Antonio had planned. I kind of just went with the flow. Because of the way I was dressed, mixed with the way I beautifully did my makeup, it didn't take long for the dude to come over and sit with me at the bar. I'll never forget his name. It was Manuel. A Spanish dude, he was into stocks and filthy rich. As I talked with him, I got a text from Antonio, telling me to try to get Manuel to invite me to his house. I immediately excused myself from Manuel and went to the bar to call Antonio.

“I did a bunch of yelling, telling him that I didn't want to do that and how I wasn't comfortable doing it. I was told that

if I loved him, I would do it. Plus, he threw it in my face how I had been so concerned over the months that I was with him to find out what he really did for a living, so if I still wanted to know, then I would find out that night. I went back to the bar with Manuel, and after he checked on me, making sure I was okay, he asked if I wanted to go home with him. I said yes because that's what Antonio wanted me to do.

“He drove a nice Porsche. Antonio was right behind us, and he followed us all the way to the beautiful condo that Manuel lived in. Before I could fully get inside Manuel's home, Antonio was behind us with a gun to the back of our heads, pretending it was a robbery. Meanwhile, I'd just helped set this man up. Antonio barked for me to leave, and I did. All I did, though, was go to his car, which was parked down the street. I just remember sitting in the car, helplessly crying.

“Maybe ten minutes later, Antonio came to the car with two large duffle bags filled with cash and jewelry. To be honest, I don't know if he killed Manuel that night. I really never asked because I didn't want to accept that if he did kill him, I had played a part. I cried that night to Antonio, telling him that I wanted out and that I didn't want anything to do with his lifestyle. God, he was so good with his words and persuading me to do what he wanted me to do for him. He convinced me that the two of us made a good team, and he knew that he would never trust anyone the way he did me.

“Antonio was a hothead, and he liked to make a lot of decisions based on impulse, while I liked to think a lot of things through. He said he needed someone like me in his life, especially as it pertains to the business, because it would help keep him alive. I loved him, and I didn't want anything to happen to him, so I let him convince me that we would only do this for a year. I ended up quitting my job, and we went on the road, city to city, setting up wealthy men, and he would rob them. That's the truth,” I finished, giving him an earful.

Aaron didn't look angry. If anything, he just looked shocked by what I'd just told him.

“How did you meet my sister?” he asked.

“We were in Philly, and Antonio had been doing his research, trying to find his next big lick. I had been complaining about wanting some hot weather, so Miami had been in the works, but he needed to scout someone. That’s when he came across Liam, Naomi’s ex-husband. He was a wealthy pastor. My grandmother had me in church since a little girl, and doing evil work like that in God’s house wasn’t something I wanted, but Antonio rarely gave me a choice in anything anymore.

“I pleaded for so long, saying how I didn’t think we should scout out Liam because I just personally didn’t think he was sitting on as much money as Antonio thought he was. We still went through with it. See, Liam was different than most men because the goal had been different. Antonio didn’t want to just rob him right off the bat. I had to work my way up to getting to know him and everything else. I ended up applying for a position at his church and getting hired. There was a time when I worked closely with not only Liam but Naomi as well because she worked at the church too.

“Liam and I started messing around like after a year of me working there. He and Naomi had broken things off, mainly because she’d found out about us, and I’d gotten pregnant, making him believe the baby was his, but it really belonged to my husband. I know Naomi brought up Liam being shot and L.J. being with him when it happened, but Aaron, right hand to God, I didn’t call that shot.

“My husband was in a rage, saying that he was going to rob the church. I knew that L.J. was there, but when I was calling, trying to convince him to stop, he wouldn’t answer. I would have never... never been okay with Antonio going down to that church and doing that while L.J. was there, but what could I do? Antonio was near the church, and by the time I got there with Lamar, whatever happened, would have happened already.

“Listen, Aaron, I know these things sound sick, and I may even look just as guilty right now as Antonio, but I promise you that I’m not this evil, sick individual. I stayed because of love. I deeply loved Antonio, and I feared that the second I

left, and I wasn't the one to make the more rational decisions, something was going to happen to him. The night he robbed Liam, that's when I just had enough. All the money he had saved up over the years, he placed in the car with me while he took the other car. We were supposed to meet up that night and drive far out.

"I looked in the backseat, where my baby was, and I lost Antonio. I did it on purpose. He called me, of course, yelling at me, telling me to turn around, and everything else. I let him know how much I loved him, but now I just couldn't live like that anymore. I had to do right by my son. I tossed the phone, and I never saw Antonio or heard from him again. I saw on the news that he was gunned down months later.

"Aaron, I don't want anything from you. I'm not looking for any money, trying to come up, none of that. I like you for you. For years, I went by these fake names, lying about who I really am, but this is Cassandra White. The real me. I've laid everything out on the line for you, and I really hope you can forgive me for lying and not exposing everything about my past to you. I knew that once we saw Naomi, there was a strong possibility that the truth would come out, but I took that chance. I took the chance because I love you. I understand if this is too much for you and you decide that a relationship with me is something that you don't want," I concluded.

Tears fell nonstop down my face as I stood up to grab my purse and walk out of the office. Aaron had this look on his face like I'd exposed too much to him, and in a way, I was a little embarrassed, which is why I was grabbing up my things, so I could leave.

"Cassie, wait," he called out, stopping me.

I was almost near the door to leave when he'd called my name. I turned around and watched him as he stood up behind his desk and walked over to me. Aaron was really tall, so when he came over, he towered over me. He released a sigh, and it was like he was thinking about what his next words should be. About two minutes had gone by when he reached up and wiped away the tears that were falling from my eyes.

“We all have a past. Some are just darker than others. I’m not here to judge you. That’s not my place. What I can do is make a decision on who I choose to have in my life, though. You’re not someone that I don’t want in my life. In the time that the two of us have been talking, I’ve even made a bond with Lamar, and in a way, it’s kind of hard for me to just walk away from that. I do need time to take all of this in, though. If I choose to pursue a relationship with you, ultimately, I will lose the relationship with my sisters. My relationship with them means a lot to me because I yearned for a family for so many years since it was just my mom and me for so long.

“I’ve heard Naomi speak in the past of the way she was hurt when she was with her ex-husband. It’s like a slap in the face to her for me to get with you, knowing that you played a part in her hurting, even if everything you shared with Liam was fake on your part. I can’t get the visual out of my head of L.J. once he saw your face when we made it to Normani’s house, and he ran off to tell my sister. It’s just a lot to take in, and I don’t know what I want to do. For now, though, I think it’s best that I just remain your friend. We can see where it leads us down the road, but until I make some decisions, I think this is best,” Aaron stated.

I nodded my head. I respected his wishes because he could have chosen to not have anything to do with me, but he was willing to have a friendship. It just showed a lot about his good heart, which was one of the things that I loved about him.

“I’ll take that. Thank you for listening to me, Aaron, and not judging me. I’ll text you when I make it back home,” I let him know.

He opened his arms, so I could give him a hug, and I did just that. Before I pulled away, I kissed him on his cheek, and then I left. Although Aaron had suggested that the two of us just be friends, he had a look in his eyes like he looked at me as more than a friend, and that’s the only reason I held onto a bit of hope of us continuing to work on a relationship. Although it gave me hope, I also had my doubts because I knew how much Aaron adored his sisters, and I really didn’t know if he would choose me over them.

## CHAPTER 17

## *Myesha Goodman*

It was after six when I pulled my car up to the townhouse where I lived. I'd been gone for the past four days, doing makeup in New York. One of my clients was a successful mortgage broker in the New York area, and she'd opened a new office space. She'd had a shoot for a successful magazine along with other gigs, and she requested me to come and beat her face for all the events that she had lined up. I was tired as hell, and I couldn't wait to get my ass in the house to take a shower and climb my ass into bed. New York was fine, and the five-star hotel that I stayed in was to die for, but I promise you, there wasn't anything better than being at home and sleeping in your own damn bed.

I stepped out, popped the trunk, and grabbed my luggage along with my makeup luggage to take it in the house. As I closed the trunk, I saw a black Rolls Royce speeding toward me with loud trap music coming from the speakers. I knew exactly who the car belonged to, which is why I sucked my teeth, pissed that I didn't have my gun on me. I didn't know what this nigga's intentions were and why the fuck he was even pulling up to my house. Not only that, but how the hell did he even know I would be back home today?

It was Beatz. He rolled the window down, and when he did, I saw the big Draco sitting in his lap. The black jeans that I was wearing had suddenly been flooded with piss because I got so scared that pee started pouring out of me like water. For about two minutes, the two of us just stared at each other. He didn't look angry, but he didn't look happy either. That's the thing with Beatz, though. It was always hard to read his ass.

I hadn't seen him in a long ass time. To be honest, when I did that interview a few months ago, I just knew he would be kicking down my door, but I hadn't heard shit from him. I won't even lie; his silence made me a little nervous because I just didn't know what he was scheming on. There had been new rumors going around these days, stating that I had another podcast coming up, where I would expose more secrets between Beatz and me, but that wasn't true. These blogs just needed a story, and they knew that any time they used Beatz, Mia, and my name, it would get them hella clickbait. Our shit had been what getting the most views for almost two years.

Shit, I didn't have shit else to tell. My name was so hot right now. People were still talking about the fuckin' podcast that I'd done, and now that Mia and Beatz were back in the spotlight after that Miami rapper, Zay, had exposed in a rap song that he fucked Mia, that's all the world was talking about. Somehow, I'd managed to get dragged right into that mess.

“If me or Mia's name comes out of your mouth in whatever bullshit podcast that you have coming up, I swear to God, you'll never beat another face again a day in your life. Bitch, that'll be the last piece of fuckin' concealer that you lay down on a bitch. I let you run your mouth, telling a bunch of fuckin' lies on the internet about what happened between you and me, and the only reason I didn't react is because I ain't got too much fuckin' time on my hands to hop online and try to explain myself to a million motha fuckas about the kind of lying ass bitch your ass is.

“As long as I cleared shit up with my bitch, I couldn't care less about clearing shit up for the world, so that's why you got a pass for lying on me countless times. I tell you what, though; you think Mia beat the brakes off you for talking shit, that little tussle ain't going to be shit compared to what Ima do to you. You know me, Myesha. You know a nigga outside of this music shit. Make your decisions wisely before you end up in the fuckin' dirt, alongside your bitch ass brother! Don't do no interview for no money that you ain't going to be able to spend once I get a hold of you,” he spat.



My heart was beating a mile per minute as I stood there, waiting for him to pull away. It took him about two minutes, but he finally drove off, right after letting me see the smirk on his face. For Beatz to throw up my brother, that shit was way below the belt. I had a brother who was four years older than me. He died when I was a senior in high school, and he was my best friend. His name was Mikel. He was a street nigga, just like Beatz had been at the time. Mikel just hung around niggas who were way worse than Beatz and his crew.

Mikel and his crew were fuckin' ruthless. They would run up on an old lady with her grandchildren, beat her senseless, rob her, and kill her like it didn't mean shit. I hated that my brother was wicked like that, but when it came to me and my younger sister by one year, Myra, he was soft as hell. My mom kicked his ass out by the time he turned fifteen, and he moved in with our grandmother, who he drove crazy and ran to her death bed, literally dying from a heart attack a year after he'd moved in with her. He ran our grandmother to death because she was constantly worrying about him.

At twenty-two years old, he was gunned down in front of a convenience store that he would frequent a lot with his friends. It was the first time that I'd experienced real hurt. The killers were never found, and I think that's what made it hurt even more. For Beatz to bring up my brother, it really had me side-eyeing him because I'd vented to him about that on some vulnerable shit back when we were in high school, and his ass knew the way my heart had broken when Mikel was murdered. That's why it was below the belt for him to throw it up in my face.

Then again, I wasn't too sure why I'd expected him to spare me when I hadn't been sparing him for almost two years. I exposed shit about Beatz and me, and I'll admit that on the podcast I'd done a few months ago, a lot of the shit I'd said wasn't true. I didn't want to reveal to the world that I had gonorrhea as well. I made it seem like Beatz had gotten that from another woman, which is how he'd given it to his wife. Although I had it, I'll never admit to the world that I had it, and I'll never admit to myself that I was the one who had given it to Beatz.

Yes, I was fuckin' with other niggas around the time that Beatz and I had sex, and I didn't always use protection. But Beatz could have very well given that shit to me, even though the nigga claimed that outside of Mia, I had been the only one he was fuckin'. Look how quick that bitch was to fuck Zay. That nigga swore she wouldn't cheat on him, and right when we tested positive for that shit, he was quick to kick down my door, never even thinking that it came from that bitch. Right off the bat, he put it on me when it could have very well come from her too.

It took a lot of convincing from my homegirls to get me to drop the charges against Mia. I don't even wish jail on people because when my brother was alive, he did his years of being in and out of jail, and I had male cousins who were still locked up to this day. But that hoe right there, I wanted her to pay for the shit she did. I ended up having to have minor surgery on my nose because it was fractured from that bitch. I had to get about six stitches on the side of my face, and even my ear had to get stitched up. She came in my suite like a wild fuckin' animal and like she was on some kind of drugs.

Fighting wasn't new to me. I'd been getting down since middle school, and I'd never lost a fight until fighting that hoe. I'm not going to act like that bitch beat my ass because she didn't. I got a lot of licks in as well, but she just happened to get more in. My girls were telling me how Mia didn't do anything that I wouldn't have done if I was in her shoes. I talked a lot of shit about her online, and I even brought her kids up in the podcast. Knowing that getting the kids involved was a low blow was the only reason I spared the bitch and dropped the charges.

It was so crazy because my best friend, Conny, had been in the suite on live when everything happened, so her dumb ass stayed on the live, recording the whole thing. Even with that video being four months old, people were still fuckin' talking about it. It was to the point that I had to turn the comments off on my social media because they were getting reckless. I had security in front of my door now at work because Mia was only able to get her ass into the building and to my door

because of the fake name that she'd booked under. I had to be careful with that shit moving forward.

I would leave Beatz and that bitch's name out of my mouth for now, but just like the last time, if that nigga gets on social media and starts lying to pacify his bitch about what really took place between us, I had the right to correct him. Let me make it clear that I never just hopped on social media one day and decided to expose Beatz. That's not what happened at all. When Mia tested positive for gonorrhea, that's when the nigga was at my door the next day, going through my fuckin' house like a mad person, trying to find the medication that I had for it.

Days later, the media had been putting out fake stories about why Beatz and Mia had separated. It hadn't been exposed to the world yet that she had gonorrhea. That didn't come out until a couple of months later. Anyway, Beatz hopped his ass online to apologize to his wife for having her in the public eye on a lot of negative shit. He did admit to cheating. The nigga went on to say how he let one night with a woman ruin his marriage. He told a bunch of lies, and that's when I started posting screenshots of text messages between us two. I showed how the nigga was paying my rent, but of course, I made it seem like he was choosing to trick off money on me and not let the world know that I had been blackmailing him for that dick and the money. That's when the world found out that it was who that had been fuckin' Beatz, and my life had been full of so much drama ever since.

At times, I wished I would have just kept my mouth closed because this shit had started to affect my business. I had comments on my social media from women complimenting me on how much they loved my work, but because I was always in the middle of some drama, or they didn't believe in messing with a married man, they were choosing not to book me. It wasn't just a couple of people saying things like that under my comments, either. That was coming from hundreds of women who weren't supporting me because of my actions.

All this over some dick. Dick that didn't even belong to me in the first place. Well, at least not anymore, it didn't. I

could leave Mia and Beatz's names out of my mouth, just as long as they left mine out of theirs too.

## CHAPTER 18

## *Loyal Brooks*

I had just left from meeting with my probation officer. Just a routine check-in, along with me having to take a random drug test. I didn't indulge in drugs, although there were days when I would be stressed and tempted to hit the blunt with Saint. But hitting the blunt one time could cost me a lot of shit, so I would get in the kitchen and whip up a strong drink in a second.

Two nights ago, I held the fashion show for my summer brand, Loyal, and the event was amazing. It was a sold-out house, and the clothes the models walked in, I had one in every size. Once the show was over, me and my team left with just the clothing racks. Everything, down to the sandals, hats, and other accessories, had sold out. You know I cried like a big ass baby because everything that I'd manifested in prison was happening. I was able to get Naomi, Normani, Twinkle, Mia, Askiya, and even my mom to walk in the show, amongst other women that I'd had in the event. There were slim women, medium, thick, plus size, you name it, because, with this new line, I wanted to show that the clothes were for everyone.

I finally felt like I could breathe again because I had been busting my ass to pull this show off. My man came home with me that night, and he fucked me so good, telling me how happy he was for me. It was one thing to hear everyone else give me my flowers and speak highly of me, but something about hearing my nigga praise me just sent me through the roof. I loved that.

Next week, we would leave for Aruba to celebrate Twinkle's birthday. Even though I would be around just women, I couldn't wait to prance around that island with barely anything on while I ordered back-to-back margaritas and daiquiris.

I was almost to my car when I noticed the driver's side door had opened on the car next to me, and the driver was getting out. I sucked my teeth loud as hell once I saw who hopped out of the car. It was Chance's bitch ass. This had to be some kind of fuckin' joke. First, his bitch pops up at my place of business, with her newborn baby, asking me if I knew where this nigga was, and now there he was, parked right next to me as I left from meeting with my probation officer. It made me think this nigga might have been following me. I knew for a fact that his car hadn't been parked next to me when I got there because when I parked, both spots next to me were empty.

I sped up my step, ready to act like I didn't even see his ass, and hopped into my car.

"Loyal, wait. Man, let me talk to you," he pleaded, grabbing my arm.

I snatched my arm out of his grasp and pushed the shit out of him. I swear, I could smell the liquor in his pores. I wasn't even sure if he was drunk, but because he probably drank so much, that shit was in his damn skin. Isis did say that he was hitting the bottle real heavy these days, and the smell on him proved that she wasn't lying. At Dream's holiday show, he'd shown his ass up drunk and high out of his mind, but because I didn't deal with Chance and didn't allow him access to my daughter, I didn't know that kind of drunken behavior was the norm for him.

There were all kinds of scratches on his neck, and I could even see a few on the side of his face. I bet his bitch had put them there. If she was anything like me, she fought his ass when he decided to bring his ass home. Chance was handsome. Hell, I had never fucked with anyone who wasn't. He stood up tall, and he had the shape of a star NBA player. He had beautiful chocolate skin that was almost perfect, even

though I knew he wasn't doing anything to maintain it. Men would often get lucky with their skin and didn't have to do as much as us women did to achieve that perfect skin look. Chance had a bald head, which was something he'd done while I was locked up because before I left, he used to wear it in a short cut. He had a thick beard, and staring at him, I just saw so much of Dream.

“What the fuck are you doing here? Are you fuckin' following me?” I wanted to know.

“Man, I ain't have a fuckin' choice. I try to respect boundaries. I been calling your mama, asking her if she could give me your number, but she wouldn't. I ain't want to just pop up on you at your shop because I know that shit will piss you off, so when you left there this morning, I just followed you here. Look, Loyal, I need a favor from you. You know I wouldn't ask you for shit. My pride is just too big for me to ask anybody for anything, but I'm desperate, and you're the only one that I feel like I can come to right now—”

“I don't know why you thought that. Fuck you, Chance. Bye! I'm on my way to meet up with my man. Listen, I will not get thrown back in prison for losing my cool with you, so you might want to stay the fuck out of my way before I have a restraining order placed on your ass—”

“You fuckin' trippin'. All the shit a nigga did for your black ass, and I ask you for one fuckin' favor, and you this quick to say no without even knowing what the favor is? That shit is foul, Loyal!” this nigga had the nerve to say.

See, I had no intention of having a conversation with his ass because Chance was ignorant as hell, and whenever he took me down to his level, I would sound just as ignorant as him. Besides, it wasn't like anything would be accomplished by having this conversation with him. However, watching this man look all butt hurt and listening to him call me foul for not taking on whatever bullshit ass favor he needed just threw me for a loop, and I had to say something.

“Nigga, are you crazy? You want to talk about fuckin' favors? Nigga, I did time for your ass! I left Dream when she



was just a fuckin' baby. I took the rap for all that shit while you got off free, nigga! You should have been on the outside, holding me down and being a fuckin' father to Dream! Instead, you switched up and dropped our daughter, so you could play house with that bitch! Fuck you, Chance! The favor that I did for you when I took those charges will overpower any fuckin' thing you ever did for me. Get the fuck out of my face and go and find your bitch!" I snapped.

When I tried to get in my car, he grabbed me again, but this time, he held me by both of my arms. Because his ass was much stronger than me, it was hard to fight my way out of his hold. We were in a big parking lot of a huge office building. I'd just met with my probation officer on the fourth floor, and there were hundreds of other office spaces in this building. All these fuckin' cars in this lot, yet there wasn't anyone out there to witness Chance doing this crazy shit. I wasn't scared by a long shot, but if I was some weak bitch he would have been able to easily harm me since there wasn't anyone out there to intervene.

"Listen, Loyal, I know a nigga fucked up. I did some foul shit, but I hate how you try to pin all this shit on me and act like you so fuckin' innocent. Bruh, you played your motha fuckin' part too. You was in on that fraud shit and all kinds of credit card theft that I was on. I taught you the game, and you just ran with it. At the same time, you was my girl, and what comes with that is holding your nigga down. I had a dirty record, and your shit was clean. The fuckin' agreement was that if shit ever went left, you would plead guilty because you would get less time. Why years from now, you throw that shit in my fuckin' face, acting like a nigga threw you under the fuckin' bus—"

"Chance, you have a son that's the same fuckin' age as Dream. You were fuckin' me and that bitch while we were together. I get locked up, and before they could fully sentence me, you had that bitch knocked up again. You had me in prison thinking I was coming home to this big happy family with you and Dream. At the end of the day, I'm a grown ass woman who knows what I got myself into. I should have never agreed to no bullshit of doing time for you in the first place, so

in a way, the shit that I had to go through is kind of what I get for being fuckin' stupid.

“Dream, though? My baby didn't deserve for you to walk out of her life and treat her like the kids you have with that bitch are more important. Go tend to that bitch because she came to my fuckin' job looking for you. Chance, nigga, you know me. You know that I will tussle out here in this fuckin' parking lot with you, so let me the fuck go right now!” I barked at him.

He sucked his teeth and let my arms go.

“Loyal, I'm in some deep shit with these niggas in Atlanta. I'm on that gambling shit hard, and I lost a lot of money. I'm like fifty Gs in the hole right now. Isis at the crib with her mama, and she got the kids. That shit is just temporary until I touch some money. I gotta pay these niggas back before anything, though, and them niggas counting down the days. Loyal, you know me. You know I'm the kind of nigga that can flip one dollar into a stack. I'm good for making a dollar, but I ain't got that much time to come up with something, so I had to ask somebody who I know has it. Loyal, I'll get that shit to you, and I'll double it. Come on. You know I'm good for it,” he begged.

I could hear the desperation in his voice. All I could do was stand there and shake my head at him. I even went so far as laughing because this nigga was really a fuckin' joke.

“Chance, if you asked me for a dollar, I wouldn't have given it to you. You shitted on me while I was locked up and now is my chance to shit on you. You had three kids with that bitch, and you married her, so ask that bitch for the money. Oh, and by the way, your daughter is doing amazing. She's in the third quarter of school, and she's on the A/B honor roll again. She made student of the month again last week, and she's been killing shit in her swim lessons.

“Just thought you should know because after everything you just revealed, not once did you ask about your daughter, but you love her so much, right? You went as far as having me served with fake documents, pretending you were going to

take me to court for custody of her, right? You're a joke, Chance, and I don't give a damn what them Atlanta niggas do to you," I honestly let him know.

This time, I quickly jumped in my car, locked it, and left him standing there, looking stupid. I could see it all over his face that he was pissed, but I didn't give a damn. Chance really had some fuckin' nerve, popping up on me and asking for fifty thousand dollars like I didn't hate his ass. That man couldn't get shit from me but my ass to kiss.

I was running like five minutes late on meeting Saint at a possible venue for our wedding. He'd texted me in bold letters, asking where I was. That nigga was probably ready to curse my ass out, thinking that I'd forgotten about today when I'd reminded him this morning that I would meet him there after meeting with my probation officer. I just didn't expect Chance's crazy ass to be standing in the parking lot, waiting for me. Plus, there had been an accident on the turnpike, which set me back as well.

The venue that we were looking at today was one that I'd found myself. It had a garden theme, giving off a *Beauty & the Beast* vibe. For some reason, I just got that vibe that this may be the one. Don't get me wrong, all the other venues that we'd previously seen were beautiful as well, but for some reason, I just didn't get that *this is the one* kind of feel from it. They were just overly priced venues that didn't leave me excited about it being the pick. This venue, Saint and I had looked at it together online, and we both fell in love with it. I'd even sent it out in a group chat to my girls, and they all agreed on it as well. So, hopefully, when we saw it in person, it would be just as beautiful as the pictures we saw online.

Saint's truck was already in the parking lot when I arrived. He was standing out front. I quickly got out of the car, grabbed my purse, wrapped it around me since it was a crossbody bag, and walked over to him. I stood in front of him on my toes, so I could kiss him on his lips, and my arms wrapped around his neck.

"The decorator in there too. I ain't go inside yet because I wanted to see it together. You straight?" he asked.

“I hate to bring this shit up here, especially since we’re about to go inside and look at the venue, but Chance popped up on me. He was in the parking lot when I left from meeting with my probation officer—”

“Man, Loyal, why you ain’t tell me that shit when you saw the nigga? You know I would have made my way down there. What the fuck did that nigga want?” Saint roared.

He was so handsome. Whenever he got pissed about something, that one vein would pop out on the side of his neck, and there it was, sticking right out.

“The shit happened so fast, Saint. I can handle Chance; that’s why I didn’t call. Saint, you know one of the requirements of my probation is that my ass cannot be around any kind of fuckin’ violence. If I had called you and you pulled up, you weren’t coming just to talk. You would have wanted to fight the nigga, and if that shit went down with me there, and the cops showed up, my ass would be going to jail. He wanted money. Supposedly, he owes these niggas money in Atlanta, and that’s why his ass is back in Miami with his wife and their kids. You know I didn’t give him shit, so please fix the look on your face,” I said.

“Man, I know you ain’t give that nigga no fuckin’ money. First, his bitch pulls up on you at your place of business, and let’s be real, she was asking you for money, but she just didn’t want to flat out ask for it. That’s the reason she came down there with that baby because she wanted you to have some kind of sympathy toward her and the situation she’s in right now. For that nigga to pop up on you, where you meet with your P.O., that means he’s been fuckin’ following you. Loyal, you know my finger been itching for that nigga. I just need him to give me one fuckin’ reason to pop his ass,” Saint went on to say.

I groaned, annoyed that this had to be the conversation we were having right now. When I learned from Isis that she was back in Miami with her kids, I just knew that meant Chance was somewhere in Miami as well, or he would be down there soon. I knew it would be some fuckin’ drama, and from the looks of things, my ass was right.

“Saint, baby, can we please just talk about this later tonight? I want to see the venue. They have the date available that we have in mind, so once they show us around and we can agree, hopefully, you can put down the deposit, so we can move forward in preparing for our wedding. I don’t want to think about Chance right now. Please. Can we just talk about this shit later?” I begged, cuffing his chin and making him look at me.

“Aight,” was all he said.

I kissed him on his lips, which turned into me sucking on his tongue and him sucking on mine while rubbing my ass. When I felt myself getting hot and bothered, that’s when I pulled my ass away from him. I wiped away the excess lip gloss from his lips, placed my hand in his, and we walked into the venue together.

The place had an old-school, rustic theme, which is what I had been looking for all along. I didn’t mind having an outside wedding. Right now, we were just standing in a large, empty venue that I was told could fit over 2,000 people. If we decided to go with this place, the wedding reception would be held there too. I was using someone named Bridgette to be my wedding coordinator because she was the one who did Twinkle’s. Although I was incarcerated when the wedding took place, I had seen pictures and videos, and it was a straight fairytale.

“Loyal, the magic that I’m going to create in this room. Look at all this space. Tell me this isn’t a venue to die for,” Bridgette excitedly said.

She was standing next to the owner, an Italian man who smiled and went on to brag about the venue. He said it’s usually booked years in advance, and we’d gotten lucky to have our wedding date available.

“It is beautiful. More than enough room in here to accommodate everything. Walk me around. I want to see the whole thing,” I suggested to both Bridgette and the owner, whose name was France.

They both took me around the wedding reception venue, and Bridgette had her notebook in her hands, going on and on about where she was going to place certain things. She had an eye for this stuff since it was what she did for a living, so she talked about the different flowers that would look nice in there, the placement of the table and chairs, the way she wanted the stage set up, and on and on. I trusted Bridgette's judgment because I'd seen her work, and let's just say, this woman was skilled. Her fee was an arm and a leg, and she lets you know right on her website not to even book a consultation if you aren't willing to spend over thirty thousand dollars.

Saint told me he didn't care what the price was. Whatever I wanted, he told me to go ahead and get it.

Now, we were walking through the garden, which was my favorite part. It had me squealing in excitement at how beautiful it was. From the different pathways, the beautiful trees, and the wooden swings that were off to the side, all of this was simply amazing. We made it to where the actual ceremony would take place, and I fell in love with the big, open area. Bridgette was right in my ear again, talking about the white satin chairs that we would have. She talked about the flowers again and everything else that I'd told her months ago when I explained a little bit of my vision to her. Saint stood beside me with his arms wrapped around me as we both listened to her speak.

"What you think, baby?" he wanted to know.

I looked up at him and smiled.

"I want this one. Saint, it's beautiful," I cooed. That got him to smile as well.

He looked down and kissed me on the lips. "Finally. You made a nigga think you wasn't trying to get married," he threw in.

Saint didn't lose a chance to throw it in my face that he felt like I had been dragging my feet when it came to marrying him, but that wasn't the case at all. I wanted to marry this man more than anything, but I also wanted to pick a venue that I felt in my soul was the one. Once Saint and I agreed on the

venue, we went to France's office, so Saint could put the deposit down. To rent this venue alone, it was twenty grand. That price didn't even include Bridgette's fee to do all the decorations. That twenty grand didn't include anything but the space. No catering, photography, cake, none of that. Like this money was pocket change, Saint reached in his wallet for his card and paid the entire fee instead of just putting down the deposit. He did it proudly too.

A few hours later, Saint and I were in the grocery store, picking up groceries for the house. We'd gone to lunch after leaving the venue, and this was our last stop before going home. Dream was with my mom, and she made it clear this morning when I dropped her off, not to pick her up until later tonight. At my mama's house, she knew she could do whatever and get away with it, so that's why she didn't mind spending a lot of her time over there.

"Wait. Is that Loyal? My girl!!!!!" I heard a familiar voice call out.

We were in an aisle where all the items for tacos were. I was bent down, looking at which pack of taco seasoning I wanted to get. Saint and I had just left lunch, but this man was in my ear, telling me to pick up tacos so I could make them when we got back to the house. You know I wanted to tell his ass no because I had every plan to get back to the house and take my ass to sleep, but the way my man had just cut the check today for the wedding venue, his ass could get anything he wanted.

I threw the taco seasoning packet into the cart and rushed over to her. It was Raven. She was my cellmate for the first four months that I was in prison. She'd gotten out before me because when I'd gotten to the prison, she had already been there for almost two years. Raven was a pretty bitch, just as I was, but she had a past of getting in trouble with the law.

When I met her in prison, she was in for a probation violation. She was with a group of women and men at a party, and they'd gotten a disturbance call from the neighbors. She told me they had to have smelled the drugs, so they started searching the house. Now, although the drugs didn't belong to

Raven, her ass was on probation and wasn't supposed to be around that kind of shit, which is why she had to do time. When you look at Raven, I swear you wouldn't even think her ass had the kind of past that she did. She'd been getting in trouble with the law since she was sixteen.

Raven was so fuckin' beautiful and innocent looking. Perfect chocolate skin. I think her skin being so perfect is what I'd picked up from her the first time we met. I remember jokingly asking her if she had a skin routine that she was using in prison. I didn't make that joke until we had gotten close, which was after a month of being cellmates.

See, Raven was like me. The bitch wasn't friendly at all, so that whole first month, we didn't say shit to each other. We didn't end up talking until the night I was in my bunk, crying because I missed Dream, my sister, and even my mom. I tried to keep my cries down because I didn't know if Raven was asleep, and I didn't want to wake her. Turns out, she was up too, and she couldn't sleep herself.

Mind you, me and this girl had never said two words to each other, but she got in the bunk with me and didn't say shit. Her presence alone, for some reason, was all I needed. I would cry almost every night because I would be missing Dream, and every night, it was the same routine. She would get in the bunk with me and just be a support.

One night, I was super vulnerable and spilled everything to her. It took a lot for me to tell Raven my business because I was so closed off, and I rarely let anyone in. It was just something about her that made me feel like I could trust her. I talked to her about Chance, Dream, and how I had to leave her behind, and I brought up to her the amount of time I could be facing if I didn't make parole. God, I was a mess that night. She lay there with me, never cutting me off, never judging me, none of that shit. She listened and was positive. She was positive that I would make parole and get back to Dream and that Dream wouldn't hate me when I came home. That was one of the main things I was worried about.

Listen, I've never messed with a girl. I think anyone who knows me knows that I'm quick to talk about anything sexual



regarding me and a man. I have no filter. I will literally give my sister and friends a rundown of how much of Saint's dick I would be at the house sucking or how I'm damn near a nympho because I liked to fuck. That part of me is no secret, but being in that cell with Raven and getting to know her, I started looking at her as more than a best friend. Don't get me wrong, I wasn't trying to be the bitch's girlfriend, but it's like I had feelings. That was weird for me because I could hardly tolerate a bitch, so for me to have feelings, then I knew it was real.

See, Raven was bisexual. She'd revealed that to me once the two of us had started getting close. Now, I'm not sure if that was rubbing off on me, but one night, we kissed. Shit, it's like every night, we would explore something different. We were kissing one night, which progressed to her fingering me, getting my pussy eaten, and shit, she'd taught me how to eat pussy too. You couldn't tell my dumb ass that I wasn't in love. What's so crazy is that I tell Twinkle everything. I tell Twinkle shit that she has to cut me off and tell me it was too much information, but I never told her or anyone else that I'd been in prison eating pussy, and I damn near had myself a girlfriend.

When Raven left, it broke my little heart. Then, she couldn't come to see me because she was a felon, so she couldn't come to the prison as a visitor. She would send me letters, and I would write back, but after a few months, I kind of stopped responding. It wasn't anything personal, but I'd missed her, and I felt like the more letters we sent back and forth, the more I missed her. I missed her as a friend. I missed the late-night conversations about our future and our goals. That's what I missed. I knew that once I got out, I wouldn't be interested in a relationship with Raven, or another woman for that matter. The way I liked dick, I just didn't think it was possible.

“Rayyyyyy”! I screamed and wrapped my arms around her.

Her arms were wrapped around my waist, and she held me tight. I hadn't seen her in about four years. Back in prison, I was used to seeing Raven with her long, wavy, jet-black hair

either in two French braids that I'd started doing for her, or she would wear it in a bun. Seeing her outside of her prison clothes really had me taking in how beautiful she was and questioning my own sexuality. Her hair was so long, down to the middle of her back. It was flat ironed bone straight, and she had in it in a middle part style.

Raven was tall. If I had to guess, I would say that she was at least 6'0", and she had a slim, thick frame. She had beautiful, light brown eyes, and her right arm had a full tattoo sleeve. She was dressed down in a pair of skintight low rider jeans, so if she bent down, her ass crack was for sure going to show. With the jeans, she wore a light pink half tee and sandals on her pretty feet.

We'd let each other go, and she stood there, staring at me the same way Saint stared at me when he was about to fuck me crazy.

"Look at you. You look good. Baby, come here. I want to introduce you to somebody," I called out to Saint, who wasn't standing too far away.

He walked over and wrapped an arm around me.

"Saint, this is Raven. I talked to you about her before. Raven, this is Saint, my fiancé," I said.

"Nice to meet you," Saint responded, keeping it short.

"You too. I heard all about you. Loyal used to be in prison, giving me all the tea. She always had this sparkle in her eye whenever she brought your name up, and I remember telling her that when she was released, the two of you were going to reconnect and get together again. You two make a beautiful couple," Raven proudly let us know.

"Thank you, shorty. I appreciate that," Saint said.

"I thought you were going to move to South Carolina with your grandmother," I mentioned to Raven, and she let out a groan.

"That only lasted for two months. After her coming into my room and waking me up at six in the morning, mixed with constantly riding me that I needed to do better with my life, I

ended up moving back with my mom. You know I didn't want to do that because my relationship with her was toxic as hell. I'm good, though. I went to culinary school, graduated, and now I'm working as a head chef for one of the biggest restaurants on Miami beach. Putting up money every check because I want my own restaurant one day.

"I know y'all probably have a lot of stuff to do and aren't looking forward to standing here, listening to me rant. Let me get your number, Loyal, and we can catch up," Raven suggested as she dug into her black YSL purse that she had in the shopping cart and handed me her phone.

I keyed in my number, then she hugged me and let me know she would call. She said goodbye to Saint, and then she walked off.

I grabbed the shopping cart, and Saint came behind me. His arms wrapped around my waist, and his head leaned into the crook of my neck, tickling me with his beard. He squeezed me so tight that I felt like I was melting in his arms. He smelled so good, and I didn't even want him to let me go.

"She ate your pussy, didn't she?" he asked.

I laughed at his question, not really sure if I should answer that or not.

"What? Why?" I questioned, just to see why he felt that way.

"Your pussy juices are like a spell, Loyal. It keeps a nigga in fuckin' love with you. She was looking at you the same way that I do, right before I devour you and make you cum. Keep it G. She ate your pussy? Yes or no?" he pried.

"Yeah. I won't talk to her if you don't want me to. What we did in prison was just in prison, so don't get mad," I told him, and he laughed.

"Shit, mad at what? I'm confident in my position, so a bitch can't make me mad. Damn, Loyal. A nigga would love to see that shit in person. Call your girl over. I just want to watch," he cooed in my ear, making me laugh, and I pushed him away.

“Saint, no. If you knew how good that woman eats pussy, you wouldn’t be recommending me to call her. Y’all running neck and neck, and she’ll have me leaving you,” I joked.

“Bullshit! Call her over, so I can see for myself. Ion even want to fuck her. I just want to see the two of y’all together. That’s it,” he repeated.

“Saint, come on.” I pushed the cart out of the aisle and went to the next one since we’d already spent too much time in this one already.

Saint laughed from the side of me and slapped me on my ass.

“You told me about Raven, but you ain’t tell a nigga that she was in that bitch, making you bust nuts and shit. Lil sneaky ass,” he alleged, getting me to laugh.

“I didn’t want you judging me, nigga,” I threw in.

“Only good judgment here, my love. Now, if you had said that you was in there fuckin’ one of the male COs, and you stood here and hugged them and gave them your number, then shorty, you gotta know I would have probably had to stomp that nigga out and then get in your ass next, but a bitch? Nahhhh. I’m into all that. So much so, that I’m trying to see that shit in person,” he insisted.

I shook my head and kept pushing the cart without responding. The thought of having a threesome with Raven and Saint was definitely some shit that would excite me, but I didn’t know. I know I was a freak, but damn. I looked over at Saint and found myself laughing at the smirk on his face.

Saint might just feel like he died and went to heaven if I agreed to the threesome. He was just as nasty and freaky as I was, so something like this was right up his damn alley. I just knew how crazy I was over him. The second a bitch kissed him around me, I would be ready to fight. I wasn’t mentally stable enough for that, so I would probably pass on the threesome.

## CHAPTER 19

*Mia Randolph*

## ARUBA, NETHERLANDS

“Mia, please get Beatz out of your comments. The nigga is on ten.” Twinkle came over laughing with her phone in her hands and sat next to me at the edge of the pool, ready to pass me her phone to show me what Beatz was posting in the comments.

We were in Aruba for Twinkle’s birthday. We got in late last night, and honestly, after all that flying, by the time we got to the house, all I did was call my kids and my mama to let them know that I’d made it. Then I bathed and took my ass to sleep. Mind you, there was a whole chef with his crew, cooking for all of the ladies.

I woke up fully energized this morning, the first one up in my bikini, ready to have some good fun. Truth had reserved a beautiful eight-bedroom villa for his wife’s birthday trip. Even though he wasn’t there, he made sure he went over and beyond with this beautiful villa. He’d rented a private jet that we all flew in together on, and so far, the trip had been amazing. The bed that I’d slept in was amazing, and I was surprised that I’d gotten up so early. My bathroom was so nice and spacious as well. I took the best bath last night.

I was sitting poolside with long, straight back braids that went all the way down to my ass. It was the same honey blonde color as my hair that I’d dyed a few years ago, and I had beautiful baby hairs surrounding the perimeter of my forehead. Loyal had taken my picture almost thirty minutes ago in my gold two-piece, thong bikini, so I was sure Twinkle was talking about Beatz commenting under that picture.

I’d reactivated my social media almost two weeks ago because I couldn’t let a bunch of jealous-ass miserable people run me into hiding or have me switching up the way I chose to live my life. I’m not going to even lie. The anger management classes that I had taken ever since that bullshit happened between Myesha and me had helped with my confidence. As pretty as I was on the outside, I lacked a lot of confidence on

the inside, and I think that came with being in the public eye and having millions of fuckin' people judging me on a daily.

I posted the first picture of myself today in months, and within the first five minutes, it already had over one hundred thousand likes. Twinkle was showing me her phone now, and the picture was nearing one million likes. My body was perfect in the gold thong-kini that I was wearing. I was nice and oiled up, waist just as small as it wanted to be, and my ass was eating up those thong bottoms. My caption for the picture was, *Them girls' mama*, just to show that I was a mother who was as fine as I wanted to be.

*You niggas tread lightly in these comments.*

*Fuck a heart eye. Cash App her one hundred Gs if you want to get her attention.*

*Lil niggas wouldn't even know what the fuck to do with all of that fine shit.*

*Tell her to move the braids from her right ass cheek, so y'all can see what that tat says.*

I read the comments out loud that Beatz was putting under my picture. Twinkle was rolling, with tears in her eyes as she watched the way this man was in my comments carrying on. Mind you, Beatz was blocked from my page, so he was writing me from a page that I didn't even know he had. Could I say that I was shocked that he was carrying on like this? No. I just think the nigga had a lot of fuckin' nerve because I just knew he was slinging that dick all through Cali and God knows where else, yet he found himself in my damn comments, trying to check these niggas. I shook my head at his theatrics.

“It's the one when he told you to post another picture and put the braids on your shoulder. That nigga knows his name is still stamped on your ass, so he wants them to see it,” Twinkle threw in.

I had posted a fire picture of me from behind, sitting poolside, and I made sure the long braids covered Beatz's name that was still on me.



“And it’s you sounding like you want me back with him. Twinkle, stop,” I said, and she laughed.

“Mia, now you know I’m not defending Beatz or the shit he did because I know how that shit feels to be cheated on. Damn, the nigga just been working overtime to let you know he still loves you, and I just respect it. You know Beatz didn’t want to sign off on that damn divorce. He only did it because it was something you wanted, and he didn’t want to keep you somewhere you didn’t want to be. Girl, if he was an asshole who didn’t give a fuck about your feelings, you know he would have still been somewhere dodging them papers. Whether the two of y’all get back together or not, you’ll always love him, and he’ll always love you,” she reminded me.

I dropped it, not wanting to be talking about Beatz’s ass. Hell, the reason for this damn trip was to get away from the bullshit we had to deal with at home.

## LATER THAT NIGHT

“Okay, Normani, go. It’s your turn,” I called out, sitting at a rectangular table outside of the villa.

It was well after midnight, and Loyal, Twinkle, Naomi, Normani, Askiya, and I were out there with a bottle of 1942 in the middle of the table, each woman with shot glasses in front of them. We were playing Never Have I Ever. Listen, I was damn near ten shots in because it wasn’t shit these women were saying that my ass hadn’t participated in. Loyal and I were drunk as fuck because every time we had done damn near everything in the game, we had to take a shot each time. We weren’t playing it the way most people would play and just put a finger down. My chest was burning due to all the shots.

“Okay. Ummmm, never have I ever faked an orgasm,” Normani threw in.

To be honest, every woman was tipsy, but Loyal and I were drunk. The rest of the women were just as freaky, Loyal and I just happened to be on another level of freaky. When I’m in love, I’m down for whatever, and the number of shots that I’d been throwing back obviously showed that.

Today was cool. After a big breakfast, we sat by the pool, went sightseeing, and did some ATV riding, which had tired all of us out. We came back to the villa, showered, and slept for hours. By the time we woke up, the chefs had prepared an amazing meal, and now there we were, outside, playing games with each woman in her pajamas.

When Normani revealed her confession, it caused both Twinkle and Naomi to take a shot.

“Wait. Wait. Wait. Y’all gon’ have to explain this. Naomi, I know you not faking no orgasms with Glizzy, and Twinkle, I know you not doing that with Truth. Please explain this,” Loyal’s drunk ass slurred.

I laughed at the look on Loyal's face, like she was appalled that they would ever in their life fake an orgasm. Naomi laughed and tucked her long hair behind her ear, prepared to explain why her ass had been faking orgasms.

“Not with Markell. There's no need to. Besides, that man knows my body so well that if I ever faked, he would know. Let him tell it, I moan different when I start cumming, and only a powerful, real orgasm can bring that out of me. I used to fake orgasms with my ex-husband, Liam. See, sex with Liam was nothing like what I share with Markell. It was your average missionary, a few pumps from him, and that's it. With Markell, it's sleeping until the middle of the day on the weekend, texting my hairstylist to see if I can come in the next day because I sweated my hair out. It's fuckin' in the car and public bathrooms. Hell, wherever we are, and he decides he wants some pussy, I give it to him.

“With Liam, we had to schedule it because he was always busy. I used to want Liam to switch things up with me, but he never would. We would have these talks about sparking up our sex life, and I remember telling him that I wanted to have an orgasm because I never did. He would be putting in work to do it, and I saw the hard work and dedication all on his face to give me the orgasm that I would be begging for, but it never came. I loved his ass so much, and I didn't want to ruin his ego, so I would fake like I came. I'm glad those days are over,” Naomi revealed.

Askiya cleared her throat. “I get it. We get with these niggas and try to stroke their egos and all that other shit, but nope, I draw the line when it comes to faking an orgasm during sex. When me and Huncho having sex, and I get on top, being lazy, he'll call me out on that shit in a second. If I'm running from the dick, he's going to talk shit to me, so nigga, Ima talk my shit too and let it be known that we ain't finished until I get mine.

“These men expect all this shit from us, and I just feel like giving a man the satisfaction to think they made you cum is toooo much credit for me. Nah, when I holler out that I'm cumming, just know that I'm for real,” Askiya said.

I reached over the table to slap hands in agreement with her.

Naomi laughed and finished her shot. “Oh, well. I was in love,” she defended herself.

“And you don’t gotta fake orgasms no more,” Askiya said.

“I sure don’t. Twinkle, tell yours. We want to hear,” Naomi switched the focus to my best friend, who was sitting right next to me.

“Oh, with Monty. His dick was good, but in the middle of us having sex, I would picture him fuckin’ another bitch, so I would fake an orgasm just to get his ass off me,” she confessed, making all of us laugh.

“That shit is sick, Twinkle,” Loyal said as she laughed.

“Girl, oh well. You go. You done did every fuckin’ thing, so I hate when you go because we all have to take a shot, except for you and Mia. We need to skip y’all two,” Twinkle spat at Loyal, who was still sitting there laughing.

See, when Loyal was drunk, she became loud, and everything was funny. Me? Oh, I would get in my feelings quick, just like I was now. Summer Walker’s beautiful voice flowed through the speakers, and that, mixed with talks of orgasms, men, and everything else, had me thinking about Mehki’s ass.

“Nah. Nah. I got one. I never sucked feet,” she said.

I went ahead and took my shot, along with Naomi.

“Okay. Mia, that’s understandable because you done pretty much did everything under the sun, but Naomi, really?” Normani asked her sister, who was laughing.

I laughed too because Naomi was getting up there in the shots with Loyal and me. Glizzy was over there turning her ass out. Although I hadn’t known Naomi for long, I could just tell that she was a sweet girl. Her nigga was hood, so it explained the shots she kept throwing back.

“I ain’t explaining nothing. I’m in love. I suck toes and give foot massages, just like my husband does with me,”

Naomi said.

I high-fived her too.

“Mia, you don’t even gotta explain. Bitch, your ass does everything,” Twinkle blurted out and popped me on my exposed thigh since I was wearing short pajama bottoms.

I laughed at her comment and released a sigh.

“In a way, it shows that I loved this man so much that I was down for whatever. It’s hardly anything I can say that I didn’t do with Beatz. I was heavily attracted to him, but sexually, my attraction was off the charts. Y’all may think I’m being dramatic, but at times, that man could get me to cum ten times a day. I let him fuck me in any way he wanted, whenever he wanted. I catered to him, gave the nigga full-body massages, gave him head whenever he wanted it or whenever I felt like he wanted it. I ran the nigga’s baths and made sure his blunts were always rolled. I took damn good care of our children and always made sure the nigga had a home-cooked meal because I don’t believe in my man having to order take out when I could cook for him. I say all of that to say I did that, and my ass still got cheated on.” I laughed through my tears.

This was why I didn’t like getting drunk because it caused me to get way too deep in my feelings. We were supposed to be having girls’ night, and there I was, crying and feeling like I’d fucked up the whole mood.

“Nope. Bitch, we not doing this tonight. Mia, don’t take another shot. If you did something, just put your finger down,” Loyal slurred.

She got everyone to laugh, including me, as I mushed her. Twinkle wrapped an arm around me, and I got words of positivity from every woman out there. Then we started back the game. It was my turn. There wasn’t much shit that I hadn’t done sexually with Beatz, so I really had to think way back to come up with something I never did.

“Ooh, I got one. Never have I ever ate pussy,” was literally all I could think of.

No woman around the circle took a shot, but when I saw Loyal reach for that fuckin' 1942 bottle and pour a quick shot, she had every woman out here squealing and looking at her in astonishment.

“Loyal, what the fuck!” Twinkle screamed, making Loyal laugh.

“Back in prison. I never told y'all this because I didn't want you bitches to judge me. Shit, I'm drunk, and you know a drunk mind tells it all. I probably won't remember saying this in the morning, so whatever. Her name is Raven. My dumb ass was in love with her. We kissed and would often make each other cum. She was my cellmate. Only for four months, though, because she'd served her time.

“I saw her last weekend at the grocery store with Saint. She was looking at me like she was in loveeeee. Saint knew right off the bat that me and her had messed around. That nigga said my pussy juices have some kind of spell, and he could tell that she'd tasted it. I'm still thinking about giving him the threesome, but I don't knowww. Raven is a cool girl, and she was somebody I used to love talking to, but she told me about her past, and the bitch is kind of looneyyyyy. She's had girlfriends before, and she said she used to be damn near obsessive over them. I don't knowww. Saint will try to kill her ass if she thinks that she's going to obsess over meeee,” Loyal slurred.

She was all over the damn place with her words because she was drunk as hell. As drunk off this 1942 as I was, I was still able to get what she was saying, though. I couldn't properly digest it all, and I wasn't in the right mind to comment, so I didn't say anything.

“I'm not even about to entertain this conversation with you tonight, Loyal. We'll revisit it in the morning when your ass is sober,” Twinkle shot, sounding like the big sister.

We played more of the game, and then Naomi turned the music up, and a sing-off basically started. The Pandora station was set to old school R&B, and literally every song that came on, me and every woman out there would sing it word for

word. I was in my feelings big time, drunk off this 1942, and it was no holding back. One of my favorite old-school songs by Shanna had come on. It was from the *Waiting to Exhale* soundtrack and called “How Could You Call Her Baby?” Man, if I wasn’t in my feelings before, I swear I was in them now.

*How could you call her baby?*

*How could she be your lady?*

*Thought you were mine?*

*Thought I was yours?*

I was out of my seat, tears falling from my eyes, crying my little drunken heart out. This song was already one that would put me in my feelings long before all of this happened with Beatz and me. But now, to actually be going through this shit, I felt like Shanna was speaking my truth. Before the song could even end, I grabbed my phone from the table and slid the sliding glass door back, taking my ass upstairs to my room, where I almost busted my ass twice.

Those stairs had kicked my ass once I got to them, so I ended up having to hold onto the railing, so I wouldn’t tumble back. I made it to my bedroom, closed the door, and flopped down on the bed. With tears in my eyes, I Facetimed Mehki. I knew he would be up because those were his hours to be in the studio. He answered the phone on the third ring, and his handsome face popped up on the screen. He was in the studio because I could hear the instrumental beats loudly playing in the background, but once he saw my face, he turned it down. He was sitting there with a black hoodie over his head as he stared at me.

“Why you crying, Mia?” he nonchalantly asked, like that question was the norm for him. Hell, it was, though. These days, my emotions have been getting the best of me.

“Mehkiii. Whyyyy? Whyyy? Why did you fuck that bitch, huh? You gave that bitch my fuckin’ dickkkk,” I cried, hysterical at that point.

That 1942 went right to my head, fucking with me and bringing out feelings that were very much still there for Beatz.

“Yo. Y’all niggas take ten,” he called out.

I really wasn’t able to see his background, but after a few moments, he focused his attention back on me.

“What all did yo’ ass have to drink, Mia? Huh? Every time you start drinking, you start crying, acting fuckin’ crazy, and \_\_\_”

“Her pussy was better than mine, Mehkiiii? Be honest. Tell meee,” I demanded to know as I sat there, fuckin’ crying.

“Hell no, Mia. That bitch ain’t got nothing better than you, which is why I don’t know why I made that stupid ass decision in the first fuckin’ place. I’ll have this conversation with you when your ass is sober because you ain’t going to remember half the shit we talking about in the morning—”

“Mehki, you broke me. You broke me down with this oneee. You made me so fuckin’ insecureeee. You cheated on me, lied to me, gave me diseases, and you got the world laughing at me. You don’t love meeeee. You can’t love meeee. You would have never done this to meeee if you loved me. You broke up our family. Why, Mehki? Whyyyy?” I cried, losing control of my emotions. I knew I would regret this shit in the morning.

“Bae, give the phone to somebody that’s sober, so I can get an address on where you at. You want me to fly out there and \_\_\_”

“No! No, Mehki!” I screamed.

“Aight. Aight. Mia, I don’t know what the fuck else to do to get you to forgive me for that shit. I signed off on the divorce because I know that’s what you wanted, and I didn’t want to keep you in no shit where you ain’t want to be. I fucked up, and I realize what I lost. I got the finest bitch in the fuckin’ world, and I lost that shit, all because I was stupid. Bae, stop fuckin’ crying. Ion like that shit, and you supposed to be out there with your girls, enjoying yourself,” he said.

It took me a while to get myself together. He was staring at me like he was waiting for me to reply.

“Bye, Mehki,” I responded.



“Mia—”

I didn't even give him a chance to respond before I just ended the call. I threw the phone on the bed and lay on my side, pulling the throw blanket that I had brought with me over my body as I had yet another emotional breakdown. I felt so stupid for being down there, taking them damn shots because look how it had fucked with my mind just that fast.

They say who you call when you're drunk speaks volumes. Drunk, and in my feelings, I decided to call the man I loved so much that it actually fuckin' hurt. A man I was supposed to hate because of the hurt that he'd put me through. The way I was in my feelings and still loved Mehki kind of proved that I wasn't as over him as I claimed. I didn't know what to do, though. My heart yearned for him, but I knew I would look like such a weak ass bitch for going back because of the shit he'd put our family through.

It didn't matter. Come morning, once I slept all of this off, I wouldn't even remember the conversation I had with him tonight. But knowing Mehki, he would be quick to throw it back in my face once my ass was sober.

## CHAPTER 20

# *Layden 'Lay' Hoggins*

“I don’t like seeing all this negative stuff in the blogs with you, son. I’m worried about you, Zay. I’ve been worried about your ass since you were a kid. You are always in the middle of some shit, and it stresses me the hell out, Zay. You should have never brought that man’s wife’s name up in a song. That shit was very disrespectful,” my mom bitched.

I sucked my teeth at her and then picked up the glass of tropical punch Kool-Aid that was in front of me. I guzzled the rest of it down. It was Sunday afternoon, and we were having a soul food dinner at my mama’s crib. She liked to put these dinners on at least twice a month. On some real shit, I didn’t attend a lot of family events because every time I came around, I had to get fuckin’ lectured by my mama like she was doing right now. Either that, or it would be family there, telling me their sad fuckin’ stories, so I would give them some money.

Half my older family members, like my aunties and uncles, didn’t even fuck with a nigga growing up because I was bad as fuck, and they always had some negative shit to say about me to my mama. Now that a nigga was a rapper, and my pockets were loaded, all of a sudden, they wanted something to do with me. I did a lot of bad shit in life, but I woke up this morning thinking that I should do something positive, so I brought my ass to see my mama. From the moment she pulled away from me, after giving me that long ass hug, she’d been on my ass, talking about the shit she saw on the blogs and on social media about me.

Growing up, it was just my mom and me. My pops was in and out of the picture. He'd shoot my mama a couple of dollars every blue moon, and that made that nigga feel like he was doing something. He went to prison when I was five years old on a couple of murder charges, so you already know the nigga was going to die in that bitch. My mama never took me down there to see him, and truth be told, I never asked. Shit, as a kid, that nigga didn't make the time to see me, so my mama didn't make the time to have us go down there and see him.

The nigga would send letters in the mail, though, asking my mama to come to the prison with me because he said he'd changed and wanted to be a part of my life now. Nah, the nigga just had a lot of time on his hands, probably was bored and lonely in that bitch, so now he wanted to fuckin' use me. Fuck him! I was grown now, and I had the choice to take my ass to the prison and see about him, but I chose not to, just like he'd done with me when he was free and had the time to do it.

With my mama raising me alone, of course, it caused us to struggle. Not only did she have to worry about how she was going to pay the bills, but I drove her ass fuckin' crazy because I was bad as fuck and always in the middle of some shit. I stabbed a nigga with a knife that I took out of my mama's kitchen when I was in the fourth grade. Got his ass good, right in his stomach.

My mama had a lazy eye, so he was in class one day, making jokes about that shit. Before anyone knew it, I'd taken the knife out of my bookbag that I carried on me at all times for protection. We lived in the fuckin' slums, and at a young age, I knew to carry something on me for protection, even if it was just a damn knife. Stabbed that nigga good, and I ended up having to go to juvie for that shit.

Got a little older, and I was still on some reckless shit, especially since I hung out with older niggas. At just fourteen years old, I experienced getting shot for the first time. I was shot in my leg, and still, to this day, I walk with a little limp because my leg never fully recovered from that shit. At fifteen is when I started moving weight. I already knew I wasn't going to college or no shit like that. Shit, I hated fuckin'

school. I dropped out of high school at seventeen years old because it was just no point in me going anymore. I was unhinged, and my mama could hardly keep up with me. I went to school maybe three or four times a month, and I was failing all of my classes. So, to do my teachers and me a favor, I just stopped going.

The rapping thing came about because I used to get around my niggas and just freestyle. I could say some wild shit off the top of my head, and my niggas would go crazy over the bars that I would spit. Of course, they'd put the shit in my head, telling me that I should get on the rap scene, but I ain't want that lifestyle. I knew I was living wrong, and I knew the niggas around me lived wrong too. I just didn't want too many motha fuckas watching, and all of our asses get locked up, so that's really why I didn't want to chase that rap shit.

All that changed when I was spitting a freestyle a little over a year ago, and one of my homies recorded the video and placed it on Instagram. Shit went viral, and I had a bunch of labels wanting to sign me. I wasn't ready to sign shit because still, that music shit wasn't my dream. Hustling is what I'd rather be doing. Although that was the case, I started paying for studio time and rapping shit that I would write in my journal. A few months went by, and I dropped "Dangerous Thugs." Labels were reaching out again, but this time, they were more aggressive with it and willing to give me more millions upfront once they saw the talent I was sitting on.

I ended up signing with Sincere. I'd chosen to sign with him a little after Mia and I fucked. I had been waiting so long for him to reach out because he was who I really wanted to work with all along. Sincere, one of the biggest producers in Miami, reached out, and you don't turn a nigga like Sincere down because he only worked with the best. I definitely wasn't about to turn a nigga down that I had been dying to work with all this time anyway. I spit something in there that I actually had written in my journal, and the nigga was blown away.

Sincere wanted to sign me right then, and when I saw the number of zeros on that contract, my love for being in the

streets dwindled away. Sincere wasn't one of the labels that had reached out to me when I'd gone viral. He came around the second time, and he was willing to give me more money than the rest of these labels, which showed he really saw my talent, and he didn't mind investing in me.

I signed with him, and Sincere made that shit clear that I needed to leave all the street shit behind me and not bring that shit to his place of business. He was for real about that shit, so a month ago, when he had me meet him at his studio the day after I released the song about Mia, the nigga let me go. See, I couldn't even be mad at that man because he told me from jump that I didn't need to bring that shit to his place of business. Me dropping that song had niggas outside his studio, ready to air that bitch out if I didn't pull the song when Beatz requested it to be taken down.

I just didn't feel like I was in a position to do this rap shit solo. I needed a team behind me, and my cousin Floyd, who was also my manager, was on the move, trying to get me with a new label. All these labels seemed to have loyalty with Beatz, and motha fuckas wasn't trying to fuck with me. They said I was a hothead, and they couldn't chance it. All this shit wasn't doing anything but making a nigga angry, so I had been writing shit, and once I got my ass in the studio, I was going to unleash all this shit. Labels would be beating down my fuckin' door.

I still had money. My account was still hefty as a motha fucka, but I wanted more money coming in. If I ever felt like this rapping money wasn't holding up, it was back to the streets because the streets never fuckin' failed me.

"I ain't come down here to get lectured by you, Ma. If that's the shit you about to be on, let me know, so I can dip," I snapped.

She was standing in the kitchen, in front of the island, closing the lids to all the aluminum pans that were lined up. Family was spread throughout the house, but most of them were outside, eating.

"You don't like when I call you out on your wrongs—"

“Man, Ima go. This why I don’t bring my ass over to this bitch because you always on that bullshit. You live in a three-million-dollar house, yo. When I signed that contract, the first thing I did was tell you to quit your job, and I put you in this expensive ass house. I just sent you a hundred Gs the other day, and you wasn’t complaining then. You act just like the rest of these motha fuckas out here that’s so called my family! All a nigga is good for is the shit I can do for you. This some fuckin’ bullshit, man!” I snapped.

I turned to walk out of the house. I could hear her calling behind me, and her voice was shaky like she was getting ready to cry because I’d hurt her feelings or some shit.

I had my black Lambo sitting in the driveway, which I quickly hopped in and peeled out. I hated that I had to get disrespectful with my mama, but she chose to fuck with me at the wrong time. I was in the media heavy these days because motha fuckas were still talking about the track. I was reading comments from legends in the music industry, saying how my quick rap career was over because what I did was so disrespectful. Motha fuckas treated that nigga Beatz like he was God, making it seem like what I’d done was so wrong when that nigga was just another regular nigga to me. A regular nigga who could easily get touched and would get touched as soon as the time was right.

We pulled up on that nigga on some gangsta shit, airing that bitch out in his fuckin’ city, at his own fuckin’ party. We sent a message that he could easily get put down just like any other nigga out here. The rest of these niggas might have held the utmost respect for him and looked at him like a god, but I didn’t. Bet I lay that motha fucka down, and unlike God, Ima make sure he doesn’t rise again on the third day!

## CHAPTER 21



## *Mia Randolph*

“Here. Try this,” my mom said, walking over with a spoon in her hand for me to taste the chili she was cooking.

It was my kids’ request, and because my mama gave her grandchildren whatever the hell they asked for, there she was, Saturday night, in the kitchen, cooking chili. The girls and I were in Cali for the next few days and staying at my mama’s house. My mom was being honored with a Legend award in two nights at a big music award show that they put on every year. Since the girls were on a break from school, I decided to just come in town a few days early. I planned to attend the award ceremony with my mom because this event was major for her, and I was super excited.

My mom went from writing music in our old apartment in Miami to being awarded the legend award, so this was a big damn deal. We’d just had a stylist come by the house an hour ago with beautiful gowns for my mom and me to choose from. We’d both chosen our gowns, so on the night of the award show, we would be ready.

“That junk is spicy, Ma. Damn. What did you put in there?” I fussed, moving the spoon away from my face.

I was holding Ivy in my arms because she’d just fallen asleep. The girls were outside. Maya was on her four-wheeler that her father had gotten her last year for Christmas. I hated it because that shit was dangerous, and Maddy was out there watching her. They had old friends in this neighborhood, so they were outside with them as well. Whenever we came to Cali, my kids would light up because they were happy to be back in the city that raised them. This is where a lot of their

old friends were. Both the girls had friends back in Miami, but Cali was special to them.

I swear I feel like such a bad mother sometimes because I'd just up and moved with my kids without even asking them how they felt. I didn't want to come to Miami without them, though. Shit, I would feel like even worse of a mother, so taking them with me was my only option. Y'all have to take into consideration how angry I was when I was pregnant with Ivy. I was dealing with so much judgment from the public on social media, paparazzi in my fuckin' face every day while I was pregnant and hormonal, and wanting to kill Beatz every time his name even came up. So, making that move was the best move for me.

I busied myself in Miami by running two of my shelters, my apartment complex, and being with my kids. It helped me in a way to forget about reality, and at the time, that's what I needed.

"Girl, it ain't nothing in there but a little red pepper flakes, and I put just a hint of paprika. Lay my baby down, Mia. You don't need to sit there and hold her the whole time she's sleeping," she fussed right back, giving out orders.

You never grow up to your damn mother. I was a grown ass woman, and my mama still called herself trying to tell me what to damn do. I stood up from the stool that I was sitting on facing the island and laid Ivy in her pack-and-play that was in the living room. It was only after six, and I was laying her little butt down. I would regret this tonight when she had me up all night.

After I laid her down, I went back into the kitchen and pulled my container of fruit out of the fridge that I'd left in there last night.

"How you get that bruise on your thigh?" my mama asked.

"Ma, I don't even know. I'm sure I fell in Aruba. You would have been so disappointed in me, girl. I was drunk the whole trip," I shared, and she shook her head.

"I don't want to hear anything else, she said.

I laughed and told her what the women said I had been doing on the nights that I was drunk because, of course, I couldn't remember. I was told that I was in my feelings every night, crying about missing Mehki and a bunch of other dramatized bullshit that they said I'd done, but I was still questionable about. All I knew was that it had been two weeks since we'd been back, and I was on a water-only diet. I'd drunk too much liquor, and I was trying to clean my system out from that shit.

As I told my mama what happened, the front door of my mom's house opened.

"Maaaaa!" Maddy screamed.

That caused me and my mama to rush to the front door because the scream my daughter just let out was a gut-wrenching one, and I knew nothing good would come from that.

"What? Where's your sister?" I frantically asked Maddy, who had big teardrops falling down her face.

"Ma, she flipped off the four-wheeler. She was going too fast on it. I told... I told her to slow down, but she wouldn't listen to meeee. She hit a fast corner, and she flipped off! Maddy screamed.

I rushed out of the house with my mama and my daughter right on my tail. Right in the middle of the road was my baby, lying on her back with her eyes closed. By the way her right arm was hanging, I could tell that she'd broken it. I could see her small chest moving up and down, letting me know she was breathing.

"Why didn't she have on her fuckin' helmet and knee pads? Maddy, why the fuck did she take it off?" I screamed, lifting the back of my daughter's head up from the ground. She had all kinds of scrapes and bruises on her arms and legs from the fall.

I could hear Maddy behind me, hysterically crying. My mom was already on the phone with the ambulance while I was on my knees, trying to get Maya to wake up. She was

unconscious, which let me know how hard she fell. That stupid ass four-wheeler that I never wanted her to have, but she begged and begged her father for it, was off to the side, flipped over in the middle of the road. There were other kids standing around, watching with panic in their eyes as I held my daughter, trying my best to stay strong, even though I wanted to cower.

It wasn't long before the ambulance arrived, and instantly, the paramedics rushed over and moved me out of the way, so they could tend to Maya. My hands were over my head, and tears started falling from my eyes once I saw my daughter put on a fuckin' gurney as multiple EMTs worked on her, talking in a code that I didn't even know what the hell they were saying.

My knees literally felt like they were going to give out on me, but my mom grabbed me and pulled me up. She was the positive one, telling me that Maya was going to be just fine. When Maya left the house, she had on her helmet along with her knee pads because I wouldn't let her get on the four-wheeler without it. I yelled at Maddy out of anger. I didn't blame her because usually when Maya was on the four-wheeler, I would come outside at least every ten minutes to check on her. I was putting Ivy to sleep, and that stopped me from doing it.

Maya liked to think that she was a pro and didn't need protection. Every time she got on that damn four-wheeler, I feared something like this happening. My worst fear had finally come true.

## TWO HOURS LATER

“Why you crying, Mommy? Stop cryingggg,” Maya slurred because she was on pain meds, and she had no clue how she’d just scared the living shit out of me.

She had a minor concussion, but the doctor made it clear that it wasn’t anything that we needed to worry about. Her right arm was broken, just like I thought it would be, and there were just nasty scratches on her arms and legs that had all been cleaned and patched up. She was fine, but I really hadn’t calmed down yet. As a mother who loved my children dearly, I blamed all of this on myself, and I thought how this entire situation could have been worse. That thought is what kept sending me to tears.

Maya was in the middle of the bed, wearing the dinosaur-themed hospital gown that they’d placed on her. The drugs had her saying some of the wildest shit. Maddy was sitting in the chair on the other side of her bed, my mom was standing at the foot, I was on the side, looking down at her, and Mehki was behind me, holding Ivy in his arms.

Mehki had always been the cool and collected parent, while I would freak out over the smallest things. I called him while I was in the back of the ambulance, freaking out and telling him what happened with Maya. I just remember crashing into his arms and crying because I was scared, and I wasn’t sure what to expect. Mehki had a way of being my comfort. It was the way his hand would hold the back of my head and how his deep voice would whisper in my ear, telling me that everything would be okay. He was right about that, though, because this little girl was fine and had been running her mouth since her eyes opened. We were just waiting for the doctor to prescribe some pain pills, and then she would be discharged.

“You scared me, Maya,” I told her, using the back of my hand to wipe the tears that had fallen.

I felt Beatz standing beside me.

“Daddy, kiss Mommy so she can feel better,” she said to her father as she lay on her back, those big, beautiful hazel eyes of hers rolling around because it was well after ten at night, so I knew she was tired. That, and the pain meds were making her sleepy too.

“You know I’m throwing that four-wheeler away, right? I let you sweet talk me into buying that shit, but I should have listened to your mama and never bought that for you,” Beatz told her.

She laughed like she didn’t believe him. This little girl knew she had her father wrapped around her finger, and I was dying to witness how she was going to talk her way out of him throwing the bike out. I felt the seriousness behind Beatz’s words. Shit, he spoke exactly how I felt because I planned to have that bike sitting right on the curb at my mama’s house with no intention of her ever hopping back on it.

“So you say, Daddy. Kiss Mommy, so she can feel better,” she requested again.

Beatz leaned in and kissed me on my cheek. He smelled so good, and his lips were so soft. When I’d called him, he had been on his way to the studio, but he quickly headed to the hospital. He was laid back tonight, wearing just a black Burberry hoodie with matching joggers. He wore black and beige Burberry sneakers, a single Cuban link chain around his neck, and he had to be using some kind of growth serum on his beard because every time I saw him, it was longer and fuller. He looked good.

I secretly looked at his Instagram page from time to time, so I saw how crazy he’d been going in the gym when he wasn’t working, so the perfection of his body was definitely showing. Beatz had always had the perfect body, but he was much more muscular these days, looking like a man who was fresh out of prison.

“Not like that. Kiss Mommy on the lips. Do it, Daddy,” Maya urged.

“Maya, I’m fine,” I insisted, but I really wasn’t feeling that much better.

“Do itttt,” she cried.

I sighed and turned to look at Beatz. If this girl wasn't high off this damn medicine and if she wasn't making these loud, crazy outbursts, Lord knows I wouldn't have agreed to kiss Beatz. But we'd do anything to calm this girl down. When I looked at him, he motioned with his head for me to come closer, and I did. I quickly kissed him on his lips, and when I pulled away, I heard Maya snapping her left finger.

“Since I can't clap my hands, I'm going to snap. Aww. Look at you two. So cuteeee. How adorable. You saw them, Grandma?” she cooed. She had my mama cracking up while I just shook my head at her.

“I want to sleep at Daddy's house tonight. You come too, Mommy. That'll make me feel one hundred percent better. Okay, Mommy?” Maya asked.

“Okay, baby,” was all I said and finally took a seat because I had been standing up since we got there.

Shortly after, Maya was discharged from the hospital. I had her prescription in my hand to pick up from the drug store, and the nurse was in the room with the wheelchair, ready to wheel Maya out, although Maya had been loud and clear about letting everyone know that she could walk. She talked up a storm the whole way to the elevators and even once we'd gotten outside and were waiting for Mehki to bring the car.

On the way down, Mehki asked if I was going to come to the house with the kids. Before I could even tell him no, Maya jumped in and answered for me, telling him that I was going to come. I hadn't stepped foot inside our home in almost two years. Today would be my first time doing so. Mehki wanted to be with Maya tonight to keep an eye on her, and I did as well. Mehki was a grown ass man who I knew wouldn't want to spend the night at my mom's house, so I gave in, even though I really didn't want to.

“You, okay?” my mom asked as Beatz pulled up in the Escalade.

“Yeah, Ma,” was all I said.

She wrapped one arm around me and kissed me on my cheek.

“Y’all, please get my talkative ass granddaughter in the house. Call me if you need me. Mia, if you get uncomfortable, and if you feel like shit is getting ready to go left, please don’t argue with him in front of these girls. They’ve seen enough already,” she warned me.

I nodded in agreement with her, but I didn’t say anything else. I was holding Ivy, and she kissed her chubby cheeks, then went over and hugged and kissed Maddy before doing the same thing with Maya. She left, and before fully disappearing, she mouthed for me to call her if I needed her.

Beatz pulled up with the car and effortlessly picked Maya up and put her in the car. Maddy got in next, and then he took Ivy from my arms along with the diaper bag and placed her in her car seat. I got in up front. Sitting in the front seat, I thought back to when Beatz first bought this Escalade about three years ago. He called it the family car. God, there was a time when I would be so happy, riding around in the front seat of this car while my two girls were in the back. I didn’t feel much of anything right now. I was just glad Maya was okay, and this didn’t end worse as I’d feared it would.

“You good?” he asked once he got in the car.

“I’m fine,” I assured him.

Before heading to the house, he stopped at the drug store to get Maya’s prescription. She was in the back, crying and asking for her phone, so she could call her daddy and tell him to get her some candy. I didn’t have her phone on me, so Maddy ended up passing her phone. She called Beatz, sniffing and carrying on, telling him to pick her up some chocolate.

“What else you want, mommy?” Beatz asked because she’d Facetimed him, and I could hear the entire conversation.

“Some salt and vinegar chips too. Thank you, Daddy,” she cooed.

“Maddy, you want something, baby?” he asked our oldest daughter.



I always melted at how soft and warm Beatz was with the girls. The nigga could be hard all day, but the kids pulled on his heartstrings, and he would give them whatever they wanted.

“I’m fine, Daddy,” Maddy let him know.

“Ask Mommy if she wants something. Tell her they got these nasty ass chocolate pretzels in here that she likes to eat,” he threw out.

“I can curse with it, Daddy?” she asked, which made him laugh.

“You better not curse. Tell him that I’m fine,” I stated.

“She said no, Daddy,” Maya let him know, not even telling him what I’d really said.

He let her know that he would be back in a few minutes. While I waited for him, I texted Twinkle and Loyal back in the group message that the three of us were in, letting them know Maya was okay because they both had been calling and texting. Tonight had scared me almost to death, so I didn’t really feel like talking, which is why I was only texting them. Even right now, my head was resting on my arm as I thought back to running outside and seeing Maya stretched out in the middle of the road like that. I had feared the worst.

Beatz finally made it back to the car, carrying two bags along with the small white bag that held Maya’s medicine. When he made it to the car, he set the bags in my lap. I looked down and saw that he’d gotten my favorite chocolate-covered pretzels that he knew I loved, even though I’d said he didn’t have to get them for me. Maya was in the back seat, asking for her chocolate, so I reached in the bag and handed it to her. The rest of the ride was quiet. No one in the car said anything. Well, except for Ivy, who was fussing in baby talk at Maya to give her some of her chocolate.

It took us about thirty minutes to pull up to the beautiful mansion that I once lived in with my husband and our children. The house was out in Calabasas, California, and although this home held some ugly truths, it was still such a

beautiful place. When I left, I left behind four cars that were still parked in the huge circular driveway. Two of them were G-wagons. One was a matte olive-green color, and the other one was white. I also had my white Rolls Royce that matched the black one that Beatz owned, and my two-door Mercedes C43 AMG was parked as well. All of these cars were courtesy of Beatz.

If the man was going to do anything when we were married, he was going to buy a bitch a car. My little collection was nothing compared to his, though. Beatz had a thing for cars, so he owned a couple of Maybachs, Rolls Royces, decked-out monster Hummers, a pickup truck, a Camaro, and his charger. The way the man overly worked himself and was so dedicated to his craft, I couldn't even talk shit about him having all those damn cars parked in the driveway of this home because he deserved each and every one of them.

Once he parked, I stepped out and grabbed Ivy out of her car seat. She was in the back, still fussing because her little butt was tired. Looking like a family all over again, we all walked into the house, and the sweet, peach scent that would always radiate inside this house, since it was one of my favorite smells, was the first thing I picked up on. We stood out front in the beautiful, large, all-white foyer. Beatz hadn't changed anything about this home. I just knew I was going to walk in to find our wedding pictures removed from the walls since we were no longer married, but nope, they were still up there. Literally, nothing had changed.

"I'll sleep in one of the guest bedrooms. You can sleep in our old bedroom," Beatz suggested once the kids had disappeared into the house.

The kids had recently been there. It was only me who hadn't. If my mom got the girls for a few days, or if Beatz asked for them, I didn't have a problem with them going.

With Ivy in my arms, I turned around to look at him.

"It's fine. I'll sleep in the guest bedroom down here—"

"Mia, you can sleep in the bed. What? You think I had a bitch in our bed? Come on now," he pleaded.

“I just don’t want to sleep in that room, Mehki. No. It’ll remind me of what... what we once were, that we clearly are no longer. I’ll sleep downstairs,” I firmly let him know.

“Aight. Let me get Ivy, and you can go upstairs and check on Maddy and Maya,” he suggested.

I handed him Ivy and went over to the beautiful winding staircase, and removed my shoes. I took the stairs up, and before going to the girls’ room, I walked the long hallway toward the large double doors and pushed them open. It was my old bedroom, which looked exactly the same. Wedding pictures still hanging up on the walls, a couple of them in glass frames on my dresser, and that same sweet peach scent was up there.

I walked over to the silver dresser in the large bedroom and pulled it open. My clothes were still folded neatly inside. From there, I walked to our large, walk-in closet, where he basically had his own closet, and I had my own because we equally had a lot of shit. All my Hermes, Prada, Louis Vuitton, Goyard, and other designer purses were still on the custom-built shelves that we’d had designed, which held a spot for each of my purses. My designer heels and sneakers were on shelves, still neatly stacked.

I walked over to my safe, keyed in the code, and my bust-down AP watches, Richard Millie watches, Cartier, and Rolexes, were all still there too. This man hadn’t moved a thing. I wasn’t sure if he was just holding onto hope that I would come back, but he never changed a thing. My clothes that I had color and seasonally coordinated were still nicely hung up, just like I’d left them almost two years ago.

After standing in the middle of the large closet, I went to find my oldest two. Maddy was in her room, going through her drawers, looking for pajamas to throw on after she took her shower. I took a seat on her accent chair and released a sigh.

“I’m sorry for yelling at you earlier. I was just scared. None of this is your fault, so I don’t want you to feel like that,” I told her.

“It is my fault. I was so busy talking with my friends that I didn’t even see when Maya took off her helmet or her knee pads. It’s cool, Ma. I know you blame this on me,” she stated.

“You’re a child, Maddy. It was my duty to make sure I was constantly coming outside to check on you two, but I was so wrapped up with Ivy, trying to get her to go to sleep, that I was just sidetracked. Your sister is fine. She’s probably going to be sore for the next few days. She’ll have to wear that cast for two months, and the bruises will heal over time. Don’t blame yourself. Let me get your sister situated, and I’ll come back to check on you.” I stood up from my chair.

She nodded, leaving it at that. Before I left, I wrapped an arm around her, and she wrapped hers around me. I kissed her on her forehead a couple of times, and then I left the room, closing the door behind me.

Now, it was time to check on Maya, the drama queen herself. The one who still had my ass up in an uproar because of what had taken place today. I was supposed to be on a water-only diet, but all the stress of the day had me ready to get the kids in bed, go down to my old wine stash, and finish a whole bottle, just to get some sort of calm, because right now, I was still on ten.

## CHAPTER 22

*Mehki 'Beatz'*  
*Randolph*

**I**t was after one in the morning, and all three of the kids were sleeping. Ivy was easy getting to bed because after I bathed her and gave her a bottle, she knocked out right in my arms. Ivy came at fucked up timing when Mia and I were going through it heavily, and Mia had already moved to Miami, so Ivy didn't get to live in this house and have a room like her sisters. There were plenty of rooms to transform into a bedroom for her, but to be real, her little butt liked to sleep in the bed with me or with Mia when she was with her, so getting her a room here wasn't even smart.

She was knocked out in my bed with pillows surrounding her because she slept wild, and I didn't need her little butt rolling out in the middle of the night. I wasn't in the room. I was down in the basement, working on beats. I had a built-in studio in my man cave that I would often work from. The baby monitor screen was right on the table, so I could be on the lookout for Ivy in case she woke up. Maddy and Maya were both sleeping.

When Mia called me earlier, all frantic and screaming on the phone, I swear a nigga had PTSD. I just knew she was about to jump down my throat about a hoe that I was fuckin', but it was worse. When she told me that Maya had flipped off the four-wheeler, I swear my heart dropped out of my fuckin' chest. I shouldn't be thinking about what if shit because it wouldn't do shit but drive me crazy, but that's what had been on my mind since we left the hospital.

While at the hospital, I had just been playing like shit was cool and like I wasn't worried because I wanted to be strong

for Mia since she was a wreck. Man, if Maya hadn't come home with us tonight, and this shit was worse, a nigga wouldn't have been able to live. I'd bought that four-wheeler for her, even when Mia had pleaded with me not to because the shit was dangerous. I would have blamed it on myself, but I was glad that was something we didn't have to experience, though.

I ain't going to lie. I was surprised Mia didn't object to coming to the house with the kids and me. Maya was high off those pain meds, and baby girl wasn't going to take her mama saying no for an answer. She made it clear that she wanted to come home with Daddy, and she wanted her mama here too. I never thought Mia would set foot in this house again, although I'd always held onto hope that she would. So much so that all her shit was still in its place, and I didn't have any plans to ever get rid of it or tell her that she needed to come and get it. No bitch would ever get invited to this house because this was where I laid my head and where my kids laid their heads too at times. So, there was no need to get rid of her shit.

Mia made true on her word about sleeping downstairs in the guest bedroom. She kept Maya up for at least an hour and a half, not wanting her to fall right to sleep because of the fall. Once she allowed her to doze off, she went back downstairs.

The last thing she said to me tonight when I was in the kitchen, sitting at the island, drinking from a bottle of water, was to bring Ivy to her if she woke up crying. At that moment, I wanted to grab her and tell her to come sit with me, so we could talk. But she was clearly overwhelmed by the shit that had taken place tonight, so I didn't want to bother her.

After staying in the studio for at least two more hours, I shut everything down and headed upstairs. Mia was sleeping in the guest bedroom by the front door, and I could see the light from under the door, indicating that she might be up. If she was asleep, the room would have been pitch dark, and I wouldn't have heard the TV playing. Just wanting to check on her and make sure she was okay, I knocked on the door.

"It's open," her soft voice called out.

I turned the door handle, and she was lying on the left side of the bed with her head propped up on her arms, watching a movie. It was well after three in the morning, but she had a worried look on her face like sleep wasn't so easy for her to take part in right now.

“Maya is straight. I know that's why you up,” I called out.

Mia and I may not have been together anymore, but I knew this woman more than she knew her damn self. Mia didn't play about our kids. She loved them to pieces, so I could see why she would still be a bit shaken up after what went down with our daughter. I'd already calmed down because my daughter was fine. She talked everyone in this house to death today after the accident, and although she was in pain and she walked away with a broken arm, some bumps and bruises, that little girl was going to be okay. Let her tell it, she was happy about the pink cast she had on her arm, and she couldn't wait to go to school and have all of her friends sign it. That girl was something, man.

“I know. My mind is going one hundred miles per hour right now, so I can't sleep,” she revealed.

I nodded my head and sat on the bed. She lay there with her shoulder-length hair still hanging loosely. The throw blanket was wrapped around her, so I couldn't see the lower part of her body, but she did have on a white tank top. There wasn't a bra in sight, so I could see her hard nipples resting on the pillows. Those beautiful, hazel eyes held a lot of worry in them. She smelled good, which wasn't a shocker because her ass always smelled amazing. Shit just felt like a dream that she was in the house with me. We stared at each other for a few seconds before she released a sigh, and I could tell that she was preparing to say something. She gave a sarcastic laugh and shook her head.

“I was surprised to see all of my stuff still here,” she revealed.

“Where the fuck you thought I was going to put it, Mia? I ain't throwing shit out, and I ain't boxing shit up and putting it



in storage either. All that shit is going to stay right where the fuck it's at," I let her know.

She just stared at the wall, and not long after that, a tear fell from her eyes.

"I remember when we bought this home. Maddy was almost four. I was pregnant again with Maya, and at the time, we were living in that two-bedroom luxury condo. I loved that house. The view we had of Cali was amazing. As much as I loved that home, with me being pregnant with our second child, I knew we needed something bigger. We went house hunting, and remember they were in the process of building this house?" she asked.

I laughed, shaking my head yes.

"Yeah. Yo' ass had me pull the car over and ask the construction workers if we could see the inside, even though the house wasn't finished yet. That nigga was determined not to let us see the house because we were young, and the starting price for this house was five million. He probably thought I didn't have it. Shit, I'd made a name for myself in the industry, and I was making some good ass money, so I knew that I could afford the home.

"I remember you hopped your ass in front of me, giving that nigga the rundown of who I was, making it clear that I could buy the house right then if I wanted. He gave in and let us inside. You swore that was going to be our home, even though we couldn't really tell what much about it because it wasn't finished. With all the construction going on, you still saw something about this house that I didn't see at the time. I remember you telling me you wanted this house.

"I may have done some fucked up shit, Mia, and I know I broke your heart, but anything you told me you wanted, or anything you even thought you wanted, I made sure you had it. I worked the way that I did, so I could provide for you and my kids. I didn't have a lot of shit growing up, and I know you didn't either, so if I did anything in life, I was going to work my ass off to make up for the shit we didn't have growing up. I remember motha fuckas used to think that I was fuckin'

crazy for buying my wife yachts, jets, all these fuckin' cars, and the other pricey gifts that I had gotten you over the years, but that was just how fuckin' much I loved yo' ass. Shit, that's how fuckin' much I still love you," I let her know.

Mia smiled at my words, and then another tear fell that I reached over and wiped. She looked in my eyes and bit her lip. I could tell that she was trying so hard to contain her emotions, but it really wasn't working because more tears kept falling.

"We were supposed to fill this home with so many children, Mehki. This is a ten-bedroom house, and I remember being so fuckin' in love with you that I told you I would fill every room with a child for you. I know... I know it's fuckin' impossible, but I wish I could go back to the first day I met you. The standards that I set out for myself would have been much higher. I was young, and a big part of me was naïve. You were a bomb-ass producer who everyone was talking about. I knew that with fame came women. To protect my heart, I gave you the green light to go out and mess with other women because I honestly believed it would happen anyway. I felt like it came with the territory of you being in the music industry. That mindset came from not having a lot of love for myself.

"My father wasn't in the picture, and when my mom dated, it would always end with some bullshit and not work out. I figured that if I was the cool girlfriend who told my man that I would turn a blind eye to things that he would do behind my back, it would keep me from getting hurt by a man the way my mom had been hurt. Obviously, that plan had failed. I was hurt deeply. It's been almost two years, and I still can't believe we're here. Because I grew up without both parents in the house, you know how much it meant to me to give that to my kids. I couldn't stick that out, Mehki. I couldn't because... that shit just fuckin' hurt!" she cried.

I scooted over and grabbed her arm, pulling her my way. She crashed her head into my chest, releasing tears of pain while I held the back of her head. No lie, a tear fell from my eyes as well, knowing I was the reason for this gut-wrenching cry that Mia was letting out. My hands eventually moved from the back of her head to under her shirt. I massaged her bare

back, running my hands up and down as I tried to think of the right words to say.

For almost two years, I had bought Mia anything that I could think of to get her to forgive me. I took to social media, apologizing to her in front of the world since that was the very place where I had embarrassed her. I've said sorry over a thousand times, but she wasn't hearing me.

“Mia, I don't think there are enough words for a nigga to convey how sorry I am. It ain't much shit that I regret in life because I really do believe that everything happens for a reason, but if I could turn back time and undo the shit that happened between Myesha and me, I swear to God I would. I know I told you this before, but Mia, right hand on the bible, and I swear on our kids, them bitches that came out, showing them bullshit ass screenshots, I didn't fuck them. I was dead wrong for messaging them bitches on social media, giving compliments and shit because it was disrespectful.

“I know this don't make it right, but them bitches that showed them screenshots of me messaging them on social media, that shit was three and four years old. They saw that my name was already hot because of the shit that was going on with Myesha and me, so they wanted some clout and posted them old ass messages. Notice none of them showed the dates. I know it wasn't right because we were still married, even if it was old, and I should have never wrote them in the first place.

“Mia, I'm fuckin' sorry. My story with you never changed, no matter what lies that hoe gets on social media and tells the world. I fucked her once in Dubai and two other times after that. I know I told you two before, but it was three. Man, I was just trying to make my fuck up not sound as bad, but Mia, that's the God honest truth. After that, she hit a nigga up, telling me to pull up, or she was going to tell you about me.

“I don't want you to think that Myesha was my girlfriend or some shit that I had on the side. Shit, I was scared of losing you, and that's why I paid that bitch's rent. I was desperate to keep that shit a secret. I know it sounds foul, but that shit is the truth,” I said, telling her something that I'd already told her before.

I pulled her away, keeping my hands on her back, and we looked at each other. She wiped the leftover off her face and looked back at me with bloodshot red eyes.

“I don’t know how to forgive you, Mehki. I just don’t. I think if I never saw the sex tape that got leaked with you two, or if you never fucked the bitch raw and then gave me an STD, maybe it would have been forgivable, but this? I just don’t know,” she admitted.

I shook my head. It hurt to hear her say that because I really didn’t think I would ever get her back. I used to think that Mia would come back around, but I wasn’t hopeful of that shit anymore.

“Aight. If you ever need to be reminded of how much I love you, just think about the love I have for my kids. Mia, you know them three girls mean the fuckin’ world to me. You carried them for me. Laid on your back and pushed them out for me, so you gotta know that my love for you runs deep. Without you, there would be no Madeline, Maya, or Ivy. Just always remember that,” I added.

She nodded, and we just stared at each other. At any moment, she could have reached back and removed my hands from under her shirt, but she didn’t, and I knew she was comfortable. Mia used to say that being wrapped in my arms was when she felt the safest. Seeing the hurt in her eyes, and knowing how much I fuckin’ loved her ass, caused me to lean my head in and kiss her. Just like we’d done that night outside her apartment, we kissed each other with so much love and passion. I fed her my tongue with my eyes closed, and she sensually sucked on it.

My hands slipped around to her breasts, holding the ten-thousand-dollar titties that I’d invested in because she wanted bigger ones that set up more. I’d told her time and time again that her titties were perfect when she started talking to me about wanting them done. They felt natural as hell, and they were so soft. I played with her nipples during the kiss, which only had her kissing me deeper and nastier. I was the one to break the kiss, and my lips went to her neck, knowing that was one of her hot spots. Her cold hand went for my bald head,

holding it there, where I sucked on her neck like I was sucking on her pussy. I planned on doing that next. She needed something to relieve her from all of this fuckin' stress.

Mia's breathing was labored, and even though I wasn't looking at her because I was too busy paying her neck all my attention, I could tell she was trying to fight her moans.

Skillfully, I removed her tank top and stared at her pretty, caramel titties in awe. Titties that I hadn't seen in forever. Her body was perfect. Perfect and soft. Above her right breast was my name in red letters along with the date we got married. No lie, I just knew Mia would cover all the tattoos that she had of my name. I had a portrait of her face, right on my hand, along with her name in big, bold letters in the center of my back. Being in fuckin' love is what had me taking my ass to the tattoo shop and doing that shit.

I leaned my head in, kissing both of her nipples. Then I looked up at her, watching her bit her lip, still trying to keep her moans in. With my hands at my side, not needing them to guide me, I sucked her nipples with just my tongue, doing that shit nasty as hell, and keeping my eyes on her the whole time. I paid them all of the attention in the world for at least five minutes, and then I started kissing down her flat stomach. Right when my face was in front of her pussy, I pushed her back, letting her lie down. She wore gray cotton shorts, and for a few moments, I placed kisses on her pussy through the thin material.

Her legs were pulled up, and from how her breathing sped up, I knew she was ready for me to taste her. I lay on my stomach, using my index finger to skillfully pull her shorts and silk panties to the side. I looked down at a fat, bald pussy. The last time I had the pleasure of seeing it was a year ago when she'd given birth to Ivy. Her pussy was wet, and it smelled just as natural and fresh as it always had. I leaned in and kissed her on her clit, which made her jump. I placed kisses all over it from the outside and then the inside. Seeing the juices fall out of her and go to her ass crack, I licked that up too. The juices that I licked up, I put them right on her clit, sucked it off, and started sucking on her pussy, driving her ass crazy. She

grinded her pussy against my mouth, but she was still being stubborn, not wanting to release a sound.

“Let that shit out, Mia. I want to hear you,” I spoke into her pussy.

Looking into her eyes, I saw the struggle in her face as she tried to keep her moans in. I got a good hold of her clit and softly sucked, knowing this trick would have her on the edge of busting her first nut.

“Ohhhhhh... Fuckkkkk... Mehkiiii...” She finally let that shit out and stopped acting fuckin’ crazy.

She came, and because Mia had the kind of pussy that wouldn’t beg for a break, she didn’t try to push my head away after she released. I did pull away, though, only so I could pull her shorts and panties off. Then, I grabbed her ankles, pinning her legs back and putting her knees to her chest. Mia had some pretty ass, long, thick legs. She had three anklets on her left leg, which I kissed as I admired the white nail polish on her toes. After that, I dove back into her pussy, wanting to make her cum again. I had a lot of making up to do, so that pussy was going to cum back-to-back. I ate from her pussy to her ass since that’s where a lot of her juices were falling.

“Mehkiiii... Mehkiiii... Mehkiiii,” she kept moaning my name like she was possessed or some shit.

“Look down at me, Mia,” I demanded, still with her pussy in my mouth. Her mouth was wide open, but she did manage to look down at me as I looked up at her.

“Baby, I fuckin’ love you. We going to work through this shit,” I said and proceeded to grip her clit in my mouth again, sucking it nice and slow, just like I had done when she released her first orgasm.

Seconds later, her legs started shaking in my hands, and she came again. This time, she pushed my head away, and that was only so she could turn around, get on all fours, and rest her head on a pillow as she looked back at me. I had her pussy juices all on my tongue, dripping in my beard, and I wanted her to taste it.

“Come lick this shit off my lips,” I requested.

She sat up, crawled over to me, sucked on my top and bottom lip, then sucked my tongue. The whole time she was doing that, my dick was in my sweats, just jumping, pointing at the damn ceiling. She sucked it all off and went back in position. I lay on my back, getting right up under her pussy, and I ate on it just as nasty as I’d just done the first two times.

“Mehkiiii... Fuckkkkkk... You... you eating my pussyyyy so gooddd”, she squealed.

Lying under her, eating her pussy from the back, I stuck three fingers in her. That pussy was tight, just like I left it, and I could see why that fuck nigga Zay put that bullshit song out. With just my fingers, I was able to reach in, and that tight motha fucka pulled me, trapping my fingers, drowning them in her wetness. I finger fucked her fast, but I was sucking and licking on her slit slow. From the vibrations that I felt from her pussy, mixed with the way she kept screaming my name, I knew she was going to cum again, and she did, but this time, she squirted, wetting up my face, my chest, fingers, all that shit.

I pulled my fingers out of her and reached up for her, letting her crawl over and suck her juices off them. When she finished, I stood up from the bed, went into the guest bathroom, pulled open the first drawer, and grabbed a pack of Magnums. I walked back into the room where Mia was sitting up, watching me. I wasn’t wearing a shirt, so it was nothing to just step out of my joggers and briefs and have her looking down at a big, fat, long dick. I might have given these bitches this shit, but this dick always has and would forever belong to Mia. The way this motha fucka was standing up, dripping pre-cum, it’s like it knew Mia was around.

She took the condom from my hand, skillfully slid it on, and I sat down on the bed. I knew to put on a condom with her because she no longer trusted me, even though I knew I didn’t have shit. The last time I used a condom with Mia, our kids weren’t even in the picture, so that tells a lot right there. She stood up with her sexy body, got on my lap, wrapped her arms around my neck, and looked me in my eyes. That look was

basically her way of letting me know she was about to get on this dick and go crazy. My toes were already curling, and I hadn't even felt her yet. My hands were holding her ankles, and I was ready. Without having to use her hands, she sat that good ass pussy on my dick and got to riding.

"Them bitches probably didn't even know what the fuck to do with my dickkkk," she moaned, riding my dick so good that all I could do was bite my lip and look at her, getting hypnotized by them enticing ass eyes of hers.

"Damn, baby... Fuck, Mia... Good ass fuckin' pussy," I groaned as I moved a hand from her ankle and placed it on her ass.

I slapped the shit out of it, loving the way that shit jiggled. Mia knew how to ride dick good, and she knew that shit, which is why she had that cocky ass smirk on her face. She removed one of her hands from around my neck and cuffed my beard, looking down at me as she continued to ride.

"I'm not even going to pull out all my tricks... Nigga, you don't deserve it," she talked shit.

I held her ass and started drilling her from underneath, wanting to get in on the strokes too.

"I'll take whatever you give me, baby... Just keep riding that motha fucka. Get your shit off... I know it's coming. That pussy always busts fast... Wet my dick up, baby," I coached.

She gripped my chin harder, her moans got louder, and her voice was stuck in her throat, but it was cool because I knew she came. I flipped her ass, putting her on her side, grabbing her right leg up in mine, and I started digging deep in her shit from the side. Her loud ass pussy sounded off in the whole fuckin' room. Mia was wet. I mean, her shit was dripping down her thighs, and she had the condom soaked.

"I know you hate a nigga... but tell me how good my dick is. I want to hear that shit," I groaned, digging deep into her, trying to get her to nut again.

After tonight, I didn't know if Mia would ever let me hit it again, so I was trying to get as many orgasms out of her as I



possibly could.

“Shittttttt... keep fuckin’ meeeee... like thatttttt! You know that dick is gooooodddd... awwwww... babyyyyy,” she cried because I got a hold of her clit and started rubbing on it. She was fuckin’ back, but once she started cumming, she slowed down, allowing me to do all the work, but I didn’t mind. She came, and I kept right on digging, trying to get another one out of her.

“Mehkiiii... I cameeee!” she cried, looking back at me like I was crazy for still pumping into her and not letting her catch a break.

I leaned in with my dick still in her that she was steady creaming on. While maintaining a good stroke, I licked the tears that fell from her face, kissed her ear, and licked that too.

“I already know what you did. I know the shit this pussy can do. Do that shit again, baby,” I coached, showing no mercy with how I handled the pussy.

I was trying to get her ass to forgive me, so I put on my best show. I was going to nut in this position. The visual of her fat ass jiggling as I slammed in and out of her, mixed with her pretty ass face, this good ass pussy, her sexy ass moans, and the way she was squeezing my dick with her pussy muscles, would have me nutting with her this time.

“Ahhhh shittttt... Shittttt... I’m cummmingggg!” she whined.

I was right behind her, nutting into the condom, and then I pulled out. My dick was still hard, so I slipped the condom off and replaced it with a new one. I stood up, dick slinging, and walked over to the dresser. I tapped it because that’s where I wanted her. The dresser wasn’t too far from the bed. Mia lay on her side, looking like she’d been overly fucked.

“Come on. I need that pussy right here,” I demanded and tapped the dresser again.

She didn’t move, so I went and got her ass, lifting her like it was nothing, and sat her ass on top of the dresser. I fucked her crazy, hands around her throat and everything, straight

thug shit. Then, I picked her up in my arms and took her over to the wall, where I went crazy in that pussy. Every time she came, I gave her like one minute to get herself together, and then I was back crawling inside it, making her bust some more.

Almost half an hour later, we were back in bed, with me at the head, and she was at the foot, lying on her stomach, her head by my feet, breathing all fast. I lost count of the number of times she came. I stopped counting at eight. Her hair was sweated out, and because she was lying on her stomach, I could see the handprints that I'd left on her ass from repeatedly slapping it. My handprints were even on her waist. I missed this shit. Not even just fuckin' Mia. Just being under the same roof and in the same bed while our kids were in their rooms sleeping is what I had been missing out on.

"Come here," I called out.

It took her a few minutes to move, but she eventually did, bringing her naked body up to where I was and laying her head on my chest. I placed my hand in her hair, rubbing it through her scalp.

"I don't expect you to come home after tonight, but bae, just consider it, please? Whatever I gotta do, I'll do it to make our shit right. If we gotta go to some kind of counseling, I'm willing to do that. Everything I need is right here in this house with me, not living hundreds of miles away in Miami. I had to lose you for me to realize what the fuck I had. Just think about it. Aight?" I asked.

"I will," she agreed.

"Mia, I love you. Always remember that shit," I said.

"I know. I hate that I do, especially after everything, but I love you too. I love you so much, Mehki." Her voice cracked when she said it.

I kissed her forehead, reached for the throw blanket that was on the bed, and placed it around us. Mia dozed off probably two minutes later, snoring and all. I had it in my mind to get up once she fell asleep and go upstairs to sleep in

our old bed because I didn't want to explain to the kids why they woke up to me and their mama sleeping in bed together. But, shit, that pussy put me out like Nyquil, so I ended up dozing off. If they asked, I would just say some shit like her ass was afraid of the dark and wanted me to sleep in this bitch with her. They would know I'm lying, though. Hopefully, in the morning, when I was off this pussy high, I could come up with a better lie.

## CHAPTER 23

## *Caron Brown*

It was after eight at night, and I was up, thinking about my sister Naomi. Our relationship was super rocky right now. She told me that as long as I was dealing with Cassie, she didn't want anything to do with me. Although Naomi and Normani hadn't been in my life for long, I loved them both dearly because they were everything I dreamed of, especially when I was a child.

I mentioned before that for all my life, it had just been my mom and me. She didn't come from a big family, so there really wasn't anyone else for me to cling to. When I learned that I had sisters, I was eager to get to know them. Now that I knew them and we'd formed a bond, I wanted to keep the bond going and make up for all of the years I didn't know them. Although that was the case, my feelings for Cassie were growing by the day, even though I wanted the two of us to remain friends for now.

Her past was bad. I won't act like I wasn't blown away by the things she told me in my office a while back, but it wasn't like me to judge someone because of their past. I was a pastor, and one of the things I often preached was turning over a new leaf and how we serve a forgiving God. I wanted to be just like God, so how could I want to be like him, but I wasn't willing to forgive like him? When I talked with Cassie, and when I was around her, I didn't know the made up Tischina that my sister knew. I knew a woman who was loving, funny, a great mother, compassionate, smart, and she was a hard worker.

Right now, I was at home, in my office, getting my sermon ready for tomorrow, but Naomi was on my mind like crazy. It

was hard for me to concentrate, so I ended up calling her. I placed the phone on speaker, and on the fifth ring, she picked up.

“Hey,” her soft voice cooed out.

“Hey. You have a minute to talk?” I asked.

“Ummm, yeah. I just laid the babies down. What’s going on, Aaron?” she asked.

I sighed, knowing I had to be easy with my words because I didn’t want to say anything that would lead her to hang up the phone on me. I had to be mindful of the things that Cassandra had done to Naomi in the past and not try to sugarcoat it because that would cause Naomi to think I wasn’t sympathetic to what she went through when that wasn’t the case at all.

“Look, Naomi, I love you. I know it hasn’t been that long since you and Normani have come into my life, but my love for the two of you runs deep. I got to meet family outside of just my mother, and that’s a feeling I can’t even explain. I’ve been single for years. I told you and Normani before that I put so much hard work and dedication into my church that I just didn’t have time for a relationship. That’s until I met Cassie, and the two of us started talking. Naomi, all I’m saying is that I don’t want to have to choose. I want you both—”

“Aaron, I can’t. I like literally can’t. You’re my brother, and I love you, but I don’t have to act like I’m okay with this when I’m not. This woman was around my child. She stood by her husband, whom Liam and I didn’t even know about, as he made plans to rob Liam, not giving a damn that my son was with him that night. That woman was living in the house with Liam, and on the weekends, my child would be there. At any moment, she could have had her husband run through that house, and it’s no telling if I would have ever been able to hold my son again.

“When I see her, I think about the pain she caused me for that one year. I was at my lowest, going through that mess with her and Liam. I’m not just sweeping that under the rug. Not when my son was involved. If you want to be in a

relationship with her, do that, Aaron, but just don't expect to have a relationship with me and to have her around my kids and me! It's not happening," she voiced.

Her voice rose a bit, making it known that she was angry. She had every right to be. I wasn't going to take that away from her.

"Naomi, I hear you. I'm not taking away the hurt you felt, and I'm not sweeping it under the rug either. It was wrong of Cassie. She and I talked, and I never made it seem like the part she played was cool. It was wrong, but it just isn't in me to judge someone because of their past. I can't just not love her because of her past. I don't know that person. You do. You may not like what I'm getting ready to say to you, but we all have a past. Your husband included. A past of selling drugs and other illegal activities, which landed him eight years behind bars. You still married him. You still decided to bear his children.

"The way you view him may be a different from that little girl, little boy, or family member who lost their loved one to the drugs he was supplying to the streets. You didn't judge him based on that, so why do you feel the need to make me want to judge Cassie based on her past?" I questioned.

I didn't want to take it there with Naomi, but I felt like she was being selfish. She released a sarcastic laugh, and after that, there were a few seconds of silence.

"You can say all of that, Aaron, but the fact remains that your girlfriend or whatever the hell she is to you played a part in a gun being pointed at my son's head and me coming so close to losing him. Your nephew, who you supposedly love so much. Look, I'm not going to beg you to see the bigger picture here. If you choose to look at Cassie in this new light, and nothing she did in the past worries you, and your mind is made up, then Aaron, it is what it is. I wish you both the best. I truly mean that. Take care," she responded and hung the phone up in my face.

I sat there for a few moments, dissecting this entire thing, really just trying to figure out what I was doing was wrong. I

didn't want to lose my sister, but at the same time, I was falling in love with Cassie, and I didn't want to lose her either. The headache that I had before this conversation had just gotten ten times worse. If I wasn't confused before, I was definitely confused now.



## CHAPTER 24

## *Mia Randolph*

“As I’m on my way to the damn airport, this girl texts me about a damn necklace she left over there. These damn kids, Twinkle,” I fussed, sitting in the passenger seat of Twinkle’s car as she drove me to Beatz’s house, so I could pick up Maddy’s necklace that she’d left when the three of us were in Cali last weekend.

The girls were back in Miami, but I’d gotten a call from my shelter in Cali, telling me about issues with some of my employees. There had been two fights earlier in the week and some arguing in front of the residents, so two days ago, I had to leave the kids in Miami with Beatz’s mother to fly my ass out there and handle business. Because I felt like my business in Miami could run well with the good staff I had there, I would be fine to check on my other business for a couple of days.

I had to line all my employees up and have a meeting to find out what the hell was causing all this fighting and back and forth bickering. Literally, a two-hour meeting, listening to grown men and women discuss the drama that had been taking place at my site in Cali, which I wasn’t even aware of. I had to give a whole speech on why these shelters had been built in the first place and the purpose that we served for people who didn’t have a place to live. This was supposed to be a place for homeless women and children to get off the streets and get a home-cooked meal, a bed, and a shower. A place to escape the craziness that they probably ran into every day on the streets. I made it clear in that meeting that if anyone didn’t want to be there, they had the chance to leave, but no one walked out.

Things had gotten better, and my manager in charge even said this was the calmest it had been there in a while. Now that I'd handled business, I needed to get my ass back to Miami because I had a long upcoming week. With the girls having award ceremonies tomorrow at school, Maddy's dance show that I needed to attend this weekend, and a bunch of other stuff that I had to take care of, I needed to get my ass home.

"You talk all this shit, Mia, but look at you, going to pick up the damn necklace," Twinkle joked, making me laugh.

"You know I would have told her hell no, but her dad bought that necklace for her a few years ago. Lowkey, I feel like her ass might have lost it, and she's sending me there just to clear her conscience. Beatz spent a lot of damn money on that chain," I explained as I removed the wraparound purse that I had on and set it in the backseat, knowing I would be getting out soon.

Twinkle and I made it to security at the gate, who knew me because it was the same security guard who worked there when I lived with Beatz. Once Twinkle rolled her window down, the old man, Mr. Eddy, smiled at me and inquired about how I was doing. After we briefly talked, he let us in.

About a minute later, Twinkle pulled the car into the massive circular driveway. All of Beatz's cars were there. He knew I was coming because I had texted him about thirty minutes ago. It had been a week since we fucked, and I had been dodging his ass. I had a weak moment that night and needed some good dick to calm my ass down. He was able to do that for me. Beatz woke up before me the next morning after we had sex, so when I woke up, he was already in the kitchen with the kids, cooking breakfast.

That whole morning, we pretended like nothing happened. Shit, the whole two days that I had been in Cali and was back sleeping at my mama's house, we pretended that it didn't happen. It wasn't until I got back home in Miami, and he started calling me, that I got weird with him. I just didn't know what this meant for us. I loved him dearly, but I don't know if I was ready to give us another chance. I would have to pray on that.

“Ima be quick. Just leave the car running,” I told Twinkle right before I hopped out of the car and closed the door behind me.

The second I made it up the long driveway, the front door opened, and Mehki was standing on the other side. Since he was at home, he was lounging in his comfortable clothes, a pair of Nike cotton shorts that stopped at his knees, and he sagged just a little in them, so I could see the band to his Polo briefs. He wore a wife-beater along with socks and his house shoes. I could never fix my lips to say this man was ugly because Lord knows he was drop-dead gorgeous, in the most handsome way possible.

He was so big and strong, well-groomed, and with those clean fingernails that I knew he got manicured. Perfect beard that had been drenched in my juices just a week ago, and without evening smiling, I could see the two deep dimples in his cheeks. Because he had on a tank top and shorts, I saw both sleeves of tattoos and the few that were on his neck. He even had multiple on both legs.

I came there for one thing, and one thing only, which was to get Maddy’s necklace. I had to be in and out and not blindsided by his handsome ass and open my legs for him, just like I did last weekend.

“Hey,” I spoke.

“What’s good?” he asked and peeked over me to wave at Twinkle, who was in the car.

I walked inside the house, and Beatz was behind me, looking at my ass. I just had on a short t-shirt dress that stopped in the middle of my thighs with a denim jacket. I had on Hermes sandals because I wanted to be comfortable on the jet back to Miami.

“You cooked?” I asked because I could smell food.

“Yeah. T-bone steak, baked potato, and some mixed vegetables. It’s enough. You hungry?” he asked.

I stood at the bottom of the stairs, prepared to kick off my sandals and head upstairs, but I happened to turn around and

look at him. My eyes dropped low, right on his dick, and I paused. That big dick rested right on his lap, easily trying to distract me, but I wasn't going to let this be part two of what happened the other night.

“Ummm. No,” I responded.

I headed up the stairs, and Beatz was on my ass. The dress I wore was short, so as I took the stairs, I was holding it down at the bottom to keep him from looking under it. His ass followed me all the way to Maddy's door, but he didn't go in. He stood outside as I walked into her big room that was a mini master and searched the areas she'd told me. She told me to check her bathroom counter, her jewelry box that she had in her mini walk-in closet, her desk, and the floor. I looked in each spot, but I came up empty.

Right when I was about to give up, I found it at the foot of the bed. It was a custom rose gold, small Cuban link chain with her name on it. This was my daughter's favorite piece of jewelry, which is why she'd pressured me the way she did, making sure I didn't come back home without it.

“I don't know why you bought this expensive ass necklace for her anyway, Mehki. This girl didn't even know where it was. I got it, so let me leave now,” I stated, getting ready to walk past him, but he grabbed my arm and put me in front of him. His large hands held at the small of my back as he looked down at me, glaring me in the eyes.

“Did you think more about us? I feel like you running from me,” he let me know.

“I am. I'm running because I'm scared. Your word doesn't hold as much weight as it used to, Mehki. You talk a good talk about not breaking my heart this time around, but I can't just put my all into your words and get hurt again. We'll discuss this another time. I got Twinkle in the car waiting on me, and Jeffree texted me that the jet is ready, and he's just waiting for me,” I let him know. Jeffree was the pilot, and he had been flying us around for almost six years.

“Aight, I respect it. Let me just get a kiss before you go then,” he said.

I looked up at him and stood on my tippy toes, quickly kissing him on the lips.

“What the fuck was that?” he questioned, making me laugh.

“Negro, a kiss! Be grateful for that,” I countered.

“The kiss you gave me last weekend after I finished eating you. I want one like that,” he revealed, lowering his hands and putting them on my ass.

He grabbed so much of my ass that he was able to cuff my pussy too. That had me wrapping my arms around his neck, and I kissed him the way he'd demanded me to do. We passionately kissed, causing him to move one of his hands from my ass and hold me by my throat.

“Let's fuck again,” he said with so much fuckin' passion, making me weak in the knees. Hands still wrapped around my throat, face right in front of mine, looking at me like he was ready to devour me.

“Mehki... Twinkle is in the car, waiting for me,” I said, using that as an excuse to get away from his ass. That dick was going to fuck up my head, and I didn't need that.

“It ain't going to take long. Let me get it again before you take off,” he pleaded.

“Last weekend was a mistake,” I tried to reason, and he sucked his teeth.

“Which nut? When people make a mistake, it's probably one or two times. You nudded almost ten, so which one was a mistake?” he asked.

God, I was about to give in. I felt it in the way my pussy throbbed. I bit my lip, trying to see what I wanted to do.

“Five minutes. Two to eat you, and three to fuck you and get you to cum. That's all I need,” he reasoned again.

I gave in, letting him pick me up and take me to our old bedroom, where he tossed my ass on the bed, had me get on all fours, and removed my dress and my jacket. It left me in just my panties that he pulled to the side, and his long tongue

started swiping against my clit, quickly having me moaning and going crazy.

## MEANWHILE, IN TWINKLE'S CAR

Loyal called me as I waited outside of Beatz's house for Mia to bring her ass on. It had been over ten minutes, and I knew her ass wasn't still looking for no fuckin' necklace. I texted her, telling her ass to hurry up, and she hadn't responded to my message yet. Sucking my teeth, I answered the Facetime call for my sister.

"Hey," I answered.

"What's up? You dropped Mia off at the airport yet?" she wanted to know, which had me sucking my teeth again.

"Girl, no. I swung her by Beatz's house, so she could run in and get Maddy's necklace. I'm about to leave her ass. Lo, it's going on fifteen minutes," I complained, and she laughed.

"She gotta be in there fuckin'. Just gotta be," she said.

"No way. You think she's back fuckin' with Beatz?" I questioned, looking toward the door like she was about to come out.

"She slept her ass over there last weekend. Of course, they fucked," Loyal threw in.

"Nahhhh. That's my best friend. You know she would have told me," I argued.



## BACK IN THE BEDROOM WITH MIA AND BEATZ

“Shittttt... Mehkiiii... I gotta gooooo... I gotta gooooo... Fuckkkk!” I cried as he beat my pussy up so good from behind, trying to get me to cum on his dick for the third time.

This man told me five minutes, and we were well into twenty. I wasn't ready for my girls to know that I was back fuckin' Beatz, but I knew the second I hopped my ass in the car with Twinkle, she would be all up in my mix, which is why I was trying to hurry and get away from his ass. But he kept finding new levels to make me cum, and like the dummy, I let him.

“Last one... swear I'll let you go after this one.... Damn baby,” he groaned, pulling me up and wrapping an arm around my waist.

He sucked on my neck as his big dick repeatedly slammed in and out of me, and his balls slapped against me as well. He was fuckin' me so good from behind, which had me screaming as I slammed back, meeting his thrusts stroke for stroke.

“Cum with meeee... Shitttt Mehkiiii... I'm cummingggg!” I screeched.

He moaned and groaned in my ear as he released too. I pushed his ass back and stood up from the bed on wobbly legs, almost busting my ass, trying to grab my dress and jacket from the floor.

Before I went into the bathroom, I pulled out a new pair of panties from my old dresser drawer and rushed to the bathroom, where I wiped off and put my clothes back on. Beatz came in the bathroom seconds later while I brushed my hair up into a ball. My eyes were on him as he wiped his dick off, and then he went over to the sink and washed his hands. He placed a new pair of briefs on, and I just stared at his body in awe. All those tattoos, those muscles, and that damn dick.

“Stop looking at me like that. That's why you got fucked in the first place,” he let out.

I looked at myself in the mirror and saw the passion mark he left on my neck, which had me pulling my collar up on my jacket, trying to hide it.

“Bye, Mehki. I’ll see you this weekend when you come and get the girls,” I stated as I walked out of the bathroom.

“I was for real about doing the therapy, Mia,” he called out from behind me as I quickly went down the stairs.

“I know we need to talk with a therapist. As good as that dick feels when you’re fuckin’ me, I think about other bitches having the pleasure of bouncing on it. I need a therapist to properly diagnose me and help me get those kinds of thoughts out of my head. The way I think, I know it’s not okay for my mental,” I said as I walked downstairs and slipped my feet back into my sandals.

“Aight. Let’s go talk to the lady then,” he joked, trying to be funny.

“Bye, Mehki,” I said again, damn near running from his ass to get out of the house because I didn’t trust myself to be around him for long. We’d be up there fuckin’ again, and I didn’t need that.

I rushed out of the house and quickly made it to Twinkle’s car. I hopped back in the passenger seat.

“Here the bitch go right here,” Twinkle said to whoever she was on the phone with, and then she put the camera on me.

It was Loyal on the Facetime call. Loyal saw me, laughed, and shook her head. See, I could let shit slide by Twinkle, which was weird because Twinkle was my best friend, but Loyal? I swear this bitch didn’t miss shit.

“So, where the necklace at?” Loyal asked.

That’s when I realized that I’d dropped it upstairs in the hallway.

“Shit. Hold on, Twinkle,” I stated, not even giving her a second to object before I quickly exited the car.

I left the car door open to show that I was really going to be in and out this time. Before I could even open the front

door, Beatz opened it and put the chain in my hands. This was literally the reason why I'd come there in the first place, and I ended up leaving without it. After taking it from him, I walked as fast as my legs would allow me because I swear I still felt him moving around inside me, which was slowing me down.

With the chain in my hands, I got in the car and closed the door behind me. Twinkle reached over, trying to pull the collar down on my jacket, but I pushed her hands out of the way.

"Twinkle, move. Damn!" I spat, making her laugh.

"How long you and Beatz been back fuckin'? It's not even the collar on your jacket being pulled up, trying to hide that big ass hickie, or the fact that you walking different that gave it away. Your hair was hanging when you got out, Mia. Now you pulled it up. Go ahead and tell us. We want to know," Twinkle asked with Loyal still on the phone.

"Ion know what you talking about," I said as I put my seatbelt back on.

"No judgment zone here, Mia. Shit, I just wanna know," Twinkle pressed.

I ignored her, causing Loyal to laugh loud as hell on her side of the phone.

"Mia, admit that you and Beatz started back fuckin' last weekend. Twinkle don't think I know what I'm talking about, but I do. Say you let the nigga back in a whole week ago," Loyal boasted like she just knew she was right.

"Fuck you, Loyal!" I screamed, and she laughed some more.

Twinkle was cracking up as I reached for the end button on her steering wheel and terminated the call. Once she calmed down from laughing, she looked at me.

"Mia, whatever you do, I just want you to be happy. I never questioned if Beatz loved you because I know he does. He just made some stupid, fucked up decisions. If y'all going to do the relationship thing again, I suggest y'all seek some sort of counseling first. I just want to make sure you're fully healed from all wounds before jumping back in with him

again.” Twinkle spoke the truth, revealing what I’d already been thinking.

Some good dick from Beatz wasn’t enough for me to jump back into what we used to share. We needed some serious relationship counseling, and I had to find out whether I could forgive the shit that he’d done. I didn’t want to start all the way over with him while still not fully over shit from the past. If that was the case, it would really just defeat the purpose of us getting back together.

## CHAPTER 25

## *Layden 'Lay' Hoggins*

“Do my shit right too. Ion really switch up stylists like this, but the girl that re-twists and styles my dreads for me went back to Jamaica for a couple of months to visit her family and shit. Motha fuckas spoke highly of you in the city, and somebody showed me your work. You aight,” I said, talking shit after I lit my blunt because she let it be known that this was a marijuana-friendly environment, and she didn’t mind if I sparked that shit up.

I was chilling in her suite where she ran her business, and it was just the two of us in there. Her little gold and white setup was nice as fuck. She had some soft, girly ass music playing lowly on the speakers as she sat behind me on her stool, taking out the twists that my dreads had been in.

“If I was aight, then why would you come to me? If you go to someone to get your hair done, it’s not going to be because they’re aight. It’s going to be because they do a damn good job,” she spat and stood up.

She walked past me over to some containers that she had on the side and started pulling out different products that she was going to use once she washed my hair and everything. I was trying to keep that shit playa and not look like I was sweating her, but truth be told, this bitch was fine as fuck. She had dreads, just like mine, and they were just as long as mine were too. I don’t think I’ve ever messed with a bitch who had dreads. I was used to fuckin’ hoes who wore sew-ins, wigs, and maybe even some braids down to their ass, but this was a first.

“Her dreads were neat as fuck, and she had them parted on the side, hanging loosely, down to her fat ass. She had the body of a goddess, and just from the way her ass jiggled when she walked, I knew that shit was natural. Beautiful, chocolate skin, and when I walked in, speaking to her for the first time, I noticed how pretty, white, and straight her teeth were. Tiny ass waist with a fat ass, and that’s just how I liked my bitches. She had an attitude on her too. I could already tell. Shit, that stank ass walk let me know right off the bat how her attitude was going to be.

“Aight, shorty. Don’t get too cocky. Show a nigga something before I give you all that credit,” I shot at her.

She didn’t respond; she just walked over a few minutes later and set the items on her workstation. I reached back, trying to hand her the blunt, but she didn’t take it.

“I’m good,” she let me know.

“You don’t smoke?” I inquired.

“Not while I’m working,” she said, and I nodded.

Then, she took me over to the sink and washed my hair. Her soft ass hands felt so fuckin’ good scrubbing through my scalp that a nigga almost started moaning in this bitch. She was close up on me, so I could smell her, and she smelled so fuckin’ good. The wash process was so good that I didn’t even talk during it. I just sat back, enjoying that shit.

Once that was over, we went back to her chair, where she started retwisting my hair. I took about three phone calls, and all of them were from Floyd, my manager. That nigga was stressing the fuck out with me not having a label that wanted to work with me. I didn’t know if that nigga had doubts about me pulling this shit off independently, but ever since that bullshit went down in the studio with me and that fuck nigga Beatz, and I was let out of my contract with Sincere, he’d been breaking his neck to find me a new label.

At this point, I was tired of feeling like I was begging these labels to work with me. I had the talent, and I knew I was valuable to their team, so I didn’t even want Floyd out there,

still asking motha fuckas to work with me. According to that nigga, he knew what was best. Other rappers out here had fucked up too, but because I disrespected a nigga who was supposed to be some fake ass legend in this industry, along with his wife, it's like niggas were scared to do business. This shit had me so tempted to say fuck this rap shit and get my ass back in a trap to cook up dope and sell it. But I knew the millions that came with being in the rap game, and I didn't want to walk away from that shit, even though it felt like rap wasn't loving me back.

“All doneeee,” she sang, damn near three hours later as she stood in front of me, hands on her wide hips, looking at her handiwork.

“You sound happy as fuck. Let me check it out.” I stood up from the chair, walked over to the full body mirror, and looked at my dreads.

Shit looked nice as fuck. My loctician's name was Kima, and she'd been keeping up with my hair for over ten years. I swear, I didn't let anyone else touch my hair, but one of my homies came to this spot, and he spoke highly of his loctician, so there I was. She had perfected this shit, making Kima look bad. She had them going back in six rows, and it showed off her skill. This was usually the look that I went for after getting my dreads re-twisted, and she killed that shit.

“Aight. I'll give you your credit. You did yo' thing,” I complimented, walking back over to her.

She was standing in front of the chair that I'd just gotten out of, and I came over and stood in front of her. I dug in my pocket and pulled out a large bankroll of money. Like that shit was nothing, I peeled off ten one-hundred-dollar bills and placed them in her hands. My dreads hadn't been re-twisted in months, my shit was hella long, and in some areas, it was matted, so she deserved this stack that I put in her hands.

“Thank you,” she responded, and I waved her off like it was no big deal.

“You said you don't hit the blunt while you're working, so let me chill with you while you not working, and you can hit



the blunt with me,” I offered.

She stuck the money in her pocket and shook her head.

“I don’t get personal with my clients,” she said, shooting me down.

“Make an exception for me,” I shot, not knowing what that shit felt like to be turned down.

All this fuckin’ money and fame I got, so a bitch turning me down was the last thing I’d ever had to experience in life.

“Why? Because you’re a rapper? You get the same treatment as everybody else. I don’t have personal relationships with my clients. I keep it strictly about the business,” she reiterated.

“Aight, cool. My loctician is going to be back next month, so technically, I ain’t even your client. I’m just a nigga that’s trying to take you out. This ain’t got shit to do with me being a rapper. Shit, I think you fine, and I want to kick it with you—”

“You want to fuck me. Keep it real. My ass is fat, and you’re sexualizing me. You don’t want to kick it with me because I’m fine. You want to fuck me, waste my time, and add me to the list of hoes on your roster. I’ll pass. You can go now. I’m about to leave and get my kids from school,” she stated.

I loved that feisty shit. That slick shit may turn some niggas off, but I loved it. I think that’s why I was fucked up in the head about Mia back then because that bitch’s mouth was so fuckin’ slick, and it kept me wanting more of her.

I laughed at her words and walked over to her because she had walked away.

“What’s your name, shorty? I ain’t gon’ lie, I booked with you a couple of weeks ago, and I can’t remember your name,” I honestly said.

She looked at me long and hard with her light brown eyes, and then she sighed.

“Denim,” she responded, keeping it short.

“Aight, Denim. I think you fine, and I want to get to know you. I ain’t trying to fuck you. A nigga can’t get your phone number? I have your business number, but I ain’t trying to be calling that one, ruining the way you run your business and shit. One little date,” I prodded.

“I have three kids. You’re a rapper that’s in the blogs every other week for some bullshit. I was one of the three million viewers that were tuned in to Beatz’s live the night you dropped that disrespectful song about his wife, so I know the deep shit that you’re in, which is why I won’t insert myself in that kind of drama. If you can air out in a song the shit you did with that man’s ex-wife, then that already shows me that you aren’t the kind of man I can trust, so no, I’m not interested,” she spat.

I sucked my teeth.

“So, you gon’ judge a nigga off that shit—”

“Goodbye, Zay. I have to go and get my kids,” she stated, this time walking over to the door, so I could walk out.

With a smirk on my face, I pulled up my sagging jeans and walked out the door. I gave her one last look before I walked away for good. That bitch was fine, and I wanted her.

Denim. That shit was sexy. A sexy name for a sexy woman. I wasn’t even tripping about her having three children. With all the money I had, I ain’t mind playing stepdaddy to her little ones. I didn’t know who her baby daddy was, but I just hoped it wasn’t some crazy ass nigga who was going to start that bullshit up once we started having little family dates and shit.

I’m calling all that shit now. I knew I would get her; she was just playing tough now. I always got what the fuck I wanted, and just from these few hours around Denim, she had a nigga intrigued. I wasn’t a client, so at the end of the day, that bullshit ass rule about not having personal relationships with her clients didn’t apply to me.

To be continued

Authors note:

If you remember Denim, then you should know that it won't work out in anyone's favor for her and Zay to ever think it's okay to get together.