



*Supreme
Love*

A NEW ORLEANS
LOVE STORY

CION LEE

Supreme Love:
A New Orleans Love Story
By
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Chapter 1

Taijja “Choc” Bellamy

April 8, 2003

I didn't know it at the time but I was experiencing my first heartbreak. I was wearing a brand new dress that my mom handmade, my Shirley Temple curls were freshly done thanks to my trip to the hair salon, and my mom had even let me wear her real diamond earrings. I felt like a princess for my first father daughter dance. My prince on the other hand was slowly but surely turning into a frog. I'd been waiting on my dad to arrive since 6pm and it was almost 8pm. The dance would be over in an hour, so it was safe to say that my dad was a no show. Yet I sat on the porch, filled with hope that his fancy car would pull up at any second.

At 13 years old my daddy could do no wrong in my eyes. I loved him through all of his flaws because he was my daddy. Sure he wasn't around on a daily basis, but neither were my friend's fathers. He was also married to a woman that wasn't my mother, but my young mind wasn't exactly clear on what that meant so I didn't care. He had kids by his wife that I had been asking to meet since I was nine. He'd been promising to make it happen but that day had yet to come. I just trumped that up to him being busy. He also had other kids by other women that I had just recently met last year in a meeting initiated by our mothers. He seemed upset when he found out, but I just figured he was mad because he couldn't be there. I'd grown into the habit of making excuses for Tarell Bellamy, and I'd gotten good at it. Tonight I ran out of excuses. There was no logical explanation for him standing me up for something this important. It broke my heart to admit that my mom was right about my dad. He wasn't shit.

I finally went inside at 9pm. This situation called for tears but I couldn't find any. I cried at 7pm. At 8pm anger overcame me. Now I just felt numb. It felt like somebody had put my feelings on ice because I was over it. I just wanted to lay down in my bed and forget that I'd even gotten my hopes up for this stupid dance.

“FUCK YOU TARELL! You got my baby sitting outside waiting on you when you knew you were never coming! You can really rot in hell!” My mom screamed.

There was no way she knew I was on the other side of her bedroom door. If she'd known she would've ended that call. My mom never spoke ill of my dad in front of me. The only reason I knew that she'd said he wasn't shit is because I'd overheard her talking to my auntie.

“Fuck me?! My son had a football game tonight! I couldn't miss that.”

My heart that just felt numb a second ago suddenly dropped into the pits of hell. I was angry again.

“Which son? You got about ten of them!”

“I see you got jokes, Gia. You know which son I'm talking about.”

“You know what, from this day forth just act like my baby don't exist. She'll be better off with your absence. This wishy washy shit you do with her isn't going to fly anymore.”

“What wishy washy shit?!”

“You know what the fuck I'm talking about. You come get her to spend time, make empty promises, and then leave

her hanging for the two kids you have with your wife. That's a wrap after today. You won't break Taija's heart anymore!"

"Don't put this all on me! You knew I had a wife when you decided to keep her!"

"Nigga if I knew you had a wife when you started fucking me then it would've never happened!!!"

"Okay, pretend like you were innocent."

"Tarell I was 16! You lucky my mama didn't press charges on you, sick bitch!"

"If I'm so sick then why did I just fuck you a few months ago?! Gia you love me, stop playing with yourself."

"Boy don't flatter yourself. I was horny and your bug-a-boo ass was available. It wasn't even worth it in the end because you left much to be desired. Regardless, that has nothing to do with the daughter that we both brought into this world!"

"Nah, that's your daughter. You told me to forget about her from this day forth so I will. Bye Gia."

The tears were coming back now. The man that I held high and close to my heart just gave up on me. He didn't even beg my mom to be a part of my life. It felt like my heart had

shattered into a million pieces, and the worst part was that I didn't want it to be repaired. How could someone break my heart again if it wasn't there?

Choc

April 21, 2017

“Pleaseeee come sister. I haven't seen you in so long. I want all my sister's to be there tomorrow,” my little sister Tatiana begged. She'd been asking me to attend this huge birthday party for some big record label owner for weeks now and my answer had consistently been no. I worked long mornings and days as a registered nurse at Tulane Medical Center. At 27 years old my weekends were best spent in the comfort of my home. When I did step out it was something lowkey like a date or brunch with my girls. I damn sure didn't go clubbing with my wild ass little sister's. Tamia and Tati were 19 years old which meant they pretty much stuck together. They were the textbook definition of party girls. Meanwhile, me and our other sister Talea had already passed that phase in our lives. Talea was only a few months younger than me which meant our priorities were basically the same.

We weren't boring grandma's who never went out, we just didn't do it every other day like Tati and Tamia. Like myself, Talea had a career job. She was a hair stylist who owned her own shop. Our little sisters couldn't relate to that because their jobs were far from a 9 to 5.

“Before you say no again let me just say that this is not the usual hoodrat shit that you think it is.”

“Oh yea?” I asked unenthusiastically as I walked through the hospital parking garage. Today had been a long day and I was looking forward to my weekend off. I was not interested in what Tati was saying.

“Forreal sis. The party is for Ant's boss and he's turning 35. This shit is going to be far from ghetto. You know I only invite you and Talea's high maintenance ass to the best of the best.”

“Girl please,” I huffed. “Every time I go out with you and Mia it's some shit.”

“I don't even be wilding no more, Choc! I swear!”

“And why is that? Is it because you got a nigga now?” I laughed. Just recently Tati rekindled a relationship with her highschool boyfriend. I knew nothing of the relationship when

it was a thing because I didn't know Tati at the time she dated Ant. I met her in the summer of 2012 when she moved out of her grandmother's house and in with Talea. One would think it was weird for me to be meeting my little sister when I was 23, but it wasn't weird for me or my siblings. Only Tahj and Tamia had been in each other's lives since the beginning because they were the kids our dad had by his wife. The rest of us met each other years down the line. We'd always known Tati existed because Tahj told us about her. Meeting her just put a face to the name we'd been hearing for years. We also knew she was the same age as Tamia but we didn't know that they were born on the same day. Tarell was really a cold piece of work but him being a hoe was a blessing in disguise. My siblings were my world and we were all extremely close, despite us not growing up in the same households since conception.

“Maybe I'm just maturing. Don't give the credit to a nigga for my growth.”

“Girl whatever,” I laughed. “Where is this party anyway?”

“It's at Eiffel, but it's private.”

“If it’s private then why are you inviting me? I didn’t get a personal invitation.”

“Me and Tamia have plus ones, duh.”

“So you not Ant’s plus one?”

“NO!” She scoffed. “You know me and Mia get invited to all the popular events in the city, don’t do me!”

“Oh yea, how could I forget that my little sister’s are the infamous Honey Bandz and Mocha Goddess?” I asked sarcastically.

“Shit I don’t know, but you better keep up.”

“Keep up? I heard you ain’t been keeping up.”

“What you mean?”

“Chile Mia said ever since you and Ant started messing again that you haven’t been back to the club. You hung up your pleasers?”

“Mia talks too damn much.”

“Don’t trip, your ghetto twin hasn’t spilled all your tea. But tell me, are you done dancing?” I asked, trying to take the excitement out of my voice.

As soon as Tamia and Tati finished highschool two years ago they went straight to the strip club for work. This took me and my other siblings by surprise. From our point of view they seemed like smart, level headed girls who would be enrolling into somebody's college after high school. We never thought they'd opt for working someone's pole. We all expressed how we didn't like their chosen path but all that did was cause a rift in our relationship. They even blocked us on social media. After a few months of limited conversations and arguing I decided to wave the white flag. They were going to do what they wanted to do and as a big sister I was going to support them. Stripping wasn't the worst thing in the world and I damn sure wasn't about to lose them over their choice to do it. It wasn't long before my other siblings started to see it that way as well. My big brother Tahj still couldn't bring himself to speak on the matter, but he was there for whatever Mia and Tati needed. He'd never say it but they were definitely his favorite sisters. Honestly I think we all gave them the most attention as a collective because we felt like they needed it. Tati especially, but that's another story.

“I think I just might be done Choc. I just don't have a desire to go back.”

“Then don’t.” I said quickly. “Use this time to think about what you really want to do with your life, because I know dancing was never it.”

“It wasn’t,” she concurred. “You know me and Mia got into that when we were younger. I think she’s addicted to fast money. I just needed an outlet. But I’m over that now... I think I might go to college.”

“You should! I’ll even help you fill out some applications,” I volunteered.

“I think I got it, Choc,” she giggled. “I’ll definitely hit you up if I need your help though. You know you’re the smart one out of all of us.”

“You ACT scores were high as fuck Tati. You’re smart too when you apply yourself.”

“Mhmm, enough of all that. Are you coming to this party or what?”

“I’ll think about it lil girl.” I answered as I approached my cherry red 2016 BMW. I wasn’t expecting to see Dr. Stevenson standing right by it. This nigga was approaching stalker status. I’d switched my schedule up so I wouldn’t have to run into him at work anymore, yet here he was. He already

had a pitiful look on his face and he hadn't even started begging yet. He knew better, but he was going to try his luck anyway. Poor thing.

"I'll think about it Tati, bye." I ended the call, and stopped a few feet away from Dr. Carter Stevenson. "What can I do for you today Doctor?"

"Seriously Taija? Have we really come to this?"

"Come to what?"

"Acting like strangers."

"I clearly just acknowledged you by your name. That's not treating you like a stranger."

"Baby I just want things to be how they were."

"And I didn't want you to hide my birth control pills and poke holes in our condoms yet you did that."

"Taija you have no proof that I hide your birth control!"

"True, but I did catch you red handed poking holes in a condom that you planned to use with me. I don't think it's a coincidence that my birth control went missing around that time. You were trying to trap me, Carter! If it were the other way around I'd be every trifling bitch in the book."

“Taija I’m 31, and you’re not getting any younger either. I want kids! I want marriage! I want us to build a life together! Is that bad?!”

“The fact that you want all of that? No. The fact that you want it with me? Yes. I told you I’m not into that type of stuff from the beginning. You thought you could change my mind. When you started to see that I wasn’t budging you tried to force it on me. For that reason I’m cool on you. You’re getting a little too serious for my liking.”

“So my love for you is too much?”

“Carter you don’t love me,” I laughed.

“Excuse me?”

“What’s my middle name?” I quizzed.

“Well I don’t see ho-”

“What’s my nickname?”

“I’m guessing Tae or someth-”

“How many siblings do I have? I’ll give you bonus points if you can name them.”

“Taija I’ve never even heard you speak of a siblings bef-”

“Exactly!” I exclaimed. “I’ll admit we had a lot of fun together in our year of dating and you treated me well, but love? That wasn’t us baby. You like the idea of what you think we could be and you’re getting up there in age so you’re anxious about starting a family. I get it, but we barely know each other.”

“Yet you accepted my money and all of my gifts. You knew me well enough to put my money towards this car and your new house that you’ve yet to invite me to!”

“Carter stay away from me before you force me to use my concealed weapon in my trunk. I’m trying not to take it there with you for a peaceful work environment, but you’re forcing my hand.”

“You know what Taija, fuck you. There’s plenty of women who would be more than willing to marry me and have my babies. I don’t expect you to stop being a well paid whore to wake up and understand what you’re passing up on.”

I bursted into laughter. “You’re right, I am well paid, and you’re in your feelings! I hope you find that woman so you can stop stalking me.”

After dealing with his ass I was definitely stepping out tomorrow night. I had a few men on my roster, but none of

them were favorites. I needed a new star player on the team and I was hoping I'd find them at this party Tati kept raving about.

Siraj “Supreme” LeBlanc

April 22, 2017

“Happy birthday to you! Happy Birthday to you! Happy Birthday to you! Happy Birthdayyyy to my baby! Happy Birthday to you!”

I don't know how my mom did it every year, but she was always the first one to call when I opened my eyes on my birthday. I wouldn't have had it any other way either. My mom was my rock. Without her there would be no me. Our relationship had been anything but perfect. I gave her hell in my teenage years, but she never gave up on me. That's why I gave her anything her heart desired these days.

“Thank you Ma, but I'm 35 years old. I'm nobody's baby.”

“Boy please! You’ll always be my baby boy. You better go head with that bullshit.”

I laughed at her vulgarity. I moved my mom out the hood over ten years ago and nothing had changed about her. At 56 years old she was still the same young girl from the Melpomene projects at heart.

“But Siya’s the baby,” I said, referring to my little sister who was thirteen years younger than me.

“And you’re my baby BOY. I can’t believe you’re 35. It feels like I just brought you home from the hospital yesterday,” her voice cracked.

“Cut that out, Faith,” I chuckled. Her crying every year for my birthday was a part of the routine. She always cried on my birthday because she didn’t think I would make it to see this age. My big brother Sahid hadn’t made it. His life was taken when he was only 18 in 1995. That was the same year my little sister was born and the same year my dad was sentenced to 20 years in jail. My mom was holding onto her strength by a thread that year. My lil ass made it no better when I decided to run the streets. The same streets that took my brother’s life and had my dad locked away. At the time I didn’t see it like that. I just saw an opportunity to help my

struggling mother. The money my dad left us with was getting low and my brother's knucklehead friends offered to put me down. I jumped at the chance and my mom went crazy. She threatened to put me out of her house and whoop my ass, but she never actually followed through. She never said it, but I knew she was clinging on to me with everything in her. She lost one son, so the last thing she wanted to do was lose another. Putting me out on the street was the last thing she wanted to do. She also couldn't whoop my ass effectively. At 13 years old I was 5'10 and over 200 pounds, while she was only 5'1 and about 120 pounds. I took advantage of that and started doing whatever I wanted. I still had a lot of guilt on my conscience for how I contributed to my mom's pain during those days. That's why I did the most for her now.

“What time are you coming over here? You know I'm making you a big breakfast and I made your favorite chocolate cake.”

My stomach rumbled at the sound of that. “I'm about to get up and get dressed now. I'll be over right after.”

“Ok, you better hurry up before your greedy ass cousin gets here.”

I laughed because I knew she was talking about Braxton aka Black Out. His mom, who was also my mom's sister, had passed away a few years ago from cancer. Now my mom's house was his go to for a home cooked meal. Even though she complained I knew she loved stepping in for her sister by taking care of her only child.

When I finally got up and checked my phone I was overwhelmed. I had bukoo birthday wishes in my text messages. I opened the instagram app and closed it right back. There was no way I could respond to thousands of people, but I appreciated the love. It still felt surreal that all those people even cared about my birthday. Just thirteen years ago the only people that cared about my birthday were my close family and friends. I guess all the love came with the territory of being the CEO of a successful music label. Hustler Musik was created by Black Out and funded by me. I thought I would just invest my money into it and let Black do his thing. But the label soon became my passion, too. We were instantly a local success, but we didn't see mainstream action until we had a hit record with one of our first artists named Lil Twelve in 2006. He was still signed to us till this day and he currently had a top ten song on Billboard. In fact, our entire roster of artists were doing their thing in their own right.

When I got in my car to head over to my mom's house I received another incoming call. I'd been talking to people all morning since I woke up. First it was my mom right when I opened my eyes, then it was Black Out calling about the party he was throwing for me that night, then my little sister called asking if she could bring her friends to the party, and now it was one of my girl's calling.

“HAPPY BIRTHDAYYY!”

“Thank you, Lea.”

“Your welcome! I gave you a bday shoutout on instagram.”

“Man you know ion be paying attention to nothing on instagram. I don't know why I even have that shit,”I chuckled.

“Yea, me neither. So what should I wear tonight?”

“Whatever you want, love. You always look nice so I know you not looking for my advice.”

“But what are you wearing? I want to compliment you well.”

“You'll do that effortlessly, Lea,”I said truthfully. She was a brown skin beauty with a big booty to match. She always looked good next to me. “But to be honest I couldn't

tell you what I'm wearing. My stylist gon have the options at Black Out house later."

"Oh y'all doing a pre-game by him?"

"Yea."

"Okay, that's cool. I'll see you at the club."

"Aight." I hung up. Not even a few seconds later, my phone was ringing again. If this continued then I would be forced to put my shit on do not disturb.

"HAPPY BIRTHDAYYY!"

Right then I knew that it was best for me to get these calls out the way.

"Thank you, Eva. Why you so excited though?"

"Because my man is 35. What you mean?" She laughed.

"We going up tonight!"

"We definitely are."

"You gotta see the post I made for you on ig, babe."

"I'ma go look as soon as I get out of this car." I lied. I could care less about instagram posts, but apparently they held a lot of weight to people.

“What should I wear tonight, Supreme?” She asked. “I want us to match.”

Yea, my phone was definitely about to go on do not disturb. I have four main girls and they all know about each other. Everything is usually smooth sailing since we all know what it is, but sometimes they try to pretend the others don't exist. If I wanted any of them to match me then I would've just sent a group text. Today was going to be a long day.

Choc

April 22, 2017

“Damnnn!” My mouth could've caught flies as I eyed the mansion. Me and my sisters were pulling up together to the pregame of Supreme's party in Talea's Audi truck. When I learned that this was Supreme's birthday I grew excited because I knew that my type of men would be in the building. Generous men with a lot of money looking to spoil a woman with no strings attached. Men like this loved their freedom because they were big whores and I was okay with that. As long as a man lived in his truth and didn't sell dreams then I had no problems with letting him live. Because I damn sure

was going to live. The last thing I wanted was a worrisome man breathing down my back.

“I told you this would be nice,” Tati grinned. “Park right behind Ant, Lea.”

“Can’t you see that’s what I’m doing?” Talea snapped.

“Attitude!” Tamia exclaimed.

“Major attitude,” Tati emphasized.

“Ok, not too much on my sis.” I joined in on the playful banter.

“Let em keep on talking so I can slap them back down to earth,” Talea said.

“Slap who?!” They questioned in unison.

“The ghetto twins strike again,” Talea tittered.

“Bitch let’s get out of this car,” I giggled.

“Oop, somebody’s excited,” Tamia said.

“And I had to beg her to come,” Tati added.

“She must smell the money on the niggas inside,” Talea snickered.

“Fuck all tree all of y’all,” I mocked Birdman’s voice, sending them into hysterics. “I then got my hair done, my

makeup done, and I bought a new outfit. So hell yea I'm excited and I'm expecting to pull a few niggas tonight."

"That's the type of energy I love! I'm with you, Choc!"
Tamia declared.

Tati smacked her teeth and rolled her eyes dramatically.
Talea and I locked eyes before laughing out loud.

"What the hell wrong with y'all? I say I'm on the same shit as Choc and suddenly everybody got a million sound effects?"

"Isn't Noel going to be here tonight?" Talea asked.

"Of course he is. She know she ain't about to pull niggas. Allat stunting can't be good for your health Mia," Tati laughed.

"Bitch please. Noel is *not* my man."

I saw right through Mia but I wasn't going to call her out. I could sniff out someone's emotions easily, and Tamia had love all over her. It was the way her voice changed when she talked about Noel, the way she said his name, the unconvincing way she down played whatever they had, and the way she was playing with her weave that Talea had styled to perfection. Yea she definitely wasn't going into that house

with the same mindset as me. She'd most likely shown up tonight for Noel and Noel only. I wasn't mad at her. Noel was a member of the same boy group Tati's man was in, called N.O.L..A. They'd been mainstream for about five years now and they were still at the height of their careers. He was also really handsome, but all the guys in the group were cuties in my opinion. They were definitely a hot commodity on the Hustler Musik roster, and New Orleans was proud to call them our own.

When we finally entered the house, Ant and Tati led the way for us. On the way in I learned that this was Black Out's house, not Supreme's. That made perfect sense because the color black was everywhere making the place look like a perfect bachelor pad. It would've been perfect for a single man with no kids, however he had about seven kids by different women. I only knew this because he and his baby mother's were constantly a trending topic on social media. I wasn't ashamed to admit that I would keep up with some of the drama on my downtime. The shit was funny and entertaining as hell. Mona needed to make her way out here to form Love & Hip-Hop: New Orleans. Black Out and his baby mama's were all the content she needed for a great show.

“Happy Birthday big bro!” Ant dapped Supreme off when we entered the huge kitchen. It seemed like everyone had gathered here and in the main living room. “I got you a lil something. Go ahead and open it up.”

Ant handed him two boxes that were wrapped neatly.

“Lil nigga you know I don’t open gifts in front of people. You try this shit every year.”

Damn his voice was sexy as fuck. I already knew he was good looking. You could see that through the Instagram he barely used. But he hit *different* in person. He had a teddy bear yet cocky build and he was looking down at Ant who was well over 6 ft himself. He was a giant, and it worked well for him. The white and gold Balmain ensemble he was sporting worked well for him as well. Usually designer items weren’t made for people his size, but he most likely had the connections and coins to make it happen.

“Happy birthday Supreme,” Tatiana spoke.

“Appreciate, Tati. These your people?” He asked while looking directly at me. I hadn’t expected to get his attention tonight. I thought maybe I’d snag one of his artists, but I was down for fucking with the boss. Based on the way he was looking at me I knew what was up.

“Yea these are my sister’s Tamia, Talea, and Cho- I mean Taija,”she caught herself. I did not like outsiders calling me by my nickname. The name Choc was given to me by my late great grandma because she said my skin was smooth like Chocolate. Most of my mom’s side of the family were different shades of light skin. I’d inherited dark brown skin from my dad and my mom’s side adored it. I’d definitely dealt with small doses of colorism from outsiders but it was never a problem with my family. They constantly called me beautiful and uplifted me. My self esteem was through the roof because of that.

“Happy Birthday!” We chimed.

“Thank you, thank you. Y’all make yourselves comfortable. Eat, drink, mingle. Have a good time,”he said before stepping off towards the living room.

“Don’t gotta tell me twice,”Talea said before twisting towards the drinks in the kitchen. I was right behind her. I had a feeling tonight would be one for the books.

Supreme

Tatiana's sister was looking *too* good. The first thing that caught my attention was her pretty face. Her cheekbones, her brown eyes, her full lips, and her white teeth made it appear as if someone took their time drawing her. What fucked me up was that she had the perfect body to match. She filled that cream and gold bodysuit out just right. I was an ass and titty man and she came with both. I could never tell these days, but her thick thighs and round hips made it apparent that her curves were real.

Any other time I would've approached her without even thinking about it, but we were going to the club after this where I had four women waiting for me. That wasn't the first impression I wanted to make on a woman like this. I had a feeling that she wasn't the type that would voluntarily fall in line and be number 5. At the same time I wasn't about to lie and scheme to get her to fuck with me. Honesty was the only thing I was willing to give. That's when I realized I was getting ahead of myself. I wasn't even sure if this girl would want to fuck with me. But shit she had been eyeing me for the

past hour just like I'd been eyeing her. We definitely had the same thing on our minds.

“Why don't you just go talk to her?”

I looked to my left and saw one half of the talented producer duo that I just signed. He and his brother were only 23 but they were well beyond their years when it came to music. That's when something hit me.

“Ain't that's your sister?”

Tatiana was the first Bellamy I'd met and it was back in early 2012. We had just signed N.O.L.A and she would always tag along to the studio and meetings with Ant. She just started coming around again recently and she wasted no time telling me that I'd signed her blood brothers to Hustler Musik. They confirmed her claims, further proving my theory of how New Orleans was too damn small.

“Yea, that's my big sister.”

“And you *want* me to fuck with her?”

Usually niggas was telling me to stay away from their sisters, not throwing me down on them.

“Yea. Choc not like other females,”he laughed. Choc? That's what Tatiana almost called her in front of me. She was

definitely Chocolate and I wanted a taste.

Before I could ask him what he meant by that, he stepped off. I didn't need to be talking to him anyway. The person I needed to speak to was moving into the living room and taking a seat on the couch with her second drink of 1942 and Lemonade. My type of girl.

"You having fun?" I asked while sitting next to her.

"Yea it's been cool. What about you? It's your birthday."

"Shit I was bored until you walked up in here."

She stopped drinking and looked at me. She then proceeded to roll her eyes before taking another sip of her drink. I didn't miss that smile she was attempting to hide though.

"Well then I'm glad I decided to come."

"You almost didn't?"

She shook her head no. "It's nothing personal to you. I just like to chill out on my off days."

"Where you work?"

I was expecting her to say that she was a bar tender or something. I wasn't small minded, she just had that look. I

would know considering the fact that two of my girls were bartenders.

“I’m a nurse.”

My eyes expanded. “Oh that’s wassup.”

“You probably thought I was a stripper or something right?”

“Of course not. Why would you think that?”

I thought she was a bartender. A stripper hadn’t crossed my mind.

“These days when people see a good looking girl they assume she’s in the sex worker industry.”

Well she was right about that. I was definitely making assumptions.

“How old are you if you don’t mind me asking? You look like you could be in your early 20’s, but you seem mature.”

“Don’t buck me up,” she smirked.

“Oh so you must be in your 30’s?”

She frowned. “Don’t insult me.”

I let out a laugh. “Girl it’s a blessing to make it to your 30’s. It’s the same amount of fun as your 20’s but with more stability and money. Life is lit for me right now.”

“Well I guess I’ll know what you’re talking about in two and a half years.”

“So your 27 going on 28?”

“I have until November 5th.”

“And you’re spending your weekends in the house. You gotta live the last few years of your 20’s up, love.”

“I lived it up in my teens and in my early 20’s. I’m off that now.”

“Let me guess, you ready for kids and shit now right? Unless you already have them.”

She laughed as if the thought of that was absurd.

“No I don’t have kids and I definitely don’t want them. I’m just more of a homebody these days. That’s all.”

“I feel you on that. If I’m not working then I’m sitting my ass down somewhere trying to rest. But I’m a old man. You’re still young.”

“35 is not old,”she giggled. “You’re talking like you’re 50.”

“God’s willing in 15 more years I’ll be there.”

“That’s a long time from now. Tonight you’re 35, so you should enjoy it.”

“You gon help me enjoy it?”

“It depends. Help you how?”

“We been eyeing each other since you got here. It’s evident we both like what we see. Let’s do something about it.”

It was a bold play on my end but I wasn’t scared. She would either be down or she would curse me out. I could deal with either reaction.

“When you’re ready to turn in for the night, find me,”she stood up and strutted off. I watched her fat ass jiggle the whole time. I was gonna have fun with that.

Choc

Drama had a way of finding Tati and Tamia and that’s exactly why I preferred not to go out with them. But the

universe worked in mysterious ways. If we hadn't tagged along with them tonight they would've found themselves in an unfortunate situation. I didn't doubt my sisters abilities to handle themselves in any altercations, but anybody could fall victim to being outnumbered. However, them falling victim to anything wasn't happening on my watch. I had come a long way in life as far as maturity, but for my family I reverted back to my inner hood rat with ease.

The night had literally been going perfectly. I had been sipping on Champagne, having carefree fun with my sister's and brothers, and everybody seemed to be in great spirits. Supreme had even checked in on me several times. I thought it was cute at first until I noticed him do the same thing with at least four other girls. It didn't bother me one bit as long as I got to test drive him for the night like he'd promised. If the ride was nice then I could add him to my roster and use him for what he was good for.

Talea and I took one little bathroom break after two hours of partying and we came out to complete chaos. We literally exited the bathroom and saw our little sisters scrapping with multiple bitches. Talea screamed something but no words were said on my end. I just went to work. I came up

out of my stripper heels, and used it as a weapon on at least three bitches heads. Talea didn't even come out of her shoes, she just reached into her purse and pulled out mace. It was a miracle that shit didn't get in any of our eyes with the way she was spraying it. Now that both of us had played a little dirty, the odds were even and we were whooping these bitches asses. This pretty much summed up hanging out with Tati and Mia. I was fighting and had no idea why.

I was happy when security finally broke through and started separating us because I didn't know how much fight I had left in me. A bitch was getting winded and my knuckles were hurting. When I got the chance to look at them I saw that they were a little bruised up. I definitely didn't remember hitting anyone that hard, but when I saw the competition faces it all made sense. How all of their asses let us handle them like that was embarrassing on their part.

Security wasn't the only ones who'd stepped in to break up the fight. I spotted every member from N.O.L.A and our brothers. In the midst of all the chaos a girl snuck Tati! I felt enraged and attempted to step forward, but before I could make a move Ant stole off on the girl like she was a man. I didn't condone men hitting women in any situation, but

somebody needed to handle that bitch on behalf of my little sister. I didn't care who it was. Everybody watching winced like he'd hit them.

"You need to escort these people out," Ant said to security. He was obviously referring to the girls we had just fought. His demands pissed off one of the girls in particular. She started screaming and hollering at Tati about how she wasn't on her level or some other bullshit. Something was telling me this whole situation had something to do with Ant.

"Girl you the only one that's mad about something! You ran up on me! But I bet you won't do that no more!" Tati shouted back.

"Man stop fussing with that miserable hoe," Ant scolded, before pulling her away. Yup, he was definitely the culprit to this situation and that wasn't surprising. Niggas always caused problems like this.

After the fight I was pretty much over the whole night. After checking myself in the bathroom mirror I still looked good enough to go on as if nothing happened, but I didn't feel like it. I didn't even feel like fucking Supreme anymore. Hell he probably didn't feel like fucking me either after hearing about that fight. I thought about at least saying goodbye to him

so we could exchange numbers or something but that would take too much initiative on my part. If it was meant for us to fuck with each other we'd cross paths again. Talea and I walked out without looking back. Tati and Mia continued partying as if they were completely unbothered about the fight.

“Choc!” I heard somebody call out as we were walking down the ramp at Eiffel.

Goosebumps formed on my arms because my nickname sounded so good coming out of his mouth. I peeped Talea smirking at me from my peripheral, but I locked eyes with Supreme.

“We leaving already?” He asked as he entered my personal space.

“Well I was about to.”

“Then that means I am too.”

“But it's your par-”

“We had an agreement, mama. I'm a man of my word, so let's go.”

“Bu-”

“Unless you're having second thoughts. In that case we can just exchange numbers and go our separate ways.”

“That’s not it. My sister jus-”

“What about me? I drove my car here. I’ll be good. Enjoy your night,” she reached over and hugged me. “Share your location with me as soon as you get in the car.” She whispered in my ear before pulling away.

“We gon walk you to your car,” Supreme said. That quickly earned him some brownie points with me. It was such a small gesture, but looking out for my sister’s safety was a sign that he was potentially a solid dude.

Once we saw Talea drive off safely, a luxurious stretch Limousine pulled up. I felt a little bad because he was ending his night early because of me.

“After y’all follow me to the hotel y’all can call it a night,” Supreme said to two niggas bigger than him, so they were giants. One would think that a man like Supreme didn’t need security but I knew better. The money and power he’d accumulated made him a walking target. Especially in his own city. Niggas in New Orleans spared nobody. Supreme would be a fool to think he was untouchable.

“So you was really bouta leave without letting a nigga know?” He quizzed, once we were settled in the limo.

“I thought about letting you know.”

“But?”

“No buts, I just thought about it and decided not to.”

“Why did you decide not to?”

“No reason really. You just seemed busy.”

Supreme

I knew she didn't come tell me she was leaving because she saw me with one of my girls. She didn't think I saw her checking for me throughout the night, but I'd been checking for her ass too. I was trying to see how she handled herself in public because it would factor into if this was a one night stand or if I would keep her around for an extended period of time. She was doing good until she and her sister's had a whole brawl with some other girls. The last thing I wanted to deal with was a rowdy female that fought every time she went out, but I quickly learned that it wasn't like that. She was merely defending her blood and that was honorable to me.

Just looking at this girl and talking about nothing was enough for me to know I wanted to see what she was about. I definitely planned on testing this pussy out tonight. But I couldn't do that without letting her know what she was getting into first. It wasn't in my nature to mislead anyone and I wasn't going to start now.

“I seemed busy,huh?”I smirked. “How is that?”

“I saw you with some girl,”she said carelessly. Women were terrible at pretending like they were emotionless and unbothered, but she seemed 100% genuine about her shit. She gave no fucks and I kind of liked that. I liked when people said what they meant and meant what they said.

“Actually I saw you with four of the same girls all night,”she laughed. “Them your girlfriends or something?”

“On some shit...”I replied honestly.

Her laughter increased. “You serious?”

“I'm not in anything monogamous with either one of them, but I fuck with them.”

“And they just let you leave with me?”She asked in astonishment.

“Let me? I just told you I’m not tied to anyone. I can’t be questioned about shit.”

“So they all know about each other?” She blinked in disbelief.

“Yea.”

“And they just co-exist peacefully?”

“They’ve had little spats but they know not to involve me in that shit.”

“Wowww.”

“What’s on your mind?”

“I’m just marveling at your honesty. I’m definitely not used to that,” she tittered. “Thanks for telling me all of that right away.”

“You still gon fuck with me?”

“Why wouldn’t I? You’re single. I’m single.”

“You single, single?” I pressed. “Ain’t no way a nigga hasn’t snatched your fine ass up yet.”

“Niggas have tried, but like I told you earlier, I don’t believe in all of that. Since you were completely honest, I’ll do the same. I’m involved with a few guys right now. Now I’m

not on the same shit as you with bringing them in each other's presence, but for the most part we have similar situations."

Her brother was right. She was definitely different. I wasn't sure about her being number 5 in my life after she admitted all of that. Shit it didn't sound like she wanted that. I knew her type. She wanted some good dick and somebody to trick on her. I could do one of those things and if the pussy was good enough I'd consider the other.

"And one more thing..."

"Wassup?"

"I'm not trying to be your 5th bitch. I just want to sit on your dick."

"Then sit on it."

The energy in the limo went from 0 to 100 real quick. My dick was at a ten-hut when she pulled it out of my pants. Her eyes widened for a millisecond but she quickly regained her composure. When she pulled a magnum out of her purse I concluded that she wasn't overexaggerating about who she was. When she came out tonight she knew she was leaving with somebody. I couldn't even be mad at her because niggas did the same shit 24/7.

After she slipped the condom on my dick, I helped her out of her bodysuit which surprisingly came off easily.

“Damn mama,” I ogled at her body. Clothes didn’t do her body justice. Everything from her skin to her pussy was smooth and begging to be kissed. I definitely wasn’t about to go there though. As she straddled me, I felt her body up and down. Everything was soft, further proving that her body had to be 100% real. If anything was fake her doctor was a beast.

“Damn Papa,” she gasped when she tried to sit on my dick. “I see why you need four bitches, this dick too much for one woman.”

I chuckled. “You talked all that shit and just gon give up?”

“Who said something about giving up?” She started moving on my dick. She was attempting to work her way down my length slowly but I was growing impatient. Even with the barrier between us I could feel her warm and wet nectar. I was trying to get balls deep in that shit.

I gripped her fat ass cheeks and started thrusting my dick in and out of her slowly.

“Uhhhhh,” she moaned. “Oh shit!”

Her seal of approval was like an adrenaline rush for me. I put my back into long fucking her. Her gushy was drowning out the music. Her shit sounded way better than the Drake that was playing.

“The way I’m feeling, the things I say. All just happen when you pass my way, oh. What can I do to make you stay? I know it’s getting late, but girl I don’t want you to leave. You tell me you’re just not the type, you wanna do this right. And I’m not trying to say I don’t believe you. But I refuse to feel ashamed and if you feel the same. Does waiting really make us better people? Take those fucking heels off, it’s worth it girl. Nothing is what I can picture you in. So take that fucking dress off, I swear you won’t forget me. You’ll be happy that you let me. Lay you down, down, down.”

“Goddamn Choc,” I groaned when she started flexing those warm and tight walls around my dick. I was already struggling to hold onto my nut but she was about to milk it out of a nigga.

“We got all night Papa, go ahead and let one off with me,” she pecked my lips sensually. Feeling those big ass lips

on mine for a second had me wanting more than just a peck, so I gripped her throat and shoved my tongue in her mouth.

“I’m cumming!” She panted as we kissed feverishly.

“Me too, mama.” I admitted as I pumped into her for the last few times.

“Damn,” she breathed.

“Put your bodysuit on so we can go up in this hotel. Cause we got all night right?”

“We sure do.”

Choc

“C’mon, ride it one more time.” Supreme slapped the back of my thigh lightly. “Girl you not sleep. Get up.”

“I’m trying to go to sleep.” I grumbled.

I couldn’t ride his dick anymore. I had three orgasms already so I was exhausted. A fourth one just wouldn’t be natural.

“I thought we had all night mama?” He groped my booty before tongue kissing the side of my very sensitive neck. My

coochie started pulsating. I didn't think I had anything else left in me but he was about to drag it out.

"It's 4am." I whined.

"Then we'll stop at 5. Come on. Let me feel this pussy one more time."

How could I say no to that? I allowed him to slip inside of me as I laid my head on his shoulder. Letting a man do all the work wasn't the norm for me, but I was tired. I had already shown off my skills so I had nothing else to prove. He had to like it because this was the fourth round. The third round had just ended 10 minutes ago. Him being able to get it up with little effort was a sign that he needed to be my star player. I was prepared to have some fun with his ass.

Chapter 2

Supreme

April 28, 2017

“A girl group?” I questioned. My voice probably reflected what I felt. I wasn’t feeling it.

“Yea, and before you turn it down hear me out.” Zaro urged. I had just got settled in at my office in Hustler Musik headquarters in New Orleans. As usual somebody was waiting on me to pitch an idea. Today it was Lazaro from our first R&B boy group N.O.L.A calling me with an idea. He would’ve been waiting in my office if he wasn’t on tour with the rest of the group. Usually I was impressed with what he’d come up with. Today not so much.

“Girl groups used to be the hottest thing ever. That market is pretty much empty now. The last girl group to get a number 1 record was Destiny’s Chi-”

“Are you trying to show me that is more of a bad idea than I already think it is?”

“But why do you think it’s a bad idea?”

“Because nobody checking for girl groups younging.”

“Nobody was checking for boy groups when you signed us.”

That was a valid argument.

“Ok. I’m listening.”

“Aight, so boom,”he continued. “Nolstagic shit pulls people in. I was thinking we get five fly ass, talented girls and give them that PCD, Danity Kane sound with a vibe of their own. Like an urban, modern day Spice Girls but better.”

Most people would’ve laughed at the girl groups he’s just mentioned but a nigga like me thought about numbers. The Spice Girls was the highest selling girl group of all time. I wanted those type of stats and that type of bread.

“5 girls? That’s a lot of money, Zaro.”

“I’ll start them up. Once you see the ball moving you can sign them and then start funding them so we can make some bigger moves. I just need to know if you wit’ it, boss.”

“That depends. Can you juggle five females, this tour your on until the end of the summer, the writing you do for other artists, and your debut solo album?”

No one knew it yet, but for the first time ever N.O.L.A was going solo to work on their own projects. How Zaro was going to do that and put together a girl group was beyond me.

“I’ll make it work.”

“And I’ll be watching.

“What’s new?” He chuckled. “Bye nigga.”

When the call ended, I aimlessly scrolled through my phone. The main reason I came in today was to make sure these artists were meeting their deadlines in the studio before I headed back to Atlanta. I didn’t really have one specific place where I was based. I was all over the place. But the main two places I bounced back and forth between were NOLA and ATL. That’s why I had two women in both cities each. Now that I was thinking about it I hadn’t seen Lea, Eva, Aliah, or Sabrina since my party. I made a mental note to stop by and see Lea and Eva before I left the city. Just when I started going back and forth about which one to text I received an incoming call from somebody I’d been waiting to hear from.

“Hello?”

“Supreme? This is Taija.”

I was surprised to be hearing from her. I thought for sure she was done with me after just one night because the next morning she was gone when I woke up. That was the first time in my 35 years of life that had happened to me, but I didn’t feel slighted. I was intrigued. I ran through all types of ideas in my head to get her number before realizing she’d left it on a

sticky note on the nightstand. I called the next day, but I got no answer. I figured she'd get back to me but that didn't happen either. I settled for texting her and telling her to lock my number in. She replied by saying "okay." On any other woman that dryness would've been an easy block, but Choc already had my attention so she was spared. The only reason I hadn't hit her up in the past few days is because I'd been busy. I'd also been getting in some much needed family time. I didn't have time to chase somebody...but I had a little time today. Which is why I'd texted her early this morning telling her to call me whenever she had time.

"Wassup Choc? You finally making time for me, huh?" I teased.

"It's not like that," she giggled. "I just be busy with work and all."

"Aye I can definitely relate to that. I was going to ask you to lunch but I'm sure that's already passed for you."

"It absolutely has," she laughed. "I just clocked out for the day."

"Oh you off?"

"Yup."

“Then come fuck with me.”

“What you doing?”

“At the office.”

“The studio?”

“There’s multiple studios in the building, yes. But I’m gon be chilling in my office until about 8pm. Your company would make my day,mama.”

“Say no more,”she giggled. “I’ma stop at my house first and then I’ll come.”

“Man no, come in the scrubs.”

“Boy I wish I would,”she tittered.

“Boy? What happened to Papa?”

“Papa? Where do you get there from?” She asked, sounding all serious but I could hear her smiling through the phone.

“I’ma dig in them guts again and make you remember.”

“Ouuu, promise?”

“I’m a man of my word.”

Choc

I sped all the way home, showered, threw some shit on, and I rushed right back out the door. I was anxious to get to that third leg Supreme had between his legs. I gave him space for a few days because I didn't want to show my hand. I really would've loved for nothing more than to get another hit of him asap, but looking hard up was never me. When I pulled up to the building in the CBD area that he'd sent me the location to, I was in awe. He was right, this was more than just a studio and I felt silly for assuming that. When I walked in it felt like I was in a movie from the early 2000's. I didn't know record label buildings looked like this in real life. I'd fucked with local rappers in my late teens, but they weren't tied to this type of major record label money and it showed.

“Taija Bellamy?” The receptionist quizzed with a slight smile, as I approached the front desk.

“Yes.”

“Ok, Supreme told me he was expecting you. Go right on up, he's in his office.”

The interior of the elevators were made of mirrors so I took the chance to examine myself. I wore a casual olive green two piece set that consisted of leggings and the matching crop top. The gold Chanel flip flops complimented my brown Lou bag well and also brought some life to the simple outfit. For makeup I only wore lashes and lip gloss just like I did for work everyday. If this was an official date I would've gotten my face beat, but it wasn't. I was here to chill and get some dick. Doing the most wasn't necessary.

I knocked before stepping into his office. The door opened and he was standing there in a black adidas tracksuit. I started to speak but quickly noticed he was on the phone, so I just waved as I entered. He winked at me, before pulling me into a hug. He then directed me to a little lounge area that resembled a living room in his huge office. Coming to work everyday must've been a breeze for him being surrounded by luxury and all. I took a seat on the couch as he walked over to a mini fridge. He pulled out a cold bottle of water and showed it to me. I nodded my head yes and he brought it over to me. He then proceeded to sit down next to me, but he was still engaged in his conversation.

“Girl do whatever you gotta do, I ain’t tripping,” he chuckled.

My antennas immediately went up. I hadn’t planned on checking him this early on, but I wasn’t opposed to it. I knew how he was coming so I definitely wasn’t mad or anything. However, I wasn’t going to tolerate him carrying on with the next woman right in my face. That was just disrespectful.

“Siya just tell them your brother sent you. They gon let you in.”

I relaxed right away and thanked God that I hadn’t spoken prematurely. I would’ve made myself look stupid.

“Girl you got me being rude to my guest. If you run into any problems just call me when you get there.”

Once he was off the phone he looked at me.

“You didn’t have to rush your sister off the phone. I was cool.”

“Forreal? Cause you was looking at me like I was crazy for a second.”

“Me? Nahhh,” I denied even though that may have been true.

“Yea alright,” he smiled. “So how was your week?”

“Just work and back home for me.”

“I bet you’re turning up again this weekend right?”

“Not hardly,” I laughed. “I just want to relax and enjoy my two days off.”

“At least you get guaranteed days off.”

“You’re the boss. I’m sure you can take time off whenever you want.”

“I could but then shit wouldn’t get done. Like if some of my artists don’t feel my presence here then they’ll get to slacking off with recording and shit. That’s unacceptable because then deadlines will be missed. When deadlines are missed I lose money...and then nobody is happy.”

“I hear you, but this shit has got to be fun for the most part.”

“It is. But it can also be stressful for the most part.”

“Being a nurse is stressful. Doctors live to dump all of their responsibilities on us.”

“But you love it right?”

“Ehhhh...”

“Damn,” he let out a laugh.

“Don’t get me wrong, I don’t hate it, otherwise I wouldn’t do it.”

“But?”

“It’s not my passion,” I divulged. “When I went to college I just knew I wanted to major in something that would get me a job as soon as I graduated. There’s also multiple nurses on my mom’s side of the family, so I always grew up hearing about it. Then my mom was always preaching about stability and getting a good job with benefits. Blah. Blah. Blah. So now I’m here. But I’m able to take care of myself so I can’t complain.”

“So what’s your dream job?”

“I don’t have one. I would prefer not to work at all, but that’s not realistic.”

“It can be. Find something you love and you’ll never have to work again.”

“Speaking from experience?”

“Absolutely. Although this shit gets stressful I love it.”

I looked around. “I’ve only been for three seconds and I love it too.”

“You funny,”he chuckled. “You hungry? I can order us something from the kitchen.”

“There’s a kitchen?”

“Well yea,”he said in a duh voice. “People do get hungry around here, yea.”

“Oop, well excuse me. So is there a menu orrr?”

“No just order whatever you want.” He said as he went over to the office phone and pushed a button. I gave him my order of shrimp pasta and baked fish and he got a steak with seafood mashed potatoes. Another call came in on his office phone once he disconnected with the kitchen. He answered the call and the phone was still on speaker.

“Siraj you gon be in town tomorrow?”

Siraj? That had to be his real name and I loved it. The man on the phone also sounded just like him to the point where I thought he had a twin brother or something.

“I should be. Why pops?”

“I was gon put the projector together in the backyard so we can do a family movie night.”

Now that was cute. Family was obviously an important thing to him.

“Alright, I should still be here if nobody calls with problems in ATL.”

When he got off the phone with his father I was looking at him with a smile.

“Whatchu grinning for?” He asked as he walked back over to me.

“Siraj...that’s an adorable name.”

“Don’t even think about it. I told you the only thing I want to hear you saying is Papa.”

“Give me a reason to say it again.”

I don’t know why my smart ass went there. Just a few minutes later we were both stark naked and he was pounding me out from the back. I was arched over the arm of his coach and throwing it back as best as I could but he was literally throwing dick in me. My walls were trembling and they couldn’t keep up with the powerful punch he packed. But damn it felt good. Once I got a grip on how to handle it then it was a wrap for his ass.

“PAPAAAA!” I moaned loudly as he twirled his dick around inside of me.

“Show me something, mama,” he palmed my ass and then gave it an encouraging slap. He was challenging me so I couldn’t back down. I started making me ass clap like I was at a DJ. Based on the way he groaned I knew I was putting it on him.

“Keep it up and I’m gon have to take your fine ass shopping.” He professed. Right after I felt warm and wet kissed on my spin.

“Ou you fucking me so good Papa!”

“That’s why this good pussy is gushing like this?” He gritted while he ran me nothing but dick. My pussy was indeed soaking wet and creaming like never before. “Shit I’m bouta bust!”

I felt his fingers ease under me and come in direct contact with my pussy. He ran his fingers in a circular motion on my clit and I felt dizzy. That combined with his deep penetration had me and him busting at the same damn time.

Supreme

“Answer when I hit you up, okay?” I said as I walked Choc outside. I was supposed to be getting out of here at 8pm but it was now approaching 10 and I still wasn’t ready to leave yet. That was my life. My hours were unconventional and I never truly knew when I’d be done working. I had hoped Choc would thug it out with me all night but I could tell she was tired. She had worked all day though.

She gave me a look before grinning. “I’ll think about it.”

“You gon make me fuck you up.”

“Well I wouldn’t want that, especially since you owe me a shopping trip.”

We went for three rounds in my office and that pussy was top notch, so I probably promised her bukoo shit. After we got done sexing each other we took a shower in the bathroom I had in my office, ate our food that I’d ordered from the kitchen, and then we got to know each other while I worked. I thought she’d be a distraction but she actually made time go by easier. I learned that she attended Southern University’s nursing school and that she was a dancer on their dance team. I also learned she was from my uptown like me and that we didn’t grow up too far from each other. That was probably why we got along so well.

“We can go tomo-”

My ringing phone cut me off. When I saw who was calling I knew it was urgent.

“I need to get this.”

“Go ahead,” she said just as the valet pulled up with her car. She was riding clean in a red BMW. It fit her perfectly.

“Wassup Nivea?” I asked while gripping Choc’s waist. I didn’t want her to leave before I got to say goodbye properly.

“You know that video we shot for Brock last month?”

“Yea, what about it?”

“He hates it. Actually we all hate it. This can’t be the video we release for his single Supreme. It looks low budget.”

“Low budget?! That video had a \$200,000 budget! What the fuck was the money spent on?!”

“The video, but it looks like the director didn’t know what he was doing.”

“Didn’t Brock pick his own director?” I asked. I was trying not to blow up but this is exactly why I didn’t like giving artists control for this sort of thing. Now money had been wasted and we didn’t have a video to show for it.

“Yes. I urged him against it but he wanted to give a young director a shot.”

“His fans are expecting a video this Thursday. Shit youtube, apple music, Tidal, and Vevo are expecting a video this Thursday! Why am I just hearing about this?”

“Because we just got the final cut today. I called Blackout first and he told me to call you.”

“Of course he did,” I muttered, feeling irritated. “Okay well we need to shoot another video ASAP. I’ll fly out to Atlanta tonight and make some calls.” I said before hanging up.

“Everything okay?” Choc asked.

“Nah. That was one of my artist manager’s. Before she called I was going to ask you if you wanted to go shopping tomorrow bu-”

“It’s fine, go handle your business.”

“Come with me.”

“To Atlanta?”

“Yea. I’ll have you back for work on Monday.”

“Okay. What time are we leaving?”

“Just go home and pack. I’ll text you in about an hour.” I said before leaning down to kiss her pretty lips. I usually didn’t take women with me while I was doing business but I was willing to bend the rules this one time.

Choc

April 29, 2017

“That fits you like a glove, you have to get it!” The sales woman in the Dior store raved. She’d been encouraging me to buy everything I’d tried on so far because she knew Supreme was footing the bill. He couldn’t be here today at Phipps Plaza with me because he had to go oversee the video shoot he rushed and set up for his artist. He did however send me with one of his drivers and security guards. I wasn’t remotely famous so I had no idea why I needed security, but I offered no complaints. He also gave me cash and one of his cards but he said it probably wouldn’t be necessary because his black card was on file at most of the high end stores in the mall. So far

that had been proven true. When I arrived here he called and told me not to hold back and that I had no limit. I had been taking his words to heart.

Supreme had been a nice guy so far and he was honestly an all around turn on. He was a boss in every sense of the word but he was also very down to earth and easy to talk to. But this wouldn't last long. Nothing ever did. So I was going to milk the situation for everything it was worth.

"I'm going to get it all," I said with a smile.

"Perfect! I'll wrap everything up for you." She cheesed. With the commission she was about to get I would've been cheesing too.

While I was at the register waiting for her I received a call from Supreme who I had saved in my phone as "Big Papa."

"Hello?"

"You over there having fun huh? I keep getting notifications from the bank," he laughed.

"You said don't hold back." I giggled.

"I'm glad you're listening. But you think you almost finished? I wanted to go sit down somewhere and eat."

“This was actually the last store I wanted to visit.”

“Perfect, the driver will bring you to me and we’ll go to a restaurant together. Anywhere in particular you want to go?”

“You know Atlanta better than I do so you can make that call, Papa.”

“Alright mama,” he laughed. “See you in a few.”

While I was in the car and on my way to Supreme I had to stunt just a little by taking a picture of my new orange Chanel bag. It matched my current outfit perfectly so I wore it out of the store. I actually looked really cute today with my blue and orange Off-White Nike set paired with white and orange platform G-Nikes. My sew-in looked damn near natural and framed my face perfectly, and I’d even put on a light face of makeup so I was *extra* pretty. I wanted to take pictures so bad but I’d been settling for selfies instead. Right after I posted two selfies and a picture of my Chanel bag on my snapchat Talea was calling me.

“Girl what you want?” I asked playfully.

“You out there spending all that man money huh?”

“You know it.” I stated proudly.

“Then I take it your having fun,” she laughed.

“Hell yea, but I was having fun before I went shopping.”

“Oh really? Hmmp, let me find out.”

“Let you find out what Talea?”

“That you really like Supreme.”

“I mean he’s cool or whatever.”

“It’s okay to genuinely like a man sis.”

“The hell it is.”

“Tarell really ruined you didn’t he?”

“Bitch he ruined you too. You always falling for the wrong niggas. Don’t get on me for choosing not to fall at all.”

“I’m just saying, don’t deprive yourself of love because daddy was trash.”

“Why are you saying the “L” word? I can’t deprive myself of something that I’ve never come across.”

“Alright Choc, whatever you say.”

“I know. You live your life and I’ma live mine.”

“Bitch please! With the way you be in everybody’s business including mine!”

“Cause I’m the big sister hoe.”

“Girl bye,” she tittered, before hanging up. Talea and I had that conversation all the time where she’d try to convince me to give love and relationships a chance. That was only the hundredth time I had to remind her that I wasn’t her. Talea was a hopeless romantic. Hell her full government name was Talea Love Bellamy. One day she was going to find her soulmate and live happily ever after. I just wasn’t on that type of time and I was content with that.

Supreme

“Damn you look good,” I verbalized as Choc walked up to me. I had gotten out of my Maybach to greet her pretty ass.

“Thank you Papa.” She gave me a hug. When she pulled away she was looking at me with hopeful eyes.

“What you want?”

“Why you think I want something?” She laughed.

“It’s all in your eyes Mama.”

“Ok, I do want something.”

“I’m listening.”

“Can you take my pictures?”

“Of course,” I chuckled. For a minute I thought she really wanted something. “Stand in front of the Maybach.” I directed. I figured that would be a nice backdrop for pictures. I always stood in front of my cars when I got my pictures taken.

“Okay,” she obliged before stepping in front of my car and posing. I took several pictures of her on my phone and I admired her beauty the entire time. Just looking at her was enough to get me going.

“So where are we going to eat?” She asked once we had driven off in my car.

“A place called Bones. You like steak?”

“Yea.”

“Well you’ll love this restaurant.”

“Cool. So how was the video shoot? I thought you’d be there all day.”

“Me too, but I hired a director who’s been around for 20 years. He knows what he’s doing and everything was going well so I had to come kick it with you.”

She smiled. “Well I appreciate it.”

“Your brothers were at the video shoot today. I started to tell them you were in town but I didn’t know if you wanted them in your business like that.”

“You could’ve told them. Tarik and Tavior don’t run me. I run them. I’m the big sister.”

I bursted into laughter. “Oh word?”

“They know what it’s hitting for.”

“So you’re the bossy big sister?”

“High key,” she admitted shamelessly.

“Well I’m the bossy big brother, so we have that in common.”

“How many siblings do you have?”

“Only two.”

“And you’re the oldest?”

“No. I’m the middle child. My sister Siyah is the baby.”

“So do y’all have a big sister or big brother bossing y’all around?”

“We *had* a big brother, but Sahid was killed in ‘95.”

She gasped. “I’m sorry! I would’ve never brought it up had I know-”

“It’s cool,” I stopped her. “I never really talk about that so there’s no way you could’ve known. But to answer your question he was really bossy. I think I got it from him. My mom always says it’s like he’s still here living through me. That makes the grieving process a little easier. It’s kinda crazy that he died over 20 years ago and I’m still not over it.”

“No it’s not Papa. That was your brother. You don’t ever have to get over it.”

“Yea you right. I guess I never thought about it that way.”

It sounded ridiculous but it was true. Growing up I was taught that men were tough and showing any emotion was a sign of weakness. When my brother died I felt like I couldn’t just have a weak moment and break down. I shed some tears alone but I mostly just coached myself to let it go. It was crazy that this was the first time I heard somebody tell me that I was entitled to feel hurt, but it felt good.

Chapter 3

Choc

May 28, 2017

“Girl I’m so sick of you,” my co-worker and friend Nisa said.

“Why?” I giggled, even though I knew she was referring to the flowers, chocolate, and diamond necklace on my desk. This was the fourth Friday in a row I’d been sent gifts from Supreme and everytime they got better.

“Cause you always getting niggas that spoil you. Your other niggas better step their cookies up before this new nigga snatch you up.”

“Snatch me up? Nisa it’s like you don’t know me at all.”

“Taija don’t get me wrong, I understand why you don’t want to commit to most of the men you fuck with. If you take their money and dick away their lowkey trash, but based on

what you've told me about this guy he seems like somebody worth building something with."

"Building something with? You know it's only been a little over a month since I met him right?"

"Girl I'm not saying marry the man next week. I'm saying you should maybe give him a fair chance."

"Nah. He doesn't deserve that."

"You're saying a man that sends you diamonds every week doesn't deserve a chance at a deeper relationship with you? Taija." She gave me a stern look.

"Nisa it's some things I haven't told you."

"You mean aside from not telling me his identity?" She asked sarcastically.

"Yup," I replied with my head held high. Nisa was my work friend which meant I didn't trust her completely to be telling her all of my business. She'd never crossed me or done anything shady but the so called friends I'd had in the past had ruined it for everybody. I'd come across so many grimy bitches that I just fell back. God had given me three sisters and they were all the female friends I needed.

"So what didn't you tell me?"

“He basically has four girlfriends.”

“Excuse me. Come again.”

“He has four bitches.”

“So are you just finding this out? Is that why he keeps sending gifts?”

“No he told me the first night we met.”

“And you willingly inserted yourself in his circus?” She asked while looking at me like I’d lost my marbles. “Are you trying to be the fifth girlfriend?”

“Ok, girlfriends was the wrong word for me to use because he’s very single. Like me, he just has a list of regulars. What’s wrong with that?”

“Nothing. It’s just that we both know your regulars haven’t been getting any attention since this new guy came into the picture. Has he been giving his regulars less time too?”

“I don’t know because that ain’t my business. Besides, everytime I get a new nigga the old ones get less attention. It’s nothing personal. Hell I have a date with Jared on Tuesday, so don’t make it seem like I’m switching up for Papa.”

“Papa?” Her face twisted up. “Didn’t you say you’d never call a nigga daddy?”

“And I’m not. I’m calling him Papa. Are you listening?”

“Mhmmm, so why not link up with Jared this weekend? You’re leaving space and opportunity open for Papa aren’t you?”

“Yup,” I answered with no shame. Why would I settle for a date in the city when I could potentially spend my weekend in another city? So far I’ve been to NYC, Los Angeles, Atlanta, and Houston with Supreme. We’d spent every weekend together since we met and it wasn’t going to change this weekend.

“Ok so if you’re so nonchalant about his situation then why not take him seriously?”

“I have the ability to be so nonchalant because I’ve decided not to take him seriously. The two aren’t mutually exclusive.”

“Wow. That’s deep.”

I laugh. “Girl it’s 1:30. Don’t you have a patient you need to be calling in here?”

“Shit,” she hissed before hopping up. “I always lose track of time when I work with you.”

I laughed as she rushed out into the waiting room. Nobody told her ass to be all up in my business. I guess I could understand all of her questions from the average woman’s perspective. I just wasn’t most women. Supreme would have the average woman head over heels with all of his attention, winning, dinning, gift giving, and toe curling sex. But I knew that was the very reason why he had four bitches willing to share him in the first place. An average woman could get lost in his sauce by thinking they were special. I already knew I wasn’t. I got him on the weekends and his other hoes got him during the week. I was sure we all got the same treatment too.

Before getting back to work I checked my phone which I usually kept in my purse for most of the day. I had several text messages.

Jared: I wanna see you this weekend Taija. Not on no fucking Tuesday. Stop playing with me like I’m some lame bruh.

504-366-9026: Can we talk one last time? I need closure. Sorry again for the things I said the last time we spoke.-Carter

Tamia: We need to talk to Tati. She's never home anymore!

Miles: Why you been acting funny? Did I do something wrong?

Tahj: Your nieces and nephews miss you. I do too. Call me when you get off.

Mom: Are Sunday dinners no longer a thing for us, daughter?

Papa: Miami this weekend Mama.

I felt bad, but it was looking like I was going to miss another Sunday dinner with my mom. I was about to put my

phone in my bag when I got a dm notification on instagram. I clicked on it and took me straight to my requests. Why was a person I didn't know or follow even know trying to dm me? When I opened the message my heart dropped. That was another first. I'd been approached by women before when it came to niggas but it never really moved me. Well the selfie I was looking at of Supreme with another bitch moved me. He was knocked out but she was wide awake and posing with her lips poked out. This shit was so ghetto.

TheEvaLopez: Just wanted to formally introduce myself, sis. I hope you don't think you're special or about to break the mold. I've been fucking with him for three years now and he's been the same since day one. You gotta share him just like the rest of us.

Now I definitely knew that Supreme was moving differently with them because of me. If things were the same then she would've felt no need to reach out to little ole me. Yea, she definitely felt threatened and it was apparent. I normally didn't respond to this sort of thing because I never cared enough, but I couldn't foresee allowing this bitch to feel like she'd handled me. I typed up my response, sent it, and

then blocked her. I was too old to be going back and forth with a bitch through instagram dm's over a man.

Imbeautifulll_ : Wow three years and you're reaching out to the bitch he's only been dealing with for over a month? Awww poor tink, I'll be sure to allow you to have your turn soon. After this weekend he's all yours.

Supreme

“Yo you good?” I asked Choc. We were on the way to the airport and she didn't seem like her usual self. I'd gotten used to her squeezing the shit out of my hand because the thought of flying on the private plane scared her. Today she was quiet so I knew something was wrong.

“No. Actually I'm not.”

I was a little surprised. Almost every woman I'd come across loved pretending like they were okay when they weren't. I thought I'd have to pull whatever was wrong out of her.

“What's the problem?” I asked.

“Some girl named Eva dm'd me a picture of y'all laying down.”

Here we go, I thought. I had a feeling all of that heartless shit she was portraying was all a facade. A heartless bitch wouldn't have been bringing this nonsense to my attention. Oddly enough I felt some sort of satisfaction. If this had been one of my other girls talking about what the other had done I would've shut it down before they'd even gotten the words out. Choc admitting this was a problem for her meant she cared about me and that was pleasing.

“I told you what it was from day one.”

“That you did, so don't for a second think that the bitch is the problem because I could care less about her. It's her contacting me about you that's bothering me. Siraj my life is drama free and I intend on keeping it that way.”

Siraj? Yea, she was definitely bothered if she was pulling out my government name. I didn't know if I was truly buying what she was selling though. Or maybe I just wanted her to be jealous so I was lying to myself and believing what I wanted to. Women did that shit all the time and I hated it.

“I can't control her or anybody else mama,” I grabbed her hand and kissed it. “When I first told you about the other women it was my way of asking were you cool with everything that could potentially come with it.”

She snatched her hand away. “So what you’re saying is I have to be okay with being harassed? Because if you are then you can just take me home now and you won’t hear from me again.”

“C’mon Choc...is all that really called for?” I stared in her eyes to gauge her seriousness. She definitely wasn’t bluffing.

“Yes. How would you feel if my niggas were contacting you and talking reckless?”

“Your niggas?!”

“Yea. I don’t know why you’re sounding all surprised. I told you what it was from the jump as well.”

She definitely had but I still didn’t want to hear that shit. It felt like I got all of her time so those other so-called men she had in her life didn’t matter. It was out of sight, out of mind for me. That was until she just threw that shit in my face. Going off would just make me the world’s biggest hypocrite though.

“Alright Choc, you right. I’ll talk to Eva. Let me see what she sent you.”

“Here you go.” She gave me her phone.

Eva was the most problematic out of my girls. She was a spicy latina that loved stirring up trouble. There were times I found her antics funny. This wasn't one of those times. Taking a picture of me while I was asleep had me seriously considering dropping her ass. Then she had Choc talking crazy about not fucking with me anymore. Yea, her problematic ass was skating on thin ice.

“It'll be handled, Mama. You have my word.”

“Alright,” she rolled her eyes.

“Alright who?”

“Supreme leave me alone,” she stifled a smile.

“I know you got other niggas and shit but I better be the only Papa,” I declared, while trying to mask the jealousy in my voice.

She leaned over and kissed me sensually. “You're the only one that deserves to be called Papa.”

“Alright, but do me a favor?”

“What's that?”

“Don't bring up other niggas to me no more. When you with me they don't exist. Talk about them lame niggas on your own time.”

“But why they gotta be lame?”

I glared at her. “Taija.”

“Alrighttt. Damn. Let me find out you jealous.”

“Nah it’s just a respect thing. We gon respect each other.”

“Okay Supreme.”

“Taija.”

“Okay Papa,” she laughed.

Choc

“So why didn’t you go with him to his artist concert? Shit you could’ve at least went to the after party.” Talea said through facetime. I decided to stay at Supreme’s highrise condo in Miami while he went out and did what he needed to do. This was how I preferred spending my Friday night anyway.

“Girl it was gon be nothing but cameras there. I don’t have time for all that.”

“A lot of people in New Orleans already know y’all talk.”

“And that’s fine. As long as the whole world doesn’t know it.”

“Girl you crazy, so what he said about the girl that dm’d you earlier?”

“He just said he’d handle it.”

“Whatever the hell that means.”

“Right,” I laughed. “But I believe him.”

“You do?” She cackled. “That’s hard to believe.”

“Why?”

“If it’s coming from a man’s mouth then you don’t believe it. That’s been your motto forever.”

“Well you weren’t there when he promised he’d deal with it.”

“Oh lawd, you really like this nigga sis.”

“Bitch,” I started, until I heard keys at the door. It was only 1:30am so I wasn’t expecting Supreme for another two hours or so. But I was ready for him regardless.

“I gotta go sis, bye!”

I threw my robe off to reveal the bright yellow lingerie I was rocking with gold stripper heels. My makeup was a tad bit heavier than usual, my hair was in wild curls like a 70's porn star and I was undoubtedly serving sex on a silver platter. I dimmed the lights and turned the music up on the tv just as he was entering the condo. Recognize by PARTYNEXTDOOR came on immediately setting the mood. Damn this song was fitting for us.

“Gotta get real again, gotta get real again! No, you got niggas and I got bitches. You got niggas and I got bitches. You got niggas and I got bitches. You got niggas, I want you. I want you to turn up on me every night when I see you. Better recognize when I see you. I really want you, you, you. Hit the club for you, you, you. Light skin got you new, new, do. Even look like Lauren London too. I be tripping, but this money ain't. Hit the strip, check my money length. Sorry if my whip covered in dank. 'Cause I be rolling with this skunk all day. All these bitches know that you're my nigga. I ain't tripping off of any of your niggas. 'Cause I don't care about your nigga, four nigga, five nigga, six nigga, I ain't give a shit about shit, nigga.”

I stood with one of my legs propped up on the coffee table and my hands on my hips. I took joy in watching

Supremes' entire face change when he laid eyes on me. Having that type of effect on him made me feel like the baddest girl in the world.

He made a beeline for me, grabbed me aggressively, and then commenced to tonguing me down. The 1942 on his breath was potent but I didn't mind. I'd been sipping red wine all night and that's why I'd been waiting on him like this. I was horny and I knew if I was ready for him it would be greatly appreciated. But I definitely didn't expect him to throw me on the couch and spread my legs. When he got on his knees I damn near creamed myself. This man was five years shy of 40 so I knew he'd eaten pussy before, but he'd never attempted to eat mine. I was a little offended because that wasn't the norm for me, but I just figured he was selective about who he went down on. I could relate 100% to that notion.

"You got the prettiest pussy I've ever seen," he avowed as he kissed my inner thigh. I was trying not to beg because that was too close to desperation. But this nigga started swirling his tongue closer and closer to my pussy. All my pride went on the window when I felt his hot breath directly on my wet center.

"Eat it Papa," I begged while pushing his head towards my pussy.

"You should've been gave me the green light."

If I'd known that was all he needed then I would've been spoken the fuck up. His tongue was dancing all in my slick folds making me moan louder than I usually liked to. As

a matter of fact I don't think I'd ever gotten this worked up before. Not when it came to head. If anything I liked getting head because it made me feel powerful. Getting a man on his knees was the ultimate power trip for me, but I'd never actually gotten the soul sucked out of me before. Shit I didn't even know I had a soul until now. I'm pretty sure Supreme awakened it when he started rubbing his nose in my clit. His beard was now saturated in my juices. The visual alone had my pussy thumping.

"Turn yo ass around,"he growled. I was ready to obey his order but he took it upon himself to toss me over. My mind was blown because no man had ever handled me like this.

"OHHHHH MY GOD! Supremeeee!"I shouted so loud I was pretty sure the entire hotel could hear me. He had just stuck his entire tongue in my bootyhole. I had my ass crack licked plenty of times, but the whole tongue? This man wasn't playing fair. He feasted on my ass and played with my pussy simultaneously resulting in me doing something I'd never done before. I squirted like a broken faucet. He slapped my ass in approval and went back to eating my pussy to catch every little drop. I looked back at him with stars in my eyes.

After that orgasm I felt rejuvenated so when he stood up with his massive rock, hard dick in hand I arched my ass higher in the air. I wanted to feel every part of that dick.

"Fuck!"He voiced as soon as his dick plunged in me. I turned around and looked at him with a pleasant grin.

"Uh-uh, you just know you got some good ass pussy don't you? You know this shit can get you whatever you want

huh?”

He was right...I did know, but hearing it from him just put me on a cloud that I didn't want to come down from. Instead of answering I popped my ass on his dick. I was sort of used to his size now so I knew how to handle him. He would never allow me to handle him for too long though. I secretly loved the fact that he would take control and that I could be submissive for once. Once he took over and his strokes got a little faster I knew he was close. I quickly remembered that he was not wearing a condom. I'd been so anxious to feel him inside of me I didn't even remind him. I was aware that he'd been drinking so I wasn't going to allow him to slip up.

“Pull out Papa!”

“For what?”

“Cause I don't wanna get pregnant!”

I'd recently stopped taking my newest method of birth control because it was giving me unbearable periods. I was now between figuring out my next birth control method and my doctors appointment was scheduled for next week. I didn't think this would be an issue because Supreme always strapped up and I hadn't fucked anybody else since I gave him the pussy. I guess the brown liquor he'd been consuming had him on another level but I had no problems bringing him back down to earth. I may have been a little wine and dick drunk but I still didn't want no damn kids.

“So you don't wanna have my baby?”

“YES! I mean noooo! Fuckkkk,” I moaned as he started drilling in and out of me. My pussy was talking in every language and I could barely formulate a thought let alone a sentence. I guess this was how bitches got trapped. I’d never understood until now.

He pulled me up by my neck and licked my ear before asking me something in that smooth baritone voice that sent my cumming all over his dick.

“Can I nut in this pussy Mama?”

“YASSSS PAPA!”

This is why I always said I never wanted dick that was *too* good. It made you agree to crazy shit like that in the heat of the moment. I could only pray to God that I wasn’t fertile right now.

Chapter 4

Supreme

June 3, 2017

“Siraj this is too much house for you.”

“You been smelling yourself with that Siraj shit lately. Calm down.” I asserted.

“Papa, please. I’ll call you whatever I want.” She huffed, as she walked to my bathroom to explore. She clearly wasn’t shy about being in my New Orleans home in East Over for the first time and it was amusing. She flickered random lights on, walked into rooms, and asked numerous questions about the interior and decor.

“I don’t like this Versace bathroom Papa,” she said as she walked back into my room.

“I picked that out myself.”

“I hate it,” she went on instead of doubling down. “It’s flashy and tacky. Why not just do something black and gold with no logos?”

“Because it’s my house so I got what I liked.”

“Well excuse the hell outta me,” she said before climbing up in my bed. I would’ve helped her up but it was far too entertaining watching her struggle. Then her booty was

spilling out of her black lounge shorts so I was enjoying the view.

“Papa this bed is too high,” she complained once she was finally sitting up there.

“Look how tall I am Choc,” I laughed.

“You don’t have a step stool for your lady guests? Because I know all your hoes not tall like you,” she said casually. If I was talking to anybody else I would’ve thought they were being slick, but it was a strong possibility that Taija didn’t give a fuck. I liked that in the very beginning, but now it was starting to bother me more than I liked to admit. That nonchalant shit she was on was overrated. She had to give a fuck about *something*. I thought we were one in the same and to a certain extent we were, but I was far from heartless. Not to say she didn’t have a heart because I saw how she loved her family from her siblings down to her nieces and nephews, but she wasn’t too fond of loving a man that wasn’t her blood. That was disappointing because I could see myself taking her ass seriously. To a certain extent I already was. She was in my primary home. Some girls could say they’d be to this apartment or that condo, but none could say they’d been to one of my homes. That was just a level of privacy I wasn’t willing

to share until now. At first I tried telling myself that I was only allowing this because I knew all of her siblings and that made her trustworthy, but I knew I was lying to myself. I'd allowed this because I was fucking with her heavy. Since we weren't going out of town this weekend I wanted to take her somewhere nice and comfortable. My house was both of those things.

“Why they gotta be hoes though?” I asked, hoping to evoke some sort of emotion from her. Of course she just stared at me blankly.

“Like I said, why don't you have a step stool for your hoes?” She reiterated.

“Maybe because no hoe ever slept in this bed.”

“You gon pick now to start lying to me?”

“Girl this relationship is built on honesty. Don't insult me like that.”

“Well this place has zero feminine energy,” she acknowledged as her eyes danced around the room. “So I guess I believe you.”

“You know Papa don't lie to you.” I hovered over her and kissed her softly. She was all smiles and the sight made

me feel all warm inside. I was becoming addicted to that feeling.

“You so pretty. You know that?” I questioned before kissing her again. “Of course you do Ms. ‘I’m beautiful,’” I teased her, referring to her instagram name. I’d only started following her a week ago and people had already noticed. It was easy for anyone to peep because I only followed my artists. People were speculating about me and Choc but they knew no real details because we gave them nothing tangible to work with. My other girls had been on some trip shit though. Now they felt like they could make demands for me to follow them and that was hysterical. An instagram follow was hardly that deep. It was just a way for me to keep up with Taija since I mostly saw her during the weekends.

“You gon let Papa tear this pussy up?”

“Sure. If Papa plans on wearing a condom.”

I groaned in agony before rolling off of her. After feeling that pussy with no glove I wasn’t going back to strapping up. She had life and bullshit confused.

“I’m clean. You’re clean. We established that. What am I wearing a condom for?”

“Because you fuck other bitches!”

“And I wear condoms with them hoes!”

“Why they gotta be hoes?” She mocked me.

“C’mon Mama, don’t make me strap back up. That pussy is too good for any type of barrier.”

I could see my words swaying her, but she stuck to her guns verbally.

“You seem to forget they’re other men in my life as well. Are you not concerned with your safety?”

My face tightened and I raised up so fast that she jumped out of the bed to put distance between us. I instantly felt bad because I could tell she thought I was about to physically do her something. I would *never*.

“Why you jumping?!”

“Because...you know I’m not sleeping with anybody else right now right?”

“Shit I don’t know what you’re doing when you’re not with me. But regardless of if you are or not, I wouldn’t put my hands on you. Sit back down Mama.”

“You jumped at me kinda fast,” she muttered before sitting back down on the bed with my help.

“No it’s a reason you jumped like that and it don’t have shit to do with me.”

“Well actually....,” she hesitated. “Nevermind. You don’t want to hear all that.”

“Yes I do. Tell me.”

“Well I’ve come across more than one abusive man in my younger days. None of those guys were my boyfriends or anything. They would just get mad because they wanted a real relationship with me but I wasn’t folding. I’ve seen men act crazy because they can’t get what they want.”

“Sounds like lil ass boys to me. Taija if I ever can’t take what you’re dishing out I’ll just stop fucking with you. That’s on my brother,” I declared.

“You would be the biggest hypocrite if you ever stopped fucking with me because of how I’m living.”

“And just how the fuck are you living?” I interrogated.

“I keep my options open because I’m a single woman. You know this already. But I swear...I haven’t slept with anyone else since I started having sex with you. Trust me, I

wouldn't be able to handle another dick right now," she divulged, appearing stressed.

"Yea, okay," I chuckled. I wouldn't say it aloud, but I believed her. I wished she didn't talk to other niggas at all, but I was grateful that she wasn't still fucking on other men. "I see you got some sense."

"I bet you ain't give up on them four pussies you got at your disposal though."

"Man I barely have time for the-"

"So you haven't slept with those girls at all since you started sleeping with me?"

I let out a deep breath. "I ain't say all that."

"Exactly. But you got the audacity to ask can you fuck me with out a condom? You got lucky last weekend and thank God I'm not pregnant, but it won't happen again."

"What you mean thank God? Having a baby for me sounds that bad to you?" I questioned, feeling offended by the tenth power.

"I thought when you nuttled in me last week and was talking all that baby nonsense it was just the alcohol, but now I'm starting to wonder."

“I don’t know why. I ain’t trying to get you pregnant.”

She snickered. “Siraj you’ve told the truth so much that you’re now a horrible liar.”

“Alright Taija,” was all I could say in response.

“Exactly,” she giggled.

“Is it so hard to believe that I just don’t want anything between us. That shit didn’t feel good to you?”

“Hell yeah it felt good. Stop fucking other girls and it just might happen again.”

“Will you be more available to me during the week if I do that?”

“Ummmm, we’ll discuss terms later.”

“Ok,” I waited a few seconds. “It’s later. Let’s discuss.”

She laughed hysterically.

“Taija I’m dead ass serious.”

“Papa I just told you I’m only fucking you. What makes you think I wouldn’t be available whenever you wanted it?”

My dick turned to stone. Yea...some people would just have to be upset for a while. Shit they could be upset forever as far as I was concerned.

“Well it’s a done deal,” I said as I moved in on her.

“Hold up,” she stopped me. “So you gon just cut off bitches that’s been around?”

“Been around is a stretch. Three of them have been around for a year and half. One of them has been around for about three years. And you didn’t say cut off, you said to stop sleeping with all of them.”

“Three years is a long time. You just gon take the dick away from them?”

“If it means I get to fuck you without a condom then yes.”

She eyed me suspiciously.

“What?”

“So you’re just gonna continue funding lifestyles without getting anything in retur-”

“Stop,” I cut her off. “Who’s lifestyle am I funding? Because those girls got their own jobs and pay their own bills. Now I ain’t gon stunt like I never lended a helping hand when asked or spoiled them on more than one occasion because I have. But I’m not taking care of nobody. Only my family can

say I take care of them, so fuck whatever you heard. Anything else?”

For once she was silent. She shook her head no.

I pulled her towards me. “Now bring yo ass here!”

Choc

June 3, 2017

The next morning I was sleeping like a baby. Supreme had fucked me into oblivion last night. I made promises to get up and cook for him but I couldn't remove myself from the comfort of his bed. My peace was interrupted as the sound of a ringing phone got closer to me. Then all of a sudden my body started shaking. Was this nigga waking me up to answer a phone? Because if that was the case he was surely getting cursed out.

“Papa I'm sleepy,” I whined.

“Taija fuck all that. Didn’t I tell you don’t have no niggas calling your phone while you with me?”

“Huh?” I asked groggily. I was definitely playing dumb, but my sleepiness did help my case.

“Taija who the fuck is Tarell?”

I smacked my teeth before sitting up and taking my ringing phone.

“So you gon answer while you laying in my bed?”

“Siraj this is my father!” I snapped.

“Oh.” His face went from stumped back to suspicion in a millisecond. “Then why his number not saved under that?”

“Chile,” I rolled my eyes before accepting the call. I would’ve ignored it normally but I wanted to prove Supreme wrong. I also didn’t like what he was insinuating. I had no reason to lie.

“What Tarell?” I answered the phone and put it on speaker.

“It must be snowing outside. You answered the phone for your old man. It’s nice to hear your voice daughter. Now can we take the next step and actually see each other?”

I looked up at Supreme to shoot him a “I told you so”
face.

“No I’m good.”

“Come on babygirl. Life is too short.”

“If only you’d had that mindset when I was a child. I’m good now.” I rolled my eyes after saying that and Supreme gave me a chastising look. I paid his ass no mind. It was easy for somebody who didn’t know Tarell to feel sorry for him because he played victim. I’d fallen victim to a bunch of his empty promises to get our relationship back on track through my teenage years. By the time I was 21 I fully gave up on him because my eyes were finally open to his pattern. I couldn’t allow him to damage me any further than he’d already had.

“Alright Choc, I know I wasn’t perfect, but I tried the best I coul-“

“If that’s what *you* think then cool. I’m not about to go back and forth with you about this. My answer is no, I don’t want one of your pity visits. Bye.” I hung up. Supreme was staring at me like he wanted to say something.

“What?” I snapped.

“Say...watch who you talking to.”

“Watch how you looking at me.” I shot back.

He smirked. “Why you being so mean?”

“To you or my dad?”

“I ain’t tripping over your lil attitude. I know how to handle that. But you don’t think you were harsh with your paw?”

“Hell no. He honestly deserves worse with his absentee ass.”

“It sounds like he’s trying to be around now though. Why hold a grudge?”

“If only you knew.”

“I want to know. Tell me,”he urged.

“I...I don’t know.”

The only people that were privy to my dysfunctional relationship with my dad were my siblings and that’s because they had the same relationship with him. Telling a man I was dating about my family issues was just something I didn’t do. It was one of my weaker spots and I hated being vulnerable.

“C’mon. I think if anybody understands it’ll be me. My dad wasn’t around either when I was a kid and we have a great relationship no-”

“Your dad was in prison,which means he didn’t have a choice. My dad was free to be here for me and he chose not to. As I got older I kind of understood why he couldn’t be around

24/7. He was married to another woman and had his own kids with her. Having a full time daddy wasn't in the cards for me, so I'm not holding a grudge against him for that. But I've been over making excuses for him because it was possible for him to be around for a lot of shit. Yet he chose to be in and out of my life. Then the times he was in it all he'd do is make empty promises that would leave me hurt because he never came through for me. Eventually my mama got fed up and told his ass to stay away from me."

"I don't think she meant that, it was probably the only thing she could think of to scare him straight,"he suggested. He was spot on.

"Oh I know. It backfired though. He agreed and didn't see or speak to me for months. He finally came back around on my next birthday. He made more promises, I naively believed him, and of course nothing changed. Just more of the same old bullshit. Don't even get me started on how he failed my siblings...even down to the two he had with his wife. He was supposedly there for them but his relationship with them is trash too. So hell yea I've washed my hands with Tarell Bellamy."

"You haven't washed your hands with him."

“What?” I questioned defensively.

“He hurt you a lot and you’re still carrying that with you...even though you do a pretty good job of bottling up. I always thought you carried yourself the way you do because one two many niggas broke your heart. I was right, except one nigga broke your heart and it was your paw. You gotta forgive him because this hold he got on you is unhealthy.”

I smacked my teeth, not feeling the way he’d just read me like a book.

“See, this is why I didn’t want to tell you my business. Now you think I have daddy issues.”

“I didn’t say that mama.”

“But you’re implying it.”

“Call it what you want, but you know I’m not wrong. That’s why you’re so hard up about not having a monogamous relationship and not having kids.”

“Excuse me? Aren’t you hard up about the same things? Does that mean you have daddy issues as well?”

“When have you ever heard me say I was completely against a relationship or having kids? Maybe my circumstances confused you, but I’m not that guy. I definitely

want kids one day and I'm capable of being a one woman man. If anything I just like being single at this time in my life."

"So basically you're enjoying being a hoe?"

"Sure," he admitted carelessly. "My fast paced life hasn't been suited for a family of my own, but I'm open to it. You on the other hand are completely closed off."

"You know it's perfectly normal for some women to not desire marriage or kids right?"

"I'm aware, but I always knew there was something deeper with you and now I finally see it. You don't have to let your dad back in your life, but forgive him for yourself."

This wasn't my first time hearing something like this. My mom had also preached this to me multiple times. She wanted grandkids bad and it broke her heart that I had no desire to give her any. This coming from Supreme showed that he kind of cared about me. He wouldn't have been digging in my business or offering advice if he didn't. Although I sounded dismissive to what he was saying, it felt good to express myself to him. That within itself scared me.

Supreme

“The groceries I ordered on instacart are here. Come help me.”

I raised up off the couch with no objections. Since it was Sunday Choc said she would cook and I was anxious to see what she could do in the kitchen. She also rubbed me as the type that didn't cook for niggas, so I felt like I was getting special treatment.

“Where do you want this stuff at?” I asked her as I entered the kitchen with all of the bags.

“Just sit it right here.” She pointed to the counter top.

“You know it's just me and you right?” I asked while eyeing all the groceries I'd just sat down.

“Yeaaa...I don't know how to cook small meals, blame my mom and grandma.”

“So what are we eating?”

“That's for me to know and for you to find out. Wait, you don't have any food allergies do you?”

“No. But that doesn’t mean I eat anything.”

“Well you’ll love my food.”

“And if I don’t ubereats it is.”

“Bye Papa.”

“Give me a kiss first.”

“Nope.”

“Girl bring your ass here.” I pulled her to me and tongue kissed her. I could feel my dick hardening as I massaged her soft ass. Of course she wasn’t wearing any panties. I wanted to pull her brown sun dress up and fuck her right in the kitchen. She had on no makeup, her real hair was in a bun, and she wore nothing special, yet she still shined. That was rare.

“Alrighhhh,” she whined while pushing me away. “If we fuck then I’m laying down for the rest of the day and not cooking shit.”

“Alright, go ahead and cook Choc.”

“That’s what I thought.”

When I turned to leave, I heard my phone buzzing across the countertop, so I turned around to grab it. It was my

mom FaceTiming me.

“Wassup Ma?”

“You tell me. It’s Sunday evening and you’re not here. Why is that?”

“You said you weren’t cooking today.”

“And? You only come over on Sundays when I cook now? Anytime I don’t cook we order something and you always be right here to eat whatever it is.”

“Ma, you and me both know that I don’t be over there every Sunday.”

“Yea when you’re out of town. That’s not the case today. Boy, who are you over there with?”

I broke into a smile. “Why I gotta be over here with somebody?”

“Who is she Siraj Ahmaad LeBlanc?”

“Come here.” I nodded over to Choc who was trying to pretend like she wasn’t listening to the conversation by pulling the food out of the grocery bags. She looked up and pointed to herself as if there was anybody else in the kitchen.

“Girl come here,” I repeated through laughter.

“Tell her don’t be shy, I don’t bite.”My mom coaxed.

I thought Choc would outright refuse to come speak to my mother, but she walked over and smiled into the phone before speaking politely after I introduced her as Choc.

“Hello, nice to meet you. My name is actually Taija.”

“I want to call you Choc if you don’t mind. That’s a fitting nickname for a pretty girl like yourself. I’m Faith, Siraj’s mother. I hope you don’t feel put on the spot, I just had to meet the woman that’s in my son’s house. How old are you baby?”

“Ma, really?”

I know Choc looked young but she should’ve known me better than that.

“I’m 27,”Choc giggled. “How old are you, 28?”

“I like you Ms.Choc,”she tittered. “So what you cooking for my son today? I knew something was up because he wasn’t badgering me to cook a home cooked meal for him.”

“Stuffed salmon, lambchops, garlic mashed potatoes, jerk shrimp rasta pasta, and cream corn.”

My stomach growled when she listed off that menu. I was also looking at her sideways because she told me what she

was cooking was a secret yet she just told my mom. The switch up was something serious.

“That’s a lot of food, but Siraj can handle it.”

“You can join us if you want.”

“It won’t just be me, baby. It’ll be my husband, my daughter, and I have two of my nephews’ kids with me today.”

“That’s fine. Pap-...I mean Siraj was just asking me why I had all this food. I have more than enough for everybody.”

“Perfect. We’ll be over in about an hour.”

“Okay, see you then.”

We said goodbye to my mom and as soon as the call ended so did Choc’s easy going demeanor.

“Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God!” She chanted while heading for the exit.

“What are you doing?” I laughed.

“I need to go put on underwear, I need makeup, and I need to do something with my head!”

“You look fine, Mama.”

“You look fine mama,” she mocked, only making my laughter increase. “First impressions are everything. I’m going get myself together.”

My family was cool as fuck so she was panicking for nothing. They’d also never been introduced to one of my women on this type of level, so they were going to love her right away. It was still nice to see how much this meant to her though. Getting a raw reaction like that out of Choc was rare.

Choc

After being around Supreme’s family for an hour I realized how silly I’d been acting. I felt the need to extend an invitation because it was the polite thing to do and my mother had taught me proper manners. I’d also met families before against my will, so I thought I could handle it. As soon as he ended the call with his mother I started panicking big time. I rushed upstairs to throw on underwear and a bra, I put my fake lashes back on from the day before, I applied lipgloss, and I combed my hair into a neater bun. While giving myself a once

over in the mirror I had to ask myself why the fuck was I so nervous. This had never been me and I didn't like the feeling. It had to be because I actually liked being around Supreme and I enjoyed whatever we were doing. If his people didn't like me then that could potentially put a strain on our relationship.

Thankfully they took to me right away. When they arrived I'd already started cooking so I had the whole house smelling like heaven. I was flooded with compliments about how everything smelled good and how pretty I was. Coming from such a good looking family, that gave me the ultimate confidence boost. I mean everybody was just gorgeous. Supreme was his father's doppelganger size wise and down to the facial features like the beard and big lips. The only difference was his salt and pepper hair color, which in my opinion made him a tad bit more attractive than his son. His mom looked like a black Pocahontas. Her hair immediately put me in the mind of Chilli from TLC. His little sister was a younger and slimmer version of their mom, so of course she was gorgeous as well. The two little girls they had with them were Black Out's daughters and they were two pretty versions of his ass. Their mother must've hated him when she was carrying them.

All of the ladies stayed with me in the kitchen to keep me company. They didn't get in my way with the cooking, but they did do their own thing. His mom bought stuff from home to bake a lemon layer cake. That just so happened to be my favorite type of cake so I was bucked up. His sister Siya just sat at the countertop but her presence was appreciated. She was closer to my age and made the energy feel light hearted. If she was missing this would've definitely felt like an interrogation.

“So what do you do for a living baby?”

“I'm a registered nurse.”

“Go head!” She raved. “What hospital do you work at?”

“University Medical Center.”

“Oh that's the new one they just built right?” Siya asked.

“Correct.” I replied, as I stirred my mashed potatoes.

“Did you dance for SU in 2008 or 2009?” Siya squinted, as if she'd just recognized me. “I'm a big fan of the dancing dolls.”

“Yes I was a doll in 2009 and 2010,” I giggled. “That was so long ago and I only did two seasons. I can't believe people remember me from that team.”

“Girl you were a beast. Everybody just knew you would be captain one day.”

“I made the team my third time trying out. I was a junior when I finally made it. I could’ve done a third year on dolls because I had to do five years in college anyway because of nursing school, but I was like nah, let me focus on getting my degree.”

“Smart girl,” Faith gave me a smile of approval. “Putting school first obviously paid off, so how did you meet my son?”

“What y’all doing?” Supreme questioned as he and his dad entered the kitchen.

“Your mama in here scaring this poor girl probably,” his dad said.

“I’m not scared,” I laughed.

“Bloop! Now y’all get out women’s business. I was just asking her how she met Siraj’s ass. She seems like a nice girl who has her shit together.”

“Am I not a nice guy with his shit together?” Supreme quizzed while laughing. “We met at Black’s house on my birthday.”

“My little sister is in a relationship with one of his artists so she invited me,” I added. The way Supreme said it all vaguely made me sound like a groupie who’d shown up to get chosen by the highest bidder. Technically I was trying to get chosen, but I was far from a groupie hoe.

“And her little brother’s are signed to me too. Remember I was telling y’all about the young and talented producers that Black was hating on?” He laughed.

“Ohhh okay,” he mom nodded. “Sounds like it was meant to be for y’all to cross paths at some point.”

That conversation eventually swayed away from me and Supreme when his dad asked me where I was from. Suddenly it was like an uptown reunion as we discussed it and how it had been changing over the years. Everybody was now in the kitchen chatting as I finished off the food. When I pulled out a glass pitcher to make strawberry lemonade one of Black’s daughters, Bianca, volunteered to help. I coached her through the entire process. When it was all said and done she’d made it all by herself.

“Choc, you have any kids of your own?” Faith asked.

“Oh no,” I laughed.

“I asked because you’re really good with them.”

“Well I have a lot of nieces and nephews so I’ve had plenty of practice.”

“Hmmm,you hear that son? She’s had plenty of practice,”she winked.

“Cut it out, ma,”he chuckled.

Was she giving her son the greenlight to knock me up? If she wanted grandkids then she needed to holler at her daughter. I wasn’t going to bust her bubble and tell her having kids of my own wasn’t my thing though.

When the food was done Faith and Siya helped me fix everyone’s plates and we moved into the dining room area. I beamed with pride as everyone scarfed down my food and went for seconds.

“What you was saying about ubereats earlier?”I said to Supreme in a hushed tone.

He nodded while wearing a small smile because he had a mouth full of pasta.

“You got it, Mama. You did your thing.”

“Huh?”Faith looked up, overhearing him say “mama.”

“He ain’t talking to you,” Siya snickered. “It’s a new mama around here.”

Chapter 5

Supreme

June 9, 2017

“You sure about all of your selections?” Black asked Zaro.

“I keep telling you I’m sure. All of these girls are really talented and they look good. It’s a win win situation.”

“Clearly you see something wrong with the girls, so enlighten us Black,” I spoke up.

Zaro had put his girl group together a month ago and he was just bringing them in to meet us. He had more than likely taken those few weeks to get them together and it somewhat showed. He had them sing acapella, perform an original song he wrote for them, and then I requested for them to each sing individually. They needed artist development badly because they looked like amateurs. But I was overall impressed because I saw raw talent. Like Zaro said, they were all lookers, they could all sing, and they could all dance. Where one girl would have a weakness, the other would have a strength. Zaro had something serious on his hands, but I was saving my praises. We’d gotten lucky with N.O.L.A, but groups were usually a headache. We’d signed several groups over the years and N.O.L.A was the only one standing. I think it was because they’d grown up together and were more like brothers so it made the work relationship a little easier. Orchestrated groups rarely worked out, so I wasn’t optimistic about this. However, if it did work it would be great for everybody.

“Okay for one I don’t think there should be two dark skin girls in the group. They’re both pretty, can sing, and dance, but I think that 5th slot should go to a mixed or white girl. You said you wanted this group to be more diverse,”he added. I guess he caught the way Zaro and I were looking at him sideways. I for one couldn’t believe a man as dark as him with a dark skin mother and daughters was saying this shit, but if you looked at the girls he dated it wasn’t too surprising. He definitely had a fetish for racially ambiguous and non-black girls that he often denied.

“I meant musically diverse. I don’t want one token dark skin girl in the group especially since there’s more than enough room for Calla and Angelica. Oh and they don’t look anything alike. They don’t even have the same shade of dark skin.”

“Ok, it’s your call,”Black held his hands up. “But you should definitely replace that big girl. What’s her name...De... D-something.”

“Destini. I was actually drawn to her because of her body type. I want girls to see this group and see somebody that represents them. Representation, boss.”

“Representation, huh? In a group with just black girls?” Black questioned like he wasn’t convinced.

“Yes, because all black girls don’t look the same.”

“I agree with you Zaro. I think you’re onto something here,” I said. “Keep up the good work. I’m a get the vocal coach who worked with y’all when y’all first got signed. They need it. You find them a choreographer because something tells me they need more challenging steps than what they presented today. I’ll let you figure out how and when you want to present them to the world. If people are interested then we’ll sign them.”

“We? You speak for me now?” Black questioned.

“I always speak for you when you are talking nonsense. All you’ve done is picked apart those girls’ appearances and that was the *one* area I saw nothing wrong in. I mean they was dressed like they ran up in Oakwood mall and picked some shit out, but I’ll credit that to Zaro’s frugal nature.” I turned to Zaro to offer more advice. “If you’re going to take on the responsibility of investing in them then you can’t be cheap. At the very least just use your resources. Reach out to brands that give you free shit anyway.”

It was a reason I was the person who handled business and Black was more involved in the music side of things. We both had our own lanes that kept the lights on. I was comfortable in my lane but Black Out would try to swerve into my lane. I was far from a dictator and we were somewhat equals so I would let his voice be heard...until he started saying dumb shit.

We wrapped the meeting up and as soon as they exited my office I picked up my phone to call someone.

“Hey Papa,” Choc sang after answering right away.

“Let’s do something tonight.”

“You could say hey back,” she giggled.

“Let’s go to dinner or something,” I went on. We spent way too much time inside for my liking. Even when we were out of town it seemed like she always wanted to kick it at one of my spots or the hotel we were staying at. I dug the homebody shit but now I was starting to think she didn’t want to be seen with a nigga. We needed to change that.

“I wish I could go but Tati and Tamia are having a birthday party tonight.”

“How old are they turning? 17?” I jested.

“Say that to their faces. I would love to hear them curse you out for playing with them,” she tittered. “You know they’re finally entering the dub club. The big 2.0.”

“That’s wassup. Why didn’t you mention their party to me?”

“It just never came up...”

There was an awkward silence as I lowkey waited for her ass to invite me. It wasn’t like I didn’t already know her siblings. I was aware that other family members would be there as well but I wasn’t tripping on that. She’d just met my family last week and she initiated that meet up, so I didn’t see why she was acting all weird now. This was the wishy washy shit about Taija that I couldn’t get with. One minute I felt like we were making progress and then in the next minute it felt like she was closed off again. I understood she had deeper underlying issues and I’d been patient, but it was starting to feel unfair to me.

“Alright Taija, you have fun tonight.” I said once I realized an invitation wasn’t coming.

“Can we do it tomorrow?” She asked.

“Do what?”

“You just said you wanted to go out somewhe-... nevermind,”she sighed.

“Yea nevermind is right cause I’ma be busy all day tomorrow. I’ll get up with you when I’m not busy.” I hung up. Ok, I could admit I felt some type of way. I could’ve just told her why I was upset but I shouldn’t have had to say anything. And my mama always told me not to invite myself no where.

Choc

“Mommy are you ready?”I asked while standing in her doorway.

“As soon as I wrap these girls gifts up.”

“Lady would it kill you to use gift bags like everybody else?”

“Probably,”she sassed. “You know I only wrap gifts. I think Mia and Tati like it that way too, so mind yours.”

Yes, my mom was coming with me to Tamia and Tati’s birthday party. Over the years she’d formed great relationships with all of my siblings. She was always vocal about how she

loved our relationship as siblings. When Talea took Tati in when she was 15 my mom enjoyed being a helping hand. Tati had also just called me earlier to make sure my mom was coming tonight.

My mom took her sweet time wrapping their gifts while I stared at me and Supreme's i-message thread on my phone. We usually texted quite a bit throughout the day but all communication between us had ceased after our weird phone call earlier. I had no idea what happened. One minute he was eager to take me out on a date and the next minute he was acting all dry. The only thing I could think of was he had to be mad about me being unavailable tonight. If that's what it was then he could kiss my ass. My world didn't stop for him, and my sister's were damn sure more important than a "just because" date with him. I decided to let go of all my pride and text him how I was feeling. Bite my tongue for what? Hold back how I really felt for what? This nigga needed to know!

Are you mad at me because I couldn't go out with you tonight? Because if you are that's really fucking childish. Was I supposed to skip out on my little sister's party to go

have dinner with you Supreme? If you reply dryly then I will block your ass.

I was expecting a long ass paragraph of him explaining himself, but his response made me drop my face on the floor.

Papa Bear: I don't argue through text messages. We'll talk whenever we see each other. I sent a gift for Tati and Tamia through Ant. Turn up for me tonight.

“Girl who got you over there mad?” My mom asked, disrupting my thoughts.

“Nobody.”

“Is it the same somebody that you been going out of town with? I don't feel comfortable with you leaving this state with a stranger Choc.”

“He's not a stranger,” I muttered while crossing my arms.

“I don't know his ass. Why don't you bring him by to meet me? Better yet, why didn't you invite him tonight?”

“Because that's doing too much.”

“Taija baby you're almost thirt-”

“Soooo?”

“Soooo you can still get slapped,”she warned. “Now I was saying that maybe it’s time to really settle down with somebody. Whoever you’ve been spending time with for the past two and a half months clearly has your attention and that’s saying a lot for you. I would like to meet him.”

“I don’t know about all that yet mommy,”I sighed.

The thought of bringing a man home to my mom for the first time scared the shit out of me. Sure I’d met his parents, but him meeting mine would make this *real*. If it was real then that meant my heart was on the line. These were uncharted waters that I didn’t know how to navigate. I wasn’t trying to dive in head first and drown.

“I know baby, love is a scary thing.”

“Who said anything about love?”

“Girl I smell it all over you so ain’t no sense in denying it. I know exactly how you feel, too. Your daddy damaged me so badly that I was alone for years and wouldn’t even let another man touch me until I met Ryan.”

Ryan was her husband of two years and some change. They’d met four years ago and got married 8 months after dating. I was skeptical of him at first but he treated my mom

like a queen and made her happy. She didn't even have to work anymore because he owned his own construction company.

“I was finally able to let somebody in when I let go of all of my old baggage. I'll be happy when you do the same babygirl.”

Chapter 6

Supreme

June 11, 2017

“I’m so excited!”Eva exclaimed while hugging me tight.
“Ou, can you snap me up bae?”

“Eva get yo ass on the plane,”I laughed.

“Ugh, you be hating,”she giggled. “Never want take my pictures.”

I was gonna let her think that. Really I didn’t want anyone connecting the dots about who I was with. I was free to do whatever I wanted but I could do without all the drama.

“Miami here we comeeee,”she sang as she walked in the plane.

This would’ve been Taija if she hadn’t turned into a ghost after Friday night. Despite what she claimed, I was now certain that there was another nigga she was fucking. That meant if I continued to sleep with her then I was back to strapping up. I was also going back to fucking my other girls. I had already slid the dick to Eva yesterday night.

But beyond sex I was prepared to start carrying Choc differently. To be with another nigga was one thing, but to ignore me was another. My sister said that it was possible that she was mad at me but I hadn’t done her ass anything. I specifically told her we’d talk when we saw each other again.

Once I was seated I pulled my phone out to check emails. Choc's name along with a picture I'd taken of her while she was asleep flashed across my screen. I must've thought her ass up. I swore I would ignore her whenever she finally called me back but I robotically answered that shit right away. It was like I'd been programmed to do that or something.

"What?"

"Siraj?" She sniffled. I immediately sat up on full alert.

"What's wrong?! You good?!"

"I...I...just I," her voice cracked.

"Slow down mama."

"Everything okay bae?" Eva questioned. Either she thought I was talking to my actual mother or she was simply being petty. Either way I didn't appreciate it. I shot her a look that read "shut the fuck up."

"What?" Her face bunched up in confusion.

"Oh I didn't know you were busy...I'll call you back whenever."

"No you good Mama. Where you at?"

“I’m leaving the hospital,” she sniveled.

“Why?”

“Because m-”

“Actually where the fuck you headed? Cause I’m on my way.”

“I’m going home.”

“Send me the lo.”

“Okay.”

When she hung up I turned to Eva.

“Was that your mom?” She asked.

“Nah, but something came up that I need to go handle.”

“What about Miami?”

“It’s not happening Eva. I just told you something came up.”

“You mean that hoe called and you’re about to go run to her?”

“Big Rob make sure Eva gets home safely.” I spoke to my security guard while standing up. I wasn’t about to argue with her when Choc was somewhere in distress. The only thing on my mind was getting to her.

Choc

How was it possible for me to suddenly feel like everything would be okay now that I was in this man's arms? This weekend had definitely tested me. Yesterday I surely thought I would fail. I just couldn't help but feeling like I'd failed my little sister. I couldn't communicate this to my siblings because I needed to appear strong at a time like this. Not like a crybaby who was making everything about her. But damn it felt good to boohoo in the comfort of Supreme's arms. He was seeing me at my weakest and I didn't even care. It just felt good to really break down for once.

"You ready to talk about it?" He asked after kissing my forehead.

I hadn't even told this man why I was an emotional wreck. I didn't know how to do it without telling all my sister's business, but I would try. He dropped whatever he was doing and rushed to me because he heard how hurt I was over

the phone. I owed him some type of explanation. Even if it was watered down.

“It’s about Tati,” I whimpered.

“What about her? She good?” He asked, sounding concerned.

“No. You know how I told you I met her when she was 15?”

“Yea.”

“Well something really bad happened to her when was staying with her grandma and that’s why she had to go live with Talea. I always knew Tati was holding on to something. Even my mom said something heavy was riding her back after she met her for the first time. I just thought it was because she didn’t have any parents in her life. Truth be told we all have our issues because of our daddy, but we all had good mothers for the most part. Tati didn’t have that so I thought that’s why I always saw this sadness in her eyes. Me and Talea tried to fill that void she was missing by welcoming her with open arms and showering her with love, but it wasn’t enough.”

“What happened? You scaring me.”

“Tati overdosed yesterday,” I divulged. “She saw somebody yesterday from her past and she was triggered. If Tamia hadn’t found her in time she would be…” my voice cracked and I started to weep.

“Shhhh, say no more,” he squeezed me tightly. “Tamia did find her, and she’s alive. Don’t focus on the what ifs.”

“It’s hard not to,” I expressed. “Like maybe if I hadn’t been so wrapped up into my own life and helped Talea with Tati a bit more this wouldn’t have happened.”

“Stop it. I’ll let you vent but I can’t hear you blame yourself. You said whatever happened to Tati was prior to y’all meeting her right?”

“Yes.”

I was grateful he wasn’t being intrusive and digging for more details. He was being comforting and respecting my boundaries at the same time.

“Then there’s nothing you could’ve done because it was out of your control. You were young as well when you first met her, and you’re not superwoman. I know Tati thinks highly of you, but the damage was already done. Now’s the time to be there for her and help her through whatever she’s

going through. You can't get hung up on what you could've done because you honestly couldn't do much. Especially since she didn't tell any of y'all what happened to her right?"

"Well she told Tamia, and of course she kept the secret."

"That shouldn't be shocking to you."

"It's not," I laughed a little before growing sad again.

"We're sending her to rehab...she's really upset about it."

"I don't think anyone would be happy about that, but do y'all have her best interest at heart?"

"Of course."

"Then don't feel bad about doing what's best for her. She'll thank y'all in the long run."

I had no idea if what he was saying was true, but I believed it. I needed good energy right now and Supreme was filling me with it. Sometimes someone telling you it would be okay was all you really needed. I would always appreciate him being here for me when I was in need.

Chapter 7

Supreme

June 12, 2017

Julie: I have everything set up for you just like you asked, boss. Enjoy your vacation!

“Perfect,” I verbalized after reading the text message. Choc needed a break, and Turks and Caicos was the perfect place for her to take this break. Now I just needed to convince her to drop everything she was doing this week to come with me. I called her up to start my begging.

“Hello?” Choc greeted, sounding ten times better than she did yesterday.

“Hey mama, you feeling better?”

“Under the circumstances, yes. Tati handled everything well today, so I’m not crying as much.” She let out a weak laugh.

They had dropped Tati off to rehab today so I expected her to be more emotional than she was yesterday. I was happy that wasn't the case.

"I'm happy to hear that."

"Yea," she sighed. "So what you doing today Papa? I miss you."

"I told you I wasn't doing shit today. I could've gone with you if you had just asked."

"I wanted you to, but I didn't want to invade Tati's privacy. I can't help but feel like I already did too much by telling you the little I did."

"I feel you. I wasn't even looking at it like that, but everything you told me will stay with me. You can always trust me."

"I hear you."

"So I need you to do two things."

"What's that?"

"Come shopping with me today."

"As much as I would love too, I told my mom I was about to come chill with her."

“She can come with us. Everything on me.”

“I’m sure she would love that,” she laughed.

“What woman wouldn’t?” I chuckled. “So is it a date?”

She took a long pause before answering, making her uncertainty evident.

“It’s a date, Papa.” She finally answered. “What’s the second thing you need?”

“I know you called off from work today but I need you to do the same for the rest of the week.”

“Excuse me?”

“You could use a vacation. Just me and you.”

“I...I guess I could use my pto.”

“See, that’s all I needed to hear. We leaving tomorrow evening, and I’ll pay you for the time you’re missing at work.”

She laughed. “Papa do you know what pto is?”

“Personal time off right?”

“Yea, but it’s also paid time off.”

“So you don’t want this money?”

“Hell yea I want it.”

“That’s what I thought. Where should I pick you and moms up from?”

“Her house. I’ll send the address.”

Choc

June 16, 2017

Turks and Caicos was paradise for me and I never want to leave. We had a huge mansion for just us and we’d been making good use of it. This week started off so tumultuous but it took a turn for the best fast. I couldn’t help but give most of the glory to Supreme for turning things around.

I had been a ball of nerves about the shopping trip with my mom, but by the end of the day she loved him. It was kind of hard not to love him. He was sweet, generous, and protective. My mom got to see some of those qualities play out first hand. Of course he was super nice to her and they engaged in such deep conversations that I felt like the third wheel. He didn’t wind down on the display of affection with me either just because my mom was there, so she was all

smiles because she felt like that meant he was really sweet on me. Then she saw his generosity ten fold because she went home with her very own Chanel bag courtesy of him. As soon as we dropped her off she was texting me going on and on about how much she liked us together. She was probably planning a wedding and babyshower too, but she knew better than to go there with me.

Things were slowly but surely getting better with Tati as well. I talked to her everyday since we dropped her off and she was already realizing that rehab was where she needed to be for the sake of her mental health and the baby she had baking. That's right, my little sister was having a baby. I was kind of happy about it too because I knew if nothing motivated her to get better, her baby would. Everytime we spoke she went on and on about how talking to a therapist about her problems had taken a lot of the weight off of her shoulders. I was just ecstatic that she wasn't miserable there.

Now this vacation was just everything I needed and more. All I'd been doing was laying around, enjoying the scenery and beach, eating whatever I wanted, laying up under Supreme, and fucking on him all day. It didn't get any better than this.

Today we actually got away from our beach house to go snorkeling. I didn't think I would enjoy it but it was pleasantly fun. After that we went to North Caicos beach. We had lunch on the beach, went swimming, and a professional photographer took our pictures. We looked so good in our matching Versace swimwear that I actually contemplated posting a picture. But getting the internet involved would ruin this peaceful time for me and I didn't need that. It's just too bad Supreme wasn't thinking like me. He posted a picture on his story and shit went crazy. I seriously think he underestimated just how famous he was and the way people would react. I went from a little over 2000 followers to 30k in twenty minutes. For the most part everybody was showing me love, but even that was overwhelming. I liked being a normal, lowkey person. If I wanted fame I could've just clung to some of my siblings a little bit more. But I fully understood that if I wanted to fuck with Supreme this came with the territory. I would deal one day...just not today. I deleted the instagram app off my phone and continued enjoying my vacation like nothing had happened.

Supreme

June 17, 2017

The next morning I woke up to a sensation so strong that my toes were curling. My entire body felt weak because all my blood was in my dick. Speaking of my dick, it was being treated right.

“Awww fuck,” I groaned as Choc’s head bobbed up and down my length ferociously. This was the first time I was receiving head from her and it was on this level? I was thoroughly impressed. Truth be told I always knew she had it in her, it was just a matter of bringing it out of her. Now I knew she was 100% comfortable with me and our relationship. If we just continued on the track we were on we would be unstoppable.

“Eat that shit up Choc. Fuck I’m bouta bust. Come ride this dick.” I instructed, refusing to waste a good nut down her throat. She got up in the saddle and started riding my dick in slow motion. That just made me nut faster. It was all good though, because after I ate her pussy we were even.

After morning sex we went straight to the bathroom and took a shower, then we put on our swimsuits and went outside to eat and chill by the pool. Today we decided to be lowkey because it was our last day here. But we definitely needed to do this more often. I was constantly on the go and I didn't get to enjoy the fruits of my labor often. This trip had opened my eyes to that and I was already thinking of places I could take Choc next.

“Stop taking my pictures!” Choc squealed as she was coming out of the pool.

“You don't control this phone Mama,” I laughed. I had to capture the moment and how beautiful she looked right then. Her hair was wet and wavy, her skin was glistening under the sun, and her brown bikini left little to the imagination.

“Just don't post it on Instagram.”

“Your niggas complaining?”

“What niggas? They all done with me because of you.”

She tittered.

“Don't blame me because you stopped giving them lames time.”

“It is your fault. You take up all my time.”

“I don’t hear you complaining.”

“Why would I? I love it here,” she snickered as she twisted over to me.

She climbed onto the lounge couch under the cabana with me after drying off. She was all up under me, but I liked it that way. We were both laid up scrolling through our phones, but we were still in tune with each other. From the way we were laying I could see her phone screen clearly. She wasn’t doing anything but texting family back. My line on the other hand would’ve been something that disrupted our peace, so I was glad she couldn’t see what was going on in my phone. I was supposed to be checking business emails and checking in with certain artists, but there was nothing but drama in my text messages.

Lea: Supreme lose my fucking number. Like I understand this isn’t a relationship but from the looks of it you have a whole gf now. I didn’t sign up to be a side chick so you can just forget about me.

Sabrina: Ummm, so is the new girl your official girlfriend or what? I think I deserve answers. Bc you've really switched up on me lately and I've done nothing to deserve it. Be straight up with me pls.

Aliah: So you're taking me on vacation for my bday next weekend right? Bc you can't show special treatment to just one bitch.

I told Lea and Sabrina I'd get back to them whenever I left vacation because I could give them the formal explanation they were looking for. I planned on being straight up with them too, so I hope they weren't expecting anything else. I didn't respond to Aliah because she sounded ridiculous, but she was a spoiled brat so I wasn't shocked. But I was shocked to see that Eva hadn't sent me an irate text message. I could only guess that she was over it and if she was I couldn't blame her. I had canceled Miami with her and now I was out of the country with Choc. Maybe she had bowed out and felt like no words needed to be exchanged.

Chapter 8

Choc

June 19, 2017

Papa: Come take a nap with me.

That text message made my day. Today was my first day back to work after my week off and it seemed like those bitches worked me harder. Spending the night with Supreme was just what I needed to relax. I was thinking about packing a whole bag for the week as I approached my house.

Like always, I checked my mailbox when I made it to the front door. I was expecting the usual bills and junk mail. The Manila folder that was sitting in it made my eyebrows raise. The words on the front made me frown. This is exactly why I didn't play with niggas for too long. This level of drama worked my damn nerves and I didn't need this shit after a hard

day of work. Then I got to wondering how this envelope even made its way to my house? Somebody who wasn't too fond of me obviously knew where the fuck I stayed. I was scared to even open it out of fear of losing my happiness. The message on the front let me know that it was something bad.

***“Dear Taija, do you know
where your man was last
weekend??? Open this envelope to
find out.”***

Deciding to just go ahead and get it over with, I tore the envelope open right there on my porch. When I pulled the pictures out my stomach twisted with knots. This right here was some bullshit. I don't know what this man had going on, but he needed to leave me out of the bullshit. I let myself into my house and went straight for my sofa so I could get comfortable and make a phone call. It seemed like the phone rang forever before I got an answer.

“Taija...is this you? I can't belie-”

“Bitch save it.” I cut him off harshly. “Who sent this bullshit to my house?”

“Huh? What are you talking about? I left you alone like you aske-”

“Then why am I looking at pictures of you fucking another woman?”

“Wait...what?”

“I don’t do well with repeating myself, Karter.”

“Why would I send something like that to your house?! I don’t even know where you sta-”

That’s when I recalled the envelope that read “Taija, do you know where your man was last weekend?” Him sending it didn’t really add up.

“Well maybe this bitch sent it.”

“Describe her to me.”

“She’s my color, long black hair, and thick.”

While describing her I realized he went and copped the knock off version of me. I could care less, I was just trying to see why these pictures were in my mailbox.

“Desiree,” he huffed. “Ok...so maybe she sent that because she thinks we’re together.”

“Why the fuck would she think that?!”

“Because I told her that,” he said weakly.

“Karter have you lost your mind?!”

“Wait, let me explain! I told her this months ago when I first started seeing her! I just recently stopped dealing with her but she’s been begging for us to mess around again. I caved last weekend...but I’ve ghosted her again. I guess she thinks my relationship with you is coming between me and her.”

“BUT I’M NOT WITH YOU!”

“I know, Taija.”

“So tell that crazy bitch that!”

“I will, I promise I’ll take care of it.”

“And how the fuck does this girl know where I stay?”

“...probably because she hires people at the hospital.”

“Oh yeah? Well if she still has a job by Friday I’m reporting her *and* you. I have the evidence right here in my hand.”

“Taija I said I’d take care of it, please don’t do that.”

“I don’t want to, so I hope you can keep your word.”

“When have I not kept my word with you?”

I rolled my eyes and remained silent.

“Can we meet up and tal-”

I ended the call and put him back on the block list. He didn’t stand a chance with me before this envelope, so he had to be crazy if he thought rekindling was an option now!

Supreme

“About time, I was about to go to sleep without you,” I voiced as I let Taija in my house. She walked right into my arms and kissed me.

“Sorry Papa,” she apologized, while I locked the door. “Some crazy shit happened. I had to call my sisters and run it with them.”

“Why not call me?”

“Because I knew I was coming to see you.” She kissed my lips again. “I missed you.”

“Yea I missed you, too. What happened though?”

“So I got this envelope,” she reached into her big brown Louis bag and pulled out a huge envelope. When I got a glimpse of the words on the envelope my stomach tightened.

“What’s that?” I asked, trying to mask my nervousness. I guess I did a terrible job because she looked at me sideways.

“I don’t know, what do you think it is?”

“I don’t know. That’s why I’m asking.”

I actually had a few ideas, but I wasn’t going to divulge them.

“This bitch sent me photos of her and a nigga I used to fuck with.” She pulled the pictures out the envelope and I frowned in disgust.

“Why the fuck would she send you pictures of them fucking if you no longer mess with ole boy?” I questioned, sensing bullshit.

“That’s what I wanted to know...and this nigga was never my man. But apparently she’s under the impression that I’m with him and that’s why he doesn’t want her anymore.”

“Yea? And how you know that.”

“Because I asked.”

“You asked who?”

“I asked the nigga in the pictures.”

“This nigga got a name?”

“Karter.”

“So you not fucking with Karter no more?”

“Papa didn’t I tell you that already? Damn, what’s up with the 21 questions?”

“I’m just trying to see why this girl would think y’all together and why you feel so comfortable calling to question him.”

“Maybe because this shit was in my mailbox addressed to me when neither one of these people have been to my house. I deserved answers, it wasn’t about me feeling comfortable. And if I was still fucking with this man I would be with him right now, not you! Why are you tripping?”

The puppy eyed look on her face made me realize how I was acting. I was interrogating her like she’d committed a crime when really someone was fucking with her. Her entire

story really made sense. Maybe I just thought it was fishy because I knew my hands weren't entirely clean.

“You right, mama. I'm sorry, let's go lay down.”

Chapter 9

Choc

June 23, 2017

“Auntie look!”

“Aw shit, get it Jari,” I tittered as I watched my three year old niece Tahjaria attempt to buck. One thing about her, she was going to dance. I loved it because it kept me entertained whenever I'd keep her and her siblings. Today I was spending time with all four of them because I'd been slacking on my auntie duties. After I got off work, I picked them up and took them for snowballs and nachos, and now we

were at Napoleon Park. I would come to this park all the time as a child so I loved bringing my nieces and nephews here.

“I can do that too, Ti Choc!”Tazzy jumped off the slide and attempted the dance, but my poor baby was stiff. Dancing was definitely not her calling, but of course I gave her the same encouragement I gave her sister. They were only a few months apart so they had this little rivalry between them that would often have me laughing with tears in my eyes.

“You sleepy huh, baby?”I asked Tahja when she yawned in my arms. She was the youngest at two years old.

“Nooo,”she yawned again while laying her head on my chest. She was notorious for fighting her sleep.

“You have beautiful kids,”a white woman close by complimented, as she pushed her son on the swing.

“Thank you,”I smiled graciously, not bothering to tell her that these weren’t my kids. I looked a lot like Tahj, and his kids looked a lot like him which meant they favored me as well. Anytime I was out with them people thought they were mine and I let them think that. This was the closest to motherhood I would get to. The best part about being an auntie was that I could pick them up whenever I wanted, spoil them rotten, and then give them back to their parents.

“Auntie Choc!”

I looked up at Tahj’s doppelganger, Baby Tahj, running towards me. This was Tahj’s only son and he was 4 going on 24. He took his role as a big brother seriously, further reminding me of his father. When he entered the world he immediately stole all of our hearts.

“Wassup man?” I asked.

“I’m hungry.”

“You just had nachos Tahj,” I giggled.

“That was a snack Auntie.”

“What do you want to eat boy?” I laughed, even though I already knew what he would say.

“I want a burger, fries, and a milkshake!”

“I want fwiessss,” Tazzy said with her eyes half closed.

Yea, they were going back to their dad. No matter how much I fed them they were always hungry. I was still happy to get out of this hot ass park though. I was going to take them to smash burger which wasn’t too far away on Magazine Street.

While we were driving there I got a call that I was dreading. It was Supreme. He was most likely checking back in with me over a question that I’d been dodging. But the

weekend was here and I had to give a direct answer now.

When I answered the phone he got straight to it.

“So what are you doing Taija? I gotta fly out early tomorrow. I need to let my stylist know if she needs to pull some shit for you.”

Shit. Not having anything to wear was going to be my excuse not to go. I guess had to be honest.

“Papa I just don’t know...”

“What the fuck don’t you know?” He snapped. I could tell his patience had officially worn thin with me.

“Look I know you’re used to being in the limelight but I’m not! This is the BET awards you’re asking me to go to Supreme.”

“And? You acting like people don’t know about us. I posted you on instagra-”

“I know! And I haven’t been on that shit since you did that. If you haven’t noticed I’m really lowkey. The BET awards is everything but lowkey. I just don’t want to go, Papa. Don’t be mad at me.”

“Man you full of shit, but okay. Bye Taija.”

The line disconnected and my tummy flipped. I felt bad, but what could I do? I wasn't about to go against myself just to please him.

Supreme

June 26, 2017

“Thanks for this weekend, babe. I had sooo much fun!” Aliah kissed my cheek as we flew through the skies on my private jet. Prior to meeting Choc she was who I'd been planning to take to the BET awards anyway, so when Choc refused to come I just called her up. Of course she was game because I'd never taken her to an award show before. In the past three years I would usually go back and forth between Eva and Sabrina. Aliah was ecstatic to finally attend something like this with me, and it was cool to experience it with somebody that was actually happy to be there.

“I'm glad you enjoyed yourself,” I flicked her chin, causing her to blush. She reminded me of the 2000's R&B star

Amerie. A much thicker version. She was definitely good arm candy for the red carpet, and she handled herself well all weekend.

“You laying up with me today babe?”

“You know I’m all about work whenever we touch down in Atlanta.”

“Ugh, I know, but it doesn’t hurt to ask.”

“I might be free tonight. We’ll see.” I said, knowing I’d told Sabrina the same thing. Truthfully, I didn’t know if I would even stay in Atlanta for the whole day, but I was weighing my options. I really missed Choc and wanted to go back to my city to see her, but I was still mad with her. Reaching out wasn’t something I was trying to do right now.

The universe worked in funny ways. It must’ve sensed I missed her, because an hour into my flight she reached out to me. I would’ve preferred a phone call, but a text message was enough coming from Taija’s ass.

Choc- How was your weekend?

Me- It was nice. Would’ve been better if you were here.

Choc- Oh really? It looks like you found a nice last minute replacement.

Me- I had to do something since you didn't want to come.

Choc- Whatever

Me- You mad?

Choc- Nope. I know who I'm dealing with.

Me- Yea I know who I'm dealing with too. That's why I had a backup plan.

Choc- What you mean?

Me- You know what I mean.

Choc- I really don't. Explain.

Me- You only like being with me if it's private. You don't really fwm like that.

Choc- Really Papa?

Me- Really mama.

Choc- You know how I feel about you, I just don't like all the extra attention that comes with your lifestyle.

My face tightened up against my will when I read that message. I shouldn't have taken it so personal, but how couldn't I? It wasn't like I became who I was after she started dating me.

Me- See...I might have to fall back from you bc wtf you mean? You willingly became involved with me fully knowing who tf I was, but now my lifestyle a problem for you? Yea, you full of shit and wishy washy. I don't like that. I also don't know how tf you feel about me because you've never told me and you do a piss poor job of showing me.

Choc- Wow. Are you serious Supreme?

I chose not to even respond to that message. If my lifestyle was a problem for her then it made no sense for me to get in any deeper with her than I already was. What I did for a living would never change, so if that was a problem for her then it was best we called it quits now.

Chapter 10

Choc

July 11, 2017

“Auntie, are we still going to Chuck E Cheese today?”

I cursed inwardly. I had forgotten that I promised to pick up Baby Tahj for a solo date to Chuck E. Cheese last weekend when he called to spend the night by my house. He loved getting any one of his aunties by himself because then it was all about him. Getting attention was probably limited for him because he had three younger siblings. Usually I didn't mind spending time with him because he was a good kid and he didn't give me any trouble. But lately...I just didn't feel like being bothered. I'd been in a serious funk and it upset me even more that a man had put me in this space. I went out of my way to avoid feeling like this, yet here I was.

I thought Supreme was bluffing about falling back from me. Not to sound full of myself, but men just didn't fall back from me or cut me off. That was usually my job. The rare times men did fall back I didn't give a fuck about them to notice or care. But the aching feeling I'd get in the pit of my chest when my calls and texts went unanswered showed me what it was like on the other side and it was no laughing matter. After about two weeks of being ignored and lurking

social media accounts to see him kicking it with other bitches I was starting to accept that he was really done. Acceptance didn't mean that I was okay with it. I was very much hurt, and beyond going to work the only thing I wanted to do was be alone with my thoughts. I could never do that in my family though. I also couldn't let my nephew down...or be wishy washy.

“Yea baby, I'm about to get up and get dressed now. Don't tell your sister's where I'm taking you, okay?”

“It's just me and my mommy here.”

“Where's your daddy, Lexi, and your sister's?”

“Lexi left with Tazzy and Tahja early. My daddy said he's going to work. And Jari is with Titi Mia.”

“Oh okay,” I said, while having to shake off an oncoming headache. Tahj was a cold piece of work. He had both of his baby mama's under one roof with all of their kids. At least I could say that everybody in the situation was a consenting adult and willing participant. Therefore if they liked it, I loved it. I would rather swallow glass before I allowed a man to play with me like that though.

After getting off the phone I laid in my bed for about 10 minutes just thinking. This is where I wanted to stay for the rest of the day, but maybe some time outside would do me good. Even though I was only going on an outing with my 4 year old nephew I could get extra cute. That would put me in a much better mode.

When I got up and started shuffling through my closet for something to wear, my phone started ringing from my bed. I jettied out of my closet thinking it was Supreme finally throwing in the towel and returning my calls. When I saw who was actually calling I felt stupid and desperate.

“What Tahj?” I snapped evilly.

“Damn, who pissed in your cereal?”

“What do you want?” I breathed heavily, not bothering to mask my annoyance.

“I’m just trying to make sure you ain’t forget about my boy. He kept going on and on last night about how his Auntie Choc was taking him somewhere.

My heart instantly swelled. “Awwww, he’s the sweetest. I’m getting dressed now to go pick him up.”

“Where are you taking him?”

“Chuck E. Cheese.”

“Aw shit, don’t let his sister’s find out.”

“Baby Tahj knows how to keep a secret.” I giggled.

“He sure does. You need some money for him?”

I smacked my teeth. “Nigga don’t play with me!”

He cracked up laughing because he got the reaction he was looking for. I was prepared to hang up but he asked me another question I wasn’t expecting.

“So what nigga got you in a shitty mood, sis?”

“What?”

“You heard me. Somebody got you bent out of shape right now. You answered the phone like I did you something.”

“It’s nothing I didn’t already know about men in the first place.”

“Stop that.”

“Stop what?”

“Acting like you have all men figured out.”

“I obviously do. The first time I actually try with a nigga he disappoi-,” I stopped myself when I realized I was getting ready to vent. “Nevermind.”

“Did you really try Choc?”

“Yesss,” I whined.

“Oh okay, because just a second ago you made a statement that sounded just like the same old you. I wasn’t sensing much growth there, but if you say so.”

“I just don’t see the point of stepping out of my comfort zone for something that might be temporary.”

“See,” he chuckled. “You didn’t give home boy a fair chance. It’s obvious you like him though.”

“I mean I guess.”

“So Supreme not fucking with you no more, huh?”

“How you know I’m talking about him?!”

“Well I wasn’t sure at first, but based on your reaction I am now,” he laughed. “Just apologize for whatever you did and really try to leave your baggage behind. What Tarell did you ain’t that man’s fault. And he seems solid for the most part, don’t sabotage yourself like you always do.”

“Tahj are you really giving me relationship advice now?” I laughed at the audacity.

“No. I’m giving you advice to help better yourself. I know you well, so I know your flaws and how you can correct them. I want the best for you.”

“I know Tahj,” I sighed. He was such a big brother, but it was a breath of fresh air to sit back and be the younger sibling whenever I talked to him.

“Alright, I’ll let you get dressed so you can get to Baby Tahj. I love you.”

“Love you too,” I said before hanging up. My heart felt heavy with his advice fresh on my mind. I swallowed my pride for the umpteenth time and called Supreme. I was prepared to apologize and make the proper steps towards showing him how I felt, but when the phone went straight to voicemail I realized I may have been too late.

“Auntie you look pretty,” Baby Tahj said as I helped him out of my car.

“Thank you my baby,” I kissed his cheek. “You look handsome too. I love your outfit.”

“Thank you. I dressed myself,” he smiled proudly.

Of course he did. He was making 5 next month, but he had the independence of someone older. Coincidentally we wore similar fits, making us look like mommy and son. We both had on blue and white Jordan 1's, black jeans, and blue tops. He had on a Jordan T-shirt, and I had on a basic blue crop top. I spiced my outfit up with a diamond nameplate necklace that Supreme had gotten me, diamond bracelets, and my favorite Matte black Chanel bag.

We walked to the door hand in hand and I couldn't help but notice the place seemed a little quiet for a Saturday. But I didn't mind. That meant we could really enjoy ourselves without waiting long for food or standing in long lines.

"I'm sorry, but there's a private party here today." The woman standing by the door said as soon as we neared the entry. I was instantly annoyed. For starters, I didn't even know they did private parties. Secondly, the only other Chuck E. Cheese in New Orleans was on the westbank and it was hood as fuck. I was not trying to go there, but disappointing my nephew wasn't about to happen either. To the Westbank we went.

"Ms. Choc!" Someone shouted as we were walking across the parking lot.

I recognized that voice immediately, but I was surprised she remembered me. I'd only met her and her sister once. I guess that first impression was a good one, because she'd ran over to hug me.

“Hi Bianca!” I squatted to hug her back effectively.

“Wassup Choc?”

I looked up and saw Black Out approaching us.

“Hey,” I waved.

“Supreme invited you?”

“No. Me and my nephew had plans to come here today, but we got turned away because someone's having a private party.”

“That would be my son.” He grinned.

“Makes sense. I didn't even know these people did private events.”

He laughed. “Well ya know, money talks, bullshit walks. But y'all can come on in and enjoy the party since y'all already here. And I know lil man was looking forward to coming here today.”

I was getting ready to nicely decline, but Bianca wouldn't let me great.

“Yayyy! Come on Ms.Choc! You have to meet the rest of my brother's and sister's!”

About an hour into the party I was having an alright time. Baby Tahj was having the time of his life with all the other kids and everybody welcomed me with open arms. The only problem I had was Supreme's mom and Bianca introducing me to everybody as Supreme's girlfriend. This was an issue because that man wasn't even speaking to me and he'd high key made it clear that he was done. It put me in an awkward position because I wanted to correct them but I didn't know how to without making things weird. Luckily, Supreme wasn't here so the lie was flying with ease. In about an hour and a half I'd planned on being out of there and pretending like this evening had never happened. I don't know why I thought I'd get that lucky. I was playing a basketball game with Baby Tahj when I felt a dominating presence behind me. I didn't even have to turn around to know it was him.

“Do you really think it’s appropriate for you to be popping up at my family gatherings? What the fuck are you trying to do?”

I swiveled around and had to glance around for a second just to double check if he was actually speaking to me. He was almost addressing me like I was a stalker or something.

“Excuse you?” I uttered in disbelief.

“You heard me, man.”

Just when I was about to curse his ass out, I felt Baby Tahj come stand in front of me. He crossed his arms and looked up at Supreme with a mug on his face. I don’t know who he thought he was, but the sight was comical.

“This your bodyguard?” Supreme chuckled, while looking down at Baby Tahj.

“Yup, so please check yourself because you sound crazy right now.”

“I don’t gotta check shit. You being here is weird. And since when are you my girlfriend?”

“I don’t know. Ask your mama. She’s the one telling everybody that.”

“I guess so if you popping up at my cousin’s kid birthday party.”

“Bitc-“-I started to go in, but Baby Tahj cut me off.

“You know my Auntie?” He questioned, with hostility dripping from every word. I would have laughed if I wasn’t so mad.

He focused his attention on him. “You got beef with me lil man?”

“You making my auntie mad.”

“He sure is. Let’s go baby.” I picked him up, preparing to leave. If I stayed I would go the fuck off and that wouldn’t be appreciated at a kids party

“I’m not done playingggg,” he whined. “And I didn’t get cake Auntie!”

“So you gon cut his fun time short cause you mad with me?” Supreme posed.

“Yes!” I exclaimed. “You coming at me like I’m a stalker when I was invited here!”

“You was invited?” He repeated with a hard face. “By who? Cause you not cool with Black’s baby mama.”

“Didn’t say I was nor did I say she invited me here.”

He looked like he wanted to explode, but he took one look at Baby Tahj in my arms and reeled himself back in.

“What’s your name Lil man?”

“Tahj,”he responded while wearing the same evil face.

“Nice to meet you Tahj, you can call me Uncle Supreme.”

My face scrunched up in disgust because I had no idea where he was going with this. Just a few seconds ago he was coming at me like I was a stranger, but now he was telling my nephew to call him uncle?

“You want to play this game with me?” Supreme asked.

I thought Baby Tahj would stick to his guns, but kids were some fickle creatures. He jumped out of my arms,totally forgetting about how Supreme had just made me upset. I stood by and watched them play basketball game after basketball game and I was growing annoyed because I was ready to leave. The only thing I could think about was how Supreme had come for me.

“You can go sit down.”

“What?!”

“I’m saying...you look a lil mad. Go sit down and cool off.”

If that was a suggestion maybe I would’ve taken it better, but it sounded like an order. I didn’t do too well with orders.

“Supreme stop fuc-“

“Ou! Let’s play that game Uncle Supreme!” Baby Tahj voiced excitedly while running over to a vacant game with fake guns. I felt so betrayed.

Supreme looked at me with a smirk before following Baby Tahj. Suddenly I felt like he was taunting me by using my nephew. But he was right, I needed to sit down. If I didn’t I would end up slapping his ass, and it wasn’t the time or place for that.

I sat at an empty table by myself so I could gather my thoughts and think of my next move, but Siya joined me soon after I sat.

“Hey girl, you alright?” She inquired, appearing genuinely concerned.

“Actually I’m not,” I replied honestly.

“Yea I saw you over there talking to my brother. It looked like you wanted to fuck his ass up,” she tittered.

“Girl,” I breathed dramatically, while opting to say nothing else. I definitely wanted to kill her brother but I wasn’t going to tell her that. She may have been in my face, but her loyalty was with her brother. I had three brothers, so I understood that bond.

“Say no more,” she giggled. “Well whatever it is it can’t be that bad, you’re here.”

“To be honest Siya, me being here is one big coincidence. Your brother didn’t invite me and we haven’t spoken in weeks.”

“Really?” She marveled.

“Really. And I’m ready to go after how he came at me.”

“Damn...well I don’t think he’s ready for you to go, sis.”

“Why do you say that?”

“Because he’s clinging on to your nephew. He knows you ain’t going nowhere as long as he’s having fun.”

So that was his strategy. I sure was wondering why he decided to abruptly attach himself to Baby Tahj. His little ploy was going to work too. There was no way I'd whisk my nephew away while he had a big smile on his face due to how much fun he was having. That nigga saw a weak spot and jumped right on. I couldn't stand him. I told myself that, but the smile forming on my face told another story.

Supreme

“So this what you gon’ do?!” I shouted across the parking lot when I saw Choc about to slide in her car. She slipped out of Chuck E Cheese no more than five minutes after the cake was cut. I figured she had to be fed up because me and Baby Tahj played games for two long hours. Shit I was worn out myself but I was keeping her there by any means necessary. We needed to talk, but we couldn't do it inside of the birthday party.

She turned around like she was lost. “What are you talking about?”

“Who the fuck invited you here?!”

“Huh?”

“If Black bm didn’t invite you, then who did? Because if that nigga invited you then we got a bigger problem.”

“First of all, calm down. You’re too hype for a nigga who went ghost on me.”

“Man fuck all that!” I raised my voice. “Me deciding not to fuck with you no more don’t give you the right away to be on some funny shit with my cousin.”

“First of all, you got me fucked up. First you excused me of being a stalker which is ridiculous. Yeah, I’ve been blowing your phone up but that’s strictly because I miss being around you. But if it was ever that serious for me to see you I would’ve popped up at your damn house or your place of work. Why would I choose a child’s party? Use your head, stupid!”

Once I got past how she insulted the fuck out of me, I was able to think about what she said. I figured she was on some do whatever it takes to get back in my good graces bullshit. I really didn’t mind my family thinking that we were official, but I thought her being here of all places was weird. But she was right, if she wanted to catch me in person this

place made the least sense. It still didn't explain why she was here though.

“So tell me why you were here today then.” I demanded.

“My nephew asked me to take him to Chuck E Cheese. When we pulled up we found out they were closed because they were hosting a private party. We started to leave but Black and Bianca spotted me. Black invited us to come in. I was going to say no but Bianca insisted.”

I had to laugh, my God daughter could finesse anybody into doing anything she wanted them to do. That was something she got from her paw.

“What's funny?” She snapped.

“Nothing, it's just crazy how the universe works. That's all.”

“The universe wouldn't have to work if you would just answer your phone!”

“Why would I do that?”

“Excuse me?!”

“You heard me, bruh. If you can't get with my lifestyle then calling it quits seemed like the only option.”

“Whatever happened to compromise?”

I bursted into hysterics. “You talking about compromising is ironic. You don’t bend for shit. Compromising would’ve been you coming to the bet awards with me, but not walking the red carpet.”

“And you would’ve been cool with that?”

“Yea Choc. I just wanted you there. I keep inviting you to be a part of my world, but you keep shitting on me.”

“You know this is all foreign to me. You act like I can’t make mistakes.”

“You can, but you don’t seem to be learning from them.”

“I’ve learned a lot these past two weeks when you weren’t speaking to me.”

“What’s that?”

She glanced around, before shooting me a lust filled gaze that made all my blood rush straight to my dick. The way I reacted to this girl made it impossible to leave her troubled ass alone.

“I’d rather not tell you here. Can I drop Tahj off and then meet you at your house?”

I wanted to stand on all the shit I'd been talking, but the longer I stared into her eyes the more my thoughts became blurry. I was having a hard time remembering why I was mad in the first place.

“I'll follow you to go drop him off.”

Choc

“Let me find out this the only thing you missed.”

“What would make you think that?”

“Maybe because we just got here and the first thing you went for was my dick.”

“Papa it's been two *long* weeks.” I stressed while wrapping my hands around his hardening dick before stroking it up and down.

“Good girl,” he said, as if he approved of me going two weeks without dick.

He cuffed his hands underneath my ass and lifted me up off the ground with ease. I wrapped my legs around his torso and my arms around his neck as he pressed his lips

against mine. That peaceful feeling that I'd been missing for the past two weeks overcame me. Being in his arms felt like having my own oversized teddy bear. The affection and security I felt from being with him scared me, but I'd gotten used to it in the few short months we'd been dating . I didn't want the feeling to go away. I was ready to do whatever it took to keep us on the same page. Even if it meant stepping out of my comfort zone.

“Fuck me Papa,” I panted as he played with booty and attacked my neck with kisses. “I want to feel that dick inside of me now.”

“You ain't getting shit until you promise to start listening.” He spoke directly into my ear, before tongue kissing that too. My pussy was throbbing uncontrollably.

“Siraj I promise.”

I threw his government at him to let him know just how serious I was. I guess he bought it because a few minutes later I was on my back with my legs in the air getting dicked down properly. With him having dick this lethal between his legs there was no need for me to fuck anyone else. He would forever be my go to. That was just one of the reasons why him

being “done with me” just wasn’t an option. The other reasons were much deeper and I hadn’t even voiced them yet.

“You gone stop fucking playing with me!” He gritted as he plunged his dick in and out of me. I was being forced to flex my flexibility from my years as a dancer because he pushed both of my legs back towards my chest.

“Yes Papa! Stretch me out!” I encouraged him through moans. I think his intention was to punish me because after hearing my cries of pleasure he started fucking me rougher.

“AHHHHH!” I screamed, while attempting to put my legs back down on the bed. He slapped my ass with immense strength.

“Keep your fucking legs right there.” He demanded in that deep voice that I’d loved since day one.

“Papa it hurtttsss.”

“You said you was gon start listening, so shut up and take this dick bitch.”

I had to be fucked up in the head, because I creamed all over his dick when he uttered those words to me. That type of language was usually a turn off for me during sex. It certainly

was never the trigger that pushed me to an orgasm. I don't know what had gotten into me.

“You ready to take this nut?”

I nodded my head yes.

“Tell me.”

“Yes!”

“Yes what?!” He slapped my ass again.

“I'm ready to take your nut!”

“Where you want it at?!”

“In my mouth!”

Over the past few days I fell off schedule with my birth control pills so I wasn't sure if it was working properly. Just to play it safe I wanted him to ejaculate down my throat.

He gripped my throat so hard I lost my breath for a second.

“Man where you want this nut at? And give the right answer this time.”

When he released my neck it was like I was suddenly hypnotized.

“Cum in me Papa!”

“Fuckkkkk!” He groaned weakly as his eyes rolled into the back of his head. “Damn that’s some good ass pussy.”

Once he was doing cumming he plopped down on the bed. He was probably ready for a nap, meanwhile I couldn’t do shit unless it involved a shower. Another reason why I hated when he nutted in me was because it created a huge mess that made me feel icky.

“Now I gotta take a shower,” I complained after we laid there in silence for a few minutes.

He opened his eyes. “Not without me you not.”

“Well come on.”

“Not yet.”

“What? Papa it feels like I’m pissing on myself. I need to go wash my puss-”

“You will,” he cut me off. “But we need to have a talk about us and our relationship first. I thought we’d do that first but your nasty ass went for my dick as soon as we got here.”

“I missed it,” I giggled.

“So it’s all about sex with you? Let me know.”

“No! Do I give off that impression?”

“I don’t know Taija. Sometimes I think you really like me as much as like you, and other times I think you don’t really fuck with me at all. I understand you’re a lowkey person, but you decided to deal with me fully knowing what my lifestyle is about.”

“I hear you Papa, but in my defense I didn’t know shit would get this deep. At the time I thought this would just be a good time, and I’m sure you thought the same thing. Be real, did you really have plans to take me seriously? Hell, the first night we met we both admitted to having hoes. That right there made it clear that relationships were something we did not do.”

“True. But as time went on things changed between us. You changed things around in your life and I changed things around in mine. We both did that to appease each other, but you act like it’s a crime for you to be seen at an event with me. Taija I am who I am, even if I walked away from the music business my status isn’t going to change overnight. So if you’re saying that’s a problem for you then that’s a problem for us. We can’t exist if you’re that hard up about not being in the spotlight.”

“Can I be honest?” I asked, finally deciding to just lay all the cards on the table.

“That’s all I ever want from you Mama.”

“Ok,” I took a deep breath. “I’m scared.”

“Of what?”

“That if I go all in with you I’ll end up hurt. I guess I’m trying to save myself.”

He cupped my face and leaned in to kiss me.

“By attempting to save yourself you’re stunting our growth. I understand you’ve been through some things that have made you put up barriers, but I’m not trying to hurt you Choc.”

“You might not be trying to, but it doesn’t mean you won’t.”

“You’re right, it doesn’t. But that’s life. The same way I can hurt you, you can hurt me. I just refuse to let what if’s ruin something that I really want. Do you want this?”

“Yes...I do,” I uttered.

“Then let yourself have it. It’s that simple.”

“So what does letting myself have it look like?”

“It means it’s just you and me. We’ll both put our best foot forward to make this shit work.”

“Oh really?” I pursed my lips together. “No hoes for you on standby?”

He threw his head back. “You can’t hold nothing I did in the past two weeks against me.”

“So you were fucking other bitches?”

He remained silent.

“You couldn’t wait,” I let out a pissed off chuckle. “I would think you’d at least have the decency to put on a condom before you touched me.”

“Man you touched me. You ain’t even give me a second to get in the door before you started feeling on my dick and shit. But like I keep telling you, I use condoms. You’ve been the only exception.”

“And condoms don’t protect you from everything!”

“I just got tested a few days ago. I’m clean.”

“Supreme you have me fucked up.”

“How?”

“How?” I mocked him. “Everytime I do something to make you mad you run back to one of your hoe’s. I WANT THOSE BITCHES OUT THE PICTURE COMPLETELY! Don’t touch them, talk to them, fly them out, go see them, or even text them. If I find out otherwise I’m through with you. If I can keep shit on lock for you then you should be able to do the same.”

Silence filled the room before a big smile overcame his face.

“That’s all you had to say.”

“Block them. Now.” I demanded.

“Damn I can’t even talk to th-”

“FUCK THAT! What is there to talk about? You wasn’t on no exclusive shit with none of them.”

“Yea but I’ve been fucking with some of them for yea-”

“I could care less. Honestly.”

“This might cause some drama.”

“I’m prepared. Let’s get to blocking.”

I said that with so much confidence, but I really didn’t know what I was getting myself into. I’d severely

underestimated the wrath some of those girls could potentially unleash for being left in the dust.

Chapter 11

Supreme

August 22, 2017

*Can you tell me where I went
wrong because I'm genuinely confused.
I've always done everything you've asked
of me and I was always there when you
needed me, so I know for a fact I was a
great friend. That's what I thought we
were, friends before anything. It saddens*

me that I was wrong about that. If you had enough of me you could've just told me that. But blocking my number and throwing me away like garbage is totally unnecessary. It insinuates that I did you something when I didn't. But it's fine, I'll pick up the pieces and get you out of my system. I'm not like those other desperate chicks you attach yourself to. I refuse to chase you or beg you for scraps. Have a nice life Supreme. -Sabrina

I always joked around with Sabrina about her having the power to make a nigga feel guilty. After reading the letter she had delivered to my office I saw that hadn't changed. This was why I wanted to formally end things with Lea, Sabrina, Aliah, and Eva. I figured they deserved that much for all the time they'd spent on me, but Choc thought otherwise.

Unfortunately for them what Choc thought reigned supreme, and she wanted me to cut them off cold turkey.

I was no fool though. I knew that would come with consequences and I'd been feeling them over the past few weeks. It started off with messages and calls from phony numbers. It eventually got so annoying that I changed my numbers. That irritated me even more because changing my contact info was an inconvenience in my line of work. I never thought I'd have to do that because I had women. No one was at fault but myself though. Although I'd been honest with every party involved, I still put a lot of energy into those situationships. Ending them abruptly was bound to make some people mad. If somebody did me like that I'd be mad too. But at the same time I had what I wanted now, and I wasn't doubling back to appease people that really didn't matter to me on a deeper level.

“Hey Papa!”

I looked up like the boogeyman had walked in. Choc and I had been drama free since we decided that we were all in with each other. I wanted to keep it that way. She didn't care for drama, so I feared that if she knew how hard some of my old flings were going that she'd fall back. But I guess it was

time to come clean. If I didn't then it was kind of like lying to her and I prided myself on honesty. Besides, if we were really going to be together in the long run there was bound to be some type of drama. I wasn't a relationship expert or anything, but I did know that couples went through shit all the time. Getting through it just made them stronger.

“What's in your hand?” She questioned as she stepped over to my desk.

I just shook my head before handing over the letter. She skimmed over it with her face turned up. A few short seconds later she balled it up and tossed it in the trash.

“Ew, how pathetic.” She scoffed.

“Stop being mean.”

“Oh I'm sorry to talk about your girlfriend.”

“Cut it out.” I gave her a look.

“Cut what out? You up here acting like I'm supposed to feel sorry for the girl.”

“I didn't say you had to feel sorry, but you coming off kind of harsh when she didn't even say anything too crazy.”

“I don't give a damn what she said. If one of my old boo's wrote me a farewell letter how would you feel about

him? Would you sympathize with him and feel bad?"

My immediate reaction showed in my face when it balled up. That let it be known that I wouldn't have been here for something like that. I'd probably question what the fuck she had going on with the nigga for him to be writing letters. So maybe she was justified in feeling like Sabrina was pathetic. Really I didn't care how she felt about Sabrina, my guilty conscience was just loud right now.

"You're right. I would think that nigga was lame as fuck."

"I know I'm right." She crossed her arms across her chest and just looked at me.

"What's wrong mama?"

"If this isn't what you want or what you thought it would be and you want out you can just tell me that. I would be hurt, but I rather know now."

As I stared into her eyes I felt her fear, and I hated that. I hated that she expected the worst from something that made her feel good. Us being together made her feel good, but she kept waiting on the other foot to drop.

“Come here.” I latched onto her arm and pulled her into my lap. “Why would you think I want out Taija?”

“I just,” she hesitated. “Nevermind.”

“No, answer my question.”

“I know how men naturally are. They like variety. Up until now you’ve had plenty of variety. You were having your cake and eating it too until I came along. I don’t know...I just figured you might miss that. So before you cheat on me I’d rather you just leave.”

I didn’t know where to start, but her head was more fucked up than I thought. She actually believed that men were naturally dogs. I wasn’t going to play dumb like there wasn’t some men that were just that, but it was by choice. She made it sound like the shit was in our DNA and we couldn’t control ourselves.

“Taija I’m not some savage animal with no self control. When I want something I know how to keep it. If I expect others to behave a certain way and respect me then I keep the same energy on my end. If I wanted variety I wouldn’t even be wasting your time right now. I’ve had variety since I was a teenager and the shit is over rated. *You*

have had variety since you were a teenager as well, and how was it?”

“....overrated.” She uttered.

“Exactly. Baby I’m a man but I’m *not* the exact replica of other men you’ve encountered in the past, including your daddy.”

She rolled her eyes. “Why do you think anything I just said has to do with him?”

“You just remember everything I said. Okay?”

“Okay.” She sighed.

I wasn’t going to push her when it came to her father because I noticed that was a sensitive spot for her, but she needed to handle that shit sooner or later.

Choc

September 1, 2017

“Y’all should do maternity pictures together,” Talea suggested.

“Damn do we have to share everything?” Tatiana questioned with a playful attitude.

“Apparently y’all do! Y’all both walking around with big ass belly’s, might as well get professional pictures of it,” I shrugged.

That’s right, *both* of my youngest sisters were pregnant at the same damn time. I knew they’d have kids before me because I’d been hell bent on not getting pregnant ever since I started having sex. But I didn’t think they’d beat Talea to the punch. If someone had told me that they’d be here at the beginning of this year I wouldn’t have been able to see it. At the time they were both extremely immature and their lives really had no direction. But I could honestly say they were making serious strides towards becoming better women and they were already great mothers.

Tati had finished her rehab program last month and she was completely sober. Of course her being pregnant helped her out a lot with that. Her baby was already at high risk because she was drinking and popping pills prior to knowing she had a baby baking. The last thing she wanted to do was harm her

child any further. Her sobriety would really be tested once she had my nephew, but I had a lot of faith in her. She was truly the strongest person I knew. Other than getting ready for her son to make his arrival at the beginning of December and being a devoted girlfriend to Antwan, she was also attending Loyola University part time. She was the happiest I'd ever seen her and that made me happy.

Like Tati, Tamia had also walked away from stripping. That kind of gave me an idea that she was pregnant, but I didn't voice that suspicion. But the more time I spent around her and felt the wrath of her mood swings, the harder it got to ignore the elephant in the room. I called her out on it in July and she admitted to it right away. Tamia was now doing all types of shit that made me want to get into entrepreneurship. She was also following in Talea's footsteps and attending cosmetology school. Everybody assumed that Tamia would've gotten lazy and become totally dependent on her rich baby daddy, but I never thought that. Me and my sisters were hustlers. We liked men with money, but we loved making our own even more.

“How about y'all join us and get pregnant too.”

“I’m with y’all as soon as I find the right man,” Talea claimed. She glanced over at me. “What about you sis?”

I had no response to that. I picked up my crawfish bread and took a bite. I had just gotten off of work and came to meet my sisters for food at Copeland’s. I did not feel like being interrogated about babies and shit.

“She still team fuck them kids,” Tati said, making us all laugh.

“I think you would make a great mom, sis. You’re so good with our nieces and nephews,” Talea said.

“Let’s not talk about me. You have a daughter on the way and Tati has a son on the way. It’s all about y’all.” I said, putting all the attention back on them.

“Bitch we’re good. Our lives are an open book. What have you been up to?” Tati redirected.

For some reason the first thing that came to my mind was Supreme, and that caused me to feel all light and bubbly inside. But my mouth went on to say something else. “Girl my life is boring.”

They all glanced at each other before bursting into hysterics.

“What’s so funny?”

“Girl your whole face just brightened up when I asked that question. So tell me about you and Supreme, we don’t keep secrets hoe,”Tati grinned.

“What’s a secret? Y’all know I’ve been messing with him since April.”

“But we never get details,” Tamia pointed out.

“What y’all need that for?”

“Spill the tea hoe.” Talea ordered.

“What tea? We’re enjoying each other’s company.”

“You must like him if he’s still around,”Tati assumed.

“Yea he’s cool,”I stifled a smile.

“Let me find out this nigga turning my sister into a softy.” Tamia laughed.

She would find out soon. I had plans to introduce Supreme to them as my man very soon. I had been a little hesitant at first because I didn’t want to include my family in something that may have been temporary. But I felt in my heart that this was the real thing, so I wanted to share it with the people I loved.

Supreme

October 25, 2017

“I just want to say that I knew Zaro was sitting on a gold mine from day one!” Black Out said while holding up his Champagne glass for the toast.

Zaro and I looked at each other knowingly because he was stunting his ass off. If it were up to him this version of Zaro’s girl group, Deja Vu, would’ve never seen the light of the day. But I guess now that he saw the ball rolling in the

right direction he wanted to jump on the bandwagon. He'd already started creating dope tracks for them and they hadn't even scribbled their signatures on the contracts yet. That's why we were at Zaro's mansion in Atlanta. He had a catering company come out because he was hosting a fancy dinner to celebrate. A lot of our other artists had come out to support. Hustler Musik was a family and we'd made it a tradition to make "signing day" a big deal.

The girls were overly excited to finally be getting the labels back up, and I was excited too. They'd been making moves in LA and Atlanta over the past few months and they'd built up a little fan base. With them being officially signed to us we'd give them all the resources they needed to succeed. The rest was up to them and the work they were willing to put in.

"You knew from day one huh?" Zaro chuckled.

"Yup," Black replied with his glass still raised.

"That's cap! You know you were hating on us at first," Calla called him out. She was an outspoken one. In an industry like this it was an advantage and a disadvantage.

"Ok! Let's talk about it!" Destini rolled her eyes. She was just straight up feisty.

“Don’t do me like that y’all,”he chuckled. “ I see the vision now and that’s all that matters.”

“It definitely is,”Harmoni smiled. Out of all the girls she seemed to be the most green. Everything about her screamed innocent. She definitely had no idea what she was getting herself into, but she would learn quickly.

“Ok, but can we sign these contracts? I’m ready to make this official,”Aurora said anxiously. She was definitely the one who wanted this the most. I could see the hunger all in her eyes. As talented and pretty as she was she had a bright future ahead of her, so she needed to calm down.

“I don’t know, did Gelly get her lawyers to look over y’all contracts?”Zaro smirked while looking over at her. I could tell from the tone of his voice he was teasing her, but she appeared to take his comments seriously based on how she tensed up.

“I sure did. They said they were fair for first time artists,”Angelica answered in her proper voice. She came from money and it was evident because she was making sure the business side of things were taken care of. She was quiet, but far from shy and timid.

“Now that all of that is squared away, sign your name on the dotted line,” I instructed.

After business was done we ate, pre-gamed, and then we made our way over to GC to really celebrate. Everybody was turned up, but as usual I was chilling. This wasn't really my scene anymore. I was only here because I believed in supporting my artists in every way. We had just signed DeJa Vu, so me being here tonight with them was my way of saying I was proud. I gave them all stacks of money to throw at the strippers, drinks were on me, and I snagged the biggest section for them. I planned on being here for two hours before leaving and hopping on a private plane to New Orleans.

When the strippers saw me they saw a big fish and dollar signs. I was offered several lap dances and some girls were just straight up bold by walking over and shaking their asses in front of me. I politely turned down every proposition and sent them on their way. Technically they were still being paid with my money, so they didn't need to dance for me. Don't get me wrong, I liked to indulge whenever I came to the strip club, but I was a little preoccupied tonight with texting Choc tonight. I'd been really busy with my new talent and with N.O.L.A going solo so I didn't have a lot of downtime.

With the holidays approaching I was hoping to change that. We were currently texting back and forth about Halloween costumes. Her nephew was turning 5 the weekend before Halloween and having this big,extravagant party and she'd surprisingly invited me to come. I played it cool, but I was really bucked up. Mainly because I was breaking her walls down brick by brick and making progress.

Choc: What about Superman and Superwoman?"

Me:How many times I gotta tell you I'm not wearing no fucking tights.

Choc: I think the look would be sexy on you Papa.

Me: You can think that all you want. I'm not wearing that shit.

Choc:What about Tinkerbell and Peterpan?

Me:Girl stop playing with me.

Choc: Lmaooooo!

Me: Yea laugh, cause I know you just jocing at this point.

Choc: No I'm serious!

Me: Keep going and I'm gon be in that bitch with my regular clothes on. I don't know how I let you piece my head up to wear a costume anyway. I'm too big for that shit.

Choc: No you're not Papa! Everybody's wearing costumes! We have to be in the spirit.

Me: You not getting me in the spirit with these wack ass options mama.

Choc: Okayyyy, what about beauty and the beast?

Now that was something I could work with. I could rock blue pants, a blue Gucci sweater, and the Beast mask. That was easy.

Me: That'll work.

Choc: Seriously?

Me: Seriously.

Choc: Whew, about time you stopped being difficult. I'll find the costumes. Don't you worry Papa.

Me: Shit about time you gave me a half decent suggestion. But what you did all day?

Choc: I modeled some more stuff for Tamia's website and then we all went to Tahj's house and had a family

dinner.”

Me: You know the pictures you took for her website went viral last time right?

Choc: Yea she told me. I’m not surprised.

Me: Cocky ass.

Choc: Lmao, not even! I just wasn’t wearing much of anything. You know sex sells. Meanwhile I can barely get 200 likes if I post a picture in my scrubs. That’s why I don’t really be on IG like that any more.

Me: You would probably get over a thousand likes on anything you post now. You lit on the gram now.

Choc: So I’ve heard. I might make a return soon.

I loved how laid back Choc was when it came to social media. I’d dated girls in the past that felt the need to document everything we did while we were together. The fact that Choc didn’t care about stuff like that magnified how genuine she was. She wasn’t out to gain fame or clout by fucking with me.

Me: Wyd now?

Choc: I’m at home by myself and bored. I wish I was with you.

Me: You ain't missing out on shit. This club is lame.

Choc: No I just want to be with you. Idgaf where you at,lol.

Me: I'm coming to you as soon as I leave this club. Be ready for me.

Choc: Ok. Don't be sleepy now.

Me: Tell yourself that. You the one who always needs a break.

Choc: Cause you the one with a third leg. I'm sorry if you used to deal with wide pussy bitches that can take that shit easily.

Me:Lmao, you wild man.

“Look who's here nigga!” Black out shouted, interrupting my damn conversation.

When my eyes landed on the person he had brought into the section to see me my first instinct was to reach out and put hands on his stupid ass. He had been updated on me and Choc's relationship status so I had no clue why he thought this was okay. The look on my face must've said what I was thinking because he immediately acted like he was lost.

“What? This is Aliah!”

“Nigga I see that,” I sneered. Aliah was standing there looking as pretty as she always had and wearing little as usual. Although I could still admit she was a looker, I just wasn’t impressed anymore. I also wasn’t feeling her because prior to changing my number she’d been texting me erratic text messages claiming that I owed her money for the year and a half she’d put into me. Based on the way she was smiling right now you would think that she hadn’t said any of that. She was out of her top. Then she had her friends with her and they were looking at me like I was God. It was getting weird.

“Wassup?” I nodded towards her, while standing up. Fuck staying another hour, I was about to go now.

“Really Supreme? You gon do me like that?”

“Aliah don’t embarrass yourself.” I urged.

“Excuse me? A nigga who fucked me in every hole on my body and used to trick on me can never embarrass me.”

“Used to,” I repeated. “Let’s talk about now.”

“Fuck you Supreme! You’ve been acting brand new ever since you met that gutter rat from New Orleans! If you was gon bag anybody it should’ve been Eva, not a weak ass 9 to 5 bitch!”

“And you a gutter rat from Atlanta, so what we talkin ‘bout?”

“Cousin let’s go,” one of the girls touched Aliah’s shoulder. “If this nigga want switch up then let him.”

“Listen to your people,” I laughed. “Cause I’m trying to be nice.”

“Bitch kiss my ass! I *bet* I get the last laugh!” She shouted dramatically before storming off.

When they stepped off, I glared at Black.

“Nigga what the fuck was that?!” I pushed him.

“Wait, you mad at me?!”

“Fucking right! Didn’t I tell your dumb ass I have a bitch now! Common sense should tell you don’t bring none of my old hoes around me. But that’s the problem, common sense ain’t something your retarded ass have!”

“Damn you really going *hard*! Yea you told me you and Choc was getting serious but I ain’t know that meant you was faithful and shit.”

“Nigga I’m really start falling back from your slow ass. It’s either that or I’m knock you the fuck out,” I spat, while inching closer to him.

“Alright Supreme, let’s take a walk.” Ant came out of nowhere and guided me away from Black. He had definitely just saved him. But I was dead serious about keeping my distance from Black outside of business and family related shit. He wasn’t about to get me caught up.

Choc

October 28, 2017

“On the count of three everybody say Happy Birthday Baby Tahj! 1...2...3!” The photographer counted down.

“HAPPY BIRTHDAY BABY TAHJ!”

“Beautiful photo,”the photographer complimented after snapping the picture.

It better had been beautiful considering how long Supreme and I waited to take a picture with the birthday boy. It was so hard to catch up with him because he’d been enjoying himself at his Halloween Fest birthday celebration. This reminded me of the festivals my grade school used to

throw every Halloween. There were booth games, fun little rides, and they even had a kid friendly haunted house. All of this had been set up in Tahj's backyard, making it unrecognizable.

"I'm gonna go play with my friends now," Baby Tahj said.

"Alright Spiderman," Supreme chuckled as he ran off. "Lil man is funny. He said he tryna enjoy his party, not take pictures."

"Well I got mine now, so I don't care," I laughed.

"But I was next tho," Tamia pouted.

"Me too, he better bring his lil ass back over here!" Tati declared while looking around for where he ran off to.

"Leave him alone, that man tryna have fun, Not snap up all day," Supreme offered. He was definitely purposely messing with them. He treated them a lot like he treated his own little sister with the constant teasing and fishing for reactions. For some reason I thought bringing him around as my man would be a little awkward at first but it was far from that. It completely went over my head that my family already knew this man and they also were informed that I'd been

dealing with him. They were probably expecting this, which is why he was welcomed with open arms.

“Easy for you to say,” Tati scoffed. “You got your picture!”

“Exactly,” Tamia cosigned.

“Aye, thing one and thing two,” he jested, calling them by their costumes. They’d put a girly twist on the Cat in The Hat characters and their matching belly bumps really brought the look to life. Their boyfriends were both working today, so they’d decided to dress alike. They did that every year anyway. “I was just following y’all sister lead, so get up off me.”

“Please, before it’s a problem,” I came to his defense.

“Wait, are you taking his side? Over us?” Tati gasped.

“Sure am,” I tilted my head to the side.

“Girl hoes get a man and switch up, I can’t deal!” Tamia shook her head as if she were disappointed. Me and Supreme shared a laugh.

“Aye, y’all alright over here?” Tarik asked while entering our space.

“Yea, why wouldn’t we be?” Tamia questioned.

“Because our dad and your mama just got here,” he replied. My heart skipped a beat. I always got that reaction whenever they would arrive at an event and I had no idea why. I should’ve been used to it by now. Tahj wasn’t exactly close with our dad or his mom, but he made it a point to invite them anytime his kids had a party. I didn’t have to go out of my way to ignore them because they never acknowledged me or any of the other outside kids. That was the main reason I couldn’t respect my father, he let his wife being around dictate how he handled the rest of his kids when we were in the same space.

“I’m about to go get some more to eat,” I announced to no one in particular before walking off. I got me a plate of Rotel dip and found the nearest table. Supreme came and sat right next to me.

“You wanna introduce me to your dad? He keeps looking over here.”

“Hell no,” I huffed. “He’s looking over here but I bet his stupid ass won’t come over here and speak.”

“So he’s going to ignore you while y’all in the same space?”

“Me and the other outside kids.” I clarified.

“No way,”he uttered in disbelief.

“I’m dead serious.”

“What kinda bitch made shit is that,”he mumbled.

“He doesn’t want to upset his wife.”

“Are you okay?” He inquired.

“I don’t care.”

“I’m not getting that vibe.”

“Supreme I said what I said,”I grumbled.

“Supreme huh?”He gave me a knowing smile. “Stop suppressing your feelings. You’re doing yourself a disservice.”

“Damn do you want me to break done right now?”I snapped.

“Now? Absolutely not, but I do think you should really face your shit with him. Get it all out,”he explained.

“Maybe in the future, but I’m really happy with my life right now. I’m not going to allow Tarell of all people to bring me down.”

“I hear you mama,”he sighed as if he were disappointed. He just needed to understand that I would deal

with this when I was ready. If that was never then that's just what it was going to be. I would be fine.

I looked up from my food and locked eyes with my dad. He had the nerve to give me a smile. All I could do was look away as my stomach twisted. He really wasn't going to come and say hello to me.

Supreme gripped my chin, and kissed me softly several times. That made me feel a little better. What he said next made the sun shine down on me.

“I love you.”

My heart dropped. Men had said this to me before, but hit differently hearing this from somebody I actually felt the same way about. I'd never said those three words back, but there was a first time for everything.

“I love you too Papa.” I leaned in and pressed my lips against his.

Chapter 12

Choc

November 19, 2017

“You done for the day?” My coworker Nisa asked when I sat back down at my desk.

“I will be once my last patient is finished and I can check her out.”

“Luckyyyyy,” she groaned.

“Girl you had two whole weeks off. Stop it.” I tittered.

“Because I was sick with the flu. That wasn’t no damn vacation. I highkey got used to laying around and doing nothing,” she giggled.

“I wish I could do that,” I sighed while running my fingers through my silk press. I was giving my scalp a break until Thanksgiving, and I looked damn good. Supreme also loved it this way.

“Girl you’re glowing. Let me find out *Supreme* got something to do with that.” She snickered.

I bit my lip to hide a smile that was threatening to break through before rolling my eyes. I had never discussed

Supreme with her till this day, so she had definitely gotten her info from the internet. After Baby Tahj's birthday he'd posted pictures of us in our couple's costume and wished my nephew a happy birthday. Only he referred to him as "our nephew." Tamia had sent me the screenshot. I temporarily downloaded instagram on my phone to see the post with my own eyes. The comments made me wish I hadn't because people were being shady. A lot of people were commenting how he switched girls out like underwear and how women these days put up with anything for money. I guess I could understand how people on the outside looking in would prejudge without really knowing what was going on, but I didn't want to see it so I deleted the app again. I was too happy to let people I didn't even know rain on my parade.

"I ain't gon lie, I didn't think much of it when he posted you over the summer."

My face immediately screwed up. Just where was she going with this?

"Relax," she laughed. "It's just...he's known for having a lot of girls at once. My cousin Eva was fucking with him."

Eva? The sounded a lot like the crazy bitch that dm'd me when I first started fucking with Supreme. I really liked

Nisa but she was about to be guilty by association. I didn't even have to clarify this info because the Eva girl was Afro-Latina and so was Nisa.

"She dm'd me talking shit," I disclosed. I wanted to see how she would react.

"That doesn't surprise me," Nisa laughed. "I love my cousin but she be going out sad over niggas. She spent three years on Supreme and has nothing to show for it."

"That's rough," I commented, refusing to give more.

"Isn't it? But I could tell he's serious with you because he's around your family. In the three years they dated he never popped out at one of our family functions."

That was funny to me because Supreme had been wanting to come to my family events since the summer. That confirmed for me that while other women may have had my man, they hadn't had him the same way I did.

My phone buzzed in my lap, giving me the out to this conversation that I needed. It was Talea texting me. When I opened the message my heart momentarily stopped.

Talea Love: Hey sis, I know you're not on social media but your name is trending right now. I don't want you

to be in the dark about this, so pls watch this video.

She linked the video so the first thing I saw was the thumbnail. Right away I recognized her as the girl Supreme took to the BET awards in my place because I didn't want to go. I was already disgusted. Just when I was about to press play my patient emerged from the back room. I guess this video would have to wait until I got in my car.

Supreme

I couldn't believe my eyes or ears right now. This bitch had actually ran to youtube to monetize lies about our nonexistent relationship. I knew she'd done this for money because that's what she was all about. She'd even told me she was considering becoming a youtuber because they made so much money. I guess since I was done with her ass she decided to build her channel off my name, but she had the game fucked up. I just sat there watching the video in disbelief. I really couldn't believe this shit. I never pictured Aliah going out sad like this. I expected this type of energy from Eva. Then the title of the video was "Getting out of a

toxic relationship! My detailed experience on dating Supreme LeBlanc for a year and a half(Storytime)”

“So let me start this video by saying I sincerely don’t have bad intentions by doing this. I’m just here to tell my truth and I have every right to do that. It all started at the beginning of 2016. I met Supreme at my job at Magic City. If you don’t know I bartend over there, so come and see me whenever! Anyways, I had served him a few times before he finally asked for my number. From there things moved pretty fast between us. We met in February and he was asking for me to be his girl in June. And y’all, things were getting serious. We met each other’s families, he asked me to move in, I mean it was the whole 9 yards. Everything was really perfect...until it wasn’t. I have to take accountability for being an idiot because my head was definitely in the clouds. He love bombed me so I’m over here thinking he’s perfect when men in his field are far from it! To be honest, they’re all cheaters and Supreme was no exception! He had the mindset where if he was taking care of home then he could basically do whatever the hell he wanted. Thankfully I was smart enough not to quit my job and become solely dependent on him. But I fucked up because I stuck around in a situation where this man clearly didn’t care about the

relationship he kept begging for. He had so many hoes that he couldn't help but be sloppy with his shit. But what really did it for me was when he posted this bitch on his Instagram over the summer. Now I think the main reason he posted her was because I didn't want to fuck him anymore. He kept being seen out with other bitches, so I told him he couldn't touch me no more. Either way, I was outdone. I packed my shit and got the fuck. I planned on being done for good until I found out I was pregnant. He was begging me to come to the BET awards with him around the time I found out, so I'm thinking cool, I'll tell him during this trip. Now I didn't want to bring a baby into our fucked up situation , but I wanted him to have a say in it as well. Looking back we had so much fun at the BET awards and it was the last good time we had. I broke the news to him once we got back home and I didn't expect his reaction. Whew, I'm getting emotional. H...he basically told me to get an abortion because he wasn't ready for kids. That broke my heart, but the last thing I was going to do was have a baby for a nigga that didn't want it. And I didn't want to be attached to that man for 18 years anyway. He's with his little replacement bitch now and I could care less! Y'all be going on and on about how she's

such an upstanding and classy woman, but the streets do talk about her. I'll save that for another video."

I didn't need to hear anymore after she brought up Taija. Dragging my name through the mud with lies was one thing, but she wasn't about to do the same to her. Usually I wouldn't trip over shit out of my control, but I needed to nip this shit in the bud now. My first instinct was to call Taija, but the phone didn't even ring long. She had definitely just ignored my call. My blood boiled at the thought of her actually being mad at me over this phony ass video. I'd never done this before and I often looked down on those who did, but I went to my twitter to get some things off my chest. If Aliah wanted to clown publicly then I'd address her publicly.

BossmanSupreme: I usually don't entertain the goofy, made up shit but too much was said and people are actually running with it so I'm going to address some of the lies from ole girls video. (Not saying her name bc that's what she wants. Attention.)

BossmanSupreme: I'm clearing this shit up for my true supporters. Not messy mf's that bypass the truth because the lie is more entertaining.

BossmanSupreme: 1.) She was never pregnant. She's on birth control(I've seen her take it multiple times) and I always strapped up to ensure there were no slip ups. That abortion story is a sick ass joke. I would never tell a woman what to do with her body.

BossmanSupreme: 2.) We were NEVER on no exclusive shit. She came into the situation knowing I messed with other women. No disrespect, but she was a glorified fuck body. (see screenshots below of her talking about the other women in my life casually with me. She even asked for a threesome with one of them.)

BossmanSupreme: 3.) I never took care of you sweetheart. So you are right, quitting your job wasn't an option. Outside of materialistic shit like a handbag here or there I never did anything of substance for you. Never paid a

bill and damn sure never invited you to stay at my crib. I barely be at my ATL crib, so why would I invite a chick I'm just smashing to live w/ me? (See screenshots from different time periods of her asking me to come to HER apartment!)

BossmanSupreme: 4.) you never never met my people, shawty. Stop it. (See screenshot below of my little sister texting me 5 minutes ago asking who this hoe is.)

BossmanSupreme: 5.) Don't speak on Taija Bellamy at all. You don't know her and she doesn't know you. You ain't heard shit about her with ya hating ass. The only reason you were at the Bet awards is bc she said NO. (See screenshots below of me telling her that you was a replacement bc she didn't want to come)

BossmanSupreme: 6.) I did see you in the club last month. You remember you told me you would get the last laugh bc I played your ass? You also always told me you wanted to do YouTube bc that's where the money was. Coincidence? I think not.

BossmanSupreme: 7.) I WILL sue your ass for defamation of character if you don't take that lame ass video down. All of your lies (especially the abortion one) can easily be debunked. If you don't want my lawyers digging through your medical records I suggest you do what I say.

A few minutes after my twitter rant I received a call back Choc. I was prepared to defend myself, so imagine how taken aback I was when I answered the phone and she was laughing.

“What the fuck you do to that girl for her to be lying like that?”

“Mannnn, I don't know, but she better take that shit down before my lawyers be on her ass by tomorrow morning!”

“I bet you wish you wouldn't have taken her in my place to the bet awards now.”

“I wouldn't have if you wasn't acting bad. But say, I thought you were mad about this shit.”

“Why you thought that?”

“Because you wasn't answering the phone.”

“Papa you called once and I declined the call because I was watching the video.”

“Man you gave that hoe a view?”

“Sure did. I wanted to see what she was talking about. You obviously gave her a view too because I saw your tweets,” she tittered. “Why did you read that girl like that? And you even had receipts to back your claims up.”

“I had to make sure the world, including you, knew she was lying her ass off.”

“Oh baby I knew from the jump when she claimed y’all were in a relationship and you were a cheater. The first night we met you told me straight up that you had hoes. I’m sure you would’ve told me if you had an official girl too. Then she said y’all met each other’s families when your whole family has told me I’m the first woman to come around. Either she was lying or everybody else was.”

I fell harder for Choc in that very moment. Any other woman would’ve fell for that shit, but she was just built differently. She didn’t take shit and run with it. She paid attention to every little detail. This could’ve went way different if I was fucking with another woman, but I wasn’t. Choc was built to last.

Chapter 13

Choc

December 31, 2017

“So why you not coming over today?”

“Tahj I told you we’re flying out early tomorrow to go to St.Barts.”

I could hardly contain my excitement about this trip. This was one of my dream vacations and the best part was we would be there for an entire week. This was the perfect way to start off the new year.

“Yea, you keep telling me that but that has nothing to do with tonight. You and the nigga just took a vacation for your birthday.”

“You jealous?” I tittered. My siblings usually planned big, fancy birthday dinners for my birthday every year and they would invite all my people from my mom’s side, but I told them don’t worry about it this year because Supreme took me on weekend getaway to Hawaii. My birthday dinners were fun and I appreciated them, but bringing in year 28 in paradise felt like the better option. My siblings didn’t like it, but I could care less. They were the ones who’d been telling me to give love a chance and to change my outlook on relationships. I was merely doing what they’d been suggesting for years.

“Man you know I’m happy for you and I like Supreme too, but damn, all of our family traditions are going down the drain. I already know you going by his family tonight.”

He was right. I had been purposely leaving that out because I didn’t want him to feel bad. We had set traditions for every holiday and I was breaking them more and more. For Halloween we would always celebrate Baby Tahj’s birthday a few days before, so we did our own thing on Halloween night. I always spent Thanksgiving with my mom and her side of the family, and all my sister’s would join me. Talea and Tati’s mother’s were dead, and Tamia was estranged from her mom, so they naturally clung to mine in recent years. At some point

during the day my brothers would stop by to see us before going off to be with their own families. On Christmas we would always gather later in the evening to exchange gifts. We rotated houses every year. This year we did it at Tati's new house. Now, New Year's Eve has always been Tahj's holiday. He threw an annual New Years Eve party and he'd invite all his family and friends.

“That's not true Tahj!” I argued. “I was at our usual Halloween celebration for Baby Tahj's birthday, we saw each other for Thanksgiving, and we still did Christmas.”

“I ain't say you was the sole problem, sis. Everybody's switching up. Tarik and Tav weren't at Baby Tahj's party because they were working. Tati wasn't at Mama Gia's house for Thanksgiving because she was with Ant and his family. Mia was hours late for Christmas because her and Noel went by his people first. Tonight only Talea, Tavior, and Tarik are coming. You don't see the problem?”

“Tahj, honestly everybody just has their own lives now,” I sighed.

“And? Family should come first.”

“I know, I guess that's why you always invite Tarell and your mom every year,” I muttered.

“Wait, what was that?”

“Nothing,” I bit my lip. I didn’t want to go there, it just slipped out.

“Taija am I really supposed to have a party at my house and not invite my parents?”

“No, I understand. Tarell and your mom are perfect in your eyes so I don’t expect you to treat them differently off the strength of the rest of us. What I can do is take myself out of the equation.”

“Wait...so are you trying to say you’re not going to be coming around anymore? That’s what we’re doing now?”

“In general? Of course not, but if they’re going to be there then yes.”

“Choc I know our dad is trash, and despite what you might think he hasn’t been the best dad to me either. But I’m not like y’all. I can’t just act like him or my mom don’t exist. Life is too short for that shit.”

“Bro I understand where you’re coming from. I really do. But why should I subject myself to being around them?”

“It’s not like it’s ever gotten crazy so I don’t see the prob-”

“Tahj it *kills* me to be in the same room as my father and for him to act like I don’t exist. I’m sure he treats strangers better than that. Then this is the same man who’s constantly begging me for another chance. I’ve subjected myself to this for too damn long because I didn’t want to be alone on holidays. I didn’t even realize that the shit was contributing to my bitterness against him. I was busy pretending like I was un-bothered but I’m really not. None of us are, we just put on a brave face and deal with shit that’s not normal. That’s why I’m so hurt inside, but I’m done now.”

“Y-you crying?”

Sadly I was. Tears had formed in my eyes, my throat had a knot in it, and my voice had started cracking. This was the exact reason I didn’t want to discuss this shit, but I felt a little better getting it out. But telling Tahj just didn’t feel right. None of this was his fault, and I knew he never had ill intentions. He may have been oblivious to some things but that was far from a crime.

“I’m so sorry, Choc,”he apologized. “I didn’t know you felt so deeply about this. I’ll uninvite them right no-”

“Don’t do that on account of me. Even if your parents weren’t going to be there I already told Supreme I’d do New

Years with his family. If it makes you feel better we'll stop by on our way in."

"That would make me feel better. Especially since you're leaving tomorrow for a week. It's only right we see each other first."

"Perfect, see you later."

"Wait, I'll talk to dad tonight, because something has got to change."

"You're forever the optimist," I laughed. "That man is set in his ways. I don't see change in his future."

"Maybe not, but he should know how y'all feel. He walks around too comfortable."

"I would too if I had somebody right by side who enabled me."

"I guess that's a shot at my mama right?"

"You know it."

"Man," he sighed. "I can't even defend her."

"I know you can't. With all the shit she's talked over social media about is, including her own daughter, I should've been dragged her. She thinks shit is cool because she's

constantly in the same room with us after saying terrible things. She thinks it's okay to carry on the way she does."

"I always check her though, me and Tami-"

"And what does that do? She still talks shit. You and dad reward her for bad behavior."

"Cause that's my mom."

"I know Tahj," I rolled my eyes. I wasn't about to go back and forth with him about this. He'd have to see the light one day for himself. He had this idea in his head that he had to associate himself with people just because they were his blood relatives. All he could say in response to me was "but that's our dad" or "cause that's my mom." Thar said everything that needed to be said.

"I really have to go, though. Supreme is about to take me to my makeup appointment."

"Alright, love you."

"Love you too."

After the call I started to whip my tears that wouldn't stop falling. I wasn't even upset anymore but I couldn't stop crying. Then the knot in my throat kept growing bigger and it

felt like it was coming up. Oh something was coming up
alright...

“PUHGGGGG!” I upchucked everything I ate for
lunch into the toilet.

“What the fuck? I knew them shrimp tasted funny,” I
frowned in disgust, before flushing the toilet.

“CHOC! You ready?!” Supreme called from a distance.

“Almost!” I attempted to shout out, but it came out
weakly.

“You good?!”

“Yea! Just about to wash my face!” I lied. I was really
about to brush my teeth. Once I was done, I whipped my face
with a wet towel and emerged from the bathroom.

“You sure you alright? You look flustered.”

“I’m good Papa, I just feel a little nauseous from that
seafood we had.”

“Really? Cause I feel fine.” He eyed me skeptically.

“I’m sure it’ll catch up to you soon, now come on, I
don’t wanna be late,” I walked around him and out the door.

Supreme

“Now this is what I want to do for a living,” Choc expressed with a Hennessy margarita in her hand. She was laid out on a couch that was built in the pool. This was by far the most money I’d spent on a vacation home, but sharing experiences with Choc made it worth it.

“But you’re not doing anything.”

“Exactly,” she pointed her finger. “This is the life I deserve.”

“Then quit your job,” I suggested. The idea hadn’t crossed my mind until now but it sounded perfect to me. She’d said herself nursing wasn’t her passion and it had only been a career choice. She was also voicing how she was always tired. She definitely didn’t need that damn job. We would both be happier if she were free to travel with me for work 24/7. We also wouldn’t have to go days without seeing each other anymore.

She glanced over at me. “You’re joking right?”

“You hear me laughing?”

“Nigga I wish I would quit my job,” she laughed.

“You the one always saying you want to do nothing for a living. I’m just trying to give you what you want.”

“I’ve said it a few times, but let’s not get carried away. I couldn’t possibly sit on my ass and not have any source of income.”

“I’ll be your source of income. I could pay you weekly.”

She broke out into giggles. “Hell no! That sounds a lot like an allowance.”

“Why would you call it that?” I laughed. “You don’t call it that when them people at work pay you.”

“Because that’s money I earned for my hard work, Papa. It’s not the same as you giving me a set amount of money every week.”

“Taija I put money in your hand all the time anyway, and you’re currently holding two of my cards down. I noticed that you use one of them to pay your rent and bills. I’m already taking care of you, so why are you being difficult?”

“I’m not being difficult, I’m being smart. It’s something about making my own money that I’m not ready to give up yet. Maybe one day if I ever find another hustle.”

“Whatever Taija.”

“You mad?”She laughed.

“Nah, I respect your mind. I can even relate. I started making my own money when I was 14. It is a good feeling.”

“Awww, where did you work?”She inquired innocently, making me laugh.

“In the streets,”I chuckled.

“Damn I thought you had a job at footlocker or something,”she giggled. “I kind of figured though.”

“What you mean you figured?”

“I’ve dealt with my fair share of street niggas to know. It was just always something about you that I couldn’t put my finger on. Now I finally got it.”

“That side of me doesn’t exist anymore. Shit I’m just happy I made it out alive and with no serious jail time.”

“So am I, but how did you get into the music business?”

“Black wanted to start a record label and he wanted me to finance it. The rest is history.”

“You made that sound so simple,”she snickered.

“It definitely wasn’t. It took forever for us to break a mainstream artist, but nothing worth having comes easy. Like

this relationship for example.”

“Uh!” She exclaimed. “Excuse me, but what the fuck is that supposed to mean?”

“You should know Ms. Scared of commitment.”

“I look scared now?”

“I don’t know, you gotta prove you not.”

My baby always showed out whenever I challenged her, and this time was no different. She pulled my dick out right there and started sucking it with no qualms about being outside in broad daylight.

“All the rain keeps falling and these hoes keep calling. Uh all these raindrops falling down my window. Got me wishing that we did the things we didn’t do. And right now I wanna sex you baby. Has anybody sexed you lately. Got all these hoes calling asking me to come through. What they don’t know is all they make me do is call you. And ask if I can sex you lady. Can we do it til we both look crazy, crazy.”

It was like the nasty Bando Jonez song that was playing from the speaker in the house gave her an extra boost of energy because she was going crazy on my dick. My dick had touched the back of her throat at least three times and she

hadn't gagged yet. This here was the only way to start off the new year. As fair as I was concerned nothing could go wrong. It was all up from here.

"Fuckkkkk, th-tha's enough baby." I tried moving her head but her jaws were locked around me. She looked up and locked eyes with me as she continued to neck my shit. That was it for me, I nutted right in her mouth.

"Shit Taija I wanted to bust that nut in your pussy."

Choc appeared to not have one care in the world. She was smirking with a mouth full of cum and guzzling it all up. My dick started bricking up again at the sight.

"So good," she said after finally releasing my dick.

"Stand up and touch your toes." I commanded.

She anxiously stood up, untied her Dior bikini bottom, and attempted to bend over but I stopped her.

"Take that top off too."

She reached behind her and untied her top causing it to fall. She was now in all her glory.

"Don't take them heels off," I directed when I saw her about to kick her Dior heels off. "Bend over now. I want that ass in the air."

She wiggled her ass all the way down. When her fingers touched her toes she looked back at me. My dick jumped.

“Fuck me real good, Papa.”

“I’m bouta fuck the shit out of you,” I promised before thrusting my entire length into her with one pump. She squealed at the top of her lungs. “You better not try to get up. You bouta take all this dick.” I started swaying my dick in her pussy and my eyes rolled into the back of my head. She had to be doing something different because this pussy felt wetter and warmer than usual.

“Yessss Papa! Ouuu, this dick so good to meee!”

“Why this pussy feel so good, huh?” I slapped her ass. “Fuck Taija! I’m trying not to nut,” I groaned. I was fighting with myself, but it was really her fault. This pussy wasn’t playing fair.

“Because it’s yourssss!”

Damn. This girl wanted me to nut fast. That had to be it. I slowed my strokes down to pace myself but that must’ve felt better to her because got more vocal.

“Awwww Papa! Right there! Right there!”

“Stop moving,” I gritted, as I held her hips in place. If she threw that ass back I’d be busting like a semi or a nine. “Fuck, chill out Choc. Forreal.”

“I’m not doing nothing Papa,” she whimpered, while looking back at me.

It sure felt like she was clenching her walls around my dick because her pussy was contracting.

“I’m a cummmm!” She screamed when I gave her long strokes back to back. That was music to my ears because I was holding on to my nut by a thread. “Ughhhh!”

Once I felt her cumming on my dick, I let loose. This had to be why our souls felt tied, we were always cumming together.

“No, forreal,” I breathed, trying to catch my breath as I pulled out of her. “What you doing different with that pussy?”

She stood up right, giggling. “If it’s the best you’ve ever had then just say that.”

Chapter 14

Choc

January 18, 2018

“I hope you feel better Taija!” One of the doctor’s said as I clocked out early for the day. Meanwhile I felt like I was dying. I was nauseous, hot, and I couldn’t stop throwing up. Either I had a nasty stomach bug or it was something that my mind refused to let me entertain. My anxiety was at an all time high because I was out of excuses on this constant sickness I was having. As much I wanted to pretend like nothing was wrong, something definitely was and I needed to see about it asap.

I was going straight to the store, then to Popeyes because I was craving chicken tenders badly, and then home. I would probably eat and sleep before I got down to the pressing issue. Or maybe I would call Supreme first because I would probably drive myself crazy if I were on my own. That’s when I remembered that he was in LA today and instantly felt bummed. I would be doing this on my own.

“Gotcha,” I said to myself as I caught the elevator door from closing. I entered and noticed that someone else was in there too...and she looked like she’d seen a ghost when our eyes connected. Her face looked familiar, but I wasn’t placing her right away.

“Boo!” She snapped with a bunch of attitude. That’s when it clicked...this was the bitch who had written me a whole discernment when I first started talking to Supreme. Little miss Eva.

“Hey Aaliyah,” I smirked.

“Bitch what?” Eva frowned. “I ain’t no fucking Alia-”

“Yea you Aaliyah! Wasn’t you writing me love letters?”

“That shit was lame mamacita! You’re trying to make funny jokes when you and Supreme need to be getting checked.” She rolled her neck animatedly.

I busted into hysterics. “Bitch me and my nigga get checked ups on the regular. We 100% std free. So if you itching and burning you can’t blame him, hoe! Now let me stop going back and forth with you, it can’t be good for my baby.”

Now I didn't know if I was 100% pregnant yet, but I saw an opportunity to crush this bitch. As childish as it may have been, I had to run with it. Based on the look on her face, it had worked. Unfortunately I'd underestimated her reaction. I thought I would just shut her up. I didn't expect her to lunge at me! Fighting at my place of work was a forsure way to get fired. They didn't care about the backstory or if it was self defense. They'd fired somebody who didn't even fight back before. For that reason I was about to beat this bitches ass. My job was a thing of the past once she took a swing.

“Bitch you got me fucked up!” I dodged her punch and hit her with a left hook. She wasn't deterred by that because she swung again. This hit connected directly with my mouth and I felt it bleeding.

“Yea hoe!” She boasted.

It was a short lived victory for her because I grabbed her by her hair and started pummeling into her head. With her head facing the ground she couldn't see much, but she kept swinging. I had to admit that she had a lot of fight in her, but if this fight was going to cost me my job then I wasn't letting up until I saw blood.

We continued to trade blows, but I was getting more impactful hits because of the vulnerable position I had her in. I had her real hair in my hands too, so I know it had to hurt.

“Let go of my hair hoe!”

“Bitch you sleep, I’m on that ass!” I punched her in the head like I was trying to beat Mario coins out of it.

I was about to throw her on the ground and exit the elevator, until she did something that made me black out. This bitch tried to knee me in the stomach. Suddenly I had extra strength. I used it to slam her into the elevator wall. From there, I used her face as a punching bag. I was swinging wildly and had even hit the wall a few times. I was positive my hands would hurt later, but with my body running off adrenaline I didn’t feel shit.

“GET OFF ME YOU CRAZY BITCH!” She screamed.

“Security! Security!” I heard someone screaming frantically from behind. I don’t even know what happened after that. Somehow I had gotten that bitch on the ground and I was kicking her while she balled up into a fetal position. It felt like a group of people had to pull me away. I didn’t snap back

to reality until I felt my arms being placed behind my back followed by cuffs snapped around my wrists.

Supreme

January 18, 2018

“Aurora, you too loud. Y’all supposed to be harmonizing on the chorus. They’re not doing background vocals for you. Y’all supposed to blend,”Zaro instructed.

Zaro had a solo performance on Ellen tomorrow as well as an interview. He pulled some strings and also got Deja Vu a performance slot. They’d done little shows before, but this was their first televised performance. Zaro was really about to introduce them to millions of people. They couldn’t fuck this up.

That’s why I made my way to LA to oversee things. With the way Zaro had been complaining I was expecting them to look bad. If that was the case I was prepared to pull them from the show. This group was now signed to *my* label which meant my name was on this too. They couldn’t go on

stage looking any kind of way. But they actually looked just fine in my opinion. They'd been practicing all day and Zaro had been picking them apart. He obviously wanted perfection, but I could understand his point of view. If this group failed then he failed too. He was more invested in this than anybody else and that's why he was being so picky. He was right on with the critique he'd just given though. Everybody was singing at the same level except Aurora. She sounded great, but she wasn't meshing with her group members.

“She always sings over us like that,”Destini muttered.

“No my voice is just powerful. It's not my fault,”Aurora combatted.

The other four girls collectively rolled their eyes, making the animosity they had towards her evident. Or maybe everybody was just tired because they'd been practicing all day. Whatever it was they needed to tighten up.

“Girls now is not the time for drama,”I vocalized.

“Aurora just sing the song the way it's supposed to be sung. If you did it on the studio version, you can do it live. Stop trying to flex. We all know you can sing.”

“Thank you,”Calla mumbled. “Bitch thinks she's Beyonce.”

“What happened Calla?” Aurora snapped.

“Y’all chill out. We not bouta do this shit today.” Zaro asserted.

“She’s starting with me!” Aurora argued.

“Cause we keep having to practice this shit because of you and you’re oblivious to that. You think you killing it when you’re really doing the fucking most,” Calla threw back.

“Okay Ms. Bare Minimum.”

“Excuse me?! Girl there’s nothing average or bare minimum about me!”

“Really? Because everybody in the group sings better than your ass yet you’re the lead vocalist on this song,” she huffed. “Let us know your secrets about how you pulled that.”

I just sat back and watched them go at it. This was the main reason I didn’t care for girl groups, but truthfully, arguments were good in moderation. I would’ve been more scared if they were holding everything in. At least they were being up front with each other.

“Oh so that’s why you’ve been upset and keep doing extra shit to stand out. You’re mad that *everybody* chose this

song for us to perform instead of one where you lead on. Bitch get over it. I'm talented and you can't take that from me."

"I never said you weren't talented. I said everybody in the group sings better than you."

"I don't think I sing better than her," Angelica spoke up. "This is all so childish you guys. Like Calla stated, the majority of the group picked this song to perform. It's a fan favorite and Calla killed it. Let's just be supportive of one another. I've never sang lead on a song and you don't hear me complaining."

"Yup, me neither," Harmoni cosigned.

"Ok, I guess I'm the problem." Aurora said dramatically.

"Right now you kind of are Ro-Ro. Stop being a brat," Destini tittered.

"Yea you can't always have it your way," Calla laughed.

"Fuck all y'all," she smirked.

"Y'all done playing now? Because I'm this close to pulling y'all from the show. I'm so sick of the arguments." Zaro threatened.

"NOOOOOO!" They all groused in unison.

“We’ll stop, we promise!” Aurora added desperately.

I was about to add my two cents when my phone rang. Tahj was calling me. He had my number so we were obviously cool, but he’d never called before. I felt like something had to be wrong.

“Zaro you got your hands full man,” I stated while standing up. I exited the room to answer my phone.

“Wassup Tahj?”

“Nigga I’m on the way to bond my sister out of jail.”

“Which sister?!”

Surely he couldn’t be talking about Choc. He had to be talking about one of the other three.

“The one that I would pick up the phone and call you about.”

“What the fuck happened?!”

“She said she got arrested at work for fighting some bitch you used to fuck.”

My heart dropped. It had to be Eva or Lea because they lived in New Orleans. Lea wouldn’t bust a grape in a fruit fight because she was too nice, so I was leaning over to Eva’s

nutty ass. If she really violated by going to Choc's job and starting shit then she was getting touched. There were no questions about it. Anybody in the city of New Orleans would do anything I asked of them. I was going to run this bitch out the city and that was on my brother.

“What did they charge her with?”

“Assault.”

“That's nothing. I'll make that shit go away.”

“She got fired from her job too.”

I was trying to stay calm, but my entire body was heating up by the second. My blood was boiling and I was itching to hurt somebody. The thought of Choc going through all this today and having to sit in jail right now infuriated me. The fact that I wasn't accessible for her to call and bond her out made me feel useless. Oh yea, that bitch Eva was going to get it. She had fucked with the wrong one.

A few hours later I had landed in New Orleans. Through Tahj I'd learned that Choc was now at home. I also learned through him that two videos of the fight had made it's way to the public. One of the videos was the end of the fight,

making it evident that a bystander recorded it. Choc was slamming Eva against the elevator wall before throwing her on the ground and proceeding to kick her. I honestly thought Eva would hold her own, but Choc was fighting like the incredible hulk. Nobody stood a chance against the angry hulk.

The second video was the elevator footage. Somebody that worked at the hospital had sold that shit to the highest bidder in record time. I was glad they had because this video showed Eva being the aggressor. Everything Choc did to her towards the end of the fight was justified. I was about to get these charges to go away in no time.

“Why haven’t you been answering your phone?” I asked the moment Choc opened the door for me. I examined her face closely and she looked just how she did when I left her. I glanced down at her body and her knuckles caught my attention. They were bruised up pretty badly.

She stepped to the side to let me in. “I turned it off.”

“Why Choc? I was worried.”

“Which is why I had Tahj call you while I was in jail. But I had to turn my phone off once I got out because

everybody's blowing me up about these videos. I'm really online fighting like a bird ass bitch,"she huffed while walking over to the couch. I sat down right next to her and pulled her into a hug.

"I'm sorry. About your job, about that crazy ass girl, and the fact that you had to sit in jail. You don't deserve any of this dumb shit."

"It's partially my fault too."

"Man don't say that."

"No, it's true. I was aware of the history you had with these girls but I insisted that you cut them off with no explanation. You told me shit would get crazy and my smart ass said I was with the shits. Well, the shits showed up at my job today."

"So that crazy hoe came to see you specifically?"

"No she's not that crazy. She had a folder in her hand so I guess she had an appointment or something. We ran into each other in the elevator, we exchanged words, she swung, and I whooped her ass. The end."

I expected for her to be more riled up right now. She had gone to jail and lost her job because of one of my old

hoes. I was prepared to be blamed and beg for forgiveness, because deep down I felt like this was mostly my fault. Instead I was getting a nonchalant vibe about all of this.

“I’m going to make those charges go away.”

“I know.” She nodded.

“And I’ll buy your job back if I have to.”

She let out a little laugh. “Don’t do that.”

“You don’t want your job back?”

“Nope. That fake ass Zoe Saldana did me a favor. I’m not about to be miserable and sick at work for the next nine months.”

“Wait...” I paused, as goosebumps formed on my arms.

“What are you talking about Taija?”

“I was leaving work early because I was sick. When Tahj picked me up from jail I went straight to Walgreens and got some things. Let me show you something.”

She stood up and reached out for my hand. I stood up and grabbed it. She led me to the bathroom that was in her room. When I entered the room, my heart momentarily stopped. I was sure oxygen had stopped moving through my body because I couldn’t breath.

“You..you pregnant?”

“All six of these tests say yes, so I think so.” Her voice cracked.

I wrapped my arms around her and squeezed her tight.
“That’s...that’s, wowww. I’m at a loss for words right now Choc.”

“Are you happy about it?” She whimpered while looking up at me with tears running down her face.

“Fucking right I’m happy. Shit I’m over the moon. How are you feeling?”

“I’m scared...but I want to keep it.”

I chuckled. “Baby getting rid of it wasn’t an option. You was gon have to kill me first.”

“Shut up,” she laughed. “It’s weird. I just found out and I already have this connection with him or her.”

“That’s not weird. That’s just your maternal side kicking in. The one you’ve been trying to keep at bay your entire adult life, but I’ve seen it in you when you interact with your nieces and nephews. Don’t be scared, this baby is already lucky to have you as a mom.”

“Oh my God,” she laughed through tears that were rapidly streaming down her cheeks. “You’re making me cry harder, nigga.”

“That’s the baby doing that to you,” I laughed. “You’re probably three months a long or something crazy like that. Because weren’t you throwing up in November?”

“That was December Papa. We’ll find out how far along I am as soon as I make a doctors appointment.”

“Which needs to be asap, because you was playing WWE while carrying my fucking child.”

She rolled her eyes. “I didn’t know I was pregnant Supreme.”

“But you had an idea. That’s why your ass was leaving work early. I bet Eva had an idea too because I noticed she tried to kick you in one of those videos.”

“She did? Well she didn’t succeed.”

That may have been true, but she was going to pay for her actions regardless. Not only had she violated Choc, but she attempted to violate my baby as well. There was no way she was walking around this city safely.

Chapter 15

Choc

March 23, 2018

“Yea, you definitely having a girl. She’s being so good with you,” Tamia said. I was holding her two month old baby girl, Noeva, in my arms while we waited for our food at Marrow’s.

“Girl, my niece is just sleepy. Based on how big her stomach has gotten over the past month, I’m team boy all the way. I’m so happy you’re joining the mommy club,” Tati squealed excitedly.

Talea let out a longing sigh. “And now I feel more left out than ever.”

“Don’t feel left out, sis. Tavior still doesn’t have any kids.” I reminded her.

“He’ll probably knock a bitch up any day now,” she muttered. “Y’all lives are really coming together though. Like y’all have real life started families. I’m lowkey jealous.”

“Because you thought you’d be first right?” I quizzed.

“Sort of,” she admitted. “Y’all all know I’m a relationship girl and I’ve had my wedding planned and baby names picked out since I was 13.”

“Well life is a crazy thing because I swore off babies in my teenage years, now look at me,” I pointed to my belly. “Is it normal to be this big at three months?”

“Well I wasn’t...” Tamia replied.

“Yea, neither was I,” Tati answered. “But Talea you’re going to find a great man one day.”

“Don’t find one. Let him find you,” I advised. “But until then, we can share my baby.”

“Bitch you already know I’m going to spoil my niece or nephew slash God-child rotten. I can’t wait,” she clapped her hands excitedly.

“In the meantime you can spoil Noeva,” Tamia jested.

“And Angel too,” Tati said while looking over to her two month old son who was sleeping in his carseat. He looked

just like her so he was a beautiful baby boy.

She laughed. “I already spoil y’all kids. I spend more money on them than I do myself lately. Now I’m a go broke since this hoe done got knocked up! But anyways, what are we thinking about for baby shower themes?”

“Damn, can we make it past the gender reveal first?” I giggled.

“I just want to be involved in the planning of the baby shower somehow since I was left out with the gender reveal.” She jabbed playfully.

“Bitch I’m barely involved. My mom and Supreme’s mom took over. They even picked our gender reveal theme. If you want to try your luck with them then be my guest.”

This was both of their first grandchild, so they were hype. They felt like they waited forever for this moment. They were over the moon and taking charge with everything. I honestly didn’t care all that much. These days all I really wanted to do was sit around, shop, and sleep. I felt like I had every right to be lazy for the entirety of my pregnancy for a few reasons. For one, the baby was set to arrive in late September. After that I’d probably get no sleep. The second reason was because doing nothing for once in my life felt

great. I'd had a job since I was fifteen up until age twenty-eight. On top of that I attended college, nursing school, and I was a collegiate dancer. I had always been on the go. Hitting pause for a change was a breath of fresh air. The final reason was a little more personal. I had to get myself mentally ready for the journey I was about to embark on. I also wanted to think about what I wanted to do with my life once my baby was a little older. I could only do nothing for so long. I was a hustler afterall.

I had recently discovered how lucrative instagram promotions were after Siya put the bug in my ear. With so much downtime on my hands I'd made my way back to social media out of boredom. I came back to a whopping 600k followers and thousands of dm's. Most people were asking how much I charged for promo. Siya helped me set up an email for inquiries and from there business was booming. I made thousands of dollars off of that everyday. I was making a bag just to post people's businesses and products on my IG story. The best part was that I didn't even have to touch that money. I was just stacking it.

“Talea you better fall back,”Tati giggled. “But I've been wanting to talk to y'all about something.”

“Wassup?” I asked.

“I was talking to my therapist about Tarell,” she started.

“Why?!” I reacted with a stank face.

“Because in therapy you discuss your traumas and unload your baggage,” Tamia answered for her, while looking at me like I was crazy. “Continue Tati.”

“Anyways, I was talking about his non-existent parenting and y’all came up. She thinks we should try family therapy.”

“It’s not going to work.” I said, shooting it down quickly.

“She actually said it would be a miracle if Tarell walked away wanting to change.”

“Then what’s the point?” I asked in confusion.

“The point is we would feel better afterwards. It would be good for us if we can all get everything off our chest to his face,” she explained.

“Shit I’m with it. I been telling that nigga how I felt anyway,” Tamia said.

Talea spoke up next. "I probably won't be very vocal, but I'll be there to say my peace and give my support."

"Choc?" Tati said as several seconds went by. They were waiting for me to volunteer but I just wasn't sure.

"When?"

"I have no idea. I would have to schedule a time when everyone's free, so that's going to be hell with our busy brother's. Then Tahj is gonna have to get Tarell there."

"Sounds like a lot."

"Yes or no Taija."

"I don't know Tatiana," I sneered. "I'll see."

"She is not coming." Talea sighed before shaking her head.

"Then she can just say that instead of being negative." Tati replied with loads of animosity. I could care less that she was mad. I wasn't about to stress myself out with matters of Tarell while I was pregnant. That was the same reason I wasn't about to go back and forth with them. This conversation had the ability to make my head hurt which is why I wasn't going to engage any further.

"Taija? Is that you?!"

I looked up and saw my old co-worked Nisa approaching our table. She had on her scrubs so she was most likely on her lunch break. There was no way she fucked with her cousin like that because she was smiling in my face like I hadn't beat her cousin up two months ago.

“Hey Nisa,” I smiled. “How are you doing?”

“Can't complain. I see you're doing great,” she giggled. “I guess the baby was the reason why you were so sick. Congratulations,” she said, before glancing at my sisters. “Oh, I'm sorry, hey everybody.”

“Hey,” they said together.

“Y'all look *just* alike.”

“We get that a lot,” Tamia responded.

“It's really uncanny,” she laughed, before looking back at me. “Can I talk to you in private Taija?”

My antennas went up. I wasn't going anywhere private with this hoe. She could attack me once we were alone to get revenge for her cousin or something. I wasn't crazy. Maybe I was paranoid, but I was better safe than sorry.

“Yea, let's step over here to this corner.” I stood up. The corner was a few feet away from the table. If she wanted

to jump stupid she'd get jumped by my sisters.

“So what's up?” I asked once we were standing in the corner.

“Can you tell your man to back off?”

Her entire demeanor had changed. Gone was the smiles and well wishes. It appeared as if she wanted to bite my head off. But I could see it in her eyes that she wouldn't jump stupid. Fighting was probably the last thing she wanted to do with me. She saw how her cousin had gotten handled. I doubt she wanted the same treatment times four. There was no such thing as a one on one with my sisters present.

“What are you talking about? Why would I be telling my man anything?” I blinked in confusion.

“My cousin is considering moving out of New Orleans. She lost her job because some random girl showed up and picked a fight with her. She swore he sent the girl there and I didn't buy it at first. That's until she kept getting attacked everywhere she went by randoms. She's trying to get another job at other clubs as a bottle girl but everybody has turned her away. He doesn't have to black ball her from getting money. She learned her lesson when *you* whooped her ass. Enough enough!” She declared.

“You good Choc?!” Tatiana investigated from a distance.

“Girl it’s nothing!” I replied nonchalantly, before looking at Nisa. “I have *no* idea what you’re talking about, but karma is muthafucker. I lost my job too, so I guess we’re even. Do me a favor though Nisa?”

“What’s that?”

“Next time you see me in public don’t speak.” I winked, before stepping off back to my table. That bitch and her cousin had a lot of audacity. Supreme hadn’t mentioned getting revenge for the fight directly to me, but Tahj did tell me that he said Eva was going to pay. As usual, he was a man of his word and I supported him. Why should Eva get to walk around New Orleans comfortably after trying to harm my child? That bitch could kick rocks in another city.

Supreme

March 26, 2018

“Papa you didn’t have to fly black out here just to come to my doctor’s appointment. I told you I could go by myself.” Choc said as she walked out her front door.

I thought since Choc had stopped working that it would result in her traveling with me more, and for a minute it did. But she would get really sick whenever we flew. We both agreed that it was best if she stayed behind whenever I had to travel by plane. I tried to keep my work outside of New Orleans to a minimum but that was close to impossible. She never tripped about it, and she always encouraged me to go handle my business. However, her and the little person in her belly was my business. I wanted to be by her side for every step of the way. I didn’t care if I did have to fly right back out after this appointment, not being here wasn’t an option.

“I told you I wasn’t missing one appointment. Especially the one where you’re having your first ultrasound scan,” I grabbed her hand and guided her to the car.

“Papa I can walk. You treating me like I’m handicapped,”she snickered.

“Girl get in this car,” I laughed, opting not to respond to her comment. I was a little overprotective lately, but this was my first child. I wanted him or her to arrive safely, and I wanted Choc to be in one piece after the delivery.

“This baby took me through it this morning,” she divulged, once we drove off.

Off the bat I was worried. “What you mean?!”

“Relax Papa, he or she just had me throwing up everything I ate. It gotta be a boy because they’re too aggressive,” she laughed.

“I think it’s a boy too,” I smiled. “But whatever it is, I just want a healthy baby and safe delivery.”

“Ditto.”

“Yea, so we need to find a black female doctor to deliver our baby.”

“Huh?”

“Huh?” I mocked her. “You worked as a nurse for years, you should know the risks of childbirth for black women. Those risks decrease when a black doctor is delivering the child.”

“Oh okay, I didn’t know where you were going with that at first.”

“Well you should’ve known I had your best interest at heart.”

“You sure you have to leave right back out after this?”

She pouted.

I grinned. “You miss me mama?”

“Yes, and I feel like cuddling and watching Star.”

“You’ve been watching it without me huh?”

“Guilty,” she smiled nervously.

“Yea, you lucky you pregnant with my baby or I would fuck you up.”

“We can always go back to where we left off together. I don’t mind rewatching.”

“Ok I’ll stay.”

It was rare that Choc was clingy like this, that’s why I had surrendered so quickly. Quite frankly, I felt like being up under her too. Being the boss had these perks. If I didn’t want to show up I could do that, and I didn’t have to answer to

anybody. I would just have Black fulfill my duties at the office in Atlanta since he was already there.

Choc

“Wowww, you’ve gotten big since the last time I saw you Taija,” Doctor Stevenson exclaimed when Supreme and I walked through the door. Little did he know this would probably be the last time he saw me. Supreme was ready to cut his ass off. Dr. Stevenson was nice and all, but I actually agreed with my man. When I really thought about it I’d feel more safe and comfortable with a black woman as my doctor too.

“I just told her that on the way up here. That’s normal right, Doc?” Supreme asked.

“It’s normal when the mommy is carrying more than one baby,”he cackled loudly. I didn’t find a damn thing funny. I’d just kind of gotten used to the idea of having a kid, now he was talking about multiple?

“Ha-ha, real funny,”I said sarcastically.

“I think he’s serious Taija,” Supreme said. I looked at him like he was crazy because he looked like he was okay with the idea of having more than one baby. Last time I checked only one of us would be home with this baby primarily.

“Well we won’t know until we see what’s in there. You might just be carrying a big, healthy baby.”

About ten minutes later I was choking back tears while Doctor Stevenson and Supreme wore huge smiles.

“I knew it! You’re having twins Ms. Bellamy. Are those tears of joy?”

Supreme laughed hysterically. “Something like that doc. She’s just in shock right now and at a loss for words.”

“That’s understandable.”

I was still speechless and my throat felt clogged. All the signs had been there. Everybody had been telling me I was really big and morning sickness was super intense. I guess that’s because there were two damn babies inside of me. I was about to be a mom of *two*. I could’ve passed out right there.

“Alright, you being mute was funny at first. You gotta talk now baby.” He pressed once we left the hospital.

“I don’t want to talk to you,” I said stubbornly. “All of this is your fault.”

“You mad because I overachieved when I shot the club up?” He laughed. “Yo imagine if we have twin boys.”

“I don’t want to.”

“You need too, Choc. God blessed us twice. Accept that.”

“So this doesn’t freak you out just a bit? I was terrified to deliver one baby, but two?!”

“Yea, our jobs did just get harder. But twins just means double the love. And you already know we’ll have help. Our moms have already been talking about helping with the baby whenever I’m away. You know they’ll really be all in now. We’re not in this alone Taija. Our babies are going to be good, and so will you. I’ll make sure of it.”

“If you say so,” I mumbled. Really him saying so did give me a boost of confidence. I was still scared, but having him by my side let me know everything would be alright.

Chapter 16

Choc

April 28, 2018

“See, that’s how she’s pregnant with twins now!”

Antwan shouted, making everyone laugh. Supreme and I were the center of attention as we took photos at our gender reveal. My mom had pulled inspiration from our 2017 Halloween costumes for the theme which was “Beauty Or A Beast?” I felt a little uneasy about calling my potential son a beast, but the theme came together amazingly. A huge blue tent had been set up in Supreme’s back yard to represent the ballroom from the Disney movie. Everything was set up beautifully inside the tent. The tables, chairs, and serving stations were regal like everything had been in the animated film. Gender reveals were usually casual occasions, but our mothers had done the most

so we had to go with the vibe they'd already set. Much like our Halloween costumes we stuck with yellow and blue for our outfits. However, these looks for this event were much more polished and sophisticated. I wore a House of CB yellow dress, and Supreme rocked a Blue Versace Suit. Everything was simply perfect, and I had our families to thank for that.

“The lady is about to come with the teapot in 30 minutes,” My mom informed us. The way the gender was going to be revealed was a creative idea that Supreme's mom came up with. They had a giant teacup made like the one from the movie, and blue or pink smoke would come out of it like steam to reveal if it was a boy or girl.

“Good, that gives me time to eat.” I said.

“You hungry? Why you ain't been say something?”

“Because we were taking pictures with our guests and mingling.” I answered.

“So taking pictures comes before feeding my babies?” He interrogated.

“Boy,” I huffed, before attempting to walk away.

“Go sit down, I got it.”

“Ok,” I obliged. I was happy to get off my feet for once since this party had started.

Supreme

My day had been going so well because I saw how happy Choc was. She never wanted this for herself yet she was fully embracing it and looking forward to our kids. I was going to do anything necessary to keep her day going smoothly. That included kicking her bitch ass daddy out.

“Bring this to Choc and tell her I went to the bathroom,” I said to Siya, before walking away from the food and over to the entrance of the tent.

“You Taija’s father right?” I asked, even though I already knew who he was. I was just curious to see how he would react to the question. I wanted to see if he was even comfortable admitting he was her father even though he didn’t act as one.

“Ummm,” he looked around. “....yea.”

It smelled like bitch up in here. Why the fuck was he here if he had to hesitate on a simple question like that? My kids grand dad was a coward. Luckily they had my father for a good example of a grandfather.

“Let me show you out,” I guided him right out of the tent and towards my side gate that led back to the front of the house.

“Why are you showing me out? I haven’t seen Taija.”

“She doesn’t want to see you, bruh. Just leave.”

“Look, I don’t know who you think you ar-“

“I’m the nigga who put those babies in her, and unlike you I’d never abandoned my children. Now leave my house before I have my security escort you out,” I stated firmly.

It looked like he wanted to say something, but he just turned away and walked off. Yea, he was really a bitch. There was no way I would’ve left that easily without seeing my child first. That was the problem though, he didn’t really see Choc as his child. He was doing all of this out of guilt. She didn’t need his pity.

Twenty minutes later everyone was gathered around a big ass teapot. Prior to this gender reveal theme being brought to my attention, I'd never seen Beauty and The Beast. Choc had made me watch it a few nights ago, and I had to admit our gender reveal was close to accurate. Even the teapot was identical to the one from the movie, it was just lifesize. The lady who made it poured something into it as we counted down.

“3...2...1!”

Blue smoke erupted from the spout, and everybody went crazy. I pulled Choc into a hug before anybody else could get to her. People were swarming us with congratulations, and I really felt the love and excitement. My mom had to get on the mic and remind everyone that there was another gender we still needed to reveal. Everybody immediately started settling down. The lady did the same exact thing she did the first time....and blue smoke emerged from the spout for a second time. We were having twin boys just like we both suspected.

“I love you mama,” I expressed while kissing her repeatedly.

“You better love me. I’m having two knucklehead boys for your ass,” she giggled, before kissing me again. “I love you too, Papa.”

Chapter 17

Choc

July 22, 2018

“What you in here doing?”

“Nothing much, just reading these baby books Talea got me.”

“Y’all and these baby books,”he laughed. He picked my feet up, sat down next to me, and then put my feet in his lap.

“You must’ve known I needed a foot rub,”I smiled, when he started rubbing his hands across my swollen feet.

“Yea I read your mind,”he smirked. “I’m about to go to the office in a few, you coming?”

“No, I’ma go home and lay down. I’m tired.”

“Why don’t you just stay here Choc?”

“This house is hugeee,”I whined. “I don’t want to be here by myself.”

“Then ask one of your sisters or your mom to come over here with you. You gotta get used to being here. Cause the traveling back and forth not gon work when my son’s get here. We all gon live under one roof.”

“So now I gotta move out of my house?”

“Don’t you think it’s practical for us all to live together? Then our moms talking about being with you 24/7 to help with the babies. I have multiple extra rooms and you only have one. You’re also renting your house and I own mine, so it

would be nothing for you to give up yours. It's a no-brainer baby."

He was right about all of this, I just liked having my own place that was in my name. I didn't see Supreme and I breaking up or anything nor did I see him kicking me out if mad day ever came, but having a security net never hurt.

"I hear all that Papa but this feels like your house more than mine. Everything from the decor to the deed says Siraj Leblanc."

"Both of those things can change. I can care less about furniture so feel free to do your thing. Just pick out stuff with both of us in mind. You want your name on the paperwork for this house? I'll get right on that. Now see how easy that was?"

"Do you get joy out of giving me everything I want?" I asked with stars in my eyes. I'd never come across a man who fixed problems as soon as I presented them. It was always a different excuse, but not Supreme. He would fix anything I had an issue with to make me happy.

"Is that a trick question?" He quizzed. "Since we're sitting here I wanted to talk to you about something else."

“What’s that?” I asked, before taking a swig of my water.

“So I was looking at engagement rings yesterda-”

I spat my water out everywhere as soon as the words left his mouth. Did this man just say what I think he said?

“Really Choc?”

“Yo-you...you thinking about marriage, Papa...with me?” I pointed to myself.

“You haven’t thought about it? I mean you’re pregnant.”

My heart dropped. “So you want to marry me because I’m pregnant?”

“Hell no! I was thinking about the possibilities of you being my wife before you got pregnant. But now that we’re about to make a family together I figured it only made sense to make it official and stop playing.”

“Supreme I’m *pregnant*. Me!” I pointed to myself. “I swore I’d never be here, but I am now. So who’s playing? Because I’m not.”

“I’m just saying, we both know this is it right?”

My heart was beating so fast that I had to hold my breath for a second, resulting in a long pause.

“Yes.”

“You hesitated.”

“I did not! I’m just in shock right now.”

“Ok, so tell me how you feel about marriage.”

“Honestly,” I breathed. “I didn’t grow up with the best examples so I always thought it didn’t mean shit. I felt like I’d be better off by myself if marriage was just a contract that tied you to someone legally and not really about love. But at this very moment I’m picturing our wedding in my head and it feels like God himself is telling me that marriage is so much more than what I’ve brainwashed myself to believe. Other than that I don’t know much...but I’m willing to learn.”

“So am I, mama. I just needed to know if you were on the same page as me.” He leaned over and planted a kiss on my lips.

“I love you.”

“I love you too, Papa.”

Choc

August 13, 2018

“Where you at? You better be headed straight home.”

“I am, Papa,” I lied. I was really about to pull up to Manchu because I was craving some chicken, but I wasn’t about to tell his extra ass that. He swore I couldn’t travel anywhere these days without security or a driver. I kept telling him that me being almost eight months pregnant didn’t make me incapable of getting around on my own. The city of New Orleans was my home, so I was good.

“I told you to stay with Talea until I left the office, so I could follow you back to my spot.”

“I’m going to my house.”

“For what?” He snarled.

“To continue packing, so calm down.”

“You need to be resting. I was going to get someone to pack your house up for you.”

“I’m nowhere near finished so you still can. But I at least want to pack my own clothes and other personal items.”

“Ok Mama. I’ll be at your house in a few hours to pick you up so we can go to *our* house.”

“Alright Papa,” I giggled, knowing he was relishing in the fact that I had agreed to officially move in with him. I was just as ecstatic, and I was having fun with the re-decorating. By the time I was finished the place would look totally different.

After hanging up with him I made my way into Manchu and it was packed as usual. Multiple people broke their necks to look at me, making it apparent that I was famous by association now. Supreme had been uber public with my pregnancy via social media. Way more than me. I’d only posted my maternity pictures, but he had been capturing every step of the way and posting it all. I was now almost to a million followers on Instagram thanks to him.

I paid the stares no mind, and I spoke to people who said hi to me first. Other than the looks, everybody was being

cool and not doing the most. That meant I was still far from a celebrity, and I liked it that way.

After ordering my food, I stepped off to the side with my number. At Manchu there was always a long line and a wait. I was used to this, so I didn't care. Especially if waiting meant my chicken was coming fresh out of the grease.

"Excuse me." A voice came from behind me. I turned around and saw a familiar face bearing a smile. She reminded me of Lira Galore from her pretty face to her sweet demeanor. Maybe she was just a supporter of me and Supreme.

"You probably don't know me, my name is Lea."

That's when it clicked for me. This was of Supreme's 4 for 4 hoes. She'd been the quiet one out of the bunch, so I had grown to have *some* respect for her. I wanted to say Sabrina had been quiet, but she'd been tweeting shady, indirect shit that the blogs would repost from time to time. She was the sneaky type, and those types were just as problematic. I would rather deal with a person who brings the drama to you straight on. I just hoped that Lea wasn't bringing drama to me straight on right now. I physically could not fight her with this big ass belly, nor did I want to. My kids' safety came before anything.

I was starting to fully grasp why Supreme was so hard up about me going everywhere with security.

“I know who you are.” I said evenly.

“Oh okay,” she nodded while flipping her hair. The huge rock on her finger caught my attention before it dropped to her belly. My heart skipped a beat. We had baby bumps in common.

“I just wanted to say congratulations to you and Supreme,” she went on to say nicely. I couldn’t tell if she was being genuine or sarcastic. Shit I couldn’t even think. Her deciding to speak to me was top tier weird because we didn’t know each other personally. There had to be a motive behind this for her. If that motive was in her belly I would lose my shit.

“Congratulations to you, too. How far along are you?” I questioned.

“9 months and due any day now,” she smiled brightly.

My stomach twisted. “...interesting.”

She looked confused at my dry response for a second, before an alarming look washed over her face.

“Oh no, I’m pregnant for my fiancé! I haven’t seen Supreme since last Spring! I just be seeing you on the gram and I really like the way you carry yourself. I wasn’t trying to be petty or anything.”

Relief washed over me. I must’ve had PTSD because my mind immediately resorted to Supreme having another family on the side. That would’ve been hard for a public figure like him to pull off. He was also attentive to my every need and if he wasn’t working he was up under me. I really should’ve known better when it came down to him.

“Thank you,” I gave her a small smile. “I’ve had a few encounters with some of Supreme’s old girls so I’m a little paranoid.”

“Those bitches are nuts,” she sniggered. “I ain’t gon lie, I was happy to see Eva get her ass whooped. She gave me hell for like a whole year.”

“52!”

“That’s me,” she said.

“I wish you the best with your baby.”

“Thank you. Same to you,” she smiled, before twisting off.

When I was on my way home I contemplated telling Supreme about my run in with his old fling but I opted against it. I would have to tell him that I was at Manchu and I didn't want him going off on me for lying. When I pulled into my driveway I had to do a double take because someone was sitting on my damn porch. It looked a lot like a deadbeat father.

“Tarell what are you doing here?” I questioned as I climbed out of my red BMW truck. It had been a just because gift from Supreme just a week before. I had admired a car just like it in white while we were out and voiced that it would be pretty in red. The next day I literally had my own version of the truck in red. Sometimes I had to sit back and ask God how I got so lucky.

“I just want to talk to you Choc.”

“I can't right now. I'm busy.”

“With what?”

“Carrying a child.” I sassed.

“You look beautiful. Are you really having twins?”

“Tarell what do you want?” I asked again. “And how do you know where I live? Did Tahj tell you?!”

“No. Calm down, babygirl. I saw you on the bridge and followed you here.”

That was bullshit. It didn't even make sense.

“Why are you?!” I asked again, deciding not to call out his lie. I wouldn't get the truth anyway.

“I just wanted to tell you how happy I was for you.”

“So you pop up at my house? Why not at my gender reveal or my baby shower?”

“I did come to your gender reveal. That so-called man of yours turned me around.”

My heart sped up. “Really?”

“Yes, you need to check him. He's disrespectful.”

I eyed him closely, before bursting into laughter.

“Tarell I don't need to check nothing! My man knows how much delivering my boys safely is important to me. I don't need added stress, and you're nothing but that. If I feel like talking to you after I have my sons then I'll do that. Until then please just leave me alone.”

“Can I at least have a hug?”

My face turned up, but I still gave him a dry hug. Anything to get his ass out of my face. If a hug made him feel better for being a sad excuse for a man than so be it!

“I really hope you do call me when you deliver my grandsons.”

“Mhm. Goodbye Tarell.” I walked into my house and shut the door. Peace at last.

Supreme

September 24, 2018

“Man you gotta come out to Atlanta now Supreme! These girls then had a whole fist fight in the studio, and Calla talking about quitting! If she quit then the group done, you know she’s the fan favorite.”

“You and Zaro gon have to fix that problem. I can call them and play mediator but I’m not leaving Choc’s side.”

“Her due date ain’t until the 26th though.”

“Exactly nigga,” I snapped. “Why the fuck would I leave my girl who’s two days away from labor to handle the aftermath of a cat fight? If you don’t handle that lightweight shit and get the fuck off my line.” I went off, before hanging up.

“Now why are you being mean Papa?” Choc snickered.

“I’m not being mean. That nigga just stupid.”

“Yet he’s your business partner.”

“He’s a musical genius, but when it comes to business...man, he’s lucky he got me.”

“Y’all are the most dysfunctional duo ever.”

“That’s his ass. How the fuck he want me to go to Atlanta right now?”

“You can go. I’m goo- Ouuuu!” She winced.

“Something must be wrong with you too. You’ve been having contractions all day, but you tryna give me the green light to leave? Girl you must be out yo top.”

“My mama said this is normal the closer I get to my due date. That doesn’t mean they’re coming right this secon-

OWWWW!” She screamed, while sitting up and clutching her stomach.

“That’s it. We’re going to the hospital.” I jumped up, fully alert.

“Papa I think it’s really just contractions,” she said through deep breaths. “Ou, shit! I’m peeing on myself. Help me to the bathroom.”

“Man your water just broke! Go stand by the door while I get your bags. We going to the fucking hospital.”

“It’s time? It can’t be time yet.”

“It’s time,” I helped her stand up and kissed her softly. “My boys are coming. Now do what I said.”

Choc

“Are y’all ready to meet your grandsons?” Supreme asked our parents as they entered the hospital room. Our siblings had to wait until visiting hours the next day, but our parents were here at the hospital anxiously waiting for hours.

It took me almost ten hours to deliver my beautiful boys, and all three of us made it out safe and sound. My heart was full.

“Siraj, why are you holding them both?” Faith asked with a megawatt smile on her face.

“Because they’re mine,”he gloated while smiling down at their little brown faces. God had decided to bless them with mommy’s melanin.

“Oh my God.” My mom teared up the moment she laid eyes on them. “Jesus, my baby really had babies. They’re so beautiful.”

“They look just like us,son ,” His father, Samir, boasted. “Congratulations.”

“Thanks pops,”he looked up with a smile, before looking at me. “Didn’t I tell you they look like me?”

“I see some Choc in them too,”my mom jumped in.

“Yea they’re brown just like her, and look at all that pretty, curly hair they have.” Faith said.

“They could’ve gotten that from you ma,”he said teasingly.

“Let’s see how they look as they get older,”I replied. “Cause right now don’t even count.”

Truthfully, they did look more like Supreme. They had his full lips, wide nose, and they seemed to have his fluffiness. That just made me adore them even more, but I wasn't about to tell his arrogant ass that.

“Y'all cut it out, these babies are the perfect reflection of both of y'all,” my mom tittered.

“We up here yapping about who they look like, but what are their names?” Samir asked.

“This is Siraj Ahmaad LeBlanc Jr,” he nodded to the twin in his left arm. “And this is Sahid Xavier LeBlanc Jr.”

Faith clutched her chest as tears poured out her eyes. “You named him after your brother? “

“It was only right. I know he's in them.” Supreme said while looking down at the twins with nothing but love in his eyes.

“He sure is,” Samir touched his shoulder. “I know he's looking down and proud of you, son.”

They had me tearing up now. Really the entire day made me want to cry tears of joy. I'd been terrified to have two babies at once, but now I couldn't see it any other way. The moment I laid eyes on Siraj and Sahid I knew that I would

lay down and die for them. They were my everythings. I couldn't believe I'd been depriving myself of motherhood when it was this fulfilling. On the other hand, I was glad I'd waited. I couldn't see myself doing this with anyone else other than Siraj Sr....also known as Papa.

Chapter 18

Supreme

October 24, 2018

I watched Choc in amusement as she made silly faces for the boys while taking their pictures in front of her own little home made set up. Today they made one month and since Halloween was approaching she had them in front of a festive backdrop with other Halloween props laying around. She even had my boys in Halloween outfits. I just found it funny because she swore she'd never be one of these moms

that did monthly photo shoots. Things had really come full circle.

As if the photoshoot wasn't extra enough she also had gotten a cake made, she got a balloon arch set up, and she invited our siblings over to celebrate. It was safe to say that we would be doing this for the next 12 months on the 24th. She had probably already started dreaming up the first birthday party.

“Papa come make them smile for me,” she whined.

“I don't think they're feeling it mama,” I chuckled while looking down at their identical faces. When they were first born they looked just like me, but now I could see some of their mom in them too. We came together and created two beautiful babies. I couldn't wait to do it again.

“I think they're sleepy,” she sighed. “That's all they want to do. That's until I want to go to sleep.”

“You might as well let them take a nap before our people get here.”

“You're right. I want them to be in a good mood. I guess I'll go order the chicken and rice from Golden Wings so Tahj can pick it up when he comes.”

As soon as she walked away they started dozing off. They had definitely been waiting for peace and quiet. I watched them until they fell asleep completely and then moved them to their bassinets.

“Awww Mia, her look so pretty!” Choc squealed into her phone. She was laying on her stomach in the bed and her short black nightgown was hunched over her ass that was covered in nothing but a black thong.

Trying to stay true to the doctors orders I hadn't touched Choc in four weeks. Most of the time it was easy because our moms were always here helping. But my dick was going to fall off if I didn't use it soon. Then she made it no better by prancing around here in those little ass clothes whenever we were alone. She wanted the dick. I could sense it.

“Hey Supreme,” Tamia greeted when I walked behind Choc.

“Hey Mia, hey uncle baby,” I spoke to Noeva. Every time I saw her it made me want to put a little girl in Choc.

“Say hey pretty girl,” Tamia cooed. Noeva said some gibberish, making us all laugh.

“We gon see y’all later,” I laughed while reaching over and taking Choc’s phone from her hand and ending the call.

“I wasn’t done talking to her!”

“Shhhh,” I hushed her, before dropping my joggers and boxers.

Her eyes enlarged. “Noooo Papa! It hasn’t been six weeks.”

“It’s close enough.”

I straddled her back, push her panties to the side, and drove my dick into her from the back. I had to spread her ass cheeks to get it all the way in.

“Awwwww, fuck,” she winced, then licked her lips.

“You missed this dick, huh?”

“Ouuu Papa! I missed it so much.”

I kissed all over her lips and neck while I fucked her good. I was fucking her faster than usual because one thing I learned about my boys is that they didn’t take long naps.

“You fucking me so good,” she moaned.

“Yea? You love Papa dick?”

“Yes!”

“Tell me!”

“I love Papa dick!”

“Fuck,” I gritted, as I busted long and hard inside of her. That was fast, but it had been a minute and that pussy had a vice grip on me. But I knew a way to make her cum quick.

“Come ride my face mama.” I ordered.

Choc

November 4, 2018

“I don’t feel like going anywhere Papa,” I grouched. “I’m tired, and we’re leaving the country for my birthday tomorrow. I think I should save my energy for that. And this is the perfect time for us to sleep while your mom and dad has the boys at their house.”

“I got a nice dinner planned for you though Choc, and I gave you the heads up days ago. I got people coming here to do your nails and feet, your makeup, and my stylist coming through with clothes. Talea finna come do your hair too.”

“All that for dinner?” I grumbled. I was probably being a difficult grouch, but I was sleepy. He knew how I got when I didn’t have any rest. I was hoping to get a lot of sleep on the way to Cooks Island and I definitely planned on resting for the five days we would spend there. I would be baby free, but that part was bittersweet. I was happy to have a break, but I knew I’d missed them something serious after a few hours. They were in great hands with our parents though.

“You acting like your birthday not tomorrow.”

“Supreme this better not be a surprise dinner. I hate surprises.”

“I know, so why would I do that to you?”

“I don’t know,” I eyed him suspiciously. “Why would you?”

“Taija get up and go shower before I physically remove you from this bed. We’re on a tight schedule.”

As annoyed as I was, I still got up and got myself together. When I got out of the shower I heard chatter down stairs. That must've been the whole damn glam squad he'd invited over to dress me for a regular ole dinner. I was no fool. He had definitely planned a surprise party for me. For his benefit I would pretend like I had no idea what was going on.

The pampering part of this sent me to Jupiter. It had been a while since I'd been able to make my way to Talea's salon, and she'd been too busy to make her way to me, so I'd been wearing my natural hair. She installed wavy 36 inches of Brazilian hair into my head, making me feel like a brand new woman. I hadn't voiced this to anyone, but I felt a little different after my pregnancy. I wouldn't say I was fully depressed, but I just wasn't feeling 100% like myself. Getting catered to today was just the remedy I needed. I had my long white coffin shaped nails and white toes back after weeks of not stepping into a nail shop, my makeup was so beautiful that I looked like a painting, and I finally picked out something cute to wear. It took me a while because there were far too many amazing options. Supreme's stylist, Jude, had pulled all the new designer clothes, shoes, and handbags for me. I eventually settled on a black Chanel catsuit, black Chanel high

heeled sandals, and a black Chanel bag. The diamond bracelet and earrings I donned in my ears really set the look off. I wasn't sure how the catsuit would look on me since I'd gained 10 pounds and my stomach was still a work in progress, but I looked like a baddie. Supreme was dressed nicely too in Balenciaga from head to toe.

When we were leaving the house I noticed all the racks of clothes were still in our living room.

“Your stylist forgot all this stuff.”

“No she didn't. All this for you.”

I wanted to pull his pants down and suck his dick right there, but he rushed me out the door. While we were in the car I thought about how I'd react to my surprise party. I would probably lay it on thick and cry. I wanted my Papa to feel good for going out of his way. My birthday week was starting off amazing thanks to him. How he managed to work as hard as he did and not slack when it came to me or his kids blew my mind. I was so wrapped in my head and thinking about how much I loved Supreme, that I didn't even notice where we were.

“Where are we going to eat?”

“Well I wanted it to be a surprise, but I had a dinner set up for us by the crescent city connection.”

“Papa,” I gushed. “You really know how to outdo yourself. I can’t wait to outdo you for your birthday.”

A dinner between the two notorious bridges that connected the westbank with the city of New Orleans was next level. I could only imagine how grand he had it set up for me.

“Something tells me that there’ll be no such thing as topping this night for us. You can let us out right here Mike,” he said to his driver.

He helped me out the car and we walked down the street with his security guard trailing us. I frowned in confusion because as we got closer to our destination I saw nothing but pitch black.

“Papa I don’t see nothi-“

I jumped when everything seemingly lit up at once and an orchestra started playing music. It sounded a lot like “Let’s Get Married” by Jagged Edge. Oh God...

I was having an outer body experience when I noticed huge white 3-D letters with lights that read “will you marry me?” Then I looked to my right and saw our families. My

siblings, his sister, our parents, my nieces and nephews, and our sons. He got me good, because I definitely wasn't expecting this. We'd talked about marriage once *months* ago, so I figured he was just making conversation. I wasn't pressed either way, so I wasn't tripping on him. I don't know how many times this man had to prove to me that he was a man of his word. Silly, silly me.

When I turned to look at Supreme with tears in my eyes, he was on one knee with a red box in his hand. He opened it and revealed the Harry Weinstein rock to me. I recalled telling Tahj that although I had no desire to get married I still wanted this ring to be a part of my jewelry collection one day when we were shopping years ago. I didn't doubt for a second that he passed the word over to Supreme, because it was the same exact ring.

"Will you marry me?" He asked nervously. My poor Papa had to be terrified asking me this. I said I was down when he asked, but I could be wishy washy. On this particular topic I wasn't.

"Yes," I nodded rapidly while blinking back tears.

He slipped the rock on my finger, stood back up, and kissed me passionately. While we were kissing I heard

fireworks. I pulled away and looked up and in awe. He was right, topping this night was impossible and I had no desire to.

Chapter 19

Supreme

November 22, 2018

“Pughhhh!”

“Still throwing up, huh?” I questioned as I walked into the bathroom and saw Choc with her head in the toilet.

“Yea, that gumbo I cooked must’ve gone bad,” she sighed, while wiping her mouth.

“Ain’t shit wrong with that gumbo, Siya downstairs right now tearing it up. You know the last time you claimed food was making you sick you were pregnant.”

I watched her eyes roam nervously. “Yea but that can’t be it. I just had the twins two months ago.”

“That doesn’t mean getting pregnant again is impossible. Takes one of these tests.” I pulled a CVS bag from behind my back and her eyes widened.

“Supreme I don’t have time for that, everyone’s gonna start arriving soon.”

Instead of going back and forth between her mom’s house and my parents house, we decided to just do thanksgiving at our house this year. That way my family, her family, and their families could all join in together. She stayed up cooking the entire night before with her sisters and our mothers. I could definitely see this becoming a tradition every year for us. I was just happy to finally be putting this big ass house to use.

“Everything is already set up for them. You don’t have to be down there when they arrive. This ain’t gonna take long anyway.”

She yanked the bag out of my hand with an attitude, propelling me to grin. Her reasoning for wanting to avoid the obvious was beyond me, but we were finding out the truth today. After she peed on the stick we waited in the bathroom together for the results. When they appeared, she threw her head back in agony and cussed repeatedly. Meanwhile I was

ecstatic, but I didn't want to show it because she was obviously not happy about this.

“Come on Choc,” I grabbed her hands and looked into her eyes. “What you doing all that for?”

“What you mean?! We still have two very small babies and I'm pregnant again. Do you know how hard it'll be to be pregnant and have to take care of the twins?! Don't even get me started on actually taking care of three babies that are one and under at the same damn time.”

“I know it's going to be hard mama, I get that, but we can't focus on the negative because what's done is done. Let's think about how close our kids will be because they're so close in age. Let's think about the possibility of it being a girl and you getting your own mini me. Let's think about how stronger this will make our bond to bring another life into the world. I don't care if I have to work less to be here more, or if we have to hire a live-in nanny. Just know I'm prepared to make this as easy for you as possible.”

“You better be, because this is your fault,” she stifled a grin. “And you know our mama's not letting us hire a nanny.”

I laughed. “It doesn't matter what they want. If you say that's what you need then I'll provide it.”

She cupped my face and kissed me deeply. After a few seconds she pulled away with a long face.

“What?”

“I’ma have to rush and lose weight after I give birth. I can’t be sloppy looking at our wedding.”

We had set our wedding date for December 19,2019. The date held no significance, and that’s why she claimed she wanted it. She said that we’d make the day special by getting married. The main reason she wanted a December date is because she loved the holidays and wanted a winter wonderland wedding. It was her world, I was just living it in. Living in it made me feel like the luckiest man alive.

“I don’t care if you blow up, we still getting married on December 19, 2019. So don’t you pull no shit.”

Choc

December 25, 2018

“It’s another Christmas holiday. It’s a joyous thing, let the Angels sing. ‘Cause we’re together. We got a thing,

can't let it slip away. Go outside, it's raining sleet when our bodies meet. I don't care about the weather. Let it snow, let it snow, outside it's cold. But the fire's blazin' so, baby, let it snow. Let it snow, yeah. Let it snow, let it snow. Come over here and help me trim the tree."The Boys 2 Men song and video played on our wide, flat screen tv in the living room. My sisters and I were sitting around on the floor, organizing the gifts by name so the kids wouldn't have to be all under the tree trying to find there's.

"Sis this picture of y'all so cute!"Tati raved while looking at the big version of our Christmas card. As soon as Thanksgiving was over I set up a professional Christmas photoshoot for us. We looked beautiful in our coordinated red and black outfits. Every year when I was a kid, my mom and I took Holiday pictures at the mall. I wanted my kids to have a picture of their family every year too for when they got older. Building memories was something I was dead set on doing. That's why this day was ten times more special than it was in the past. I now had my own kids to share it with.

Thanksgiving at our house was such a success that my siblings asked us to host Christmas as well. Supreme and I really liked doing Thanksgiving, so we were eager to do Christmas. For Christmas I was naturally way more over the

top with food, deserts, and decorations. Seeing how much our family was enjoying everything made it all worth it.

“Choc you did your thing with this party. I say we do Christmas here every year. Cause we can’t just have an ice skating rink this year and not have one next year.” Tamia giggled.

That’s right, we had an ice skating rink along with fake snow slides set up in our backyard. I would’ve liked to take credit, but my rational mind would’ve never come up with such an expensive idea. That was all Supreme. He kept going on and on about how the kids would need something to do. They obviously loved it and that’s where all of them were at right now. My baby boys were in the kitchen with my mom and the other older women getting dotted on. Their spoiled butts were probably in heaven.

“I don’t know about doing this next year,” I laughed.

“Because my sis is going to be a bride,” Talea snapped her fingers.

“That’s right! You sure will be married by this time next year,” Tamia said excitedly. “How are you feeling? Are you ready?”

“I honestly can’t wait,” I admitted.

“I can’t believe you’re the first one getting married,” Tati said with her hand over her heart. “They grow up so fast.”

“Girl please!” I giggled.

“Real shit though, how’s the wedding plans going? I hope you’re not stressing yourself out!” She looked at me as if I’d be in trouble if the answer were wrong. Supreme got tipsy on Thanksgiving and ended up announcing my pregnancy. I didn’t really care, but I did want to come to terms with the news myself before I told our family. They actually helped me accept it more though because they were so supportive. Now they were shocked that I was pregnant again even though the twins were still fresh out the coochie, but they were happy nonetheless. My mom was praying to God for a little girl. Deep down I wanted the same thing, but if I got another boy I’d be cool with that too.

“No indeed no. It’s the wedding planners job to stress. I’m just listing off everything I want and it’s her job to make it happen.”

“Everything you want huh? What about what Supreme wants?” Talea laughed.

“He wants what I want.”

They all shared a laugh, but I was dead serious.

“The funny thing is she’s serious!” Tati laughed hysterically.

“But it’s so true. This bitch could ask for the world and Supreme would carry it to her on his back.”

“As he should!” Talea cocked her neck to the side.

“Bloop!” I slapped palms with her. While we were joking around, I noticed Tarik walk in the room with Sahid in his arms. My boys were every bit of identical twins. Everybody struggled with telling them apart except Supreme and I.

“What’s wrong?” I asked.

“This nigga shitted,” Tarik reported, before grabbing a pamper and the wipes that were sitting by the table.

“Ou, I can smell it,” Tamia waved her hand in front of her nose.

“Thanks Bro.” I smiled. I was grateful I didn’t have to change the disrespectful mess in Sahid’s diaper.

We finished with the gifts within the next twenty minutes and called everybody inside to open up them. I sat up under Supreme with Siraj Jr. in my arms while the kids went crazy and unwrapped presents. The best part of Christmas had always been giving for me, and it was the best to be with someone who felt the same way. We'd already exchanged our gifts early in the morning. I got him an AP diamond watch with two diamond chains that held the twins pictures. I thought I went above and beyond because that was the most I'd ever spent on any gift, period. But he put me to shame per usual by getting me a red snakeskin Birkin bag and a red G Wagon. This was the best Christmas yet, but next year was coming to shut shit down. God willing I would have my baby girl and be a married woman.

Chapter 20

Supreme

March 26,2019

“You not sleepy Raj?”I asked my son as he looked up at me with wide eyes. We were on our way to Los Angeles and I had to work as soon as I touched down. I thought I’d get some sleep on the plane, but my junior wasn’t having it. His brother and mama on the other hand were knocked out, or so I thought.

“You know that boy never goes to sleep on the plane. He wants to see what’s going on,”Choc muttered with her eyes closed.

“You playing possum?”I joked.

“Nope, just sleeping light. But you got to sleep Papa, I’ll watch him.”

“Nah, you need your rest.”

“Supreme I’m good. I swear,”she giggled, now wide awake and glowing. My baby girl had her beauty on another level. That’s right, we found out just two days ago that we were having a daughter. We didn’t do the over the top gender reveal this year because we were knee deep into wedding plans. I was also signing new talent, about to release Deja Vu’s first project, and gearing up for award show season with my

vets. We both agreed that something simple would suffice. Of course our simple boy or girl dinner party idea was still lavish thanks to the event planner Choc hired. When Choc popped the balloon and pink confetti fell out we both teared up a little. I felt soft as fuck, but I could care less. My family was about to be complete, and we were nowhere near done. Choc didn't know this yet, but she would soon find out. After this baby I planned on giving her at least nine or 10 months off before I tried for another.

“Are you sure you're good? I don't want you to get sick or nothing.”

“You must want that to be a problem for me this time around because I keep telling you it's not.”

She had told me that, but I was iffy about it. With the twins she was sick everyday and sleepy 24/7. With our daughter she hardly ever threw up and she was always upbeat and in good spirits. Her feet weren't even getting swollen. But the craziest thing to me was despite being four months along her stomach was still tiny. She could hide it if she really wanted to. With the twins that wasn't an option. Now I understood that it was common logic for a pregnancy with twins to be harder than a normal one, but the switch up in this

pregnancy was still insane to me. The only good explanation was that my daughter was an angel and that's why she was being so good to her mother.

“I also want to hit up the lady I hired for the baby shower and see how things are going.”She confessed.

“See I knew it was something,”I chuckled. I thought small gender reveal meant she'd want a small baby shower as well. If it had been a boy that probably would've been the case. The twins had a jungle Safari themed babyshower, and there were several real life animals on display. We spared no expenses because we were excited as fuck. The hype always died down a little for the second child, but our second child being a girl was like dopamine for everybody. Choc came up with this under the sea theme for the baby shower, and she even did a maternity photoshoot dressed like Princess Ariel. Red hair and all. There was no doubt in my mind that this baby girl would be spoiled by everyone when she arrived in August.

“Gotta make sure everything is perfect for my babyyy,”she smiled. “That reminds me, we need to pick a name. She needs it for the decorations and invitations.”

“Why don't we just call her Baby Leblanc like we did for the twins?”I posed.

“Because we did it for the twins,” she laughed. “I think it would be cute for her name to be on display at the shower. So go ahead and throw some names out there.”

We hadn’t suggested any names yet, all we knew was that it had to be something with letter S.

“I don’t know, what are you thinking?”

“I really like the name Sirai.”

I grinned. “Yea, that’s nice. It’s really close to my name though. What about Siraiya? It still derives from me, but it gives her some individuality.”

She gasped with her hand on her chest. “Siraiya Tru Leblanc. I love it.”

“Tru?” I bursted into laughter. “Where that come from, mama?”

“Since her first name won’t start with a T like her mommy then her middle name will. And I’ve always liked that name. Do you like it?”

“I love it Choc. That’s a beautiful name.”

“I can’t wait until she gets here.”

“Me too, baby girl about to make my pockets bleed.”

“Ugh, it’ll be like having my own little bestfriend,” she effused. “You know being pregnant with a girl has really opened my eyes to something...and it might sound silly.”

“What’s that?”

“I really miss dancing,” she disclosed. “It was my favorite hobby growing up and then I did it in college for two years. It didn’t seem like a feasible career choice so I gave it up. A few months ago I was thinking that if I ever had a girl I’d want to put her in some dance school, and pray that she grows to love it just like I did. That’s when it crossed my mind that I could teach my baby how to dance. I did ballet, hip-hop, jazz, modern, and majorette style up until I graduated highschool. I also have collegiate dance experience.”

“Taija’s LeBlanc’s Academy of Dance,” I affirmed.

“We gotta make that happen one day mama.”

“Really? So you think I could do it?”

“It sounds like you know you can do it, and I believe in you 100%. Go for it mama.”

Supreme

“Wassup bruh?” Black dapped me off when I entered my dressing room. Today we had a cover shoot for XXL. They were also highlighting all of our artists inside of the magazine, so this was a big deal. Most of our artists had already done their photoshoot and interview, now it was our turn.

“Nothing much, just ready to see this shit come to life. It’s gon’ be a good look for us.”

“My sentiments exactly. So where Choc and the twins at? I saw them on your IG story.”

“At the condo. She was tired.”

“Man Brielle was tired too, but she in my dressing room sleeping. I hope her ass not pregnant,” he chuckled. Brielle was supposedly his girlfriend, but I used the word loosely. He seemed to love the showing her off aspect of the relationship, but he wasn’t faithful. I knew for a fact he was still fucking more than one of his baby mother’s, but that wasn’t my business.

“Yea cause you got enough kids running around.” I jested.

“Nigga fuck you,”he chuckled.

“Knock, knock!” Someone announced from the door. I looked up and saw my new artist Major Grillz entering the room, but he wasn’t alone. He was holding the hand of a familiar face. Sabrina.

“Wassup?”I stood up and dapped him off. “You did your interview and photoshoot already?”

“Yea. I heard you were here so I had to come speak before I left. This is my girl.”

“Hi,” Sabrina waved as if she didn’t know me. I found that funny since there was plenty of proof on the internet that we’d dated. I would’ve played a long, but I viewed Grillz like a little brother. Playing along would be lying to his face. As a man I couldn’t do that. Especially since he was claiming Sabrina as his girl.

“Wassup Sabrina?”I nodded in her direction.

Grillz face tightened up. “You know her?”

“Yea.” I replied, offering nothing else because he’d asked nothing else.

“How though?” He looked at Sabrina and then at me.”

“We’re old friends,” she answered for me. She looked way too happy go lucky for a girl who’s spot was being blown up in front of her so-called man. She should’ve been shaking in her boots. Now I was thinking she wanted this to happen. If she dated one of my artists on purpose to get my attention then she was a real life clown. Mainly because I could care less who she dated. I had put a ring on the woman I cared about.

“What does that mean?” Grillz gritted while looking at her like he wanted to go upside her head.

“We dated briefly,” I gave him a straight answer. “But don’t let that come in between y’all. I’m not tripping, so you shouldn’t. In this industry everybody gets passed around.”

“Excuse me?” She hissed.

“He ain’t mean it like that,” Black spoke up through laughter. “Everybody just dates around. I know I do.”

“Yea, I hear that.” Grillz nodded, but it looked like he couldn’t wait to get her alone. That was their problem. He was gonna have to learn to start doing his research on women before bagging them. Girls like Sabrina always had ulterior motives, and hers had been to get close to me by using one of my artists. The look of disappointment on her face when I paid her ass no mind made that evident.

Chapter 21

Choc

April 6, 2019

“You like this?” Tati spun around in the short Chanel skirt.

“If you don’t get it I will,” I approved after looking up from my phone. I was texting Supreme while Tati tried on different outfits. We were at Canal Place trying to find a last minute outfit for Ant’s album release party for the upcoming weekend, but somehow we just ended up casually shopping. When Tati returned back to the dressing room to try on the next item, I looked back down at my phone screen as I received an incoming message.

Papa Bear- Y’all find something yet?

Me- Nope.

Papa Bear- Smh. Y'all over there playing.

Me- Lowkey.

Papa Bear- Say the word and I'll have my stylist bring you something.

Me- As tempting as that is I'd like to pick out my own outfit for once.

Papa Bear- Now you want to pretend like you don't like being catered to?

Me- Ok maybe I just felt like getting out of the house for a few hours.

Papa Bear- Your mama said the boys have been sleeping since you left.

Me- Wow...now if I was actually home they would be wide awake.

Papa Bear- They saving all they energy for you,lmao.

Me- Or for you. Bring your ass home.

Papa Bear-Girl you not even home. What you mean?

Me- But I will be in an hour or two.

Papa Bear- I'll be there later tonight. Deja Vu has a video shoot at Al Davis park, you forget?

Me- Definitely did. Pregnancy brain.

Papa Bear- Stop blaming my daughter because your ass don't listen when I talk.

Me- Boy pls. I'ma pass through the video shoot tho.

Papa Bear- Bet. Call me when you parking. I'll come meet you.

“Sis?”Tati called out to get my attention.

“Yea?”I looked up.

“ I'm bouta go get the bodysuit and two piece I was looking at. Make sure nobody goes into my dressing room.”

“Alright.”

She walked off and I watched her dressing room closely. That's when I realized it would be more effective to just go sit in it.

“Taija? Is that you?” Someone said while I was standing up.

I turned around and instantly became annoyed.

“You really hate me don't you?”He asked.

“That’s a strong emotion. I don’t feel no type of way towards you Karter,” I laughed. He really thought he was that important for me to hate him? That was funny.

“Well that’s good to hear. You look beautiful pregnant,” he said as he gave me a lust filled daze. “I see you’ve had a change of heart about kids and marriage. Can I ask why?”

“No. You may not.”

“Same ole Taija,” he laughed. “Don’t take my question wrong, I’m happy for you.”

“Appreciate that. I gotta go.”

“Wait, one more thing!”

I looked at him to give him the green light to say whatever he had to say. I didn’t even attempt to hide my aggravation.

“Let me buy something for the baby as a parting gift.”

“Nah nigga, we good.”

My heart fell to my toes.

“I didn’t mean no disrespect man, I was just tryi-“
Karter attempted to plead his case. It was pointless for him to

try and explain. Supreme knew exactly who he was from the letter to my house drama back in 2017. For some dumb reason I showed Supreme pictures of him after showing him the letter.

“Nigga it don’t fucking matter,” Supreme spoke aggressively, without raising his voice. “I said we good. I don’t need yo bitch ass to buy shit for my daughter. Go bout your business.”

Karter’s face turned red. It looked like he was having an eternal battle on if he should stand his ground or flee. His common sense eventually won the battle, and he scrambled off. When he was gone Supreme redirected his anger towards *me*.

“What type of shit are you on? You said you were here with Tati but where is she?”

Right on que, Tati reappeared.

“Hey Supreme,” she walked up and gave him a hug. She was oblivious to his anger because he put on a neutral face for her. “Bitch I thought we were having sister time? You invited this man here?”

“Nah I popped up on her ass.” He answered for me.

“Oh okay, well let me go try the rest of this stuff on. I’ll be ready after this Choc.”

The moment she walked back in the dressing room Supreme got back to digging in my ass.

“So why the fuck was that nigga here and in your face?”

“First of all, stop talking to me like that! Second of all, I don’t know why he was here. This is a public shopping mall, Siraj.”

“I asked why he was in your face too.”

“Because he walked up on some friendly shit! The conversation wasn’t long because I cut it short.”

“The conversation was short but he was offering to buy shit for my daughter?” He eyed me skeptically.

“What you want me to say?! Shit, the nigga is a flunky. You see how he let you hoe him. I don’t know why you’re looking for me to explain *his* actions.”

“It just looked bad Choc. I ain’t know what to think.”

“You know me, so you shouldn’t have to think that it was something more. A couple of things have happened with your old hoes and I never looked at you sideways for it.”

“Alright, you got it.”

“Now say sorry for cursing at me.”

“Forreal? We curse at each other all the time, man. Now you want to be sensitive about it?”

“Yup, because you were fussing at me when I didn’t do anything. My feelings are hurt.”

“I’m sorry mama,”he apologized. He grabbed my chin and leaned down to kiss me. Ok, I had been lying. Him fussing at me hadn’t hurt my feelings, it actually turned me on. Playing the sympathy card would just get me dicked down properly later on. As usual he fell right into my trap.

Supreme

“Fuck Papa! Ouuu shit!” Choc squealed as she rode my dick expertly. We had left Saks and got a hotel at the W. The minute she went to pouting and acting extra sensitive I knew she wanted to fuck. Instead of just asking she liked to act like

a brat. I would play right into her little act too. It made my dick rock hard.

“This what you wanted huh?” I gritted, as I thrust my hips upwards. I was trying to knock the lining out of that pregnant pussy.

“I always want it!!!” She screamed while eagerly meeting my thrusts. I grabbed her ass so I could feel it clapping in my hands. Her wild rides were the best.

“Why you always want it?” I grunted. I was close.

“Cause this the best dick I ever had! Shit, I’m cumming Papa! Come with me!” That did it for me. My dick exploded. Thanks to her the rest of my day was about to be a breeze.

Supreme

April 20, 2019

“Is everything all set up?” I asked my assistant over the phone while rocking Sahid to sleep. My mom was sitting on the opposite couch doing the same with his brother. Choc was upstairs sleeping and I was grateful for that. It gave me room to make sure my ducks were in a row for tonight.

“Yes, the restaurant is decorated and the building is ready.”

“Perfect. Thank you, and take the rest of the week off.”

“You still working? I thought *you* were taking two weeks off?” My mom asked when I got off the phone. My birthday was tomorrow so Choc demanded I take some time off. She had planned a 70’s birthday party for me here at the house, and she planned a family vacation to Ambergris Caye, Belize. I was looking forward to taking the boys out of the country for the first time and getting some family time in.

“That wasn’t a work related call mama. I was making sure everything was in line for tonight.”

“What’s tonight?” Choc question as she walked up with sleepy eyes.

“Dinner to celebrate our two year anniversary.”

It had been that long since we met. I guess time went by fast when you were mind was gone. She had my mind fucked up since the moment I saw her at Black’s house on my 35h birthday. I wouldn’t have wanted to have kids or get married to anyone but her.

“I thought we said we would just celebrate on our vacation.”

“I changed my mind.”

“You have something planned.”

“Why do you think that?”I chuckled.

“Because I know you. Papa it’s your birthday, let me spoil you for once,” she begged.

“Girl hush and let him do nice things for you,”my mom giggled.

“But he’s always doing thissss!” Choc stomped her feet and pouted like a child.

I laughed. “Man be ready at 7.”

Choc

“Papa this is so nice!” I gushed while tearing up, as we entered the empty restaurant. This man had bought out Restaurant Revolution, and had decorated it beautifully in red balloons, red roses, and there were several blown up pictures of us standing up on easels. Love Lies by Normani and Khalid was also blasting, really setting the mood.

“Sorry if it’s hard to catch my vibe. I need a lover to trust, tell me you’re on my side. Are you down for the ride? It’s not easy for someone to catch my eye. But I’ve been waitin’ for you for my whole damn life. For my whole lifetime. Don’t be afraid to tell me if you ain’t with it. I see you’re focused, yeah you’re so independent. It’s hard for me to open up, I’ll admit it . You’ve got some shit to say and I’m here to listen. So baby, tell me where your love lies. Waste the day and spend the night. Underneath the sunrise. Show me where your love lies.”

“You know I had to have some help. It was hard to get away from you,”he teased.

“Shut up!” I laughed, before playfully punching his arm. “Awww, look at us!” I pointed to a picture. We were standing in the mirror at his condo in LA. It was only our second trip together, which meant I was still on some dumb shit and running from my feelings. We’d come a long way from that. I wore my feelings for him on my sleeve now unapologetically. He made it easy to do that because he did the same.

“You really make me sick,” I expressed, after we were seated and had ordered our food.

“What I do?” He chuckled.

“It’s your birthday,” I whined. “You’re not supposed to be doing stuff for me.”

“My birthday is not for another few hours. Nobody told your ass to meet me on my birthday, and we wouldn’t have to juggle anniversary plans and my birthday.”

“That’s why I told you let’s just celebrate the date we made it official instead of the day we met.”

“I’d rather celebrate when we met.”

“Why?”

“Because we were already in deep without a title. Even though you were acting like a child.”

I smacked my teeth. “You love throwing that in my face. You know I had my reasons.”

“Had?” He quizzed with confusion on his face.

“Ugh, don’t do that. I’m working on it.”

“You are? That’s news to me.”

“*Anyways,*” I emphasized, to change the subject. This moment was too good to talk about that shit. “I got my mind right and gave in, so there’s no need to bring that up.”

“I just be having to remind you how you used to stunt on me,” he chuckled. “Now you pregnant with my third child and we getting married at the end of the year. I guess I really have the power of persuasion to have locked down Mrs. I don’t ever want kids and I have no desire to get married.”

“I know you not talking?” I laughed. “Mr. I have four girls so you need to accept that before you fuck with me. I made you kick them bitches to the curb after a few months of us dating. If anything I have the power of persuasion.”

“Or maybe we were just falling in love for the first time. I’ve heard it makes you do things you said you’d never

do.”

“Well I’m sitting up here with a big ass belly after giving birth for the first time 6 months ago, so I can’t argue that. Love is definitely the only logical explanation.”

“Gimme a kiss,”he demanded, while leaning over. I met him halfway and pecked his lips sensually. I couldn’t fully tongue him down because of the red lipstick I had on, but we had all night for that.

“Thinking ahead of time. Why don’t you spend the night? I know you love me. Pick up and roll the dice. Reading between the lines. I know you love me. We can book a flight, wake up in paradise. Sun up above us. Tell me you down to ride. Then you can bet your life. No one above you. Said hold on, can’t stop. Said hold on, can’t stop.” Hold on, by The Internet started playing.

I pulled away from the kiss when that song came on. “Did you intentionally make a playlist with my favorite songs on it?”

“Nah,”he smiled. “My favorite songs on it too.” He held his hand out. “Let’s dance mama.”

I took his hand and followed him to an empty part of the floor. I felt like I was on top of the world as he held me in his arms while we slow danced. This night was *perfect*. If only I knew...it was about to get even better.

After dinner I thought we were going straight home, but the driver wasn't heading towards the bridge. I asked Supreme about it, but he played crazy. We eventually pulled up to a large black building that was in the CBD area and close to the Hustler Music office. I knew this man had a surprise up his sleeve. It was so him. I finally shut up and just followed his lead. When he guided me into the building I started screaming to the top of my lungs. The huge sign on the wall did it for me.

“Taija LeBlanc’s Dance Academy.” My Papa had remembered that *one* conversation we had where I told him I wanted to open a Dance school for little girls and he bought me an entire building. He made my dream come true that fast. Of course I still had to do more work to make this dream a reality, but he had just made it a whole lot easier!

“Thank you, thank you, thank you! I love you so much!”

“I love you too, mama. I can’t wait to see you get your Debbie Allen on.” He said seriously, which made me laugh.

This man was too much. Sometimes I wanted to pinch myself just to see if he was real.

Supreme

April 21, 2019

“HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU! HAPPYBIRTHDAY TO YOU! HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO SUPREME! HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!”

This was by far my most lowkey birthday party I’d had in years and yet, it was the best. I thought last year’s dinner party was my favorite, but Choc came and topped herself. I actually fucked with everybody that was here, and that made for a better atmosphere. I didn’t have to watch out for haters and be paranoid for half of the night. Not being bothered by multiple women throughout the night was a relief too.

The day started off like all my other birthdays. My mom made a big family breakfast and homemade birthday cake for me. I know she appreciated Choc allowing her to still do that because it meant a lot to her. It meant a lot to me too.

That was a tradition I wasn't ready to let go even though I was 37 years old now. After breakfast Choc sent me away to my man cave for a massage. After the massage she demanded I stay in there until she told me to come out. It wasn't too hard considering my man cave was like a mini apartment. I had snacks, a tv, weed, and beer. I was more than happy to sit in there and relax for once. A few hours later Choc was poking her head in and telling me I could come out. When I went downstairs our house was unrecognizable. It looked like a pimp pad from the 70's. Even the backyard had a makeover that mirrored the 70's. The mood was officially set for that night.

When guests started arriving later I saw that they didn't take Choc's enforced 70's attire dress code lightly. I was glad to see everyone all dressed up, because the fit she got made for me was like a 70's inspired Bishop Don Juan pimp suit. She matched my fly by wearing a romper that complimented her growing belly well with a matching headband. I was hesitant about the theme at first, but I had to admit everything came together perfectly. She had done her thing.

Chapter 22

Supreme

August 29, 2019

“She’s really your twin sis,” Tamia said as she looked down at Siraiya who was drinking her bottle in her mom’s arms. Choc had given birth to our angel on August 25, and our family had been over for the past two days we’d been home. They were infatuated with our baby and I didn’t blame them. She was her mother’s doppelgänger after all. She already had me wrapped around her finger just like Choc did.

“She kind of looks like Ms.Faith and Siya too,” Talea said. “You gotta book her a photoshoot Choc.”

“She took pictures at the hospital,” I said.

“You can never have too many pictures of this babydoll,”Tati gushed.

“Babyyy,”Noeva pointed at her cousin.

“You like the baby Noeva?”Choc giggled. Noeva nodded eagerly, making us laugh.

“Time to give her a lil brother or sister Mia,” I urged, just to get on her nerves. Tamia would often express that she was one and done for now.

“Oh no, I’ma leave that back to back stuff to y’all. My baby likes being an only child and having all mommy and daddy’s attention. Don’t you Noe?”

Noeva nodded eagerly again.

“She just saying yes to anything,” Tati muttered. We all shared another laugh.

“Not too much on my niece,” Talea sassed through laughter.

“But forreal sis, I don’t know how you did back to back pregnancies,” Tati voiced. “I be having a hard time with this bad lil boy.”

“My lil man is not bad. He’s busy,” I defended Angel, who was laying across our living room floor sleeping on a blanket. He’d passed out right there after running around and tearing our living room apart like a little tornado. The twins did the same thing all the time even though they weren’t fully walking yet, so I found his shenanigans funny. They were taking a nap too but they were in their room.

“People always say that about bad kids. Yea he busy, alright. Busy being bad,”Tati grumbled.

“You stupid, bruh,”Tamia tittered.

“I guess Angel said he wants to be the opposite of his name,”Talea snickered.

“So y’all really don’t want more kids? You don’t think your kids will get lonely? I used to pray for a sister or brother when I was a lil girl,”Choc said.

“Well shit you had bukoo,”I pointed out.

Talea giggled. “But we didn’t meet until we were like 11 or 12. And even then, *all* of us didn’t meet.”

“Right, because they ain’t meet me until I was like 15,” Tati reported.

“Y’all daddy cold blooded. I couldn’t imagine having all them kids by different women. If I did I would at least make sure they know each other and have a close bond.”

“Spoken like a real man, everything Tarell is not. You know he actually agreed to the family counseling session?” Tati directed that question to her sisters.

“Probably out of guilt,”Talea uttered.

“Family counseling session?” I asked. I wasn’t trying to get in their family business, but it was being brought up in front of me. I highly doubted that I was being invasive. I felt more slighted that Choc hadn’t brought this up to me.

“Yea they want to sit down with Tarell and express all of their feelings to him.”

“They? Why are you speaking as if you won’t be there?” I interrogated.

“Because I won’t. I don’t have time for that.” She scoffed.

I wanted to say a lot, but I didn’t because we had company. Pushing all of her daddy issues on the back burner wasn’t going to work anymore. We were getting *married* in four months. She couldn’t bring that type of baggage into our union. She needed to address it so she could start healing effectively. She’d grown a lot over the past two years, but her daddy issues still affected her in a lot of ways. She needed to remove the shackles Tarell had placed on her.

Chapter 23

Choc

September 24, 2019

I was elated as I walked around the twins party filming. It had turned out much better than I could've predicted based on me and Supreme's ideas. He'd hired a party planner from Los Angeles and he didn't bend any corners on "Twin Flags." "Twin Flags" was a play on six flags, and it looked just like the real amusement park, except Siraj and Sahid's faces were everywhere. There were adult and kiddie rides everywhere, games, different food booths, and we even had a gift shop. We had to throw the party in an abandoned lot in the East so we could have enough space to pull everything off. That's how over the top the party was.

The party hadn't even started yet, but I just had to pull up and see everything with my own eyes. Tahj had tagged along with me because Supreme was back at the house getting the twins together. My sister's and my mom had eyes on Siraiya, so she was good.

“Damn y’all spent an arm and a leg on this party,” Tahj commented, looking amazed.

“We learned from you and the extravagant parties you throw for your kids.”

“Shittt, my kids get nice parties but they’re *never* on this level. Thanks to y’all they might have higher expectations now.”

“You’re their father. Make it happen,” I tittered, while snapping a picture of the cotton candy booth.

“Speaking of fathers, yours begged me for the location to this party. I told him that wasn’t my place.”

“Now if he pops up Tahj I’ll ma blame you.”

“If he pops up, blame his sneaky ass. That man be knowing way too much shit that he shouldn’t know because none of us tell him anything. It’s his way of keeping up with us, even though it’s the textbook definition of stalking.”

“I’m trying to see *how* he gets his information though. Somebody gotta be snitching.”

“Not necessarily. There’s illegal ways of finding out shit like peoples numbers or addresses. He’s a lawyer too, so all the ways are right up under his nose. He also has close friends

in high places. He called me on my new number the other day that I hadn't even given him yet. He claimed that Tati gave him the number."

"Now he know he's full of shit!"

"That's why I keep my interactions with him at a minimum. Nigga would really lie to my face like it's nothing."

"That's why I don't interact with him at all."

"I don't blame you. So what you gone do at your wedding?"

"What you mean?"

"Mama Gia gon give you away?"

The corners of my mouth went up, as I smiled. I had been waiting to ask him this, but now seemed like a good enough time.

"I actually had this idea. If you're not comfortable with it you can just let me know, but would you be willing to walk me down the aisle and give me away?"

Tahj was only a year older than me but he was the best big brother ever. He had done so much for me since we met twelve years ago. He kept his word consistently, he always gave great advice, and he was super supportive. To say he'd

grown up in the same household as our father, he was his polar opposite. His love for me as his little sister was real, and nothing he did felt forced out of sympathy. He deserved this honor.

“Why would I feel weird about that? Of course I would give you away. It would be my honor. “He hugged me tightly and kissed my forehead.

Supreme

September 24,2019

“Everyone say happy birthday twins!” The photographer instructed.

“Happy Birthday twins!” Choc and I chanted. I was holding the boys and she was holding Siraiya. Moments like these really made me stop and reflect about how God had blessed me in the past two years. All the success I’d had career wise couldn’t even amount to this. I had three little people with my blood pumping through their veins, and I was

fortunate enough to be soul tied and in love with their mother. It didn't get any better than this.

Of course my success in my career made it possible for me to give them parties like this. At first I felt like we were doing the most and spending way too much money on a party the boys wouldn't even remember, but it was all about celebrating them. Right now Sahid and Siraj were all smiles and having a good time at their kid friendly party, and that was all that mattered. They would appreciate how we had gone all out for them once they were older. Besides, with all the footage and pictures being taken today they'd have these memories for a lifetime.

After taking a few more pictures we let them run around their party and do anything they wanted to do. They looked so fresh in their custom made Off-White fits. Everyone had been asking if they would get haircuts for their first birthday, but me and Choc were against it. We loved their curly afros way too much to see them go. They could make that decision for themselves once they got a little older.

"I can't wait until we have more kids." I proclaimed while we watch the twins play in the baby bounce house. There were two more for bigger kids and adults as well. Choc

really stressed how she wanted everyone to have a good time at this party.

Choc's head whipped around to me. "More what?"

"You heard me, man." I replied, before grabbing my daughter from her. She started cheesing from ear to ear.

"Well damn Rya, if you wanted him to hold you that's all you had to say."

I cracked up. "You play too much."

"No you play too much. Talking about you can't wait for more kids while we're at your twin son's first birthday party. Then you have your two month old daughter in your arms!"

"Which should tell you why I want more kids. Look around and tell me you don't want to experience this a few more times."

"We'll experience it once more with little miss Rya." She leaned over and kissed our daughter.

"Rya will never forgive you if you don't give her at least one sister."

"Siraj leave me the fuck alone," she tittered. "My pussy needs a break."

“You wasn’t saying that last night.”

“You know what...”she walked away, while laughing.

She really thought it was a game, but there was no way we were done extending our family. This shit felt too good to just stop.

Chapter 24

Choc

October 19, 2019

“Real bossy bitch, Pyrex on my tits. Make him lick my clit, then I get up and dip. New designer bag, car, paper tag. All these bitches mad, but they can kiss my ass. Long hair, don’t care, when I walk by boys stare. He wanna fuck, but he gotta be a millionaire. He wanna fuck, but he gotta be a millionaire. He wanna fuck, but he gotta be a millionaire. Ain’t no dick, like millionaire dick. Y’all bitches just scared, ain’t tryna get rich. Nigga break bread, if you want head.

Shouldn't have to ask, don't gotta beg. Yung Miami is the name, pussy shining like my chain. Never fall in love, breaking niggas is the game."

“THAT’S MY FUCKING SISTER! FUCK IT UP!” Siya amped me up as I threw my ass on the yacht to The City Girls. I was in *rare* form. After having three kids back to back I was ready to let my hair down on my bachelorette trip in Miami and I’d been doing that all weekend. It felt like I was in my early 20’s all over again, except I was taken with three babies at home. Surprisingly, I didn’t miss my kids though. I loved them to death, but mommy hadn’t had a break in forever. This weekend was much needed. I’d been showing my ass the entire time, literally and figuratively. Like right now I had on a white metallic thong bikini from Tamia’s online exotic dancewear boutique with a mini veil in my hair. I had to broadcast that I was about to be a married woman just in case anyone missed the glacier on my finger.

“Here she go,” Tati laughed hysterically with her phone in her hand. “Your fiance wants to speak to you.”

Damn that sounded nice, I couldn’t wait to call him my husband.

“PAPAAA!” I shouted into the phone. It was a facetime call so I could see him clearly. It looked like he was in a casino, which made sense. He was on his bachelor’s trip with his groomsmen consisting of Black, my brothers, and artists that had become like family over the years, like N.O.L.A for example.

“You fucked up huh?” He chuckled.

“A lil bit,” I tittered. “You having fun? Because I’m having the time of my life!”

“I see that! You cutting up on the gram. Posting pictures in thongs and shit,” he laughed. “Don’t get fucked up.”

“Wasn’t naked strippers giving you lap dances last night?” I giggled. “Oh, alright.”

“Y’all had strippers last night too. Yea, don’t think just cause you ain’t post that I didn’t know.”

“They wasn’t naked though...”

“Uh-huh, I was just calling to say I miss and love you. I tried calling your phone first.”

“Yea, I was busy twerking.

“You was twerking? Yea, you definitely fucked up,” he laughed. “Live it up mama, because once December 19th

come it's a wrap.”

“That’s something for you to keep in mind too. Now go win some money for me to spend.”

After getting off the yacht, we went to Big Pink. All eyes were on us probably because we were known and associated with famous people . But even if that weren’t the case we probably would’ve received similar reactions. I was wearing a thong bikini with no cover up and my bridesmaids wore red high cut one piece swimsuits that read “Bridesmaid Squad” with their individual names on the back.

“I have a question,”Siya said after our food was set in front of us.

“Wassup?”I asked.

“Well it’s really for you, Tamia, and Tatiana,”she clarified, instantly grabbing their attention. “Were y’all cool with the naked stripper thing in Vegas yesterday? Because I’ve been beefing with my man about something like that. I’m just tryna see if I’m being childish.”

“Not really, only because I used to be a stripper,” Tatiana answered. “I know nine times out of ten those girls just showed out for their bread and left. Now there are cases where bitches get freaky for extra change, but I can’t drive myself crazy with the what if’s. And I was texting my man all night yesterday.”

“Basically everything she said,” Tamia concurred, before biting into her burger.

“I don’t know...I would probably be insecure. I’m not gonna lie.” My cousin Dearra spoke up. She was my mom’s sister’s daughter. Her and her two little sisters, Bree and Wendy were in my wedding. We had all grown up really close, but we drifted apart as we got older. The drift wasn’t for any deep reason though. We were just growing up and going our own ways in life. It was still all love, which is why they were in my wedding. It was actually nice to be catching up with them and they got along great with my sister’s, Siya included.

“It has everything to do with your man and how much you trust him,” I chimed in. “I know Supreme isn’t really impressed by strippers. Of course he likes what he sees, but he don’t be bucked up.”

“Because he’s used to shit like that. My nigga not so much,” Siya divulged. “He just started getting a bag so every little thing impresses him.”

“Ew,” Talea uttered. “Niggas like that blows it.”

My heart went out to Siya, but I was glad I didn’t have those issues. I realized Supreme was one in a million. You just couldn’t come across men like him everyday. I don’t know why God deemed me special enough to experience him, but I was thankful.

After eating at Big Pink we went back to our vacation home to rest before we went out later that night. I was having a hard time going to sleep because I was too busy going through pictures I’d posted on Instagram and rewatching my story. Considering how private I used to be, I had been posting a lot lately. I just couldn’t help myself. I had real supporters that were interested in my life. Then some shit was just too cool not to share. I loved reading the comments and dm’s where people were genuinely nice and showing love. Of course there were weird people who said mean things just because, but my block button worked well. I used it frequently. I didn’t engage in negativity.

“The fuck is this?” I asked myself as I opened a dm from a fake page. The number 1 giveaway was the user name of random numbers and letters. There was also no profile picture. I really shouldn’t have entertained it, but the fact that there were two videos sitting there made me curious.

The moment I clicked on one of them I wished I had followed my first mind and just ignored it. My heart was thumping so fast it felt like I was about to pass out. I couldn’t see Supreme’s face...but I heard his voice clearly. I knew how he sounded when he was about to climax. I’d had him at that point way too many times to count. I also knew how his dick looked, and it was clearly being sucked by one of his old hoes. I think her name was Sabrina. To make sure I clicked off the video and found her on Instagram. I went back to the video to compare. Yup, it was her alright! The same bitch he slick side defended after she wrote him a letter in late 2017. My body was shaking and tears were welling up in my eyes by the time I viewed the second video. He was fucking her from the back in that video. I felt like I’d throw up, so I exited out of the app. I couldn’t torture myself by watching the whole thing. I knew Supreme wouldn’t send me no shit like this, so it had to be the bitch. I saved the videos, and then made my way to her dm’s. I’d never approached another bitch over a nigga before, but

this wasn't just any nigga. This was my fiancé and the father of my kids. Those two titles he held made it apparent that this was someone I felt deeply for. I would even go as far to say he was the love of my life. So hell yea I was about to see what the fuck was up!

Imbeautifulll_ : When were these videos recorded?

I sent the two videos with the message. She replied within seconds, making her look guilty to me. She must've been waiting by the phone for me to hit her up.

SoSabrina: Um...how did you get these videos? Were they in Supreme's phone? If so, pls ask him to delete.

Imbeautifulll_ : Bitch cut the innocent act. I know you sent me these videos from that fake account. Answer my question.

I sent a screenshot of the dm from the fake account for proof.

SoSabrina: I'd rather not speak on those videos. & if they go public I will be sueing y'all for revenge porn.

Imbeautifulll_ : Girl nobody is about to expose your ass. Do I look like a child to you? I'm asking you one question that you haven't answered yet.

SoSabrina: and I won't. Bye!

I started to write an entire paragraph calling her everything but a child of God, but I realized what I was doing and deleted it all. I felt stupid. I was up here begging a bitch for answers about my fiancé. I had just gone out sad. This is what love made you do, and that's why I had avoided it for so long. Just when I thought somebody could be different...

Chapter 25

Choc

October 21, 2019

“Whatchu smiling for, girl, huh? You missed mommy? Huh Rya?” I cooed, before picking her up and kissing her repeatedly. I'd just gotten home an hour ago and my baby girl was up and waiting on me while the twins were knocked out. That was good because Siraiya was much more chill than her active brothers. Time with her gave me a chance to get my thoughts together.

I was on pins and needles because Supreme was on his way home. I wanted to confront him about the videos but I was terrified. I needed to know if those videos were after we made it official or not, but what if the answer was yes? I was on the verge of a panic attack just thinking about it. I had permanently attached myself to this man by having his kids and to add insult to injury I agreed to marry him. Not only was I invested in this, but so were people that I loved. Like my mother for example. Failing after getting myself in this deep would be the biggest blow to my heart ever, and worst of all; embarrassing. Everything inside of me was just screaming pretend like this never happened, except my brain. My brain kept urging me to get to the bottom of it asap.

“There goes mommy!”

My heart skipped a beat when Supreme swaggered through the door with Siraj and Sahid in his arms. I’d been so wrapped into my head that I hadn’t even heard him enter the house. Yea, I definitely needed to get this shit off my chest because it was consuming me.

“You woke them up?” I asked.

“No, they was standing in their cribs when I walked in their room.”

“They must’ve just woken up then, because no way were they that quiet.”

“They weren’t quiet, but they weren’t crying either. Isn’t that right boys?”

They responded with gibberish, making us both share a hearty laugh. Beyond saying “mama” and “daddy” their vocabulary was still limited. Although they were quite chatty with each other, making it apparent that they were fluent in their own little language. We thought it was the cutest thing in the world.

“Give mommy a kiss and hug,” he ordered, as he sat them on the bed. They shuffled to me on their knees and wrapped their little arms around me, before kissing my face repeatedly. My heart warmed up.

“Hey baby girl. Daddy missed you.” He picked Siraiya up and pecked her cheeks, while she smiled from ear to ear. She was definitely a daddy’s girl.

“And I missed you too, mama.” He gripped my chin, before pressing a sweet kiss on my lips. The problem I had with him almost slipped my mind. He pulled away a few seconds later and eyed me skeptically.

“What’s wrong with you?”

“What?”

“You didn’t say you missed me too.”

I smacked my teeth. “Maybe because you had my mouth occupied, Siraj.”

“Hell no. Yo, just tell me what the fuck I did? Cause why are you calling me Siraj?”

“Guilty conscience? Because why are you assuming I’m mad about something you did?”

“Because you’re acting weird. If something is on your mind then just tell me.” He pleaded.

The voices in my head that were telling me to drop it had officially overpowered my brain. Nothing was about fuck with my happiness.

“I’m not mad about nothing, Papa,” I fake laughed, and then kissed him. “What do you want to eat tonight?” I changed the subject before he peeped that I was full of shit. But if he knew me as well I thought he did, he already knew that.

Supreme

October 31, 2019

“I’m a pretty pretty black b-tch with a bad ass demeanor. Pockets on fat; pussy on aquafina. I make it flood he call me Hurricane katrina. We get along like we Martin and Gina. We forever y’all could never come between us. Past bitches hating you know hoes love to team up. You a duck you get fucked and he smash out. He give me everything I want and leave you assed out. Now you calling his phone private. He diving in this p-ssy right now so its on silent. I’m stingy with the p-ssy he know it got low mileage. The best he ever had I’m not braggin i’m just being honest. Reedy the best I ain’t gotta brag. He do him and I do me. I’m not the type to nag. Slow strokes depththroat I’m not the type to gag. I’m the one that stole his heart that’s why you bitches mad. You giving pussy out for free I make him spend a bag.”

Every woman in Spades was singing Reedy’s “Get Used to This” like they co-wrote the song, my girl included. I just shook my head and laughed at how she was passionately reciting the lyrics. We wouldn’t have even been out right now

if it weren't Omere's album release after party. Since it was Halloween everyone was in costume. It was Choc's idea for us to be Hugh Hefner and a playboy bunny. She didn't need to convince me. Hugh Hefner was a legend, and I knew she'd look fine ass hell in a bunny costume. My imagination couldn't predict just how sexy she would actually look though. The red french cut leotard was squeezing her for dear life and her ass couldn't be concealed by the stockings she had on. She was definitely feeling herself, but I was feeling her too.

“I'm going on the stage to throw money with Mia and Tati,” she whispered in my ear.

I handed her a stack of money. “Go have fun.”

I enjoyed the show from the section as she threw money on the strippers and danced with them. I was into her, that I didn't even notice someone walk up and stand beside me until they started talking.

“You're really in love with her aren't you?”

I looked over and saw Sabrina, and looked straight ahead again. She was still going steady with Grillz, so I don't

know why she thought it was a good idea to come talk to me.
That nigga was gon fuck her ass up.

“Grillz is sloppy drunk, he’s not worrying about me,” she volunteered, as if I’d asked.

I glanced at her. “Fuck you telling me that for? I’m not scared of him.”

“I know, I was just saying this would be the perfect time for us to talk.”

“Sabrina we haven’t dated in two years, I’m about to be married, and I have a whole family now. Them ass shots must be leaking to your brain if you think we have anything to talk about.”

Devastation consumed her face. “Regardless of what you say we really liked each other! The least you could do is apologize for ghosting me with no explanation.”

“No I don’t. Now go bout your business before my girl see you talking to me. If she comes over here cutting up I can’t save you.”

“I’m not scared of that bitch!”

“Call her another bitch and she will be the least of your problems. Now get!” I demanded forcefully. She jumped

before scurrying away. I laughed when she was gone, because the situation was kind of funny. Two years later and this bitch wanted an apology? While she was at a party with one of my artists who she claimed as her man. I had really messed with some crazy ass women in the past.

Choc

I was so pissed that I had to go to the bathroom for a moment alone and just breathe. I hadn't left the section for two seconds and he was all in the bitches face running his mouth. I watched enough to see him entertain her, and then he was all smiles when she walked away. My heart was telling me there was no way he was still fucking with this girl while being superman to me and my kids, but my brain knew it was logical. Hell my dad had his wife thinking he was a good man until I came into the world.

Well one thing was for certain, I wasn't about to stick around for no damn outside kids. And I damn sure wasn't about to walk down the aisle knowing what I knew. Supreme and I were going to have a nice talk when we got home. Me

putting this on the backburner so I could pretend everything was good was a wrap. I couldn't believe I'd adopted that pathetic mindset temporarily. My head was so gone for this nigga that all my common sense had went out the window.

I stepped out of the bathroom not feeling any better. When the bitch in question blocked my path it fucked with my mood even more. If she knew better then her best bet was to move the fuck out of my way. I was *evil* right now and my hands were itching. If she said something stupid then that would be her ass.

“Hey.” She greeted, as if everything was everything.

I gave her a dry look in response.

“I just want to make sure those videos are staying between us.”

“I'm starting to think you want them out, and I wouldn't be surprised if you already shopped them around to the highest bidder. Because didn't I tell you I wasn't concerned with exposing your ass? What would I possibly have to gain by putting videos out of you sucking and fucking on my man? Matter of fact, bitch what's your angle?”

“My angle? I don't have an angle.”

“You definitely do. I know you’re one of Supreme’s old hoes, and now you’ve been passed to Grilzz. So why the fuck are you sending me videos of you and Supreme?”

“Girl like I said, I didn’t send you anything. Supreme had those videos in his phone as well. And an *old* hoe? I don’t think so miss mamas.”

“Ok hoe, you talking, but you not saying shit, so I’m a go ahead and let you have this conversation,” I said, fully preparing to walk away.

“Yea alright bitch. I’ll be making another video with your nigga soon, and deep down you know it that’s why you so pressed. He’s a hoe and that’ll never change. You not special! You not even all tha-”

I got tired of hearing her talk. I swung my arm and decked her right in the face. Her head flew back, and several onlookers reacted loudly. For such a chatty bitch I thought she’d at least try to hit me back, but she just clutched her bloody mouth.

“Man why the fuck you talking to my bitch Sabrina?!” Supreme shouted, as he grabbed me up.

“She hit me!” Sabrina screamed with blood leaking for her mouth profusely. Damn, I didn’t know I hit the bitch *that* hard.

“Yea you probably deserved it. You talk too fucking much it!”

I took that as an omission that something was indeed going on between them currently. I lost my shit. I turned around and started swinging on Supreme wildly.

“Yo, what the fuck?!” He roared, while trying to grab my hands. He eventually wrapped me in a bear hug while I struggled to break loose.

“We in public. Chill the fuck out before I slap your stupid ass.” He threatned. He’d never spoken to me like that before, so I instantly calmed down. But if he thought he was going to get away with that threat he had another thing coming.

“Now I’m gonna let you go and we’re going to walk to the door like nothing is wrong. Got it?”

I remained silent.

“You got it?!”

“Yea, bitch.” I spewed aggressively.

“You tripping, but I’m not even bouta cut up with you here. Let’s go.”

Supreme

I watched Choc move around our room frantically packing her stuff. I was pissed that she’d put her hands on me and in public at that, so I was letting her pack her shit. Maybe if I knew why the fuck she was upset I could help her, but she wasn’t saying a word, so neither was I. I knew for a fact that I hadn’t done anything to her simple ass. For the past two years it had only been about her and our kids. The way she blew up on me tonight was a complete slap in the face.

“Call your mama and tell her I’m about to come pick up *my* kids.”

“You can do whatever you want to do, but you’re going to leave my kids out of it.”

“IF YOU CARED SO MUCH ABOUT YOUR KIDS THEN YOU WOULDN’T BE GOING OUT OF YOUR WAY TO FUCK UP THEIR HOME!”

“Yo, you really a lunatic because you sound dumb as hell.”

“That’s fine. I’ll be all that.”

“Are you going to tell me why the fuck you’re so mad? Or are you going to continue to behave like a child?”

“Ask Sabrina, you cheating muthafucker!”

“First of all, you gone stop calling me out of my name. Second of all, why would I be asking a bitch I haven’t fucked with in two years anything? Lastly, I’ve never cheated on you! What the fuck did Sabrina tell you for you to be coming at me like this? Certainly her word can’t hold more weight than mine. Especially since you’ve yet to ask me anything pertaining to her. If you’re running with something a hating ass bitch put in your head then maybe you’re not cut for this.”

Those words seemed to hit her because she took a step back and looked at me in disbelief.

“No nigga maybe you’re not cut for me because you obviously think I’m stupid. You can’t throw this shit on me! I saw it all with my own eyes.”

That’s when it hit me, maybe she’d misconstrued what she saw back at the club.

“You mean when she walked up and started yapping off to me? I sent that bitch on her way after threatening her because she was talking shit about you!”

“Nigga tell me anything!” She shrieked. “I saw you smiling and shit when she walked off.”

“Cause I was laughing at her ass, and I’m bouta laugh at you because you all worked up over a false narrative that you made up in your head. You clearly ain’t wrapped too tight, just like that bitch.”

“Fuck you Supreme!” She screamed in my face before mushing me.

“Keep your fucking hands to yourself,” I jumped up, and towered over her. She stood her ground, but I could see the fear in her eyes. “I DON’T CARE HOW MAD YOU ARE, WE NOT ABOUT TO BE THROWING BLOWS!”

“Well I was trying to leave!”

“THEN GO!” I barked in her face, causing her to jump. “Just know my kids ain’t going no fucking where bitch!”

She looked up at me for a few seconds before breaking down into tears and then falling on the floor. I stood there trying figure out what the fuck was going on. One minute she

was at a ten, now she was bawling her eyes out. I scooped her off the ground and sat down with her on the bed.

“Do you really think I would cheat on you?”

“I didn’t think so...”she whimpered.

“Man, so now you don’t trust me over some shit a bitch done stirred up? Taija you’re about to be my wife in a few weeks. Are you really going to move like this?”

“I WASN’T UNTIL I SAW THOSE VIDEOS!” She exclaimed angrily.

“What videos?”

I hadn’t done anything wrong or sketchy, so I was sure whatever she had a video of could be explained away. That’s exactly why I wasn’t nervous.

She crawled to the end of the bed and grabbed her phone. Several seconds later she was giving it to me. I recognized the video as soon as it started playing. I didn’t always film myself when I was with women, but I had been fucked up this particular night. The videos were recorded with Sabrina’s phone and I never anticipated them getting out. One of the videos showcased her deep throating my dick. Why

would she want the public to see that? But now my fiance had a hold of this shit, which meant that bitch was playing dirty.

“Choc this shit is old,”I clarified. “Like mid-2016,before I even met you, old. Is this why you’re accusing me of cheating?”

“You say that like it’s not a good reason! Imagine if somebody I used to fuck with sent you a video of me and the-”

“I’d without a doubt be pissed! But I would bring the shit to you first so you could at least explain yourself! I wouldn’t just run with shit and try to leave you. You’re a 30 year old woman and you can’t communicate with me?!”I clamored.

“You saying it’s from 2016 doesn’t mean it really is,”she muttered while looking off.

“So now I’m lying?”I quizzed in disbelief.

“That’s what niggas do. You think you’re so smart with your reverse psychology. Well guess what? I won’t allow you to make me feel bad when I have a legitimate reason to be mad. Then this is the same bitch that you was defending when she wrote you a letter.”

“Man I felt sorry for that hoe! Just like I feel sorry for you right now! You’re a lost cause! You take three steps forward just to take ten back. You keep letting your dead beat ass daddy fuck with the way you view me! YOU NEED HELP!”

“You love throwing that shit in my face! Well guess what?! I don’t give a fuck! This ain’t about Tarell, it’s about you! I’ve been having run ins with your whores over the past two years and I’m sick of it!”

I looked up from my phone. “Didn’t we have a run in with a nigga you used to fuck just a few months ago? He even offered to buy my daughter a gift.”

“ONE NIGGA, COMPARED TO THREE OF YOUR HOES! And he came fucking with me, not you!”

“Alright Choc,” I replied dryly while scrolling through my phone.

“What’s in your phone that’s so important right now that you can’t talk to me?!”

“Proof to shut your dumb ass up. Look at this video and the time stamp.”

She looked down at the video and frowned, not even realizing it's significance. It was a video of one of my hands getting tattooed for the first time. Prior to that video and that date, both hands were tattoo free.

“Now look at my hands in those videos that miserable bitch sent you and tell me what you see. Focus on my hands.”

She pulled the videos up with a blank face. I watched her view the videos until her blank face turned into a regretful expression. Before May 16, 2016 my hands didn't have any tattoos. Those sex tapes showed that clearly. Had she brought these videos to my attention the moment they'd been sent to her I would have cleared this up for her right away. But she sat on it and let it fester. I couldn't overlook her issues anymore.

“Supreme I'm sorr-”

I cut her off. “Why didn't you come to me? I thought we told each other everything.”

“I was scared,”she whimpered.

“You wasn't scared when you was whooping my ass in the middle of the club tonight and embarrassing the fuck out of both of us! You wasn't scared a few minutes ago when you were trying to leave and take my kids with you! But you were

scared to bring these videos to my attention?! Choc...man, I don't know about thi-

“Nooooo,” she panicked, before wrapping her arms around me. “I’m sorry! And I’ll do whatever to make it up to you, but please don’t leave me!” She beseeched. “I’ll never do anything like this again!”

“Leave you?” I jerked my head back. “Unlike you I would never give up on us like that. What I’m having second thoughts about is walking down the aisle.”

“Y...yo...you don’t wanna marry me anymore?” She sniffled. She looked *crushed*, and that made me feel some type of way. But any other reaction would’ve enabled her, and we couldn’t enter a marriage like that.

“I’m not marrying you until you make a conscious effort to start handling your issues with your dad. Whatever problems you have with him won’t be entering our union, and that’s a promise. You’re putting the shit he used to do off on me, and that’s not fair. I understand you being upset about the videos, but the way you handled it...it’s a reflection of the mindset Tarell Bellamy gave you. You need to handle your shit or December 19th is going to be canceled, and I mean that.”

Chapter 26

Choc

November 9, 2019

“It fits her like a glove!” Faith clapped her hands excitedly. “You’re going to be the prettiest bride ever daughter in law!

“Baby you look beautiful!” My mom gushed while tearing up. “I can’t believe my baby is about to get married.”

I might not be, I thought to myself while looking at my reflection in the mirror. The custom made Vera Wang wedding dress had come out perfectly. I should’ve been feeling happiness at that moment, but I was filled with doubt that pained me instead. Despite my personal problems, I kept a

neutral face because I was being watched. All of my bridesmaids, Faith, and my mother had taken a trip with me all the way to New York to try on our Vera Wang dresses at her studio. Everyone was so excited about a wedding that was on the rocks, and I didn't have the heart to tell them so I went on like everything was normal.

I initially thought Supreme was just bluffing. I knew how much he loved me, so I figured there was no way he was going to renege on our wedding just because I had some trust issues. I don't know why I was lying to myself like that. That man stood on everything he said, ten toes down. I'd always known that about him and I was currently being reminded.

The first few days after our blow I attempted to move on like nothing had happened. I even had the audacity to bring up trivial wedding details to him. Well he let me have it.

“Taija you really think this shit is a game huh?” He asked harshly.

“W-what are you ta-talking bout?” I stuttered. His attitude had caught me off guard. We hadn't been as we normally were after he threatened to call our wedding off, but

we weren't fussing 24/7 either. We had been on decent terms, but I think that was mostly because we had kids to take care of.

“You asking me about some fucking flowers. It's been five days since our little talk. Have you made any moves yet? Because all I see you doing is going about your life like nothing happened. Something tells me you not gone really feel me until you at that wedding by yourself next month. Gon ask me bout some dumb ass flowers. Nobody give a fuck about that shit.”

After *that* conversation our relationship had been severely strained. We even dealt with the kids separately, and I stubbornly fell asleep in Siraiya's room on purpose every night now. Not that it mattered, because now he always had to work late. Things had only gotten worse between us, and it was all my fault. I tried not to have any regrets, but I wished I could have done Halloween night differently. Scratch that, I wish I could have handled the entire Sabrina situation differently. But I subconsciously knew that it wasn't about her or even Supreme. This situation had only triggered the insecurities that I already held when it came to men. I had them before Supreme had ever entered the picture, and I tried to mask them by switching men like I did panties. That's why when Supreme

came along he felt too good to be true. I was so scared of being too happy that I nearly sabotaged us. Now it was time to either woman up and deal with my problems or let someone I didn't even fuck with have control over my life.

Supreme

November 19, 2019

“This house has weird energy,” Siya announced to no one in particular, so I chose not to respond. I didn't know what to say anyway. The house probably had weird energy because the two people that were supposed to be getting married in exactly a month weren't speaking. For once I felt like a situation was out of my hands. That alone was foreign to me. I was used to solving any problems that came my way head on. I couldn't solve Choc's problems for her though. Nor could I force her to do something she didn't want to do. The ultimatum I'd given her was out of desperation. That was the only hand I had left

to play, and it seemed as though she wasn't even taking that seriously.

Take today for example, she left the house early in the morning and hadn't been back yet. She was probably out shopping or doing some other dumb shit instead of trying to save this relationship. I wanted to say fuck it. If she wasn't willing to go through great lengths for us then she was doing me a favor by showing me what it was now. At least I was finding this out before I married her ass. I needed to be grateful that I was being spared. That's what my head was saying...but my heart was fucking me up. My heart had me wanting to ignore her problematic daddy issues and marry her ass anyway. I loved her to death and she'd given me my three biggest blessings ever, only intensifying what I felt for her. I was conflicted, but I knew I was doing the right thing. It wasn't about what me or Taija wanted, it was about what she *needed*. She needed to remove that hold her pops had over her.

"It's been weird around here since Halloween," my mom muttered as she opened a bag of cookies for Sahid.

"You're still mad about her trying to fight you in the club aren't you?" Siya asked intrusively. "You can keep it real

with us. It's like two weeks later.”

I hadn't lied to them before so I didn't know what was talking about. I told them everything was a big misunderstanding and that was a fact. The morning after the club fiasco my line was blowing up. A video of Choc popping Sabrina and swinging on me had hit the blogs and we were the talk for days. The narrative was that I'd been cheating with Sabrina, Choc found out, and beat us up for it. Apparently our wedding had been canceled and she was moving to New York to get far away from me and taking the kids with her. It was always funny to me how the internet could tell me shit about my life that I didn't even know. I deaded those rumors quick by throwing a picture up of us from Halloween night with the caption “#Noweaponsformedagainstusshallprosper.” She was still on my shit list right now, but we weren't over. I couldn't even see that being possible.

“I kept it real with y'all the first time around,” I responded while placing Siraiya in her swing carefully so she wouldn't wake up.

“So you really weren't cheating with that Sabrina girl?” Siya pressed.

“Hell no. I would never sacrifice my relationship for a pass around,” I hissed.

“So why did Choc punch the shit out of her and then direct her anger towards you? Please tell us, because she refuses to.” My mom pleaded.

“She’s embarrassed.” I shrugged. “Acting a fool for no reason does that to a person.”

“Ok so she thought something was going on when nothing really was right?” My mom guessed. “Something had to give her the idea, Siraj. What are *you* not telling us?”

“Sabrina had been being messy. I don’t know what she was so hung up on after two whole years, but she sent Choc some old ass videos of me and her. Choc automatically assumed the worst.”

I still couldn’t believe Sabrina had done some shit like that. She really risked exposing herself just to fuck up my relationship. Apparently doing that meant a lot to her. I didn’t take her sending those videos to Choc lightly. I had my lawyer send her a cease and desist for those videos. We already tracked the fake account so we knew she sent them. If they got out I was coming at her ass hard for revenge porn, and I made sure she knew that through my lawyer.

“Uh, of course she did!” Siya exclaimed. “Any woman would assume you’re still messing with a girl if she’s acting up like that. Females don’t be doing the most unless a nigga give them a reason too.”

“Well I ain’t give her a reason.”

“But you did.” My mom said.

“Man how you gon tell m-”

“You gave her a reason because she saw you carrying Choc in a way you’d never carried her. Jealousy was her motive,” my mom further explained.

“Well that was something I figured out on my own.”

“No I don’t think you quite get it. You would rotate girls out like clock work. You didn’t just fuck them and send them on their way, either. Perhaps if you had done that they wouldn’t be so hung up on you. You actually dated these girls. You spoiled them with materialistic things, took them on little vacations, and you even took a few to award shows with you. Now by no means did you treat any of them as good as you do Choc, but the lines were still blurred. So if you’re confused why ole girl is still attached to you after two years then that’s why. I told you countless times to slow your roll and stop

being such a hoe, but nope, you don't listen to your mama. You've always been hell bent on learning shit the hard way."

"Ok, this is all my fault." I held my hands up, refusing to go back and forth. I really had no argument anyway, she hadn't spoken one lie.

"Now when did you hear me say that? Choc handled that all wrong, and I've expressed that to her. Now who knows what the little bitch said that resulted in her getting chin checked? She may have very well deserved her lick. She should've dealt with you in private though. Does she believe you weren't cheating?"

"Yea she believes it."

"So what's the problem? Don't tell me you in your feelings over some love taps?" She questioned incredulously. "Boy, your daddy would've been left me alone if that was a deal breaker."

"Well mama I don't want my kids to grow up watching me and their mama go blow for blow. That shit is not normal," I asserted.

"Ok well excuse me," she sassed, while Siya snickered.

“But to answer your question, that’s not my problem. It’s the way she handled that entire situation.”

“Maybe she’s paranoid because of all the problems she’d had with girls because of you in the past. I’m sure she’s tired of that,” Siya said.

“She’s paranoid alright, but that ain’t the sole reason.”

I wasn’t about to give them anything more, because it wasn’t my place to tell them Choc’s personal business.

“I’m sure her daddy that’s not walking her down the aisle even though he’s not dead or in jail has something to do with it too,” my mom uttered with her lips poked out. I just stared at her in awe of how she’d come to that spot on conclusion without me or Choc giving her that information.

“I pay attention to everything Siraj,” she explained. “And I’ve had some talks with Gia. Her dad may have her paranoid about men, but I’m sure the drama with your hoes didn’t help either. I’m sure it only heightened her paranoia.”

“I’m sure it did, but she should’ve come to talk to me. She just ran with that shit and made up her own conclusion in her head. If we don’t have communication then we don’t have shit.

“Yea, she was wrong for that. But you do realize the hurt that’s been building up in her for years isn’t going to change over night right?”

“Of course I understand that. I’m willing to help her through all of her problems. I just need to see that she’s making a conscious effort to help herself first.”

“That’s fair,” she nodded. “But walking around here and not talking to her isn’t helping. If y’all don’t have communication y’all don’t have shit. Remember that?” She smirked.

Damn I hated when she did that. I had planned on giving Choc tough love and letting her thug this one out on her own, but maybe I was being too harsh. I hadn’t taken into consideration that Choc had learned what tough love was early on because of her father. She didn’t need another crash course lesson in that shit from me. She needed to know that I was present while she worked through her issues. Just because it was her problems it didn’t mean she had to go through it alone. I could now admit that me being mad had clouded my judgment, but now I was seeing things clearly again.

Chapter 26

Choc

November 19, 2019

“I...I feel like a little girl anytime I have to discuss my father. Which is weird for me because it’s not like I didn’t have dealings with him as a grown woman too.”

“It’s actually not weird Taija. The reason why you revert back to feeling like a child whenever you have to dig deep about your father is because he impacted you the most during your childhood. Why don’t you go into detail about your earliest memories of him.”

I couldn’t believe I was letting a stranger pull all of this out of me. I didn’t even like pouring out my feelings about Tarell to people I knew. For one, I didn’t want people to know that I was hurting. Secondly, I never liked to dump my hurt on people that I cared about. It would only bring them down too. That was the main reason I never really discussed Tarell with my own mother. I never wanted her to feel bad. Talking to a

therapist was a different ball game though. I didn't have to worry about how she viewed me because she wasn't someone I dealt with on a daily basis. I also didn't have to worry about dumping my baggage on her because her job was to listen to people's problems. She was the perfect person to vent about everything to. This was only my first appointment and I'd already come to the conclusion that it wouldn't be my last. Tatiana hadn't steered me wrong when she recommended her to me. The family therapy session sounded cool, but I figured one on one time with someone would be more effective for me right now.

“My earliest memories?” I repeated, while thinking. “To be honest I adored the ground he walked on when I was really little. I know, it's pathetic.”

“Actually, it's not. I noticed you do that a lot.”

“What?” I asked in confusion.

“You'll answer a question and then you'll give yourself negative feedback. It's like you're trying to beat me to the punch when I'm not even thinking those things. Taija a lot of little kids can see no wrong in their problematic parents until they're nearing their teenage years.”

“Am I doing that? Damn...I guess I feel kind of silly having these problems at 30 years old. I should've gotten over it by now.”

“Taija you don't have to get over someone, especially a parent, hurting you. You just learn to live with it and forgive them for yourself.” She advised.

“Yea, that makes sense. It's just hard to forgive someone who's never apologized for anything. I have a laundry list of fucked up shit this man has done to me.

“Hmmm, ever wrote it down?”

“Never saw a reason to.”

“Perfect. That's your first assignment. Write down everything he's ever done that's hurt you, and then present it to him.”

“Why? So he can apologize?”I questioned, feeling unconvinced.

“No. You're doing it to get everything off of your chest. After that you can forgive him and start your healing process. If he mans up and apologizes, that'll be an added bonus.”

That sounded good and all, but the thought of doing this terrified me.

“It’s normal to be hesitant about this, or even scared, but it would really help you Taija. You can do it.” She encouraged me.

“Ok,” I sighed. “I’ll do it.”

I didn’t know when...but I was going to do it.

My first therapy session was over an hour later, and I walked out of the office feeling much better than what I felt like walking in. I was off to a good start. The only thing that could make me feel better was calling Supreme and telling him how everything went, but he didn’t even know I was here today. When I left the house he didn’t bother asking me where I was going, so I didn’t tell him. He was still upset with me, and because I didn’t want to rub him the wrong way anymore I just stayed out of his way as much as possible.

But some of the things I did were an attempt to get a reaction from him. Like sleeping on the spacious couch in Siraiya’s room for the past week. It served no purpose though, because he didn’t utter a word about any of it. Either he was

trying extra hard to show me that he wasn't bluffing or he really didn't care. I hoped it wasn't the latter because my heart wouldn't be able to take that.

I was in no hurry to return home and deal with Supreme, so I treated myself to lunch at Copeland's and then I went shopping. I didn't hold back either. I bought everything my heart desired, and for the first time in a long time I spent my own money. That surprisingly felt really good too, but I wasn't about to make a habit of it.

By the time I was entering my house it was almost 8pm. The entire house was quiet and dark, making me feel like no one was home. I saw Supreme's primary cars in the driveway, but he could've taken one of his others that were in our enormous garage. While I was attempting to bypass the living room, the light flicked on, stopping me dead in my tracks.

"Nice of you to finally return home to your kids." Supreme stated calmly. I had a strong feeling the only reason he was holding it together was because Siraiya was laying on his chest and he didn't want to disturb her. Even though she was wide awake.

“She’s still awake?” I asked, as I entered the living room. I didn’t know what else to say, so focusing on our baby was an easy out.

“She was going to sleep until your loud ass walked in.” He glared at me.

My heart skipped a beat. “Give her to me. I’ll put her to sleep.”

“She’s good, Taija. Go put your shopping bags up and then come back. We need to talk.”

My heart dropped when he said those four words.

“I’ll sit them right here.” I dropped the bags where I stood, and then sat next to him. I didn’t want to prolong whatever it was he had to say. “Now what do you want to talk about?”

“What do I want to talk about?” He repeated in perplexity. “You’ve been gone *all* day. You just dipped out on me and your kids without telling me where you were going? We doing that now?”

“Honestly Supreme I don’t know *what* we’ve been doing. Since when don’t you ask me where I’m going whenever I leave the house?”

“Since I’ve been mad at you. But I guess we both have been tripping, right?”

Chills ran up my spine. I wasn’t expecting him to take partial blame. We were in this place because of my actions after all.

“The only reason you’re tripping is because of me. I was just trying to give you space to cool off. The last time I tried to talk to you it didn’t end well.”

“Because you were talking to me like nothing happened, mama.”

Butterflies flew in my stomach when he called me by my pet name. Maybe there was hope for us.

“Imagine if I fucked up and then came to you like ‘what are we having for dinner bae?’ You would curse me clean out,”he chuckled. “Till this day I still don’t see you doing anything to fix this. You really spent the entire day shopping Taija? Really?”

“I wouldn’t say the entire day, just the second half.”

“So what were you doing for the first half?”

“I went to see a therapist. The same therapist I’ll be seeing every Tuesday on a regular basis from now on.”

His eyes enlarged. “Why didn’t you tell me?!”

“Giving you space...remember?”

“Yea, and that’s a wrap. We’re getting married in exactly a month, we don’t need to be acting like strangers under one roof. That shit didn’t even feel normal.”

“I know,” I agreed. “It was really hurting my feelings because I know we’re better than that.”

“Then let’s just be better from now on. But I really wish you would’ve told me you’d found your own therapist and shit.”

“Why?”

“Because I took the initiative to find us one.”

“Us?”

“Yea, I thought we could do couples therapy every Thursday starting this week. I already set it up.”

“Really? I thought you said *I* needed to handle my own shit?” I smirked.

“You shouldn’t have to handle anything alone when I’m here. I got you for life. I put that on my brother.”

I wrapped my arm around him, kissed him softly, and then laid my head on his shoulder. “I love you so much.”

“I love you too.”

“And we can still do couples therapy.”

“What about the therapist you’re seeing?”

“I want to continue seeing her. I can do both.”

“We might as well do our couples therapy with the lady you’re seeing then.”

“Perfect.”

“One more thing.” He said.

“What’s that?”

“Leave this house for a whole day again and I’ll fuck you up.”

My coochie tingled. I grabbed his jaw and kissed him sensually. “Fuck me up as soon as you put Rya to sleep. I’ll be upstairs waiting, Papa.”

Chapter 27

Supreme

December 6, 2019

“Why didn’t you write this list before today mama? You love doing shit last minute.” I shook my head as I watched her write in the passenger seat.

“For your information I started this list weeks ago, I just thought of some stuff today that I needed to add. And I don’t know why you’re rushing me, his ass ain’t even here yet. I wouldn’t be surprised if he doesn’t show up.”

“You talked to him, I talked to him, and even Tahj talked to him. He’s confirmed to all three of us that he will be here.”

“Wouldn’t be the first time he’s lied to numerous people. I just can’t wait to get this shit over with.”

She thought she was being discreet, but I could detect her fear.

“You sure you don’t want me to go in there with you?”

“No Papa,” she breathed in annoyance. I guess she was tired of me asking her if she wanted me to accompany her, but I was tired of her looking all scared. I didn’t want her feeling like that.

“I’m just trying to help Choc.”

“I know, and I love you for that. But Diane said that it’s best that I handle this specific assignment on my own.” She repeated our therapists exact words.

“Diane also said that it’s best that I be supportive of you through this entire process.”

I never thought we’d have a third party calling the shots in our relationship, but Diane was crucial. It was only nearing a month since Choc and I started seeing her and I already saw progress. She was way more open with me about everything now.

“And you have been supportive, Papa. Going through this without you would’ve been much harder, but now I need you to sit right here in the car. If I need you I’ll know where to find you.”

“Alright. It’s your world. I just live in it.”

She smiled brightly. “Love to hear that.”

“Of course you do. Spoiled ass,” I laughed, before leaning over and tonguing her down.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

The taps on Choc’s windows pulled us apart. It was her weak ass daddy standing there with a big smile on his face. I don’t know why he thought she’d invited him here today, but he was in for a rude awakening.

I kissed her one more final time. “Go handle your business mama.”

Choc

“I’m so happy you asked me to meet you here today,” Tarell expressed after we sat down in Zea’s. “Why didn’t your boyfriend come in and join us? I know he has a problem with me, but it’s time for him to get over it. I’m always going to be your father even when he’s not around.”

My head jerked back, but he was too busy reading the menu to notice. Just when I was about to go *in*, a waitress

walked up and asked to take our orders. He ordered a full blown meal, while I only ordered water. I had no plans on being here for long, let alone breaking bread with him.

“You’re not hungry?” He asked with a frown on his face when the waitress walked away.

“Not quite. I invited you here to talk, not eat,” I replied evenly. I was practicing so much self control right then. I wanted to pop off because he came for my man, but then I wouldn’t have achieved what I came here for. Whew, those therapy sessions really were working. Without them I would’ve gone upside his head the moment we sat down.

“The answers yes, baby girl.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Tahj told me that you asked *him* to walk you down the aisle. Deep down I knew you didn’t really want that. I figured you were too nervous to ask me, and my suspicions are confirmed because I can feel your nerves from all the way over here. Taija I’d be more than happy to give you away on your big day.”

I looked at him blankly for a few seconds before I broke out into a laughter fit. This man was really delusional! I

continued to laugh as I pulled my list out of my red Chanel bag. I sat it down on the table and slid it over to him.

“What’s this baby girl?”He asked with a smile. That fool probably thought it was some sweet letter I’d written to him.

“Just read it.”

I watched him pick the letter up. His smile dropped as soon as his eyes scanned over the first few words. I expected that.

He looked up. “Taija what the fuck is this?”

“Shhhhh, just keep reading. And read the entire thing please. Don’t say anything to me until you’re done.”

All The Times You’ve

Disappointed/Hurt me

1. You constantly refused to introduce me to my siblings growing up, robbing us of our childhoods together.

2. You promised you'd go with me to my first father/daughter dance. I saved up babysitting money and bought our tickets. I begged my mom for a new dress and to take me to the hair salon because I wanted to look perfect for you. You knew all this because I kept you in the loop through phone calls. I talked to you the morning of the dance and you promised to be there. You were a no show, and you never even gave me an explanation or a why.

3. You went months without speaking to me after that because my mom held you accountable for being flaky when it came to me.

4. When you did come back around you repeated the same patterns. Remember I made the Eaglettes as a freshman and you promised to come watch me dance for the first football game? You were a no show for me once again. But you pulled up for Tahj's game right after that. I know because it was at the same stadium. You pretended like you didn't see me because you were with your wife and her entire family. I cried that whole night.

5. I don't know why I expected more from you after all of this, but I was young and still trying to see the best in you. You did come to a few things for me, so I thought maybe you were changing. Until

you missed my High School graduation because your wife told you that you couldn't come.

6. I avoided you like the plague after that. But you showed up at my college graduation with a brand new car as a gift. I naively forgave you once again. The forgiveness was short-lived when your wife had you take the car back because you 'couldn't afford it.' Apparently y'all were waist deep in debt, so selling my car was the best for you guys.

7. The way you've let your wife talk about your kids on social media for the past decade is sad, and you should be ashamed of yourself. I don't expect her to

like us or welcome us with open arms, but she doesn't have to speak on us at all. As our father YOU should stand up for us, but you don't and that's why I had to list this.

8. You undoubtedly love your wife more than your kids, and I'm not asking you to apologize for that. But why would you keep making outside kids that you knew you wouldn't take care of? Why would you be so reckless knowing it affects your own flesh and blood in the end.

9. Tatiana has gone through some fucked up shit that she should've never had to experience because you didn't step up or care about the environment she was living in. Thank God she had siblings that

cared for her, or she'd probably be dead or strung out by now.

10. Because of you I've been thinking all men are trash for my entire life. When I finally met someone who I fell in love with right away I kept waiting for him to fuck up like you. I kept waiting on him to be shady like you. I kept waiting on him to leave me, like you. I've been sabotaging my own happiness because of you. That ends today. For the first time ever I'm seriously washing my hands of you Tarell.

“Wow,” he looked up from the list in awe. “You really feel this way huh?”

“I took my time writing it, so yea, I really feel that way.”

“I...I don't know what you want me to say.”

I laughed in disbelief. “You could say sorry, but it's not necessary. I don't need to hear that because it wouldn't be genuine anyway. If you were regretful about anything you've done then you wouldn't have done all of those things in the first place.”

“Choc y'all just don't understand. I've been stuck in between a place of trying to save my marriage and being there for y'all. I can't do it all.”

“If you cared about your marriage you wouldn't have been out fucking around in the first place. I can see if you had one oopsie daisy, but you had five. Word on the street is that you're still up to your old tricks, so don't make it seem like you were abandoning us to do right by your wife. Don't get me wrong, she aided you in being a deadbeat father, but this all falls back on your selfishness. The only person you've ever looked out for is *you*. Even when you try to be a part of my life these days you do it to make yourself feel better. Tarell you will *never* have the honor of giving me away to Supreme. And he would never leave me or his kids like you.”

“Taija I really did try, you gotta believe that.” He voiced, appearing desperate.

“Try harder if you have any more kids. It’s a wrap for the rest of us. We’re grown now and what’s done is. You can’t turn back time and fix shit, but we can move forward. If you want you can *come* to my wedding.” I slid him an invitation. I didn’t want to worry about him popping up. Anytime he was actually invited to something he was a no show anyway. “I love you, and I forgive you. Good-bye.”

“Taija, wait!” He called after me while I was walking off.

I turned to him. “Yes?”

“I love you too, and you have a good man on your hands. Don’t let me come between y’all again.”

“Don’t worry, I won’t.” I promised, before sauntering off. As I exited the restaurant I felt about fifty pounds lighter. Dianne was right, that was a good move for me.

Chapter 28

Choc

December 20, 2019

Everybody was going to ruin their makeup if the tears in their eyes traveled down to their faces; me included. I guess this moment felt surreal for everybody to be witnessing.

Everyone was dressed and waiting on the queue to leave our designated dressing room in the St.Charles mansion we'd rented for the day. I thought I'd be a ball of nerves or even get cold feet, but I felt more at peace than I'd ever felt. I was trying my best to salvage every moment.

I looked and felt like a human black Barbie doll. My hair was in a simple high bun because my dress was busy enough. The entire dress was adorned in crystal beading from top to bottom. The off the shoulder feature showcased my cleavage in a classy way, and the mesh sleeves made the design a little more toned down. The corset made my mermaid bottom stand out, and it made my shape look even better. My dress also came with a train. I was unsure about it at first, but it was to die for and a much needed asset. I looked like a modern day ice princess. Not to sound cocky, but I fully

understood why everybody was looking at me with tears in their eyes.

My makeup was natural, but still glamorous. My deep red lip complimented my icy White wedding dress perfectly. It also coordinated well with my bridesmaids deep red dresses. They all rocked similar dresses in different designs, and they looked *gorgeous*. My baby girl had on a white dress adorned in swarovski crystals just like her mommy. The only difference was that her dress was a poofy cupcake dress and mine was a mermaid dress. She also wore a red bow in her hair to match her red Mary Jane's. She was really my little twin for the day. Like Siraiya, my nieces and Supreme's God daughter, Bianca, also wore white cupcake dresses, but there's were adorned with big red bows tied at the waist to match their red flower crowns. I couldn't just pick one flower girl, so I had an entire team of them. Supreme's mom and my mom also got red dresses made by Vera Wang even though they technically weren't in the wedding. We still had to make them feel included in some way, and they looked gorgeous. I didn't know how the men were looking right now, but my crew was breathtaking.

“Everybody needs to pull it together, because our makeup is too cute for this,” Siraiya giggled while fanning her face so she wouldn’t cry.

“I’m bouta just to stop looking at y’all,” Tati turned around, propelling everyone to laugh.

“Sis you really look beautiful,” Talea said for the umpteenth time while recording me.

“Thank youuu,” I smiled big for the camera.

“I’m so proud of you baby,” my mom said weakly, making it apparent that she was holding herself together by a thread. She wanted to break down in tears of joy so badly.

“Me too, Choc,” Gia chimed in. “Thank you for coming into my son’s life and giving him everything I’d been begging him to settle down and do. This wedding and all is beautiful, but nothing tops my grand babies,” she grinned, before kissing Siraiya’s chubby cheek. “But most of all, thank you for just loving Supreme. My baby boy will be in good hands for the rest of his life now with a partner like you.”

“Oh my Godddd,” I stressed, before turning away as one lone tear fell down my face. My makeup was 95% waterproof, but I still wasn’t trying to cry just yet. My heart

just couldn't take it anymore. Not only was I blessed to be marrying Supreme, but I was also blessed to be marrying into his beautiful family. I had gotten lucky to have some solid as in laws.

“Taijaaa!”

I turned around quickly when I heard my wedding planner's voice.

“You ready for us Ashley?” I asked anxiously.

“I will be in 5 minutes, but someone wants to give you something,” she cheesed before looking down on the other side of the door. “Come on boys.” She opened it fully, showcasing my baby boy's. My heart skipped a beat. Supreme had full control over what his wedding party wore. That included our sons, who were ring bearers. Baby Tahj would be accompanying down the aisle as well to make sure they didn't wander off.

They looked so adorable in their all white suits with red bow ties. Their curls were fresh from their twist outs, so they really looked perfect from head to toe. They definitely wouldn't stay that way the whole day, but as long as we got pictures first I didn't care.

“Mommmyyy!” They both exclaimed excitedly while running to me. Their white Christian Louboutin dress shoes immediately caught my attention. Supreme had shown out on picking out their outfits for today. I don’t know why I was nervous about it.

The second thing I noticed was Sahid had a box in his hand, and Siraj had a piece of paper in his hand. I couldn’t bend down to get what they had in my dress, so my mom handed the stuff to me. I opened the box first and my eyes lit up.

“OUUUUU!” Everyone sang with wide eyes. A real diamond crown sat in the box, and it would be the perfect addition to my simple bun. Apparently Talea thought so too, because she took the crown out without my approval and started placing it in my hair that she’d styled herself. While she was doing that I started reading the paper Siraj was holding. It was a letter in Supreme’s handwriting. Chills ran up my spine because we were really in tune with each other. I had written him a letter as well, and I gave it to Tahj to pass on to him. My heart felt heavy with love as I read his letter and took in every word. I would definitely need my makeup touched up again before I stepped out.

Dear Future Mrs. Leblanc,

Can you believe we made it here? I can! I knew you always had potential to be my wife one day, even if you didn't know it. There was no denying the way you made me feel since day one. There was no denying the way I made you feel, even if you were being in denial about it like a child. Sorry, you know I had to get a little jab in.

But man I'm glad you actually took a chance on us. I know that wasn't easy for you for reasons we won't get into today. We talk about that shit enough in therapy. Just know I'm so proud of you and how

much you've grown as a woman. We could've crumbled a few times, but you always hold us together like glue. I love that about you. I love how you don't have it in you to give up on what you really want. I love how hard you go for those you love. I love how you make it your number 1 priority to keep our kids happy. I love you more than you can imagine for giving me kids. (Mrs. I'm not have kids head ass) I love you for loving me, because I know I'm not the easiest nigga to deal with. But most of all, I love you for being you mama. That's the main reason why I spoil the fuck out of you and love on you so hard, because you're you. Nobody would ever be

able to compete with that. Are you ready to do this thing called life forever? I'll see you at the altar in your white dress.

Supreme

“Nigga I thought you’d be more nervous,” Black said.

“Nah I’ve never felt more ready for anything in my life.”

“That’s good to hear, because my sister told me something similar last night,” Tarik divulged.

That was a relief. I thought for sure she’d be the one catching cold feet. Not because she didn’t want this, but because of her past. I guess my baby was really healing from all that bullshit. We were unstoppable now, and nothing but God himself could come between us.

“Ok, they’re backkkk,” Ashley announced after entering the room with the twins.

“We should be ready to start now right?” I questioned.

“Right after Tahj gives you something,” Ashley smiled sneakily.

I turned to Tahj and he handed me an envelope with a grin on his face.

“Thank you,” he said, while dapping me off. “For everything you’ve done for my sister. She wanted you to read this right before we walked out.”

“And thank you for everything you do for her.” I replied.

“Ok Tahj, let’s go,” Ashley ordered. “You have a bride to walk down the aisle in a few minutes. Supreme as soon as you finish that it’s show time.”

I tore the envelope open and pulled the paper out. Of course she’d written a letter just like me. We were the true definition of soul mates. Nine times out of ten we were on one accord. After reading the first few sentences I was getting emotional, so I had to turn away from the eyes that were on me. I didn’t care how happy I was today, I wasn’t about to cry in front of everybody.

Dear Papa,

Thank you for everything. Thank you for breaking down my walls and making me love for the first time. Thank you for pushing me to dig deep and fix myself. Thank you for being supportive with everything that I've ever gone through or done. Thank you for sticking by my side even though I'd push you away. Thank you for forgiving me during those times I didn't deserve it. Thankyou for loving me without hurting me first. Thank you for our beautiful kids. I wouldn't have wanted to enter motherhood with anybody else but you by my side. I'm just so

*grateful for you and all that you do for us.
You might be the closest thing to perfect,
and that scares me sometimes. Sometimes I
think this is too good to be true. But you
know what...it's fine if it is. Everything
won't always be at a high with us, we will
have lows. There'll be times you might not
want to deal with me, and there'll be times
I don't want to see your face. With you
Siraj I'll fully accept the good, bad, and
ugly. I know for a fact that the good will
always outweigh the bad and ugly. I trust
you that much, and I know that energy is
reciprocated on your end. Now give me
that last name!!!*

My eyes were glistening when I finally turned back around, making everybody laugh hysterically. I had to laugh with them because that letter almost brought me to tears. Right away I wondered if my letter received a similar reaction from her.

Ashley returned a few minutes later and led us out of the room. We decided to hold the wedding outside because it was only 65 degrees. It was chilly, but it wasn't freezing. The Winter Wonderland theme looked better executed outside than it would've looked inside. It appeared as if it were in a magical Iceland. This was definitely a holiday, Christmas wedding.

My groomsmen wore red, black, and white two piece tuxedos. I donned a custom Givenchy white three piece tuxedo, that was lined in red. It was only right that my boys matched my fly with white tuxedos too. Everybody was all smiles when they walked down the aisle with Baby Tahj. My mom and Gia walked down the aisle after them so they could show off Siraiya, and she got quite the reaction. After they sat down on the first row, our team of flower girls were next. They threw enough red and white flower petals down for ten brides. Once our entire bridal party had walked out, the popular singer who I paid good money to be here walked out;

surprising everyone. She wasn't my cup of tea, but Choc loved her and she loved the song that she was about to sing even more. Choc listened to this song so much that I'd grown to love it too, that's why I agreed that it should be the song she walked out to.

“The sun is setting. And you're right here by my side. And the movie's playing. But we won't be watching tonight. Every look, every touch, Makes me wanna give you my heart. I be crushin' on you, baby. Stay the way you are. 'Cause I never knew, I never knew! You could hold moonlight in your hands. 'Til the night I held you. You are my moonlight. Moonlight!” She belted out. I guess my money was well spent.

My heart beat was out of control by the time Choc appeared at the end of the aisle on Tahj's arm. Everybody stood in awe. All that could be heard was “ouuu!,” “oh my god!”, or “wow!” My sentiments exactly. For a moment I left earth and had to come back down. That's how drop dead gorgeous she looked. When she finally made it to me, she was smiling big and her hand went straight to my face. I caught chills when she wiped tears from my face. I didn't even realize I started crying at the sight of her. I guess I had cried in front

of everybody today after all....and I didn't give a damn. My wife was in front of me. Nothing else mattered. I picked her chin up and kissed her passionately. I was impatient and didn't want to wait.

“I love you, mama.” I whispered.

“I love you too, Papa. Now let's get married.”

***The END! For
updates, visuals, and sneak
peeks join my reading group
on Facebook, “That's All Cee
Reading Group.”***

