



MAKING

LOVE TO A

*Boss*

*A Dope Love Story*

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NAT LOVE

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## CONTENTS

1. Calif
2. Natia
3. Calif
4. Natia
5. Calif
6. Natia
7. Calif
8. Dre
9. Natia
10. Calif
11. Dre
12. Nas
13. Sara
14. Natia
15. Calif
16. Dre
17. Nas
18. Kierra

# Calif

On Friday, I woke up in a good mood and was ready for whatever the day would bring. Natia's fine ass had finally accepted my date, so we planned to go out to Krab Kingz on Broadway for our date night on Sunday. I couldn't wait to see her fine ass. Just knowing I was one day closer to seeing her had me ecstatic.

I still didn't understand why I felt the way I felt about Natia and why I was trying so hard. I had no problem telling these other bitches to fuck off, but there was something about Natia that drew me to her, even when she was being ridiculous. It was to the point that if she told me to drink her bathwater, I would ask for a straw. I was head over heels for her after one weekend, and I couldn't ignore it. It gave me a little bit of anxiety because the last time I felt like this, the love of my life was taken from me.

Needing some advice from my mother, I decided to call her. I talked to my family every other day, and I was due to go out to Cali in a couple of weeks. Hopefully, I could get Natia's attitude together by then and make sure she trusted me. That way, I could take her to meet the fam. I didn't care if it was too early; I wanted to include her that badly.

"Hi, baby. How you doing?" my mother asked when she picked up the phone on the first ring.

She was constantly worried about me since I moved to Kansas City, even though she knew I would hold my own until

the end. That's a mom for you.

"You know ya boy straight. I was just calling to hear your beautiful voice and ask for some advice," I told her as I took a bite of my breakfast sandwich that I got from QuikTrip.

This sandwich was fucking fire, and I would get it every day of my life if I could.

"What's wrong, baby? Is everything okay?" she asked, instantly worried.

I didn't know what I said for her to think there was an issue. Moms be weird as fuck, low key.

"Mom, ain't nothing wrong. I needed your advice on a girl."

"OMG! You found someone? What's her name? Is she black? Where is she from? Are you in love? Are y'all going to have kids?"

My mom started spewing questions at me so fast that I thought I was being interviewed. I had to laugh because her ass wanted me to settle down so bad. She said she didn't want me to be like my father was when he was my age, because although they were married, he was a rolling stone. I can't believe she thugged it out with his ass, but she did. I wouldn't be surprised if I had other siblings around Sacramento somewhere.

"Mom, are we on the air? Cus, you just interviewed me like you about to put me on the radio somewhere," I replied as I cracked up.

Even she had to laugh because she knew that she was doing too damn much.

"I'm sorry, baby. I just got excited, that's all. You know Jeremy just proposed to Nae a couple of weeks ago. I just want both my babies to be happy," my mom said.

She was speaking on my sister, who had just gotten engaged. Her dude was a good man who provided for her and my niece. I had handed him my empire when I left because my dad was too old to be out there on the bullshit. He was doing

exceptionally well and was almost doubling my income just on the Westcoast. He had gone to school for business and was using it to the fullest extent. I fucked with him the long way.

“I know, Ma, and I love you for it. But to answer your question, yes, I met a lady, and her name is Natia. She’s the choreographer who was just in my video.”

My mom squealed with delight. As soon as that video dropped, she had called me to let me know how badass it was. According to both my mother and father, my mom was a dope ass dancer back in the day, but she let it go after she got pregnant with me at the age of sixteen and never revisited.

“WIFE HER!” my mother yelled into the phone and almost burst my damn eardrum.

“Before we go there, I need to let you know that she had a terrible relationship in the past, and she doesn’t want to date. She has one of the worst attitudes in the entire world, and she’s not friendly like Najah was.” I laid out all her negative attributes versus her positive ones.

“Hell, she kind of sounds like me!” my mom said and chuckled. She was sassy as fuck and with all the bullshit at the right time.

“At least you’ll know how to handle her, son, since you’ve grown up with it for twenty plus years,” my dad added.

He must’ve snuck in on the conversation because my mom gasped a little like she was startled. The older my parents got, the more obsessed my dad became with my mom. Don’t get me wrong, they were always close, but as they got older, he became attached to her hip.

“Oh, shut up, Ronny. You know you wouldn’t trade me for the world!” my mom said and giggled.

I loved how they flirted with each other, even though they had been married for twenty plus years. That’s how I wanted to be.

“Baby, if you feel like she’s worth it, then go for it. At least she ain’t like that little white bitch, stringing you along and faking how she really is. She exposed you to her dark side

from the flip, and that's probably why God made y'all cross paths. I like her already. Bring her here, so I can meet my new daughter-in-law," my mom continued.

"Your mom is right, son. After everything you been through, you can handle a little attitude. Nigga, I didn't raise no punk ass bitch," my dad said and laughed. His ass stayed talking big shit.

"Pops, quit your bullshit!" I snapped back, and he howled.

We all talked for a couple more minutes until my dad started talking about what sex positions to use on Natia, and my mom got mad. I could not with those two; they did too much. I ended the call after telling them both that I loved them and would call them back later.

I looked at the time and saw that it was close to my meeting with Nas and Dre. It was money mission Friday, and it was time to collect all our coins. Dre had been busy for the last couple of weeks, setting up shop with a couple of the Cuban homies, so we had missed bro. Plus, tonight, we were going to the strip club, and I was excited. This weekend was going to be lit.



FIVE HOURS LATER, we were done collecting and counting money. Niggas had tripled in profit, and all our customers were beyond satisfied. I had a Cuban connect in Sacramento who was getting me right. He plugged me so good and for so cheap that I was able to hook my customers the fuck up. Dre had set up shop with my Sacramento connects who lived in this area, and if shit went well, we would quadruple our income before long. We were going to meet up with them tonight at the strip club. If I kept going at this rate, I would be worth a hundred million before I signed a record deal, and I was okay with that.

"I CAN'T WAIT TO SLAP SOME ASS TONIGHT, NIGGA!" Nas' goofy ass said as he made an outline of an



imaginary thick bitch with his hands. This nigga had issues foreal.

“Nigga, now you know you can’t touch them bitches. Fuck around and get us kicked out the club, you dumb ass nigga,” Dre said with a straight face. He was the most serious of us.

“You gonna get us kicked out! Head ass,” Nas replied, mimicking him.

I knew that if I didn’t intervene, these niggas were going to argue for the next thirty minutes, and then I would have to break up a fistfight. These niggas acted just like competitive brothers, and although it was funny most of the time, we didn’t have that type of time tonight. We were meeting a couple of the Cuban homies at the strip club at eleven, and I hated being late. It was only seven in the evening, but we still had to go to the crib and get dressed after we deposited the money into one of our safe houses, which was forty-five minutes in the other direction.

The only reason we were even within our time limit was that we had a house in the cut over that way, and we all shared it in case of an emergency. We had everything we needed for survival, including brand new clothes, shoes, food, and the rest of the essentials. We planned to get dressed there, so we could take off together and arrive on time.



A COUPLE OF HOURS LATER, Nas, Dre, and I were cruising down the highway in Dre’s 2018 custom made Jag. This nigga loved cars and always had the hottest thing out in the streets. It was off white with baby blue trim, and the doors were suicidal. His cars were his most prized possessions, and he beamed as I told him how dope it was. Dre looked up to Nas and me a lot because he was younger than us by four years. He was quiet and serious all the time, but every once in awhile, he would loosen up and enjoy himself. When he did, it was a sight to see and something you wouldn’t want to miss.

“Aye, nigga, you ready to loosen up tonight?” I asked him as I started to feel my Henny and Red Bull. We’d had a long day, and we all deserved to turn up tonight.

I had texted Natia an hour ago, and her ass hadn’t answered. Our date wasn’t until Sunday, but I was trying to slide in that pussy fast, not slow. If she didn’t respond by the time I got out of the strip club, I was going to find her. I had slyly added her on Snapchat, and her location stayed on. If push came to shove, I was going to do like her ex did and track her motherfuckin’ ass down for the pussy. There was no shame in my game.

“HELL YEAH, BRO! LEGGGGOOOO!” This nigga, Dre, shouted, hyping us up. He rarely showed this side of himself, so I just knew we were going to have a good ass time.

We got to the strip club in record time, even though we had to go to the Kansas side of the tracks. Missouri didn’t allow strip clubs for whatever reason, but that was okay because it was just over the bridge. As we rode, we smoked at least five blunts, and we took turns freestyling over the beats. My bros weren’t lyricists like I was, but they could freestyle. I was going to put them both on a track soon.

We pulled up to the club and got out. All eyes were on us, like always, but we were used to it. We walked by a bitch who was with her nigga and watched her jaw drop, and her eyes turn googly at the sight of us. I couldn’t even blame the bitch because we looked and smelled like big money.

“What the fuck you looking at, bitch? That’s why I stay throwing my money at these stripper hoes, cus they worth more than you,” the bitch’s nigga proceeded to say.

She slapped the taste out of his mouth, and the nigga slapped her ass right the fuck back. Dre, Nas, and I stood at the door, watching and laughing our asses off. We were high as fuck and feeling good. That made my night.

We got in the club, and I looked around. It was a nice ass club that looked newly built. One of my customers owned the spot, so we were automatically VIP when we stepped in the door. We had a table right by the stage and the best view of the

strippers. I was all for a good show, and I couldn't wait to see those bitches work.

While we played, we were there to work. We were meeting up with some Cubans that my guy from Sacramento had put me on with, so I could operate more smoothly out of the Midwest like I did in California.

Thirty minutes into the meeting, I was satisfied. I wasn't fucking with no flunkies; these niggas knew their shit. I was happy to do business with them and even more glad that my money was going to be coming in a lot smoother and quicker.

The main guy, Javier, was ready to go, and I was about to walk him and his buddies out when the DJ came over the loudspeaker.

“COMING TO THE STAGE IS TAYSTEE!!! OUR FAVORITE STRIPPER!” the nigga bellowed into the microphone.

The crowd went nuts, so Javier and I sat our asses down. They made it seem like a bitch from Magic City was about to come out and blow our world.

A really tall, thick, and pretty bitch walked on the stage. She was a little shorter than Megan Thee Stallion but had a dope ass body like her. She had her back to us the entire time as “Bad” by Wale came on. She started swaying her hips from side to side, and everyone at my table tuned the fuck in. It was like she was hypnotizing us.

About a minute in, she climbed to the top of the pole. She started doing this trick where she was upside down with her legs in a V shape. She spun around the pole faster and faster, and as the song came to an end, she slid down the pole fast as fuck and landed in a handstand. From the handstand, she did a type of gymnastic move and flipped her way into being right-side up. It wasn't until she started bowing in every direction that I realized it was Natia. I looked at Nas, who was looking at me with his eyebrow raised.

So, this is where her ass worked.

# Natia

Calif stared at me from the other side of the room as I breathed in through my mouth and out through my nose, trying to slow down my heartbeat. The suspense had killed me as I waited to who was behind the bathroom door. I swore that it was going to be Shine behind the door, so when Calif came out, I was so happy to see him that I started grinning like Chester the cat. Sometimes I did awkward shit when I felt uneasy.

“I’m glad this is funny to you, cus it ain’t to me. I don’t want everybody in the town to see my wife’s goodies. I’ll smoke everyone in this bitch,” Calif said as he pulled his 40 caliber from the holster in his waistband.

I thought I was dramatic, but he was dragging it out. Besides, I had on a coverup over my uniform. I wasn’t the bitch who walked around the club naked all night. I danced on stage, and that was it.

“If I had known you were a stripper, I would’ve had you dance for me last weekend!” Calif continued as he stepped toward me.

I wiped the goofy ass grin right off my face. I went from relieved to about to curse this nigga out in five seconds. He sure knew how to dampen my mood with his slick ass mouth.

“And that’s exactly why I didn’t tell yo’ ass, cus you and everyone else got the game twisted. One out of every ten

bitches in here is the stereotypical stripper. The rest of us do it for a reason. Me, personally, I'm not greedy. I pay my bills, and I pay for shit to do with my kids. I told you I was celibate for two years, and you got to experience it for yourself. I've worked here for three years, so what does that tell you? Miss me with those stripper jokes, bruh. You're the one creepin' around in here when you were supposed to take me on a date Sunday. Can't even wait for the pussy for two more days. You niggas is so triflin'."

I told his ass off with all the head and hand gestures, eye rolls, and body movements that I could do at once. This was exactly why I didn't tell him what I did outside of choreographing dances for my kids. He always had something smart to say, and this situation was personal to me. No matter what anybody had to say about me stripping, this was the job that allowed me to win.

"I was just playing, baby!" Calif said, damn near running up on me and picking me up for a hug.

His ass was goofy, and I could not.

"Nigga, put me down. Damn, you play way too much!" I squealed.

I felt good because my dramatic ass dream didn't come true, and I had some good ass weed. Calif was lucky too, because I was ready to drop his ass again if he didn't shut the hell up with his smart-ass mouth.

As Calif put me down, he stared into my eyes before he gave me a long, sexy ass kiss. He had the type of kisses that made your pussy ache for some. If this room wasn't made for fucking, I would've totally done it. The problem was, the thought of my coworkers fucking in the room turned me off.

I shuddered as our kiss ended, and he took his hands off my ass. I was feeling some type of way.

"Nah, yo' ass ain't out of the doghouse, bae. It's fucked up that you ain't tell a nigga you worked here. I would've paid you right there at the video shoot. You too pretty to be doing this job, and niggas will take advantage of you. I know you

can handle the job, but I don't want you to. You my girl now," Calif said as he squeezed me tight.

The feeling I got inside upon hearing him talk to me like that was almost unexplainable. I felt tingly and joyful. It was like the oxytocin in my brain was released, and all I felt was love. I was really relieved that he handled finding out I was a stripper so well. If I was him, I would've lost my shit. I couldn't have been mad if he had been pissed at me. Calif being so understanding turned me on.

"And to call it even, you're going to dance for me right here in this room for this fifteen thousand. Yo' ass out here acting shy and shit but making thousands of dollars a night. Quit playing with me. I want only your top tricks, too. Thirty minutes of pure dancing. I want to be the last nigga you ever dance for. We are done today!" Calif said as he placed fifteen stacks of a thousand dollars each on the table next to us.

He was being dramatic. I didn't want his money.

"You right, I do owe you, but I'm not taking that money, sir!" I said as I let go of him and headed to the stereo.

"The hell you ain't!" Calif said and sat back in the chair like he was a boss or something. He smacked me on the ass with a rack.

We had preprogrammed slow jams that lasted however long the customer wanted. I set the timer to thirty minutes and prepared to do my dopest dance. It had a lot of splits, leg lifts, and overall gymnastics. I usually did that routine when niggas had parties because I knew they were coming to spend.

"Rocket" by Beyoncé boomed through the radio as I started my routine.

I was going to blow this nigga's mind by the time the mix was over. He had been basically begging me to fuck with him, so now it was my job to make sure he was in deep.

# Calif

*Let me sit this assssss*

*On You*

*Show you how I feel*

*Let me take this off*

*Will you watch me*

*Mass appeal*

*Don't take your eyes*

*Don't take your eyes off it*

**B**eyoncé beat through the speakers as I watched Natia and was mesmerized. I know her gift was dance because she drew me into a hypnotic trance. I knew I wasn't tripping when I caught her dancing by herself at the hotel last weekend. Instantly, I was hooked. Her ass was going to make something of herself, whether that was her goal or not. The way she moved was like nothing I had seen before, and believe me, I had seen some bad ass bitches strip in my day. The only thing is, not one of those bitches had shit on my bae. I was in love.

Natia bent over with her ass in my face and pussy in clear sight. I wasn't even an ass eater, but she looked so scrumptious as she teased the fuck out of me. When I first noticed that it

was her dancing on stage, I instantly felt jealousy. I thought I would've felt anger, but I was more focused on the fact that everybody was seeing what I had the honor of sliding up in last weekend. It made me want to air this bitch out and take out anyone who was looking at her, which would literally be everyone in the club. The bartenders even stopped serving drinks while she danced. That's how you knew it was real.

I knew I had to make myself visible when one of those rowdy, dusty ass niggas kept pulling on Natia and shit. Throughout my life in California, I knew plenty of sex workers and strippers who had been beaten, raped, or even killed in their profession. Natia was a thugette, but I don't care how tough you are, a man will more than likely always overpower a woman. I didn't want Natia to have to ever deal with that type of shit. She was too precious for shit like that. Even the way she carried herself was different. Never in a million years would I have ever guessed that she was a stripper. I would've even guessed that she worked at McDonald's before a stripper. I know a lot of bougie ass motherfuckers who work at McDonald's.

As she went into a front split on my lap and started making her ass clap reverse cowgirl style, my dick started to get hard as fuck. I rubbed her fat ass pussy through her thong, trying to get something popping really quick.

"Nigga, you thought!" she yelled over the music as she locked her legs together.

"Some of the hoes and a lot of these dusty ass niggas be fucking in here. We would never!" she said with her nose and lip turned up.

Her prissy ass.

Honestly, I would've torn her ass up right there, but from the look on her face, I could tell that it wasn't going to be an easy task. I was going to take her to a room and lock her ass up for the weekend. That was an even better idea.

"Man, fuck this dance. Nigga, I need to get in that. You heard Beyoncé. She said rock it 'til water falls. That's what we



finna do!” I said as I looked at Natia’s pussy through her sheer red thong.

She fought hard as I tried to pry her legs back open. I ended up thrusting forward, which made her put her hands on the floor, and I was able to stand up really quickly. Natia had outstanding balance and was strong as fuck. I was stronger, though, so I pulled her legs back into a full split in the air while she was on her hands in a handstand. As soon as I let her legs go, she did a slow ass walkover and stood in front of me like she was on her feet in the first place. She had me turned the fuck on.

“Nigga, you are so silly, you low key got vocals too,” she said, laughing her ass off.

I was feeling her mood tonight; I was about to go ahead and get her ass pregnant. I didn’t give a fuck.

*HOW MANY DRINKS will it take you to leave with me?*

*Yeah you look good, and I got money*

*But I don’t wanna waste my time*

*Back of my mind, I’m hoping you say two or three*

The music from the club blared into the room, overpowered the music that Natia was dancing to and damn near scared me half to death.

“The fuck?” I said. I was about to shoot the damn PA system up.

“That means it’s time to get the fuck out!” Natia happily said.

She walked to the chair, grabbed her cover up, and put it on. Although she was a stripper, I already knew she wasn’t a hoe. Nobody in this bitch was walking around with a cover up but my baby. She was a real one for that.

“I didn’t bring my car, so I’m riding with you, boo!” I told her as I tapped her ass.

It started jiggling as soon as my hand came in contact. I couldn't wait to beat those buns into submission in just a little bit.

"That's cool!" she said, smiling big at me before she opened the door.

Once back out on the scene, we were able to catch the end of the strip club vibes.

I looked up and saw Dre signaling for me to come over to where he was. He was still in the VIP section, but he had about five hoes crowded around him. Nas was over there too, with two bitches rubbing nipples with each other. It was a sight to see, and I couldn't do shit but laugh and shake my head.

"These niggas!" I said while palming my face. I was chuckling because my niggas showed out wherever they went.

Natia followed my eyes, and when she noticed Nas, she looked like she was going to pass the fuck out. She pulled her cover-up a little tighter around her, and her face looked like she was in deep thought. I could literally see her putting everything together in her head, and just when she reached the part where she danced on stage, I knew what was going on because her face turned bright red. She had on a lot of makeup, and it was done perfectly, but if you really knew her and was paying attention, you knew that it was her.

Nas already knew, but Dre had no idea who she was. He wouldn't know anything about her being a stripper because he had popped a bean as soon as we got in the club. His ass wasn't going to remember a damn thing by tomorrow.

"Oh, my God! I'm so embarrassed!" Natia whispered to herself as she processed everything.

"Don't be, babe. I'll pluck my niggas' eyeballs out before this ever gets brought up again. One and done!" I told her, but she didn't look convinced.

"I parked in the back, so I'ma grab my shit and start putting it in the car," Natia said and quickly headed toward an area that only allowed entry by fingerprint. She didn't even look at me; she got the fuck out of there. I was cracking up.

“Wassup, daddy?” this little short, Spanish chick said to me as I walked up on Dre and Nas.

She just saw me over there with Natia while she was trying to be funny. I decided to play with her funky ass back.

“I ain’t your daddy, and I ain’t got nothing to say to nare bitch in here that couldn’t make five thousand dollars or more tonight. You just saw me talking to shorty, mommy. Don’t be a hater all your life!” I said.

She rolled her eyes and stomped off.

“And that fake ass batch job you got on your ass looks terrible!” I added as she turned around and flipped me the bird.

“Nigga, quit running my hoes off!” Dre said, looking goofy as fuck. His ass was high, drunk, and thizzed out.

I was about to rip his goofy ass a new one. He looked silly, and he had blown close to ten thousand dollars in this bitch on these hoes. What this nigga was going to do next was take them bitches home, get fucked on, and pay the bitches like a thousand apiece. I always told him that he was borderline a john, and he was always ready to fight me when he knew it was the truth.

“GET YOUR FUCKING HANDS OFF OF ME!” I heard a familiar voice yell just in time because I was about to roast Dre’s high ass something vicious.

When I looked back over to where I was just standing with Natia, that rowdy ass group of niggas that had been trying to touch her basically had her surrounded. No one was doing anything about it. Security was outside, making sure that shit was safe, and all the other people in there either weren’t paying attention, or they were standing there watching.

“ATTENTION!” I yelled to Dre and Nas.

They both got up and got in line behind me.

That was our word, so when something happened, we knew that we were up against some shit, and we needed to be ready. Everyone moved out of our way as we headed over to

Natia. It was like they knew we were coming to shut shit down and save the day.

The closer I got, the madder I became. Five niggas surrounded her, and it was like they were antagonizing her and picking on her. They were trying to get her to take off her robe and were yelling some very foul ass shit. Shit that I wouldn't say to a motherfucker unless I hated them.

And what do you know? The fucking ringleader was there, stirring the pot. He was literally reaching out and acting like he was going to take her robe off himself, but Natia kept slapping the fuck out of his hands and pushing him back. It seemed like the further she pushed him, the closer the circle came in, and I could see panic starting to set in.

“We got a fuckin' problem, my niggas?” I asked as I pushed myself into the circle and stood in front of Natia.

Dre and Nas stood on either side of me as we all mugged the fuck out of these niggas. The ringleader was a bitch boy, not standing much taller than Natia, but all his niggas were big, stocky ass niggas. It didn't matter. To be honest, they all were going to get their asses beat and get shot if necessary.

“Aww, shit, it's captain save a hoe,” the nigga said, and all his boys burst out laughing.

I didn't find shit funny.

“Watch yo' mouth with all that, you dusty ass little bitch ass nigga. You talking about she a hoe, but she ain't fucking with you. Something is off,” I replied, mugging the fuck out of him.

I could tell he wasn't as hard as he tried to make it seem, but he acted like it, so I wanted him to prove it.

“Now, back the fuck up before me and my niggas knock y'all the fuck out!” I yelled as more people started tuning in.

I could see the fear in these niggas' eyes. They didn't really want that challenge, but I was going to give it to them. They could react whichever way they pleased. They still were going to get knocked the fuck out.

“Ain’t nobody going to do SHIT!” the biggest nigga said.

Dre stepped forward and slept the nigga with one punch.

We literally knocked niggas out cold over this way and had been doing it for a very long time. Dre’s ass ain’t no bigger than a minute, but he knew where the button was, and that’s all you needed to know to sleep a nigga.

It was on after that, and in less than a minute, there were four niggas asleep on the ground. Dre and Nas moved as one and literally hit those niggas so hard that they caved. The little nigga who kept trying to touch on my bae looked petrified, as he should’ve been.

“Now who is captain save a hoe, lil nigga? You like to put your hands on females when they tell your ass to stop? You never heard of the me-too era, you dumb ass, bitch ass nigga? You like inflicting pain?” I asked as I bent the nigga’s hand back to his elbow.

He was screaming like a bitch, and everyone standing around was cracking up and recording. He deserved whatever was about to come to his bitch ass.

“Say I won’t ever touch a female without her permission again!” I told him as I kept bending his hand back.

Whether I was going to break his shit was entirely up to him. We were going to do this my way, or I was going to break his hand and then sleep him. The choice was up to him.

“I WON’T EVER TOUCH A FEMALE WITHOUT HER PERMISSION AGAIN!” the nigga howled in pain.

I let go of his hand, and he started shaking his hand out, probably trying to get feeling into it again. I stood back and laughed.

“Nigga, fuck you, bitch ass nigga! I got something for you when we get outside!” the nigga bellowed, now that I had let go of his hand.

A couple seconds ago, he was singing a different tune.

*BOOM!* was the only sound as I chin checked the nigga, and he fell to the floor with his homies.

The whole damn club erupted in applause and yelps. I was glad the lights were still off because no one had noticed it was me yet. While I was talking about Natia being incognito with her makeup and shit, I was basically doing the same. I had hidden my dreads under my beanie because they were my signature with the red tips. That's how I was usually identified by niggas in the streets. They already knew it was me.

While everything was going on, Natia was able to slip away and get her shit. I was going to meet her in the back at her car, but first I had to get my shit out of Dre's car. We all walked out together, and I called Natia to make sure she was safe. She answered and told me that she was in back, talking with some of the girls and that she would pull around to pick me up in ten minutes. Dre and Nas had planned to take a couple of strippers home too, so we all piled back into his car to smoke a blunt before we all went and did our own thing.

I had initially said that I was going to take Natia to a room to get it on, but fuck that. Baby girl was coming to my crib. I was going to cuff her ass tonight. I didn't give a fuck.

We got in the car and started smoking. One blunt turned to three as we all fired up. We were getting high as fuck, talking big shit, and laughing as we waited for Natia and whoever these niggas were bringing home tonight. I had texted Natia and asked if she wanted to hang with Nas and Dre and the bitches they were bringing, and she was not having it.

Just judging from that Spanish bitch who was eyeballing me, I could tell that a lot of those bitches were probably jealous as fuck of bae. Not one bitch who danced after Natia made as much bread. Honestly, I didn't think that anyone came close to her in dancing, and that's why they couldn't make money unless they did that gay ass shit on the stage. Even then, they weren't clearing as much as she did. It was crazy. Hoes will be jealous enough to kill bitches too, and I wanted her away from the environment altogether.

“What the fuck is taking these damn hoes so long? I'm trying to get my dick and balls sucked, shit. These hoes said that's what they were going to do to a nigga,” Dre said with a big, goofy ass smile on his face.

I couldn't deal with his ass today.

“Are you happy, nigga? You want a fucking cookie?” Nas said as he popped Dre upside his head. He was sitting in the backseat, and I was on the passenger side.

“Nigga, touch me again and see what happens!” Dre said and tried to swing on Nas.

He couldn't connect with the nigga to save his life, and we were all cracking up. Niggas were high as shit, and we were all enjoying ourselves. This was some quality bro time, and we hadn't had it in a long time. We were all busy with our individual projects and getting this big money in the city. I was enjoying our time.

As we were finishing the last of our blunts, I realized that the car had gotten foggy while we were sitting there bullshitting. Just as I was about to start wiping my side of the window, there was a tap at Dre's window. The girls were supposed to text us when they were coming around from the back, so I didn't know who it could be. We all started wiping our windows, and lo and behold, standing outside each window were the niggas who we had just slept. Each one was holding a pistol. There were two in the front window, one on the passenger window, one on the driver's side window, and one standing in back of us.

“OH SHIT!” Nas yelled before guns started going off.

# Natia

“Girl, who is that nigga out there defending you like you din fucked the shit out of him?” my girl, Taranda, asked.

I blushed in response.

“Girl, let me find out you fucking after two years, bitttcchhhh!” she excitedly said.

Taranda was the only bitch at the club who I fucked with. When I first started at the club, a couple of bitches named Minx and Xana started fucking with me. Taranda and I beat the dog shit out of them hoes. None of those bitches fucked with us after that, even though I had gotten into it verbally with a lot of them. They talked shit about me because I made money, which was lame as fuck. If they were smart, they would join my team, and I could teach their hating asses a thing or two. That’s why I hated bitches. I’d rather stay to myself.

“Girl, I fucked!” I whispered as I opened the locker.

“BITCH, WHAAAATTTTT?!” she screeched as she fell into her locker, which was next to mine.

Her motherfucking ass was dramatic as fuck, and she cracked me up. I was howling at her ass because as soon as she hit that locker, she stumbled over her bag and fell hard on the floor, her ass jiggling in the process. I started speed slapping her ass, and it jiggled as we laughed together.



“But, no bitch. For real, who are you fucking?” she asked as she wiped the tears that were streaming down her face from laughing so hard.

“Calif, bitch!” I answered in her ear as I helped her up.

I thought I was tall as fuck, but this bitch was five foot ten without heels on, and she was built better than Megan Thee Stallion. She wasn't as pretty as Megan, and I think that's the reason she didn't get as much play. One night, a nigga was fucking with her, telling her that she was a man and shit. Taranda fucked his ass up, and I hadn't heard one insult from a single soul since then.

“Bitch, you a motherfucking lie!” she yelled as she pulled me on top of her.

We were cracking up, looking goofy as fuck, and in missionary position. All the bitches in the locker room were side-eyeing us. I peeped it all, but I didn't give a fuck. I was in a good mood, and these bitches weren't going to kill my vibe.

“This bitch thinks she cute cus she got a nigga defending her and shit!” Maria, this Spanish ass, hating ass whore said to Tiana, her partner in crime. They were loud enough for me to hear, but at the same time, I could tell that she didn't want me to hear her.

I had watched Calif walk over to his friends before them niggas started fucking with me, and I saw her saying something to him. From the looks of it, Calif turned her funky ass down because I saw her flip him off as she walked away. Just doing that made me know he was solid. This bitch stayed trying to be better than me, steal my customers, steal my friends, I mean everything. She was my number one fan, and every time she popped off, I was at her throat. I really wanted to fuck her up, but she would never push it that far. She knew what it was for real. She was all talk, and that was it.

“What that bitch say?” Taranda asked as she grabbed me, rolled us both over so she ended up on top of me, and got up with the quickness.

I didn't even have time to adjust before she snatched me up by my hands, and I landed on my feet. She was a strong ass motherfucker.

They were standing about fifty feet away from us, but with Taranda's stride, she got there in about five big steps, and my ass was right behind her.

"Bitch, what you say? I know your funky pussy ass ain't talking! Neil told me he smashed you last weekend, and his house smelled like tilapia the entire weekend. You and your ugly ass friend over there stay hating on Natia, and everybody knows it! Step your pussy up before you say anything, you trout mouth hoe!" Taranda said, stepping toward the bitch.

I could see the fear in both her and Tiana's eyes. Like I said, they were all talk and passive-aggressive as fuck. They didn't know how to handle confrontation, so they would shut down. Today was no different, but Tiana, who was usually the silent one, must've been feeling herself today.

"She does think she cute, but so do we, cus we are fucking on the ballers today, honey! You ain't the only bitch that can catch her a baller, hoe!" she said, shaking her flat ass and pointing her finger at me.

I didn't like that shit. I used to get my ass beat when I pointed my finger at people back in the day. My momma thought that shit was rude and made it clear. And she was about to get the same treatment. Tiana was as tall as me but had absolutely no ass. She had these big ass titties, though, and titty boys went crazy over her. Tiana had to wear a size zero in the waist, but she was definitely a double D in the bust, and she looked like a mud duck.

I grabbed her finger and bent that shit back. These motherfuckers were going to stop reaching for me tonight. I was ready to break hands, fingers, feet, and anything else associated with motherfuckers pointing at me.

"BITCH, point your finger at me one more time, bitch, and I'm going to break that motherfucker. You already know I lay bitches out around here. Ask Maria," I said, referring to the first night I worked there, and Maria popped off.

I slapped the dog shit out of her, and that's why she didn't like me. At the time, she had a different friend as her sidekick, and the bitch ain't want no beef. I did this for real, and they knew it. They just decided to try me.

Tiana started whimpering, and I knew it was hurting enough, so I let go of her finger and pushed her into Maria. Her eyeballs were like saucers, and she was scared to death that I was going to beat her ass.

“And you hoes really think that y'all about to ride out with my nigga's friends?” I asked and chuckled.

I had something for these bitches. Without hesitation, I pulled out my phone and went to Calif's name. I was going to see all about that real quick.

“What up, beautiful?” Calif answered.

I had him on speaker, so we could all hear what was about to be said.

“Hi! I just wanted to inform you, so you can inform your homies that they will not be taking these tuna fish smelling, big head, ugly shaped bitches with them tonight. Not if I'm going to be around. I do have a girl that one of them can have, though,” I said with confidence in my voice.

“Aight, babe, I hear you. Fuck them hoes. We got a situation right now, though, so I need you to stay where you are for like ten minutes. No matter what you're about to hear, just know that I'm okay.”

I was confused as I looked at the phone, trying to figure out what the hell he was talking about.

*POP POP!!*

I heard gunshots ring out through my phone. Everyone dropped to the floor except me.

My heart fell to my stomach, and the world went black around me. That dream I had wasn't for me. It was for my new bae, and I felt totally responsible.

“NATIA!” I heard Taranda yell as I started to fall to the floor.

Everything went blank.

# Calif

We all looked out the windows as the niggas surrounded us, wondering when they were going to start shooting. All that standing around for dramatics wasn't going to help the situation. They needed to do what the fuck they were going to do, and fast. I swear they weren't going to make it to another day after pulling this shit. I had already sent an emergency text to my nigga, Flow, and he had niggas on the way.

The guns went off, and Dre, Nas, and I didn't even flinch. We were used to shit like this popping off. I just couldn't wait until the smoke cleared, and these niggas found out what was going to take place.

They soon found out because after emptying full clips into the car, it was still standing as clear as it was before they came over and thought they were going to do something. The thing about my entire crew was that we were all fucking geniuses, and we knew that niggas would by trying to kill us left and right. The whole car was bulletproof to the point that them niggas being in close range didn't even do shit to the motherfucker.

Niggas looked like they saw ghosts once the smoke cleared. We all laughed, pulled out our guns, and opened the doors. I thought the biggest nigga was going to pass the fuck out. They really thought they did something. They all took off running down the street, and before we could get our aim

right, my crew came through in our classic all-black Suburbans. They closed the street off with the cars, so the niggas couldn't go anywhere and started shooting. I saw bodies fly and flop because my crew came through with them choppas and nothing less.

We laughed as we put our guns back in the car. People were running and ducking all over the place. The females and probably some of these pussy ass niggas were screaming. This shit could've been avoided if those niggas had put their pride to the side and got knocked out. Now, they were dead.

As quick as it happened, it was done. My niggas did their thang and drove off into the night like we had always planned. One thing about Kansas City was that even though niggas got shot on the daily, nobody said a word. These people were scared of retaliation, which made my job easier. I didn't have to worry about anyone saying anything. It just was what it was.

My phone started ringing again, and it was Natia. I had just talked to her before we were rudely interrupted by those motherfuckers trying to kill us. I answered swiftly because after hearing those gunshots, my babe had probably passed out. She had a bad attitude, but she wasn't a hood bitch like that. She probably had been around shit, but she wasn't with the shit. At least she wasn't right now, but by the time we got married, she was going to be a bonafide hood bitch. That was on everything.

“OMG, BAE. ARE YOU FUCKING OKAY? WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED? I JUST PASSED THE FUCK OUT, LITERALLY! I'M BACK HERE SHAKING AND SHIT, I DIN FUCKED UP AND HIT MY HEAD AND SHIT! COME BACK HERE AND GET IN MY FUCKING CAR RIGHT FUCKING NOW. WE ARE OUT!” she said in one big breath.

I couldn't even contain my laughter because she was dead ass.

“Nigga, what the fuck is so funny? Are your homeboys all right? Why do I hear police sirens? Somebody is dead, aren't they?” she babbled on.

I could hear in her voice that she was terrified.

“We’re pulling around back right now!” I told her as Dre, Nas, and I climbed in the car, and I signaled for him to go to the back.

I wasn’t going to say shit on the phone; I would let her figure it out once she saw the news. I liked Natia, but I ain’t no pillow talker. Just because I wanted to wife her didn’t mean that I was a fucking idiot. She wasn’t my lawyer, and she didn’t have to know shit. I wasn’t trying to run her off just yet.

“Tell her to come out with my hoes!” Dre said, geeked up. During all this shit that had just happened, he was still ready to fuck those hoes.

“NO, THE FUCK I AIN’T! I ALMOST JUST HAD TO BEAT THE FUCK OUT OF BOTH OF THEM HOES! I GOT A FRIEND RIGHT HERE FOR DRE AND SARA FOR NAS! THAT’S THE BEST I CAN DO FOR Y’ALL NIGGAS! OR Y’ALL CAN DROP ME THE FUCK OFF AND COME BACK AND GET THOSE BUSTED ASS BITCHES. YOU MAY WANT TO OPEN YOUR WINDOWS, THOUGH, BECAUSE WORD AROUND TOWN IS THAT YOUR GIRL GOT A TUNA FISH PUSSY!” Natia yelled into the phone.

I heard laughter explode in the background. Okay, bae ain’t never scared foreal. She just didn’t show out for me.

“Babe, bring your ass before you end up fighting, and I end up shooting some bitches! We are out here, and we need to go before the boys start trying to question niggas.”

“We already in the car. We’ll follow you!” she replied as a car started and the lights came on in my peripheral.

“Aye, my nigg, where you trying to take these bitches? I hope she can suck a dick, cus if not, I’m putting the bitch out!” Dre laughed as he turned “Geeked Up” by Fabo on and started going stewy.

He had the thizz face on and was whaling his arms around like Mac Dre and them used to do before my nigga got killed. We were big on the hyphy movement in California, and we

often had to show these niggas that the movement wasn't dead.

"I don't give a fuck where you take them. I'm taking my bitch to the crib, though!" I told them as I rubbed my hands together. I couldn't wait to get Natia alone. It was going down tonight.

"Let's go back to the spot, so I can get my car then. One of my little shawties just texted me back, and she about to suck my dick upside down. I'm with the shit," Nas said.

He was a nasty, weird motherfucker when it came to sex, and he always had the nastiest bitches ever. To each his own, but ain't nobody sticking their fingers in my fucking butt.

"You about to go do something strange for a piece of change, huh?" I asked and chuckled. Niggas already knew what was up with his weird ass.

As we pulled up to the house, we made sure that nobody was following us besides Natia and her homegirl. This was our low low spot, and we didn't want motherfuckers to know it was ours. The fact that Natia brought another chick meant that we didn't have time to be playing. I knew strippers whose second job was setting niggas up, so I didn't trust her little friend like that.

I made sure to let Dre know that he needed to take her weird ass to a hotel just in case. I would hate to have to kill one of Natia's friends. At the same time, I knew that Natia was no goofy, and she wouldn't hang around any dumb bitches. That wasn't her.

As we all got out, the guys and I were talking shit to each other and bullshitting as Natia and her homegirl said their goodbyes. I could tell that both of them were kind of nervous because they were giggling and standing close as fuck, laughing and shit with each other.

"What's up, sis?" Nas said while giving Natia a wave.

Her face turned red as hell, and she started playing with her hair, indicating that she was nervous. I knew she was



thinking about how she'd just stripped in front of her new play brother. Nas' ass wasn't shit.

"Leave my damn girl alone, nigga, damn," I said, a little irritated.

If it were any other bitch, I wouldn't have given two fucks, but with Natia, we weren't about to do all that. Okay, the nigga saw her damn near naked, but we weren't going to remind her about the shit. That was the first and last time a nigga was going to see her like that, I promise you that.

"Aight, nigga, damn! I see you pressed about the shit!" Nas said, automatically defensive.

He had his hands up in the surrendering position, and I had to pull myself together. I didn't know what kind of pull Natia had on me, but I knew it was something because I was just about to check my bro for seeing her ass naked. All I knew was that there was something different in the air when I was around her, and I wanted it all to myself.

"Nigga, fuck you!" I said, throwing up both of my middle fingers. That was all I could say in return because I couldn't explain the way I felt.

Natia smiled while I told Nas off, and I could tell that she was digging it. She and her homegirl hugged, and she got in the car with Dre. After Nas and I flipped each other off for another two or three minutes, his goofy ass sped off into the night, and Natia and I got in her car.

"I'm drivin', bae!" I said as she attempted to get in the driver's seat.

"Okay, good, cus I can't see at night like that anyway!" she replied as she tossed her shit in the backseat and made her way around to the passenger side.

We crossed paths, and I grabbed her ass then rubbed it before I let her slide by me. It was soft as fuck in those yoga pants, and I was ready to fuck the shit out of her.

Thirty minutes later, we arrived at my main house. It was located in Sunset Hill West in Kansas City. Right in the middle of the rich neighborhood. I didn't take too many people over

to this house because I didn't want my neighbors watching me. There were millionaires everywhere, and I wanted them to mind the business that was theirs. A lot of them thought I was a famous athlete, and that was okay with me. As long as they stayed in their lane, they could think whatever the fuck they wanted.

My house was a six-bedroom, five-bathroom, forty-eight hundred square foot house. It was equipped with a pool in the backyard and a jacuzzi tub attached. Every bathroom featured rain showers, and every room was unique. Kansas City was famous for the way their houses were built, and this house was no exception. It was on half an acre of land and looked like one of the houses they would show off on *MTV Cribs* back in the day.

I bought this house because I knew that Najah would've fallen out if she'd had a chance to see it. She and I had always talked about getting a mansion and having a bunch of kids, so when I bought this house, I had a long talk with her in heaven. I told her that I would never bring any female over that I wasn't going to marry. Natia was the first woman I had ever even thought about bringing over to the house. I rarely stayed there myself; I had a house or apartment set up in all different spots around Kansas City, so I would stay wherever I was the closest to.

As we pulled up to the house, I turned to look at Natia, and her eyes were as big as saucers. She was legit shook as we pulled up to the mansion. I entered the code to the gate, and we started down the long ass road that led to my four-car garage. She didn't say a word; she just took it all in as we continued down the path. Even in the dark, the mansion was a sight to see. It glistened in the moonlight as if it was welcoming us in. I knew that it wasn't a coincidence; Najah knew what was going on, and she was giving me the okay to let Natia into my life.

A weird chill went through my veins once we pulled up to the garage. As I took it all in, I looked over at Natia, and she was crying her heart out.

"What's wrong? Are you okay?" I worriedly asked.

She was just fine, and now she was bawling her eyes out. I wasn't good with that weird ass emotional shit that girls did, but I knew I ain't do shit to Natia, and I couldn't understand why she was crying.

“I can't do this!” Natia said through her sobs.

What. The. Fuck!

# Natia

“*W*hat can’t you do? What’s wrong? What did I do?” Calif asked as he held me tight, and I continued to cry against his shoulder.

The questions made me cry even harder because I had no idea why I was crying. Calif had been nothing but kind to me. He had done nothing but fight for me. He had done nothing but want to be with me. This was shit that had never happened to me. In my past relationships, I had been the chaser. I had never recognized my worth, and now I was scared to get in another relationship for fear of the same shit happening. I was torn between giving Calif and I a chance and leaving this shit behind me.

The entire relationship felt too good to be true, and I didn’t think I deserved the love that Calif wanted to give me because I wasn’t sure I could return it. I didn’t want to lead Calif on, but at the same time, I didn’t want to miss the love that he would give me, the love I knew I deserved but was scared to receive. I felt confused and scared. Two emotions I had been avoiding since Shine and I had broken up.

“You didn’t do anything. I think I’m about to start my period,” I sheepishly said as I wiped my tears with the back of my hand.

I knew damn well I had my period last week; I just wasn’t ready to talk about my feelings with Calif for fear that he wouldn’t understand.

“This house is beautiful!” I said, changing the subject as I grabbed Calif’s hand and squeezed it tight.

He turned my head, so we were face to face, and looked deep into my eyes.

“I don’t know what that was about, but we’re going to talk about it eventually. There is pain hidden in your eyes, and no matter how you try to hide it, it’s there. I don’t know what you are scared of, but there’s no need to be. We have a connection, and I know if I feel it, you do too. That’s all we need to know. I promise I got you.”

I just smiled and gave him a kiss on the cheek. I believed him, but I still didn’t trust him. If Shine did everything he was supposed to, we would’ve been married and living on the beach in Florida somewhere. It wasn’t necessarily my intuition telling me differently, which I strongly relied on, but it was my mind and heart telling me that they didn’t have room enough to break again.

I decided to pursue the relationship but with extreme caution. Anything that I didn’t agree with, I was going to address from the beginning, and I decided that I was going to be my most authentic self. Hell, I was going to show my worst qualities first, just so he could decide if he could hang. I would rather run him off by being real than waste my time on another nigga. We would have to see where we went from here.

“Come on, bae, let’s get in the house,” Calif said after about a minute of silence.

I couldn’t wait to get in the house, so I could see what it looked like inside. I was extremely impressed by how big it was, but I wasn’t trying to act like a fangirl at the moment. I was good at acting like shit didn’t impress me, so I was holding my composure, but deep down inside, I was losing my shit.

We stepped into the house, and my jaw dropped to the floor. I couldn’t even contain myself! There were chandeliers worth thousands of dollars hanging from the ceiling. A grand staircase dominated the foyer. To the right was a really big sitting room with the most beautiful antique furniture that

money could buy. I stepped into the room and ran my hand along a record player. I loved antique shit, and knowing he loved it too was a good sign that I was with the right dude.

*I'll fuck the shit out of dude all over this house. He better stop playing with me!* I thought as Calif took me on a tour of the downstairs.

The downstairs featured a movie theater, about four guest rooms, and three bathrooms. The full bathrooms all came equipped with jacuzzi tubs, and I was in love. Calif also took me to the backyard where there was an Olympic sized pool with a slide and a couple of diving boards. He had a dog park built, and a couple of pit bulls roamed the park. There were cages built around the vicinity of the park, and I loved the whole idea. I was scared to death of the dogs, but Calif insisted that they were harmless. Either way, I wasn't trying to find out anytime soon.

Calif had a four-car garage packed with the dopest cars out, and I couldn't believe what I was seeing. He literally was sitting on a million dollars of equity.

Although other females may have felt like they hit the jackpot, I felt a little intimidated. I wanted to match Calif's swag, his money, his energy, and his vibes. I wanted to do it myself, though, without help from anyone. I had promised myself after Shine left that I would stay on my money-making mission, and I meant that even more now that I had a nigga with money. I felt that Calif deserved the world, and I wanted to help him get it, not take anything away from it. I knew I was falling in love, and I was scared to lose him before I got him. All I wanted to do was match his fly.

The upstairs of the house was something out of a movie. The master bedroom was so dope that it brought tears to my eyes. The room was big as fuck. Bigger than any other room in the entire house. It was as big as half the downstairs. I was in awe. He had a walk-in closet that was to die for, and the balcony was huge, everything that I could ever want. The doors that led to the balcony were covered by drapes that matched the bed set. If you didn't know that a balcony was out there, you would miss it for sure. The view from the balcony

was breathtaking. The moon's reflection basked in the small waves that the pool had created from the slight wind. It was brisk outside, but the scenery was making me horny as fuck.

Calif must've felt that energy because what happened next was something out of a movie.

As I stood slightly bent over with my hands crossed on the railing, taking in the beauty of the moment, Calif came behind me and wrapped his arms around my waist from the back. His hands roamed down to my pussy, which was fat as fuck and probably felt warm against my *Pink* sweatpants. He rubbed my pussy outside of my pants until I let out a small moan. When he knew he had me where he wanted me, he guided his hands around to the back of pants and gently started to tug them down.

"Wait, no!" I softly said, suddenly shy.

I had never fucked in the open, even though I had often thought about it.

"No, what?" Calif said as he started kissing, sucking, and biting my neck.

I moaned in response and let him continue to pull my pants down with his free hand as he pulled my shirt up with his other hand and started caressing my nipple.

At that time, I was in pure bliss, and nothing could stop it. While stimulating my breasts, he pulled out his dick and crammed it into my tight, wet, and aching vagina. Usually, I had something smart to say about the roughness of the situation, but the fact that I was doing something I had never done with someone like Calif was enough to make me cream on his dick as soon as it hit the back of my wall.

I started throwing my ass back and was loving the sound of our skin slapping as he beat my walls down. When I began to do Kegel exercises on his dick, he started to moan, which turned me on, and I creamed all up and down his dick as he continued to slide in and out of me. Instead of pulling out, the nigga grabbed my stomach from the back and gripped me tight

as he came inside me. I was on cloud nine from the sex we just had, and I couldn't complain, even if I wanted to.

My legs were shaking uncontrollably, and I needed to sit down before I fell down. Calif couldn't stop laughing, and all I could do was be fake mad and roll my eyes. I was addicted to his ass, and I wasn't going to ever let the nigga know it. People took advantage of you when you loved them, and that was facts. Look at what Shine and Tamia did to ya girl. I'd be a fool to let this nigga do me in like they did. I wasn't about to tear down this wall that I had built just yet. It was going to take some time regardless, but it all depended on him. If he wanted me to love him the way I wanted to love him, he had to show me. I wasn't going to wear my heart on my sleeve ever again.

Three rounds later, we were lying in his California King, smoking a blunt. I was exhausted, but the euphoria from the sex had me up, enjoying what I was feeling. I lived on feelings, and whenever I felt something good, I basked in it. Childhood trauma had taken my good vibes away and often left me feeling like something bad was going to happen. I hated that this was how I had become, but I was unapologetically me, and I didn't care who liked it.

I snuggled against the covers as I got higher and higher. It literally felt like I was lying on a cloud, and I knew that Calif had to spend some big bread on these sheets and covers. Matter of fact, he had spent some big bread on everything in his home. I thought my little house was the shit, but he had me beat by at least \$100,000. I guess if I had the money to blow, I would do the same shit. Right now, all I worried about was getting my kids to a place where they could come up. I was making money off YouTube with Calif, and I had a great big stash from stripping saved up. I was going to make that my savings and try not to touch it.

“You know you ain't ever going back to that strip club unless we're going to watch some hoes together?” Calif asked in a calm voice.

I shook my head in response because I couldn't even reply nor look him in the eye. That was one of the most



embarrassing things that had ever happened to me. I never thought that I would see my crush at the fucking strip club. Kansas City was too big for that to happen; there were strip clubs all over Kansas. Granted, we were probably the best one. It was no coincidence that Calif was meeting with my boss at the strip club, and the Cubans that he was meeting with tried to get me to marry them every fucking time they saw me. It didn't affect anything at this point, so I didn't find it necessary to tell him.

All I could think about was the fact that Calif and his homies saw me basically butt ass naked, doing my thing, and it made me uncomfortable. Calif didn't care, but I did. My reputation was everything to me.

"I already know. I don't think I can face your homeboys again, though. I'm embarrassed as fuck," I replied and covered my face.

My cheeks had heated up, and I got that embarrassed feeling all through my body.

"Don't worry about them, worry about me!" Calif aggressively said as he grabbed the cover, pulled it from my face, and kissed me roughly on my lips.

I usually didn't go for aggressive personality niggas because I have one, and we usually don't mix, but the fact that I was with one had me feeling another type of way. He was turning me on.

That one kiss led me to sit on his face as I sucked his dick at the other end. We had just taken a shower before we started smoking, and now we would have to take another one. Calif licked my clit over and over, faster and faster until he was lapping my shit like a dog. I came over and over again, and I had already bust at least twelve nuts since we started fucking. I couldn't get enough as I moaned louder on his dick while he sucked my pussy into bliss. The vibrations from me moaning on his dick and deep throating the motherfucker to the point that I was gagging caused Calif to shudder. Tears streamed down my face as I sucked pre-nut from his dick.

When his moans started to escape and vibrate on my pussy lips, I'd had it. I swallowed his whole dick and sucked as if my life depended on it until I tasted the nut that hit the back of my throat. I swallowed all the cum and got off his face—which looked like a glazed donut—and smiled wide, showing all my teeth as I made my way to the bathroom.

“Damn, girl, foreal? What size ring you wear?” Calif asked and laughed.

As I looked at him, he was smiling like he was joking, but I could see in his eyes that he meant what he said.

“Boy, quit playing. Where are your spare toothbrushes?” I asked as I went in the bathroom and started opening cabinets and doors.

Before he could answer, I found them and some toothpaste. Like the hotel, he had body wash, sponges, and other hygiene products in bulk. When I asked him about it earlier when we took a shower, he said he ordered in bulk from Amazon for all his houses. He said he would eventually show me all of them if I just sat back and stayed pretty, which I probably wouldn't, but it was okay.

After brushing my teeth, I got back in the shower, and soon, Calif joined me. I was still wet from that pussy eating, and Calif was still horny, so we ended up fucking right in the shower on the bench he had installed for when he didn't feel like standing. He had one of those rain showers, and the water hit from every angle. The only sound was macaroni and cheese noises as I slowly bounced up and down on his dick. There was a mirror installed, so while me and my ass bounced on his dick, Calif watched.

He moaned as I sucked on his neck and licked his ear. As I started going faster, Calif plunged his finger into my asshole, which caused me to clench down below, and he exploded inside of me. I tried to get up, but he had his arms wrapped around my waist for dear life as his head rested on my chest. After a few moments, I realized what we were doing, and I jumped.

“Nigga, I’m going to get pregnant fucking with you!” I said, trying to hop up, but he still had a firm grip on me.

“Girl, I don’t give a fucccckkkk!” he said, replying to me like I often did to him.

I don’t know how many times I had told him that I didn’t give a fucccckkkk about a situation, especially when I wasn’t talking to him. That made me laugh.

“I’m getting a Plan B tomorrow, nigga. I have like forty kids at the moment, and they need me!” I said, finally breaking Calif’s grasp.

“Forty-one ain’t going to hurt shit!” the nigga had the nerve to say as he smacked my ass so hard that he left a handprint.

“Ouch, fuck!” I said as I rubbed the spot he had slapped.

He played too fucking much.

Once we were back in bed, he lit another blunt, and this one was going to do it for me. I smoked but nowhere near as much as him, and I definitely didn’t smoke that high-end shit that he had. Several times that night, I had felt like I was going to have an anxiety attack, but I didn’t tell him that. I thugged that shit out like the boss bitch I was.

“What’s dope love to you?” I asked out the blue after we had finished smoking.

I was feeling nice and high and had thought of this article I read about questions to ask a potential partner. Calif was quiet for a little too long, to the point that I was going to get mad and end the conversation, but he answered just in time.

“A dope love is a love destined for failure, but against all odds, it pursues everything, and that is what makes the love work. It won’t be easy, but it will be worth it.”

“What you know about destiny?” I replied, shocked by his response.

He was a hood nigga, and none of the hood niggas that I had ever been around would have responded like that. If I had

asked Shine that question, he would've said that fucking was dope love. Lamé ass little boy.

“Believe me, I know a lot about destiny. My old bitch, Leah, killed my fiancée, Najah, years ago, and I thought that I would never find anybody to vibe with ever again in life. But look at us vibing and shit. I've never taken a bitch to this house, but it just feels right. You're my destiny, and I really hope you feel the same way,” he said as he stared into my eyes.

I couldn't stop the tears from flowing. My heart felt full yet sad at the same time. To know that I was the bitch he chose after suffering a loss like that made my heart full, but it also made my heart cry. While he was openly about to give me all his love, I still had a metal wall around my heart that wouldn't be easily knocked down. Maybe burned down and welded, but not knocked down.

“It's okay, baby. Don't cry!” Calif said as a single tear fell down his cheek.

I grabbed him and pulled him close as he cried thug tears. I was glad I could comfort him, and that he felt comfortable enough to show me his real emotions. Him doing this made me love him a little more, but it didn't help the wall around my heart. There were bitches way prettier than me, with fatter asses, and in general, could treat him the way he deserved to be treated. While he was giving me his all, I was giving him half, and it wasn't fair. I cried with him as my heart softened. I told myself that I was going to try my hardest to love him the way he deserved.

We cried together for about ten minutes, and when we were done, Calif fired the blunt back up, and we got comfortable together. As soon as we were about to fall into that good sleep, Calif's phone started pinging back to back like it did the night I caught Kierra texting him. My stomach dropped because we had just had that moment, and I knew that something bad was coming. This was the shit I was talking about. Every time something good happened, something bad followed. It had been that way since I was a kid.

Calif grabbed his phone and put in his code, which I didn't get a good look at. That itself had me feeling some type of way because every single time Shine had put a password on his phone, he was chopping it up with other bitches, and/or cheating on me. I made a mental note to get that together at a later date and time.

"I'M GOING TO KILL THIS FUNKY ASS BITCH!" Calif screamed at the top of his lungs, which in turn made me jump and fall out of the bed. How I fell out of a California King sized bed was beyond me.

"LOOK AT THIS SHIT, BAE!" Calif screamed as he jumped out of bed and started pacing the floor.

Honestly, I didn't want to see what had made him so mad, but I also didn't want to make him mad by not looking. I grabbed the phone and was shocked to see an image of me getting into my car after the shooting took place at the strip club. I was shook because I remember looking over my shoulder and hurrying Taranda up because I felt like someone was watching. Turns out, someone was, and from the look of past messages, it was that bitch, Kierra.

*You got my brother killed, so now it's time for your precious new bitch to go. That will be number two for you, boo. You chose a stripping ass hoe over me, but it's all good. Tell the bitch I'll see her in hell.*

As I read that part, another message came in, which was an image of Calif, Dre, Nas, Taranda, and I all at the house we parted ways at. She circled my picture and put an X through it like I was targeted. I showed Calif the message, and he instantly went to a contact and pressed send.

"This bitch gotta die, and Flow is out of town. I need you to do this for me, bro, and fast. She is all on Natia, and I ain't having it. She is following us, so I need this to be handled right away. ON MY MOMMA, I'M SICK OF THIS OBSESSED ASS BITCH'S SHIT! I'M FUCKING DONE!"

I wasn't sure what was said on the other end, but Calif hung up, pissed off. As much as I grew up in the hood, I grew up in a small-town hood where shit like this didn't happen, so

I was a little scared. I wasn't trying to get killed, but I dare not say that to Calif. He was liable to lose his shit.

Another blunt was rolled, and after Calif checked all his cameras and ordered some of his soldiers to stand watch at his house, we both felt comfortable enough to fall asleep. I was glad that I didn't have anything to do that Saturday, and I would be able to sleep in. After the day I had, I needed a lot of sleep, and I couldn't have ended it better than in the bed with Calif, even if a psychotic bitch wanted me dead.

# Calif

It was one o'clock in the afternoon when I woke up the next day. Natia had to be tired as fuck too because I wore that ass out last night. After all that bullshit happened with Kierra, I had my soldiers to come and stand guard, so she could fall asleep comfortably. I stayed up, and when Natia was sound asleep, I crept downstairs and chopped it up with my niggas for at least an hour.

I had my finest niggas surrounding my house; some of them were trained assassins. They all wanted to end the bitch, but Dre had been complaining about me giving him 'lil' nigga' jobs, so I assigned him the job to kill Kierra. He already knew exactly what she looked like and who she was, so I didn't have to send pictures, profiles, and shit, which cut out time. I needed him to get the job done as soon as possible. I didn't trust Kierra at all, and if she followed us to the stash house, she very well could have followed us to this house and been watching us.

I put the soldiers on game and finally fell asleep at around five o'clock in the morning. I didn't like it when people threatened me, let alone my new bae. I was getting Leah vibes like a motherfucker, and I was anxious for this bitch to die.

When I got up, Natia was just getting out of the shower, and she looked good enough to eat again. It was funny because I wasn't the pussy eating type, to be truthful. I had never eaten Leah's little pink ass pum pum. She was the type who didn't

really like head, but she sucked the soul out of a nigga. I did eat Najah's pussy, but that was only once, the night before she died. Neither of us was really with the head shit, but that night before I proposed, we got wasted and tried a sixty-nine.

That's how I knew Natia was for me because the sexual attraction between us was electrifying. I had eaten her pum on the first night, and I didn't regret it at all. I just hoped this shit with Kierra didn't scare her off. She acted gangsta with her attitude, but I wasn't sure if she could handle real hood shit. Only time would tell.

"Sup, cutie? How'd you sleep?" I asked Natia as I kissed her on her forehead and made my way into the bathroom to take my morning piss. Those morning pisses were important.

"Like a baby!" Natia said, smiling wide.

She was so beautiful when she smiled, and she didn't even know it. Natia went around with a resting bitch face so much, trying to hide behind her feelings, that it almost seemed normal. She had a beautiful smile with perfect teeth, and I wanted to make her smile like this more often.

"You're even more beautiful when you smile!" I said, letting her know how I felt.

She smiled even wider and kind of blushed.

"I'm hungry, bae!" she whined.

Natia was on her best behavior, and I was seeing a totally different side of her than I had originally seen. I was feeling it. It was like she had turned from thuggin' to a church girl.

"Normally, I would have a chef up in here cooking it up for us, but because this bitch, Kierra, is on some fuck shit, I don't trust nobody. So, what you want, and I'll have one of my soldiers go grab us something," I told her.

I wanted to address the shit about Kierra again because, honestly, I wouldn't be mad if Natia wanted to break the fuck away from all this mess while we were ahead. I had a fatal attraction on my hands, and it was about to get ugly.



“Fuck that bitch. Kierra ain’t running me away, the fuck? Just because I’m not loud and ghetto don’t mean that I’m not with the shit. ’Member, I’m from the country. I can shoot any fucking gun you give me, and I’m dead ass certain that I won’t miss. She’s playing with the right one, that’s for sure. I want all the smoke, and pretty soon, she’s going to find out,” Natia said, talking with her hands, rolling her eyes, and flipping her weave as if Kierra was right in her face.

From the look on Natia’s face, I knew she wasn’t exaggerating even a little bit. Those country bitches will kill a deer and feed you for months. I knew she was with the shit.

“Calm down, killer. You don’t need to get your hands dirty. Dre is going to take care of that for me. You just sit pretty and always fuck me like you fucked me last night!” I said as I gathered my outfit from my closet, then turned and winked at her.

“I was just saying!” she said, snapping her neck, but smiling.

I could tell that I was starting to make her feel some type of way. The energy between us was heavy, and it couldn’t easily be altered. I knew that we would always have a bond, no matter what happened in the future. I wasn’t going to let this one go easily or without a fight.

After I chose my outfit, I picked up my phone off the bed. I clicked on my contact app and scrolled down to Dre’s name. He needed to be up and ready to implement this plan. I literally wasn’t going to wait another fucking day to play with this hoe. She had done enough, and I should’ve smoked her ass a long time ago, but me being the kind and loving person I am, I left this foul pussy smelling ass bitch alone and let her play with me for two years. Today, I was done.

“Yo, nigga, I need you to handle the shit tonight! Solider Max already got eyes on the bitch, so he’s gonna follow her all day and see if he can figure out where the bitch be at. She done played with me one too many times, so we gotta put an end to the shit tonight. This bitch said that one of the niggas we got the other night was her brother. That means the bitch

tried to set us up, which also means that she's been following a nigga for a while. I'm done playing with her hoe ass. It's that time."

"I got you, my nigg! AYE, bitch, watch your teeth!" this nigga Dre said.

"Fuck you, nigga. Watch your mouth!" the bitch, who I assumed was Natia's homegirl, said. She was a tall, amazon, ugly looking bitch. If it came down to it, I was sure she would beat the brakes off Dre.

"You weird ass nigga. You really on the phone with me while a bitch is sucking your dick? You a special nigga, that's fa sho!" I said, taking my phone off my ear and looking at it in disgust like Dre could see me.

"Nigga, stop looking at your phone like that. I do as I please!" this nigga said and laughed. He had been around me so long that he knew what type of time I was on.

All I could do was laugh.

"Nigga, I'm about to get dressed. Meet me at the stash in an hour. I'ma grab some food for me and my girl, drop her off, then meet you there.

"Nigga, you knew the bitch for one week, and now that's your girl? You a soft ass nigga for that, cuz. We supposed to be out here fucking bitches and getting money, and you out here cuffing hoes. You a trip, cuz," Dre said.

What he didn't know was that I was about to curse his ass the fuck out.

"Nigga, on some real shit, you better watch your motherfucking mouth. Natia ain't no regular female, nigga. You don't know shit about a soulmate cus your ass fucks anything with a pussy. I told your bitch ass that Natia is my girl, nigga, and that's what the fuck it is. If you got a problem with it, you can kick rocks, cus ain't nobody about to talk crazy about my lady, not even you. Matter of fact, I'll call Loc and have him complete the mission if need be, cus nigga, you trippin'," I said with so much bass in my voice that Natia jumped. I was furious.

This nigga stayed hating on me every time I got in a relationship. That's some jealous ass bitch shit that he be on, and I wasn't about to have it. I low key even felt like he was happy when Najah died. It's like he ain't happy and kicking it unless Nas and I are single and out with him all night and shit. In the entire twelve years we'd been friends, the nigga probably had one serious relationship. He got real-life commitment issues, and it probably had a lot to do with his childhood.

Dre was born on accident, and his mom let him know it his entire life. I could tell that once upon a time, she was a bad ass bitch. She was light skinned, with long hair, and was thick at one time. As the story goes, she was fucking with a big-time coke dealer back in the day. She wanted to be the Bonnie to his Clyde and was living her best life. She got pregnant with Dre, and after having him, she became severely depressed. Her baby daddy stopped spending time with her, and she started using coke as a coping mechanism.

One day, she ended up finding out that her baby daddy was actually a married man and had been using her as his side piece to hold his product. When she confronted him about it, he left her and the baby, and was never heard from again. She went from coke to crack and turned bitter. Blaming Dre for his dad leaving, she treated him like shit. She would never tell him who his dad was.

Dre's mother was super abusive both verbally and physically, and that is the reason Dre didn't fuck with women like that. He was combative and hard to get along with if you didn't know him like Nas and I did. He was the type of nigga who would talk shit, get his ass beat, and still talk shit. He didn't know when to stop, which was dangerous at times, but for whatever reason, we always had his back.

"Aight, nigga, damn. I'll see you at the spot in a minute," Dre hurriedly said. He knew I wasn't playing.

I took a shower and got dressed in a hurry. Natia and I stopped at Gates and picked up some food before I dropped her off at the white girl's house. I was trying to fuck her in the

car real quick, but I didn't have time, so I drove to the stash to make sure Dre knew the plan.

An hour later, the plan was established, and Dre was pumped. I was glad he wanted to have responsibility, so I gave him the job to make sure he was ready for big tasks.

One of my niggas, Luggi, was about to move back to California at the end of the month, and I was thinking about having Dre take his spot. Luggi was homesick, so I was going to station him somewhere in California. He had been one of my dad's soldiers, and his heart was in California. I was surprised when he offered to move out to Kansas City to protect me. His daughter had just had a baby, so he was a grandpa and wanted to be close to them, which was understandable. I didn't want him to leave until I had got him replaced, and this was what Dre was going to prove to me tonight, and he didn't even know it.

Tonight, this bitch was going to quit fucking with me for good.

# Dre

I was pumped that Calif finally trusted me with a big job. He wanted me to kill Kiera's fine ass, and I was with the shit. The bitch was a whore, but on God, I would smash. The first time I saw her, I wanted to holla, but of course, Calif already had her on his arm. Bro code doesn't allow me to fuck after my brothers, but I would hit every last one of their bitches. I would especially hit Calif's newest bitch, Natia.

I had watched the video she put out with Calif and found my dick getting hard. When Calif mentioned her earlier, I was jealous. That's why I tried to talk smack about her, but Calif tripped, and I hadn't seen him that angry since I said something about Najah.

This nigga always be head over heels for bitches, and it made me sick. I ain't never been head over heels for no bitch. My mom was a prime example of a dusty ass, stupid bitch, and she honestly made me the way I am. She physically and verbally abused me. I'm a handsome ass nigga, but I was dusty until high school when Calif and Nas took me in. I always respected Calif more than Nas and was always jealous of the brotherly relationship they had. Both of their parents were still together, and they even grew up right next to each other all their lives. I was like a nomad living with my mom. We lived in every shelter and project in the vicinity of Sacramento.

I was never stable until I met Calif and Nas. He saw me beat the fuck out of a nigga for clowning me about the beat up Jordans I had on, and he asked me to be on his team for pay. At that time, Calif was getting a crew together because his dad was slowly but surely handing him over his empire. He was setting up his own soldiers, and at the same time keeping his dad's. It was crazy that I knew one of Nas' secrets, and I had been praying to get into their lives somehow. That day changed my life forever.

Calif gave me a sign-on bonus of ten G's. His dad owned apartments, and they gave me one to live in, even though I was only fourteen. The apartment complex was where all the single soldiers lived, so I was trained by real men. I had never known a father figure because my mom was a crack hoe, so she was either fucking other crack heads or somebody's wanna be dope dealer. She wasn't smart enough to fuck the plug because she was so fucked up in her head that it probably never crossed her mind.

I hadn't seen my mom since I moved into the apartment, and that was almost eleven years ago. The last I heard, she had started prostituting for her shit. She used to have me stealing and shit for her high, and my dumb ass did it, thinking that one day she would actually love me if I did. That day never came, and that's why I will scream to the rooftops, "Fuck a bitch," and mean that shit from the bottom of my cold, black heart.

The plan for Kierra was in place so good that it almost seemed like a movie. One of the soldiers had followed her into the grocery store and 'accidentally' bumped into her, landing a little bug in her purse. She carried that old ass Coach purse that Calif had given her two years ago like her life depended on it, so we all knew the bug was safe in there. Nas was in control of the listening device, and he found out that she was going to Westport tonight, so my mission was to get fresh as fuck, go to Westport, seduce her ass, and kill her. I was more of the beat the fuck out of a nigga type, but this would have to do.

My plan didn't include beating the fuck out of the bitch. I was going to choke her ass out, but not until I fucked the shit

out of her. Bro code wouldn't apply to a bitch who was about to be dead, so I was going to hit that and do it moving on her dead ass. I couldn't wait until tonight.

# Natia

I couldn't believe that I was about to go against the grain and move in with this nigga Calif. With all the bullshit going on with Kierra, he wasn't going to let me out of his sight, and after a literal hour of arguing with this nigga, I finally gave in. He gave me the option of having personal bodyguards or living with him, and I obviously had to go with the latter. Two big, black, scary ass strapped niggas following me around Saint Joseph, Missouri, wasn't going to do shit but look suspicious. The white folks down there would be on bullshit and call more attention to me, which I didn't want at fucking all. It was already almost too much going on down there for me.

Ever since the YouTube video had dropped, every fake ass motherfucker down there was now my friend or family member and was hitting me up, wanting tips and shit on how to start their own dance team. Because now I was with Calif, a lot of people who rapped down there were trying to claim me as their sisters and shit, knowing damn well they had been trying to fuck me since I was sixteen. Everybody had me fucked up, to be honest, but my kids were enjoying their stardom, and I was happy for them.

After building a little revenue off the video, I had taken all the kids shopping and got them new clothes and shoes. I made it clear to all the parents that if anything was sold or returned, I would know, and I called around to all the consignment shops and let them know that they were not supposed to take any



merchandise from my kids or their families. I am that petty, and I was here for it.

Calif and I had also argued about what was going to happen practice wise with my kids now. They still had school at least until the summer, and we practiced every day after school for a reason. I was a babysitter to a lot of the kids while their parents were still working. That way they wouldn't have to pay babysitters, or even worse, leave them home to fend for themselves.

Although a lot of suggestions were thrown out, we settled on him giving me the Range Rover, which he swore he was going to give me anyway, to drive up and down the highway for practice every day. I was cool with that, especially now that I didn't have a second job to attend. I could one hundred percent put my time and effort into choreography. Although I wasn't a fan of how fast things were going, it seemed like they were going as they should, and I couldn't deny that.

Calif wanted me to leave my house, but I wasn't going to do it. One thing about him and me is that we could argue about the color of the sky for hours, just because. We were both really headstrong, and we both couldn't be wrong. That was going to be a problem. He insisted and damn near threw a fit because I didn't want to get rid of the house in Saint Joe, but the house was my security blanket. Like I said, I didn't want to rely on no nigga ever a fucking gin, and he would just have to get over it.

After an hour of arguing and getting so mad that I was ready to punch the nigga in the back of his head, I finally agreed to get rid of the house, but I was lying through my teeth. I was still going to make my payments and have my mom look after my shit when I was in Kansas City. It was simple math. I won.

“What you over there thinking about, best friend?” Sara said as she inhaled from the blunt.

Calif had dropped me off over there after he picked up lunch for us. This nigga had like five of his soldiers with us everywhere we went, and although I appreciated the effort, I

was already getting annoyed with the shit. I liked being free and doing what I wanted, when I wanted, which was the exact reason I hadn't really wanted or thought about having kids.

"Oh shit!" I said, taking the blunt out of Sara's hand as she handed it to me. I sat straight the fuck up, scared as shit.

"I gotta go get a Plan B, bitch! This nigga nutted in me like twelve times last night, and for once, I'm not being overdramatic!" I said as I hopped out of Sara's bed and onto the floor, looking for my Nike slides.

"Damn, girl, twelve? Y'all pop a fucking X pill or somethin'?" she asked as she got out of bed and put on her Adidas slides.

"Now, best friend, you know I only pop X pills with you. Stop playing with me!" I said, side-eyeing her and handing her the blunt back.

She laughed and shook her head.

"Twelve times? For real, Natia? What in the waterfalls do you have going on down there? I ain't never heard of nobody cumming twelve times!" she said, legit shocked.

"The secret is to do Kegels on the D. It's a wrap after that! And he is competitive by nature, so his ass bust and got right back to it like he left something. Matter of fact, can we go grab a Plan B while I'm thinking about it right now? I told that nigga that I needed one, and he said that we didn't need none of that government experiment shit, and that if it was meant for us to a baby or five, then to let it run its course," I told Sara as I laughed and rolled my eyes.

He straight hit me with some shit that I would say, and I felt him. But at the same time, I had kids to work on, and I wanted to give them my full, undivided attention until I got them on the show, *World of Dance*, and they won. I knew that if I got pregnant, my family would always come first, and I wasn't ready for that yet. I had a lot of work to get done before I settled down. I had debated having kids, because although they were cute, they were a lot of work, and you have no freedom. I sure wasn't about to have kids right away with a

nigga that I already accidentally had sex with damn near the first night I met him, and a nigga who I was about to move in with after a month or so of knowing him. I was on my own fucking nerves at this point.

“And you about to move in with him, bitch? This man is about to move you into a damn new age Victorian-style mansion after hitting that once?” Sara asked, gawking at me as I sat back and stared back at her, trying not to laugh.

The way she looked was how I felt inside. Just hearing someone else explain the situation had my stomach in the full butterfly effect mode. As much as I was trying to tell myself that I didn't like him like that and that I was going to keep him at arm's length, I liked him just as much as he liked me, if not more. I knew I did too because I never would have started crying if I didn't.

When I embarrassed myself and cried my heart out in front of Calif, I never once mentioned anything about sadness. I said uncertainty, but I never said I was sad. I kind of felt like Cinderella and that all this was too good to be true. I was moving in with the nigga, and I knew he wasn't going to take no for an answer. I was low key hype but also nervous at the same time.

“And I like him, bitch. Tell me why I had a meltdown in front of him!” I said dramatically as I put my fingers over my head in visor form so Sara couldn't see my eyes.

She laughed in return.

“Sounds like you got you a keeper, and if anybody deserves it, you do,” she said as she pointed her finger at me, so I could feel what she was saying.

“Thank you, best friend. I love you!” I told her as I gave her a hug.

Sara was my intuitive friend. I felt like we'd known each other before. She was really laid back and gave off good vibes but didn't judge you for being you. We laughed a lot and had a good time every time we were together. I felt like she was my sister on my white side or something.

“Let’s go get this damn shit, girl!” she said after our hug.

“Yo’ ass is crazy for real, though. I gotta tell you some stories and fill you in on some shit!” she said with a slick ass smile.

I knew whatever tea she was about to give was some that I would really enjoy.

# Calif

“*W*E’RE GOING ON TOUR!!!” I announced at the All Black Party that I had thrown for my birthday.

It was June, and I was ready to show out. Natia and I had been living life, and I loved her more and more every day. It had been a journey after we moved in together because although we had a lot in common, we lived a little differently. At first, we were both fighting our egos instead of compromising, but we were finding solutions every day. Her little ass got so mad at me one day that she called herself moving out and moved to one of my spare bedrooms in the basement. She honestly needed to leave dancing alone so she could work on being in one of those dramatic ass TV shows or movies that Tyler Perry has going. Matter of fact, I’ma reach out to him on Instagram and see what he’s talking about.

Although we had been living well, I did notice that Natia was still a little withdrawn from me. I loved her to death, and ever since that first fuck, I’ve been hooked, but it was like she didn’t believe me. When one little minor inconvenience happened, she would panic. Instead of working it out, she went straight for the kill and wanted to move out or breakup. We had gotten into it about that more times than I could count, and it fucked me up because I ain’t ever been so pressed about a bitch in my life, including Najah. I didn’t know what else she wanted from a nigga or what I had to do, but besides that, I couldn’t leave her alone.

I don't know what it was, but it was a little scary to realize how far I would go for her. Niggas hit her social media up daily, telling her how fine and shit she is. Although she never answered and wouldn't answer even if we weren't together, it still filled me with rage. This one nigga sent her a video of a pussy getting licked, and I was ready to blow his brains out of his motherfucking head. Natia not only had to calm me down, but she also had to bring me back to reality. The nigga lived all the way in Baltimore, Maryland, and shit. I was about that life over her.

One thing that had been fuckin' with me was the fact that Dre's stupid ass had been acting that kind since he killed Kierra. His ass was cockier, he talked more shit, and for whatever reason, he had it out for Natia on some other shit. He had been drinking more than ever nowadays, and I had even seen him snorting coke with some of my soldiers on camera, and he ain't even know it. I don't judge niggas off shit they do, and he and Nas will experiment more than I ever will, but out of the blue, he started doing this, and it had me confused.

Dre had killed before and didn't give a fuck, so that wasn't the issue. He had been extra cool with me, which was weird because he was the last nigga to dick ride. Everything was weird at the moment, and even Natia noticed. Although she didn't state his name directly, she kept telling me to watch my friends. I fucked with her because she didn't get buck with Dre, even though she had every reason to just because of what he had been on. But I could tell she got tense whenever we were around him. Pretty soon, she was going to explode on the nigga, and it would not be pretty.

Dre would do disrespectful shit like talking about bitches we had fucked in front of Natia, and when that didn't move her, he started mentioning bitches who supposedly told him that they wanted to fuck me. He knew I didn't get down like that. Back in the day, my momma had smacked the fuck out of my dad in front of his company one time when they were talking like that. She broke down and cried, which was rare. I had made a mental note to never do that to any woman.

The thing is, Dre already knew I didn't play that, which was why I was suspicious of his punk ass. I even had to stop Nas from beating the everlasting fuck out of him a couple times. He had been on some major fuck shit, and nobody had time for that. That's why I was keeping a close eye on him tonight. If he decided to be on any fuck shit, I was going to put his ass out on this good Saturday. I wasn't about to play with him.

I looked over at Natia after making the announcement about us going on tour, and I saw that beautiful smile. She had the most perfect teeth and flawless skin. There was a natural glow about her. She didn't usually have makeup on because I didn't like her wearing it. She was beautiful and had no need to cover up that beauty, but tonight she had gone somewhere to get her makeup done because she insisted on matching my fly. She did a natural look, so she still looked the exact same, only enhanced. She had on a Coco Chanel mini dress that showed all her curves. She was already built, but now she was starting to look like one of those Fashion Nova models without all the body enhancements.

Natia was thicker in her ass, thighs, and titties, but she maintained that little bitty waist. Her face had even filled out a little bit, and everyone had noticed. She blushed every time somebody mentioned it, and I proudly made sure they knew it was because of me. They say you gain weight when you're in love.

As big as Natia was smiling, she also had tears slowly dripping from her eyes. I asked her once why she cried every time something good happened rather than embracing the happy moment. She told me that she supposed it was the same effect that happened the night I brought her to my home. It was a feeling that could only come from smiling through her tears for all the right reasons. She told me that was how she celebrated her happiness.

Natia's dance team was there for the announcement part of the party, and they cheered, screamed, laughed, and ran up to Natia as they all cried together. After they were done, they all ran up and tackled me. I had made it so that the entire squad

got to tour. The half that danced in my video were going to dance with me. The ones who didn't dance in the video were going to dance for my opening acts.

Everyone in the building was hype, and I loved the energy! I scanned the room for Dre to see his reaction, and by the gleam on his face, I could tell that he was happy and proud. The only thing that would be a problem was having him and Natia on tour with me together. If all else failed, I would get two separate buses. I made a mental note to talk to Natia and Dre separately and together about the situation. We had to make it work.

After this party, Natia and I were going to fly to California so she could finally meet my parents. I was supposed to have already taken her, but I was offered the tour deal, so I had been low key dealing with everything that came with it. It was finalized yesterday, which was dope. It was the biggest present I had ever gotten for my birthday, and I was profoundly grateful.

We were going to spend a week with the fam because I would be on tour for three months and probably wouldn't see them for four or five. Plus, I knew that Natia was the one, and I wondered how my parents felt about her.

After the kids ran on the floor and did one of their signature dances, they were escorted out with my assistants to the Hilton, so they could kick it. I had planned the whole thing out for them to party with me but in another location. Natia was their role model, and I didn't want them to see her smoke and get drunk as fuck like we were about to do. I was even debating getting her an X pill.

Natia was mysterious because sometimes she was outgoing, and sometimes she was quiet as a mouse. I was curious to see how she would act on one of those pills, though. Regardless of her demeanor, she was always one hundred percent a freak and stayed ready to fuck. I got lucky with her because she stayed with the freaky shit. She had me whipped, and I didn't give a fuck.



“OH MY GOD, ARE WE REALLY GOING ON TOUR?”  
Natia said as she ran up to me and jumped in my arms.

I caught her midair, and before I could answer, she grabbed my face with both hands and kissed me deeply. Slowly, I lowered her to the ground as I felt all on her ass, and we continued to kiss. It felt like only she and I were in the room, although I could hear the commotion in the background.

“Get a fucking room!” was the noise that broke our trance.

Natia started giggling, and I turned around and mugged Nas’ hating ass.

“Nigga, shut the fuck up. Where’s my best friend? Keep playing with her, and we going to fucking jump you!” Natia jokingly said to Nas.

I guess Sara and Nas had some kind of hidden fuck sessions going on, but Nas hadn’t spoken on it much since Natia’s ass was always around me. I was sure he wanted to tell me some shit, but he would do it in private, not while my girl was around.

“Ask your best friend. She the one playing, lil nigga!” Nas said, talking shit back to Natia.

“MMMMMHHHHMMMM MKAY. Let me find out!”  
Natia said, rolling her head and eyes at the same time as Nas and I watched Sara sneak up behind her and tap her on her shoulder.

She turned around and gave her a big hug as we all laughed.

“Let me find out, nigga, like I said!” Natia said. She swiftly gave me a kiss on the cheek before she and Sara walked off toward the restroom.

“Aye, nigga, I think we both hit the jackpot!” Nas said as we watched the girls walk away.

“Why you say that?” I asked, even though I felt that I already knew the answer.

“Big Ol’ Freak” by Megan Thee Stallion came on right at that moment, and we both started laughing. We already knew

what it was low key.

“Aye, bro, on some real shit, I need to talk to you about Dre’s ass. I think he...”

As soon as he started saying what needed to be said, Dre came up to us, loud, belligerent, and doing the absolute most. Nobody in the entire building was fucked up like that. We hadn’t even brought out the alcohol or weed bar yet, so his ass had to have been fucked up. I didn’t know what Nas was about to tell me, but he didn’t have to tell me shit for me to realize that Dre had been acting weird.

Of course, after I checked him about fucking with Natia, he stopped, but I noticed on social media and shit, he stayed coming for her. I hadn’t said anything about the situation because I figure that eventually, it would work itself out. And if he was on any fuck shit, it too would come to light. Shit never stayed hidden in the dark.

“HAPPY BIRTHDAY, MY NIGGA! WHAT UP, BROOO!” Dre said, looking between Nas and me like a deer caught in headlights.

He looked so fucked up that it was damn near a shame. Dre looked like just like Natia’s junky ass ex-boyfriend who looked like he had done like two hundred lines in five minutes. And what was scary about the situation was that his mom was a legit crack hoe. My dad and Nas’ dad had shit to say about how homegirl used to rock their boats back in the day. My mom even beat her ass.

I didn’t ever see Dre using coke like that just because his mom was so bad, and he hated crack. That nigga wouldn’t even sell it. He got into it with one of the older soldiers back in the day for telling him that he refused to sell that shit. That got him mad respect from the soldiers. Looking at him right now, I couldn’t pinpoint what this nigga was on, but I knew it wasn’t weed, alcohol, or an X pill. That made me curious to know what the fuck this nigga was really on and what Nas needed to tell me about him.

I hoped I wouldn’t have to put a private investigator on my own nigga, because I was willing to kill anyone who was

trying to cross a nigga, and that's the vibe I was getting from Dre. He was so high that he was damn near out of it and completely harmless because he was so happy. Laughing, smiling, cheesing, and shit. There were bitches everywhere, but he wasn't all over them like he usually was, which I was happy about because sometimes he did the most.

“What the fuck you on, lil' nigga?” Nas said, looking upside Dre's head.

This wasn't your typical Dre. He was never friendly and always an asshole. And he definitely never used the word, *bro*. He hated that word. Him saying it right now meant that he had to be high as giraffe balls. Not only was he saying shit that he didn't usually say, but he was nice as fuck.

“Right, what the fuck you on literally, nigga? Talking about *bro*? Nas, didn't you and this little motherfucker almost get in a fight cus you called this nigga bro before? What the fuck did you take? Cus you out here high as a motherfucker!” I said as I also looked upside Dre's head. This nigga was suspect as fuck.

Instead of talking shit, getting pissed off, and squaring up with us like he usually did, Dre just had this goofy ass grin on his face and pulled Nas and me in for a fucking hug. I was starting to get worried because this wasn't him at all.

“Nigga, you got you some new pussy or something, motherfucker?” Nas said, looking even more perplexed than he already was.

“I may have dipped in some sweet honey. What's it to you, nigga?” Dre said, automatically getting defensive.

The shit was weird because, one, he didn't give a fuck about bitches, and two, he ain't even tell us anything about this magical bitch who had him acting weird as fuck.

“Dipped into what honey, nigga? Is that why yo' ass has been acting weird? Because, honestly, you have been doing a lot of weird ass shit that you normally don't do, and I thought yo' ass was hitting the pipe!” Nas told Dre. His tone was

friendly, but from the look on his face, I could tell that he was at least halfway serious.

Dre looked at Nas with low eyes and smiled big.

“NONE OF YOUR FUCKING BUSINESS, BITCH!” he yelled as he playfully squared up with Nas.

Dre was being weird as a motherfucker, but whatever.

# Dre

“*R*IGHT FUCKIN’ THERE!” I moaned as Kiera deep throated my dick like it was a couple of inches.

I was packing, and that’s why I stayed having hoes. I might be short, but my dick wasn’t, and that’s a fact. My dad at least gave me that since he couldn’t step up and be a fucking father to me but could take care of his punk ass kids and give them the world. All my life, all I wanted was for him to love and care for me, and that’s why I have always done what I’ve done to be close to him. I’ve never told anybody that I knew who my dad was because I felt that it would ruin the normal that I had finally established, and I didn’t want it to be taken away from me. All I wanted was to be accepted, and when Calif finally put me on his team, I knew I would be okay.

I had never thought ill of my dad, because honestly, if I had gotten Ida Johnson, who is my mother, pregnant, I wouldn’t want to claim the child either. She was a hot ass mess, as toxic as they come, and she didn’t know how to maintain a relationship with a soul. I don’t know what happened to the bitch as a child because she never talked about her parents, but all I know is that it fucked her up. She was the way she was because of it and projected it on the wrong motherfucker, which was me.

Ever since I started confiding in Kierra, the way I think had been altered. She convinced me that my pops knew who I

was the entire time and that he needed to pay for trying to keep me under wraps. I was not quite sure how the nigga would've known, but after the way Kierra put it, I was hella convinced that he knew. She had also given me the game about Natia's bitch ass. I didn't know how she knew all the information she did about her, but I didn't question the shit.

At first, I was jealous of the relationship that Calif and Natia had because even though she was a bitch, unfriendly, and stuck up as a motherfucker, I knew that they were meant to be, and I've never had that. Based on what Kierra told me, the hoe was a stripper, and she fucked and sucked whoever would give her money. Deep down, I knew that wasn't even Natia's swag, but I needed a new reason to hate the bitch now that I had found love for myself, and that sounded weird to me. I fell in love with the bitch I was supposed to kill. That sounds like a book right there.

The day I was supposed to kill Kierra, I did as I was told and went down to Westport, so I could bump into her. She had on a black leather mini dress and red pumps with red lipstick that was turning me the fuck on. She was dancing, ass out and everything! Kierra was the life of the party, which is how I like my bitches. That shit was ironic because my mom was a loud, ghetto, and boisterous bitch, and when I was little, I swore that I would never fuck with no bitch like her. For me, it has always seemed as if the loud bitches were the ones with confidence, while the quiet bitches were the plotters, and I didn't like it.

I honestly felt that Natia could see right through me, and she knew I didn't like her. She probably knew that I didn't kill Kierra, and she could see through my soul. That made me feel some type of way, and I didn't like it.

Kierra had all the confidence in the world that night, and it didn't take much to catch her attention. The rest of the night was history because as soon as she knew I was down to fuck, she was ready to go. We literally fucked all night, and one thing I liked about her was that she wasn't afraid to suck a nigga's dick. I fell in love with her dick sucking skills, and I

couldn't imagine killing a bitch with a vacuum hose as a mouth. That wasn't going to happen.

I also noticed that Kierra took a lot of medication, but we hadn't been able to discuss why. All I knew was she had that Xanax, and the first time I took it, I was in heaven. Calif, Nas, and I didn't fuck with prescription pills like that because that's one drug that will get you locked up quicker than you could say, 'I'm fucked.' Plus, that led to heroin use, and the west coast don't rock like that. We'll let the east coast keep that shit.

Ever since I had gotten with Kierra, she had been feeding me those xannys, and all we had been doing was getting high, fucking, and talking. I've been trying to keep my shit together because I knew that Calif and Nas were going to notice that something wasn't right, and then come snooping. I would hate to kill them over my bitch. If they wanted to kill her, they would have to kill me. And that's a fact. So, to keep the peace, I've been trying not to mix business and pleasure, but sometimes I couldn't help it.

I was keeping Kierra cooped up at my main house in Prairie, Kansas. Motherfuckers were old and rich that way, and they minded their business. This house was so low key that Nas was the only one who had ever been over there, and that was only because one night last year when we had gone to make a delivery, the pigs decided to do breathalyzers. My house was in the cut, so you had to take a certain road to get to it. Coincidentally, we were one left turn away when we finally realized why there were roadblocks, so I had Nas turn off of the road, and I gave him directions to my house. We ended up staying there that night and continuing our shipment in the morning.

Besides Nas, nobody had ever been to my house until I took Kierra. As big and dope as my house was, and although we didn't mind fucking all over the house, she had started to get stir crazy.

"Let's leave, baby. I'm bored as fuck!" Kierra said, looking at me with those big, brown puppy dog eyes.

I don't know what it was about this bitch that made my heart throb, but if we got caught out by any of my niggas or the soldiers, we were both going to be some dead ass motherfuckers. I hadn't told Kierra the reason I cuffed her ass in the first place, but I figured that if I didn't tell her ass soon, she would find out because another nigga was going to kill her. And the thing about Calif was that he had soldiers EVERYWHERE, and I do mean EVERYWHERE, because that was his dad's doing.

Calif's dad knew a lot about Kansas City because he had made deals out here since he was younger than Calif, but it was unbeknownst to Calif until he decided to move up here. Terrell, his pops, liked Kansas City but gave Calif the rundown on why he should be watching his back and keeping his guard up. Niggas were ruthless, and it wasn't called Killa City for no reason. Calif took this shit seriously, and that's exactly why I knew that if I got caught harboring a fucking enemy, my ass was just as much grass ass Kierra's. That's why I had to tell her what was going on.

As I told her the story, she looked me in the eye, and I swear on myself that this motherfucker's left eyeball started to twitch. She had the most evil, sinister look I had ever seen in my life. I thought my mother used to look at me with hate, but the look I had just seen was of pure evil. I felt the energy, and I wasn't a scary or spiritual nigga, yet I felt both scared and a spirit of hate. Maybe I *should* kill this bitch.

Just as quick as it came, it left, though, and she looked at me with those puppy dog eyes. As quick as I felt that evil energy, it disappeared, and I was back to feeling the same way I had felt about her. In the back of my mind, something was telling me to go ahead and kill her ass, but looking at her looking at me, I couldn't do it. Maybe I would do it tonight when she was asleep.

A big voice in the front of my head was telling me that I fucked up by telling the bitch about what was really going on, especially after seeing the evil in her soul through her eyes. I thought about risking it and taking her out so she could shut the fuck up, but I wasn't trying to get killed.



The pussy print through her leggings was telling me that I did the right thing.

She caught me looking and smiled.

“Cat got your tongue?” Kierra asked as she pulled her leggings down, revealing her bald ass pussy.

I could see her perfectly sized round ass from the front. I licked my lips in response, and she walked up on me then pulled my grey Nike sweatpants and my Polo boxers down to reveal my hard, eight-inch dick. She immediately stuffed my whole dick to the back of her throat and sucked like a vacuum. I had to think of some other shit, so I wouldn't automatically send seeds down her throat.

I lasted about ten minutes, and after I bust, she stripped her clothes off and danced to get me hard again. Once I had a hard on, she rode me until I bust all in her shit. I wasn't worried about getting her pregnant, and neither was she because she was on birth control.

When I first met her, I thought she looked like she was pregnant and had a baby on the way, but when I asked her, she told me she had got into it with someone and threatened to kill them, so she was sent to the psych hospital. They gave her some medicine that didn't mix with other medicine, and for some reason, it made her look bloated like she was pregnant. She said she was even lactating, which was weird as hell. After several trips to the hospital and no positive pregnancy tests, they finally looked into her medicine and found out that it was the cause. That's one reason she picked and chose what medicine she took, and after all that extra shit, I couldn't say I blamed her.

She had told me some shit about when she was little, something or other was wrong with her period, which made her have to take birth control since she was like thirteen. She couldn't get pregnant, and I wasn't mad. Hell, I didn't know how to be a parent because I never had a real parent, so I was good with that.

“So, what we going to eat tonight? I don't mind staying here if I'm going to be honest. I look at it as a vacation. Plus,

you're going to be here with me, so we're going to do what we been doing. All we do is smoke and fuck, smoke and fuck!" She snapped her fingers as she sang the lyrics to Young Jeezy's song.

I stopped midway to the shower and curled my lip up. If there was anything I hated it, was a dumb bitch. I mean, I had literally just told her the entire story about what was going on, and I specifically told her that I had to maintain my normal schedule so no one would think anything was off. It was bad enough that her ass had me high as shit on those Xanax, and I was already calling attention to myself way before I could use it. She was low key starting to get on my nerves, and she hadn't shown me her dark side, but I knew she had one because I had seen it in her eyes.

My intuition was telling me that she was no good, but something about her made me tolerate her. I hated to sound like a bitch, but I was torn.

# Nas

Man, this little nigga Dre been acting real weird lately, and it was starting to get to me. I knew right out the gate that he was taking Xanax because that's exactly what caused my uncle's addiction. He used to be my role model and idol next to my dad, but he started using Xanax, and shit went downhill from there. He started using and gambling, and within a year, a nigga who had everything turned into a nigga with nothing. My dad sent him to rehab three times, trying to get him right, and he never got right.

The nigga moved from Xanax to pain pills to heroin, and he ain't doing good. He's still my uncle, but unless you've had an addict as a family member, you don't know the constant fight with your heart to love them or leave them the fuck alone. Especially when you have watched them go from normal to crackhead in a couple of years. That shit hurts.

That was how I was starting to feel about Dre. Ever since he killed Kierra, he'd been acting that motherfuckin' way. I had told Calif that I didn't think he was ready for the killer life. Dre always claimed to have killed a nigga with his bare hands, which technically, he did, but it was short lived. The ambulance brought that nigga right back to life so quickly that he didn't have a chance to know he was dead. Nigga didn't even see the light. I know because I was there that night, and Dre ain't even know it.

We were in downtown Sacramento, chilling one Saturday like everybody in the hood used to do, showing off our rides, picking up bitches, and showing out. Niggas were going to know who the fuck we were.

Calif wasn't there yet, and I was down there with a couple of my big cousins, shooting my shit until he got there. I spotted a nigga taunting Dre, who at the time was a dusty ass nigga who walked with his head down, trying to stay lowkey, so he didn't draw attention to himself.

I'll never forget; he had on an old beat-up pair of Jordan black elevens that I could tell he took very good care of, but I could also tell that he had run them to the ground, and they were definitely on their last legs.

The nigga talking shit was big, loud, and drunk as fuck.

Dre sized him up after he had asked him calm and coolly to leave him alone. The nigga didn't listen, and he called himself roasting Dre, so he ended up knocking him out. After he started seizing on the ground, the ambulance—which was always posted downtown—got word and came quickly. Dre had run off, and nobody snitched.

I'm not sure if he really knew that the nigga didn't die but acted like he did so he could boast about it. The type of nigga Dre is, I couldn't see him really leaving the scene until he knew that the nigga was either dead or alive. He couldn't handle that type of pressure on his soul. It would eat him up foreal.

This was also why I thought that Dre was out there bad like he was. The nigga ain't ever really kill nobody, so that shit had to have been tough on him. See, ever since I've met Dre, I felt a connection to him like he was my brother or something. Even if Dre hadn't knocked that nigga out, I was going to do it for him. And I made sure that once the nigga came back to, he knew that Dre wasn't to be fucked with.

I was the one who told Calif about Dre, and I was the reason he put him on the team. I had peeped him eyeing us in the hood and shit, and I knew he wanted to be part of the crew, but he needed to prove himself somehow. He did prove

himself, and I just happened to be in the position to catch it. Calif was leery as fuck about adding Dre to our team, that's why I had to keep an eye on the little nigga at all times, and right now, he wasn't looking too good.

I didn't know what type of time he was on, but we were going to get on the same wavelength this time around. We were all supposed to go to California this week to visit our families before we went on tour. That was another thing that had me eyeballing Dre's ass these days. He was happy that Calif was going on tour when it was announced at his birthday party, but as soon as he started talking about us going on tour, the nigga would change the subject and act squirmy like he didn't want to go or something.

This was all new to us niggas because Dre's ass was the playboy among us, and wherever the bitches went, he usually followed. Nowadays, he was acting weird. I knew he had a bitch or whatever because the nigga constantly came around with them childish ass hickies and shit, but he wouldn't tell us who she was. He said that they had a no-show agreement, so they could learn to love each other before they had to deal with each other's friends and family.

I called horse shit, though, and I wasn't going to let Dre slide with whatever type of time he was on. There was a thought brewing in the back of my mind, but I didn't want to unleash it yet. I was going to give the nigga some time to get his mind right, and if he didn't, I would go full Sherlock Holmes on his punk ass, and that was a promise.

I was sneaking and creeping around with Natia's homegirl, Sara, and her freaky ass had me coming back for more. The bad thing was, I had a couple of other bitches that I was fucking with, so juggling Sara, Yasi, and Jasmine was becoming a lot. It's crazy because I was right in the middle of Calif and Dre with the bitches. I didn't automatically jump into relationships like Calif, but I was also not trying to be on the cover of Playgirl magazine like Dre. I just found me a couple of shorties to vibe with, and I fucked and chilled with them.

I grew up knowing that my dad was cheating on my moms when I was younger, and she always found out. My mom was one of those quiet, meek women, who were spiritual and tried not to lose her cool too much. She was also old school and believed in marriage and shit, so my dad took advantage of her to the max.

One day, she'd had enough and moved us all the way across town to my grandparents' house. My grandparents were very religious and were a deacon and deaconess at their church. Everything they did was for God, which wasn't an issue, but they weren't happy when my mom married the biggest drug dealer and player in Sacramento. The last thing mom would ever do was move back into her parents' home, because all they did was preach to her, and she hated to hear, *I told you so*. When we pulled up to my grandparents' house, I knew that my mom was not playing with my dad.

We stayed there for four months, and by the time we came back, my dad was begging on his knees for my mom to come home and going to church every Sunday with my grandparents. That became a tradition after my mom took my dad back. We stayed going to church every Sunday since then. Hell, my mom still dragged my dad's ass, although that was almost twenty years ago.

It was a lesson learned for all, including me. Whenever I think about getting with a bitch, I think twice just because I never want to give a woman the type of pain that I saw my mother go through with my dad. She used to tell me all the time that women are fragile, and I need to handle them with care. I've taken that saying and ran with it.

I was the side nigga for my entourage of bitches. Jasmine was in a full-blown relationship with a nigga who drove trucks for a living, so she called me when he was gone. Yasi was one of those bitches who had been hurt by a nigga when she was in the sixth grade, so she decided that she was going to be savage and play every nigga she could. The thing about her is that she ain't playing a thing but herself over this way. This is coming from a bitch who thinks that going to Red Lobster is a real date. She's fake bourgeois, but she's fine as hell and got that

sloppy topky, so I just let her do what she does. I knew for a fact that Sara was out there fucking other niggas because I heard her and Natia talking about it the first day I smashed Sara.

We were all at Calif's kickback house, chilling and watching the game. Sara and Natia were cooking and having a good time, but they were talking about one of Sara's sexual escapades. She was talking about some freaky ass shit, like that nigga on Fifty Shades of Grey was doing, and I was getting turned on. I ain't never met a bitch who was into all that BDSM type shit. And she was a white girl. Hell, she was going to be the slave master's wife, and me the slave, and we were going to free all the kids, on my momma.

Natia's little freaky ass was talking about shit she and Calif did too, and her little ass was lucky she was my nigga's girl because, honestly, I wouldn't have minded her being a slave too and making Sara fuck both of us. But I knew that Natia didn't play, and Calif would kill me if he knew I was thinking these thoughts about his woman, so I had to shake that scene really quick.

I honestly liked Natia for Calif. She wasn't a fucking raging lunatic like Leah was, which I warned Calif about. She also wasn't fake, phony, and would do anything to be liked the way Najah was. Don't get me wrong, I liked Najah, but with her being an engineer, I felt like she treated everybody like she treated Calif because she was a businesswoman. Calif had his head so far up her ass that he didn't even notice, though. I had heard that Najah got around a bit, but I never told Calif about it. He literally loved her to death, and even though I liked her, I didn't think that they would have a long-lasting love.

Calif wanted the type of love that his parents shared, hell that our parents shared. Our parents were the definition of black love, and that's what he wanted. That's what I wanted in the end too, but right now, I was going to fuck all the bitches.

That night, after we all got nice, high, and full, we stayed the night at the house because we had gotten way too wasted for anyone to drive. I twisted Sara's ass into a pretzel as we

role-played damn near all night. She was my freakiest bitch yet, and I was here for it.

The next day, Calif and Natia made fun of us all day, because I guess we were loud and shit. Ever since then, Sara had been on my coattails. We fucked everywhere and at any time. She even had me fucking her on her lunch break and shit at the courthouse. The only time I had ever thought about being a cop was when I had Sara handcuffed and bent over my backseat. I Rodney Kinged her ass into submission, and she loved it. I was smacking her ass so hard that I had my handprints all over her shit.

We didn't really talk too much; she just hit me up when she was ready to fuck, and I was coo with that. I didn't use a condom with her ass most of the time, either, and she didn't complain. We had gone to the clinic and came back clean, and we showed each other lab results.



IT WAS THURSDAY, and we were all at the company house, having a meeting about going to California. Calif was the type to have a meeting about everything, so here we were. Tension was in the air because Natia and Dre were both in the house. Calif was doing what he does best, which is trying to make everyone comfortable, all while ignoring the signs that some shit could pop off. I wouldn't be surprised if Natia eventually beat the fuck out of Dre because she didn't play any games, and all Dre did was play games.

Currently, he was sitting there mugging, mad that we were going to California. A couple of weeks ago, all he could talk about was how he couldn't wait to get to California to see his bitches, and this and that. Now he was mad. He was starting to be weird and piss me off with how much time, energy, and hate he put into not liking Natia, especially since she didn't give a fuck about him. Dre and I had always given Calif shit about how much of a lover boy he is, but we ain't never disliked one of his bitches because of it.



I was starting to think that he had a thing for Natia, the way he took his time out not to like her. It was either that or somebody was in his ear talking about Natia and clouding his judgment. Either way, that was some bitch shit, and if he didn't stop it, I was going to end up calling his punk ass out on it.

“Aye, bruh, let me holler at you!” I told Dre as I made my way to the backyard and pulled a Black and Mild from behind my ear.

I was low key nervous about riding in a plane. Airplanes made me nervous as fuck, and I could feel my heart rate speed up every time someone mentioned one. There were more of us going than usual. Otherwise, we would have taken the private jet, which is much faster. Since it was going to be me, Calif, Dre, Natia, Sara, and about five of our soldiers, Calif's pops rented a larger jet and was having one of his pilots fly it for us. We were supposed to meet them at the airport at five on the day we departed.

Before we were all in an enclosed place, I wanted to make sure that Dre was in the right mindset. I didn't need any motherfucking body being extra while I was already scared to death in the air. I was about to pick his mind and see if he could tell me why he had a problem with Natia because he was looking real bitch like nowadays.

“Bro, why the fuck you in there looking at Natia like you wanna kill her, dog? I mean, bruh, do you know her or something? Y'all got history? Did she say something to you? You know her through social media? My nigga, what's the problem? I mean, we know Calif is a lover boy by now, so why we doing this to his new girl? If we going to keep it real, I like Natia the most out of all his bitches, including Najah. She looks like a bitch on the outside, but she is actually really cool and down to earth once you get to know her. I don't understand why you look at her like you're going to smoke her ass,” I said to Dre as I eyeballed his ass something vicious. I wanted him to know and feel me. He needed to know that I thought he was tripping big time by beefing with a bitch.

“Did you know that the bitch was a stripper?” Dre asked, looking at me crazy.

I thought he was joking. Any other time he was the nigga taking the strippers home, and now he wanted to act like dating a stripper was a problem. Matter of fact, a couple of months ago, he was the nigga trying to leave the club with two strippers. It wasn't a problem when he was doing it, but now since Calif had cuffed one, there was a problem. I didn't like all that wishy-washy bullshit.

“Nigga, AND? You knew that already. What's the problem?” I asked. He wanted to act like a bitch, so now I was going to question him like one. Nothing made sense.

“Well, my girl said....” Dre told me, trying to make me not like Natia. This was unreal. It felt like I was talking to my little sister or some shit.

“Nigga, so your girl knows Natia? Who the fuck is this bitch? The least she could do is show her face, especially if she's going to be dogging out Calif's new girl. It sounds like your bitch is a jealous, hating ass bitch. Maybe we need to talk to Calif about this hoe since she knows so much about his girl. If homegirl does know all this extra information about Natia, maybe she could tell him before Calif falls madly in love with her and kills us all for withholding information!”

“NO!” this nigga yelled.

When he realized that he yelled, he kind of looked around to make sure no one was paying attention, and they weren't because it was just him and me outside. He was on some tweaking ass shit.

“My bad, nigga, I didn't mean to yell,” he calmly said after he realized that he had just done too much.

“You right, my nigga. I probably am feeding into too much hate about Natia. I didn't know that y'all already knew she was a stripper, so that's why I been so hard on her. I thought she was being sneaky about being a stripper and shit and fucking with my bro's heart and whatnot. That's my bad,” Dre said as he reached out for me to pass him the Black.

He sounded like he meant what he said, but to be honest, I didn't think he did. The look in his eyes said otherwise, and all I knew was that I was about to be on bruh like white on rice. Whatever type of time he was on wasn't going to last over this way, and that was a promise.

# Sara

“OH, MY GODD! NATIAAAAAAAAAA!” I screamed from the bathroom.

I was on the verge of passing out. I couldn't believe what I saw in front of my eyes.

“Oh my God, no!” I whispered right before Natia burst through the bathroom door, scared shitless. It was a serious situation, but I laughed anyway. This bitch looked like I felt. About to pass the fuck out.

“Bitch, what the fuck is so funny? You almost gave me a damn heart attack!” Natia said, clutching her chest and shit. Her ass was overly dramatic, but let her tell it, everybody else was the dramatic ones.

She looked at what I saw, and her eyes got as big as saucers.

“Girl, what the fuck? You out here doing it like that? I thought I would be the first one! CONGRATULATIONS, BITCH! I'M ABOUT TO BE AN AUNTIE!!!” she screamed as she started jumping up and down.

I couldn't match her excitement because I honestly did not want or need a baby right now. I had been out of an emotionally abusive relationship for going on three years, and I was fine living wild and carefree. What I mean by wild and carefree was that I was out here acting like these raggedy men. If men can do it, why can't women? I spent three of my best

years playing fake wife for a motherfucker who talked down on me, cheated on me, beat me a couple times, and made me feel as low as low can get. I told myself that I wasn't ever going to allow myself to be in that predicament again. I was going to do me until I was tired of it. And if I wasn't tired of it until I was sixty years old, then so fucking be it.

Instead of saying anything to my best friend, I just went over to her, laid my head on her shoulder, and started crying.

“OMG, DON'T CRY, BEST FRIEND. YOU GON' MAKE ME CRY!” she said as we hugged and cried.

“All right, that's enough. We some real niggas. We only cry thug tears!” Natia said as she smoothed out the back of my hair and backed off like she was a gangsta.

I started cracking up. I couldn't take her ass nowhere.

“So, you need me to be the baby daddy or nah? I mean, I ain't ready for kids either, but you know I got your back. Who's the baby daddy? Jonathan? Let me find out it's fucking Johnathan!” Natia said as she got off the couch, lit a cigarette, and started pacing the floor like she was the one in the predicament.

She was my best friend because she one hundred percent had my back when shit popped off. She had already slapped a couple of bitches behind me. If my baby daddy was Jonathan, he should've been hella scared.

“I dunno!” I replied as I grabbed a cigarette off the table and plopped down on the couch.

“Wait, you don't know what?” Natia said as she paused mid-sentence.

She was over there talking to herself and threatening Jonathan's ass like he was right there. The thing about it all was that I hadn't fucked with Jonathan in over a year, so there was no way he was the baby's daddy.

“Bitch, I don't know who the baby daddy is,” I sheepishly said.

I was embarrassed as fuck, and I never wanted to be the bitch on Maury trying to convince everybody that one of these motherfuckers that I had a one-night stand with is the baby daddy. Because at the rate I'd been going, that's exactly what could happen.

I don't sleep with a motherfucker unless they can produce sheets from a doctor's office, stating that they don't have anything. I do not play that shit. In my mind, it made sense to get receipts and fuck raw, but I forgot about getting pregnant. This shit had me stressed the fuck out.

"Girl, I'm the baby daddy. Quit playing!" Natia said, shooing me with her hand.

She was so nonjudgmental with me that it was crazy. Natia didn't even ask me who the choices of dudes were. If it was any of my other so-called friends, they would've been hounding my ass, judging me, and talking shit. That's why everybody else was my associate. Natia was my bestie.

"On some real shit, I can't keep the baby!" I said after a couple minutes of silence.

My very rich father and his bitch of a wife had just cut me off financially, and I was barely getting by. There was no way I could financially provide for a child at this point. I definitely wanted kids, but not right now.

I felt bad because my older sister had been trying to get pregnant forever, and here I was planning an abortion. Just from the moment I found out twenty minutes ago, to right now had stressed me out to the max. I grabbed the cigarette box and pulled another from the pack.

"Do you know how far along you are?" Natia cautiously asked.

She knew this was a sensitive subject for me, so she wasn't going to push it. I knew that she would support my decision whichever way I went, but she and I had a similar temperament, and the wrong thing could send both of us spiraling out of control.

“Now that I think about it, I’m probably close to six or seven weeks,” I said, palming my entire face. I couldn’t believe that I had been so fucking careless.

“I’mma call over to Kansas since Missouri went all Handmaids Tale on us and won’t let us have a fucking abortion, which is unbelievable and should be against the law itself!” I said, instantly mad. Everything was pissing me off at that moment.

After going into my room, shutting the door, and being on hold for a million and a half hours, I had an appointment scheduled. The good part was that because I was able to detect early, all I would have to do was take a pill. The bad news was that I was scheduled a day before we went to California, which sucked.

Believe it or not, I was actually going to California with Natia. One day I went to match a couple blunts with her and Calif after they had dance practice with the kids in Saint Joe. I was down there visiting with my dad and decided to stop by Natia’s mom’s house since Natia and Calif always stopped by to visit her on their way out. Instead of having practice every day, Natia had made practices on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and every other Saturday. The kids practiced like they were tour and video ready, and they performed in shows, so if there was one thing I knew, it was that they were ready for the tour. What I didn’t know was if the tour was ready for them.

Another reason I was going to California with Natia was that I wouldn’t get to go on tour with her. One of my coworkers had to have surgery that took twelve weeks to heal, so that definitely trumped my need to go shake my ass for eight weeks. If it wasn’t for my coworker, they would’ve let me off. The criminal justice ain’t as pristine as it seems, just know that. Plus, you get paid vacation and shit, and I had more than enough time.

After I hung up the phone with the clinic, I cried for a bit before I went out to talk to my best friend. Although I was okay with getting an abortion, it didn’t mean that my feelings were hurt any less about the situation. I also felt really low about myself. I felt disgusting and irresponsible. A lot was

going through my mind, and all my feelings were intense. I just wanted to get this shit over with, so I could go on with my damn life. I knew that one thing was for certain, though. I was never, ever going to put myself in a situation like this again. Fuck all that raw dogging; that's too much. And the crazy thing about all of this is that I am on birth control, which made the situation even worse. How the fuck did somebody's fucking super sperm make it past the birth control? Somebody had me fucked up.

"I gotta go to the clinic on Thursday. Can you please go with me?" I asked Natia with tears in my eyes.

"Don't cry, boo. It'll be alright! And, of course, I'll go with you. What time? Matter of fact, I'll spend the night over here Wednesday. I think Calif has something to do, and I'll just make sure that my bags are packed for Cali on Tuesday. I need to stop procrastinating all the time anyway," she said as I sat on the couch and started to bawl.

Natia felt my pain, so I saw her drop a couple of tears.

My bestie was becoming a pothead on the low, and she rolled a blunt, so we could smoke. She turned on *Pretty Little Liars*, which was our go to show for everything, and sparked up. There wasn't too much said aside for Natia occasionally cursing one of the bitches on the show out for doing something dumb. We had watched this series together when it came out, and we both hated the ending, but we still watched it all the time when we were together. It's like our friendship strengthened with each season, and we grew up on the show.

After the blunt was out, Natia got up and went into my kitchen. I heard pots and pans start to clang, and I knew that pretty soon, she was going to come out with a full three-course meal. She always cooked for us when we were sad.

"I hope you can stomach tacos and Rotel, cus we about to pig out, biatch!" Natia said over the running water.

"Thank you!" I said as I sat back and continued to watch the show.



I looked like I was watching, but I was really worried about Thursday. I wasn't really much of a spiritual person, but today, I prayed that everything went well on Thursday and that God would forgive me for the sin that I was about to commit. The more I thought about it, the lousier I felt about myself.

After we ate, Natia tried her best to cheer me up until she eventually had to go home. She was my girl, and I appreciated her efforts, but I was in a big funk, and I needed my time anyway. After she left, I put my mind in overdrive, wondering if I was making the right decision. I was wracking my brain, trying to figure out who the fuck could be my baby daddy. Nas was a strong possibility, and I honestly wouldn't mind him being the one. I had also been sleeping with Carlos, and Kingston too, and they would be good fathers as well, but I literally couldn't tell which one was the baby daddy. That was embarrassing as fuck to me.

I decided that I would go ahead and abort the baby, but this was teaching me a lot about morality. I've always been pro-choice because it's none of my fucking business what the next motherfucker does with their body, but I come from a rich ass family, full of republicans who trust and believe in that bullshit. It's sad as fuck. I've always been the black sheep of the family, so it's funny that I love black men but also black people in general. I would switch my rich family to live with a poor, black family in a heartbeat.

Growing up rich ain't all it's cracked out to be if I'm going to keep it a hundred. The only reason I even stayed connected with my family is that my dad had been giving me money for the longest. He and my mom got divorced when I was a little girl, so I've never had the privilege of living in a two-parent home like my older brother and sister got to experience. My father ran off with this bitch, who is a little bit older than me, and decided to become a sugar daddy. The bitch got with him just to spend all his money. They had been married for four years, and now my fucking allowance was cut off. I bet money that she spent a bunch of his retirement, and now us kids have to suffer for it. I mean, I know I'm not a kid, but my dad never provided anything to me but money.

He did my mother dirty, and honestly, I blame him for growing up the way I did. My mom was always at work, and my brother and sister moved out when I was still little, which left me alone most of the time. I would be bored and lonely because my mom worked as a nurse on the overnight shift, so I only saw her on random days because nurses didn't have a set schedule. To make up for my loneliness, I started having sex with older guys, and I know I did that to fill the void in my life.

All the rich, preppy hoes started looking at me funny because of who I was fucking, but in reality, they were doing the same shit that I was. It was just with them puny ass, rich white boys that I wasn't into. Once their parents started to realize that I was into black men, they stopped letting their daughters kick it with me and started talking behind my back. They even started acting funny toward my dad, and he confronted me about the shit. I told him I liked black dick, and he never questioned me again.

Thankfully, he nor my mom have ever cared about what color the men I fucked with were. All they cared about was if they were a good person or not. I was thankful for that because other parents around that stupid motherfucking town taught their kids to look down on minorities. I could never. That's why I moved out of that bitch when I was eighteen, and I never planned to go back. They all could fuck off.



WEDNESDAY NIGHT, Natia did as she promised and came over to spend the night with me so we could head to the clinic in the morning. We had to go to Kansas, and I had made an appointment to be the first bitch in there. I didn't want to drag out the process or get there and change my mind. I wasn't a morning person, so I knew if I got up and got there, I would want them to hurry up and do whatever the fuck they had to do, so I could go home and lie back down.

Natia got to my house, mad as a motherfucker. I knew she was because she had a pack of cigarettes in her hand. The only

time I saw her with a pack of Newports was when that fuck boy and that lame ass bitch, Tamia, did her dirty. I always knew Tamia's ass was one of those bitches. She was fucking her 'favorite' younger cousin's man, and I found out because I saw them together, so I told Natia. This was a couple of years ago, and it finally came out at the end of last year that Tamia was fucking the dude. The cousin beat the fuck out her ass too, and I was happy.

For her to do this to Natia, though, was some bullshit. Natia had her back through all the years, and that was how she repaid her. I swear to God, if I see the bitch Tamia, I'm knocking her ass out on sight, and I told Natia that too. Natia and I weren't loud, ghetto hoes, but we will knock bitches out if necessary, and that's a fact.

"Girl, this motherfucker got me fucked all the way the fuck up!" Natia boomed as she flopped on the couch.

Her ass was big as shit, and I heard that motherfucker thunderclap before she even sat down. I knew she was pissed, so I wasn't trying to laugh, but me being the person I was, I laughed anyway.

"That ass, though!" was all I could say before she started laughing too. That's why I loved this bitch. We were a hot mess, but we were each other's hot mess.

"Quit making me laugh, bitch. I'm mad!" she said, still laughing. She was hard on the outside but goofy as fuck on the inside. I fucked with her the long way.

"But, for real, this nigga got me fucked up. He was always up my ass and wanted me to spend all my time with him, which is fine because I knew that's what the fuck we're supposed to be doing since we're together or whatever, but when I want to come to your house, it should never be a problem. He stays in the studio or handling business with Nas and that bitch ass nigga, Dre, and I don't say a word. I let him do him because that's the shit that he was doing before me. I mean, we're together all the fucking time. He even comes to my fucking dance practices with the kids, which I don't mind, but at the same time, I do. He smothers me a little bit, and I

don't like it!" she said as she inhaled from the cigarette. Natia was pissed pissed, and I had to be her voice of reason.

"I think it's good and cute that he wants to be with you all the time, but at the same time, I do feel you. I like my space too! And girl, every time I hear Nas' name, my cat purrs a little. And for real, what is up wit Dre? He does act like a little bitch," I said, checking her, but at the same time spewing questions at her, so she had a bunch of shit to think about and wouldn't linger on the reason she was mad.

I wasn't about to let her talk about bro like that. He was literally in love with her, and I could see it. Because she was with that dipshit, Shine, for so long, she never knew what love was. And yes, Calif does want to be with her all the time, but that's because she was a bad bitch and didn't even know it. I didn't know what she thought about herself, but she was timid as fuck to be so hot. If I had an ass like her, I would unashamedly be doing even more than I'm doing now. I probably would've been pregnant more than once.

"Did you say your cat purrs? I'm WEAK!" she screeched and fell on her back laughing. She was laughing because she knew I meant what I said.

After talking and smoking back to back blunts, we decided to retire to bed. We had to get up at six to make sure we were there on time.



THE NEXT MORNING, we arrived at the clinic fifteen minutes before it opened. I wanted to be the first motherfucker in the clinic, so I could get this over and done with. I couldn't help but feel melancholy as Natia and I sat in silence. She was awkward with sentimental shit, but I knew her heart was breaking with mine. At the same time, I knew she would never judge me for it. She would never tell anyone about it, and she would ride with me until the end. She was my girl for life.

I noticed the security guard had unlocked the door, so Natia and I put out our cigarettes and got out of the car. We

both stretched because it had been a forty-five minute drive to the clinic. There was a busy street located west of the clinic. Natia and I turned toward the street for a second, and we both had to have noticed the same thing because we looked at each other like only best friends do when they either know something or saw something.

“Was that that bitch ass nigga Dre?” Natia said with her lip curled up.

She could not stand him, and I could see why. He treated her like shit and was hella passive-aggressive with her. What he didn’t know was that he was testing the right one. Natia was known to slap the fuck out of a dude or two.

“That did look like his bitch ass. I thought I was tripping!” I answered.

It looked just like his punk ass and that one red car that he only drives occasionally. All of them have some bad ass cars, so I didn’t know what kind of car it was, but it seemed like it could’ve been Dre.

“I don’t know what the fuck he would be doing all the way out this way. Calif don’t have no shipments this week, and even if he did, Dre graduated from that. He supposedly got a bitch now who lives in Missouri, so there is absolutely no reason why he should be in Kansas unless he’s following us. And let me find out Calif got his punk ass friend following us. I’m a blow that house that they all got together the fuck up. They can play with me if they want to. Dre can play with me if his punk ass wants to,” she ranted.

Natia was hella funny.

“Look at you, learning the family business and shit! And, honestly, sis, I don’t think Calif would ever send Dre to spy on you. He’d send Nas before he sent Dre, and that’s a fact. He knows you’ll hit Dre in his punk ass mouth, and then he’ll have to deal with you. He ain’t no dummy for sure,” I said, bringing her back to ground level.

If I didn’t, she would get so mad that she was going to end up calling Calif and cursing him out for no reason. She got like

that sometimes.

“Yeah, you right,” she answered, smiling at me.

We made our way into the clinic as I thought about what I was going to do.

Halfway through the paperwork, I started to cry. I wasn't sure that I could go through with this.

“I don't know if I can do this!” I cried to Natia as she patted my back.

I laid my head on her shoulder as I continued to cry and make one of the biggest decisions that I would ever have to make in my life.

# Natia

For the last couple of months, I felt like I was living in a fairytale. Like, a real-life fairytale. Imagine coming from nothing as a child, but with one strong, black parent to look up to. Not knowing their father is what sabotages a lot of girls in the hood, but I never slept around. In fact, I kept my virginity longer than any of my friends or foes.

Imagine working when you're sixteen, only for the money to help your mom with bills. Imagine being made fun of when you were a kid because you smelled like body odor, but no one knew that your water had been cut off for a month, so you were doing good to mask the smell for the first three weeks.

Then, imagine being a teenager who is fine as fuck, smells good as fuck, and got a body. Imagine having such a tarnished image of yourself that the first nigga who showed prince charming tendencies, you let them sweep you off your feet. Imagine letting a full-grown, capable ass nigga stay at home and cheat on you while you went to work at a strip club to let other men degrade you, so you can carry both of y'all.

Lastly, imagine being so underappreciated that you let the nigga go, only to meet a nigga so in love with you that he moves you into a castle, gives you a brand new Range Rover, takes you on tour with him, and is flying you out to meet his parents in a day. I had to pinch myself daily to make sure that I wasn't dreaming.

Besides the occasional argument and the constant misunderstandings, everything was good. Calif and I were so opposite that it was crazy. It was weird, though, because we were so opposite that we filled where the other lacked. He was popular. My dance team was popular, but as for me, I would rather be in the cut. He showed more emotion, and I lacked emotion almost completely. When I used to break down and cry in front of Shine, he used to tell me shit like, “suck it up,” and “shut the fuck up with all the crying.”

I concluded that emotion made you weak, and I stopped showing emotions altogether, which was to Shine’s disadvantage. He didn’t care enough to read me, and that’s how I ended up catching him with Tamia. He had never seen me like that and was shocked when I ran up on him and put him out. I just didn’t have time for bullshit anymore.

Calif, on the other hand, studied me. He knew me like I knew me. He loved me. He stuck to me. I fucked the shit out of him. He fucked the shit out of me. The energy we had together soared. We were forces separated, but nobody could fuck with us together. And I do mean nobody. Maybe that was why everything was so intense between us. Arguments were intense. Tension was intense. When we were happy, it was intense. The sex was intense. Intense isn’t good or bad. It’s a whole vibe within itself.

As I sat in the waiting room while Sara was in the back, I looked around at all the other people there and tried to guess their stories. Some were with their partners. A few were with friends. Some were alone. It had filled up quickly after we arrived, and I was grateful for those few minutes that we arrived early. Otherwise, we would have been there all damn day.

I was happy to accompany Sara in her time of need. I was pro-choice as well and felt that it was nobody’s business but your own what you decided to do with your body. Y’all’s bitch ass president, Trump, and his fellow Republicans got y’all meddling in other motherfucker’s vaginas, and that’s the problem. Everybody was so worried about what the next bitch



was doing that nobody could get ahead. Stay in your motherfucking lane.

One thing did have me unsettled, and it had nothing to do with the fact that I was sitting in an abortion clinic. The thing that had me shook was the fact that I knew it was Dre who passed us in that car earlier. The thing about it was that there were two people in the car. He looked and never looked again, but I could've sworn that there was a dark-skinned bitch on the passenger side, and when she looked back, I honestly thought it could have been that bitch Kierra.

I was so sure it was Kierra that I was on her Instagram stalking the bitch right now. I hadn't asked Sara if she had seen a second person yet because if she did, it meant that this nigga was on some other shit, which would explain a whole lot. This nigga looked for the bad in me like he wanted to fuck Calif or something. Like he was sizing me up to move me out the way. I swear I had never had a nigga so pressed about me who DIDN'T like me in my life. It was like he had somebody in his ear, telling him how bad a person I was, and he was eating that shit the fuck up.

I didn't think that motherfuckers with penises could be so bitch made, but he was being a bitch. It was okay, though. I wasn't tripping like that, to be honest. Calif loved me to death, and he wasn't going to let this motherfucker flat out disrespect me, so I felt safe either way. Besides, Dre's funky ass was an Aries, and Aries and Capricorns don't mix at all. It was straight science.

As I sat there, thinking about what kind of danger my ass was in if this bitch Kierra was alive, Sara came from the back, looking like she was in pain.

“Aye, best friend, you alright?” I asked.

I was confused because if she took the pill, I didn't expect the pain to kick in until a little later.

“She decided to have the procedure instead,” the doctor informed me.

I looked at Sara, who nodded in agreement.

“She told me that you beautiful ladies are going on a trip tomorrow, and with plenty of rest, she should be fine. She won’t be able to drive, so if you can drive her home, it will be greatly beneficial!”

The doctor was an overly perky, nerdy-looking ass lay. I wanted to ask her where the fuck was the rainbow and sunshine in offering babies all day, but I kept my comments to myself. Honestly, I was just uneasy because of earlier, and I was letting my frustrations trickle to the next motherfucker, which wasn’t fair at all. That was one of my toxic traits, and I was trying to fix it.

“No problem, ma’am!” I said, matching her phoniness. I just wanted out.

I helped Sara into the car and took her back to the crib. Calif was going to be in the studio all day because he wanted to have a track done by tonight, so one of the well-known rappers in Sacramento could hop on it. Calif had thought about starting a record company and signing artists, and I was here for it. I encouraged him to do so. I mean, he had the popularity, the swag, and now thanks to me, a dance team to accompany him wherever he went. He was all that and a bag of chips, and I was low key head over heels for him.

I must’ve manifested his ass because my phone started ringing just as I walked out of the room after giving Sara her meds, tucking her in bed, and making sure she didn’t need anything else.

“Hey, bae!” I cheerfully said as I answered the phone.

We had come a long way from me ignoring his funky ass text messages.

“Hey, sexy, what you doin’?” he replied, making me blush. I loved when he hyped me up.

“Just got Sara in the bed and gave her some meds. I’m about to work on dance transitions for the kids to use on tour. Even though we were going to do the same dance on tour, with each city, I wanted the lines and transitions to be different so

no one could say that they saw the same thing twice. Plus, it would keep the kids on their toes,” I concluded.

“You so smart, baby. I love you!” he said, hyping me up like always. He made my coochie jump when he did shit like that.

“Thank you, babe! So are you! By the way, I got the homeschool teacher picked and ready for the kids too! You know I don’t play about education. If I could help it, they would all graduate college before they become dancers, but since I can’t control that, we’re going to make sure they get as much education as they possibly can,” I said with a smile. I was proud of myself.

“Aye, bae, I’m a hire you as my manager, no cap! That’s the second time that I have forgotten about something, and you picked up the slack. That’s why I love you!” he said as he inhaled the blunt.

I knew he had inhaled because he immediately started coughing up his lungs before I could reply.

“You don’t have to hire me, nigga. Get out of here with that!” I said.

I was glad he couldn’t see my face because he would’ve accused me of having an attitude, and he would’ve been wrong. But I was serious. We were a team; the money was going to us anyway.

“You going to get paid for being my manager, whether you like it or not, lil nigga. If I hired my mom, I would pay her. Hell, I pay my homeboys to work for me. It’s all business, baby. Nothing more, nothing less,” he said after recovering from his coughing spell.

I couldn’t say anything to that because I felt that. That was some grown man shit. See, he got on my nerves, but I’ve always said that if a person doesn’t get on my nerves at one point or another, then they weren’t my real family or friend. I be low key annoyed by everything. It’s nothing personal to anyone, it’s just in my character. But as easy as he got on my nerves, he turned me on in a way that no one ever had. He was

a different type of nigga than I was used to dealing with. He challenged me to grow, and I never had that. I was more and more in love with him every day, and I was scared that I didn't show it enough. I wasn't one of those clingy, sappy bitches. I was a thinker and an observer.

A lot of noise and people gave me anxiety. Maybe because crowds weren't too nice to me as a child, I now have a subconscious fear of crowds. Or maybe it's because I'm an empath, and if there are too many different energies surrounding the area, then I can't deal. Regardless, I was a different breed of bitch. He seemed to like it, but I didn't know how long I would be able to keep his attention.

"Okay, then," was all I said, but in my sweet voice so he would know I felt him, and I wasn't beefing with him.

"Aye, we gon' fuck on the plane tomorrow while we in the air!" Calif mumbled into the phone.

He sounded like he covered the phone with his hand to say some shit he could've texted. He was nasty, and I loved it.

"You nasty!" I said, fake disgusted.

I was smiling so big and getting turned on thinking about us fucking tomorrow in the sky. When it came to Calif, I was with whatever.

"I hear you smiling through the phone. I know you want it like I do. You can stop playing now," he said, half-joking.

I had never initiated sex in the entire time we'd been fucking, and he'd addressed it. I didn't know why I didn't because I did it with Shine all the time. I was more shy than usual around Calif, although nobody could tell. I wanted to be perfect for him. Probably because I felt like he was perfect for me.

We small talked for a little longer, and he told me that he would pick me up after he finished at the studio, which he said wouldn't be until later tonight. He had just gotten to the studio and said he wanted to take his time. I was cool with that for real because I had work to do. I liked my time and space, and with Sara resting and Calif busy, I could get some shit done

and not have to worry about any of that while we were on our mini-vacation before the tour.



I WAS SCARED to death on this motherfucking plane. I literally went into a panic attack before we got on, and Sara had to throw me one of her Xanax that she sometimes got for her anxiety. That takeoff was crucial, and I was scared shitless. Everyone was laughing at me, and I didn't think that shit was funny. What I wasn't going to do was die in a damn plane crash. That shit wasn't even close to being cute.

Once in the air, I got comfortable. It didn't even feel like we were flying, and I started to relax. I refused to look out the window, even though everyone else was with the shit. Not I. I was doing good to not pass the fuck out. I was just trying to stay focused on getting to California without crashing.

My mom was so excited and happy for me that she was the one calling me at five o'clock this morning, making sure that I was up and ready to go. She'd been so happy for me since I had been dating Calif that it made me happy. When I was with Shine, she used to call me strictly to check on me and make sure I was alright. Now, she calls to talk to Calif and me every day. She knew that I was safe.

It was me, Calif, Sara, Nas, and funky ass Dre on the plane. We had alcohol and weed and was toking it up while we talked about music and current events happening in the music industry. Calif and Nas were ranting and raving about why signing to a label wasn't smart, and that they would rather be independent artists, which I totally agreed with. I try not to get all conspiracy theory on people, but everything can't be a fucking coincidence. I said what the fuck I said.

As they talked, Sara and I agreed with them, but we really didn't get into it. The only one who didn't agree with the conversation was Dre. I literally couldn't even see why Calif and Nas were friends with this fake ass, wack ass nigga. I knew it had to be a reason because, to be honest, I couldn't get

with the shit. That nigga was toxic as fuck, and he was terrible because he made like it was everybody else. Those types of people annoy the fuck out of me. Like, bitch, check yourself and quit worrying about everybody else, period. I couldn't deal.

I wasn't one to hold my tongue, but I had been trying to control my emotions lately. I swear if this flathead nigga came for me, though, I was going to fuck his ass up both mentally and physically. I was known to slap the shit out of a nigga, so I was ready for whatever.

While the guys continued to argue their points, I felt safe enough to get out of my seat and move to the seat with Sara. I needed to ask her some questions about yesterday and make sure that she was doing alright. I heard that the abortion procedure could be more painful than labor. All I knew was that I was not trying to find out how either one felt anytime soon. I was trying to save my little chocha.

"Aye, sis, why the fuck that bitch ass dude keeps looking at us like that?" Sara asked the moment I sat down next to her.

That's exactly why I loved her. She always peeped what I peeped.

"Girl, I don't know. That's why I came to holler at you!" I replied.

I looked at him after I said what I said to Sara, and he was looking at us with a smirk on his face as if he knew a secret. Looking like a straight up bitch.

"I think it may have something to do with yesterday, bitch. On my momma, I have a feeling that was his ass in that car, and he saw us. And I might have been seeing things, so I have to ask. Did you see another person in that car? Cus lord, if you did, I know I am not losing my mind, and I got a fucking theory that may shake some shit up!" I told her in a low tone.

I didn't want to get too excited and have Calif ask me what I was talking about. He stayed in my business with zero fucks to give.

“Bitch, I thought I was seeing shit!” Sara screeched but in a low tone.

“It was a bitch, huh? A black ass bitch. This black ass bitch!” I said, pulling up my Instagram and damn near shoving my phone in her face.

I had gotten excited because I knew I was right. This shit was crazy, and this nigga was a snake just like I assumed he was.

Sara just looked at my phone in shock. It was crazy how I knew something was off, and then it was proven that this nigga, Dre, was a snake. It made sense, though, because this nigga ain't know me from Eve and hated my guts. That's okay, though. I was going to win this battle in the end.

“And why the fuck ain't nobody telling this bitch RIP? Like, ain't she supposed to be dead?” I said, screenshotting the bitch's profile as we looked.

She hadn't posted anything since the night she supposedly got killed. Nobody was on her profile looking for her or anything, which was kind of strange. To me, that meant she had to be in contact with somebody. As many people as she was supposedly cool with and no one was looking for her? That wasn't real to me, and I was going to find out what the fuck was going on.

“Something ain't right, and that's a fucking fact!” Sara said as she gave me my phone back.

I looked at her like, *girl, you already know*, and she returned the gaze. We held each other's gaze for a second and then burst out laughing. I couldn't take this bitch seriously, and she definitely couldn't take me seriously. We played all day.

The laughing caught the guys' attention, and they looked back at us like we were crazy.

“The fuck y'all laughing at?” Nas said. He had a smartass mouth like me, but he was cool.

“Your ugly ass!” Sara said. She was definitely flirting with him, and he knew it.

“I wasn’t ugly the other night!” he said, flirting back.

Sara turned bright ass red because she knew that he wasn’t ugly the other day. Matter of fact, she had just told me one of the hoe stories about what she and Nas were doing that night, and shit, if he would’ve put me on blast, I would’ve been red in the face too.

I started laughing and pointing at her like a little ass kid. I was going to piss her off really quick, and I knew it.

“I don’t know what the fuck you laughing at over there! What if I tell them about the time you were screaming my name so loud that the neighbors came over to make sure that nobody was getting killed. I had you doing the Kierra when my man right here killed her!” Calif said as he put his arm around Dre and kind of started shaking him up.

*That reference, though.*

I did get embarrassed, and of course, my face burnt up, and then Sara was pointing and laughing at me. Out of all that, all I really noticed was the terrified look on Dre’s face when Calif mentioned Kierra. Sometimes I hated that I was an observer, simply because when I notice everything, I really notice it all.

Before I could dig too deep in my mind and really sit back and start to wonder what the fuck Dre’s plan was, and how he could be so fucking stupid, Calif called me to the back of the plane. I already knew what type of time he was on. Lucky for him, I wasn’t wearing any underwear under my leggings. I was low key ready for this shit. I already couldn’t believe that I was in the air flying, something that I never thought I would do until I was older. Just the thought of fucking in the plane was sending me into a damn tizzy.

“Yeah, take your ass to your man, with your overly freaky ass!” Sara said, laughing and egging shit on.

“I learned from the best, motherfucker!” I said as I shrugged and winked at her.

I heard Nas talking his shit as I went to the back of the plane to fake act like I didn’t know what the hell Calif wanted.



He was standing in the back by the bathroom door, looking at me like I was a snack. I just smiled bashfully as I made my way back to him. Once I was in his face, he wrapped his arms around my waist and moved down to my ass. Cuffing my buns tight, he kissed me slowly. The way he kissed me made my juices start to flow, and I really hoped that it didn't seep through my leggings and shit. We stood there, making out for about a minute or two until I heard Sara yell down the hallway.

“Look at all that ass, bitch! You need to give me some! And y'all two nasty freaky motherfuckers need to get a room! Look at your reserved ass doin' bald-headed hoe shit!” she screamed across the plane.

Everyone started cracking up, including me. I couldn't take her ass nowhere.

“Oh, we got a room, alright! We'll be right back!” Calif said as he picked me up and carried me into the bathroom.

All I heard was them motherfuckers talking shit as we went into the bathroom and shut the door behind us.

As soon as we got in the tiny ass stall, I started cracking up. I knew we were about to be fucking like them motherfuckers on the movie *Soul Plane*.

“What you laughing at?” Calif asked as he pressed me against the wall and dropped one of my legs.

Calif started dry humping me in a playful way, which made my coochie throb a little. I couldn't wait until he put that big ass dick in me.

“Because we really about to fuck like we are on *Soul Plane*,” I said and giggled.

“Naw, we are about to fuck better than them niggas!” he said as I burst into a full-blown belly laugh and kissed his perfect lips.

I loved his ass.

He started kissing my neck, which instantly made me start to moan. My neck was my spot, as Calif quickly found out. I didn't know what it was about the neck that made me instantly

succumb to him. There had been times when we were in a full-on, dragged-out argument, and he would start fucking with me and kissing my neck. Then, BOOM! He was balls deep in my pussy and making me scream his name. It was magic.

As Calif kissed my neck, he reached under my shirt and started to roughly fondle my breast with his right hand, just the way I liked it. With his dominant hand, he pulled my leggings down and started rubbing his fingers up and down my bare pussy, making me moan louder. I took my right hand and tugged on his sweats. They came down expeditiously. After they were down, I reached toward the opening in his boxers and stroked his already hard dick. He let out a small moan after I spat in my hand and started stroking that motherfucker like my life depended on it.

Calif got so hard that he almost ripped a hole in my leggings. I had to kindly remind his ass that we still had to get off the plane, and I didn't have any underwear on. He quickly pulled my leggings down and pulled my right leg straight up like I was doing a heel stretch.

"Damn, you a baddie!" he said as she stepped as far back as he could without bumping into the wall.

Calif admired my shaved pussy, which looked fat as fuck while he kept his hand on my leg.

"Stooopp!" I bashfully said. He stayed hyping me, and I loved it low key.

"Say less!" he said as he dropped his drawers and pushed his penis into my vagina.

I couldn't say anything at all as I stood on one leg with my arms wrapped around his back. Luckily, I had my nails done because I would've scratched his back the fuck up and left marks.

After five minutes of him getting so far up in my guts that I was literally screaming in delight, Calif abruptly stopped.

"I'm trying to see that ass jiggle, bae. Turn that ass around, girl!" he whispered in my ear as I shivered.

This nigga could've asked me to put his dick and balls in my mouth, and I would've done it. That feeling you get when you've had sex with someone who penetrates your soul is unmatched.

I quickly turned around and started clapping my ass cheeks as I bent over and rested my arms on the sink. It wouldn't be much longer before he busted. I knew the routine by now.

I had started making him pull out and bust because I had taken Plan B twice, and I didn't like that shit. He wanted kids so badly with me that I had no doubt he would get me pregnant, so I had secretly gone to the clinic and got the depo. I had taken it before, and unlike other girls, it never made me crazy or fat. I had been off of it since Shine and I had ended, but I had a primary doctor, so it was easy to set up. Calif was against birth control to the fullest, and although I felt him, I still wasn't trying to get pregnant. He didn't want to wear condoms, so I was on birth control. That was it and all.

Good thing I was on birth control too because just as he was finishing, he grabbed my waist and pulled me toward him as he came deep inside me.

"AHHHHHHH!" I screamed as I released too. I felt flutters in my heart as I caught my breath.

"It was either I came all over your ass or came in your pussy!" Calif said with a mischievous smile.

He got on my nerves.

"Whatever, nigga!" I said as I sat on the toilet, trying to get rid of the semen.

I cleaned up as best I could using the towels in the bathroom, but I couldn't wait to get to his parents' house so I could shower. After I washed my hands, I adjusted my shirt, so it didn't look like I had just gotten fucked. I smoothed down my hair as well.

As I opened the bathroom door, Calif smacked my ass, and it felt like it jiggled for a whole damn minute. I had put on a little bit of weight since I had gotten with Calif. He liked to eat, and he liked me to eat, and I did. My ass was always fat,

but now it was super noticeable. I liked it, but at the same time, I felt like I was getting fat, and that fucked me up.

“FIVE MINUTES ’TIL LANDING, YALL!” Calif’s pilot said in her country ass accent.

She was a middle-aged black woman, named Shelly, from Louisiana. She was the entire family’s pilot and had been since they had gotten their jet when Calif was a kid. He called her auntie and everything. Shelly loved me so much already, and I loved her. She was cool, vibrant, hip, and everything else I wanted to be when I grew old. I hoped the rest of his family was this cool.

“AHH, UHHH, AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! UH, RIGHT THERE, BABY!” Nas yelled as we came out of the bathroom.

My face heated up, and I covered it with my hands. First, these fuckers saw me naked, and now they heard my sex cries. Hell, I thought I was quieter than that.

“AND YOU GOT THE NERVE TO CALL ME A FREAK!” Sara said behind him.

I knew these fuckers were going to give me hell for the rest of the trip.

Dre just sat there mugging, looking jealous as a motherfucker. I didn’t know what was up with him. He acted like he wanted Calif, but he also looked at me like he wanted me. I couldn’t stand his ass, but at the same time, I didn’t want to ruin the trip, so I decided to ignore his hating, envious, jealous, dumb ass. We were about to be in Cali, and we were going to turn the fuck up, period!

# Calif

“*F*or real, Mom? Y’all got her a Coco Chanel purse? She ain’t need that, and if she did, I got her. Y’all have to chill with all that before y’all have her trying to leave me in Missouri and move up here and shit. Ain’t nobody got time for that,” I jokingly said, but in my mind, I was a little serious.

My mom and sister had taken Natia out shopping while I stayed home with the guys. We actually had a good ass time, but I was missing my babe. I was glad that both my sister and mom liked her. They couldn’t stand Leah, which made the relationship kind of awkward because I loved my family, and we were together all the time. I eventually had to start making up lies and shit about where I was going just to hang out with the fam. It was either that, or I would’ve been helping Leah pick up her teeth one day. My sister wasn’t the one, and she was known to fuck a bitch or two up.

With Najah, my mom loved her, but my sister was leery about her. My sister was all about intuition, and something didn’t sit right about Najah with her. It wasn’t to the point that she wanted to fight her or be extra, but sis didn’t speak to Najah unless she was telling her hi and bye. That bothered Najah too, but we never had time to address it because she was killed.

It’s funny how my mom and sis completely loved the meanest of my girlfriends and despised the nice acting ones.

They both looked for people's hearts, and although Natia was hard on the outside, her inside was pure gold. Both of her insides.

“Oooohhh, you jealous, bae, or nah? For the record, I told them that they didn't have to buy me this expensive ass purse, but they are grown ass women, and I'm not going to win if I try to fight them, so I will let them do as they please!” Natia said as she smiled really big.

She had hella jokes, and we all laughed. I loved Natia's charm. With her personality, she could get whatever she wanted without being a bitch. She made me proud, and it was nothing that didn't come naturally. Natia was intriguing.

“You got jokes and shit, being around my family!” I said as I wrapped my arms around her waist and brought her close.

She smiled big and puckered her juicy ass lips up to give me a kiss, which I gladly accepted. I had literally fucked her into liking me over the past few months, and she had changed the way she treated me besides the occasional attitude, face, and tone. It wasn't anything that I couldn't handle, though. I was okay with it.

“What you mean? She funny as a motherfucker!” my sister said and laughed.

Natia must've had all the jokes then. She was never that funny in front of me, but that was okay, because like I said, it was her charm doing the work. She read people all the way right and handled them accordingly.

Speaking of which, I planned to check Dre sometime today. The nigga had been doing little bitch shit and coming for my girl. After we finished fucking last night, she told me that she was going to end up flipping out on his bitch ass if I didn't put a stop to it. I hadn't caught him in the act yet, which was one reason why I hadn't said anything to his funny looking ass. She said he does small shit like talk shit about strippers being hoes, and she thinks he's throwing shade, but knowing Dre and his lack of love for women in general, he could just be speaking on it.

That's why it was hard to stop this one because of the type of person that Dre was. It was hard to know what the fuck he was on. I wasn't trying to have Natia uncomfortable, so I told her that I would at least say something to him. He listened to me more than he did Nas, so there shouldn't be a problem. Maybe some fussing, but no issues.



I HAD a tour bus lined up as our chauffeur for the time we were in Sacramento. That way, everyone wouldn't have to drive, and we all could ride together. Also, it gave the family and some homies a chance to roll with us too. Subconsciously, I was getting myself ready to be on the road. I still couldn't believe that a nigga was about to be on motherfuckin' tour. I was extremely blessed and highly favored. I had a fine ass bitch on my arm and everything I ever wanted in my lap. Now, it was time to grind, shine, and show these motherfuckers what I was made of.

I had my tracklist lined out, and Natia's dance group was hot as ever. Now that she was with me, we had the resources to make our tour the hottest of the year. Natia had hired someone to help her with her dance transitions. She felt that it was an area she lacked in. Ever since she had hired him, Natia had been more confident in herself, and I was proud of her. If baby really knew the power she possessed, she would have her head up and her ass out at all times. And I wasn't even saying that because I was fucking her. Hell, I said it before I fucked her.

Every time the family linked up, we went on what's called our Tour de Sacramento, and we would go by all our favorite spots. We usually went by limo, but this time, we were going on the tour bus since there were so many of us. I guess it was the beginning of something new. Since I had been with Natia, I'd seen a lot of new beginnings, and all of them were positive. She was pushing me to be the best person that I could be, and all she did was be in my vicinity. I was in love with her mean ass, and I didn't give a fuck who knew it. Natia was mine, and

all mine, and I unapologetically wanted her all to myself. I was going to marry that one, and that was a fact.

Although my mom begged us to stay at the house, I got Natia and I a suite at the Kimpton Sawyer Hotel in downtown Sacramento. This motherfucker was dope dope, and I couldn't wait to fuck Natia all up and down that bitch. We got a king suite, which was basically a one-bedroom furnished apartment. It had a balcony that I planned to fuck Natia on tonight after the tour. We had a good view of the city, and I was happy because Natia was happy. She had really loosened up since we got there, and I was seeing a more fun and less reserved side of her. I was enjoying the view and hoping that she would stay this way while we were on tour.

Natia was opening up so much that she was even ignoring Dre. After she said something, I started to pay closer attention. After the vacation was over, I knew I was going to end up saying something to him. I didn't want to cause tension and whatnot, especially since everyone was having a good time. All I knew was that I didn't kick it with bitches, so if Dre wanted to act like one, he could do it moving.

It was crazy how Natia bringing this nigga to my attention had caused me to notice other weird shit about the nigga. I knew he was poppin' pills because when he thought nobody was looking, he split one in half and swallowed it without anything to drink. I also noticed him on the phone, constantly texting or something, but every time his phone rang, he would walk away and talk.

Earlier, one of the homies, Von, came to holla at us. He was out back Facetiming somebody, but since I was in the house, I couldn't see who it was. Von snuck up on him because he was so engaged in the conversation that he didn't hear him. One thing about Dre is that he stays ready. He was the most prepared out of everyone, so it was a big ass deal for him to get snuck up on. His face looked like he had seen a ghost, and he immediately hung up on whoever he was talking to.

What struck me as odd with that scenario is that everyone thought that Nas and Von looked alike, so my guess is that he thought Nas had snuck up on him. I made a note to ask my



pops for his video camera information, so I could look at the surveillance and try to see who he was talking to. That was some weird ass shit.

We were all going to meet at my parents' house around six o'clock so we could get on with the family style tour that had been set up. There were fifty seats on the bus, and all of them motherfuckers were taken. We were basically about to have a damn party, and I was with the shit. My mom had ordered all these damn appetizers, of course, and every kind of alcohol that you could imagine. I had cousins, homies, and my sister had a couple of her close homegirls and their niggas coming. I planned to have a great time, and so did Natia.

We had gone shopping at the Arden mall. We were there for clothes, so we went to Armani and cashed out. Of course, Natia's ass went berzerk when she saw the Michael Kors store, so I went in there and put down some racks for everything she wanted. She was getting spoiled as fuck and was loving it.

Natia didn't talk that much about her childhood, at least not yet, but from what I understood, she was poor. She seemed embarrassed to talk about it, but I just admired her more. Whatever she went through, she got through, and that was honestly all that mattered.

Natia had on a short, azure dress from Armani with a silver belt and silver accessories. The bitches in the store had the nerve to tell her that the largest size they carried was an eight. She went the fuck off, but in a passive-aggressive, civil kind of way. I had originally planned to special order her dress for today, but Natia went off so bad that they didn't make her pay, and they got her correct size damn near immediately. Usually, it was an all-day thing, but they got her shit ready in an hour. I was thoroughly impressed. I got one of those all-black jogging suits from there, and they did have my size, so there was no issue.

“Thank you for your poor service. Y'all will be lucky if I don't put this shit on Facebook and get y'all blocked by the black community, knowing damn well we the only motherfuckers who buy this shit. Y'all need to really be ashamed of yourselves. Y'all thought y'all was going to get

away with acting like I was basic and fat, but y'all got the game twisted, sus!" Natia told the lady with a smile on her face.

The intimidation she gave these motherfuckers was real. I liked the way she talked to people foreal. She had a little southern twang to her drawn out accent, and when she got mad, she sprinkled a hint of hood in her shit. I wouldn't doubt for a second that she would light a bitch up. That was why I knew that Dre better leave her alone because when she did end up coming for him, she was going to shut shit down.

"We're so sorry about that, ma'am! Let's get you set up for your next visit, shall we?" A pretty, blond manager came out from the back and immediately spoke to Natia.

She had a flat ass with tits as big and round as Pamela Anderson's. The perfect Armani manager. She had a face full of makeup, no ass, big tits, blond hair, and perfect teeth. She also looked like she was no older than twenty-three, and I bet she sucked her way to the top. That's how they were in California.

She asked Natia to hold on and went to the back to grab something. She came back with an envelope, which she slipped to Natia and told her something that I couldn't hear. Whatever she told her made her smile, and she shook her hand. No sooner had she done that, Natia frowned and mugged the lady at the counter, who quickly looked away.

"Okay, we can go now, babe. I'm done clowning!" Natia said as she took my hand and started toward the door.

I guessed this was her show, and I was just there for it.

As soon as we got to the car, Natia pulled out the envelope and started laughing like a maniac.

"That dumb ass bitch literally just gave me like three thousand dollars' worth of gift cards for both you AND me! I got about six thousand dollars' worth of cards on my lap, and I am cracking up. My momma said being stubborn wasn't going to get me anywhere, but look at me winning. Matter of fact,

I'm about to call her now!" she rambled on as she got out her phone and scrolled down to her mom's contact.

I wasn't about to take them damn gift cards. She could have them. I normally would've said that, but she was so damn proud that I decided to leave the situation alone. If I didn't, we would be arguing before the damn tour, and I wasn't here for it. I just wanted to have a good ass time.

As Natia laughed and joked with her momma about her attitude, I just stared at her, taking in all her beauty. Not only was she beautiful, but she was the complete package. Natia and I were going to be a force to be reckoned with, and not only did I know it, but everyone around us did. I expected us to have mad haters, and I was down.



WE WERE on our way to meet everyone at my parents' house. Natia and I were probably having the best time we'd had together thus far. We were both high as fuck, and she was sipping on some kind of fruity drink that she and Sara had made. Sara, Nas, and Dre were all staying at the same hotel as us, just in different rooms. Everyone had their own room, and from the sound of things, Sara felt some type of way about it. I overheard her and Natia talking earlier when they were making their drinks about how she saw Nas bring somebody into his room last night. She sounded mad, but that was their business. I don't get into shit like that.

Females are weird, though. I could've sworn a couple of weeks ago that Nas was trying to get with Sara permanently, but she didn't want that. And now she had the nerve to be mad, but whatever.

I was lowkey curious to know which bitch he brought to the room. This motherfucker, Nas, is a lover boy and hella good with words, but he's not the showy type. He'll be with a bitch in a full-blown relationship, and we would never know because he would have back up bitches everywhere.

Before we left Sacramento, his ass had bitches throwing haymakers over him, literally about to kill each other. His petty ass enjoyed the shit, then dipped off on them and moved to Missouri. He immediately started fucking a couple of bitches down in the city too. I had to tell his ass to be easy, though, because these KC hoes were a different breed; they'll kill you and do it moving. He took my advice and moved on the low. I could tell too because that one bitch he was fucking in KC was his main bitch, but obviously, they weren't together. Otherwise, he would've brought her down. All I knew was that my bae was there, and she was finer than all these niggas' hoes put together. That's just what it was.

Sara must not have been too mad because she hopped her happy ass in the car as soon as he offered. Dre's punk ass hopped in his own whip, which never would've struck me as odd until recently. We were going to tail each other, and I was going to make it a point to follow him and see what the fuck he had going on. My dad always had dash cams in front of his cars because he was paranoid like that. His dash cams hit different, though, because they maneuvered and zoomed. So, if I got behind Dre, and he was Facetiming, texting, or anything that gave me a clue about what the fuck his weird ass was on, I was going to catch that shit.

I hoped and prayed that we were all chill and on the same page because I honestly didn't know what I would do if I caught one of my niggas crossing me. My ass is a little crazy when the ones I put all my love and trust in did me dirty, so I hoped I wouldn't have to do anything at all.

When we arrived at the house, it looked like a fucking block party was going on. A lot of my niggas who I hadn't seen or talked to in years were there as well as a lot of my family. When we arrived, Natia looked overwhelmed, and that good ass time we were having quickly ended. She looked a little mad, but when I asked her about it, she brushed me off, and I didn't like that. We ended up in a small argument before we got out of the car. I could tell she was a little irritated, but she did good as I introduced her to everybody. As soon as the introductions were over, we all got on the bus for a good ass time.

About thirty minutes into the tour, Natia had forgotten all about our argument, and she and Sara were getting tipsy with my sister and her friends. They all thought Natia was beautiful, and they got along well from the gate. They got along so damn well that I had to go steal her from them. Otherwise, they would've been vibing all night. I took her to the back of the bus, so I could feel all over that ass and kiss on her to get her prepared for what was going to take place as soon as we got back to the hotel.

Before I could do any of that, one of my favorite cousins, Monay, and her girlfriend came back to chop it up with me. Her girlfriend was this pasty white bitch with a flat ass and no tits. She looked like a dust bucket with an old ass skirt and flip flops on while everyone else was dressed like they were going to the damn club, so she stuck out no matter what.

"This is my cousin Calif!" Monay said to her girlfriend, introducing us.

"Heyyyy, honey!" she said, and damn near pushed Monay out of the way to speak to me.

The way she said it must've gotten to Natia because I saw her jerk her head and look at the bitch crazy. Monay must've been drunk because she didn't say anything about it. We shot our shit for a little while until my auntie called my cousin, and she and her dusty ass snow bunny went on their way.

"That's why I don't trust them white bitches!" Natia said, squinting her eyes at the bitch as she walked away.

"What the fuck are you talking about? Sara is white!" I playfully said. She obviously wasn't in the mood because she didn't crack a smile.

"I didn't say, MY white bitches, I said THEM white bitches!" Natia told me while pointing her finger at the bitch.

The dumb bitch waved at Natia when she pointed at her, and Natia rolled her eyes. All I knew was that I hoped this shit was over soon because I could really see Natia rolling this hoe.

"Okay, bae, whatever. We ain't going to worry about that bitch. It's all about us tonight. We in Cali, enjoying the sun

and my family. That's all we care about right now. Chillax," I said as I grabbed her by the waist and kissed her in the mouth.

She kissed me back, but it was tense. I was mad that Monay had even brought the bitch in my vicinity because now my girl was beefing.

We sat down toward the back, and right when we were getting back to our happy place, here comes Monay and her bitch. Natia frowned so quickly that I thought she was going to say something. I could tell she wanted to, but she bit her tongue. Sara must've noticed her tension too because she came to the back and sat on the other side of Natia while Monay and her bitch sat across from us.

Natia and Sara started whispering to each other, while Monay and I got caught up on all the crazy shit that had been happening in the hood since I left. My mom would usually call and let me know when someone got killed or locked up, so I was hip. However, Monay had all the tea, so I listened to her while she filled me in on who was snitching and why people were getting killed.

Her mom, who was my mom's sister, was drunk as fuck. She called on Monay for something else, so she got up again to see what she wanted. I decided to follow Monay, so there wasn't so much awkward chemistry while I sat in the back with all these females. I stood up to adjust myself before I trailed behind Monay. Literally, as soon as I stood, Monay's girlfriend, who had been eye-fucking me the entire time, acted like she was about to topple over. She grabbed my thigh close to my junk to stop herself.

I looked down at her, and she was looking straight into my eyes like she was doing it on purpose. Before I had a chance to react, Natia punched the bitch square in her jaw. She hit her so hard that her cheek vibrated. She immediately let go of my leg and held onto her jaw for dear life.

"Bitch, you ain't slick, you dusty, fake gay ass bitch! See, all you motherfuckers see a black bitch that ain't loud and ghetto and want to test the waters with them. Well, I'm here to let you know that I am the one and the two, and bitch, I will

end you if you ever think you about to eye fuck my man and touch him. You ain't even that drunk, hoe. I watched you have two glasses of champagne. I'm from the Show Me state, bitch, and I'ma show you a good ass whooping if you don't stop playing with me."

"I-I-I-I..." the bitch stammered.

Natia just put her hand up to silence her.

The bitch got so scared that she jerked away, which made her stumble past me and fall backward.

Her cheeks were red as she got up and quickly made her way over to Monay. I saw Monay asking her what happened, and she just shook her head and smiled to prove everything was okay. Sara was laughing her ass off, probably because she knew exactly how Natia was and how she showed her ass.

I was shook for real. All that shit had happened in like two minutes flat. Natia was in her zone, so if I said anything to her, she was liable to snap and have us beefing. I just kind of chuckled, shook my head, and walked toward my mom, who was using hand signals to get me to come her way. I thought she had seen Natia sock Monay's bitch, and I didn't know how she was going to react. Sometimes she was with the dumb shit, and sometimes she wasn't.

"What up, Ma?" I said as I got close enough to hear her.

"We just passed the last sight. You wanna go back to the crib? I saw TiTi slap the fuck outta your cousin's girlfriend, and I'm happy. That little bitch ain't even gay, and that's a fact," my mom said with her lip curled.

My mom wasn't even the type to air someone's dirty laundry, so for her to say it along with Natia saying it made it factual in my eyes.

"Yeah, we'll go home. I think she's a little tense," I said and chuckled.

My mom threw her head back and started cracking up.

"Take us home, homie!!" my mom yelled to the driver as she shot her a thumbs up.

I quickly made my way back to Natia. She must've cheered up a bit because when I came back, she and Sara were cracking the fuck up to the point that they were slapping thighs, rocking, and doing the most. I assumed they were talking about what had just happened, which was funny, but low key, I didn't want my girl out here doing shit like that. I would have a talk with her about that soon.

When they finally stopped laughing and carrying on, we had finally arrived at the house. Everyone started booing because, apparently, they were having a good night and wasn't ready to end it.

“Y'ALL DON'T HAVE TO GO HOME, BUT YALL GOTTA GET THE FUCK OUTTA HERE! ME AND MY BAE GOT A PLAYDATE TONIGHT! IF Y'ALL KNOW WHAT I MEAN!” I yelled through my megaphone.

I couldn't wait to fuck Natia's fine ass all over the suite. The entire time we were out, I had been thinking about it.

Everyone reluctantly got off the bus, and the party continued for another thirty to forty-five minutes in my parents' front yard. I noticed that Dre had gotten drunk and was turning into his normal, horny, wild self with a bunch of bitches on his hip and whatnot. Usually, I would be pissed because his routine was old, but at this moment, I was glad to see him return to normal for a second.

After everyone finally left, my sister and her friends walked up to Natia, belly laughing, holding their stomachs, and cracking the fuck up just as I had seen Natia and Sara doing on the bus. I already knew what it was about. Everyone started laughing and talking about the altercation while running back to back jokes.

“You scared the biatch into submission. She followed Monay around like a lost puppy for the rest of the night!” my sister told her.

“Exactly. Bet she won't be in no more niggas' face while you around, though. Exposure is a motherfucker for real,” Nia, my sister's best friend, said.



Natia just stood there with a smile. She already knew what her plan and intentions were, and everyone knew it.

I noticed Dre looking madder and madder for whatever reason. Twenty seconds later, I learned why.

“I DON’T KNOW WHY YOU TRYING TO FIGHT BITCHES OVER MY BRO WHEN YOU KNOW DAMN WELL YOU WAS AT THE ABORTION CLINIC THE OTHER DAY! QUIT BEING A SNEAKY, CONNIVING ASS BITCH, AND QUIT PLAYING MY NIGGA!” Dre screamed at Natia.

Everyone gasped and simultaneously turned their heads from the left as they looked at Dre, to the right where they studied Natia.

Natia genuinely looked confused for a second. Her face turned bright as she started blushing. Just knowing her, it probably was because everyone was looking at her, but for some reason, it screamed guilty to me.

I looked at her with a death glare, and I saw fear and sadness in her eyes. That didn’t stop me from making my next move.

I rushed her, grabbed her by the throat, and slammed her straight back into the garage door. She gasped as she tried to catch her breath, and I held her pinned by her shoulders. I knew better, but the alcohol had me on some other shit. My mom ran up on me and clocked me in the back of my head so hard that I damn near saw stars. I let Natia go, and she ran around to the other side of the house, so I figured she went in.

My mom and sister fussed and ended up getting into it with Dre, who, in turn, almost had to get beat up by me because he knew better than to fuck with my fam. It was a hot mess for no damn reason.

I was fuming when I went into the house. I needed to talk to Natia immediately. Maybe she was right about Dre. Some shit he said didn’t sit comfortably with me.

As I made my way into the house and up to the room, I figured she would be in there pouting and being mad at me for

another week and a half.

Instead, there was a note.

*First mistake was not believing in me enough to think that I wouldn't consult you about major situations.*

*You got me fucked up.*

*Second mistake was letting that little bitch ass nigga, Dre, disrespect me until he was comfortable enough to ruin our relationship in the sense that you believed him before questioning me.*

***YOU GOT ME FUCKED UP!***

***FUCK YOU, CORTEZ!***

Damn, here we go again.

# Dre

*A*s I chilled in my room, I was satisfied. I had officially broken Natia and Calif up, and Kierra was proud as fuck of me. After I stirred shit up and everyone departed, I quietly made my exit. I talked to Kierra for two hours before I made her fuck herself to sleep. Yes, we had been having screen sex or whatever it's called over Facetime. I wore her ass out tonight after we planned our next mission, which included becoming the new Natia and Calif. I could rap a little bit, and Kierra could dance, so we planned to move up in the world.

That night, I had opened up even more to Kierra. I told her how I knew that Nas was my bro, and I could prove it. One time, my mom told me the last name of the nigga who was my dad and told me that if I could figure it out, then I deserved to know. Nas had his mother's last name, even though his mom and dad were married. His dad kept his last name a secret, but I was able to find out through a plan that Kierra set up. She told me exactly where to sneak in and what to do. She had never been invited to Calif's parents' house, but with some pictures and videos, we figured it out.

I really hoped that Natia and Calif stayed broken up. That alone was enough to get the drama poppin, especially after he put his hands on her. I wasn't expecting it, but I loved it!

# Nas

Everything from Natia smacking that bitch to Calif snatching Natia was the talk around the big house. By now, everyone who had already left had heard about what happened, and niggas had questions. I had no idea she had socked Monay's girl until all that shit went down. I was personally glad she did because the bitch was a disrespectful ass hoe. She had been eyeing me since I got there. I was disappointed in both my niggas at this point. The way they both acted went against what we were about, and I wasn't feeling that.

Dre ass was acting more like a hoe every day. Once again, he was on some other shit since we had been there. The most normal he acted was today until he pulled that bitch shit. Honestly, the way he got it out for Natia made me think that they had fucked at one time. That was the only way to explain why Natia hadn't lost her fucking mind on him. I mean, it's either that, or he got something on her. If I was her, I would've been beat his ass.

Calif should not have put his hands on her, period, to be honest. I could tell that he was extra high and drunk because I knew for a fact that I heard them fucking on the plane the other day, and I also know that you can't do that after an abortion. You would have to be a ridiculous bitch to be so pathetic that you hide an abortion by still fucking the nigga. I couldn't see Natia not telling Calif something big like that, and I definitely couldn't see her doing no shit like that. What I

could see was her going to the clinic with one of her friends to support her while she went through a hard time. That friend would be Sara.

I noticed Sara was kind of beefing with me after she saw me bring my little honey dip to the room last night. Ever since we touched down in California, I had been hitting Sara up, and she had played me to the left every time. I had bitches galore in California that I had left behind, but my one love, Trina, was one of my favorites. The way she fucked me last night let me know she missed me like I missed her.

As I made my way back to my room, I thought about the possibility of Sara being pregnant with my baby and having an abortion. That would make sense because I had been fucking her bareback for the past month. See, I liked Sara because she was wild and free, but I wouldn't wife her for the same reason.

Once I pulled in front of the hotel, I sat in the car and lit a joint to calm my nerves. I couldn't wait to speak to both Calif and Dre. I wasn't going to be coo about it either because I was all about image, and these niggas were looking real dusty right now.

As I made my way into the hotel, I decided to talk to Dre's hot head ass first after I dropped my shit off in my room. Our rooms were right next to each other, so it would be easy to find him.

I dropped my shit off in my room and went to his. His door was open like always, and he was talking to someone loud as fuck. It was a female coming through the phone, so he must've been on Facetime.

Before I could announce myself, he said something that caused a slight pain to go straight to my heart.

"Yeah, you and me gonna become the new Natia and Calif for sure. Right after we get rid of my brother," Dre said to the female.

"Who yo' brother again?" the female asked, obviously bored. She wasn't paying attention to anything going on and didn't give a fuck either.

“Nas, girl. Damn, pay attention. I went through Nas’ dad’s private room and found his real name. It’s a match. He’s my dad too.”

I knew that voice, and it sounded just like Kierra. Plus, I couldn’t ignore what was just said.

This nigga, Dre, was my damn brother.

Kierra was alive.

And these two fools planned to take over the empire.

Gotdamn.

# Kierra

*One week later...*

Everything was going according to plan.

I had Dre's bitch ass wrapped around my finger, and I hadn't put my special moves on him yet. He was still in Cali because I told him to stay. I needed some time while I figured out how I was going to take the whole crew down. I had him on a dummy mission, trying to find out more about his father. It was some twisted type of bullshit going on around this crew, and I loved it because everything was a distraction that allowed me to plan.

Meanwhile, I was in Dre's house, fucking my nigga, Burner, all over this motherfucker. I needed some coke, so this was how I paid for it. Pussy runs the world.

From my knowledge, Calif and Natia were completely done. He was worried about her because she hadn't responded to him since the day that Dre blew everything to shambles. This messy ass nigga, Dre, was basically a boy version of me. He had been through everything meant to break him, and he made it out okay, just like me.

My mother is a schizophrenic who only took her medicine when she was taken by force to the crazy hospital. I went through every kind of abuse that you could think of from physical to sexual. It got to the point that I was scared of her

when she acted sane because I knew the bad part was coming soon after.

After I squirted all over Burner's dick, he pulled out an eight ball of coke and gave it to me, which would last a good minute. I walked him out and patted my pussy. Good girl.

As I walked to the back toward the shower, I decided to check my Instagram really quick. I had been sucking and fucking on this nigga all day and hadn't had a chance to look.

The first picture I saw was Natia and Calif in downtown KC in front of the fountain, sharing a kiss. Natia had uploaded the picture thirty minutes ago and already had over five thousand likes.

*Nobody wanna see us together, but it don't matter, cus I got you.* Is what the caption read.

Fuck a plan, I needed action. I scrolled down my contact list until I got to Dre's name.

"I need you to come home immediately. Fuck a plan. We need to be about that action right fucking now!" I screamed into the phone.

"Bet!" was all the answer I received before he hung the phone up on me.

As I stared at the phone in confusion, tears streamed down my face. Calif was supposed to be MY NIGGA, and I was going to make sure that he was in due time.

TO BE CONTINUED...