

Friend U Can Keep



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Chapter One

KAMIRA

“Are you satisfied Kami?”

Turning my nose up, I replied, “I sure and the fuck am. Yahani had no business putting her hands on me.”

Alia winced. “You beat her ass, yet she’s going home while we sit in here and wait for Caesar to come bail us the fuck out. Dante’s ass *would* be out of town when you decide to cut the fuck up.”

“So. What else does your brother have to do? He’s a fucking Kingpin. It’s not like he has a real job. All he does is order people around. And your fiancé would’ve let yo ass sit in here for a while. You know Dante doesn’t play that.”

The mention of Caesar sparked the same reaction hearing his name always caused. Yes, I so called myself in heavy *like* with my best friend’s brother. But I’d swallow several sets of keys before I admit that shit to him or her.

Caesar and his fucking mouth piece... Every time he opened it, I wanted to put my whole body from head to toe in it. I’ve known him since I was nineteen, and I swear every year the attraction grows deeper. He didn’t really have a girl, which wasn’t the issue. The issue was that he was *that* nigga and every bitch wanted his ass.

While I wasn’t conceited in the least, I considered myself beautiful. However, clicking up with Caesar was asking for a whole lot of drama that my muthafuckin’ ass didn’t need.

Then there was the fact that he was my best friend’s brother. Alia would never approve of me and Caesar hooking up. I valued our friendship too much to fuck it up over a nigga that for sure would shred my fucking heart.

“Kami, you can’t be out here busting bitches upside their heads,” Alia was saying. “And I’m a fucking teacher for

goodness sake. You better hope that girl is alright.”

I chortled. “*She* better hope she’s alright, the fuck. Next time somebody warns her ass to walk away, she will. June tried to save her dumb ass.”

June could get a whole clip if you asked me. To stay faithful to a man for two damn years just for him to cheat. And... his dick wasn’t even good! Leaving me was one thing, but cheating on me, and I stayed faithful through whack dick! I wanted to beat my own ass!

“We’re not teenagers anymore, Kami. You’re an esteemed event planner and like I just said, I’m a teacher. I hate my fucking job, *not the kids*, the job, but I still need it. Your name is everywhere. Don’t let June nor his ugliness bitch ruin that shit.”

Grinding my teeth was my response. Alia knew damn well I hated when people disrespected me.

“Lewis! Honeycutt!” We both stood and shuffled out of the funky ass holding cell. I strutted past the guards who eyed my thick booty in these denim cutoffs. We collected our things from the officer behind the plexiglass window and kept it pushing.

When we came through the steel exit door, Caesar stood there mugging us. I swear his chocolate ass had everyone’s attention. That curly ass mane he wore like a blanket of strength looked so fucking silky I couldn’t wait to play in it again! Being his go-to whenever he wanted his hair hooked up afforded me the luxury of touching the great Caesar Honeycutt. Even twisted up in nice two strand twists, his shit looked better than my natural bundles. He faithfully kept himself well groomed, even his jet black beard glistened with life.

But the scowl on his face had me moist as fuck. The fact that a nigga glaring at me with murder in his eyes and my dumb ass finding that sexy was all the evidence I needed to know that I was missing out.

“Y’all muthafuckin killin’ me, mane,” he drawled as we left the booking area. It was almost midnight, yet the city was wide awake. The bustle of city life got on my damn nerves, but I loved Atlanta. He sauntered down the short set of stairs leading to the parking lot, with me watching his slow, slightly bow-legged, stride. I wasn’t really fond of tall niggas, but Caesar was tall, and thick. He gave me hella The Game vibes from his build.

I swear, from the top of his head to the bottom of his red-bottomed feet, Caesar Honeycutt was my fucking baby’s daddy. I was stuck watching him that I missed his sometimes chick, Mazy, sitting in the front seat of his Suburban with her nose turned up.

Alia nudged my arm because she saw her too. Mazy and I had had several words behind Caesar. They’d been together for a few short months, but you couldn’t tell Mazy that. She was one of those women that swore every woman was after her nigga. Shiidd, she was right but damn...don’t be mad at me because your nigga is fine.

“Fuck that bitch,” I said rolling my eyes where she could see me.

“Aye, Kamira,” Caesar called.

I glanced his way with a sweet smile on my face just for Mazy.

“Yes,” I answered.

“Less you wanna pay me my fuckin three g’s back, I suggest you chill out.”

Alia snickered, while I flipped him off...behind the door of course. Caesar was a whole fool, and he didn’t give a fuck if I was a woman or not. He’d hurt my damn feelings without batting an eyelash. With his fine mean ass.

Alia and I filed into the backseat with her still laughing. “When are you gonna learn to stop playing with him?” she asked.

“She won’t learn,” Caesar answered from the front seat. He stared at me through the rearview mirror with a smirk

on his handsome face.

Ignoring the way his brown, hooded eyes stroked mine, the way his neatly groomed mustache and beard glistened, the way his eyebrows arched perfectly over his eyes, the way his nose flared when he realized I was staring...

Eyes stretched I glanced away and focused my attention on something outside of the window. What was that look all about? Seven years now I'd known Caesar and I'd never seen him look at me like that.

Maybe the funky ass fumes from the holding cell fucked up my brain and I was seeing shit. Hell, I wouldn't be surprised. I'd need five showers to get the smell of that place off of me. As for Caesar, he needed to pay attention to his woman who was going to get her head knocked off if she glanced back at me one more time.

"Please chill," Alia sighed, feeling my energy.

"What? I'm cool," I replied, nonchalantly.

Alia shook her head. "You need some dick," she mouthed. "Cause you're getting out of control."

Scoffing, I didn't know whether to agree or be pissed off that she called me on it.

"I'm just saying," she shrugged. "It'll get that attitude all the way together."

"Hm. Not necessarily," I countered.

Alia's eyes flicked her brother's way before falling back on me. "I'ma make sure you find some when we go to Miami in a few weeks. Your ass is too much these days."

Alia put up with my shit often, but seldomly was I this crazy. Of course, I was reacting to someone putting their hands on me, but I really didn't have to bust that bitch upside the head with a bottle.

"She's going to Miami?"

"I told you I don't wanna go to no damn Miami."

Mazy and I both spoke at the same time.

Her gaze bored into me. I grilled her ass, but I knew Mazy wasn't about shit, so I refrained from getting buck with her. I don't bark at females that won't bite back. Mazy had a big mouth but her hands weren't shit.

“Why're you in their conversation?” Caesar's voice was thick, deep, and sensual. Whenever he talked, all I envisioned was hearing his voice in my ear as he pumped into me. Shiitt, my face heated at the thought.

“Why am I in their conversation? Is that all you can say?” Mazy stared at the side of Caesar's face like she wanted to reach over and slap him. But I'd have to kick her ass for that. “I can't go celebrate my nigga's birthday with him, but —”

“Mane, I ain't ya nigga,” Caesar stated.

“You ain't my nigga?” Mazy chuckled. “Tell her she can't go,” she sassed, fully expecting Caesar to abide. That was clue number one she didn't know who the fuck she was dealing with.

My and Alia's conversation took a back seat as we waited for Caesar's response. He didn't do that talking back shit. I didn't miss him making eye contact with me in his rearview mirror.

“Aye, I'ma pull this bitch over and let you walk ya ass home. The fuck I look like tellin' a grown ass woman where she can't be? I mean,” he glanced at me again, “if she was mine, then that would be a different story. Otherwise, I ain no fuckin' blockin' ass muhfucka.”

Mazy's mouth hang slightly ajar. Her hazel orbs spit flames as she shifted between the two of us.

“You said it was just you, Zion, and Dante going, Caesar. If she goes to Miami, we're done,” Mazy asserted.

My mouth dropped and so did Alia's. What the fuck was her problem with me? She acted like I was up in her man's face or some shit. I barely spent time around Caesar when I wasn't doing his hair. When I did, our conversation was never anything other than friendly.

Caesar snickered. “Shawty we never even started, the fuck. I said what the fuck I said so either chill out or get the fuck out.” His statement caused this bird to screech so loud that I covered my ears. Before I knew what was happening, she hauled off and smacked Caesar.

“The fuck!” she blasted.

“Bitch!” Alia snatched her seat belt off and dove into the front passenger seat, knocking Mazy’s head against the window.

Now here this fool was trying to lecture my ass about fighting and she was going upside Mazy’s head not five minutes from the police station. Caesar carefully switched lanes on the busy highway to pull over to a parking lot.

He threw the gear in park and hopped out, so did I. Alia was calling Mazy every bitch you could think of as she tagged her upside the head. Once Caesar got the passenger side door open, Mazy fell out. He caught her before she hit the ground, but Alia followed her ass.

“Lia!” I grabbed her before she could attack Mazy again. Mazy’s blond hair was all over her head in a heap, and her lip was busted.

“Stupid bitch!” she shouted.

“Shut the fuck up!” Caesar thundered. “The fuck you put ya hands on me for?” Although he was angry as fuck, Caesar would never put his hands on a woman. But, fuck the way he was in Mazy’s face, I wasn’t for sure so I left Alia to get between him and Mazy. This hoe better be glad I didn’t want Caesar going to jail for busting her face in, because otherwise I wouldn’t have saved her ass.

“Caesar, calm down,” I said, placing my hand on his broad chest to make him back up. The mug on his face was deadly and I knew for sure had Alia been a nigga that just tried him, he would’ve ghosted her ass.

“You’re a fuckin’ joke!” Mazy shouted. “You want this simple bitch so fucking bad!”

Mazy bumped into my back, making me turn to glare at her. Fuck what she was saying, she'd better watch herself touching me.

“And fuck you, bitch!” she spat my way. “Can't get your own nigga to act right but you want somebody else's nigga! Weak bitch!”

Caesar's arms went around me as I tried to leap after Mazy, who stalked off through the parking lot, towards the store. She lost all of her damn mind tonight, but I was gonna help her find that shit!

“Calm yo ass down, lil' baby,” Caesar instructed as he deposited me back in the back seat of the Suburban and closed the door. In a huff, Alia was in the front seat, with her arms crossed over her chest.

“I'm sicka yo bitches, Caes,” she stated, irritated by the whole damn night we'd just had. Caesar slid behind the wheel grumbling.

“Between you and Kami, I'm never gon' just enjoy my damn self without the bullshit. If it ain't her, it's you.”

Caesar snickered and leaned into the passenger seat to kiss his sister's forehead.

“I'ma leave these hoes alone,” he promised. Alia smacked her teeth, causing him to chuckle.

As he pulled back into traffic, I thought about what Mazy said. Did Caesar want me? And if so, why didn't I know that? As if he read my thoughts, his gaze found me again. Something passed through us that I was too stubborn to question.

CAESAR

Damn I was glad to get rid of Mazy's ass. Her pussy was fire but damn she got on my muthafuckin' nerves. I was on my way dropping her at her house when Alia called me from the jail.

I had to go get my muthafuckin' sister because she wasn't about to sit up in that bitch. Shiidd, I couldn't let Kamira's ass sit up in there either.

Besides being paid, I consider myself a healthy, fine ass muthafucka. I'm blessed to still have my parents in my life and my only sibling, Alia. We were a few of many Honeycutts and our name was synonymous around Atlanta.

While I indulge in females quite often, I love my fucking freedom. Can't a bitch tell me shit to get me to commit. Hell fuck nah! It was too much fun to be had outchea.

But, I swear it's the fucking woman you can't have that's the one that drive a muthafucka crazy. Through my rearview, Kamira's profile met me. On every damn thing, her beauty was unmatched. Not that I compared every female to her but hell it was hard not to.

The many nights she met me in my dreams had me searching for anybody that could rid me of her curse. That sounded harsh as fuck when it came to other women, but really a nigga was trying to do the right thing.

Kamira and Alia were best friends and getting with my sister's homegirl wasn't the look I wanted. Regardless of how anyone felt about Kamira, she was genuinely a good girl, and a sweetheart. In other words, I'd ruin her little ass. Not necessarily in a bad way.

Kamira thought she had anger issues now, but if I ever gave her a taste of this rod she'd likely kill my muthafuckin' ass just because another woman looked my way like it was my fault.

Which is why I stay to my damn self. While I'd love to fuck Kamira's life up, I couldn't. Especially knowing I wouldn't commit.

Help me though because I surely wanted to have her for myself. I looked forward to the times she'd do my hair.

It took everything in me not to lay her ass down whenever her fingers touched my scalp. I purposely did shit to

my hair just so she'd have to come fix it. I was just dumb and petty as fuck when it came to her.

All that fuckin attitude lil' baby had was because she needed some Caesar fucking Honeycutt in her life.

Look at how she was biting her damn thick ass bottom lip. Fuck, my mans bricked up imaging them wrapped around my shit.

"What you got against going to Miami?" I asked her. She turned my way with her eyebrows stitched together.

"For one thing, Sidney won't be there. That means I won't be able to enjoy myself. Alia will be up Dante's ass, so I'm sort of like the third wheel," she explained.

Sidney was their other homegirl they'd met in college. The three of them were a nightmare when together. Like Alia, Sidney was engaged and headed down the aisle.

Alia disagreed. "It's plenty for us to do, Kami."

She tsked. "Yeah, plenty for you and your nigga. *We* won't be doing shit. I want to go to a Heat game and you don't even like basketball, and Dante hates the Heat. I wanna go to a Blues concert—"

"Ew," Alia interrupted.

"Exactly," Kamira stated. "Sidney would do things like that with me even if she doesn't want to. Without her, I'd essentially be going there to do whatever the fuck you and Dante wanna do."

I smirked thinking about how different Kamira was from any woman I'd been with. Not only did she love sports, but she had an old soul.

She reminded me of my mean ass auntie Free. Back in the day we couldn't do shit without auntie Free busting us upside the head. Just mean as shit, but out of all of my aunts, she was my favorite.

Alia sighed. "The point is for you to get away from Atlanta for a few days. I guarantee Sidney would agree with me. Shiidd, we're staying at Caesar's condo on the beach with

plenty of room for you to explore. If nothing else, your ass can meditate by the water and get some of that aggression under control. I already gave you another suggestion.”

Yeah, I’d heard that slick comment Alia said to Kamira although Alia thought she was whispering. I low-key wanted to know what that shit was about. Kamira and her nigga broke up a minute ago. I’d bet shawty hadn’t had any dick in the months she’d been back single.

To be honest, I was glad ole boy fucked up. He ain’t deserve shawty no way. If I was a smart nigga, at some point I needed to make my move if I wanted Kamira. I wasn’t dumb enough to think she’d stay single for too much longer.

She was out in these streets doing her thing and I witnessed more men fawning over her than I cared to count. I peered at her as I pulled into the driveway of my house. Fuck, I bet her pussy was good and fucking tight.

Kamira grumbled. “Who’s gonna tell Sidney that we got arrested?” she questioned, changing the subject.

“Pshh, not me! You know how Sidney is. She thinks she’s our mother.”

Kamira chuckled. “She can’t help it and we love her for that.”

“This is true,” Alia agreed.

“Thank you, Caesar, for having my car towed back here,” Kamira said as she opened the door to get out.

“Ain’t nothin’. lil’ mama,” I replied. She shot me a strange look before waving at Alia and sashaying towards her black Jaguar.

I caught Alia watching me watch Kamira’s hips swaying.

“What?” I chuckled, then slid out of the Suburban.

Alia just shook her head and went to my front door. She had a key so she let herself in while I pretended to be getting something out of my ride. My dick needed to calm the fuck down. Damn Kamira’s ass!

Like I needed any company, my homeboy Zion's candy red Charger slid into the space Kamira had just vacated. The bass from his speakers would have my neighbors complaining in the morning but I laughed.

"Wassup, Caes? Mane, why yeen tell me Kami was here?" he questioned as soon as I was in earshot. I dapped him and cocked my head.

"The fuck for?"

He chuckled. "Ever since her ass has been single she's been dodgin' me, dawg. I think she doesn't like me."

Chortling, I said, "Good for her. Yo muthafuckin' ass ain't tryna do shit but fuck. She's a good girl so you gotta come betta than that, bruh." Hell, I'm telling him this shit but he'd better stay the fuck away from my shawty.

"Nah, I'ma stick to these forty-dollar bitches for now," he said. I busted out laughing and shook my head.

"I'm finna turn Miami the fuck out," he continued. "Shiidd, I may find Mrs. Knight out there."

"Nigga you can't find Mrs. Knight in Atlanta," I snickered. "But you think you gon' find her in Miami? Aight, nigga."

Zion's been my nigga since middle school. We've never fell out or none of that shit. He, Dante, and I were like brothers. If I'm in some shit, he's in some shit. He was the true definition of a nigga that had my muthafuckin' back. He was my right hand and saw to it that my empire was as secure as if it was his own.

"These next few weeks won't go by fast enough, mane. I'm ready to hear a bitch scream 'papi' while I'm in that shit," he replied.

Again, this nigga had me laughing so hard I told him to get the fuck outta my driveway. As I made my way to the front door, I thought about what turning thirty meant to me. I'd seen too many niggas get chopped down in their prime and I was thankful to not have met that fate yet.

In the business that I was in, shit just wasn't promised. I'd made it this far though. I'd enjoy every day like that shit was my last.

Even after all the bullshit I just talked about, a part of me needed to start thinking long term. My parents weren't on my case about marriage and kids or no shit like that because Alia was on her way down the aisle.

While I'm totally against having my freedom revoked, I thought about the shit more often than not. My mind wanted one thing, while my common sense and spirit wanted something different.

Only, the woman I wanted was off limits. Fuck my life.

Chapter Two

KAMIRA

A few weeks later... Wednesday morning...

Sid: Working a double today, so be safe on the road and pray for me. These folks have been crazy lately.

Sidney, damn her ass, worked more than me and I worked a lot. Her life was in Denver, Colorado, leading one of the best trauma units in the State. While I went to college for business and Alia for education, Sidney went for her master's degree in nursing.

Alia and I joked about her thinking she was our mom, but Sidney couldn't help it. She was raised on a farm in the middle of country ass Alabama with her brothers and little to no friends.

When she met me and Alia on our first day at Georgia State, we became instant friends. Sidney valued our friendship because of her sheltered upbringing.

Me: Will do, boo.

Alia: We love you. Be safe.

The three of us were really like sisters. I hated that Sidney was so far away but I understood her wanting to be next to her man. Dr. Mark Forrest swept Sidney off of her feet at a conference three years ago and they'd been going strong since. Both of my girls were headed to marryville and here I was just...*headed*.

"Tell me why I'm going on this trip again? And why the fuck couldn't we just fly?" It was too damn early in the morning to be crabby, but I was second guessing going with these fools on such a long ride.

Alia clicked her teeth. "Kami, this is supposed to be a fun road trip and vacation. You'll enjoy it once we get on the highway," she said.

My eyes darted to Caesar's blacked out Suburban, where he and Zion were packing their luggage.

"Maybe I should ride with them. I'on wanna have to listen to you and Dante making sweet talk the whole damn way." I turned my nose up just thinking about it. The two of them got on my damn nerves.

Alia chuckled. "Go ask Caesar," she suggested. "I'm sure he won't mind."

Weighing my options, I decided to go approach Caesar. I marveled at the strength in his arms as he carried his third suitcase from the house to put it in the trunk.

Horny as I was from salivating over his muscles, I was smart to pack my bullet and my little seven inch fake stick. If I didn't find a suitable enough man to play with on this vacation, they were going to have to work overtime.

The way Caesar's body was built, a bitch would be sneaking down the hall to fondle him in the middle of the night.

"Wassup, shawty?" he asked when he caught me approaching. Ugh, the way he talked to me in that *damn* voice.

"Uhm..." I looked back to find Alia and Dante kissing and feeling on each other, prompting me to say, "Can I ride with you and Zion. It'll be like I'm not even there."

Caesar snickered, revealing his beautiful six figure teeth.

"Please? I *refuse* to listen to your sister and yo nigga talk that shit the whole ride to Miami," I explained.

Caesar's sexy smile having ass, fully laughed then.

"I'on mind, shawty," he stated. "And get off my fam. They're just in love an' shit."

"You'on mind what?" Zion asked, bringing his nosey ass into the conversation.

"She got front," Caesar answered.

Zion grilled me. “You better be glad I like lookin’ at yo sexy ass, Kami,” he voiced. “I’ll let you get my seat if you call my girl and tell her I said wassup.”

Zion, as aggravating as he was, was *that* nigga next to Caesar and Dante. He stood about as tall as Caesar, only he was a caramel, dread-head, hazel eyes having devil. His beard was cut lower than Caesar’s but still long and thick.

No matter how fine I’d always thought he was, my attention had been on Caesar. Besides, I kind of thought he had a thing for Sidney even though he’d probably take it to his grave.

“Mane, you stupid. Leave shawty alone,” Caesar warned him.

“Thanks Caesar,” I smiled, then rolled my eyes at Zion as I left them to go back to Dante’s’ Denali to grab my duffle bag. I could leave my suitcases in here. My duffle bag held my miscellaneous things that I might need on the way.

“You sure you’re gonna be able to behave over there?” Alia asked.

I nodded. “Girl, as long as Zion keeps his comments to himself and Caesar doesn’t drive like a bat out of hell, I’ll be fine.”

Alia shook her head. “Good luck, sis! Put your ear pods in and take a nap.”

“That’s a no go. I may put one in, but I like to hear what’s going on around me unfortunately. Zion might try to feel on my titties if I fall asleep.”

Alia hollered with laughter. “You oughta let him,” she encouraged.

The way my face screwed up had her and Dante busting out laughing. Ignoring them I stalked off. Caesar had the door open for me when I made it back to his ride. The way his eyes slid up and down my frame gave me pause. Maybe it was the way he licked his lips when he did it. Or maybe I was tripping.

The simple gray jogger set I wore wasn't revealing in the least. Besides, there was no way Caesar saw me in any way other than his sister's best friend and the woman who did his hair. I climbed inside and he closed the door behind me.

"Look at this nigga," Zion clowned. "Big ass, soft ass nigga."

"He's soft for opening and closing my door?" I asked Zion's narrow-minded ass.

He shrugged. "What's wrong with yo hands, shawty?"

Irritated, I told Zion to shut up talking to me as soon as Caesar slid inside the driver's seat.

His cologne wrapped around my mental, taking all the good sense I had with it. The gray fleece shorts he had on showed off all his damn print, and my stupid ass had to stare.

"Stop lookin' at 'em lil' mama 'for he cut up," Caesar mumbled for my ears only.

Face flaming, I snatched my gaze away. Caesar had never even remotely said anything to me out the way. Him saying it so casually really fucked with me. We needed to hurry up and get this damn ride over with.

Nine damn hours was too long to be sharing the same space with Caesar. But I be damned if I listen to Alia and Dante suck face the entire way.

In my right ear, Jeremih crooned about Birthday Sex. How strange that this weekend Caesar would be celebrating his thirtieth birthday. Listening to this song had me wishing he could make a wish on my pussy and blow out my damn candle.

Sighing, as he merged onto the interstate, I leaned my seat back, slid my feet out of my Nike slides, and positioned them so that I was curled up in the seat. I pulled a throw blanket from my duffle bag and decided to allow their conversation to be my backdrop along with Jeremih. If they got out of control, I'd make them calm it down.

An hour later, over a mixture of rap music, he and Zion talked about shit like I wasn't in the damn vehicle with them.

For a while I was tuned out until Mazy's name came up. I was low-key wondering if he'd ever fucked with her after the night he left her in the parking lot. Niggas were good for doing women dirty, then trying to play kiss up later.

I'd dare not ask Alia about her brother's love life, or lack thereof, but I'd be lying if I say I wasn't a little curious.

"I'm glad you quit fuckin' with her ass 'cause I swear she gave me trap a nigga vibes," Zion snickered.

Hm. She'd definitely try some shit like that, I thought. But I'd keep my comments to myself.

"I wish a muhfucka would try to trap me." Caesar sounded like he meant exactly what the fuck he uttered. He'd probably kill a bitch.

Yet, he shouldn't be slinging his meat all over the place. I heard the little, well *big*, comments that were made about the infamous Caesar Honeycutt. Did I doubt these hoes' take on him? Until I knew for myself—yes.

Shiidd, I heard the same shit about June just to get with him and find out that he wasn't about shit when it came to pleasing me. I thought I was being pleased, until I wasn't.

Speaking of June, here he was texting me.

June: So I can't get a second chance?

Me: *middle finger emoji*

I guess him and ole girl fell out. The hour was barely seven a.m. and he was up texting me this bullshit. The phone vibrated as he attempted to get me to answer his call.

I found it aggravating that he'd be calling me while I was on my way to hopefully be a big ole freak. Blocking his number, I didn't need him interrupting my vacation. Like Alia said, I needed to get rid of some of this aggression.

Thankfully, June's dumb hoe dropped the charges for whatever reason. I really didn't care as long as I got out of that

shit. My career was important to me and I couldn't have it ruined because I couldn't control my anger.

Mom: Be careful in Miami baby. Have fun though!!
dancing emoji *eggplant emoji*

Kathy, the best mother a daughter could ever want, was the best to ever do it. Although happily married, she'd love to be in my position, on her way to Miami. My poor daddy had hell on his hands, but he loved and worshipped the ground she walked on.

Mom: Tell my son-in-law I said hello *heart emoji*

Kathy was not talking about June. No matter what June did to get in her good graces, my mama wasn't having it. If you asked me, she couldn't wait for the two of us to part ways. When she found out we broke up, she did a two-step like I told her we were getting married.

Kathy referred to Caesar as her son-in-law. The first time my mother laid eyes on him she asked him if he was married. I was twenty-one at the time and utterly devastated that she made no qualms about wanting him to "take me".

Caesar didn't help the situation. He'd said, "No ma'am," and kissed my mother's cheek like he'd known her all his life. Ever since then, Kathy has been in love with Caesar. My father on the other hand, he felt that no man was good for me.

June better be glad all I did was block him. Percy wanted to kill his dumb tale for fucking around on me. If he found out June was trying to reach out to me, he'd take his AK over there and light June's ass up. I still hadn't told either one of them that I'd been arrested behind dealing with him and his lady.

Alia: Relax sis! We'll be there in no time. Don't let Caesar and Zion stress you before we get there.

Sid: *Eyes emoji*

Me: So far so good.

Sid: Bitch you rode with Caesar and Zion?!!!

Me: Reluctantly.

Sid: *Crying laughing emoji*

Alia: *Dead emoji*

“What you gettin’ into while we’re in Miami?” Zion’s question was directed at me.

Sighing, aggravated by the last two years and three months of my life, I shrugged. “I’m a find me a nigga that’s gon’ eat my ass like a soul food dinner while his homeboy watches.” That’s the type of shit I was on.

Besides Drake’s voice coming through the speakers, wasn’t shit else heard. Caesar drove a couple of miles before he cleared his throat. Zion did too.

“That sounds crazy as fuck, shawty,” Caesar chuckled.

“Shiidd, I was down ‘til you said something about the homeboy watchin’. Ain’t no other nigga finna be lookin’ at my dick, lil’ baby,” Zion commented.

I snorted. “Trust me, I wasn’t talking about you anyways,” I informed him.

“So, you gon’ let some random nigga eat on you?” Caesar asked, glancing my way with his nose turned up. I didn’t have the chance to respond. “Nah, lil’ mama, that ain’t you,” he stated.

Annoyed, I shrugged. “Random hoes suck on you, right?”

Zion grumbled, “Aw hell.” Caesar on the other hand shot me a look but didn’t respond.

“My point exactly. Being the good girl gets tired as fuck when niggas ain’t even pleasing you. Just because I’m a ‘good’ girl doesn’t mean I don’t like bad, nasty, freaky shit.” My rant was a little too much. I could tell by the look on Caesar’s face.

“So get you a nigga that’s gon’ handle that shit for you, baby,” he suggested. His eyes darted quickly to my middle before returning to the road.

“Pssh, where? The nigga I just gave two years of my life to cheated on me after all this fucking time. Two years of not being satisfied, yet I got the short end of the stick.” Talking about this was making me even more aggravated.

“Mane, ya boy was a fuckin’ lame ass nigga anyways,” Caesar commented, which Zion seconded. “I’on know what the fuck you saw in that muhfucka.”

Okay, so it may be overthinking but Caesar sounded like a jealous man right now. I couldn’t disagree with him though. In hindsight, June wasn’t anything that I expected him to be. Yet, I stayed because I was comfortable and too unwilling to start over.

“Get you a muhfucka that’s gon’ eat that box just because, sweetheart.” Why did Caesar have to lick his damn lips when he said that.

“And my ass,” I added.

Caesar bit at his lip. “Yeah, that too. Allat shit.”

“Well, this trip is for me, and I’ma sling my box to whoever I please. I’m gonna enjoy myself and have a good time.” I could’ve sworn I heard Caesar growl as my head hit the headrest.

My eyes followed the tree line, wishing I could take back the two years I wasted on June. But, time went on. I refused to cry over someone that didn’t give two shits about me.

Although we stopped several times on the way here, my ass hurt like a bitch by the time Caesar maneuvered into the condo’s parking garage. It was nearing eight in the evening. There was just enough time to get inside, take a shower, and grab a bite to eat before calling it a night.

Riding this far with Caesar had me so damn hot and bothered that I was ready to get in bed and imagine him feasting on my pussy.

His juicy lips seemed to stay moisturized even though he hadn't put a drop of balm on them the whole ride. All I imagined is sucking and biting on them. I bet he could eat the soul out of a woman.

Aggravated, I deeply inhaled as Caesar parked. I needed to get out of here. *Right the fuck now!*

"You good, baby?" he asked. What was it with him calling me 'baby' and shit.

"I'm fine," I answered anyway.

"What's all that deep sighin' for then?" he dug.

Smacking his teeth as he climbed out of the back seat, Zion said, "Wow, you sound like a married ass nigga, my G."

Unbothered, Caesar pinched my chin. "You sure you good?"

I nodded, as tingles from his touch reached my toes.

"Aight," he replied. "Let me get ya door."

Stuck, I sat my ass right here until he came around to open my door. I went to reach for my duffle bag when he said, "I got it. Let's go get cleaned up and grab some food."

Nodding, I followed him to the double doors leading to the entrance of the condo. Behind me, Alia chuckled. "You survived the ride," she poked. Dante had her tucked at his side as they sauntered through the door.

Barely, I thought. Caesar smelled too good and spent the ride putting his eyes on me every few minutes. Whatever was streaming through his mind had me curious. The back and forth seemed to be a form of foreplay that stoked arousal deep within me.

While Dante, Alia, and Zion hopped on the first available elevator, I stood back and waited for the next one. There wasn't enough room on the elevator, and I was a tad claustrophobic.

Caesar waited with me, with both of our duffle bags dangling from his strong, tattooed, hand. For a nigga that just

drove ten hours, he didn't look the least bit tired.

The next elevator arrived seconds after the other one took off. Caesar and I shuffled on with him a little too close up on me. Another couple tried to get on behind us but he quickly shut the doors.

"That was rude," I stated.

"Fuck them," his rude ass grumbled.

Rolling my eyes, I prayed this elevator would hurry the fuck up.

"Sooner or later you gon' tell me wassup with you."

Looking him up and down, I replied, "Why're you all in my business?" My eyes settled on his print for a second until I remembered what he'd said this morning.

Pressing the button to stop the elevator's ascent, Caesar then approached me. He stood so close that I could lay my head on his broad chest. Peering up into his brown demons, I gasped at what met me.

"Don't bite off more than you can chew, my baby."

Why had his deep, raspy voice, changed to an even darker one? The hairs stood up on my skin, but I ignored that because what the fuck was he talking about?

"What's that supposed to mean?" Yeah, Caesar was fine as fuck, but he acted like his dick was made of gold. All niggas brag on their phallus so I never take their words serious.

"You said you're here to have a good time, right?"

I nodded.

"Make sure you can handle what you're asking for, lil' mama."

Chuckling, I pressed the button to continue the elevator's climb. I was too hot to continue standing in the closed space with him so close. I was beginning to panic...or was that just sexual arousal. *Shit!*

“You worry about your man, and I’ll worry about my lady. Sounds good?”

Caesar’s nose flared and his jaw tensed in irritation.

Ding!

When the doors slid open, Zion waited on the other side with a goofy ass grin on his face.

“Y’all ain’t even get in the room good,” he joked.

Pushing past them, I stalked to the bedroom I’d be using on this little excursion. The setup was beautiful, overlooking South Beach. Floor to ceiling windows encompassed the entire space making it seem as if I were floating on nothing but hardwood floors.

A king-sized luxurious bed and dresser set, along with a flat screen television adorned the space. The room even had a little reading area equipped with a recliner that sat against the window.

Damn...I could get used to this shit.

Everyone decided on having dinner at one of the beach restaurants, which was just a block up the road. After a long conversation in the shower, I felt refreshed and ready to fill my growling belly.

I threw on a simple black, ankle-length, lounge dress that could be worn out. I left my titties bare since I didn’t necessarily need a bra. My nipples were pierced but it didn’t bother me if anyone noticed. Hell, we were on South Beach! We’d do good not to see a naked muhfucka tonight.

I let my hair free, the curly brown and gold afro even bigger with the frizz. I slid my feet into a pair of ballerina slides and made my way to the front room to wait for everybody else.

Caesar stood by the balcony’s door, watching the darkened beach line. He’d showered and changed too, sporting

a black pair of joggers and black Nike shirt. His twisted hair hung over his shoulders, curling at the tips that had been wet in the shower.

My mouth salivated at his stance. The way his bowed legs stood apart without him trying to stand that way, gave me ‘come ride this monster’ vibes. Fanning myself, I needed to hurry up and fulfill this need inside of me. Or else I’d do some stupid shit. Like proposition Caesar’s ass.

His gaze caught me as I glided through the living room. For a minute he stared, some unspoken words passing through us. Turning back towards the view, he effectively dismissed me. Shrugging a delicate shoulder, I didn’t give a damn. It was plenty of niggas here that I could proposition. Fuck Caesar!

As we walked to the restaurant, I stayed a stride or two behind Dante and Alia who were booted up, holding hands. Dante was hood as fuck, sporting long wicks that he kept in a ponytail down his back. His denim jeans rode low on his lean hips and his slow stride was deadly. But he was such a good ass man to my friend. Unlike his homeboys, Dante was happy to be settling down. His and Alia’s wedding was coming this June. I couldn’t wait.

“Shawty’s ass is swingin’ like a muhfucka in that shit.” Zion’s whispered comment reached my ears and had me glancing back at him and Caesar who were walking behind me. Zion’s eyes were on my ass, while Caesar’s were on my eyes.

“She better have panties on,” Caesar drawled. Flipping him the bird, I turned back around and focused on what was in front of me. He could get over whatever little deal he had against me. Shiidd, maybe he needed some pussy while he was stuntin’ me.

Inside of the seafood restaurant, the hostess directed us to one of the last free tables. Caesar pulled my chair out for me, and reluctantly I sat. Although it was a small gesture to everyone else, to me it was a big deal. Then he sat next to me,

too close. His right leg grazed mine, making my body sing in response.

I took the proffered menu from the hostess and started perusing it until my attention was grabbed by some raucous laughter. Across from our table sat two guys staring me down. I smiled politely at the dark-skinned one who had the most beautiful brown eyes. Not as beautiful as Caesar's but his were a close second. He was tattooed and bearded just like I liked them. The guy sitting across from him wasn't any less attractive with his long dreads and gold teeth.

He could watch while his friend devours me, I pondered.

Clearing my throat, I ignored them and continued looking over the menu. A pretty brown-skinned waitress appeared, all smiles seeing three fine niggas sitting here. None of them belonged to me so I paid her flirtatious smiling no attention.

“What you want to drink, lil' baby?”

Caesar's deep voice cut into my thoughts, catching me off guard.

“Oh, uhm... I'll have a strawberry Daiquiri,” I told the waitress. Caesar ordered a beer, which I knew was all he indulged in when he was out.

“I'll be back with those drinks,” she grinned all in Caesar's face.

“Damn, nigga,” Zion chuckled. “Shawty act like she wanna crawl under the table on yo ass.” His comment had us all laughing.

“You think that's funny?” Caesar asked me.

Nodding, I replied, “For once Z isn't lying.”

He smirked as his eyes cut to the table where the two dudes were sitting still eye fucking me.

“Don't do that flirtin' shit while you're sittin' next to me, my baby,” he drawled.

Turning my nose up, I quickly said, “Well, switch places with Z.”

Zion coughed on something imaginary as he laughed.

Caesar glared at me. “Ya mouth gon’ get you fucked up,” he stated.

“By whom?” I countered. “Remember what I said on the way here about my box. And anyway, I thought you weren’t a blocking ass nigga.” I recounted the words he told Mazy.

His eyes turned into slits. “Aight, try me,” he warned, dismissing me, and peering over the menu.

Alia looked between the both of us, confused. Sighing I went back to my menu. Caesar was tripping.

Chapter Three

CAESAR

During dinner, every time Kamira slid her fork into her mouth, I imagined it was my tongue playing with hers. I peeped them lames at the other table vying for her attention, but I was the king of blocking in this bitch. Yeah, I said I wasn't a blocking ass nigga, but that was before shawty called me on my bullshit when it came to her.

Whenever I felt her gaze about to shift their way, I interrupted that shit with a meaningless ass question. Funny as it was, shawty answered every one of them. When we were done, the waitress came back to the table to give us the check.

Kamira waited for her ticket, but never got one. She realized I'd paid for her food and scowled at me. I winked at her and tweaked her chin, so she'd close her mouth.

Back at the condo, I chuckled when shawty sashayed her way to her room. I was getting under her skin on purpose. Kamira was going to learn to respect her nigga whether she wanted to or not.

Needing a fat blunt, I went in my room to fetch the pre-rolled stash I had. Zion and Dante were already on the patio when I stepped out of the sliding door.

“Mane, you're on shawty tough,” Dante snickered.

I handed them a blunt, shrugged, sat in a lounge chair, and sparked up. Miami was like a home away from home for me. I came here at least once every few months just to get away from my city.

I owned this penthouse and made sure my shit was locked tighter than a bank. The fumes from my blunt were strong but wasn't a soul around here gon' complain. Sitting on the balcony, smoking a blunt, and watching the scenery below was something I did every night that I was here.

“I thought his ass was gon’ wreck the ‘burb from how much he kept watchin’ her ass.” Zion was a comic, so I shrugged off what he said.

“I’on see what you waitin’ on,” Dante spoke through a cloud of smoke.

I pulled from the blunt allowing the grass to relax my damn nerves. My dick begged me to seek out Kamira. She was probably in the bed by now. I wondered if she was thinking about me.

“Lia would kick my ass,” I replied. They fell out laughing.

“My baby ain’t stuntin’ you and Kami, nigga,” Dante chuckled.

“Shawty outchea lookin’ like a pound cake. Yeen gon’ be able to keep every nigga off of her,” Zion added.

“Fuck both of y’all,” I grumbled, ashing my blunt. “Kamira—”

“Nigga stay callin’ her Kamira,” Zion chuckled, mimicking my voice.

“Bitch ass nigga,” I shot back. “You’re just salty as fuck that the woman you want is about to be wifed up by the good doctor. As far as Kamira goes, I got shawty right where I want her.”

“You’s a muthafuckin’ lie,” Zion drawled. He’d deny his attraction to Sidney one way or the other.

Dante’s brows peeked. “So, you goin’ for it? You just said—”

“I know what the fuck I said,” I grunted. Flashbacks of Kamira’s smile invaded my mind. “But, I’m done leavin’ her to these dusty ass muthafuckas outchea.”

Zion laughed. “Kami don’t even act like she feelin’ you like that, dawg,” he said.

“Stop watchin’ her moves, mane.” Damn I was acting like a jealous muthafucka already. As close as me and Zion

were, we'd never had an issue about women. What did Lil' Wayne say, '*We ain't saving hoes, we swapping*'... Yeah, me and the homie did such things every now and again. However, now that I was on course to get at Kamira, Zion needed to fall the fuck back.

Zion casually threw his hands up, while Dante uttered, "*Shiidd.*"

"You got that," he conceded.

"As if you thought I didn't." Miami's night life buzzed around us as the balcony quieted.

Seconds later, Zion cackled. "Yo ass need to calm the fuck down. Shit ain't that serious. Shawty wouldn't let me touch her if I wanted to."

Smirking, I got up from the lounge chair. Dapping him and Dante, I told them good night and headed back into the condo. High as fuck, I ambled over to Kamira's room door.

I stood by the partially ajar door, in a trance. She lay across the bed, cloaked in darkness and a hint of moonlight. For a second I figured she was already sleep. Then she started muttering something incoherent as her knees parted. Her milk chocolate body was bare underneath the slip of nightgown she had on.

A dainty hand slipped between her thighs, the sound of a vibrator playing in her wet sex met my ears. My nose flared in response as I swallowed my tongue. In my joggers, my dick strained for release.

But shawty was clearly in a dream as she kept moaning shit about how good a nigga's dick was. I had no clue who the fuck she was talking about, but I'd be a pervert ass nigga to confront her now in her time of privacy. That wouldn't look good on my part.

I stood here, waited for her body to relax on a shudder as she came. When I thought she'd passed out, I slipped into the room. She wanted to dream about another nigga's dick, I was going to take her fucking toy.

Easing back out of the room, I brought the small toy to my lips, tasting her. Instantly I felt like a fool. She pleased herself with another nigga on her mind. Here I was licking her juices off of the damn bullet.

Fuck it. Aggravated, I went into my room and decided going after Kamira probably wasn't the best thing. If she wasn't over her ex nigga, I wouldn't tolerate that dreaming about him shit. Even though she'd said the nigga didn't satisfy her, somebody clearly did. That alone had me heated.

I cleaned the bullet and hid the little bitch. Flicking out the lights, I went straight to the shower to wash the night off of me. Kamira just fucked a nigga's head all the way up.

DAY 1

The next morning arrived swiftly and still pissed about last night, my morning was spent grumbling through the condo trying to get ready for the day.

Miami's weather was better than any city I'd ever visited. Even in November the sun beat down over the water, making it perfect for a ride on the jet skis. Naked bodies littered the beach line, resembling a candy store. Beautiful women were every damn where, ready for a nigga like Zion to swoop them up.

I shook my head as a dark-skinned, sparkling dime piece flounced our way with her equally fine ass homegirls. Dante pretended like he'd found a kilo in the sand, while Zion stuttered over his words.

My mind in other places, I ignored them. While Dante and I geared up the skis, Zion played them bitches up. They were begging him to let them hop on the skis with us. Glancing away from them, I glimpsed Alia and Kamira making their way towards us.

I caught my mouth from hitting the ground when I spotted Kamira's ass, ass naked. As she came closer I realized

her bikini matched her milky brown skin to a T giving the illusion that she was naked.

Her pierced nipples shown through the fabric, sparking my brain. I'd noticed them shits last night, but now I was definitely sure that they were pierced. Her glorious skin begged for my touch, shit my bite. Under the sun, she glistened like a rare ass diamond. The wind took her curly afro on a ride, one I wanted to take with her.

Damn, why did I have to hear her fantasizing about some other nigga. Now I was past giving a fuck and I ain't like that shit.

Alia skipped right past me to hop into Dante's arms while Kamira sauntered up to me. Although she had on shades, behind them I saw her eyes trained on my bare chest. She licked her plump lips, drawing my attention to them.

"I know you're tired of me, Caesar, but can I join you? I don't know how to work these things and I'm damn sure not hopping on with Zion." Her nose turned up as she eyed Zion grinning in the dime piece's face.

"You know I gotchu, baby girl," I replied, grimacing because I was a fucking sap ass nigga.

She huffed. "What is it with you and this...this 'baby' shit?" She popped a hand on her hip.

Smirking, I said, "You'on like me callin' you that?"

"I mean," she stuttered. "It's just...you've never called me that, like *that* before."

She looked so innocent standing here.

"Before, I was tryna keep myself from fuckin' the life outcha," I tossed out. "Now..." I let my gaze drop to her nipples. "Now, you got a real nigga's attention."

Her eyebrows peeked. "What? Does this have anything to do with what I said on the way here? 'Cause if so, I'm not letting you eat my cake."

She was so cute. "Shawty," I replied, "You gon' let me do more than eat that cake." I watched the hair stand up on her

arms and chuckled.

“Whatever nigga,” she shot back. “Nah, my fantasy doesn’t involve you. So, get that out of your head.”

Grilling her ass, all she did was confirm what the fuck I heard last night. She had another nigga on her brain.

Deciding to drop whatever I was feeling, I finished with the jet ski, handed her a life jacket, donned one myself, then pushed the jet ski into the water, and told her to hop on behind me.

She stood there for a minute, gazing at Dante and Alia who were already sailing across the water, as well as Zion and his chocolate drop. Not wanting to be a drag, she climbed on.

We were in fucking Miami! Wasn’t nothing to it for me to find a bitch to bust down while I was here. Hell, I had a few numbers in my phone whenever I did run through. I’d get one of them on the line to see what was up. Here I was again, trying to rid my muthafuckin’ ass of Kamira’s curse.

The minute her thighs flanked me, and the heat of her pussy touched my lower back...I knew I was full of shit.

KAMIRA

I held on to Caesar for dear life, not wanting to end up in the water. Partly because a bitch couldn’t really swim in this much water. Life vest or not, I didn’t trust falling into anything bigger than a bathtub.

Caesar’s strong body flexed sexily as he worked the jet ski. I screamed like a fool when water from Dante and Alia’s jet ski made its way across my entire body, drenching me.

Caesar laughed heartily, looking beautiful as hell in this damn sun. He smelled even better as I lay my cheek on his back.

His hair would need to be redone after this. I couldn’t wait to sink my fingers into his scalp. I low-key felt him up as we fluttered across the water. It took everything in me to keep my middle from flooding every time my vagina bumped his lower back.

We stayed on the water so long that my skin was a deeper milk chocolate by the time we called it a day. Alia and I cooked up some burgers and French fries, coupled with homemade milkshakes while the fellas sat on the balcony chiefting a blunt.

Whatever they were discussing had them laughing so hard, Alia and I wanted to be nosey.

“Let’s not. We know damn well we’d be pissed if they did some shit like that to us.”

I nodded, easing away from the balcony door to mind my business. Knowing Zion, he was replaying a play by play of him and ole girl he’d been riding with. I wondered if Caesar was discussing me.

Last night I fell asleep masturbating to his damn voice. That orgasm was so fulfilling yet so empty that I woke up this morning to my bullet nowhere to be found. The sun must’ve fried my mind.

“Hey, Sid,” Alia sang as she answered her ringing phone.

“Hey boos! How’s it going?”

“Good for me,” Alia replied.

“I’m just here,” I added.

Sidney and Alia chuckled.

“Sid don’t believe her. She had fun today. She and Caesar—.”

“Did absolutely nothing but ride a jet ski,” I interrupted Alia’s dabbling.

“What! Okay, sis!” Sid shrieked.

“Okay, nothing,” I chortled. “Y’all can get over that.”

“I agree,” Alia nodded.

Her response caught me off guard. Not that I felt she’d be down for a me and Caesar, but damn.

“Well, y’all already know how it is here. Work and more work. Mark and I haven’t even spent much time together these past few weeks.”

Sid’s voice held a hint of sadness that both of us caught.

“Everything, okay?” I asked. I checked on the fries while I listened to Sidney recount the last few weeks of her life. It’s crazy how we talked practically every day, yet she’d kept all of her issues to herself for so long.

“But hopefully, we can make time next weekend.”

“Yes, boo,” Alia said. “Take some time off before you burn yourself out.”

“Duly noted,” Sidney stated.

We hung up with Sidney, finished up the food, then made the plates and carried them out on the balcony.

I didn’t miss the way Caesar eyed my thighs in the cutoff shorts I wore. I wondered if he was remembering my thighs bracketing his body.

That night...

VIP wasn’t as hype as it normally was for me. For one, Alia wasn’t stunting the live atmosphere with me because her man was here. For two, Caesar had some thick ass red bone grinding on his lap and cheeing like whatever she felt below her was her meal for the night.

After the day on the beach, I was tired anyways and was just ready to get back to the condo. Being on the water with Caesar had been fun. Being that close to his body, holding on to said body, had me ready to drill myself. I’d never been jet skiing before, but he’d sailed me across the water so smoothly that I hoped to go again before we left Miami.

Other than those few things, my body was still singing from being so close to him. I lied like hell when I told him my fantasy didn’t include him. In reality, I wish Caesar would be my walking fantasy. He fit the bill to a T, and he was sliding

slick comments my way. Yet, fucking with him was asking for some fucked up shit.

Sighing, I downed the rest of my Long Island iced tea and stood as a Jeezy joint dropped. Slipping out of VIP I decided to dance with the crowd to see if it would improve my mood. The alcohol had me feeling just right as far as mingling, so all I needed to do was sway my body to keep up with everyone else on the dance floor.

I made it down the short flight of stairs and casually slid into the crowd. Just like I thought, the people around me brought an instant smile to my face as I listened to them rap every single one of Jeezy's bars.

I was shaking my ass to the beat of Savage by Meg and Bey when I felt someone behind me. Glancing over my shoulder I was surprised to see the dude from dinner last night. Close up, he looked even better. His dark skin glowed under the club lighting, and his blindingly white smile captivated me.

“Wassup, sexy,” he spoke, his voice that of a bass.

Damn.

Smiling, shyly, I continued to grind my hips. He stepped closer, bringing his tall body to my back. His hands skated my sides, resting on my abdomen. He was about to say something but was cut short by a mugging Caesar nudging him out of the way—more like elbowing. Scoffing, I thought I was about to defend ole boy until Caesar glared at me prompting me to close my damn mouth.

“Step!” Caesar barked at him. Dude eyed him up and down before smirking and slinking off like a lil' bitch. Turning my nose up, I met Caesars dark gaze.

“Getcho ass back to VIP. The fuck wrong witchu?” He had the nerve to gently grab my arm and lead me back there. Good thing I was wearing a pair of Jordan's because this nigga must've thought my stride matched his. I damn near tripped twice trying to keep up with him.

As soon as we were back in VIP I pushed him off of me. Whatever good that did because he was back in my face.

“Mind your business!” I demanded.

“Tuh!” Zion nearly choked on his drink.

The bitch that had been grinding on Caesar’s lap looked on annoyed by our interaction.

“Kamira,” Caesar growled.

“Why’re you on my fucking case? You see me tryna do exactly what I came to Miami for but you’re dead ass making shit hard. You got a bitch right there ready to fuck!”

“Bitch!” the girl screeched.

I tried to walk off, but he blocked my path.

“I’m finna act really ignorant in this muhfucka if you don’t chill out and sit yo ass the fuck down.”

I chortled. “Act ignorant? Caesar you are not my fucking man. Move!”

He folded his hands at his crotch daring me to pass him. His wide body blocked my entire path, but I was getting out of here! Huffing, I flung around and stomped to sofa to grab my purse.

“Fuck you!” I sassed and barged my way past him. He was hot on my trail though, further pissing me off.

Stomping through the wall to wall sea of people lining the hallway, I hurried out of the exit. The music faded as I power walked my ass down the block to get back to the condo.

The streets were buzzing with life and this was probably a little dangerous for me to be doing, but it was only a few blocks back to the condo.

I ignored the salacious glances from strange ass men and women and kept walking. With how angry I was, nobody wanted to fuck with me.

All I wanted was some damn male attention and Caesar’s crazy acting ass was doing the most. It would be different if he was my man, but he wasn’t. Therefore, he couldn’t call shit on what was between my fucking legs. He could say what he wanted to do to me all he fucking wanted

to, but until he made a move to actually *do* some shit, Caesar could kiss my ass!

I made it back to the condo and whisked through the foyer, throwing a quick wave to security as I bee-lined for the elevator.

I smelled Caesar before he drawled, “You feel better.” Growling, I punched the button for the elevator until the bitch slid open. I got in and ignored Caesar like fuck.

Zion slinked his ass in too. I was definitely bothered now.

“Ya pussy ain’t meant for every nigga, shawty,” Caesar said just as the elevator closed.

“Caesar shut up,” I sighed. “How many bitches have bounced on your pole, huh? You tryna give me a damn lecture about what doesn’t belong in me. Nigga get real. You think you do? Tuh!”

“You willing to fuck anything just to quench ya thirst, baby?”

“Are you?” I shot back. Because his answer would be yes!

“Kami, he’s just lookin’ out,” Zion reasoned.

I glared at him. “My vagina definitely isn’t your business, Zion.” He laughed like what I said was funny.

“Nah, I’on fuck on anything, shawty,” Caesar continued.

Ding!

I hurried out of the elevator ignoring them and heading straight for my room. Once there I slammed the door in Caesar’s face and locked it behind me.

Ugh!

Chapter Four

KAMIRA

As I washed my body and cursed Caesar out at the same time, the shower door slid back. Startled, I glared at Caesar. How the fuck did he get in my room!

“Rinse off and get the fuck out,” he demanded.

“Nigga fuck you!” I blasted. “Y’all niggas always on that double standard shit and I’m sick of it! If I want *ten* niggas to tie me to a fuckin’ rainbow and drain me dry, it’s none of y’all’s fucking business!”

“Kamira,” he drawled nonplussed.

“*Caesar*,” I shot back as I rinsed off. “I’m not Mazy, or none of them other lil’ females you fuck with, so you can’t tell me what the fuck—” He snatched me up midsentence and threw me over his shoulder. He reached into the shower to cut the water off, then carried me, soaking wet, out of the bathroom.

“Put me the fuck down,” I commanded.

“Shut yo ass up.” Caesar tossed me onto the bed and only then did I see Zion standing next to said bed. I’d never seen Zion as anything other than Caesar’s friend, but standing here, he *could* be a woman’s wildest dream.

I lay wet and naked in front of two of the sexiest men I’d ever known. In my dreams, this is exactly how I pictured fucking up my life—just not with these two. The room was dimly lit, with Silk’s Lose Control playing over the speakers. If we were about to do what I thought we were, my pussy perked up in anticipation.

At no point in time did I ever see doing some shit like this with them. Neither of them was stunting the other, but focused on me. The atmosphere was thick with lust so much so that I felt like helpless prey surrounded by two hungry king lions.

Zion had showered and changed into a pair of gray sweats. His lean yet ripped, caramel torso was littered with tattoos and a couple of war wounds. He licked his lips as he stared at the juncture between my legs.

A small part of me wondered how he could stand here salivating over me if he harbored a crush for my best friend. Then I remembered that Sidney was getting married. There'd never be a Sidney and Zion.

His print was impressive, and I was pretty sure he knew how to work what he was carrying. He didn't have the bitches crazy for no reason. The look on his face was one of awe as he beheld my body. Seeing me in a two piece was nothing like seeing me naked. Maybe it was my pierced nipples that did it. June hated my nipple piercings, which was strange as fuck.

Caesar on the other hand was still dressed in his club attire and all his ice. He looked dark and mysterious under the lighting—like he was a night stalker or some shit. Unfortunately, I found him sexy as fuck. It was something about Caesar's eyes that captivated me to the point I'd do anything that he said.

“A nigga really don't like to share,” he spoke as his eyes trekked my frame. “But since you wanna play...we gon' play.”

Caesar's gaze flicked Zion's way, giving him the go ahead without verbally telling him what to do.

“Turn on your stomach,” Caesar gently demanded. I maneuvered to my stomach, meeting Caesar's gaze.

Casually, Caesar took a seat in a chair he'd pulled up at the side of the bed, facing me. His long legs were cocked wide, making room for the python growing in his jeans. His eyes bore into me as he licked his lips and relaxed against the chair's back.

Behind me Zion's deep baritone muttered, “Put that ass in the air.” As soon as I did, his hand landed on my right ass cheek, making it jiggle. But it was the sting that had me

hissing. Arching my back, I gave him a good view of what he was after.

Zion's fingers trailed a path down my spine sparking goose bumps across my flesh until two of them were invading my walls.

"Damn," he groaned in satisfaction. "She's wet as fuck."

Caesar smirked, but his eyes never left mine. I could reach out and touch him from how close he was sitting. I really wanted to touch his dick, but something made me keep my fucking hands to myself. The way he studied me was unnerving yet soothing at the same time.

While Caesar's regard stroked my face, Zion's fingers found my spot and stroked it.

"Uhhnn," I moaned, already lost in ecstasy. The sound of my gushing sex made both of them rumble with pleasure as my eyes fell.

"Keep ya fuckin' eyes on me, shawty," Caesar stated as he leaned over to rest his elbows on his knees.

Seductively his tongue slid over his lips, as if he was imagining tasting me. However, it was hard for me to focus because Zion's fingers were strumming me so well. I felt the bed dip and seconds later Zion's lips fell on the crack of my ass.

My eyes stretched, startled by the softness of his thick lips. That emotion quickly turned into a lust filled cry as his tongue grazed my hole. Unable to stop it, my eyes fell again as Zion licked and sucked me even as his fingers played a seductive, southern beat inside of me.

Thick fingers slid through my locs, fisting a handful of my strands. The smell of Caesar's weed-laced breath had me peeking through my heavy lids to see what the fuck was going on.

His grill met me as he bared his teeth. He fisted my hair tighter and yanked my head back. His teeth sank into my neck, causing me to shamefully cum around Zion's fingers.

“Ahhh,” I cried out as my walls contracted mercilessly.

“Fuuuccck,” Zion muttered as his fingers slipped from my center and his tongue replaced them, slurping up everything I spilled. He separated my ass cheeks, squeezing on them while he ate my soul.

“Is he eatin’ you good, baby?” Caesar murmured in my ear. “Let daddy know if ya pussy is satisfied, Kamira.”

“Uhhnn...shiittt!” was my only response when Zion started eating my pussy like it was his last meal and he was on death row.

“She tastes good as fuck.” Zion’s deep rumble reverberated through my walls as tears fell from my eyes. Caesar licked at them.

“Is he eating ya pussy right, baby? You cummin’ on his tongue. He likes what he’s tastin’. You like how his tongue feels?”

I was completely out of my body so he couldn’t be expecting an answer. I started cumming again when his thick, long tongue slipped into my mouth, wrapping around my tongue.

The way Caesar kissed me—this shit was personal, nothing like detached fucking sex. He kissed me as Zion took my clit into his mouth and greedily sucked on it, moaning at the same time.

My hands fisted the blanket as I tried to ride out the pleasure he inflicted on me. Zion’s hands spanked my ass hard as I started cumming so strong, I damn near bit Caesar’s tongue off. I screamed out as my body convulsed in the sweetest feeling it had ever felt. Zion’s lips left me as I felt the head of his cock at my center.

“Get the fuck up off her, nigga,” Caesar growled Zion’s way.

Grumbling, Zion left the bed. In a heap of a sloppy wet puddle my body continued to vibrate.

“You got that up outcha system now?” Caesar questioned as he stood to his feet.

Lazily I blinked up at him. I was too exhausted to do anything but stare. The wetness on my cheeks continued as I sniffled. Yet, the way he stood above me, peering down at me had me biting my lip.

“Ain’t another nigga slidin’ his dick in what belongs to me. Am I clear?” Why did he seem angry?

“What?” I breathed confused.

Zion snickered, holding his still hard but put away dick as he sauntered his *skillful* ass out of the room. As much as I couldn’t stand Zion, the way he’d just manipulated my body, I wanted to chase after his fool ass.

“Am I clear, Kamira?” Caesar reiterated. Feeling defiant, I didn’t answer.

He bent until his lips grazed my ear. “I’m sensing you wanna try my fuckin’ word, so I’m do you a favor and warn you... *I will fuck you clean up*,” he snarled. Stepping back, he said, “Now be bold enough to jump, baby girl.”

My breath stalled in my throat because damn!

CAESAR

Yeah, this could be seen as a bit fucked up. Splashing water from the shower head into my face, I didn’t care that I’d already washed and dried my hair this afternoon after coming back from the beach. The humidity from the enclosed space would have my mane all over the damn place...just like my mind was.

Hoping the steaming hot water would soothe my spirit, I slowly bathed my body, not wanting to be done too quickly.

Zion was my day one nigga. I trusted him to do what needed to be done and not give a fuck about it afterwards. Until he tried to fuck shawty was where I drew the line. He had no idea what my intentions were when I told him to help me out with Kamira. Not until he saw me lay her in the bed.

Shit couldn't have been the other way around though, because the way I felt watching Kamira enjoy herself...I shouldn't have felt that shit. Especially by the hands of another man. However, it was my words and actions that stimulated her. That turned me on like a muthafucka.

Grabbing my hardness, I groaned. That girl was driving me fucking crazy. She had my ass outchea doing shit I'd never done with another woman. Threesomes were cool, but not in the sense of what happened a minute ago. But, I did it for her. Technically, Kamira wasn't mine yet. Had she been none of that would've taken place.

Her old nigga made shit bad for the next nigga. He created a monster when it came to her sexuality. Because she hadn't been satisfied in so long, shawty was hell bent on experiencing exactly what she wanted. I'd give Kamira so much satisfaction that her mind wouldn't be on anyone or anything but me.

Cool air interrupted my thoughts as the shower door slid back. Standing there was the person ruining everything about the way I thought I'd be when it came to her.

"Can I join you?" she asked.

A "yea" fell from my lips after she'd already come inside and slid the door back closed.

Kamira's body was perfect. I'd seen plenty to know that hers was one I could wake up to for the rest of my life. If it were only that simple though.

Her body wasn't all that I craved. I low-key craved shawty's conversation, her presence. Whenever she was around me, I kept my eyes on her.

She took the soap and started bathing again with her back to me. The swell of her plump derriere was a contrast to her small waist.

The fact that I didn't feel some type of way about what just occurred spoke of how gone Kamira had me. I'd been in the streets all my life and ran a drug empire. Yet, I wasn't hard enough to admit to myself that I was gone over baby girl.

She turned around and rinsed soap off her back. Like mine, her hair was all over her head, but luscious enough for me to pull on that shit. Her heavy-lidded eyes were full of seduction as she stared at the member I fisted. Slowly, her gaze lifted until we locked on one another.

My eyes slowly fell down the plains of her body. From her delicate throat to her pierced nipples, dainty belly button, and bald as fuck pussy, and white polished toenails, Kamira was exquisite.

I stood still as she padded towards me. Her delicate hands touched my chest, and instead of being gentle, she dragged her fingernails down my chest and abdomen, causing me to bite my lip. My muscles fluttered under her touch, alive from way she feasted on me.

When she pulled my face towards hers and brought her lips to mine, I didn't hesitate to inhale them. Greedily, we sucked at each other's tongues. Breaking the kiss, she nipped at my chin, then my neck as she repeated the lustful bites down my body.

Under lids that felt like weights were on them, I nearly busted a nut when she fell to her knees in front of me. Nose flared, I tried to relax, but hit the shower's tiled wall when her lips wrapped around the head of my dick.

"Sss." I bit down on my back teeth to keep from moaning. Fisting a handful of her curls, I let lil' baby do what her sexy ass wanted. Her thick, pouty lips stretched over my size in the most erotic way.

"You look so fuckin' good down there, baby." Normally it would take some time to get me to come off of head. But the vision Kamira made from being on her knees in front of me was all I needed to feel my nut rising.

Moaning, she bobbed her head in time with her palms' steady strokes. My toes curled and my brain sizzled. Yet, I couldn't take my eyes off her. Saliva pooled around her mouth as she slurped and went in on a nigga like she ain't want me to leave.

Angrily, the veins in my dick protruded from the exhilaration. Kamira's brown orbs met mine, the pure rawness in them caused me to snap.

"Shhiittt!" I was no longer in control as my vision blurred. The nut I was trying to hold back was coming strong as fuck.

Shawty popped my head out of her mouth, then swallowed my heavy balls as her hands continued to manipulate my dick.

"Argh!" Grunting in pleasure, my eyes fell, and my head hit the shower wall. To make shit worse, or hell *better*, her dainty fingers slid to the area right behind my sac.

"Fuck, shawty!" I growled as she took me back into her mouth and down her throat. She moaned on my head, causing my hips to piston.

Fisting her hair with both hands, I growled some more, and bit on my back teeth as I tried to rip her shit out to keep from sounding like a bitch. Her slurping and sucking was louder than the shower.

"Ooooh, fuucck!" I shouted when I felt electricity surge through me. This nut was so strong it made my knees weak and blinded me. I tried to hurry and pull out, but she gripped me tighter and kept sucking.

"Shiittt, baby!" Toes completely curled, I grunted as I let this load off at the back of her slippery wet throat. "Ugghh! Ugghh!"

Slurp! Slurp! "Mmm..."

Lazily, my eyes opened to find her cleaning me up.

"Let me see," I gruffly demanded. Kamira opened wide and stuck her tongue out so far that the tip touched her chin. Turnt, I bit into my bottom lip. As she kissed her way back up my body, my hands fell to her ass, palming it as we nastily kissed.

The water was cold by the time I swooped her up and climbed out. Wrapping us in a body towel, I carried her to the

bed. We slid between the sheets without a word spoken between us. Her head lay nestled on my chest as we fell asleep.

DAY 2

I woke up in a better mood than I did yesterday. The sun hadn't shown its face yet, but without checking the time I knew it was on the horizon. Kamira's body was wrapped around mine. She held onto my arm, while her right thigh lay on my abdomen just above my mans. He grew as she stirred. I dropped a kiss on the mess of curls tickling my nose and chuckled.

Rolling us over until I spooned her, I encased her in my embrace. A million times I'd dreamt of waking up to her. Pining away for a woman was crazy, but hell, I was crazy about her. Our naked bodies melted together as I kissed along her shoulder. She was so much smaller than me, yet she had me feeling like she was bigger than life.

Her hand reached back to palm my beard as she sweetly moaned. My already stiffened dick grew harder when she grinded back against it. T

he soft kisses I was placing on her shoulder turned into my teeth sinking into her delicate flesh. I was sure I'd already put a mark on her from the previous night, but I gave her another one.

“Caesar.” My name fell from her lips on a strained whisper. Hearing her call me like that was otherworldly. Positioning myself over her, I stared into her sleep-laden, beautiful brown orbs. Her legs flanked my waist, trapping me.

Licking my lips, I tried to restrain the demon within me. The demon that wanted to rip her ass to shreds. She slid her fingers over my face and down my chest, sending shards of fire through my brain until she gripped the thickness of my dick.

We were about to take it there. I had to let Kamira know some shit first. Her leading me to her sloppy wet center

caused my brain to misfire. She was tight—so tight I cursed and glared at her ass as my head penetrated her prize.

“Kamira,” I growled. “I wish the fuck you would try me after this.”

She moaned as I sank deeper and shit, I did too. Neither of us thought about a condom and I damn sure wasn't about to stop this vibe we had to go get one. As her heat enveloped me, the silky, wet walls of her tunnel fluttered around my flesh.

Mid thought, Kamira's fingernails dug into my back. Her back arched as I greedily sank to the hilt, bringing her nipples to graze my chest. I inhaled one, sucking at her juicy nipple and nipple ring.

“Shiitt!”

I pulled back from her sex, only to sink again, stroking the best pussy I'd ever been in. Twirling my tongue around her hardened nipple I sucked it harder, mad as fuck that her pussy was killing my muthafuckin' ass. It only turned her on more as she drowned the length of my cock.

“Caesar!” She breathlessly moaned. I was on her spot, tearing that bitch up. The grip I had on these sheets intensified when she started licking on my damn neck and meeting my strokes.

“Grr!” Gnawing into my bottom lip to gain some sense of control, I was quickly losing. Our bodies clapped like lightning, setting off a charge so strong the damn room shook. Hot sweat slid down from my forehead, the heat around us impossibly thick.

“Caesar,” she groaned. Again, I found myself latching onto her fucking titty to keep from losing my shit. Every time my balls tapped her ass, she screeched.

“Yes, baby! Oooh, yesss! Put it deep!” Her eyes rolled and her pussy clamped around me as she came on a breathless scream. The vice grip she applied to my inches was unreal and had me damn near floating.

“Fuck!” Possessed, I dug inside of her until I had the bed creaking under my blows. I snatched her thighs up, positioning them over my shoulders as I palmed her ass. I sunk deeper.

“Kamira, fuck!” I grunted when she started cumming again. Her mouth sagged open and tears tracked her cheeks from the intense feeling I was giving her.

That made a nigga feel like fucking Kong and I growled like that muhfucka too. Her tunnel was so soaking wet and tight around me. It was sucking the nut right to my tip.

“Oh fuck, lil’ mama!” I strained to hold on but this nut was feeling too good. It had my body feeling like a million nerves were on fire. I would probably break Kamira in half from how powerful these strokes were but the way she screamed my name as she came for the third time was it for me.

Snatching out of her heat, I fisted my cum soaked dick, jerking it, and spraying my cum all over her stomach. All the while growling, angry that I had to pull out.

Her fingers trailed through my seed. Taking some up, she brought it to her lips and sucked it off her fingers.

“Next time,” she purred. “Feed it to me.”

Sweaty and breathing hard as fuck, we still sucked the fuck out of each other’s tongues and lips as we came down. Her gentle hands encased my jawline, making sure I felt every slide of and taste bud on her tongue. The best part about what just happened... I felt that shit to my soul.

Chapter Five

KAMIRA

Trying to put my hair into a high bun had never been so complicated. My arms were weak, my body aching, and my pussy drumming from the work Caesar had put on it. Frustrated, I tried for the third time to get the damn band to work.

To say that Caesar had the man piece of a warrior was putting it mildly. The curve is what made me shudder. His thickness and length were one thing, but that curve knew exactly how to ride me.

“Why’re you actin’ awkward, shawty?”

Maybe I could’ve answered right away if Caesar hadn’t dropped a kiss on my forehead first. We were freshly showered and dressed, ready for a day of shopping.

Today was Caesar’s birthday and I wanted to surprise him with something nice. The original gift was already set and ready to be delivered like clockwork, but after this morning... my head and heart were seriously fucked up.

Never had a man made love to me the way he had. Surely it seemed like we were straight fucking but no, what I experienced with him was deep. The fact that he seemed to brush off what happened with Zion was strange. Yet it was what he said after that, and during our lovemaking that had me confused.

Caesar claimed me as his. Only thing was I had no idea what that meant. Niggas talked shit just to keep you from fucking with other dudes, meanwhile they’re still frolicking in some other bitch’s stinking pussy.

“I’m good,” I lied.

Another thing was Alia. If the whole condo hadn’t heard us this morning I’d be surprised. I didn’t want my girl

upset with me that I'd fucked her brother. Not fucked—made love with.

“So you gon' lie to me now?” I hated how his hair was up in that man bun, looking extra moisturized along with his neatly groomed beard. I also hated how when his eyes were on me, it's like he saw to my soul. Turning away from the mirror, I crossed my arms over my breast.

“Happy Birthday,” I said. He chuckled and kissed my lips.

“Now tell me wassup?” See. Why did he seem different. Ever since the ride here Caesar had been a different dude. I was used to the Kingpin, take no shit, love no bitch, always ready to off a bitch, Caesar. This dude was...still that but different.

“Alia's gonna kill us,” I partially confessed.

He chortled, his beautiful smile lighting up the spacious bathroom and making smile.

“Baby ma, ya boy blessed to see thirty today. You ain't too far behind. We're grown as fuck and I damn sure fucked you like it. You scared?” He joked.

Pushing my lips to the side I replied, “No.”

“I know,” he replied with another kiss to my forehead. “That's why I fuck witchu shawty. A nigga don't need no weak ass female by his side. Not with the shit I do. But you already know that.”

My heart raced, because what?

“What's that mean? And baby ma?” Here he was again claiming me.

He cocked his head to the side. “We've already been over this. Whatever happened before we fucked is that. But after...” His eyes fell to my denim clad center. “You belong to me. Put that pussy on me like that you definitely gon' be 'round here carrying my seed.”

Squinting my eyes at him, I didn't appreciate him laughing.

“Caesar, you may boss other niggas around and have a whole legion of them doing your bidding, but that’s not me.”

He walked up on me smirking. “Is that right? You think I’m a tyrant?” His glistening diamond teeth peeked through. I nodded, trying to hold back grin.

“Lil baby in case I didn’t make myself clear enough...” his smile dropped. Without any words I read him loud and clear.

“So we have an understanding?”

“No,” I rebutted, glancing off at nothing in particular.

He turned my gaze back to his. “What is it?”

“You’re gonna make a fool outta me.” Saying it made me grimace. I wasn’t suffering from lack of confidence or low self-esteem, but I’d seen Caesar do the most beautiful women dirty. Plus, I’m sure he was only fucking with me while we were on this little vacation.

“Nah, baby,” he said trailing his tattooed digits down my face causing goosebumps to rise on my skin. “I’m a make a thoroughbred outta you.” My eyebrows stitched together.

“Ya know, Kamira. Seven years is a long muhfuckin’ time to be patient.” The band I had been struggling to put on my hair slipped from my hand when he took it from me. Turning me around we both faced the mirror with him standing behind me. He gathered my hair up and proceeded to fix it for me.

“I learned some shit about you in that time. One thing about you that I truly fuck with, is that you a real ass female. None of that raggedy shit these females outchea doing for a bag.”

I chuckled at his comment.

“I learned that if the right nigga gets you, he’s gone have a fuckin’ rider on his team. I can’t stand that fightin’ shit you do, but I know you’d go hard for a nigga no questions. And you bring more than enough to the table, my baby. I was just waiting to get an invite. You riding shotgun was just that.”

He finished the top bun without any issues and it looked more than decent. He admired his work, then kissed my temple before staring at me through the mirror. Under his potent stare, I blushed, deeply.

“See,” he said, turning me to face him. He wrapped his hand around my neck and jaw, bringing my lips to his. “You’ on know how fuckin sexy that shit is.” I stood on the tips of my toes and wrapped my arms around his broad shoulders, accepting his flavor and wondering what the hell happened to this man in the last two days.

“Good morning! Happy Birthday bro!” Alia’s chipper ass glided into the kitchen just as Caesar exited. Good thing or she would’ve caught how he’d hemmed me up against the refrigerator.

“Thank you, baby girl,” he smiled and kissed her forehead, then continued out of the kitchen.

“You look rested,” Alia commented as she moved towards me.

I do? Glancing up from the carton of strawberries I was munching on, I waited for her to bring up the...noises she’d heard Caesar and I making only for her to stare at me quizzically. She reached out and ran her fingers across my bare neck.

“Who put bite marks on you?” she screeched, surprised. “Hoe you snuck off and got some! Was it the dude from the club?”

Caesar’s deep growl startled Alia as he came up behind me and positioned his arm around my neck like he was about to put me in a choke hold. He pulled me to his body and snuggled my neck, right where the biggest mark was. Alia’s eyes stretched.

“Nah I put ‘em there,” he confirmed.

Just then Dante and Zion appeared, both amused by what they saw. Zion’s penetrating gaze slid up my body reminding me that he’d done some devilish shit to my ass last

night. Nigga might get on my damn nerves, but his mouth piece was superb.

As if he read my thoughts, he licked his thick lips. While it should've caused the tingling down my spine, it was actually Caesar's gentle kisses down my neck that aroused me. Meanwhile Alia's mouth was ajar.

"Baby," Dante chuckled, "let them be." He took her into his arms as she blinked stupidly.

Fuck, I hope I didn't just spoil her damn vacation. It was too late to try and deny anything occurred between me and Caesar.

By her reaction, Alia wasn't pleased at all. Which I expected. Because she was my best friend, I couldn't have her upset with me. We'd never had a falling out and I didn't want to now. Not after the shit we'd been through together.

"You ready?" Caesar interrupted my thoughts, took my hand, and led me from the kitchen. Shopping wasn't even on my mind anymore. My girl was.

Mom: Are you having fun?

Me: Yes, I am. Getting into trouble per usual. Shopping right now. Want anything?

Mom: Good and no! Percy will have a fit if I bring anything else into this house *laughing emoji*. Just have fun and make sure you sleep next to Caesar's room. No lil' hussies better be in his condo. That's your man!

Face flaming, I wouldn't dare tell my mother than Caesar had already blessed me. She was going overboard with the 'your man' shit.

Me: *laughing emoji* Love you, ma! I'll sneak something back home for you.

Caesar did a great job of keeping me occupied as we perused the elaborate mall. Whatever I picked up he purchased

as if I couldn't afford it myself.

Being an event planner to the elites was a lucrative job that I loved more so for the fun I had in doing what I loved to do. I'd made a lot of connections over the last two years providing me with steady clientele. Hard work and dedication cemented in blood, sweat, and tears had my name ringing bells. I was content.

Only I was a lonely fool. June really made my success not feel as such because I found myself constantly unhappy with our relationship. Now here I was acting like a freak for my best friend's brother.

"How pissed are you?"

Alia smacked her teeth. This was the first time since we started shopping that we'd had time to converse. She stayed by Dante's side, while I accompanied Caesar and Zion.

As strange as it was, the two of them acted as if nothing happened with the three of us last night. That had me wondering if they'd partook in some shit like that before. Why did that make my gut churn.

"Pissed? For what? You and Caesar are grown," she answered.

But I knew Alia. She was definitely bothered. I could tell by the way her manicured nails tapped at her phone screen. We were sitting in the food court, waiting for the guys to come back with our food.

I sighed. "Come on 'Lia."

Her eyes snapped at me. "As much as I love my brother, he's gonna hurt you Kami. Even if he doesn't mean to. Maybe this is just something both of you need to get out of your system. When I said for you to come get some dick, I meant unattached, leave their ass in Miami dick. Not dick that's gonna follow you home."

I chortled but caught myself when she glared.

"Caesar isn't the type of nigga to just fuck and move on, Kami. I know you. If your feelings aren't already involved,

they will be before we leave here.”

My gaze shifted to Caesar who stood in the long ass Chick Fil A line with Zion and Dante. I wouldn't tell her about last night, nor would I mention I'd been harboring feelings for her brother.

“He's taken care of me all of my life and I'd be crazy to say he's no good... I just don't want you to end up like the rest of the females he's fucked with,” she said.

Caesar was mid laugh at something Zion said, when a female standing a couple of feet away ‘accidentally’ bumped her thick booty ass into him. I was seconds out of my seat when Alia stopped me. I stared at her hand like it was a snake.

“Look.”

Turning back towards Caesar I found him conversing with the woman. She showed all thirty two of her teeth as she grinned in his face. Her hand kept finding its way to his bicep, pissing me the fuck off.

“That's just a tip of the shit you'll have to deal with getting caught up with him.” Alia sighed. “But...I'm here for it if he's what you want ‘cause you're my girl.” I was pleased to hear that but disgusted by watching Caesar chat this bitch up.

“Excuse me.” My attention was grabbed by a dude passing our table, blocking my view of Caesar. Aggravated, I almost told him to move until he smiled.

“I'on know why we keep runnin' into each other, lil' baby,” his deep voice purred.

It was the same dude from dinner and the club. He was with his homeboy again and they both looked like dinner and dessert. The gaze of many women followed them as they kept walking. My eyes trailed after his sexy walking ass.

“Gon' and follow that nigga.” Caesar's tone shook me.

“Sure,” I quipped. “Since you're preoccupied anyway.” I glanced over and ole girl along with a couple of her friends were now in Zion's and Dante's face prompting Alia to traipse

her ass over there. Yet she'd stopped me from busting that shit up.

"I'm not preoccupied in the least but you seem to keep having yo eyes on muhfuckas."

I chuckled. "Whatever, we're not even together so why are we questioning each other? Just 'cause we fucked doesn't mean anything. Clearly you're cool with letting bitches put their hands on you and all I did was look at a nigga and you have a problem."

Ignoring me, Caesar turned and went back to the line, mugging some dude that told him not to cut the line.

Alia came back to the table irritated. I saw that the girls had moved on somewhere else.

"Whether for the time being, or if you're looking for something serious, Caesar's gonna hurt you, boo." I believed Alia.

"And I mean that with all the love of a baby sister and best friend. I wish Sid were here to talk some sense into you. I'm trying to give her some space after what she told us yesterday."

Yeah, I'd keep the part about Zion to myself. Alia and Sidney would have a stroke. Sitting back down, I grabbed my phone out of my purse to get this damn agency on the line about Caesar's *original* birthday gift. The new gift was much better considering the situation.

When the phone sent me to voicemail, I growled as I listened to the long ass recorded voice telling me to leave a message.

"Yes, this is Kamira Lewis calling to cancel an order. Please return my call at the number provided on the invoice. Thank you so kindly." I ended the call to Alia's laughing.

"A fucking call service, Kami?"

I shrugged. That was before Caesar fucked my brains out.

Chapter Six

CAESAR

It was either walk away from Kamira or snatch up her smart mouthed ass. Hell we weren't a couple one muhfuckin' day and she was already on that bullshit.

She can't go around thinking every time a female is in my face that I'm entertaining that shit. Shawty *was* bad, but so are a lot of females I meet. That didn't mean I was dipping in every single one of them or even interested for that matter.

Bitches fell at my feet for what they saw. On the outside I was a walking dream, draped in dark skin and long curly locs. The diamonds on my grill, in my ears, around my neck, and on my wrists attracted even more attention. And no I don't like that shit.

I liked being me. If I had on some sweats and no jewelry, I'd still be a target. Standing at six-five and built like ten niggas, I couldn't go without being noticed.

Still, the man inside is who I wanted Kamira to vibe with. Once she did, she'd understand more of how I operated, how my mind worked. Just like I dedicated myself to my empire, I'd dedicate myself to her. Only if she allowed me to. If I felt that she was on some straight bullshit, I'd go back to doing me—like I've always done. Right now she believed that our rendezvous was only for Miami. In time, she'd see that I meant what I said.

“What's that all about?” Zion asked when I joined them back in the line.

“Ain't nothin'.” I hunched my shoulders and dropped it. He hadn't made any sly remarks about the events of yesterday and low key I hoped he wouldn't. Because it would have me side eyeing him.

In hindsight, the shit probably hadn't been the best of ideas. But that was water under the bridge now. Moving forward, he could keep his thoughts off my girl.

“Y’all niggas won’t understand the peace in being settled down until you do,” Dante commented.

I was proud of my nigga. While me and Dante were tight like brothers, he treated Alia like a queen regardless of our friendship. He’d always had a thing for her and when he decided to go after her, I didn’t stop him.

For one, Dante was always on some ‘I want one woman’ shit. He’d ran through plenty of bitches but his eyes never strayed too far from Alia.

Unlike most niggas, Dante didn’t fear who I was on the streets. That’s partly why our relationship was so strong. He could tell or confront me about anything right or wrong, and we handled that shit. He, Zion, and I have always had that comradery.

“Shidd, that’s all you homie,” Zion chuckled. He wanted no parts of settling down. Unless I counted a very engaged Sidney.

I shook my head. “Nah, he’s right,” I seconded. “That one woman that can be everything yo muhfuckin’ ass is outchea lookin’ for would make a nigga get right quick. Take Sid for instance.”

Zion guffawed, causing a scene. “Sid is engaged, so that topic is off limits. Nigga you was just busting down Mazy a few weeks ago and now you on some settling down shit? The fuck?” His gaze slid to Kamira. “Oh for real?” he smirked. I cocked my head and mugged him.

This nigga-! “Welcome to Chick Fil A what can we get started for you?”

After ordering my and Kamira’s food, I took it back to the table where she was doing her best to ignore me. Just to bother her, I kissed over her cheeks and ran my fingers across her ribcage, drawing a giggle from across the table.

“Caesar what’s gotten into you?” Alia asked. She’d never seen me this way so I’m sure she was confused by the entire interaction between me and Kamira.

Grinning at my baby sister, I chucked my head Kamira's way. "Tell her to stop trippin'."

Alia's eyes darted between us, with them resting on Kamira. "Stop trippin', sis," she said.

Kamira huffed, but still ignored my ass for the rest of the afternoon.

Watching Kamira walk the beachline as the sun set, I envisioned her riding me into the night underneath the stars that were about to spring forth. She was alone, at peace down there. Even on the seventh floor balcony, I could pick her out of the many bodies lining the beach.

Whatever she was thinking about, I hoped she was getting her mind right. She said we weren't together, and I'd let her think that for now.

I left the balcony to go get ready for our trip out. Hopefully I could end the night just how I started the morning.

For my birthday this year, I wanted nothing more than to relax. I was in the club too often when in Atlanta, handling transactions, and business deals.

Here, when I went to the club, the environment wasn't hostile like at home. Niggas rarely tried me, but a few had tried. That's why I found a home away from home to chill at when I needed a break.

We settled on VIP at club Blue, a restaurant style club that offered a more laid back vibe. Besides facing a couple of blunts, I indulged in one drink. That was to keep me from killing a muhfucka in this bitch. Although Kamira sat by my side, she was making it fucking clear that we weren't together.

She had on a skimpy ass black dress, that had her whole body showing through the cutouts in it. Her curly mane was out in an Angela Davis afro and a diamond choker I'd bought her earlier was around her neck. She gave me shit about buying it for her, but I knew it would be beautiful

gracing her neck. One more nigga looked this way to get her attention, I was gon' air this muthafucka out!

To be honest, I wasn't enjoying myself for shit. Dante and Alia were doing what they normally did, and Zion too. Here the fuck I was up Kamira's ass, trying to get shawty to give me some play. Her muhfuckin' ass had the resistance of a virgin pussy.

Every time her body moved to the beat, her unbound titties jiggled. Because I knew her nipples were juicy and pierced, I couldn't help but tweak one. She gasped, and smacked my hand.

"I'ma be bitin' on them bitches later," I said over the music. I took a drag from the blunt, inhaling, then exhaling the cloud of smoke. She rolled her eyes and shook her head 'no'.

I smirked. "You gon' pay for this lil' attitude you got," I warned her. She shrugged, then got up to move.

Quickly, I reached out and snatched her ass to make her sit back down. Fuck, why did her ignoring me bother the fuck out of me? Ashing the blunt I was working on with one hand, I used my other hand to smoothly move her onto my lap, locking her in place.

The homies laughed while Alia shook her head. They could all mind their business. In a minute, they were going to witness me hemming this woman the fuck up. Kissing on her cheeks, I tried to make her kiss me back but she resisted.

"Oh, it's like that?"

Fuck my feelings were kind of hurt when she replied, "Yep."

"You must've forgot how good it felt with my dick so deep in you, you couldn't even scream." My words caused her body to relax against me.

"How you gon' suck and fuck me good, then buck?" I questioned not caring who heard me. Her teeth sank into her lip, but still she said nothing.

“Don’t worry I got something for that,” I assured her. When I moved my arm, she hurriedly moved from my lap and grabbed another drink, throwing it back. She proceeded to ignore my ass through a few more songs before we called it a night.

Back at the condo Zion and I crashed in the living room, clowning each other over some old LeBron highlights. He swore that nigga was the greatest, but I’d put my money on Kobe or Jordan any day.

Dante and Alia left a few minutes ago to walk the beach. That was some shit I planned to do with Kamira before we left here if she’d stop being on her bullshit. She retired to her room as soon as we made it back without so much as a good night.

Midnight was rolling up on us, and I’d yet to really feel like I’d celebrated my day. Gifts I’d gotten from my homies and my sister were priceless jewels I’d add to my collection. Kamira’s gift to me was left on my nightstand, nicely packaged.

The diamond studded watch was one of the nicest I’d ever seen. Her gift was something I’d wear often, especially knowing it came from her. Tonight would be better though if she was actually talking to me.

The doorbell rang interrupting our banter. We glanced at each other confused. My heat was on the coffee table ready for whatever. Zion stood to get the door, before Kamira hustled from the back in some flimsy ass night clothes ahead of him.

“I got it,” she said.

“Yeen answering the door shawty,” Zion stated. His heat was at his side then.

No one was expecting a visitor so whoever was on the other side of that bitch better not be on any fuck shit. This nine mil was going to rip through their ass something serious if they were.

Kamira saw the gun and grimaced. The doorbell sounded again. She hurried to the door and cracked it open.

“The fuck,” Zion mumbled, prying the door out of Kamira’s hand. I couldn’t hear their back and forth, so curious I got up to investigate.

“You ordered some pussy, shawty?” Zion’s eyebrows were damn near touching his hairline.

My eyebrows peeked too. *The fuck?*

Sure enough when I made it to the door, two bad ass ebony goddesses stood on the other side draped in trench coats. Kamira looked like she wanted to fall through the floor.

“Ladies, I apologize,” she was saying, face red as fuck. “There’s been a change of plans. I called your...uhm...boss and left a voice mail to cancel tonight’s services. We’re good —”

“Shiidd, no the fuck we ain’t!” Zion bumped Kamira out of the way and ushered the two smiling beauties inside.

Amused, I watched the play of emotions on Kamira’s face.

“Is it your birthday?” One of the women asked Zion.

“Nah, it’s the homie’s G day,” he pointed at me. They smiled my way.

“Happy birthday,” they sang in unison.

“Thanks,” I replied. Kamira’s ass had really given me some call girls for my birthday. This was no doubt planned prior to us fucking. The lighter one came and tried to take my hand.

“Say, shawty,” I finessed with a jeweled smile. “Why don’t you and ya girl rock with my homeboy tonight.”

They grinned. “As you wish,” the darker one answered. Zion took both of their hands and lead them from the living room, grinning like a damn fool.

Kamira strutted past me, sashaying her ass to the balcony. I followed chuckling. She stood by the railing,

overlooking the darkened waters and people below. The moon cast a beautiful glow over the waves. From here, the vision was that of a post card.

I walked up on her until her back touched my front. She shuddered from the contact. Her freshly washed skin smelled like the sweetest coconuts. The thin short set she had on did nothing to conceal her body beneath against the humid night air. Even with the heated breeze, her nipples hardened.

I wrapped my arms around her midsection and brought her closer. Just being in the same space as her, made me hard as fuck. She rubbed against my length and purred.

“Just ‘cause you were tryna give my dick away, doesn’t mean you can give my pussy away. Yeen said shit to me since we left the mall. That’s how you gon’ let me end my day?”

“Actually you can go join Zion,” she sassed but kept her ass rubbing up against me. “You two like that type of thing.”

Chuckling, I paid her smart mouth no mind and instead I started removing her thin shorts, which she was panty less underneath.

“Caesar,” she faintly protested but didn’t stop me.

“Now you know my name?” I teased as her shorts pooled at her feet. She stepped out of them without hesitation, and like a starving woman parted her legs for my roaming fingers.

KAMIRA

The night air coupled with Caesar’s fingers trailing my abdomen to meet my wet sex had me struggling for air.

His dick was so hard against my ass, that I practically begged him to put it in me. Even with the crowd below, the partially dark balcony provided us with enough privacy for me to take what he was about to deliver to me.

His fingers separated my swollen lips and grazed across my engorged clit. He tugged on it, groaning when I

soaked his fingers. When two of his digits entered me, I whimpered in pleasure.

“Greedy pussy,” he growled against my ear because my tunnel savagely tugged at his thick fingers. “You act stank as fuck. But soon as I put my hands on you, you melt. Stop being so fuckin’ difficult, baby,” he crooned as his fingers sped up and scissored inside of my tunnel.

Satisfied by how wet I was, he snatched his fingers out and didn’t have to tell me to bend over. I did so effortlessly, waiting for the moment he’d fill me up.

The head of his thickness penetrated my walls, stretching my pussy. Under heavy lids, I glanced over my shoulder to find his head tilted towards the sky as he sucked my juices off of his fingers. The sight had me throwing my ass back on him as I creamed all over him.

“Fuck!” He grunted.

His hands gripped my hips as he fucked me back. The veins in his neck protruded along with the muscles in his arms as he moaned and stroked me deep. I could no longer watch his emotions when he bit roughly into his lip, showing off that sexy grill.

Loudly I moaned. I held onto the bottom rail of the balcony’s wall trying to take these blows he delivered without screaming like I wanted to.

“Baby girl,” he growled, “pussy so fuckin’ good...” He stretched my cheeks so far apart he’d leave a split there. But the excruciating pleasure he was inflicting upon me was too much to fight against.

Taking a chance, I glanced back again. He was watching us now, with his mouth open as he steadily glided in and out of me.

“Uhhnnnn!” I was louder now because he was even deeper as his fingers dug in my skin. He was on my spot, and just like that I started cumming hard, the heavy sounds of my drenched center filling the night.

“Ahh!” I squirted my goodness all over his rod, feeling it run down my thighs as I chased his thick pole some more, losing my mind in bliss when he started spanking my ass.

“Fuck! I wanna nut in this pussy, Kamira!” I didn’t recognize Caesar’s voice. The bass of it sent lightning through my veins, sparking a fire inside my vaginal walls that had them clenching hard around him.

“Sss! Shiitt!” Caesar grunted and pulled out mid-stroke.

“Uhhnn!” I gasped, somewhere between pain, pleasure, and shock when he entered my ass. I’d never had anyone there before. The intrusion hurt for a thought’s moment but Caesar pulled me up until my back touched his chest.

His hand went around my mouth, stopping the loud ass scream that sprang forth when he pulled back and pushed back in. He sank his teeth in my shoulder, whimpering from the pleasure he felt.

“Sss... I’ll beg you for ya body, baby. Is that what you want? You want me tell how bad I need it? How much I dream about it?” He sucked over my skin, as his other hand found my breast squeezing it, pinching hard at my engorged nipples.

“I’ll fuck you up, Kamira,” he groaned. “...Ruin you for any nigga that think he gon’ have what’s mine.” His fingers left my nipple and found their way back in my tunnel, pushing deep until he massaged my spot. My mouth hung open as tears leaked from my eyes.

Behind his hand, I moaned uncontrollably at the foreign yet exhilarating pleasure of his dick gliding inside of me. I took him, mumbling incoherent shit as I let him have his way.

Groaning and grunting, Caesar delivered excruciatingly precise strokes. He found a spot I had no clue existed bringing me to a blinding orgasm.

His hand over my mouth prevented most of the sound I expelled but hell I was so loud I knew we were causing a

scene. Our bodies clapped too loud, and his sexy ass growling was too primal and noisy.

Once again his fingers left my passage to dig into my hip. The wetness on them set me ablaze, as I cried out again.

“You bring me to my fuckin’ knees, Kamira!” I shuddered in his embrace, unable to stop the current of emotions that assailed me at his confession. My hands fisted his thick hair as he sucked on my neck. I tried to hold on to something to keep me from passing out from the pleasure.

“Argh, fuck! Fuuuck!” he ground out driving us to the cemented balcony’s floor. His hand slipped from around my lips as he palmed the cement, all the while emptying his seed into me as I called out his name over and over again.

Chapter Seven

KAMIRA

DAY 3

Sore ass and all, I was up at nine a.m. plaiting Caesar's hair. It was a beautiful Saturday morning. The living room was filled with natural lighting and the ocean's scent crept into the house from the opened balcony door.

I sat on the couch, while Caesar sat on the floor, positioned between my legs with his head resting on my thigh. In the past, this act never felt like anything other than me doing his hair. Now, every time my fingers rubbed oil on his scalp he moaned. If it weren't for the telltale signs of goosebumps rising on his arms I'd think he was just being extra.

"Y'all make me sick to my fuckin' stomach." Zion's obnoxious ass was on the other couch, flipping through the television for the news. He and Dante were waiting for me to finish up Caesar's hair so that they could go handle some business.

Alia chuckled. Seeing her cozied up in Dante's arms had me craving that very thing with Caesar. Upset at myself for envisioning us in such a way, I sighed. My feelings could not get involved with this man. Like Alia said, Caesar would hurt me.

Dashing those thoughts away, I said to Zion, "You had plenty of entertainment last night, I made sure of it."

"Mane," he grumbled. "Them hoes almost killed my muhfuckin' ass." The living room erupted in laughter.

"Y'all laughin' but I'm dead ass. I gotta cramp in my fuckin' ass cheeks, and both of my big toes are numb. The fuck you ordered them bitches from, Kami? I ain doing that shit no mo'," he said serious as hell.

Dante had started coughing he was laughing so hard.

“That’s what you get for welcoming them inside. I tried to save you,” I explained finishing up the last two plaits.

He grilled me. “Nah you was tryna kill my homie,” he rebutted. “Dawg,” he said to Caesar, “don’t ever do it, that’s all I’ma say.”

“What?” Alia joked. “The great Zion couldn’t handle a couple lil’ baddies.”

I’d explained the whole situation about last night to Alia. She still couldn’t believe I’d paid for some sex for Caesar. Hell, I couldn’t either. At the time it seemed like a great idea.

“Lil’ baddies?” Zion scoffed. “More like lil’ maddies. They was taking too much anger out on my mans, so he need a few days to recuperate.” This nigga had the nerve to pout.

Dante and Alia fell off of the couch howling in laughter as Caesar and I joined. Good thing they didn’t touch Caesar. He’d never forgive me.

“Kami you need therapy, shawty. I almost killed one of them hoes ‘cause she thought she was gon’ plug my ass.”

Officially dead, I tried to breathe past the ache in my stomach.

“Nigga you dumb as hell!” Caesar gasped for air as he wiped tears from the corners of his eyes. “No wonder ya ass has been quiet as a mouse all morning.”

“He’s traumatized,” Dante added.

Zion threw us all the bird. “Never again. I’m good on that shit,” he ended. I couldn’t wait to tell Sidney about this!

Once Caesar’s hair was done, he joined me on the couch by sitting his big ass in my lap. He snuggled my neck, kissing on me. I couldn’t help myself—I giggled.

“We’re about to head out, but I won’t be long,” he said but didn’t move.

“Okay,” I replied. “Alia and I will find something to get into.”

He mugged me. “Whatever you get into, you better have some fuckin’ clothes on when you do that shit, Kamira.”

Chuckling, I shrugged. “It’s Miami, Caesar. I can show some skin.”

“Man, you trippin’,” he grumbled, standing up. “Aight, keep that same energy when I step out in some joggers.”

I shrugged again. “Caesar...you *look* like you’re packing. Females fawn over you anyways.”

He grinned. “That’s how you’ve been seeing me?”

Turning my nose up, I told him to gone on somewhere. He chuckled and left with Zion and Dante.

“Call me crazy, but I think my brother’s in love,” Alia’s comment sent the sip of mimosa sliding down the wrong tube. Coughing up the sweet concoction I glared at her while she chuckled.

“I’m just saying. He damn near didn’t want to leave you this morning. From how he’s blowing up your line, I’m sold that he’s on your ass.”

Rolling my eyes I was about to deny her claims when my phone vibrated against the table. Caesar’s name flashed across the screen. The text message was written in all caps.

Alia chuckled. “You better answer him before he shows up.”

I was trying to enjoy a simple lunch date with Alia but Caesar’s ass wouldn’t leave me alone. It was kind of cute that he wanted to communicate or whatever but after text number twenty I wondered how he was getting any business handled from trying to keep up with me.

Caesar: WTFYA!

Me: The same place I was ten minutes ago.

Caesar: Kamira

Me: What?

No response. Putting it to the back of my mind, I sipped at my raspberry mimosa. Alia laughed harder.

“Your brother is bossy as fuck and thinks he can run me like he does his minions.” His messages were a reflection of him trying to stalk me.

“And you thought he wouldn’t? That’s actually a good thing no matter how crazy it sounds.”

My expression caused her to laugh.

“Think about it, Kami,” she said. “If he didn’t give a fuck about you, why would he be on you like he is.”

“Lia who knows,” I sighed. “I’m not getting my hopes up about Caesar. Do I like him? I’ll admit to you that I do, and that I have for a long time. I just never made shit known because, why? Wasn’t like anything would come of it.”

She snickered. “I’ve been under Dante the whole trip —”

“Which I told you, you would be,” I mumbled.

“—So we haven’t had time to really talk. I’m curious to know what happened on the ride here that’s got two of my favorite people attached.”

“Absolutely nothing to be honest. Zion was even on his best behavior.”

Alia snapped her eyebrows together. “So, y’all just up and decided to start...”

“Exactly,” I confirmed. “I’m as confused as you dear friend.”

“I want the best for you, you know that. I’d love for all three of us to be settled down and married. If you and Caesar are really feeling each other, then this would be a dream.”

I softly smiled.

“Well one thing’s for sure. You’ve been on your best behavior since we got here so my theory proved true. We’ve

been up and down South Beach and you haven't laid hands on one bitch. I'm proud of you," she beamed.

Smiling, I thought about the dick Caesar had been serving me. I tried hard not to get attached because once his ass decided to move on I didn't want to be after him like some crazy witch.

Sadly, that's the type of pole he carried between his bowed legs. It was disrespectful as fuck to have something so good and give it away without warning. Well, he did kind of warn me, but when did I ever listen. Sucking through this straw only had me hot and bothered, ready to suck on Caesar's python.

Me: I'm craving you.

As soon as I hit send I regretted it. Caesar would probably ignore me, or worse, laugh in my damn face for acting like a bitch in heat.

When my phone showed him Facetiming me just a minute later, my eyes stretched. Clicking the answer button, I choked on my breath at what I saw.

"You just made me hard as fuck." Caesar switched the camera from his stiff dick print underneath his grey joggers to his face.

His eyes were low like he'd had a blunt, yet they bore deep into me. He licked his juicy lips, reminding me of how good they felt on my skin. Under the brim of his Bulls hat his handsome face smiled.

"I have a surprise for you, beautiful," he said. "Make sure you find something nice for tonight, aight."

"Nice like what?"

"Nice like, I'ma split yo ass in two when we get back to the crib nice," he explained. Alia chortled over her drink.

Face heated, I nodded.

"We're almost done, so I'ma see you soon. Love you, baby."

Shocked, I didn't respond and hung up the call. He hadn't meant to say that shit. That's how he addressed Alia so it was I'm sure out of habit.

I found Alia's saucer-stretched eyes on me with her mouth agape.

"Don't even think he meant that, 'Lia," I warned. "Obviously—" I was interrupted by my ringing phone. Caesar.

"Love you, baby," he repeated as soon as his face blessed the screen.

Blinking back at him, my mouth was stuck on mute, yet my heart spoke for me.

"Love you too, baby," I replied, meaning it. Even as I spoke, every hair on my body stood to attention. Warmth spread through my chest, restricting my airway. He grinned, blew me a kiss, and disconnected the call.

"What did I just witness?" Alia and her dumbfounded expression mirrored mine.

"Still I'm not getting caught up with Caesar to the point where I'm gonna lose my mind behind him. He's been hella strange the past few days and I really don't know how to take it. A part of me wants to dive head first into this shit, while the other part is telling me how stupid I am."

The waitress came over and sat our lunch in front of us. We both ordered shrimp salads. She came and went without a word.

"Kami, we're talking about Caesar. When has my brother *ever* uttered those words to a female besides me and our mother?"

I shrugged. "We have no idea what he tells these women behind closed doors." Now that I knew what his dick game was like, I couldn't be nonchalant to the way he knew how to work himself. The shit I'd heard about him when it came to his cock and fucking *exceeded* my expectations.

"True," she said. "But...who's Caesar scared of? Girl he could give a fuck what anybody thinks so I doubt he'd care

who heard him tell anyone that.”

“He’s a private man, ‘Lia.”

“No the hell he isn’t,” she snickered in return.

Everything I said, Alia came back with a rebuttal so I dropped it and dug into my salad, waiting for the moment I could feel Caesar on my tongue and inside of me again.

CAESAR

“Congratulations on your new home.” I shook the realtor’s haggard brown hand and handed him the duffle bag of money. He scurried off to get the rest of my paperwork completed while Dante, Zion, and I waited in the living room for him to finish.

“I’m all for homeownership, but what you need with this when you got a whole fuckin’ four-thousand square foot condo on the beach?” Zion asked.

“This is a family home, Z. My kids can’t be runnin’ around no fuckin’ condo. Shit ain’t fun at all.”

“Family home? Kids?” this nigga scoffed.

“That’s wassup,” Dante said as he dapped me.

“Nah, I think some gas fumes done got in ya brain, dawg. Remember that last gas station we stopped at on the way here had roaches in it. Those muhfuckas probably made it into the tank.”

We busted out laughing but this nigga was serious as fuck.

“You’re dumb as fuck, bruh,” Dante chuckled.

“For real,” he insisted. “All of this is about Kamira?” I confirmed with a head nod. “’Cause I ain never heard you talkin’ this crazy. Shit is that serious?”

Again, I nodded.

“I’m all for it, G. Kamira’s more than worth it,” Dante congratulated.

Zion snickered. “So, what you plan on doing with the condo?”

“I was gon’ give it yo dumb ass, but you—”

“Nah, bruh! I’m shutting the fuck up right now,” he said, mimicking zipping his lips.

Kamira fucked my whole head up with that damn text message. Three simple words from her could affect me in such a way. Shit was crazy. Just to think about what *she* was thinking about when she sent me that shit had me ready to call her ass back.

Here I thought my dick would drive her ass crazy, but she effectively drove me crazy prior to giving me the pussy. Now I was just a plum fool. I couldn’t get shit done from wanting to be up underneath her muthafuckin’ ass.

When she stopped responding to my text messages, I had half a mind to go crash her and Alia’s lunch date. To say that I was in love with Kamira was an understatement. I’d been fighting it too long.

“I can’t believe you told that damn girl you love her.” Zion was in his feelings prompting Dante to laugh.

“Who the fuck ain’t see that shit coming?” Dante chuckled.

“Nigga I didn’t!” Zion fussed like a little bitch.

“The fuck does it matter to you?” I caught his glare through my rearview mirror. “You feelin’ some type of way for whatever reason, but don’t make me beat yo muthafuckin’ ass, my dawg.”

“Whoa,” Dante interjected, not sure what was going on.

“Nah, he cool,” Zion snickered. “I understand,” he smirked.

I knew damn well he was recalling the taste of Kamira's pussy and that fueled me to say, "Fuck you nigga."

Zion laughed and turned his gaze out of the window.

"Mane, I'on know what the fuck that's all about, but y'all need to cool it." Dante talked some sense into Zion, because he knew muthafuckin' well wasn't talking no sense into me if pushed to that point.

Zion was my homeboy and always would be. We'd swapped bitches before and never had an issue. This on the other hand was different. Kamira wasn't a fucking bitch and if anyone knew that it was Zion and Dante.

"Ain't shit wrong with Caes tellin' his woman how he feels, Z. One day yo ass gon' learn to stop runnin' too. I sure hate it for the shawty that's gon' ruin ya fuckin' life though. Her ass better be certified to have to deal with you."

"Mane, shut that shit up," Zion grumbled. "You only agreeing 'cause you in love. Y'all some sap ass niggas. Never catch me on that type of shit," he concluded. He, Dante, and I both knew he was lying.

I for one let Zion talk his shit. If I allowed everything a muthafucka said to irritate me, then I'd have a lot more bodies under me than I currently did. Plus, a nigga was entitled to his own muthafuckin' opinion. If I was a sap for loving Kamira, then fuck it!

"Z, mane, this one time I'm callin' you stupid and actually meaning it," Dante rattled off. "Never have I seen an ounce of jealousy in you but I'm on the fence now. What's really good?"

See Dante was two things: Quiet and crazy. He peeped a lot of shit and was quick to not let anything slide if he thought you were on some flaw shit. Another reason why he was my homie.

"Jealous? Nigga you outcha damn mind," Zion snickered. "If I wanted Kamira, I could have her. If I wanted Alia, I could have her," he said.

The interior of my Denali was quiet ass fuck. The only sound came from the passing traffic as I eased off of the interstate to head back to the condo.

“I’ma say this and then we squashin’ this shit,” Dante drawled. “You come near my woman, I’ma forget you my nigga.”

Zion laughed, waving Dante’s comment off. I shuffled my attention between the road and Zion. I hated to think it, but Dante was right. Only, it wasn’t Alia that Zion would be after. It was Kamira.

Chapter Eight

KAMIRA

“Right this way.”

Caesar clutched my hand as we followed the waitress to an available table. The tables were close together with not much room to maneuver through, but what would one expect in a sort of juke joint.

A smile as wide as Texas adorned my face as the haunting sounds of a blues joint strummed through the loud speakers. On the makeshift stage at the front of the restaurant was a band gearing up for showtime.

Caesar seated me, then pulled his chair next to mine so that we both faced the stage and dance floor.

“Your waitress will be with you shortly,” the nice young lady said with a smile then departed.

“I can’t believe you’re actually down to be in a place like this. It’s crowded as fuck and not playing any music that I know you like,” I said to Caesar who placed his arm around the back of my chair and made himself comfortable.

“Baby girl, I got two cannons on me. A muhfucka can try,” he replied. “I’ on want you to ever be able to say yo nigga can’t do shit with you ‘cause we can’t be out anywhere. Fuck that. I’m not into thinking I’m untouchable, but I damn sure ain’t easy for a nigga to touch, *with or without* a fuckin’ crew.”

Ooh, he had the nerve to growl that shit. I tugged his beard covered chin and fought the moisture pooling in my silk panties. He licked his thick lips as I brought them closer to mine.

“I’m not worried,” I told him and kissed his lips. His tongue trailed my flavor on his lips.

“Hello, I’m Dawn, I’ll be your waitress tonight.” We were interrupted by a golden beauty. She placed our menus down and asked what we wanted to drink.

“Two sweet teas,” Caesar answered. She smiled and moved away from the table.

“Don’t ever be,” he stated, picking up where we’d left off. “When we get back to Atlanta ain’t shit gon’ change. We’re just together now so no more of that hot girl shit you’ve been on. When you and Alia go out, I’on wanna have to come bond yo ass outta jail. You’re too classy for that beat a hoe shit.”

I snickered. “Do you give yourself this same pep talk when niggas try you?” I already knew the answer, but wanted to hear his response.

He grinned. “Nah, I don’t. But it’s rare that niggas cross me.”

Of course it is, I thought. ‘Cause you’re known for putting niggas to sleep!

“Well, to be perfectly transparent, I get bitchy when I’m frustrated.”

He laughed. “I think I’ve realized that over the years, Kamira. More so in the last year. Neither you nor Alia said anything was going on between you and yo ex nigga, but low-key I was ready to fuck that nigga up.”

Chortling, I asked, “Why?”

“I thought he was fuckin’ up and was gon’ check his lame ass.”

“Which is why my girl had so much trouble keeping a man all these years,” I chuckled.

“Nah, that was all Dante’s crazy ass,” he confessed.

I laughed, drawing a smile from his lips. “But I bet you’re glad it’s him and not someone you don’t know so well.” He nodded in agreement.

“Why do I feel like I’ve taken up all of your vacation time? If I weren’t here there’s no telling what you and Zion would’ve gotten into.”

He chuckled. “Time I want to give you, lil’ mama. Trust a nigga ain’t doin’ shit I don’t want to. Besides, I normally just chill when I come outchea. Life in Atlanta is hectic as fuck. Coming to Miami is like my solace. When I’m here, I get to just rest,” he explained before we were interrupted again.

We placed our orders. While we waited, I melted into Caesar’s side and relished in his soft kisses upon my forehead.

I wondered how things would be once we returned home. This man, I was quickly becoming attached to. I wanted him to stay just like this. However, he had a life in our city. One that was dangerous and unloving. Where did I fit in that? Nowhere.

Eyes closed, I allowed the sounds of the band’s magical fingers to stroke my spirit. I swear Caesar’s body swaying against mine was something I’d never forget. Here in this stuffy ass hole in the wall club, he held me close, rocking us to the slow beat of the ballad from the trumpet.

In my mind, he and I were the only ones here. His cologne mixed with weed enveloped me, eclipsing the smell of stale cigarettes permeating the air. When he said he had a surprise for me, I pictured dinner and some type of wooing shit. I didn’t picture him bringing me to dinner with a live band, playing just the music I loved.

I dressed for the evening in a simple black tube dress that barely covered my thighs. At first I thought it wasn’t sexy enough until I saw the carnal desire in Caesar’s eyes when he

saw me in it. But it was him that was stealing the night. His all black attire was menacing, yet sexy as fuck.

The ladies couldn't keep their eyes off of him, and surprisingly, I was okay with that. Mainly because Caesar only had eyes for me.

Where was the hard-core nigga that ran Atlanta and the surrounding areas? Where was the man that played no games?

His lips touched my neck, reminding me that he was here, clutching me to his hard body, making sure I didn't budge.

The band switched to a rendition of You Make Me Feel by Aretha Franklin. Although the beat changed, Caesar continued to rock me slow.

*...I didn't know just what was wrong with me
'Til your kiss helped me name it...*

When his deep voice crooned the lyrics in my ear, my eyes popped open. His voice was beautiful, soulful, haunting. My heart stilled, unsure of what to think as he gazed down at me. Then he grinned.

Blushing, I smiled back. Caesar and his damn layers. Alia had never mentioned to me that her brother could sing.

"That's between us," he winked. The smile on my face grew until it reached my eyes.

Unable to help myself, I fell in love with Caesar then. Feeling the moisture in my eyes, I hurriedly blinked them away.

This was only for the moment. Caesar Honeycutt wasn't the falling in love type. He was the fuck you really good to make you crazy and fall in love with him type.

Even still, I allowed him to tighten his arms around me, with me intertwining our fingers. The fact that he accepted my gesture with a kiss had me back in fantasy land.

“That was absolutely amazing,” I gushed as Caesar drove away from the venue. Two hours spent listening to my absolute favorite music had me all tingly inside. Caesar surprising me this way literally made it as if he could do no wrong.

I sighed. “One more day in Miami, then it’s back to ATL. I’m scared to check my emails,” I giggled.

Caesar tweaked my chin. “A nigga proud of you, baby. Always have been.”

“Thank you.” Warmth spread through me from his adoration.

“Lia is my heart and knowing she has two friends that’ll ride for her the way you and Sid do makes me adore y’all, shawty.”

What?

“Then you’re on your business shit faithfully. Niggas can’t do what you do baby. And you do your shit with that gorgeous ass smile on ya face.”

Caesar kept throwing compliments out and I had no idea how to take them.

“Ain’t no other nigga gon’ keep that smile on your face but me,” he drawled.

I shot him a yeah right expression, drawing a chuckle from his sexy lips.

We made it back to the condo in minutes. Zion was sprawled out in the living room sofa snoring. Through the glass, I caught a glimpse of Dante and Alia cozied up on the balcony. Bypassing the living room, I trailed behind Caesar, who held my hand all the way to his room.

“I’ll start the shower,” I offered as he took his gun from his back and sat it on the nightstand. His shirt came off next. My mouth watered at the sight of his sexy body.

I’d never get tired of it. Padding into the bathroom, I turned the water on, hot like we liked it.

“You’re gonna regret spoiling me.”

“Spoiling you?” I snickered. Undressing, my face flamed at his unabashed staring.

“Yeah, shawty,” he answered after joining me under the spray. His hair, like mine, immediately curled up.

“You spoil me with your smile, your touch, your presence...” His fingers trailed my arm, sending flames through my flesh.

“Caesar,” I whispered as his lips touched mine.

“Sup baby?” His soft eyes burned into mine, the rarest emotions in them.

“I’m not used to this side of you,” I confessed. “The Caesar that I know is...ruthless, and incapable of...being the way you’re being with me.” I didn’t understand.

He, however, only smirked, picked up the bath soap and sponge, then started washing my body.

“I’m capable of a lot of things, baby girl. I intend to show you.” He finished washing my body, helped me rinse off, then backed me into the nearest wall.

His menacing gaze was my undoing. Why did his hard glare turn me on in such a way?

“I ever tell you how much I dreamt of eating ya pussy?” We feverishly kissed, sucking and nipping on each other’s tongues and lips.

Caesar’s penis with that sick curve angrily stood out, begging for my touch.

I loved how his muscles rippled as my fingers sought out his masterpiece. But he stopped me, dropping to his knees on the wet shower floor.

His lips sucked a path to my dripping pussy. He lifted my right leg placing it over his shoulder as his thick tongue slid up my lips, parting them.

“Mmm,” he moaned, lapping up what my body was already giving. He tugged on my hardened clit, blessing me

with the sweetest pleasure. On wobbly legs I tried to take his devil tongue that lashed across my sensitive spot, but it was too much.

“Ahhh, shiitttt!” Caesar caught me before I fell, chuckling like the devil he was. Faintly I remembered being carried to bed.

The feel of his lips kissing a path to my nipples had them poking. He bit one, then quickly soothed the pain with his tongue. He fondled my nipple ring between his teeth, before moving to my other nipple.

His heavy dick rested near my sex, driving me crazy. Nudging his chest, he knew exactly what to do and rolled onto his back, bringing me with him. On the nightstand, my vibrator peaked from behind the decorative lamp. Leaning over, I swiped it up.

This nigga stole my shit!

Unashamed, he grilled me. Instead of being upset, it turned me on to know he'd heard me that night. Caesar grabbed his phone off of the nightstand as well, the thought of him recording us sending my mind into the stratosphere. I'd definitely give him a show. His camera tracked my every movements as he bit into his lip.

Bringing the device to my lips, I licked it, switched it on, then slid it between my breast, making a slow trek to my sopping wet pussy. Parting my lips with my fingers, I smirked when Caesar uttered, “damn”, from how hard my clit was. His phone clicked from the picture he'd just taken. Then he was back to recording.

The vibrations set my skin on fire the lower it went. My belly contracted as the small demon went lower still. When I reached my nub, I gasped. With his other hand, Caesar led his thick head to my opening, then plunged me onto his flesh.

“Fuck!” he loudly grunted. Lost in bliss, I positioned myself on my feet, opening wider so that his camera could

catch every part of my pussy as I pleased myself while he stretched me.

The pleasure was too intense, but was better than anything I'd ever felt before. Seconds later I soaked his dick as I came around it.

“Mmm, fuck! Grr...” Caesar pumped up, driving his cock so deep I tasted his precum in my throat. Yet, the camera caught his every thrust. My nub was sensitive as fuck, but I kept the vibrations going, creating a puddle of cum on Caesar's groin.

“Uhhnn,” I glided up and down him, loving the sensations blazing through me. Loving that he was capturing this moment. It was almost as if someone else was watching us. I imagined him reminiscing about our time together by replaying our short film. Even that, turned me the fuck on.

After I came on a ratchet cry, I snatched the cum soaked vibrator from my sensitive flesh and placed it at Caesar's plump lips. His long tongue snaked out, wrapping around my fingers and the device, sucking me off.

Throwing the vibrator to the side, I palmed my jigging titties and tweaked at my nipples while I slowly bounced on him. He met my strokes, holding so tightly to my hip that I wouldn't fall off. I stared dazedly into the camera, moaning about how good this nigga's engorged dick was.

His lids were so heavy that he looked sleep. But the constant grunting of, “ride me just like that,” and “fuck me, baby,” falling from his lips was proof that the hardness inside of me was being pleased.

His curve tore up my spot, ringing his name from deep within my soul. He dropped the phone to the bed, and gripped my hips, furiously pumping up.

“Kamira,” he groaned, when my pussy collapsed around his brick. “Where you want this nut at, baby?” he growled as the veins in his neck flexed. His strokes were powerful, signaling that he was there.

“Mmmmm,” already tasting him, I slid off of his dick, down his body, and stuffed him at the back of my throat.

“Fuuckkk!”

“Mmm.”

“Shiiitt!”

Slurp!

“Shiiitt!”

Absently, I saw his camera back in my face as I bobbed my head, drenched mouth, and tight throat on his shaft.

“Swallow it all!” he demanded as his cum filled my jaws and throat. I swallowed greedily, not wanting to waste a drop of him. And still, he recorded it all.

Chapter Nine

KAMRIA

DAY 4

Caesar woke me up, early as fuck talking about get dressed. The damn sun wasn't out yet, and after he demolished my body last night, I was still beat.

“Come on, my baby, before we miss it.” He chuckled and kissed my ear.

“Miss what,” I mumbled and rolled out of the bed to follow him to the bathroom. I brushed my teeth and washed my face while he stood nearby admiring me in my bra and panties. He'd left several noticeable marks on my skin, which I was used to by now. I actually liked him biting on me. I finished up, donned an airy lounge dress, and let him lead me out of the condo.

“Isn't it beautiful?”

It was so beautiful that my eyes misted. More so because the man beholding the sunrise with me was a complete contrast to the peaceful, calm, and heavenly sight before us.

I loved his savageness, yet I loved this soft side of him. The side that took pleasure in the beauty of life. How had I missed so much of who Caesar was all these years.

Thankfully I had to be honest. If I thought I liked him then, now that he and I were at this point, I wanted us to be like this forever. And therein lie the issue. While the sunset was beautiful, there was a war inside of me, keeping me from fully enjoying it. Today was our last day in Miami. Tomorrow morning we'd be heading back to Atlanta. Back to real life.

I'd go back to planning events, while he went back to running the city. Of course we'd see each other, but things would never be the same. No longer could I look at him as Caesar—my best friend's fine ass brother. No longer could I

look at him and not think of the amazing third leg he possessed, or the way he kissed me, held me.

Because even though he said he loved me, I wasn't fool enough to believe it. Even though I repeated it back, I wasn't fool enough to think it would make us a real couple. Not in his world. I couldn't dare trust a man that sat as high on the food chain as Caesar did.

"You're tense, baby." Caesar's finger smoothed down my cheek. If he wasn't so damn gentle with me, then I wouldn't feel so strongly about his ass.

"I just want us to enjoy this day," I replied truthfully. Because come tomorrow...

"We will," he said. "We have tickets to see the Heat play, then we're gonna have dinner, and spend the night catering to each other."

Damn. "Sounds like a plan," I surmised. As the sun completely broke the horizon, we sealed our plans with a kiss.

The atmosphere inside of the American Airlines Arena was breathtaking. We were courtside, close enough that I could reach out and touch the players if I wanted to.

Caesar and Zion flanked me, drawing too much attention from the skeezers shaking their ass every time there was a timeout. This is exactly what I meant by not being able to trust a man like Caesar.

Although he seemed to pay them no attention, it could be because his arm was over my shoulder, securing me to his side. Either way, being with Caesar could make a woman lose her mind. And I wanted no parts in that.

Besides the fact that the game was entertaining enough, what was strange is that every time Zion went to say something to me, Caesar would mug him. On the ride over, the two were unusually quiet. Whatever was going on between them, I hoped it didn't involve me.

During halftime, I shared a plate of curly fries with Caesar. Zion made little comments under his breath about us being extra as fuck. He'd only said that after Caesar fed me a few fries.

I'd always found Zion obnoxious, but even his behavior tonight was a bit much, almost jealous in nature. Especially considering he had his eye on one of the cheerleaders.

The game wound down with the Heat edging the Pelicans by three points. Like earlier, I couldn't even enjoy myself for all the bullshit clouding my head. Plus there was so much tension between the two men, that I asked Caesar if everything was okay.

"Of course, lil' mama," he assured as we walked to the Suburban.

Zion snickered and shook his head. Caesar said shit was cool so I dropped it. His energy however seeped through his fingers into mine, and through my body. He was bothered by something.

If he and I were anything deeper, I'd pry whatever was worrying him out of him like a good girlfriend. But...we weren't anything so deep that I felt entitled enough to dive deep into Caesar's mind. If he wanted me to know he would tell me.

CAESAR

Lit F.U.C.K candles were the only light in the bathroom. The exotic herbal scent my homegirl Shae B created permeated the air, providing a soothing backdrop to an otherwise stressful ass day.

After 7 played lowly over the speakers, crooning about how it felt to make love to the woman of your dreams. Literally, I felt that shit.

Rarely did I allow shit that wasn't about money to stress me out. Being at odds with Zion cast a dark shadow over a day that had started out beautifully. We'd been homeboys for

too long for some shit to come between us. Unfortunately, it seemed to be coming to that.

Kamira lay on my chest as we allowed the jacuzzi tub jets to massage our bodies. I faced a blunt, slowly drawing from it to help put my mind at ease.

My other hand rubbed along her delicate back, basking in her naked body being tied up with mine. Her face was planted in my neck, the feel of her soft breathing let me know she was quickly falling asleep.

Her nipples, pebbled against my chest, made my mouth water to taste them. Having her would help ease my mind even more. In reaction, my dick hardened beneath her sex.

She kissed my neck, stimulating me in ways I didn't know I could be stimulated. Her hands slid up my chest to palm my jaw. I exhaled the smoke right into her opened lips she'd placed against mine.

Her tongue licked my lips as she moaned. Taking one last hit of the blunt, I exhaled between her lips again before ashing it, and sitting the rest aside.

My hands dipped below the water, lifted her by her ass cheeks, and sat her on my stiff dick. I gave my mouth what it craved, sucking on her nipples as she slowly rode me. The movie we created last night was never getting deleted. Baby girl had me gone as fuck and I didn't give a fuck.

“Yesssss, Caesar!” Shit, I'd never get tired of hearing her scream my fucking name. Head thrown back and titties bouncing she was the sexiest vision I'd ever laid eyes on.

Her pussy milked my dick to perfection drawing a guttural growl from deep within me. Positioning her legs in the crook of my arms, I took over slamming her down on me.

“Oh shit!” She wailed in ecstasy. Her walls clamped hard around me, hugging the life out of my shit. Cum shot from my tip and deep into her walls, taking all the energy I had left with it.

Leaving Kamira sleeping, I stepped out of the bedroom to get a quick drink. The condo was dark but the kitchen light was on. Dante sat at the table having a drink himself. Zion stood at the island mixing up two drinks.

Heading straight for the fridge all I was after was a bottle of water.

“You’re making shawty’s drink too strong, Z,” Dante uttered. “She’s gon be out before y’all get started.” He chuckled when Zion added another shot of Patron to the drinks he’d made.

I shook my head and grabbed a bottle of water off of the last rack, cracked it open, and started guzzling it on my way out of the kitchen.

“Shiidd, I’m tryna get her ass on some freak shit,” he explained eyeing me. “She ain’t Kamira, but she’ll do.”

Midway through guzzling the water, Zion’s comment had me snatching the bottle from my lips. Angry, I mugged him, knowing I hadn’t heard what I thought I did.

“The fuck you say?” My six-five stride carried me quickly to his face.

“Whoa, wait,” Dante quickly jumped between us. It further pissed me off when Zion laughed.

“You heard me nigga. Ya bitch ruined a nigga by letting me eat that pussy. It’s all I can do not to have her again.” It was the look in his eyes that told me he was dead ass serious.

Seeing red, I pushed Dante off of me and stuck Zion right in his face. He grunted and swung back. Neither of us were some pussy ass niggas, so I expected us to go blow for blow. But he’d plucked the wrong nerve this late night.

“Yo, y’all quit this shit! The fuck is going on?” Dante was doing his best to pull the lion off of the tiger, but I was too fucking angry. Angry at Zion, angry at Kamira, but mostly

angry at myself for letting this nigga touch what was mine. Angry that he admitted to still wanting her.

We hit the table, breaking it under our heavy weight. Still I clocked his muthafuckin' ass hard ass fuck for running his damn mouth.

“Caesar!” Kamira shouted.

Hooonk!

“Caes, you good?”

KAMIRA

Loud noises from the kitchen awoke me. Caesar wasn't wrapped around me either. Glancing through the dark room, I saw that the bedroom door was ajar. I flew out of the bed when I heard distinctive sounds of someone fighting and my gut churned because I already knew it was Caesar and Zion.

Alia came out of their room the same time as I hustled down the hall in nothing but my silk robe. I heard Dante trying to break shit up, but Caesar and Zion sounded like some caged bulls. When Alia and I made into the kitchen, mayhem met us.

“Caesar!” I shouted to get his attention. He and Zion were engaged in a battle that had Zion with a busted lip and blackening eye.

Dante was finally able to separate the two after Caesar heard my voice and calmed a bit.

“What's going on?” Alia questioned. She went to her brother's side and so did I, while Dante helped Zion from the floor.

“I'on know, but these niggas been beefin' and it just spilled over,” Dante said.

“Ain't nobody beefin' with this nigga,” Zion replied. “Nigga just mad as fuck over some pussy.”

Caesar growled and tried to go for Zion again. Alia and I struggled to hold him back. Meanwhile I was trying to figure out whose pussy Zion was referring to. Turning on Caesar I glared at him.

“Who the fuck is he talking about? You’re worried about another bitch?”

Caesar grimaced. “Hell nah,” he denied. “Why the fuck is you in here with no fuckin’ clothes on?”

Zion chuckled.

“Chill, nigga,” Dante warned Zion.

“Fuck that,” I spat. “Who is he talking about?” Caesar waved me off and reached for me. I pushed him away. The last five days went up in smoke as reality came crashing down.

Why did a small part of me believe Caesar was genuine. Now here he was fighting his homeboy over another bitch that wasn’t me—. Wait...

“What’s fucked up is that I wanted you first Kamira. This nigga knew that. I had you first though, so I guess I should be grateful.”

Shit... That night! I didn’t even remember it!

“Muthafucka!” It took Dante, me, and Alia to hold Caesar back while Zion goaded him.

“Wait a minute! You fucked Zion?” Alia screeched.

The cheerleader Zion had his eyes on during the game appeared in the kitchen.

“Zion,” she gazed at him, questions swarming through her hazel eyes.

I shook my head, embarrassed as fuck. “No...it wasn’t even like that,” I defended.

Zion chuckled. “Yeah, aight.” He seemed hurt but I was more concerned about the look on Caesar’s face.

He glared at me like I wasn’t shit. Never did I imagine coming between him and Zion. But I didn’t ask either of them for shit! They both should’ve left me the fuck alone! Whirling around on my feet, I stalked out of the kitchen angry.

“Kamira!” Caesar’s voice called behind me. I kept walking, headed for my bedroom and away from the drama in

the kitchen.

“Kamira!”

Snapping awake, I blinked a few times to steady my vision. Caesar’s concerned eyes were on me. He was driving still, maneuvering the Suburban down the beautiful streets of Miami.

“We’re here,” he said.

What? Only then did I realize that I was still in the clothes I’d worn the day we left Atlanta.

“I’m glad too, ‘cause you snore like a nigga, shawty,” Zion added. I scoffed.

Caesar chuckled. “He’s lyin’, lil baby.” His sparkling grin heated my soul.

My phone buzzed in my lap. I had several missed messages.

Sid: Is all well, Kami?

Alia: Girl, I think she fell asleep.

Sid: Kami doesn’t fall asleep on the road.

Alia: Well, according to Caesar she’s out like a light. She was wide awake at the last stop we made. Idk, maybe she got tired of Zion’s mouth.

As memories assailed me from the most vivid dream I’d ever had, my eyes stretched. It was all a fucking dream! I groaned in frustration. Caesar hadn’t violated me in the most welcoming disrespectful way?

Oh fuck! I wanted to open the door and hurl myself towards the pavement. How cruel of my mind to play such a trick on me. I shuddered from thoughts of what I thought this nigga did to me.

“Everything okay?” he asked. Bombarded with the remembrance of his sexy voice moaning my name, I scowled. He needed to shut up.

“Can I know what you were dreaming about? Shit must’ve been good ‘cause damn, you got slob on ya cheek.”

The silver lining in all of this, Zion hadn’t put his obnoxious mouth on me! I swiped at the line of slob that dotted my cheek and ignored his fool ass.

Just get me out of this fucking ride! I silently begged. My pussy was craving now that I’d dreamt about Caesar’s big ass dick. In all my years, my dreams of him were never like this, so raw.

I felt a moment of reprieve when Caesar pulled into the parking garage of the condo. Then it occurred to me that I had to sleep under the same roof as this nigga for the next six days. Fuck my life! My bullet and seven inch were gonna get tired of my ass. Especially if I couldn’t find my ass some real dick to sit on!

Chapter Ten

KAMIRA

Me: We arrived safely.

Mom: Praise God! Enjoy every single minute! Love you!

Me: I will, mama. Love you!

I placed the phone on the nightstand and sighed. This room was so glorious. Like everything in it was made just for me. It resembled what I'd seen in my dreams, only this room was high with Caesar's presence.

I smelled the aroma of weed seeping through my opened doorway, and hurried to close it. It reminded me too much of the time when we fucked in the tub. *Shit!* But that didn't happen. Aggravated, I went into the bathroom to freshen up.

We'd decided to have dinner at one of the restaurants within walking distance before we called it a night. My stomach grumbled, ready to smash some of this Miami cuisine.

In the bathroom, I marveled at the shower. Caesar's condo was far from what I expected. But why would I expect anything less than a castle for a true king.

I thought back to the conversation he and I had in the parking garage.

"Let me get your bag for you, baby," he said.

"I got it." I went to reach for it but he stopped me.

"If a man asks you to let him help, let him, baby. If he doesn't even offer, he's a fuck boy."

I chuckled. "Zion didn't offer."

"Zion is my homeboy but he's still a fuckboy when it comes to women." Zion didn't even deny it.

“Well, thank you, Caesar.”

“No thanks needed, baby.”

He grabbed my things and we headed inside. At the elevators, we waited for an empty box. When we boarded, I noticed that Caesar kept staring at me. He was trying to read me. His eyes were boring into me so intently that I had to turn away. Yet, I still felt them on me as the elevator carried us to our destination.

Seven years and I'd never felt this strongly about Caesar. How did a car ride to Miami change everything I thought I felt about him. A part of me wanted to throw caution to the wind and ask Caesar what that damn look was about.

Under the showers spray, I slowly bathed myself, washing away some of the frustration ebbing through me. I had a great career, a wonderful best friend, and was paid enough that I didn't need shit from anyone.

Yet inside, loneliness ate at me. June really messed me up and I had to admit that to myself sooner or later. Not only did he not please me sexually, but he broke my faith in 'good men'.

That's all I'd ever heard about June. That he was a 'good man'. Meaning, he went to work, paid the bills, never once put his hands on me, and pretty much protected me. But the June that was somewhat stale, awkward, and definitely unfulfilling caused him to be a bit insecure.

“You going to braid that nigga's hair again? That shit is gay as fuck.” June talked all this shit but knew damn well if Caesar was standing in front of us, he wouldn't have shit to say.

“I'm starting to think he does that shit on purpose. Nigga got a thing for you, but he can hang that shit up,” June ranted.

I chuckled. Caesar didn't have shit for me. June was being ridiculous.

“Nigga make all that damn money slangin' cocaine and can't get another female to comb his fuckin' hair. Nah,

I'on like that shit and I'm about to keep you from going over there."

"Keep me from going over there? June are you high? You don't run me."

He shot me a sheepish grin and dropped it.

Rinsing off, I cut the water and grabbed a body towel to dry off. If only I had a man that could please me and love me without that insecure shit, I'd be a happy woman.

Stepping out of the foggy bathroom, I gasped.

"What are you doing in here?"

Caesar sat at the foot of the bed, with his bare tattooed back to me. Peering over his shoulder, he peeped my towel covered body. His hooded gaze darkened, stinging my skin.

He stood and approached me. In his hand he held my bullet and seven inch dildo.

My eyebrows snapped together.

"You went through my shit?"

Instead of answering he slowly stalked towards me and backed me into the dresser.

In my chest, my heart thumped erratically. Caesar's brown eyes bore into me, a look there that I'd never seen before. It didn't scare me—it lit me up.

"Kamira," he whispered in that deep timbre. It touched every part of me. His fingers, feather soft, skipped over my face, along my shoulder, then between my breast. I gasped at his touch. His body being so close to mine heated me more than ten suns.

He placed my items on the dresser, then smoothed his hands up my thighs, until they had a handful of my ass. He effortlessly lifted me off of my feet and placed me on the dresser.

"If any part of you thinks I'd allow another nigga to touch you, you're sadly mistaken. I gave June a chance, stayed outta the way. He fucked up. You've been single for a minute

and that's my fault. But daddy came to his senses on the ride here. So, it's time for you to come to yours."

He licked his lips and smirked while I sat here leaking on the damn dresser. He leaned into me, caging me in as he rested a hand on the dresser, right next to my hip.

"I've got a question," he crooned, causing the hair on my neck to rise. He brought my fake dick up, placing the brown tip at my lips.

"The fuck is this gon' do for you, baby?" His lids were heavy and his voice gruff. I went up in a fit of smoke when he bit into his lip. My eyes fluttered closed as those same lips touched my ear.

"The only thing this lil' fake shit can do, is prepare that ass for me."

I think I stopped breathing in that moment.

He took my hand, then rubbed it along his thick shaft behind the joggers he wore. Unable to stop myself, I fisted what I could.

"Mmm," he groaned and grabbed my neck, applying slight pressure as his lips touched mine. I tasted weed on them, yet I opened wide when his tongue sought mine. The towel fell away, revealing my hardened, pierced nipples.

"Shiittt," he mumbled. His mouth swallowed my whole titty as his tongue toyed with my nipple and ring. He rapidly flicked over my delicate flesh, then bit into it drawing a whimper from the depths of my soul.

Growling, Caesar snatched me off of the dresser and lay me on the bed. I marveled at his tattooed body, leading to the V of his groin. He removed his joggers, fisting the prettiest, thick cock I'd ever laid eyes on. I mean, Caesar was hung like a fucking horse. My dreams had nothing on who stood before me. Nor the curve he possessed.

"Turn over," he demanded. I did, quickly.

His strong hands squeezed then smacked my ass, making my cheeks clap.

“Ooohhh,” I moaned and bit my lips. My center begged for him, was already soaking wet for him. His tongue ran along my spine, and right in between my crack. Eyes wide, I shuddered on a cry.

Slowly, Caesar tongued me as he held my thighs to prevent me from moving. I reached back, separating them so he wouldn't stop. He was eating my ass better than a soul food dinner. I leaked so heavy, my juices spilled to the bed.

His tongue snaked out and caught a mouthful of my flavor, spitting it on my hole. At the same time one of his hands disappeared.

“Uhhnnn!” I gasped. I knew my fake dick like the back of my hand. As Caesar slowly inserted it into me, my untouched muscle screamed in blissful pain.

The pain was forgotten when Caesar sucked at my clit, bringing me to a blinding orgasm. My mouth hung open and tears ran down my cheeks. I was caught somewhere between a scream and a growl as he stuck the rigid device deeper, all the while sucking and slurping on my pussy.

If this is what getting head from Caesar felt like, I was a comatose bitch because I kept cumming, he kept eating and groaning the more I came.

Next thing I know, Caesar had me on my back, dildo still in place, positioning himself above me. His beard and lips glistened from my essence. But it was the look on his face, the dark, ferocious flames burning in his eyes that had me breathless.

Nastily, we kissed. All those times I dreamt of biting and sucking on his lips, I did then. With my legs draped over his shoulders, he entered me. Inch by inch his wide and long member stretched me.

“Fuck! You good and tight, baby,” his head fell into the crook of my neck as he grunted louder the deeper he sank. My body was full. Humming from the intense pleasure flowing through every part of me. I felt every ridge of his dick, every vein as he stroked my tender, soaking, greedy walls.

Like I'd dreamt, his teeth caught a grip on my neck. Like a savage dog, he snarled.

"Caesssaaarrrr!" I thought he would continue to gently stroke me, but the minute my walls tugged at him, he turned into an animal.

"Gimme this pussy! Arrggh, Kamira, shiittt!" I came around him, lost for words at the pleasure as he showed my spot no mercy. That curve of his cock was made just for me. I was convinced.

"Uhhnnn! Ahhhh!" I screamed out as another orgasm ripped through my body, sending me squirting all over this nigga. It sounded like the thickest macaroni was being stirred as he pumped inside my tunnel. My feet ached from the deadly arch of them. So did my thighs burn from Caesar locking them in place as he called out my name.

He snatched the fake dick out of me, before pulling out.

"This is mine!" He plunged into my hole, taking my breath with him. "Fuuuckkk!"

"Ahhh!" His dick was too big. However, whatever spot he hit, had me cumming yet again!

"Kamira! I'm cummmmiinn', baby!" He pumped into my hole, head thrown back and teeth bared in ecstasy.

"Shiiittt!" He bellowed, emptying everything into me.

CAESAR

Day 1 Miami, Florida

"Isn't it beautiful?"

"It is indeed," Kamira smiled.

We stood on the beach, barefoot, and cozied up, watching the sunrise. Last night was arguably the best night of my life. After we made love, we bathed together and enjoyed dinner, just the two of us. The others had left us.

I stayed up that night, watching her slumber. All it took was a ten hour drive for me to realize my feelings for her were

a lot stronger than I imagined.

“Can I be honest with you, Caesar,” she whispered.

I kissed her soft cheek. “Anything, about anyone, anytime.”

“I dreamt of us on the way here. It was so vivid,” she divulged.

Surprised, I offered, “Me too. Daydreams never fazed me before, but I damn near wrecked a few times daydreaming about us.” Real shit. Imaging my dick so deep in her had me swerving that Suburban like a muthafucka.

But it was the blow up at the end, that made my feelings crystal clear. Although it was a daydream, it was the fact that I was willing to risk everything for her, including my friendship with Zion.

“Really?” She didn’t believe me.

“Kamira, we both have feelings that could no longer be avoided. I believe we’ve shied away from each other because of one person we both love. I believe that if we both knew Alia would be happy about us, we’d freely give in to our desire for each other. Thing is, we only need to be free with each other. No one else matters. If they’re happy, so be it. If not, so be it.”

“Including my mother,” she remarked.

I laughed. “Mama Kathy loves me, so I’m sure she’s all in when it comes to us. I put that Caesar charm on her ass quick! Any nigga tried to play son-in-law, she blocked them muthafuckas left and right.” My statement had her mouth ajar.

“What? See, I *knew* she was on some bullshit!”

Laughing, I hunched my shoulders. “All I had to do was sit back and chill. Sooner or later she would’ve had the whole Atlanta not fuckin’ with you.”

“Oh my God,” she laughed. “No wonder her ass couldn’t stand June. He did everything to please her and she was not for it.”

“Hmm, hm,” I replied. “‘Cause mama knew what was up. That mama’s intuition shit is a killa. It took a lot of power to keep me from sabotaging you and June. But the nigga ended up fuckin’ up on his own so it was a win for me. I should’ve swooped you up then, but I’m not the rebound type of nigga so I called myself chillin’. I guess it took this trip to open my eyes to us.”

The sun broke the surface of the water, far off on the horizon. Beautiful shades of purple, pink, and orange dotted the sky as it rose.

“I don’t know what to expect from you,” she uttered. I could understand. In seven years she’d witnessed a little of my bullshit when it came to women. I wanted to put her mind at ease.

“You can expect a lot of last night, many mornings like this, and a lot of spoiling in between.”

She snuggled into my chest, inhaling the morning air.

“If you say so, Caesar.”

“I say so,” I replied, sure of it.

Kamira straddled my thighs, feeding me a bowl of strawberries at the kitchen table. We were quiet, assessing each other with our eyes. I relished in the shy tinge that stained her cheeks when I stared at her. I relished in the way her heart rate picked up every time I bit into the luscious fruit.

Whatever I bit, she finished off the rest, basking in my flavor.

“Damn, it’s about muthafuckin’ time!” Alia’s loud ass could be heard in the condo downstairs. She strutted into the kitchen with her hands on her hips, a wide smile plastered across her face.

“Let me text daddy, and mama and tell them you finally did some shit right,” she said. “And then I’m texting Sidney to let her know we were right!”

Dante came in behind her. “The Lord finally answered our prayers, baby,” he said to his fiancé.

Then came Zion. The way my daydream ended, I hoped me and him never came to a point where we’d be beefing about anything, women included. He could still keep his eyes off of my woman though.

“Nigga, thank you!” He clapped, then pulled a strand of Kamira’s hair which made me growl at him. I smacked his hand.

“Don’t touch my shawty, dawg,” I warned.

Zion, Dante, and Alia laughed.

“Mane, I was gettin’ tired of tryna make yo ass jealous. I’on know what knocked some sense into you, but don’t lose it, aight,” his goofy ass stated.

Ignoring him, I let my baby feed me another strawberry. She wasn’t stunting anything going on around us. Her gaze was focused on me, her soft eyes smiling at the man I knew she was in love with.

“I love you, too,” I whispered in her ear.

She bit into a strawberry, unshed tears clouding her eyes as the radiant smile on her face caused me to seal us as an *us* in that moment. She was mine, forever.

Epilogue

KAMIRA

Three months later...

“June, why are you following me?”

“Why did you block me?” Boy, if June wasn’t the finest nigga. I could see how I fell for his ass. But his midnight blue eyes were no longer sexy to me when he peered at me with them. The only orbs that turned me on and caused me to pause were a deep brown and set in the face of *the* finest nigga to ever walk the earth.

“I don’t have to explain myself to you. Please leave my event before I call the police.”

He chuckled. “Call the police? For what? I’m just tryna have a conversation.”

Ignoring him, I made sure the bridesmaids were standing exactly where they were supposed to be for the photographer.

“Leave, June.” I warned again. “I don’t want you here.” He kept following me.

“Damn, that’s cold Kam. There must be another nigga sniffin’ up ya trail.”

I smacked my teeth at the same time I heard Caesar’s deep voice.

“She does, but I ain sniffin’ though. I marked that body all up, my nigga. So either you gon’ leave like she said, or I’ma lay hands on you.”

I couldn’t help it, I bit into my lip at the sight of my man. He was in a pair of denim jeans and a white Polo t-shirt, looking like every bit of the boss nigga that he was.

His hair had grown more in the last three months. And like always, I loved playing in it. Today he had it in a high bun. After our night of love-making, he’d sweat his two fishtail braids out.

June turned to meet Caesar's dark gaze. June could hang with the best of them, which was actually one of the qualities I liked about him. He wasn't a punk in the least. However, when he found Caesar standing behind him, he looked back at me with a scowl.

"I knew it! I told you this nigga was after you. All that denying shit you were doing and look!" He was starting to cause a scene.

"Come on, June, let's take a walk," Caesar didn't give June a chance to protest as he grabbed his arm and led him out of the reception hall door.

"I swear he can smell when a nigga is in your face," Alia chuckled. She'd started working with me recently. She'd finally gotten tired of putting up with those nappy headed ass middle-schoolers and decided to come into the world of planning. I was happy to have her by my side!

"With the wedding coming, he's been extra crazy. I believe he's got marriage on the brain," Alia hinted. "Sidney said she's been having dreams about the two of you in a suit and dress," she continued.

I choked. "Y'all are delusional!" No way was Caesar thinking about anything close to marriage. For three months we'd been in a blissful state, but hell, everyone went through that phase.

Changing the subject, I responded to her first comment. "June shouldn't have been following me around. I saw him yesterday pulling up behind me at Publix." He hadn't said anything to me, but to see him following me didn't sit right with me.

"Well," Alia pointed out of the thick glass window to the parking lot. "I don't think you'll have a problem anymore."

Lord! Caesar had June hemmed up against June's Mercedes. *Not while I was working!*

Rushing out of the reception hall, I quickly made it across the parking lot.

“Caesar!” I fussed. “Put him down.”

June was dangling off of his feet, trying to fight against Caesar’s hold.

“Now I betta not see yo muthafuckin’ ass ‘round my woman again. I’ on give a damn if her mama does like you, she don’t love you nigga! Mrs. Kathy loves me!”

I busted out laughing and so did Alia.

“Now get yo dumb ass on ‘for I fuck you up,” Caesar stated.

June fixed his clothes, scowled at me, then jumped behind the wheel of his car when Caesar jumped at him. My man was so damn crazy.

“You did a bomb job, baby,” Caesar whispered in my ear as the bride and groom said their vows. There were hundreds of guests in attendance but my focus was on Caesar, who stood behind me, holding me, dressed in a black Tom Ford suit, and smelling like weed and Chanel.

“Thank you,” I smiled, proud of the work I’d done.

“Ours will be ten times better,” he mentioned.

Breath caught in my throat, I glanced at him over my shoulder to find him smiling down at me.

“I put it on my life,” he said.

Blinking back tears, I turned back to the couple joining in holy matrimony. This was it for me. Caesar Honeycutt was it. And I couldn’t wait to spend the rest of my life with him.

THE END

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