



# LOVE ME RIGHT

*or* **DON'T**  
**LOVE ME**  
**AT ALL 2**

*National Best Selling Author*  
**DIAMOND D. JOHNSON**

*Diamond Johnson Presents*

LOVE ME  
RIGHT

*or*

DON'T LOVE ME  
AT ALL

2

DIAMOND D. JOHNSON

© 2022

All rights reserved.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental. Unauthorized reproduction, in any manner, is prohibited.

# Contents

1. [Mia Randolph](#)
2. [Mehki 'Beatz' Randolph](#)
3. [Denim McCloud](#)
4. [Saint West](#)
5. [Myesha Goodman](#)
6. [Mia Randolph](#)
7. [Zayden 'Zay' Hoggins](#)
8. [Cassandra White](#)
9. [Mehki 'Beatz' Randolph](#)
10. [Loyal Brooks](#)
11. [Mehki 'Beatz' Randolph](#)
12. [Myesha Goodman](#)
13. [Aaron Brown](#)
14. [Mia Randolph](#)
15. [Zayden 'Zay' Hoggins](#)
16. [Saint West](#)
17. [Cassandra White](#)
18. [Mia Randolph](#)
19. [Mehki 'Beatz' Randolph](#)
20. [Saint West](#)
21. [Denim McCloud](#)
22. [Naomi West](#)
23. [Mehki 'Beatz' Randolph](#)
24. [Myesha Goodman](#)
25. [Cassandra White](#)
26. [Mia Randolph](#)

## *Mia Randolph*

*“M ehki, can you stop right there? I want some pretzels or something. I’m starving. We been on the move all morning, and we haven’t stopped to eat shit yet,” I complained, sitting in the passenger seat of his Rolls Royce Wraith.*

*Beatz had an early morning shoot today because an urban hip-hop magazine was honoring him for producer of the year. Of course, I jumped at attending with him. Beatz deserved to be celebrated because there wasn’t a person on earth who worked as hard as he did. The music he created in that studio had received Grammys, his songs had been in Oscar winning movies, he’d won Billboard Awards over the years, and other prestigious accolades. He’d done well in the music world, so when he told me last week that he had a shoot in California, I was ecstatic for him.*

*After the shoot, which lasted a little over two hours, was over, Beatz had an interview at a radio station that had been trying to get him to sit down and talk with them for years. Beatz didn’t do interviews. In the past, he would, but ever since all the bullshit happened between him and me, he rarely did them. All the different outlets that would reach out to him were only doing it for their ratings and the money it would bring them. This was our real life, and he didn’t want people eating off the bullshit that we had been going through, so he turned them all down.*

*Additionally, many times, radio shows will do some shady editing and flip an answer to one question onto another question to create a controversial soundbite. The shit just gets*

*messy. I didn't blame him for not wanting to do the interviews, but he came out of retirement today to do one. You know they brought him and me up, and he kept it to a simple, "We're working on it. Next question." And that was that.*

*Now that the photoshoot and interview were over, Beatz was dragging me with him to the car lot because his car salesman had called him early this morning to let him know that the custom Trackhawk that he'd ordered a few months ago had arrived. As if this nigga needed another damn car! I was exhausted, and I was ready to get back to the house, so I could lie down and take my ass to sleep.*

*"Why you saying shit like that? You act like a nigga don't feed you. I keep you full in all kinds of ways," he spat and put his hand on my stomach.*

*At the same time, he turned into the gas station that I'd pointed out so I could get some snacks. He ended up pulling the car up to a pump, saying he needed to get gas.*

*"Nah. Stay in here. What you want?" he asked once he saw me reach in the back for my Chanel bag that rested on the back seat.*

*"Pretzels, some Skittles... Shit, a damn hot dog if they have it. I'm starving, Mehki," I whined.*

*He laughed like what I said was the funniest shit in the world. Before he stepped out of the car, he pulled me his way by the front of my blouse. My eyes got lost in his light brown ones. The nigga was so handsome.*

*"Let me just pick my whip up, and I'll take you to eat anywhere you want to go. I ain't getting you no nasty ass hot dog out of this gas station either. A nigga will feel low. I'd rather let you starve," he ignorantly said, making me laugh and playfully roll my eyes at him.*

*Before he left, he leaned in and kissed me on my lips. These days, a quick peck on the lips just wasn't enough for me. So, I grabbed his chin hair and quickly slipped him my tongue, which he had no problem sucking on. After one whole minute, I pulled away. I wiped away the excess gloss that I'd left on his*

*lips, and then he pulled away too. Before he stepped out of the car, he grabbed his Glock that he had resting in the middle console and placed it on his waist.*

*While he was inside, I used that time to pull out my phone. I had a text message from Twinkle, asking me what I was doing. I quickly responded and I went to another message that I had from Maya, asking me if she could spend the night at her best friend Morgan's house. The kids were with my mom right now. I wrote her little butt back in bold letters, telling her NO. All week, she had been showing her ass in school, talking back, and being a class damn clown. I took her phone, so she sent the message from Maddy's phone.*

*Beatz came out about five minutes later with the things that I'd asked for. He had one bag in his hands, and in the other hand was my lemonade that he knew I would want, but his ass was drinking from it. I rolled the window down once he came on my side of the car and took the lemonade from his hands along with the bag.*

*"Why do you do that, Mehki? Why? You could have just gotten one for yourself," I complained.*

*"Shit, gotta make sure that shit legit, and they ain't trying to poison you," he shot back, using that same tired lie that he'd been using on me for years whenever he ate my food or drank from my drink.*

*I kept the window down as he went to the pump, used his card to pay for the gas, and then placed the pump in the tank, letting it fill up on his own. While the gas pumped, he leaned into the car on my side, watching me as I opened the bag of pretzels and started eating them.*

*"When you was pregnant with Maddy and Maya, you was addicted to pretzels, shorty," he called out.*

*"What you trying to say?" I asked.*

*"Shit, nothing." He took the pretzel out of my hand before I could put it in my mouth and placed it in his.*

*"I'm not pregnant," I said, in a way to convince us both. I was well aware that my period was a couple of weeks late,*

*which wasn't normal for me.*

*"If that makes you sleep better at night, baby," was all he said.*

*I shoved him away because I knew what he was getting at. The second I shoved him, there was that black jeep again. In broad daylight, it swerved into the parking lot, making the tires squeak. Mehki was alert, just as I was, so he quickly went for his waist and grabbed his gun. He was a second too slow because the bullets from the driver of that black jeep, along with the other passengers filled his body with bullets. He flew back and crashing on his back.*

*"Mehkiiiiii! Mehkiiiiii!" I screamed at the top of my lungs, throwing the items down that had been on my lap and rushing to get to him.*

*The black jeep had already sped off as I got down on the ground with him, using my hands to hold the back of his head as he looked at me with lifeless eyes. A bullet had gone into the middle of his forehead while the other ones filled his upper body.*

*"Mehkiiiiii! Don't get this to me... Don't do this shit!" I screamed, shaking him, but it was too late; he'd already left me.*

*"Mehki... Mehkiiii!" I screamed, wildly flailing my arms.*

*"Maaaaaa. Dangggggg, girl. What is you doing? Dangggg." My daughter's voice along with her shaking the hell out of me caused me to jump up from the horrible nightmare that I'd just had.*

Ivy was next to me in the bed, screaming to the top of her lungs, and looking at me like I was crazy. Maddy was in there too, sitting at the foot of the bed, and even she had a crazed look on her face. Maya was snacking on green sour straws with the sugar all on her lips. I looked at the time, and it was after nine in the morning, so I reached over and snatched the candy. I placed it on my nightstand, and I grabbed Ivy, who was climbing up on me, screaming and crying.



“You scared her, Ma. What was you doing? Having a bad dream about Daddy?” Maddy asked, with her phone in her hands as she looked at me, waiting for an answer.

I bounced Ivy in my lap, wiped her little tears out of the way, and kissed her, which got her to eventually calm down.

“One of you call your daddy,” I said to my oldest two.

“Ma, why—”

“Call him!” I screamed to Maya because she was about to question me instead of just calling him.

They were all still looking at me like I was crazy, but Maya grabbed her iPad from the bed and called Beatz. It took about three rings, but eventually, his handsome face popped up on the screen. From his background, I could tell that he was in Miami at his mom’s house. He and I were scheduled to have our our first therapy session today at noon.

Because of the dream that I’d just had, that felt so fuckin’ real, I needed to see his face. Everything about that shit was real, from the obsession with pretzels when I was pregnant with both Maddy and Maya, the way Beatz and I kissed, the fuckin’ blood that I could smell after watching him get shot up, and cradling his head in my arms. I was badly shaken up. Even as I sat there, holding Ivy, I could see the bumps rising up on my arms, due to the chills that I now had.

“Why you got sugar all around your lips, Mommy? You trippin’. Nine in the damn morning, and you already eating candy. Bet yo’ lil’ ass ain’t even brush your teeth yet. Where your mama at, so she can shut all that down?” his deep voice asked Maya, who started laughing.

She got up with the iPad and walked over to me. “Right here. She woke up acting crazy. Talk to her, Daddy,” Maya told him.

I moved the camera out of my face, so she could place it back on herself.

“Baby girl, that ain’t an act. That woman is crazy for real,” he told Maya, who laughed again.

Any other time, I would have had a comeback for him, but the nightmare still had me agitated, and I needed to calm down, so I let him have that one.

“What’s wrong with you, Mia?” his deep voice boomed out of the iPad.

“I’m good,” I lied, not wanting to have this conversation in front of the kids because I didn’t want to scare them. Their father meant the world to them.

“Aight. We’ll talk.” He left it at that.

Maya came back over and put the camera on Ivy, who Beatz talked to, and he was able to get her to laugh and smile. He talked to Maddy as well, and then they hung the call up.

“Why did y’all sleep in here with me anyways?” I just had to know.

“Well, I came in here in the middle of the night. It was raining too hard out there, and I got scared. Maddy didn’t sleep in here. She came in here about an hour ago. She was going to wake you up and ask you to make breakfast, but I told her to leave you alone, and let you get your beauty sleep,” Maya went on to say. This little girl right here. I promise, I didn’t know what I was going to do with her.

Maddy sucked her teeth at her little sister’s response as she stood up from the bed.

“You didn’t want me to wake her up because you wanted to sneak and get candy. That’s all your butt wants to do is eat candy. Teeth going to rot right out of your mouth,” Maddy argued.

I groaned and fell back onto the bed, not wanting to hear the damn back and forth bickering between those two this morning.

“My teeth not going to rot out of my mouth. Since you going to tell on me, Ima tell on you. Mommy, Maddy was on Facetime last night with a boy!” Maya snitched.

At that point, I was under the covers hiding with Ivy, not wanting any parts of this mess. I was awakened out of my

sleep from this horrible ass nightmare, and now I had to witness my girls going at it. The two of them loved each other to pieces, but Lord knows they bickered more than a damn old married couple.

“Maya, go in the bathroom, brush your teeth, wash your face, and take a shower. Stay in here, Maddy, so I can talk to you,” I eventually said once I came up from under the covers.

Maya stood and tried to take the candy with her, but I told her to leave it. Talking about, she was just going to put it back in the pantry. I swear, at times my kids thought that I was born yesterday. Especially Maya because she tried me more than anyone. With that damn cast on her arm, she walked out of the room to do what I said.

“I wasn’t on the phone with a boy last night, Ma. I was talking with Zari. She has family in town, and she was showing me her cousins that was there,” Maddy let me know before I could even say anything to her.

I stood up from the bed, and she reached for Ivy. I gladly handed her over so I could make the bed up.

“You had a bad dream about Daddy?” Maddy asked once my house shoes were on, and I was making the bed. She stood a little distance away, holding her little sister in her arms while looking at me with worried eyes as she waited for me to answer her question.

I released a sigh as I held onto one of the silver throw pillows that were on my bed, trying to determine exactly how I wanted to answer this question. Maddy was old enough to call bullshit, so the days of trying to sweep shit under the rug in an attempt to hide it from her were long gone because she knew when I wasn’t being truthful.

“It wasn’t a dream. It was a damn nightmare. He’s fine, though. We saw him on the Facetime call, so it’s nothing to worry about,” I said, keeping it short.

“Is Daddy going to be beefing with Zay? That’s why you had that nightmare?” my daughter asked.

Pausing from making the bed, I stared at the smaller version of myself. I wasn't even aware that my daughter knew about Zay, and the fact that she did let me know she also probably knew that I'd slept with him. I wouldn't be surprised if she'd heard the song too. This was why I was so fuckin' angry when the nigga decided to take his ass in that fuckin' studio and rap about our shit like the bitch ass nigga he was. I was so sick and fuckin' tired of people using my name to get some fuckin' clout.

When I met Zay, of course I knew he was younger than me, but he portrayed himself to be this real nigga, and that's what drew me to him in the first place. If I had known he was this immature, weak ass, snitching, don't know how to fuck ass nigga, I would have never even wasted my fuckin' time with him. Really got in the booth, disrespected me like that, went on and on, talking about me in a sexual manner, as if I didn't have kids that this shit could get back to. Shit was crazy.

"How do you know about Zay?" I asked before I started revealing too much.

"Mommy, I'm in middle school. Although you said that me and Maya can't have social media, all my friends have it. Sometimes at school, they like to show me the latest gossip, and half of the time, the latest gossip surrounds you and Daddy. I heard the song that Zay wrote about you. It made me angry, honestly. You're my mom, and I don't like for anyone to disrespect you like that. I know about Daddy's party getting shot at too, and when Zay released that song, he pretty much admitted to being the one who shot at Daddy. I also saw when Daddy went live at the cemetery. He was angry. You're scared that Zay and Daddy are going to beef, and that daddy is going to die, aren't you?" she asked.

I took a seat on the bed as I took in everything she'd just revealed to me. Hell, I needed to sit down after that because Maddy knew everything. She knew shit that Mehki and I thought we were hiding from her, but she'd known all along and just never said anything.

"Your father and I might not be together, but I love him. I love him to death, and I don't ever want anything to happen to

him, so yes, I think about all the things that could go wrong with him and Zay beefing. I know that's why I had that nightmare. Beatz knows how to protect himself. He'll be fine," I said, trying to convince myself versus trying to convince my daughter.

It was me who needed to be made aware that Beatz would be okay. Since the night I learned that his album release party was shot up, I had been on edge, but I had just been keeping my fears to myself.

"You and Daddy getting back together?" she asked as she walked over.

Maddy took a seat next to me on the bed, and Ivy climbed her little butt in my lap. I looked at my oldest daughter as her beautiful hazel eyes that matched mine looked up at me, waiting for an answer.

"Maddy, I'm not sure what me and your father are doing. What I do know is that we have our first therapy session this morning, which is why I'm taking you and your sisters to your grandmother's house, and then y'all can go with Beatz for the weekend. I know you view me as weak, and I know that I'm not the ideal mother you can look up to, but Maddy, I'm human. Ima fuck up too, but I have to be the one to learn from my mistakes. When you and your sisters grow up, I pray that the three of you will be ten times stronger than I've ever been," I revealed to her.

A lone tear fell down her face, and she had a look of sadness in her eyes. My daughter was a very sympathetic person. She hated the idea of seeing someone hurt. She could be moody as hell, just like me, but she had a heart that was just as big as mine. I was just talking, and I didn't mean for the things that I heard her confiding in her friends to slip out. But because it had been heavy on my heart since I heard her say it, the words flew out, and I felt bad because I didn't want her to feel like she might have said the wrong thing. It was her feelings, and if that was how she felt, she had to stand on that shit!

Kids were entitled to their feelings because Lord knows I had some deep fuckin' feelings as a child. I remember being so damn angry with my mother when we had to pick up and move to California. As happy as I was for her dream of becoming an R&B singer to come true, I still didn't want to move away from my friends in Miami. God, I was angry with her for months. Now, there I was, older now, with kids of my own, and I had picked up and left with my kids as well. Maddy was probably angry about that, but at the time, it just felt like the best thing for me to do.

“You must have heard me say that to my friends. Mommy, I'm sorry—”

“Don't apologize to me for that, Maddy. I didn't agree with everything my mom did when I was a child, and for the last two years, we've all had to go through this major transition. We all experienced different feelings and coped with it in different ways. You don't ever have to apologize for the way you feel about a situation. Go ahead and get dressed. We can stop and get breakfast before you all go to your grandmother's house,” I let her know.

Another tear had fallen from her eyes, that I reached over, and I wiped for her. I kissed her on her forehead, and she did the same thing to me, and she walked out of the room, closing the door behind her.

For about five minutes, I just sat at the foot of the bed, still holding onto Ivy, just enjoying the calm. I really couldn't put my finger on it, and I couldn't predict the future, but it was just something in my gut telling me that shit in my life was about to get bad. Hell, this nightmare that I'd just had was all the warning I needed. It was preparing me for all the hurt, pain, and even the upcoming tears that I would cry. I deeply felt like some bullshit was going to take place in my life, which is why I set Ivy on the bed, dropped to my knees, and prayed. I prayed hard.

The dark cloud that I could feel forming around my family and me, I prayed for God to remove it. For two years straight, I had been getting hit with bullshit after bullshit, feeling like I was being tested by God, and as if He was doing a number on

me. I had been strong for those two years, although I would have break down after break down along the way.

I knew that God gave His toughest battles to His strongest soldiers, but I wasn't that strong. Two years of hurt was more than enough. I knew what my mind, my body, and my soul could handle. I couldn't handle any more bullshit.

I'll tell you something else; I couldn't handle losing Beatz either. If that's what I was being prepared to lose, I'll never be able to handle Beatz being gunned down and taken from me. It'll never sit right with my soul.

## CHAPTER 2

# *Mehki 'Beatz'* *Randolph*

“**W**hen would you say the marriage went left? I think it’s important for us to pay attention to that one key thing, so we can better dissect this. Talk to me. When do you think it failed?” Dr. Everett spoke to Mia and me, sitting directly in front of us with her notepad in her lap.

She wore a nice gray pantsuit and her salt and pepper colored hair hung loosely as we sat in her office. I was the one who had found Dr. Everett. There was no denying the fact that Mia and I needed some sort of counseling because with the way I had fucked up, I knew she needed to heal. And the way I handled that pussy, which I had crying back at my house, that wasn’t the kind of healing her ass needed this time. I wasn’t afraid to say that we needed some professional help.

Truth be told, I didn’t even know if this shit was going to work. I was all for us going to therapy, but I knew Mia. Mia is the kind of woman who will stare at you for a while, bring up some old shit, and be ready to fight. I was married to this woman, spent a little over a decade with her, so I knew how her mind worked. A nigga feared that if we opened these old wounds, it would be fuck me all over again, and we were going to be back at square one. I ain’t want that shit to happen. I wanted to feel like we were actually getting somewhere this time.

“I think it went left the second it started.” Mia sat across from me on the couch and spoke. I was sitting up, arms crossed, staring at Dr. Everett, but when Mia made that comment, I turned to look at her.



She looked good. That shit didn't come as a surprise, though, because even if the interior wasn't all the way put together, and her emotions were all over the place, the exterior would always be put the fuck together, with her fine ass. Still couldn't believe this woman had lost her mind and cut her hair, but I can't lie, that shoulder length bob was probably the sexist shit that I'd ever seen on her. That honey blonde on her was a nice ass look.

Today, she wore a denim long sleeved collared shirt with denim jeans that perfectly matched her top. Neon colored Christian Louboutin heels complemented the fit, and she had the matching Neon colored Christian Louboutin clutch next to her. Smelled good as fuck and makeup was just how it needed to be—not all done up because she didn't need all that. She had her tissues in her lap, ready to shed some tears on this emotional rollercoaster that Dr. Everett was taking us on with these deep ass questions.

“Hmm, so early? Explain that to me Mia” Dr. Everett responded, sitting up in her chair, and crossing her legs, like she was ready to hear this shit.

“Yeah, shorty, you have to explain that shit right there. If our shit went left the moment it started, I'm confused as to why we were together so long. Thirteen years, baby. I put three kids in you,” I voiced, lowkey a little annoyed she even said that bullshit.

Mia sighed, turned to look at me for a few seconds, and then put her attention back on Dr. Everett.

“I said it went left the moment it started because of the mindset that I had when I went into the marriage, Mehki. I didn't set the tone for our marriage back then. At nineteen, which is when I married you, all I knew was that I wanted to be loved, and I wanted a man in the house who would love me and our kids. I didn't have that growing up. No man was there, and as a kid, I vowed to not let my kids go without a father the way that I had to.

“When I met you, you were an up and coming producer, fine as hell, and I knew you could get any woman you wanted.

You loved me even back then, Mehki. There was no denying that, but you still had a dick—a dick that wasn't finished running through other bitches besides me. I figured if I was the cool wife and told you to do your dirt as long as I didn't find out about it, our marriage could work. If I could re-wind the time, I would have never told you that shit. I would have been strong and let it be known from the jump that if you love me, then you wouldn't cheat on me.

“My mindset had a lot to do with my insecurities, though, and a lot of my self-doubt. The first man to break my heart was my father. My life meant so little to him that I wasn't even worth him sticking around, getting to know me, and being a part of my life. I grew up, just wanting to hold some kind of value to a man. I wanted to be loved, and with that deep need, I set the bar low. That shit came back and bit me in the ass, though, because I got hurt in the worst way possible,” Mia went on to say, laughing through her tears.

As she spoke, she used the tissue in her hands to wipe her eyes. This wasn't the first time that I'd witnessed Mia get emotional about her father. It was a touchy subject for her. When we were together, I heard her talk about his absence and how the shit bothered her for years. Not going to lie, hearing her break it down the way she did regarding her father being the first man to break her heart, and then I came around and did it too, it really had me feeling like shit.

“Beatz, please jump in here,” Dr. Everett said.

Before I started, I reached over and wiped Mia's tears. I hated seeing her ass cry. From the way she was biting on her lip, I could tell she was trying to keep everything together. Her tears were expected, though. I knew once we started addressing old wounds today, she would be crying, so I was prepared.

“Listen, Ima keep it real. Mia telling me to go out and do my thing years ago as long as it didn't get back to her, I don't look at that as the reason our marriage went left. I know this is probably not some shit that she wants to hear, but as a man, I felt like I was going to do what I wanted to do whether I'd gotten the green light from her or not. We got married when I

was just twenty-one years old. That's young. I hadn't even gotten all of the fuckin' out of my system yet, but at the same time, I was in love with this woman. Mia was my best friend, and I didn't see the purpose of me stringing along the whole boyfriend and girlfriend thing with her.

“None of my niggas was married when Mia and I got married. Maybe a few of them were in relationships, but the majority of my niggas were fuckin' bitch after bitch, every day of the week. I ain't come from a two-parent household, so it wasn't like I saw marriage in front of me, which caused me to make that decision. I chose to marry Mia because I wanted to. I loved her ass so much, that shit, I needed to. Did I fuck a few hoes back then, earlier in the marriage? Yeah, I did. Mia chooses what she wants to believe, but I've put this shit on everything I love that when I messed around with Myesha two years ago, I hadn't stepped out of my marriage since before our fuckin' kids got here.

“Cheating on Mia with Myesha didn't have shit to do with anything that my wife lacked. Look at Mia. Anybody can look at her and tell that she ain't lacking shit, so she didn't cause me to step out of my marriage. Being stupid and reckless is why I'd chosen to do what I did. Them other women that came out in the blogs, showing screenshots of me sending a DM or reacting to a picture, I didn't fuck them hoes. But giving them just a little bit of attention was just as bad and just as embarrassing to my wife. I know I ain't ever supposed to let another bitch get the upper-hand when it comes to mine. When we leave this meeting, if you leave knowing anything, Mia, know that I didn't cheat because of anything that involved you. I chose to do that shit on my own, and I'm paying for it till this day,” I finished and turned in my seat to look at her.

Mia nodded, taking in the things that I had just said to her.

“The communication is there. Just from this meeting, I can already tell that you were the kind of husband who allowed your wife to vent without cutting her off. If talking all over her while she expressed her feelings was a trait of yours, trust me, you would have done it here. You may not agree with something she says, but I do see that you give Mia the room to

express her feelings. I think it's good when both parties can allow each other to express how they feel. In the past, when you two would have problems in your marriage, how would you resolve the issue?" Dr. Everett asked.

I laughed because images of me fuckin' the shit out of Mia when we would beef popped in my head. That was how we worked through our shit. She would get fucked to sleep, wake up, we'd apologize for what happened, and the shit was just swept under the rug.

"Sex. Make-up sex is usually how our problems were resolved. Beatz and I didn't argue like that, though. If we did, it was minor stuff like me fussing at him for forgetting to put the toilet seat down or him getting on me because I would take forever to get ready if we were getting ready to head out. We didn't have big arguments when we were married. Once the cheating scandal came out, that's when shit between us got so bad, and at the time, there was no type of communication. I wasn't allowing myself to hear him because, in my eyes, there was nothing he could ever say to explain why he felt it was okay to have unprotected sex with a woman outside of his wife. So, no, there weren't any tactics in place to resolve that issue.

"Dr. Everett, I don't even think the issue is resolved. I'll probably forgive him before I forget it, and that's why I don't know if Beatz and I can work it out. Don't get me wrong, I love this man to death. I would have loved to grow old with him and have probably two more of his kids, but it's hard sometimes to be around him. Even right now, look at the way my leg is bouncing. All this talk about cheating and bitches has me ready to reach across this couch and slap the shit out of him. It's just not healthy. How can I be with someone who I haven't fully forgiven for the big fuck-up that he caused?" Mia asked.

I already knew this talk about the past would have Mia in her feelings. That was the downside of us doing this whole therapy shit. It made her relive that shit all over again.

"Where has the make-up sex come into play with this big ordeal?" she asked Mia.

She released a low laugh and tucked her hair behind her ear.

“Dr. Everett, it’s been two years, though. I gave in because I had a weak moment,” Mia answered, and I sucked my teeth.

“She keeps saying that bullshit. She keeps calling what we did a mistake, but it wasn’t. Not to put you all in our sex life, Doc, but Mia had plenty of times to tell me to get off her. We was fuckin’ for an hour straight. You let me in because you love me, and although you might not want to say it, your ass misses me too. I ain’t too prideful to say that shit myself. I love the fuck out of you, Mia, and I miss you too. That night when you was at the crib with me, and all three of our kids were upstairs, that was the first time in two fuckin’ years that my ass felt whole again. Everything I wanted and needed was right there in the house with me. It took two years to go by for me to have you wrapped up in my arms and for me to realize that I hadn’t felt that kind of love in too long. That wasn’t no weak moment, Mia. It was your true feelings coming out. Be real with that shit,” I spat.

“It was still a weak moment, though, Mehki,” she said.

I laughed, letting her stubborn ass have that. Dr. Everett laughed too, and then she looked at the two of us for a few seconds before her eyes landed on Mia, and she allowed them to linger for a bit.

“Mia, one woman to another, if you haven’t fully forgiven a man, no need to allow that man to enter your garden. I don’t care if he’s been inside that garden before. One of the things you mentioned earlier was not setting the proper boundaries. You can have boundaries put in place right now because giving him sex each time he messes up is telling him that with the right stroke, all can be forgiven. You say you had a weak moment, but girl, I’m looking in your eyes right now, and I see just as much love in them as I see in Beatz’s eyes for you. The love is there, but is the fight, the forgiveness, the hardwork within you two to make this right?”

“If you haven’t fully forgiven him, if you cannot look at this man and see other things besides the cheating, lying, and

everything else that went wrong, letting him explore you is not the way to do it because it'll only complicate things. On one hand, you're making love to him, which then will mess with both of your feelings. Then, on the other hand, you tell him that you don't know if you're ready to give the relationship another try. You're sending mixed signals. That will cause things to go wrong. I'm telling you this from experience.

"My assignment for the two of you is to work on being friends. No intimacy, none of that. The friendship is what started your love in the first place, so let's start there," Dr. Everett suggested.

"Doc, I don't really know if I can do that. You see her? I want to hold, squeeze, rub, and kiss on all that shit. That's just like taking a kid to the toy store and telling them not to touch shit. I know my actions in the past might show otherwise, but Mia is the most beautiful person in the world to me. I ain't never seen no shit like her before in my life, so when I come around, it be hard to keep my hands to myself," I expressed, venting my real feelings. I had Dr. Everett cracking up, but I was dead ass serious.

"It's certainly a beautiful woman that you have, Beatz, but this part of the project is important. To get you two back on track, I do think it's important to start this thing all the way from the very beginning. Along with that, when we meet again in two weeks, I have another homework assignment that I would like the two of you to complete. You can type this up, write it down, however you choose, but I would like for you two to jot down some ideal relationship goals. I'll give some examples. There can be a marriage that isn't filled with lies, cheating, and hurtful words. See, you two have been married before, and you both know where the marriage went wrong. This time around, you have the power to not make the same mistakes twice. In our next session, we'll take a look at both of your lists, read them out loud, and we'll tackle that together," she went on to say.

We sat for another thirty minutes or so, answering different questions from Dr. Everett, and then the session was over. That hour flew by. Not going to lie, although I jumped at the idea of

finding a therapist for Mia and me, I was a little hesitant that I would have to sit across from a woman who would judge me for my actions, but Dr. Everett was cool. She gave us the floor to express how we felt without judging us. That's what a nigga needed because, I swear, every woman in fuckin' America hated my black ass. That shit put a nigga at ease to not be called all kinds of dog ass niggas because I fucked around on Mia.

“Where you getting ready to go with them tight ass fuckin' jeans on?” I asked Mia once we were outside, and she was walking ahead of me to her car.

I was fuckin' up already. Dr. Everett told us that we needed to work on being friends, and there I was, eyes glued to her ass, inches away from getting my ass ran over by a car that had just rode past in the parking lot. Mia was walking faster than me, so I had to do a little jog to get close to her. I stood directly behind her, letting her fat ass sit directly on my dick as my large hands grabbed at her waist. I could feel that she was packing too. Just like me, she didn't leave home without her heat. If I taught her hardheaded ass anything, I taught her not to leave home without some heat on her. Mia was the ideal target if a nigga ever wanted to rob her ass. Bust down Cartier watch on her wrist, iced out Cuban link chain around her neck, a purse that ran her a few bands, expensive ass shoes, and a luxury car, so she had to have that shit on her at all times.

“I'm about to meet with Loyal. Watch your hands, Mehki. She literally just told us that we need to work on being friends and look what you doing,” she complained.

I knew I needed to follow them bullshit ass directions Dr. Everett had just given to us in therapy, so I quickly let her go.

Mia turned around and looked at me. She was standing in front of her Tesla while her eyes danced around on me.

“Why Maya said you woke up acting crazy this morning?” I inquired.

“I had a nightmare about you getting murdered right in front of me. The shit just felt so real, and it shook me up a bit.

That's all. I see you standing in front of me, so I'm good," she replied.

"Did I go out guns blazing or what?" I wanted to know.

She rolled her eyes instead of answering the question. I laughed and walked up on her, grabbing at her hip and looking into her eyes.

"I'm fuckin' with you. I don't think I know anyone who overthinks shit more than you, so I'm sure the shit I got going on with that pussy ass nigga Zay is the reason you had that nightmare. I ain't worried about that nigga, Mia, and neither should you. That's a little ass fuckin' boy to me, who ain't putting no kind of fuckin' fear in my heart, aight? I came in his fuckin' city, had some niggas posted outside his studio session for disrespecting me, and you see the nigga pulled that song after I told him to. No matter where I'm at, Ima always have some kind of protection around me.

"The second that nigga released that song, bringing up you and my fuckin' kids, he had to know how this shit would go. I been refraining from asking you this because I don't want you to think I'm trying to tell you what the fuck to do with your life, but as long as my kids are living with you, Mia, you gotta know that Ima always have an opinion. When is your lease up? I don't like the idea of a nigga that I got issues with knowing where you and my kids lay their heads," I said.

The only reason I didn't bring this shit up before is that Mia knew how to protect herself. That woman had just as many guns tucked away in that house as she did purses. If push came to shove, and she needed to let that motha fucka ring, I knew she would handle her business since I taught her how to shoot years ago. Still, I didn't want her to even experience that shit. Her penthouse was fully secured, but I still wanted her out of that spot. For my peace of mind, I wanted her to move. Shit, if I could have it my way, I would take her ass back home to Cali.

"I have about three months, and in those three months, I know I have to decide what I want to do. Maddy and Maya have both been on my ass about moving back to California.



They love their friends here, but Cali is all they know. I don't know, Beatz. Don't stress me out with this right now. Go ahead and get the girls, and let me go enjoy my spa date and enjoy being single," she spat.

She tried to walk away from me, but I held her hips even tighter, preventing her from walking away.

"You ain't fuckin' single. Chill out with that bullshit," I had to let her know.

This was why she shouldn't have given a nigga no pussy. Shit had me acting crazy and thinking we were in a relationship again.

"So, what am I then, Mehki?" she wanted to know.

"Shit, it's fuckin' complicated. That's your relationship status. Ain't we working on us?" I asked, putting my hands through the belt loops on her jeans and lifting her up. Her thick body dangled in the air just a few inches as she yelped for me to put her back down. I held her up there for a little while longer, and then I lowered her to the ground.

"We are working on us, but we have to start off as friends first," she let me know.

I nodded, but I didn't let her go yet. My hands were still gripping at her waist as I looked down at her.

"If I was your best friend, I would want you round all the time." I bobbed my head as I sang the lyrics to the 50 Cent song that used to be my shit back in the day. It was our shit, which is why Mia had that smirk on her face.

I sang about two more lines to the song, and then I let her go. She walked to her car, and once inside, she rolled the window down. I leaned in so I could look at her. As I watched her, I noticed two men walking past. From the purses that each man carried, I could tell they were gay. Shit, they switched their hips harder than Mia, so that gave it away too. That ain't what had me staring at them, though. The phones in their hands that they were trying to disguise as they recorded my interaction with Mia is what had me looking.

I sucked my teeth as I pulled up my jeans that were sagging just a bit and walked over to them. I heard Mia calling after me, but it was too late. I'd already done a quick jog and was standing right in front of them.

“Delete whatever pictures or videos y'all just took. I ain't saying that shit again,” I threatened.

They scrolled through their phones, going for a bunch of pictures and videos that they'd taken of Mia and me. They had shit in their phones from when we were talking outside of the car, when I'd lifted her up, all of that. The only thing they were going to do with those pictures and videos was send that shit to the fuckin' blogs, and they would be back to talking about me and my fuckin' wife and coming up with a bunch of bullshit about what they thought Mia and Beatz were doing. I ain't giving motha fuckas all that fuckin' room to keep playing with Mia. Although Mia left my ass when all this shit happened, I had witnessed her at her lowest. When she was pregnant with Ivy, she didn't even gain that much weight because she was stressed the fuck out.

I understood that motha fuckas had to do their jobs, and they had to find a story anywhere possible, but if I could stop some shit from happening, I was going to do that shit. Plus, I was tired of people eating off real life shit that I was dealing with.

“We ain't mean nothing by it, Beatz. We're actually fans of you and Mia. Y'all are our relationship goals,” the darker skinned one said, making me suck my teeth.

“Y'all ain't no fans. If I ain't see y'all trying to fuckin' record, y'all would have sent that shit to The Shade Room or whoever, looking for some fuckin' clout. If you was a fan, you would have walked over and asked for a picture, and I would have gladly taken that shit with y'all. Let me see both y'all phones,” I ordered.

They both handed me their phones. I went through their recent pictures, didn't find shit, and I checked their social media handles, just to make sure they didn't post shit in their stories. The lighter skinned dude was logged into an Instagram

page called 305 Hot Tea, which let me know his ass worked for a blog and was going to post this shit. All I could do was shake my head.

When all that shit checked out, and I saw that the pictures were gone, I handed their phones back to them and walked away. I knew I couldn't handle everyone in the fuckin' world, but shit, I ain't giving the world all that room for Mia to be a fuckin' laughingstock and the topic in all these fuckin' group chats and shit. Together or not, Ima protect that woman as long as I got air in my fuckin' body.

“What happened?” she wanted to know.

“They took pictures and shit of us. Them niggas had about fifty pictures each and fuckin' videos. Talking 'bout they fans. You know as well as I know what they was going to do with those pictures. What all you doing today?” I asked, switching the subject so casually, like what just happened wasn't a big deal.

Mia looked at me for a few seconds like she wanted to say something else, but she just dropped it.

“Just to the spa with Loyal and then out to eat. You have the girls for the weekend, so I'm going home to relax,” she let me know.

I nodded my head and pulled out a stack of money that was nothing but straight blue faces.

“I know you don't need it. I know that. This ain't my way of trying to buy you either, so don't think that. Use that to pay for you and your girls' spa day and dinner. You know if we was together, I would have given you the money anyway, so don't act like this something out of the ordinary for me. Enjoy your day, beautiful,” I said and backed away from the car after she took the money from me and thanked me for it.

“Mehki. Please stay out of trouble,” she called out as I walked over to my car.

“You know I'm always good, baby. Trouble just sometimes finds me. Ain't nothing going to happen to me, Mia. I gotta get my wife and kids back under the same roof as me. Trust me,

Ima stay alive,” I responded, giving her an air kiss, and then I walked away.

She pulled out of the parking lot, driving past me as I hopped in my ride. I had a little hope that Mia and I could work our shit out. The thing is, I just didn’t know when because shorty still had a lot of healing to do, and I still had a lot of making up to do as well.

*Denim McCloud*

I was in the kitchen, cooking spaghetti, when there was a knock at my door. I knew it was Billion bringing Khari back home. She had picture day tomorrow at school and had been hounding her daddy all week, reminding him to take her shopping tonight, so she could be set tomorrow for her pictures. Because he was the kind of man who made good on his promises and gave his children everything their hearts desired, I knew he would follow through on his promise to take Khari shopping.

I stopped what I was doing in the kitchen and went to let them into the house. Billion stood there holding a couple of bags in his hands from *Footlocker*, and there were even a few bags from *H&M* and *Children's Place*. Khari held the same kinds of bags in her hands.

“Here, I got this for Rylo and Kelsey,” his deep voice said as he placed the bags into my hands.

Billion taking Khari shopping, but also purchasing clothes and shoes for two of my other children just said a lot about his character. Hell, the fact that he remained a stand-up father to Khari, and you couldn't tell him otherwise, also said a lot about his character. If you're familiar with *Turned Out by His Hood Mentality*, then you know that Billion isn't Khari's biological father. I hurt him and made his ass hate me once the truth was revealed that she didn't belong to him. At times, I felt as if I was still paying for that shit because Billion and I just never got back right. He only dealt with me because we had Khari, so therefore, we had to have some kind of communication.

“Thank you. I keep telling you that you don’t have to feel obligated to get them stuff. I got them, Billion. They have more than enough stuff,” I let him know.

“And every time you tell me that, I tell you that you ain’t gotta tell me what I should and shouldn’t be doing with my money. As a man, that shit don’t sit right with me to have my daughter come back with all these clothes and shit while Rylo and Kelsey don’t get shit. It ain’t their fault their father ain’t in the picture. Insecurities start as a child, Denim. If Khari is walking in the house from having a weekend with her father, that shit will be put in them girls’ heads that they ain’t good enough, and I don’t want them feeling like that. The sizes for everything should be good. If it ain’t, I left the receipts in there, so you can take it back, if something don’t fit,” he let me know, and I nodded.

This man was handsome. I don’t think I’ll ever look at him and see that the nigga was fine, and I don’t mean that shit in a disrespectful manner either. Billion flipped houses for a living along with other businesses he had his hands in, but flipping houses brought in the big money. He stood in front of me, still wearing his short sleeved business shirt that was tucked into black slacks that fit him perfectly. He wore black dress shoes and a nice Richard Millie watch on his wrist that probably cost the price of my home. Billion had perfect waves in his hair and a nice, full, thick beard. All I could say was that Normani was a lucky woman. I’ll give sis that.

“Don’t leave yet, Daddy. I want to try my outfit on, so you can see how Ima look tomorrow for my pictures. Okay?” Khari asked her father and rushed to the back, not even giving him a second to respond.

Billion came into the house and went to the dining room area that wasn’t too far from the kitchen. Kelsey was two, and she was sitting at her little toddler table with a coloring book that I’d placed in front of her. She was coloring all over the book. I would have to watch her little butt because she would get to coloring on the damn walls in a second.

Billion walked over to her, and just from the way he talked with her and was so gentle, it was obvious his ass had

children. Kelsey liked Billion too, so her little eyes lit up once she saw him.

After he chilled with her for a bit, he walked over to the dining room table and took a seat. I had my locs pulled up since I was cooking and in my chill attire, which was just an oversized graphic t-shirt and some joggers that looked like they belonged to a dude. My house shoes were on my feet, and I was comfortable.

At times, I'm not going to lie, it felt a little weird being around Billion. This nigga and I had been through so much. I think I argued with him more than I've ever argued with anyone in my entire life. This nigga had tried to kill my ass a few times, so there we were, years later, finally cordial. It can be a little awkward at times, especially when the past is all I can think about.

"I wonder if the school will let me come out there tomorrow when she takes her pictures," he thought out loud.

I laughed as I took the garlic rolls out of the oven.

"Probably not. Why? You afraid she's going to do what she did last year?" I questioned, reminding him of the duck lips that Khari did last year for her school pictures.

Now, me and this little girl had practiced for weeks how she was going to smile in her pictures, and when the pictures came in the mail, her little ass had done the exact opposite. Billionaire and I bought our own packages, which was the most expensive package they offered. The shit was a little over \$150, so for us to see the way this little girl did the duck lips in all the pictures, you know Khari had to feel us both.

"Hell yeah. Gotta watch her little ass. She be trippin," he responded, and I laughed.

A few minutes later, Khari came in the dining room with a big smile on her face as she modeled her outfit. It was cute. It was a colorful shimmer jacket with a white shirt that had a glittery picture of a unicorn. She paired it with a denim skirt and pink Converse. Khari had a drawer in her bedroom that was filled with all her girly accessories, so I knew she would

dress the outfit up more tomorrow. Khari had her own sense of style and didn't like for me to dress her up anymore. At nine years old, she wanted to wear what she wanted, but no matter what, she always kept her outfits kid friendly. Me nor her father were going for anything else.

“You ain't gotta worry about not standing out tomorrow. Trust me, they gon' see you with all these loud ass colors on,” Billion said, sitting up in his seat and fixing the collar on his jacket.

She laughed as she looked at him with so much admiration.

“Ima wear pink lipstick tomorrow,” she said, knowing that would get this man going.

“Nah. Put on some clear lip gloss and call it a day. You don't need all of that,” he told her.

Khari laughed again because she had to know that was the answer she would get from him. She walked out of the room, telling him not to leave yet because she wanted to show him one more outfit.

“You hungry?” I asked.

I had four plates out for me and the kids, but just out of respect, I asked if he'd like a plate too.

“Nah, I'm good. Me and Khari ate at the mall. Ask her if she's hungry, though, before you fix her plate because she had *Chick-Fil-A*, so she may not eat what you cooked,” he let me know.

At the same time, my phone started ringing on the table. I walked over to my personal cell phone and saw a call from a number that wasn't saved. I grabbed the phone and walked back into the kitchen before I answered.

“Hello?” I picked up.

“What's good, ma?” the deep voice crooned out, making me suck my teeth.

“Ummm, nigga, how did you get my number?”



It was Zay's ass. Last time I saw him was two weeks ago when I touched up his locs. The nigga was damn near on his knees, begging for my phone number. Don't get me wrong, Zay was fine as hell, and he was a hood nigga, which is exactly what I went for. But hood niggas were why I always went through bullshit in my relationships. I just knew that if I entertained him, it wouldn't go anywhere. The nigga would get the pussy from me, which was the only thing he wanted in the first place, and all he would do afterward was dog my ass out.

My kids had witnessed me go through some failed relationships. The biggest shit they had to endure was the shit I exposed them to when I was with Reggie, and then when I got with Mauri. I didn't want to do that shit for a third time, which is why I was so headstrong in the no that I'd given to Zay.

"Denim, I'm interested. I did my digging, and I was able to get your number from one of my homegirls. Look, I swear I ain't on no fuck shit with you. You told me that all I'm looking to do is fuck you, when that ain't the case. Let a nigga get to know you first, before you just shoot me down like this" he said, his pleads sounding so genuine. All these niggas pleads are genuine in the beginning. Well, at least they try their best for it to be. I wasn't going to fall for that this time around though.

"I'm not interested. I don't know what homegirl of yours gave you my number, but go back and tell that bitch not to be passing out my fuckin' number to people that I don't know. Goodbye," I snapped and hung up the phone.

By this time, Billion was out of his seat and stretching his legs. He turned to look at me with a puzzled expression on his face. He'd clearly just overheard my conversation with Zay.

"You good?" he questioned.

"I'm straight. That was Zay, the rapper. I did his hair a couple of weeks ago. He tried to holla, I turned him down, and now, all of a sudden, the nigga gets my phone number," I said to him.

Billion looked at me long and hard. It was as if he was thinking about the proper way to respond to what I'd just said. "Ain't that nigga in the middle of some shit right now with that nigga, Beatz?"

"I guess," was all I responded.

Khari ran back into the dining room, this time, wearing a different outfit. Billion took his eyes off me for a second and turned to look at Khari. She was dressed in a cute white denim jacket with the matching jeans.

"You look cute, baby. Go back in the room, so I can talk to your mama right quick," he told her.

"Okay, Daddy," she chimed, and then she skipped off.

Billion walked in the kitchen and stood just a few inches away from me.

"Look, Denim, you a grown ass woman who can date whoever the fuck you want. At the same time, you have my child along with two other little girls that you're raising. I don't know shit about this nigga except little shit that I've heard about him in the streets. The motha fucka is a hot head, and I saw that lil' shit that happened online between him and that nigga Beatz from the west side. You got a nigga from the south that's in some deep shit with a west side nigga, and if you choose to have dealings with him, you put yourself and your motha fuckin' kids at risk. Use your brain with this one, that's all I'm saying," he spat and walked away.

I sucked my teeth at this nigga's ability to come in my house and feel like he was checking some shit.

"Billion, please! Talking about use my brain! Nigga, I always use my fuckin' brain—"

"You don't, shorty. I had to beat the fuck out of the last two people that you dealt with for thinking it was cool to play with me. When it comes to your relationships, you don't make the best decisions—"

"You included, nigga!" I snapped, having to let his black ass know that he wasn't a prize when we were together.

He released a sarcastic laugh when I threw that out.

“Don’t include me in shit, shorty. You was pussy. I was dick. The realest piece of dick yo’ ass ever had. Let me go before shit goes left,” he responded.

“Do that. I know I shouldn’t deal with that nigga, Billion. All the extra shit about me not using my brain wasn’t called for. You don’t have to remind me of the past. I know what the fuck I did!” I snapped.

“Denim, all a nigga was trying to tell you was to make better fuckin’ decisions this time, aight? If I came off tough, oh well, shorty. When it comes to the safety of them fuckin’ kids, Ima always be tough, and I ain’t apologizing for the way I come off with that because Ima always be passionate when anything involving my fuckin’ child. That nigga is hot. The nigga is reckless, and I don’t want my child in danger.

“I’m saving you the heartbreak because if whoever that nigga beefing with comes for him while you with him and Khari, you gotta know that Ima put that nigga down myself. You gon’ have to feel me too! Save yourself all the unnecessary drama. Get yourself a fuckin’ pastor, a doctor, lawyer, something. A suit and tie wearing motha fucka who don’t have no beef with niggas. Damn, bruh!” he snapped.

“Get out, Billion. Go, before you piss me off.” I gestured with my hands for him to go to the front door.

Before he left, he went to the back, and I could hear him saying his goodbyes to not only Khari but to Rylo as well. He made it back to the front, where he went to Kelsey, gave her a hug, and told her goodbye. He didn’t say anything else to me, and I didn’t say shit else to him. I think the two of us just had a way of getting under each other’s skin, and that’s why we went at it so hard.

Now, even though I’d told Zay that I wasn’t going to fuck with him, of course there was still a part of me that would entertain the thought, especially if the nigga went out of his way to prove that he wanted to be with me. But there was seriousness tonight in Billion’s eyes that let me know he would really kill Zay if we got together and some shit popped

off while I was with him and Khari. I didn't even want to find out the consequences of that shit.

Lord knows I was hardheaded as hell, and I hardly listened to anyone, but I was going to sit this one out and not test Billion. It had to be something out there that was better than Zay's ass.

*Saint West*

“**W** here you at nigga? I just knew you was going to send a text message, talking about going to the booty club tonight. What’s the plan, nigga?” my cousin, Glizzy said over the phone.

I laughed as I jumped on the highway heading home. It was my birthday, and I swear I didn’t want to do shit. Loyal had been trying to plan some shit for a nigga for months, but I told my baby that all I wanted was a nice, home cooked meal, some of her good pussy, a slice of cheesecake, since birthday cake really wasn’t my thing, and call it a day. The older I got, the more I ain’t really care to be doing all that shit like I used to back in the day when I would celebrate my birthday. This grimy ass city that we lived in, you went out and prayed to God that you got the chance to make it back home. So, in the house with my girl and my daughter was all I cared to do today.

Loyal woke me up this morning to some head that was so good it had me wanting to buy her ass something, like it was her birthday instead of mine. By the time I showered and got dressed for work, she’d managed to go downstairs and whip a nigga up something to eat. Loyal knew that my go-to breakfast was just some sausage, grits loaded with cheese, and cheesy scrambled eggs. She put a plate in front of me that was big enough to feed two people, and I gobbled that shit down like I hadn’t eaten anything in years.

I told her ass she didn’t have to get a nigga nothing either, but on the dining room table, she had about five different gift bags for me. I can’t lie, presidential iced out rose gold Rolex

that she'd gotten me was the best gift she had on the table. That shit was too nice. She begged a nigga to take the day off from work, so she could celebrate me, but I told her that I would get off early. Now, look at me, hopping on the highway, and it was after five in the evening.

I'd gotten off at my usual time. We had a lot of trucks out today, and I just liked to be there to make sure everything ran smoothly. Two of my trucks were having issues, so I had a mechanic pull up to my garage where I stored my trucks to see what was going on.

I was beat, cruising in and out of traffic, so I could get my ass home.

"No booty club for me tonight, nigga. I'm going home to my wife," I let him know, and I heard him laugh.

"Scary ass nigga," he shot.

"I ain't scared of shit. Nigga, I'm tired. You know Naomi ain't letting yo' black ass out the house," I cracked.

"Shittttt! You got a nigga fucked up. I run all this over here. Before I leave, put my kids to sleep, put her ass to sleep next, and we Gucci. What you and Loyal got planned tonight, then? Since you ain't hitting the club," he wanted to know.

"I told her to just cook us a meal and shit. Ion really want to be out there in the fuckin' way like that. A nigga just grateful to be here. Y'all can have all that extra shit," I said.

"Nah, I hear you, bruh. Well, if you got some time in your schedule tomorrow, let's do lunch or some shit," he offered.

I agreed to that, we talked for a little bit, and then Naomi hopped on the line and wished me a happy birthday as well. After finishing up my phone call with them, I was home in another ten minutes. The first thing I noticed when I arrived at the house was that Loyal's car wasn't here. I sucked my teeth because that only meant her ass didn't have that homecooked meal I had been thinking about all damn day.

Shaking my head, I hopped out of the car, grabbed my keys, my wallet, and walked up the driveway to let myself inside. I stood in the foyer where there was a small silver table

near the front door with a gold balloon attached to a card. My name was written in red letters, followed by a heart, and it was Loyal's handwriting. I set my keys and wallet on the table, took the balloon off the card, and opened it. A sheet of paper was inside, and again, it had Loyal's handwriting.

*I know you said you didn't want to do anything for your birthday, Saint, but you're too good of a man for me to not celebrate you. I'll respect your wishes and keep it lowkey, but I just wanted to spice it up a little bit. My car isn't in the driveway, and at this point, I know you're pissed that I'm not home with dinner on the table, but I promise that all of this will be worth it. I'm going to put you on a little scavenger hunt, and you have to find me, so we can continue with the birthday festivities.*

*There are four envelopes in total, all of which will help guide you to me. If you want to find the second envelope, I'll give you a clue; it's your favorite place to fuck me. Good luck.*

I read the letter out loud and laughed while shaking my head. A nigga was fresh off work, and leave it to Loyal's ass to be with the fuckin' games tonight. I ain't never have a woman do no shit like this, and I'll admit that a piece of me was intrigued, so I headed for the kitchen. I went right to the kitchen counter, knowing that right was my favorite spot to beat up some pussy. It was the right height; it was just perfect. I think we fucked more in this kitchen than we did in our own damn bed.

Sure enough, right on the kitchen counter where I'd made her cum plenty of times, was another envelope with my name written on it. I picked it up, and with my back posted against the counter, I tore through it, eager to read it to see this woman's next clue.

*I'm sure it didn't take you long to find this next envelope. It's a shame how much you love to fuck in the kitchen, as if we don't have a whole bedroom upstairs. An expensive piece of luggage. It's somewhere waiting for you.*

I left the letter there and headed to our bedroom. I walked into our closet, where I spotted my Christian Dior luggage in

the middle of the walk-in closet. Last time I saw this luggage, it was empty, but when I picked it up, it held weight. I flipped the luggage over and opened it. There was a third envelope with my name written on it as well. Inside of the bag, she had my clothes and shit, folded all nice. Even had my weed stashed for me, with a couple of lighters, and two freshly rolled blunts. I opened up the envelope, and I read the letter.

“By this point, I’m sure you’re annoyed as hell with me having you run through this house, finding clues and shit, which is why I’m going to make this quick. Black charger, back seat. Look on the floor. See you soon. Don’t even wash that dick off. I’ll handle that when you find me,” I read aloud.

I laughed because as fucked up as Loyal had me, playing all these fuckin’ games, the shit did have a nigga ready to find her ass and just see what all she had planned. After I zipped the luggage back up, I went back downstairs, where I grabbed my phone and my wallet. I drove my truck this morning, but the letter told me to go to my Charger, which was parked in the driveway, so that’s where I went.

I unlocked the doors, and right in the back, on the floor behind the driver’s seat was the last letter. When I placed the luggage in the car and opened the envelope, something fell out along with the letter.

*That’s a pill. Trust me, you’re going to need it tonight. It’s a lot of pussy in here for you to explore. Ritz-Carlton. 32<sup>nd</sup> floor, penthouse suite. Room 3212.*

I threw that bullshit ass pill out, knowing damn well I didn’t need that shit. Once I got this weed in me, I swear that was the only push I needed. My stamina was questionable at times because I could go on and on, so fuck what Loyal was talking about. Her ass probably had this planned for weeks. All that begging she did for me to stay home today was just a damn front.

I knew the exact hotel she was talking about. It was out on Fort Lauderdale Beach. With traffic, I would probably get there in about thirty minutes. Before I got in the driver’s seat, I went into the luggage and got one of the blunts that she had



inside that was already perfectly rolled for me. Once I started the car, I lit the blunt and let the music croon through the speakers. I was en route to some pussy that I knew for a fact was about to put my ass to sleep tonight. Loyal was talking reallll fuckin' bold in these letters this evening, so something told me that tonight, this shit was going to be different.

## AN HOUR LATER

I stood outside the door of penthouse suite, luggage at my side and phone in my hands, waiting for Loyal to let me in. It took a little longer for me to get down there because of the fuckin' traffic that I had to run into while on the highway. My eyes were low from the weed that I'd smoked, and my stomach was rumbling. I felt that Loyal might not have heard the first few knocks, so I prepared to do it again, but the door opened.

Loyal stood on the other side. I looked at her and faked like a nigga was getting ready to pass out from how fine and appetizing her ass looked. She wore a skimpy ass maid outfit, which was really just a black and white sheer bra and a tiny ass skirt that wasn't covering shit because I could see the black thong she had on underneath. She wore black lace thigh-high stockings with a bit of shimmer and some black Christian Louboutin heels, that had her standing up higher.

Loyal's body was a work of art. She did her own exercising, but she would get in the gym with me as well on the weekends, and the four-pack on her stomach was a prime example of the hard work she was putting in at the gym. She had perfectly toned thighs and legs that were oiled up to perfection. She smelled good as hell, and her long hair was parted down the middle and hanging loosely. When she smiled at me, her dimples showed, and that mischievous look on her face just let me know she was up to no good.

"Damn, baby. Turn around. Let me see it from the back," I called out.

She knew her ass looked good, and that's why she giggled like that. She spun around, having her ass face me, and I

howled, loving how good that shit looked from behind. Loyal had the perfect ass. It was fat, it poked out when she walked, and the shit had a lot of bounce to it. I walked into the room with my bag and closed the door behind us. Wrapping my arms around her from behind, I buried my head into the crook of her neck.

“I had to sit in traffic for an hour to get some pussy. Damn, baby. We could have done this shit at home. We could have been on at least nut number six for you by now,” I whispered in her ear.

At the same time, I let one of my hands slip inside her panties, and I felt a bare pussy. Just when I was getting ready to slip two fingers into her opening, she moved my hands from her thong and placed them back around her waist.

“Stop complaining, Saint. Go with the flow. Can I lead, and you follow? Just for tonight, baby. Damn,” she hissed.

“Aight, baby. It’s your world.” I kissed her on her neck and then pulled away.

Loyal turned around with a satisfied look on her face and kissed me on my lips. She grabbed the luggage that was by the door and wheeled it to the back. The whole time she walked away, my eyes were glued to her ass, staring at it like I had to savor the moment or some shit.

While she took the bag to the back, I stayed out front, taking in how nicely the penthouse was decorated. In the living room, there were black and gold balloons with the words, *Happy Birthday, Saint*. On the table, there were baby pictures of me along with some older pictures. Some with me and my grandma, some with Loyal, and even some with my baby, Dream. I pulled out my phone and captured pictures and video of everything. There were also red rose petals on the floor, leading to the dining room.

There was food set on the table with steel lids. My stomach rumbled, and I couldn’t wait to eat. Loyal joined me, standing directly in front of me as she unbuttoned my work shirt, removed it, and removed my wife beater as well. She took my gun from my side and set it on the table, leaving just

me there in my black pants, that sagged, showing off the band to my black Calvin Klein boxers.

“You want to eat first, or take a bath?” she asked with her hands on my chest, running her long fingernails over my tattoos.

“Eat. I’m starving,” I let her know.

“Okay, baby. We can eat first. Wash your hands, and I got you,” she let me know.

Once Loyal told me where the bathroom was, I went in, left the door open, pissed, and washed my hands. I threw some water on my face too before I dried my hands off on the hand towels. Next, I went over to the dining room table and waited for Loyal. She came to the table with a new bottle of wine. That wine was for her. The Henny already poured into my cognac glass was for me. She poured herself a half glass and stood next to me as she removed the lid from the food in front of me. It was a big porterhouse steak with a stuffed lobster tail right on top that had me licking my lips. Off to the side was another tray that she lifted and showed me the loaded baked potato that looked just as mouthwatering as the entrée. Another tray held broccoli and carrots since she knew that that was my favorite duo.

“Oh. My bad, baby. Eat the appetizers first,” she said, opening another plate that held one jumbo crab cake that she knew was my favorite as well.

When it came to my food, I hardly switched shit up, so everything in front of me was ideally what I would order when I went out to dinner. Loyal took her seat next to me, lifted her lid, and instead of the porterhouse steak, she had what looked like an eight-ounce filet mignon. She didn’t have the stuffed lobster, since she was allergic to seafood, which meant I couldn’t kiss her ass again until I brushed my teeth.

Loyal would try to suck my tongue out of my damn mouth, so whenever I ate seafood, I had to make sure to get that shit off me before I started back kissing her freaky ass. She had a baked potato, and for her vegetable, she had asparagus. Loyal

grabbed my hand and prayed over the food as well as thanking God for allowing me to see another birthday.

As she prayed, I found myself peeking over and admiring her, just taking in how lucky my ass was to have a woman like her. A woman who was really sitting next to me, looking as fine as she wanted to be, and talking to God about me. I loved that. Loyal eventually finished with the prayer, brought my hand up and kissed it, then let it go.

“Food good as fuck,” I said between bites of the medium well steak.

“I didn’t cook it, baby. I had too much on my plate today. This food came from Glizzy’s restaurant,” she told me.

“So, that nigga calling me earlier today was a distraction? He was talking about going to the booty club, and whole time, that nigga was in on the surprise?” I asked.

She laughed as she cut her steak. Loyal liked to cut her entire steak in strips first before she ate it.

“He didn’t know all the specifics. I called him last week and asked if he could have one of the cooks bring the food,” she let me know.

“You had this shit on when they dropped the food off?” I questioned, and she sucked her teeth.

“No, Saint. I had clothes on. Nigga, I was tracking your location. When I saw that you had left the house, that’s when I got ready,” she said.

I went back to eating my food. This food was so fuckin’ good that it was hard to keep up a conversation. I finished way before Loyal, even though my steak was almost three times the size of hers. Once we were both done eating, she removed the plates and everything from the table. By this time, the sun had gone down, and it was dark outside. The city of Fort Lauderdale beach was well lit up, shining through the floor to ceiling windows and giving it a nice vibe.

I stood in an attempt to help Loyal straighten the dining room table, but she told me to sit my ass down. It was my birthday, and she didn’t want me to lift a finger. Shit was nice

to see the roles reversed. I cater to my woman on a daily. If Loyal took a weekend off from work, I gave her ass foot massages, ran her bath water, gave her full body massages, and just waited on her ass hand and foot because she was so fuckin' good to a nigga, so she deserved that shit.

When she finished, she led the way to the bathroom, and I used that as my opportunity to grab my luggage. I took out the fresh pair of navy-blue Calvin Klein briefs that she'd packed inside, my house shoes, and my toothbrush and shit, so I could handle my business. When I made it in the bathroom, Loyal was bent over a by the tub, checking the temperature of the water because she knew I loved my shit to be burning hot.

I slapped her on her ass a couple of times before I went over to the bathroom counter to brush my teeth, rinse my mouth out, and wash my face. When I finished, the tub was full, and Loyal was sitting on the edge of it, waiting for me to come over. I stood right in front of her ass, pants sagging, dick right in her face. She sat there with her right leg crossed over the left, looking all innocent, when I knew she was the furthest thing from it.

She kissed my dick through my briefs a couple of times, and because it had been hard the whole time we were sitting at the table eating dinner, I grabbed the back of her head and eased my pants down just a bit, wanting to feel her mouth swallowing me whole. She teased my dick with her tongue, just licking up the pre-cum and placing kisses on the head. Then, she moved her head out of the way.

“Get me right. Fuck is you doing?” I asked.

“Saint, wait. Damn. You said you would go with the flow,” she whined.

“Bae, I am going with the flow, but damn. Let a nigga feel something. You walking around in this sexy ass shit, doing all this touching and shit. I'm trying to fuck something,” I said, not bothering to hide the agitation in my voice.

“You will. Come on. Get in the tub,” she ordered.

I fully stepped out of my pants along with my briefs, and then I got in the tub. Loyal walked out of the bathroom and came back a few seconds later, holding another blunt for me. She passed it to me, and I started pulling on it while my eyes lingered on her. I ain't even have to touch the soap, the washcloth, none of that because while I smoked from this fat ass joint, my baby handled all that for me.

When she washed my dick off, her soft hands massaging the base along with my balls had me throwing my head back. I let out some moans in that bitch too. My dick was damn near touching the ceiling. As good as it felt, this shit was like torture too because all I wanted her to do was hop her ass in this tub with me, swallow my dick for a good minute, and then lower her pussy onto it. But she was taking all these fuckin' steps just to get to the good part.

She eventually finished washing my body down, and then she stood and grabbed a towel. I stood up with my dick swinging. Loyal wrapped the towel around my waist with her eyes on me. The blunt was long gone, so I wrapped one of my hands around her throat, and we started kissing. It was a nasty ass kiss too. One of those kisses that we did right after I finished eating and licking her, and I would give her the pleasure of tasting her own juices. She was sucking on my tongue, my lips, and moaning into my mouth.

Before shit got too carried away, she pulled away, and I stepped out of the tub, following her into the bedroom. I took a seat on the couch in the big master bedroom, and Loyal dropped to her knees with a bottle of lotion in one hand and oil in the other. She massaged both of my feet, doing that shit like a professional masseuse. She massaged my arms, my neck, my abs, back, all that shit. Once she was done, she handed me my briefs to put on, and right when I was getting ready to grab her ass up, bend her over, and fuck her across the couch, there was a knock at the door.

"Hold on, baby," she called out, trying to remove her small wrist from my hands.

"Loyal, what the fuck you got going on? Feel my shit," I spat and lowered her hands so she could feel how hard my

dick was.

“Saint, I got you. I promise, baby,” was all she said, right before she kissed me on my lips, and I let her wrist go. She left the room, heels clicking and clacking.

I shook my head and took a seat back down on the couch. I didn't know what the fuck Loyal had going on, but she was going to fuck around, and a nigga would get blue balls letting her ass while I followed.

My feet were kicked up on the small table in front of me, and probably two minutes later, Loyal came back in the room. This time, she wasn't by herself. She had Raven, her home girl from prison, with her. I sat my ass up so fast and pinched myself, just to make sure I wasn't tripping, and this wasn't some sick ass dream.

Two fine ass women were in front of me, both wearing little to nothing. Raven had on an outfit that was similar to the one Loyal was wearing, but hers was a coral color. The color went perfectly against her caramel-colored skin. Honestly, she and Loyal pretty much had the same shape, but Raven was probably one or two inches taller. Fine as well with a full sleeve tattoo on her right arm.

When I learned from Loyal at the grocery store that she'd fucked around with Raven in prison, I couldn't say that I was shocked. Loyal was my girl, and I loved her to death, but her ass looked at more ass and titties than I did. She was quick to point at a woman's ass and tell me if her shit was fat. She told me everything but just never mentioned that she was in prison eating pussy. I'd had threesomes in the past, but I never had one with a woman I was fully committed to.

When Loyal told me that her and Raven had fucked around before, you know a nigga had visuals of that shit, which is why I'd ask her in the first place. But when she shot that shit down, I just knew it wasn't going to happen. She came through for a nigga on my birthday, and I was rubbing my hands together like Birdman.

“You popped that pill I put in the envelope? I told you it was going to be a lot of pussy in here tonight,” Loyal stated,

which made her girl giggle.

“Stop playing with me, Loyal. You know I don’t gotta pop shit for big man to handle his business. This me,” I boasted.

She smirked and looked at Raven before turning back to look at me.

“Baby, this is Raven. You remember her. You told me that my pussy juices were a spell, and that Raven was under the spell, so here she is again. Raven, this is my baby, Saint. Not that our love life needs any excitement, but I figured I would bless the birthday boy with this lovely visual for just one night only. You’re not fuckin’ her though, Saint. Just me,” Loyal made it clear.

“I know that, baby. Damn, can y’all get a nigga right now, please?” I asked, feeling like I was going to pass the fuck out if I didn’t get my dick sucked right that instant.

Loyal smirked, and Raven did too. Then, the two of them brought their fine asses over, dropped to their knees, and while Loyal went for one side of my briefs, her homegirl went for the other. Loyal went for the dick, and Raven went for the balls. My hands went to both their heads, and as much as I wanted to throw my head back, I couldn’t miss out on this lovely scene, so I kept my head up, and my eyes on them. My hand pushed down on Loyal’s head, forcing her to take all ten inches of me into her mouth, which made her ass gag.

“Don’t get yo’ ass embarrassed in front of your home girl, shorty. Suck my dick right,” I demanded to Loyal, who had watery eyes from how far down her throat my dick was.

She had a little hiccup, but my threat got her right, and she went to work on my dick, sucking and slobbering all over it. I could have died and gone to heaven when I witnessed the two of them tongue kissing each other with my dick still in their mouth as they made a big ass mess.

“Fuck... shitttt... damnnnn... damnnn, babyyy.” My ass was moaning at this point; toes throwing up gang signs and everything.



I had never experienced no shit like that in my fuckin' life. Both women were sucking dick to prove a point, but I felt like Loyal was winning because she knew I would clown the fuck out of her for letting another bitch suck my dick better than she did. The slurping, moaning, kissing, all of that shit had my body freezing. Within seconds, nut started to slip out of me, and they both rushed to lap it up and swallow.

“Shitttt... His nut taste so good, Loyal,” Raven said once they had sucked my dick clean.

I placed my hands on the back of both their heads, wanting to see them kiss again, and they did just that. That sloppy ass kiss had my dick rising all over again.

I stood, fully removed my briefs, and grabbed Loyal's ass up. Once I pulled down that little ass lace skirt she was wearing and her thong, all I had to do was quickly unsnap her bra, and everything was off in a matter of seconds. I placed Loyal in front of me and brought my hands around to play with her nipples. Then I started sucking on her neck. Loyal was in front of me going crazy, moaning, grinding her ass against my dick—horny out of her fuckin' mind.

I let one of my hands slip away from her nipples and patted her on her thigh, basically telling her to place her foot on the table. With her heels still on, I directed Raven over so she could eat Loyal. My girl talked all that shit about Raven knowing how to eat pussy good, and now I would see what she was working with. The second she spit on Loyal's pussy and pulled her long hair to the side, I already knew this nasty bitch was about to give a nigga a run for my money. Her full lips wrapped around Loyal's clit, and she moaned, throwing her head against my chest, loving that shit. I stood behind Loyal, face still in the crook of her neck, looking down as Raven was snatched Loyal's soul from her body with the way she ate her.

“Fuckkkkkkk... Rayyyyy,” she cried out as she grinded her pussy in her face, but her hands were on my thighs, holding onto me for support.

I could tell that Loyal was about to cum. She had a tight grip on me with her hands, and her moans were coming out

like whines as her body shook in my arms.

“Oh, my God.... Oh, my Godddd... Waitttt,” Loyal moaned.

“Don’t wait on shit. Make her cum,” I demanded to Raven, who didn’t come up off that pussy.

Loyal came and juices flew everywhere. She tried to lower her leg, but Raven wasn’t playing with her ass. I was right there, not letting her ass back up either. I did, however, squat just a bit and managed to slip my dick right inside, giving her ass deep, quick strokes while Raven finished eating her, doing her best to get her to cum again.

“Saintttttt... Saintttt... what the... Fuck... are you doinggggg? Babyyyyy... waitttt,” Loyal cried, trying to keep up, but I was hitting her with too much pressure.

My hands were on her waist, and I was in that pussy good. Her juices dripped down my dick, and she was loud as hell. While I was fuckin’, I was looking down, paying close attention to how Raven was eating Loyal while she was getting fucked. This was a sight to fuckin’ see.

“You keep screaming wait. Fuck is we waiting for, Loyal? Tell me what we waiting for?” I questioned.

“Saintttttt,” she moaned my name, not even answering my question.

“Get your shit off, Loyal,” I coached in her ear.

Her legs started shaking and her head crashed against my chest. I didn’t let up on how I was handling the pussy, and then she came hard. She pushed at Raven’s head, who had a tight hold on her clit, not wanting to let her go.

“Hold on, shorty. Ease off her. Let her catch her breath,” I said to Raven, who eventually pulled back.

“Shitttt,” Loyal moaned, turning in my arms and placing her arms around my neck.

I lifted her body, and she wrapped her long legs around my waist. I took her over to the couch and placed her in my lap, where we started kissing some more. After about two minutes,

I whispered in her ear, telling her to turn around on my dick, and she did just that. Loyal rode me backward while I sat up on the couch, tweaking her nipples.

Raven came over and put her pussy right in front of Loyal's face. The freak in Loyal came out times ten as she ate Raven while bouncing all over my dick, doing that shit nasty like she knew I loved that shit. It was my very first time witnessing Loyal eat pussy, and she had her girl crying just as loud as Raven had her a few minutes ago. I didn't see how the fuck they were able to get away with that shit in prison with their loud asses.

The amount of fuckin' that went on in that room for the next hour was crazy. Loyal came so many times that her ass passed out. I had to carry her to the bed, and she didn't even get to tell her homegirl goodbye.

"You and her are lucky to have each other," Raven said after she came out of the bathroom and slipped into a trench coat.

I slipped my briefs back on. I had just been waiting for her to finish up in the bathroom, so I could walk her to the door.

"That's my baby," was all I said.

Before Raven walked out, she stole one last look at Loyal, who lying on her side naked, looking like her body had been worked the fuck out. I walked her over to the door, and before she left, she turned to look at me.

"Just tell her to call me in the morning," she said.

"I got you," I responded, and then I opened the door, and she left.

I walked back to the bedroom and jumped in the shower. All that fuckin' had me working up a sweat, so I washed my body off really fast in the hot water, then stepped out and grabbed a towel to wrap around me. Finally, I threw on a fresh pair of briefs and joined Loyal in bed with a goofy ass smile plastered on my face.

As good as that shit was, I was cool with it just being a one and done thing. I just needed this shit for the visual, and now

that I had it, I was cool with sticking to just Loyal and me in the bedroom. I got that shit out of my system, and Loyal got it out of hers, so she ain't got no reason to bring this bitch back over. One and done. That was all I needed.

*Myesha Goodman*

“**W**hy every time I pull out my motha fuckin’ phone, yo’ black ass always in the fuckin’ blogs and shit? Yo’ ass stay in more shit than anybody I fuckin’ know, yo,” Tommy spat as he sat at the foot of my bed in just his briefs, with his phone glued to his hand.

Our lit sex session had just ended a little over thirty minutes ago. We’d both showered, and while he was on his phone, I was walking around in the room in just my bra and panties, looking for a top because I had some faces to beat this evening, and it was time for me to start getting ready. Really, it was just my sister, Myra, and my two best friends, Andrea and Kalina, who would be over within the next hour, so I could do their makeup for an R&B concert they were attending tonight.

I wasn’t going to the concert. That was the kind of concert you attended with your nigga, not your bitches. Since I didn’t have a nigga of my own, I was just going to sit this one out. My sister and my girls were all going with a nigga they were fuckin’, and I didn’t want to go without bringing someone. Majority of the niggas I dealt with already had a bitch, so I couldn’t pop out in public at a crowded ass concert like that.

I’m sure you’re wondering who the hell is Tommy, but he’s just a nigga with some good dick that I let fuck me from time to time. He was a married nigga too, who liked to cheat on his wife, just like Beatz did with Mia. I don’t know what the fuck attracts these married niggas to me, but they couldn’t get enough. The shit I had going on with Beatz didn’t even last as long as the affair that Tommy had on his wife with me for over four years.

I wasn't the only bitch he cheated on her with, though. This nigga had a whole fuckin' phone that his wife didn't even know about, and that shit would ring back-to-back whenever he was chilling with me. He was such a fuckin' dog. I didn't understand niggas like him, though. They went around fuckin' on all kinds of different pussy when they had a whole fuckin' wife at home. Tommy fucked more women than a single nigga in his prime. He did all that disrespectful cheating, but the second a bitch even brought his wife's name up, he would be ready to kill your ass.

His wife's name was Token. Her and Mia could be the best of friends because both of them hoes were dumb. She'd been married to Tommy for well over six years, and the bitch was miserable in her marriage, if you ask me, but to prove a point that she was the wife, she stayed with the nigga. They didn't have any kids together because, according to Tommy, the bitch had a hard time conceiving. He loved the fuck out of her, but the nigga would get around me, smoking weed and airing out his fuckin' problems like I was his therapist. He'd told me before that he hated the fact that it was hard for her to get pregnant because he really wanted a son. With all the cheating that nigga did, God was probably looking out for her and purposely not giving that girl a damn baby.

"Because any time my name is brought up, it brings attention to these fake ass blog pages. They get the engagements on social media that they're looking for, which in turn gives them money. All that shit is for fuckin' clout. What they on there lying about now?" I asked after pulling a white half tee out of my drawer.

"They on this bitch, talking about you pregnant. I guess paparazzi snapped some pictures of you a couple of days ago when you was leaving the gym. Yo' ass fuckin' pregnant?" he barked, making me suck my teeth loud as hell.

Tommy was fine. I don't think that I've ever fucked an ugly nigga in my life, so it was no surprise that this nigga sitting on my bed in his briefs, with all of that dick resting on his thigh was a fine ass nigga. Tommy had a brown skin complexion. Just like a lot of the niggas that I dealt with, he

had perfect skin. I'm going to take all the credit and say that them fuckin' with me, diving into my juices, and eating me the way they did was responsible for their nice ass skin.

He was tall. The nigga was a giant compared to me. He had to be a good 6'5. He had a lean build, but there were plenty of muscles on him. Tommy could pick my thick ass up in a second, pin me to the wall, and fuck the shit out of me like we were lovers. Because the only thing he was wearing was his briefs, all the tattoos that adorned his chest, stomach, arms, and he even the few on his legs were on display. His hair was cut low, and he had a beautiful pair of light brown eyes that would look a bitch in their eyes while lied like it was nothing.

There had been times when I was laid up under this nigga, and his wife would call. He would give me that look like, "Don't say shit," and he would lie right to that bitch, telling her that he was somewhere he really wasn't. The only thing I could do was shake my head. Niggas like Tommy were the reason I couldn't take niggas out here seriously. I got my head and my dick, then I dipped because these niggas were the biggest fuckin' liars and fuckin' dogs that I knew! Especially these Cali niggas. I swear they were a whole different breed out here.

Tommy was in the NBA. He played for the Lakers. He kept the statistic going that all NBA players cheated on their wives because Lord knows he did. The nigga was so dirty too because, from time to time, I was responsible for doing his wife's makeup. I had stood in front of this woman, beating her face with a makeup brush, after I'd just finished fuckin' the nigga. She'd sat in my chair on a few occasions, boasting about her marriage and how happy and in love they were. That's why I called her miserable because sis had to convince herself and other people that she was happy, when I knew she was the furthest thing from it. I let sis have all of that.

I would stand there, giving her my blessings, knowing I knew secrets about her marriage that she didn't. See, when it came to Tommy, he was just dick, so I didn't care to blackmail the nigga just to get a taste of that dick again. He didn't have that kind of power in his dick that Beatz had. Beatz's ass had

me losing my fuckin' mind, giving that nigga ultimatums to come fuck me, or I was going to tell his wife. That wasn't even my character, but you couldn't expect to drop that kind of dick in me and then go on about your life, thinking I wasn't going to want that at least four times out of the week. Tommy's dick was good, but I wasn't hounding the nigga down for it. I could go to another nigga if his ass wasn't available.

"I'll swallow glass before I let one of you dumb niggas get me pregnant. Hurry up, because my sister and my girls are on the way over here, and I don't need them running into you on your way out the door," I stated matter of factly.

"Man, fuck your sister and your girls. And what the fuck you mean you'd rather swallow glass before you have my baby? Don't say that like I'm some bum ass nigga. I'm worth millions!" he spat.

I sucked my teeth and laughed as I slipped on a pair of my black tights.

"Tommy, that shit is such a fuckin' turn off when you get to talking about your fuckin' money. That shit don't move a bitch like me because I'm sitting on my own coins. Like I said, I would rather swallow fuckin' glass before I let you or any other nigga that I'm dealing with get me pregnant. Go home to your wife. Tell her not to use whoever she used last night to do her face when you took her out for y'all anniversary because they had her looking real cakey in the face. That wasn't a good look," I said, being shady as hell.

"Yeah, yeah. My bitch looks better than you and any bitch on her worst days. She don't even need that makeup shit. She only did all that last night to dress it up for daddy. While you calling her makeup cakey, she woke up to a brand-new Porsche and a BMW as an anniversary gift—"

"As a guilt gift, nigga! You fuckin' all them hoes, so of course you had to buy her two cars to make up for all the shit you put that poor woman through. I know that's your bitch and everything, and you supposed to be her biggest cheerleader, but nigga, that's a farrrr reach, saying that your bitch looks



better than me. I do makeup, but I hardly wear the shit because I don't need to. My skin is flawless, nigga. Not a pimple in sight. Stand your hoe next to me, and the only person that's going to say she looks better than me is your ass," I snapped.

"Yeah, let me go before I punch yo' ass in your fuckin' jaw. Got all that fuckin' mouth. That's why I'm glad Beatz's bitch put the paws on you the way she did. She beat the fuck out of yo' shit talking ass," he spat back, sounding like a whole hoe with his comeback.

I laughed as I slipped my feet into my house shoes that weren't too far from the bed.

"I never claimed to be a fighter, so it is what it is. It all came down to her fighting me because of the good pussy that I put on her nigga. Gone on, Tommy, before you piss me off," I said, really getting annoyed as hell with him.

Like the bitch he was, he laughed and stepped into his jeans, keeping them hanging off his waist. Then he grabbed the white Givenchy shirt off the bed and pulled it over his head. He walked over to the dresser, grabbed his gun he had resting there, placed it on his waist, and he threw his phones in his pocket as he held his wallet.

I had to sit down on the bed for a second because that nauseous feeling that I had been dealing with for a couple of weeks overcame me, making me feel like I had to throw up. For a second, I was lightheaded, but I played it off like everything was cool because I didn't need the nigga asking me any questions.

Before he turned to walk out of the room, he looked at me one last time and headed downstairs. I got it together and followed him. From the top of the stairs, I watched as he slipped his feet back into his Givenchy sneakers.

He turned to looked up at me. "I got a game next Tuesday. Token is going to hit you up for her make-up. Take her before you take anybody else. I'll send you the money, so you ain't gotta take shit from her," this nigga let me know.

I didn't even bother to respond back to him. We had gone from fuckin', to arguing, to him throwing up his fake ass marriage in my face. I felt like I'd given this nigga a bit too much of my energy today, so I didn't say shit else.

Instead of walking out the front door, he went through the door on the side to his gray Porsche that he had stored in the garage. I came down, heard when he raised the garage, and about a minute later, I heard the loud roar of his car. And just like that, the nigga was gone.

I went into the garage, lowered it back down, turned the light off, and closed the door back. Before I went into the kitchen to grab me ginger ale for this nausea, I went to the guest bathroom downstairs and released my urine again. It felt like it was my fiftieth time going today. I'd been pissing all day, but so far, I'd only had two of my daily smoothies, so that might have played a part as well.

After using the bathroom and drinking my ginger ale, I went into my beauty room downstairs and started setting up since the women would be there shortly. I did those bitches' faces on a daily, and they had already sent me the looks they were going for. I created three different piles, so when it was time to do each woman's face, there wouldn't be any hold up.

As I gathered up the room, I had music playing lowly through the speakers. By the time I had everything set up, I saw two cars pulling in. My sister, Myra, had driven her car, and Andrea was in the passenger seat. Kalina had driven her own car and pulled it right behind Myra's. Myra had a key to my house, just like I had one to hers, so within a few seconds, the front door opened.

"My, where you at?" that was Andrea's loud ass.

I don't know why, but for some reason, that just aggravated the hell out of me. Lately, it didn't take much to annoy me. I blamed it on lack of sleep because I was always on the go and not really getting the proper rest. Tomorrow afternoon, I was headed to Puerto Rico because I had a wedding party of faces that I had to beat for the rehearsal dinner and the actual wedding the following day, so I already

knew I wouldn't get any kind of rest for the next couple of days.

The bag for this shit was good as hell, but I was overworking my body, and I should have told these bitches today that I couldn't do their faces because I needed to catch up on some rest. My sister along with my two best friends knew how to do their own makeup because I had done one on one classes with all these bitches, but let them tell it, when they do their faces, it never came out the way I did it.

"I'm in the beauty room, Andrea, damn!" I snapped as I grabbed my makeup apron from the hanging rack in my beauty room and put it on.

"You and Tommy must have just gotten into it. We ran into that nigga at the light, and I know the only reason he would be on this side of town is for your ass," Andrea responded once her and the rest of the women were visible.

My sister and Kalina laughed at her while I waved her off, not wanting to get into that conversation. All three of them looked beautiful. They had their expensive bundles pinned up with no plans to take the pins out until they got home and were ready to throw on whatever revealing shit I knew my bitches were going to wear for the evening.

Myra and I were only a year apart, so we were super close. As kids, of course we would fuss and fight, but growing up with a sister, I swear that shit was normal in any household. She had a permanent scar above her eyebrow from us fighting as teenagers, which caused me to pick up one of my mama's heels and throw that shit at her.

I remember that day like it was yesterday. That pointy heel went right for her face, instantly making her gush blood. Our mom worked at the hospital in the trauma unit, so when all that shit was going down, she was at work. I can laugh about it now because the shit took place years ago, but boy, when my mama got a hold of me, she fucked my ass up, and I'm not talking the kind of fuck up where she grabs a belt either. My ass was fifteen when that shit happened, so she fought me like I was a bitch off the street.

Our mama was ghetto as fuck, but she would turn that shit off when she got to work. She had us young and was raising us on her own. Although my sister and I would fight, our problems were the least of her worries. It was our older brother, Mikel. That lil' nigga was a fuckin' menace. In his teenage years, he spent so much time in juvie that it had gotten to the point that my mom had moved Myra out of my room and just gave her Mikel's room because the nigga was always in some kind of trouble that would cause him not to sleep at home, so she gave his room away. When he would come home for a few months and not get in any trouble with the law, my mama would make his ass sleep on the couch in the living room.

Mikel had done so much shit over the years, and he stressed our mother out like no other. I think her last straw with him was when she found out that he'd stolen money out of her purse. For my mama to kick out her fifteen-year-old son, you know she had to be fed up with his ass for real. He moved in with our grandmother, and he stressed her out even more. The stress he caused my grandmother had killed her, so you know my mother hated him for real after that.

When he was gunned down at twenty- one years old, I'll never forget the words my mother said. Out of all the things a grieving mother could have said, she admitted to finally being at peace with him gone. She said how she no longer had to worry about him getting in trouble with the law, having to go to prison, or being murdered because it happened, and she could breathe now. For the death of her son to be the only way a mother could fully cope, it showed the kind of stress and heartache he was bringing her way.

I missed him so much because Mikel was my best friend. He was easily the hoodiest nigga I knew, but as a child, when I got into makeup and skin, if he was in the mood, he would let me practice my skill of achieving the perfect eyebrow look on him. For a boy, he had the perfect brows, and often, it was his brows that I would want to work on. I named my stencil line, which came out two years ago, Mikel.

“I’m surprised you not going to this concert tonight. As much as your ass loves *Xscape*, *Monica*, and the rest of these artist that’s going to be there, I just knew you would be in the building tonight,” my little sister, Myra, said after she got in the chair, choosing to be the first one I did.

Myra was my twin. We literally looked just alike. She and I were the only two with the same mother and father. Mikel’s father was in prison. That nigga had been in prison since my brother was a year old on some murder charges, so his ass was never getting out. Me and Myra’s father just wasn’t shit and willingly chose not to be in our lives. We’d probably met our father a good five times, and even as kids, we could tell he didn’t want shit to do with us, so we just stopped begging our mother to let us go with him.

That nigga was married with other kids, and he could give a damn about Myra and me. That kind of shit will turn a woman’s heart cold, and that was probably why I dealt with men the way I did, but the only man who had ever come so close to my heart was Beatz. I knew his story; he and I related in many ways, and that’s what drew me to him in the first place.

When we broke up, of course it hurt me, but I didn’t have too much time to dwell on that shit because I was getting serious with my makeup and going to cosmetology school to perfect my craft. I left too much free time on the table for that nigga to explore, and he ended up finding a bitch, and they’d had history ever since. No nigga had ever had me weak other than Beatz, and I knew that was why I took it so hard. I was so used to being the one in control of a lot of situations, and this one time, I couldn’t control shit because that nigga loved his wife. No matter how good my pussy or my head was, he always took his ass back to her.

“I just want to rest before I leave for Puerto Rico tomorrow,” I said and released a yawn.

“You okay, My? You look tired as hell,” Myra spoke up.

“Yeah, I’m good,” I said and left it at that.

Truth be told, I didn't know if the fuckin' paparazzi was physic or some shit, but I could feel that something unusual was going on in my body. The profession that I'm in had caused me to have a lack of sleep for years, but I had never experienced an exhaustion like this. I was constantly yawning, and at times, I felt weak. The nausea, the constant peeing, and just how moody I had been over the past few weeks was putting a lot into perspective for me.

My period was late, but hell, I didn't think anything of it because it was never regular. Then again, it had ever been a whole month late either. Ugh, I didn't know. Let me not even entertain the thought of being pregnant because Lord knows that wasn't how I would want shit to go down in my life at all. I didn't want kids, especially not a nigga's kids who was already married. The media would have a field day with that storyline.

*Mia Randolph*

It was after nine in the morning, and I was pulling up to one of my shelters in Miami. I was running a little late this morning because there was wardrobe drama in my household. I wasn't sure why Maya thought her little butt was going to go to school this morning in a school skirt from two grades ago that was a little too short. Then, Maddy's ass put on a pair of khaki bottoms that were too tight, and her ass had a whole break down, talking about she was gaining weight! The drama that comes from raising girls, I promise you, God didn't prepare me for this kind of mess.

The house was in an uproar this morning, and after getting everyone in the right sized clothes, Ivy's little ass exploded in her diaper, so I had to change her as well as her clothes because the bomb that she'd let off in her diaper had gone through her clothes. I was finally able to get everyone out of the house and off to school, and there I was with my *Starbucks* cup in my hands—which should have held a shot of something added to my coffee—confused by what was taking place outside my building. I must've been at the wrong damn place.

There were multiple food trucks parked outside the building. I even saw a mobile haircut truck, a princess spa truck for the little girls, one of those video game trucks where you could go inside and play games, and the trucks just went on and on. I was on top of everything that took place around there, so I would have remembered if I had done this, which is why I was confused as hell.

As I walked through the parking lot, I saw my assistant, Regina, making her way over to me with a big, goofy smile on

her face and a clipboard in her hands.

“Regina, what’s going on?” I inquired.

“Beatz set all of this up. I was inside with the rest of the crew, getting ready for opening, when all these trucks started pulling in back-to-back. Before I could even question what the hell was going on, Beatz called the main phone and told me to let all of them park and do their thing, and for me not to call you. Mia, girl, look at all of this. You know this kind of stuff warms my heart because when I was struggling with my son, I would have loved to receive a blessing like this. These babies are getting free haircuts, braids, the little girls can get their fingernails and toes painted, it’s a boutique over there, with clothes for them, and look at all of this damn food. This is a blessing.

“Now, Mia, you know I wasn’t team Beatz for a while, especially with the way this man stepped out of y’all marriage, but I gotta give him his brownie points with this one. He showed the hell out,” Regina said.

I agreed as I took in this moment, looking around and seeing the little boys sitting in their chairs, getting haircuts, and the girls and boys in other chairs, getting braids. When I saw a little girl who looked to have been no older than three, getting her little fingers painted by one nail tech, and another nail tech was doing her toes, a tear fell.

Beatz knew how much it meant for me to give back, and to give these mothers and these kids something they hadn’t experienced because of the shortcomings in their lives. So, for him to do something like this and not brag about it, meant the world to me. He was making it so fuckin’ hard to not love him. The key to my heart was this business and giving these mothers the essentials they needed. So, for him to feed into this, it made a bitch weak in the damn knees.

“Let me go get in this line for breakfast. You want me to bring you something?” Regina asked.

“Whatever you get, you can just get it for me too,” I let her know and quickly walked away because I didn’t want her to



see me be a whole baby out there and cry about this beautiful moment.

When I walked into the building, a seat of twin girls named Alyssa and Avery, who were both five years old, ran up to me. Each of them hugged one of my legs. They'd been at the shelter with their mother for a little over three months. I remember when their mom, Linda, had come in, all battered and bruised after escaping their father, which was her husband. He was the breadwinner, and because Linda didn't work and didn't have much family, she felt like staying in that house and accepting that abuse was the only choice that she had. But she found courage three months ago, and she left. Linda and her two daughters were people that I was grateful to have met. Those two girls had been through so much shit, but they held onto their smiles that would brighten up a whole room.

"We got our hair done, Ms. Mia. Now, we're pretty like you," Alyssa, the older twin by five minutes revealed.

Her words pulled at my heartstrings so bad. I gently put my hand on them both and placed them in front of me. Then I bent down, so I could be eye level with them. A tear fell from my eyes, but I quickly wiped it away, not wanting to have my breakdown in front of them. I set my coffee on the floor and grabbed each of their hands in mine as I looked them in their eyes.

"Hair done or not, the two of you are absolutely gorgeous. Don't ever let anyone tell you differently, okay?" I asked, and they eagerly nodded their heads.

From the corner of my eyes, I saw their mom, Linda, approaching. I quickly glanced at her, and she had a smile on her face. Linda had a bunch of thick, jet-black hair that was usually pulled back into a ponytail, but I could tell that she'd gotten on one of the trucks and gotten her hair done because they'd styled it up for her.

"Did you two have breakfast?" I asked.

"Yep. We had a lot of pancakes," Avery responded, making me laugh because I could hear the undying love that she had for pancakes in her response. It reminded me of Maya because

that little girl will request pancakes for breakfast, lunch, and dinner.

“We’re going to get our toes polished next,” Alyssa let me know.

“Okay. Make sure you show them to me when you’re done,” I stated, and they promised me they would.

I hugged them both and went over to Linda and hugged her as well. She must have thanked me over ten times as her arms wrapped around me, and she told me what a blessing this place was for her and her children. I didn’t know if it was my period coming or what, but my ass was super emotional, so when I got to my office, you know I had a whole breakdown. It wasn’t a breakdown of sadness either. I was happy to see the things that were taking place this morning at my shelter.

I went over to my window, so I could look out and see what was taking place. There were smiles on the kids’ faces as they ate, got their hair done, played the video games on the truck, or got some new clothes at the boutique.

I ended up grabbing my phone out of my purse and calling Beatz. He answered the Facetime call on the second ring. He was back at the house in Cali, standing at the sink, brushing his teeth. He had no shirt on, and I could see the towel wrapped around his waist and the trail of light brown hair leading to his dick. God, the man was so fine.

“Fuckin’ crybaby,” he said after he spit the toothpaste from his mouth into the sink.

I laughed through my tears at his words as I playfully rolled my eyes at him. Leave it to Beatz to be so nonchalant about something big that he’d just done for my business while I was carrying on with waves of emotions.

“Thank you, Mehki. That was really sweet of you. The smile on those kids’ faces along with their parents is the reason I do all of this. I appreciate you for doing this. If you want to make me smile, you’ve always known how to do it. I’ll give you that,” I let him know as I propped the phone up on my desk, so I could sit in my chair.

I watched him as he put the Listerine in his mouth, gargled, and then spit it out into the sink. So many inappropriate things were going through my mind. I found myself wanting to be that Listerine that he was moving around in his mouth. The white face towel that he now had in his hands, I would have loved to replace it with my pussy right on his face, so he could devour me.

“Anything to make you smile, beautiful. We supposed to be on this bullshit ass friends journey, and I’m trying my best to respect it. Whether you my friend, my wife, or you want a nigga to be your enemy, Ima always do what the fuck I gotta do to make you smile. You know that, right?” he asked.

I nodded, knowing he was telling me the truth. I lingered on the phone with Beatz for a little while longer, and then we hung up because Regina was knocking on my door. When I told her to come in, she was carrying breakfast in a to-go plate that I couldn’t wait to dig into.

“This is Glizzy’s food truck, isn’t it? I know these grits from anywhere,” I called out once she set the to-go box of food in front of me.

She laughed as she sat in the empty chair in front of my desk.

“You know it is. That man has the best food on the planet,” she responded.

I nodded my head in agreeance, and then I used the hand sanitizer to clean my hands. Regina did the same. Although it had started out as just business between Regina and me, she had become my friend over the years. Although I was older, she was so wise, and I learned a lot from her.

“Let me ask you something. Keep it one hundred with me too,” I said as I took out the plastic fork and started mixing my eggs in with my grits and my sausage after I’d cut the sausage up.

Regina looked up from her plate that resembled mine and put her eyes on me.

“Could you forgive your man for cheating? I’m not talking about a little flirting either. I’m talking about an all-out affair, all the shit that Beatz did to me. Could you forgive that shit? If I learned anything about myself in therapy, I learned that the way I started my marriage to Beatz was all wrong. I’m scared that if I take him back, I’m literally doing the same thing all over again. Taking him back is like me accepting the cheating, the STD, all of that, and I just don’t want the nigga to view me as weak and think he can do whatever the fuck he wants because, at the end of the day, he knows I’m going to take him back each and every time,” I stated.

“That’s the thing though, Mia. Beatz doesn’t know that you’re going to take him back. Since I’ve been working for you, you know I’ve established a good relationship with Beatz. That’s like a big brother to me, but when I look into that man’s eyes, I see that he’s scared and doesn’t have control of the situation with you. You held out on getting back with him for two years. The way a lot of these bitches go right back to a nigga after they’ve been cheated on, girl, they’ll be lucky if they let two days go by.

“I can’t speak for Beatz, but I think that if you were to give him another chance, the nigga wouldn’t be foolish enough to ever cheat on you again. Not when he got his ass scared straight the way he did. He lost it all when you left. Not only did you pick up and move out of the house, but you left Cali and came to Miami, leaving that man up there by himself. Could I have forgiven my man for the shit that Beatz did? I think I would if he loved me the way that Beatz loves you. Only because I would know the nigga loved me, and he’d taken ownership of his fuck up.

“When it comes down to it, though, Mia, it’s not up to me to make that decision for you. You have to do what Mia wants to do. Because I know how you like to overthink everything, I know a big part of the reason you’re dragging your feet on going back is that you fear what the public might think. Fuck the public. I tell you that shit all the time.”

Regina had let me in on an earful. I heard everything she said, and she spoke on some real shit to me.

Twinkle was in town, and tonight, I was supposed to meet with her and Loyal for dinner. I was sure that if I asked them the same question I'd just asked Regina, they would tell me the same thing. It was my decision, and I had to do whatever my heart led me to do.

8:41 P.M.

“Sorry. Sorry, I'm late. I almost had to bring Ivy's little ass with me. She wasn't trying to let a bitch go,” I quickly said as I neared the table where Loyal and Twinkle were sitting.

When I approached, the two of them were laughing, and I could already see the expensive bottle of red wine in the middle of the table, so I knew the kind of the night this would be. I went over to Twinkle and hugged her from behind, kissed her on her cheek, then went over to Loyal and did the same thing.

“At this point, Mia, I don't think you even got to explain to us anymore that your ass is going to be late. We're so used to it now,” Loyal said, making me roll my eyes at her as I sat in the empty chair at the table.

“Tell her about this threesome, Loyal. I cannot believe your ass,” Twinkle said right before she picked up her glass of wine and took a quick sip from it.

My eyes shot up at Loyal in astonishment as I shook my head at her. See, back when we were in Aruba for Twinkle's birthday, I didn't remember all the events that had taken place the night that we were playing Never Have I Ever. My ass was drunk out of my mind that night, but the ladies had brought it up the next morning, and I didn't have a clue what they were talking about. Loyal, who had gotten just as drunk as I did the night we were playing the game, had no understanding that she'd even voluntarily shared that information about Raven, her fling in prison. She'd come down from the drunken spell, but she had a mean hangover, as well as I did, and she quickly put us on to who Raven was. The bitch just sounded like she was going to be a problem, especially when Loyal said how

the bitch could be controlling and shit like that. Letting her get the pussy again just wasn't smart, in my opinion, which is why I was looking at her crazy.

“Loyal, really? Damn. Hold on. Let me pour a fuckin' glass before you get to telling this story,” I stated, making both of them laugh as I reached for the bottle of wine and poured more than the average amount in my glass.

“Listen, my nigga said he wanted a threesome, so I gave him one. Saint said how that was a one and done situation, and for me not to bring that bitch in our bedroom no more. I just needed to get that shit out of my system,” Loyal vented.

“Has she called you since then?” I wanted to know.

“Yeah, like once, but she isn't asking to hook up or no shit like that. We were just casually talking, like how I do when I talk to y'all. Even before the threesome, I'd hit her up and told her that was some shit I wanted to do for my man because he'd asked for it. She knew this wasn't going to be some once a week kind of thing, and she respected it then, just like she respects it now. It's cool,” Loyal said.

When she finished, our waiter came over and asked if we were ready to order. Because this was our spot, and we tend to eat *Mastro's* whenever Twinkle was in town, I didn't have to look at the menu because what I ordered never changed. I loved to do the lobster bisque as my appetizer, and one thing about me, I was going to order a nice, juicy steak, whenever I went to a fine dining establishment. Because the bottle on the table would be empty soon, after someone poured another glass, I also ordered another bottle for the table. Once everyone ordered their food, we jumped right back into the conversation like we didn't just have a brief intermission.

“I can't give my nigga a threesome. When it comes to sex, I'll give Truth whatever the hell he wants, but bringing another bitch in the bedroom? Nahhhhh. I guess I'm not freaky enough,” Twinkle stated, which made Loyal laugh.

“It's not for everybody. I've never been into bitches a day in my life, but y'all know I'll say when a bitch got a fat ass in a second. That's just me, but I feel like all women do that. I've

always been attracted to men, but when I met Raven, her ass just reminded me so much of myself, so I was attracted to her. I can't see me going full lesbian, though, and messing with other bitches. We had our little fun, and that was that. Saint didn't fuck her, though, just so you bitches know that. I was the one getting fucked. She was just there to ummmm... how should I put this? To intensity the orgasms," Loyal stated, which made me laugh and shake my head at her.

"And I'm sure you were over there eating pussy," I threw in.

"I was, but I swear that's it. Ima just suck dick from now on," Loyal stated.

She made me laugh at her again. It was crazy because Loyal looked innocent as hell. She looked like a sweet woman who wouldn't hurt a fly, but this bitch stayed on demon time, and there really wasn't shit innocent about her. Twinkle, who was used to her sister's shit, just sat there, shaking her head, like she was used to this kind of talk from her.

"What's up with you and Beatz? The two of you still creeping?" Loyal switched the subject, putting the focus on me.

"We're not doing nothing. We're friends for now. It's what the therapist recommended. I don't see how I'm supposed to remain friends with someone who I want to hug, kiss, and have sex with. He comes around, and it's the grabbing on me, the way he looks at me, the smell of him, all of that, which just makes it hard to deny him. If I decide to go back home, don't you bitches judge me either," I had to let them know.

Twinkle laughed, letting me know she wouldn't have any objections to me coming back to Cali because I wouldn't be so far away from her anymore.

"No judgment here, boo. If your nigga says he's sorry, then he's sorry," Loyal joked.

I reached over the table and playfully hit her on her arm. This night with these two beautiful women was well needed. I loved when Twinkle came into town, and the three of us would

link up. I'm not going to lie, lately, there had been a lot of back and forth within myself, contemplating the whole idea of going back to California. My kids were already in my ear, saying that with this being their last few months of school, they were hoping to be back home in California by the time school opened. The two of them had already asked if they could spend the summer in California with my mom and their dad. With my lease being up in a few months, it felt like the fire was lit under my ass, and I had to make a decision fast.

I couldn't predict the future, but I loved Mehki. My love for him ran so deep that I knew he was someone I wanted in my life forever. Not just as a friend either. Lowkey, I wanted my nigga back.



## *Layden 'Lay' Hoggins*

“It had to be about, what? Twenty niggas in that studio the night you dropped that song? You mean to tell me, that out of all them niggas in there with you, not one thought to pull you to the side and tell you that you was making a bad move? If you ain’t have one homie to check you about the wrong shit you was doing, you gotta reevaluate the niggas you got around you, youngin’,” Spank, a popular radio host in Atlanta, said.

I was sitting down with him for an interview with my cousin, Floyd, right next to me. A lot of people in this fake ass music industry weren’t fuckin’ with me too much because, in their eyes, I had disrespected a legend. The thing is, motha fuckas couldn’t deny my talent.

I dropped some shit two weeks ago, giving the women that sound they had been looking for. I wanted Ryan, a talented singer out in Miami to sing the hook on the track, but her team told me no in a very professional way. They only turned me down because my name was hot at the moment. I was able to get another female named Butterfly to sing the hook, and she killed it. All those people were trying to cancel me because of the shit that I’d pulled with Beatz, but my new song was sitting real fuckin’ pretty at #1 on the iTunes chart, since I dropped that shit two weeks ago.

“This nigga right here, who is my manager and my big cousin, was telling me not to drop the song. But since a lil nigga, I always did what I wanted and worried about the consequences later,” I said and shrugged like it was no big deal.

This recording was live, so there would be no editing or none of that shit. Spank's radio show was on an underground station, so you could take your ass on there and pretty much say whatever came to mind. He had a popular show, and a lot of rappers were interviewed on his show. Spank was popular in the industry, which is why I was a little shocked when he'd reached out to me because motha fuckas weren't reaching out like that before.

Shit, now that my song was #1 on the charts, labels were calling again, but honestly, fuck all them labels. For a nigga like me, who didn't want to play by any rules, it was better for me to just do this shit the independent route. I knew I was going to fuck up again. I was the kind of nigga who went through life fuckin' up, and when I did, I didn't want another nigga to have the satisfaction of telling me to get the fuck out of his studio and kicking me off his label. So, fuck Sincere! I was so hungry for this rap shit, and I had been going hard as fuck in the studio these days. So once that nigga saw the success that came with me, he would regret the day he ever sent my ass walking.

“You should have listened to him, lil' bruh. Your rap career is suffering right now because of that shit—”

“Man, fuck out of here with that bullshit! I know this is your place of business and shit, and I ain't trying to disrespect you or nothing like that, but my rap career ain't suffering in no way, shape, or form, homie. I got the number one song on the iTunes charts right now. That motha fucka been sitting there for two week. All of a sudden, it's rules to this rap shit? I feel like these niggas is fuckin' soft. Every street nigga knows that when you beefing with somebody, ain't no fuckin' rules.

“I know you brought me here to talk about it, so let's talk about it. Let's take this shit back to the '90s. When biggie and Tupac was beefing, them niggas didn't spare shit. Tupac opened 'Hit 'Em Up' by telling that nigga he fucked his wife. Niggas supposed to be in the music industry, so they gotta know the shit that comes with this. All of a sudden, motha fuckas want to draw the line because I disrespected a legend?

Fuck that nigga, man! He ain't no fuckin' legend to me!" I barked.

The whole time I was going off, Floyd was next to me, hitting me on my leg, telling me to chill. The way my leg was bouncing, it was no stopping me because I was already riled up.

"You saying fuck that nigga, but you mean to tell me you ain't ever hear one of that nigga's beats and want to hop on the track? Beatz is a legend in this shit. I know you said you like to act first and think about the consequences later, but lil' bruh, stop for a second and put yourself in that man's shoes. You put a track out for the whole damn world to hear, disrespecting that nigga's wife. You brought up his fuckin' kids too, and any street nigga knows we leave the kids out of the beef. I don't know if you think niggas is slow or what, but we heard that bar in the song that you dropped about the jeep. You basically snitched on yourself, saying that you was the nigga in the black jeep that shot up Beatz's album release party," Spank stated.

I sucked my teeth and looked at Floyd because I felt like this was some setup shit.

"Ton know what the fuck you talking about, nigga. What black jeep? Man, fuck this shit, yo. I came down here to talk about motha fuckin' music, but from the looks of things, all you want to do is sit up here and talk about that nigga. Every bar that I spat on that track, everything still stands. I said that nigga's wife got some good pussy, and I meant that shit. Fuck out of here with that shit!" I spat.

I took the headphones off my ears and threw them shits on the ground, hoping they would fuckin' break. Spank and about two of his co-hosts were in there, shaking their heads and looking at a nigga like I was crazy.

"I did you a favor, nigga. These other radio hosts and shit ain't fuckin' with you. I gave you the platform to get on this radio and flip the script to get motha fuckas on your side. But you an ignorant ass nigga. You ain't gon' be around for too long, so I won't even waste my breath trying to lecture you. I

done seen plenty of niggas like you come in and out of this studio. Niggas that try so hard to convince the world that they're this tough nigga, when deep down inside, all that shit is just a front—”

“A front for who, nigga?” I barked, pulling my shit out the waist of my sagging Amiri jeans and pointing that shit at his head.

Spank didn't have fear in his eyes, but he did throw his hands up in surrender, looking at me like he didn't want any smoke. Floyd was standing next to me with his hand on my arm, telling me to stop this shit.

“I ain't got to put on a front for nobody! Fuck all you niggas. You see them niggas standing outside this room? Me and them niggas get active for real. The shit I rap about is real life, homie. Talking about I ruined my rap career! Even if I did, it's always a fuckin' trap open for me to make some money. Bitch ass nigga!” I spat, lowering my gun.

Once I placed it in the back of my jeans, I angrily walked out of the room, pushing that fuckin' door with enough power to beak that shit. My crew of niggas that I had waiting in the lobby followed me out. There were three Escalade trucks in front of the building, waiting for us to get inside. Before we could, Floyd pulled me to the side, wanting to have a conversation with me away from my friends.

“Ton want to hear shit about you saying you don't agree with the shit I just did. That nigga just disrespected me—”

“Nah, nigga! You disrespected him! You came into that nigga's shit and pulled out a fuckin' gun on him. Spank ain't say shit to you that the whole fuckin' world ain't already said since all this shit has gone down! Do you know who that nigga is? Spank ain't some cornball ass nigga. If he wanted to, he could have blown your fuckin' head off the second you turned your back to walk out of that room, but that's just to show you how these niggas in this industry look at you as a fuckin' joke. That man didn't even bother wasting his fuckin' bullets on you.

“You fuckin’ ignorant, man. You ain’t been in this fuckin’ rap industry that long, and you come in this bitch, disrespecting that man’s wife, so yeah, a lot of niggas don’t fuck with you right now because of that. At the most, you could have just told the nigga that you ain’t want to talk about that shit, which is what I told you to do. You had to know they were going to bring that shit up. You getting too fuckin’ reckless, nigga, and I ain’t rockin’ with that!” he spat.

I looked at him like he was crazy and sucked my teeth. “Yeah, nigga, and to be honest, I ain’t rockin’ with you like that, either. You bitch about the shit I do worse than these fuckin’ hoes out here! Every time a nigga tries to make a move, you right there in my fuckin’ ear, telling me to chill out. I feel like you ain’t got my best interest at heart—”

“Nigga, are you fuckin’ crazy? If it wasn’t for me, your black ass would have been dead years ago! Let me guess, them niggas behind you got your best interest at heart? Them niggas don’t give a fuck about you! They using you, nigga! Half of them motha fuckas ain’t never been on a fuckin’ plane until you became a rapper and looked out for them, having them fly with you. You got these niggas in Atlanta, and before this, them motha fuckas probably never left Miami a day in their lives. You lost out on a good opportunity with the best label in Miami because them dumb ass niggas encouraged you to release that song.

Nigga, I was the one trying to fuckin’ save your black ass by telling you not to drop that song! Take a look around you, man. It ain’t me that ain’t got your best interest. It’s them niggas behind you,” Floyd roared.

I thought on the things he was saying and nodded my head. Then, I looked behind me at the niggas posted up by the Escalade trucks, all wanting to know if it was a problem. Whether Floyd was my blood family or not, if I said the word, they would air this shit out in a heartbeat. Them niggas standing behind me were niggas I grew up with. If one of them had hit big and became a rapper, they would have looked out for me too, just as I was looking out for them. Floyd was making my niggas come off as if they were some fuckin’

bums. These were street, dope dealing niggas, and every single one of them could pull out a bank roll right now. I think I knew what I had to do in that moment. Some shit I should have done a while back.

“Ima go ahead and let you go. Ion need you being my manager no more, none of that. I’m a grown ass man, and I don’t need another nigga trying to manage my fuckin’ life. You be easy,” I said.

Before I could walk away, he nodded and gave me a cold stare. Floyd didn’t look hurt by my decision. There was a blank look on his face, but from the way the nigga’s jaws were flexing, I knew he was angry.

“If you ever made some fucked up decisions before in your life, I think letting me go is the biggest fuck up. You think you got it all figured out, so Ima let you have that. Before you walk away to go with them niggas, always remember that you might not agree with a lot of the shit that I do, but you gotta know that it was me who kept your ass alive all of these years, making you sit out of situations that I knew meant you no good.

“Two years ago, when you wanted to go to that car show and ride with them niggas, remember I told you not to go because I had a bad feeling that shit wasn’t safe that night? An hour later, you got a phone call, letting you know that them same three niggas that you were about to ride with had all been shot the fuck up. If it wasn’t for me, your ass would have died right along with them. You about to walk away from me, and the only niggas you have to look out for you is them stupid ass niggas right behind you, but I guess they have your best interest at heart, right? When auntie gets that phone call, saying that your black ass was killed, as a man, I’m standing here right now, letting you know that Ima make sure she straight, always,” he concluded.

Before I could even say anything else to him, he walked away.

My hands went into the pockets of my sagging jeans as I watched my big cousin walk away, knowing that whatever

relationship I had with him was done for good. I heard everything he said, but honestly, fuck that nigga! I gave him the title of being my manager as it related to my fuckin' music, and that nigga thought he was the manager of my fuckin' life, and I ain't like that shit. If I died because I no longer had him as the good angel on my shoulder, then oh fuckin' well! Shit, the way I saw it, we all gotta die someday.

*Cassandra White*

“**H**ey. Hey. Why you fussing? Mommy just has to go to work for a couple of hours, and I’ll be right back, okay? I’ll take you to the park when I come to pick you up,” I sweetly said to my son, Lamar, as I bounced him on my leg.

I was sitting on the couch at my neighbor, Malika’s house. She’d just let us in a couple minutes ago, and the second the door opened, he started screaming at the top of his lungs. That was weird because, at times, I felt like he preferred to come over there than to be with me. I summed it up to him being a little tired because it was after one, and he hadn’t laid down for his afternoon nap yet.

It was Thursday, and my day off, but my supervisor called and asked if I could come in just for a couple of hours to do some training. When she called, I honestly hadn’t been doing anything, so I agreed to come in, just for a couple of hours. But my son was in my lap right now, cutting up and not having it. Lamar went to a home based daycare, and they could cancel school at any given moment. Supposedly, one of the kids at the school had the flu, so we all got texts this morning, saying that daycare would be canceled for the rest of the week. The owner wanted to properly get the home disinfected, so it wouldn’t spread.

“Cassie, go. I got him. What’s wrong, fat man? Why you fussing?” Malika walked over and said to Lamar as she took him from my arms. His screams and cries grew even louder.

She placed him on her shoulder, patting his back as his little head searched all over, looking for me, wanting me to pick him up. I watched Malika, trying to see if there was



anything in her appearance that might have been a little different today, which would have my son a little confused and screaming like I was dropping him off to a stranger. But I didn't pick up on anything different.

Malika was younger than me. She was twenty-four years old, and she didn't have any children of her own. She did have a couple nieces and nephews that she babysat from time to time, which explained why she was so good with kids. She was skinny as hell, but the girl could cook her ass off. Plenty of times, she'd knocked on my door to share whatever she had cooked for the evening.

She stood about 5'7, and she had a really slim frame. Her skin was brown, and her lips were a little dark because she smoked weed. Malika had a bunch of thick, jet-black hair that was casually up in a ponytail this morning. Since she was in the comfort of her home, she just had on a pair of black sweatpants with a black undershirt. Her home was nice and cozy. Never in disarray because she didn't have any children of her own, and most times when I came over, her one-bedroom apartment was in a clean state.

I remember the first day Malika and I met. I'd just gotten to Jersey, and I was moving Lamar's and my things in. We didn't have big furniture or anything like that, but I did have a lot of our clothes in the car, and even some toys for him. I was trying to be superwoman, and bring everything in by myself, all the while, holding Lamar because he could pick up the new environment that we were in, and he didn't want me to put him down. All of the back and forth caused Malika to come out of her apartment to ask if I needed help. Lord knows I did, but at the time, I was so paranoid because I'd just run off with Antonio's money.

I had a history of setting men up, and this was the first time I was alone, so I was scared. I turned down her request to help me, and by this time, Lamar was cutting up. I remember her agreeing to take whatever I had out of my car and bring it inside while I held Lamar. Still hesitant, but I agreed.

Our friendship started right then. Lamar, who had gotten so attached to me, and would rarely go to anyone else,

surprised me when Malika came into the house, and he crawled over to her. The two of them had a bond ever since. When she explained about her nieces and nephews and how she helped her sister raise them, it made sense that she was able to bounce Lamar in her arms, cradle him, and in no time, he was asleep.

Malika didn't have a physical job, but she did hair in her apartment from time to time. I knew she had a man that she was dealing with, but she never referred to him as her boyfriend or anything. In a joking way, she just called him her sponsor since he was the one who paid her bills and gave her money. Lord knows I had done some crazy shit in my life to obtain money, so I wasn't judging her in any way.

Malika smoked cigarettes and weed, but she always did it outside on the balcony. Still, the smell had a way of lingering in the house, and sometimes when I picked my son up, the smell would be in his clothes, which Aaron had brought up a couple of times. Aaron had questioned me so many times about whether I fully trusted Malika with my son, and I did. I knew she would never do anything to harm him. Lamar was my everything, and I wouldn't just leave him with anyone. His daycare was closed today, which is the only reason I brought him to Malika. If I really didn't have to, he wouldn't go with her unless it was out of my hands.

"Mommy will see you later. I love you," I said to him, followed by a kiss on his cheek.

I quickly got out because his cries were going to make me give in and call my supervisor back to tell her I actually couldn't come in today. When I closed the door, I could still hear his loud wails, but the further I walked away, they faded. I questioned if I should go back and get him over ten times before I just disregarded the thoughts and hopped in the car. I headed to Starbucks, wanting to get an iced coffee before I went into the office.

Like I had done almost every day, I pulled out my phone and checked my messages to see if I had anything from Aaron, but he hadn't texted me. He would call, but often, it was like once a week and usually on Friday, just to see how me and

Lamar's week had gone. I couldn't get angry at him for not reaching out as much as he used to because the things that I'd revealed to him were a lot to take in. I pretty much laid everything out on the line for him at his church, and now the ball was in his court. He had to decide what he wanted to do.

I didn't want too much time to go by, and he find someone else. That would break my heart since I really liked him. I just felt like he was putting so much consideration into his sister's feelings, which was why he was taking his time. I hate to sound selfish, but he acted like Naomi was some heartbroken woman after the things that took place. She and Liam were divorced, and she was happily married with four beautiful children. Her feelings shouldn't matter! Naomi was happy with her situation, so why dwell on the past? I'll forever be sorry for what happened to L.J, but damn, it was only so many times that I could apologize for it.

The line at the Starbucks drive-thru was long as hell. You would think I would have just taken the hint and gone into the office, but I ended up parking the car in the lot and getting out, where the line wasn't that long. I was at the counter in no time, ordering my iced coffee. As I stood off to the side, my phone vibrated. It was a picture message from Malika, showing me how Lamar had fallen asleep in her arms. The picture caused for me to smile because the whole ride over, I had been thinking about him. He was just tired, which explained why his behavior.

I put my phone away and waited for my name to be called. As I waited, I felt eyes on me. It was a black man, and I could be overthinking, but the way he held his phone in front of him, it almost looked like he was either taking pictures of me or recording me. I looked up at him, but I did it quickly. He looked like someone I might have met years ago, but for the life of me, I couldn't seem to put my finger on it.

With the life that I lived years ago with Antonio, I just couldn't be sure if he was someone I might have set up, or just a random man who I might have seen in passing. He was a dark skinned, stood about 6'3, and pure muscle. He had a bald head and a clean face. Our eyes met, and he stared at me long

and hard. The way he looked at me, I won't lie, it kind of freaked me out, so I ended up walking out of Starbucks. As I left, I could literally hear one of the workers calling my name to let me know that my drink order was ready.

I was too scared to stay inside, so I quickly walked to my car, got inside, and sped off.

There were no signs that I was being followed, and I never saw the man leave of the restaurant. All this shit could have very well been in my head. He could have just been casually scrolling in his phone, but because it had been years, and I living on edge, I'd convinced myself to believe he was recording me. I shook it off, telling myself that the man couldn't have known me. If he was one of my licks, and he remembered me, he wouldn't have allowed me to easily walk away without running behind me.

At times like that, I got so fuckin' angry with myself for thinking that I had to participate in that lifestyle with Antonio, all because I loved him. I would forever be looking over my shoulder. I didn't think I would ever be at peace again, and what scared me even more these days was that it wasn't just me that I had to live for anymore. I had to protect Lamar. I put this little boy in danger the second I brought him into this world because if someone ever recognized me from the past and hated me enough because Antonio had taken money from them, there was no doubt that they would cause harm to not only me but to Lamar as well.

## CHAPTER 9

# *Mehki 'Beatz'* *Randolph*

I was in Miami. It was my weekend to have the girls, and I'd just dropped them off at their hair appointments. I took them to the spot where Mia had them get their hair done for a little over a year. I picked them up from my mama's crib, where I had breakfast with them and dropped their little asses off, telling one of them to call me when they were almost done.

The girls went to a Dominican hair salon where they did nails and shit. Maddy and Maya were telling me how they wanted their hair and nails done, and because a nigga didn't want to sit my ass up in that salon all day, they knew to hit me when they were ready. Ivy was in Cali with Mia's mom. Junie's ass wanted some more fuckin' kids because she'll fly her ass across the country, just to get her grandkids. If Maddy and Maya weren't still in school, she would have gotten them as well.

Because I had some free time on my hands, there I was, getting my ass off the elevator to Mia's penthouse, just to check on my friend and see how she was doing. I had tricked some money off on her too, so I wanted to give her these pricey ass gifts. Because we weren't together no more, I knew how that shit would piss her off when I invaded her space and just popped up on her ass. So, I texted her this morning to see if it was cool if I came over and checked up on her. She assured me that it was fine, I was standing out there with a few bags in my hands, knocking on the door and waiting for her to answer.

It took her a few seconds, but the door eventually opened. When she looked at me and saw what I had in my hands, she

smirked and shook her head. Her home smelled exactly like our home in Cali. She brought that peach scent with her, and I could also smell cleaning products, letting me know she had been in there cleaning. I could hear some '90s R&B music playing softly in the background. Listening to some good ole R&B was the way she liked to clean up and catch a vibe.

She stood in front of me with her shoulder length hair pushed back and a headband keeping it in place. As far as clothes, she wore a black and gray sports bra with the matching black and gray short tights that showed off the perfection of her body. Her body was firm, so when I stalked her social media and those videos she posted of herself working out at the gym, I knew it wasn't just for the gram and she was working out for real. Her thighs and legs were nice and toned, free of any hair, just looking all smooth. Her hazel eyes were on me, looking at a nigga like I was up to something.

“That’s for your daughters?” She nodded toward the jewelry bags that were in my hands along with the box that came from one of her favorite bakeries back in Cali that I knew her ass was missing.

“Nah. This is for my friend,” I sarcastically said.

She playfully rolled her eyes and moved out of the way, so I could step inside. I knew Mia hated for someone to walk into the house with their shoes on, and since I saw the mop along with the bucket in the corner, I stepped out of my black Balenciaga sneakers and left them by the door. I went to the kitchen and placed her two slices of pound cake that I flew there yesterday with on the counter.

“I picked this up yesterday from Ms. Rose. She asked about you. She said you used to be her number one customer, and now you don’t fuck with her no more,” I revealed, talking about the seventy-year-old bakery owner. Mia’s ass had been eating her cakes since she was pregnant with Maddy.

“Ima call her tonight because I don’t want Ms. Rose feeling no kind of way. I gotta explain to her that my husband

cheating on me ran me out of the city,” she said, not missing a chance to throw that shit up in a nigga’s face.

I ain’t say shit to that. Fellas, sometimes, you gotta let these women talk that bullshit and pretend that you didn’t hear a motha fuckin’ thing that came out of their mouths, which is exactly what I did. My eyes stayed on Mia as she took the two containers out of the bag, which each one slice of cake, and placed them in the fridge because she liked her cake to be cold, with her ice cream. You better not ask her for any either, because she wasn’t going to share that shit with you.

I knew we were supposed to have been doing the whole friendship thing, but when she walked away, my eyes were zoned in on her ass, watching that big motha fucka jiggle in her shorts. I was trying to see if she even had panties on. Mia would leave the house in a second without a bra, but damn, I didn’t remember her not wearing panties unless it was sundress season. She ended up having to place the cake on a lower shelf, so when she bent a little, I had to pull down on my beard, shake my head, and look the other way. Ain’t no fuckin’ way I was supposed to lust over someone so hard. I was thirsty as hell, so I walked my ass out of the kitchen and went to the living room to wait for her to join me.

Mia came in a few minutes later, carrying a clear cup that held her green juice. She acted as if she was getting ready to walk past me, but I sat up on the sofa, making her stand between my legs. Because there was a small table behind her, I had her locked in. Pussy was right in my face, and because I didn’t need that kind of distraction, I reached for the first jewelry bag, which was the smallest one, and handed it to her.

“You like jewelry. Let me feed your addiction,” I stated, gesturing with my head for her to take the bag from my hands.

She took a sip of her drink, placed it on the table behind her, and then took the bag from me. I sat back on the couch, arms folded, keeping her trapped in the middle of my legs. I watched her pull the small, square sized box out of the jewelry bag. She smiled once she saw the beautiful white gold diamond stud earrings that cost a pretty penny, but she was worth every dime. This little shit right here wasn’t even an I’m

sorry gift because those gifts had to be bigger and better, but because I went jewelry shopping yesterday for myself, it was only right that I picked up something for Mia and my kids. The girls already had their gifts, so now I was giving the queen hers.

“They’re beautiful. Thank you, Mehki,” she stated.

I handed her the next bag, and she pulled out the long, rectangular box. A big smile formed on her face once she saw the beautiful platinum anklet with hella diamonds on it. It was nice, thick, and iced out, which is how I knew exactly Mia liked her jewelry. Mia loved anklets. She’d been wearing anklets since I met her. During the years we were married, I was always purchasing flashy ones for her to add to her collection.

I tapped my thigh, telling her to place her foot there. She removed her house shoe and placed a beautiful caramel colored foot in my lap with toes that were painted white as she waited for me to place the anklet around her ankle. It fit her perfectly, just like I knew it would. I admired it for a bit, kissed her ankle, and then I put it back on the floor. Then, I handed her the third bag, which was a little bigger.

Mia couldn’t hide that goofy ass smile on her face if she wanted to as she opened the box and saw the beautiful 18k white gold Cuban link chain. She had one already that I’d gifted her before, but it wasn’t this big. The bigger one that she had was gold and rose gold.

“Damn. It’s so beautiful.” She admired it, taking it out of the box, handing the box to me, and holding the pricey ass chain in her beautiful hands.

“Turn around. Let me put it on you,” I offered.

She turned, and I stood up. Taking the chain from her hands, I placed it around her neck. I then turned her around, so I could see it from the front. Just like the anklet, it fit her perfectly. I admired it and then sat back down and handed her the last bag. She opened it fast, and it was just the bracelet to match the chain. Just like I did with the necklace and the chain, I placed the bracelet on her wrist, admired that shit, and



put her arm back down. I swear this shit brought back old memories because if I did anything while Mia and I were together, I was going to buy my wife some jewelry, even though she didn't need any more of it. Her watch collection goes fuckin' crazy.

"Thank you, Mehki," she cooed after she opened everything.

"This ain't shit, Mia. I would have felt weird as fuck, going to the jewelry store to shop for me and the kids, and not get shit for you. That lil' shit ain't nothing." I waved her off like it was no big deal.

Mia stood over me, staring me deep in my eyes. The last time she looked at me like that, we were back in our old room, fuckin'. My hands were on my lap as I stared at her, just trying to piece together how a nigga could be so fuckin' stupid and fumble what the fuck I had in front of me. My eyes kept going from her pretty ass face to her nipples that were easily showing through the sports bra she had on. Then I looked at her pussy that was right in front of me, and even her long, silky, thick ass legs. Mia had her arms crossed, and I was sure whatever I was thinking right now about wanting to fuck, she was doing the same damn thing.

"Come here," I demanded, and she shook her head no.

"Friends, Mehki," she reminded me.

"We can be friends. Add some benefits to that motha fucka. Put your leg back in my lap," I said and reached for her leg like it was a football and I was waiting to catch it.

Mia tilted her head to the side, contemplating this shit. I knew she wanted to get fucked. After all those fuckin' years of being with her, I better know when she was ready to get fucked. I saw the longing and need in her eyes to bounce around on some dick, but because she over thought every fuckin' thing in her life, I could tell she was battling with herself to make the right decision.

"Mehki, my heart is telling me to leave you the hell alone. It's literally telling me to run from you," she voiced.

“Yeah, but what Fat Ma saying, though?” I asked, looking right at her pussy.

I knew it was begging for a nigga to put it out of its misery and lick it a few times. I ain't have no condoms on me, and because I knew Mia didn't trust my ass anymore, she wasn't going to allow me to run in her without one. I was clean. I promise I was, and I had been chilling. The last time I had some pussy was when Mia and I fucked. The fact that after two years, Mia even allowed me to hit it spoke volumes, so I wasn't about to fuck another bitch and ruin my chance of her bringing her ass back home.

Mia lifted her left leg, which was the leg that I'd placed the anklet on and put it in my lap. I rubbed my left hand with my iced out Cartier watch on my wrist up and down her leg, loving how soft and smooth that shit felt. Then, I kissed each of her toes, one by one. Mia had the prettiest, suckable toes that I'd ever seen on a human being, and they were soft as hell too. After kissing and sucking on them a little bit, I kissed up her leg, keeping my eyes on her the entire time as she looked down at me, eager to see what a nigga was about to do with her.

I was at her thighs now, enjoying how good and soft she smelled. I made it to her hips, where I kissed and sucked some more. Now my face was right in front of her pussy. I kissed through the little ass shorts she was wearing, and like the nasty nigga I was, I started eating her through the fabric, having her legs shaking in my lap. She planted her hands on my shoulder, so she could have some kind of support as she stood there and moaned.

“Mehki, wait. Let me take my shorts off,” she said.

I could hear the urgency in her voice. Still eating her through the shorts and making her go crazy, I looked up at her. After a few more seconds, I pulled away, so she could remove her foot from my lap. She did it quickly, and my question on if she had on panties was answered when I saw her pink thong come off with the shorts. That thong explained why her ass had been jiggling in them shorts.

In no time, she put her foot back in my lap, and I held her with my hand wrapped around her ankle as I leaned in and started eating on that pussy with so much passion.

“Fuckkkkkk!” she cried, taking her hands off my shoulder for a second to remove her sports bra.

She threw it down on the floor and stood up with nothing on but a half million dollars’ worth of jewelry that I’d just purchased for her. Her hand went to the back of my head, and she kept it on her pussy as she allowed me to eat from her treasure. I sucked on her clit and dragged my tongue from her slit, using her juices to wipe up and down her pussy, driving her ass crazy. If I was confident in anything I did in life, I knew how to eat the fuck out of some pussy, and I knew how to fuck. You could never take those two qualities from a nigga. The way Mia was screaming, mixed with all that fuckin’ whining, proved me that I was handling my fuckin’ business.

“Damn, baby. Pussy tastes so good. You don’t miss this shit?” I paused and looked up at her.

She had her mouth wide the hell open, grinding her pussy against my tongue with that fuck face, like she was getting ready to cum.

“Mehkiiiiiiii... fuckkkkkkkk,” was all she was able to get out as her legs started shaking and juices flew out of her like crazy.

The juices that slipped down to her thighs, I licked all that shit up. Juices managed to get in her ass, and I licked all that up too. I wasn’t even about to act like my tongue ain’t been in every hole of Mia’s body, and to show that I ain’t have no shame when it came to her, I didn’t let none of her pussy juices go to waste, so I ate her ass too. I moved her leg off my lap and I glared at her. That shit was all in my beard and around my mouth. I could feel it.

“Turn around. Touch your toes. Show a nigga something,” I called out, watching her fine, thick ass with so much lust in my eyes.

She turned around nice and slow, and then she spread her legs, bent down, touched her toes, and looked at me over her shoulder. My name, which was tattooed right above her ass cheek, I leaned in so I could kiss it. Then, I sat back on the couch, folded my arms, and looked at Mia in awe as she bounced one of her ass cheeks, did the other one, and then she moved them both at the same time. I had to grab my dick because that was some sexy shit right there. Like a nigga who ain't never seen pussy or ass before, I sat back, jaw damn near touching the fuckin' floor.

“Come get this pussy, Mehki. Nigga, I'm handing it to you!” she spat.

See, Mia knew her pussy was good. She had this way of looking me in the eyes when I fucked her, with this cocky ass smirk on her face. Like she wanted me to know that I was fuckin' on the best pussy in the world. The same pussy that had pushed out three children. I ain't trying to diss my kids in any way, but they ain't have no little ass heads. For it to snap back the way it did and have me in a chokehold the same way it did when I started fuckin' her at nineteen was incredible. The more kids Mia had, I swear the pussy got better.

My gun was tucked behind my back in my black jeans, so I pulled it out, set it on the arm of the chair, then took my phone, keys, and wallet out as well. I scooted up, holding onto Mia by her waist, then leaned my head in again, eating her with just as much skill as the first time. Her moans were just as loud, and her body shook just as fast. Knowing her pussy could handle it, I went ahead and stuck three fingers inside Mia as I continued to eat her from the back.

“Oooooohhhh... You gon' make me squirtttt doing thattttt,” she moaned, turning around to look at me over her shoulder.

“That's what I'm trying to do, baby. Wet my tongue up,” I spoke into her pussy.

All it took was another minute of me banging my fingers in and out of her tight hole, mixed with me lapping at her clit, to have a rush of juices pouring out like pee because she'd

squirted, just like she warned me. She ain't even allow me to do any last-minute licks or kisses on her pussy because she pushed my head out of the way and climbed in my lap, pressing her soft titties that I paid for right against my shirt. She held me by my chin, keeping her long nails in my beard as she sucked my lips, licking off any leftover juices.

Mia was the one to break the kiss, but all she did was lower her lips, placing them on my neck. She started sucking on my neck, kissing and licking all on my tattoos, driving a nigga crazy with that shit. My hands were glued to her ass, holding that shit with a mean grip with my head thrown back, feeling like I was in Heaven.

"Where the condoms at?" She brought her head back up, putting it in front of me as she waited to hear my answer.

"I ain't got none on me," I stated.

She sucked her teeth and shoved me, too pissed at my answer. My dick was hard as fuck, so I didn't think she was more pissed off than I was.

"Well, nigga, you just missed out on your chance to get some good pussy. I don't know where you been, Mehki, and I don't know who you been with. So, no jimmy, then no pussy. Damn, nigga! You did all that shit, just to not have no fuckin' condoms on you!" she spat. Her ass was pissed off.

"Ay, chill out with that shit, yo! Don't act like a nigga been out just slinging my dick all through Cali. I ain't fuck shit since me and you fucked. I know it ain't much, but it's been a month. Who your neighbors is? I'll knock on they door and ask them for a condom right quick," I suggested, and she sucked her teeth again.

"Mehki, no! Damn. I wanted to get fucked too!" she hissed.

I lifted her ass off me by her hips and set her down on the couch.

"It a *Walgreens* down the block. I'll drive over there and get a pack. Don't put the pussy up yet, Mia, please. Come on. See, I ain't come over here with none because I wasn't trying

to fuck. Damn, baby. Give daddy ten minutes,” I ordered, dick hard as a motha fucka as I grabbed my gun, put it back on my waist, and picked up my wallet and phone.

My keys were in the kitchen, where I left them on the table. I walked in there and went straight to the sink. I had to run some water on my face, so I could get her pussy juices out of my beard. Then I grabbed my keys and put my sneakers back on.

“Don’t put your clothes on. Stay just like that.”

I had to let her know because she’d do some petty shit, like take a shower and put some clothes on, then don’t let a nigga start from where we left off. I ain’t want that.

“Hurry up, Mehki,” she snapped.

The fact that she even told me to hurry up let me know that we were probably still going to do some nasty, disrespectful fuckin’ when I got back. I damn near ran my ass out of the apartment, so I could get back in time.

### THIRTY MINUTES LATER

“Unt unt. Don’t run from that dick. Don’t you run from that fuckin’ dick. I’m on yo’ ass, baby.” I talked shit, grabbing Mia’s shoulder length hair as I beat that pussy up from the back in ways that should have been against the law.

We were back in her living room, and she was bent over on the couch, face down, ass up, getting the fuck of a lifetime. Her hands were spread out on either side of her as she screamed, repeatedly telling me how good my dick was. I wasn’t fuckin’ playing with Mia. I was trying to get her to bring her ass the fuck home.

“Oh, my God... Mehkiii... these people going to... fuckin’ hear meeeee!” she screeched from the way I was handling that pussy, purposely staying on a spot that I knew would get her to cum again.

My hands wrapped around her throat, and I pulled her up, putting my lips right to her ear.

“You think I care about that shit? Bring your ass home to that five-million-dollar house we got, where you ain’t gotta worry about nobody hearing you. What my dick feel like? Tell me,” I ordered.

“Likeeeee,” she moaned, unable to tell me.

“Like what? I want to hear that shit. Tell daddy what that dick feels like while I’m fuckin’ you.” I just had to know.

“Fuckin’ crackkkkk, nigggaaa... It’s crackkkk... And I’m addictedddd.... Oooohhh, dadyyyyyy... Mehkiii, I swear to Godddd...” Mia was trippin, saying all kinds of shit as this dick ran in and out of her.

“You swear to God what? What the fuck you gon’ do?” I taunted, wanting to know.

“I’ll kill youuuuuu... I’ll kill you if you give my dick away again... Shittttt... Baby... I’m cummingggggg!” she screeched while reaching back to push me out some.

I removed my hand that I had around her throat, stopping her from pushing me out as I held her by her arms. After she finished cumming, I removed my arms, and she pushed my ass back. She turned on the couch, so she could sit down and catch her breath, but I grabbed her ankle, wanting her to scoot further down.

“Wait. Wait. Mehki, wait! I need to catch my breath,” she protested.

“Catch it, then. Stop bringing up fuckin’ hoes when I’m fuckin’ you. Ion like when you do that shit,” I spat and hit her thigh.

It was my fuck up that caused my wife and I to separate, but damn, I hated when she brought the shit up because I was constantly reminded of what I lost. Mia was so busy trying to catch her breath that she didn’t even respond to what I said. I grabbed her ankles and bent her legs all the way back, so they could go behind her head. I used my arm to hold them in place. Mia knew what this position meant. I was about to show

the fuck out, and that's why she was already grabbing my arms, bracing herself for the wild ride that I was about to take her on. Her hazel eyes looked down at my dick that was rocked up, ready to slip back in. She didn't move them until I pushed all the way in and started going in and out of her, making her bite her lip and look me in my eyes.

"Mehkiiiiii... Baby... I love you.... I love youuuuu... Damnnnn!" she cried.

A tear slipping from her eyes, which I kissed. This position did it every fuckin' time. I slowed down my strokes too, making love because that was the only way I would get her ass to fuckin' feel me. I leaned in and started tongue kissing her while she wrapped an arm around my neck, crying and moaning the whole time. I stopped kissing her, so I could suck on her nipples, and then I was back to looking her in the eyes with my face right in front of hers.

"Look at me, baby." I groaned and bit my lip because her pussy was so motha fuckin' good.

Mia's watery eyes looked were filled with so much love in them for a nigga.

"Come home. I swear Ima be good. I ain't gon' fuck around. I ain't going to do none of that shit. Ima love you so good that shit is going to fuckin' hurt. I ain't cherish what the fuck I had before, but I promise Ima do it now. Come home, baby," I pleaded, hitting up on a spot that had her moaning louder, digging her nails in my arms, and her eyes rolling.

"Babyyyyyy... I'll come home soon. I'm cummingggg!" she screeched.

Hearing her say that she would bring her ass home soon had me digging a little deeper, and I ended up busting right along with her. I pulled out of her, so I could switch the condom because her juices had the condom soaked. We went round for round in that living room. The fuckin' was just as good as it had been the last two times she gave me the pussy. The last round, her ass ended up tapping out, saying she couldn't cum anymore. So, after she released when I had her in my arms, fuckin' her against the wall, I got mine off too.



I ended up having to carry her to her bedroom, place her in the middle of the bed, and I grabbed the throw blanket to place around her body. She was spent, eyes closed, and her breathing was slowly going back to normal.

“Lay with me, Mehki,” she weakly said.

I went back out front to grab my gun and my phone, knowing I couldn't get caught lacking at any point, and then I got in the bed with Mia. Spooning her from behind, I wrapped my arm securely around her waist. My phone was on loud, so I could hear when the girls called, and I lay there with the one person in my life who meant every fuckin' thing to me, making a nigga feel complete.

“That good ass dick,” Mia slurred.

I laughed with my eyes closed, feeling like I was about to knock out.

“Dick got you high, baby. Take yo' ass to sleep,” was all I had to say because in a few seconds, she knocked out for good.

I really hoped her ass was telling the truth about coming home soon. Mia wasn't making it easy for a nigga, but I couldn't blame her because I'd hurt her with the shit that I'd done.

*Loyal Brooks*

“I don’t like that one. It looks like something that I would wear,” my mama remarked, not even giving me time to fully get out front and show the wedding dress to her, Twinkle, Mia, and even Naomi and Normani.

We were at a famous designer’s store in Miami, whose name was Lucious. He specialized in all kinds of exquisite gowns, and I had been following him on social media for as long as Saint and I had been engaged. He had good taste, and a lot of his gowns stood out to me. To take a lot off my plate, I decided to have him design my dress for my wedding that was coming up in a few months. He had a about six gowns on racks for me to try on.

The dress I had on was a white long and flowy princess style gown that I’d tried on first but wasn’t really feeling. I wasn’t going to be so blunt about it like my mom was. Her ass had been drinking all the wine they offered us once we’d entered Lucious’s store. Her ass was tipsy, which explained why she was talking crazy.

“Damn, Ma. Okay!” I snapped.

She just laughed and waved me off as she walked over with the wine glass in her hands and stood in front of me, examining the dress. My mom and I had gotten much closer after I was released from prison because Lord knows there was a time when the two of us couldn’t get along for shit. The thing is, my mom and I were just alike, and with that, we either got along really well, or we clashed. A lot of shit that played a part in why my mom and I didn’t get along, but the

biggest one had to be the fact that I lived with a lot of pent-up anger toward her.

My mom raised Twinkle and me on her own. She was young when she had us, so many times, we were with our grandmother while she was out doing her thing in the streets. My mom was a booster. She would sell all kinds of shit and made good money. So, although she wasn't consistently in the picture with Twinkle and me, she would send money to our grandmother for us. When she would pop back in the picture, to make up for her absence while either in jail or with a nigga, she would come bearing all kinds of gifts, but really just a bunch of name brand clothes and shit that she knew Twinkle and I were into.

We already had the absence of a father, and she wasn't there to raise us either. I swear I used to say that the lack of guidance we had contributed to the shit I went through in life, including the wrong men that I got myself wrapped up with. Chance, to be more specific. But when I came home, we talked about our shit, and for the first time, I actually explained to her how I felt instead of being mad at her without telling her why. This was my girl, now. She may have pushed every fuckin' button and got on my nerves the majority of the time, but I loved her to pieces, and I wouldn't trade her for anyone in the world.

"What size is this dress?" she asked, still standing in front of me, examining the fabric.

My mom had an eye for fashion as well, which is where I'd gotten my love for fashion from in the first place. Back in the day, she used to be the flyest bitch out. Don't get me wrong, she would still put that shit on these days, but back then, she would be walking around Miami and shit with furs on, knowing we didn't even have the kind of weather that called for all of that. Christian Dior was her thing, though. Back in the day, it was all she wore, and even these days, she still wore a lot of it.

My mom has always had a thing for designer items. She was wearing Christian Louboutin heels when I didn't even have a damn clue what they were. A true fashionista is what

she was, and she was always going to have some fly ass bag or sunglasses to match.

“It’s a six. Why, Ma?” I inquired, already feeling a little insecure about the way me and Lucious had to struggle in the back to get this dress to fit over my ass.

Any other day, I could easily slip my ass into a size six jeans, dress, skirt, it didn’t matter, but lately, I had noticed that certain clothes were a hassle for me to put on. All last week, I had a struggle to get my ass into the jeans I had in my closet, so I ended up having to wear sweats. I stopped being in denial yesterday, went to the mall, and I bought a bunch of bottoms one size larger. I blamed my weight gain on Saint’s ass. A bitch was happy, and I was picking up happy weight. Don’t get me wrong, the weight looked good on me because I was still getting it in at the gym, but my ass was growing by the damn second.

“I know you want that snatched look, but this is tight to the point that it looks uncomfortable. You pregnant, Loyal? I see it all in your titties,” my mama threw in.

“I wanted to say it so bad, but I didn’t want to beat you to it if you were trying to surprise us,” Naomi spoke as she came over and stood next to my mom.

I rolled my eyes at them as I looked at myself in the mirror. Naomi laughed, and I could see her shaking her head out of the corner of my eyes. I loved Naomi. Well, her and Normani. What’s crazy is that I didn’t know either one of them before I came home from serving my prison sentence. Whenever I would call collect to speak to Twinkle, if she had Normani around her, we would talk, but it would be brief. I didn’t fully get to know her until I was home. The two of them were cool as hell, and technically, they were family, especially since Normani was married to my big cousin Billion.

“Damn, a bitch can’t just gain weight?” I asked.

My mom popped me on my arm, and then she beckoned for Lucious to come back. She let him know that we didn’t want to go with this one, and we wanted something else.

“I actually liked this dress. It’s cute,” Mia stated, holding a wine glass in her hand. This bitch was glowing. She’d been all smiles since she walked her ass in there.

“You want it for when you marry Beatz again?” I asked.

“Baby steps, Loyal. Let’s not get carried away,” she said, making everyone laugh.

Listen, I’ll never tell another woman what to do and what not to do when it came to her nigga, because they were going to do what they wanted regardless. When I was with Chance, my mama and Twinkle were both in my ear, telling me that I needed to leave his ass alone because he was going to break my heart, but because a bitch was so in love, I wasn’t trying to hear shit that either of them were saying.

Beatz wasn’t shit like Chance, though. I believed in my heart that Beatz was a good man who realized how badly he fucked up, and all he wanted was his wife back. The marriage counseling that the two of them were doing and the anger management classes that Mia had been ordered to take by the judge was good for them. If she took that nigga back today and decided to pack up her kids and move back home, I was going to support that. I may feel a little salty that she was leaving Miami because she had been my roll dawg since I’d been back, but I would be happy for her, nonetheless.

All in all, the dresses were beautiful, but none of them fit what I wanted for my wedding day, and truthfully, none of them fit either. I mean, I was able to get all of them on, but I couldn’t gain another pound if I wanted to be able to walk down the aisle and wear one of them in the next three months. Because Lucious didn’t want me to leave unsatisfied, he promised to sketch up some more ideas for me and send them within a week.

In the meantime, I needed to get my ass to the nearest drug store to grab a pregnancy test because now that I think about it, Big Red hadn’t shown her face, and I had to be a little over a month late on my period. I was so busy working and everything else, that I hadn’t even realized my period hadn’t showed up. I was on birth control, but in all honesty, I wasn’t

consistent with it. I'll take it at my normal time one day, forget to take it for two days straight, then I would get back on schedule.

I would cry if I purchased a pregnancy test and saw double lines. It wasn't that I didn't want another baby because I had it in me to have at least two more, but damn, I wasn't trying to have one right now. Saint and I were in the process of planning our wedding, I was busting my ass with this boutique and getting booked for styling gigs, so being pregnant was not something I was hoping for at that moment. I didn't want to show that in front of the women, so I played like everything was cool, but I was on edge.

Once I was finished trying on the dresses, and we all left, I was quick to hop in my car and head to the nearest store to purchase a damn pregnancy test.

As I was riding, my phone started ringing via Bluetooth in my car. It was Raven calling me. I hadn't talked to her in a few days. I was a little on edge, and lowkey didn't feel like answering, but I did it anyway as I turned right at a green light. There was a *CVS* store coming up in the next couple of lights.

"Hey," I answered.

"What's up, beautiful? Why you sound down?" she questioned.

Raven had such a sweet voice, but she had ways about her that could be so tomboyish, and she could act like a straight up nigga. I'm not going to lie, when me and her just casually talked on the phone, it felt a little weird on my part because this was someone whose pussy I ate and who had done the same thing to me in return. She was cool, though.

At times, it felt like I had to walk on eggshells when it came to our relationship because I just didn't want Saint to feel a type of way about it, but he assured me that he wasn't tripping. The nigga just told me that I needed to keep our relationship at a friendly level, so I would do that whenever we talked. Sometimes, Raven would talk to me like my nigga does when he's ready to fuck, but I would just shift the

conversation to something else to avoid engaging in any kind of sexual talk.

“I’m cool. I’m just leaving this dress fitting. What’s up with you?” I asked.

“Who all went to the dress fitting with you?”

“My mom, my sister, and a few of my homegirls,” I stated, and I heard her suck her teeth on the other end of the phone.

“Damn, Loyal. So, it’s fuck me, huh? I’m not one of your homegirls? You couldn’t invite me to the dress fitting?”

“Raven, it’s not even like that. I’m closer with them and \_\_\_”

“Man, get the fuck out of here with that bullshit, Loyal! What’s the two women names that you said you be running with? Normani and Naomi, right? You ain’t even know them bitches until you came home from prison, so how the fuck you closer with them than me? Me and you bonded in prison when you didn’t even know who those bitches were,” she snapped.

I had to turn the volume down on the phone because her ass was yelling, intensifying the headache that my ass already had.

“I mean, technically, I did know Normani because Twinkle used to let me talk to her whenever I called down. Damn, Ray. Why the fuck you getting all upset? It slipped my mind. I’ll invite you to the next one,” I offered, knowing I was lying because I didn’t like the way she was going about it. She was snapping on me like she was my nigga or something, and I didn’t like that shit at all.

“Nah. Don’t even worry about it. Only reason you would invite me to the next fitting is because I just caused a scene about it. I’m good. What you up to?” she asked, switching the subject like she didn’t just have a whole fuckin’ meltdown about not being invited to the dress fitting.

“On my way home,” I said, keeping it short.

“I gotta be at work in a few hours. Come see me before I go,” she suggested.

“Raven, I can’t, and you know I can’t. I’m getting married, and my nigga told me to keep shit on a friendly basis with you —”

“We are going to keep shit on a friendly basis. It ain’t like I’m going to be fuckin’ you. Loyal, I’m just trying to eat some pussy again. What’s the harm in that?”

“A lot! I’m getting married in a few months, and nigga or bitch, I’m not cheating on Saint. Damn, Ray. You making me regret bringing you in the bedroom with us. I did it because it was something that Saint asked me for. I knew you wanted it, and Ima keep it one hundred and say that it was something that I wanted to. Before we did that shit, I told you that nothing serious was going to come out of me and you, and that we were just going to be friends. Damn,” I spat, ready to hang up the phone on her ass.

“I know, but damn, Loyal, I have fuckin’ feelings, and you can’t lie and say that you not feeling me the same way that I’m feeling you. When I was in the bedroom with you and Saint, you can’t tell me you didn’t feel all that fuckin’ passion that I was giving you. We’re connected in ways that you and that nigga not. You even told me in prison that you don’t think you ever loved someone as much as you loved me—”

“Raven, as a friend! Don’t do that because when I told you that, you know I said I never had a friend that I loved as much as I loved you. Me and you shared good sex. There has never been any denying that, but that’s it. What’s it going to be? If we can’t do the friendship thing, then I don’t know what the fuck you want to do,” I snapped on her, and she sucked her teeth again.

“Man, whatever, Loyal. I’ll talk to you later because you trippin’ right now,” she spat and hung the phone up in my face.

I sat at a red light, just replaying the conversation over in my head. This bitch was really trying to flip this shit and put it on me, like before the threesome even happened, I didn’t have a conversation with her and told her what it had to be between us. All I could do was think back to the conversation I had in



Aruba with my girls when I came down from my drunken spell. They all told me that they didn't think it was smart for me to fuck with Raven, especially once I told them that the bitch could be very territorial. I defended that bitch, saying she wouldn't act that way with me because she and I were friends before anything. Already, I could see where my ass had fucked up, and this was coming back to bite me hard as hell.

I eventually made it to *CVS*, where I quickly found a pregnancy test, and I went up front to pay for it. I was anxious to know the results, and because I had to use the restroom, I figured I might as well go in the restroom in the store and just take it. This wasn't my first rodeo of having to take a pregnancy test, so once inside, I quickly handled my business at the toilet and made sure some piss got on both sticks that came in the box. I quickly set them on the sink.

By the time I pulled up the tight jeans I was wearing and turned the water on to wash my hands, the results had already popped up on the sticks. Results that had me freezing in place, just allowing the hot water to beat onto my hands as I stood there with my mouth wide the hell opened, pissed at myself for doing this shit right now. There were double lines on both sticks, which indicated that I was pregnant.

I don't want my reaction to come off as fucked up because Lord knows I would love the idea of having another child one day, but damn, I could honestly say that I didn't want it to be anytime soon. Saint and I had plans to get married within the next few months, and I wanted us to enjoy our first year of marriage together before we brought another child into this world. With the way I was running myself thin with these businesses, I already felt like I didn't have enough hours in the day, and I knew it wasn't the right time for a baby.

I felt a single tear fall down and hit me on my chest. I quickly used my hand to wipe it away before I took the pregnancy test from the sink and threw it in my small Balenciaga purse that I had wrapped around me.

I didn't come out of the bathroom until maybe five minutes later. Once inside of the car, I drove the whole ten

minutes that it took me to get home with the radio off with the thoughts in my head going a mile a minute.

When I pulled up to the house, all of Saint's cars were there, along with another car that I knew belonged to his barber. I took a deep breath, praying that this conversation that I was going to have to have with Saint went smoothly. He would want to keep the baby, but I honestly wasn't sure what I wanted to do.

I walked into the house, and I could hear the loud music coming from the speakers that Saint had in the backyard, where he was getting his hair cut on the patio. The smoke in the air let me know he was out there smoking. He must have felt my presence because while his barber was standing in front of him, using his tools to get the straightest line up known to man, he turned his head a bit and looked over at me. I was standing in the kitchen at this point, not too far away from the patio door that he had open, letting all the cool air out of the house.

"Why you standing still like that? You must have broke a nigga's fuckin' pockets with that dress," Saint commented.

I had his card on me with directions from him this morning to get whatever dress I wanted. His barber, Vick, laughed and turned to say what's up to me, then he went back to Saint's haircut.

"I didn't find one that I liked. I'm going to meet up with him again. I'm about to go lay down," I stated, ready to turn on my heels.

"Damn, I can't get a kiss or nothing? Because my nigga here, you can't kiss me?" Saint asked, sounding like he was offended that I hadn't walked over there and kissed him.

I giggled and then I walked outside to where he was sitting. Vick moved out of the way, so I could stand in front of Saint. I bent down a little and kissed him on his lips. I could tell by the look in his eyes that he knew something was wrong with me, especially from this weak ass kiss that I'd just given him. He knew didn't have shit to do with Vick standing there

because I would tongue Saint down with my mama standing right in the room.

Because he knew me so well, Saint knew something was up, but he didn't address it. He just allowed me to walk away, and I went upstairs to our bedroom. Dream wasn't home. She was with Billion and his kids, and she wouldn't be home until sometime tomorrow evening. Her bedroom door was open, and I noticed that she'd left her iPad on the bed. That that little girl would walk around with a dead ass iPad because she never liked to put it on the charger, so I picked it up to do it for her, as usual.

When I hooked the iPad up to the charger, a notification popped up, indicating that she had a missed call from, Dad. I knew she had Saint's named stored in her phone as Daddy Saint, so I knew this missed call didn't come from him. Suspicion got the best of me, so I took a seat on her bed and unlocked her iPad. I went to the contact name, Dad. Chance had changed his number while I was in prison, so I didn't have the new number, and I honestly wasn't sure if it was him. I went to Dream's messages and saw that the two of them had conversed before through texts, which I was unaware of.

I scrolled all the way up to the first message that he'd sent her, which was from two weeks ago.

*Dad: Hey Dreamy. This daddy*

*Dream: Hi*

*Dad: I miss you and I love you so much*

*Dream: No, you don't*

Two days later

*Dad: Hey Dreamy*

*\*No response\**

The next day

*Dad: Dreamy, you want me to pick you up and take you out for ice cream?*

*Dream: No*

*Dad: Aight, cool. What you want to do?*

*\*No response\**

*Dad: Listen, I don't know what your slut ass mama over there telling you, but I'm still your fuckin' daddy! Not that nigga! Remember who was the one taking care of you when that felon was in fuckin' prison!*

Dream never responded back that message, and he never sent another message after that. Seeing that fuckin' message that he sent to my fuckin' child had me livid. The missed call that she had from him, came in a little over two hours ago. Dream had been gone with Billion since early this morning.

Instead of calling Chance back from Dream's iPad, I dialed his ass from my phone, ready to curse the shit out of him for talking to my daughter like. This nigga had some fuckin' nerve. I didn't give a damn how much coke he snorted or how much liquor he drank. He needed to watch his fuckin' mouth when it came to my daughter.

"Yeah?" His wife, Isis, answered the phone. I remembered her voice from the day she came to my shop a while back.

"Hey. This is Loyal. Can I speak to Chance please?" I nicely asked.

"He's taking a nap," she dryly said.

"Can you wake him up from his nap, so I can speak to Chance please?" I nicely asked again.

"When he wakes up, I'll have him call you—"

"Bitch, I'm trying to be nice! Wake that nigga up from his fuckin' sleep and tell him that Loyal is on the phone! It's two in the afternoon! What the fuck a grown ass man doing sleep anyway at this time? Put that nigga on the fuckin' phone!" I barked, not caring to hear any of the bullshit she was telling me.

I heard her sigh, and seconds later, I heard a bunch of shuffling on the other side of the phone.

"Chance, get your phone. It's Loyal," I heard her say.

It took a few seconds, but I heard his voice next.

“Man, what the fuck you doing answering my motha fuckin’ phone? I told yo’ stupid ass about that shit!” he snapped at her.

He was such a pussy for talking to somebody who was supposed to be his damn wife like that.

“What? Fuck you calling me for?” he spat.

“You can take the bass out of your voice, nigga. That shit doesn’t scare me. It might scare your bitch, but Chance, you know that shit doesn’t intimidate me by a long shot. Ima make this quick, so you can go back to sleeping in the middle of the day, with your broke, miserable ass! Stop writing my daughter! I saw the messages, so before you even try to lie, just don’t. You choose to pop in and out of Dream’s life whenever the fuck you feel like it, and as her mother, I’m letting you know off the bat, that I’m not having that shit. That’s a little ass fuckin’ girl that you’re talking to like that—”

“Man, fuck you, Loyal! I got feelings too, so I said that shit to her out of anger. I just think it’s real fuckin’ funny that when you come home from prison, all of a sudden, my daughter don’t want anything to do with me. I know it was you putting bullshit in her head about me! You the type of bitch that’ll do some foul shit like that. Dream used to think the world of me. That girl would have jumped at the thought of me taking her out to get ice cream—”

“Nigga, she doesn’t have to jump for shit you do because she has a real man in her life who goes over and beyond. If Dream says she wants ice cream today, Saint will rent out a whole ice cream shop just for her. When you have a mother and a father in the house, she ain’t gotta jump at whatever bullshit you’re trying to persuade her with in an attempt to buy her love. Saint moves fuckin’ mountains for Dream, nigga! Contrary to what you might think, I’ve never spoken bad on your name to Dream. She has eyes and can tell for herself that you are a piece of shit!” I spat, standing up from the bed because this man had managed to piss me off just that fast.

“No matter how much you try to be in denial with that nigga, truth of the matter is that’s still my motha fuckin’ daughter, hoe. I nuttied all in that pussy, made you have my baby, and had your dumb ass did that time for me—”

“Yeah, and I did that time like it was nothing! Them niggas would have loved fuckin’ you in the ass. Show off in front of your bitch if you want to, Chance. You know my mouth, nigga. You know I will embarrass the fuck out of you. Them niggas that you owe that money to, I hope they kill your ass!” I snapped and hung up the phone, then blocked the number.

I’ll be a damn fool to stand my ass up there and go back and forth with Chance. My days of doing that were long over. He tried calling back in the middle of me blocking him, but I declined it and finished blocking his number, making it where the nigga couldn’t get in contact with me anymore. I even went as far as deleting his number out of Dream’s iPad and blocking it as well. I just couldn’t believe his ass was reaching out to Dream, and I also couldn’t believe that Dream hadn’t told me. She tells me everything. I was curious to know what was running through her mind when it came to Chance, so when she came back home tomorrow, I planned to talk to her about it.

I left out Dream’s room and went to our bedroom. I’d been on the move since this morning, so I went into the massive bathroom, turned the water on for the shower, and stepped in. The two things that took up space in my mind was this pregnancy and the yelling match that I’d just had with Chance. If I could kill the nigga myself and get away with it, I would have done it a long time ago. I just hated him to my fuckin’ core. The nigga had the damn nerve to approach me, asking me for money. He must have been out of his mind because I wouldn’t have given his ass a damn dollar.

I finished up in the shower, stepped out with my shower cap still on my head, and wrapped the large white towel around my body. When I entered the bedroom, Saint was in there, sitting at the foot of the bed with his phone in his hand, looking at whatever video that held his attention and laughing every couple of seconds. I admired him from where I stood,

seeing how good he looked with his fresh cut. Saint wore his hair in a curly taper, and I swear it was getting longer by the day, but he had Vick cut it down a bit. His beard was so full and thick, and as he sat there in just a wife beater and some joggers, showing his beautiful teeth and dimples every time he laughed, it just made me appreciate just how fine he was.

“What’s good with you?” he asked after locking his phone and tossing it on the bed.

He looked at me, arms crossed, ready for me to express to him what was going on. I sighed, walked over to my purse, took out the pregnancy test, and placed them on his lap. He picked it up, saw the double lines, and looked back up at me.

“I mean, unless you about to say this baby belongs to another nigga, where the fuck is your smile? You fuckin’ sad or some shit?” Saint snapped.

Just that quick, the bright smile he had on his face when he was laughing at what I was sure was a *Tik-Tok* video had been wiped clean off.

“Oh, please, Saint! As much as we fuck, how the hell would I even have the time to fuck somebody else? Why the hell would you even ask me some dumb ass shit like that?” I spat.

“Yeah, as much as we fuck! As much as we fuck, you shouldn’t be standing your ass in front of me, looking like you fuckin’ disappointed that you pregnant with my baby—”

“I’m on birth control—”

“Birth control that you forget to take! Loyal, for your sake, get the fuck out of my face before I hurt your feelings, yo’,” he snapped.

“How you going to get mad at me, Saint? Nigga, what you want me to do? Jump up and down because I’m pregnant? If anybody knew I wasn’t ready to have another child right now, it would be you! I confided in you about how I wasn’t ready, but eventually, I wouldn’t mind having at least two more. We’re planning a wedding, and I’m just not ready to have a baby right now—”

“Nah. Put that wedding shit on hold for a minute. If somebody that I’m dealing with can’t even crack a smile because they pregnant with my baby, then I gotta ask myself if you even somebody worth marrying. Call that shit off for now.” He tossed the pregnancy test on the bed and then pulling up his joggers.

His words stung, which caused tears to fall from my eyes as I walked over and stood directly in front of him. He pushed my ass out of the way. Not enough to make me fall, but just enough so I wasn’t standing in front of him anymore.

“Saint. Don’t... don’t do this. You’re acting like—”

“I ain’t acting like shit, shorty! I’m motha fuckin’ offended! All the shit I do for you, yo. As fuckin’ happy as I make you, only for you to find out that you pregnant, and you got this look on your face like you ain’t even confident on whether or not you going to keep it? Nah, shorty. Shit don’t work like that. I’m too good of a nigga to have you second guessing shit, so yeah, call all them motha fuckin’ florists, designers, all that shit, and tell them to put all that shit on hold. You ain’t even about to play with a nigga like that.” Saint was pissed.

Saint had been in my life for years, but I didn’t think I’d ever seen him be this pissed. I stood before him, hysterically crying and trying to pull his arm, so he wouldn’t walk out of the room.

“Saint... that’s... that’s not fair! Whether I was taking my pills when I was supposed to or not... you know I wasn’t trying to get pregnant. The purpose of the pill was to prevent pregnancy. I can see if I wasn’t taking anything, and I turned around and took risks with you, but this is different. This isn’t right!” I cried, grabbing the back of his shirt to get him to look at me, and he eventually did.

“What ain’t right is somebody that I’ll fuckin’ die for to be standing in front of me with a face full of tears, all because you carrying my baby. Loyal, I ain’t trying to hear that shit, yo. You take them fuckin’ pills when you want to. You know how we fuck. You’ll let a nigga fuck on you all damn day, with



no complaints, so now that it's a consequence to our actions, I don't want to hear no fuckin' complaints now. Timing ain't going to ever be right to have a baby. I know it's shit that you want to get done, but not having my baby shouldn't even be a fuckin' option. That shit should just go without saying!

“You want to know the part that's so fucked up? Had a nigga stood here and told you to get an abortion while you were all on board to have the baby, I would have been viewed as the fucked up one. But because it's your body, I guess it's your choice, right? Man, watch out,” he snapped and left the room for good.

It took a few minutes, but I heard him grab his keys off the key rack and leave the house. Seconds later, his loud car started, and he was gone. I went back in the bedroom, sat the foot of the bed, and softly cried. Today was just going wrong on all levels. It's like shit was happening back-to-back, but Saint calling the wedding off and looking so pissed that he wanted to slap the shit out of me definitely outweighed everything.

*Mehki 'Beatz'*  
*Randolph*

“**Y**eah, so I just wanted to hop on here right quick and clear that up. We working over here, but due to some legal issues on getting the song approved, the release date had to get pushed back. But that shit is dropping next Friday for sure,” I spoke to over a million people who were tuned in on my live.

I'd produced a new track for two niggas out in Miami, named Caine and Cartier. Y'all probably familiar with them niggas too. I fucked with both of their music. Shit, when me and Mia were married, I'd fucked Mia to plenty of that R&B shit that Cartier puts out because that nigga had a smooth ass voice. Caine was a rapper, and the nigga was hard. I'd seen some of his freestyles, and all you had to do was give the nigga a beat, and he was going to destroy the track. I had been working with Caine for almost nine months, producing the majority of his new album, but the song that I was referring to on my live was an EP that Cartier was putting out, but Caine had hopped on it.

I'd been working with the two of them on this specific track for about a year. Originally the shit was supposed to drop this week, but we were using an old school beat that I chopped up and made it my own. We had to get the shit cleared, and it was taking longer than usual. The fans were pissed. They had been all up and down my comments and Caine and Cartier's because we'd been promoting the song, and niggas was ready to hear it. When it didn't drop when it was supposed to, the message that I'd posted to my Instagram wasn't enough, so I had to hop on live for a second and clear some shit up, hoping that those fuckin' fans would calm their asses the fuck down.

For the most part, everyone in the comments was accepting of the news. It was one page that kept fuckin' commenting bullshit and trying to get my attention since I hopped on that motha fucka. I usually didn't give these fake ass pages my attention, but I could feel myself about to feed into the bullshit this hating ass nigga was throwing out.

*That's why Mia left you, nigga. Wait till I get a hold of her. She going to forget all about your bitch ass.* That was the last message from that same fake ass fan. I laughed on camera, pondering if I should do this shit or not. Mia would be pissed as fuck, but I would deal with the smoke that was going to come from her later. I laughed and quickly flipped the camera, putting it on Mia, who was in the hotel bed, lying on her stomach, knocked the fuck out. She was naked, but she had the covers on her lower back, so only her upper back showed for the quick two seconds that I had the camera on her before I put it back on me.

“You talking about that Mia? Fuck outta here, pussy! You ain't got enough funds to make her forget about me! Back to my real supporters. We dropping that fire shit next Friday, so y'all be on the lookout for that,” I expressed.

A bunch of people were commenting heart eyes, and all the women were telling me to put the camera back on Mia, when they knew damn well that hated my bitch because she was fine! I quickly signed my ass off, and I swear, not even a whole fuckin' minute later, all these fuckin' blog pages had already screen recorded that quick five second clip of me talking shit and showing Mia sleeping in the bed. There they were, coming up with their own story about how Mia and I were back together.

We were in New York. I had my own headphones that I was coming out with. My creator was based there, so I flew out late last night with Mia after having to fuckin' beg her ass to come with me. Whether Mia and I were together or not, when major shit happened like this in my life, I wanted her ass right by my side to be a nigga's support system.

This was a big deal for me. A hundred-million-dollar deal with Sony to team up with them and release my new

headphones that had been in the works for over a year. The sound was amazing, and once the headphones were on your ears, it sounded like you were literally inside a studio, hearing pure, quality sound. In a couple of weeks, the headphones would be available for pre-order, and we were just in New York doing some last-minute shit.

Mia had been running the streets with me all day, handling business, which is why her ass was knocked out. She wasn't getting up any time soon, so I grabbed my portable piano along with some other portable gadgets that I'd packed up with me and went outside on the balcony. It was after eight at night, and I had a view of the beautiful Time Square. At times, certain settings could make my mind go to places so fuckin' far and create magic, which is why I'd come out there to create.

A good two hours had gone past since I'd been out there. I happened to look out the corner of my eye, and I saw Mia standing there with her arms crossed, looking like she had been trying to get my attention. I had zoned out. The music had taken me to another place, and I was out there coming up with beats. When I disappeared to that place, I swear, I didn't see or notice anything around me other than the music.

"My bad, baby. What's up?" I asked, pausing my hands from moving on the keyboards and looking up at her.

I played nonchalant because I didn't know if she'd been on social media yet and seen the shit they were talking about before I started working. Shit, I really couldn't tell because she had a blank look on her face as she stood there in the white cotton robe that belonged to the hotel. Her hair hung loosely, and the front of the robe was open just a little bit, exposing her cleavage and the passion marks decorating her chest and neck. We had some nasty ass sex late last night when we got to the hotel and this afternoon, once we got back from all that running around, which explained why she'd been asleep for so long.

"I said, can we go out to eat or something? I forgot how you tend to zone out. That shit used to get on my nerves," she voiced.

I laughed because leave it to Mia. She used to think that a nigga would be purposely ignoring her, when that wasn't the case at all. I grabbed my dick; that big motha fucka was resting on my thigh, and I looked at her.

“All this meat, and you talking about you hungry,” I called out.

She playfully rolled her eyes at me and stepped out on the balcony with house shoes on her feet. She stood at the railing, enjoying the beautiful view. I let her stand in front of me for about five minutes before I moved the keyboard and pulled her into my lap. Once she was there, my arms wrapped around my waist, and I leaned my head right into the crook of her neck.

“What you want to eat?” I asked.

“I'm in the mood for some pasta,” she let me know, and I nodded.

“Aight. Go ahead and get ready. I'll be there in a minute,” I assured her.

She turned her head, still sitting in my lap, and looked up at me. Her beautiful hazel eyes were glistening as she looked at me. She leaned in, kissed me on my lips a couple of times, and then she stood up.

“Stay off social media for the rest of the night.”

I probably shouldn't have even said that to her, but I knew it was a chance that they would tag her in that shit regardless. So, I wanted to at least try to cover my ass, even if I was lowkey snitching on myself.

“Why, Mehki? What happened?”

Shit, I ain't answer, and she didn't give me time to answer anyway because she'd already walked back into the suite. She was gone for a good minute, and just that fast, that damn patio door slid open, and she shoved the shit out of me. She was pissed, just like I knew she would be.

“My bad, baby, damn! I'm on live, speaking business, and niggas in the comments trying to be funny and shit. Every time I hop my ass on social media to talk about business, or

whatever the case is, it's a motha fucka in there trying to be funny. I be letting all that shit slide, but that was just one joke too many. Damn. I'm sorry."

I pulled her arm, trying to put her back in my lap, but she snatched away from me, shaking her head.

"I don't like that, Mehki! The world will give you a fuckin' pass because you're a man. They not going to call you all kinds of hoes, sluts, and tricks as they did me once shit got out about me and Zay. I don't like that image. I don't want to seem like I'm pussy that just gets passed around. You know what? I don't even want to go out to eat anymore. I'll just order something to the room."

She tried to walk away, but I grabbed her arms again and pulled her onto my lap.

"You ain't no pass around pussy, Mia! Fuck what they talking about. All them bitches and hoes can get they ass on social media and talk all that shit, calling you stupid for coming back to me, but they know if they had a nigga in they life who loved their asses even half of how I fuckin' love you, they would go back in a second. I'm sorry. I ain't mean to put our shit out there like that. I fed into that bullshit, but I get so fuckin' tired of these niggas trying me on the internet, so I reacted, and I'm sorry for that. You ain't gotta order nothing to the room. Come on, bae. Let's still go somewhere and get something to eat. We been doing good," I pleaded.

"We have, but you fucked it up. You and your damn pride," she responded.

"Ima chill. You know I hate for a nigga to have the upper hand. My bad." I put my hands on her ass and leaned back in the chair, looking in her beautiful ass face.

I could see that I was breaking her down, which is what I was trying to do because I ain't want her to be mad at me. I fucked up with Mia badly, and for those two years, I felt like I'd lost my best friend. I just got her back, and it felt like we were starting over fresh, and I didn't want to mess none of that shit up. Instead of responding, she just removed herself from my lap and she went inside the suite.

I came back in ten minutes later and smiled once I heard shower running in the bathroom and saw that she had her clothes laid out on the bed. That let me know we were still on for dinner.

Mia and I didn't end up leaving the hotel room until damn near two hours later. She'd sweated her hair out earlier, so she had to wash it in the damn shower, blow dry it, flat iron, beat her fuckin' face, get dressed, stare at herself in the mirror for damn near ten minutes, and make sure that everything on her looked good. Meanwhile, a nigga had been dressed and ready to go for the longest.

We were in the hallway, walking to the elevator. Mia walked ahead of me, wearing a tight ass black dress that was the material of a waist shaper or some shit. It was tight and short as hell, but not to the point where it was rising in the back or anything when she walked. Titties were sitting up perfectly in the dress without the help of a bra, and she wore those \$2,000 Givenchy shark boots that she had in every color. They came up just a little bit before her knees. A cute, trendy black and white letterman jacket was paired with the dress, and she had styled her hair to perfection.

I was just having a hard time understanding how the fuck this same body that I watching the ass jiggle with each step that she took was responsible for the three kids that she carried.

“God damn!” I said that shit aloud, unable to keep it in.

She turned and looked at me over her shoulder. I knew Mia was trying to keep our shit on the hush for now, but I was so eager to pull my phone out and just show her ass off. I wanted to tell the world how fuckin' stupid my black ass was for ever in my fuckin' life thinking that shit was smart on any level to cheat on somebody as fine as what was walking in front of me.

“Nah. Nah. I got it,” I said, doing a quick jog so I could press the button to take us down once we got on the elevator.

Mia laughed at how I damn near broke my neck to press the button. The doors eventually opened, and I allowed her to step in first, and I followed. In the elevator, she stood in front

of me, while had my arms wrapped around her waist. She had all that ass planted on my dick, and I told her over and over, how beautiful she looked. When I felt the doors getting ready to open, I stepped back, allowed her to walk off first, and I placed my hand on the small of her back while we walked through the lobby.

There were a lot of people in the lobby, and many of them recognized Mia and me. Phones were out, ready to take pictures and videos of us together. Although we were not together, we were friends, and we shared kids. Of course, there would be times when we didn't have a choice but to be around each other. I think the world liked when Mia and I had all that fuckin' drama going on, and when she was hating me. Motha fuckas didn't want to see us happy.

We made it out front, where my driver waited next to a black Escalade. Once he saw us, he opened the back door. I assisted Mia with getting inside, and then I closed the door and walked over to the other side and sat in the single chair.

“You straight?” I asked.

“I'm fine,” she responded.

At the same time, her phone started ringing in her purse. She pulled it out and showed me that it was a Facetime call from Maya. I laughed, knowing this little girl was about to start with her fuckin' drama. Hell, she always did.

“What's up, beautiful?” Mia answered.

Immediately, I heard Maya sniffing.

“Maaaaa, Maddy won't give me none of the candy she got. When are you coming homeee?” she cried, sounding like her ass was going to die over some fuckin' candy.

Mia looked at me, rolled her eyes, and I threw my hands up, telling her that shit was her turn. I had to deal with it earlier when Maya called me crying, talking about how my mama wouldn't let her go outside.

“Where's your sister?” Mia asked.



“Downstairs. Hold on, Mommy. Ima get her. You going to tell her to give me some?” Maya asked.

I laughed because that little girl was hell. Mia didn't even answer because she was used to the damn drama and shit.

“She right here, Mommy. Maddy, Mommy on the phone, and she said you better share your candy with me, or she going to take your phone,” Maya said, lying right through her fuckin' teeth.

“Ma, she been eating candy since she woke up this morning! She just finished a bag of Skittles! She don't need no more candy. Dang! When you coming back, so you can get her?” Maddy asked, sounding annoyed out of her damn mind.

“Where Ma at?” Mia asked, referring to my mama.

“I'm right here. Mia and Mehki, I'm about to put these fuckin' kids on the damn porch,” my mama fussed, causing Mia to laugh and me to shake my head.

My mama will talk all that shit, saying how the kids be driving her crazy, but she'll be the first one to call, requesting them to come over to her house.

“You better not put my kids on the porch, Ma. Maddy, give your sister one of whatever you got, and Maya, don't you eat no more candy for the rest of the night. I'll be back in the morning. Damn. Can y'all go one day without fighting?” Mia fussed.

“Here. Don't ask for nothing else,” I heard Maddy say.

“Thank you. Where you going, Mommy, with yo' pretty self?” Maya asked.

“Out to eat, and thank you, baby,” Mia responded.

“With Daddy? Where he at?” Maya asked, and Mia moved the phone, putting the camera on me.

“Look at my Mommy and Daddy. Y'all going on a date?” Maya wanted to know with her little eyes lighting up.

“Man, what yo' little ass know about going on a date?” I asked, which caused her to giggle.

“I know a little something. That’s what y’all doing?” Maya asked again.

“We’re going to dinner,” was all Mia said.

Maya requested to talk to me, and she talked my damn ear off for five minutes straight. Then I had her pass the phone to Maddy, who was only half paying attention because she was too busy on a Facetime call with her friends. Just as much as Maya was a daddy’s girl, and she loved me, that’s how Maddy used to be. But because of the shit that had gone down between Mia and me, I could see how that shit had tainted the relationship that I once had with my oldest daughter.

This may sound weird, but when I talked to Maddy, I felt like I was forcing a relationship for her to love me. There was a time when I meant the world to Maddy, but when I broke my wife’s heart, I broke my kids’ heart too. Maddy was old enough to actually understand the shit that was going on, and she didn’t miss an opportunity to remind a nigga with her actions that our bond wasn’t the same. I couldn’t blame her, though. I fucked all this shit up, and she had the right to be angry. I talked to my mama for a bit, who let me know that Ivy was upstairs, knocked out. Hell, it was after ten at night, but because it was the weekend, Maddy and Maya were still hanging out.

“I feel like Maddy hates a nigga,” I expressed to Mia.

“Mehki, no she doesn’t. Disappointed? Yes, but trust me, she doesn’t hate you,” Mia assured me.

I just nodded, leaving it at that, not wanting to linger too much on the conversation and fuck the vibe up for the evening. On the way to the restaurant, I apologized for the shit that I’d done in the live video because I was sure that shit was still heavy on her mind. It played a part in why she was so quiet.

Now was not the time for my black ass to fuck up. After two years, I had finally gotten back into her good graces. We were doing the whole counseling thing, getting along, and although Mia hadn’t made a decision yet, I felt like I was winning her over and she would bring her ass back home. But

a nigga still had to put some work in. There was still some shit that I had lined up, and her birthday was coming up soon, so I had to show the fuck out with whatever I was going to do.

I don't think y'all understand how much that shit meant to me for Mia and my kids to come back home to Cali. I knew Mia was scared out of her mind to take another chance with me, thinking I will hurt her again, but after losing everything behind my fuck up, she ain't ever in her fuckin' life have to worry about me stepping out on her again.

We eventually pulled up to a spot called, *Carmine's Italian Restaurant* in Time Square. Pulling up to this restaurant caused a lot of memories to flood my brain because Mia and I used to eat at this spot whenever we visited New York. Mia swore up and down that they had the best pasta, but nobody's pasta slapped harder than my mama's. She did her fuckin' thing in the kitchen.

There were fans standing outside the restaurant, and even when we got inside, we could feel the eyes on us, the pointed fingers, those fuckin' cameras, all of the shit that I hated, even though I had been in this business for years. Don't get me wrong, I didn't mind interacting with my fans and taking pictures with them and shit, but when it came to Mia, my kids, and my mama, that shit was fuckin' personal to me. At times, I just wanted to separate business and kick it with the ones I loved without a fuckin' camera in my face every five minutes.

I just knew all those people that were recording and would probably post this shit online. Motha fuckas were still talking about me showing Mia on live, so you know they were going to come up with their own story and shit. I ain't care if niggas were putting it out that me and Mia were getting back together. Shit, the more manifestation of that shit, the better.

“Stop looking at me like that, Mehki,” Mia stated after we sat down.

Instead of her sitting in the same seat as me at the booth we were directed to, she sat across from me. There was a menu in front of me, but shit, instead of looking at it, my eyes were on her.

“Like what, baby? I know what you talking about,” I responded, knowing damn well that I was looking at her like she was lunch.

“Like you want to devour me. I’m ordering a bottle of wine for the table that I’m sure I’m going to drink by myself. You done fucked with my nerves for the rest of the night,” she said, and I laughed.

“I got you with a massage when we get back to the hotel. You look like you could use one,” I suggested, and she playfully rolled her eyes at me.

“You just want to fuck me, nigga.” She called me out on my bullshit, making me laugh again.

“I mean, can you fuckin’ blame me? Look at you. Mia, on some real shit, that friendship shit that Dr. Everett suggested could never work. Not when I’m in love with you the way I am, but because I love you so much, I was willing to give that shit a shot. I’ll do anything to get my wife and kids back home. I know we ain’t married, but the shit is just a force of habit referring to you as my wife. I know I have to earn that title back of being your husband, though. Just don’t give up on a nigga. That’s all I’m saying. Bae, I’m fuckin’ trying.” I extended my hand across the table, and she quickly placed hers in mine as she looked me in my eyes.

“I know your trying, Mehki. You’re doing a damn good job at it too, which is why it’s so hard to keep running from you, even though I have these voices in my head, telling me to. I love you. You know that. If anybody knows, you know how much the whole family dynamic means to me, especially since I didn’t have that growing up. I’m just not putting up with no bullshit this time around. Fuck being the cool wife this time and giving you the green light to cheat. We ain’t having none of that,” she sternly let me know.

“You got my word. Cut my fuckin’ dick off if I cheat.” I was dead ass serious, even though she laughed.

Dinner was a vibe. Mia sure as hell ordered a bottle of wine for the table, and she drank it all by herself. We talked, joked, laughed, all that shit that we used to do when we first

got together. Her phone was in her purse, and mine was in my pocket, so we didn't have any distractions. It was just us two, chilling together.

It's been a little minute since I had a woman sit across from me at the table and stick her fork in my food, so she could taste my meal. Years ago, when Mia used to do that shit, it would aggravate the fuck out of me, but when you ain't had something done in so long, you don't realize how much you miss that shit.

After eating, we decided to walk around Times Square a bit. There was a gift shop that Mia wanted to run into for the girls, and I followed her around the store as she picked up bullshit for the kids that she knew they didn't need. Before she could even pull out her card to pay, I slapped cash on the counter, covering the tab.

From there, we did some more walking. It was a group of niggas, maybe about ten of them, posted up on a corner that we walked past. I could smell the Kush they were smoking along with the loud music coming from the speaker system they had out there with them. I could feel them niggas sizing me up, but I laughed, knowing I had that shit on me, and Mia had her shit on her too. If them niggas even thought about trying something, I was going to handle mine, and Mia was going to step in that shit too, even though she didn't need to because I could handle my own.

"GP Mia," one of them niggas called out, trying to be funny, but they said that shit once I'd already walked past them.

Never the type of nigga to let a nigga play with me like that, I turned and headed in their direction, even though Mia was pulling my arm, telling me to chill. She heard it too. See, niggas confused social media with real life. Motha fuckas would get behind a phone screen, talk all that shit, and hide behind fake pages because they knew it was a strong chance that they wouldn't be discovered. A nigga had me fucked all the way up if they thought that they were going to disrespect mine while I was standing right there. Nah. Wrong nigga.

“It’s something you niggas needed to say?” I asked.

None of them niggas said shit. They continued smoking on them roach ass blunts, that wasn’t giving them any kind of fuckin’ high, blasting that wack ass music, while they stood there, looking like the scary ass wannabe thug ass niggas they were.

“Ain’t nothing, big homie,” a nigga called out, whose voice sounded like the dude who had made that GP Mia comment in the first place.

I didn’t know if niggas thought I was supposed to take it as a compliment that the world knew my bitch had good pussy, but nah. Shit made a nigga angry to listen to another nigga go on and on about how good Mia’s pussy was. Niggas hopped on social media all the time, trying to be funny, not realizing that shit would get their soft asses killed. I ain’t play that disrespectful shit when it came to mine. I’ll pull up and knock a nigga or a bitch out about this one standing behind me.

“I ain’t yo’ big homie, nigga! Watch your motha fuckin’ mouth too, before I punch you in it and have that shit wired shut, motha fucka. Show off in front of your friends and get your black ass killed!” I threatened, meaning every fuckin’ thing I said to him.

“It was a joke, nigga—”

“Ain’t no such thing as joking when it comes to my wife, nigga. Everything is serious. You see a smile on my face?” I had to ask.

“Aight, nigga. Gone on. You talking all that big shit like I ain’t got all these niggas standing beside me!” he snapped.

I pushed my way out of the hold that Mia had on the back of my shirt and got in that nigga’s face.

“Y’all supposed to scare me? You think because you got these niggas surrounding you that I’m supposed to be scared? Fuck you and the rest of these bitch ass niggas. I’ll lay each and every one of you fuck niggas out, right here in your own fuckin’ city. Say I won’t!” I spat because he had me fucked up.

His eyes left mine and went to Mia. He gave her an air kiss. It was obvious this nigga wanted to get his ass beat, so I swung on his ass, punching him so hard in his mouth that I literally felt my knuckles breaking his teeth. He tried to swing back, but I caught it and bent that niggas arm back, immediately breaking it. He cried out like a little bitch while his homeboys stood there, mouths open, not even attempting to make a move. I swung on that nigga a good two times, making him fall back into some garbage bins behind him. My foot went to his chest while I pulled my gun out, placing that green dot right on his forehead.

“Aight... aight, nigga... damn!” he cried.

“Apologize to my wife, nigga, for disrespecting her!” I barked.

“My bad... my bad.”

I stepped on his chest harder with the Dior sneakers that were on my feet.

“That ain’t an apology, motha fucka!” I spat.

“I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I ain’t mean to say that shit,” he cried.

I applied more pressure to his chest with my foot, and then I removed it.

“Bitch ass nigga! Turn that wack ass music off too,” I cursed, tucking my gun back in my waist.

I grabbed Mia’s hand and walked away like nothing happened. I texted my driver, letting him know which street we were on, and he pulled up in a few minutes. He got out to open Mia’s door, and just as last time, once she was in, I closed it and got in on my side.

“Mehki, why—”

“Because he disrespected you. I ain’t apologizing for that shit,” I cut her off.

She nodded her head, dropping it because she knew this wasn’t a war that she was going to win with me. This was going to be my mood for a while. Niggas wanted to be

comedians and say shit about the shit that had gone down between Mia and me, so I was gonna start just slapping the fuck out of niggas with no fair warning. I ain't let these niggas get a reaction out of me for two whole years. That shit was about to change.



*Myesha Goodman*

“**Y**ou a damn fool for killing that baby. Even though I don’t want kids, I would have risked my fuckin’ body having that nigga’s baby. Tommy is a damn millionaire. You and that baby would have been straight for life. I know you got your own money, My, but damn, you could have stashed yours and spent that nigga’s. He’s one of the richest niggas in the damn NBA,” my best friend, Andrea, stated to me after we’d just gotten into her car.

We were leaving the abortion clinic. For a while, I had felt it in my body that something was off, but I kept summing it up to me just being tired because I worked myself like a damn dog. Even when I’d missed my period, I ignored that flag too because it wasn’t rare for my period to be late since I lived a stress filled damn life. But after a couple of months had gone by, and my period still hadn’t come, I was still tired all the time, always nauseous, and having the urge to piss every damn second, I knew something was up. That’s when I decided to take a pregnancy test.

It didn’t take long for double lines to fill the stick, and before a bitch could even wash my hands in the sink, I was on the phone with a clinic, making arrangements for them to suck this baby out of me. I wasn’t too sure if I wanted kids, but even if I did, I wouldn’t want them under these messy ass circumstances. I felt like my name in the blogs had just slowed down a bit, but if I would’ve had Tommy’s baby, and the shit got out, the media would have eaten me alive. They would’ve referred to me as a home wrecker and all that shit, especially since they blamed me for the split between Mia and Beatz.

Tommy had a whole wife at home. A wife who was having a hard time conceiving a child. Maybe it was my conscience, but I would have felt like that shit was a slap in the face to have her husband's baby while she was struggling to do so herself.

Although Tommy had told me in confidence about the struggles his wife faced when it came to conceiving a child, Token had also told me herself. Last month, she was in my chair, telling me how she was excited because she'd just started her first round of IVF. Usually, when I fucked other women's husbands, I didn't have any kind of remorse because I just always felt like I didn't have any loyalty to the bitch, so I didn't owe her shit. The fact that Token would actually sit in my chair and open up to me about personal shit, and I was fuckin' her husband behind her back was one of the biggest reasons I didn't go through with this pregnancy. I just couldn't do that shit to another woman. My karma would be fucked up for that.

"Andrea, please! I'm cramping, and I'm just not in the mood to hear about the shit you would have done. You know why I had to terminate this fuckin' pregnancy! This shit wouldn't have ended well for no fuckin' body. Can you please just drop this shit and take me home?" I spat.

Andrea was my best friend, and Lord knows I loved her ass like an annoying sister, but sometimes she really knew how to get on my fuckin' nerves. Andrea and Kalina were both my best friends for many, many years, but Andrea is the only one that I've had major fall outs with during the course of our friendship. At one point, she and I had gone a whole year without speaking to each other, but that was years ago, when we were in our early twenties.

We fell out about a nigga too. She was dealing with this dope boy at the time named Marquese. She was in love with that nigga too. He kept her pockets full, took her on these nice ass trips out of the country, and according to her, the dick was good. Like all dog ass niggas, though, his black ass was cheating. It was actually me who caught him out with another

bitch. A bitch that we'd later found out was his damn wife who Andrea didn't even know about.

I remember taking pictures of the nigga and the bitch together and showing it to her. Instead of being mad at the nigga, she was mad at me, claiming that I was being messy. She really fell out with me over someone who was playing her. A year later, after taking all the physical, mental, and emotional abuse from him, mixed with more of the cheating, she found her common sense, and we rekindled our relationship. Prior to that, we'd always had fallouts, but it just didn't result in us going a whole year without speaking.

I had fought this bitch, and we'd called each other all kinds of bitches and hoes, but I loved her, even though she could be messy as hell and get on my damn nerves.

“Girl, I'm just saying!” she spat right back.

“And I'm just saying to fuckin' drop it! Damn,” I fussed.

She sucked her teeth and didn't say anything else after that. It took about twenty minutes for her to get me home, and in those twenty minutes, she didn't say shit to me, and I didn't say shit to her. I'll admit that at times, I severely bite my tongue when it comes to Andrea because this bitch knew some of my deepest, darkest secrets. If we ever fell out again, everything she knew about me, I needed her to take that shit with her to the fuckin' grave. I mean, when we fell out the last time, she didn't expose anything about me that she knew, so there's a strong chance that she wouldn't do that shit if God forbid, we fall out again. Still, I treaded lightly because if she wanted to, the hoe could ruin me.

“Girl, get out the car. We exchanged a few words, and now you too mad to come inside?” I asked, and she waved me off.

“I'm not mad. I'm about to go and get my nails done,” she responded.

I sucked my teeth and just opened the car door. If I said anything back, me and this bitch would be fighting. I did, however, thank her for going with me to the clinic, and then I grabbed my purse and walked into the house. I was cramping,

but the nurse had told me that I should expect some mild cramping. These cramps were rocking my body, feeling ten times worse than the cramps I experienced when I got my period.

I went upstairs and took some pain meds before slipping my shoes off, getting in bed, and pulling the throw blanket over me. I lay there and thought about the events that took place this morning, but I had no regrets about what I'd done. Yes, I made the decision to terminate the pregnancy because that shit would have been fucked up to go through with it, especially since I knew Token personally. But mainly because Tommy and I went at it so bad whenever we got into it that I just didn't think it would have benefited me or him to have his baby. We'd fuck around and kill each other, leaving our child parentless.

Now, if I had gotten pregnant with Beatz's baby, that baby would have been worth keeping. It was rumored that he'd just signed a hundred-million-dollar deal with Sony for his headphones that he had coming out soon. Then again, who am I kidding? If that nigga even thought for a second that I was pregnant with his baby, there's no doubt in my mind that he would have killed me and dumped my damn body somewhere. That nigga was so in love with that bitch, that he wouldn't have allowed me to have his baby. It was rumored that the two of them were back together, and I couldn't even say I was shocked. She would never leave that nigga alone, and to be honest, I wouldn't either because Beatz was on his way to being a billionaire, so I would stay and take all the shit that came with that nigga.

A few minutes later, I heard my garage raise. I sucked my teeth, knowing it was Tommy. I regretted giving this nigga the code to the garage because the nigga would pop the fuck up whenever he felt like it. I hadn't seen or heard from him in weeks, and what's the damn odds of the day I terminate my pregnancy with his baby, he decides to pop his black ass up. I used my phone to look at the camera, and sure enough, it was him, pulling his car into my garage. He also knew the code to the garage door, so in no time, he let himself in. I really hoped

the nigga didn't bring his ass over today on that bullshit because I was still cramping.

“My. Where you at?” he screamed.

I ignored him and just gave him the option to find me. I didn't even want his ass there, and as soon as he left, and I found the strength, I was going to change the code for the garage and the front door. I didn't need that nigga popping his ass up over there whenever the fuck he felt like it. Out of all the niggas I've dealt with, the only two who knew where I laid my head was Beatz and Tommy. I didn't have to worry about Beatz popping his ass up anymore because I was going to leave him and his bitch's named out of my mouth, so he didn't have a reason to pop up. Tommy, though? The shit he did was getting out of hand.

Tommy didn't come up until about five minutes later, and when he did, the nigga was holding the receipt that was stapled to the brochure and the other pamphlets that my nurse had given me when I left the clinic. It was just pamphlets about depression because she told me how easy it was for a woman to slip into depression after this kind of procedure.

Tommy had an angry look on his face as he walked over to the bed and stood on the side of me. From the way he was dressed in his basketball shorts with a muscle shirt, I could tell he was just getting out of his morning practice. His light brown eyes danced around me as if he was looking for answers.

“What the fuck is this, bruh?” he wanted to know.

“Why the fuck were you going in my purse for anyway?” I reached up, snatched the papers from hands, and put them on the side of me.

“Man, ain't nobody go in your fuckin' purse. I went in the kitchen, thinking that's where you might have been. Your purse was sitting right there on the counter, and I saw this shit sticking out. Explain some shit to me. What the fuck you got going on, Myesha?” he asked.

I released an annoyed growl while still lying in bed, hoping this nigga would just leave. Not only was I cramping, but I had a damn headache as well. And him making all that damn noise wasn't doing anything to make the situation better.

“I had an abortion this morning. Before you try to call me all kinds of bitches and hoes, nigga, you are the only one that I've been fuckin'. I been on the move these past few months, barely even home, and when I am, it's only you who I've had inside me. You know as well as I do that we don't always use protection. Don't worry about shit getting back to your wife. There's no baby. I made sure I took care of that first thing this morning.

“Listen, Tommy. You and I are not together. You don't miss an opportunity to throw your wife in my face, but I think at times, you think that I'm Token. You cannot just barge your ass in my house like this because I could have had somebody over here. When you leave, I'm changing the locks. We ain't gotta do this shit no more either. I'm tired of the drama that comes from you, so you can go. What you held in your hands was a receipt, nigga. Trust me, it's no baby cooking inside me.

“So, if I never saw that shit in your purse, you would have never even told me you was pregnant?” he wanted to know.

“Why the hell would I have told you? So you could have had the satisfaction of telling me to get an abortion? I'm sorry I took that special moment away from you, nigga!” I screamed.

This nigga didn't give a damn about me being pregnant. I had just terminated the pregnancy before he could have the satisfaction of telling me to do it anyway. He really had the nerve to stand there and look sad about this shit.

Tommy took a deep breath and sat down on the bed, putting his hand on my thigh since I was lying on my side with the covers still wrapped around me.

For about five minutes, he didn't even say anything. Eventually, he turned and looked me in my eyes.

“I know this shit may sound fucked up, especially since I’m married, but if you would have told me that you were pregnant, I don’t think I would have told you to get an abortion. That’s why a nigga got so angry when I was around you the last time, and you made that comment about you’d rather swallow glass than to have my baby. Ion think I want nothing more in life right now than to have a son. Shit, at this point, it ain’t even gotta be a baby boy. It can be a little girl. I got all the money in the world, I can buy whatever the fuck I want, but I can’t buy nothing that’ll have my wife having this fuckin’ baby for me.

“I know you ain’t trying to hear this shit, but I been bottling all this shit in, not wanting to talk about it because I don’t want to seem weak or no shit like that. I can’t even talk to Token about it because it’ll be like I’m offending her. I know how bad she wants to give me a baby, but for whatever reason, her body is just not allowing her to do it. When I’m out there on that court, playing ball, I want to look out in the stands and see a little version of me. After a victory, I want to pick up my baby and celebrate that big win with them. I need sons to carry on this fuckin’ legacy.

“We just started this expensive ass IVF journey, and I’m trying to be positive and shit, but damn, what if that shit don’t work? Token talking about the next option would be to get a surrogate, but I ain’t willing to do that. Ion want no fuckin’ stranger carrying my baby. That’s my wife. I want her to be able to carry our child. My bad. Ion mean to lay all this shit on you like that. It’s just that hearing you admit to being pregnant with my baby was the first time I came this fuckin’ close to being a father,” he admitted.

“I hear you, Tommy, but terminating the pregnancy was the best choice in this situation. That woman loves you, and you may not believe me, but a big part of me terminated the pregnancy because of her. Although that’s not my friend, I just couldn’t see myself doing that shit to her,” I stated, and he waved me off like he didn’t believe me.

Tommy sat there for five more minutes, saying nothing, and then his phone started ringing. He grabbed it from his

pocket and he showed me the contact name, letting me know it was his wife calling. That meant for my ass to be quiet.

“What’s up, baby?” he answered.

I rolled my eyes and shook my head as I looked at the wall, not even wanting to keep my eyes on him as he spoke to her.

“Hey. Where are you? I thought you were supposed to be spending the day with me once you were done with practice,” I heard her say on the other end of the phone.

Token was such a sweet woman, and no matter how much money Tommy’s ass made, or how fine the nigga was, I’ll be the first to admit that she deserved better. Granted, I was one of the many women this nigga was fuckin’ on her, but I still just knew she deserved way more than what Tommy was giving her.

“My bad, baby. I made a quick stop to one of my nigga’s crib right quick. He wanted to show me this new Lambo that he picked up a couple of days ago. Start getting ready now, and we can do whatever the fuck you want to do today, aight?” he said.

“Okay. I love you,” she cooed.

“I love you more.” And with that, he hung the phone up.

“Go home to your wife, Tommy. This was fun, but I’m not doing this anymore with you,” I let him know.

Tommy sucked his teeth as he stood up from the bed. The only thing I could look at was the print of his dick in his gym shorts.

“Why all of a sudden you got a fuckin’ conscience? We been fuckin’ all these years—”

“Nigga, that’s your wife! I would think that you would be the one to have a damn conscience. I’m just tired of doing this. That’s all. I don’t like the full access that you have to me, when all I am to you is pussy. Somebody that I’m just fuckin’ from time to time shouldn’t have the power to just walk their



ass in my house whenever they feel like it. That shit ends today,” I let him know.

“Man, we ain’t ending shit. Ima continue to come over here whenever the fuck I feel like it. You’re just in your feelings right now, so Ima dip, and I’ll slide back over here when you in a better mood,” he stated, taking me for a joke.

I sat up in the bed, removed the throw blanket, and looked him dead in his eyes. “I’ll tell her,” I said in all seriousness.

“You’ll tell what, bitch?” he barked.

“I’ll tell your wife, nigga! That’s what! I have some shit on you that’ll bring Token down to her fuckin’ knees. You might not want to fuck with me, nigga, because I have plenty of shit on you that can fuckin’ destroy not only your marriage, but your career too, nigga! Remember, I know about the steroids that you take for performance enhancement. Don’t tempt me, nigga!” I threatened, meaning every single word I said.

Tommy looked at me like he wanted to kill me as he nodded his head up and down with an angry scowl on his face.

The nigga knew I had cameras all around the exterior of my home, and there were even a few inside my house now, which were put there after Beatz brought his ass over here a couple of years ago after finding out that him and his bitch had gonorrhea. I used that as protection for myself, just in case one of those niggas ever snapped and decided they wanted to kill me. They wouldn’t get away with the shit because the cameras would pick up everything. Tommy knew I had cameras set up, and just like with Beatz, I knew that’s the only thing keeping me alive.

He ended up walking out of the room and slamming my bedroom door behind him like the little bitch that he was. To be honest, I didn’t know if he would come back over after this. Tommy and I fussed and fought all the damn time, but I had never threatened the nigga the way I did. So, I was pretty sure that I had just showed the nigga that he couldn’t trust me. I hoped the nigga didn’t bring his ass back over there, though. I was getting sick and fuckin’ tired of him anyway. That’s what

I said at that moment, but a month later, he and I would act like none of this happened, and we would be fuckin' again.

*Aaron Brown*

I had surprised Cassandra this evening by flying into town to see her and Lamar. I had taken some time to think about what I wanted to do. To Cassandra, it might have seemed that I was playing with her feelings by stringing her along, but I promise that wasn't the case at all. There was just a lot at stake right now, and whatever decision I made, it could very well have permanent damage.

For example, I knew that if I chose to pursue my relationship with Cassandra, Naomi would never forgive me. Say, later down the line, Cassandra and I didn't work out for whatever reason, and then I came back to Normani and Naomi, trying to mend the damage, they wouldn't accept me. That's why making a decision was hard for me.

I hadn't talked to Naomi, but Cassandra and I had been talking daily. I had reached out to Naomi, but she didn't answer. I had even contacted Normani, but the two of them were thick as thieves, so Normani made it clear that if I was still dealing with Cassandra, she wasn't going to deal with me either. So, these days, it was back to how it was in the beginning, where I felt alone and didn't have any family that I could hang out with. Some would say that I was doing this to myself, since there were plenty of women out there that I could choose from, but for some reason, I was heavily drawn to Cassandra.

Right now, I was sitting in Cassandra's living room, waiting for her to come back from next door because she'd gone and picked up Lamar, who had been with the sitter. When I popped up, Cassandra was coming back from a hair

appointment, which is why Lamar had been next door. She was happy to see me, even almost started crying a little because we hadn't seen each other since she'd come down to my church a while back. I had been missing her and Lamar, which is why I'd flown in.

As I sat there, I could hear Lamar screaming at the top of his lungs. I quickly stood up and walked over to the door. He was screaming a loud, angry cry. When I tried to reach out for him, he screamed even louder as he held onto his mother's shirt, not wanting her to let him go. Malika, the sitter who had watched him, had her front door open as well, and my eyes landed on hers. I'm not sure what it was, but every time I saw her, I would look in her eyes and see evil. I gave her a hard look, which eventually had her looking away from me before going back in her house and closing the door.

"What's wrong with him?" I asked Cassandra.

"He was asleep. When I woke him up, he just started crying," she expressed.

Something in me said that it was deeper. Cassandra came into the house, and I closed the door behind her. She walked with Lamar into the kitchen, and he was still fussing. When she opened her pantry and went for a pack of fruit snacks that she knew he liked, he even refused that. He screamed, shaking his head no, as he slapped the item out of her hand.

Cassandra looked at me with lost eyes as she left the kitchen and took the long hallway to Lamar's room. She turned the light on, and I was right on her trail. She told me that she was going to get him ready for his bath and asked if I could go in one of the drawers and grab him some pajamas. I got the pajamas and set them on the side of the changing station where she had him. She quickly removed his clothes and his diaper, grabbed the towel from the side of the changing table, and carried him out of the room. When she walked past me, my eyes happened to land on a purplish-bluish bruise in the middle of his back.

"Wait. Wait. How long as he had that bruise on his back?" I inquired.

“What bruise? He doesn’t have a bruise on his back,” she responded, removing him from her shoulder and turning him around.

Cassandra saw the exact bruise that I had been looking at all along, and instantly, she screamed. Her eyes watered, and the second she blinked, tears fell. She handed Lamar to me, and with a quickness, she was out of the bedroom and out of the house. She banged on Malika’s apartment door like a mad woman, but she wasn’t answering. By this time, I’d come outside after wrapping Lamar in a towel. He wasn’t crying anymore, but he did have the hiccups. He rested his little head on my shoulder while Cassandra stood outside of Malika’s door, nonstop banging on it. She eventually stopped, then walked over to the railing, looked down, and sucked her teeth.

“Her car isn’t here. She left. Aaron, that bruise wasn’t on my baby this morning. I was called into work today, so he’s been with her since this morning. When I got off, I went to get my hair done. Let’s go back in the house, so I can put him on some clothes. I’m taking him to the hospital. Do... do you think she’s been abusing my baby?” She asked me that gut wrenching question that I knew no parent wanted to ever have to ask.

“Let’s not think the worst—”

“This is my fault. This is all my fault. My baby has been crying nonstop every time I take him over there. I should have seen it. I should have seen the fuckin’ signs!” she hysterically cried as she stood in front of her apartment door.

I walked over and wrapped an arm around her, trying to get her to calm down. I didn’t know that the last few times that she’d dropped Lamar off with Malika, he’d been crying. Hearing her say that, mixed with this nasty bruise on his back, just wasn’t looking too good. For as long as I’d known about Lamar going next door with Malika, I never thought that it was a good arrangement. I knew that Cassandra didn’t have any family or many friends that she could ask to watch her baby, so she had to accept the very few choices that were given to her. But if what we were thinking had happened to

Lamar was true, Malika needed to be put in jail. No child deserved something like this to happen to them.

## AT THE HOSPITAL

“This bruise is fairly new. From the looks of things, you can obviously tell that this happened today. Doesn’t look like a bruise from a slap either. This is something along the lines of a really hard blow to the back, or maybe even an object could have been thrown at him. You mentioned that Lamar was dropped off this morning with your neighbor, correct?” the doctor asked Cassandra after he’d examined lil’ man.

Cassandra was a wreck, so I had been the one holding Lamar in my arms. He had calmed down, but he was in my lap, fighting his sleep. The waiting room of the hospital was crazy. We ended up waiting a little over an hour to be called, and in that hour, Cassandra had tried calling and texting Malika back-to-back, but she wasn’t returning any of the calls or responding to her text messages. She was showing her guilt.

Cassandra told me on the way to the hospital that Malika usually responds within a matter of minutes, and she hardly misses a call. She had to have known that Cassandra and I would see the large bruise on Lamar’s back, which is why she’d run off.

“Yes. I was called into work this morning, so I had to drop him off with my neighbor,” Cassandra responded, standing not too far away from the doctor. She had her arms crossed, and I could see her shaking.

“Is that neighbor someone who usually keeps him for you? How does Lamar act around this neighbor?” the doctor asked, no longer looking at Lamar’s back. Instead, he now had all his attention on Cassandra.

“She’s been keeping an eye on him for a little over a year now for me. He’s in daycare, but anytime he doesn’t have school, and I have to go to work, I’ll leave him with her, which is what I did today. Whenever he goes over there, he’s happy. There were times when I would pick him up, and he would be

crying because he wasn't ready to leave. I started noticing a change in his behavior a couple of months ago. He was a little more resistant at first for her to take him out of my arms. From there, came the full out tantrums, but I never thought too much of it because she never gave me any reason to think she would do anything to hurt my son. Never.

“Even right now, with this bruise on his back, I'm hoping that I have this story all wrong. I'm hoping that I haven't been sending my son over there with her, and she's been doing something to him. And he's been trying to tell me through his cries, but I just wasn't hearing him,” Cassandra stated, and then a lone tear fell from her eye, which she quickly wiped away.

“I understand your frustration. If you know in your heart that this woman might have done something to harm your child, I would strongly urge for you to get in touch with the police and press charges. This is a baby, and abuse of any child is ever acceptable. I'll never judge you, but I will tell you like I tell a lot of mothers who bring in their child when they've been hurt outside of their care. Everyone should not have the pleasure of meeting your child or watching them, for that matter.

“I understand that you have to work, and sometimes you need a sitter outside of daycare, but you have to make sure that you leave your baby with someone who will care for them just as much as you would, and someone you can trust. In the meantime, baby Lamar will be just fine. I can look at him and tell that he's a little sleepy, so he just needs a nice bath, a warm bottle, and he'll be fine. Some ice on the bruise will do it justice, and you can purchase some aloe vera cream, which will reduce some of the pain and help with inflammation. He's going to be okay,” the doctor said to Cassandra.

He was an older black doctor, who didn't show too much emotion, but I was sure that came with him being in this profession as long as he'd probably been.

Before he left, he wiggled one of Lamar's fingers. I patted the spot next to me on the bed, and Cassandra came and took a seat. Lamar reached his little arms out for her, and she gladly

took him from me, putting him on her chest and kissing him multiple times on his forehead.

We left the hospital about ten minutes later. I stopped at a nearby drug store to pick up some of the cream that the doctor had recommended. After purchasing it for her, we headed back to her house, driving in silence. The only sound was Lamar's little snores coming from his car seat that I'd placed in the back of the rental car that I would be driving for the next two days.

"Her car still isn't back. I wonder where she is," Cassandra said once we pulled up to her apartment complex.

"Wherever she is, just know that she eventually has to come back home," I stated.

She nodded in agreement with me.

I parked the car, and the two of us got out. I took Lamar from his car seat while Cassandra held her purse and the small bag that I'd gotten from the drugstore. I allowed her to walk ahead of me, and in no time, we were standing in front of her door. Just to try her luck one last time, she knocked on Malika's door, but just like the last time, she didn't answer. I even put my ear to the door, just to see if I heard anything, but it was quiet, so she couldn't possibly be inside.

Feeling defeated, Cassandra just opened the door and let us inside her cozy apartment. She woke Lamar up after getting him from my arms, and he didn't even put up a fuss. She fed him, applied some of the ice on his back, bathed him, let him have another bottle, and within an hour, he was in his crib, knocked out.

While Cassandra got herself together in the back, I was up front with the remote to her TV in my hands, trying to find something to watch. There were a lot of shows to choose from, but I couldn't get into anything because I just couldn't stop thinking about the events that had transpired tonight.

Cassandra had been angry ever since she saw the bruise on Lamar's back. I'll admit that I had witnessed a different side of her tonight, hearing her curse in almost every sentence and



crying every five minutes, but there was no judgement from my side because this was her son. I knew how much she loved him, so she was entitled to show every feeling that she was going through.

She joined me in the living room about ten minutes later. She was dressed in her pajamas, and she smelled really good. Her hair was tied up, and her beautiful skin was a sight to adore.

“Are you hungry? I can whip something up or order something,” she offered.

“I’m fine. I don’t have much of an appetite right now,” I told her.

“Me either. I don’t even think I’m going to get any rest tonight. I plan to sit out here until I hear her front door open because, like you said, she eventually has to come home.” she stated.

I nodded, agreeing with her statement. There was silence for a few minutes, and then I turned to look at her because I could feel her eyes on me.

“What made you fly down here to see me?” she asked.

“I keep asking myself that same question, but it all comes down to me missing you and Lamar. I had a conversation with Naomi a couple of months ago,” I let her know.

“I’m going to assume that it didn’t go well,” she said.

“It didn’t. She’s still standing firm on everything she said when I showed up with you at Normani’s house. She doesn’t plan to change her mind—”

“She shouldn’t have to. I played a part in her son possibly getting harmed, and I played a huge role in her marriage failing. I don’t expect her to forgive me, and I don’t expect her to want to continue to have a relationship with you if you continue to deal with me. Look, Aaron. I have a strong affection for you. To be honest, I love you, and as much as I love you, I just don’t want you to continue playing with my mind like this. I also don’t want our situation to be hidden because you’re afraid of what your sisters may feel.

“I’m a single mom, taking on so much shit on my own, so the last thing I need in my life is to be played with. As happy as I am to see you, this is me telling you that if you still are feeling like you have to choose, then please, choose her. I was runner up in a man’s life for years, and I vowed to never do that again. I’m just not in the business of getting my heart played with anymore,” she revealed.

“Cassandra, it’s you that I want. I had a choice this morning to get on a flight to Miami and make things right with my sister, or to get on a flight, come to Jersey, and make things right with my girl. I choose to make things right with you. My sisters have their own lives in Miami, their own relationships, and they’re happy. I deserve that kind of happiness, and if me being happy comes with sacrificing a relationship with my sisters, then I’ll take that,” I let her know.

She smiled at my words, happy with the decision that I’d made.

For a few minutes, we just stared at each other. We were both thinking the same thing because, within a matter of seconds, we leaned our heads in and shared a passionate filled kiss. The kissing led to us feeling on each other and removing our clothes. The next thing I knew, I had her on her back and was on top of her, making the sweetest love that I’d ever made in my entire life. I loved this woman. I tried to deny that love for a few months, but she just kept popping up in my mind, and I found myself missing and craving her.

I had no idea if what I was doing was right. The life this woman had lived before me was a dangerous one. I was putting my life in danger just by being with someone like her because there was a strong possibility that one of those many men that she helped set up might remember her. Love will make you do some crazy things, so there I was, experimenting with crazy.

*Mia Randolph*

With a big bucket of popcorn and my Fanta Cherry slurpie, I headed to theater number three, where I was meeting Twinkle to watch a movie. She'd been in town for a whole week, and she texted me last night, asking if I wanted to go to the movies. It was the weekend, and the kids were already with their dad, so I agreed to meet her.

It was just the two of us hanging tonight because Loyal's ass was going through it. All I know was that a few weeks ago, she had me and Twinkle on a three-way phone call, boo-hoo crying about how Saint didn't want to marry her anymore. Listen, Saint was in fuckin' love with her ass, so whatever the hell she did, I knew it had to have been major because I just couldn't see the nigga walking away from Loyal.

When we asked what she did, and the bitch told us how she pretty much had doubts on going through with the pregnancy, it made sense. Listen, these crazy, territorial ass niggas don't want to hear shit about us not wanting to keep their baby once they find out that we're pregnant. All they want our ass to do is hop on the phone and schedule our first doctor's appointment.

Hearing her tell the story brought back memories of when I got pregnant with Maya. Beatz was actually the one who told me he thought I was pregnant. I didn't want to be pregnant at the time because I was running around, doing all these modeling gigs with Maddy and being the supportive wife to Beatz. I was always somewhere on the road, so bringing another baby into the mix just wasn't in my plans. The nigga

bought a test, and I shed some big tears. I got my ass cursed out, just like Saint had done with Loyal.

To them, showing any feeling other than excitement is disrespectful. However, they weren't the ones who had to carry a baby for nine damn months and have all those changes happen to their body. The worst part of all was the pain that came from labor.

I felt like Saint was going to come around, though. The nigga was just upset right now, and I felt like his ass was being too tough on Loyal. His ass didn't have to call off the damn wedding. I knew it was just something he said out of anger, though. We'd been calling her every day since it happened, just trying to keep her in good spirits. We even tried inviting her tonight with us to the movies, but she turned it down.

I tried to hide my excitement, but deep down inside, I was happy that Saint and Loyal were having another baby. That man did so good with Dream, and as much as they loved each other, I felt like they would do well with another baby. We all knew that Dream was going to be pissed once she found out because lil' mama had made it clear that she wanted to be the only child.

I eventually made it to the theater where our movie was playing. My black Christian Louboutin thigh highs with the high heel moved effortlessly against the carpet. Because I knew how cold theaters could be, tonight I was wearing a long-sleeved body suit with a brown Fendi poncho over me that had black Fs all over it. My custom bust down Cuban link chain that Beatz had gotten for me a few years ago with my name on it was around my neck, there were three different Cuban link bracelets on my wrists, and I was rocking my hair a little different this evening.

Yesterday, I had my usual every two-week hair appointment, and I woke up missing the old Mia who used to rock my real hair that was down my back. Long haired Mia was before I allowed Beatz ass to drive me crazy, and I lost my damn mind and cut it. Tape ins were super popular now, so I had honey blond taped into my hair, which blended perfectly. You couldn't tell that this hair wasn't growing out of my scalp.

I had a side part, and I applied some curls to my hair this evening while sitting at my vanity, getting ready. Twinkle and I were supposed to go to dinner, which explained the beat face that I had and the way I'd dressed up.

When I made it into the theater, I froze in my spot, thinking that I might have been in the wrong room. Beautiful red roses on gold stands lined the railing leading into the room. There were hundreds and hundreds of roses, and when I looked down, I noticed the red rose petals on the floor. I was about to run my ass out, feeling like I might have interrupted a potential proposal or something by coming into the wrong room. But once the song, *One More Chance/Stay With Me Remix* by Biggie and Faith Evans started playing and a throwback picture on the theater screen of Beatz and me showed up, I instantly knew I was right where I was supposed to be.

This was one that I hadn't seen in years. I was in the studio with Beatz, and I was nine months pregnant at the time with Maddy. I remember missing his ass and wanting him to come home, so I took my ass to the studio with every intention on dragging his ass home. I was sitting on his lap smiling, while he had his large hands on my stomach that had dropped so low, and he was kissing me on my neck.

Looking at that picture, you could see it in my eyes how high off love my ass was. The image even captured the passion marks that were exposed on my neck. God, I was so in love right here. If I could live in Mehki's skin back then, I swear I would. Seeing that picture on the screen, hearing one of my favorite songs playing, and the other pictures that started playing from the slideshow had tears falling down my face. Once I walked further into the theater and saw how beautifully decorated it was and how Mehki had gone all out for me, I was truly overwhelmed.

*"Biggie, give me oneeee more chance,"* the song continued to croon out of the loudspeakers.

It was a huge theater, and whatever crew he'd gotten to decorate this had showed the hell out. Mehki knew I was a sucker for red roses, and so many of them filled this entire

theater. On the front two rows were designer shopping bags in the seats. Designers that he knew were my favorite, like Christian Louboutin, Prada, Givenchy, and Goyard, just to name a few.

I stood there, holding the popcorn bucket and slurpie as he had a camera crew snapping pictures and recording the entire thing. Mehki stood in front of the screen, looking just as handsome as he wanted to. He had the kind of hair that he could shave it all off, and it would grow back by the next week. I swear, his hair grew so damn fast. As a kid, he had long, light brown, wavy hair that he would wear in braids. In adulthood, he would switch up, either between rocking a bald head, which God knows I loved to death because it fit him so perfectly, or he would rock it in waves, which is what he had right now.

Mehki's sandy brown hair went perfectly with his caramel skin. Nice, textured hair, and the best waves on a man that I'd ever seen. That's because of how well he kept up with them. A nice, full beard that I loved running my fingers through whenever I kissed him, and he stood up tall and cocky. He wore a charming smile on his face, knowing that he'd surprised the hell out of me this evening.

I'd just talked to him earlier, and he hadn't said anything about this. Twinkle's ass didn't say shit either. He stood there, dressed in a nice a navy-blue suit that fit him just perfect. It wasn't too tight, and neither was it too loose. There was a white button up underneath, and he had the first four buttons undone, so his nice, tatted chest was on display. Although I was a good distance away from him, I could just look at him and tell that he smelled good. Those bowlegs that stood out just a bit were one of my many favorite features on him. He wore a nice, clean pair of Prada dress shoes, and there was a silver iced out Cartier watch on his wrist, that I could vividly see since his arms were raised a little bit as he held a single rose in for me.

I stood in the middle of the room, watching the screen fill with so many pictures of us. There were videos too. When we were married, I liked to record everything when it came to

Mehki and my kids, so a lot of those clips were incorporated into the montage, still with the Biggie song playing. I think the picture that really broke me was when we were standing in front of our dream home that Mehki had purchased for us. He'd taken the picture of me holding Maddy, while I was pregnant with Maya. I ended up having to set the popcorn and my drink down because I was filled with so many emotions, and I needed to wipe my face. Over ten minutes worth of pictures and songs continued to play, and then the video cut off.

“Mehkiiii,” was all I could say as I used the back of my hand to wipe my fresh tears away.

He released that signature laugh, like he didn't just stand his ass there and do all of this for me, and like he didn't expect me to be crying.

“Come here, beautiful,” his deep voice called out.

I walked over and stood right in front of him. Like the emotional person I was, I crashed my face into his chest, crying at how beautiful this moment was. His hands held me at the small of my back as he whispered in my ear, telling me how much he loved me over and over again. I eventually pulled away from him, and when I did, he used his thumbs to wipe my tears. Then he leaned in and kissed me on my lips.

“Sit down right there.”

He pointed to a seat in the first row. I took my seat, and then he cleared his throat. He pointed to his phone that was up on a tripod, and I squinted, able to see that this was being broadcast live. I didn't even get mad, because for him to do all of this, I knew he was going somewhere with it. The phone was so far away that I couldn't really tell how many viewers were logged on, but I could bet my last dollar that it was in the millions.

“Look, I know you don't like all this live shit, but right where the fuck I embarrassed you, which is in front of the world, is where I want to be a man and apologize to you. I know since all this shit has been going down between us, I have hopped on live to apologize and let people know that it

was me who fucked up our marriage and not you. Mia, you know I've been apologizing in private for two years, but the shit that I did was such a huge fuck up that you deserve this public apology right here, and that's what the fuck I plan to do right now," he stated and cleared his throat.

Mehki's voice cracked a bit, and I could hear it shaking as well. He was such a hardcore man that I knew he wasn't going to cry, but I knew him, therefore, I could see it in his face that he was extremely emotional. I saw the love in this man's eyes for me. Lord knows he fucked up in our marriage, but like everyone had been telling me, there was no denying that he loved me.

I crossed one of my legs over the other as Mehki stood in front of me and reached his hand out to hold mine. His hand was shaking, proving me right about him being nervous. It was cute because if you knew this man, you would know that nothing in life really made him scared. Although there was a whole camera crew in there, filming this moment, his eyes weren't on anything else but me, and he was the only one I was looking at too.

"I remember when we went to Mexico for the first time. Probably two years after you gave birth to Maddy. Yo ass was scared to get on the ATVs, and you said the only way you would get on was if you got on with me. I remember you asking me if I feared anything in life. That was after we finished with the ATVs, and you were picking my brain, which was something yo' ass loved to fuckin' do. I remember telling you that I wasn't afraid of shit. As a man, I felt like I had to be strong, couldn't have fears, and I had to be the one to protect you and our kids.

"Years done went by, and Mia, I ain't afraid to tell you that my biggest fuckin' fear in life is having to live a life without you and my kids in it. If I lost every fuckin' dime in my account today, and if I didn't have the gift to produce another beat, but if I had you and the girls, I swear having y'all would beat any penny that I could ever have. Shit in my life ain't been the same since you left. I ain't going to stand here and act like you didn't have good reason to leave me because I



disrespected the fuck out of you, and you did what I would expect my daughters to do if a nigga broke their heart. You too fuckin' valuable for a nigga to treat you any less than what you deserve.

“A piece of me has been missing for two years, and I've never wanted something back as much as I want you back in my life. If I have to fight for this shit until I'm blue in the face, I'm going to do it because you're worth all that and more. I know if you tired of hearing it, but I'm looking you in your eyes in front of the world, Mia, and letting you know that I love you. I love you more than any fuckin' thing. If anybody knows how much I love music, it's you, and shorty, I fuckin' love your ass more than that.

“I'm sorry for stepping out of my marriage, entertaining other women, and just doing shit that I ain't have no business doing. I'm not asking you for your hand in marriage again because I know that I gotta fully deserve your trust in order for all of that to happen. Just want to let you know that I'm sorry, I love you, and I hope you find it in your heart one day to forgive me. That's all I got,” he finished.

His words rocked my heart, and while he was pouring his heart out to me, I was sitting there with a face filled with tears.

I stood up from my seat, wrapped my arms around his neck, and we engaged in a sweet, passion filled kiss. I couldn't deny this man anymore. I loved him too much. Summer was coming up, and I'm sorry if I let a lot of the bitches down, but I'm not a hot girl, okay. I was a wife who was in love with this man, and I wanted to be somewhere laid up with him and our kids. I tried to do the whole, get back thing on Mehki when I fucked around with Zay, but we all saw how that ended. The truth is, I'll never be able to fully give another man all of me and allow him to have access to my heart because this man standing in front of me had claims on it already.

“I forgive you, Mehki, and I love you so much. Try that shit again, and nigga, I'm killing you,” I warned.

“You got my word, baby. I swear,” he assured me.

What Mehki had done for me tonight wasn't why I'd chosen to forgive him. I couldn't just pretend that this man hadn't been putting in so much hard work to win me back. When we divorced, for whatever odd reason, I think that's when I started loving him more. Reality had hit me that the man I'd planned to spend the rest of my life with was now out of the picture, putting me in a situation to just figure it out. I know some women out there might view me as weak, and some women will turn their noses up at me, thinking they would never forgive a man for doing to them what Mehki had done to me. Kudos to them, but this was who I wanted, and this was where I wanted to be.

After all the hugging and kissing ended, and more pictures of us had been taken, and Mehki had ended the live video, it was just him and me inside the big theater. We went a little further to the back of the theater, sitting in the middle because he told me that the night wasn't over yet. One of my favorite movies, *The Notebook*, started playing. I smiled as I laid my head against his chest, preparing to watch this movie for at least the millionth time. Mehki hated this movie. He hated that I would shed tears over it, as if I hadn't seen it so many times already. But the fact that he'd willingly put this movie on showed that the man was desperate to make me smile.

The movie ended, and the lights inside of the theater turned back on. That's when Mehki instructed me to go over to all the gifts that he'd gotten for me, and I opened them one by one, smiling even harder with each new thing that I was blessed to receive from him. Lord knows I didn't need to own another piece of jewelry, another designer bag, shoe, sunglasses, none of the above, but he still managed to bless me with all those things tonight. He was able to get some of the movie crew to assist him with loading up all the things in his truck and he tipped of them once everything was inside.

"I'll follow you to your crib, so I can drop all this shit off with you," he said as we stood outside my car. and his hands were glued to my ass, as mine were wrapped around his neck.

"How did you get Twinkle to agree to all of this?" I wanted to know.

“Shit, it was easy. She sees that a nigga been putting in that work to win you back, so she hopped on board with it fast. If this was a year ago, and I’d asked her to help me plan this shit, I think she would have said, ‘Fuck you nigga’ and hung the phone up in my face. You know that’s your girl, and when all this shit happened, she hated my ass just as much as you did. She agreed, but she let off some threats over the phone. You know she told me she would kill my ass if I broke your heart again. From the moment you introduced me to Twinkle at the club, I always felt like she was a good friend to you. She don’t play that shit when it comes to you, and every woman deserves to have a friend love them the way that woman loves you,” he stated.

I smiled, thinking about my best friend and how I would have to hop on the phone with her on my way home and talk about this.

There I was, thinking me and my girl were going out for dinner, food, and drinks, and the whole time, she was setting me up to receive this beautiful apology. I wasn’t mad, though.

“So, if you ever fuck up, you can never fix your lips and say that you weren’t warned. Warned by multiple people at that,” I pressed.

“You ain’t gotta worry about me fuckin’ around, bae. I fuckin’ promise. Oh, last thing because I know you ain’t been so trusting of a nigga lately, so I just wanted to show this to you.” He removed one of his hands from my ass, reached in his pocket, and pulled out his phone. He unlocked it, scanned through it for something, and then he showed it to me.

It was his test results. I scanned it with my finger, seeing that the nigga was negative for every damn STD out there.

“My dick is clean, baby,” he said, making me laugh and roll my eyes in annoyance.

“This your way of telling me that you tired of wearing condoms with me?” I asked.

“This is my way of showing you that I ain’t walking around here with no dirty ass dick. That’s all,” he assured me.

I leaned in, kissed him on his lips, and then I bit his bottom lip.

“We fuckin’ tonight?” he wanted to know.

“Of course, we are. You gotta apologize in this pussy some more,” I responded, horny out of my damn mind.

“Shit, come on. What the fuck we waiting on?” He slapped my ass and then reached over me to open the driver’s door, so I could get in my car.

I laughed as I hopped in the driver’s seat, and then he closed the door behind me. The scrunchie that I had in my cup holder, I just went ahead and used it to tie my hair up because I knew the second we walked in that house, it was going to be some wild fuckin’.

*Layden 'Lay' Hoggins*

“Yo. Her over there in the white body suit. How much her nails and shit is?” I asked the young Vietnamese dude sitting at the receptionist desk of the fancy nail salon inside the mall that I’d just pulled up to.

I swear I wasn’t a stalker, but I was on Denim’s page this evening, and I saw that she’d tagged her location in her story, showing that she was there getting her nails done. I just happened to be about twenty minutes away from her, at the studio. I wanted to switch my approach with her and not call her personal phone because it was obvious she didn’t like that shit. I’d gotten her phone number from one of my home girls, Cotton. Cotton lived right here in Miami, and she had her own clothing boutique. Me and her ain’t never fucked or no shit like that, but I used to mess around with her sister back in the day.

I was chilling with Cotton one day at her boutique when I started talking to her about Denim. At times, it felt like Miami was so fuckin’ small, and that everybody knows everybody, so it was a strong chance that Cotton might have known who Denim was, especially since Denim was popular in the hair business. She gave me the rundown on Denim, telling me how one of her baby daddies was killed and one of the niggas who helps to raise their daughter isn’t biologically her daughter’s father, but the nigga still raises the child. She had been messing around with a trans, who was killed too, and how Denim is a beautiful woman, but she just came with a lot of fuckin’ drama.

See, I was sure that kind of new information on a bitch would have probably turned another nigga off, but because I came with my own fair share of shit, I didn't even let that shit bother me. Hell, I was still interested. Cotton told me how Denim shopped at her boutique a lot, and the two of them had exchanged phone numbers since they would always speak at the shop, and decided to go out for drinks, and shit like that. She had given me Denim's number and made me promise that I wouldn't expose her being the one to give it, and I hadn't.

"Ummm, let me go and talk with her tech. I know she's getting nails, she just finished her pedicure, and she's getting eyebrows too. Give me one second," the receptionist said, and I nodded.

He walked over to the nail tech servicing Denim, asked him something, and then he walked back over to me.

"\$275 for everything," he let me know.

I dug into the bankroll of money that I had in my pocket and handed him three one-hundred-dollar bills, telling him to tip her nail tech with the rest. He smiled, said he would, and then I left. I wasn't going too far because I wanted to see Denim when she left. I stayed near the salon, going to stores that were close by. There I was, talking about how I wasn't trying to be on no stalker shit, but each time I walked out of one store, I would walk near the salon and peek in to make sure Denim hadn't left yet.

The last time I did it, I saw that she was standing up, and she made that sexy ass walk to the front, digging in her YSL purse that she had wrapped around her, but there was no need, since I'd already paid for the shit. My back was posted up against the wall, and I laughed to myself when I saw her looking confused as the receptionist let her know that her nails had already been paid for. I could see that she was still trying to hand over a bill, probably for the tip, and he let her know it had been taken care of as well.

She shrugged and walked out of the salon. That was my cue to remove myself from the wall, and like I hadn't been damn near fuckin' stalking this girl, I casually walked on the

side of her, hands in my sagging Amiri jeans. She looked at me, sucked her teeth, and started walking even faster.

“I’m assuming that it was you who paid for my nails, right?” she said.

She was toting the hell out of all that ass in the white body suit she had on. Her long locs were pulled up in a neat bun that sat on top of her head, and her baby hairs were laid down to perfection. Paired with the body suit were a nice ass pair of pink and white low top Nike dunks, and she had a gold bust down chain around her neck with her name on it.

She smelled good as hell, and just like the last time, I took in how nice and well maintained her skin was. Wasn’t a bump in sight. Her face wasn’t caked up with all that fuckin’ make-up either. I could look and tell that the only enhancement she had on was some lip gloss eye lashes. I ain’t sweat a bitch this hard, since I was breaking my neck, trying to get with Mia. I was used to getting any bitch I wanted, and the fact that Mia and Denim didn’t jump for a nigga when I asked is what had me liking them more. Now, although Mia did give a nigga her number the first time we met, her ass took a while to entertain me and had been ghosting me for the fuckin’ longest.

“Damn. Why it gotta take all that? A nigga can’t do something nice?” I inquired.

“You just didn’t have to do that. I could have paid for my own nails,” she let me know.

“I’m sure you could have. Shorty, ain’t nobody said you couldn’t. I just put you in a situation where you didn’t have to. Why you gotta be so cold to me? You judging a nigga off past shit and shit that you see about me in the media, and I don’t think that’s fair. That part about me that you don’t like, you haven’t seen a nigga act like that toward you. I don’t want you to take this the wrong way at all, but shorty, it’s a lot of places in the world that I could be right now.

“I ain’t going to lie; I saw your Instagram page and shit, which is how I knew you were here. I walked away from making music, so I could slide on you. I ain’t asking for your hand in marriage, and I ain’t asking to fuck, shorty. I’m just

asking for a chance to get to know you. From there, if you feeling me, we can go on a date or something. I know you a grown woman with kids, so trust me, I ain't even trying to waste your fuckin' time like that. I ain't even on that kind of timing in the first place," I told her, on some real shit.

The hard look on her face had softened, so it finally started to look like I was getting somewhere with her mean ass. She released a sigh, bit her lip, and then she looked me in my eyes.

"I'm sure you still have my number. Don't use it today, or for at least the next four days. It's my oldest daughter's birthday tomorrow, and we're leaving tonight, heading to Cali. I'm going to be with my kids for the next few days, and I just don't need all of this while I'm around them. You can call when I get back, and we can discuss something," she said, which made a nigga smile because that's all I had been trying to get from her.

"Aight, cool. Can I walk you to your car? I'll leave you the fuck alone after that," I offered.

She nodded, letting me know it was cool, and then she led the way. We walked through the parking lot together until she stopped in front of a nice white Range Rover Velar. She stared at me for a few seconds before she used her key to unlock the door. And just like that, she said goodbye to me, got inside, and then pulled off.

I wasn't sure what it was about Denim, but a nigga was feeling her, and that's just off me being in her presence that one time when I got my dreads re-twisted. With the business that I was in and the amount of money I had, I didn't have to go around chasing no bitches because bitches naturally flocked to me. But every so often, there was one that had me breaking all bro codes trying to get at her. I did the same shit with Mia, all for that bitch to go back to that nigga. Shit was crazy.

After leaving the mall, I stopped and got something to eat, and I was back in of the studio. The first session, I'd done with just myself and the engineer. Now that I was back, I'd hit my niggas, letting them know they could slide and to bring some bitches through with them. Some people might have looked at



me having all these people in the studio with me as a distraction, but I liked to have my niggas in the building with me while I recorded because I knew them niggas were going to keep it real with me. If my rap was weak, them niggas were going to say that. I didn't release shit, unless them niggas heard it and I got approval from them.

When I recorded and I could look out and see them turning up, bobbing their heads and shit, I fed off that energy. It made me go crazy in the studio, so yeah, I needed all that shit.

When I walked into the studio, damn near everybody was already there, just waiting for me. Eddy, who was an engineer and someone that I had a good friendship with, was behind the keyboards, playing some beats in the background. Eddy mainly used to work out of Sincere's office, but when all that shit went down that night that I put out "GP Mia," Sincere got mad with that nigga too and told him that he could no longer work out of his studio. That was crazy because Eddy and Sincere had a ten+ year friendship.

There we were, recording out of a big studio in Miami where big named artist recorded. I was there last night, and *Lil Baby* and *Durk* were both next door. I was hungry for this rap shit, especially now that I was doing this shit solo, and I wanted to prove that I could continue to have my songs going back-to-back to number one on the charts. I was trying my best to stay out of beef shit too and put my all into this rap shit.

Ever since I had to pull my shit out on that fuck nigga, Spank, at his own place of business, I had been chilling. My mama said that I was a hot head and she was afraid for my safety and shit, so I was chilling, trying not to get my ass killed until I got that Grammy. Let my bitch ass cousin, Floyd, tell it, I would be dead soon, so I was just trying to prove a lot of motha fuckas wrong.

I hadn't talked to Floyd since I fired his ass back in Atlanta. I just knew he was going to come begging for his job back, but he hadn't. Shit was harder without him, mainly because I couldn't trust anyone as much as I'd trusted him to

manage me but fuck him! I wasn't going to call the nigga and beg him for shit.

"You seen your girl took that nigga back?" Eddy asked me as he bobbed his head to different beats that he had playing and was mixing, trying to get the perfect sound.

I was bobbing my head too, feeling what he was already playing.

"I saw that shit. Lame ass nigga," I spat, which made Eddy laugh.

"Listen, I know you don't like Beatz, but I gotta give that nigga his credit and say that was some real nigga shit. Ain't too many dudes hopping they ass on social media, going live, and apologizing like that to they shorty. Not the way we be having our pride so fuckin' high. You gotta give that nigga some cool points for that shit," Eddy finished.

"I ain't got to give that nigga shit. That bitch was going back to him anyway, so he ain't even have to do all of that. A bitch ain't ever got to worry about me doing no sucker shit like that, though. I wish the fuck I would hop my ass on social media, apologizing to a bitch for fuckin' up for the whole world to see. I'm a man. We all fuck up. Take this money, bitch, and forgive me or get the fuck on," I stated, making my niggas behind me laugh and slap it up because they agreed with me.

Eddy just laughed, shaking his head, not agreeing with shit I was talking about.

"Ay, them niggas next door. Say the fuckin' word, Zay. Come on. I been itching to get at this nigga. We can spray that fuckin' room up right now," my nigga Rico stated.

I was reckless, but Rico was me times ten, always ready to take a nigga's head off. The nigga was trigger happy, and I'll admit that his ass stayed in some shit because of the reckless way he moved, but he was my nigga, and I was going to stick beside him whether he was right or wrong. Just like the majority of the niggas I ran with, Rico was in the dope game. He was heavy in the streets, so he didn't always have time to

slide to the studio and witness a lot of my sessions because he was always working.

The night all that shit went down at the studio when I released GP Mia, he wasn't there. He called me the next morning, though, all riled up, telling me that I shouldn't have taken the song down. He kept saying how he wished he was at the studio when it happened, saying that he would have gone outside where all those trucks were that Beatz had sent my way, and shot it up. But he and I both knew he wouldn't have survived that shit. What separated Rico from a lot of niggas was that he wasn't afraid of death. The nigga lived recklessly, and he treated every day like it was his last, always talking about how tomorrow wasn't promised.

“How the fuck you know they next door?” I asked.

“Nigga, I just walked in. I saw all them niggas outside. Beatz got them niggas Cartier and Caine with him, so they probably about to lay some shit down. Damn, what's them niggas' name that was moving weight and running shit years ago? Damn. One of them is married to that fine bitch with the red hair,” Rico stated, snapping his fingers, trying to get the name on who he was talking about.

“Nigga, Loco?” my homie Devin called out.

“Yeah, that nigga. He with them too. He don't rap, but I know he run with Caine and Cartier, so that's probably why he's here. Fuck is you just sitting here for, nigga? That nigga played you like a fuckin' pussy in front of the whole world, making you take down a song, and he sent threats to your ass too. Zay, we gotta handle that shit!” Rico barked.

“Yo, Zay, you my nigga, and I fuck with you hard, but if that's the shit y'all niggas about to be on, let me know, so I can dip. I ain't come down here for all this street shit. I came down here because you hit me up, saying you wanted to record all day, and I'm helping you do that. If y'all niggas about to start some shit, I can pack up my shit and dip,” Eddy stated.

“Eddy, you good. We ain't 'bout to do shit. Rico, calm the fuck down. We'll handle that shit later. I gotta work, nigga!”

I could tell that Rico wasn't too enthused with my answer from the way he sucked his teeth and walked over to sit with the bitches that were in the room. For the record, I wasn't scared of shit, but I just wasn't on that kind of time right now. This nigga just stood there and told me that Beatz was in the room with Cartier, Caine, and Loco. All of them niggas were retired fuckin' drug dealers and stone-cold killers. It's no telling who the fuck else was in that room.

I ain't saying that I didn't have faith in me and my niggas, but I just knew it wasn't no rookie ass niggas next door, so I wasn't going to play around with my fuckin' life like that.

We dropped that shit, and for over three hours, we just worked on music. It was lit in there, like we pretty much always had it. We had some good ass weed, some good food, and some bad hoes walking around, so I had a lot of inspiration. I'd wrapped up two songs already that I'd started earlier in the week with Eddy, and now I was back in the booth, journal in my hands, prepared to rap some shit that I'd started writing late last night on a new beat that Eddy was now playing.

MEANWHILE, IN THE STUDIO NEXT DOOR

CAINE WILLIAMS

Nyne was blowing my ass up while I was in the studio. See, I don't even know why I played with her ass like that, knowing she would bring her short ass down there in a second, ready to show the fuck off in front of all my niggas, telling me I needed to bring my ass home. I promised her that I would be home by midnight, and it was nearing one in the morning. With the way I was in this studio getting lost behind this beat and creating magic, I knew it was going to be a while before I walked out of there. Right now, I was on a high that I wasn't too ready to come down from.

My wife and my fuckin' kids were my everything, but damn, this music shit meant a lot to a nigga as well.

Sometimes this shit got me in trouble when I wasn't home at the time Nyne wanted me. Don't get me wrong, Nyne supports a nigga to the fullest, and we have a little plan in motion, where I do my thing in the studio, and she doesn't trip. Tonight, she was only tripping because it was the weekend, and weekends were when she wanted my ass in the house with her. Well, that's if I didn't have a show.

I was in the studio, wrapping up my album. This album was important to me. It was personal. I was exposing all kinds of shit about my childhood, talking about my wife, my kids, all that shit. It was imperative for a nigga to have Beatz produce the majority of the records on this album because that man was a fuckin' musical genius when it came to this producing shit. Him and another nigga out here in Miami named Messiah were producing this album.

I've wanting to work with Beatz for years, but the nigga stayed busy. We had linked up earlier in the year, and that's when I started talking to him about my album and shit, and how I wanted him to produce most of the songs. He was cool, and he jumped on it quick, making time for me, so we could start working.

In the middle of working on my album, I jumped on a song right quick with Cartier, and the fans were still going crazy over that shit. Nyne was begging a nigga to come home, but Beatz didn't live in Miami, and that nigga was always on the move. So, I was trying to finish a lot of this shit up tonight while I had him in my presence.

"Let me take five," I stated before walking out of the booth and then out of the room to answer the Facetime call coming in from Nyne.

She answered with a pissed off look on her beautiful face. She had her red silk robe on, and I know it was some good pussy waiting under that shit for me. Her long, curly hair hung loosely, and them big ass hazel eyes went to rolling once she saw that I was in the hallway of the studio and not in my Lambo truck on my way home.

“Well, nigga, I might as well blow these damn candles out then. Caine, I’m going to sleep. Nigga, I got the music playing, candles burning, fuckin’ oil on the dresser to give you a massage, my sister watching the kids, and your ass is still at the studio! All this time, I’m thinking you were on the way home,” she said with so much annoyance dripping from her voice.

“Bae, give me another hour. Damn, don’t go to sleep. Why you blowing the candles out? Come on,” I said, fuckin’ sick, as I watched her walk around the room, blowing all them fuckin’ candles out.

Nyne was about to wrap up all that romantic shit and not let a nigga get no kind of pussy once I walked through the door. After she was done blowing the candles out in the room, I watched her untie the strings to the short, silk robe she had on, and she wasn’t wearing shit under it. Perfect ass titties, nice, waxed pussy. Damnnn, I could even see the strawberries and chocolate on the dresser that she’d put out for us too.

“You not getting none of this. Goodnight, Caine, and don’t bother waking me when you get home—”

“Damn, why you gotta do a nigga like that, Nyne? Light the candles again and cut the music back on. Bae, I swear Ima come home. Start running the bath water in like ten minutes. Come on. Don’t do a nigga like that, baby,” I begged.

“Bye, Caine,” she said again, and then she hung the phone up on me.

I laughed because this woman was motha fuckin’ crazy. I couldn’t even be mad at her because before I even walked out of the house tonight, I’d promised her that I wouldn’t be out at the studio too late and look at me... out at this fuckin’ studio late. For her to have dropped the kids off with her sister, that showed she was getting ready to give a nigga some good pussy, and we could be as loud as we wanted tonight.

I couldn’t have my wife beefing with me, and truth be told, I’d been at this studio long enough. So, I was going back inside to listen to the track that we’d been working on for the last hour, then I was going to dip.

“Nyne said bring yo’ motha fuckin’ ass home, ain’t it?” Loco asked, making Cartier and the rest of the niggas in the room laugh.

It wasn’t too many niggas in there because I personally didn’t like to be around all that shit while I worked. Just a couple of niggas that I was cool with had come out, and Cartier had two of his homies in there as well because Cartier was jumping on another track with me for my album. Loco was my nigga, and I liked his input. He would say in a second if some shit was wack. That’s why I hit him earlier and asked him to slide to the studio with me. I wanted him to hear what I was working on today with Beatz.

Like the supportive brother he was, he came with no hesitation. Loco was my nigga for real. He couldn’t make every show because he had a wife and kids of his own, so when I would be in different cities, he couldn’t always drop everything to come. But the nigga came to most, and he usually brought Uzi. They would be front row, rapping every song, word for word.

“You know she did,” was all I could say as I shook my head and sat right next to Beatz.

“Ima be in town for the next few days. Ima be with my kids for the majority of the day tomorrow, but at night, we can resume this shit. Just let me know,” Beatz said, not even looking at me because he was too busy playing around with the keyboard in front of him, trying to get the right sound.

“Aight. We can link up tomorrow. This woman gon’ fuckin’ kill me. You straight though, nigga? I saw your live video the other night of the shit you did for Mia. That was some gangsta shit right there. You love that woman,” I told him as I reached my hand out to give him a pound.

Nigga was blushing and shit at me mentioning her name.

“I know what love is. Love is running your ass out of this studio when your wife calls. That woman means the world to me, so if I gotta throw all that hard shit out the window and get soft for her in front of the whole world, just to show her that a

nigga is truly sorry, then I don't mind doing that shit at all. That's my fuckin' baby," he boasted.

I slapped him up again, agreeing with him. We all stayed back in the studio at least for ten minutes more, and then we left. Beatz walked out with us too. I knew the nigga was tired because when I got to my studio session, he told me he'd been at the studio since a little after noon.

When we made it outside, there was a group of niggas posted outside the studio. I ain't know none of them niggas personally, but I knew of Zay. That nigga had been under the same label as me, but when all that shit went down with Beatz, and he released that wack ass song, Sincere dropped his bitch ass from the label in a heartbeat.

We walked past them niggas, and we heard them laugh. I swear, that shit was in sync when me, Loco, Cartier, Beatz, and even the four other niggas who were with us stopped to see what was going on.

"Y'all niggas good?" Beatz asked.

See, Zay didn't even need to give Beatz a reason. Any real nigga knew that the spotlight that on Beatz was the only thing keeping Zay alive. If this shit was back to the street days, before we had a million eyes on us, and Zay had put that song out about that man's wife, Beatz would have been found the nigga and killed him. When you're rich and famous, certain shit you just gotta take to the chest, though.

"Man, gone on, nigga! Ain't nobody thinking about you niggas. We laughing amongst ourselves, patna," one of the niggas from the group spoke up.

I ain't really have a clue who the nigga was, though.

"I ain't gotta go nowhere, motha fucka, and watch your motha fuckin' mouth too, nigga!" Beatz roared.

The nigga was angry. My gun was right at my waist, just in case some shit went left. I may have left that street life alone, and was now in the rap industry, but I swear the old Caine would come out of hiding in a second. The way Cartier and Loco were posted up too, I knew them niggas just needed to



see one of them niggas even look like they were going to bust a move, and they would be on the same shit that I was on.

“You got it. Enjoy your night, man,” Zay spoke up, cutting his homie off from even saying anything else to Beatz.

“You know not to say shit to me, man. Stand there and be quiet like you was doing—”

“Nigga, you in my fuckin’ city doing all this shit. This ain’t Cali, nigga. You ain’t got the kind of protection in these parts like I do. You know me, nigga. We shared some of the same pussy—”

The nigga fucked up when he said that shit because Beatz flew his ass over there and knocked that nigga dead in his jaw.

The nigga who had been doing all that talking looked like he was getting ready to reach in his waist for something, but I got my shit out quicker than him. My gun was to his head, daring him to move. Loco, Cartier, and the other niggas with us had their shit pulled out too, daring one of them niggas to bust a move.

“Any of y’all niggas even look like y’all going to reach for something, it’s gone be some fuckin’ specials going on at the funeral home because I bet we put all you niggas down!” Loco said, calm as ever with his shit pulled out on these niggas.

Mehki had this nigga on his back, beating the dog shit out of him, while his homeboys stood there, itching to make a move. But they knew it wouldn’t have been a smart idea on their part.

“You... should be... thanking me, nigga! I could have been had your bitch ass killed! I let you live... motha fucka! You ain’t tired of me beating yo’ ass yet? Every time you try to show off in front of these broke, clown ass niggas, you end up getting the shit beat out of you,” Beatz roared, landing quick blows to his face.

It was to the point that the nigga wasn’t even moving anymore. Hell, I wasn’t sure if he was dead or just unconscious. All I knew was that Beatz didn’t ease up on that nigga until he was ready, and none of us even attempted to pull

him off him because we knew how much the nigga needed to get this shit out of his system. If a nigga disrespected Nyne the way he'd done Mia, I would have been on his fuckin' ass too.

“Bitch ass nigga!” Beatz spat, finally done handling his business.

Beatz had blood all over his hands, his shirt, pants, and even some of the nigga's blood had gotten on his face. Zay lay on the ground, eyes closed, looking lifeless, but because I could see his chest moving up and down, I could tell that the nigga wasn't dead.

“And when y'all niggas decide y'all want to kill me, remember what you up against. Y'all came for a nigga before, when I wasn't expecting it, so I wasn't prepared. Shoot at me again, and I bet you don't live to talk about it,” was the last thing Beatz said before he walked away.

We didn't put our guns down until Beatz had had jumped in his ride and sped off. Them niggas were down on the ground, trying to get their homie up while we walked away.

“It ain't even that nigga Zay that's going to be a problem. Zay pussy in real life. The nigga just all of a sudden gets the battery put in his back whenever he gets around his niggas. It ain't him that Beatz should be worried about, and I know that reason alone is why Beatz ain't kill his ass yet. He don't view him as a threat, and I wouldn't either. It's that short nigga who was doing all the fuckin' talking at first that's going to be the problem. He got a looney look in his eyes, like he ain't wrapped too tight. That's the one Beatz needs to be worried about. Fake ass thugs. You think I would have stood my ass there and let a nigga stomp out one of my homies like that, and I ain't do shit about it? Gun pointed at me or not, I would have jumped my ass in to defend my nigga. My wife got more balls than them niggas because she would have jumped her crazy ass in there too,” Loco vented.

“You can't even use Uzi as an example, bruh. You know she one of the niggas too, so that don't count,” Cartier said, taking the words right out of my mouth.

“She still a woman, though, and would have jumped in that shit. Beatz a solid dude. I fuck with bruh. He don’t play that shit when it comes to his family. In order to protect that family, though, he’s gon’ have to put some of these motha fuckas down. Either he put them down, or they come gunning for that nigga again, and they succeed this time,” Loco stated, saying some real shit that I couldn’t help but agree with.

This industry liked to say that Beatz was a hot head and that the nigga was always involved in some shit, but sometimes you just gotta fuck a nigga up and let him know that it’s not okay to play with you. If a nigga that I already had a few run ins with made a comment to me about how we fucked the same pussy, referring to the pussy on my wife, I would fuck his ass up to a bloody pulp myself. When a nigga is crazy in love with his woman, we tend to nut the fuck up and show you exactly what crazy is.

I know one thing, though; if I wanted to still have a woman, I needed to get my black ass out of this parking lot with these niggas and get home to my wife while I still had one.

*Saint West*

“**Y**ou look like you going through it, nigga. Let me get you another shot right quick,” my cousin Glizzy stated, standing up from the couch to walk over into the glass bar room that he and Naomi had near their kitchen.

I’m not going to even lie, that bar room was nice as fuck, and any kind of liquor or wine you wanted, they had in stored in there. Glizzy even had a lot of his Cuban cigars in there that he would use to smoke his weed. I had been so busy with work and life in general, that I hadn’t had the time to pull up and chill with my cousin like I used to. Glizzy had a lot of shit going on with him as well, so it wasn’t like he had a lot of free time on his hands these days either.

Right now, it was just him and I at his crib. Naomi had left with the kids to visit his mama, which was my auntie Pumkin, but he said she was supposed to have been on the way back with them.

“Shit, I’m stressed the fuck out,” I let him know after he came back over with a shot that I quickly guzzled down.

“You still beefing with Loyal?” he inquired.

“I don’t even know if I should call it beefing, but I do know she got me hot. Nigga, if I had agreed to it, she would have been game to kill my fuckin’ baby. Now, if I was the one who suggested abortion, while she wanted to keep it, she would have made me out to be this dirty, heartless nigga and told all her fuckin’ friends and family on me. You know all of them would have wanted to kill me over that shit. Loyal tells me over fifty times a day how much she loves me, how in love

with me she is, but the second she gets pregnant, she all of a sudden has second thoughts. I'm like that shit," I voiced.

Glizzy nodded in agreement. "Nah, I understand that shit. I remember when Naomi got pregnant with the triplets. I was the one who kept telling her that I thought she was pregnant. She ain't get no period, she was moody as a motha fucka, and her body was changing right in front of me. You know I wanted some little Markells running around, but it had to be with the right woman. Naomi was the right woman, so of course I was happy about that shit. Her energy didn't match mine, but that's mainly because she was still married to that nigga at the time, and in previous pregnancies, she had problems carrying to term, so she was worried about that.

"What I can say is that when women are pregnant, man, they go through so many fuckin' emotions. Their body goes through all these changes, and to top it off, they asses be scared too because that labor and delivery shit ain't no joke. You know I look at Loyal like a little sister. If I know anything about her, I know she loves your black ass. For the next nine months, her body is about to go through some shit, and I'm sure Loyal had plans and shit that she wanted to do, and a baby can shift them plans. Take it easy on her, big bruh. You know she ain't mean that shit," Glizzy stated.

"Mannnn, you know if Naomi stood here ass there and hesitated on wanting to have your baby, yo' black ass would have done worse," I said, and he laughed.

"We ain't talking about me, big bruh. We talking about you. Be a better man than me because you know I would have set this bitch off," he joked.

We switched subjects, and Markell handed me his phone, showing me some of the progress he was making at his new restaurant that he was opening out in West Palm Beach, which was about an hour away. I stared at the pictures in awe, telling him how nice the place was coming along. I was happy for my nigga, man. I remember when he was down to his last year in prison, and he would call me collect, talking about all the big plans that he had, once he was a free man.

I knew how hard Glizzy was in the streets before he left, so a part of me felt like he was going to jump back headfirst into that lifestyle. I think what motivated him to do better was the fact that he came home to Billion killing shit in the real estate industry, me doing my thing with my trucking company, and knowing he couldn't hurt his mama again by fuckin' up and being sent back to prison. This man had the number one restaurant in Miami, and any day you pulled up, there was always a line out front. You could never just walk your ass in and sit down. Well, if you were friends and family, you could walk your ass right on inside, which is what I did a good four times a week because that's how often I ate there.

Markell was telling me a little about the business when the front door opened. LJ was the first one to walk in. We were in the living room, and all we had to do was look to the left of us and we could see the front door. LJ saw us and ran over. Na'kell ran her little butt in too, trying to keep up, while Mariah was right behind her, and Mason was in Naomi's arms. She held a diaper bag on her shoulder along with her purse.

"Markellll! Come help me! Damn," she complained, getting right on his ass the second she walked through the door.

"Damn, bruh. You walk yo' ass in the house, starting up some shit," this nigga said, standing up from the couch and instantly getting Mariah and Na'kell, then kissing LJ on his forehead. He was even able to get Mason, so he was holding all three.

"You need to stop holding his little ass all the damn time. That's my argument with you every damn day," Glizzy snapped, and then he kissed her on her lips.

Naomi waved him off and walked into the living room, taking the spot where her husband had just sat. "Why are you over here, Saint? You need to be at home, making things right with your fiancée," she said.

"Aww, shit. Let me get the fuck up out of here before I get beat up," I playfully said, standing up and acting like I was getting ready to walk out the door, but I sat back down.

Naomi was my cousin-in-law, and I loved her for Glizzy. Sweet girl, but she didn't play that shit. Lord knows she didn't play that shit with Glizzy. She was beautiful as hell too, with her chocolate skin and beautiful gray eyes. A dope ass mother and a bomb wife and friend.

"I told you to have your ass up out of here before she got back. You knew she was going to come in here, talking shit, defending her girl," Glizzy said.

He walked in and put the kids down, and then he pulled Naomi up from the couch and sat her in his lap. She turned sideways, attempting to pick Mason up off the floor, who was whining and walking over to her. He reached his little arms up for his mother, and Markell told her to chill and not get him. That only had Mason crying even louder and making Naomi get him for real.

"I hope you not having no son, man. This all day. He thinks this his fuckin' girlfriend," Glizzy stated, watching Naomi as she laid Mason on her chest. His little butt was yawning like he was about to fall asleep.

"I got a magic trick I can show you, Saint," LJ said, standing on the side of me. He was so damn handsome in his orange and black Nike short set with the matching Nike Air Max sneakers on his feet. I pulled him my way, making him sit in front of me.

"LJ, what did I tell you about doing that?" Naomi asked him.

Glizzy laughed as he watched the interaction between LJ and me.

"Let him do it once, bae. Don't do that shit no more after you do it on Saint. Somebody gon' beat yo' lil' ass," Glizzy said.

LJ laughed and looked at me, ready to do this damn magic trick.

"What's the biggest bill you got on you?" LJ asked.

I dug in my wallet, pulled out a hundred-dollar bill, and placed it in his hands. His little eyes lit up like I'd just shown

him some candy or some shit. He looked over at his mama and Glizzy, smiled big, while showing them the money, and then he focused his attention right back on me.

“You think I can make this money disappear?” he asked. He was right in front of me, holding onto the hundred-dollar bill that I’d just placed in his hands.

“I don’t know. Let me see,” I told him.

“Alright. Close your eyes,” he said.

I knew damn well his little ass wasn’t about to stand there and do some magic, but I closed my eyes, ready to see what he had up his sleeve anyway.

“Okay. One minute. Don’t open them. One secondddd.... Okay. You can open,” he said.

I opened my eyes, and he was no longer holding onto the money.

“Where the money at?” I asked.

“I made it disappear,” he stated.

Glizzy was rolling with laughter while Naomi just shook her head.

“This lil’ nigga just fuckin’ robbed me,” I said to my cousin.

“Yep. His little ass robbing niggas, but he calling it magic. I told him he gon’ pull up on the wrong person, and they gon’ jack his little ass up. He got me with that shit, his mama, Normani, and he got Billion for a whole stack because Billion wanted to see his little ass make a whole band disappear,” Glizzy let out.

I shook my head after realizing that my ass had just been jacked by a little ass fuckin’ kid. It was crazy because I could literally see the hundred-dollar bill that I’d given him sticking out of his pocket, but I didn’t even say shit.

I lingered at the house with them for a little while longer, chilling with the kids, and then I got the fuck on before Loyal



started thinking a nigga was purposely out late and not checking in.

I was almost to the house, when my phone started buzzing in my lap. It was a Facetime call from Dream. With a smile on my face, I accepted the call, keeping the phone in my lap as I zoomed in and out of traffic on the highway. I briefly looked down at her, and I could tell she was in her room with her TV softly playing in the background.

“What’s good with you, beautiful?” I asked.

“Nothing. Where are you?” she clocked a nigga, sounding just like her damn mama.

“I’m on the way home now. You and your mama ate?”

“Yes. She made chicken pasta. I just went in her room, and she’s in the bed, sleeping. Can you bring home some ice cream? I would have asked her, but you know how she gets when you wake her up out of her sleep,” she stated, and I laughed. Loyal could be evil as a motha fucka when you woke her ass up from her rest.

“I got you. You want chocolate, right?” I asked.

“Yep. You know that’s my favorite,” she said with a smile on her face.

“Your mama got any more of her strawberry ice cream, or she finished hers too?”

“She finished it this afternoon. She be eating that ice cream alllll day. Crazy,” Dream said, like she was annoyed that her mama would tear up some ice cream the way she had been doing these days.

I should have known something was up with Loyal weeks ago, when she all of a sudden started craving strawberry ice cream.

“Aight. Ima pick your ice cream up. I should be there in about twenty minutes,” I let her know.

I chopped it up with my baby girl on the phone for another five minutes before getting off on my exit. I stopped at a nearby *Publix* to pick up the ice cream for Dream and Loyal. I

ended up getting a strawberry flavored one of my own because I knew that if I were to ask Loyal for some of hers, she would have told my ass no in a heartbeat.

I made it home, and before I could even get out of the car, the front door opened, and Dream came out of the house. That little girl acted just like Loyal, and she looked just like her too. Dream was quiet, she kept to herself, and just like her mama, she was into fashion. Loyal kept Dream's hair in all kinds of cute ass styles. Lately, Dream hadn't been wearing her braids and beads like she used to, because on her birthday, Loyal let her get her hair straightened for the first time. Now that she had her long hair flowing loosely, it was the only way she wanted to wear it.

I had a great relationship with Dream. When asked if I had children, my answer was always yes, letting people know that I had a daughter because couldn't nobody tell me this little girl right here wasn't mine. I was able to get my experience with being a father by helping to raise Dream. That was why a nigga wanted more kids with Loyal, and why I'd gotten pissed with her ass when I could see it in her face that she wasn't happy about the pregnancy.

Before I left this earth, I wanted to have at least five kids. I was an only child, and for so many years, Glizzy had been the closest thing to a brother I'd ever had. I always wanted a little sister that I could annoy the fuck out of, or beat a nigga's ass if he ever broke her heart. My grandmother raised me, so nothing about my lifestyle as a kid was traditional, and that's why family meant so much to me.

I stepped out of the car, holding the bag, and pulled Dream to me for a quick hug. She wrapped an arm around me, and I kissed the top of her forehead like I did everyday with her. Then, the two of us walked into the house together. We headed to the kitchen, where I set the bag on the counter.

Dream quickly thanked me and grabbed her chocolate ice cream out of the bag. As she got a spoon and sat at the island in one of the barstools, I placed me and Loyal's ice cream in the freezer. When I looked in the fridge, I saw the food Loyal

had put up for me from when she'd cooked tonight. I pulled it out, took the top off, and placed it in the microwave.

“My mama gotta be really tired. She would have come down here if she knew you were here,” Dream stated right before she put a big spoonful of ice cream in her mouth.

“Let me run up there right quick and make sure she straight,” I replied.

Whether I called myself being mad at Loyal or not, her ass always found a nigga whenever I made it home. I took my shoes off by the stairs and jogged up, then walked the long hallway to our bedroom at the end of the hall. She had the door wide open, and I could hear her snoring, which let me know she was tired for real because her ass didn't snore.

It was Saturday, and she left this morning, saying she had to go to her boutique and a couple of styling gigs this afternoon. Dream wanted to roll with her mama today, so she had been with her as Loyal handled her business. Letting her get her rest, I kissed her on her forehead and went back downstairs.

“She good,” I let Dream know.

She smiled while looking at something in her phone.

“Can I ask you something, Saint?” Dream questioned once I took my food out of the microwave and took the open stool next to her.

I got up to grab a fork and two sodas from the fridge.

“What's up?” I asked, ready for her to pick my brain like I knew she would.

Dream would question you to death, but I didn't mind. She was a kid who was hella curious about damn near everything.

“Are you and my mom about to have a baby?”

Loyal and I hadn't told Dream about the baby yet. Not because we planned to hide it from her or no shit like that, but mainly because Loyal and I weren't on the best of terms, and I would rather tell her together when shit between Loyal and me were good. At the same time, I didn't want to lie to Dream.

Something about the look in her eyes made me feel like she knew the truth already and was just coming to me for some kind of verification.

“Why you ask that?” I questioned, just to pick her brain first.

“She was on the phone with Auntie Normani this morning, and I heard her say something about the baby has been making her tired all the time. Tell me, Saint. Am I going to have a little brother or sister?” She paused from eating her ice cream and turned in the stool to look me in my eyes.

God, I felt like I was looking down at a mini Loyal. Loyal had a way of staring deep into a nigga’s soul when she was trying to pry some shit out of me, and Dream was right there, doing that same shit. I swear she looked at me like, *and you better not lie to me, nigga.*

“Yeah, she pregnant,” I told her, and she nodded her head. She didn’t show any emotion, so I really couldn’t tell if she was happy or saddened by the news.

“Talk to me. Tell me how you feel,” I inquired, not even worrying about the delicious looking food in front of me. I wanted to see how Dream was feeling.

When she blinked, two big tears fell from her eyes, but she quickly wiped them away like she was embarrassed that she was crying. I swear, she acted just like her mama. Loyal hated for anyone to see her shed tears. She felt like she had to be tough all the fuckin’ time, and she killed me with that shit. Dream was tough too. I had been in the picture for almost two years, and I swear I could count on one hand how many times I’d seen her cry because just like her mama, she held a lot of shit in.

“I just... I just don’t want you and her to have a baby... and... and you forget about me, that’s all. My real dad has other kids, and... and... he forgot about me. Babies come, and they take up a lot of attention. Just don’t want you two to forget about me. That’s all,” she sadly said as tears rushed so fast down her face that it was hard for her to wipe them all away.

Not going to lie, her words tugged at my heartstrings. That's why when I see that fuck nigga Chance, I'm always so tempted to slap the fuck out of him because he doesn't realize his absence in his child's life fucks with her mental. Although I was in the picture, that feeling of not being good enough will take up a lot of space in your mind as a child. I can speak on this shit from experience because trust me, I often wondered the same shit when I was a kid myself.

I turned on my stool and placed my hand under Dream's chin, making her look at me. I looked into her light brown eyes that held so much sadness.

"I can't speak for Chance, but Dream, to me, your ass is unforgettable. It's no way in hell I could ever forget you. You and your mama made me a better man in the time that y'all have been in my life. It's because of the bond I share with you that I'll even be able to be a good father to any children that come after you. I know you didn't come from me, but I can't even put it into words how much I love you. You're so smart, talented, well mannered, and kind. I would want your little brother or sister to have every single one of your traits. We ain't going to forget about you. It's a lot of love to go around this whole house. Remember that, aight?" I said, and she nodded.

"Promise?" she questioned.

"You got my word. Finish up your ice cream before your mama wakes up, comes down here, and starts trippin' about you eating sweats this late at night," I said.

She laughed, knowing I was telling the truth.

I hated that the fuck nigga Chance had the ability to fuck with Dream's self-esteem like this. I thought Dream would have been happy that she was having a baby brother or sister because she adored Billion's smaller kids, Prosper and Currency, along with Naomi and Glizzy's triplets. Now that I cleared it up, though, she was probably going to be ecstatic about that big sister role and happier about the news that I'd just delivered.

Dream ate half of her ice cream and placed the rest in the fridge. She stayed down there with me while I ate my food, asking me all kinds of questions and picking my brain about everything she was curious about. When I finished, we straightened the kitchen up like Loyal had it before we came in there, and then we went upstairs. I chilled with her for a bit in her room, and then I went to my room, so I could take a shower.

Before going to the bathroom, I made a quick stop at my dresser and pulled out a pair of briefs. My shower lasted a good twenty minutes because that hot water beating down against my back had a nigga not wanting to get out. Loyal kept the house cold as fuck at night, so the temperature of this water really had me staying in here longer than I should have.

I stepped out with the towel wrapped around my waist and walked over to the sink, so I could brush my teeth and shit. After I handled my business in the bathroom, I made my way back into the bedroom with Loyal, who was still knocked out. A nigga wanted to be super mindful of her sleep because I knew she was tired, but the game was on, and I wanted to check that out. Because she was in such a deep sleep, I knew she wouldn't stir, especially if I kept the volume turned down low. I reached for the remote, turned the TV on, and that shit started blasting.

Loyal had left the TV on music videos, and there I was, struggling to get this shit to turn down some. She jumped out of her sleep, and if looks could kill, my ass would have been dead with that serious mug she was giving me.

“Saint! Turn that shit down!” she screamed.

“Man, take yo' ass back to sleep. That shit was an accident. You the one left the fuckin' TV up so loud in the first place,” I snapped at her.

She mumbled some shit under her breath that I wasn't able to make out, so I just laughed at her grouchy ass.

“Did that shit on fuckin' purpose,” I was able to make out, though.

“I ain’t do shit on purpose, shorty. Take ya’ ass back to sleep,” I said again, putting all my attention on the TV screen since I had the game on.

Loyal got out of bed, walked over to her dresser, and went in one of the drawers. She was dressed in a tank top and some joggers. I knew that wasn’t some shit she would go to bed in, so I was sure that when she got home earlier, after doing all her running around, she probably bathed, threw that on, and went to sleep.

I stole glances at her as her back faced me, and she grabbed some pajamas, then stomped into the bathroom with all that fuckin’ attitude. She didn’t join me in the bedroom until a good thirty minutes later, and I could smell that sweet scent radiating off her.

I knew Loyal had gotten dressed in the walk-in closet because I saw the light come on. She stood there in a pair of pink shorts that were little as hell, to the point that I was waiting for her to turn around, so I could see her ass cheeks that I knew were hanging out in the back. She wore a white half tee, which showcased her flat stomach, since it was way too early in her pregnancy for her to be showing signs of a pregnant belly. She came to me a week ago and told me that she’d made the prenatal appointment, and it was scheduled for next week.

I loved Loyal to death, but lowkey, I wondered if I hadn’t given her that tough ass reaction, would she have even gone through with this pregnancy? I wish y’all had seen the look on her face after she handed the test to me. It was like I could see it all in her face that she didn’t have any plans to go through with it, and that’s the shit that bothered me the most.

Loyal walked out of the room, leaving the bedroom door open, so I was sure she was coming right back. She came back in about five minutes, holding the pint sized strawberry ice cream that I’d bought tonight from the store for her. She had her napkin, spoon, and bottle of water, that she set on her nightstand. She sat up in the bed with her back against the headboard and took the lid off the ice cream.

“Shouldn’t have brought your ass that shit,” I said.

Loyal ignored me and kept her attention on the basketball game that I had playing, knowing she wasn’t even into that shit. She had her long hair wrapped in a pink and white zebra print scarf.

“What are we doing, Saint?” Loyal asked, taking a pause from her ice cream to look me in my eyes.

“We watching the game. What you mean, what we doing?” I inquired, knowing damn well what she was trying to ask me.

“You know that’s not what I mean. I’m talking about us. What is it that we’re doing? It’s been two weeks that we’ve been half ass speaking to each other. I said I was sorry already on a bunch of occasions, and you’re still hanging this shit over my head. You’re acting like I don’t have feelings. I have every right to not have jumped up and down for joy when I found out I was pregnant because you know I wasn’t looking forward to having a child any time soon. How you going to get mad at me for reacting the way I did? Would you have rather me fake like I was happy?”

“I ain’t doing this shit with you tonight, Loyal. Dream is down the hall, and we going to get to arguing, and I ain’t doing that shit with her here. I’m over that shit anyway,” I let her know, waving it off like it was no big deal.

“You’re not over it. Nigga, your whole fuckin’ vibe is off. You’re angry, and instead of talking to me—”

“Talking to you about what, Loyal? We squashed that shit already. I told you how a nigga felt, I told you how I ain’t like the way you reacted, and now we’re here. What else we got to talk about, yo?”

“Cool,” she stated, and her voice cracked. She put the lid back on to her ice cream and she stood up from the bed.

“Man, where you fuckin’ going?” I asked.

“To the guest bedroom,” she said and quickly wiped a tear that had fallen from her eyes.



“Loyal, get back in the bed, bruh. You trippin.” I reached over and tried to pull her arm, but she backed away, not letting me touch her.

“No, Saint. I’m going downstairs because I don’t like that. I do one fuckin’ thing wrong, and you’re hanging that shit over my head. You were so quick to call off the wedding. You probably was fuckin’ waiting to do that. You... you been getting on me about this wedding for months. You couldn’t wait to embarrass me... and call the wedding off,” Loyal was hysterically crying, and then she walked her ass out of the room.

The guest bedroom was downstairs, and that’s where her petty ass ended up going. Shaking my head, I stood up from the bed and pulled on a pair of basketball shorts. I slipped my feet into my house shoes and I walked out of the room. Before going downstairs to check on Loyal, I went into Dream’s bedroom, and she was sleeping in the middle of her queen-sized bed, peacefully resting on her side. I closed the door back and went downstairs. I tried to turn the doorknob, and Loyal’s ass had locked it, just like I knew she would.

“Bae, open the fuckin’ door. Loyal, why the fuck you doing this shit?” I said.

“No, Saint! Go... Go back upstairs. You didn’t... you didn’t want to talk, so no. You don’t love me... you don’t fuckin’ love me. You were quick to want to call the wedding off. So quick. You probably got a bitch somewhere, and that’s why you don’t want to marry me no more. Get the fuck away from the door!” she screamed.

I knew that no amount of begging and pleading would get Loyal to open this damn door, so I put my shoulder against it and pushed, using all of the strength I had to muscle my way in. The door flew open; it didn’t even fall off the hinges or anything, so I was able to close it back and lock it like nothing happened. Loyal was sitting at the foot of the bed, just like she had been in the room, but she had her knees up to her chest as she cried. I needed a few fuckin’ blunts tonight to deal with this shit.

“First off, I ain’t got no bitch nowhere that I’m hiding, so let’s get that cleared up first. I don’t even know where none of that crazy shit even came from. When you came home and took a chance with me, and we started doing the relationship thing, I made a vow that I wasn’t going to ever fuck around on you, and I meant that shit. Secondly, don’t ever fix your fuckin’ mouth to say that I don’t love you. I love nobody in this fuckin’ world as much as I love yo’ ass. This me, Loyal. When the fuck I ever went out of my way to embarrass you? You know I don’t even move like that.

“The same way you said you got feelings, and you were entitled to feel however you wanted about the pregnancy, shorty, that shit applies to me as well. I had the right to get mad, bruh. Loyal, you my fuckin’ fiancée. On the verge of becoming my wife. Of course, I want to have children with you, and I don’t want to put a time frame on that shit. If God blesses us with a healthy pregnancy right now, I’m going to accept that shit.

“You say you want to enjoy the first year of marriage with me, and we can do that with a baby. You say you busy with work and shit, and Loyal, that ain’t going to change. You going to always put your all into your business, so don’t think you’re going to slow shit down in the next year to plan for a baby. I don’t know if you wanted me to agree with you not keeping the baby or something, but I’ll never do no shit like that,” I finished.

It took her a while to calm down, and when she did, she sat there with red, puffy eyes, and her nose was the same way. Loyal was beautiful as hell. She might have gotten on my fuckin’ nerves at times, like right now, but I loved the fuck out of her.

“Sorry for letting things get this bad. I saw that I was pregnant, and I overreacted and just freaked out. You’re right. We shouldn’t put a time frame on us bringing a baby into this world. I guess I was trying to let everything be perfect. I thought we would have a year to bask in being newlyweds, I could get some more catching up with Dream, and even bust my ass a bit with the store before we decided to bring another

baby into the picture. For the record, I never even said I was getting an abortion.”

I laughed while shaking my head at that last revelation.

“Shorty, you ain’t have to verbally say it. Your face said it all,” I let her know.

She rolled her eyes at me and laid on her side, putting her head on two of the pillows. I slipped off my house shoes and got in the bed too, spooning her from behind. My hand wrapped around the front of her body as I buried my face in the crook of her neck.

“For the record, I ain’t mean none of that shit about calling the wedding off. I was hurt and just trying to hurt your ass the way you hurt me,” I let her know with my lips right next to her ear.

“I never called and canceled shit. If you wanted to call something off, nigga, you was going to be the one to call and cancel it,” she stated, talking shit, which was her specialty.

“Oh, you can talk shit now that you know a nigga didn’t mean that shit,” I said as my eyes got low.

I was about to pass out soon because my ass was tired as fuck. I had a long day of handling business, and to finish out the night, I had to come home and fight with this crazy ass woman. Loyal ain’t even let a nigga fall asleep easily because her hand made its way inside my briefs. She helped me, and I helped her by quickly pulling her shorts off. Because she wasn’t wearing any panties, she was able to run the head of my dick up and down the slit of her pussy. Like magic, she slipped me in, moaning out loud as she pushed her hips back, letting her pussy suck up all of my dick.

“Saintttttttt,” she moaned, thrusting her hips back, matching me stroke for stroke.

I was deep inside that pussy, hitting her with slow strokes as I assaulted her neck with my tongue. My hands went under her cropped top, and I massaged her nipples.

“And you surprised that you pregnant? Look how much we be fuckin’. Loyal, we do this kind of fuckin’ Sunday to

Sunday. What the fuck you thought you was going to see on that pregnancy test, baby?" I asked in her ear as I found her spot and continued to beat up against it.

"Ohhhhh, my Godddddd... Saintttt... I'm going to cummmm!" she screeched, putting her hand on my thigh as she released her first orgasm on my dick.

I pulled out of her, laid on my back, and I didn't even have to say anything because she knew I wanted her ass to ride this dick. She quickly removed her top, and before she got in my lap, her nasty ass leaned her head down and sucked up her juices that she'd left on my dick. Gave me two minutes straight of some nasty ass head, and then she crawled in my lap, placing her legs on either side of me with her hands on my chest, and eased her pussy down on my dick.

She started moving her body, doing that shit nice and slow, just like she knew I fuckin' liked it. That shit had my toes throwing up gang signs while my large hands rested on her ass, guiding her slow movements. You knew the fuckin' was too good when neither of us could even say anything. Loyal just kept moaning and shit. My eyes were rolling back, and I was right there, moaning with her. She wasn't even able to tell me that she was cumming, but I could tell by the way she sped up her movements, and how she'd gotten louder, that she was about to explode. There I was, nutting right with her ass. With a mean hold on her ass, I made sure I dumped everything inside of her. When we finished, she was breathing hard as she bit my bottom lip and laid her head on my chest.

"You going to sleep?" she panted.

"I just might. That pussy put me down," I sluggishly said with my eyes closed.

Loyal laughed and moved herself from on top of me, only so she could sit her ass right on my chest, lean back, and then scoot up and put that pussy in my face. I knew that was her way of nonverbally telling me that she wanted me to eat it. Whatever sleepiness was trying to overcome me had quickly left as I leaned my head down, spread her pussy lips, and ate two orgasms out of her. From there, the fuckin' started back

up, and we did some 'make-up fuckin' all over this guest room. When it was over and done with, the scarf that was originally on her head had fallen off, and she'd sweated out the silk press that she'd gotten a couple of days ago.

Loyal lay next to me with her head on my chest, already dozed off as I struggled to catch my damn breath, due to all that good ass fuckin' we'd just finished doing. I swear, not even a minute later, I was right behind her, knocked out too. Loyal and I still had some shit that we needed to talk about, but I would be lying if I said she didn't win a nigga over with the good ass pussy that she had just put on me.

*Cassandra White*

I was in the kitchen, frying chicken, and I had some French fries in the oven. When I woke up this morning, I already knew that for dinner, I wanted to put my grandmother's old recipe to use and fry some chicken. Lamar was in the living room, preoccupied with all his toys around him along with the TV playing *Cocomelon* on YouTube, which was taking up all his attention. I had soft music playing from the Google Play speakers on the kitchen counter, and I was sipping from a glass of wine, feeling good.

For the first time in a very long time, I was genuinely happy. I wasn't sure if it was due to the good sex that I received a week ago from Aaron, the fact that Aaron and I had stopped all the cat and mouse games and finally decided to give this relationship thing a try, or just high on life in general. I'm not going to lie, with Aaron being a preacher and a strong man of God, I didn't think we would have sex any time soon. I just knew he was going to wait it out and say he wanted us to be married before we crossed that line.

I knew he wasn't a virgin since he'd shared that information with me in the past. I'm also going to keep it real and admit that because he was such a good man who hardly did any wrong, and some folks would think of him as a square, I thought his sex wouldn't be good, but my God, he proved me wrong! Not only was he packing, but he knew how to eat, and he knew how to work his dick too. I guess I thought his bedroom skills would have been wack like Liam's.

I was happy about the place that Aaron and I were finally in, because for the longest, I just didn't think it would go

anywhere. Since he was putting his sister's feelings so heavily into consideration, the fact that he'd chosen me over them let me know he loved me. This man was really willing to ruin a relationship with Normani and Naomi, just to be with me. After the pussy I'd put on him, I was sure he would continue to choose me over them.

"You okay, baby?" I asked Lamar, walking over with some of his teething chips that I knew he loved to eat.

His little body started rocking back and forth as he showed how excited he was for the snack. I handed them over, and he happily took them. I had the windows open in the house to air the smell out. The only downside to frying chicken was the greasy smell that lingered in the house after I finished cooking. Because the windows were open, I could hear what was taking place outside. I heard loud laughter outside my door, and I knew who that laugh belonged to. It was Malika's laugh. I haven't seen or heard from this bitch since the evening I picked my son up from her house and had to take him to the damn hospital.

The bitch had been avoiding me. I even went so far as to take this whole week off from work because I wanted to be there whenever she decided to bring her ass home. You should have seen the way I almost broke my damn neck rushing into the kitchen to turn the eye off on the stove. I left Lamar in the living room and raced to the front door. I swung it open, and right before Malika was about to step into her apartment, her eyes met mine.

She was with an older man. If I had to guess, I would say he was well into his 60's, but I wasn't the least bit surprised. Malika had confided in me that her preference was older men, believing they took better care of her than dudes her age. She had luggage by her side, and the first thing I noticed was the iPhone in her hands. Malika used to have an Android phone. I believe it was the Galaxy or something.

"Hey, Cassie. You okay, girl? You looked pissed. You been trying to call me, huh? Girl, Daddy surprised me. We just got back from Hawaii. The day you came to get Lamar, he called me, telling me to come outside. He threw out my phone and

everything, saying we didn't need any distractions. Girl, it was the best trip ever. Let me get settled in, and then I'll tell you all about it," she stated, not having a fuckin' clue why I had this mug on my face. Or she was trying her best to play fuckin' stupid and act like she didn't know what was up.

"I need to have a talk with you," I responded, disregarding everything she'd just said to me.

The smile on her face quickly faded once she saw how serious I was.

"Okay. Here, bae. Just open the door and put my bag in the house. Let me talk to my friend for a second," she said to the older man who was standing behind her.

He nodded. Before he went into the house, he gave me a cold stare. I wasn't sure if he was annoyed with me because I was holding up the process for him to get some pussy or what, but he had a look on his face like he wanted to slap the shit out of me. He went ahead and walked into the house.

Malika walked over to me with a look of confusion on her face. "Everything okay? Where's Lamar? You need me to watch him for you or something?" she asked, really acting like she didn't have a fuckin' clue why I was so pissed.

"I had to take Lamar to the hospital the day I picked him up from your house. I was getting him ready for a bath when Aaron noticed an ugly black and blue bruise on his upper back. Doctors confirmed that he was either punched or something was thrown at him. Malika, you have to let me know something because you're looking real suspect right now. The day my son was abused, you left to go out of town not even fifteen minutes after you handed him over to me. I have been calling and texting you for two weeks straight. Let me know something because I'm two seconds away from slapping the shit out of you over my son!" I spat.

I had never spoken to Malika in that manner. I was always soft spoken with her and on positive energy because, for so long, I thought her ass was a good person. Hell, I thought we were friends.



As I spoke to her, she had a look of sadness on her face. She was either hurt by my words or saddened by the fact that she'd gotten caught and knew I was seconds away from putting my hands on her.

“Cassandra, I know how this shit may look, but I need you to know that I would never in my fuckin’ life put my hands on Lamar. I love that little boy like he’s my own. I’m the oldest child out of my sisters. I have been babysitting kids since I was six years old. I know how to handle kids. I would never stoop so low to put my hands on a damn baby. To punch Lamar in his back or throw something at him, that shit isn’t even in my character.

“I’m not going to lie. I’m offended that you would even think I would do something like that to your baby. My actions may look kind of suspect, but I promise you, after I handed Lamar over to you, Jim called and told me to come outside and not to pack anything. He took my phone and said he didn’t want me to have any distractions. The man even went so far as to throw my damn phone out the window, which is why I have a new phone that he just got me this morning after we landed. I have a new phone number and everything. Cassandra, I’m looking you in your eyes and telling you that I didn’t do anything to Lamar,” she stated.

To be honest, I really didn’t know if I believed her or not.

“Who was all in the house with you and Lamar that day, then? Malika, that bruise did not just magically appear on my son’s back! It wasn’t there before I dropped him off with you!” I yelled.

“My homeboy, Mack, came over. Mack has three kids of his own, Cassandra! One of which is the same exact age as Lamar. He wouldn’t have put his hands on him—”

“So, you’re admitting to leaving my son unattended with whoever the fuck this Mack person is, right?” I questioned.

“Just so I could take a shower. Probably ten minutes at the most that Lamar was with Mack—”

*Pow!*

I reached over and punched the shit out of her, knocking her right between her eyes. She swung back, hitting me too, but because I was filled with so much adrenaline, I didn't let that little punch affect me. I swung again, but this time, I hit her in the lip. Because I had my front door open, Lamar had crawled over. He was on the floor screaming and yelling as I was out there tussling with Malika.

Malika's front door opened, and the older man who she'd been standing outside with came over and separated us.

"Go in your house, man," he said to me.

"Fuck you! Every time I see you, Malika, I'm going to slap the shit out of you. You left my son unattended with a nigga, and you knew he put his hands on Lamar. You know it, and that's why your ass ran off. You didn't go to no fuckin' Hawaii, bitch! I don't even see a fuckin' tan on you! That shit is sad. I hope you have kids and someone beats the shit out of them, since you think that shit is cool to play with people's fuckin' kids!" I roared as I picked my son up, who had crawled over to me and was screaming at the top of his lungs.

"Go in the house. You doing too much. I know you. I know the real you. You may want to get back in your apartment!" the dude said.

His revelation of knowing the "real" me caused chills to run down my spine. I wasn't sure if he threw that out as some kind of scare tactic because Malika might have revealed my past life to him. I didn't go fully into detail with Malika, but I did tell her that for a portion of my life, I used to help my ex-husband set up wealthy men. Because I could no longer trust this bitch, I wouldn't be surprised if she'd said something to him, and this was his way of trying to scare me. What I can say is that, whether he was trying to scare me or not, it worked.

I went into the house with Lamar, then closed and locked the door behind me. I rushed to the back, grabbed my gun, and I placed it on my waist. In case that dude with Malika held some truth about knowing the real me, I wanted to make sure I was prepared for his ass.

Initially, moving to New Jersey seemed like the best move. I knew Antonio and I had never done any dirt out there, so that's why I'd chosen this place to relocate. I wasn't sure if I was just paranoid, but little things had been happening lately that made me question if I needed to get out of town. The dude staring at me a few weeks ago in *Starbucks* still weighed heavily on my mind. Whenever I was out, I felt like someone was watching me, and now the comment that this man had just made had me on edge. I'm going to sum it up to me just being paranoid. There was way in hell these people knew who I was.

*Mia Randolph*

Today was my birthday, and honestly, I didn't have anything planned. My daughters woke me up this morning, saying that they wanted to take me out to breakfast because, in their words, "I know that Daddy is going to do something special for you," so they wanted to get in on the celebration too.

I told Beatz to just keep my birthday simple this year, but I knew it had gone in one ear and out of the other because he didn't even respond. What he did say, however was, "You ain't let a nigga do shit for you for the last two birthdays, so let me do me."

I didn't say shit else after that.

Some of you bitches may be mad at me, and you may have wanted me to leave the nigga for good or drag him through the dirt just a little bit longer, but I've pretty much made up my mind that I was taking my ass back home. I planned to turn my penthouse that I had been living in with my kids for the last two years into an investment property. I was going to put the house up on Airbnb, and I'd already been talking with a realtor who was assisting me with the process.

The kids were now out of school and on summer break. On the last day of school, you know they came to me and asked if I'd made up my mind about going back to Cali. I finally told them yes, and you should have seen the tears of joy on both of my girls' faces after my revelation. Cali is where a lot of their childhood friends were, and a lot of their fashion shoots took place in Cali. It was just home.

I was going against a lot of shit by choosing to move back to Cali and the house I ran away from two years ago. After packing up my belongings and the kids', I vowed to never go back to that place. Love brought me back home, though. I was deeply in love with a man who continued to show how much he realized he'd fucked up and was breaking his back to prove he wanted me back home.

"Here. Open this gift from me first, Mommy." Maya reached across the table and handed me a pretty gift box that was wrapped perfectly in hot pink paper with a hot pink and white ribbon on the box.

We were having breakfast on the beach at *Shooters*, which my children knew was one of my favorite breakfast spots. Those girls had called earlier in the week to make reservations, and they had even contacted my driver, Julio, that I used when I just wasn't in the mood to drive. He'd picked us up in a nice Mercedes Sprinter and drove me and my three babies to breakfast.

Maddy, and Maya sat across from me, looking like two little ladies. They'd gotten their hair done yesterday, so they both had nice, healthy blow outs that had been silk pressed to perfection yesterday. Maya wore a pretty Burberry dress with the matching ballerina Burberry shoes on her feet. This little girl was into lip gloss heavy, and I promised her that once we got to Cali, I would set up a couple of meetings for her to come out with her own lip gloss line. Maddy had on a Dior dress, looking just as pretty as ever.

I couldn't get over the fact that these two girls were the spitting image of me. It was almost scary if you asked me. Meanwhile, this little girl that was sitting down on my lap, tearing up this turkey bacon that I'd given to her, was the spitting image of her father.

"Y'all took me out for breakfast, called a driver, and bought me gifts. Y'all paying for breakfast too, or I gotta pull out my card and pay?" I asked, followed by a laugh.

The question made the two of them laugh as well.

"We paying. We got a lot of money," Maya threw in.

Of course, they had a lot of money because whenever the four of us hung out, they would purposely leave their money at home, so they wouldn't have to pay for shit. I laughed and then quickly tore through the pink wrapping paper and opened the jewelry box inside. I cooed at the beautiful charm bracelet that Maya had gotten for me. It held Maddy, Maya, and Ivy's names on it along with a picture on the lock of me and the three of them. I looked over at the picture, and a wave of sadness came over me.

My mom had taken this picture. It was the day I'd flown to Atlanta with the girls to shoot the cover of yet another magazine. It was the same day that Myesha's bullshit ass podcast had released. Although smiling with my kids, I could literally look in my eyes and see all the sadness. It was crazy how looking at a picture had a way of bringing back the very emotions that you felt from that day, and Lord knows I was at my lowest.

I forced myself to stop thinking about it because it would shift my feelings and have me ready to slap the shit out of Mehki when I saw his ass. We were still going to therapy, and Dr. Everett had already told me that living in the past would have Mehki and I at a standstill, especially if I wasn't able to fully forgive him for those things.

"You don't like it, Ma? You know how much money I spent on that? Let me know if you don't like it, so I can see if I can get my money back," Maya said, snapping me out of my thoughts.

I laughed. That little girl could get on my damn nerves sometimes.

"I love it, baby. Come here and put it on me," I said.

She wiped the corners of her mouth with her napkin that she had on her lap, and she stood up. Oh, baby, my kids had all the proper etiquette in the world. They'd been crossing legs, having table manners, and all of that, since the age of four. Maya walked over, grabbed the bracelet from my hand, and placed it on my wrist. I held the back of her head when she was finished, thanked her for the beautiful gift, and then I

kissed her forehead. She took Ivy from me, who was almost as big as her, and then she sat back down in her chair with her little sister in her lap.

“This is from me.” Maddy reached over and handed me a pink and white gift bag.

I smiled, just like I’d done when Maya handed me her gift, as I took it from Maddy’s hands. I pulled out the gold, white, and pink tissue paper from inside the bag and took out a wine glass. The wine glass was custom made, and it said, Best Mommy in the World. All three of my kids’ names were on the glass, and my birth date was on it as well. At the bottom of the bag was five one-hundred-dollar bills.

“I know you tell us not to get you money for gifts, but Ma, I didn’t know what to get you. You have everything in every color. Dad keeps getting you all this stuff, so he made it hard for me and Maya this year. I meant what I said on that wine glass. You are the best mommy in the world,” she let me know, and then a tear fell.

I stood up from my seat, walking over to my big baby, and hugged her from behind. I kissed her repeatedly on her cheek, thanking her for the gift and letting her know how much I loved her. Y’all know that what my daughters thought meant a lot to me. For a while, I’d felt like I had been failing them, but to hear Maddy tell me that I was the best mother in the world, and for Maya to co-sign, it made me feel good.

After all the mushy stuff was over, I sat back in my seat. A few of the waitresses had set a cake in front of me, and they sang happy birthday. This was a special moment that I was enjoying with my kids, and I could see onlookers with their phones in their hands, recording the whole thing. With the life that I lived, there was no such thing as privacy anymore, but hey, I guess this was what I signed up for when I got with Mehki.

“You want me to tell you what Daddy has planned for your birthday?” Maya asked, dancing in her spot as she ate cake and ice cream.

Maddy was holding Ivy at this point, and Ivy's little butt was tearing up the ice cream, getting her bib dirty that I had around her. That cake was going to have her little ass on ten, and from the way that Maya couldn't even sit in her seat, I knew that it was already affecting her too.

"Maya, no. See, you talk too much. That's why Daddy didn't want to tell us what he had planned. He knew you were going to tell it all, with your big mouth!" Maddy fussed at her sister.

"Okay. Okay. I won't say anything. You going to be happy though, Ma. He did it up for you," Maya let me know.

I laughed because I could see it all in her face that she was itching to let me know what her father had planned for my birthday, but she knew Maddy would let her lil' ass have it if she said something. Lowkey, I wanted Maya to just spill the beans, but I knew that not only would Maddy be pissed that she'd ruined the surprise, but Beatz would be pissed too. He knew this little girl couldn't hold water, so I was surprised he'd even told her what he had planned.

## TWO HOURS LATER

The girls and I were back at home. All I knew was that Beatz had texted me, telling me to pack my bags. He wasn't trying to give up any kind of information about the clothes I needed to pack. His response was, "Sexy shit, thong kinis, shit that'll have me ready to snatch you up if you were to wear that shit in public without me." So, in other words, the nigga was telling me that he was taking me somewhere on an island. I knew all day that he had something for me, but he just never told me what it was. He just kept saying, "Don't go out with your girls because I have plans for you."

Right now, I was in my bedroom with my custom Louis Vuitton luggage on the bed and Ivy in my arms, head on my shoulder, sleeping, as I finished packing. This little girl knew I was getting ready to go out of town because she was not having me lay her down, so I could pack in peace. Even when



I would hear her over my shoulder, in a deep sleep, and snoring, I would attempt to lay her down, but she would start fussing again. So, I had to pack while carrying her.

Five minutes later, I heard the front door open, and then Mehki made his way into my bedroom, holding Maya in his arms. That little girl had this man wrapped around her finger, and she knew that. Mehki stood there in a pair of black Gucci swim trunks that had the matching button up shirt. His chest was exposed, and he looked like he was ready to go on an island. His Gucci slides were on his feet, and he looked so handsome, making me want to jump on his ass. He had a nice, clean line up, his waves were perfect, and that beard was healthy and full, just like it always is. I could smell the intoxicating scent of his cologne as he stood in the room.

“Then you wonder why she’s spoiled. Why you carrying her around with you, Mia? Put her little ass down,” he had the nerve to say, when he was the one who allowed Ivy to sleep on his chest, even to this day. I had played my part in Ivy being spoiled, but Mehki’s ass was worse.

“Every time I try to lay her down, she starts crying,” I let him know.

Now, the past three times that I had tried to lay Ivy down, her little butt started screaming. But, this time, I placed her in the middle of the bed, allowing her to lie on her stomach, and she made me out to be a damn liar because she didn’t even stir from her sleep. I was now able to move the way I wanted, going in and out of my closet and putting different looks together without Ivy in my arms. Mehki had lowered Maya to the floor by this time, and she left the room.

Now, Mehki was sitting at the foot of my bed, legs spread apart as he looked over at me. I walked over to him, holding a few different summer dresses. He spread his arms for me to walk into his embrace, and I did just that, dropping the dresses on the bed. His large hands went right for my ass, rubbing and squeezing it, and then he just held them there as he looked up at me. My arms were wrapped around his neck, and I seductively kissed him on his lips.

“I ain’t spend a birthday with you in two years. I got you something the year before last, and yo’ crazy ass threw that shit out. I spent one hundred racks on that fuckin’ Cartier watch too,” he stated and slapped me on my ass.

I laughed, remembering when that fuckin’ watch got delivered to the house. Like it meant nothing to me, I threw it in the damn trash. I hated Mehki too much at the time to accept anything from him, and that’s why that watch was tossed.

“Don’t sound hurt, nigga. You know why I did what I did.” I tried to remove myself from his embrace because I was nowhere near finished packing. I still had to pack my makeup, shoes, and other essentials that I would need on this little get away, that I still didn’t even have the slightest clue where we were going. Mehki knew that when it came to me packing a bag, I needed at least a week notice. Even if we would only be gone for a couple of days, I was still going to pack like it was for a weeklong vacation.

Mehki wouldn’t let me go, still wanting to feel all over me. He kissed me on my exposed cleavage, and my hands cuffed the back of his head. From there, he moved his head up and placed light licks, sucks, and kisses all over my neck. I moaned at his touch, and when he removed his lips from my neck, I leaned my head back down, and we started kissing again. His large hands were still caressing my ass, and I got lost in the kiss as I sucked on his tongue, enjoying the taste.

“Mommy, where is.... Ugh. Can the two of you stop? That’s so nasty,” Maya snapped, coming in the room with her hand over her eyes, like she was utterly disgusted that she’d walked in on me and her dad, carrying on.

I wiped away some of the excess lip gloss that I’d left on his lips, laughed, and I removed myself from in front of him. Beatz laughed too as he grabbed a pillow that rested on the bed and placed it in his lap. I chuckled to myself, knowing why he had to do that. His dick was hard as a rock from all the kissing we had just done.

“How you think you got here, little girl? What you need with your mommy? It’s her birthday. I thought I told y’all to chill with all of them demands on her day,” he said to Maya, who had a look on her face like she wasn’t trying to hear anything he had to say.

“I can’t find my unicorn swimsuit. Mommy, where did you put it? You washed it last week, and I don’t see it in my drawer. I need it for the birthday party that I’m going to tomorrow,” Maya stated.

“It’s in your closet, Maya. In the drawer that has the rest of your swimsuits in it. Did you look in there?” I asked.

Listen, I loved my children to death, but wherever the hell Mehki was taking me, I was ready to board the damn plane and fly off somewhere to be away from my responsibilities as a mother for at least the next four days. Only real mothers who have their kids 24/7 will understand all the passion in that statement. Kids will literally beat you down like no other. There were days when I would be home with them, and after a long day of being up early in the morning, dropping them to school, going to the gym, working, picking them up from school, cooking dinner, helping with homework, giving Ivy her bath, and assisting Maya with her shower, I would pass out right in the middle of the bed. As beautiful as their faces were, I could go the next few days without seeing them.

“You’re right. I forgot to look in there. Let me see what you packing.” Maya jumped on the bed and sat close to my suitcase.

I popped her little ass on her skinny leg for jumping on my bed. She was so close to waking up Ivy. She laughed like it was funny and started going through my damn clothes that I was folding up and putting inside. It just so happened that a coral-colored negligee was the first thing she saw, which was literally just a skimpy piece of clothing that I planned to walk my ass around in wherever we were staying tonight after I showered and everything.

“What is this? It’s just a string,” she said, holding the items in her hand.

She had Mehki just shaking his head while I hurriedly took the items from her hands.

“Maya, go finish packing your bags. See what Maddy is doing,” I said, just looking for a reason to get her out.

“Gladly, because the stuff you have in here is weird,” her little ass said, and then she happily skipped out of the room.

“What the fuck we going to do with her, man?” Mehki said.

“Pray. We just gotta pray. That’s going to be the child that has me growing gray hairs soon. I know it is.”

Mehki just shook his head. He eventually removed the pillow from his lap and stood up from the foot of the bed. He left the room, more than likely to hang out with the kids before we left. That gave me time in the room by myself to pack my bag up in peace and hurry up with the process because Mehki said we needed to be wherever the hell we were going by four.

A few hours later, we pulled up to Miami Beach, near the area where a lot of yachts were docked. This same location housed my Mia Bia, which was the name of the 80.2m yacht that he’d gifted me years ago for my twenty-fifth birthday. I wiggled in my seat, doing a happy dance because we were probably about to get on the Mia Bia. I was excited because Mehki and I hadn’t traveled on that boat together in almost three years. The last time we’d gotten on there, it was as a family, and we took the kids to Jamaica. That was one of the last big family trips that we all took, just a year before the shit hit the fan.

Mehki and I were driven to the harbor in the back of an Escalade. The SUV eventually stopped, and the driver came around to open my door. Mehki had already opened his, and he was standing in the back, waiting for the driver to open the trunk, so he could assist with the bags. Meanwhile, I just stood there, looking cute. I was wearing a pink, yellow, green, and blue dress. It stopped right in the middle of my thighs, and it fit super tight. The dress tied in the back, exposing my whole back, and in the front, there were about three cut out holes that exposed bit of my stomach and my thighs. I had on my silver

bust down Cuban chain that Mehki had gifted me a few weeks ago with the matching bracelet and expensive diamond earrings that he'd gotten for me as well.

I had picked out a color in the dress, which was pink, so my pink Chanel purse was in my hands along with a pair of pink Christian Louboutin heels on my feet. My added tape ins were still in my hair, making it look longer and fuller than it really was. It was still in the wand curls that I was able to style it in early this morning. I did a light beat to my face after I'd finished packing my bags.

"You walking like you know where you going. Slow down, baby," Mehki called out from behind me, dragging my luggage and holding one of my duffle bags. The driver laughed at his comment as he walked alongside Mehki and pushed his luggage.

I slowed my ass down, really not sure where Mia Bia was even parked, and walked on the side of Mehki, letting him lead the way. I walked effortlessly, like I didn't have my feet in some six-inch pumps, and eventually, we neared our yacht. I smiled because I hadn't seen it in so long. From the dock, I could see the Happy Birthday balloons inside the boat. The boat crew spotted Mehki and I walking up, and they smiled, waving us over as they came to get the bags.

"You two have a safe trip. Happy Birthday again, Mia," the driver said.

"Thank you so much," I responded.

Beatz tipped him, and then he walked off.

"Welcome, Mr. and Mrs. Randolph. Happy Birthday, Mia. You look so beautiful," one of the women from the boat crew said to me.

I smiled, thanked her for her kind words, and they took the bags. Mehki walked behind me with his arms wrapped around my waist, kissing me on my neck as I led the way over to the boat. I walked up the stairs, and we stepped on it together. Again, there were a bunch of red rose petals leading the way to the main floor of the yacht.

We reached the main salon, and it was beautifully decorated. There were hot pink balloons, with *Happy Birthday Mia* on them. Hundreds of pink, white, and red balloons hung in the air, and those big, five-foot marquee letters were in there as well, that had HBD. There was a beautiful pink and white polka dot cake in the middle of small table, and it had the numbers three and two on it. Mehki had shown his ass off, per usual, and to be honest, I wasn't even sure what the man was able to get for me because he's been getting me everything from these people stores back-to-back.

"You not playing with my ass. Thank you, baby." I turned around in his arms, cuffed his chin, and kissed him repeatedly on his lips.

"This ain't it. Keep walking through," he said and patted me on my behind.

I remembered my way around the boat, so I went lower on the deck to the pool. It was even decorated with rose petals that read, *Happy Birthday Mia*. There was a food tray floating around, and it held all kinds of fruit and two bottles of champagne were poolside. I was giddy as we walked through the entire yacht and admired each new decoration.

We made it to the bedroom, where there was a big, king-sized bed and more rose petals, balloons, and gifts. There were rose petals in the shape of a heart, and I laughed when I saw that inside were Plan Bs, weed, and Tylenol. Mehki knew me well enough to know that I was more than likely going to get fucked up on this trip, so those Tylenol would come in handy along with that Plan B pill. I hadn't hit a blunt in a while, but baby, I was on vacation, so I would indulge in a little of that too.

The yacht eventually pulled away from the dock as the crew along with Mehki sang happy birthday to me. We took shots, and with that, the party was about to start.

10:34 P.M.

“I still don’t have a clue where we’re even sailing to,” I said to Mehki after swimming over to him and standing between his legs. He was in his swimming trunks, shirt off, and he was sitting at the edge of the pool, smoking a blunt. We were on the lower dock, just the two of us, in the pool together. We had Bluetooth speakers out there, playing some light R&B music, setting the perfect mood.

“All that shit is a surprise. You ain’t got to be in the loop about everything,” he stated as he reached his free hand out that wasn’t holding the blunt and smoothed my soaking wet hair back.

“You so fuckin’ beautiful. God showed his ass when he concocted you,” he stated.

I laughed, feeling a little tipsy because I had been taking shots since I stepped on the boat. Mehki put the blunt to my lips. I inhaled the smoke and released it, allowing it to fill the air. I did that about two more times, and then I let him have the blunt back. I was swimming topless because that’s how he told me he wanted me. My perfect titties sat up right in his face. He leaned down, sucked on my nipples, and then he went back to puffing on the blunt like nothing happened.

I stood on the first step in front of him, wrapped my arms around his neck, and we kissed. As we kissed, he put his hands on the string of my thong kini, untied it, and my bottoms fell off. The kiss had me and my pussy purring, and Mehki had to have known because his well-manicured fingers went right for my clit, rubbing the area, making me break the kiss and throw my head back in pure ecstasy. I didn’t know if the drinks and the weed were making me hot, but my God, I was horny out of this world. Mehki’s slipped three fingers inside me while his thumb played with my clit in a slow motion.

“Mehkiiiiiii,” I moaned and threw my head back.

“Look me in my eyes, Mia. Ain’t shit back there,” his deep voice belted out.

I lifted my head and stared him in his eyes as he blew smoke out in the air from his blunt. My hands were on his lap, and I just stood there, moaning, going crazy against his

fingers, acting like a bitch that wasn't used to shit. We carried on like we were the only two on that boat, but once I got horny like this, I honestly didn't give a damn who heard me or might have walked in on me either.

"I'm going to cummmmm. Don't stopppppp," I screeched, making Mehki move his fingers even faster inside of me.

I came, and I moaned for him to ease his fingers out, but the nigga kept going, finger fuckin' my pussy, like it was his dick, driving me crazy.

"You ain't squirt. I need that shit to mess up my whole hand. Get right," he demanded, looking me deep in my eyes as his fingers moved fast inside me.

I moaned his name repeatedly, and I was loud as hell. I knew everyone on that damn yacht heard me. My hands were on his shoulders for support, knowing that when I came, I was going to cum hard as hell.

"Oh, shitttt... Oh shitttt... Oh shitttttt," was all I could say.

Seconds later, juices rushed out of me like pee, giving him that squirt he was looking for. I moved his fingers out of me; I needed a few minutes to get it together. Mehki kissed my pussy, and then I sucked the juices off his lips, and he put the blunt out. I got on my knees and placed kisses on his abs. I hadn't sucked dick in over two years. I knew I still had it, though. That kind of skill would never leave me. I liked sucking dick, just as much as Mehki loved to eat pussy, but I hadn't blessed his ass with my head skills, even though we were back fuckin'.

I craved for his dick to hit the back of my throat, so there I was, doing what I said I wasn't going to do. I got his dick out of his swimming trunks in a matter of seconds and held it right next to my face, massaging it and staring at it in awe because Lord knows it was beautiful. It was big and had nice veins on it, just like I loved it.

Mehki had his hands behind him, on either side, looking down at me like he was ready for me to swallow his shit. I made my way up, starting from his balls, and then I went full



sloppy topky, giving him the nastiest head this nigga had ever received in his life.

“Fuckkkkk. Damn, baby,” he groaned, putting both of his hands on the back of my wet hair, and slowly easing my head up and down on his dick.

Mehki’s moans had my pussy leaking all over again. They were so sexy. I loved that when it came to sex, or anything sexual that we shared, Mehki didn’t hold back. This nigga was going to moan, and he was going to tell me if what I was doing felt good. My hands were planted on his thighs, showing him that I could be super head when it came to this dick sucking shit! I was a pro at giving head.

“Mia... Damn, baby... do that shitttt,” he lowly said, now using just one hand to ease my head up and down on his dick, while his other hand played with my hard nipples.

I was making such a big, sloppy mess on his dick. There was spit everywhere, just like I knew he liked it, and I picked up the pace, trying to make him nut. Making a nigga nut from head was a skill that not every woman possessed, and I knew it was coming from the way this nigga’s body froze. He aggressively started moving my head up and down, and I let that nut spit out all over my face, then I licked up the rest of it. I used my hands to wipe off the nut that had gotten on my face, and I put it in my mouth. The towel that was next to Mehki, I used it to wipe my face, and then I kissed the head of his dick.

“Oh, yeah. You definitely about to bring yo’ ass home,” he said and stood to pull off his swimming trunks.

Mehki lifted me out of the water, sat me on the edge of the pool, and pulled me down a bit, placing my pussy sit right in his face. He spread my legs, letting them go all the way out into a split position, and he held me by the center of my thighs. He dived in and started eating the fuck out of my pussy, making me cry out.

“Babyyyyy... You eat pussssyyy soooo goodddd. Mehkiiii... Please don’t stopppp... don’t stopppp!” I yelped as he sucked on my clit, nice and slow, driving my ass crazy.

The music, the ambiance, and the fine ass nigga giving me this nasty ass head were going to kill me. Mehki stuck two fingers in me and eased them in and out of me at the same pace that he used to lick me. I could feel myself on the verge of an orgasm, so I tried to pull my legs up, but he slapped my thigh with his free hand, basically telling my ass not to move, and I didn't. I released juices into his mouth, which he gladly licked up, and I pushed his head out of the way because my pussy was extra sensitive at that moment.

“Hold on, let me tie my hair up. I see what kind of night this about to be,” I breathlessly said as he got up from the water, dick standing at attention.

He lifted my ass and took me over to one of the lounge chairs. Mehki laid me down on the chair, giving me time to tie my hair up. He was on demon time. I saw the shit was all in his eyes. The song on the Bluetooth radio had switched, and now, Janet Jackson's “Would You Mind?” was playing, setting all kinds of nasty ass moods out there. We'd fucked to this before, and the last time, I was left in tears from all the passion he gave me. That was years ago, though.

Now that I had my hair pulled up, Mehki came over, leaned down, and we proceeded to kissing again. He didn't kiss me too long before he started sucking on my nipples. I got so lost behind him servicing my nipples, that I wasn't prepared for when he slipped all that dick inside me. After two long years, we were back fuckin' raw, and because I had forgotten how it felt, I knew it wouldn't be too long before I came.

*“I just wanna touch you, tease you, lick you, please you, love you, hold you, make love to you,”* Mehki's deep voice sang the words to me, with his face right in front of mine as he continued to dig deep inside me. I had my arms wrapped around his neck, crying at how good he was fuckin' me. Crying, just like I'd done years ago when he'd fucked me to this song. He licked my tears off my face, kissed me in the mouth, closed his eyes, and bit his lip, fuckin' me so good.

“Kiss you, suck you, ride you, feel you, make you cum too,” his deep voice said again, and I started shaking on the dick, cumming, not even able to let him know.

He gave me a second to get it together, then he was back fuckin' me. Drinking and fuckin' would never be the best combo for me because my emotional ass would always cry.

“Happy Birthday, baby,” he had to have told me for the fiftieth time today.

“Mehkiiii... I love you sooooo muchhhh!”

I couldn't even lie. You would think that it was impossible to love this man any more than I already did, but the deeper strokes he gave me, the deeper my love for him grew.

“How much? Tell a nigga something.” He was fucking me so good, deep in me, making it hard to fuck back.

“I'll give you another babyyyyy,” I stupidly said.

This is what happens when you mix weed, good liquor, and raw dick together. It'll have you saying the craziest shit.

“Damn. Let me hit it from the back, then. They say that's the position for a son.” He flipped my ass over and he went to work on my pussy from behind.

Listen, we fucked so hard out there. It got to the point that one of the yacht crew members had to buzz out there on the speakers to make sure I was okay because Mehki was tearing my ass up. In the middle of fuckin' me, he told her ass to gone on, and that I was good.

The fuck session ended, and I didn't even have the energy to stand my ass up. I lay on the chair like a rag doll, watching Mehki as he stood, wrapped a towel around his waist, and then he picked me up, carrying me to the bedroom. I had no energy to go in the bathroom to even wipe off, but Mehki came back minutes later with a hot cloth, and he wiped my throbbing pussy down, kissed it, and I dozed off right there.

This was a birthday that would forever go down in the books, and from what Mehki told me, the birthday festivities were nowhere near over.

*Mehki 'Beatz'*  
*Randolph*

I woke up out in this comfortable ass bed and was the only one in this motha fucka. I looked at the time on my phone, and I saw that it was a little after eleven in the morning. For me, that was late as hell because I was the kind of nigga who beats the sun up each and every morning.

Fucking the way I did last night, mixed with this boat rocking, had me sleeping late. I had been grinding lately, having a lot of late night and early morning studio sessions. I felt like my ass lived on my jet, always traveling somewhere, handling business, and no matter what the fuck was on my plate, I always made time for my kids on the weekends, since that was the arrangement Mia and I had set up two years ago. I was still sticking to it, even though Mia was about to bring her ass home in a few weeks. Her and my kids, and I don't think shit else made me happier.

I stood up, made the bed, and went over to the bathroom that was adjacent to the bedroom. After a quick piss, I made my way to the sink, where I brushed my teeth and handled my morning hygiene. I took a shower and stepped out, with the towel wrapped around my waist. At the sink, I did my morning skin routine. Yes, a grown ass nigga like me had a skin routine. Shit, that's what kept my skin looking nice and shit. I brushed through my waves and walked back into the bedroom, pulling out my Burberry swim trunks. I could look out and see how hot it was outside, so I added some sunscreen to my body that I saw Mia had on her side, slipped my Burberry slides on, grabbed my phone, and walked out of the room.

“Mr. Randolph, can I get you anything?” one of the crew members asked me.

“Just a couple bottles of water. Thank you. Where is Mia?” I questioned.

“On the main level, out on the deck. I believe she’s sunbathing,” she said, followed by a giggle. I nodded and went to find Mia.

Ay, I woke up, smiling like a motha fucka, with a pep in my step, thinking about the five-star head and raw pussy that I was blessed with last night. That shit was hella lit.

I found Mia out on the deck, just like I was told she would be. She was lying on her stomach in one of the lay out chairs, facing the sun and letting it beat down on her. Her caramel-colored body glistened as she lay there in a sexy, two-piece, thong kini bathing suit. Her hair was pulled up, allowing full access of the sun on her body. I walked over and stood directly in front of her, making her feel my presence. She lifted her head and smiled at me, then kissed the print of my dick that was showing through my trunks before she put her head back down.

“How long you been out here?” I asked.

“Probably like thirty minutes. I have bruises on my knees and elbows. I guess we had a time last night,” she joked.

At the same time, one of the crew members came out and gave me the two bottles of water that I’d asked her for. She informed me that the chef had made breakfast and asked if she should bring me anything. I could use some food on my stomach, so I requested she make me a grown man plate. She laughed and then skipped off to get the plate.

“You ate and shit without me. Damn, you couldn’t wake a nigga up?” I complained as I sat on the chair next to her.

“You were sleeping so peacefully. I didn’t want to disturb you,” Mia responded as she turned over and stood up from the chair.

Like a damn dog, I watched her sexy ass stand up and stretch. I pulled my phone out, taking a video of her.

“Three fuckin’ kids, people. Three kids. All that shit natural,” I boasted, bragging on Mia as I held the camera on her.

She laughed, and then I cut the video off and posted it to my story, just having to show her ass off. Mia walked over to the railing, and the second she left, my phone started ringing. It was a phone call from my nigga Phaizion. I had been so busy these days that he and I hadn’t chopped it up or hung out in a little minute. I picked the phone up for him and placed it on speaker, knowing I probably should have ignored it because this nigga always called with some bullshit, and I didn’t need anything fucking up the moment that I was having with my baby, celebrating her birthday.

“What’s good?” I answered.

“You, nigga. I’m in Miami. I brought my bitch here to take her shopping. I’m overhearing some shit about you having to put hands on that nigga, Zay. Why you dragging your motha fuckin’ feet with that nigga, Beatz? That motha fucka shot at us, and you see him again, and all you do was fuck the nigga up a little? You on yachts and shit, celebrating like that fuck nigga don’t need to be put down,” Phay barked into the phone, talking to a nigga like I fuckin’ worked for him.

His loud voice and the shit he was saying caused Mia to turn around and look. I gave her my hand, telling her to hold on.

“I’m on a yacht with my motha fuckin’ wife, nigga, celebrating her fuckin’ birthday! I don’t care if it was a war in Miami right now, Ima take my wife somewhere, and we going to fuckin’ celebrate her. Yo, take some of that bass out of your voice too, nigga. I don’t work for you, and I don’t take demands from no nigga other than Uncle Sam! Let me handle that nigga the way I see fit!” I snapped.

By that point, Mia had walked over and was standing right in front of me. Mia knew how shit could go left between Phay and me whenever we got to arguing about some shit. This was my brother, but he and I have had some of our best fights over the years.

A few years ago, Mia and I had put on something at the house for New Year's Eve. That nigga was sloppy drunk, carrying on, acting fuckin' crazy. All I remembered was Mia walking over and telling him that his ass needed to chill out. She even attempted to take the beer out of his hands, and his ass ended up pushing her. I beat the dog shit out of that nigga that night. Drunk or not, best friend or not, no nigga was going to put his hands on my wife like that. I swear I ain't talk to that nigga after that shit for a while.

I came back around a few months later when his aunt passed away. She was the woman who raised him, and she died of cancer. I knew how much his aunt meant to him, so I came around for the funeral, and to just be there for him because fallout or not, I knew it was a tough time in his life. We hadn't really had any major fights since then, but we still disagreed about a lot of shit because I didn't like how reckless the nigga could be at times.

“Beatz, ain't nobody trying to fuckin' give orders to you, nigga! You my fuckin' brother, and I don't like to be hearing shit in the streets about a nigga saying he's going to off my fuckin' brother! You letting this celebrity life change you, nigga. The Beatz that I know would have been killed that motha fucka—”

“Dumb ass nigga, I'm in the limelight. As I'm on this motha fuckin' yacht right now with my wife, I can look out and see motha fuckas on boats, thinking I don't see them with them fuckin' cameras recording shit that'll be uploaded to the internet in less than an hour. Everything I fuckin' do these days gets broadcasted. I don't have no fuckin' privacy.

“If anybody knows me, you know me, nigga! Ain't shit changed about me but my fuckin' profession! I'm still the same Beatz that'll knock a nigga's shit back for talking to me crazy, and you not exempt from that either, my nigga. I stomped that nigga out right in front of all his homeboys, and that nigga ain't do shit, just like he didn't do shit when I put my hands on him the first time! Killing the nigga ain't embarrassing enough for him, but having that nigga with his tail between his legs while his homies stood there and ain't do

shit was a motha fucka. I'll holla at you later, man. Ima fuck around and say the wrong shit to you—”

“You can't say shit to me, nigga! I stand on everything I just told you. You let this producer shit fool you—”

“Oh, well, motha fucka! I wasn't trying to sell dope for the rest of my life! Get the fuck off my line!” I snapped and then hung the phone up on him.

I set the phone down, and Mia stood directly in front of me with her hands on her wide hips, trying to piece together the shit that just gone down on the phone between Phay and me.

“I should have never fucked Zay. All this shit would have never happened,” she said, followed by a sigh. She then took a seat next to me on the lounge chair.

“Man, this shit ain't yo fault. Had I never stepped out, you wouldn't have had a reason to fuck that nigga,” I let her know.

“I was going to still fuck somebody, but damn, why the fuck did it have to be him?” she had the nerve to say.

“Ima just pretend I ain't hear you say that,” I said and turned my attention to the crew member who had just come over with a plate that was fit for a king. “Thank you, sweetheart.”

“Mehki, lately, the shit that you've been doing has been scaring the shit out of me, but I've just been keeping quiet about it because I'm not trying to stress you out. I'm having dreams about you getting killed right in front of me. I have that dream at least two times a week. Each time, I smell the blood, and I'm holding your lifeless body in my arms. I'm stressed out about Zay and his niggas coming for you. You beat up them niggas in New York, and from the sounds of things, you're about to start beefing with Phay. That shit is fuckin' scaring me!” she yelled.

I picked up a piece of turkey bacon and turned to look at Mia. I saw the stress all over her fuckin' face.

“You came back because you think a nigga finna get killed, and you want to soak up these last final moments with me?” I asked.



Mia looked at me like she was offended, then stood, munched the shit out of me, and tried to walk away, but I wouldn't let her leave. I threw the bacon down on the plate and held Mia by her hips. Out of nowhere, her ass started crying.

"You... You not taking me serious... Mehki, I'm scared, and... and you're playing!" she cried, looking me in my eyes.

My hands left her hips and went to her bare ass, which was exposed in her swimming bottoms. I scooted up in the chair and sighed.

"Mia, I do take the shit seriously that you say to me. You don't think I know that I been getting deep into shit with these niggas? Every nigga I had to put my hands on, it was because I had to defend you. I'm sorry, but I'm not about to allow no nigga to disrespect my motha fuckin' wife. Shorty, you raise my fuckin' kids, you mean everything to me, and I ain't letting nobody disrespect the one I love most. I ain't mean that shit I just said to you. Damn, I'm fresh off the phone from going at it with that nigga, so I said that shit out of anger. I'm sorry," I told her.

She nodded while using the back of her hand to wipe her eyes.

"I came back because I love you, Mehki. Nothing else," she assured me.

"I know, baby. Can we drop that shit, though, for the rest of the trip and just enjoy this shit, please? I ain't trying to be beefing with you, especially while we in the middle of the fuckin' ocean. You might fuck around and try to push a nigga off this shit while I'm in a deep sleep," I joked, making her laugh and playfully roll her eyes at me.

I kissed her exposed, flat stomach that held her diamond belly button ring. From there, I kissed her pussy through the swim trunks. I did it a couple of times, and then I slapped her on her ass. She went back to the layout chair that she had been tanning on, lying back on her stomach while I finished my breakfast.

All the shit Mia had just brought up about them New York niggas, Zay, and even now Phay, of course it had taken some space in my mind, but I wasn't losing any sleep over that shit! Them wasn't no real niggas. If they wanted me dead for real, they had plenty of fuckin' time to run they asses in the studio and handle they business because I'd gotten word from one of the other engineers that them niggas had been next door to me the whole time. See, after I went live, threatening that nigga to take that song down, I was done with him. I didn't have shit else to say to him, but each time that nigga got around them soft ass friends of his, he grew some fuckin' balls, and I had to check him, just to show him that he wasn't dealing with no lame ass nigga!

#### A FEW HOURS LATER

“Umm, where the hell are we, Mehki? We just docked in the middle of nowhere,” Mia stated, coming out onto the balcony of our cabin, looking at me like I was crazy. She was in a pink Versace robe, and there were sleep lines on the side of her face. After she did her tanning this morning, we went back in the room and did some more serious fuckin', making what we did last night look like some amateur shit. I was out there with my feet posted up on the table in front of me, a fat joint in my hand, enjoying this beautiful view.

“We not in the middle of nowhere, shorty. This your last birthday gift. Look out. Read the sign, baby,” I casually said, prepared for the scream that would sting my fuckin' ears once she saw this last gift.

“Welcome to... Mia Bia. Wait, Mehki. Nigga, did you buy me a fuckin' island?” she screamed, unable to believe the shit that was taking place.

See, I had to show the fuck out this year for Mia's birthday because two birthdays had gone past when she wasn't even fuckin' with me. I couldn't get her shit because she didn't want to accept shit from me. This island was supposed to have been her birthday gift when she turned thirty, but that's when shit went left, so I had to put everything on pause. For her

thirtieth, I had to think outside the box because the woman already owned a private jet, a yacht, she lived in a mansion filled with so much designer shit that it looked like our home was a store front.

She had all the luxury cars, jewelry, and just everything a person could only dream of having, so I knew that gifting her a private island was bigger than big. Personally, I knew how much Mia enjoyed trips to different islands and having the opportunity to get in the water, prance around in the sluttiest bikini her ass could find, and just enjoy the beautiful views. This island was in Belize because I knew how much Mia had enjoyed our trip to Belize on our fifth wedding anniversary. She'd made a comment about how she wouldn't mind living there for a few months.

The island consisted of over twenty-six acres of land and featured a beautiful, six-bedroom, four-bathroom glass house right on Mia Bia. Mia was screaming and saying how she was ready to see the home in person. I was laughing like a motha fucka, listening to her tell me the many ways she was going to suck my dick tonight for showing off with this birthday gift. Her ass was tripping, saying that shit in front of the whole yacht crew.

We got off the yacht together, and she held my hand in hers. There was a huge glass door, and I used the code to grant us access. I swear, this shit was so fuckin' beautiful, man. I had only seen the house once, a couple of months before her thirtieth birthday. I'd flown over to see it, and I remember falling in love with the house, but months later, the truth was exposed, and my fuck up was too bad for Mia to forgive me or to accept this gift. So, I had to put all of this on hold for a while.

“Oh, my God, Mehki. We've been to some nice places before, but I don't think I've ever seen something so beautiful like this in my life. Look at this kitchen, this living room, this viewwww. Oh, my God!”

She ran around the house, not even sure where she wanted to go first. It was a modern styled home with a nautical theme. The walls were painted white, but the painting and décor

matched the color of the Caribbean Sea. I followed Mia through the house, listening to her say how much she couldn't wait to get on the phone with her mama, my mama, our kids, and her girls, so she could show them all this.

We were currently standing in the master bedroom. It kind of resembled the bathroom we had at our house in Cali. It was very spacious with Jack and Jill sinks, his and hers toilets, and we each had our own vanity with more than enough space. After walking around the bathroom, she came and stood right in front of me. I lifted her body and set her down on the counter.

“This was supposed to have been your thirtieth birthday gift. I been sitting on this gift for two years, hoping you would forgive me one day, and I could gift it to you. I ain't want to give it to you while we were on bad terms, and because I know you, I know you wouldn't have accepted it anyway. I was never cocky about you coming back. Mia, to be honest, for the longest, I thought I'd lost you for good, but shit, I just held onto hope.

“When we met, I always told you that when I got rich and famous, I was going to gift you with shit that would have motha fuckas shaking their heads. Haters said I did too fuckin' much when I bought you that jet, so I went and bought you a yacht. They said the yacht was too much, so I bought you an island. Ima forever love you and spoil the fuck out of you. I know you keep having these fucked up dreams, but I ain't going nowhere, Mia. We bonded in this shit for life, aight?” I said.

She smiled while wrapping her arms around my neck.

“I love you, Mehki. You outdid yourself with my birthday this year, but I'm not surprised because you always go all out for me. Just continue loving me like this, and don't break my heart because, nigga, as beautiful as this private island is, I have the perfect spot to hide your body,” she said, talking shit.

I untied her robe and saw that she wasn't wearing shit underneath. It was only right that we started blessing this house.

“You said for the longest that you felt like I wasn’t going to come back. When did your mindset change?” she asked, pulling my dick out rubbing it up and down the slit of her soaking wet pussy.

“When you was in Aruba with your girls, and you called me while you were drunk. All the motha fuckas in the world you could have called, and you called daddy. That day, I said, watch she bring her fine ass home. Would you look at this shit?” I joked, trying to be funny, ready for her to slip my dick in and stop playing.

“I ain’t home yet, nigga,” she had the nerve to say.

“Yeah, because you in Mia Bia, about to be getting dick pushed in you every other hour. By the time you bring your ass home, it should be another angel inside your uterus,” I said with a smirk on my face as I slipped inside her for real this time.

You would think the two of us had enough fuckin’, but nah, we had two years of fuckin’ that we had to make up for.

*Saint West*

Loyal was in the bathroom taking a shower while I sat at the foot of the bed with my work journal in my lap, looking over some numbers for my company. I'd just walked in the house about twenty minutes ago from work, yet, there I was, letting this work shit consume me. When you're an entrepreneur, running your own shit, there was no cut off time. I tried to end my day the moment I stepped out of work, but it seemed there was always something else to look over, something that needed improvement, or whatever the case may be.

As I sat there, Loyal's phone went off on the dresser with text messages. That shit ain't have nothing to do with me, so I pretended to not even hear it. Then, it started ringing. Whoever was calling, they would call right back once they saw that Loyal hadn't answered the phone.

Lowkey, that shit started to annoy the fuck out of me, so I stood up, prepared to get the phone and pass it to Loyal while she was in the shower. The name Ray was on the screen, and I sucked my teeth. See, now if this was any of Loyal's other homegirls, I wouldn't have given a damn about them calling back to back because I knew Loyal will get on the phone with Mia, Twinkle, Normani, or Naomi in a second, and they'll be gossiping like a motha fucka. But, see, Ray wanted to eat Loyal's pussy, just as much as I wanted to, and I think that's what had me sucking my teeth from seeing her name flash on the screen, blowing Loyal up.

I stood here and thought about last night when Loyal fell asleep in the living room while we were watching a movie.

When her phone started ringing, and it was Ray, Loyal jumped up from her sleep to answer the call. I could hear Raven's voice on the other end, asking all them fuckin' questions, wanting to know why she hadn't been responding to her texts. I didn't even come at my girl on no bullshit like that, so I told Loyal to hang up that motha fuckin' phone, and she did just that. She took her ass back to sleep, and we never even brought it back up.

See, I didn't mind Loyal and Raven continuing their friendship because I wasn't no insecure ass nigga, but I was beginning to think that Raven wanted more out of Loyal, which is why she was demanding all this shit. Feeling like I needed to check some shit, I accepted the call and put the phone to my ear.

"Yo," I answered.

"Hey. Loyal around?" she asked.

"She in the shower. It's some type of emergency or something that would cause you to ring her phone back-to-back like this? What you got going on, man?" I asked.

I heard her loudly suck her teeth on the other side of the line.

"I don't have shit going on. I'm calling to talk to my friend. A friend that's been acting funny toward me for the past few weeks. Could you give her the phone, please?" she spat.

I laughed while taking a seat on the bed.

Loyal walked into the room with her towel wrapped around her and her hair wet from washing it in the shower. She saw that I was holding her phone and questioned what was going on with her eyes, but she didn't say anything.

"Man, I ain't giving her shit! Do me a favor. Take a break from Loyal for a little while. Blow off some steam, and then call her back in another year or two. You tripping!" I snapped, ready to hang the phone up on her.

"Nigga, fuck you! What? I'm a threat to you or something? Because I eat her pussy better than you, you scared to have

Loyal around me?” she asked.

I couldn't even be mad at this shit. This shit had me laughing and ready to shoot myself in my own ass for thinking with my dick and bringing this bird into the bedroom with Loyal and me. Even I saw the way she was sexing Loyal with her eyes the day we ran into her at the grocery store. But, nahhhh, the nasty nigga in me wanted to get a threesome. Now, I had to go at it with this bitch because she wanted more than a friendship with my fiancée. It had me shaking my fuckin' head and regretting that I even asked Loyal for that fuckin' threesome.

“Yo, until you can eat her pussy to the point that she passes the fuck out. You do a good job, but you ain't standing next to me when it comes to that. Find another bitch, and stop calling mine, hoe!” I snapped.

She laughed. “Your bitch that you don't even know shit about! Nigga, I know all the fuckin' layers that come with Loyal. I even know about your fuckin' baby that she killed when she was eighteen years old. Bet you didn't know that, nigga! You so fuckin' cocky, but nigga, I'll humble your black ass in a second with the shit that I know. Fuck outta here!” she screamed, sounding like her ass was possessed or some shit.

When she finished with that comment, my eyes shot up at Loyal. This was some shit about her that was new information to me. Raven had been so fuckin' loud over the phone that I knew Loyal heard her too. Her mouth fell open like she was shocked that her girl had just exposed her secret.

“You want this bitch so bad, shorty, Ima send her your way. You can have her lying ass.” I hung the phone up and threw that bitch so hard at the wall that it instantly shattered to pieces.

“Saint... wait. Wait, let me explain,” she tried to grab my arm, but I yanked away, and the force caused her to fall on the floor, landing straight on her ass.

“You got a history of killing my babies, huh? That's why that shit was so easy for you to have your game face on, ready to have another one of my babies sucked up out of you. Wow.



That shit fuckin' crazy, bruh. My own damn bitch got all these fuckin' secrets," I sarcastically said, followed by me laughing and shaking my head.

I went to the closet, grabbing my duffle bag, and just started throwing little shit in there that I would need for the night. I knew my temper, and if I stayed around Loyal too much longer, my black ass would be in jail within the next hour. So, it was best that I left. Dream wasn't there, so it wasn't like I had to worry about her witnessing me and her mother going at it, but still, I needed to leave. A bad angel sat on my shoulder, telling me to slap the shit out of Loyal, but that would make me a fuck nigga for putting my hands on a woman. A pregnant woman at that.

"Saint, I did not have an abortion... Saint, please, I swear to God. I miscarried. The baby was growing outside my uterus, and I miscarried. I didn't... I didn't fuckin' tell you because... because we had already broken up when it happened. That was a hard time in my life, and I didn't want to... I didn't want to fuckin' tell you that... Saint, please—"

"Man, motha fucka, please, what? Fuck is you begging me for, Loyal? You lay your motha fuckin' head on my chest every night, telling me all kinds of shit. Shit that be unnecessary too. Why a nigga got to know you had diarrhea and what color your shit was, huh? Why I had to know about the bitch that came in your shop, getting into it with her nigga? You see where I'm going with this shit, shorty? You tell a nigga every fuckin' thing else, but you couldn't tell me you killed my fuckin' baby? I'm supposed to want to marry you after this, Loyal? Lo, I'm looking you in your eyes and telling you that I ain't got too much trust for you, yo. We ain't got trust, then we ain't got shit. You of all people gotta know that!" I roared.

Her face was drenched in tears as she hysterically cried.

"Saint, I swear I didn't have an abortion. I miscarried. I swear to God I miscarried our baby. I didn't even know that I was fuckin' pregnant! Saint... baby, I swear. I didn't even know! I started bleeding out big blood clots, and I was cramping. My mom took me to the hospital... I can call her

right now. Saint, this is me. I wouldn't lie about nothing like that. Baby, I swear. Don't leave. Saint, please don't fuckin' leave me... Please." She was on her knees, arms wrapped around my legs, trapping me in.

To see Loyal carrying on like this when she was the kind of woman who rarely showed emotion made a nigga want to ease up on her a bit, but I couldn't. This shit was real life, and to be honest, I just didn't know if I believed Loyal about the miscarriage. I felt like her ass fuckin' killed my baby, just like she was going to do with this one if I hadn't snapped on her ass.

Years ago, when me and Loyal stopped fuckin' around, we left on bad terms. She caught me with a bitch not long after she'd given up her virginity to me. Loyal fucked my car up to the point that I wanted to body slam her dumb ass for that shit. I ain't fuck with her no more after that, and she didn't fuck with me. If she miscarried like she said she did, she could have called a nigga. I don't care how heavy I was beefing with her, I would have brought my ass to that hospital to see what the fuck was going on. I was under this woman every day, sharing deep shit with her, mainly about my childhood and shit. At any time, she could have told a nigga about this miscarriage. For that, I was good off her.

"Watch out, Loyal," I calmly stated, but she didn't move.

"Loyal, bruh, move the fuck out of the way. This ain't how we going to do this shit right now. If I'm hot, give a nigga some room to breathe before I fuck around and I say or do some shit out of anger. Let go of my leg!" My tone was a little louder and much harsher this time, but she still didn't move.

I had to lean down, grab her ass up by her arm, and remove her from my leg. She sat there crying, telling me over and over how sorry she was for not telling me about the miscarriage, begging me not to leave, and other shit that I couldn't quite make out. Loyal was crying too hard for me to really understand shit she was saying.

I packed a little bag and left the house. Loyal's cries followed me until I closed the front door. I wasn't going to say

that I was leaving Loyal. I loved her too much, but Loyal had just made a nigga lose trust. I'll honestly say that I didn't know about no wedding happening in the next two months, though. My trust was fucked up right now. I shouldn't have to hear a bitch blast information on the phone about my girl that I was never made aware of. Nah, I needed a moment to process all this shit.

*Denim McCloud*

“I guess I should see my face on a blog in a couple of hours. I wasn’t even thinking about all of this. I should have put some sunglasses on to disguise myself,” I said to Zay in a joking way, but I was dead ass serious.

I was referring to all the people who were either walking up and asking him to take a picture or just boldly pulling out their phones and taking pictures and videos of us. I’m not even going to lie, that shit was annoying as hell. Ten years ago, the old Denim would have jumped at the chance to be a rapper’s girlfriend, have his baby, or just have any kind of ties to him, thinking that would make my ass set for life.

If you knew the old Denim, you would clap your hands and be grateful for my growth because it was never my intention to work a day in my life. My only goal in life was to sit up, look pretty, and let a rich nigga take care of me. My ass just kept getting pregnant, and God kept sending me daughters. At some point, I think it clicked that a bitch had to get my shit together and be a better role model for my kids. You would think reality would have hit me when my ass got beat the fuck down by my baby daddy, and I was in a coma for months, but nah, I still woke up from that coma on some bullshit.

I had another failed relationship, and it hit me that all those relationships ended with someone dying. Once I realized that I was traumatizing my kids, I decided to get my shit together. That, mixed with the fact that Billion was always riding me about doing better, and for whatever dumb ass reason, his word always held so much weight with me. Billion had so

many strong, working women in his life. His grandmother, his mother, his cousin Twinkle, hell, even Sidnesha, his first baby mama. As much as I don't want to give this bitch her credit because y'all know the deal between Normani and me, I had to include his wife. I wanted that nigga to hold me up in the same high esteem that he held those women in his life, so that played a part in why I'd gotten my shit together as well.

Honestly, doing locs was something I had always done on the side. Niggas would come to me to get their locs re-twisted, and I was always doing mine. Women and men would compliment me and want to know who was re-twisting and styling my locs. That's when I felt like I should entertain the thought of doing this shit full time. All I had was a dream, so I rented out a suite, posted to my social media some business cards that I had made, showed my work, and before I knew it, I was getting booked.

Doing hair was how I was able to purchase my first home, take care of my kids, and just be a better mother to them. I still messed around with some ain't shit ass niggas, but it was just a quick fuck, so my daughters weren't introduced to them or anything like that. Just getting my nut from a nigga and going on about my business was all I could offer right now. It seemed like every time my relationship got serious with a dude, and I brought them around to meet my children, that's when shit all of a sudden wanted to go left. I didn't have time for that, yet look at me, out on a date with a nigga who I knew would trun my world upside down. This nigga came with so much fuckin' drama. He was always in the blogs related to some bullshit, but Denim just had a huge thing for a hood nigga, and Zay was fine as hell and as hood as they fuckin' came.

"Ion like the shit either, but it comes with the lifestyle. If somebody walks back over here, asking to take a picture, Ima tell them that I'm pre-occupied at the moment. It's a high chance that our pictures are going to end up in the blogs soon, but shit, it's cool. You ain't with no broke, bum nigga," he stated.

We were out golfing. Honestly, this was my kind of dates. I liked to do adventurous shit. Call me weird, but sitting down with a nigga at dinner for a first date was so cliché. I think it's because I had children, but my idea of a fun date was doing shit like bumper cars, rock climbing, arcades, just fun shit like that while I tried to get to know a nigga. I didn't need a nigga to take me out and feed me. From the size of this wagon I was dragging, mixed with my thick legs and thighs, trust me, my ass ate more than enough.

“Let me ask you something because this is like the fifth time that you've brought up money. You said it a couple of times when I first met you, and after I gave you my number, you threw it up again. You think money means everything? Like, if you were a regular ass nigga, without the fame, and the money, do you think I would have still talked to you?” I picked his brain.

I was holding the club since it was my turn, but I paused to look at him and wait for his answer.

He looked up at me and laughed. Zay was fine as hell; there was literally no denying that. He was super tall, and he had a lean build, but you could see the muscles in his arms and legs. He had on an all-black Amri shirt with the matching cotton shorts. Because he was wearing shorts that stopped at his knees, all the tattoos on his legs were visible along with the sleeves on both arms. I'd re-twisted his dreads two days ago, and he had them hanging since I told him that looked good on him. The nigga listened, and that's how he had them. I admired his tape as he drank from his cup of Hennessy that a waitress had just brought.

Zay had ordered us finger foods like wings, cheeseburger sliders, quesadillas, and there were even some onion rings. My apple martini that I'd ordered was on the table, waiting for me to sip it.

“Ion understand women, man. Please don't take this like I'm trying to pick a fight with you. I just want to have a mini debate. Y'all swear up and down that y'all don't choose a man for money, but y'all know that's a damn lie. Shorty, you fine as hell, you raising three daughters, have your own business, and

I know you making money because yo' ass is always booked. You ain't going to date no regular ass nigga.

“You got a seven-thousand-dollar Chanel bag just casually sitting here, you wearing two-thousand-dollar Christian Louboutin heels to golf in, a Cartier watch on your wrist, and diamond earrings in your ears. You going to want a man that's bringing money to the table, just like you are. I fuck hoes, but I go after real women when it comes to somebody I like. You a real woman who got some shit going on, so to answer your question, hell nah you wouldn't have talked to me if I didn't have money. That don't make you a gold digger or no shit like that; it just simply means you know your fuckin' worth. As you motha fuckin' should,” he stated, and finished his drink.

“I'm opened to dating anyone. You don't gotta be rich, but you damn sure can't be poor either. Realness is what I give a fuck about. Give me that, and I know how to suck a mean dick, and fuck.” I just had to throw that out, and then I hit the ball, letting it go right in the hole, which was ten feet away.

“Damnnnnn. You can find the hole too,” Zay stated.

“Never had a problem finding the hole,” I said, meaning that in more ways than one.

He laughed and stood, going for his club. I used that chance to go over to the table and grab my drink. I watched Zay closely. He was walking with a limp that I hadn't seen when I saw him last time. He had veneers too, that were a perfect shade of white. He didn't have veneers the last time I saw him. Don't get me wrong, he had nice teeth the last time, but they just weren't this perfect. I could see a couple of scars on his face, that I could tell had just finished healing, but the scars didn't take away from how handsome he was.

“What happened to your face?” I asked him once he came back over.

I was sitting down at this point, and he took a seat right next to me. He sighed, stared off into space, and then he shook his head.

“I got into a little tussle with that nigga Beatz,” he stated.

“Why do the two of you keep going at it like that? You would think after the shit happened on that live, it would have been squashed, especially since he made you pull the song down—”

“Man, that nigga ain’t make me pull down shit! My label at the time, called and told me to pull that shit down. I was breaching my contract by putting some shit out and not running it by him first. If I left that shit up, I probably would have owed Sincere’s ass millions. He was going to make sure of that and was probably going to make sure I couldn’t drop another song, and I didn’t need those problems. That nigga Beatz don’t like the fact that I fucked his wife and put out a song bragging about it, so yeah.

“Look, I know you a woman, and you not going to agree with that song because, at the end of the day, that shit was distasteful, but I swear to God when I dropped that shit, I was doing it on some straight up rap shit. I ain’t think shit was going to backfire on me like this. Even though Beatz is what motha fuckas calls a musical genius when it comes to this producing shit, I’ve seen videos of the nigga rapping too, and it’s no doubt in my mind that if he was a rapper, he would be better than any nigga out, including myself. I dropped that shit, thinking that a legend like Beatz was going to hop in the studio, come back for my ass, and it would be solely about the music. That’s the God honest truth.

“It’s obvious the nigga can’t take a joke. I wasn’t even trying to disrespect Mia, either. Name one time I disrespected her in that song. A nigga making a song about a woman’s pussy being good, shit, I thought that was a fuckin’ compliment! I called that bitch all kinds of fine, I talked about how nice her body was, her pretty ass face, I ain’t say nothing wrong,” he finished.

Zay was a young nigga, and from what he’d told me, he grew up without his father. He didn’t have guidance, and there wasn’t an older male figure in his life to correct him, so he didn’t view the shit that he’d done as disrespectful. That’s why when he talked, I didn’t hear the remorse in his voice, because there wasn’t any.



“Take this from a woman, because it’s obvious that none of your dumb ass niggas are going to tell it. You don’t share to the entire world the sex you had with a good woman. That shit is disrespectful. Getting on a song, talking about how good a woman’s pussy is, that shit is disrespectful, Zay, whether you think it is or not. That woman has kids. Two of them are older, and I’m sure they probably heard it. I don’t know Mia from a can of paint, but we have something in common, which is having three girls, and I know how that shit feels for your kids to have to find out disturbing news about their mother like that.

“Look, I listen to your music. Well, I like the ones when you aren’t calling women a bunch of hoes and bitches, and you have talent. Sometimes, you just gotta accept when you’re wrong and stand on that shit. You wanted to have a rap beef with Mehki, right? You know who else had a rap beef, and them two niggas is down in the dirt? Biggie and Tupac. I hope that’s not what you’re trying to compare this situation to,” I stated and stood up because it was my turn to golf.

“I’m putting that nigga down in the dirt, Denim. That nigga disrespected me too many fuckin’ times. You a woman, so this ain’t the kind of shit you like to hear, but mark my words, that nigga ain’t going to make it to see his daughter’s second birthday. Ima make sure of that shit.”

His words sent chills down my spine because I could feel the seriousness in them. I was going to let this game finish out, but after this, I would block his number, and start dodging his ass. I now understood why Billion was down my throat, telling me to leave this nigga alone. He was a target, and the way he ignorantly made decisions, his ass was going to get killed, and I didn’t want to end up in the crossfire. Me nor my children.

Zay had to know that he wasn’t going to successfully kill a nigga like Beatz. Mind you, I don’t know Beatz, but I know he’s a street nigga at heart, and I know that is the kind of niggas he surrounds himself with. Even if Zay does by some one in a million chance gets to pop Beatz, he just has to know that he wouldn’t live to tell about it. By the time that nigga

could drive away from the scene, I bet there would be some niggas on his ass.

So, yeah, he wouldn't hear from me after this. Even though I could see that third leg of his so beautifully sitting on his thigh, that was some dick that I wasn't willing to lose my life over. You bitches be proud of me because y'all hoes swear that Denim isn't changing. I swear I'm not the same person that I was a few years ago. I'm getting better.

*Naomi West*

“Loyal, girl, how long have you been in this damn bed? Sister girl, you need to open the blinds in here or something. This shit is depressing,” I stated, walking into Loyal’s room and seeing her in the middle of the bed.

The room was pitch dark, and I almost busted my ass a couple of times, trying to get to her. I loved Loyal like a sister, and I noticed that I hadn’t heard from her in a few days, so I called her early this morning, just to check on her. I had a lot of things going on at my school and all four of my damn kids had just gotten over a really bad cold. That had me wrapped up and not checking in with my girls.

When I called Loyal this morning, her hoarse voice over the phone just sounded horrible. I thought I might have woken her from her sleep, but the second I asked her what was up, and she broke down crying, I knew it was something bigger than me just waking her up from her sleep. It was hard for her to get out what she was saying, but to sum it up, I heard that Saint left her because she’d gotten an abortion.

I was confused because I’d talked to Loyal on the phone the day she had her first doctor’s appointment when her and Saint were in the car on the way there. She had texted her ultrasound pictures in our group chat, so I was highly confused. It was hard getting it out of her over the phone, so I told her to give me an hour, and I would be over. Markell was home, so I left the kids with him.

Dream opened the front door for me when I got there. I told her to get dressed because when I left there, I was going to head home to get the kids, then go to my sister’s house. I

knew Dream always looked forward to being around all her cousins.

“Naomi, don’t open them blinds. I have a fuckin’ migraine.” Loyal’s voice was just as hoarse right now as it was when I talked to her on the phone an hour ago.

It was so damn dark in that room that I had to pull my phone from my back pocket, unlock it, and use the flashlight because I was going to mess around and break my neck. After getting the flashlight on, I went over to the window and opened the blinds, letting some light in the dark, depressing ass room.

“Of course, you have a migraine, Loyal. This shit is depressing, and you’ve been crying. Talk to me. What’s going on because I wasn’t able to make out anything you were saying on that phone,” I stated, walking over to where she was lying on the bed with her head resting on a pillow.

Loyal was such a beautiful woman, and it didn’t matter that she was lying there having a whole crying moment because it didn’t take away from her beauty. Her eyes were red and puffy along with her nose. Her long hair was pulled up into a messy bun, and she had the hiccups as she just lay there, not even looking at me.

I took a seat on the bed and put my hand on her thigh, just trying to give her some support. If I knew anything about being sad and having a blow up, I knew to give the person time and not to push. Let my husband tell it, I was the drama queen, so trust me, I knew a thing or two about having breakdowns.

I went through so much shit back when my marriage to Liam fell apart, and sometimes, it was better to just let a person have their moment and speak when they were ready. That’s why I was going to chill and just let Loyal let me in, when she felt like it. A lone tear fell from her eyes that she didn’t even bother to wipe away.

“The other day, Raven was blowing my phone up while I was in the shower. Saint picked up the phone. I don’t know the full details of their conversation, though. All I know is, when I

walked into the room, the two of them were going at it. She hit below the belt, telling Saint that I aborted his child back when we were messing around in high school,” Loyal let me know after maybe ten minutes of us just sitting there in silence.

When she finished the first part of the story, she started crying some more, which had me rubbing my hand up and down her back.

“I didn’t have an abortion, Naomi. I swear I didn’t, and that’s what I was trying to explain to him, but it’s like he wasn’t trying to hear anything I said. I hate Raven for even telling him that because I told that shit to her in confidence. Nobody knows about the miscarriage I had. For so long, only me and my mom knew. Twinkle didn’t even know, and you know my sister and I are close as hell, and I tell her everything. She was with our grandmother when I miscarried the baby, and my mom had to take me to the hospital. Raven was someone I trusted, and I opened up to her about so much shit, never thinking she would just expose my secret like that.

“I love Saint. I love Saint to death. That was one secret that I just wanted to take to the grave, though. The way me and Saint ended years ago, back when I was in high school, was on super bad terms. I fucked his car up so bad that he said he would kill my ass if I came near him again. That doesn’t justify it... but damn. Naomi, I don’t know what the fuck to do. He left, and it’s been a week. He won’t even talk to me. He comes over every day to see Dream, and when I try to get a moment with him, he just dismisses me. I don’t know what the hell to do,” she said, and then she started crying some more.

I pulled her my way, allowing her to rest her head on my chest. I rubbed her arm, letting her get it all out. For a while, I didn’t say anything because her loud cries would have more than likely overpowered anything I said to her. When she calmed down, and there were just sniffles left coming from her, that’s when I spoke.

“Loyal, I know that you love Saint, and I know that that man loves you to pieces. Right now, he’s just angry. You know how Saint and Markell are when it comes to loyalty. Them men want to know every damn thing. I think what might have

pissed Saint off the most is the hesitation you had on keeping this baby once you found out that you were pregnant. A few weeks go by, and Raven tells him that mess over the phone. It's a lot for him to take in, but give him time. He may be coming over here to check on Dream, but best believe he's checking on you too, even if he isn't saying anything. You my girl, and I love you, but you should have told him," I said, and she nodded her head, agreeing with me.

"I know. I should have. I should have never messed back around with Raven either. That shit didn't do anything but bite me in the ass," she said.

"We tried to warn you in Aruba," I mumbled.

She laughed while wiping her eyes.

"I know. I guess this is what I get. Thank you for coming to check on me, Naomi. Ima get it together," she assured me after removing her head from my chest.

"Please, for the sake of the baby, you need to get it together. I'm going to take Dream with me. Get out of this damn bed, please. Take a shower, wash your hair, put on some clothes, and do something. Just get out of this bed. Shit is too depressing," I stated, as I stood up.

Loyal laughed as she stretched. I stayed with her for about fifteen more minutes, and she assured me that she was fine. I then went to check on Dream, who was ready to go. Before she left with me, I had her go to her mom's room to tell her goodbye and that she would be back later. Once she met me downstairs, we were ready to roll.

I made it home about fifteen minutes later, and I swear it sounded like I'd just walked into a damn daycare with all the noise was going on.

"Ma, you bought my V-bucks?" LJ asked, making me want to scream. This little boy and his damn V-bucks were going to drive me crazy.

"LJ, did you make up your bed like I asked you to this morning before I left?"

He gave me that charming smile before he ran his little butt upstairs, yelling for Dream to come with him, and she was right on his trail. The triplets had all their toys in the living room, so I picked them up and tossed them into the toy bin. Then, I went over to the stairs and slipped my shoes off. I jogged up the stairs, where I heard loud music playing. It was kid's music, so I assumed Markell must have had it on for the kids.

I found Markell and the triplets in their bathroom. He had the three of them in the large jacuzzi tub, letting them play around with all their toys while he sat on the bathroom counter, watching them with nothing but love in his eyes. He adored all four of the kids. There was no denying that.

“If you're giving the kids a bath, Markell, why do you have the TV blasting downstairs and the one up here blasting too?” I walked over and stood between his legs, wrapping my arms around his neck.

“You always come home, trying to run Markell's daddy day care. I got this. The kids ain't crying, nobody is hurt or hungry. My babies are good. All four of them,” he assured me, and then he kissed me on my lips. His hands were on my behind, squeezing it, as he looked at me like that little peck on the lips wasn't enough. So, I slid him my tongue, letting him suck on it.

When I felt myself getting hot, I pulled away. Markell looked so yummy sitting here. His shirt was off, showing off the many tattoos that filled his chest and stomach. My baby had been hitting the gym, getting bigger. His beautiful chocolate skin was the same melanin that he'd given to our children, and that matched mine. I took his braids out last night, so he his hair was still curly. He knew not to wash it because I told him that I would wash it, treat it, clip his ends, and place his two braids back in tonight.

Markell had on black Gucci shorts with the red and green stripes on the sides. Because he was sagging a little, I could see the band on his Ralph Lauren briefs. His socks were on his feet, and his house shoes were outside the door. I could stare at him all day, getting lost in his eyes.

“How’s Loyal?” he asked.

“About to drive herself crazy. You know how you men don’t play fair when y’all call yourselves being mad at us. Y’all take it toooo far,” I said, and Markell sucked his teeth.

“Gone on with that shit, Naomi. I love Loyal like a sister, but she fucked up. I would have left yo’ ass too for pulling some shit like that,” he said, and I mushed him for even saying it.

“Saint didn’t leave her! He’s angry, but he’ll come back around. I don’t know what Saint told you, but she really didn’t get the abortion. She miscarried, and I believe her. She wouldn’t lie about that,” I let him know.

“He believes that she miscarried, but at the same time, the nigga just wanted to be informed. Change the subject because I ain’t about to be beefing with you. You know how you’ll start that women empowerment shit up in a second,” he joked, making me laugh.

I mushed him while trying to leave his embrace, so I could go over to my babies.

“Can I hit it before you leave with them?” he asked.

I grabbed his dick, feeling a long, meaty dick, that wasn’t fully hard yet.

“Markell, I’m insulted. My dick supposed to be pointed at the ceiling already,” I said, and he slapped me hard as hell on my ass.

“Shittttt, you got me fucked up. Put they little asses in the room with LJ, and I’ll show you some shit,” he threatened, making me crack up in laughter, still trying to pull away, but his ass wasn’t letting me.

“I got you tonight, Markell. It’s five kids here. Dream is in the room with LJ. Damn, am I going crazy or something? Did we not just fuck in the shower this morning? My God!” I screeched.

“That was two fuckin’ hours ago, Naomi. Stop acting like you don’t know how I get down. Anywhere you at with that



pussy, I'm trying to be somewhere inside it," he stated, and then he moved me out of the way, so he could jump down from the counter.

Markell went over to the kids and finished bathing them.

I just shook my head and walked out of the room. I had to get away from him because I would really hand the three of them over to LJ and Dream while I slipped away with Markell for five minutes. The way he was looking at me, and I was looking at him, I promise it would take no longer than five minutes anyway.

*Mehki 'Beatz'*  
*Randolph*

**I**t was after one in the morning, and Mia and I were on the elevator together, coming down from the eighty-second floor. There were three other women on the elevator with us. We were in Houston, staying at the Four Seasons. I was there on some business shit, and Mia and I had plans to leave tomorrow night. I was keeping it on the hush because the director of the movie and shit didn't want me to say anything, but I was on set today, just making a quick appearance in a movie that was set to premiere this winter.

This moment was big for me, and it was out of the norm. I had been on magazines covers, I had starred in some commercials, and shit like that, but they done put a nigga in a movie. I wanted Mia to fly down with me and witness that shit, so there she was. We were coming from dinner. The plan was to get back to the hotel, take a shower, fuck, and go to sleep because we had been on the move all day, but I had these beats in my head, and I wanted to get my ass in a recording studio, even if it was just for one hour. I knew the way my brain worked. The magic that I was sitting on, and what was going on in my mind wasn't going to stop until I sat in front of some keys.

Mia had the back of her head on my chest, and from the way her head kept dropping, I could tell she was trying to doze off. I had one hand in her scalp, massaging it and trying to keep her up, while the other hand was on her stomach. I leaned my head in the crook of her neck, letting my beard tickle her.

"You sleepy?" I asked.

"No," she lied.

Since my lips were already so close to her, I kissed on her neck, and like we were the only two on the elevator, I proceeded to suck on her neck. She jumped at my touch and then reached back to push my ass off her.

“Mehki, stop. You’re embarrassing me,” she whined in a whisper.

I was getting her hot and bothered from the way I was sucking on her neck. It was one of her many hot spots. I chilled, allowing the elevator to take us all the way down, and then I walked behind Mia, letting her lead the way.

My eyes were glued to her fat ass in those tight denim jeans. She paired it with a white cropped blouse that was tied at the front, so you know I’ve been glaring at titties all night. Titties that sat up perfectly and were decorated with passion marks from all the fuckin’ that we did late last night and early this morning. She had heels on that she walked effortlessly in, swaying from side to side with each step she took. She was back to rocking her honey blonde hair in the bob that I loved on her.

We made it outside, where my driver was pulled up out front. I lifted Mia, assisting her with getting inside, and then I walked over to the other side to step in next.

“I can’t believe you got me out at one in the morning to go to the studio,” Mia complained once the driver pulled out of the valet area.

I grabbed her hand, placed it in mine, and kissed the back of it.

“An hour, baby. I promise.”

She didn’t even say anything else about it. Lowkey, I felt bad because not even a minute later, she laid her head on the head rest, closed her eyes, and dozed off. While she slept, I beat my hands on my lap, keeping the theme to a beat going that I was sitting on because I didn’t want to lose the sound of it. I pulled out my phone and set it on my lap to record what I was doing. To some, I might have looked crazy in that moment, but to me, I was creating magic.

I glanced over at Mia and watched her sleep. My eyes left her beautiful face and traveled down to her stomach. *I wonder if she's pregnant.* Shit may sound weird, but every time I got this high where I just had to get my ass in the studio because the beats in my head were going into overdrive, it resulted in Mia being pregnant. We got back from her birthday trip two weeks ago, and we were out there fuckin' like crazy without any protection. I stared at her for a few seconds more, shook my head, and went back to working on the beat.

We pulled up to the studio about thirty minutes later. I had to tap Mia on her thigh to wake her up. Her eyes popped open, and she looked around, trying to figure out where we were. I was cool with Mike, the owner of this studio, and before I came, I had called him. Because my face was always good with him, he let me know which studio was empty, and there I was.

I got out of the car and held Mia's hand. The light in the studio turned on once we made it inside. Instead of having Mia sit on one of the empty chairs right next to me, I pulled her onto my lap.

"I miss the days when you used to beg to bring your ass with me to the studio. You was worse than my fuckin' kids, wanting to follow me around whenever I walked out the door," I said.

She laughed while playfully pulling my beard.

"Don't do that, Mehki, because you used to beg me to come with you. I'm older now, so I know that we not going to be in here for no one damn hour. I know it's going to be longer, so excuse my lack of energy right now." She reached up and ran her hands through my waves.

"Wanna know something?" I asked, and she nodded.

"When you was pregnant with Maddy and Maya, both times, I had this urge to get my ass to the studio and produce. I had music going off in my head. See, when you was pregnant with Ivy, I had that same urge, which happened probably a week before all that bullshit went down after your doctor's appointment-

“Oh no, nigga. Don’t call it bullshit. Call it what it was. When I came in the house like a mad woman after testing positive for gonorrhoea.” She just had to throw that bullshit in there.

“See, baby. Why you even gotta take it there? Come on,” I said, hands on her thigh as I looked her in the eyes.

She laughed and playfully rolled her eyes at me as she waited for me to finish my story.

“I had that same rush feeling when you got pregnant with Ivy, although I didn’t find out about your pregnancy with Ivy until later. It’s almost two in the morning, and look where I got you. I got a rush to make some music, Mia. I think you pregnant,” I let her know.

She grunted and then looked ahead. “Give it two more days. That’s when my period is supposed to come,” she let me know.

“Aight.” I kissed her on her exposed cleavage, prepared to start working.

“So much for packing the Plan Bs,” she threw in.

“That was just for decoration, baby,” was all I said.

I got to work, and Mia sat in my lap for an hour straight, bobbing her head to what I produced and telling me how much she loved what I was coming up with. It felt good to have her share this moment with me while I created. She didn’t even trip about the fact that I’d gone over my time of one hour. We stayed a little over two hours, then I locked up everything and sent what I’d created in there tonight to my email since I came without my jump drive.

I couldn’t wait to get back to Cali and have some artists jump on these tracks. I had just finished wrapping up Caine’s album last weekend. His album took up a lot of my time because that was my boy, and he was sitting on so much talent. I just wanted to make sure I gave him my best. He’d been promoting the album and sharing snippets of it online to his social media, so you know different niggas were in my inbox

hard, wanting to work with me and asking for that same sound that I'd given to Caine.

Mia was coming back home, and I knew she didn't like for me to be in the studio all night. See, when we separated, I damn near moved into my studio. Half the time, I hardly even slept at home because at my studio that I owned in Cali, I made one of the rooms a bedroom for me, plus I had a bathroom. Mia was coming home with the kids, and I knew she wasn't going for that shit.

"Mehki," a raspy male voice called my name.

Niggas ain't call me Mehki. Only people who called me that was Mia and my mama. Mia and I were a few feet away from getting into the truck. I looked up toward the voice and spotted a man who was a replica of myself, but he looked nothing like he did when I'd last seen him. This nigga used to be as big as I was right now. Pussy ass nigga used to be in the house slamming my fuckin' mama on her head whenever they got to fighting.

It was my pops, someone that I hadn't seen in so many fuckin' years. This nigga left when I was eight years old. He left my mama, and he left me too. Truth be told, over the years, I thought his ass might have been dead, but there he was, right in the flesh, and he looked sickly. He stood up tall, just as I did, but his body was weak looking and fragile as hell. He sported a bald head, and his face looked sunken in. I just couldn't believe this was the same man standing in front of me who at one time looked like he could bench 350-pound weights.

I moved Mia from in front of me because I didn't know what this nigga was on.

"Fuck you want with me?" I asked.

He walked up a little closer, throwing his hands up in surrender, letting me know he didn't come for no bullshit, but I still didn't trust it.

"Bae, go in the car. I'm coming," I said to tell Mia, but she had this hardcore look on her face, like she didn't want to

leave me out here with him.

This was someone who was once my wife, someone I would lay up with, share my dark secrets, my hurt and pain, and the effects of my father walking out of my life. She knew who this was too because I'd shown her pictures of him.

"I'm good, baby. Go in the car," I assured her, and then I kissed her on her lips.

She sighed and walked over to the car, where the driver let her in and closed the door.

"What you want?" I asked.

"Look, you got every reason to hate me. I left without explanation, but son—"

"Don't call me that shit, motha fucka! I ain't no son to you! I'm a nigga that don't mean shit to you. Just another nigga that you left for my mama to raise me on her own. Fuck outta here, man," I snapped, getting pissed off just that fast.

I turned to walk away from him and get in the car with Mia. I didn't have time for this bullshit tonight, especially not after the good day I'd just had. I didn't want to end it with no shit like this.

"I'm dying, Mehki. Lung cancer, and it's stage four. Please, man. Please. The doctor saying..."

He started to cough terribly, which stopped him from finishing his sentence.

"The doctors saying that... that they don't even see me making it past two months. I'm... I'm sorry man... I want to right... right my wrongs," he stated with sadness in the eyes.

I looked at the father who walked away from me as a kid. A grandfather that my kids never even got the chance to meet. A man who hadn't moved me with none of the words that he'd just said because my hate for him ran deep. All I could do was shake my head.

"Don't right your wrongs with me, nigga, because you want to earn you a spot in Heaven. I ain't no fuckin' toy, bruh! I'm a man with feelings. Cold fuckin' feelings because of you

leaving. If you wasn't dying, you wouldn't have given two fucks about seeing me because you had twenty-seven years to make shit right. You left when I was eight, man. I wish you well, nigga," was all I had for him.

I walked over to my side of the car, so I could get in. Once inside, I watched him put his hands in his pockets and walk with his head held down to a Dodge truck that was in the parking lot. I bit my lip hard, my leg shaking like a motha fucka, as I thought about what had just transpired between us.

Mia grabbed my hand and placed it in hers. She didn't say anything and allowed me to have those few moments of silence to myself. Mia knew that when I was ready to say something, I would. The nerve of that nigga. I ain't mean shit to him for twenty-seven fuckin' years! The second he finds out he's dying, now, all of a sudden, he remembered the son he left? Fuck that nigga! I wasn't even sure how the nigga found me. That's what I wanted answers for.



*Myesha Goodman*

“**W**here you and Tommy going tonight? I love that about y’all. Your nigga is a whole NBA player, but he always finds the time to take you out on a date. I think that’s so cute,” I said to Token as she sat in the beauty room at my home, getting her face beat.

Ugh, I felt like such a scandalous ass bitch for complimenting this girl on her marriage, knowing I was fuckin’ her husband. I said I was going to leave Tommy alone, especially since I was letting my conscience work the fuck out of my mental. This girl was going through fertility issues with her husband and doing everything in her power to have a baby by him, only to get let down, yet there I was, fuckin’ the nigga at least three times out of each week. Then I slipped up, got my dumb ass pregnant, and ended up aborting the baby.

Everything in my body told me to leave Tommy’s ass alone, but that dick on him was just too good. Plus, the nigga was so fuckin’ conniving and knew how to get his way. Lowkey, I felt like the nigga was fuckin’ me and being nice to me all of sudden because I’d threatened to tell his wife on him and I knew about him taking steroids. I could have left him alone, but damn, I couldn’t shake this nigga.

His ass was just over there last night, fuckin’ me, and there I was, with his wife in my home, doing her makeup. Any other time, I would take her at my shop, but because today was actually my off day, and she’d called me earlier this afternoon, asking me if I could squeeze her in, I went ahead and did it. My flight to Cancun wasn’t until later tonight. My best friend, Kalina’s birthday was tomorrow, so my sister Myra, Andrea,

and I were all meeting up at the airport tonight to celebrate with her.

To be honest, Andrea, and I still weren't on the best of terms. That bitch just rubbed me the wrong way the day I had to get the abortion. She kept talking about what I should have done instead of just being a friend and driving me to the abortion clinic, picking me up, and just leaving me to my thoughts. That shit was hard enough on me as is. She felt a way about me too from the way I'd snapped on her. We talked, but we were nowhere near as close as we used to be. Remember, I had to play nice with this bitch because she had too much dirt on me.

“Oh, no. Not me and Tommy. My two sisters are visiting from Jamaica, so I'm taking them out to dinner. Tommy left for Atlanta this morning. Some business deal that he had that way. Long meetings, he said. He knows I don't like to sit in on those meetings, so he went without me,” she said, followed by a laugh.

Hell, I laughed too because I knew the nigga was nowhere in Atlanta. For him to have sold her that lie, it proved to me that I wasn't the only bitch he was fuckin' around with on her, which was sad. I mean, I knew this, but to know that he was still entertaining so many other women, and still lying to his wife was crazy. I really had to stop fuckin' this nigga because Tommy and I didn't always use protection, so who's to say if he was using protection with the rest of these hoes. The nigga was going to eventually get caught up, just like Beatz did, which is why I should leave the nigga now, but that was easier said than done.

“That's what's up. What are y'all going to get into tonight?” I asked, having her close her eyes, so I could perfectly do her eye shadow. She asked for a pink, glittery look tonight, which was different for Token because her looks were usually just a natural face.

I was the kind of makeup artist who liked to experiment and do fun looks, but the bitch was boring and never really wanted to do anything outside the box. So, when she sat in my

chair and said she wanted to do a pink look with some glitter, it made me happy.

“Dinner, and we’re supposed to hit up a club. I didn’t tell Tommy about the club, though. That man would lose his mind if he knew I was going to a club without him,” she said, and since her eyes were closed, I rolled mine, hating that shit for her.

That nigga didn’t want her in the clubs because he knew it was probably some hoes in there that he was fuckin’, and he feared that one of them bitches might say something to her about it. I always wondered why when I checked Token’s social media, that bitch would never be out with her girls, having a drink, and just chilling without Tommy. She was living in his skin without a life of her own.

Hearing her state how he wouldn’t let her go to the club without him put a lot into perspective. See, I talked a lot of shit about Mia, but I’ll give the bitch her credit and say that even when she was married to Beatz, that bitch had a life of her own, and would be outside. Her life didn’t revolve around her marriage, but obviously that wasn’t the case between Token and Tommy.

“Girl, you gotta have a life outside of Tommy. That nigga be in the clubs without you,” I told her, and she laughed.

I knew that nigga was in the club without her because the nigga would call me while he was there, telling me to stay up, so we could fuck after he left. Like a damn dummy, I would listen to him.

“He’s a man, though, so I guess it’s different,” she stated.

I laughed. “Well, let me take advice from you, since you’re the one that’s married,” I said, but Lord knows I didn’t mean it and was just being shady as hell.

After that, we just listened to the music that I had playing from my speakers, and I did her make-up in peace. I finished about forty-five minutes later, and I was in love with my work.

Token walked over to the mirror and loved what she saw. She gushed over how beautiful she looked. Token was

beautiful, but the girl was plain as hell, and with all the money her husband made, the nigga could get the bitch a stylist. She always does these red-carpet events with Tommy, and I hate her outfits so much. At this point, I thought the nigga was setting her ass up for failure, so he could be the only nigga who wanted her.

Token was tall. She had to be at least six feet, and she had a slim build, so she would make the perfect model. She had natural hair that was jet black and stopped in the middle of her back. She never wore any wigs, bundles, braids, none of that shit. Her natural hair was always parted down the middle and flat ironed to perfection. She had nice, caramel colored skin, and she was intelligent, but dumb as hell when it came to her husband. She told me before that when she met Tommy, she had been in law school, but the bitch fell so much in love with him, that she ended up dropping out. She'd been living in the nigga's shadow ever since.

She paid me and tipped me well as she always did.

I walked her to the front door, opened it, and she stepped out. Before walking over to her beautiful, white Mercedes-Benz G class that she had parked on the side of my townhouse, she looked up at me and smiled.

“I put a tracker under Tommy's car about a month ago. He frequents this address a lot. I just didn't have the balls to drive my ass over here because I didn't want to find out the truth. I did get the balls last week, but I couldn't get through the gate. I didn't even try my luck with security because I knew they wouldn't let me in, so I left. A week later, I texted you today to get my makeup done, and you text me the same address where I noticed Tommy would spend a lot of his time when he tells me that he's in meetings, with his niggas, or that practice ran over. Like a fool, I believed it too.” She laughed through the big tears that fell down her face.

I stood there shaking because this bitch was on to me, and any bitch who stood in front of you, laughing while she cried was a bitch that you should be afraid of. Lowkey, she had me shaking just a bit.

“When you texted me your address, I was like, ‘I’ve seen this address before.’ It was the same address that Tommy frequents. The same address that he was just at last night while I was putting IVF shots in my thigh, waiting for him to bring his ass home. Crazy, right? Don’t bother calling him. I promise you, he’s in a place where he won’t answer. Well, unless you know the phone number to hell.” She finished with a smile and then got in her car, but she didn’t pull off right away.

The shit kind of freaked me out a bit, so I quickly closed the door, locked it, and I ran upstairs to get my gun. I held it just in case this bitch came back. The comment she made in closing about Tommy not answering the phone because he might be in hell had me wondering if she might have killed him. My hands shook as I called him, anyway. It rang about three times, and then it answered, making me breathe a sigh of relief.

“He won’t answer. I told you that,” Token answered the phone.

That shit made me freeze up with my back against the wall, and my hand over my mouth, visibly shaken because I believed this crazy ass bitch had really killed him.

“Oh, and you might want to get yourself checked out. What I gave him this time isn’t curable.” With that, she hung up the phone.

I tried to call back, but it went straight to voicemail, as if she’d blocked my number or turned the phone off. Sweating, I threw the phone on the floor and slid down the wall, rocking myself back and forth as I tears fell from my eyes. What the fuck did this bitch mean about getting myself checked out? What the fuck wasn’t curable this time? What the fuck did this bitch do to me?

*Cassandra White*

“It’s no way you’re a pastor, sexing me like this,” I breathlessly said to Aaron as I lay on my back, panting heavily from the three rounds of good sex that we’d just finished having. He lay there, his dark chocolate skin looking so good against the white silk sheets on my bed.

My pussy juices were on the corners of his mouth, so I leaned over and kissed him, wiping them away.

“Because I’m a pastor, I can’t make love to you good?” he asked.

I laughed and then stood up from the bed, picking up my black silk robe off the floor and wrapping it around my body. What we’d just done had me feeling like I’d just worked out at the gym, so I needed to go in the kitchen and grab an ice-cold bottle of water.

“I just didn’t expect for you to be *this* good, that’s all. You’re amazing at what you do. You want me to bring you anything back to drink from the kitchen?” I asked as he lay on his back with his hands behind his head and one of his legs propped up, but the sheets were in his lap, so you couldn’t see his dick.

Aaron had a perfect body. He wasn’t overly ripped with a bunch of muscles, but his muscles were big, and he had a nice six pack. Just like Liam, there wasn’t one single tattoo on his body. That, and being a pastor were the two things that Aaron and Liam had in common. Aside from that, they were completely opposite. Aaron was a damn good man, while

Liam's ass was just the devil, pretending to be one of God's followers.

Before leaving the room, I kissed him on his lips again and slid my feet into my house shoes. I made my way into the kitchen, where I pulled out two bottles of water from the refrigerator. I took the top off mine and quickly guzzled it down. I finished it in no time and stood with my back posted against the kitchen counter, just thinking about the events that had been thrown my way.

Well, honestly, things in my life had been slowing down as far as drama. Malika and I didn't speak anymore. Truth be told, I didn't trust that bitch. A few days after I'd finally gotten in contact with her when she came back from her fake trip to Hawaii, I tried to knock on her door again, so she could call her home boy, Mack, who according to her had been at her home the day that my son had gotten the bruise on his back. Because I'd attacked her, she looked me in my eyes and told me she wasn't calling shit, and for me to get the hell from in front of her door. That was the last time we had spoken, and that was over a month ago.

Truth be told, I had about three months left on my lease, and earlier today, Aaron had asked me how I felt about moving to Chicago with him. That's how I knew things were getting serious, and his feelings for me were growing just as much as mine were for him. Aaron asking me that, made me happy as hell. He'd really chosen me over his sisters, which is something that I didn't think he would ever do. I just wasn't used to people ever choosing me.

I didn't mind moving to Chicago with him. The company I worked for was only based in New Jersey, so I would have to quit, move without a job, and find something there. I was still sitting on nice money in my savings account because I walked away from my husband that night with a lot of funds to my name. Aaron had already put it in the air that I didn't have to find a job right away, so I could have time to adjust to the new city. I loved this man, so honestly, I was really considering the move. Beefing with my neighbor mixed with me being

paranoid as hell lately had me ready to pack my bags up tonight and just move in with him right away.

“Baby, I’m going to die of thirst,” Aaron yelled from the back room.

I snapped out of my thoughts and grabbed his bottle of water. Before heading back to my bedroom to give Aaron the water, I opened Lamar’s bedroom door to kiss him one last time, and call it a night. The first thing I noticed when I walked in was that the small, lullaby gadget that I kept near his crib to help him sleep at night wasn’t playing. That caused me to walk even faster to his crib because I knew I had turned it on after laying him in his crib tonight. I could feel that something was off. His blanket was there, so I lifted it, and my baby wasn’t in the crib.

“Oh, my God. Noooooo!” I screamed, moving the stuffed animals around in his crib like his body would be somewhere behind them.

My frantic screams caused Aaron to run into the nursery wearing just his boxers. He rushed over to the bed and looked in the crib, instantly noticing that Lamar wasn’t inside.

“Where the hell is he?” he roared.

I had never in my life heard Aaron curse. I screamed for him to call 911 as I opened his closet and looked under the bed, thinking that somehow he might have been hiding, even though I knew he wouldn’t be. I rushed out into the hallway and back into the living room to see if my door had been tampered with.

Aaron came in a few minutes later and put a piece of paper in my hand. I took it from him and read the contents.

*Sunshine,*

*You and your husband took something that belonged to me, so I’m taking something that belongs to you.*

That’s all that the letter said. *Sunshine. Sunshine.* That was the name I used before Tischina. I used that name when Antonio and I were in Philly for a while. I stood here, trying to remember who I’d given that name to. The man from



Starbucks. At the time, I couldn't remember his face, but I knew he was someone I had once encountered from the way I freaked out when I saw him. It was the way he looked at me. He had a look on his face like he remembered me from somewhere, and that's why I'd gotten out of there as quickly as I did.

With the paper in my hands, I slouched down on the floor with my back against the couch, screaming, crying, and kicking my feet. When Antonio and I left Philly, we pretty much fled. This man had me fucking over a big-time drug dealer. The man I saw in Starbucks wasn't the man I'd gone after. I'd gone after his friend, Dennis. Dennis is who I'd slept with. He was who my husband killed and took his drugs. The money Antonio had taken from Dennis was enough for us to finally retire from this lifestyle, and live like normal people, but Antonio had gotten greedy, which is why we'd moved to Miami. Sunshine was the name I'd given to Dennis. The dude I saw in Starbucks was Dennis's best friend. Dennis had confided in me about him. His name was Markeemo. They were dangerous people from what I remember.

My cries got even louder because I knew I would never get Lamar back. Without me even noticing, he was able to slip into my house, not make a sound, and take my baby. This situation just wouldn't end well because if he didn't kill my son, if I ever found him, there's no doubt in my mind that he would kill me. Antonio was responsible for taking someone from him that he loved, so there was no doubt that he would do to me what Antonio had done to Dennis.

*Mia Randolph*

“**Y**ou’re in a better mood tonight. What you doing up so late?” I asked Loyal as I stood in the bathroom at my house in Cali—the one I swore until I was blue in the face that I would never move back into.

Yep, two days ago, your girl packed up my shit, my kids, and we flew private back home. The kids were ecstatic, but they did cry after I took them to their friends’ houses in Miami to tell them goodbye. I would always be back and forth to Miami, since I had businesses out there and friends that way as well, but right now, Cali was back to being my stomping grounds.

“I’m in here, creating this dress. I couldn’t sleep, so I decided to come down here and work. Saint is here. He’s downstairs in the living room,” Loyal told me.

I was only half paying attention, and it wasn’t because what she said wasn’t important or interesting, but it was because I was in denial and had dipped the fifth pregnancy test in my cup of urine, hoping it would only show one line on the screen instead of double lines like the other four tests had shown. It was just my luck, though, that this test showed a positive result as well. I laughed out loud, thinking about how reckless I was with my pussy and letting Mehki fuck on me so much while we were on that yacht for my birthday. God said, “I got something for your ass,” and now look.

“Mia, what the hell are you doing? Are you even listening to me?” Loyal asked, snapping me out of my thoughts.

“Yes, boo, I’m here. You said Saint is there. Is he talking to you?” I asked.

I had the phone on speaker, with the bathroom door open because Ivy was in the middle of the bed, sleeping. She was my only baby at home with me tonight. Maddy and Maya were with my mom. Mehki’s ass was at the studio. It was going on one in the morning. He and I were going to talk as soon as he walked his ass through that door because if he thought we were going back to ten years ago, when he was coming from the studio at five and six in the morning, he had another thing coming. I was back home, and all that single man activity that he was doing while I was in Miami needed to get wrapped up.

“Yes, but girl, it’s dry as hell,” she said, and I laughed.

“You didn’t hit him with the gawk-gawk 3,000?” I asked, referring to the monster head that Loyal bragged about putting down over there.

“Sure did. I did that yesterday, and that’s why he brought his ass home,” she let me know, and I chuckled at that.

“Real shit, though, Mia. After thinking all of this through, when it comes down to it, I wish I had just told him years ago when it happened. Whether me and that nigga was on bad terms or not, he was supposed to have known that I was pregnant with his baby, and I miscarried. Shit, I was eighteen when that happened, and that was hurtful for me to go through, so I chose to keep it to myself. I had years, though, to tell him, so it’s no excuse,” she let me know.

I nodded my head in agreement with her.

“Have you talked to Raven since that bitch exposed all the damn tea?” I asked.

“I cursed her ass out, told her that she was dead to me, and I blocked her. All this shit is my fault. Damn. I should have never brought that bitch into my bedroom,” she said.

“We tried to warn you. All them fine hoes in Miami, Loyal. You could have got one of them bitches,” I said.

“I hear you. I ain’t messing around with no more bitches, unless it’s on a friendship level. Bitches be too fuckin’ emotional for me, telling shit, but hey, at least it’s out the bag, and he knows. That was the only secret that Saint didn’t know about me. I’ve told that nigga everything else,” she said.

“Answer the Facetime call,” I told her.

She quickly answered, and her beautiful face popped up on the screen. I laughed, showing her the five-pregnancy tests that I had lined up on the bathroom counter. She screamed once she saw it, and then laughed.

“Bitch, me and Twinkle called it! I watched every single one of you and Beatz Instagram stories when he took you away for your birthday. Every time you posted, you had a look on your face like you just finished getting fucked! That nigga bought you an island. Give that man his fuckin’ baby. I love it. Does he know?” Loyal asked, sounding all excited.

“No. I just took the tests. He’s at the studio. Whenever he brings his ass home, I’m going to tell him. Loyal, I’m about to have four kids. That shit is ghetto as fuck,” I joked, making her roll over in laughter.

“Ay, I love Beatz. I don’t care what nobody say. I love him for how he loves you. You only been back with the nigga exclusively for what? Maybe two months now, and he already made your ass come back home with his kids and knocked you up again. Ima start calling him big Beatz,” she said, talking shit.

I was cracking up at the shit Loyal said.

“Please, girl, don’t boost his head up any more than it already is,” I pleaded.

We talked on the phone for about five more minutes. Loyal told me how happy she was about my pregnancy and said our babies were going to be the best of friends. After a while, we hung up because my ass was tired. I washed my hands and face at the sink, dabbed my face with my face towel, and joined my baby back in the bed. I had the TV off in the room, and it was like clockwork that Mehki called me right when I

was snuggled up under Ivy. He was calling me via Facetime, so I turned the lamp back on in the room. When I answered, and I could see that he was in his car, hoodie on his head, blowing smoke rings into the air.

“You must have known that I was about to tell you to bring your ass home,” is how I answered, making him laugh.

“Aye, baby, that’s the only thing Ima miss about being single,” he joked, and I rolled my eyes at him.

Ivy’s snores were loud as she slept like her little ass had just worked a twelve-hour shift.

“That’s Ivy snoring like that? Man, I thought you had a nigga in the bed with you,” he said because I’d placed the camera on our beautiful daughter.

“Leave my baby alone, Mehki,” I snapped, followed by a yawn, tired as hell.

“I’m like fifteen minutes away. Put her in her own bed. That’s the biggest cock blocker I know. Why she ain’t go with Junie like her sisters”

“She was over there, doing all that crying, and Ma told me not to leave her cry baby ass over there. Mehki, as soon as I hang up this phone with you, I’m going to sleep. I have to adjust back to this time zone. My sleep is all fucked up,” I announced.

“So, what you saying is that you turning down an opportunity to get your pussy ate and fucked? Wowwww. I hate that for you,” he said, trying to be funny and copy my lingo. I laughed so hard at him because his ass got on my damn nerves.

“Let me just get a power nap. When you get here, put Ivy in her room, take a shower, and then wake me. In that order, Mehki. Don’t come home, trying to fuck me with no sweaty dick,” I said.

“Mannnnn, you got me fucked up. This dick is clean, baby,” he threw out.

“I hear you. Please drive safe. I love you,” I cooed.

“I love you more, baby. Way more,” he let me know, and then he hung up.

I set the phone on the nightstand, kissed my baby on her forehead, and then snuggled up with her. My left arm wrapped around Ivy’s small body while I prayed for her, Maddy, Maya, and Mehki. The second I said, Amen, I heard a loud boom downstairs, sounding like the front door had been kicked in.

I jumped up from the bed with my daughter, grabbed her little body up, and I rushed with her into the closet. After laying her on her stomach, and I grabbed a couple of my gowns and placed them on top of her.

It sounded like people were running through the house. I knew Mehki had guns stored all through this house, and in this closet, he had a large rifle safe where he kept a lot of his Dracos and his AKs. I grabbed the Draco and rushed out of the closet, not even sure what the hell I was about to walk into. If I died tonight, I would be fine knowing my daughter was in my closet, on her stomach, behind a steel door that they would never be able to get into. The door required a code, and it had too much power to be knocked down. I had two daughters who weren’t even home, and a baby growing inside of me who would never even make it if I didn’t make it out of there alive tonight.

I with my gun in my hand, just waiting for the bedroom door to be kicked down. With tears running down my face, I grabbed my phone and saw that Mehki had called me twice. I was sure he’d gotten the notice on his phone from the front door being kicked in. I could hear gunshots coming from downstairs. My hands shook as I answered the Facetime call from him. I could hear how fast he was driving, and I saw it all in his face that he was scared. Scared for me. Scared for Ivy because there was a chance that we might not make it out alive.

“Mia—”

“Mehki, you have to tell my kids that I love them every day—”

“Mia, don’t fuckin’ say that shit! Don’t say that shit! Baby, come on! It’s guns in there. You gotta put them niggas down. Mia, you can fuckin’ shoot. Don’t let them niggas kill you and my fuckin’ baby! Mia, baby, I swear to God I’ll be there in seven minutes tops—”

“It’s too many guns going off! It’s different guns, so I know it’s a lot of them—”

*Boom!*

The bedroom door was kicked in, making me drop the phone. I started letting the bullets fly from the Draco. Two men were standing right there, not expecting me to shoot back, and instantly they went down.

“Who all up there?” I heard a deep voice ask as I stepped out of the bedroom.

I walked over their dead bodies, my adrenaline on ten as I checked my surroundings, watching my back, so I wouldn’t get killed. I heard movement in my girls’ room, and once the figure walked out, I let my gun ring, instantly putting him down.

“How many fuckin’ people up there?” a voice yelled from downstairs.

The voice sounded a bit familiar; I just didn’t know from where. I crept down the hallway, ready for whoever was asking questions to make their way up the stairs. I had a good aim to get them from where I stood. I was shaking, sweating, and tears were falling because I didn’t know how this would play out.

No one answered back, so I didn’t know if there was someone else up there, and they just weren’t answering to throw me off. It was too quiet up there for anyone to be there. I was in a hiding space that covered me from whoever would come upstairs.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw movement, but the figure was too fast and popped me right in my stomach. I screamed out in pain as I raised my gun and let off several rounds, killing him instantly. This was me fighting to stay

alive for my fuckin' kids, although this gunshot wound felt like it was slowly killing me.

I placed my hand on my stomach, feeling the blood ooze out of me as I limped, trying to get away. That's when shots from downstairs started flying my way. I shot back, but my aim was severely off because of the pain I was in. At that moment, all I could think about was staying alive for my kids and not letting whoever was in that house get any access to my bedroom.

"Where yo' nigga at, baby? It ain't you I want. I want your nigga!" I knew who that voice belonged to now. I fired down, letting multiple shots ring off. I heard, "Shit," which let me know that I might have hit something, so I started back shooting at that same target.

More bullets flew my way, popping me in my hand and making me lose my grip on the gun. Two bullets hit my chest, sending me flying back. The fight ended right here. I fought like hell to keep my eyes open. With the blood on my hands, I wrote on the white walls with my finger, *Rico*. That's where I knew the voice from.

That was Zay's friend. I needed Mehki to know who had done this to me if I didn't make it. I could literally feel my life slipping away.

Seconds later, the front door opened, and more loud gunshots rang out. Mehki had promised me seven minutes. Seven minutes was our number. When I had Maddy, I pushed for seven minutes straight. Mehki would always joke about how he only needed seven minutes to give good sex to my body and make me cum. He promised me seven minutes to make it back to me, but the way I saw it, it was going to be seven minutes until I died because I didn't think I was going to make it.

I heard footsteps coming up the stairs, and I could hear Mehki screaming for me. He found me in the hallway, lying on my back. He ran over, cuffed the back of my head, and screamed for me to fight, the same way that I would scream for him in my dreams when he would die right before me. This



was the same blood smell. All those months, it was Mehki's life that I had been worried about, when it should have been my own.

“Mia... hey... hey... Don't leave me... don't you fuckin' leave meeeee!” he cried, cradling the back of my head as he slapped at my face, trying to get me to fight.

For the first time in life, I couldn't give Mehki what he wanted. I've always given him what he wanted. I dragged him through hell, making him fight to get me back, even though some would say he didn't deserve me. He still got what he wanted in the end... me. This one thing, though, it was hard for me to give him. I floated off to a place that made it hard for me to tell if what just happened was a dream or reality.

To be continued