



# His Lucky Blessing

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**Category:** Romance

**Description:** When you're a woman boss in a man's world, respect doesn't come easy—especially when you're balancing hustle with heart. Blessyn is Atlanta's most sought-after female barber, running one of the city's top-tier shops with a precision that commands attention. But behind the flawless fades and power moves lies a woman carrying the weight of loss, responsibility, and a heart she's long stopped trusting.

After a night of partying spirals into an unexpected one-night stand, Blessyn wakes up next to a stranger she can't forget and desperately wants to. But fate has other plans when Lucky, a reformed street legend turned businessman, ends up right in her chair. He's captivated, determined to make her his, but Blessyn has no intention of mixing business with heartbreak again.

Meanwhile, Merci, Blessyn's wild and reckless baby sister, is chasing bags and clout as a controversial Instagram model. When Blessyn tries to pull her into the family shop for a fresh start, Merci discovers a love for hair—and an even stronger lust for the one man she shouldn't want. He's off-limits, taken, and tangled in drama that could destroy her.

As each woman fights for control over their love, life, and legacy, they're forced to confront the truth: success doesn't shield you from pain, and the heart doesn't play fair.

**Total Pages (Source):** 128

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:51 am*

I stood in my bathroom mirror, laying my baby hairs as my sister bounced her ass to Megan Thee Stallion. I'm still not sure how I let my baby sister talk me into going out with her. She was used to living like a fucking City Girl and I was used to working and living a normal ass life.

"You know he giving his money to Megan. He knows it's very expensive to date me," my sister, Merci sung as she snatched the comb from me to help lay my hair. "Bitch I swear if it wasn't for me, you would be lame as fuck. You really need to get your fucking life tonight. Don't take your ass in the club and babysit your damn drink. All this ass you got, I want you to shake that shit like you used to do with my brother-in-law."

Just the thought of my baby daddy made me cringe. I wasn't in the mood to go anywhere right now.

"Look, it's been two years. It's okay to have fun Syn. Now open your mouth and drive the boat, bitch."

"Girl hell no. I got to drive and you already lit."

"Okay, more for me." She threw the bottle of crown back.

My sister Merci did hair at my salon where I cut hair. It was some weird shit I caught on to in the hood. It started with my daddy hair, and he would go hang on the block where everyone was asking who cut his hair. The next thing I knew; I was cutting so much hair my mama had to make me pay half the damn light bill because it had doubled. I took that traded and capitalized off it. I was the best female barber in

Atlanta.

Merci was bad with the frontals. She had my shit so laid; it looked like the shit was coming straight out of my scalp. I was pretty and all, but I wasn't into a lot of the girly shit my sister was into. Being around niggas all day made me become laid back. They respected the fuck out of me, and I liked that more than them being thirsty over a big booty female barber.

"Are you wearing that?" Merci asked as I threw the ripped jeans on the bed.

"Umm yea. What the fuck wrong with it?"

"I mean it could work because they tight but what kind of shirt your ass wearing?"

"I was thinking about this one." I showed her a graphic tee.

"Oh, hell nah. I knew it was going to be some ole baggy ass shit. Put this crop top on so your tattoo under your titties can show."

"See, I ain't with this type of shit."

"For one night, I want my sister to have a good time with me. Pretty please," she pouted.

"Aight," I said defeated.

We finished getting dressed and headed out the door to the club. In the city, the club didn't shut down until late. It was already close to midnight, and I lived an hour from the city. Withall that I had went through, being in the city brought too many memories. I packed all my shit up and moved my ass out to Sandy Springs.

The Mansion was one of the hottest clubs in the city. Most of the celebrities and Instagram models visited this place. It wasn't my vibe but Merci was on her Instagram modeling shit, so she was on every scene. I trusted that she was going to take care of me tonight so here I was feeling naked as fuck with a pair of tight ass ripped jeans and shirt that was barely covering my nipples.

An hour in the club and I was lit. Between the D'usse and Hennessey, I was damn near seeing double. My car was probably going to get towed because there was no way I was going to be able to drive after this shit. All the dancing I was doing; I knew for sure my shit was going to be sore in the morning. At the moment, I didn't give a fuck. I was having the time of my life and everything that I stressed about was gone. I had this one nigga that just wasn't leaving my side all night. He was cute and chocolate so he could hang around for a while as long as he knew after the club, he was taking his ass home alone. The last thing I remembered was Merci pouring some Henny down my damn throat. Everything after that was a blur.

My eyes fluttered a few times before they adjusted to see the man on the side of me. I begin to panic when I noticed I was in a hotel room. The strange man was sleeping so good; he didn't feel me get out the bed. All his chains, money and cell phones were on my side of the bed. I was tempted to grab a few of the blue hundreds that had spilled out of his pockets, but I wasn't hard up and I damn sure didn't want a nigga looking for me about a few hundred dollars.

A few things came back to my memory about last night. From how my legs was feeling, I must've had an awesome time. The bulge in the white sheet further let me know that I was going to be hurting later and I needed to go home and soak. His fine ass approached me last night and wouldn't let me go. As far as our sexual encounter, it was vague. I hated that, because he was nice looking. Too bad for him that I wasn't going to be here when he opened his eyes.

I slipped my jeans on so fast and threw my shirt on without waking him up. I took

another glance at the fine ass nigga in the bed, he was my type, but I wasn't in the place where I could deal with a man right now. As I grabbed my purse and phone, I was relieved to find the empty condom wrappers on the floor. At least we weren't that damn drunk that we didn't use protection. I was going to kill Merci when I got home. This bitch left me with a stranger, knowing that was something I didn't get down with. I got in my car and sent her ass a long text to tell her how I felt. Thankfully it was Sunday, and I didn't have work because my pussy was sore, my legs were aching, and my head was banging from all the alcohol I consumed. The only thing I wanted to do was shower and crawl in my bed.

When I left Decatur, I thought I left everything behind but every time I walked in my house the presence of my man was there. The shit sent chills down my spine. Many nights I would cry just thinking about him and my son. It's been two years, and I still couldn't get over the fact that someone was so cruel that they gunned my son and baby daddy down. I'll forever love him for trying to shoot back to protect our son.

I dropped my purse at the door and leaned against the door. The picture I kept of my son stared me in the face. He was only five. I could still remember what he put on that day. He loved Superhero's and he begged me to let him wear an outfit I bought out of Target. It wasn't a big deal to me, but it was a big deal to my baby daddy. He always wanted him to wear some shit that didn't matter. That same outfit he begged to wear, was cut up and full of blood from them trying to save his life. If they would've got there a few moments sooner, he would still be alive.

For two years, I battled with anxiety attacks. They never caught the muthafuckas that did it which made me uneasy. And every day I opened my eyes; I wondered would they come for me. I never got into my baby daddy business and I wasn't sure what the shootout was about, but if I could go back to that dreadful day and make them stay home, I would. The only way I got over it, was working. I loved cutting hair and spent long days and nights throwing myself into my work to deal with my heartache. People often tell me I don't act like I lost my child and the love of my life. I did all

the crying I was going to do. I pushed it to the back of my mind so I could function. Days like today though, were hard.

I stripped and showered before I slipped into a depressed ass day. Popping a Tylenol pm, I climbed in bed and flipped through my sister Instagram and was ashamed of some of the shit I was doing last night. Nothing was degrading but it was the alcohol that had me shaking my ass like I was doing. Merci had a post of her laid up with a nigga in the same hotel I had just left. I was feeling a little better now that I knew she was safe. I placed my phone on the charger and took my ass to sleep.

I woke up a little after to seven to my sister talking loudly. Throwing my cover off, I put my bedroom shoes on and I went into my living room. She was pacing the floor arguing into the phone. It appeared like she was on FaceTime or live. Once I got closer, I noticed her ass arguing with a bitch on live. I snatched her phone from her and ended the live.

“What you did that for?” She snatched the phone back.

“I’m sick of you on that shit arguing with them fake pages. Where the hell you been all day?”

“Chilling with one of my niggas.”

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:51 am*

“Okay, why the fuck you let me go with some random ass nigga last night? That shit was not safe and because of that, I’m never going out with you again.”

“The nigga booked a suite at the same hotel I was at. He was solid and he was feeling you. He was with you all night. Even caught him swerving a few bitches just to chill with you. So how was it?” She smiled as she flopped down on my sofa.

“Shit I don’t know. Don’t even know the nigga name. That shit won’t happen again though. You know that ain’t me. The last thing I want is a nigga to think I’m some cheap-ass bitch that gets drunk and fuck for a nice hotel suite.”

“At least you got laid. Maybe you’ll loosen up some. He didn’t appear to be the normal dope boy type. You need to calm your ass down and stop taking shit so serious. It’s just alcohol and dick.”

I waved her off and went back to my bed. She was so carefree and all I could think about is keeping her safe. She hung with too many people that she just wanted to live her life according to how she portrayed on her social media. I had to admit she had a few checks rolling in and she lived in a nice ass spot in Buckhead. As her big sister, it still bothered me that she lived the way she did. She was grown and I had my own issues. I just needed to learn to let go.

The next day I was up and ready to head out the door for work. I made sure that Merci had somewhere to sleep when she didn’t feel like going home. She had stuff all over my living room. That was one of the major issues she had. She lived like a damn pig, and I was very clean. I always reminded myself that I was five years older than her and she still had a lot of maturing to do.

“Merci, get up so you can make it to work on time,” I opened the curtains.

“My first client ain’t until noon.”

“That’s why your ass don’t see a lot of clients in a day, you start too damn late in the day.”

“Bitch most of my clients just as hood as me and you. They ass don’t get up until noon. Let me run my shit and you run yours, hoe.”

“Lock my house up and put the alarm on when you leave. Oh, and wash your ass. You smell like a latex glove, bitch.” Merci threw her pillow at me as I closed the door.

I locked her in the house and climbed in my car. At the age of twenty-eight, I was more established than most girls my age. Because I was so low key, I didn’t have to deal with as much hate as Merci did. I had hate from the local barbers, who were men. I didn’t take the shit serious because most of them hated me in public but was sliding in my DM’s trying to get some training or work for me. I learned to live with it. One thing my baby daddy taught me was learn how to handle muthafuckas that sneaky. I smiled with their ass and everything, but they couldn’t step foot in my shop.

I had a no gun policy in my shop due to the death of my son and baby daddy, but I had a few shooters that wasn’t letting shit go down in my business. They never left me alone when I worked late and they were probably already at the shop waiting on me to open up. I had to thank my daddy for making sure me and Merci had men around us that protected us with their life. I parked my car on the side of my building and grabbed my purse.

The long drive I took from my house to College Park gave me to time to get my mind together for the day. On an average, I cut about fourteen heads. I could do more, but I

had to do store runs and make sure my shop was always up to par for state. We also did a lot of jiving and playing around in the shop. I believed in having a good time with my people, it was only after I got home that my life slapped me in the face.

The junkies were already out roaming the streets for their next hit. My mama hated that I opened a shop in one of the roughest parts of Atlanta. This was my daddy's stomping ground, and I felt safe.

"Jack, why you ain't swept up this shit in front of the door? You must don't want these twenty dollars I got for you?"

"Twenty dollars? Shiddd, I'll sweep this shit up with my hand for that twenty. Move, let me go get the broom."

I hated that I was contributing to his habit, but I rather see him every day with a broom in his hand and he get his money from me than to do something crazy for his drugs. I made sure he ate and had some fresh clothes. I brought all Khi clothes to the shop when I moved. They were falling off Jack but at least he was clean majority of the time.

"When you get done, come inside and see me."

"Fa sho."

Jack was Khi's uncle. I used to fuss at him for providing his uncle with drugs but he said he wanted him to get it from him so he can make sure he didn't overdose off the synthetic shit the other niggas were selling. I nodded at my cousin across the street before walking in the shop. It was only nine in the morning, but he didn't play about getting his bread. He was one of the ones that made sure nothing happened to me and Merci. I flipped the open sign around and got my station ready.

Fifteen minutes later, the barbershop was live and jumping. It was in this very spot, that I felt freedom and at home. The feel of the clippers vibrating in my hand. The smell of alcohol and shaving cream was the highlight of my day.

“Man, y’all seem them muthafuckas talking shit ‘bout LeBron doing too much at his son game?” Perc, my protégé said.

“Man, I know if my damn daddy was LeBron, I would love for him to warm up with us. That’s the problem with folks. They try to find some shit wrong with everything. Let that man be who he is. Our boys need to see black fathers being hands-on,” I said as I shaped up one of my clients.

“You said some shit then. I don’t even fuck with my daddy because he be on some bitch nigga shit,” Perc said, making us busted out laughing.

“I think that if he was doing too much, Savannah would let his ass know. She’s a sister from the hood and I can tell she don’t mind telling him. I just want them to leave him the fuck alone and let him do what he do,” I added.

My sister dragged her ass in thirty minutes later than what she said. I tried to teach her to be at the shop at least an hour before her client. Time management just wasn’t her best thing. I noticed Perc had stop talking and watched her as she walked by. They were close but both denied fucking. Merci said she didn’t see him like that, but I knew her better than she thought I did. Perc was a wild ass dude. He was dark as fuck, almost resembling the color of midnight. He had dreads that he kept short enough to put up in a band with the tips were colored a sandy red. His mouth was grilled out and he was the only one that was brave enough to carry his gun in my shop.

“What you was saying, Perc?” I asked trying to get his attention.

“Shit, what was I saying? Oh, I was just agreeing with what you said, ‘bout Bronny and LeBron.”

I shook my head at him. Whatever him and Merci had going on, they needed to put a stop to the shit because Merci wasn’t about to settle down and neither was Perc. The way his baby mama popped up at the shop all the time, he wouldn’t be able to be with anyone without her breaking the shit up. As long as I had breath in my body, my sister would not mess up her pretty face to fight an ugly bitch.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:51 am*

I finished my client up and sat the next person in my chair. The conversation I was going to have with Merci would have to wait. I had clients waiting on me. Perc finished his client and then slipped right back to Merci's area. I couldn't see Merci's station from where I was located but I could tell by the way Perc was in a rush to get back there to her, he wasn't about to say anything nice.

I looked over the clock on my nightstand to see the time. It was the same fucking time every night. My nights of sleeping were over. It always ended with me waking up in cold sweats. My mama thought coming over here with all her bless oil and shit was going to work but it hadn't. The best sleep I had got was after I slept with that fine ass girl the other night. Shit messed my head up because I didn't even know her name. The way we had sex that night, I thought her ass was going to be clingy and be there when I woke up. The shit surprised me when I woke up and shawty was gone.

She had to be a solid one because she didn't touch none of my shit. I know most hoes would've taken them a few hundred, maybe even one of my chains too. Usually, I wasn't that careless but the sleep that took over me was needed. I had to make sure that shit never happened again. My eyes shot back at the clock, and it read the same time as it did yesterday. I got up and sat on the side of the bed. Pulling the drawer out on the side of my bed, I grabbed my bag of weed and the tray so I could roll one up.

It was three in the morning, and I had to be up early to meet the realtor at a new apartment complex I was trying to buy. When I didn't rest, it fucked my whole day up. My thinking was off and I lost shit. Last week I lost a whole rack and still don't know where I put it. My mama thought it was time for me to find a woman and settle down. That was always her answer for me and my brother. She could run that nigga

life but I had my shit in control.

I was raised right on The Bluff. As soon as I was able to get away, I got the fuck on. By then I was so deep into the streets that my mama was afraid to even let me come home. Her house got shot up so many times because of me. That was before I made a name for myself. Now you couldn't get anyone to get wrong with me. Not only did my name carry weight, but my brother was starting to take over and he was crazier than me. Nobody fucked with me or him.

Lighting the tip of my blunt, I laid back on my bed and watched the ceiling fan go around in a circle for a few minutes until I grabbed my phone and scrolled through to see who I wanted to call to keep me company. I sent out two text messages, whichever one hit me back first was going to be the one to get it. My phone lit up with the one that I thought was going to hit me back first. She wanted her rent paid so she was going to deliver.

After an hour of waiting, I wasn't in the mood to be fucked up with her anymore. As soon as she hit the doorbell, I sent her ass a text and told her to go back home. My dick was soft now and I was starting to get tired. I had a few hours to sleep before I had to get up and make my drive to the city. She sent me a nasty ass text back, but I didn't give a fuck. The only reason she was mad, was because she thought she was going to get that rent money out of me. I felt bad for getting her hopes up high. Maybe this would teach her a lesson about moving faster when I called. I closed my eyes and waited for sleep to take over on its own.

I threw my glass up with my business partners as soon as my name was signed on the contract. I was trying to own as much property as I could.

"Make sure you don't let your brother fuck this property up," my partner stated as I swallowed down my liquor.

“You worry ‘bout the money and let me worry ‘bout my brother. I got this shit under control. You keep them people off my brother ass, and you’ll keep getting paid. It won’t be like this always but while it is, do your fucking job.” I slammed my cup down, causing him to jump.

I put fear in a lot of people. When I spoke, I meant every word. It was something in my eyes and my tone when I met business. I didn’t have to pull a trigger to prove my point. When it came to my family, I protected them with everything in me. There were times I felt like my brother couldn’t be protected because of his recklessness. He would tell me all the time to stop having people look out for him because he could handle himself. I believed him, but I did so much shit in my younger days that I knew karma was waiting on the perfect time to come knocking at my door. I sat in my car and pulled out my phone to call my brother to give him the news.

“Yooo.” He answered.

“What’s up bruh?”

“Shit, wassup witcha?”

“I made the deal go through. We good on that property. I don’t need you and your people over there once we get it up and running. I’m trying to keep that shit clean for once.”

“Nigga, you stoppin’ my money.”

“Listen, I’m trying to keep this one clean. I don’t want them attaching shit to my name. If I let you come over and take over, it’s going to alert a few muthafuckas that we don’t want on us. Keep it clean.”

“That white boy got to you, huh.” He chuckled.

“Nigga don’t nobody run me. I’m my own fuckin boss but I’m thinking ahead unlike your ass.”

“Yea, aight. I’ll meet you at mama house in a few hours.”

“I’m about to run in this barbershop that’s up the road from where I’m at.”

“Oh, yea? Where you at?”

“Why you acting like you don’t know where I’m at. I told you I was going to be in College Park today. That’s where the complex at dumb ass boy.”

“Oh okay. I’ll see you at mama house.”

I hung up and made the quick drive a few blocks up to the barbershop that I passed on the way to my meeting. The only reason it caught my attention was the number of cars that was parked in front of the building. It ain’t like I had shit else to do today so I had time to waste. The best haircuts came from the hood barbershops. I found an empty spot across the streets, so I parked and made my way in the barbershop.

“You can have a seat. My other barber just went to grab something to eat, and he’ll be back,” a female said with her back turned to me.

She was getting a nigga tape line right with a razor. The way she handled the sharp razor across his skin was impressive.

“It looks like you know what you doin’, how long I gotta wait on you?” I asked her.

She turned around and she looked like she seen a ghost. I don’t know why the fuck she was looking at me like that for. I wasn’t hard up for her, a nigga just needed a cut.

“I got...” she looked around but everyone else was being serviced. “I’ll get you next.”

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:51 am*

It was something about her voice that rang a bell. I looked her over and still couldn't my finger on it. She took her time with the hot towel on his face before focusing on his beard and mustache. I needed all that shit she was doing to him. When the nigga got out the chair, he gave her hug and peeled off three blue hundred. She stuffed it in her bra and cleaned the chair out for me. I could tell she was nervous around me, but I didn't understand why.

"What you trying to get?" She rolled me around to the mirror and looked at through the glass. The two small hearts on her throat stood out to me. I stared at her for a moment before she asked me again.

"Just take some off the top and clean me up. I want that shit you just did to him did to my face too."

She leaned over to get her clippers, and I got a whiff of her perfume. It was the scent the woman wore that I was with a few nights ago. She looked different. That night she must have had a wig on because now she was a complete blonde with pretty curly hair. She looked even better than the night I was with her. Now that I could see the natural beauty she didn't need any makeup.

"Do I know you?" I asked her with my eyes squinted, still staring at each other in the mirror.

"I doubt it."

"Nah, trust me I know you a little better than you would like to admit." She looked around to make sure no one heard me. "You left a nigga in the bed like my dick was

trash.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” she cleaned her clippers.

“You got a nice ass tattoo right above your kitty of a butterfly. I know that because I stared at it for a while.

She cut the clippers off and placed them back on the counter. “I can’t do this. I need to get some air.” She took off to the back of the barbershop, leaving me in the chair with the cape on.

“Does she have an office or some shit back there?” I asked one of the guys that was cutting hair a few chairs down.

“Yea, but you can’t go back there,” he told me.

“Says who? You? Nigga please,” I laughed.

I got up and walked to the back and found my way around until I came to a locked door.

“Aye, nigga. I don’t know what the fuck you trying to do but we don’t be with the bullshit ‘round here. Fuck you want with her?” A nigga stopped me in my tracks.

“Nigga, who are you? Are you her nigga?” I looked his ass up and down.

She must have heard us getting loud because she opened the door and was shocked to see us.

“It’s cool, cuz.”

“You sho?” He asked for confirmation.

“I’m good.”

“Aight.”

“You better get some better niggas to protect you. I could’ve broke that nigga down right here in the hallway.”

“What do you want? It was a one-night stand. Nothing too serious.”

“What’s your name?” I pushed my way in and closed the door behind me.

“Blessyn.”

“I’m Larry but everyone knows me as Lucky.” I held my hand out for her to shake it. “I never had a woman run out on me. It’s good to know the woman that didn’t rob me blind.”

“I don’t have a reason to take from you. I got my own,” she stared at me as she shook my hand.

She was so fly. Her mouth was smart which had my dick getting semi-hard.

“So, this your shop?” I walked around admiring her office.

“All mine.”

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:51 am*

“That’s some boss shit. What the fuck you doing having one-night stands. I know a nigga ‘bout ready to wife your ass up ‘round here. You don’t give me the type to just be giving pussy out.”

“I have a few that tried but I ain’t into the street nigga anymore. Been there, done that already. I rather have a mature man. Unfortunately, there are none left.”

“You still ain’t answer my question. Why you out here having one-night stands and shit?”

“It was my first time which is why I ran out on you. I was embarrassed and I’m still embarrassed about it. That’s not something I do. Hell, I don’t even go to the club, but my sister forced me out that night. My bad for leaving the way I did.”

“It’s cool. Now that we got that shit outta the way can you finish my cut? I got shit I need to do.”

“Yea, my bad. It’s just embarrassing.”

“No need to be embarrassed. Your shit was A1. I’ll hit that shit again but you gotta be sober this time. I don’t need you not knowing what the fuck going on.”

“Won’t be a next time, sorry.”

“Yea, aight.”

As we walked out of her office, I couldn’t help but watch her ass wobble from side to

side. This hair cut was about to be interesting.

Perc had his face buried in between my legs in the back seat of his Benz. We were supposed to be getting a late lunch for everybody, but his ass pulled over because he was horny. Who was I to stop him? I fucked with a few dudes that had some bread, but Perc had the best dick and head out of all of them. Maybe it was because I was in love with the nigga but scared to admit it. He squeezed on my clit with his lips and made me cum all over his face. He licked up every drop before he got up with a wet face. We didn't have time to enjoy the moment before someone came banging on the window.

"Perc! Unlock the door, Perc!"

"I swear to gawd that bitch find out where you at every time. Does the bitch have a tracker on your car or something? Fuck," I fixed my clothes as Perc wiped his mouth with his shirt and stepped out the car.

"Lexus, why the fuck you way on the side of town? What you want?" He closed the door and leaned against it.

"Who you in the car with, Perc?" She grabbed him and tried to move him out of the way.

Lexus knew it was me. Perc had his little bitches, but nobody rode in his car but me. She knew exactly who I was, and she never fucked with nobody but me because she knew Perc had it bad for me. To her, I was her only competition. Every other girl meant nothing to him. Being a little messy, I climbed out the backseat and got ready to get in the passenger side.

"I'm sick of this hoe." Lexus tried to charge at me, but Perc snatched her ass by her weave so fast she ended up falling back on the pavement.

“Get in the car, Merci!” Perc demanded.

I wasn’t about to fight Lexus no way. The bitch fought niggas for a living. She was liable to beat my ass, and I was too cute for that. I hadn’t fought a day in my life because I never had the need to. It was only when I got with Perc that I had to really watch my back. From inside the car, I could hear them tussling and fussing. Perc expressed to me more than once that he was tired of dealing with her, but his mama was the one keeping her around. The car door opened and slammed. Perc pulled off burning rubber with his face scratched up.

“You aight?” He looked me over.

“I should be asking if you’re okay?” His shirt was ripped and he had blood on his shirt from his scratches.

“I’m good. I need to go home and change real quick. You know I’ll never let her hurt you right?” He looked over at me.

“I hear you, but we’re not always around each other. You know I’m not about to fight that girl over you. She’ll just keep fucking coming.”

“Don’t worry ‘bout it. I got you.” Perc reassured me.

“Are y’all still sleeping together?” I stared at the side of his face.

“Man, hell nah! I haven’t touched that girl since she was ‘bout six months pregnant. My daughter is one. Lexus do all her baby daddies like that. I’m the most recent one so I guess it’s my turn,” he shrugged.

“Should’ve been a lil’ more careful.”

“Shit, don’t I fucking know it. That will never happen again.”

He was able to run in his house and change but I knew we had been gone way too long when my sister hit me up fussing about her food. We hadn’t even gone to pick shit up and I had to explain to her what happened. From the sound in her voice, she was highly upset. I kept lying to her and telling her that I wasn’t sleeping with Perc just so she wouldn’t fire him. This was his only way to get out of the streets. He loved the streets, but he loved cutting hair more. When I introduced the two of them almost a year ago, Blessyn took a liking to him.

My sister didn’t approve of the way I lived my life, but it kept my bills paid. In her eyes was this wild loose hoe that fucked off in niggas with money. That wasn’t completely true. I had three main niggas I talked to but I was only have sex with two of them. The other was just money. I never meet up with him. I made sure I always protected myself and so far, I hadn’t had any kids and no STDS. Blessyn was used to being in a relationship, so she didn’t understand how it felt to be single, young, and enjoying life. Men did it all the time, so I didn’t feel bad.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:51 am*

Perc knew about my other niggas. He was jealous which is why I never showed him their faces. Perc wouldn't waste no time killing them if he knew who they were. I enjoyed being with Perc because it was exciting but with my other dude, I had a sense of protection and peace. He wasn't as wild as Perc. Maybe because he was older and had lived his life already. Either way, I wasn't letting him go for Perc. He had some issues he needed to work out.

"I was thinking. Maybe we should get away this weekend after work and chill. We both need it. I got a spot that my brother owns in the mountains that he goes to in the wintertime."

I thought about it. It would be good to get away from the city for a few days. But I promised my other dude I would spend the weekend with him as well. This is where my life got hectic.

"I can't. I had plans already."

"With him?" Perc took his eyes off the road to look at me.

"Yea but it was already planned out."

"You let me eat you out, fuck the shit outta you and you still won't spend any time with me but every time I turn 'round you with that nigga. You trying to be with him?"

"You going too far. I don't question what you do Perc. Your baby mama trip on me all the time and I never jump down your throat about it. We agreed we was just kicking it."

Perc turned his music up and drove to the nearest eating spot to grab some food. For the rest of the day, he stayed away from me. He knew that aggravated me more than anything. We had that crazy ass type of relationship where neither of us could function if we were mad. My clients thought I was sick because I wasn't talking. That was not my character. I was usually rapping, singing or twerking while I did their hair. I just wasn't in the mood. Perc had me feeling guilty for not spending time with him. Every time we hooked up, it was quick and to the point. Now he was trying to spend time, and I wasn't sure if I wanted to.

After my last client, I was done before everyone else, so I headed home. Usually, I stayed around until my sister got done so I could help her close but she had too many heads and the longer I had to get away from Perc's dumb ass. I made the drive to my condo and was disgusted at the mess I had left. My condowas just like my damn life; wild and messy. Before I took my shower, I cleaned up and order me something to eat. My phone started going off. Thinking it was Perc calling to apologize, I answered.

“Hello.”

“Open the door.”

I opened the door for Ben. Everyone knew him as a rapper, but I got to know the real him. He put an image for social media but I got to see the other side of him. He was from Tennessee, and he would come to Atlanta for studio sessions. I stepped aside to let him in. I wasn't expecting to see him until the weekend.

“I didn't think you were coming until the weekend.”

“I was but I went ahead drove down to get a session out the way and see you. You expecting someone else?”

“Nah,” I lied. I was hoping it was Perc, but I was still happy he was here. Especially since we were on borrowed time. “I just ordered some food but it’s enough you want some.”

“Come here.”

Ben was a paid ex-drug dealer turned rapper. His music was popping in the streets and he was booking shows out the ass. Our vibe was perfect because he was older than me but what kept me from settling with him was his wife. Yes, Ben had a whole wife that no one knew about. She was completely fine with all the women that threw themselves on him on shows and sent nudes to his DM. All she cared about was the money. Let him tell it, she had a side nigga too.

“I gotta cancel our plans this weekend. Wifey got some shit planned for me and I gotta respect that.”

“Oh, okay cool.”

“Look,” he dug into his pockets. “Let this be my apology. You know I don’t want you mad at me.” I took the stack of money and smiled at him. “I get to spend some time with you tonight though. She knows I’m not coming home until in the morning.

“Let me go take a shower. Grab my food for me when it comes.”

I had to get Perc scent off me from earlier before I laid down with Chris. He had a clue that he wasn’t the only nigga I was fucking with, but I didn’t want to make it so obvious. I showered as quickly as I could so I could get back out there to him and I was hungry as hell because I didn’t have time to eat when I got back to the shop. Looking in my dresser, I pulled out a pair of panties and a tank top to slip on. My stomach started growling as I smelled my food. My heart dropped down to my toes when I saw Perc sitting there eating my food.

“Where is Ben?” I stood as far away from Perc as I could.

“Oh, he left,” he placed some food in his mouth. “When you got a wife to answer to, you can’t be just laying up in another woman’s shit.”

“Did you call that nigga wife?” I asked as I slowly walked towards him.

“I mean once I found out who you were skipping out on me for, I did a lil’ research and found out the nigga can’t take you no fucking where.”

“If you weren’t so fucking fast to move on shit all the time, I was going to call you and tell you we could chill this weekend but fuck that. Get your ass out my house.”

He laughed and kicked his feet up on my glass table, with my plate resting on his chest. Perc was a cocky son of a bitch and I loved it. I was really standing here fronting like I didn’t want him here. I was just upset that Ben showed up instead of Perc.

“You know I ain’t going nowhere. Take that shit you got on and bring your ass here so I can choke you with this dick. You were ‘bout to give that nigga my shit?”

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:51 am*

“Why?” I put my hands on my hips.

“Merci quit playin’ with me and take that shit off before I hurt you.”

I wanted him to hurt me. The pain with him is what made it exciting, so I stood there with my hands crossed over my chest. It didn’t take Perc long to get up and rip my tank top off, exposing my breast. My nipples were erect just thinking of the pain he was about to take me through.

My mama called in a frantic telling me to come and get Perc out her house. Knowing him, he was over there showing his ass. My mama was so controlling that she tried to control every aspect of our life. Once I was old enough to realize what she was doing, I kept her out of my personal shit. It was my mama fault that Lexus was able to keep tabs on him. I pulled up to my mama crib and found out exactly what the problem was. Lexus had her ass over here.

This was not how I planned on spending my day but hell, I was the only one my brother would listen too when it came to calming him down. I parked behind his car and climbed out of my car. I made sure to take all my jewelry off before I got in the house because if he was on Lexus ass, it was going to take me to get him off her.

“Perce, get off her!” My mama was hitting Perc in the back with a damn broom.

He was eating that shit up as he choked the shit out of Lexus. That didn’t stop her though because she was still throwing punches at him. I took off my shirt and put Perc in a chokehold.

“Get the fuck up off me,” Perc tried to fight back.

“Calm your ass down.” I told him.

“Bitch you got me fucked up if you think you gon’ put your hands on me.” Lexus hit me several times trying to get to Perc.

“Look, bitch, if you fuck ‘round and hit me again, I’mma let his ass go and get on your ass myself. I’m not my brother.” My mama came and grabbed Lexus while I kept Perc in a hold until she got out the house.

“Let me the fuck go.”

“You need to calm the fuck down. You got mama house all fucked up and shit. I’mma let you go but you better not go out that door,” I warned him.

“Aight.” I slowly released him, and he took off towards the door but I caught his ass before he could get out the door.

“You wanna go to jail?”

“Nah.”

“You know that muthafucka will call the police on you. You probably dirty. Nigga think this shit through.”

“Let me go.” Perc pushed me off him.

My mama walked back in the house out of breath. I swear this had her name all over it. She stood in the living room with her housecoat on and a bonnet covering her head.

“How this happen ma?” I looked at her, waiting for her to tell me this dramatic ass story.

“I invited her over here, and I didn’t know Perc was coming over.”

“Who side you on? How many times he done told you he don’t deal with her anymore. If it ain’t ‘bout his daughter, then don’t bring her over here. You got me looking at you funny, ma. You always behind some mess.”

“It wasn’t like that,” she lied.

“Then why was she here without the baby? Perc ain’t been with that girl since she was ‘bout six month pregnant. My niece is one.” My mama ain’t have nothing to say. She was messy as fuck at times. “Perc come outside and smoke one with me.

I made sure that Lexus was completely gone before I pulled the crate out to sit on while I rolled a blunt. Perc came out a few minutes later with a busted lip and a scratched-up face. I knew he was tired of dealing with Lexus bullshit. He could never move on because she was always on the scene trying to show out. I taught him to never put his hands on a woman but Lexus was another type of woman. She was going to beat your ass and beg you to hit her back. I’ve been around when she walked up and didn’t say shit to him, she just punched him dead in the face. That was the first time I let him beat her ass for a good two minutes before I pulled him off her.

She was known in the hood to beat her niggas until she ran across the right one when she had a baby from my brother. He wasn’t with that shit. His temper was quick, and he didn’t like not having shit his way. That was partially my fault. We were six years apart, so I spoiled his ass bad and showed him to demand respect or take it. He took that shit and ran with it.

“I’m tired of that hoe, bruh. She gon’ get me fucked up out here. If it wasn’t for my

daughter, I would've killed that hoe a long time ago."

"You fucked her raw, nigga. The whole hood knew not to deal with Lexus."

"Nigga, she was throwing that shit at me so much that I couldn't help but take it."

"She trapped your ass is what she did but look, you gotta get her under control or she gon' catch you slipping. It ain't gon'take nothing for a person to call the police. Especially if you somewhere outside the hood."

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 9, 2025, 2:51 am*

“I think if I don’t do something ‘bout her, I’mma end up killing her ass.” Perc stared off in space. I could tell by how he was looking; he was already thinking about how he was going to do it. He loved to be calculated.

“Don’t do it. Only go that route if it’s no other options. Think about my niece and the police coming straight to you. Think the shit through,” I passed him the blunt.

“You right.”

“I’m ‘bout to head out. I got some shit to do. Call me if you need me. Make sure you get mama straight so she can replace that shit you fucked up in there.”

I put my shirt back on and got in my car headed to the barbershop Blessyn owned. She said I couldn’t have her for a second time, but I begged to differ. It was raining so the outside of the barbershop didn’t have as much traffic as the last time. As I was parking, Blessyn was walking out. Instead of parking, I pulled up on the side of her.

“Aye, Blessyn. Where you headed in the rain?”

“To my car. Why are you here again? You shouldn’t need a haircut for another two weeks.”

“I came to see you.” She stopped walking and stared at me. “What? I can’t come and see you?” I smiled.

“I’m busy, so what do you want?”

“Nigga, you ain’t busy if you walking to your car in the rain.”

She started back walking until she reached an all-black Audi coupe. I kissed my teeth seeing how she was stunting on me. She looked at me again before getting in and letting her umbrella down. She closed her door on me and pulled off. Blessyn was fucking with a nigga head. One thing I’ve never done was fuck with a woman that was on her shit. I was going to let her think she was doing something.

Lucky popping up on me was not good. He was a constant reminder of the mistake I made that night. Out of all the barbershops in Atlanta, he brought his ass to mine. I looked in my rearview mirror to see him following me. His tint was so dark that I couldn’t see nothing but his watch through the glass. I couldn’t go home with his ass following me, so I drove all the way to the mall and parked. Even with it raining the mall was packed and I was able to grab a spot that was open. Lucky drove by when he noticed there was no spots available by me. I waited in the car for a moment before I put my car in reverse. A knock on my passenger side window stopped me from taking my foot off the brakes.

“A nigga getting wet, let me in.” I was not about to let this nigga in my car. “Damn, I’m not going to hurt you. Fuck I looklike a rapist or some shit?” I hit the unlock button and put my car in park.

“What do you want? We fucked; it was good. You don’t have to keep popping up on me.”

“That’s the point. The shit was good, and I want it again without the alcohol.”

“You kidding, right? I’m not some female you talk to like that. Maybe you got me mixed up because I made a mistake by sleeping with you.”

“Oh, excuse me. How would you like me to talk to you? You want me to ask for the pussy in a polite way. Wait let me change my voice.” He cleared his throat before

continuing. “Blessyn would you be able to bless me with some vagina again?”

“Get out of my car.”

“I’m fuckin’ with you. Why you so damn uptight. I can tell by the way that pussy felt that you ain’t had no dick in a while. I mean, I can be that for you. I can tighten you up right here in the parking lot,” he licked his lips.

“Please, I ain’t hard up for sex. I’m in my bag and a nigga with a dick is the last thing on my mind. I really don’t remember much about that night anyway.”

“You just said it was good so you remember something. Don’t try to get under my skin ‘cause I know how to use all ten inches of my shit.”

It’s been so long since a nigga gave me any attention. Khi wasn’t rude with me. He was gentle and was soft when it came to me. In the streets, he was someone else but with me and our son, he let all that street shit go. Lucky was just plain out dumb as fuck. He probably couldn’t hold a damn business conversation if he tried.

“Can you get out of my car?”

“I’ll get out if you let me take you out.”

“Damn you know how to take a woman on a date?”

“Don’t let the jeans and tennis shoes fool you. I don’t usually take nobody on a date. But since you sitting here acting like a boss. I’ll take you on a date of your choice.”

“I’ll make sure to pick something that will break your pockets,” I joked.

“Can’t never break my pockets. I don’t know what you used to dealing with but I ain’t it.”

“Aight, are you done?”

“Hell nah ‘cause you ain’t told me when we are going on this date. I need to make sure I’m available.”