



Bullet (BLP Motorcycle Clubs #1)

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Category: Urban

Description: Welcome to Decatur, IL, where it all goes down. Love, lust, feuds, fights, and more. Meet the main characters: twenty-nine-year-olds Crystal Views and Bullet Clips. Their families have been sworn enemies for generations before they were born. It will always be that way. Since they were teenagers, the young couple has tried to hide their love with secret meetups and rendezvous until they're caught for the last time. Crystal's family makes a hard decision, leaving a four-year separation between the young lovers. Life goes on, and the young couple is reunited. Only this time, their duo becomes a trio.

Crystal now leads a life of solitude and peace, unlike Bullet, whose motorcycle club has him involved in bets, fights, and races. More hate, chaos, and fights ensue when Bullet tries to weave Crystal back into his life. Once they meet a happy medium, an inevitable end takes place, sending everyone reeling from loss. Will that allow Crystal and Bullet to be together? Will the feud end? Flip to the next page to find out.

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The heat was on one today. My entire body was covered in perspiration as my legs guided my bike in the direction of Doc Brown's convenience store. His place was stocked with all the quick essentials until I made it to the superstore. At the moment, though, all I could do was focus on the cold drink my parched throat desired and the double-layered sandwich that would satisfy the grumbling noises my stomach made. My tires wiggled a bit on the dirt road, but I quickly redirected my bike using the handlebars. As I rode to the store, my thoughts were instantly filled with russet brown eyes, a root beer complexion, and a tapered fade that temporarily replaced the woes of my sweaty skin and whiny stomach. I'd sacrifice sustenance to feel his hands roam my body like no other man had. Those strong hands knew how to manipulate my body like a diffuser for a black woman's curls. It was a magical act that neither Ripley nor I could believe.

However, such actions were not permitted to take place any more. Our families made sure of that. The long-age feud between the Views and Clips dated back several generations. I was twenty-five and still not well informed on why we were enemies in the first place. What my family did tell me was that it was all the Clips' fault. My family was wealthy, and it's due to the weapons we made of all kinds. We supplied weapons to different companies, the government, and international businesses. The Clips were just as wealthy as us. They created weapons and ammunition for just about every weapon created by the government, small companies, and international as well. Our great-grandfathers hit a lick that created generational wealth for our families, but that's probably the reason we hate each other so much. Well, our families because I actually liked the Clips. I love my Bulley, but unfortunately, we could never be together. It was a terrible way to live.

I reached outside of Doc Brown's and leaned my bike against his store wall when my eyes briefly traveled over the big shiny motorcycle that rested on its kickstand. The motorcycle's front displayed a shiny, engraved emblem for the Decatur Rebels, which I found interesting. Motorcycle clubs were popular in this town. Even the men in my family had a crew. They were the Decatur Devils and a pain in my ass. The Views' reputation preceded itself. No one wanted beef with a family filled with men who made their own weapons except the Clips. They were bosses as well, so naturally, they didn't fear us or anybody else.

The moment I entered the store, the bell dinged above, and I was immediately met with a blast of air conditioning and the fragrant sandwiches I loved so much. Doc Brown's was your typical convenience store. There were aisles of your favorite essentials with numbers above in blue and yellow font on a square-shaped banner. This store had been around for generations and stood the test of time during every weather crisis our town had experienced.

His grandson, Steffan, was the third generation to run and operate the local favorite. It was also neutral territory, so no bullshit of any kind was permitted. Violating the laws in place, depending on how severe, could lead to permanent banishment or, worse, death. We and the Clips both had several relatives banished because they violated the laws. It was a treaty that the townspeople of Decatur, IL, took very seriously. When people fucked around, they certainly found out. Steffan didn't favor Doc Brown as much as his dad, Daniel, did, but he surely inherited Doc Brown's booming voice.

"Ms. Views! The youngest of the Views bunch. How are you, sweetheart? Are you here to pick up your granddaddy's lunch?" Steffan questioned from his seat behind the counter.

The old man slowly sipped his glass of sweet tea while one of his favorite Western films played in the background.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Steffan. I'm feeling pretty good. How are you? It's scorching out there, so I'm here to pick up my usual and Pop Pop's special as well," I replied.

I walked over to the glass case that housed my favorite deli delight. Doc Brown's store made the best grilled chicken breast sandwiches with parmesan cheese, sundried tomatoes, basil, and pickled jalapenos. While Old Man Steffan talked about the arthritis in his joints and how he used to beat my father in high school football, I grabbed a sheet of wax paper and fished my sandwich from the display case. Once it was secure in the foiled baggie, I took my time and collected my favorite brand of lemon cookies and salt and vinegar chips. I left Steffan to talk to himself since he pretty much did that, anyway.

I exited the cookie aisle and stopped right outside the cooler, where a fine-ass man drank his bottled water with the glass door propped against his broad shoulder. When he felt my presence, he lowered his drink and then ogled me. The tall, dark, and muscular stranger walked away from the cooler, and the door slammed multiple times until it finally closed.

"You're beautiful. What are you up to?" he probed in a voice that appeared much older than his youthful face.

"My mama told me not to talk to strangers."

He chuckled. "Okay. Well, can I at least have a bite of your sandwich?"

"My mama told me that if you feed a stray, it'll follow you home." I smirked, trying not to give in.

A smile as beautiful as the sunrise over the Grand Canyon, or from the first sip of coffee, or the birth of a child adorned his handsome face. He was too fine for his own good.

"Do you always listen to your mama?" he asked with a charming smile.

"Most of the time. She's hardly ever wrong."

He eased closer to me until he invaded my personal space, and the coolness from his breath tickled my skin. "Well, yo' mama ain't here right now. How about you let me buy you lunch? We can take my motorcycle down to the river, and once there, you can tell me all about the things your mama said not to do. How does that sound?" he queried, licking his full bottom lip.

I chewed on my lower lip and stared into his russet-colored eyes. For some reason, it seemed as if he could be trusted, so I allowed him to pay for my items, including Pop Pop's lunch. In no time, we flew down the dirt road on his motorcycle. The summer heat blew through my curls as I gripped his waist tightly with a smile on my face. I was taking a big risk right now, but oh well, you only live once. Minutes later, we arrived at the river and sat on the warm grass. He fed me, and I fed him. Once we were done eating and drinking, I sat between his toned thighs and watched the river flow downstream.

"Why can't it be like this forever?" he quizzed, kissing up and down my neck.

I closed my eyes and basked in the feel of his thick, full lips and beard that tickled the side of my cheek. "Bulley, baby, it will never be that way for us. Our families won't allow it. I would love to wake up to you every day, but we both have a duty to our families."

He exhaled and turned me to face him. I straddled his lap and gazed into his eyes. "Crystal, you sound just like our families. We can run away and start over. I love you more than my family. Just tell me you want to be with me, and you love me, and I'll handle the rest," he voiced. From his tone, it sounded as if he was pleading with me.

My hand gently caressed his cheek as I threw caution to the wind. I'd never find a love like him ever again. I couldn't let Bulley go. He'd owned my heart since we were seventeen years old. He was the first and only man to ever touch my body. If another nigga tried, he'd kill him. I loved that man, and I'd risk it all for him every day that ended in y.

"I love you, Bulley, and I want to be with you. Yes, I'll follow you."

He grinned, pecking my lips. "Good girl."

Our mouths merged as we swiftly undressed as he guided me onto my back. Bulley gripped my throat and slowly fed my pussy, his long and thick dick.

"Oh shit, baby. Right there," I panted in a desperate tone. I fucked him back, just as he taught me. His dick moved in and out of me as he stared into my eyes.

"What's my name?" he asked, tapping my spot.

"Bulley, baby," I answered with a heavy breath.

"Why is it Bulley?"

I swallowed hard, enjoying the feel of his deep strokes. "'Cause only you beat this pussy up."

"Good girl. Whose pussy is this?"

"It's Bulley's pussy." I bit into my lip while he dug me out like a burial plot.

"That's right. This is Bulley's pussy, and don't you forget it," he recited with a groan.

He sped up his strokes as he slurped on my big titties. I was petite in size, but I'd always had big titties. His mouth and dick worked as a duo to bring me one of the best orgasms I'd ever experienced. I couldn't hold back any longer. My orgasm hit me full force, inciting his orgasm to follow right behind me.

"Fuck, Crystal. I love you and this pussy, girl." Bulley's mouth latched onto mine again, and we sloppily kissed until our bodies slowed down.

We laid in a comfortable silence until we used the napkins from our food to clean ourselves, then fully dressed.

When we were done, I turned and faced him. "I'm down. I love you so much, Bulley."

"And I love you too, angel."

I beamed every time he confessed his love for me. No other man would ever love me the way he did. "When do we leave?"

He smiled, his whole face grinning as well. "We leave tonight. Just pack a small bag and meet me in the woods at our spot. I'll be there waiting. Don't worry about anything else. I got us." He kissed my lips, taking more of my soul with him.

I believed every word he said. If he wanted me packed, then he best believe I'd do just that. Our mouths met again when the screeching sounds of tires rolled up on us. The three SUVs that halted in front of us made my stomach drop to my ass. Company had arrived, and it wasn't good news.

My dad, my brothers, and my male cousins swiftly hopped out and mugged both of us. Bulley quickly stood and moved me behind him, with his favorite Ruger already in his hand. It was a custom-made weapon I had made for his twenty-first birthday. Most of us had grown up hunting in Decatur, but nobody was a better shot than my

Bulley.

The way he threw his wrist and always hit his target still amazed me to this day. However, I didn't want him to shoot my family. I couldn't be with a man that hurt anybody I loved dearly. My hand rubbed down his forearm, and he looked down at me. I shook my head no, and he gave me a soft nod before his brown eyes pierced each of them. My cousins removed their guns and cocked them. Now, why did they do that? I ran to the center when Bulley slung his wrist, and two bullets whizzed past my curls and landed in the front tires of the first SUV. He lived by one rule. If you draw your weapon, you're supposed to use it, but if you cocked a gun in his direction, then it was up from there. My cousin's eyes widened, and my brothers aimed their guns at him.

"If I wanted to hit any one of you bitches, I would've. I never miss. Y'all know I'm surgical with this bitch. Now what the fuck do y'all want!" Bulley spat.

"Crystal, get your ass over here now!" my dad shouted. "Why the fuck are you here with this nigga? You know he's no good for you. He's trash!" my daddy yelled.

"Keep it up, old man, and I'ma put a few slugs in yo' high yellow ass!" Bulley shot back.

"And you'll be dead right along with him," my eldest brother, Black, threatened.

"Is that what you want, little sister, to see the man you love riddled with bullets?" my second oldest brother, Marshawn, questioned with a sinister smirk on his face.

"I think she does. Let's grant her wish," my youngest brother, Tyrese, egged on.

My head snapped up, and I frantically shook my head. "No! That's not what I want. Please, just chill. I'll come with y'all. Just please don't shoot. I'm begging y'all," I

cried and wiped my tears away.

Bulley walked up and turned me to face him. "Crystal, you don't have to do this. Don't give in. If we keep giving in, then our families will continue to run our lives. They're telling us who to love now. What's next, telling us when and where we can go? I'm tired of living like that."

"Me too, but if I don't go, they'll kill you, and a war will start. I can't have that. I'd rather love you from a distance than never be able to love you again. That's not a bet I'm willing to take. I love you, Bulley. Goodbye."

"Crystal, please. I'm begging you. Don't go, angel."

"There's no other choice." I pulled my hand out of his and walked over to my family.

My dad grabbed onto my arm and quickly ushered me inside his SUV. I watched as Bulley inhaled and exhaled like a raging bull. He stared my brothers and cousins down until they climbed into the two good SUVs, then pulled away. Before I could brace myself, my dad hauled off and slapped the shit out of me. My head whipped to the side, and I rubbed the stinging area. My brothers looked away because although they hated that I loved Bulley, they didn't condone anyone hitting me. However, none of them had the heart to stand up to our daddy.

I spat on the floor before looking at him. "You thought that would break me? I'm tougher than that. That little tap is nothing compared to the pain my heart is now." I looked out the window as he went on his usual rant.

"Argh!" he roared. I flinched a bit, but I composed myself. "I knew having a daughter would be the bane of my existence. The day the doctor said it was a girl, I knew my life would change for the worse. Crystal, that boy is trash. He's no good for you. Now, since you won't listen to me, you've left me no choice but to bring in Pop Pop!"

he shouted.

I hunched my shoulders and continued to look out the window. Fuck him and his sexist outlook. There was nothing they could say to make me see things their way. I loved Bulley. It was as simple as that.

Minutes later, we pulled up to the compound, and security opened the gates for us. My cousin Court parked in front of the door, and I was snatched from the SUV and dragged up to my Pop Pop's office, where he and Mama waited for me.

When I entered, Mama stood in her white blouse and wide-leg pants. She and I could be twins with our big curly fros and peanut butter complexion. I ran to her, and she held me tightly until she peered down into my eyes. Her sympathetic eyes turned furious when she looked at my cheek. "Who struck you?"

"Daddy," I tattled, then sniffled.

Her eyes grew wide. "Everybody out now except you, Melvin."

My brothers and cousins did as she directed.

As soon as the door closed, she upped her gun from her waistband and aimed it at Daddy. "You put your hands on my, sweet girl? You're a fuckin' man. I dare you. Put your hands on her again. Do it!" she yelled. "I'll smoke yo' ass right now. Whatever the fuck went down, I would've handled it. You ain't never laid a hand on me, yet you thought I'd be cool with you hitting our only girl. Try me again, nigga."

Daddy raised his hands in a surrender motion. "I'm sorry, Kora. It will never happen again."

"I know good and well it won't. You can find your raggedy ass on the couch tonight,"

Mama declared.

"Baby, please," Daddy pleaded.

"Baby, my ass. You should've thought about that before you struck her."

"I'm sorry, baby girl. I truly am. My emotions got the best of me. I'm just tired of seeing you with that thug ass nigga."

Pop Pop cleared his throat. He was the leader and head of our family, and we all followed his directions.

"Melvin, you were wrong for hitting my little Crystal ball. You lucky I don't get up from this seat and hurt you, boy, but you are wrong as well, Crystal. We've warned you since you were seventeen about that boy. You don't listen, so you've left me no choice. Crystal ball, you have two choices. You marry William Cane's youngest son, William Cane Jr., before the summer end, or you'll be exiled from this family. I'll send you to Mama's family in Arizona until I feel like you've learned your lesson."

Mama gasped. "Pop, you can't be serious?"

"Does it look like I'm joking? Crystal is messing up our business. We have a reputation to uphold, and there will never be a union between us and the Clips. I'd die before I allow you to be with that nothing-ass nigga. Now, what's going to be?" Pop Pop questioned.

Mama swiftly turned me to face her. "Listen, you have been the shining light in my eyes ever since I brought you into this world. I can't live in this life without you. I'm so sorry that these are your choices. I hate it for you, but Crystal, I need you to understand that we have certain laws in place. Loving Bullet is forbidden, baby. It just is. You have to follow the rules of our family. William Cane Jr. is handsome,

kind, and well-off, and you can have a good life with him. Please tell your Pop Pop what he wants to hear so we can put all this behind us. Okay?" Mama voiced, eyes brimming with tears.

I hated to do this. I hated to leave her because she was my favorite person in the world, and she'd always protected me, but Bulley was right. If we continued to give in to our families, then we'd be doing it for the rest of our lives.

I hugged Mama tightly. She would always be my saving grace and my heart, but this one time, I had to be selfish and choose me. When we separated, I looked into her eyes, and she silently cried because she knew it was a goodbye hug. I turned to Pop Pop, and his steely gray eyes zeroed in on me.

"I'd rather live by myself for the rest of my life before I ever marry someone I don't love or settle for a good life when I know I can have an amazing life with the man I'm in love with. Everyone here is in an arranged marriage, but that ends with me. Call Grandma Tula and Poppy." I turned away from Pop Pop and walked over to my dad. "You got your wish, Daddy. I'm no longer the bane of your existence. Now you no longer have to chase after a daughter you never wanted in the first place." I exited Pop Pop's office with my mama crashing out in there.

Everyone got their wish except me. Bulley and I would never be together, but at least he was alive, and I could love him from a distance. I entered my room and closed the door behind me. Before I could get comfortable, I ran into my bathroom and vomited in the toilet. I held onto that porcelain god until I had nothing else to heave up. I pulled my knees to my chest and cried because life as I knew it was over.

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A week had gone by, and I hadn't seen or heard from Crystal. I had gone mad. I spent hours popping up at our rendezvous spots and then waited an hour for her arrival. Every five minutes, I checked my phone notifications to see if she tried to reach out to me, but nothing. How could that be? She'd always, always tried to find a way to reach out, but for some reason, this time felt different. Something had happened. Why couldn't our families just let us be? Their feud was their issue. It had nothing to do with me and my beloved. I'd met her as a boy, but I fell in love with her the older I got. With one look into Crystal's eyes, I knew she was the girl I wanted to spend the rest of my life with. My heart told me so. For eight years, we fought hard day and night to keep our love a secret. It was so forbidden that we went over and beyond with our lies and escape routes.

Crystal's family wasn't the only one that did pop-up visits. There were so many times my pops and brothers snatched my ass up from her and sent her on her way. They made sure she made it home, but there was always a long ass talking to whenever we got caught. It was pointless, though. Trying to keep us separated was like preventing bees from nectar or bears from hibernation. It was a necessity for Crystal and me to be together.

I didn't want anybody but her. Why couldn't our families see we belonged together like tires on a truck? I'm no good without her. Life was easier and more tolerable with Crystal by my side. Her blemish-free peanut butter complexion, wild curls, and cognac-colored eyes were the reason I even put up with people and my family, for that matter.

It was only ever about duty and responsibility with my family. Love would never be the motivation unless it was the love for money. Money always talked, and anything

outside of that was bullshit when it came to my pops. He'd made that clear our whole lives. That's why I always examined him and my mama's marriage. They loved each other. I could see it was there, but they had an arranged marriage, so they didn't know what it was like to fall in love with someone without it being arranged for them. Just like Crystal's family, a lot of my relatives had arranged marriages. I didn't want that for myself. Crystal was supposed to be my wife and the mother of my children. No other woman would do. If I couldn't have her, then I'd rather be myself for the remainder of my life.

I paced the floor of the family room in our compound. Just like Crystal, my family was just as wealthy, if not more. Our compound was gated, and if you weren't a Clips, you better have a damn good reason as to why you were on our grounds without permission.

Something soft hit me, and I snapped out of my thoughts and looked down. There was popcorn on me and on the floor.

"Bullet, will you sit yo' ass down? You workin' nerves with that damn pacing while I'm trying to watch my movie," my third oldest brother, Woady, expressed.

"You ain't never lying'. All this damn mopin' around about to make me get up and punch his ass," Crome replied.

"Nigga, you got me fucked up. Get up from that recliner like you tough, and yo' punk ass gon' wish you stayed seated," I challenged and mugged Crome.

"You think so?" Crome questioned with his brow raised.

"All you gotta do is leap, my nigga."

"Damn, Crome. I know you ain't gon' take that. That's your little, little brother,"

Woody chimed in, instigating.

Crome stood up, and I faced him. There wasn't an ounce of ho in me. Before anything could pop off, though, our eldest brother, Armor, stood and stepped between both of us. He mugged Crome and then me. "I'll kick both of y'all asses. Save that shit for them niggas out there."

"That's not me. That's his sad ass," Crome voiced.

Armor exhaled and faced me. "Bullet, you gotta let Crystal go and move on. I know you love her. Hell, everybody in Decatur knows you guys love each other, but y'all can never be together. Never!" he barked. "Now, the best way to get over old pussy is to slide into some new pussy. Y'all niggas get dressed. We're going to the Wet Cat. Woody, call the crew and tell them to meet us there," Armor announced with a wide smile. "We gettin' fucked up tonight."

"Hell, yeah!" Crome and Woody cheered together.

I walked away from them and into my room. They wanted to party, but I wasn't in the mood. I didn't give a fuck about no Wet Cat or their asses. I wanted my fuckin' Crystal. However, I had no choice but to go if I didn't want to feel Armor's beefy ass fists. One day I'll be able to beat his big ass.

Hours later, we made it to the Wet Cat. The music blasted in the club, and fine-ass women danced all around us. Titties, ass, and pussy were available at our every beck and call. I mean, it was to be expected since we were the Decatur Rebels.

Laughter filled the left side of the room, and I groaned. Them bitch ass Decatur Devils howled in celebration as dancers stripped for them. My anger fueled me. How dare they enjoy their fuckin' lives when I hadn't seen or heard from my girl in a week? Crystal's bitch ass brothers and cousins were our opps. There was no way

around that. They copied my family's weapons idea and started their company, and now they had a motorcycle crew just like ours. It didn't matter what we did. Them bitch ass niggas stayed bitin' our every move. We couldn't bust a nut without they asses tryin' to replicate it. The shit had me hot. I didn't know if it was the liquor or the absence of Crystal, but I moved to attack when Candy Apple plopped her sexy ass on my lap.

Her skin was midnight, like licorice, and she smelled sugary sweet. It was a bottle of that sweet and viral perfume that all the strippers wore. The fragrance was cool, but it had nothing on Crystal's intoxicating fragrance of violets, peaches, blue freesia, and a clean musky scent. She smelled like heaven, and Candy Apple made me crave her more. Candy Apple wore a platinum white lace front wig that hung past her fat round ass. She was fit and toned and ready to take me for a ride, yet it wasn't her bus that I wanted to ride on.

"Come on, baby. Lighten up. Let Candy Apple turn that frown upside down." She sexily licked her top lip, then rode my hard dick. "Bullet, I've been craving you for years. You chase after that stuck-up bitch like she's the only one that can make you cum. Baby, the way I drink cum ain't for the weak. In no time, I'd have you so drained that the only reference of Crystal you'll think about is a crystal candy dish," Candy Apple purred in my ear.

I quickly grabbed her by the throat and then pulled her ear to my mouth. "Watch your fuckin' mouth when you speak about my Crystal. She ain't no bitch. Plus, the way she handles this dick and juggles my balls, no other woman can ever come close. Now get yo' hatin' ass off me and find another nigga to entertain. I ain't in the mood." I released her throat.

Candy Apple giggled as she stood from my lap. "You got it, but you will come begging for this pussy when you find out about your perfect little Crystal."

I sat up in my seat. "What do you know?" I gritted through my teeth.

She smiled slyly with her finger to her lips as she backed away from me. I reached out to her, but Crome swiftly pulled her onto his lap. "If he don't want you, I'll surely take yo' thick ass," he flirted and slapped her ass.

"My kinda man," she replied. Candy Apple then removed her neon green lace bra and wiggled her fake titties in his face.

Crome gave a muffled yell while his face was planted between her Double Ds.

They all seemed to live life except for me, but what was life without my love? Plus, what the hell did she mean by find out about Crystal? Was she fuckin' one of Crystal's brothers or cousins? I needed to know ASAP what she meant. What happened to my angel?

I set my beer down and looked to the left side of the room. As if the universe knew what I needed, Crystal's third to the oldest brother, Tyrese, stood and headed for the bathroom. It was now my time to shine. I tossed back the remainder of my beer, then slipped away from my bros and crew. I needed answers, and the only way to get them was to get them out of her brother.

I eased past the crowd, then quietly slipped into the men's bathroom. Tyrese pissed in the urinal while I locked the door as quietly as I could. I wanted the element of surprise to fully blast his ass. Tyrese flushed the toilet, then the sound of running water filled the bathroom. I stood firmly in front of the door and waited for him to walk around the corner. He stopped in his tracks when he saw me. There wasn't an ounce of fear in that nigga's eyes, but if he didn't tell me what I wanted to know, then there would be.

"What the hell do you want, pussy? Don't tell me you want my sister and me. If that's

the case, then open up because I got a cold piece of steel you can suck on," Tyrese snarled with a cocky grin.

"Fuck all that and you. Where is Crystal?"

"And who the fuck is you?"

"The nigga that's about to put his foot up yo' ass if you don't answer my question."

Tyrese chuckled and swiftly removed his gun from his waistband. His crew's colors were mud brown and black, and I hated the shit-colored vests they wore. Shitty brown was the only color that came to mind every time I saw it, and don't even get me started on their weak ass double pitchfork emblem. It was all trash. He aimed his custom Sig Sauer at me. It was a pretty gun for a soft-ass nigga like him.

I walked up to him and pressed my chest against his gun. "If you gon' draw your weapon, then pull the trigger. If not, put your toy gun away, and let's talk man to man. Y'all know Crystal means the fuckin' world to me. No woman can ever replace her, but I need to know what she's been up to. Where the fuck is she, man?"

Tyrese laughed at me. "You one pussy whipped ass nigga. I ain't tellin' yo' ass shit. This is a family matter. You ain't family. So, you don't need to know shi?—"

Before I let that nigga finish, I swiftly snatched his gun from his hand and popped that nigga in his mouth with it.

"Argh!" he hollered, and blood poured from his mouth. I popped that bitch in his face, and he hit the floor faster than a raindrop. Blood poured down from his nose as I stood over him.

"Shut yo' bitch ass up!" I spat. "I asked yo' funky ass one simple question, and I was

respectful with the shit. Now I'ma ask you one more fuckin' time. Where the fuck is my Crystal?"

He spat blood from his mouth and mugged me. A bloody silly grin was plastered on his face. "I was tryin' to save yo' soft ass from more heartache, but since you so fuckin' persistent, I'll bulge. Crystal ain't here no more. Our family has shipped her away, and only Pop Pop knows where she is. So, you see, it doesn't matter how many punk ass tantrums you throw. You will never ever see her again. We will never see her again," he quietly responded.

I released him because I sensed he told the truth, and it was evident that he missed her, too. My heart ached, and my nose burned. I couldn't let this nigga see me mourn the only woman I'd ever loved. I threw his gun and then left the bathroom quicker than I came. Within minutes, I was out of the club and on my bike. My motorcycle ate the dirt road as my tears rolled down my cheeks. Them muthafuckas meant it this time. They really snatched my girl and shipped her off like she was some damn merchandise. I zoomed down the long, dark road until I made it to the river. My bike rested on the kickstand, and I shot my gun in the dark woods. I fired until I had not one bullet left. My custom Ruger clicked and clicked until I lowered it. I didn't care who was in them damn woods. My heart had been shattered into a million pieces thanks to her petty ass family. Now, how was I supposed to go through this life without her? I dropped to my knees with my tears as the only company I had at the moment. My first love was gone. Crystal was my high school sweetheart, angel, and my reason to breathe. I no longer had access to my heart, and since I didn't, I was about to be the most ruthless, heartless, and coldest nigga that lived in Decatur. Today was page one of my villain era.

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Four and a half Years Later: May 2025

I woke up with a late start today. I'd stayed up late, crying and reminiscing about the past. Four and a half years long ass years had gone by, and life wasn't the same without my Bulley. Arizona was already slow-paced, and it slowed down the healing of my heart. His smile, tight embraces, and our lovemaking sessions were ingrained in my memory. There was no way another man could ever compete with Bulley. I didn't even try to look for one. No other man deserved me or my love, only him. I tried not to harbor the possibility that he'd settled down with a woman and had a few kids. It was too painful to think about. So, I imagined he threw himself into his family's company, enjoyed his motorcycle crew, and lived a life of solitude like I did.

Well, that's what I tried to do, but it was hard when you had a four-year-old little girl who was just as rambunctious and rowdy as her mama. Clear Views gave me and her great-grandparents a run for our money every day. Some days, she was chill and civilized, but most school days and vegetables were her opps. Summer vacation was around the corner, and to be a preschooler, she was pretty excited for it to come. How in the world she was fed up with school already baffled me, but such was life.

It was late afternoon, and the sun didn't beat down on us too much. Living with Grandma Tula and Poppy was an adjustment period. I had to create a routine as a single mama and get to know my grandparents on a deeper level. Had I not been raised by my dad's side of the family first, I would've chosen my mama's parents every day of the week. They were retired accountants who made great stock market decisions. They were well off and lived a peaceful life. Mama's parents were from Decatur, IL, too, but after Mama and Daddy's wedding, they moved to Arizona. Daddy's side was a mess and drama-filled, and Grandma Tula and Poppy wanted to

be away from all the nonsense. I didn't blame them.

As the only girl on both sides, they spoiled me rotten as well. Now that Little Clear was here, so was she. I wasn't completely discarded away. My bank account was loaded, thanks to Daddy and his guilt. Clear and I wanted for nothing financially. Things were different with Mama. She provided love and support and always came and stayed with us for half of every year. She'd recently left two months ago, and we had a time per usual. Our days were filled with shopping, fine dining, late-night movies, and fishing with Poppy by the river. Mama was a dutiful daughter and the best mom as well. She was a damn good wife too, but lately their marriage had been on the rocks. It was because of me. Had I been a better daughter, then she wouldn't have to deal with him cheating and lying all the damn time. She deserved the same happiness and love I desired. One day, though, we'd have it.

I sat back on my knees and looked at the huge house on the left side of my grandparent's modest home. It looked damn near like a mini-mansion. I'd been contemplating buying it for the past two years. Something told me to buy it. I wanted to, but it was a home for a family. For now, it was just Clear and me, and it was too big at the moment, but who knows? I got back to work.

Minutes later, my grandparent's neighbor, Antonio, stepped out onto his back patio and gave us a wave. He owned the house to the right of them. Antonio was a fine middle-aged Italian man with olive skin and wore that comb over fade that white men enjoyed so much. He was over six feet tall and had a nice body and a charming smile. When he barbecued, he always brought us food, and we did the same.

"How are you ladies doing today? Nice weather for it to be late afternoon," he greeted.

"Hey, Antonio," I replied.

"It is a nice afternoon," Grandma Tula added.

"Hey, Tonio. I'm planting tomatoes," Clear sang.

He smiled broadly at her. "Is that right, little one? May I have one when they grow big?"

"Yes!" she voiced with more excitement.

"My girl. Well, I'll let you ladies be. Tell your Poppy I said hello," he stated.

"Will do. Enjoy your day," I responded. He nodded before walking back into his house.

Grandma Tula wore a look of gratitude on her face as she waved her favorite church fan against her dark brown skin. Her roller set was laid, thanks to me, and lightly moved every time she fanned herself. Grandma Tula was five-foot-two, yet when she opened her mouth, she talked shit like she was six-foot- eleven. Mama was definitely her child because they popped shit like nobody's business. The apple didn't fall too far from the tree because I was just like them and so was Little Clear. Lord knows she stressed her teachers out every day of the week with her little talkative and opinionated self. Grandma Tula relaxed in her reclined lawn chair, smirked at her phone, and then looked back at us. Clear helped me plant grandma's summer squash, tomatoes, onions, peppers, and cabbage. She was a great helper. Clear poured the seeds where I told her to and covered them with the fresh soil. Pretty soon, we'd be done and moved on to her favorite part, watering the garden. She went crazy and would wet up everything if we didn't wheel Clear in.

We continued to work and laugh until Grandma Tula's voice interrupted us. "You ladies are doing a great job. I can't tell you how good it's been to have you here with us, Crystal. I know things ain't right at home, but this is your home, too. Never forget

that, beautiful girl."

I covered the last of the tomato seeds with soil before looking up at her. "Thank you, Grandma Tula, but you act like we're about to leave you and Poppy. I have no intentions of going back to Decatur willingly," I replied.

"Poppy and I love you, but you may not have a choice."

At her admittance, the patio door opened, and my beautiful mama stepped out onto the porch. She wore her usual big smile. Her now relaxed curls hung past her shoulders, and her curvy figure was draped in a nude and long maxi dress. A white blouse covered her upper body, which tied in the front. She looked timeless as usual.

"Mama! What are you doing back so soon?" I quizzed and removed my dirty gloves.

A blur sped passed me, and it was Clear hauling ass to my mama, her Bibi. Mama scooped her up in her arms and held her tightly. "Clear Bell! How's my little pudding pop doing?"

"I'm good, Bibi. I missed you so much," Clear expressed and kissed her cheek back. Bibi was Swahili for grandma. Grandma Tula already had her name, so it was only right that Mama got to choose her own title, and she chose Bibi.

"Aww, I missed my girls too," Mama voiced and placed Clear back on her feet.

"Not that we're not happy to see you, but what brings you back so soon?" I queried and stood to my feet.

Mama gave me a small smile before looking at Grandma Tula. I turned and looked at her.

"Come on, ladies. Let's take this in the kitchen with a cold glass of blackberry lemonade," Grandma Tula suggested and stood from her lawn chair.

"Okay," I stated skeptically.

We all walked into the house, with Clear gripping my mama's hand and taking a seat on her lap once we made it into the kitchen. Grandma Tula moved around the kitchen, poured glasses of lemonade, and placed an assortment of finger sandwiches in front of us. She was so hospitable and caring. Once we'd all taken a few sips of our drink and bites from our sandwiches, I cleared my throat and looked around.

"Will someone tell me what's going on? I feel like something is wrong?"

Mama nodded and soothingly rubbed Clear's back. "There is, baby. I'm here because Pop Pop is dying. He can pass any day because his heart is too weak to continue. Pop Pop's last wish is to see his Crystal ball's face before he ascends this world."

My tears coursed down my face. I sniffled, and then a full-on sob broke through me. My Pop Pop was about to leave me. I was still pissed that he sent me away, but I never wished him any ill will. He also never mistreated me. He'd love me fully, but their life of crime and prestige came before everybody. I wiped my face and looked at Mama. "What about surgery or a transplant? Does he not have options?"

She shook her head. "No, baby. He's too old and weak for surgery. Sadly, he won't survive it," Mama responded. "He wants you and baby girl to visit him. When he passes away, you have to stay for the will. You're in there, baby girl, just like your brothers. What do you say? Will you and Clear Bell come back with me?"

I exhaled before responding. "I'm not sure, Mama. I love me some Pop Pop, but I ain't been back in four and a half years. Everyone looks at me like I'm the black sheep of the family. Hell, I wouldn't be surprised if Daddy blamed me for Pop Pop's condition.

I don't know, Mama. I'll need a little time to think."

She rubbed the top of my hand soothingly. "Understandable, love. I'll be here for three days. If you decide not to come with me, then I'll give them your regards and send your will gift to you. I won't pressure you at all."

"Thank you for understanding, Mama."

I was lost in thought for the remainder of the day. Pop Pop was more of a father to me than my own daddy. My heart ached just like when I had to leave Bulley. Bulley. Would I see him? What would I say if I did? I shook my head of those thoughts. What we had was over, and I only planned on staying for a few days and then returning. There was no telling the man he was today and if he was single or not. It didn't matter though. I'd lost all the energy to fight with my brothers and Daddy over Bulley. The day went on, and we enjoyed a dinner of Mississippi pot roast, baby mashed potatoes, and a house salad prepared by hand. Grandma Tula had taught me right. Mama stepped out for a minute, so I bathed Clear and then braided her long hair into plaits. Once we'd said our prayers, I tucked her in and then lay next to her.

Her light was off, but her plug-in strobe light lit up her ceiling, with stars, suns, and moons dancing along the walls and ceilings. We always cuddled together before I went into my room for the night. She and I were in a comfortable silence until her little voice filled the room. "Mommy?"

"Yeah, Little Clear?"

"When we go and see Pop Pop, will I be able to see my daddy? You told me he lives where Pop Pop lives."

I was too stunned to speak right away. That was an absolute first. The way she played and lived her life, I didn't think she was interested in meeting him. Clear never said

anything until now. However, the question remained: will she be able to see Bulley?

I leaned down and kissed her forehead. "Little Clear, anything is possible with God by our side. Close your eyes and get some rest."

"Okay, Mommy." She turned on her side and slowly dozed off.

I wiped my tears from my eyes as I looked at the framed photo on her nightstand by the window. It was the picture of Bulley and me at the river. I took a selfie of him holding me from the back. We'd enjoyed a picnic he had planned for us, and it was one of the best dates we'd ever had because we didn't get caught that day. I had that picture stored away with a few other keepsakes I hid in the back of my closet from Daddy and Pop Pop. From the time Clear could talk, I told her all about her daddy. I refused to make up some stupid lie to appease Daddy and Pop Pop. With me, my baby would always find the truth.

I pulled the covers up her small body before quietly exiting her room.

Grandma Tula and Poppy had retreated to their room already, so I decided to lock up and have myself a midnight snack before I went to bed. When I entered the kitchen, I stopped in my tracks when I saw Mama and Antonio kissing on the back patio. Well, well, well. This explained why she didn't give a damn about what Daddy had going on. That fine-ass Italian man had her full attention. I smirked, removing a saucer and raspberry fruit tart from the refrigerator and enjoying it at the table. Minutes later, Mama entered the kitchen with a girlish smile on her face when she saw me. She placed a curl behind her ear and joined me at the table.

Seconds went by before I swallowed and licked my fork. "So, I take it this has been going on for a while."

She nodded. "Yeah, baby girl. I'd noticed him, but it wasn't until the second year of

your living here that we took things to the next level. He's kind, easygoing, and a hardworking man. Antonio understands the situation I'm in, and he's biding his time until I leave your father."

My eyes bulged. "You plan to leave Daddy."

"Yeah, baby. I can't take any more of that crime lifestyle. I'm tired of packing heat just in case something pops off. I've been over his cheating and lies. He spends more time at the Wet Cat than with me. I deserve better, and I've been making preparations for my exit. No amount of money or therapy can keep me with him. I'm disgusted by him. I can't even sleep next to him, let alone fuck him. Antonio is a real man, and he's equipped with everything to make me happy. Please don't judge me or be disappointed in me. I'm ready for a quieter and peaceful life," she expressed and wiped her eyes.

I reached across the table and grabbed onto her hand. "Mama, you are a strong and kind woman, and you deserve to live a soft girl life. It is not too late. If Antonio makes you happy, then go and be happy. After listening to your truth, I've decided to see Pop Pop and close up a few loose ends of my own, and then I'm coming back here. I want nothing to do with that lifestyle or that compound. My life is here in Arizona now, and soon yours will be too."

"Yes, it will," she agreed.

We held hands and stared into each other's eyes. I loved seeing my mama so happy and full of life again. She gave me hope. Maybe there was somebody out there for me. I wouldn't rush it, though. I wanted it to happen as naturally as possible, just like it did when I first met Bulley.

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May 2025

"Big Bulley! I love it, Courtney. You did your big one with my vest."

My eyes roamed over my new custom-designed vest. Our vests were black and leather, and our motorcycle club emblem was gray and red. It was skeleton bones shaped in an X with motorcycle handlebars on each side. I loved the creativity and artistry behind our emblem.

Courtney looked up and smiled as she handed the rest of the crew their new vests. We were long overdue for some new ones.

"Thank you, Bullet. I tried to bring all y'all ideas to life."

"You did that and more," Crome stated and kissed Courtney on her red heart-shaped lips.

He'd been obsessed with the long-locs, curvy, brown-skinned beauty ever since she took over her family's printing business two years ago. If you needed anything to be printed, her family, the Prices, made it happen. They specialized in many different forms of printing. We were lucky to have a contract with her. I slipped into my new vest and smirked. The smell of leather filled my nose, and the new cut against my body was way better than my first vest. I'd had the same vest since I joined when I was twenty. Now that I was twenty-nine, I was much bigger than I was, and my brothers now. They hated that shit, but oh well. Two blanks were fired, and it was racing time. We held big races twice a month for money, street cred, and respect. As of right now, my brother, Black, holds the title of King of Decatur. He was the fastest

motorcyclist out here. I didn't desire to hold that title. I just enjoyed racing.

I slowly rode over to the start line. Candy Apple stood there with her midnight complexion shining under the moonlight and thick curves to keep everyone's eyes on her except mine. Over four and a half years later, I still hadn't laid a finger on her or allowed her to touch me. She'd been my Crystal's nemesis since high school. I never believed in allowing another bitch to play in my girl's face. Crystal and I weren't together, but if and when I decided to move on, it wouldn't be with her ass. I was loyal to the bone.

My bike tire stopped at the sprayed finish line, and I looked at Crystal's brother Marshawn and then back at my destination.

Marshawn was fast, but he wasn't faster than me. I revved my bike, and he followed suit.

Candy Apple stood in front of us and sexily licked her top glossed lip. "You ready, boys?"

"Yeah," he answered.

I nodded my confirmation.

She grinned before raising her red scarf in the air. Her eyes glanced at him and then at me before she hurriedly lowered her arm.

Marshawn and I shot off within seconds. My tire edged forward, followed by his. We took turns being in the front as we headed down the dark road. He made it to the end a few seconds before I did. We swiftly turned around and headed back to the start line. We were halfway to the finish line when that nigga kicked my bike twice, and I swerved badly, causing me to almost crash into a group of bikers, but I quickly

regained my composure. Oh, that bitch ass nigga. I had something for his ass. We continued to race until I focused back on my destination and hit the accelerator. I flew past him and the crowd of onlookers until I soared over the finish line.

Everyone cheered and raised their beer bottles. I'd won two stacks and his lid, but I didn't want his ugly ass helmet. I wanted my fuckin' revenge. I swiftly turned my bike around and headed back. My rage had built inside of me, and I was out for blood.

I turned off my bike and parked it when I saw him drinking with a few members of his crew. He thought shit was sweet. I pulled my biker gloves up as I strolled through their crowd and popped Marshawn right in his nose. Blood sprayed from his nose like a spray bottle. I didn't even give him a chance to recuperate. He stumbled, and I uppercut his goofy ass. Marshawn's bitch ass dropped to the ground. His crew tried to jump me, but that shit didn't last. I popped two in the nose and gave a two-piece combo to three of his cronies. They all whined and groaned on the ground as I stood over them.

"I guess next time you'll rethink cheating when racing against me." I spat on them and walked away. "Bitch ass niggas." I climbed on my bike and headed home. I'd let my brothers collect my winnings. I had no patience for clown shit no more.

When I pulled up to my house minutes later, Diamond sat on my front porch swing. Her curvy frame and shapely ass were slightly wrapped by her favorite throw blanket as she waited on me. It wasn't cold out. Diamond was just always cold. Her long braids were pulled in a high bun, and her light complexion looked slightly flushed. She wore a glove-tight one-piece, leopard print catsuit that made my dick harder than a rock. I hoped she knew she'd get fucked down tonight.

Diamond was known as a "choker" in our motorcycle club. Women like her filled the sexual needs of the men in our crew. They weren't "ole ladies" or girlfriends, just someone to fill a lonely night or moment. She and a few other chokers had filled the

bed in one of my guest rooms for the past two years. I'd let two years ago by before I started to fill my sexual needs. I just couldn't let Crystal go. There were no commitments on my end. One day I wanted to settle down again, but it wouldn't be with no damn Choker.

I walked past her and unlocked the door. She stood from her spot and walked behind me. In record time, we were in my guest room and ass naked. I gripped her throat tightly as I fucked her hard and fast. There was nothing gentle or loving about my strokes. I was pissed that I couldn't make love to the woman I still loved. There was no access to her at all. Love was completely absent from my life. Crystal had made me the lover boy that I am, and I hated not being him.

"Ooh. Fuck, Bulley. Right there, baby," Diamond cried out loud.

I stilled. "Don't call me Bulley. My name is Bullet to you. Am I clear?"

She nodded with a small smile. "Yes."

"Aight." I sped up my strokes.

Diamond loved this rough shit. Her small hand gripped my wrist as she enjoyed every stroke. Her body shook under me, and she came hard like she always did. I fucked her harder until I came. Diamond fucked me from the bottom as I pushed against my headboard. My body shook slightly as I busted a big nut. We both took deep breaths as I rolled off her, and she rolled to the side.

I walked into the bathroom and, removed my condom, then flushed it. After a quick piss, I washed my hands before walking back into my room. Once I was comfortable under my covers, Diamond laid on my chest, and I gazed out the window.

Minutes later, her light snores filled my ears, but I continued to look out my bedroom

window. I always wondered what Crystal was up to this time of night. Was she dating someone? Married? Had kids? I tried my hardest not to think negative thoughts, but I couldn't help it. I'd lose it if somebody else clapped the cheeks that belonged to me. Her smile, loud laughter, and caring nature all belonged to me. It was nights like this where we held our deepest conversations. I wanted her and our routines back like ASAP. God, I need a sign.

I listened to my pops, Josiah, explain how Razzi Inc. was interested in our weapons and ammunition, but they were also in talks with the Views. That didn't surprise me. Them savages jumped on any and everything that smelled like an opportunity. This up-and-coming new company had planned to open a few gun stores in several different states. He expressed how Razzi Inc. wanted to work with us because we were a one-stop shop. We made guns and ammunition, but they were interested in the Views because they offered them a cheaper rate. I hated when companies wanted to go the cheaper route. Quality would always be a better alternative than quantity. My family and I took gun- making seriously. Them cheap ass weapons the Views made were ass.

Their guns either jammed, fell apart, or misfired more often than usual. They were a joke in the gun-making business. I hated it when they joined the conferences with us and other weapon makers because they were clowns. The love for the craft wasn't there. It has never been if you asked me. My great-grandfather Sigman made his first gun when he was fifteen years old from materials and scraps he'd found at the junkyard he worked at. When he killed the man who attacked my great-grandmother coming home from school one day, it was then his love for weapon making was birthed. He tried to share that knowledge with his best friend, Raleigh, Crystal's great-grandfather. Things went south when Raleigh scammed him and started his own company. There was more to the story, but I think the rest of the story was lost as time went by and family added their own narratives.

It was unfortunate because I really wanted to know what happened. Somebody had to

know, but my great-grandpa and grandpa were both gone, and my pops didn't have all the facts. He didn't care to know. My pops' only concern was keeping our business running smoothly and making sure our legacy continued for generations.

"Bullet!" my pops shouted my name, pulling me from my thoughts.

"Yeah, Pops."

"Did you hear anything I said?" he queried.

"Yes, sir. We have a meeting with the CEOs of Razzi Inc., and this is the account you want me to handle."

"Correction. I want you to close it. I'm still on your ass after the almost war you could've caused because of the beating you gave Tyrese's soft ass. Now, are we clear?"

"Crystal clear." I hoped he didn't hear about last night's ass whoopin' I handed out.

"Good. Moving on. Now, for the next order of business, let's talk about the expansion of our MC. We have a lot of new recruits, and we can use the extra space next door. There's only one problem."

"What's that?" I questioned with merged brows.

"My registrar connect in the mayor's office told me that the Views bitch asses plan to bid for the space as well," Pops disclosed.

"Those muthafuckas!" Armor yelled and slammed his fists on the table.

"Now that's some petty shit. What the hell do they plan to do with the space?" Woody

probed.

"Apparently, it makes for the perfect location for a daycare center," Pops stated and shook his head.

"Who in their right damn mind would put a daycare in the entertainment district, next to two MCs, a strip club, and a casino? I know the mayor ain't gon let that fly," Crome chimed in with an attitude.

Pops chuckled. "Money talks."

"So does sex." I looked at Woody.

Woody mugged me. "Fuck you lookin' at me for?"

I cleared my throat. "The mayor is a beautiful BBW. Now, you've always tried to hide your love for BBWs, but it's pointless because we all know, my nigga."

Crome and Armor laughed.

"And he ain't lying. Remember how Laila's daddy made him jump out the window when he was supposed to be in Sunday school with us?" Crome probed, laughing like a hyena. Armor joined in on his laughter.

Woody rolled his eyes. I knew he hated that memory because he had a deep gash over his eyes as a reminder.

"Crome, chill. I ain't say that to make fun of him. It's an opportunity for us. While Woody is wining, dining, and tattooing his name on her ass, she'll be more open to the bribe and us bidding and buying the building. She gettin' her own payout and consistent dick. Ain't no way this won't work out in our favor. What do you say,

bro?"

We all looked at Woody. He exhaled and nodded. "What if I grow some feelings for her? I'm not sure if I'm the relationship type."

Armor snickered. "Yo' ass sounds soft as hell."

"Grow up! Ain't shit wrong with him expressing himself," I shot back.

Armor shook his head and called me a pussy under his breath. Oh well. He knew not to say that shit to my face. In the past four and a half years, I've grown bigger, meaner, and stronger. Two years ago, Armor and I had a big fight. Once liquor hits his system, his mouth is reckless as hell. That Julio hit his system, and he said Crystal had longed forgot about me and bounced on another nigga's dick. Why did he say that? The rage that lived in me fueled me to beat my own big brother like he was a stranger. I couldn't help it. The anger in me took over. It damn near took the whole crew to get me off his ass. After that, my brothers realized I was now the strongest and not to be fucked with.

"Anyway, ain't nobody saying you got to marry the lady, but if you want to get serious with her after we secure this deal, then by all means. Let's make sure we get this deal first. You agree or not?" I quizzed.

Woody nodded. "Hell, yeah, I'm in. Mayor Bishop is fine as hell."

"That's what we need to hear. Pops, you need to reach out to your connect in her office to get the mayor's schedule ASAP so that Woody can make his move," I voiced.

Our pops nodded with a smile. "Now that's fuckin' leadership right there. I'll get on it," he stated.

"Armor, you and Crome need to prepare our soldiers because I gotta feeling there will be a shit storm when we snatch that weapons contract from the Views and the storefront from them. We have gotta make sure all our security is amped up at all businesses, and everyone is always on point. They fuckin' snakes, so we need to be prepared for whatever."

"Real shit, though, Bullet. We got it handled," Armor expressed.

"Yes, sir," Crome agreed.

"Okay, cool. This meeting is adjourned." Pops banged his fake gavel. We all stood to leave, but he stopped me. "Bullet, stay back." He ushered for me to take a seat.

My brothers performed our brothers-in-arms coded greeting before exiting Pops' office.

"Pops, if you're worried about me securing this contract, then don't. My head is in the game, and I've bagged every deal we have in the last four and a half years. I got this."

"I know that Bullet. I'm worried about my son, not about money or contracts. It's been four and a half years since Crystal left, and you ain't entertained not one woman seriously. Yeah, you fuck them but have made no attempts at a relationship, marriage, or even kids."

"Pops, not this again."

"Yes, this again."

"Why are you not hounding Armor, Crome, or Woody?"

He went silent and lit his cigar. After a few pulls, he made himself more comfortable

in his office chair.

"Out of all my boys, you're most like me. You're tough, focused, goal-oriented, and you know what it's like to have the woman you love most ripped from you. I love your mother. God knows I do. I'm in love with her. No other woman could ever take her place, but before I met her, there was another woman. Kora was my high school sweetheart. She set my soul on fire whenever we touched. I was young and filled with lust, but I knew I was in love with her.

"Kora was the woman who I wanted to spend the rest of my life with and have all my babies, but it wasn't meant to be. Melvin Views was so jealous of me. He did what he did best, snaked my ass. When I looked up, she was gone, and a few short years later, he married her. He didn't even want her. Melvin's bitch ass just didn't want me to have her. I said all that to say this even if by some divine reason Crystal pops back up, remember he will never let you have her. Never . You can't have what's his, but he can have what's yours. Since I couldn't have Kora, you best believe I plan to snatch those deals from his bitch ass."

I sat quietly and processed what he'd just dumped on me. My pops and Crystal's mom were a couple. That shit was wild all by itself. I knew Pops and Melvin had bad blood between them, but the fact that a woman was involved surprised me big time. "Pops, I'm sorry you experienced that. It hurts. I know that pain all too well, but I'm still not ready to let Crystal go. She's my sweetheart, and one day, I'm going to get her back."

I stood from my seat, placed my right hand over my chest, and nodded. It was our brothers-in-arms coded greeting. He returned the code with a nod. I left my pops in his office and exited the house. When I made it outside to my bike, my phone chimed. I read over the message, and it was Crome letting me know they were at the Wet Cat.

It never failed. When business was handled at the compound and our clubhouse, you

could find them fools at the Wet Cat. That's not how I wanted to live my life, lusting and thirsting over bitches I didn't want. However, I was hungry, and the food at the Wet Cat was top-tier next to the fine dining establishments here.

I hopped on my bike and left the grounds of our compound. I shot down the dirt road faster than a bullet. My leather vest blew in the early evening air. I wanted to secure that weapon's contract something serious. The rage that coursed through me desired desperately to take every fuckin' thing from the Views. They have been the bane of my existence since I was old enough to understand what a feud was. This deal would bring millions to my family and continue to help solidify our position in this town. However, it would help to push my bourbon line even further.

Crystal Bullet Bourbon was small and local, yet the citizens of Decatur loved it. I bought a small distillery two years ago, and I'd distributed my bourbon in local bars and convenience stores, but I was ready to go national. Creating bourbon was a hobby I stumbled across to take my off Crystal. It temporarily worked because I still named my bourbon after her. Hell, she was the inspiration, after all. One day, she'd see how serious I was about us.

The scenery changed as my bike traveled through the medical district. I slowed down and braked when I halted at the red light. I flipped the lid of my helmet up when two black SUVs sped to the hospital's entrance. They looked as if they belonged to the Views, but I wasn't sure because of the distance. Men in black rushed out and guided a beautiful vixen and a little girl to the entrance.

The wolf-cut styled curls, curvy frame, and natural switch when she walked screamed it was my girl. My love. My Crystal. Hurriedly, I shot off and cut over to the next lane. Horns blared frantically, and tires screeched, but I didn't care. I had to see if that was my Crystal. My motorcycle turned into the driveway and behind the SUVs. I killed the engine, then raced after the crew with my heart pounding and sweaty hands clenched at my side.

The hospital buzzed with patients, medical staff, and visitors as I zoomed past them. The men in black were ahead of me and darted around the corner. I was a ways back, so I broke out into a quick jog. By the time I caught up and rounded the corner, the elevator doors had closed.

"Fuck!" I shouted and smacked the door.

My heart said it was her, but my head said to be logical. I didn't get a good look because I was far away, and Crystal didn't have a child. Well, to my knowledge, she didn't have one before she left. Did she have a kid now?

My mind ran rampant with questions as I left the hospital and hopped back onto my bike. I sped away from the hospital and entered the entertainment district. I felt it in my gut the woman was Crystal, but what if my mind played tricks on me? My emotions were good for that.

I pulled up in front of the Wet Cat and parked. My heart still raced as I strolled inside the strip club. All eyes were on me per usual. I was well over six-foot-three, muscular, and deadly. These last four and a half years, I'd been kickin' ass and didn't even bother with askin' for a name. Niggas wanted to be me, and bitches wanted to claim me. I wasn't down with either. My brothers and crew did our coded signal, and I returned it. I moved past them and the strippers that entertained them and took a seat at the bar.

"Let me get a Crystal Bullet with a light orange twist. Also, tell the chef I want hot wings and fries."

"Coming right up, Bullet," Sam, the bartender, replied. He yelled through the small window before preparing my drink. I swirled around in my seat and surveyed my surroundings. Nothing had changed. The routine was the same. I looked to the left side of the strip club, and those bitch ass Decatur Devils partied like it was 1999. My

eyes clashed with Melvin. He sat back against his chair as Candy Apple danced for him as if her life depended on it. They were an item. Well, more like he was her sugar daddy. He sported her thotty ass around like she was a trophy when she was nothing to call home about.

Our eyes connected, and he gave me a smug grin before she pulled him up from his seat. They were going to fuck in one of the private rooms. I could easily barge in and make him tell me if Crystal was here or not, but we had way too much on the line to make careless moves. When the time was right, I'd find a smarter way to get my answers.

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Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:57 pm

It felt so weird being back at the mansion and in my old room. If it weren't for Mama, I wouldn't even be here. I didn't want to be. I'd booked a hotel for Clear and me, but she wouldn't hear of it. Pop Pop and Dad had never met Clear, and neither had my brothers. They'd seen the pictures Mama showed them but had no face-to-face time with her. I was the black sheep, and she was the mixed breed of the family. She shared blood with their opps. I would stand for nobody treating her like an outcast, so I kept her away from them. Now, I had no choice but to bring her around them. Clear was in awe of how big the compound was when we first arrived, so I promised to give her a tour. I wasn't sure how any of them would act, but the first sign of bullshit, and we were out of here and back on a plane to Arizona.

"Are you ready for the tour, big girl?"

"Yes, Mama," she replied, dropping her tablet on my bed. She grabbed her favorite doll and then stood from the bed.

"Alright. Let's go." We exited my room and walked down the winding staircase. We were about to head out the front door when someone called my name.

"Crystal?"

I turned to see my brothers, Black, Marshawn, and Tyrese. They entered the foyer with hella shopping bags in their hands.

"Hey, y'all. Nice to see your faces. It's been a while," I voiced in a nervous tone. I nibbled on my lower lip and held onto Clear's hand a little tighter.

Black was the oldest. He placed his bags on the floor and took a few steps toward us. I placed Clear behind me, and he remained in place.

"Little sis, you ain't gotta do that. We ain't gon' hurt you or our niece. I know there's a lot of issues and time between us, but we wanna be in your life and hers. Can we meet our niece, please?" he pleaded.

I wiped away my tears and nodded. "Yeah. I'll like that very much."

"Thank you." Black walked closer and grabbed me in a tight hug. "I missed you, little sis."

"I missed you guys, too," I stated, enjoying the feel of my brother's arms again. We squeezed each other a little tighter before we separated.

Black lowered and smiled. "Hey, Clear Bell. I'm your Uncle Black. Behind me are your other uncles, Marshawn, and Tyrese. We're your mama's big brothers, and in all those bags over there are gifts for you."

Clear peeked around my leg and smiled. "I like gifts, Uncle Black."

He chuckled. "Most girls do. Would you like to see your gifts?"

"Yes."

"Cool. If it's okay with you, Clear Bell, can I have a hug?"

"Yes, Uncle Black." She walked around me and into his large spread arms.

Black closed his eyes and held her little body for a few minutes. He smiled and stood, then carried her over to her other uncles. Tyrese was the first to reach for her. I

smiled as she giggled while he tickled her. Marshawn kissed her cheek and then held her tightly for a few minutes. He was the lover boy out of them. He held her as we all transitioned into the living room. I took a seat and watched as Clear happily opened up all the gifts they'd gotten her — new clothes, shoes, electronics, stuffies, and more dolls as if she weren't in doll heaven already. It didn't matter, though, as long as she was happy.

Once Clear had opened all of her gifts, we all decided to give her a tour of the compound.

Clear sat on top of Tyrese's shoulders as we walked the path of the grounds. They pointed out places we hid at as kids, our favorite fruit trees, and trees we used to climb, and their houses. I laughed and chimed in when it was necessary. Laughing helped to keep from crying. I missed them more than I led myself to believe. We were always close. Things changed when I brought Bullet into our lives. That was a decision I still didn't regret. I still loved him. Regardless of how far or close we were, my love for him had never changed. I was still on the fence about Clear meeting him, but they had to. It was terrible already that she was four, and he didn't know she existed. In my defense, I had no way of reaching out because Pop Pop had taken my phone and gotten me a new one before I left.

There was no telling what he'd done with it, but I'm glad there was a passcode because there were pictures and videos of us being real nasty. My clit pulsed at the way Bullet used to suck me bone dry from the front and back. I hadn't been touched by a man since the last time he touched me. If a man breathed on me too hard, I might just cum.

The sound of Marshawn's voice filled my ears, and I snapped out of my thoughts.

"We gotta cut our tour short. Mama just called Black and said we need to get to the hospital. Something is going on with Pop Pop," he expressed.

"Okay," I softly replied. That was the only word I could muster.

My stomach dropped to my ass, and fear filled me faster than water in a pot. Would this be our final goodbye? I grabbed onto Clear as we were swiftly ushered inside the SUV. The vehicles took off, and we headed to the hospital.

Nothing had changed in Decatur. The old town still looked the same. We had your typical storefronts, schools, entertainment district, and medical district like any other small town. It wasn't a lot here, but it was enough to keep everyone entertained. Minutes later, we pulled up to the entrance, and a few of our guards helped Clear and me out and then rushed us inside the hospital.

I wasn't fond of hospitals, but I had to deal with it. We scampered through the sea of medical staff in the hallway. Loud steps could be heard behind us. I tried to look, but we moved too fast. Eric, the guard, hit the elevator, and it immediately opened. We climbed on with my heart still beating like crazy. The doors were nearly closed when the body of a big man could be seen in the small opening. He slapped the doors when they closed, and I heard him cuss. I didn't get a good look at him, but it felt like he was my Bullet. No, that couldn't have been him. What would he be doing here?

The elevator dinged, and we stepped off onto the floor of the private wing. With every step I took toward Pop Pop's room, my steps seemed amplified in my ears. Even my heartbeat sounded as if someone played it through a speaker. Why was I so scared? I was raised by my Pop Pop.

If I had to be honest with myself, it was all about saying goodbye. I thought I still had more time with him even though he was in his eighties. As a little girl, he seemed so invincible to me. Now, as an adult, I saw he was just a man.

We turned the corner and entered his room. Daddy sat by his bed, but he stood when he saw us. His eyes immediately went to Clear. I picked her up and held her close to

me. If he tried anything, I was going to wipe the floor with his ass. We eased over to Pop Pop, and he gave us the biggest smile he could muster. He looked so little, frail. His dark skin seemed a little lighter, and he was now bald. It looked as if a child had taken the place of the once big man.

"Look what the cat done dragged in. My girls are here. Nice to see you, Crystal Ball. This little one here must be Clear Bell," Pop Pop expressed in a small voice.

I kissed his forehead and cheek. "It's nice to see you as well, Pop Pop. This is Little Clear, my little angel. Little Clear, say hello to your great grand Pop Pop."

Her head popped up from my shoulder, and she smiled. "Hi, Pop Pop. Look what Uncle Black got me." She showed him her new doll who she'd named Zoey.

"She's pretty, just like you. Can your old Pop Pop have a hug?"

"Yes," she softly replied. I lowered the rail on his bed, then gently placed Clear next to him. He kissed the top of her head multiple times before he squeezed her as tight as he could. Pop Pop was weak, so it was barely a hug. A few tears rolled down his cheeks. When I wiped them away, his frail hand grabbed onto mine, and he kissed it.

"Thank you for coming. I know I don't deserve your kindness and love after the way I shipped you off, and for that, I'm sorry. I really am, Crystal Ball."

"It's alright, Pop Pop."

"No, it's not. I shouldn't have allowed my ego to interfere with our relationship. You come before money and business. I know it means nothing now because, at any moment, my number is up."

I kissed his hand before I wiped my own tears away. "Pop Pop, no worries. It's all

water under the bridge now. All that matters right now is you."

"You forgave him so easily. What about me?" Daddy quizzed from his place on the other side of the bed. "Are you gonna introduce me to my granddaughter?"

My eyes snapped to him. "Don't do that, Daddy. Please don't make it seem like you care about me or her. The point of the matter is, I came here for Pop Pop, not you."

"Damn. Not my own daughter talkin' to me like I ain't shit. Like I'm not the nigga who gave you life."

"That's all you did! You didn't love me, care for me, or protect me like you should've. I'm the bane of your existence, remember. You hate you had me, remember?"

"I made a mistake. Why can't you let it go and forgive me?"

"It ain't that easy, nigga!" I spat with my chest. I mugged him, and he mugged me back.

"Time out! That's enough, got dammit," Mama interjected from behind me with my brothers behind her. "Melvin, I didn't bring Crystal back so that you can chastise her like she's a child."

"Well, she's acting like it!"

"Mommy, I'm scared," Clear cried and reached for me.

"Oh no. I'm so sorry, baby boo." I scooped her up and cradled her to my chest. "I'm so sorry. I shouldn't have yelled in front of you." She cried on my chest, and I rubbed her back soothingly. "I'm sorry y'all. This was a mistake. We're not leaving, just going to a hotel. Clear is not used to arguing and fighting."

"I don't care. You ain't been here a day, and already you got shit going. Take that little mutt of yours and leave. I didn't ask you to come!" Daddy hollered.

"Bitch!" Before I knew it, I handed Clear off to Marshawn and grabbed Pop Pop's tin bathroom basin. With lightning speed, I ran over to his side and beat his ass with that pan. I popped him across his jaw, and his head snapped to the side. Them licks kept coming across his jaw, his head, and his chin until my brothers pulled me off him. "You talk to them hos like that you've been entertaining. My child was brought here with real love. Something your heartless ass will know nothing about. I'm done with you. I no longer give a damn what happens to you. I don't have a father! Let me go!" I walked past my brothers and grabbed Clear, and then we left. "Bitch ass nigga."

"Mm. Mommy, this mac and cheese is good," Clear sang with her face covered in cheese sauce.

My mama swallowed and laughed. "Our big girl knows good food."

"Yes, she does. I'm glad you like it, Little Clear. This used to be my favorite restaurant when I was your age, and now."

We were at Luke's Place, my favorite Southern cuisine restaurant. No other restaurant made soul food like them. You could taste the love in every spoonful. The place was crowded per usual, and the laughter from a group of businessmen's tables overreached our seats. I only looked over there briefly. They appeared to be in some kind of business meeting, but they ordered food and drinks from left to right. They weren't the only ones having a time.

I looked at my Little Clear, and she danced in her seat after every bite. Clear had small portions of mac and cheese, cornbread, yams, and chicken nuggets. My baby was not a picky eater. She didn't play about food. I laughed to myself because she got it from me. Food and I went together real bad.

After the incident with Daddy two days ago, Clear and I stayed at one of the best hotels in Decatur. I couldn't be in the vicinity of him, let alone in the same house. I blacked out when he called my baby a mutt. Clear had never seen me crash out like that before. It probably won't be the last time, but it won't be anytime soon. When it came to her well-being, I'd crash out every damn time. Clear was the sweetest little girl and deserved to be treated with respect and love like the next child.

My mama's voice pulled me from my thoughts. "I've been cleaning and packing up your Pop Pop's things lately. I would like it if you came by to help me. He has a lot of old journals and ledgers from generations that you can look at to get a better sense of who he was. There are a ton of old family albums as well. Don't worry about your father. He'll be out and staying clear until we're done. What do you say?"

I nodded, then swallowed. "If he won't be around, then count us in. That man still got me hot. Let me order a little something to take the edge off."

"Me too," Mama agreed.

We laughed as we looked over the drink menu. I was surely a wine girlie. Grandma Tula and I had shared many bottles together. I couldn't wait to get back to them.

My eyes traveled over the wine list, then over to the bourbon list. I paused when I saw an asterisk by a new bourbon called Crystal Bullet. My fingers shakily rubbed over the words. Was this a drink named after me and my love?

"Mama?"

"Yeah, honey?" She didn't look at me while she looked over her drink menu.

"What's Crystal Bullet Bourbon?"

This time, she looked up at me with a small smile. "If it's what you're thinking, then it's true. Yes, Bullet created a bourbon and named it after you."

"No way," I declared, looking down at the menu. "This is beautiful news. I knew deep down he loved me. After all this time, I see nothing has changed. This is unbelievable. I'm about to order one for myself."

"Order me one too. I have yet to try it, but I've been meaning to." We laughed like schoolgirls as I signaled for our server. I ordered two Crystal Bullets with a light orange twist. Minutes later, our drinks arrived while I cleaned Clear's mouth. My mouth watered to taste the brown liquor with a twist. Once I was done, mama and I toasted before sipping our drink. Oh, my goodness. It was so good and smooth. The light touch of orange zest was perfect. I never knew he had a passion for making bourbon. Was it a hobby or just something he'd done to take his mind off my absence? I'd take bourbon-making any day over marrying a woman that wasn't me.

The laughter from the businessmen traveled to us as they rose from their seats. I gave them a glimpse, then went back to my drink. Every sip was better than the one before. The footsteps from the men pulled me from staring at my drink and into the russet brown eyes of the boy I once loved, like the air I breathed. He stopped dead in his tracks as his eyes looked at me, then at Clear. His root beer complexion was partly covered by a full and thick beard that connected evenly to his tapered, wavy fade. I still had a good view of his full lips, which incited my heartbeat to pick up. My Bulley was still youthful, yet there was an air of maturity around him from the suit he wore and the way he carried himself.

His busy eyes looked back at me, then to his friends. "Gentlemen, I'll see you all in a few days, like we planned. Right now, there's a personal matter I need to attend to," he expressed, looking into each of their eyes like the man he was.

My eyes roamed over how his big body filled out his all-black business suit. Bulley

was definitely bigger, but he also looked more rugged. Heartache would change you like that. I knew all too well. His business associates or clients agreed before walking away.

He turned and looked at us. "Crystal? What's going on right now?" He stepped next to Clear, and she looked up with a big smile on her face.

"Daddy!" she cheered.

His eyes instantly went to her, and his large and tatted hand wiped down his bearded face. He shook his hands out to his side, then lowered himself in front of Clear. Bulley's eyes roamed every inch of her before he looked back at me. "Is she my daughter?"

I nodded. "Yes. Bullet, this is Clear Views Clips, your daughter. Little Clear, this is your daddy."

She beamed in her seat. "Daddy. I knew it."

Bulley stood and pulled Clear into his arms. He cradled her to his broad chest and held her with his eyes closed. I looked on with tears brimming in my eyes as he soothingly rubbed her curls and then her back. Bulley opened his eyes, and I pulled back her chair for him to sit down in. He took the seat and showered her face with kisses, making her laugh and wiggle in his lap. After a few minutes, he gave her a break and then gazed at me. His large hand reached up and cradled my face, his thumb softly caressing my cheek.

"Hey, angel. Before I bombard you with questions, I want you to know that I still think you're the most beautiful woman I've ever laid eyes on." He nodded, and tears spilled down my cheeks. The warmth from his hand and words of affirmation still provided the security and love I craved only from him.

"Thank you, my love. You look amazing yourself."

He snickered. "It's only for work."

Mama cleared her voice. "You all clearly need to talk. I'll give you two the space you need. Baby girl, I got dinner."

"No, ma'am. I got it. Have a good evening, Mrs. Views," Bulley stated with a small grin. Clear tugged at his big beard while she laid in his arms.

"Alright, son. It's nice to see you again, Bullet. Take care of my girls," Mama replied.

"I got them forever." He looked at me, and I blushed. I knew he meant every word he said.

Mama smiled. "I know it." She grabbed her purse and light jacket and then left the restaurant. I knew she anticipated all the tea later on.

"Angel?"

I looked at him. "Yes."

"We've never had the type of relationship where we screamed and cussed at each other, and I won't start now. Tell me what I need to know."

I exhaled, then nodded. "You're right, love. Here's the truth. The day I left you at the river, my Pop Pop had me sent to Arizona, where my mama's parents lived. He took my phone and gave me a new one. He and Daddy completely caught me off guard. When I made it to Arizona, I had no idea I was pregnant until a month into my stay. My doctors told me I was three months pregnant. With my family stripping me of everything, I had no way to contact you. There was a lot I had to endure on my own. I

grew quicker than I expected. Trust me when I say I miss you every day. However, the moment Clear could talk, I told her who you were. I had a few keepsakes I was able to bring with me, so I put them in her room so she could see her daddy every day. I'm so sorry, Bulley. This was out of my control. Had there been any way I could contact you before I left, you know I would've taken the chance to."

He released a deep sigh and looked down at Clear. Just that fast, she had fallen asleep in his large arms. She was so little, but she already knew where home was outside of me. Bulley gazed at her while he spoke.

"I missed out on a lot. Running midnight snack errands for you, rubbing your stomach, witnessing her birth and first steps. I would've loved to experience each of those events. You must know that I hate your father and grandpa with a passion. They kept me away from my love and daughter, and that type of thing is unforgivable. I could really cause havoc right now, but for the sake of Clear, I'm going to try to be civilized."

"You have every right to feel the way you do. This was my family's first time meeting Clear outside of my mama. She's been there the whole time. My brothers and Pop Pop love her, but not Daddy. He sees her as a mutt."

Bulley raised his hand. "Don't. Don't tell me anymore. I'm subject to blowing your daddy's brains out tonight. I tolerate him playing in my face, but not hers or yours. He will have to see me soon, but right now, I'll start a war, and that's bad for business, so I'll move on. Tell me about my baby girl. I wanna know everything."

I smiled. "Trust me, I get it. Clear is everything and more. She was born on January 17th, 2021. Her favorite color is anything rainbow. She loves to help us bake, garden, and create." I chortled, thinking about the wonderful person we brought into this world. "She's so active and rowdy, and pre-k works her nerves already. I love that she's not a picky eater or complains about her food touching. Her appetite is hearty,

and she's such a foodie. Baby girl speaks her mind and moves to the beat of her own drum."

Bulley snickered as he looked up from Clear and at me. "She sounds exactly like the girl I fell in love with. Thank you for sharing. I got it all locked in here." He pointed to his head. "Now tell me about you. Are you single? Married? How's life in Arizona for you?"

I blushed and sipped some of my bourbon. "Life for me in Arizona is slow yet peaceful. It lacks the adventure, fire, and desire I had with you here. There's peace and quiet and chasing after our child, but it would be nice to have a little more. That little more is you. I'm very much single because the only man I love and want to touch my body is you. I love the life and routine I've established with Clear and my grandparents. However, it would be lovely if you were a part of it. What about you? How have you been? Tell me about Crystal Bullet Bourbon?" I gave the glass a little shake before I tossed back the rest.

"First, tell me what you think about it?"

"It's delicious. Smooth, no burning, and the orange zest or essence is the perfect addition. You did your big one, love."

"Thank you, angel. I really appreciate that. You were the inspiration behind the drink. I needed something more to do to take my mind off how bad my heart ached for you. It still does. For now, my bourbon is local, but the dream is to go national with it. However, my focus will be on you and my little sweetheart. I'm single because no other woman will ever be able to fill your shoes. I still love you, Crystal. That has never changed and will never change. Yes, we've been separated for over four years, but God saw fit to bring us back together. You are my heart, girl, and I'm not letting you go twice."

"Baby, we can't. You know my father will never rest if we're together. Plus, we live in two different states. I don't know if we can do the long-distance thing."

Bulley kissed my hand, quieting me and my busy mind. "I have never led you astray, and I don't plan to now. We will be together. I'll follow you and Clear back home. I have no intention of being separated from my girls ever again. You chill and let me handle this. I've had things lined up for this moment for years now."

"You mean that?" I softly asked.

"Hell yeah, I do. No more separation. We're going to bring our family up the right way. If our parents got a chance to raise us, then we're going to raise our Clear Bear the same way. Now tell me, how much should I wire you for baby girl? How's a million?" I shook my head no. "No, you're right. She's four now, so four million."

"I shook my head, meaning no, nothing. Clear, and I have more money than we know what to do with already," I responded.

"Then you'll have more. There ain't a chance in hell that I won't provide for my daughter. Get used to it, angel. I'm back in the picture, and I got y'all covered. Tell me, where y'all staying?"

"In a hotel downtown. I can't stay on the compound knowing Clear is not wanted there."

"Bitch ass nigga. That works out in my favor, though. We'll stop by the hotel to get y'all things, and then I'm taking you two to my place. My home accommodates all three of us, plus I need you in my arms now. What do you say?"

"I'm game, my love."

"Let's roll."

Bullet paid for our meal, and then we walked out of the restaurant with a sleeping Clear in his arms. He helped us inside his SUV, then hauled away with his girls by his side.

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Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:57 pm

I kissed Clear's forehead before closing the door to one of my spare bedrooms. Today was the first day I got to act like a father for a little while, and I'd planned to hold those moments in my heart dearly. My little sweetheart didn't know it yet, but I was about to give her the world.

I walked down the hall and stopped in the entryway of my room. Crystal was ass naked and spread eagle on my bed. My dick bricked up faster than it ever had before. I closed the door behind me and quickly undressed. Once I was done, I climbed onto my bed and dove right between her thick thighs. There was no need to wait any longer to taste her. I'd already waited over four fuckin' years, and I wasn't waiting any longer. Crystal still smelled like freesia, peaches, and ripe plums. Her fragrance intoxicated me like it usually did. I latched on to her wet pussy and sucked that fat peach as sloppy as I could. Daddy was back home.

"Ooh, right there, baby." Crystal gripped my head as she fucked my face.

I gripped her thick thighs, loving the added pressure on my face. My tongue licked around her pussy, seeking every drop of her essence I could. Her legs shook, alerting me that she was about to cum. I sped up my movements until she came down my throat and over my face. Her pelvis moved quicker, giving me everything she had to offer. I lapped faster at her essence, hungrier, because I hadn't had the pleasure of savoring her in a while. I drank from her and smacked on her pussy lips until her body slowed down. When she'd fully relaxed, I climbed up her body, bringing her thick leg with me. I sloppily kissed and sucked her big titties. She wasn't a young woman anymore. Crystal was a fully grown woman. Her body had filled out in all the areas that made me happy, and her never-ending curves were a bonus. God, thank you for this woman.

Our mouths moved as one as I took my time and eased my way inside of her. Crystal seemed to be tighter than a frog's booty hole. She mentioned that she'd only been touched by me, so I understand why she was so tight. However, it felt like a vice grip squeezed the life out of my dick the more I entered her. Her acrylic nails raked across my back, inciting me even more to keep going. I kissed her hard as I pushed all the way through her tight pussy. She squealed, but I masked it with our kiss. I stayed still until she adjusted to my size again, then moved when she tapped my back. First, I gave her slow strokes, getting her back in the groove. Once I felt Crystal fuckin' me back from the bottom, it was go-time.

Her thick leg rested on my shoulder as I dug deep into her. We gazed into each other's eyes as I fucked her down. "I missed you and this bomb ass pussy. What's my name?" I asked, tapping her spot.

"Bulley, baby," she answered.

"Why is it Bulley?"

"'Cause only you beat this pussy up," she cooed with a desperate pant following.

"Whose pussy is this?"

"It's Bulley's pussy," she stated, biting into her lower lip.

"That's right. This is Bulley's pussy, and don't you forget it," I whispered in her ear.

I leaned back and licked up her thick leg, then down it, never missing a stroke. My tongue made wet ellipses on the inner part of her leg, causing Crystal to squirt. I loved that gushy shit. Her essence dripped down my body, marking me as hers and hers only. That made me feral. It was an ego boost to know that I still made her pussy talk. I lowered her leg, then picked up her lower half by her thighs.

"Shit, Bulley, baby," Crystal whined. Her titties bounced around while I delivered quick deep strokes.

I pulled out to the tip of my dick, then pounded back into her. Crystal could no longer take it. Her legs shook again, and her cries of passion filled the room.

"I'm cummin! I'm cummin'!" she bellowed, fuckin' me back and riding out her orgasm. Her tight walls clamped down on me, inciting my own nut to travel with the speed of lightning.

"Fuck! I'm cummin' too!" I voiced. My body moved faster as I coated her walls with my nut. I'd marked her again because she was mine. Mine only.

Our bodies continued to thrust and move together until our orgasms were over. I slowly pulled out of her and then slid behind her. I pulled her body to my chest and inhaled her scent again. "My baby. My love. My heart. I've missed you so much. This is the best night of my life," I expressed, peppering her collarbone with kisses.

Seconds had gone by, and Crystal hadn't responded. I peered over her shoulder, and her light snores filled my ears. Oh, my baby was out. My strokes were still like a lullaby for her. Each one lulled her to sleep after we made love. She was still the same girl after all this time. My heart smiled, and I kissed her temple before I snuggled closer behind her. This really was the greatest night of my life. Tomorrow, I'd make preparations to schedule my life around my girls.

Crystal had my Little Clear for the last four and a half years, so I wanted to give her a break. I suggested she help her mom with her grandfather's things while I took Clear to meet my family and run my errands. She was a little skeptical, but after some oral persuasion, she hopped in my G-Wagon and left with no worries. Before she left, she cleaned Clear well and had her lookin' prettier than a magnolia in May. Clear's hair was so long and curly and styled in two space buns. Crystal had to wrap each one

multiple times before the bun was formed. Each one held a light pink bow clip that matched the light pink denim jacket and denim skirt set she wore. It was slightly chilly in May, so the white turtleneck and thick white tights she paired with her little set were the perfect touch. I pulled her little black cowgirl boots on her feet, and then we were set to go.

I went out this morning and purchased Clear a booster seat and placed it in my SUV. After she was dressed, I packed her backpack with all the essentials she'd need for the day and tomorrow because I planned on taking Crystal out tonight. I'd already worked it out with Mrs. Views. While we were out, I booked them a one-night stay at the hotel. I planned to fuck Crystal's thick ass all over this house afterward, and I'd get my way. I pulled on my jacket, then hers, and we headed out.

Clear Bear was safely strapped in my SUV, and we were headed to the bank, then my parents next. I usually had my speakers knockin' with some rap music, but today, Gracie's Corner was the vibe. While Gracie sang about eatin' your vegetables, I swerved through the streets and then peered through my rearview mirror. Clear bobbed her little head and played with her doll. She made her dance her on lap, and I thought it was the cutest thing ever. It was crazy how, in less than twenty-four hours in my life, I was more than willing to change my life for this little girl.

Clear would have the best education, lifestyle, and medical care that money could buy. Nothing was off limits for her except if she wanted a pet snake. I didn't play with them shits. When I was a kid, a snake bit me, and luckily, it wasn't poisonous, but I never forgot that moment. I signaled and pulled into the bank parking lot. This was my first errand of the day. I helped Clear out, and we walked into the bank. My eyes roamed over the small family bank until I spotted Debra strolling toward us.

"Morning, Debra. Can you let Paul know I'm here?" I stated.

"Yes, sir," she replied before walking away.

"Thank you." I picked Clear up and placed her on my lap. Together, we played with her doll until Paul walked out and greeted us.

"Morning, Mr. Clips. Who might this little lady be?"

"This is Clear, my daughter." I stood with her in my arms, and he wore a puzzled expression. My chuckle made him relax. "It's a long story. She's the reason I'm here today."

"Understandable. This way then, sir." Paul guided us into his office, where we made ourselves comfortable.

"Alright. I'll get straight to it. I want to add her and her mother to my will. I need a trust fund, and college fund opened for Clear. After that, I need four million dollars transferred into this account. Here's all the information you need."

I removed the folded stationery paper from my pocket. It carried Crystal and Clear's social security numbers, birthdays, and account information. I had Crystal leave all their information before she left.

"Once you're done, I'd like you to give Crystal Views access to all of my accounts."

Paul cleared his throat. "Now, as your personal accountant, I have to ask you, are you sure? This will be a lot of money and access to give someone," he expressed with his hands folded.

"I appreciate your concern, but I know what I'm doing. Crystal isn't just someone. She's my one and only love, the mother of my child, and my soon-to-be wife. Are we on the same page, or do we have a problem?" I sat up and mugged him.

He plastered on his best professional smile to mask the fear that was evident in his

eyes. "There's no problem at all, sir. I'm on top of it now."

"Thank you, Paul. I knew you'd see things my way. I'll be by this week to pick up my portfolio with all the necessary paperwork." I stood with Clear, and Paul and I shook hands.

"Have a good day, Mr. Clips. Everything will be completed and processed by next Wednesday. Don't worry about a thing."

I smirked. "I'm not. I pay you too much, and I know where you live. Have a good one."

My baby girl and I left the bank and headed to my parents. I called and told them there was something we needed to talk about. As usual, mama was worried, but I reassured her everything was fine.

Thirty minutes later, I drove down the dirt road and turned into the compound's driveway. The gates closed behind me, and I drove a little longer until I parked behind my parents' car. They didn't drive anywhere, which was why they had a chauffeur. I climbed out and then helped Clear out. She smiled as she walked hand in hand with me. It was early afternoon, and the smell of lunch being prepared was a sign that we had arrived at the right time. Chef Haskins was at it again, and I couldn't wait to see what he cooked up.

Clear looked around the mansion as we exited the foyer and bypassed the living room to head to the sunroom, where my parents waited for us. My heartbeat sped up a bit because I wasn't sure how they would take me having a daughter, but I knew it wouldn't be how Melvin's punk ass treated Clear. We rounded the corner, and Al Green's latest hits album met us before my parents. When we entered the sunroom, my parents were slow danced to the music. I loved their marriage. They seemed so happy and in love even though it was arranged. Pops held my mama from the back

while he whispered something in her ear that made her laugh like a schoolgirl. Those two were something else.

I cleared my throat, and they turned and looked at me, then down at Clear. Their smiles morphed into looks of confusion. "Pops and Mama, I'd like you both to meet my daughter, Clear Views Clips. Clear, this is your other grandpa and grandma. These are my parents." I picked up when I felt her little hand squeeze mine. "It's alright, sweetheart. You're safe."

Clear looked at me. "Are they not mean like my other grandpa?" she asked in a soft voice.

"No, sweetheart." I kissed her forehead. We looked back at my parents, and Mama was the first to step up.

"Come here, itty bitty. I'm Grandma Melba. It's so nice to meet you." My mama opened her arms, and Clear went to her. They hugged each other, and my mom wore the biggest smile I'd ever seen.

My pops walked over and stopped in front of them. "Hey, baby girl. I'm your grandpa." He opened his arms, and Clear went to him. Pops held her tight before looking at me. "From your response, I take it that Melvin acted a fool."

I shook my head because that nigga was an embarrassment. "From what Crystal told me, he called her a mutt, and he doesn't want nothing to do with her."

"Fuck, Melvin!" my mama shouted and shrieked right after. "I'm so sorry, baby girl. Grandma said a bad word. Don't say that word, okay?" she asked in a sweet voice before tickling Clear.

"Okay, Grandma," Clear expressed through her laughter.

"Good girl," Mama replied.

"If it weren't for these deals that we're trying to secure, I'd blow his brains out myself. As soon as we're in the green zone, he's going to be dealt with. You can believe that," Pops insisted.

"Like I need anybody tellin' me of people that. Clear, and those deals are why he's still breathing. Until then, I have more to say. Let's take a seat." I placed Clear in a chair next to me, and my parents took the other seats across from us.

Just as I was about to speak, Chef Haskins pushed in a cart with our meal. We dapped each other up before he placed all the dishes on the table before strolling away.

"What's on your mind, son?" Mama probed. She stood and grabbed Clear's plate, taking her time to add everything she wanted.

"After the deals are squared away and Crystal handles what she needs to with her grandpa, I'm going back to Arizona with them. This is my second chance, and I won't miss out again. You all know I've been in love with her since I was a teenager. She's had and raised our child these last four-and-a-half years all by herself. There won't be another year where she has to do that. Now, I'll still run my position and fly into town when I need to, but y'all, this is a move I have to make. Nobody can talk me out of it."

My pops exhaled and nodded. "Out of all my sons, you have always been the most focused and headstrong. Anytime you set your mind to something, you've always followed through with it. That's why I know you will succeed at being a great father. From the look on Clear's little face, I can tell she loves you already."

"She does. That's all Crystal's doing. She talks to Clear about me. There are even pictures of me in her room because she wanted her to know what I looked like.

Crystal is a phenomenal woman and an even better mother. I plan to go wherever she goes. She's the gravity to my earth, and no way am I going to give her up."

Mama smiled. "Spoken like a true hopeless romantic. You get that from your daddy, too. I'm going to miss you so much, son, but you're a man, and you have a family to lead. We've raised y'all, and Crystal's parents have done the same. It's time for you two to do the same. I love you, and I know marriage should be on the menu because Crystal deserves a better title than baby mama."

I smirked. "Thank y'all for the blessing. You know me all too well, Mama. That was my last reason for stopping by. I want you all to put me in contact with the family jeweler. I'm shopping for engagement and wedding rings."

Pops nodded with a big grin. "Good sh- I mean good stuff, son. I know we never told you this before, but we have always liked Crystal. She's a good girl in a messed-up family. You don't need it, but I give you my blessing, anyway."

I stood and hugged both of my parents. It felt good to have their blessings and support. I knew they would be slightly worried, but because of the kind of people they were, I knew they would accept Clear with open arms. We said grace before diving into our food. Man, could Clear clean a plate. Apparently, my baby girl didn't play when it came to food. She was every bit of her mama. Once lunch was over, I promised to stop by again soon with Clear. I got the information for our jeweler and left the compound.

Clear and I pulled up and parked in front of my MC. I climbed out and grabbed onto her. She drifted in and out of sleep as I strolled to the door. I entered the code in our pin pad, and the door unlocked.

When we entered, the music was up loud, but it didn't blast from the speakers. Our crew of decorators got the place ready. Tonight was our annual line dance event, and

we always expected more people than the year before because it was a night of pure fun amongst my brothers-in-arms. My brothers sat at a table, talking and laughing until they saw me.

"Bullet, whose got damn baby you walkin' around with?" Crome questioned with furrowed brows.

I laughed and took the seat between Armor and Woody. "Brothers, this is your niece, Clear. Crystal's back in town, and I have a daughter."

"Yo' ass is dumb. You just gon' believe her and not get a test, my boy?" Armor probed.

I looked at him, holding in the growl I really wanted to release. "Armor, I don't need a test. She's been gone for over four years. Clear is four. Crystal was already pregnant when she left, but neither of us knew it. Y'all know the way she and I were locked in. This ain't another nigga's baby but mine. She's got my eyes and nose. Thank God she's got her mama looks." I chuckled and looked down at a sleeping Clear.

"If you're one hundred percent sure about this, then I believe you," Woody stated.

"Me too," Crome joined in. "Wake up the little sleeping beauty so I can meet my niece."

"Thanks, brothers. I appreciate that." I looked at Armor. "Speak your mind."

Armor exhaled. "I don't like it. Our families were never meant to mix. That's how it's always been, and that's how it's going to stay in my book. I can't be a part of this."

I nodded. "You got every right to feel that way but let me tell you something. If you deny my daughter now, there will never be another chance for you to come into my

life. That goes for anybody else that feels like you, including her bitch ass grandpa."

"What do you mean by that?" Woody probed.

"Melvin doesn't agree with it either. He called my child a mutt. A fuckin' dog."

"That shit got me hot. I can't listen to shit else. That nigga's got me trigger happy, and it's still daylight out," Woody fumed with a mug on his cinnamon-colored face.

Crome set down his bottled beer. "That's some fucked up shit to say about any child. He gon' regret he said that shit," Crome warned with a faraway look in his eyes.

"I don't agree with what he said at all, but I support his stand on us not mingling. We are opps for a reason, and it should stay that way," Armor chimed.

"Armor, stop talking before you make me crash out in front of my daughter."

"I'm speakin' the fuckin' truth. What? Just because she's related to us, does that mean we gotta be cool with the Decatur Devils as well? Naw, fuck that! I hate them bitches. They our opps, and I'm not lettin' shit Diddy Bop us in a relationship with they soft, hatin' asses."

"Armor, yo' ass needs to chill. We can love our niece and get to know her without embracing her other uncles, who are our opps," Woody chimed.

"I agree. You doin' too much just like that nigga, Melvin. This is an innocent child with two grown ass men hatin' her already. Y'all are supposed to love and protect her, yet her own grandpa and uncle despise her. It's embarrassing and sick, to be honest," Crome stated, then sipped his beer.

"Well, I call it like I see it," Armor responded.

"Damn, I thought you, of all people, would be happy, but I see I was wrong. Don't come to me for shit if it ain't pertaining to the business of our company and motorcycle club. If you can't accept my child, then you don't accept me. We are a package deal, including her mama. I plan to marry her one day, and I don't give a fuck how anybody else feels. I refuse to let anybody tell me how the fuck I'm supposed to live my life. So, fuck you and Melvin's bitch ass!" I spat.

"You gon' dismiss yo' own brother, your flesh and blood, for a child you just met!" Armor yelled.

I stood from my seat and smirked. "Every day that ends in 'y'. Crome and Woady, I'll see y'all tonight, and yes, Crystal will be with me."

"She stayin' with you too?" Woady questioned with a sly grin.

I stood up with Clear in my arms. "Yeah."

Crome laughed. "You back beatin' that pussy up like she never left, huh?"

"I ain't fuckin' with y'all. I'm out, but I'll schedule something later on for you two to come to my house to meet Clear." I couldn't help the laugh that escaped me.

"Sounds good," Crome replied.

"I'm down, but hold on a second," Woady stated.

"What's up?" I probed.

"We got the deal. Sydney has taken the bribe and this dick," he disclosed with a wide grin.

I chuckled at that man. "I almost asked yo' ass who the hell is Sydney, but it's Mayor Bishop. Well, good shit, my boy. Y'all still gon' fuck around?"

He grinned. "Hell yeah! She got that super soaker. I ain't going no damn where. I'ma get her ass pregnant. Watch me work," he boasted.

"You a wild boy, but I'm happy for you. Aight though. I'm out."

I left them in the club, bickering about me. It is what it is. Armor is one more reason I needed to get my family away from here. It was apparent that Melvin and Armor would never change, and they shared the same mindset. Oh well. They could have the hate, greed, and bullshit. I'm moving on to bigger and better.

I leaned against my bike and gawked at my beautiful lady. Crystal walked out of the house lookin' like a sexy ass vixen. Her curls were cut in the style that Meg the Stallion wore her curls in. A red, strapless, bodycon dress molded to her thick body and revealed every curve she had to offer. Her body shimmered from the glitter in her body oil, producing a ripe, juicy fruit with a clean musk fragrance. Crystal's black cowgirl hat sat on her thick curls with the black boots to match adorned her feet. She was ready for a night of fun, line dancing, and nasty sex. When she made it to me, I held her jacket open, and she slipped into it and then faced me.

"You look stunning tonight," I complimented.

She grinned. "You think so?"

"Absofuckinlutely. You are definitely the mom I'm going to fuck a hole in the bed with tonight, not to mention you smell so damn edible," I responded and kissed her glossed lips.

"You have a natural talent for saying the sweetest yet nastiest compliments at the

same time. How do you do it?" she quizzed as she nuzzled my neck.

I chuckled and held Crystal tighter to me. "How can I not when I have motivation like you in my life?" I pushed my hard dick closer to her, and she laughed.

"You better stop before we end up back in the house."

"Not you threatening me with a good time. Let's go inside. I will never miss a chance to lay between your thighs."

Crystal giggled. "Stop it. We're kid-free and about to have some fun. Okay, Bulley?"

"You're right. Climb aboard, my lady." I helped Crystal onto the back of my bike and then pulled her helmet on. Her hat was secured in my compartment.

Once we were set, I sped away. Crystal gripped me tightly with her head on my back. Nobody could tell me shit. I felt like that nigga. My first love, a bonafide baddie, was on my bike. My bike. With her beauty, brains, and body, she could've been anywhere, but she chose to be in this moment with me. I weaved through the lanes, feeling like I'd just hit the winning pick in the lottery. The way my woman made me feel like a man had me internally beatin' on my chest like that gorilla on the Empire State Building. I refused to allow anybody to ruin this second chance for me. Whoever tried would surely get their shit split.

Minutes later, we pulled up to my club, and I parked in my reserved spot. I helped Crystal down and fixed her hair before I placed her cowgirl hat back on.

An apprehensive look covered her face, and I frowned. "What's wrong, beautiful?"

"I'm a little nervous. I don't know how your brothers will feel with me being here."

"They already know you're coming and looking forward to it. The only one salty is Armor, and if he knows what's good for him, he'll keep his comments to himself. You ain't got shit to worry about because you're here with me. If anybody tries anything, that's they ass. So, in a nutshell, we're going to drink, eat, dance, and leave that other bullshit in the wind, alright?"

"I can do that."

"Good. Now let me see that beautiful smile," I directed. Crystal grinned, then pecked my lips softly. "Now that's what I'm talking about. Let's roll, angel."

I grabbed onto her hand and led her past our security guards and into our motorcycle club. Music filled our ears, and the smell of good food wafted into our noses. All the tables and chairs were pushed to the left side of the room to make space for the dance floor. People were already dancing and celebrating. The party was in full swing. Couples balanced their drinks and plates as they walked to their tables with wide grins. There was a table already reserved for us, so I guided Crystal over to it and then helped her out of her coat.

"What you wanna do first?"

Crystal smiled and moved her waist. "Let's dance, big daddy."

"Yes, ma'am." I removed my stuff and guided her onto the floor.

One of our favorite tracks came on, and together, we performed the line dance. We kicked out and then turned to the side. Crystal's face lit up with joy as she performed the steps like she had never forgotten them. The deejay mixed the song, and it switched to another line dance song. We were all surely in the zone as we performed the dances. The "Dodger Blue" line dance started, and we grooved together. It was a line dance curated after Kendrick Lamar's latest song. The song was smooth, and so

were the steps. When the music transitioned into some old-school Chicago Steppers music, that was my chance to feel my woman's body against mine.

"How are you feeling?" I queried, holding her firmly against my chest.

Crystal gazed into my eyes as she danced with arms around me. I was too tall for her to reach my neck, but we made it work like we used to. "I'm good, my love. I thought about being in your arms again for the last four and a half years. I hate that I'm here because Pop Pop is sick, but we're here in this moment together. I'm so grateful, you know." She sniffled and wiped her eyes.

I gently kissed her forehead, followed by both of her cheeks. "You know I understand. When I found out you were gone, I slipped into a deep depression. I became meaner and insufferable. My heart was broken. I'd lost the only woman I'd ever loved, and all for nothing. I eventually got my shit together, but I wasn't the same. I was harder, so love didn't live in me anymore. I didn't want to be anywhere near it if I couldn't have it with you."

"I love your transparency. It was the same way with me. If I couldn't be with you, then I didn't want to be with anybody. It has not been easy at all. I've longed for companionship, but since I couldn't have it, I focused on my life and learned my likes and dislikes again. I'm stronger mentally and emotionally. This time, Bulley, I refuse to walk away from you. I don't care what goes down, just know I'm choosing you over peace."

My large hand cupped the side of her face, and I kissed her hard and hungrily. Crystal gripped my shirt, relinquishing all control to me. My mouth moved over hers, taking hostage of her tongue and heart-shaped lips with me. I pulled her closer to me, remembering the reasons I fell for her in the first place. She was a woman, a mother, the mother of my child, to be exact. I could not have begged for a better partner and, soon, fiancée. We parted ways, and I looked into her eyes. "I got plans for us. Things

are already set in stone. In a few weeks, we'll be out of this town."

"But what about your family, businesses, and motorcycle crew? I don't want to be the reason you give up on everything you love."

"You are the reason I'm leaving and so is Clear. I'll work all my businesses long distance, and we'll fly into town when need be. I will always be loyal to my crew, but I choose my family over everybody."

"Spoken like a real macho man. We're doing this thing called life together forever."

"Forever, my love," I echoed, kissing her lips.

Afterward, I spun her out, and Crystal and I danced to a couple more songs before we agreed to drink and eat. Once she was seated, I walked over to the bar. "What up, Xavier. Let me get two Crystal Bullets and four shots of cognac, and I'll take the house platter."

"You got it, Bulley. I see Crystal is back in town." His old ass winked with a sly smirk.

"Yeah, she is. That's my girl."

"It's always been that way but look at your boy in her face." Paul walked away and placed our order.

I turned to see William Cane Jr. smiling in her face like a lovesick fool as if he didn't already have a readymade family at home. Crystal nodded and tried to be polite, but he couldn't take the hint. He set his beer down and then leaned closer to her, which woke up the rage in me. I moved to head toward Crystal when Diamond stepped in front of me as if I weren't already irritated. A solemn look covered her face as she

held a red plastic cup in her hand.

"I see Crystal is back in town. Does that mean we stop what we've been doing?"

"That's exactly what that means. You know the rules of the club, and you know what you were gettin' into. I can't hold your hand during this time or cushion the blow. You and everybody else in this town know that Crystal's my heart. What we did was cool, but my heart was back, and I refused to jeopardize that for anyone. Are we on the same page?"

Diamond nodded. "Yeah, we're good. I wanted more, but I get it. You're a good man, Bullet. Take care," she softly stated before switching away. It was never in my nature to break a woman's heart, but I'd break a million hearts for my love.

I stalked over to Crystal and grabbed William Cane Jr. by the back of his neck. "Is there a reason you're at my table, in my lady's face?"

"Fuck, Bullet. You takin' shit the wrong way. I was just speakin' to her and seeing how she's been," William confessed.

"I don't give a fuck. Go ask Shauna how she's doing. She's stuck at home with all five of your kids. Fuck from over here before yo' ass be limpin' home!" I spat and released his goofy ass.

William mugged me as he adjusted the collar of his shirt. "Fuck, you, Bullet. You act like fuckin' own Crystal. You've acted like that since we were teenagers."

Before the remainder of his speech could be revealed, I popped that nigga in his face so hard that he slumped to the floor and didn't move.

"I do own her, bitch, and she owns me, too. Corpse and Bones!" I shouted over the

music. Two members of my crew raced over to my side.

"What up, bro?" Corpse responded in a grave tone.

"Get this piece of shit out of here."

"Yes, sir," Bones voiced in a tone even deeper. Together, they picked up William like he was a piece of paper and hauled him out of our club.

I sat down in my seat next to Crystal. She nibbled on her lower lip and looked at me. "I'm sorry, angel. That fool is a pain in my side. Talkin' about he just came to see how you were doin' like I don't know his family, and your family had tried several times in the past to marry you both off. I ain't a damn fool. He thought he was slick, so now his ass is in raccoon land."

Crystal snickered and gently caressed my face. "I'm not upset at you. I just wanted to make sure you were good. I don't give a shit about William. He was a part of my exile. My options were to marry him or be shipped away. I chose to be shipped away because I'd rather love you from a distance than see you hurt because I agreed to marry him. That day at the river, I did choose my family, but before I left, I chose myself and you. No longer will I ever allow somebody to make decisions for my life. William got what he deserved, and it's as simple as that," she explained, gazing into my eyes.

"You are some kind of woman, angel. Thank you for defending me even when I wasn't around. I appreciate your sacrifice for not allowing a potential stepfather into your life to raise our child. If you had, I wouldn't be mad. You had every right to live your life the way you wanted to, but still, I'm thankful you're still single, and we can raise our child together." I kissed her palm, then her lips. She was my baby, and I finally had her back.

"No other man will ever be able to fill your shoes." Crystal leaned forward to kiss my lips again. We parted, and she looked at me. "Who was that woman that looked at you as if she had just lost her best friend or lover?" I released a deep sigh. "Give it to me straight, Bulley."

"You already know I won't lie to you. That was Diamond. She's one of the club's Chokers who kept me company during some lonely nights, but I promise you I made her no commitments. I never told her I loved her or anything. We did what we did, and that was it. That's the truth. How do you feel? You not gon' leave me, are you? Because I can't take that, angel." My heart raced as I anticipated her response.

Crystal looked at me, and my eyes desperately roamed over her beautiful being for my answer. Seconds went by, but they felt like hours. The silence killed me. I looked down at my hands on my thighs, then back at her. I felt like a real piece of shit. Over four years had gone by, and she hadn't allowed one man to touch her. She really was loyal to the bone and loved me unconditionally, so much so that she waited all that time. If she gave me a second chance, I swear I'd prove that I was worth the wait and make her the happiest woman in the world. I could do it. All I needed was another chance. I'd just got her back, and no way could I lose her that damn fast. If I couldn't have her, then I'd burned this damn club to the ground and start the biggest war between us and the Views. I needed my girl. God, please let her see that I needed her more than she needed me.

After minutes had gone by, I'd finally got some action.

Crystal smiled and leaned closer to me. Her hand gently caressed my bearded cheek. "That's all I need to know. Thank you for your honesty and love, and no, I'm not leaving you. You are mine and forever."

"All yours, angel. I swear." We sloppily kissed, me holding on to her for dear life. Crystal was my lifeline, and I could not, no, would not live without her.

We separated when our server delivered our food and drinks. My eyes wandered over the party wings, mini hamburger sliders, seasoned fries, and fruit and veggies platter. This was my favorite platter, and I knew Crystal would like it. I pulled her chair closer to mine, and we took our time feeding each other and laughing in between bites. We enjoyed our shots and drinks and basked in each other's presence.

"I love you, Crystal."

"And I love you, Bulley."

"Prove it."

Her brow raised. "How?"

"However you prefer. That alcohol done hit my system, and I'm feeling real nasty."

She grinned at me. "Nasty, I can do."

Crystal stood from her chair and straddled my lap. I gripped her around her waist and stared into her pretty brown eyes with a lazy smile. She slowly removed my MC vest from my body before slipping into it. It looked damn near her size, but with her next move, I was glad it was big as hell. Crystal snatched down the top of her bodycon dress, and my eyes grew big as saucers at the sight of her titties. My dick was on steel mode.

"You a bad girl, angel." I sat up, and my big body shielded her body from anybody with a view over here, but there was hardly anybody where we sat. There was a reason I chose one of the darkest corners of our club. My hands roamed up her body and stopped at her hefty fun bags.

She gave me a sexy smirk. "That's how you like me. Does this prove I love you?"

"No, ma'am, but it's a start." That was the last thing I said before I motor-boated her titties.

They were warm, heavy, and tasted better than the meal I just consumed. My mouth latched onto her swollen nipples, and she moaned in my ear. Slowly, her body whined against mine, and I released one of her breasts. My hand trailed down her back and gripped her ass. The way she straddled me slightly revealed her cheeks, but nobody could see them. Crystal drove me crazy, dancing on my lap and grinding against my dick. If she didn't stop, I'd prematurely bust in my pants.

"Baby, you got me harder than a bitch. We need to go like now."

She smiled and stood to her feet. Crystal removed her red thong and then took her place on my lap again. "We don't have to leave just yet." She stuffed my mouth with her thong, then unbuckled my belt and removed my hard dick. I bit down on her thong as she took her time and slid down my dick. "I've been cravin' yo' fine ass all night. There wasn't a chance in hell I was gonna wait until we made it home. You like this freaky shit, don't you?" she questioned, bouncing her ass on me. I nodded adamantly. She giggled. "I know you do." Crystal's freaky ass licked up my neck until our mouths met.

Fuck, she had my ass gone. I'd never fucked in a room full of people before, so I loved I got to experience it with her. Crystal squeezed her pussy muscles, and I tensed from the immense pressure.

"Fuck, you feel so good, Bulley. I missed riding your dick." She gripped the sides of my throat and fucked me harder.

My hands gripped her ass cheeks, and I pumped harder and quicker in her as well. Tonight went better than I could ever plan. Every bounce on my lap made my nut rise quicker. There was also no way I could cum before her. I gripped the back of her

neck and snatched her to me. The taste of her essence on her thong marinated on my tongue as I fucked her like my life depended on it. Before I knew it, both of us came like dogs in heat. My body worked overtime to bring her thick ass pleasure, and it was a job I'd spend the rest of my life doing.

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Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:57 pm

I groaned in my sleep and felt around for my ringing phone. Bulley's big body was still glued to mine, and he made it impossible to grab onto my phone, but I found it. I was tired from helping my mama clean out the storage unit on the compound grounds these past couple of days. My shoulders were sore, and my lower back ached. All I wanted to do was to turn on my side and fall back to sleep, but that seemed impossible. My phone continued to ring because I missed the slide bar. I got it together and focused through my squinted, tired eyes.

"Hello," I voiced in a groggy tone. Mama's tearful voice filled my ears, and I perked up at Pop Pop's name. I sat up abruptly. "Mama, what's wrong?"

Bulley stirred in his sleep before sitting up. "What's wrong, baby?" He kissed the top of my exposed collarbone.

"One second, baby." I focused back on my mama's sobbing voice. They needed me to come to the hospital. It appeared Pop Pop wouldn't make it through the night. "I'll be right there." I ended our call and faced Bulley. "That was my mama. I have to go to the hospital. It looks like Pop Pop won't make it through the night."

"Oh, I'm sorry, baby. Take the truck. I got Clear. Let me know if you need me, and I'll be there."

"Thank you for your support, love. I'll keep you updated." We shared a deep kiss before I swiftly dressed and then rushed out.

My tears kept me company as I drove to the hospital. It was dark out and chilly; my music played low, and all I thought about were the fond memories we shared.

Waking up with him every day, sitting on his floor while he held meetings, dinnertime, and family vacations, helped me to see the side of him that his business couldn't. Pop Pop had to be strong and a shark. That's why he'd achieved such greatness. To me, he was just Pop Pop, one of the best grandpas ever. Our issues didn't arise until Bullet and I started to mess around. Even then, though, he wasn't as mean and nasty as my daddy.

I sniffled. This was the hardest loss I know for a fact that I'd ever experienced. I'm grateful I had Bulley in my corner because I was sure there would be murky waters ahead. I turned into the hospital's parking lot and used the meter to prepay for my parking spot. When I was set, I took the elevator into the hospital before switching elevators to his private wing. I walked in, everyone was there, and I was the last one to arrive. My brothers and parents gathered around his bed, and Marshawn and Tyrese made room for me so I could see Pop Pop.

He removed the oxygen mask from his face tiredly, and his chest rose as he took short, quick breaths. "Th-there's, my Cry-Crystal Ball. I-I wish we had mo-more time. I ju-just want you to kn-know I love you, and I'm so-sorry I sent you away. It br-broke my he-heart every day," Pop Pop stammered.

"Shh," I quieted him. "There's no need to apologize. You made the best decision for you all at the time. I hold no grudges. I'm just not ready for you to leave me, Pop Pop. I want to show Clear all the cool things you showed me in life. Can you hold on a little longer to see her grow up, please?" I questioned as I wept. He wasn't gone yet, but to know that he would breathe his last breath any minute killed me.

Pop Pop tried to raise his hand but couldn't, so I raised it for him and placed it on my cheek. He'd always caressed my cheek when I was a little girl. "I'm tired, Cry-Crystal Ball. Yo-Your grandma is ready for me, and I'm rea-ready to see my sw-sweetheart again."

His eyes looked away from me into the corner of the room, and he smiled softly at the wall. There was a faraway look in his eyes. I didn't know if he reminisced on their memories or not. He blinked and slightly nodded before he took a deep breath and closed his eyes. His head slowly fell to the side, and he didn't move anymore after that.

"Pop Pop! Pop Pop! Wake up!" I cried and gently shook his shoulder. He didn't move, and I broke down. "No! No! Come back. Come back, Grandpa!" I sobbed harder.

My brothers grabbed me and wrapped me in a tight hug as I mourned one of my favorite people in the world. They guided me over to a seat where Mama and I held each other and watched as his medical team entered the room. They checked his pulse and wrote down the time of his death. I placed my head in my lap and cried. That was all I could do. My heart was broken yet again. How do I heal from here?

A week had passed, and I'd gone through the motions. The only thing I knew for certain throughout my day was that Pop Pop was gone. I sat front-row at his funeral with Clear on my lap and Bulley right behind me. Holding my baby girl gave me the strength I needed to endure this nightmare day. My eyes roamed over his white and gold casket. Pop Pop looked like money as he rested peacefully in his all-white suit. He was dapper from head to toe. His favorite gold Cuban link chain, bracelet, and rings adorned his body. He went out the boss that we all knew him to be.

Bulley's strong hands massaged my shoulders, and I exhaled. I was so glad he was here in this moment. I'd already warned my dad and brothers, and they promised to be cool since it was Pop Pop's funeral. I wasn't worried about Bulley. There was no doubt in my mind that he could take care of himself. It was my family's lives I feared for. My baby was quick with his gun. No one was faster, and seeing that he was on our property, surrounded by my family, his Ruger was strapped to him.

My tears ran down my face as the funeral staff removed his flower arrangement from the closed half of his casket and then lowered the opened part. Pop Pop's handsome face was gone, and it was goodbye as we knew it. Minutes later, we were directed out of the church and into the backseat of our family limousine. Mama, Bulley, Clear, and I rode in one car, and my brothers and my daddy rode in the other limo. I laid on Bulley and sobbed as the scenery of town shifted into tall trees and the cemetery came into view. That was all I could do.

The sky was gloomy, and the misty rain coated the windows. Birds flew past, and I sniffled, trying to pull myself together. It was hard. I loved that man. Mama sniffles filled my ear as she held onto Clear's little hand. She looked at both of us with no real understanding of why we were hurt. One day, she'd understand.

Minutes later, our limo came to a halt, and we were helped out of the car. The cold wind swept by, bringing more misty rain with it, but I felt numb to it. I'm just grateful that Bulley dressed her warmly on this chilly and windy day. We walked up the small hill and down to our family burial plot. All Views were buried here, except me. I loved my family, but if Bulley and I got married, then I wanted to be wherever he was. The rest of our family showed up, and we stood behind the hole that Pop Pop would be lowered in.

My tears continued to fall, and I lifted my shades to wipe my eyes and face. I couldn't wait until today was over. My heart ached, and it felt like it wouldn't stop. The funeral undertaker read one more passage over Pop Pop's casket that brought tears to my eyes. Every word in that passage described Pop Pop to the fullest. Bulley held Clear and firmly gripped my hand, and I sobbed on his arm as they lowered him into the ground. My Pop Pop was gone. Gone, and he would never be back.

The rest of the day moved by, and the repast was in full swing. I talked and mingled with relatives I hadn't seen in years. They were all fascinated with Clear and Bulley as well. My female cousins huddled in circles and conversed about how fine and big

he was. I didn't let it get to me, though. They already knew not to play with me.

I looked up at Bulley. "Baby, I'm ready to go."

His brows merged. "Are you sure? I don't want you to rush away from your family during this sad time."

"I'm sure, my love. My eyes and feet hurt, and I just want a bath and to relax."

He leaned down and kissed my lips. "That's a job for me to handle. Come on, let's go." Bulley walked away to get our things as I headed to my old bedroom to get Clear. She was worn out from the day.

When I made it to her, she slept peacefully like a little angel. I placed a sweet kiss on her cheek. I gently nudged her awake, then carried her downstairs. Bulley waited there with our things, and we slipped into our belongings. Mama came and found us, and we hugged her before we left the compound. SZA "Good Days" played in Bulley's SUV and calmed me. I loved SZA, and the song was a pleasant reminder that there were good days to come.

Thirty minutes later, we arrived home.

"Go relax, baby. I've got baby girl."

"Okay, baby. Thank you for sharing the load with me."

"No, thank you is needed, angel. Go rest." I smirked when he kissed my forehead before I walked away.

My tired legs carried me to our room, where I kicked off my shoes and then balled up in his bed. I didn't even take my clothes off. It was shameful behavior. I knew better

than to lay in bed with my street clothes on, but my body was too tired. My heavy lids grew heavier, and I drifted off to sleep, praying that Pop Pop's soul made it to heaven.

June

A few weeks had gone by since Pop Pop's funeral. Bulley had planned a beautiful picnic for us three at the river. The sun was out and kissed our skin. He picked up our food and snacks from Doc Brown's just like we used to when we were teenagers. Bulley took Clear down to the slow-flowing stream while I sat on the blanket and read through Great Grandpa Raleigh's journal. Reading his and Pop Pop's words helped me through my grief. I must say it helped. My eyes read over the last passage on the page, so I decided to read out loud.

October 1925

It was cold and rainy, and I was tired. My eyes burned from the tears that I could no longer hold back. Sigman and I had worked hard to secure the loan for our weapons company. It would be the first black-owned weapon company in the North. Our late nights on the railroad had finally paid off. However, the longer I looked at Sigman, the more I wanted to kill him. I could handle the white man's hate but not his betrayal. His betrayal ripped through me again.

"Are you serious right now?"

"Yes!" he spat and snatched his hat off his head.

"I don't understand, Sigman. This is madness! Utter damn madness. When did you have this epiphany of all sudden?" I questioned with my arms folded.

"When I found out I had a son coming. I'm disgusted with myself. I don't want him to be like me. What we did or had was a sin. I don't wanna live my life like this no

more. It was fun at first, but reality has set in. We're married with families. Now, let's put this behind us and create an unstoppable company. What do you say?"

I shook my head. "No. No."

"What you mean no?"

"Just like I said, hell no. I don't love my wife the way I love you. I'm in love with you."

"Argh! Shut the hell up. Do you think we can be lovers in this generation we're in? We'll be labeled a couple of sissy boys, bring shame to our families, and probably killed weeks after our announcement. I don't know about you, but I refuse to publicly disgrace my father's name. You shouldn't either, seeing as your father is a Baptist preacher. Raleigh, we gotta move past this."

"I'm sorry, but I can't. I love you too much, Sigman. I'm tired of living undercover."

"Raleigh, this is the 1920s in Decatur, Illinois. You will be undercover until the day you die. I refuse to go down with you."

He walked away from me and over to the table in our workshop. Sigman grabbed one of the black bags of money and tossed it at me.

"What are you doing?"

"That's your share of the money. You earned it. There's no getting through to you. You go start your weapons company, and I'll do the same."

I removed my gun from my waistband and raised it at him. "No, damn way. I'll kill you before I allow you to live without me."

Sigman removed his gun and aimed it at me. "I'm not afraid of you. I will live my life without yo' crazy ass in it."

"We'll just see about that."

I fired my gun twice, but it only hit Sigman in his arm. He howled but quickly shot me in my knee and arm. He was the best damn marksman in Decatur. I fell to my knees and yelled in pain and at him. Sigman grabbed his share of the money and ran away, holding his arm.

"To hell with you! Rot in hell! If you won't be my lover, then you are my enemy for life! The Clips will forever be the Views' mortal enemies!" I angrily spat through my tears.

I covered my mouth in utter disbelief and shock. My eyes widened, and I held my great-grandfather's journal to my chest. What the holy hell? I'd cracked the code. I now knew why we had a family beef with the Clips, but say it wasn't so. Lord, this can't be true. I was flabbergasted. All this drama and fuckin' beef was all because Sigman broke Raleigh's heart. Mama told me that it was Pop Pop's idea that I go through the stuff in the storage container on the campgrounds. I guess he'd already knew the truth, but it died with him. He wanted me to know so I could know the truth as well. I assumed it was his last attempt to make amends with me. This truth was a hard pill to swallow, but all those who'd fault the Views vs. Clips feud for generations would be astonished to know they'd been fighting the broken hearts of gay lovers.

"What's wrong, baby? You good?" Bulley walked up with Clear in his arms. He laid down in front of me and Clear straddled my lap.

"Umm, I'm not sure, baby."

He turned on his stomach and looked at me. "What's wrong, angel?"

I exhaled and closed the journal before looking at him. "I've been reading Raleigh's journal, and I came across a very interesting passage."

Bulley's brows furrowed together as he snacked on brie cheese and a grape. "What did it say?"

"It's about how the feud between our families started."

Bulley sat up and stared at me. "I get the feeling you're about to deliver a blow that's about to gut punch my ass."

I gave an uneasy laugh. "Yeah, well..." My sentence trailed off, and I nibbled on my lower lip.

"Angel, just give it to me straight. You've got me worried over here."

"I'ma hold your hand when I tell you that your great grandpa Sigman and mine, Raleigh, were lovers. They were married with kids on the way, but they were on the down low."

His eyes grew wide as saucers. "Get the fuc— fudge out of here," he stated, correcting himself in front of Clear.

"Nope, love. They were lovers. Sigman wanted to break things off, but Raleigh didn't want to let go. He was willing to risk everything for Sigman, but your great-grandpa was adamant about staying with his wife and raising your grandpa. Sigman gave Raleigh his portion of the money to start his own company, but that wasn't good enough. If Raleigh couldn't have Sigman, then he rather see him dead. He shot Sigman, but Sigman shot him twice and then raced out of their workshop. They both survived but became the biggest enemies and started the greatest feud that has ever graced a small town." I released a deep sigh and looked at him. "How do you feel?"

"Shocked. Stunned. Bewildered. It's crazy. I always knew there was more to the story, but not for a second did them being down-low lovers cross my mind. Do you think we should share the news with our families or bury the truth? Only God knows what drama will arise when they find out." Bulley shook his head and looked into the woods.

"I'm not sure, love. I don't want any more drama to take place, but I do feel like our families deserve the truth. Maybe that journal could bring an end to the feud. I'm so tired of all the hate and fear," I admitted and stroked his hand.

Bulley exhaled. "Well, tonight is surely not the night to reveal any secrets. Tonight is race night, and all the motorcycle clubs, including your brothers, will be out. The last thing we need to do is distract our brothers from the race tonight."

"This is true, but another time, for sure."

"Yes, ma'am, but we think of a plan together."

"I'm on the same page, baby. What do you say we get out of here? We drop Clear off to your parents and get our night started early?"

Bulley laughed before he kissed my lips. "I'm down with that plan. Let's head out, baby."

"Coming, daddy."

I sat perched on Bulley's bike and checked out the race scene. We were all a few towns over and far off from where any police or townspeople visited. There were motorcycles parked along both sides of the road. The lights were up, music blasted, and half-naked women could be seen a mile down. This was the first race I'd been to because I wasn't allowed to come, especially with Bulley. My brothers and dad were

against it, but at this point in time, I didn't give a damn about their opinion. I hadn't seen them yet because we'd just arrived, but the moment they started bullshit, we'd finish it.

I yelped when someone grabbed my ass.

Bulley chuckled. "What are you jumpin' for? I'm the only man that should be touching you."

"And you are you, my big Bulley." I grabbed him by his vest and pulled his lips down onto my mouth.

Our tongues sloppily rolled over each other while Bulley gripped my throat. His kisses were potent, fueled by passion and dominance. Before we could get into a good groove, our kiss was interrupted by a deep voice being cleared. We parted and observed his brothers, who stood in front of us.

"What's up?" Bulley quizzed, steppin' in front of me.

"Chill, bro. We ain't on no bullshit. Crystal is good in our book," Woady announced with his hands up in a surrender pose.

"Mine too," Armor voiced.

"Why the sudden change of heart?" Bulley queried.

"Clear!" Crome loudly stated before chuckling. "She was at the house with Mama and Pops the other day, and she's got that nigga wrapped around her finger now. Plus, Mama helped him to see the light. You already know she plays no games about her little Cleary."

Bulley focused back on Armor. "Is that true?"

"Yeah, man. We're good. I don't want to live in any world without any of my brothers, a brother I helped raise at that," Armor responded, then nodded.

"Good, because I don't want to either," Bulley conveyed. He pulled Armor into a tight bro hug, and they clapped each other on the back.

They parted, and Bulley stepped to the side, allowing me to be seen again.

Armor walked up first. "Welcome to the family, Crystal. On behalf of my brothers and me, we apologize for all the drama in the past. Would it be cool if I gave you a hug?"

"Apology accepted. I appreciate it, and yes, you can have a hug." We leaned in to hug, but Bulley quickly interfered.

"Nigga, get yo' ass back. My fragrance is the only male scent my woman needs to inhale. Try again later." Bulley laughed, making all of us chuckle because he was so damn overprotective."

"Yo' ass ain't shit," Armor voiced through his laughter.

Bulley smirked and hunched his broad shoulders. He was the youngest, tallest, and biggest. It was as if he'd hit a growth spurt during our separation, and I wasn't mad at all. Two blanks were fired in the air, and it signaled to us that the race was about to start.

"Looks like you're up first, Armor? Who's the unlucky victim?" I quizzed, making them snicker.

"Your big brother, Black," he replied with a devilish grin.

I gave a low whistle. "I heard he's fast, but then again, that's what I heard."

"Well, you about to find out, lil sis. Come grab a front-row seat. I want you to see this," Armor invited.

Crome, Woody, and Bulley snickered together when he walked away. They apparently knew something I didn't. Bulley grabbed onto my hand and led me to the front of the crowd. I watched as both Black and Armor lined their bikes up at the line. Demetra, also known as Candy Apple, stood her thotty ass in front of them with a red scarf. She had been my arch-enemy since high school. That ho wanted everything I grew up with. Her bitch ass hated me, and the feeling was surely mutual. Our eyes connected, and she smirked at me. That bitch knew something I didn't. Bulley had better not have slept with her dirty ass.

Demetra raised the scarf in the air before quickly lowering it. My brother Black and Armor shot off. However, I was still focused on Demetra. My eyes followed her as she slowly yet sexily walked over to the crowd. When she stopped in front of my dad and placed her nasty mouth on him, I saw red, and I blacked the fuck out. Instead of him trying to make shit work with my mama, he was outside with her ho ass being a ho. They sloppily kissed, and he gripped her ass.

I raced away from Bulley and dashed across the road. Daddy's eyes widened as I ran up and snatched that bitch by long ass weave and to the ground. "Get up, ho! I want you to see this ass whoopin' coming!" I seethed, squaring up.

"Bring it, bitch!" she yelled after she jumped to her feet.

Demetra swung, but I caught her arm. I flipped her over my body and body-slammed her to the ground. That's from years of growing up with three big brothers. She

smacked that pavement so damn hard that the crowd groaned for her. I know she thought it was over, but it wasn't. My combat boot stomped her face three good times before I was pulled off her.

"Crystal, what the fuck are you doing?" my dad shouted.

Bulley ran to my side with an ugly mug on his face. I stepped in front of him to prevent him from punching my dad. "No, what the fuck are you doing here with her?"

"That's none of your got damn business. What the hell are you doing out here? This ain't no place for you to be here. Oh, I see. You out here with this bum ass nigga again. As if making the first bastard wasn't enough, you tryin' to make a second one with his ass!" Daddy hollered.

Now, why did he have to go there? Bulley barely nudged me to the side before he uppercut my dad from his place, and he hit the ground. I jumped back and covered my mouth as all hell broke loose. My brothers ran over, and so did his. Marshawn hit Bulley, but it didn't faze him at all. He popped my second oldest brother, and he fell onto the ground next to my dad. Crome and Tyrese threw hands blow for blow.

Two motorcycles rolled up, and I looked up to see Armor and Black. They hopped off their bikes and ran over to us. Both of them worked hard to put space between their brothers. Bulley and his brothers stood side by side, and my brothers did the same after they helped my dad up. I was trapped in the middle again. My dad held his jaw as he aimed his gun at Bulley.

"I'm so tired of yo' punk ass. Ever since you came into my daughter's life, it's been one thing after the other. You've brainwashed her. You stole the Razzi account from me and the storefront bid next to your club. I hate yo' ass, Bulley." He turned and looked at me. "Crystal, you are a fuckin' Views. You get yo' ass over here and stand by your family!" he yelled with spit flying out of his mouth.

"Fuck you, old man. I'll stand by my brothers, but never with you again."

He chuckled. A deep chortle that mimicked a villain's laugh. His ass looked as if he had snapped. "You know, I knew you'd say that, and I'm tired of playing games with you. If you won't stand by your family, then you won't stand next to that nigga's either." My dad turned his gun on me.

"Daddy, no!" I gasped, and my eyes grew big. He fired his gun.

Everything moved in slow motion as heat filled my chest, and I fell down. Pain immediately coursed through my body, and it felt as if I couldn't breathe. I looked down at the blood on my hands, and I grew dizzy. My eyes connected with Bulley, and I watched as he removed his Ruger. He flung his wrist quickly and fired right at my dad before he raced to me. A loud thud hit the ground, and loud screams broke out, and more shots were fired, pulling me from the slow-motion moment I was in.

Bulley's deep voice filled my ears. "Hold on, baby. I got you. Just breathe and stay up. Dammit, Crystal! Open your eyes," Bulley yelled.

I couldn't keep my eyes open. They were too heavy. I smiled between falling in and out of consciousness as my body jostled around as if I was in a car. "Tell Little Clear I love her and you so much." My eyes rolled back, and everything went dark as Bulley screamed my name.

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Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:57 pm

Two Years Later

I looked at the picture on my phone.

The name on the custom-made granite headstone still stunned me.

I never thought I'd see it.

We grew up together and were supposed to grow old together.

I'd done a lot of bad shit in this world, and the universe made me pay for those debts.

I just hated having to pay in this manner.

We took so much shit for granted because we always felt like we had tomorrow.

Unfortunately, tomorrow was never damn guaranteed.

My eyes watered, but I quickly blinked the notion away.

It was hard to move on after race night, but I had to.

I didn't regret a second.

Clear ran around the backyard with Glass' little stubby legs workin' overtime to keep up with her big sister. It was of no use, though. Clear was now six and fast to be so young.

Clear might've looked like her mama, but Glass was all me.

She had my whole face, chewed like me, and smiled just like me.

I couldn't deny my girls if I wanted to.

They were too much like me.

The sliding door opened, and Crystal walked her pretty ass out the door with a platter of raw marinated meats for the small barbecue that took place in our huge backyard.

It was Glass' second birthday, and we had to do it right for her.

There were two bounce houses, a sweets table, and a table for gifts, with the entire backyard decorated in a Bluey theme.

The girls were definitely having a time, and I loved that for them.

Once Crystal had fully recovered from her gunshot wound, I handled all my business and tightened loose ends, then brought my family back to Arizona.

We stayed with her grandparents for about six months until the house we bought next door was finalized.

I knew she loved being as close to her grandparents as she could, and now that her mama lived next door with her boyfriend, Antonio, it was only right that I made sure she got what she wanted.

It worked out in our favor because date nights were always possible with grandma and great-grandma right next door.

It was love.

Glass walked up and fell into my lap.

I picked my chubby baby girl and kissed the top of her curls.

She snuggled in my lap, taking a break from exerting so much energy with Clear.

Clear sat in the grass next to her Poppy and chuckled at whatever he pointed at in our bushes.

Crystal wobbled up, and I helped her to sit in the chair next to me.

She was six months pregnant with my junior.

I'd finally got my boy.

"What's wrong, love? Are you thinking about your brother again?"

I nodded. "Yeah, I miss him. Crome was my boy. With time, shit gets easier, but I wish things hadn't gotten out of hand like that. It could've been resolved, but old Melvin just had to have the last word."

Crystal kissed Glass' cheeks and then caressed my thigh. "There was no talking or compromising with him. Melvin lived by the sword, and he died by it as well. I can't say I'm sorry enough that Crome isn't with us anymore. Black killing him was unnecessary."

"It wasn't, love. I killed your dad for shooting you, so he retaliated and killed Crome. It's a cycle. We all lived a life of crime fueled by hate and greed, and we had to pay those debts. However, I can't lie. I rather it had been anyone gone but you, and I mean that with my life."

"I know, love. The feeling is mutual." She giggled when I gripped her chin before

kissing her passionately.

Life was different, slower now, but I wouldn't trade in my girls for nothing.

My parents flew into town for Glass' birthday, and it was good to see the bond my parents had with Crystal's mom and grandparents.

I was a little skeptical because of the history between my pops and Mrs.

Views, but they were all closer after losing people they loved dearly.

If only our brothers could get on the same page, then shit would be even better.

My family and I took losing Crome hard.

It was odd now having two brothers when I'd had three my whole life.

Woody and Mayor Bishop were engaged and expecting their first child together, while Armor still lived a bachelor's life.

He'd grown colder after losing Crome, and I couldn't blame him.

I gave him his space to grieve, but I kept in contact with him.

Crome's death brought us closer.

For the past two years, we'd honored his death by having an annual bike parade for him. The proceeds always went to multiple charities. It helped to lessen the loss a little more.

Clear walked over from her Poppy and climbed into my lap next to Glass.

I kissed the top of her curls, and my heart smiled.

I hated losing my brother.

Every day, I wished he was here, but I was beyond blessed that I had my family.

After Glass' party ended, I showered and relaxed in our big bed.

We had more than enough rooms in our house to house Bulley's parents and any other guests, but my grandparents walked over to their house with Mama and Antonio.

My brothers refused to come and be around Bulley, and it was the same for his brothers.

If they didn't hate each other before, then they certainly did now.

There was still bad blood between our families.

The feud was still ongoing, with no chance of ending.

I refused to worry about their male egos, though.

Melvin raised his boys to be imbeciles just like him.

It was one thing when he slapped me all those years ago, but to aim a gun at me and actually pull the trigger was something completely different.

I was grateful that I survived and his evil ass was no longer here.

Melvin lost his mind that night.

However, that bullet between his eyes put him out of his misery. My fingers gently

caressed my gunshot wound. It was a reminder of how blessed I was.

There were now two little girls and soon a little boy that needed my attention, next to my lovin' husband.

Once I was released from the hospital, they were my main focus.

Our lives moved pretty fast.

It was long overdue, to be honest.

We would've started our life together had I not been sent away in the first damn place. I don't regret a second connecting back with Bulley. He was my first love and my only love.

There was a dip in the bed behind me, and the smell of masculine soap filled my nose. His strong arms pulled me close to his warm and toned body. He was naked, and so was I. It was the only way to sleep with a fine-ass man like him. Bulley rubbed my curls and kissed the side of my neck.

"Are the girls sleeping?" I queried, rubbing my ass over his hard dick.

"Damn, you feel good as hell, and yes, the girls are all bathed and asleep. It's Mr. Nasty Time, but that's only if you're up to it, baby."

I reached behind me and gripped his hard erection. Bulley groped my titties as his long tongue licked up my neck and down to my collarbone. "I'll take that as a yes. Are you in the mood for some soft lovemaking or real kinky shit?"

I smiled and then chuckled. "Give me that gunplay, love."

"Say less." He released me and turned away. I turned on my back, anticipating his

next move.

Bulley leaned over and slowly trailed the cold steel of his Ruger down my cheek, around my areolas, down my big belly, and between my legs.

His Ruger massaged my clit until he slowly entered my opening.

I loved the kinky ways we had sex.

Gunplay was another form of role-playing for us.

My freaky ass rode his gun while he sucked my nipples. Bulley made my toes curl, per usual. I squirted from the pleasure, and he removed his gun and replaced it with his dick.

"I fuckin' love you, baby," he murmured in my ear, giving me long and deep strokes.

"Yes! I love you, too!" I screamed, fuckin' him back.

"You've been proved to me how much you love me. That's why every day I wake up, I try to show you I love you a little more than I did the day before. You got my heart, angel," he whispered, fucking me harder and deeper.

Bulley tapped my spot, and I squirted. We'd been through hell together, and I wouldn't change a thing. I loved this man since he was a boy, and I had no intentions of giving up my Big Bulley for no one.

The End