



U + Me

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Description: When life hit hard, it damn near broke Kimberly. Losing her best friend rocked her to her core, and the betrayal from the people she trusted most was the final straw. With a shattered heart and a spiraling mind, Kim starts moving reckless, chasing that same fire she once felt with a love that had her soul on lock.

Darius has been solid since day one and always held Kim down, always riding for her. But sometimes love ain't enough when real life starts knocking. With distance creeping in and demons of their own pulling them apart, it's only a matter of time before things reach a breaking point.

Can they fight for a love that never got a fair shot? Or will everything they once meant to each other turn into a memory they both too hurt to revisit?

Total Pages (Source): 18

Page 1

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KIMBERLY “KK” KENDALL

Back In The Day...

Chilling in my room at my desk, putting the finishing touches on my best friend Darius graduation card, Post Malone’s Congratulations flowed through my Beats speaker as I rapped along to the lyrics. The vibe really had me deep in my feelings. Being a junior in high school, I had one more year to complete before I’d be graduating, and all I could think about was if my dad would show up or not. The last time I’d seen or heard from him was at my 8th grade graduation.

According to my mom, she claimed he had showed up late and that was a compliment compared to all the shit she’d been talking about him leading up to the day I graduated. She swore that he wouldn’t show up at all, and the fact that he did show up but was late wasn’t good enough for her. All I know was, when I looked out into the crowd, and my eyes landed on my dad, it filled my heart with so much joy. My dad being there was almost as important as the fact that I graduated. I was a daddy’s girl to my heart and the fact that he showed up for me meant the world to me. Him being there also proved me right and my mom wrong.

Once the ceremony was over, I nearly broke my damn neck rushing and pushing through the crowd of people in search of my parents. I was so excited to see my dad I could barely breathe, and when I walked up on him and my mom, my mom was showing her entire ass. She was yelling at him for showing up late. He looked embarrassed, and I was mortified.

“You coulda just stayed where the hell you was at, Karl. I on see the point in coming

at all if you gon' be late as hell. You damn near missed it. You never could get yo shit straight and put your priorities in check. Damn shame and disgrace!"

"But I didn't miss it, Rochelle. I got to see my baby girl cross the stage and that's all that matters. I came to see her, not anyone else. Today not about you, it's about Kimberly. But you wouldn't know nothing 'bout putting your own feelings aside for someone else," Karl, my dad, defended.

"Aye mane, we not doing this. When you addressin' my wife, address her wit respect. If you can't do that you gon' have to just talk to me only. Matter fact, I prefer you speak directly to me and not her anyway, seeing you don't know how to respect a lady."

"This not what you think it is, my nigga." My dad stepped toward my stepdad. "Fuck around and find out today. Ion give a fuck if Rochelle yo wife or not, she had my muthafuckin' seed and long as it's about Kimberly, I'm addressin' her mammy how I see fit and ain't nan nigga gon' do a goddamn thang bout it... ya dig."

"Oh yeah!" Todd responded.

"Thanks for coming, Daddy," I spoke up as I stepped between my dad and Todd while they stared each other down. "Today supposed to be a good day, filled with joy, love, and excitement not this. Can y'all please chill."

"Absolutely, baby girl; look at you! My precious Kimberly, you are growing up too fast, slow down please. I can't believe my baby girl 'bout to be in high school." My dad gloated, still glaring at Todd like he was ready to attack. Eventually my dad turned his attention to me.

"Shit wouldn't be so much of a shock if you was an active parent." My mom huffed, rolling her eyes. Todd stood next to her mean-mugging both me and my dad.

“These are for you.” My dad ignored my mom as he handed me what looked like two dozen roses, the cutest, biggest teddy bear I’d ever seen, a card, and a gift bag that had some weight to it. “I hope you like your gifts. What you got planned for later?”

“Shit that got to do with you! You act like she a damn baby. She about to go into high school not junior high, fool. Hurry up and finish up with your dad so we can get back on the road, Kimmie,” my mom ranted.

“Rochelle, you don’ kept my damn child from me for years and now you tryin’ to rush. What’s the problem? Why are you so angry? I came in peace, hoping today would mark a new path for us and I can finally be back in baby girl’s life, but you have all this negativity and anger in your heart. Why aren’t you healed and happy? Isn’t this the life you wanted? You blocked me completely out y’all life ’cause you claim you found your soulmate. I respected that, and all I asked of yo ass was to let me still be there for Kimberly and you have done everything you can to prevent that.”

“Take me to court and fight for her then,” my mom paused with a mean mug and smirk. “Yeah, like I thought, crickets ’cause you would never. You ain’t shit but a disloyal, disgrace of a human, you can go straight to hell. Talkin’ about today about Kimmie; nah, nigga, you roll up in here tryin’ to make it about you. If it were up to me, Kimmie wouldn’t have shit to do wit yo ass. You could care less about her, talking ’bout today about her. Tah, bearing over the top gifts trying to outdo people ’cause yo ass done fell short since she been alive.”

“Ma, please,” I butted in in hopes of calming her down, but it only made things worse.

“Stay in your place, Kim, this grown folks talking.” My mom jeered.

“Baby girl, let yo momma get it all out. Clearly, she been holding this mess in so long, look how it got her looking. Let her get it out so she can get on wit her life.” My

dad smirked. "As for me, baby girl, I hear you loud and clear and I'm done with the conversation."

"Of course you're done. That's what you always do. God forbid you stay and fight."

"Stay and fight for what?" My dad rebutted.

"Rochelle, let's go!" Todd sneered.

I could tell my dad wanted to say more but instead, he looked me in the eyes and my heart broke with each word that came from his mouth. He looked so defeated, and I felt devastated. "I'ma head out. It made my day to see you graduate, today is a day I will always cherish, baby girl. I hate that things are the way they are, but I am so damn proud of you. You are a beautiful and very smart and intelligent girl from what I hear, Miss Honor Roll all year round! You make me so proud, Kimberly, and I love you with my whole heart. Stay in school and learn everything you can, and I promise you it will all pay off in the end. And I mean that, never forget that no matter what anybody says, I'm looking you in the eyes and telling you that you are my heart in human form and there is nothing I wouldn't do for you."

My dad kissed me on the forehead then walked away. I wanted to say so much more. I wanted to ask could I leave with him instead of going back home to my mom and Todd. I wanted to ask, why won't he fight hard enough for me, but I already knew the answer to that and that was because of my mom. I wanted to ask why he wouldn't take her to court to fight for me but what would it matter? Just like I dreaded, that was the last time I'd seen or heard from my dad.

I truly believed my dad could never do any right to my mom and because of that she was the reason why they were not together. She was always more outspoken and with the rah-rah energy than he was. I can't remember one time when I ever heard him yell or raise his voice in any way toward my mom or anyone. He defended himself, no

doubt, but he had a smooth, calm demeanor about himself at the same time. He didn't have to get all hyped and loud as hell like my mom.

My mom was a totally different type of person than my dad. To me, she was more of a selfish person. When she made moves, they appeared to be for her best interests, and never for the ones around her.

I didn't know much about the dynamic of my parents' relationship when they were dating because I was very young when they broke up. From what I did remember, I spent a lot of time with my dad because my mom stayed out in the streets. The only time I was with her was when my dad was at work. Then one day I woke up and my mom told me we were leaving and she never turned back. She cut my dad off and because I was a minor and had no choice; she cut him out of my life too. Now here I was, a junior in high school and all I could anticipate was my graduation because I prayed my dad would be there. Last I heard he was with a lady and playing stepdad to her daughter. That bothered me more than it should; not because I was selfish but more so because I wished he was more in my life.

My phone ringing interrupted me from my thoughts. As I reached over to answer, I turned the music down just a little because I had it up pretty loudly in an effort to drown out my mom and Todd arguing in their bedroom, which was next door to my room. The walls were so thin it's like you could hear when one of us farted from another room.

"What it do shorty?"

"Hey, Darius, I thought you was playing ball?"

"I'm headed to the park now. You coming?"

"Yep. I gotta get out this house before I go crazy. I don't want no parts of what they got

going on in there.” I huffed as I rolled my eyes, hearing the front door slam so loud that my bedroom window rattled.

“They at it again, huh?”

“You already know.”

“You straight tho?”

“Yeah, I’m good. I’ll meet you up at the park in a few.”

“I’mma come scoop you.”

“Nah, you good,” I interrupted him. “I gotta get ready first. These cramps kicking my ass, got me moving slow as hell. I still need to get dressed and do my hair.”

“I’ll be waitin’ in front of yo crib. Hurry yo slow ass up,” Darius rebutted then hung up before I could protest.

I laid his card on the corner of my desk so that it could dry then went to my closet to find something to change into. Darius and I met in junior high when he transferred in the middle of the first semester of his sixth-grade year. We became friends because we had study hall and gym together, even though he was a grade higher than me, and we have been thick as thieves ever since.

All day I had lowkey been in a funk thinking about and missing my dad and the fact that my period started wasn’t helping me keep my emotions in check. I was normally more emotional around the time of my cycle; my hormones just be all over the damn place. I hated when I got like this emotionally, but I missed my dad and couldn’t help it and couldn’t wait to graduate high school so I could move out and find somewhere as far away from my mom and Todd as I could find.

Since it was nice outside, I decided on a pair of black and white Adidas biking shorts, an all-black Adidas tank, and a pair of Oreo Yeezy Boost. Going to the park to watch Darius and his homeboys play basketball was one of my favorite things to do. All the neighborhood kids would be there; the girls jumping double Dutch, the boys playing ball, and the littles running amuck on the playground was always a vibe and a good time. Couldn't nobody see me jumping rope, but today, I didn't plan on jumping because the way these cramps was set up, I wasn't on any of that. I just planned on cooling it and watching the guys which was always entertaining. Hell, truthfully, anything to get out of the house was my favorite thing to do and entertaining.

I went into the kitchen to get a water bottle so that I could take a couple of Midol's before I left, and just as I turned to go back into my room to grab my keys and cell phone, I bumped into Todd. He was standing there with a stupid smirk on his face. I really prayed that it was him that had left when I heard the door slam but lately, God wasn't always on my side, and this moment had just proven that yet again.

"Where you finna go?"

"To the park."

"You ain't ask nobody shit?" Todd rebutted as I rolled my eyes and smacked my lips.

"You think you so fuckin' grown, don't you?"

Doing my best to ignore him I tried to step around him, but he stepped in front of me, blocking my path.

Lately Todd was starting to get beside himself and had been coming at me on some other level type shit. He was a pothead and drunk who liked to snap out and put hands on my mom, and he even hit on me a few times. He didn't whoop on me as much as he did her, and the last time I threatened to call the law, so he chilled out on that with me; but now he had started coming at me in a whole different creepy sort of way.

Taking one of his fingers, he tugged on the front of my top, exposing the top of my cleavage and out of reflex, I snatched my shirt from his grasp.

“Excuse you! Don’t touch on me like that!” I huffed, feeling violated yet slightly scared at the same time.

“Keep prancing around this muthafucka like you grown and I’mma treat you like you grown.”

“What does that even mean?” I asked, not sure what he was implying. Was he saying he was going to make me leave the house ’cause I’m grown, or what? There were a handful of times I’d heard him and my mom arguing about me and Todd would say things like he couldn’t wait til I was grown enough to leave so he could put me out if I pissed him off.

Grabbing his crotch, as much as I tried to avoid looking, I couldn’t help but to quickly glance down, and I could see the large print of his manhood in his hand. He looked like he had a hard-on, which instantly put into perspective exactly what he meant by acting grown.

“Come find out.”

My stomach turned and my heart dropped. Was this man about to try me like that? Nah, not the Todd that had been around me since I was a little kid. I knew that it was just he and I home alone and I didn’t know what to do. All this weird touching was getting out of hand and terrifying the shit out of me. He had never taken things to this extent, and I would hate to have to jab a knife through his heart for violating me.

“The hell goin’ on in here?” My mom smirked as she brushed past me and Todd then went to the kitchen sink to wash her hands. Whenever she came in from outside, she always washed her hands at the kitchen sink.

“Shit, yo jit think she grown. Talkin’ ’bout she goin’ to the park!” Todd jeered. “Ain’t heard her ask shit but gon’ tell me what she gon’ goddamn do up in my house.” Todd fussed.

“Don’t start in on her cause you mad at me. You really need to get outcho feelings.” My mom rebutted and that was my cue to get the hell out of dodge.

“I ain’t in my muthafuckin’ feelings! This my house, and I run this muthafucka. Ion know who she think she is tellin’ me what she gon’ do. She think she grown, I’d be wrong to treat her like she grown.” Todd rebutted.

“Treat her grown like how?”

“Shit, she gon’ have to earn her keep up in this bitch, that’s how.”

“Her focus is school and not a job. Long as her chores are done that’s earning her keep,” my mom defended. “I know what you need.” My mom smirked as I rushed out of the kitchen and headed back into my room.

I quickly combed out my wrap and as I was grabbing my Hilfiger mini backpack, I could hear the headboard in my mom’s room knocking. They nasty asses was up in there fucking with the hard on he got from looking at me. Talk about diabolical. Since I was leaving out, I turned my Beats speaker off because I didn’t want either one of them to have a reason to come into my room while I was gone. I made sure all my things were put away then grabbed my keys.

I didn’t have a cell phone anymore because my mom had taken it from me as a punishment back in my freshman year. I was pretty much the only person in high school without a cell phone. After closing my bedroom door, I could really hear my mom and Todd having sex in the hallway as I headed to the front door. As soon as I closed and locked the door, I scurried to Darius’s all-black, matte Dodge Magnum. I

could hear R. Kelly's R he just didn't have a kitchen down there. There was a living room area with a large-oversized couch, sixty-five-inch tv, a large closet, a bathroom, his bedroom, and the laundry room. The only time I would see his mom was when she would come down to the laundry room to wash her clothes. Other than that, she never disturbed Darius. She gave him his privacy. Hell, she seemed to need more privacy from him than he needed from her. His mom lived her best life unapologetically.

While Darius was showering and changing his clothes, I was watching reruns of Growing Up Hip Hop on TV.

"I gotta go see a bitch about a cat," Darius said, coming into the living room area looking and smelling like he was about to go get into some good trouble.

"You gotta do what?" I chuckled.

"What's that saying, y'all 'bout to go see a man about a horse? So, I'm 'bout to go see a bitch about a cat and get some pussy, ya feel me." Darius laughed, causing me to laugh at how corny he sounded.

"Welp, time for me to go." I chuckled.

"You ain't gotta leave if you not ready to go back to the crib. I ain't putting you out. You know you can stay as long as you like, just don't go upstairs if you can avoid it. She up there wit company so you know how that go."

"Thanks, but I'ma head home. I need my heating pad and pillow."

I would've stayed if he was going out to making money in the streets but for him to go and trick off with a female, I wasn't about to be sitting at his house like that. I really didn't want to go back home but I would just lock my door and do my best to

avoid Frick and Frack at all costs. Even though Darius lived around the corner and two blocks over from me, I could've walked home but he insisted on driving me. When he pulled up in front of my house, he grabbed my hand before I got out of his car.

“You sure you gone be straight?”

“Yeah, I'm good. I woulda stayed at your place if that wasn't the case.”

“I'ma call you before I go to bed.”

And just like he said, later that night just after eleven he called me right before I fell asleep.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:42 pm

KIMBERLY “KK”

For the past couple of days, I hadn't said much of anything to my mom and Todd, but today I was out my room and dusting the furniture in the living room. The last thing I needed was for one of them to start tripping talking about, I'm not doing my chores. My mom was listening to Toni Braxton's, Long As I Live , in the kitchen as she moved about cooking a big pot of chicken and dumplings with a couple pans of cinnamon rolls. Toni Braxton was one of her favorites, and due to the fact that I had to grow up listening to her music over and over, she had become one of my favorites also. I used to sing along to her songs and think I was the shit just because I knew the words and sounded amazing against Toni Braxton's voice. Now that I'd hit puberty, her music meant and felt differently. Her songs were deep and about being in love. If I had to put money on it, I'd say that my mom reminisced about my dad while listening to Toni B.

“Everybody's talking about you and her together, how could you do that to me?” my mom sang, “Can you tell by the look on my face, I still like you that way.”

Long As I Live was a prime example of what I meant. She played the hell out of that song and sang it from her soul so grand that it rocked me. I knew my mom still had love for my dad, it was obvious as hell just from how bothered she was about him not pressing her to be together. Todd hated Toni Braxton, so when he stormed into the kitchen and turned the song down, I wasn't surprised by his antics at all.

Long as I live (long as I, I could live). I'll never get over (you gettin' over me). It's killing me (it's killing me, killing me). I'll never get over (you gettin' over me).

“It’s killing me...I’ll never ever get over!!” My mom bellowed along to the lyrics, sounding almost as good as Toni.

“Here you go with this shit!” Todd fused.

“Turn it back up! Don’t come up in here wit yo shit, Todd! Damn it, man, turn it back up!”

Take Me Away by Keyshia Cole started playing and Todd turned the music up but not as loud as my mom previously had it.

My mom started dancing and singing. “I love my baby...I love my babyyyy!”

“Yeah, back that big ole thang up on yo daddy!” Todd hyped as my mom twerked in front of him.

One thing about it, my mom might’ve been an asshole, but she was one of the prettiest women I’d ever seen. She was built like a stallion and stayed dressed fresh with her hair, nails, and feet done. To me she could have any man she wanted except her attitude was majorly messed up. She was a girly-girl through and through, and I was exactly like her in that sense, except I didn’t fool with too many females like that. Hell, my best friend was Darius. I really didn’t care for females because they stayed acting weird. I was friendly but it took a lot for me to call someone my friend.

Todd winked his eye at me, and he slapped my mom on the ass. I rolled my eyes at them both, then finished dusting. When I went to put the cleaning supplies back under the sink in the kitchen my mom left out, but I could feel someone staring at me from behind. I washed my hands and when I turned around, it was Todd standing there. I wasn’t sure where my mom was, but I knew she was still home, so I didn’t have to worry about him trying anything with me.

Leaving out of the kitchen I stopped in my bedroom to grab my things to take a shower then headed for the bathroom. Just as I was about to step into the bathroom, Todd bumped into me. That's when I noticed my mom was in their bedroom because the door was closed.

"If you acted right I would make yo lil grown ass feel better than I make ya momma feel. You see she love a nigga DOWN," Todd whispered into my ear.

His stale breath mixed with his after shave turned my stomach.

"Gross," I mumbled. Ignoring him, I left him standing there looking crazy as I rushed into the bathroom then quickly closed the door.

As I took a shower, I could hear my mom and Todd arguing about something. I just couldn't really make out what they were saying, nor did I really care to eavesdrop like that forreal. Just as I turned the water off, I heard the front door slam which meant one of them had more than likely stormed out.

After getting dressed in the bathroom, I gathered my things then went back into my bedroom. I left my Stanley in the kitchen so I went to get it so that I could take some Midol. I turned to head back to my room and my breath caught in my throat when I saw Todd standing in the doorway.

"Wanna know what yo problem is?" He smirked, looking at me with a weird expression, his eyes dark and eerie.

"Not really," I mumbled as I tried to walk past him.

He grabbed my hand and placed it on his crotch then grabbed my ass. Stomping down on his foot as hard as I could, he yelped out then I kneed him in the dick and ran past him. He was standing in the kitchen hollering like a wounded cat as my heart started

racing.

For the life of me I couldn't understand why my mom kept leaving me with this creepy nigga. But then again, she treated my dad the same way before she and I moved away. She always told me that the relationship she had with my dad was a tsunami of emotions and that he broke her heart real bad. I wondered what she was on when she would leave like this. Was she fucking around on Todd like she was with my dad? She alleged that she was in love with my dad at one point, but he couldn't commit to one woman. Then when I was born, she claimed that she was trying to get him to settle down as one final attempt at being a family, but he wasn't for it, so she left and took me with her.

Todd was the man she was cheating on my dad with, and he left his wife to be with my mom. They both walked away from their relationships to be with one another, so the way I saw it, they deserved one another. Todd provided a place for us to stay, which was why I believe she even put up with him in the first place. I couldn't wrap my head around how she could love someone she had to argue with damn near daily. But he took us both in when he didn't have to so she would forever love him, I guess. Todd wasn't right in the head, and the older I got, the more I was able to see it. I just couldn't understand why she couldn't see what I saw.

To me, my mom was delusional because Todd hit on us both. When he put hands on me, the way I saw it was she should have left his ass, no questions asked. He was living foul, and he wanted us to suffer instead of being accountable for it. He hit on her the most and that's why I resented them both; him for being a jackass and her for staying and being dumb as hell.

Just like her taking my phone away and having it for years talking bout I lost the right to have a phone was some crazy shit. I did threaten them with calling my dad and that was what really set her and Todd off and why she never gave me the phone back. Like she still hadn't given it back all because of him. They could care less that I had

to be the only teenager in the world with no way to communicate outside of a landline. My mom felt that I was ungrateful and didn't deserve the luxury of a cell for saying that I would rather be with someone that abandoned us over someone that took care of us. In her eyes, Todd could do no wrong and I truly hate she felt that way for her.

My adrenaline was going. I felt trapped and afraid because I could feel it in my bones that Todd was not done fucking with me, so I did the first thing my heart told me to do and that was call Darius.

"What up, KK?" Darius answered, calling me by the nickname he gave me.

"You home?" I huffed.

"What's going on?"

"He tripping and I just need?—"

"Aye, say less. I'm on my way."

"Don't pick me up. I'm packing a bag and just please be in your room when I get to the window. I don't want your mom knowing I'm there."

I started sneaking in through Darius' bedroom window to keep his mom from knowing I was there but that was another story for another day.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:42 pm

DARIUS MCKINLEY

H -Town's Like It Slow was flowing through the speakers, setting just the right vibe as I laid in bed feeling like I was on top of the world. I was days away from graduating high school and feeling my best. In fact I felt so good I needed to release which was why I was on the phone rapping to Janiece's ass. Janiece and I have been fucking since the summer but were not in a relationship. First conversation we had I let it be known I wasn't looking for shit but to get my dick wet. Young, fine as hell, star athlete in my prime, yeah there was no chance of me trying to be someone's man. All a female could do for me is suck and wet this dick up.

"You know I like it slow," Janiece purred into the phone.

"What else you like?"

"Come over and find out... or you want me to come to you?"

"Hold up, my line ringing." I clicked over, cutting Janiece off. "What up KK?" I answered for my homegirl.

"You home?"

"What's going on?" Instantly I could tell she was upset as I sat up, the song switched to Usher's Peace Sign . Once she told me dude was over there tripping and she needed to come over, I immediately became on alert.

"You got company over? Listening to love songs I'm trying to avoid drama. Today

just might be the day I slap me a bitch. I'm not in the mood for them chicken heads you be dealing with, Darius. I can find somewhere else?—"

"Girl, stop trippin'. Ion fuck with chicken heads, maybe a few goofy broads but never a chicken head." I laughed, even though I was still concerned about her safety being that she hadn't left her house yet because she was still on the phone with me. "You sure you don't need me to come scoop you?"

"Positive. I'm 'bout to go. I'll see you in a minute."

KK hung up before I could say anything else as I got up and made sure my window was unlocked. The only time I kept my shit unlocked was when I was home. If I wasn't at the crib I locked it, and I always encouraged KK to do the same. So, I needed to make sure it was good for when she got here. She always kept her bedroom window open for me and I always kept mine open for her. It was our thing.

I kept hearing my name. I thought I was tripping until I remembered that Janiece's ass was on my other line. I had forgotten all about shorty.

"Damn, my bad."

"I'm like wait, did he forget I was on the phone?" Janiece chuckled. "One minute I'm holding then the next I hear the line click and movement, but you never said nothing or came back to the phone. I didn't know what you had going on, that's why I was shouting your name and pressing buttons like that."

"Yo ass just nosy cause you coulda hung up. Yo head probably hurting from eavesdropping on my background noise." I laughed, causing her to laugh too.

"I thought you forgot about me. Must have been one of your hoes."

“You one of my hoes and if it was, what?”

“You coulda just told me to call you back before you clicked over.”

“You coulda just hung up.”

“Do you really mean that?” Janiece asked, softening her tone.

“Hell yeah, it’s way too many hoes as you say outchere for me to be pressed bout one. That’s just why I don’t have no bitch. I ain’t got time for nan bitch other than my moms to be questioning and checking for me.”

“I’m not trying to piss you off. I’m just looking to spend a lil time. I’m horny and need some of that good-good.”

“Oh yeah.”

“Hell yeah,” Janiece said trying to sound sexy now. The bitch was crazy as fuck, but her pussy was A1.

“So, what’s up, Darius; you coming over or nah?”

“Make me want to come to you instead of one of my other hoes.” I laughed.

“Oh, so that’s what you on...bet.” Janiece smirked and started laughing. “You know my shit A1, don’t play wit me.”

“Pussy is pussy. You think you the only one walkin’ round with wet cat?” I chuckled.

“I know I’m not the only one with that wet but that don’t mean it’s that good wet, wet like mine. I taste and smell good nigga, like I said, don’t play wit me. If it wasn’t A1,

you wouldn't be on my line right now."

I hung up without saying shit then straightened the sheets up on my bed and sprayed some Play cologne throughout my room. I kept my space clean for the most part; at the same time, I had so much sports equipment, shoes, and clothes than I needed so some areas looked a little cluttered. Just as I came back into my room from dumping my trash, my cell was ringing. Seeing that it was Janiece I started laughing.

"Yerp."

"Why you hang up? You know you wrong for that. Not you mad cause you can't handle the truth."

"Smell good fosho but I on know shit 'bout how you taste. Wrong nigga shorty."

"No, I know I was talking to you, Darius." Janiece chuckled. "If you didn't agree that I don't have to prove shit to get you come through you wouldn't waste yo time with me was the point I was trying to prove."

"That's a fact."

One thing I could vouch for was the fact that I was a straight dawg ass, hoe ass nigga. I loved sex and I enjoyed having it with multiple females, hence the reason why I choose to remain single. I'm a nigga that loves to fuck and I'm not ashamed by it, but one thing I wasn't doing was wrapping my lips around and sucking and sticking my tongue in just anybody's pussy.

Janiece's shit was A1 no doubt, but she was DTF, down to fuck not just me but plenty other niggas as well. Shit she had fucked a few of my homeboys and I know that for a fact cause me and my homeboy E-Man ran a train on her ass a few times.

Tap... Tap... Tap!

As Janiece and I continued to chop it up, I heard three taps on my window which let me know that KK was there. That was our signal for each other so that we would know it was one of us coming through each other's window instead of an intruder. Raising up off the bed I turned toward the window and KK was standing there crying. I helped her in then took her backpack from her. I could see in her face the sadness and fear I heard in her voice over the phone.

"Thanks." KK softly said.

"Aye, I'ma hit you back."

"Wait, are you comin'?—"

Before Janiece could finish what she was trying to say I hung up. That shit would have to wait til later. Right now, I needed to see what was up with my girl.

"Why you cryin'?"

"It doesn't matter."

When we first met, she and I clicked right away, and she helped me adjust to my new surroundings and school. My moms being a single mother and trying to manage everything on her own didn't have much time for me, but KK did. She always uplifted, supported, and encouraged me no matter how fucked up I felt things were at home. My pops leaving made it hard for my moms to afford to pay for me to be in sports, or so I thought at first, so I hustled and made the money for my fees and equipment on my own in between my games, tournaments, and practices.

KK never judged me unlike my moms who flipped out a few times when she

suspected I was hustling at first. It was like she wanted me to go without, and I had to let it be known that I was the type that had it in me to go and get what I needed. Young or not, age didn't mean shit to the streets and the hustle.

Pops leaving also caused my moms to go wild when it came to men. It was like she didn't give a fuck who she messed around with. Long as they was sliding her some bread and looked out for her, she was straight, on top of the child support my pops would send; but it would only be enough for the bills and her lifestyle, not my extracurricular activities. Football wasn't a sport or a hobby to do because I enjoyed it, it was going to be my ticket out of here and away from hustling one day. So, by any means I was going to see to it that all fees were paid cause I had no choice but to.

My pops sent child support, and for years she claimed my pops picked up and left us not giving a damn about us when it wasn't true. I had come across a stack of mail one day in the kitchen and sitting right on top was a child support order renegotiation letter. When I read it, my pops was the one filing the motion to increase the support he had already been sending because his finances had increased. I should've known better than to believe that my pops would rock like that but all I knew was that the nigga had up and left us. I never said shit to my moms about the child support I just hit the block and did what I had to do.

Why my pops picked up and left I was never clear on, he and I didn't talk very much so I never got his side of the story. I just didn't really fuck with him because when he first left, I saw how badly broken it left my mom. It used to hurt me hearing and seeing how fucked up she was over him. In a way it made me resent him, but the older I got, I began to see a side to my mom that as a man, I wouldn't be attracted to in a female so I'm sure my pops had his reasons I just didn't dwell on they shit because I had my own to be worried about.

I just stayed in the basement and out the way as much as possible. As for KK, times that I needed to stash money at her place she let me. There were even a few times my

moms locked me out of the house, locking all the windows and putting the chain bolt lock on the door and KK let me slide into her bedroom window. I just had to sleep on her closet floor and couldn't snore cause if I did, she would wake me up and I respected that.

It was a given that I would always be there for KK, no matter what and if she needed to come over then she knew she didn't have to ask.

“Yes, the fuck it does KK. Did dude put his hands on you?” I asked feeling my adrenaline rushing to the point I had to slow my breathing. A technique I learned in wrestling to control my breathing was to be in control of my entire body and mind.

“I'm so damn sick of them both I just need to get away for a minute. If he pops up asking if I'm here, please don't tell him.”

It was real possible for Todd to come over, her mom not so much unless the reason she left was bad enough for her mom to come here. Todd and my moms fucked around and have been for a lil minute. My moms didn't care that he was married to KK's mom because he wasn't the only nigga my moms hooked up with, so it worked for the both of them.

That's one of the reasons why Todd and Rochelle didn't like KK and I to hang out. He knew he was foul, and I knew about him and my moms, so to keep control over the situation he convinced Rochelle to not like me. Convinced her that I was bad business for KK but shit, I was just the opposite he was the one that was bad business. Just like with my moms everybody thought KK and I fucked around but we never have. I feel like her people used that as a reason to tell her to stay away from me. My moms, on the other hand, could care less if KK came over. Either way she was still going to do her. If that meant Todd came over, then it was what it was. She didn't want me having my company going upstairs and I respected that; plus, KK didn't feel comfortable around my mom like that anyway.

KK had caught Todd coming over one day when she was leaving. She thought it was because he was looking for her but that was far from the truth. I ended up walking her home that day because that was before I had my car and told her the truth about why he was there. KK struggled with telling her mom and then she got lucky and didn't have to because somehow word had gotten back to her mom about Todd and my mom not too long after that.

KK said when she got home from school one day, they were arguing so bad that it ended up turning physical. She said her mom had racked up a few taps on Todd's ass but of course he got the best of her because he was much stronger than her. KK went and tried to break it up and dude turned on her and told her to stay in a kid's place. That was the day they tried to enforce that she and I couldn't be friends anymore and I was the reason for her disobedience. I wanted to fuck dude up and her mom was bogus as fuck. KK shouldn't have had to suffer because of her mom's husband's dumb shit. What he had going on with my mom had nothing to do with KK and I being cool.

Crazy thing was it made KK and I's relationship stronger. From day one I always had a slight crush on her but when she came into my life, she wasn't in need of a nigga she needed protection and at my young age, I did what I could to be the best friend that I could for her even if that meant just providing a place of refuge when needed.

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:42 pm

KIMBERLY “KK”

Thankfully his mom wasn't home, but whoever was at their front door was not trying to leave any time soon, so he had no choice but to go see who it was.

“I'll be back. You hungry?”

“I don't have much of an appetite for real.”

Darius muffled me on the back of my head, causing me to spin around and softly gut punch him on the stomach. “Boy, stop playing!” I chuckled, rolling my eyes.

“You stop. Knowing yo ass greedy as hell.”

“Whatever. Remember you haven't seen or heard from me.”

Darius gave me a head nod then went upstairs so that he could answer the door. Whoever was outside was ringing the hell out of their doorbell. I ran and stood by the stairs trying to hear if it was my mom or Todd.

I couldn't really hear who it was, but I could hear Darius talking so I walked up a few steps and sure enough, when I heard another male voice, it confirmed what I confirmed, which was that Todd was at the door.

“I know she's here but I'm gon' roll wit it. If you see or talk to Kimmie make sure you tell her that her best bet is to bring her ass home.”

“Ain’t seen or talked to her but if I do, I ain’t tellin’ her shit!” Darius rebutted.

“Yeah okay, youngin’, fuck around and find out.”

“Find out what, nigga?” Darius shouted and from the tone of both of their voices I could tell that they were pissed off. My biggest fear was for them to start fighting because Todd was an asshole and Darius hated him. The both of them would probably give each other a run. Todd wasn’t some chump, and neither was Darius.

“The fuck you talkin’ too?” Todd hollered.

“Yo bummy ass, old man!”

“Yo problem is ain’t no man full time up in this muthafucka. You would know your place if there was.”

“Oh, I know my place; you know yours?” Darius rebutted as my heart continued to beat faster than normal.

“I gotcho old man. Let yo moms know I’ll be?—”

BAM!

Something slammed so hard it felt like the house along with my heart shook. Bolting down the stairs, I tripped and fell over the last two but that didn’t stop me as I rolled the rest of the way down. I ended up standing at the bottom of the stairs as I heard heavy footsteps heading toward the basement. It sounded like there was only one set of footsteps, so I didn’t have to run and hide out. I couldn’t help but to chuckle because I knew that there would have been way more noise if Todd was trying to come downstairs. I was paranoid for no reason.

When I heard Darius going off and cursing in the kitchen, I could tell he was fixing something to eat for us. Darius knew how to cook just about anything he liked to eat, and he actually preferred to prepare his own food instead of eating fast food. Ever since I'd known him, he'd been in sports and watching his weight was major for him. It was me that had no chill about what I ate.

Thirty minutes or so later, Darius was back in the basement carrying a tray with a plate that had a long ass homemade turkey, Swiss, lettuce, and tomato sub and two large bowls of broccoli and cheese soup. He placed the tray down on the table in front of the couch then looked over at me.

"Mannn, it took everything in me not to jaw jack that nigga. I promise to God he lucky I'm trying to be better by the day with heavy shit to lose." He huffed then he marched back upstairs.

Shortly after he was back with a bag of Dots seasoned pretzels and two big bottles of cold alkaline water.

"He hit you again or sum?"

"No." I quickly responded.

Darius was looking at me like he was waiting for me to explain why I was crying when I got here.

"The fuck happened then? Why this nigga come lookin' for you?"

"He was just been doing the most lately. Ion really want to talk about it for real. What I really want is to run the hell away. If I could I promise I would."

"You still ain't talked to yo pops?"

“Nope. I don't have his number nor know enough information about him to find him. After my 8th grade graduation, he basically went ghost. According to my mom, they talked once since that day and he told her that he never wanted to hear from any of us, me included, ever again.”

“You believe that shit?”

“Not really but what can I do? I just been holding onto hope that he is going to pop up when I graduate next year.”

“That's fucked up. That nigga Todd ain't shit. I hate you gotta go through that shit. You know you can talk to me about anything, KK. I don't give a damn how fucked up it is for real. I hope you know that. I feel like you holdin' back.”

“I'm already knowing, and I promise I'm not lying he didn't hit me,” I reiterated as I took a bite from a piece of the sandwich.

“I feel fucked up for bringing this up now, but I got some shit I got to holla at you about.”

“This is already sounding scary. Please tell me you don't have a baby on the way, Darius.” I chuckled but prayed at the same time that wasn't the case.

“What?!” Darius roared in laughter, doubled over holding his stomach and all. “Girl, hell fuck nah! I don't play well with kids right now. I got way too much to accomplish before having a jit is even possible.”

“I mean, with you and your fan club of females you just never know.”

“Man, I might mess around but I know how to strap up, shorty.”

“What you got to tell me then?”

“I got accepted at GSU on a full football scholarship.”

“Oh my God Darius! That’s so awesome friend!” I cheered then jumped up and gave him a big, long hug.

“Appreciate it, KK.”

“No forreal, I’m so happy for you! This is what you wanted and isn’t GSU your first pick?”

“My first damn pick. I’m hella excited too. Shit’s crazy but I’ll finally be moving the fuck from round here.”

As I listened to Darius rave about his major accomplishment, I was beyond excited for him yet a lil saddened at the same time. News of Darius going away to school scared me because I still had an entire year left to deal with my mom and Todd and now, I was going to have to find a way to deal with them on my own.

“Don’t worry, I’ll just be a phone call away.”

“I’ll be fine,” I responded and prayed that I was right.

After we finished eating, it felt like the energy was a lil weird between us. I knew that it was mainly on me because I was still sitting there processing the fact that he was going away soon. Of all things I didn’t expect for him to say that yet at the same time I shouldn’t be surprised. His dad was in Georgia, and he has always talked about GSU being his top pick for football.

“Why are you looking at me like that?”

“Now that I’ve told you I’m leaving, I feel fucked up. I’m not as excited as I was earlier.”

“Please don’t let my problems stop you from doing your big one friend. Whether you leave or stay Todd gone be an ass and my mom gone be a fool. It is what it is.”

“How do you really feel about me leaving?”

“I support you. I’m so proud and happy for you,” I responded, really meaning every word that I said.

“Nah, how do you really feel?”

“I don’t know what you mean?” I rebutted, not sure what he wanted me to say but I would never deter him from doing something he had always dreamed of.

“You wanna know how I feel about leaving you?” he said and something in the way he said leaving me hit different.

Without verbally responding I looked into his eyes as he continued.

“I got mad love for you, KK. At first, I wanted more than a friendship but then our bond as friends continued to get stronger and stronger. Once you had me all the way friend zoned, I dismissed any thoughts about taking things to another level with you. Now that I’m leaving, I’m glad we didn’t take things there cause I wouldn’t want anything changing the friendship we have.”

I wanted to say ‘but leaving to go to another state won’t’, but I didn’t because again, this was a dream for Darius. Just like he had always supported me, I intended on supporting him also, even if it meant dealing with losing my best friend. It was the least I could do.

“Why you keep staring at me like that?”

“You beautiful as fuck, KK. It’s all over your face you not good tho. I wish there was a way you could come with me. Ion feel right leaving you behind like this.”

“Ion wanna live in hot ass Georgia. I’m good right here in the Midwest, sir.” I chuckled.

I’d never been to Georgia, nor have I thought to ever want to go; yet at the same time I wasn’t opposed to it forreal. Trust and believe if there were a way that I could leave with him I would, but I couldn’t.

We sat in silence for a few seconds before Darius said anything.

“Why you so quiet?”

“Ion know, just thinking.” I replied.

“About?”

I shrugged my shoulders then unexpectedly, out of nowhere, I did the one thing I never would’ve thought I would’ve done. I leaned in and Darius leaned forward, meeting me halfway then the next thing I knew we started kissing. Like, really, really, kissing and when our tongues intertwined it sent me into a mental space that I’d never felt for him before. Getting up without breaking our lip lock, I straddled his lap, and he started moaning and grinding against me. Things were moving so fast, yet it still felt like slow motion at the same time. When he slid his hand up my shirt then exposed one of my nipples, I let out a soft moan.

It felt like I was dreaming, my mind was hollering, “girl what in the fuck is y’all doing” and my body was saying, “more bitch, more! Let’s see what this nigga

working with might as well he moving away anyway.”

Part of me wanted to stop but the other part of me wouldn't allow it. Thinking about it, things between us wouldn't be awkward cause he'd be long gone soon, so I might as well go for it. I'd rather give myself to someone that I knew for a fact loved me versus someone who just wanted to hurt and take advantage of me because they felt they could and for control.

Darius and I had never ever crossed this line but if Darius was down then fuck it, I was too. Maybe having sex would help get my mind off of the idiots I have to live with, even if it was just for a few minutes.

Breaking our French kiss, Darius began to suck on my breast, paying close attention to my nipple, occasionally flickering his tongue against my hardened nipple. It was causing my body to respond in a way that I never felt. It was like I was losing control of ability to think straight. No one had ever done anything like this to me nor made me feel this good to want to desire more. I could've gotten locked in this moment with Darius for forever, but I knew that wasn't being realistic.

The bravery that engulfed me came out of nowhere and before I knew it, I was unbuckling his belt like I knew what I was doing. After I unbuttoned his jeans, he unzipped them then shimmied under me so that he could bring his pants down a little, exposing his briefs and very hard, very big penis.

Next, he moved on to my leggings and started tugging on the back of them. He slid his hands in the back and grabbed my butt. I raised up a little so that I could slide them off, leaving only my panties and top on.

“Kimberly, you sure you want this? I won't be mad if you don't.”

Darius always called me KK; he only called me Kimberly when he was being very

serious about something. The fact that he was concerned about my mental before going there with me, when I knew how much he liked to have sex with girls meant a lot to me. That let me know that he wasn't trying to take advantage and that he really cared.

"I promise." I kissed his lips. "I'm very sure."

I didn't want to talk about it or put too much thought into it, so I removed my top and bra, exposing my bare chest then helped Darius out of his shirt. I wanted to show him that I was down with it so he wouldn't change his mind. This was a new energy stirring between the both of us. I started rubbing on his erection and I could feel precum ooze through his underwear. I had never done anything like that before, however, I'd be lying if I said I wasn't curious about it from watching porn. It didn't help that I lived in a home where the adults had no issue being loud and dramatic whenever they had sex. It piqued my curiosity because it was exposed to me.

Darius was moaning and so was I. I couldn't believe how turned on I was, and how good he was making me feel. I was so wrapped up in anticipating what it would feel like with him inside of me that I didn't think whether it would hurt or not. I expected him to thrust inside of me from underneath, but instead he flipped me onto my back on his bed, removed my panties, then dove headfirst in my lower lips, causing a sound I'd never heard before to erupt from me.

"Ohhh my Goddd!" I moaned between biting my bottom lip. "Ww...ww...what are you doing to mee," I moaned as my eyes rolled to the back of my head.

"Relax, let that shit out, KK." Darius sounded so tantalizing and hypnotizing there was no way that I wasn't in a sexual trance. He had snatched my soul through my yoni and wrapped his soft lips around it. This must have been what Keyshia Cole meant by take me away.

I'd never had sex before nor had I ever had oral. The most a guy has ever done was finger me and kiss on my neck and I only let that happen a good two times cause the guy I was with wanted to have sex, but I wasn't ready for all that. I didn't even let him get me to the point of having an orgasm, so I had no clue what to look forward to with Darius. That was the summer after my freshman year of high school and since then I haven't really had any "boyfriends". The last thing I wanted was to introduce anyone else to my toxic life and the people in it.

Darius clearly had done this before because any doubt or concerns I may have had all disappeared and all I could focus on was how sensual the moment was and how passionate he was handling me. Out of nowhere this sensation started to build from deep within and just as I took a deep breath, a bolt of the most intense pleasure shot through my whole body down to my private area that was followed by a strong release from all the tension I was holding in.

"Let me get a rubber."

When Darius stood up, his penis was standing at full attention. I watched as he slid the condom down his shaft with ease then repositioned himself between my legs.

"You've done this before, right?" I shook my head no, because I felt a lil embarrassed and inexperienced. "Word! You sure you good then?"

"Please, Darius, put it in. Just be gentle if you can," I requested cause the size he was working with looked like a lot to stuff into a small space.

"I can't promise it won't hurt at first, but I'ma be as gentle as I can. Thank you, KK."

Darius was staring into my eyes with so much passion as I stared back in to his with no doubts about my decision.

“Thanks for?” I asked with a confused expression.

“Letting me be your first.”

We started kissing again as he worked his tip at my opening. I wrapped my arms around his neck and took his tongue into my mouth. I could taste the essence from my juices on his lips and tongue and surprisingly, I wasn't feeling grossed out. In fact, I was so turned on and wet that he was able to thrust the whole tip and a little bit of his shaft into me, causing me to instantly tense up and yelp out in pain mixed with pleasure. I wrapped both of my legs around his back then interlocked them by my ankles to soothe the throb between my legs.

“Relax, look in my eyes. I gotchu you KK. You know I'll never hurt you.”

Our eyes locked again as he repositioned himself at my opening again. After slowly pumping in and out of me, my vagina naturally opened wider to receive more of his inches. Inch by inch, once he was balls deep in, his eyes rolled to the back of his head, and we both let out a whimper.

No music, no TV playing, just the sounds of Darius making me into a woman at seventeen. Once I was adjusted to his size and my body was fully relaxed, he started thrusting harder, then he grabbed my legs and put them on his shoulders. The angle he was in was way more intense than before. I could feel every inch of him work my ass out and I did my best to thrust back in tune with his movements.

Darius lowered his body onto mine and nestled his face in my neck as he grabbed my shoulders and vigorously thrust inside of me. A couple of times he slid out of me and almost went into the wrong hole. I felt his body lock except for his hips then he started pumping harder and faster with so much intensity that felt so good I couldn't do anything but wail out in pleasure. It's crazy but the same sounds coming from me and Darius reminded me of my mom and Todd when they would have sex.

Seconds later, my walls started contracting again and Darius nutted at the same time I came. He then switched condoms and continued to grind inside of me as I closed my eyes and enjoyed the wave of sensations coursing through me while my next orgasm began to build up. I had no idea that sex felt this amazing, no wonder why that's all some people could think about. The whole time his phone kept ringing, but he ignored it, so I did the same. But then his doorbell started ringing causing my heart to jump.

“Fuck that door. You feel so fuckin’ good. I’m not stopping. I love y?—”

Before Darius could finish, we were interrupted by someone knocking on his bedroom window, bringing us both back to reality and taking us out of our lovemaking session for sure. In all the times that I’d been over to his house, no one had ever knocked on his window. I always thought that was our thing.

“The FUCK!” He huffed, sliding out of me then quickly putting on a pair of basketball shorts.

He snatched the condom off and tossed it to the floor and I quickly got dressed, my little coochie was dripping wet and throbbing for more, but I didn’t have time to clean myself off and it looked like we were done. Thankfully he had a curtain but if he pulled it back, I didn’t want whoever it was to see me naked in his bed, so my main concern was to hurry up and get dressed.

“I promise if it’s that nigga I’m beatin’ that ass.” Darius fussed then looked over at me and saw that I was dressed. Then he stormed over to the window and peeked out. “Man, what the fuck! Take yo ass to the fuckin’ front!” He hollered.

“Come to the door then nigga!” I heard a female scream and instantly the feeling of regret started to seep in.

I should've known better than to let Darius, of all people, break my virginity. At the same time, I could care less about anyone he was messing with. I still felt that I'd rather give it to him than anyone else cause I knew what it was with him and all them girls all along. Now I needed to find a way to process these new feelings I'd developed for him cause it was like they all came to surface once he told me he was moving away. All I know was whatever these feelings were, I needed to get them in check and fast.

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:42 pm

DARIUS

When I pulled the curtain back, I was not expecting to see Janiece's ass standing there at my bedroom window...that shit instantly set me off. I couldn't believe that I had just smashed the homie and now this broad had the audacity to pop up at the most fucked up time and ruin me and KK's moment. A very special moment that at our tender age she allowed me to be a part of. Not only was I about to bust another big one but now how was I going to fix this shit with KK? The last thing I wanted to do was fuck up our friendship and the way this shit was looking had me looking real flaw. I wanted KK bad, but I was serious when I said I wouldn't have been mad if she didn't want to have sex.

When she was adamant though I said fuck it and went for it and now look. Now, I was feeling like I should've been the stronger one and held back. Just from the look on KK's face I could tell she was pissed with me.

"Who is that?"

"Janiece crazy ass. I'm 'bout to check this broad tho. I'll be back."

I raced up the stairs two at a time then headed straight for the front door with a mug so foul it wouldn't have to be any words exchanged once Janiece saw my face. She had never, ever just popped up at my crib; she knew better than that. But when I snatched the door open that heffa was standing there looking delicious and ready to fuck.

The way my sex drive was set up, even though I had just slept with KK, I could've

banged the shit out of Janiece's ass under different circumstances, but I couldn't even be on that. Me being KK's first hit different and us having sex, even if it was a one and done thing, meant way more to me to move like that. Believe it or not, being KK's first was something that I would always cherish that she trusted with giving to me.

"The fuck possessed you to pop yo big head ass up here looking like that! What if my moms was home?! You know I don't play this shit! The fuck wrong wit yo ass!!"

"You wouldn't answer the phone or any of my texts. I feel like you hung up in face for another female. I know I heard a female in the background before you hung up on me."

"If I was fucking, that ain't yo pressure so what you crashin' like this for?"

"I'm not crashing shit, you just playing games, Darius."

"When!? It's always been what it is. You foul as fuck, making a scene and all. Yo ass is definitely cancelled yo."

"Cancelled, what you mean cancelled?!" Janiece bellowed. "Cancelled how, Darius?"

Before I could snap or wrap my hands around Janiece's neck, KK walked up behind me.

"Excuse me." KK smirked, then brushed pasted me and pushed Janiece on her way out the front door because Janiece stood there like she wasn't about to move out of the way.

I glanced at Janiece, and she looked like she was about to snap but I gave her a look like I wish she would.

“You already fucked up. Fuck around if you want.” I jeered. “Aye, KK!” I hollered, turning my attention to KK’s backside. “Hold up!”

I called out to her a few more times but she just kept walking, not acknowledging me.

“Wow, I knew I was right. Y’all asses is fuckin’! You half-dressed and shit. Yep, I knew it! Have y’all been fuckin’ all along?” Janiece shouted, pointing her finger at my face.

She started sniffing like she was trying to smell the essence of sex off of me. This shit was a mad turn off and made her look weak as fuck.

“Man, gon’ on.”

“It’s true ain’t it?”

“Take yo ass on.”

It took everything in me to be calm. I wanted to snap her fucking head off but any run in with the law meant goodbye to my football scholarship and nothing I could think of was worth that. I put in way too much hard work to be the athlete that I am. I didn’t give a damn what Janiece thought; long as she thought it as she took her ass on, I was good.

“Answer me, Darius, then I’ll leave.”

“I ain’t answerin’ shit. Gon’ the fuck ON!” I shouted. “You want me to snap out, you like that type of action.”

“So, you not gon’ answer me?”

“Hell nah. Last time I’m a say take your dingy ass on. You mad disrespectful for poppin’ up at my shit.”

KK was long gone, and Janiece just wouldn’t leave. She was wearing a small ass jean skirt with a crop top. Half her ass was hanging out the bottom of her skirt. She lifted one of her breast and exposed her nipple to me. Any one of my neighbors could’ve seen her but she didn’t care cause next to pussy, I loved titties, and I know she knew that. Any female I ever got down with knew I was a titty man.

“Take me to your room and choke and fuck me with yo big dick. Prove to me you didn’t just fuck that young ass girl.”

“Not too heavy on her.” I took a step and almost grabbed her, but I caught myself. “I ain’t gotta prove shit. Whether I fucked or not my dick still gon’ get hard as fuck. You know that.”

“So, what’s up then? I’m not really trippin’ bout what y’all was on. I just want the dick.”

“Bye Janiece.” I jeered, attempting to shut the door, but she blocked me by putting her foot in the way.

“Remember you said that shit, Darius. On everything I love you better remember this shit!” Janiece stormed off.

As mad as she had made me, I couldn’t do anything but laugh cause she would be calling me before I called her. And if not, fuck her and her pussy, it was plenty more and from what I just experienced, better pussy out there. Fuck Janiece and her weird ass bullshit.

After Janiece left, I made myself another sandwich then went into my room to call

KK. Todd and Rochelle had cell phones, so they never answered the house phone. The only landline phone in the house was the one in KK's room. I finished my food, took a shower then got dressed. I called her once more, but she didn't answer. I felt like a complete and total jerk. Doing something I'd never done, instead of changing my sheets, I got back in bed and fell asleep to the scent and memories of me and KK's special moment.

Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:42 pm

KIMBERLY “KK”

When Shit Changed...

I didn't know if I should be heart broken or over the moon about my first sexual experience. The only thing I regretted was the fact that I would've put off having sex a lil longer but being that I always felt safe with Darius, a feeling came over me and I just went with it. Was I curious about sex, of course, so this was looking like my opportunity. Everyone always said that you know when the time is right cause you just know, well, this was that for me. It's not that he rushed me or even asked for it. This was something I wanted so my unexperienced, young ass initiated it, and it was more so because he was moving away.

Was Darius friend zoned? Absolutely but I'd be lying if I said I was never curious or attracted to him. He was fine and all, but we worked better as friends because he was what females would call a toxic nigga. Fine, smart, athletic build and about all that in bed.

Now I saw why females acted like plum nuts over him and what was crazy was he could really care less about them and that still didn't matter to them. Look at Janiece, for as long as I've known him, he would never have a female come by when I was there. Not because we were up to no good but mainly because most females couldn't handle our friendship. Darius wasn't one for drama and from how pissed off he was I could tell that Janiece was the one on some bullshit.

That's the reason why I left. When I say I had my own mess and chaos to deal with at home, the very last thing I needed was to be fighting or at it with a female over my

best friend. Females were crazy about Darius, and I guess now I was like one of them. I was crazy enough to allow myself to get emotionally, and now physically, in love with him and just like my dad, he was planning on leaving. Darius should've been my last choice to give my virginity too but at the same time a feeling that made me feel every bit of the opposite hit me strong and out of nowhere. It was weird and I didn't have any regrets if I was being honest.

I'll never regret or forget my first time now because he handled me with care every step of the way even down to being concerned about making sure I was ready or not. I'd heard all types of horror stories about some people not having a choice about who their first was. I feared that Todd would sneak in my room and snatch my virginity soon just from how he'd been acting lately. Now I didn't have that worry because Todd could never take that from me.

I knew that if I told Darius, he would either stay or figure out a way for me to go with him. Which wouldn't work because I was a minor. I didn't want to steal his joy, and if we ended up losing touch after he left then the most I could say was he would always hold a special part of my heart because he was my first and a very dear friend to me. He set the tone for what I should expect and how I should be treated before I really got started.

Making it home as soon as I walked inside, I felt sick to my stomach. All the lights were off except for the hallway light so I already knew what that meant; it was going to be a long night. My mom and Todd were in their bedroom having sex which brought my attention to the sticky feeling between my legs.

As I stood in the shower, I could hear my mom and Todd having sex, and as much as it disgusted me to hear them, I couldn't help but to think about the sex I'd just had with Darius. I ran my hands down my body as I fantasized 'bout how sensual and intimate I felt. My lower lips began to throb as I placed my hand on my opening. It was no match to the sensation I felt when Darius was French kissing my vagina but

the sensation from my fingers against my swollen clit was a steady runner up. As I slowly rubbed against my nub I mentally went back to Darius' bed. The same bed that he was probably now fucking Janiece in.

Shaking those thoughts from my mind, I focused back on me and Darius and what it felt like when his thrusts went from being painful to beyond satisfying and unforgettable. I continued to rub until a softer, not so intense version of the surge of pleasure I felt earlier with Darius returned and I felt my vaginal walls flutter.

“Whew! Gosh, stay with it Kim girl.” I coached myself as I regained my composure because I almost slipped and bust my ass in the shower.

I finished washing off then dried off and wrapped up in my bathrobe. I scurried toward my room; on the way I could hear Todd and my mom talking, and it sounded like he was close to their bedroom door. I damn near floated to my room to keep from seeing him.

While I got dressed, I stood in front of my floor-length mirror to see if it was visually obvious that I was no longer a virgin. At first look no, but as I studied all of my curves and body parts I noticed that Darius put a couple of small but dark hickeys on both of my breasts near my nipples. Running my hand across the passion marks made my lower walls contract at the thought of Darius' sensually sucking on them. Whoever taught him how to kiss on a female's chest taught him well because he did it so erotically, I know for a fact he could make me cum from doing it. Hell, sucking on my breasts and neck was what put me in a sexual trance.

I couldn't help but to blush and I'd be lying if I said I wouldn't do it again with Darius, yet I also knew that was out of the question. I felt super relaxed and exhausted at the same time all I needed was to put some food on my stomach and to fix myself a big cup of iced water.

Once I was dressed, I went into the kitchen and made a cup of shrimp flavored ramen in the microwave. Once the noodles were done, I put a lil butter and hot sauce in them then went to work. While I was eating my mom came into the kitchen looking at me all weird.

“Where you been Kimmie?”

“I was at the park reading.”

“Hmph, reading at the park, huh. You couldn’t just read in your room?”

“I needed some air.”

“What’s that on your neck?”

“Ion know. You might be talking about the mosquito bite I was scratching. I rubbed some alcohol on it, and it was red and puffy.”

I was lying through my teeth and my mom was looking at me like she knew I was full of shit, but she didn’t question me for some reason.

“Is there something you wanna tell me?”

“Something like what, ma?” I asked praying that she would just leave me alone so that I could go back to my room before her man surfaced.

“Like is there anything you need to tell me or talk to me about? You been acting distant, and I feel like it’s more than just period hormones.”

“Well, to be honest, there is something.”

“Okay, what is it?” My mom asked as she sat in the chair across the table from me.

“It’s Todd.”

“What about Todd?”

“Lately he has been making me feel very uncomfortable. He be saying and doing the most. Like earlier, I left because he was?—”

Before I could finish Todd’s ass came staggering into the kitchen.

“Todd what? I ain’t done shit but make my ole lady feel like a Queen.” He huffed as he walked over to the fridge and yanked a bottle of Rolling Rock off the door.

I looked at my mom with pleading eyes to not say anything. I wanted the conversation to be kept between she and I, and thankfully she didn’t.

“Moving forward Kimmie, get permission instead of just leaving. It looks like you trying to sneak around. I get you’ll be eighteen soon but long as you living here and we taking care of you, you have to be respectful. You not grown; you can’t just up and leave out whenever you feel like it. I get Todd be on yo ass sometimes because he needs to be. That’s no excuse for you to just up and leave the house and not say shit to one of us.”

I wasn’t sure if she was saying that because she had completely missed the whole point of my conversation or was she just putting on for Todd to keep his nosy ass out of our conversation.

“I wasn’t sneaking, ma. Y’all was ducked off in the room so I didn’t say anything. You always say when the door is closed if it’s not an emergency don’t come knocking. So, I respected what you say.”

“Well, something could’ve happened to you, and we wouldn’t know where you are or have a way to reach you,” my mom responded.

“If I had my cell phone this conversation wouldn’t even be happening right now. What seventeen-year-old don’t have a phone in this day and age?!” I huffed, feeling aggravated and harassed.

“Ain’t going to happen!” Todd boasted.

All I could do was roll my eyes and scarf down the rest of my noodles.

“I’ll be right back. I’m ‘bout to go pick up dinner.”

“Can I ride with you?”

“Since you was out all day you need to stay home and do your laundry.” Todd smirked then kissed my mom on the forehead.

I quickly started cleaning the kitchen so that I could lock myself up in my room cause that meant I had to be alone with Todd. I finished cleaning my mess and just as I was about to go into my room, my mom told me to make sure I started my laundry. As she left, I went into my room and gathered all of my dirty clothes. One my way to the laundry room I stopped in the bathroom and grabbed my dirty towels then headed to the laundry room.

Just as I was finished loading the washer I turned to go back to my room and bumped into Todd who was standing behind me like a creep smoking on a cigarette. He was wearing a wife beater and lounge pants and standing there staring at me, making me feel beyond uncomfortable.

I prayed that he would either leave and go to lay up with Darius mom or was too tired

from just banging my mom to bother me. Yet, when he wouldn't move out of my way, I knew in my heart tonight was going to be the night I was going to have to stab his ass.

"Tell the truth, yo fast ass wasn't at the park was you?"

"I on have a reason to lie," I rebutted, trying to step around him, but he moved in front of me.

"I went to the park, you weren't there. I know you was with that boy. If you don't want me to tell your mom, then tell me what was you about to tell her? Something about I make you feel uncomfortable?"

"I on know what you talkin' about."

"Yeah, you know. Is that a hickey on your neck?" Todd shouted. He grabbed my arm and pulled me toward him then took a closer look at my neck. "Yep! That's a muthafuckin' hickey."

"No, it's not!"

"You think a muthafucka dumb? Where else you was letting him suck, lil hot in the pants ass?" He pulled the bottom of my shirt up and exposed my breasts for all of maybe two seconds before I snatched away from him.

"Keep yo hands off me!"

"Nah, fuck that, let me see. If ain't shit there it shouldn't matter."

"It matters because either way I'm not showing you my chest. Leave me alone. Nothing is there. What are you even talking about?!"

“Oh, you gon’ show me them titties and more if I tell you too, goddamn it! I got something for your ass.” Todd groped my breasts then groped my crotch. “Only one way for me to know if you been fucking. I peeped yo lil hot ass came straight in the house and right for the shower. If the nigga nutted in you a shower not gone do shit for all the nut that’s way up in there.”

“I took a shower because I was in the park! Now move!” I shouted, trying to rush past him, but he wouldn’t let me. “Get away from me for real, I’m not playin’ wit you!” I cried as my heart hammered in my chest.

He pinned me against the counter next to the sink in the laundry room and stuffed his hand into the front of my pajama pants and just as his finger was about to invade my private spot, I stomped down on his foot like I was trying to kill a king cockroach then kneed him in the dick as if I was a majorette.

“Keep yo fuckin’ hands off me! I will call the law, try me again!” I shouted.

Todd was doubled over, whining in pain as I sprinted to my bedroom. I closed the door, and my phone started ringing. When I saw that it was Darius I quickly answered.

“They saw the hickey on my neck!” I huffed into the phone.

“Oh fuck! Damn, man, I didn’t mean to do that.”

“It’s whatever!” I responded.

“I didn’t think you was gon’ answer.”

“I could care less about your woes. I got other shit more pressin’.”

“Open this muthafuckin’ door, girl!” Todd bellowed as he pounded on my bedroom door.

“Aye, what the fuck goin’ on? You good, KK?”

“No, he tripping bad about the hickey and he—” I paused for a few seconds.

“HE what? HE WHAT?” Darius shouted.

I could hear Darius scrambling around.

“He saw the ones on my chest. He tried sticking his finger to see if you nutted in me.” I softly mumbled as I broke down crying.

“He what?! Da Fuck!? You told them we fucked?”

“No, but they not stupid, apparently.”

“Yo moms there?”

“Nope.”

“OPEN THIS DOOR!!” Todd bellowed, kicking and pounding on my door.

“Ah hell nah, why she leave you with that nigga?! I’m on my muthafuckin’ way.”

“I’m not playin’, open this damn door!” Todd continued to shout. Now it sounded like he was about to break in.

“Please hurry, Dar?—”

Was all I could get out before Todd crashed into my room and snatched my phone from me.

“Gimme this gotdamn phone!”

He snatched my phone from my hand and tossed it across the room then picked me up and threw me down on my bed.

“Stop!” I yelled.

“You don’ fucked up now!” Todd sneered.

Keeping his PJ bottoms on he whipped his dick out and it was short and fat.

“Get out of my room!” I hollered because that was the only thing I could think to say or do. “Leave me alone! Get away from me and get OUTTT!!!!” I screamed as he got on top of me, and we started tussling.

“You wanna talk back, be fast! I got something for that ass. I been waiting a loooooonng muthafuckin’ time for this day to come.”

If he thought that he was going to come and just take my goods he had another thing coming. I put up a fight for my life for what felt like an eternity before Todd was airlifted off me.

Once it registered what was going on I realized that Darius had climbed through my bedroom window and was now tagging Todd’s ass.

“Get off of him you crazy ass boy!” My mom was screaming in my bedroom doorway as I sat, frozen in place on my bed. “I’m calling the police got damn it!”

Todd was fighting back but Darius was too much for him to handle. For a senior in high school, he was bigger than average in size. Darius even wrestled in the off season from football throughout all his high school years, so he was in shape and had more wind than Todd.

“This shit all yo damn fault!” My mom sneered as she ran up on me and pointed in my face. “Hello 911, get y’all damn asses here fast. My daughter’s lil boyfriend is jumping on my husband in our home and I’mma shoot him dead if y’all don’t hurry up!”

Hearing my mom say she would shoot Darius pumped a fear through me I had only felt once before in my life and that was moments after Todd barged into my room earlier.

Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:42 pm

ROCHELLE “KK’S MOM”

My head felt like it was going to spin off my shoulders. My life was spiraling out of control right before my eyes, but this was small shit to a giant. This wasn’t the first time my world had fallen apart.

When Kimmie asked if she could ride with me, I almost started to let her but then I remembered I had to stop by Scrap’s to get a pack. Thanks to Todd, he had gotten me hooked on smoking weed something real bad. Todd smoked weed and tooted powder occasionally but that was because he was going through a rough time. He was recently laid off from his job and I could tell that mentally it was beginning to take a toll on him. I was the breadwinner for the house at the moment and his constant excuse for flying off the handle was because his manhood was affected by him not working.

When Kimmie said that Todd was making her feel uncomfortable I understood where she was coming from. That confirmed that she had noticed the recent change in his behavior. Him being in between jobs at the moment wasn’t her concern. He was rapidly depleting his savings but yet and still contributing, even if it wasn’t very much. All Kimmie needed to focus on was doing good in school so that she could graduate and not get pregnant...simple shit.

As for Todd though, I truly felt the cocaine took away from who he used to be. He was changing into a more dramatic, erratic version of himself. He already had a low tolerance and was quick to snap but now it was on a whole other level.

I needed to figure out a way to explain to Kimmie what was going on with Todd

without telling her too much. She was still a child to me so certain things that pertained to me and Todd needed to stay off limits to her.

“My daughter’s lil boyfriend is jumping on my husband in our home and I’m a shoot him dead if y’all don’t hurry up!” I shouted as loud as I could.

I wanted the police and the entire neighborhood to hear what was going on. When I walked into the house I never in a million years would’ve ever thought this shit would be going on. Why was Darius here and why was he fighting my husband? I had heard rumors about Todd and Darius’s mom, but I was never shown any proof or seen any.

Darius was beating the shit out of Todd and Kimmie was just standing there crying looking like she was a deer caught in headlights in shock and terrified at the same time. I couldn’t wrap my mind around any of this. All I know was all I saw was red.

“I just asked if y’all was messing around, lil girl, and what did you tell me, damn it?!” I bellowed as I walked up to Kimmie.

“Darius, please stop!” Kimmie cried as she tried to pry her friend and Todd apart, ignoring my question.

“Don’t even worry about it. I got his ass. If I kill him, it’ll be all your fault!” I jeered as I stormed out of her bedroom and into mine.

Heading straight for my nightstand I grabbed my loaded .22 Ruger then rushed back to Kimmie’s room.

“Darius, she has a gun!” Kimmie pleaded.

Todd was lying on the ground a bloody mess and Kimmie was holding Darius in a

bear hug. He and I were having a stare-down until the police arrived.

“Yeah, I called the law! Who the hell do you think you are coming up in here putting hands on people. Kimmie, this all your fault. We told you this boy was trouble and now look!” I snapped, grilling Darius as he grilled me back.

“Ma, what are you doing?! Put the gun down, you don’t even know the whole story.” Kimmie cried as our doorbell started ringing.

“Why is he here then? What beef you got with my husband?” I jeered at Darius, but he didn’t say anything.

“Police!”

Todd scrambled to get off the floor, “I’ll get it.”

“Bitch ass nigga.” Darius mumbled.

“What was that?” I asked, gun still pointed.

“Ma, please, put the gun down.” Kimmie cried. “He was only trying to help me.”

“How was he helping you in my house? Who told you he could come over?” I fussed but Kimmie never got the chance to respond.

Seconds later two officers walked into the bedroom. Long story short, when Todd told his version and said that he caught Darius sneaking in Kimmie’s bedroom and they got to fighting I was furious. But, when Kimmie told her story, I fell to my knees in despair and was at a crossroads on who to believe. Too much was happening at the same time, and I couldn’t think straight.

“I was on the phone and this nigga was attacking Kimmie!” Darius shouted, still staring me down with venom in his eyes.

“Attack how?” I asked but Darius ignored me.

“I came and stood on business. Something her mommy who lives right under the same roof with this pedophile shoulda been doing. Mrs. Rochelle, no disrespect but you had every opportunity to make sure KK was safe yet right under your coked out nose, your daughter was prey to yo nigga. The women around the neighborhood just wasn’t enough for him, nigga want yo daughter too.”

“Darius please,” Kimmie interrupted, but he wasn’t backing down.

“Nah, KK, fuck them bozos! She left you in a house with a fuckin’ pedophile on some selfish shit! Then gon’ stand down on me like I’m the problem.”

“Bozos?!” Todd huffed with a dose of energy. “This the shit I’m talkin’ ‘bout, officers. You see what I mean?”

“Both of y’all calm down so we can get to the bottom of this.” The male officer spoke up.

“They both lying! I caught him sneaking in her window and yeah, I snapped but that’s my right. Earlier she pranced her ass up in here with a hickey on her neck. Now he sneaking in my window but I’m a pedophile?! You tell me officer, was I wrong for protecting my family? Is my wife who walked in on this mayhem wrong for protecting her family?”

“They need protecting from yo ass if anybody!” Darius shouted.

The police arrested Darius, the whole time Kimmie pleaded with them to let him go.

“He doesn’t deserve to get in trouble. He was just protecting me. I’m not lying!”

One of the officers asked Kimmie to write a statement about what happened, and I snapped.

“She not about to write a goddamn thing! She a minor and until we speak with a lawyer, tah hell with your statement!” I spat.

“Ma’am, with all due respect, your husband allegedly violated your teenage daughter.”

“Who lied about a damn hickey being a mosquito bite not even an hour before alleged hickey giver is caught sneaking in her bedroom window!” I chuckled. “Do you have any kids, officers, in particular teenagers?”

“None of that matters, ma’am,” the female officer spoke up. “It’s not up to you whether your daughter who is a minor, speaks to us or writes a statement for us or not.”

“Long as she is in my house, I guarantee you it is.” I shot back.

“Obstructing a police investigation, humph, unless you wanna go to jail with your husband tonight, I suggest you stand down.” The female officer shot back with venom.

The male officer gave the female officer a look that I wasn’t able to read. I didn’t want to end up getting cuffed, so I decided to tone it down just a bit.

“Kimmie, you know what to do.” I smirked, giving her a, you better not try it look.

Kimmie wrote a statement and the only reason why she wasn’t taken out of the house

was because Todd didn't penetrate her. She said he tried to put a finger inside her so a rape kit wasn't necessary because a full sexual assault didn't happen or could be proven. Kimmie was adamant on the no sexual penetration and told the police that she was not going to do a rape kit either way.

The female officer had a hard on to up her arrest numbers for the day, so she still felt it was necessary to arrest Todd. The fact that Kimmie did state that he made her feel uncomfortable, and was groping on her and didn't want to be around him, the only way to get him out of the house was to arrest him. Either that, or they would have to remove Kimmie from the home; however, whichever way we worked it out, Kimmie and Todd couldn't be around each other.

I'd never seen Todd touch my daughter inappropriately outside of him whooping her ass. When that happened that was something she caused and ass whoopings in my opinion were a sign of discipline not abuse. That was the way I was raised and the way I raised Kimmie. Granted, that didn't mean we beat on her because overall for the most part Kimmie was a good kid. But lately, between her and Todd they both were about to drive me insane with all their emotional, dramatic antics.

"You better hope I don't have to come back and arrest you." The female officer smirked.

Kimmie also told them about her father. She only knew his name, Karl Kendall. While they looked into her dad, I was tasked with proving that I was a mom before I was a wife. I was fine with that, but what I wasn't cool with was for someone to be charged for or get in trouble for something they didn't do. Especially something so serious like touching on and violating a minor.

Once Todd bonded out, if he came around and Kimmie lives here, regardless of whether this was his house or not, as long as I am aware I would be held in contempt and arrested and that was some bullshit if you asked me. But Kimmie was a minor

and the state had the obligation to be able to automatically put in an order of protection in place.

The female officer told Kimmie that she was going to check into the information regarding her dad, and in the meantime, she was given a number to call in the event she felt “unsafe” again. It was all bullshit if you asked me.

Once the officers left, I marched into Kimmie’s room and found her curled on her bed crying.

“I on know why you crying. And another thing, I’m not going to jail for you, Todd, or no damn body. If them people feel like I can’t keep you safe cause you want to paint that picture to them just know next stop, they taking yo ass out the house. You accusing Todd of touching on you but don’t want to be examined cause you been in bed with that boy! You think I’m stupid, Kimmie, but I was your age once just young and dumb over a boy. But defaming Todd’s integrity as a man is an all-time low! Now he sitting in jail and something like this on his name could ruin his reputation forever.”

“I didn’t lie about anything and in due time, you will see that. The things I did lie about, I came clean on and admitted my fault. But you getting Darius arrested for protecting me and pulling a gun on him was just wrong! I hope they find my dad and he comes snatch me out of here. You’ll see for yourself if you don’t know already that Todd is not right in the head. I hate it here!”

Slap!

“You hit me!” Kimmie screamed.

“I damn sho’ did and I’ll do it again if you don’t lower your damn voice! I get you mad about your lil boyfriend?—”

“He’s not my boyfriend!” Kimmie cut me off.

“Whatever Kimmie, there you go lying again! But I get it now. I see what this is all about.” I smirked, shaking my head now, gaining much clarity about what just happened. “You think causing all this bullshit gon’ get you taken out of here cause you want to live with your dad. Nah, baby girl, they gon’ take you to a boarding house with a bunch of homeless kids til you turn eighteen and that’s if you even survive an environment like that. Yo daddy don’t want to be bothered but that’s some shit you just gon’ have to see for yourself.”

“I’ll run away before I let anyone take me anywhere.”

“Living in the streets you have a better chance at cause yo dad not about to give you no shoulder to cry on. If he was on that, he would’ve been coming by and checking for you. I don’t do well with liars, Kimmie. How am I supposed to believe a liar?”

“I’m not a liar, ma. Todd is tho.” Soon as the words let Kimmie’s mouth, I slapped her across the face again. “If he wasn’t in here trying to touch on me, Darius wouldn’t have ever come over here. I tried to tell you earlier, but you wasn’t trying to hear me. Darius didn’t break in, like I said, I was on the phone with him. Phone records can be checked but breaking in a window with no cameras can’t. I’m sorry for lying about talking to Darius. Now he is going to hate me forever because of you!”

“Because of me!? How dare you! What about the hickey?! Girl, save it.” I smirked. “Yeah, you let that boy fuck on you. Got you up in here doing the most. The difference between you and him and me and Todd is, we’re married. We real grown round here, Kimmie. You can’t go round saying shit like that about people just cause you feeling emotional! You lucky I just slapped you and not tagged yo ass like I really want too! Seventeen fuckin’ years old and you fuckin’! You better hope yo ass not pregnant.”

I stormed out of my daughter's room and all I can say is that I wish I would've just stopped for a minute and really listened to Kimmie before all of this mess took place. Part of me felt like she was telling the truth and another part of me wanted and prayed to believe that she was lying and covering up her sneaking around with that damn boy. Both theories were very plausible. If it was true that Todd was trying to touch on my daughter tho, I was going to kill his ass dead myself!

I was hard on Kimmie because I loved her. I didn't want her falling in love with a man and giving him her body just so he would do her wrong like her father did me. I wanted her to see raw and uncut how much damage that shit caused. This shit with Todd though had me twisted. I would admit that part of me was with him because he was what was best for me and Kimmie when I first left her dad, especially because I had to start over. Was Todd perfect, no, but no man was. The fact that he stepped up and took me and Kimmie in without so much as a blink of an eye made me feel like he was a stand-up man.

Did he have anger problems, yeah sometimes, but hell so did I. I never thought that any of this would lead to him getting locked up for trying to violate my daughter. Hearing that rocked me and I really didn't know what to do with that information.

Kimmie asking if the police would take her to her dad really made me feel like she was saying all of those disparaging things about Todd as a way to leave and get to her dad. That's what made me feel like she wasn't telling the truth. That's what really infuriated me.

Kimmie was hell bent on having her dad in her life and for the life of me I just didn't understand it. I cheated and then left Kimmie's dad, Karl, to be with Todd and I only did it because I realized I had no choice but to move on from Karl. Karl hurt my heart real bad, and one thing my momma always taught me was to never love a man more than he loves you.

I know Kimmie resented me for shutting her dad out of her life, but he was only going to hurt her heart just like he had done mine. He didn't want a family, but Kimmie was too young to understand that. Me leaving and moving on was my way of showing Kimmie that her dad didn't love us the way that we loved him, but I loved her enough to not give up on her. Yet still in her eyes she would still pick a man that turned his back on us over me.

Todd though, he left his wife to be with me when he didn't have to. He married me and made an honest woman out of me, something that Karl could never do; something he never wanted to do. Todd hated any and everything about Karl because he lowkey knew that my heart was still with him. Todd would sometimes treat me fucked up and take his anger out on me because he felt that I made him feel like I settled to be with him. He would get into arguments with his ex-wife then blame me and say that he walked away from his life to be with me and I'm still in love with my ex.

I did my best to tell him that he was wrong, and it wasn't true, but the truth was it was true. Now with Todd getting high, I knew he would go on these wild tangents, maybe it wouldn't be such a bad idea for Kimmie to go be with her dad. That is, if he was willing to take her on cause all he really cared about was slanging his big ole dick. It would hurt my heart to hand her over to him but Todd touching on her was something that wasn't sitting right with me. Yet, I couldn't accuse him of something I didn't have proof off. At the same time, I couldn't risk letting them be around one another again after today either.

Karl though, was very well endowed, and he had a very high sex drive to go with all his dick, which I found, as well as any other woman that had ever been with him, I'm sure, that those two things were a very lethal combination. You'd have to have no walls and base to your pussy to be able to keep up with him sexually. Cheating was a must and given for Karl because one woman could never satisfy him...ever. That was our main problem and reason for me leaving him.

He let me and Kimmie walk right out of his life. At first, he would try to come around, but Todd wasn't having it. He felt that Karl would come around and be about me and not his daughter and he wasn't about to have that. Todd was the main reason I had to cut Karl out of me and Kimmie's life. But now, she could have her dad.

I guess it was time for Kimmie to see for herself that her dad was not going to be the type of parent she was hoping he would be.

Page 8

Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:42 pm

DARIUS

A Week Later

Last week started out pretty fucking fabulous, until I got arrested for laying hands on Todd. I was only in jail for a total of six hours before I was released and the entire time, I couldn't do anything but shake my head. I legit was looking at losing my scholarship, something I worked blood, sweat, and tears for over Todd, and what's crazy is I'd do it all again for KK if I had to. That was why I respected my parents' opinions on me keeping my distance from KK's house.

According to my mom, my dad, who was a mason out of the south side of Chicago and very connected, was able to make a few calls from Georgia and basically make all this shit disappear. Todd was still in jail; and as far as I knew, my charges will never be seen or heard of again. As for KK, I hadn't talked to her since they arrested me.

I called her phone a few times, but all my calls stayed unanswered. When she wasn't at my graduation, I couldn't help but become concerned to the point that I was ready to show up at her house and risk it all, but I knew I couldn't take that chance. The conditions for my release and case being wiped away was that I had to stay away from Todd's house no matter what, and instead of waiting a few weeks I would have to leave for Georgia sooner as in tomorrow soon. My dad wanted me in Georgia before school started so that we could "catch up" and get all the weird tension out the way since we hadn't seen or really talked to one another in years so afterward I could focus on school and football.

Regardless of how risky it was though; I didn't want to leave and not get the chance to say goodbye to KK. I graduated earlier today and as happy as I was to finally be a high school graduate who crushed and defeated all odds against me, my heart was full of sorrow cause my best friend was not there.

I couldn't help but to get emotional thinking about what happened with KK and ever since I'd been worried sick about her. It didn't help that my mom didn't care for KK before my graduation, but now after the arrest she really didn't have anything nice to say about her.

"Welcome to Red Lobster, my name is Tiffany, and I will be your server today. Are you celebrating anything?"

"My son, he just graduated from Morgan Park."

"Oh awesome! Congratulations!" Tiffany shrieked, patting me on the shoulder. "I graduated from Julian last year."

"That's great!" My mom smiled. "Are you in college?"

"No, ma'am, my career path doesn't require college."

"That's a new one. I've never heard that before, I'm intrigued," my mom continued to pry, "What do you do exactly? Let me guess, you a dancer."

"Come on now momma," I shook head.

I wasn't sure if the girl knew but my mom was implying that she was an exotic dancer and that was because of how the girl looked. It was obvious she had on make-up, which wasn't an issue but not necessary for waiting tables. Her cleavage was showing, and she had on a pair of skin-tight black jeans that hugged her wide hips

and round ass just right. Tiffany was fine and she knew it and her perky attitude could be read for a female that liked to have fun.

“Oh, it’s okay,” Tiffany assured me. “But ma’am, I can dance like a professional but I’m not a pole dancer. I actually am a makeup artist, esthetician, and just became a certified masseuse.”

“Oh, you one of those people that do facials.”

“Jack of all trades ain’t cha.” I chuckled but respected her hustle.

“Something like that. Look, college ain’t for everybody and I’m not trying to rack up a big loan with the department of education. I’d rather hustle legally and be self-made, ya know. What about you handsome, I can already tell you play football or wrestle.”

“Both.”

“I knew it. You got that look.”

“While you both decide on what you would like to order, take a peek at the dessert menu, and let me know what you like. It’ll be my treat on the house as a graduation gift.”

“That’s really sweet of you, does that include his momma too? If so, I’ll take a slice of that vanilla bean cheesecake. I was gon’ order me one any way,” my mom requested.

“Of course it includes you as well.” Tiffany chuckled as she looked at me with a twinkle in her eyes. “I’ll give you both a few minutes while you overlook the menu, and I get your drinks. The restrooms are straight to the back in case you need them.”

The whole time Tiffany was looking directly at me, and I saw right through her. What waiter ever offered to tell you where the bathroom was unless you asked them. This broad thought she was slick.

Soon as she walked off my mom went in.

“That girl likes you. She seem cool, and she older than you and don’t care. That means she likes what she sees.”

“I ain’t worried ‘bout that girl.”

“But you worried about the other one that got yo crazy tail locked up. Darius, move on from KK and let it all go. Tomorrow starts a new journey for you and you sitting there looking like someone slapped you for no reason.”

“If you wasn’t smashing Todd, would you still not like KK?”

“What did you just say?”

“If you weren’t smashing?—”

“I know you a lie!” My mom cut me off. “Who you think you talking to, Darius? You might think you grown but I’m always be yo momma. Watch yo damn mouth! KK gon’ fuck around and get you cussed out on this good damn day.”

“You hate her real bad and why? What has she done to you?”

“She sneaks in my house and has sex in my shit like she the woman of the house. Ion like none of them fast tail hussies that run behind you if you really want to know the truth.”

“Now you tripping.”

“I know she be in the basement with you Darius so you saying you haven’t been having sex with her in my house?”

“Nah, just cause she come over and chill with me don’t mean we smashing. She be trying to keep away from that grimy nigga you like to let up in the crib. So now that you know he like young girls, you still gone mess with him?”

“Darius McKinley, you gon’ make me go straight upside yo head! Ion give a damn how big you are or what sport you play. You betta watch yo damn mouth. Who you think you questioning?”

My mom talked her shit a little more as I peeped Tiffany looking at me from behind my mom. She was trying to get my attention, so I played it off like I didn’t see her. She came over to our table and took our food orders.

“I’mma run to the restroom. You said it was where?” My mom asked.

“Straight to the back, ma’am. And I’ll have some hot out the oven biscuits for you by the time you get back.” Tiffany smiled.

Tiffany walked away and my mom left and went to the bathroom. Ion think she was gone longer than a couple of seconds before she was back at our table.

“You don’t remember me, do you?”

“Nah shorty, I don’t.”

“Last year, homecoming game, Morgan Park beat the brakes off Julian and then the after party on South Troop later that night.”

“South Troop...after party...” Then it clicked. I knew exactly who she was.

“I’ma bring your mom some apps then meet me by the bathroom.”

“For?”

“You’ll see.”

She briskly walked off, I assumed because my mom was headed back to the table. Once I heard her voice, it confirmed it; when she came back to her seat and was on her cell phone.

“Yeah, Darius is good. He sitting right here, we bout to eat. He leaves tomorrow. Yeah Lord, you know I’ma miss my baby.” She was telling whoever she was talking to all my business.

Tiffany brought some stuffed mushrooms, fried calamari, and mozzarella sticks along with some hot biscuits to the table. A few minutes later, she flagged me toward the bathroom and for jokes and giggles I went to see what she was on. The last thing on my mind was a bitch but I also wasn’t opposed to getting my shit wet before I left, and Janiece and I still were on the outs even though she was blowing my shit up.

“Come here, Darius.” Tiffany smiled as we ducked off to a bathroom that was closer to the kitchen. It was a single bathroom marked handicapped.

She locked the door then walked into my space. Reaching for my dick, she grabbed a handful and one of her knuckles rubbed against one of my balls too hard.

“Slow down shorty, be easy.”

“You fucked me in the bathroom at the party then disappeared. You fucked me so

good I haven't been able to get you out my mind since. I never got your name, number, or nothing. This gotta be fate."

"You locked me in the bathroom to tell me that?"

"Nah, I want some of that dick. We got five minutes."

"Girl is you crazy! My mothafuckin' moms out there and I ain't no five-minute nigga. What time you get off?"

"Ten tonight, but my lunch break is at seven. You drive?"

"Yeah, I gotta whip."

"Come back on my lunch. I'll make it worth your while. In the meantime, I bet I can get you to cum in four minutes."

"Is that so." I slapped Tiffany on her ass. "If you want to prove it and get the dick, make sure me and my momma food hot and fresh."

"Oh baby, y'all food and this pussy gone be hot and fresh, I promise you that. I'll even add my employee discount to the total. That dick worth every penny of it!"

Although Tiffany was sexy, that thirsty shit was a straight turn off to me. I chuckled as I left the bathroom then headed back to the table. The rest of our meal between Tiffany coming to the table every five minutes with a refill or checking on us, and my mom on the phone, my social battery was dry, and I was ready to go.

Two hours later, we were finally headed to the crib, and I couldn't wait. I had already shipped a gang of boxes of my stuff to my pops crib. I just had a few more things to pack in my car then I needed to fill up so when I hit the road I wouldn't have to stop

for a good minute. The only states I'd ever driven to was Indiana and Wisconsin by myself so this road trip to Georgia was about to be filled with a lot of unknowns. I was looking at it more like a soul journey. Being alone for twelve hours on the open road with my thoughts was what I was looking forward to.

"Darius what you bout to do cause I'm 'bout to have some company right quick."

"I gotta run to the gas station and finish packing."

"Let me go get ready. I'll see you later, baby. I love you, and I'm so very proud of you."

After my mom hugged me, she was waltzed up the stairs to her room so that she could get ready for whatever nigga was about to come over.

When I made it to the basement, I went to the bathroom to relieve myself then went to my room. When I walked in the familiar smell of Victoria's Secret strawberries and champagne scent hit my nose and that's when I noticed KK sitting on the edge of my bed with a few balloons and a gift bag.

"Congratulations friend, happy graduation! Sorry I missed it."

Page 9

Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:42 pm

KIMBERLY

“How long you been here?” Darius ran over to me and scooped me into his arms.

“Not too long. I caught hell trying to get the balloons in. I accidentally let a few of them fly away. I didn’t think this one out too good.” I chuckled.

“Nah, man, I’m just happy to see you. What’s been good? I been worried sick?—”

“You’ll never believe it but I’m with my dad now.”

“What?!”

“Things went from bad to worse. After the police took you and Todd, my mom lost it and wouldn’t let up off me. She not about to leave dude and I refuse to be in the house with him. It feels like she is picking him over me, like she could care less about my feelings.”

“How did you get linked with your pops?”

I gave Darius a shortened version of how the female officer, Officer Bell, was successful in contacting my dad and he showed up less than two hours later.

“We’re staying at the Holiday Inn express in the bridal suite for the weekend then we’ll be going back up north.”

“How is that going?”

“It’s been fine. It’s different in the burbs. I thought it would be weird because I didn’t know what to expect from my dad. All I could think about was my mom telling me that he wants no part of me. But the moment he laid eyes on me, he has shown me that he cares, if nothing else.”

“Yeah, cause he came for you.”

“That part.” I agreed.

“Have y’all talked?”

“A lil, but to be honest, he has been giving me my space to adjust. He’s been busy meeting with his lawyer a lot trying to get things sorted out so I can’t be taken from him. Today he is visiting with people he knows around here. He got the hotel room for me really because he is barely there and so that I wouldn’t have to be up in the burbs by myself.”

“What about your stuff?”

“I was able to take all my shoes, clothes, and personal stuff. The furniture, my dressers, desk and tv I left there. All the pictures and posters on my wall I left there.”

“At least you gettin’ away from here. And school?”

“Haven’t thought that far just yet but I guess I’ll be going to one up there.”

Darius had placed all of his gifts on the bed next to us. He hadn’t opened the card I made or his gift yet, but I wasn’t tripping. Just knowing he was okay and the fact I got to see him one last time before he was gone was all that mattered.

Darius caught me up on what happened to him after he got arrested and I thought it

was dope how his dad had showed up for him just as mine had done for me.

“Isn’t it crazy that we both with our dads?” I chuckled.

“Very crazy. Speaking of that, I leave tomorrow.”

“Damn tomorrow?!”

“Yep. Come take a ride with me.”

I followed him out to his car, taking in every little detail that I could, hoping to engrave it in my memory. I was going to miss Darius, hell, I was missing him already.

“Tomorrow is so soon.”

“I gotta get down there and settled in. I’ll be staying with my pops for a minute while I go through an intense training camp. Then once school starts the plan is for me to be on campus.”

“How exciting!”

“You should apply to GSU?”

“I don’t know if going away like that is something I’m ready for. Who knows how I will feel by next year though. A lot can happen in a year.”

* * *

Rock by Plies was blasting through the speakers as Darius coasted down I-95 headed south to the hundreds. Darius bopped his head and rapped along to the song as I

smiled and looked out the passenger window. My mind was flooded with thoughts of everything that was going on in my life; the good, bad and the fear of the unknown. Me and my mom weren't talking at the moment, but my dad was now in my life. Darius and I were now connected on a different level, but he was about to move away, and in a way, so was I. My life was going to completely change, and it scared me to death, yet I hated the life I had and prayed every night for a change, and I got it.

One of the first things my dad got me was a cell phone. He thought it was ridiculous that I was a seventeen-year-old without a cell phone, more so for safety reasons if nothing else. I made sure to give Darius my number so that we could keep in touch. I was still processing the fact that he was moving to Georgia tomorrow. It was crazy that we wouldn't be able to hang out anymore.

I could feel myself getting emotional, and I didn't want to look like a weirdo crying out of nowhere, so I cocked my eyes to the left. I was told that when you looked up and to the left, it would prevent tears from falling, but this time it didn't work.

"Why you cryin'?"

"Just thinking 'bout everything. It's just a lot, you know." I sniffled.

"You gon' be good, KK. You a muthafucka soldier, a rockstar and a fighter, you might bend every now and then, but you will never break. Don't ever forget that shit!" Darius encouraged. "I feel you though cause I'm excited and fucked up 'bout leaving, too." Darius reached over and held my hand then glanced over at me with sadness filled in his eyes.

When we reached our destination, I looked out the window and a bright ass neon sign flashed that read 'Ink'ed Chicago Tattoo Shop' in red, black, and white.

“Uh, where are we going?”

“You trust me, right?”

“I don't know; depends on what you're about to do.”

When we went into the tattoo shop, Darius dapped it up with a guy named Vance and started babbling about getting some work done. When dude said he could do us both I regretted that I wasn't more invested in their conversation from the start.

“Both of us as in who and doing what, cause Darius, I'm not getting a tattoo if that's what you're thinking. I just got back in good with my dad and now you want me to do some shit that's gon' get me tossed back to the curb. You tried it.”

Darius busted out laughing.

“Listen, come over here for a second.” We walked off to the side then Darius took one of my hands in his. “I know this looks crazy but hear me out.”

Can You Stand the Rain by New Edition was playing in the background, as I listened to Darius convince me into getting a tattoo.

“You know I been wanting to get a tat for min, and I want you to be with me for my first one.”

“But dude said he could do us both.”

“On the way here, I thought of something else. We need to get something that will always remind us of each other.”

“So, you want me to get your name, and I get yours?”

“Hell nah.” He laughed. “Something more personal, more intimate.”

The way he was looking at me, if he would’ve asked me to get the statue of liberty tatted on my ass, I would’ve done it.

“I’m only seventeen, you gotta be at least eighteen?—”

“Don’t worry ‘bout that. It’s already taken care of; all you gotta do is say yes.”

“Depends on how big this tattoo you talking about is.”

“I’mma get ‘U’ and the plus sign on my pointer finger, and you will get the word, ME, on yours. When we put our hands together it will read, U + ME, signifying the bond that you and I have. This being my first tat as well as yours, it’s just another first we get to experience together. It’ll always be that...U + Me no matter what. Distance won’t change that. I promise.”

Now I was crying because who knew Darius was this sentimental? I knew I had no business getting a tattoo, but I didn’t care.

“I love it.”

Once we were done, we got some Jamaican food from a place called Jerk King, then headed back to his house. On the way back I kept looking at the piece of gauze that was wrapped around my finger. Whether we ever talked or saw each other again our finger tattoos will always be a reminder of each other. It’s so small, meaningful, and intimate, which was a perfect representation of what we meant to each other.

Right as Darius was parking, my dad called.

“Hey, Dad.”

“Hey, Kimmie, I’m just checking on you. Are you ready for me to pick you up?”

“We just got some food. I have a ride back to the hotel, so you don’t have to pick me up.”

“You sure?”

“I’m positive. Soon as I finish eating, I’ll head that way.”

“Okay, well, I might be back kinda late. If you need anything just let me know.”

Once I hung up, we went inside. Darius’s mom was nowhere to be found; thank God, as we quickly went into the basement.

“Yo pops seem cool as hell.”

“So far, he has been. He doesn’t smother me. I think he just wants me to accept him cause ain’t no telling what my mom has told him.”

“I hope shit with me and my pops go smooth too.”

“It will, I know it will.” I encouraged him.

After we ate, I helped him pack the rest of his things and put them in his car.

“Maybe I should head to the hotel. You should probably get some rest for your long drive.”

“If you’re ready I’ll take you. I was just hoping to spend a lil longer with you.”

One thing led to another, then the next thing I knew, I was butt naked under Darius’s

comforter on his bed and he was naked, on top of me, and pumping in and out of me with everything he had in him while whispering how much he was going to miss me. The whole time I rode each wave of ecstasy with tears flowing from my eyes, knowing I was going to miss Darius something terrible.

* * *

I lost count of how many times Darius made me cum, but that last one put us both out. His phone ringing woke us up from a deep slumber.

“Oh my God, what time is it? I gotta go? I shoulda been left.” I huffed as I checked my phone.

Thankfully my dad was still out and hadn’t made it to the hotel cause he didn’t call. Darius kept ignoring whoever was calling him, then wrapped his arms around me.

“You gotta take a quick shower. Last thing I wanna do is drop you off to your pops smelling like sex.”

I planned on showering once I got there but Darius was right. I took a shower first then while I waited for Darius to get dressed, I texted my dad and told him that I was on my way to the hotel. He responded right away and at first, I thought he was going to be pissed that it was after ten at night and I hadn’t made it there when I told him around six earlier, I was on the way, but he wasn’t. He just told me he would see me later.

On the ride to the hotel instead of feeling excited about not having to go home my heart was breaking. My best friend and first true love was legit really about to leave me. I just prayed that moving forward I wouldn’t lose anyone or anything else close to me at least for a long time. My heart wouldn’t be able to take much more.

Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:42 pm

KARL KENDALL

As time continued to tick and it became later and later, I leaned back further into the chair I was sitting at by a side table that could double as a desk in front of the window in the living room area of the hotel suite.

I figured I'd wait for her until she got here to see how late she would stay out after I told her that I wouldn't be here. I knew there would be an extra charge for me smoking in the room as I puffed on a Cuban stogie and twirled some Courvoisier La Part Des around in the small glass that I had got from the bar downstairs, but I didn't care. They were lucky it wasn't reefer with the way my nerves were set up.

I let Kimmie visit with her friend because I noticed she was having a hard time after the whole ordeal went down with that crazy ass momma of hers and Todd's sorry ass, and then the adjustment of having to switch gears and come to live with me. It was all a lot I imagined for her to deal with because it was a hell of a lot for me to deal with.

When I got the call to come get her and was told what happened, my heart hasn't slowed down from rapidly beating, and all I've been able to see is red. I was angry about what Kimmie had to go through and pissed with myself for not being there for her sooner. Now, my main concern was to do everything that I could to make her as comfortable as possible. We were both learning each other, the Kimmie I remembered was a toddler when her mother left. The last time I saw her was at her eighth-grade graduation and I couldn't believe then how much she had grown. Now that she was almost eighteen and about to be a senior in high school, I couldn't believe how grown she was both mentally and physically. Yet at the same time, she was still a child in my eyes. There was so much catching up for us to do that it was

overwhelming for me, so I was positive that it was for her as well.

Knowing that now I was all that Kimmie had, I didn't want to do anything to cause her anymore tension or drive us apart any further than we already were. Since she has been with me, one of the things she shared with me that she was worried about was her friend, Darius. Darius was the young man that saved my daughter's innocence from being taken from Todd's lame ass and for that, I would forever be grateful to him.

I wanted to meet him, but Kimmie wanted to surprise him since they hadn't talked since the day everything took place. I wanted to push harder to see who he was, yet at the same time, I didn't want to step in and be too intrusive in her life. I wanted Kimmie to get to a place of being comfortable enough to approach me with anything and how could she do that if I was being overly protective? Everything in me centered on how vital it was for me to keep her protected, always.

I wasn't sure how I felt about Kimmie possibly having a boyfriend or a boy that she considered a friend since she claimed they were not dating. We had been staying back and forth between the hotel and my place. Today we just checked back into the hotel's bridal suite because I had some business to take care of and that drive from my place into the city wasn't fun.

Soon as we checked in, I took Kimmie to get her friend a graduation gift then dropped her off at his house to allow for her to see him before he moved away. I had no intention of ever letting Kimmie go back to live or stay with Rochelle ever again, especially as long as she stayed with dude. Knowing that, I didn't want to take Kimmie away from her friend and the fact that he was moving away, I went ahead and let her go.

I was new at being a parent since I had never got the chance to really be one for Kimmie. Even though I couldn't see nor reach out to her per Rochelle's demands I

never failed on providing for her financially. I even had her future set and secure, I was just sitting back and waiting til I could get her back in my life and now the time had presented itself.

It was taking everything in me not to really tell Kimmie how her mother got down because I had been the blame, but I was sure that Kimmie had somewhat of a clue of the type of person her mother was. All the other stuff she needed to know she would find out in due time.

The hotel was off a busy street called Golf Road, and since it was a busy area, it was surrounded by strip plazas, a mall, and plenty of restaurants. It wasn't far from the freeway, which was one of the reasons why I chose this hotel.

I was a very busy businessman in my prime building two empires that I planned to hand over to my daughter once I retire. While I sipped and smoked, Alexander O'Neal's, If You Were Here Tonight , was softly playing in the background from the wireless speaker in the room that was connected to my music playlist from my phone. I reminisced about how things were when Rochelle was pregnant with Kimmie, to her first birthday, and then her leaving me and cutting my daughter out of my life. The years that passed I submerged myself in work in hopes of it one day paying off and benefiting my daughter even though she wasn't in my life.

My cell ringing and vibrating on the table broke me from my thoughts as I quickly grabbed it thinking it was Kimmie.

"Hey you, how's it going?" The smooth melodious voice on the other line instantly soothed my soul.

"It could be worse. You and Claudia cool?"

"Yep, I was just thinking about you. I miss you."

“Is that right.” I chuckled smoothly.

“If you here tonight,” Pamela sang along to the music, “by my sideeee,” she continued, causing me to laugh.

“You know yo ass is silly. I would love to be beside you right now.”

“You sound tense, is everything going okay?”

“It’s been a lil over a week, I haven’t gone this long without some lovin’ since... shit, I can’t even remember. Tense is an understatement.” I exclaimed, causing us both to laugh.

“Just take it one day at a time, baby,” Pamela softly encouraged. “Give both you and your baby girl grace.”

Pamela was the main woman in my life, but we were not in a committed relationship. What we had would confuse others but worked perfectly for us. Pamela catered to all of my needs, she was the perfect example of what a complete package was in a spouse or companion. The only thing was I wasn’t looking for a wife, and she wasn’t interested in ever getting married again. Our arrangement was complicated but perfect for us at the same time.

When I first met Pamela, I had a gang of women I hooked up with but now, I’ve dropped that down to just a couple. I wouldn’t say that I was a sex addict, but I could confidently say that I had to have sex, a lot of it and very often. A sex addict was someone that indulged, not giving a damn about the consequences and that was never me. I loved to indulge but I was extremely mindful about who I indulged with. If you didn’t have as much as I did to lose, then I couldn’t chance it.

I was a self-made millionaire and alpha man who didn’t have the capacity to be with

one person. Even if I wanted to, I couldn't commit to one woman. It just wasn't who I was and all the women in my life knew and understood their places. I worked hard for everything I had, and I would never risk any of it for a piece a pussy.

Pamela was the only woman in my life that if I had to choose just one, I would choose her a million times over. It was a fact that she was that strong female that could handle a man like me because for the past fifteen years, that was exactly what she had been doing and doing it well.

"I gotchu...what you got going on today? It's been a lil minute."

"Nothing much, and yes it has. Debating if I'ma go out for dinner or just stay in. I only called to check on you because I know you let Kimmie go to her friend's house. I've been giving you your space to bond."

"That's what's up. I appreciate that. What time is dinner?"

Pamela was a classy, sophisticated, beautiful woman who enjoyed her life as a single woman, I'd be a fool to think I was the only man hitting. Dinner was a more than likely a date with one of the other men in her life. I was never pressed about another nigga cause I knew none of them could ever compare to me. If they could they would lock it down and that hadn't happened yet.

"Reservation is for seven."

"Go, eat good, and have a nice drink so you'll be relaxed. Once you make it back to the crib, I'll come cap the night." Gerald Levert's Didn't We , started playing so I turned it up a little bit. "I wanna thank your momma for raising a girl like you," I sang to the lyrics. "And I wanna thank your daddy, for hooking up with your momma and doing the things they were doing when they made you."

“I love when you sing that song to me. Whenever I hear it all I hear is you singing and not Gerald,” Pamela laughed causing me to laugh.

“Shit, you know I cut up with the vocals and the dance floor. This my shit.” I bopped in my seat feeling the beat. That brown liquor was starting to make me feel good.

“I could really use a nightcap, but what about your daughter?”

“Once she knocks out for the night she rarely gets up. I’ve never seen anyone sleep like a log like that. I mean she be out like a damn light.”

“Sounds familiar.” Pamela laughed. “Just like her daddy. Did you get to meet with your lawyer?”

“Briefly over the phone, an emergency came up and she had to go to the county for one of her clients. She said the paperwork for full custody might not take as long as I thought. I have to meet with her one more time but in person, then we’re gonna head back up north.”

“Have you been eating?” Pamela asked because she knew I wouldn’t eat when I was stressed, which wasn’t good for my health.

“With Kimmie’s appetite, I’m always around food, talking about it, or going to get it.” I laughed, causing Pamela to laugh also.

“Teenagers eat you out of house and home. Now you see why I be complaining. It’s not that I can’t afford the food, but Claudia eats like there won’t be a tomorrow. It’s crazy.” Pamela laughed as she roasted her daughter who was Kimmie’s age.

“Once Kimmie gets settled in, I want you and Claudia over for dinner. She and Claudia are so alike, I think it would be good if they met.”

“I’ll be honored. I’ll do you one even better, I’ll cook.”

“Sayless.”

“Well, let me get myself ready to head out. Try not to stress she’s saying goodbye to her friend. I can’t imagine how hard that must be for her. She’s been through a lot; she may just need some time and air to process it all.”

“That’s true. I know you know about teenage girls. I never thought I’d be a single, full-time dad.”

“Welp, now here we are and we gon’ do what we always do and that’s make the best of it.”

“You in the tub?” I asked because I kept hearing water splashing.

“I am,” Pamela giggled. “Those bath bombs you got me from Luxury Baths got me in a chokehold.”

“Mmm, mmmm, mmmm.”

“You thinking about the last time in the tub ain’t you?” Pamela giggled. “Ugh, me too. Got me all hot and bothered ready to skip dinner and go straight to the nightcap.”

“I would come right now, but I can’t. But you can rub that clit. Rub that juicy nub til you squirt in water for me baby.” I hissed and Pamela started moaning.

“Ouuu Karl, you know you mannish.”

I could hear the water swishing in between her moans. She sounded so damn sensual as I unzipped my jeans then pulled my penis out.

“Manish for you baby. “Yeah, rub on it just like that. I bet that pussy slippery wet. My dick so hard baby. Damn I can’t wait to feel you.”

“Ouuu Karl, I need to feel it so bad too. Stroke it for me, Big Man.”

Big Man was her nickname she liked to call me when we made love. I started stroking my dick at a steady pace as we both moaned, groaned and sex talked Pamela right into an orgasm.

“Ahhh, I’m cumming so hard.”

“Hell, yeah, I’m come fuck that pussy so hard tonight.” I groaned as I stroked harder, and harder. “Ouu I need to nut so bad.”

I threw my head back and closed my eyes while I envisioned my hand being Pamela’s wet pussy. Precum began to seeped from my tip causing a sensation to rip to the base of my shaft as I stroked harder and faster.

“Cum for me, Big Man. I wanna catch all that nut and swallow every last drop.”

“Ouuu fuuuccckk!” I groaned, as I released a load of semen in my hand.

Just thinking ‘bout slapping the tip of my dick on Pamela’s tongue as my semen flowed in her mouth had my dick legit aching to get wet. Pamela knew one of the things that turned me on was for a woman to swallow my nut. Most women would suck dick but not all of them caught nut. Just as I was standing up to head into the bathroom to clean off, I heard Kimmie coming through the door.

“Fuck, thank you for that, but I gotta go,” I said to Pamela. “Heeeey baby!” I smiled, as I greeted Kimmie.

I had just enough time to hang up and stuff my dick back into my pants before she would've caught me with my shit in my hand. I couldn't do anything but shake my head and say, damn that was a close call to myself.

“Hey, I thought you were going out?”

“Something came up. Hold on, baby.” I rushed into the bathroom so I could wash my hand off.

After cleaning myself off I couldn't do anything but shake my head. I had to be a bit more careful with how I carried myself now that Kimmie was around. That nut I released was long overdue, now I couldn't wait to see Pamela later. Now that Kimmie was back, once she got settled, Mrs. Pamela was about to get all this dick.

KIMBERLY “KIMMIE”

I needed to finish getting dressed and doublecheck my overnight bag, but from the moment I woke up this morning, I’ve had a case of the asses. My attitude was horrible because today marked a year since my mom died and what hurt the most was she and I weren’t on speaking terms. When I first moved in with my dad, he kept telling me to give my mom time and that she was just angry but when she died before we could speak again, she took something from my soul with her.

I’ve been living with my dad now for six years and there have been very high, highs to extremely low, lows. So much has happened that the time flew by so fast, it’s hard to believe it’s been six years. I had to adjust to being a city girl living in the suburbs and the north suburbs at that so, if you know, you know. My dad and I had to get to know each other again because I hadn’t really been around him much my teenage years, then having to start my senior year in a completely different town and school was challenging as hell.

High school in the suburbs, the curriculum was completely different than it was in the city and the people acted differently. The people in the burbs acted more bougee than I was used to which caused me to keep to myself because I didn’t do well with that type of energy. Even most of the Blacks in the burbs acted different. It was just my opinion, yet even with the challenges, I still breezed through my senior year without any academic problems. My personal life though was a mess. I was scared to get attached too fast to my dad and the lifestyle that he was able to provide for me in fear of losing him again.

I didn’t have any friends, so I didn’t have any drama to deal with. I was cool with

people, but we weren't on each other's level, and I wasn't looking for any new friends, especially after losing my best friend, Darius. I didn't date any boys and still haven't been in a relationship because the last thing I wanted was to get emotionally connected to someone else again and then they leave.

The way my mental was set up was a major part of why I distanced myself from people. I had gone through some shit, and I wasn't open to talking about any of it with anybody I didn't know. I dealt with my pain and hurt by keeping it bottled up inside. All I wanted to do was pass all my classes so that I could graduate and figure out the rest of my life.

Then once Darius and I lost contact with one another, I poured everything that I had into my schoolwork even more and helped my dad out with his logistics company after school. Once I graduated, I started working with his company full time. School and work kept me from falling into a depression. Once my graduation approached, I didn't know what to expect because now I was living with my dad and wondering if my mom was going to show instead of it being the other way around. What was fucked up though was my mom didn't show up because her husband was court ordered to not be around me, and my dad had won full temporary custody which ended up being permanent custody of me.

I took that hurt and disappointment and poured it into learning everything I could about dad's company. That's how I coped with my mom cutting me off and out of her life over something her husband did and out of anger she had for my dad, which had nothing to do with me. My mom not going to my high school graduation though, that spoke volumes. She shut me completely out because she was pissed off and I couldn't help but to feel some type of way about her. It hurt me to the core that the relationship with me and my mom was broken, and unfortunately, now it would never get the chance to be repaired because she was gone forever.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

“Hey, you good?”

“Yeah, what’s up dad?”

“Just checking on you. I ain’t seen you all day, you been couped up in your room. I know today a hard one for you.”

“I don’t know how to feel. Just trying not to think about it.”

“I understand.” My dad smiled as he stepped further into my room. “Your room just about packed up, I see. It’s going to be weird once you move out. You know you don’t have to rush to move, right?”

“I know, I think having my own place will be good for me, daddy. Don’t look so sad, you’ll be just fine. I know you ready to have your house back.”

“This your house too, baby girl. You can stay as long as you want but I understand you wanting your privacy. I’m so proud of you. You’ve gone through so much in just a short time and you’re still standing. I look up to you baby girl cause most people would’ve folded with half of what you’ve been dealt. Since you’ve been back in my life you’ve made me a better person. I thank you for that.”

“Awww, thanks daddy.” I smiled then gave him a hug. Yes, at my now grown age I called my dad, daddy because I was a daddy’s girl through and through. I always was, it was never my decision for him to not be a part of my life. That decision was made for me so my heart wouldn’t allow me to hold a grudge against him for not being in my life. Just thinking about her was making me feel emotional, so I released a big sigh. “I can’t believe she’s been gone for a year.”

“Listen, losing a parent is difficult especially once they are gone for forever. I wish things would have worked out differently with you and your mom, I really, really do.

I know she was angry with me so I tried everything I could to get her to move past her anger, I just couldn't. Too much had happened, and we were far gone from being able to communicate. It's all heart breaking and I'm sorry baby girl, because I feel partly to blame but I had to do what was best for you."

"Don't blame you, daddy. I just miss having my mom in my life and now that she is gone I think it's a good time for me focus on getting to know who I truly am. I feel lost, and this is no dig to you because you're the best dad I could have ever asked for. Maybe if I never had a mom, I wouldn't have a hard time missing her and today forces me to have to think about her no matter how hard I try not to."

"I get it, but you have to take it one day at a time. I feel the same way about both of my parents. Your grandparents died when I was young but losing both of my parents at such a young age is what made me the person I am today. I'm a survivor because I had no choice but to be one, and you're a survivor too cause it's in you. Your mom didn't deserve what happened to her. Once that nigga crossed the line with you and then after everything else that came out about Todd, she should've left that man alone, but you live and learn."

"Don't know, in some ways I feel like I should've reached out to her more. Especially after all the news broke about him. I can't imagine how she must have felt."

My dad sat next to me on the side of my bed.

"Baby, listen, stop beating yourself up wondering what you could've done different. The few times that I know of that you reached out was all you could do. No matter how many times you would've called your mom, if she wasn't ready to talk, you wouldn't have been able to make her. You're the child, you didn't do anything wrong. Your mom was just caught up in a toxic, love triangle with a dangerous man, and I thank God every day that you were here with me and not them when that shit went down."

I released another deep breath and no matter how hard I tried the tears started to flow. I wept softly as my dad tried to console me. It took everything in me not to think about what my mom's last and final moments were like. While Todd was fighting his case from the charges I pressed on him, a few other young girls in the neighborhood started to come out that lived close to us saying he had been pursuing and even having sex with some of them. One of the girls that spoke out was Alicia, his ex-wife's oldest daughter, who had proof of the sexual relationship they had while he was with her mom that continued while he was with my mom. Apparently, she never told her mom, maybe out of fear, and then she felt more comfortable once other females shared their story first, but it caused his ex to crash out and rightfully so.

She showed up to my mom and Todd's house and shot them both then turned the gun on herself a block away from my mom's house and killed herself. It was a nightmare, and today marked a year since that uneventful crime took place. It made me angry that my mom had to lose her life because of Todd's lust for younger girls. He was such a disgrace, sleeping with Darius's mom and any and everything he could stick his disgusting ass penis in.

"I know it's been a year, but grief is different for everyone. You take as long as you need to process it but all I ask is that you don't hold no guilt in your heart. Your mom didn't deserve that but now she isn't suffering, so try to find peace in that. For the longest I always felt that nothing could ever hurt me more than what I felt when my parents died, then you were born. I can still remember that day as if it were yesterday. I have never in my life seen a baby as beautiful as you were. You have your whole life to live, Kimmie, you take all the time you need to get to know you."

"I really needed to hear that. Thanks, daddy."

He kissed my forehead then stood up. "You just about ready cause we gotta head out soon if you still coming to dinner with us. I'm trying to beat that evening traffic to the city."

“You know I wouldn’t miss a free meal at Joe’s Seafood for nothing in the world.” I smiled from ear to ear, causing my dad to laugh.

One thing about my dad was he gave me my space and didn’t force me to do much that I didn’t want to do. Even though I had a lot on my plate with me moving into my new condo in a few days and my mind on my mom today, he knew I loved me some good seafood and steak. Joe’s Seafood had become our spot ever since he took me for my high school graduation. Once I moved back to the city, I already knew that I’d be hitting up Joe’s Seafood weekly, that’s how much I love it.

Mrs. P, my dad’s girlfriend, well he calls her his acquaintance, and Claudia, her daughter who’s like a sister to me, were going to meet up with us there. Somewhere deep in my heart I would have loved for my mom and dad to have been able to make their relationship work. I would have both of my parents in my life and my mom would more than likely still be alive today. But since they couldn’t get it right, I’d be lying if I said Mrs. P wasn’t perfect for me. My dad and Mrs. P claimed they weren’t in a relationship because they didn’t do titles. Neither one of them wanted to get married and I knew they were both seeing other people, and whatever their set up was it worked for them, and I couldn’t do anything but respect it.

I know my dad dated other women and hooked up with them he just never really brought them around me. The only female he brought around me was Mrs. P and I’d never seen Mrs. P with another man other than my daddy, but once Claudia and I became close I learned that Mrs. P too had her share of male’s that she dated in addition to my daddy. Claudia and I would always talk about our parents and how they were weird for having what we called an at our age open relationship.

I wasn’t a relationship expert, but I do know that it would take a strong person to be in an open relationship. I understood their situation because I was similar to them in the fact that I didn’t have the desire to be in a relationship. Claudia hated it because she believed in love and fairytales, but I had been hurt so much by the people I loved

the most that I wasn't pressed about being in a relationship or falling in love, so I understood where my dad and Mrs. P were coming from. The less people close to me, the less I had to worry about losing someone else was the way I looked at it.

Once my dad left my room, I got up so that I could freshen up and get ready to go out to dinner. My cell phone started ringing, and when I saw that it was Claudia, I answered before she hung up. She was very impatient, she only let the phone ring three times then she'd hang up...just rude but I loved her anyway.

"Don't forget to bring your afterparty bag bihhh!" Claudia sang in the phone.

"Listen, my bag been packed." I laughed. "I can't wait too, cause I need me a good, stiff, sexy ass?—"

"Dick!" Claudia cut me off.

"I was gon' say drink, fool!" I laughed harder, causing Claudia to laugh too. "But depending on how the night go, you just never know. I might catch me one and give 'em a lil taste then send them on they way."

"Okay, nasty girl," Claudia giggled.

"No but for real, I just want to get out and have some fun tonight. It's been a minute since we've painted the town."

"Now you speaking my language. I'm trying to find my man tonight."

"At a PnP...are you coo, sis?"

"Whatever, Kimmie, I can feel it in my yoni she gon' get blessed by papi tah night. I'm meeting my soulmate; I already manifested it."

“Yoni’s might get blessed, I’ll give you that, but I know about finding soulmates and locking down relationships, sis. Ain’t gon’ be too many good wholesome nigga’s present.”

Claudia and I continued to talk about the underground sex party we were going to after dinner that we call a PnP, Party and Play . It took me a little minute to warm up to Claudia and Mrs. P when I first moved with my dad, but now that I have, Claudia’s like the sister I never had. We were the same age, which was perfect and in a lot of ways we were very similar yet still very different. When my dad first introduced me to them, I felt some type of way because he had said that Claudia reminded him of me and all I could think was she had formed a relationship with my dad when I was praying to have one and that bothered me. I was on some jealous shit but quickly got over it. These past six years, Claudia and I have fought and loved hard just like sisters but now that I know her, I can see what my dad meant.

Claudia was a girl’s girl and very smart, but she loved to have fun. Her mom put a lot of expectation on Claudia so most would look at her and see a quiet, good girl, but I knew that at heart Claudia was a nasty girl in search of love. Claudia grew up in Lincoln Park and graduated from Walter Payton College Preparatory High School, one of the top high schools in the state, so she was smart as a damn whip, and very artistic. She knew about all of the hot spots in the city and going to private underground parties with a bunch of rich, entitled people was her vibe. She introduced me to a scene that I knew nothing of but had become very fond of and neither one of our parents knew anything about it. We started going to these type of parties the summer we graduated high school, not just to hook up with dudes but to have fun, get high and have a safe space to express ourselves without any judgement.

This was another reason why I couldn’t wait to move to the city. I had just purchased a new condo in the same high rise that Claudia lived. Claudia moved out of her mom’s place two years ago when she started grooming dogs because Mrs. P was having a fit about her practicing on dogs in her house. My dad had offered to

purchase me my first place, but it was something that I wanted to save to do on my own, and now that the time had come, I was proud of myself because I worked hard to make the money on my own.

I wrapped up my call with Claudia then left with my dad. There was no sense in me taking my car since Claudia had her own car. The whole way there all I could think about was eating then getting a drink to calm my nerves. Tonight's goal was to release all the grief, sadness and hurt that has been holding onto me and reset my mental because after tonight, I needed my mind clear so that I could move into my new place with a new mindset.

CLAUDIA PLANA

Later that Night...

"Y'all two be safe now," Karl said as he gave me and Kimmie hugs.

"Have fun and be safe!" My mom, Pamela said, hugging us both next.

"Y'all have fun too and thanks for dinner, daddy." Kimmie beamed as she grabbed her to-go bag from the backset of her dad's Jag.

My mom left with Karl since she rode with me and Kimmie is leaving with me since she was spending the night at my house. Tonight, we were going to what I liked to call a watered-down PnP, because it wasn't your typical type of party and play. I was introduced to these types of parties my senior year of high school and I've been hooked ever since.

I'm a very free-spirited person and I love self-expression and environments where you can be yourself without judgment and that's what those parties were for me. There were plenty drugs, drinks, and people to hook up with and what I loved about it was anything done at those parties for the most part stayed at those parties.

"As much as I love them both, I couldn't wait to leave so we can go get dressed." I beamed, as Kimmie and I walked to get my car from the valet.

"I'm looking forward to letting my hair down and having some fun too," Kimmie responded.

“I’m looking forward to meeting my new boo.”

“Girrrll-lah,” Kimmie dragged out girl trying to be funny, “you and this boo stuff.”

“Watch, I manifested me a man, sis. I been told you I can tell you what you need to get so you can manifest you one too,” I rebutted.

“I’m good, you got it. You have a pretty good judge of character, even when you blasted, so hell, you just might be able to find a needle in a haystack.”

We both started laughing as I took off down Michigan Avenue in route to my condo. Take Me Away by Keyshia Cole was blasting on the speakers as Kimmie and I sang along to the lyrics. It was a cute lil bop that I couldn’t wait to sing to my new man.

I glanced over at Kimmie as she sang damn near as good as Keyshia Cole and smiled. My life was just about perfect the only thing missing was a man to share my life with. I wanted a man not because I needed one but because I wanted one. I was in love with love and had a lot to give.

Unlike Kimmie, my mom and Karl, I wanted to find a special someone to share my life with. The only man that had ever broke my heart was my dad when he died, but when my mom started messing around with Karl, he came into my life and became the father figure I no longer had. My dad left me and my mom very well off financially. In fact, that was the reason why my mom said she didn’t want to remarry. So when my mom told me about Kimmie and how she was going to be moving with her dad I was actually looking forward to meeting her, but she didn’t care for me at first. My mom used to tell me to just be patient with Kimmie because she had gone through some things in her life that I never had to experience.

I’m glad that I listened and was patient because now she was the sibling that I always wanted. I adored Kimmie and I actually looked up to her a lot because she was way

stronger than I am when it comes to navigating life. It could still be a struggle at times to get Kimmie to open up, but for the most part, we talk about just about everything. Just like now, I knew today was a hard one for her cause hell, I couldn't imagine not having my mom in my life or her passing away like her mom did. That was why I made plans for us to hang out, party and get lit, she most definitely needed it.

It took no time for us to get ready and one thing we did was clean up real well. I know I was looking cute in the tight, all-white, backless halter romper. It was sleeveless and as short as a pair of boy shorts. My outfit was sexy, but Kimmie ate her look all the way up.

“Damn! See that’s why I want to get a BBL. The way yo booty set up got me ready to dip in the lady pond. Sis, you look the fuck good.” I complimented and hyped Kimmie up as she sashayed in front of my floor length mirror in the living room.

She was rocking an all-black, sleeveless, all lace, V-neck romper that was just as short as mine. But what took her look to the bedroom level was her chocolate nipples on display and the black thong that showcased her ass perfectly. Kimmie was shaped just like the rapper Kash Doll and she kind of looked like her too, whereas I was shaped and looked like Bernice Burgos. Even though I had a cute lil booty, my shit was no match to watch Kimmie was working with.

Before we left, we took a couple of shots of Reposado, ate a few edibles then left out. As we pulled up to 311 Wacker, I pulled into the parking garage then drove around until I found a spot that was close to the elevators then we headed inside. The party was in the penthouse suite on the 65 th floor facing Lake Michigan.

“Baby, this penthouse putting my new lil condo to shame. Now this my type of shit!” Kimmie cooed, as we walked throughout the party to get a vibe on who all were there.

When you looked out the floor to ceiling windows, one wall faced the lake, and the other side faced downtown. I had yet to travel the world, but one thing I knew was not many cities could touch the Chicago skyline. It was a sight to behold, especially at night; if you know you know.

Loud house music was playing, another Chitown staple, and plenty of alcohol and all types of drugs were in rotation.

We liked to avoid the area where the powder heads and the hardcore drug users got down and danced our way to the weed section where bong and hookahs filled with the strong zah that stayed in rotation. The party was thrown by Julian Maxwell. His dad was a retired Bears player and I know what else his family did, but they were sitting on some money. I met Julian when he brought his mom's dog to me to get groomed. I wasn't just a groomer; I was what you would call a grooming artist. My mom wanted me to be a lawyer but being a creative person, I had a passion for animals and art, so I combined the two and started my grooming salon. Right now, I was still forced to have to work out of my condo until I found the right space to purchase for my salon.

"Hey, Julien!"

"Hey, baby!" Julian's sweet ass smiled. "I'm so glad you made it."

Julian shared with me that he was bisexual, he loved to be with both men and women at the same time which was why he started having "sex" parties.

"I told you I wasn't gon' miss it."

"Who this stallion you got with you?"

"Kimmie, this is Julian, and Julian, this my sister Kimmie I always be talking about."

“It’s always a pleasure to meet a beautiful woman.” Julian smiled at Kimmie then kissed the back of her hand.

“Not too heavy on my sis,” I giggled.

Kimmie was feeling herself, dancing and swaying to the music, as Julian walked with us over to the open bar. After we got our drinks, we copped some of the Zah and a hookah then set up at a table off to the side while we began to party and have fun.

We were young, beautiful, and living our entire best fucking lives.

Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:42 pm

KIMBERLY KIMMIE

Essence by Wizkid featuring Tems was playing as I rocked my hips to the beat. In a whole zone, I started to sing along to the lyrics, “I’m strokin’ your body, baby. Lovin’ your body, baby.”

“As you’re whinin’ your body, baby. So crazy,” a deep baritone whispered in my ear and for a second, I thought the voice sounded familiar. “Lovin’ your body, baby. Yeah, just like that, sexy ass. I’m Donte, what’s your name, sexy?”

“Kimmie.” I smiled as I looked into his eyes. The mixture of tequila and THC had me on the moon. As much as I would have loved for Mr. Cute to be a blast from my past, I quickly shook that thought off, knowing that Darius didn’t even live in Chicago anymore so there would be no chance of it being him. Donte was good looking, yet his face seemed so familiar to me.

I continued to dance against him as my favorite song started playing. I was so glad when they switched from house music. I loved to dance to the beat but after a while house music gave me a headache. I serenaded him as I sang every word to All the Stars by Kendrick and SZA.

“This may be the night that my dreams might let me know, all the stars approach you. All the stars approach you.” I sang into his ear just on some vibing shit. “This may be the night that my dreams might let me know, all the stars are closer. All the stars are closer.”

“Love, let’s talk about love. Is it anything and everything you hoped for?” Donte sang

along with me, shocking me that he knew the words. I gave him a smile and he winked. “I fucks with Kendrick and SZA too.” He laughed, causing me to laugh with him. “Wanna go in a room and talk about love?”

“The feeling haunts me,” I changed the words of the song. “I know the feeling haunt you,” I sang along to the verse as he started laughing.

“You got me so fucking turned on. Let me show you what this mouth do.”

“Sayless.” I responded to Donte as I followed him to a private room.

Along the way, there were people coupled up, some were making out, some damn near fucking, not giving a damn about going into a private room to do it. I glanced over the darkly lit room and was able to spot Claudia bent over a table and some dude was eating her ass.

All I could do was laugh. We were young and carefree, just having fun and exploring. I wasn’t as brazen as she was though, I couldn’t get down in a room full of people like that.

Once we found an empty room, Donte locked the door and 2012 by Chris Brown started playing.

“It’s my turn to put on a show for you.” Donte started singing along to the song. “What you know about this...”

Donte started removing his clothes as he pumped and rocked his hips like a male stripper.

“So, tonight, let's act it out and show you how it's gon' be. I'm gon' kiss your other set of lips. Hold your body by your legs and hips,” he sang as he helped me out of my

romper. “I want you to tell me to go harder, go harder. Go deeper, go deeper.” He used the words to the song as he seduced me out my thong.

High and drunk as hell, I closed my eyes and went to my forever safe space. The safe space that would ensure satisfaction every time. I went back to a time when my Pandora’s Box was cracked open, thinking about my first orgasm. The very orgasm that I had been chasing to feel ever since as Donte wasted no time serving me with some amazing tongue.

“Ouuu shit!” I squirmed as I squirted in his mouth. The sounds of him slurping my juices sent me into overdrive. I was ready to get the base knocked out my ass I was so horny.

Take You Down by Chris Brown started playing and I was more than ready to be taken down. From what I could see, Donte was working with a lil something. His dick was less than average in size but that didn’t mean he wouldn’t know how to work it. Hell, I figured if he was born with it then by now, he would have figured out what to do with it to bring pleasure but man...was I mistaken and disappointed.

Once he slid the Trojan on, he thrust inside of me and his tip busting through my opening delivered a surge of pleasure that did nothing but tease me. For the next seven minutes, he pumped against me like it was his first time having sex. No long stroking, so deep strokes just straight jack-rabbit pumping.

To say he blew my high would be an understatement. Annoyed, horny, and unsatisfied, I had to stop him to keep from really embarrassing him.

“You can stop.”

“I’m almost there, baby. I’m ‘bout to bust a big one for you. Where you want it?”

“Excuse me?”

“You gon’ catch this nut like I caught yours?”

“Not!”

I pushed him off me then immediately checked his dick to make sure he still had a condom on.

“I was just about to nut.”

“Then jack it for all I care. I just can’t. I’m sorry.”

“Did I do something wrong?”

“I just wasn’t feeling it. You blew my high and all.”

“Gotdamn, it’s like that?”

“Straight like that. If I’m a have sex just for the fun of it I’m a need the base knocked out my pussy not that fast pumping, vanilla, white boy shit you was just doing.”

“Damn, that’s coldblooded.”

“I’m not trying to be a bitch; I’m just being honest.”

Thankfully the bedroom we were in had a bathroom attached, so I went into the bathroom to wash his essence off of me. Using one of my Honey Pot wipes I cleaned my vagina off then went back into the room to get dressed. Donte was sitting on the side of the bed with his dick in one hand and nut in the other. As I got ready to head out of the room, neither one of us spoke. Right before I closed the door, I looked

back, and Donte was heading into the bathroom unfazed.

For the rest of the night, I vibed out but didn't hook up with any other guys. Claudia and I had been going to these parties for a minute, and I had yet to find someone to catch and keep my attention. It was like I was cursed because no one I had hooked up with to date could hold a candle next to Darius and I really hated that for myself.

After all this time this man still had this chokehold on me. No matter how hard I tried to fight it seemed like there was always something there to remind me of him, miss him, or lust over him. I could finally say that I no longer cry at night over Darius, but the fact that I couldn't completely get him out of my system was scary. I miss him and will always miss him because of what he meant to me, but I have learned how to replace those feelings with other feelings; in particular, sexual feelings.

It wasn't right, but it was my way of coping and dealing with my feelings. I was addicted to intimacy and drawn to learning and exploring about all things sex like it was in my blood. Darius made my body feel ways that I hadn't felt since, but I had adapted to pleasuring myself by watching how to do it on porn videos to get as close as I could to those feelings. Tonight, I would just have to wait to get home to finish myself off.

"I know where I remember you from." Donte startled me as he walked up to me by the bar.

"I'm surprised you still talking to me."

"Why would I not? Just cause you didn't like the dick don't mean shit. Females come a dime a dozen, baby. But yeah, I know you from around the way. You might not remember me, but I used to play ball with Darius at the park off Homan. You ole girl that used to be with him. You said your name Kimmie, but he called you KK, right?"

“Yep, that’s me.” I wanted to tell him it wasn’t, but he had caught me off guard bringing up Darius’s name.

“Do you still talk to Darius?”

“Nah, we haven’t talked in a minute. What about you?”

“Nah, once he moved, we lost contact. That was my nigga though, 100 grand. Right before he left, we had this bet going with a few of our homeboys to see who could fuck the most females before we graduated high school. We could fuck whoever without the other feeling like we smashed they girl and the only female he had a problem with sharing was you...man, if only that nigga knew I had finally got to hit.”

Annoyed and feeling disgusted, I did my best to play like I didn’t care. I didn’t know if I should be offended or not by Donte’s revelation. I knew that Darius was for the streets, but I didn’t know that he had a bet going to see who get the most ass between him and his boys. I wish I would’ve known that before we had sex...but then again, it is what it is. I just wondered if he was bullshitting me or being real when he expressed how he felt about me. I guess it was time for me to finally cut the emotional chord that I had for Darius and set myself free.

Page 14

Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:42 pm

KIMMIE

“Y ou sure you don’t want to come to this party with me, sis?” Claudia asked as I rolled my eyes at the sight in front of me.

“Yeah, I’ma just stay in the house tonight.”

“Why you sound so down? You coo? You must have company or gotta work, that’s the only reason I can see you not wanting to go out.”

“And do,” I laughed.

“What, you gotta work?”

“I have company, for now.”

“Funk you mean, ‘for now’?” Jaysun, this guy I had been messing around with for the past four months, huffed.

“Oh, I hear him.”

“Yep,” I responded as Jaysun was sitting across from me looking at me funny.

“Are y’all official yet?”

“He wanna be but no, not yet.”

“Who you talking to? Y’all talking ‘bout me?” Jaysun asked but I ignored him.

“Well, I’m about to head out. I feel like tonight is the night I meet my soulmate.”

“Sis, I’m not ‘bout to do this with you for real. You say that shit every time you go out,” I chuckled. “That’s hilarious.”

“You can joke all you want; just know you’ll be the first to meet him.”

“Bet. I’ll be waiting.”

I finished my call with Claudia then looked up at Jaysun who was sealing his blunt. I was so annoyed, and it took everything in me not to call Claudia back to tell her to come scoop me. These past five years I have moved up in my dad’s company to the point where he was grooming me to one day take over now that he was tossing around the idea of wanting to retire. I pretty much had it all; a fye ass condo that overlooked Lake Michigan and the skyline, commas in my bank account and my dream car, but some good, consistent dick was damn near impossible to find.

Even though Jaysun and I were technically not in a relationship, we were fucking and on a pretty consistent basis since we met. Jaysun was the owner of a dispensary, which was where we met and that night I told him that I was not in a relationship but that I occasionally dated, and he told me that he was pretty much living the same life that I was. Shit sounded pretty wonderful to me, so much so that the night we met we fucked in his back office. Although we agreed that we were not boyfriend and girlfriend, as for sex it had become pretty exclusive between us.

The sex was decent and what actually got us to where we are today. When we first met his slick mouth and swag was what drew me in and obviously, didn’t take long for us to become intimate. The sexual chemistry between us was undeniable and unavoidable, then out the blue things started to change.

His pattern switched and he would go ghost for days, and now as of lately it's been weeks at a time. His reason was always work and I was cool with it at first because of the type of work he did, because I too was pretty busy with work. Jaysun was very flashy, liked attention, loved expensive things, and liked to spend money, that's just who he was. I tell him he looks like Offset and trying to be like him lifestyle wise not rapping wise cause Jaysun could barely hold a beat.

His new thing now was he had replaced spending time with me with extravagant gifts. Every time we'd get into an argument, he'd blow me off, or he'd leave me with a wet ass cause his sex had declined. He'd show up bearing something beautiful, amazing and of course expensive then all would be forgiven, until the next time.

I seriously couldn't help but feel like my chest was about to explode cause I couldn't figure out how I got here with him. I had always been the straight up, don't take shit from a nigga type of girl but Jaysun for some reason had this hold on me. I couldn't continue to hide my frustrations with him, but I couldn't prove that he was doing anything even though I had a strong inclination that he was for the streets more than what he wanted to admit.

I never had a female approach me on any blasé blah, yet nowadays you just couldn't trust a nigga. I just didn't like to be made to feel like I was being swerved or played. Jaysun had become a handful, hell to argue with because he always got his point across but never wanted to hear me out, and the sex was now a whole other story.

"Fuck wrong witchu?" Jaysun toked from his blunt then glanced over at me waiting for my response.

"Shit. Chillin'." I nonchalantly stated, as I looked at him with a blank expression.

The cloud of smoke circulating his face was so thick I could barely see his eyes. He passed the blunt to me and I took a couple of hits then handed it back to him.

“Why you so tight? You need to loosen the fuck up. You was on the phone talking slick.”

“I’m good and wasn’t nobody talking ‘bout you.”

“If tension ‘bout to be high, I’m out. Speak what’s on yo chest, real shit.” Jaysun huffed.

“This the third time you blew me off Jaysun and it was my birthday weekend. I could’ve made other plans, but my day was ruined because you moved funny. Then you send me this big, extravagant gift like that’s supposed to make it better, now you pop up like it’s nothing, so noted.”

“I ain’t blow off a muthafuckin’ thing. I had shit to handle out of town, you knew that shit. Fuck you still trippin’ fah that shit was weeks ago. You make a nigga wanna stay the fuck from round yo ass with allat goofy ass shit.”

“Who the hell you talking too?” I screeched, taken back by his audacity.

“You mothafucka! I get I wasn’t here, but I brought yo punk ass that expensive ass car and had that mothafucka delivered on your birthday. Fuck is you even talkin’ ‘bout.”

“And you came back to town but just now coming to see me.” I rolled my eyes.

“Could it be yo attitude?”

Guilty By Suspicion by Donell Jones started playing from his cell phone just when I was about to tell his narrow ass he could leave.

“If innocence is my plea, then why can’t you trust in me?” Jaysun sang as he jumped

up from the couch and started dancing to the song. He was acting like he was Donell Jones begging for forgiveness in a video. “You don’t wanna know where I’ve been. The answer to the question could be the end.”

As he was singing along to the song, he was right. Maybe I needed to let it go, he missed my birthday, I got a car, the end. Hell, it wasn’t like he did it on purpose. It would take a strong female to be with a nigga like Jaysun. Females always claimed they wanted a nigga whose money was long, dick good, and liked to talk that nasty shit not knowing the strength it took to maintain. If you were the type of female who enjoyed spending one on one with your dude, Jaysun wasn’t the guy for you. I wasn’t looking for the one on one, although it would’ve been nice. I just didn’t appreciate being made to feel not important and played with.

Every time he walked in my face and tried to kiss me I pushed him back with an attitude. The goal was to give him hell just to put a lil razzle dazzle on the petty, even though all was now forgiven. Hell, I got a brand new, paid for Alfa Romero Giulia to compliment the Genesis G70 that I purchased for myself.

“You know I’m sorry, baby.” Jaysun grabbed my hips and grinded against me. “I wanted to be here for your day, you know that right? I never want to make you feel like I don’t fuck with you like that. I’m not out here just buying cars for females like that.”

“And if you were that’s yo business,” I rebutted.

He tried kissing me again, but I turned my face, and his lips landed on my cheek.

“Stop pushin’ me away witcho mean ass.”

The scent of his Jean Paul Gaultier cologne engulfed me, and when he grabbed my ass, I gave in a little and relished in the attention that he was giving me. I had missed

him and truly hoped that a freak nasty make-up session was about to pop off cause hell, it was sho nuff long overdue.

“Boy, you just as mean, if not meaner. That slick mouth was about to get you put out.”

“If you put me out, I’m not comin’ back.”

He grabbed my crotch then licked my lips. I was wearing a pair of boy shorts with a cropped tank top that showed off a little under boob. He was eye fucking me getting me all hot and bothered. I was in full sex deprivation mode and needed some hardcore loving so I could release.

“We both know you don’t want that,” he continued to taunt, glaring into my eyes so seductively he had me ready to beg him to stay if he were to turn toward the door to leave.

Instead of leaving, he moved my shorts to the side then slid one of his fingers into my moist folds, causing a sensation so sweet to rip through my lady parts so strong, I had to bite my bottom lip as I moaned into his ear to keep from howling.

It had almost been a few weeks since we last had good, back-breaking sex, and even if I wanted him to stop, my body wouldn’t allow me to stop him. We went from heading to my bedroom and removing our clothes, to me being on my back and him crunch munchin’ on my snatch. As I laid back and got ready to brace myself for that long-awaited sensation to come, I prayed that he would finish what he started.

Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:42 pm

CLAUDIA

When I hung up with Kimmie, I turned the radio up in my Panamera and headed to this party this girl Dymond that I knew was telling me about. As TGIF by GloRilla blasted as loud as my system would go, I rapped to the lyrics feeling myself.

“It's 7 p.m. Friday. It's 95 degrees. I ain't got no nigga, and no nigga ain't got me.” I shouted as I pumped one of my fists in the air making my way out of the parking garage headed toward Lake Shore Drive. The party tonight was in Hyde Park right by the lake at this new club called The West Park . From the name of it, I would've never thought that it would be the type of club that I would be interested in going too. When Dymond told me that it was an exclusive smoke lounge that ballers and high rollers frequented and was invite only, I was down. That meant some guys on my level would be in attendance and that sounded like my type of venue.

“I'm 'bout to show my ass. These niggas love a freak.” I rapped with Glo but then added my own twist. “And boy will they find, a nasty freak that's me.”

I pulled up and just like Dymond said, there was private parking in the back of the building which was amazing because there was no parking anywhere on the street. Since this was my first time going and I was basically her guest, she met up with me by the entrance to ensure that I wouldn't have any problems getting in. Dymond was a pretty red bone with really jacked up teeth. A couple years in some braces and baby girl would be a stunna.

I've known her since high school and overall, she has been pretty decent to chill with. I don't too much like how she moves with her other friends because she always tells their

business, which made me feel like she would tell mine if I shared it with her. Even though she was cool, and we kicked it every now and then, I kept her at a distance. When it came to having a bunch of friends, I was never that girl. But I had a lot of associates and people that I liked to hang around and have fun with. Kimmie and my mom were the only people I would call my best friends.

I handed my keys to the Valet, then took the young man's hand as he helped me out of my SUV.

"You look and smell lovely tonight."

"Thank you. Handle my baby with care." I smiled as he got into my Panamera.

"Girl, you wearing that ain't chu!" Dymond complimented as she crip walked toward me being extra.

I had on an all-black, hollow out mini dress that only covered a small part of my stomach, arms, crotch, and back. Everywhere else was exposed in a sexy peek-a-boo vibe that complimented the all-black sleek Tom Ford Lock stiletto heels I was rocking. I normally styled my hair in a silk press, but today I had it in a long sleek ponytail that flowed down to my ass.

Sunflower-Spider Man by Post Malone and Swae Lee was playing as I walked into the venue, and I was instantly impressed. The lights were low with a blue hue, music was lit, drinks were in the air and hookahs were going, but it smelled more like straight weed and money cause damn near every guy that I walked past smelled good. Plush blue velvet booths lined the walls, and small tables were set up throughout the room. People were sitting in the booths smoking, drinking and eating, some were at the bar and others were on the dance floor. It was giving grown and sexy; a total vibe.

I followed Dymond to the bar as I surveyed the room and rocked to the beat. There

were so many fine ass niggas in the building I was starting to get a little overwhelmed, so a drink was exactly what I needed. When I went up to the bar, there was a list of featured drinks for tonight and the one that caught my attention was the one that was called, Porn Star.

“Oh bih, you trying to get bent. That’s one of my favorites,” Dymond said as she ordered one also.

I picked that drink because it was the only one that had tequila in it, and it came with a glass of champagne. Once the bartender handed us our drinks, we danced back to the section we were sitting in. Soon as we sat down a waitress came over and took our food and hookah with THC orders then we continued to vibe. I only ordered an appetizer of fried calamari and salmon bites. Once the hookah came and the THC hit my system with the tequila, it had me lit and feeling good.

Baddest in the Room by Fridayy came on and I got up and wound my hips to the beat. Dancing my way to the dance floor, it didn’t take long before I had a dance partner. This tall, light-skin, finer than a muthafucka man was grinding against me matching me move for move to the beat.

“You damn sho’ the baddest in this muthafucka. What’s your name pretty lady?”

“Claudia...yours?”

“Ermias.” He whispered into my ear as his lips lightly brushed against my skin causing an intense sensation to flow down my back. “You’re the baddest in the room, the baddest in the room. The way that you move, I’m focused on you.”

As he sang to the music my adrenaline kicked in a lil and I had to control my breathing. I had just met this stranger, and he was already getting a reaction out of my body. The next song was a lil slower than the last one, Cooped Up/Return of the

Mack by Post Malone and Mark Morrison came on as I turned around and faced Ermias. His eyes were low and glazed over like he had hit some strong kush.

He had a full, thick beard that Kimmie and I called a crunch muncher with a mustache and bald fade. He smelled like Baccarat and looked like money in the Dussault Trashed jeans with a white tee that had Dussault in grey on the front and crisp all-white Dior B27 Uptown low top sneakers.

I loved fashion and even though I bargain shopped on Fashion Nova and Shein, I still knew my labels. When he smiled, his golds sparkled and I instantly fell in love. Something about the way he was looking at me made me feel like I may have just found my man.

We danced until the song was over then he followed me back to the section Dymond was in. When we made it over there she was coupled up with some big ass, muscle down nigga.

“Aye E, come holla at me for a minute,” Muscle man said to Ermias as Dymond got up from his lap.

“I’ll be right back,” Ermias said then brushed his finger under my chin and winked at me.

“Not you don’ snatched up Ermias West! Okay friend!” Dymond hi-fived me once they both walked off.

“You know him?! Girl, where did he come from? Dude is fine as fuck. I think I’m in love.”

“Bih, he the owner. You see I’m trying to get up with his homeboy.”

“Girl, he big as hell. You sure you can handle allat man?”

“Listen, I will fuck that big nigga so good I’ll have him sucking his thumb and singing my name.” Dymond, smirked causing me to bust out laughing.

“Okay deeeennn,” I chuckled.

Not even ten minutes later they were back.

“You riding or what, shorty?” Dude asked Dymond and she jumped up so fast she damn near knocked the table over.

“So, this all you?” I asked Ermias as he sat next to me.

“Yeah, you like it.”

“I love it. This just might be my new spot to be honest. I’mma have to bring my sister with me for sure next time.”

“Fasho. Y’all should come through next Thursday. I’m hosting an engagement party for my homeboy. It’s gon’ be a vibe, you definitely don’t want to miss out.”

“Count me in.” I smiled. “Well, it’s getting late. I’mma head out. It was very nice meeting you...I look forward to seeing you next week.”

“What if I said I’m not ready for our night to end. You wanna go for a ride?”

“I drove here.”

“Yo’ car good.”

It didn't take much for Ermias to convince me and before I knew it, he was escorting me to his all-white and chrome Maybach.

Two Hours Later

Peace Sign by Usher was softly playing in the background as Ermias got well acquainted with my body. When he asked me to go for a ride with him, I expected that we would ride around, talk and get to know another and we kinda did that but somehow we ended up at his condo. The fact that he drove a Maybach confirmed that his money was long, but when he pulled up to 850 Lake Shore Drive, my yoni started thumping.

When we walked into his condo it took my breath away. I had been in plenty penthouses, but this one hit different than all the rest. His place didn't give bachelor vibes like you would expect; it was tidy, modern and sleek. I didn't get a tour of his place, but the living room, kitchen, his bedroom and bathroom made me fall in love with it.

Sexual tension between us was intense and our conversation was insightful. Ermias was born and raised in Chicago like I was, and he too went to a city school. We never crossed paths because he was at a public city school, and I went to a private one.

“On this side, legs up like a peace sign. Two cups down, got her tongue-tied, can't wait 'til I'm inside.” Usher's voice bellowed throughout the room.

My legs were legit up in a peace sign on Ermias's shoulders as he worked my center like his life depended on it. In my early twenties, I couldn't even front, I'd had my share of sex encounters but sex with Ermias had so much passion that I got lost in the moment. I really feel like he fucked me so good that I would be happy with having only his dick and no one else for the rest of my damn life.

Ermias was covered from his neck down in tats and I could tell that he took very good care of himself. He was lean and toned, yet still very masculine and strong.

Aside from the music, sounds of our lovemaking filled the room as I felt my next wave of pleasure begin to erupt.

“Ahhhh shit, you feel so good. Grab my neck.”

Ermias wrapped one of his hands around my neck and applied just enough pressure to send me into overdrive. As I creamed all over him, he continued to knock the frame loose on my sensitive lil yoni; had my legs trembling and mouth drier than the Sahara Desert. Even though we had just met, it felt like he was making love to my soul. That was my confirmation that I had indeed found my soulmate.

Ermias picked up the pace and started long stroking me at a steady pace, then he leaned in closer, my legs still on his shoulders and started tongue-kissing me. The kiss was sloppy and tasted like Big Red gum.

Between his grunts, groans and moans Ermias had me hooked. After what felt like the most beautiful song on repeat and 45 minutes later, he finally released in the condom. Once his dick stopped thumping inside of me, he slid out and snatched the condom off, then spooned me. I could feel his dick against my ass as I laid cradled in his embrace. He just didn't know it yet, but I wasn't about to let this man go. I planned to hold on to him for dear life.

Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:42 pm

KIMBERLY “KIMMIE”

“Not like that. Softer, Jay.” I guided Jaysun back to my clit.

As I stared up at the ceiling, I became more and more disgusted, and I really hated that for real. Jaysun had got me all hot, mad and horny, ready to do some wild sex but that wasn't what was happening.

Right when he was about to make me cum and from the way my heart was beating, I knew it was about to be a big one he switched up and started flicking his tongue against my clit instead of sucking it.

I couldn't take the flickering because my nub was so sensitive it was an unpleasant feeling instead of pleasure. Every time he would get me to the point of cumming he would either not do it right or switch and do something that didn't feel as good causing me to lose the sensation to cum.

“I'm ready for some dick, babe,” I all but begged, thinking I'd just released from penetration.

Raising my legs and opening them wide, I braced myself anticipating feeling him enter me as he pounced on top like he was about to tear the pussy up. He started thrusting and pumping with all he had in him, but his dick wasn't hard enough for me to feel him for real. That shit had me confused because why wasn't he hard? What nigga wouldn't get hard for a fat, wet, and awaiting pussy right in they face ready to get fucked?

Jaysun had a nice, long, pretty dick and when he was fully erect, it would be thick and felt amazing. But now, ion know what he had going on. It just felt like he was trying to stuff a bunch of soft penis in me which was an instant turn off. There was a break in our sexual chemistry, and tonight, despite him saying that we were good, I knew that was a lie.

Then to make it even worse, his sweat was dripping from his face onto my neck and when it started to drip on my face, I was done. For the life of me I couldn't figure out what had gone wrong. Was it me? Was it another woman? What in the hell happened to the man that I first met?! The one that swept me off his feet with his charm and BDE. The man that was tagging my ass and putting me to sleep with his dick. Cause the man that was pumping into me now was not it with his long ass overcooked limp noodle dick ass.

“You can stop.”

“Huh?” Jaysun huffed in between thrusts. “You said you wanted the dick.”

“This ain't it. Just stop, please.”

“You serious?”

“Dead ass. I'm beyond turned off.” I huffed, feeling annoyed.

“Fuck you mean!” Jaysun raised off of me holding his flaccid dick in his hand. “What now? Always naggin'! Got damn, Ion know what else to do to make yo ass happy!”

“Nigga, you not even hard, but you performing like you really doing something! Limp ass dick in your hand...what the hell!” I chuckled sarcastically.

“Ungrateful ass ain't never fuckin' happy!”

“The fuck is you talking about! A hard dick would make me real happy. Just thought I’d tell you cause you don’t have one so you wouldn’t know,” I fussed, pushing him on the chest as I got up off the bed.

“Bitch drier than sandpaper but you expect a nigga dick to get hard!”

“This pussy A-1 nigga and you know it. It got dry cause you playing in it. Damn sex don’ fell off, head not good like what the fuck,” I rebutted, heading into the bathroom.

I turned the water in the shower on to as hot as it would go then went over to the bathroom sink and stuffed my hair into my silk bonnet.

“You got a brand-new 2025 Alfa Romero Giulia and instead of gettin’ on yo knees and handlin’ business like a real bitch and showin’ gratitude to the dick, I come up in here and yo’ ass naggin’. I give you the dick and you just layin’ there, try bouncin’ on the mothafucka, but then again, yo’ pussy dry as Dubai but you mad at me. Wicked as fuck man.”

I stopped right at the bathroom doorway so that I could face him.

“Nigga, I was good with my Genesis! I didn’t ask you for any of the shit you brought me, including that damn car. That shit was your apology gift for missing my day! You can kiss my ass, fucka. I can’t stand a nigga that always gotta throw what they do for a person back in they face.” I huffed then stomped over to the shower and got in.

“Didn’t say thank you or nothin’ tho, did you! You didn’t say, take the bitch back either, did you?!”

“Who the fuck gives back a gift?! You ain’t never gave a gift I gave you back, have

you?!”

“You ain’t never brought me no fucking car.”

“Tuh, and I never the fuck will!”

“Fuck is yo’ problem Kimberly!?” Jaysun snapped stepping into the shower with me. His dick dangling between his legs pressed firmly against my ass made my pussy walls thump. I hated being angry and horny at the same time. “You don’t be complaining when I’m spreading them walls tho!”

I reached behind my back and grabbed his big mushroom tip, then stroked his soft dick and shook my head in defeat at the level of satisfaction it USED to give me.

“Nigga huh?” I chuckled so loud and hard, I started choking. “Spreadin’ who walls cause all I felt was you playing around my goddamn lips, got my shit all irritated. That’s about all yo ass did.”

“Bet. Move!” Jaysun spat, moving me behind him so that he could stand under the water.

He finished washing off then stepped out of the shower so that I could continue to clean myself off. Once I was done, I went back into my bedroom to dry off and get dressed. Jaysun was sitting on the edge of the bed, fully dressed, going through his phone. I caught him looking at me. Every time I looked his way, he would look away.

“It’s mad rude and weird to stare at people.”

“I ain’t tryin’ to argue with yo’ sexy, mean ass.” Jaysun walked up to me as I was bent over lotioning my legs. “But you not ’bout to keep handling me like a sucka.”

He was pressing his body against my ass. I could feel his bulge, but he wasn't hard enough to fuck.

"You know I love you, right?"

"All I know is what you tell me," I rebutted.

"What I gotta do to get you to stop bein' so fuckin' mean?"

"Fuck me good, nigga, shit!"

"Stop sayin' I don't."

"You haven't been, look what just happened. You must got another bitch, and if you do, that's cool just be real about it."

"You really bout to go there!" Jaysun laughed. "Why it can't be defeat cause I can't keep you happy? Maybe my dick couldn't get hard cause yo pussy was dry."

Jaysun was staring into my eyes, his long locs draped down the side of his face as he bit his bottom lip. He licked his lips then locked his lips on mine. As our tongues danced, he played in my secret garden, and it didn't take much for her to get wet...again. My mind was saying, here we go again but my body was saying, oh bitch get ready cause he got that look you been looking for in his eyes .

"This how wet I need that pussy to stay. Lay down," Jaysun instructed as he began to unbuckle his pants. When he pulled his dick out and it flopped to the side I sighed out of frustration.

"Don't even worry about it. You not about to leave me with a wet ass, again. Just leave; you don' ran my social battery to empty." I sassed as I rolled my eyes, pushed

him out of my way and got up off the bed.

Going over to my armoire, I grabbed a matching bra and thong set and while I was putting my underwear on, Jaysun was putting the few clothes and shoes that he had at my place into the black and brown MCM backpack he brought me last month right before he went ghost for a few days.

“So fuckin’ petty.” I smirked, shaking my head.

Grabbing the Juicy Sugar Rush body mist from my dresser, I sprayed a liberal amount all over me, making sure to hit my ankles as I frowned my face at Jaysun.

“Fuck yo social battery. You clearly don’t want this shit.”

“Nah, you don’t want this Jaysun. Like I said, if it’s someone else just say it.”

“Fuck nah, it ain’t nobody else but be careful what you ask for.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” I asked but he ignored me.

By the time he was done packing the little bit of things he had here, I was done getting dressed. I checked my hair in my vanity mirror and put on a little lip gloss.

“Where the fuck you goin’ half-dressed?”

I had on a pair of all black leggings with a black crop top. The leggings set my camel toe, hips, and ass just right and the tank showed my toned and flat stomach.

“Don’t question me. Ain’t you leaving?!”

“Don’t fuckin’ play with me, Kimberly. Whatchu on? Who you bout to go see? I’m a

fuck you up if you fuckin' a nigga cause you think I'm fuckin' around?"

"I just told you my social battery empty. I'ma go grab some food then come back home and fuck myself to release this built up pressure then go to bed."

"Play with me. You gon' fuck around and find out. Just cause I'm takin' my shit and you claim you want a nigga to leave that pussy still belong to me."

I didn't even bother to respond to Jaysun cause he sounded 'bout crazy as hell. I really hated this for us cause I had started having feelings for him. Sexy as fuck, with his Offset looking ass and just like Offset, he was toxic and always up to no good.

I loved designer things, and I think Jaysun mistook that his gift giving would make me happy, and I wouldn't focus on the things I was unhappy about. The gifts were great, but I wanted a man to not only love me but be in love with me. I wanted to get fucked good on a regular and I wanted to be appreciated and Jaysun used to give me all of that, but somewhere along the way, a switch was turned, and we became disconnected. Jaysun stopped being that guy, and now I had to stand for something before I allowed him to think I'd fall for anything.

"I'ma give you some time to get out yo feelings. I'll holla in a day or two."

On his way out the door he tried to kiss me, but I turned my head. This nigga really had me fucked up, but I was about to show him better then tell him I wasn't the one.

Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:42 pm

CLAUDIA

Back To You by Fridayy was playing throughout my condo as I groomed one of my clients, a shih tzu. She was white with black spots and her owner wanted her paws and ears lime green. I had two other dogs to do once I finished with this one.

“Girl, show me that it's mine, put my name on it. If it ain't love, then tell me why I always come back to you,” I sang along to the song as I reminisced about Ermias. “I'm coming back to you! I'm always back to you!” I sang louder, causing the shih tzu named Lizzy I was working on to turn her head sideways.

She was looking at me like I was crazy, and I couldn't help but to bust out laughing. Right after the song finished Kimmie called. I answered hand free, excited to talk to her because I had lot to catch her up on.

“Yo ears must be burning cause I was sho finna come see you once I finished working.”

“My bad sis, I saw you called me, but I had a bad case of the asses. Me and Jaysun are done for good now. Bitch I'm back outside.”

“Oh Lord, what happened?” I asked, shaking my head.

I had only met Jaysun twice in person. I really didn't care for him because he had a sneaky look to him but that was just my opinion. One thing about me and Kimmie, we didn't have the same taste in guys. Kimmie really didn't go into too much detail ever about them because according to her, they weren't in a relationship, but yet he

was the only person that she was fucking. I really think she got that weird shit from how my mom and Karl get down.

“Now that you back outside, you should come to this party with me on Friday. That way you can meet my new beau.”

“Lawd thank God ‘cause you was about to crash out soon.” Kimmie chuckled.

“Whatever!” I laughed with her. “I told you I was gon’ find my soulmate, and I really feel like I did.”

I caught Kimmie up with all the details about Ermias and how he was the owner of The West Park and how we spent the night together.

“I’m not even mad at that,” Kimmie said.

Lizzy started barking because she didn’t like getting wet and I had to wash all the dye off of her.

“Hold up, sis, this lil puppy pissed with me. It’s okay, Lizzy, I’m almost done, mama.”

“You and them dogs,” Kimmie responded.

“You should get you one.”

“You don’t even have a dog.” Kimmie laughed.

“All my clients are plenty.”

In addition to grooming the dogs, I offered boarding for a select few clients.

“But yeah, back to Friday. My boo is throwing a party for his homeboy that just got engaged. All of his friends gon’ be there and I really don’t want to go by myself. You never know, you might catch you one.”

“Sounds like perfect timing. I’m a drive though cause if you decide to stay longer than I want to chill with yo boo, I don’t want to feel stuck.”

“That’s coo. Oh wait, sis, let me call you right back. Mr. Ermias is on my other line.”

Before Kimmie could say anything else I hung up.

“Hey, you.”

“What you on, baby doll?” Ermias smoothly said, causing me to blush.

“Working, what about you?”

“At the lounge thinking ‘bout yo fine ass and good pussy.”

“Is that so. So, what you sayin’? You miss me?”

Ermias started chuckling as I smiled wider than the Kool-Aid man.

“Yeah, somethin’ like that. Can you get away?”

“I can later.”

“Bet. I just sent you the passcode to get inside my condo. When you done, meet me there.”

While I continued working so that I could get done, all I could do was smile. Tonight

was about to be another sex-filled night, and I couldn't wait to get blessed with some superb dick.

A Few Days Later...

Friday was finally here, and I couldn't wait to see Ermias again. We linked up the other night, but we haven't been able to link up since. Between his work schedule and mine, I had been crazy busy. I really was digging how things were going with Ermias, I legit had struck gold. My mom always told me to never let the right hand know what the left is doing and to accept people for who and what they are otherwise leave them be . She wasn't a gold digger in a ghetto way but long as a man fucked her good, kept her pockets filled, and catered to her when she needed attention, she was good and Karl provided that for her with ease while being able to maintain his best life.

I loved how they loved each other, I just wanted a little more than she did. It took for my mom to explain to me that financially it wouldn't make sense for her and Karl to combine their assets and get married. He was financially secure and so was she, which made for a great foundation yet her fear of losing all she had due to a relationship frightened her and I could totally understand that.

My dad was my mom's first love, and I was the only child that he had and because of that, he pretty much left my mom his entire estate, which was split sixty-forty with me making me financially secure as well.

At the same time, the money wasn't just placed into my bank account. In order for me to have access to the money, I had to be doing something productive and income generating. If I chose to not go to college that was fine, but I still needed to have a way to generate an income. When I went to school to learn how to groom dogs, I also took a course for grooming artists and fell in love, and my mom was in full support of my decision.

My dad was Cuban-American, his mom who I never met because she passed away before I was born was from Cuba. He used to tell me how hard it was for him growing up having a mom whose first language was Spanish. Through all the adversity my dad went through he became a very well-respected multi-millionaire who was an IT genius.

After my dad died, my mom sold the house I grew up in and we moved to the city in a condo that is not too far from here and that's where she still lives. I had yet to tell my mom about Ermias, but it was something that I was strongly thinking about. I just wanted to feel him out first. I didn't want to come on too strong and run him away, but now with me about to meet all of his friends, it was something that was heavy on my mind.

Since Kimmie insisted on driving, once I finished getting dressed, I went to her place so that we could have a couple of drinks before we left for the party.

"Wait, you not taking the Alfa?" I asked, as Kimmie and I walked through the parking garage to her Genesis. "Did you give it back to Jaysun or sum?" I looked around 'cause normally, the Alfa was parked right next to her other car.

After releasing a large sigh, Kimmie started chuckling and shaking her head. "It's a long story but in a nutshell, the other day I came down to run to Trader Joes and the Alfa was being towed. The tow truck driver said some shit about a voluntary repo or sum."

"Ouuu not a voluntary repo! On who credit, yours or his?"

"It'll have to be his 'cause he gifted me the car. When he gave it to me, he said it was paid for, and everything was in his name. I hadn't even switched the paperwork yet."

"Damn Indian-giving ass! What a lame cause how they come repo a car that is paid in

full!” I huffed.

“Exactly! But fuck Jaysun and fuck that Alfa Romero. I didn’t like it as much as my car anyway.”

Kimmie put the address for The West Park through On Star and we coasted down Lake Shore Drive listening to R&B and enjoying the view. The whole time all I could think about was anticipating seeing Ermias.

Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:42 pm

The last few days I did my best to stay away and not talk to people outside unless I was working, while I detoxed Jaysun from my mind, body, and soul. He had called me a couple of times after he left the other day, but I didn't answer any of his calls because he did some real fougasse shit taking the car he bought for me back. It wasn't that I needed the car, it was just the principle of it. This was the reason why I didn't do relationships. People be too weird for me to let them into my heart only to break it.

When Claudia asked me if I wanted to go to a party with her, I was down and ready to get outside. The day the repo man came to take the car back was one of the most humiliating things I had to experience. The only saving grace I had was the fact that my name wasn't on the paperwork, and it wouldn't be affecting my credit. Jaysun could've just asked for the car back, and it wouldn't have been any issues. Had I done that to him, he be all over the world discrediting me cause that was the type of shit niggas did. They liked to dish it but couldn't take it.

The whole ride to the lounge we vibed to the music and just chilled. It was always a vibe whenever me and Claudia hung out. Once we pulled into the back parking lot, we got out and valet took my keys. Claudia's homegirl, Dymond, had met us up here because she was kicking it with Claudia's boo, Ermias's homeboy.

"Damn, that Alfa looks like the one you just had." Claudia pointed out as she and I walked toward the entrance.

I glanced over to the car, and it was the same color as the one that I just had but I wasn't sweating it because I knew my shit had been repo'd and wouldn't be back out on the streets that fast. When we went inside, the atmosphere was an entire vibe and did no justice to the description that Claudia had given me.

It was hella nice inside, it gave a club, lounge yet classy and sexy vibe. There were quite a few already there and within seconds of us walking in the door Claudia's boo approached us.

"Hey, you, come meet my sis," Claudia smiled as she gave her boo a hug and very long and sensual tongue kiss. "This my sis, Kimmie; Kimmie, this my man Ermias."

"Nice to meet you. I've heard a lot about you."

"I hope all good things," I replied as Ermias, and I gave each other head nods.

He had this familiar look to him, but I couldn't quite put my finger on where I knew him from. He just had a very familiar face.

"Nothing but love." Ermias responded.

He gave Claudia another hug and told her that a section was roped off for us to chill in. We went over to the section, and it was filled with plenty of food and bottles on top of bottles of alcohol. Mainly tequila, I'm guessing because that's Claudia's go-to, and a couple of hookahs filled with THC. I thought that was dope of him.

Good music was flowing so of course I started dancing as I surveyed the room. Claudia was right, this was a whole vibe, and I was glad that I had come outside cause it was long overdue. Something Special by Pop Smoke started playing then the music lowered just a bit. You could hear the song playing still but it wasn't as loud as it was when we first walked in.

"Alright! Alright! Alright Y'all," Ermias announced. "I appreciate everyone for coming out tonight. We doing it big for my boy, JayTee, who just proposed to his lady, Ms. Princess. It's 'bout time, nigga! Big congratulations to the both of you, y'all show out and show them some love!"

Red and white metallic confetti fell from the ceiling and when I looked up and over at the crowd that had formed around the lucky couple I had to take another look. My heart started racing because I just knew that my eyes were deceiving me.

I was so taken aback that I started heading toward the crowd of people and the closer I got the clearer the confirmation was that I was right. JayTee's ass was Jaysun and to see him standing up there with some chick cheesing and grinning really did something to me. Even though we weren't talking right now, and it was fuck him til the world blow, I still couldn't shake the audacity of his ass.

All sorts of thoughts started to flood my mental; the weak ass dick and taking the car back. That made me wonder if that was the car parked in the lot. Just as I reached an arm's length to Jaysun and his fiancée, he looked toward me, and our eyes locked for the first time that night.

His eyes were as big as saucers as Spin Bout You by Drake and 21 Savage started playing and the DJ turned the music back up. People were bumping into me as they made their way to Jaysun to give their congratulations and I didn't give not one damn as I raised my arm and slapped the shit out of him.

"What the hell?" His fiancée shrieked, as Jaysun stood there holding the side of his face.

"You sorry as hell!" I jeered at Jaysun then turned to his fiancée who was looking at me like she was afraid I was going to slap her ass next, but I didn't. I just shook my head and wished them well. "Congrats on your engagement. Good luck 'cause you gon' need it."

"KIMMIE!" Claudia yelled from behind me, but I kept walking toward the door. I needed to get some fresh air and fast before I embarrassed myself any more than I already had. "Kimmie, wait!"

“That nigga just blew me! I’m so done with his ass.” I huffed as Claudia gave me a hug.

It wasn’t that I was emotional, sad, and crying, but more embarrassed, pissed and definitely disappointed in Jaysun for not keeping shit real with me.

“Fuck him, sis, he don’t deserve this much energy.”

“And don’t. One thing I hate is for a person to play in my face and I feel like that’s what he did. If I would’ve known that he was in a whole relationship there would have been no way in hell we would’ve been getting down like we were,” I ranted.

“I’m already knowing,” Claudia said but was cut off before she could say anything else by a loud ruckus next to us.

When we looked in the direction the noise was coming from, Jaysun was standing at the Alfa Romero arguing with his fiancée. When she got in it that confirmed that Claudia was right when she first saw it and thought it was my car. That sorry nigga took the car back and gave it to his fiancée.

“You see that shit.” I smirked. “And you want to know why I don’t do relationships. Niggas ain’t shit for real.”

Princess tried to pull off, but Jaysun was able to still jump into the car with her. They were in the parking lot doing the most.

“Looks like his punk ass is leaving. Let’s go back inside. We gon’ hit this hookah, get drunk and fuck the night up,” Claudia suggested, and I was game.

I really wanted to leave but I didn’t want to ruin her night. Plus, I felt like I owed her boo an apology for turning out his party. When we made it inside, I got a couple of stares here and there from a few people, but for the most part, everyone was partying

and had moved on from the fiasco that had just gone down.

“You good shorty?” Ermias asked as he wrapped his arms around Claudia’s waist.

“Yeah, and my bad. I didn’t mean to go there but your lil homie bogus as hell. It’s all good though, life goes on.”

“Right cause fuck him!” Claudia co-signed, “It’s his loss, sis.”

“The night still young, I hope you decide to stay and try to have some fun. If you need anything just let me know,” Ermias said as he and Claudia started dancing and vibing doing their own thing. While they did their thing, I went back to the section where our drinks and hookahs were and partied like it was 1995. I wasn’t about to let Jaysun dim my light.

Made for Me by Muni Long started playing and I had to get up and move my body. Even though I really wasn’t in a lovey-dovey mood, this song was my jam. I was in a whole vibe singing along to the song and just enjoying the moment when I felt someone walk up behind me and start to sway to my beat with the music. If it wasn’t for the fact that I was in a zone, I would have felt some type a way about how whoever it was had they hand on my waist, barely touching my ass.

“Twin, where have you been? Nobody knows me like you do,” I bellowed, sounding damn near as good as Muni. “I’m never gon’ love like this again. You were made for me.”

“Only for me,” whoever it was dancing with me whispered into my ear. “Nobody knows me like you do either, baby, but what I do know is you betta be singing ‘bout me, KK.”

Then it hit me. The voice was very familiar, yet for over a decade, I fought with my entire life to forget it. There was only one person that called me KK. Then he grabbed

my hand and turned me around to face him, and when my eyes locked with his, my knees got weak.

“Big D is back,” Darius beamed, leaving me at a loss of words.