



Walk Thru The Fire (DeLuca Brothers #2)

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Category: Suspense Thriller

Description: Jackson 'Stacks' DeLuca is the baby of the DeLuca bunch.

He's always lived in the shadows of his older brothers, but that didn't stop him from making a name for himself.

His witty charm was his secret weapon, and he used that at every angle.

When he uses said charm on his brother's bar manager, Kasha, he had to put in overtime because she wasn't giving him the time of day.

Kasha Sims is the hard-working and loyal bar manager of Linc's.

She's easily one of Buck's favorite people because of her hard work and dedication.

She's also the target of his younger brother Stacks' affection.

Things go on behind the scenes with Stacks and Kasha that cause her son's father to wreak havoc in their lives.

With disloyalty on the horizon, can Stacks and Kasha build a life together or will he have to prove that he isn't the DeLuca to go against?

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Chapter One

Jackson 'Stacks' DeLuca

The day Kasha left my house still plays in my mind.

It's been almost two months, and I still haven't heard anything from her ass.

No sign. No nothing. She even turned her location off and blocked my number.

At first I thought she was snatched up, but when I found out Jace was with her, I knew she played me.

All I could think about was her setting me up along with her bitch ass baby daddy.

That alone is enough to make my lil' homie Jace an orphan because that's exactly what he'll be once I get my hands on him raggedy ass mama and bitch ass daddy.

As much as I cared about her ass, I wasn't about to let her get me off of my square.

That's probably what they wanted in the first place, hoping to catch me slipping.

I was on point though and I had something for the both of them.

I had a meeting with Stone to see if he found out some information for me.

I needed any and everything I could get my hands on at this point.

I knew Buck would be pissed about me moving without him, but when I had some solid shit, then I'd fill him in.

He had a family to think about, and I wasn't about to pull him into no shit just because.

I pulled up to the bike yard on my bike and rode it under the awning on the side and parked. When I took my helmet off, Stone was sitting at one of the tables talking to Don. It was a few more people here, but it always was. I approached Stone and Don, dapping the both of them up.

"What's good?" I took my seat and gave Stone my undivided attention.

"We finally got eyes on that nigga's mama.

She's been out-of-town visiting her sister, but she came back home on yesterday.

I had Rock stay out there to keep an eye on things until you said how you wanted to move.

"I nodded because this was the bit of information that I needed.

Dumb niggas always slipped up and left their mamas out in the open.

"Aight, bet. Shoot me the address and I'll go check it out."

"You need me to go with you?" he offered.

"Nah. I'll probably take Buck with me, so he won't be bitching. I'll let you know if that changes, though. Good looking out." I slapped hands with Stone and headed inside to check on things.

The bike yard was more of a clubhouse where bikers came and hung out.

We sponsored a few races and bike shows occasionally.

I got into bikes when I was around seven.

My first bike resembled a motorcycle, and I've been hooked ever since.

I rode my bike every damn where unless an actual vehicle was needed.

I had other vehicles, but my bike was my baby.

After checking on everything here, I left, but not before telling Stone I'd hit him up later.

I got on my bike and headed to my next destination, which was Kasha's parent's house.

I checked in on her mama a few times a week to see if she'd heard from her trifling ass daughter, and her answer was always the same.

No. I could tell she wasn't lying to cover for her either.

Her face bore too much worry for her to be lying.

I pulled up to her parent's house and parked my bike behind her pop's truck. When I got to the door, I put my hands in the pocket of my sweats and waited for someone to come to it. After waiting a few seconds, I heard the locks turn and her mama was at the door.

"Hey, Jackson. Come in." She stood off to the side to let me in. I waited until she

closed the door before I pulled her into a hug and followed her into the living room. “How have you been?” she asked as she took a seat on the couch, and I sat opposite of her on the loveseat.

“I’m straight. How you holding up?” The look etched on her face let me know she wasn’t doing good at all. Mrs. Janice wasn’t old. She was only fifty-two, but the stress of worrying about her daughter and grandson had aged her at least ten years.

“I’m as good as I can be. I just can’t believe that Kasha would just leave like that, especially with her condition.” Kasha had diabetes and had to take medication every day. I picked up her last prescription, so it should be time for her to refill it.

“Have you checked in with her doctor?”

“I have and at first she was saying she couldn’t talk to me about her. Once I told her what was going on, she agreed to let me know if she sees or hears from her.” I nodded just as her pops, David came into the room.

“Hey, Jackson. How you doing, son?” I stood and shook his hand before sitting back down.

“I’m good. I just came to check on y’all to make sure things were straight.” He nodded.

“Have you heard anything?” He looked hopeful, just like his wife.

“I haven’t. I came to see if y’all have. I have people checking things out, though. As soon as I hear something, I’ll let y’all know.” They nodded.

I stayed a little while longer just to see if Kasha would call.

She never did. I finally got ready to leave, but not before assuring Kasha's parents that I would let them know if I heard anything and vice versa.

I just pray for her sake that they hear from her before I do, or they'd be identifying her body.

When I left Kasha's parent's house, I hit Buck up to see if he wanted to take the ride with me to go holla at that nigga Gator's mama. I should've known he wasn't gone let me go in blind, so I was at his house now waiting for this slow ass nigga.

"Man, you could've called me when you finished that shit." I frowned as that nigga came downstairs with that stupid ass grin on his face.

"Don't get mad because I can still get pussy and yo' bitch ghosted yo' dumb ass." He pushed my head as he walked over to me.

"Keep yo' dick beaters off me, nigga." I frowned.

"Hey, Stacks." Nic came in the room with my nephew in her arms. This lil' nigga looked just like his ugly ass daddy. I went to reach for him, and she handed him over.

"Wassup, sis?" I spoke to Nic as I took Benny from her. "Wassup, nephew? You good? They feeding you and shit?" He grinned, showing them bald ass gums like he understood what I was saying.

"Don't bring yo' ass in here like we be neglecting our son. Matter fact, let's go." Buck came and took Benny from my arms, but not before I kissed his cheeks. I shoved Buck's dumb ass as soon as his hands were full.

“Goldie, I’ll be back after I deal with this nigga.

I gotta stop by Linc’s and Vault before I head back.

Hit me up if y’all need me, okay?” I watched as my brother made sure his lady and kid were straight before we left.

It was weird seeing him in this element because, for as long as I could remember, he didn’t give a fuck about these hoes, thanks to Joi.

One encounter with Nic changed all that.

“Aight, Goldie. I’ll see you later.” I smirked because Buck hated when I called his girl by the nickname he gave her.

“Make me fuck you up, Jackson.” He threatened.

“Kiss my ass, Lincoln, and bring yours.” We walked to his garage so we could get in his truck. He knew I was on my bike, so I would park it in his garage until I got back.

“Where this nigga mama stay?” he asked once we pulled out of his driveway.

“Wood Haven.”

“Nig—Wood Haven? Bruh, that’s a whole hour and a half from here.” He frowned.

“And? You act like we gotta leave the state.” I shrugged.

“I ain’t wanna be taking no damn field trips either,” he fussed.

“You’ll be alright.” I laughed because this nigga was really mad.

“Stop fucking talking to me before I knock ya teeth out and tell mama you got jumped.”

“Then what you think gone happen to you if I got jumped on your watch and not do shit?”

“I’ll tell her I was in the store and the niggas were gone when I came out.” He smirked because he knew he could talk his self out of anything dealing with our mama.

“You ain’t shit.”

We rode to the sounds of Yung Bleu’s ‘Playing With Your Feelings’ flowing through the speakers. This seemed to be my theme song right now, just in reverse. A call came through disrupting the song, and it was Kilo.

“Wassup, bro?” Buck answered.

“Shit. You out?”

“Yeah. I’m with yo’ crybaby ass brother. Nigga over there looking like he ’bout to cry and shit.” He laughed at my expense.

“Fuck outta here. Ain’t nobody crying,” I snarled.

“Not right now.” he smirked.

“Fuck you. Aye, what’s good, bro?” I diverted my conversation to Kilo since Buck wanted to be a bitch.

“I was just calling to check in. Where y’all headed?”

“‘Bout to pop up on that fuck nigga’s mama. If she ain’t seen his ass, I’m more than positive that she talked to him.”

“Yeah, niggas always talking to their mamas. Look at Buck’s ass.” he joked.

“Fuck you. Don’t act like you ain’t talked to Mama today, or gone call when we get off the phone.”

“We ain’t talking about me, though.” We shared a laugh.

The conversation lasted until we were twenty minutes out.

He let us know he needed to go holla at Mel before she left for the day, and we knew what that meant.

When he first told us about the officer he was fucking, I thought he was on bullshit just to get special privileges, but he actually liked her.

We hung up with Kilo after promising to keep him in the loop of everything.

The weather in Wood Haven was always nasty today, and that only made the situation worse.

“You would pick the nastiest day to do this shit,” Buck fussed. “You better hope it’s a jacket in this muthafucka because if I get wet and get sick, I’m beating yo’ ass.” He pointed his finger in my face, and I knocked that shit back down.

“Fuck out my face and make sure you got two while you bitching.” He cursed me out but still handed me a hoodie before we got out of his truck and hurriedly made it to the porch out of the rain.

“She better hurry the fuck,” Buck fussed. No sooner than he said the words, she opened the door without asking questions. That gave us leverage to barge in.

“Who are you and why are you busting into my house?” she asked.

“You waited a fine damn time to ask that shit after you let us in.” Buck mugged the lady like he was ready to snap her neck.

“I didn’t let you in. Now tell me why you’re here. You don’t want me to call my son,” she warned.

“That’s exactly what I want you to do. Call that muthafucka up and tell him if he doesn’t bring his bitch ass out of hiding I’m gone skin you like a catfish.” The look on Buck’s face was one to make anybody shit their pants. This nigga loved torturing muthafuckas.

“He’ll do it, too. The only mamas he respects are the ones related to us, so you ma’am have no dog in this race. Ain’t that’s how y’all old people say it?” I smirked. She looked scared shitless, and she had every right to be.

“I—I haven’t talked to Lance in months. The last time I talked to him, he said him and his son’s mother were leaving town. That’s all I know.” When she said that, I looked at Buck and his eyes were already on me.

“His son’s mother? She’s with him?” I asked.

“Yes. That’s what he told me.”

Nodding, I turned to leave. I didn’t need to hear shit else.

That bitch played me and when I got my hands on her, she’s gone wish she’d never

crossed a nigga like me.

I may not have been as out in the open with my shit as Buck, but don't let that small misconception fool you.

I could get just as worse, and Kasha was gone experience that firsthand, along with her baby daddy.

I left Buck inside the house because I didn't wanna hear shit else that old bitch had to say. When he finally came out and got in the truck, I had already lit a blunt.

"You killed her?" I asked, passing him the blunt.

"Nah. I just told her if she loved her life that she would tell her son to bring his ass and bring Kasha with him. They can't hide forever and the first tip we get, we gone get active.

" I nodded because I was with all that. I had my mind made up, and it was set on a double plot for Kasha and her pussy ass baby daddy.

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Chapter Two

Kasha (Kah-Shuh) 'Kash' Sims

I don't know what Lance is thinking by kidnapping me and Jace, but I have a bad feeling about this.

All he had to do was pay Buck the money he owed his brother, yet he wanted to get over, or at least think he was.

I hated he got away the day of Buck and Nic's baby shower.

Had he not, I wouldn't be here now. I know Jackson was going crazy because he's shown me on more than one occasion he wanted to build a future with me and Jace, but I kept downplaying it because of his age.

What could a twenty-four-year-old possibly know about building a future and settling down.

Let alone being a parent to an adolescent.

The morning I left Jackson's home keeps playing in my mind and I wish like hell I hadn't fallen for the bait.

The night before I left, I got a text from an unknown number.

When I opened it, it was Lance asking could he see Jace before he left town.

Not wanting to deny him of his son, I agreed.

I know I should've told Jackson, but I figured if Lance was leaving town, everything would be okay.

“What you over here doing?” Jackson walked behind me and wrapped his arms around my thick waist. I was considered a big girl, but I was very confident in my skin.

Jackson also let me know I was the finest woman he'd ever seen, further boosting my ego.

Lance never made me feel this comfortable.

He would make snide remarks about my weight, but I never let it bruise my self-esteem.

Especially when he wasn't exactly skinny.

“Getting ready for tomorrow. My vacation is officially over, and I return to work tomorrow. I know Buck will be glad.” I joked.

“That nigga just lazy. He had to be there more until you came back.”

“That could be true.”

“But listen.” He kissed my neck. “Since you gotta go back to work tomorrow. Why don't you come over here and let's end this vacation on the right note.

” He kissed my neck as he walked me over to the bed.

Once my thighs hit the back of the bed, I slid back as he continued to kiss up my body.

I ran my hands over his waves as he peppered kisses in a trail between my thighs.

When he was face to face with my essence, he placed a sensual kiss on my mound before devouring me like a death row inmate.

“Ughn,” I whimpered as sucked on my pearl with precision.

I felt my first orgasm start to brew in the pit of my stomach as he continued to suck my senses out.

“Shit, Ja—ugh.” I couldn’t even get my words out before I was wetting his face up with my juices.

“Ain’t no need in tapping out. I ain’t even got started yet.

” He smirked as he positioned himself at my drenched opening.

I sucked in a breath as he pushed his way inside.

He may have been young but he damn sure had a grown man dick.

“Fuck, Kash,” he groaned into my neck as he continued to work his hips in a circle.

I let every thought I had of Lance’s foolishness dissipate as I let Jackson do any and everything that he wanted to do with my body.

That night, the sex was different. It felt different.

I don't know if it was the guilt of not telling Jackson about Lance contacting me, or that I had a feeling that things wouldn't go as I expected.

Which was my reality. I was locked in a house, God knows where, because Lance decided he'd kidnap us and not have a damn plan after that.

Speaking of Lance, he was walking around here like we didn't have us hostage.

Even though Jace didn't know he was being kept against his will.

Lance has been playing the game with him, and he was oblivious and in heaven.

Lance was smart enough to take our phones and turn them off.

He wouldn't even let me call my mama and daddy to let them know I was alright.

I'm pretty sure my mama was going out of her mind by not hearing from us.

I'm positive Jackson has told them I left his house, or he went over there looking for me and they told him they hadn't seen me.

I couldn't wait for this shit to be over.

Lance better hope I don't kill his ass before Jackson and Buck find him.

"Ma, when are we going back home? I miss Nana and Papa." Jace looked up from the TV he was watching.

My baby was getting bored because he couldn't use his phone or his iPad.

Lance took all devices but had a PS5 here for them to play.

He just didn't allow him to go online. He told him the Wi-Fi wasn't working.

"I have to go back to work, so it should be soon. Okay?" He nodded his head, not saying anything else. The look on his face was crushing me. I already had ill feelings toward Lance. Now I was starting to hate his ass because my child was caught up in the middle of his shit.

I busied myself with fixing something to eat for me and Jace.

Lance had groceries here, but it wasn't much of anything that I would prefer, but I had to make do.

I found stuff to make some spaghetti. That would be quick and simple enough to get done quickly so I could lie down.

It was almost time for me to refill my medication, and I prayed Lance let us go before I ran out.

I'm almost positive that he wouldn't get me any medical attention if I needed.

I knew that was one of the reasons I knew my parents and Jackson were worried about me.

They were the only ones that knew of my condition, besides Lance.

I didn't let it consume my life, so I never broadcasted it.

It was no one's business about my health.

As long as I was able to function as a productive person, that's all they needed to be worried about.

While I let the sauce simmer, I started picking up a few of the things Jace had all over the floor.

I ventured to the back of the house, and, to my surprise, the door wasn't closed completely.

I don't know if Lance knew he left it unlock, or this was a miracle.

Quickly, I ran back up front to get Jace so that we could make a run for it.

"Jace! Jace, get your shoes!" I yelled as I made it back up front. When I got there, all the life and hope drained from my body when I saw Lance walking back inside.

"What he need his shoes for?" He grimaced. I tried to take off, but he was right behind me.

"Let me go, Lance!" I cried as he tackled me to the ground.

"Bitch, you ain't going no-damn-where. If you think you gone go back to that young nigga, he gone pay me," he grit.

"Mama!" I heard Jace cry out. I looked over and saw Lance's half-brother, Maurice, holding Jace with his arm around his neck.

"Don't hurt him," I pleaded. "That's your son, Lance. Please don't hurt him." I cried harder. He looked over at his brother before back at me. He finally got off of me, pulling me with him.

"Bring him." I didn't know where he was taking us, but I could only pray that it wasn't to our demise.

Lance and Maurice escorted me and Jace out the back door and into a basement. It was dark and dank down here.

“Lance, this isn’t a place for your son to be.”

“Well, you should’ve thought about that before you tried to escape.” He shoved the both of us inside before walking out and slamming the heavy door.

“Ma, I’m scared,” Jace cried.

I hated my son was in this situation. I didn’t care what they did to me, but I needed to make sure that my son was safe.

“I’m scared too, baby, but everything is going to be okay.” I rubbed his head to assure him of the words that I just said, not even believing them myself.

“I want Stacks,” he continued to cry.

“Me too, baby. Me too.”

It’s been a few days since Lance threw me and Jace in this rank ass basement.

He would come and let us use the restroom and wash up, but brought us right back down here.

He would bring food and water down here, but never let us go back inside.

He said he didn’t want us to try to escape and go back to that ‘bitch ass young nigga’.

All I could do was shake my head because I take full blame for this.

Had I not tried to let him see his son before he left, we wouldn't be here right now.

I ran out of medicine a few days ago and needed to get my refill.

My prescription usually lasts about three months, and it was time to refill it.

Hopefully, I could convince Lance to let us go if I promised not to tell the DeLuca's where to find him.

"Ma, why is Dad doing this to us? Why didn't he just stay gone?" I looked down at my son and silently cried. The two of them already had a strained relationship and now it would get worse. I'm positive that once Buck and Stacks get close to him, my son will be without a father.

"I don't know why he's doing these things, baby. Hopefully, he'll realize what he's doing is wrong and let us go back home. I'm pretty sure Nana and Papa are worried about us."

"And Stacks? You think he's worried about us?"

"In the small amount of time that Jackson and Jace were around each other, they formed a bond.

I didn't know if it was because Jackson was young or that he was really that good with kids.

Either way, I was grateful for the bond that they had because I knew now it was ruined.

We sat quietly in the small room until Jace finally drifted back off to sleep. While he was sleeping, I was looking for ways to escape from under Lance. While I was in my head, Lance and his brother Maurice busted through the basement door.

“Get the fuck up and come on!” He yelled, yanking me up in the process.

“Stop fuckin’ snatching on me! What is wrong with you?” I watched as Maurice grabbed at Jace. “Stop grabbing him like that!” I snapped. “Lance, what’s going on?”

“What’s going on is your lil’ boyfriend and his bitch ass brother went to my mama’s house and threatened her.

We need to leave.” I stood in shock that Jackson was actually looking for me.

Maybe he really cared enough after all. “Now!” Lance’s thunderous voice brought me out of my daze.

So badly did I want to rebel against his wishes, but I didn’t want them to harm Jace.

He already had my hands cuffed, so all he had to do was grip my upper arm and walk me out.

It was dark outside, so no one would notice that we were being held against our will.

The gun he held was motivation enough to keep my mouth closed because I be damned if I let this nigga kill me and my baby.

The only reassurance I had right now was that Jackson and Buck were out looking for us.

That small revelation gave me the hope I needed to survive this ordeal.

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Chapter Three

Lance 'Gator' Borders

sometime later...

Them DeLuca niggas made me fuckin' sick.

They thought they ran shit. I mean, they did, but they didn't run me.

That's why I bucked on that nigga Kilo. The fuck was he supposed to do to me in prison.

I knew I took my chances because everybody knew that nigga Buck didn't have all his fuckin' brain cells.

He didn't give a fuck if you were at your granny's funeral.

He'd put you in the same hole as her. Their younger brother Stacks was the least of my worries because all he did was ride the wave of his brothers.

What pissed me off was when I saw him sniffing around Kasha.

I caught the lil' slick shit about him wanting to fuck her.

I didn't think nothing of the shit because she was almost ten years older than his young ass.

The day she met me in the park and that nigga came out of nowhere like he was defending her.

Let me know he was indeed fucking my baby mama.

He could have her fat ass, and as soon as I get what I want, he could have her ass back.

The morning I called her to meet me with Jace was only for me to snatch her up and collect a ransom for her ass.

I recruited my brother so we could come up with the perfect plan so we could get this money and disappear.

If she wanted to be with that young ass nigga, she could.

He was gone pay me for her, though. I didn't care if I owed them.

"So, how we gone get this money from them niggas?" I sat and smoked with my brother as we tried to come up with a plan.

"We could take Kasha and Jace to Vault and have them niggas empty the safes," I suggested, passing him the blunt.

"Nah, that ain't gone work. We'd be going on a suicide mission."

"You sound scared." I frowned because this nigga was pissing me the fuck off. "You either in this shit or you not!" I snapped.

"Nigga, get out ya chest. You're thinking irrationally and that's gone get us the fuck killed.

Do you really think we can walk inside of Vault and come back out alive?

Buck got security all through that muthafucka, so you know he's put them on game.

The same with his bar and Stacks' club. We step foot in any of that shit, and we won't be stepping back out.

Use ya head, nigga." He passed the blunt back to me, and I took it.

He was right. None of that shit was gone work.

I sat and inhaled the potent smoke into my lungs, and it hit me.

"I could get his number from Kash's phone. I know she has it stored. We can call from there and demand the money. He'll pay that shit and he can have the bitch and we'll be good." I nodded as a smile ticked at my lips.

"You really think that shit will work? Them DeLuca niggas ain't slow," Maurice ranted.

"Man, fuck them niggas! You act like you on their side or some shit." I was seething. This nigga was acting like a bitch.

"I hope you have that same energy when this shit unfolds. I'm not going down with you and you'on even have a solid plan.

The fuck you gone do when they show up with the money?

You think they just gone hand over the money after you hand over Kasha?

You gotta be the dumbest nigga ever if you think that shit.

You need to come up with a solid plan that you honesty should've had by now.

” He got up to leave, and I sat there thinking about what he said.

He was right about one thing. I should've had a plan by now.

I was just playing the shit by ear and hadn't devised anything solid yet.

My phone rung and I saw it was my mama. Shaking my head, I answered.

“Ma, I thought I said not to call me?”

“Lance, whatever you got going on, you need to cut it out. Some men have been here looking for you today. They were asking me questions about you and Kasha. What's going on, Lance?

” It was like my heart stalled at the sound of my mama's voice.

If those niggas been to her house, then they would be closing in on me soon.

“What men, and what did they say?”

“They said if you didn't come from out of hiding, he would skin me like a catfish.

I don't know what you did, but you need to do something and get me out the middle of it.

I called Janice, and she told me Kasha disappeared and took Jace with her.

You need to stop this, Lance, because I know if Kasha is with you, it isn't by choice.

” I could hear the fear in her voice and could tell that she was worried, but she had no reason to be. Them niggas wouldn’t do shit to her.

“Ma, relax. I’ on who you’re talking about and maybe Kasha didn’t want her mama to know she was leaving. You ain’t got nothing to worry about. Aight?” I was trying to convince myself more than her because I didn’t expect them niggas to bring my mama into this.

“Lance, you need to stop whatever this is...now,” she urged.

“Aight, Ma. I’ll call you later. Don’t open the door for nobody else,” I warned, before hanging up.

“Shit,” I cursed as I got up and paced the room.

“The fuck wrong with you?” my brother asked as he came back into the room.

“Them niggas popped at my mama’s house,” I informed. I saw the blood drain from my brother’s face. She may not have birthed him, but he loved her still the same since his own mama wasn’t shit.

“Sh-she’s okay?”

“Yeah. She’s fine, but we need to get the fuck outta here. No telling what they left in that bitch or if her phone is tapped or not. Fuck!” I stopped pacing.

“I told you to let this shit go, and pay them niggas.”

“Shut the fuck up! I’ain asked you for no fuckin’ ‘I told you so’s’. We need to get them and get the fuck outta here.” I went to the back and through the basement door with a vengeance. Maurice talked shit, but he was right behind me, on whatever I was

on.

“Get the fuck up and come on!” I yelled, snatching Kasha up in the process. “Get him,” I instructed my brother while I gripped Kasha’s arm and snatched her toward the door.

“Stop fuckin’ snatching on me! What is wrong with you?” she yelled, trying to break free from my hold. “Stop grabbing him like that!” she yelled at Maurice, who now had Jace in a bear hug. “Lance, what’s going on?”

“What’s going on is your lil’ boyfriend and his bitch ass brother went to my mama’s house and threatened her. We need to leave.” She stopped walking. “Now!” She didn’t need to get any ideas about being rescued before I got my fuckin’ money and disappeared for good.

“Where are you taking us?” We had them in the blacked out SUV with me sitting in the back and Maurice driving. I had the child locks on the door, so I wasn’t worried about her trying to get away.

“Don’t worry about it. You just better hope that your lil’ boyfriend loves you enough to pay up or you’ll never see his ass again.”

“Wh-what do you mean never see him again? You’ll hurt me more than you already have?” she cried.

“You better hope I don’t have to.”

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Chapter Four

Stacks

sometime later...

Tonight we were having a race at the yard, and I was walking the grounds to make sure everything was good.

We had a few guys on the force in our pockets, so I had them out here just in case some shit popped off.

It didn't matter if a fight broke out or bodies dropped, them niggas were here to make sure shit went smoothly.

When I walked back up front, I saw Buck standing by Stone with Nic flushed against his body.

"Why yeen tell me you was bringing Goldie?" I mentioned as I walked up.

"Wassup, sis?" I smirked as I pulled her into a hug.

"Unhand my girl, nigga" Buck shoved me as me and Nic laughed at his stupid ass. "And I done told you about that Goldie shit. Make me beat yo' ass." He frowned.

"Lincoln," Nic chastised.

“Yeah, Lincoln. Tighten up.” I laughed.

“Fuck you, Jackson. I thought this shit was supposed to start at nine? It’s nine-fifteen.”

“You got somewhere to be?” I quizzed just as one of the racers, Rein, switched by. I admired her curves as she walked past me in a pair of tight black leather pants and a matching jacket she had opened, revealing a white bra-like top. When she saw me watching, she smirked.

“Damn, nigga. Just take the bitch’s face.” I snapped out of my daze and looked at Buck’s dumb ass who had that stupid ass smirk on his face.

“Fuck on.” I laughed because I ain’t have shit else to say.

“Watch Kash come back and beat both y’all the fuck up,” he joked.

“Fuck Kasha.” I was still pissed that she got caught up with her baby daddy, but I wasn’t about to let it stall my life. I walked off from my brother and Nic and headed in the direction Rein went. She was over by her bike and a few of her homegirls. When she saw me approach, her smirk returned.

“Wassup, Stacks?”

“Wassup. I see you racing tonight. Don’t get out there and lose.” I smirked at the look on her face. Rein was nice as fuck on a bike. That shit always made my dick hard watching her ride that shit like it was nothing.

“You’on even believe that shit yourself.” She laughed. “Make sure you’re front and center when I cross the finish line.”

“I’ll leave a seat for you on this dick if you win.

” I let my eyes examine her frame once more before walking off.

When I returned to where Buck and Nic were posted up, Stone had joined them with his baby mama, Gina.

“Damn, Gina!” I yelled as I got close. She blushed while Stone gave me a death look like Buck.

They both knew I meant no harm. I just liked fucking with these niggas.

Gina was a fine ass, short yellow bone, with a blonde pixie cut.

She was thick as fuck and covered with tattoos.

She was Stone’s second baby mama, and the one with the most damn sense.

His other baby mama, Pam, was a damn nutcase.

The shit was funny as hell because this nigga’s real name was Martin.

“You my boy, but don’t make me fuck you up,” he snarled before dapping me up.

“You must wanna fuck these bullets up after,” Buck intervened. He felt like he was the only one that could talk shit to me.

We all laughed and continued to talk while we waited for the race to start.

“What you said to ol’ girl?” Buck’s nosy ass asked.

“Told her if she won, I had a spot on my dick for her.” I grinned because I couldn’t wait for that shit. She always flirted with me, but I was on Kasha. That shit was dead, so I wasn’t about to miss out on the opportunity when it presented itself.

“She gone lose on purpose,” he joked.

“Shit. She ’bout to smoke all them niggas and that other bitch out there. Watch.” I was confident that Rein was going to win because she’s been on my dick for a minute. Even if she lost, she was going to get this dick and everything that came along with it.

The racers lined up, and I watched from the sideline near the finish line.

When the light turned green, the racers took off.

I watched as Rein took off. She was behind three other riders, but that didn’t last long.

She quickly passed one, now becoming third in the race.

The crowd was cheering her on as she kept up, then passed the second rider, now being at the number two spot.

This shit was about to get interesting because the rider in first place was this nigga named Hemi.

He thought he was the best around, and that’s because I didn’t race like that.

Outside of me, Rein was the one who could give him a run for his money, like she was currently doing.

“Oh, shit. She ’bout to smoke that nigga,” Buck hooted.

I watched as they both bent the last curve, with Rein coming out in front and left that nigga to inhale her bike's exhaust. Moments later, she passed the finish line, with Hemi trailing behind.

The crowd cheered while a few groaned because they lost their damn money.

I left my people and went to meet Rein at her bike.

I approached her just as she was taking her helmet off. Our eyes locked before she spoke.

"I'm ready for my next ride," was all she said before I left and told my brother and Stone I was leaving. Stone would stay to make sure everything was straight, and Buck would make sure that nigga was straight. I'm glad I had people I could rely on because right now, I had victory dick to deliver.

"Shit," I groaned as Rein rode my dick. She was acting like she was back on her bike and I happily obliged.

She followed me back to my spot and no sooner than we crossed the threshold, my hand was gripping her hair as my dick stabbed at her tonsils.

I hadn't had sex since Kasha dipped, so whether she knew it or not, she was in for a wild night.

"Mmm...Stacks," she breathed out. "I-I'm about to cum," she announced right before her body shuttered and she coated my condom covered dick with her juices. Before she could come down from her orgasmic high, I had lifted her off of me and onto her stomach before sliding back inside of her.

“Damn, girl.” I frowned at the feeling of her tight walls pulling me in.

Shit should’ve been a sin. I needed to see this ass in the air, so I slid out of her and pulled her to the edge of the bed by her ankle.

“Get that ass in the air.” I gave her ass cheek a firm slap, prompting her to groan in pleasure before she did as I asked.

Gripping her waist, I started pummeling her box until she was screaming and creaming all at the same time. I felt my nut rising, so I quickly snatched out of her and did the same to the condom before I cupped her jaws so she could open up her mouth to catch this shit.

“Sss...fuck,” I grunted as she sucked all my kids down her throat. Once I was empty, she detached herself from me and grinned.

“I guess I won twice tonight, huh?” she smirked.

“Damn right.” I bent down to pick up the condom from the floor so I could discard it. “But I ain’t done wit’ you, so catch ya breath, baby. We ’bout to go for the gold.

I tried to be a good nigga for Kasha, but she didn’t want it. That’s her fuck up. I ain got no issue with giving this dick to somebody who gone take this shit like a pro and appreciate it.

The first thing I did when I woke up the next morning was slide up in Rein once more before she left.

I told her I’d get up with her later before walking her to the door.

I waited until she got on her bike and pulled off before I went back inside to take a shower and leave.

We had a meeting with Logic this afternoon, so I needed to be there.

Even though that was Kilo's deal, we had to do most of the legwork from the outside.

It took a little over an hour for me to get ready, but I got the shit done in record time and was out the door and headed to D.E.

I hopped in my car because it was due to rain later and I ain't feel like hearing Buck's mouth if he had to give me a ride.

When I got to D.E. I parked in my designated parking space and headed inside.

I nodded my head at the receptionist before getting on the elevator.

Inside the meeting room, my pops and Buck were already seated with Logic and his cousins, Maverick, Quest, and Lucci.

"Glad you decide to show up." Buck smirked.

"Nigga show up to one meeting early and wanna talk shit. Fuck outta here." I laughed as I took my seat on the other side of my pops.

"He sounds like this nigga Lucci." Logic pointed his thumb toward his cousin.

"Be lucky I show up at all," Lucci countered, and we all chuckled.

"Alright gentlemen, we can get started as soon as my son calls." As soon as pops said that, his phone rang.

“Everyone’s here, son.”

Kilo spoke and we got down to business. By the time we were done, we had distribution set up.

If everything stayed on track, we could open the dispensaries by the end of the year.

We chopped it up for a lil’ while and I invited them to the club since they would be in town for a few days.

Once they were gone, my pops started with all his questions.

“Have you heard anything about Kasha?” I kept the shit with me and Kasha on the low but when she went missing, it came out. Once my pops caught wind of that, he was on me about making sure I got her back safely.

“Nah. I haven’t. I did my part. Whatever her and that nigga got going on is on them. She better hope when I do get to her ass, I’m in a good mood and not acting like this nigga.” I pointed at Buck.

“The fuck you tryna say?” He frowned.

“I ain’t tryna say shit. I’m saying you fucked up in the head.” I laughed, and he joined in because he knows I’m not lying.

“Whatever, nigga. You just saying that now because you fucking on Rein’s fine ass.”

“Watch ya lip, nigga. I’m tell Goldie you out here calling another woman fine.”

“And watch I snatch yo’ lips off for snitchin’ and calling mine out her name.”

Our pops just shook his head at our antics, because he knew we would go on forever.

“Who is this Rein chick?” I forgot Kilo’s ass was on the phone until he spoke up.

“Damn, I forgot yo’ ass was on the phone. She’s just a chick from the yard,” I revealed.

“She a biker chick, bro. Fine, thick ass, bitch,” Buck instigated.

“Keep playing wit’ me.” I scowled. “But she’s cool. Ain’t shit serious.”

“You sure you wanna get into something else right now?” Kilo asked.

“You act like I’m about to marry the bitch. Last night was literally our first time kickin’ it. Y’all seem to forget that I’m twenty-four and not four.” They made me sick with that shit. Acting like I couldn’t make my own fuckin’ decisions pissed me off.

“You whining like a lil’ bitch right now, so it’s hard to tell.” I rolled my eyes at Buck because he was pissing me off.

“Y’all done? I got shit to do?” Before he could respond, I got a text from an unknown number.

Unknown: If you want to see your bitch again, you need to come off of five mil. Hit this line when you got the money.

Knowing this nigga was playing these types of games was pissing me the fuck off. If they thought they were gone get that kinda money outta me, they had another thing coming.

“The fuck wrong wit’ you?” I looked up at Buck and handed him the phone. When he saw what I saw, his expression mimicked mine.

“What you tryna do?” was all he asked. I knew my brother would always be on whatever I’m on.

“I’m gone give these muthafuckas just what they’re looking for, and I’ain talking ’bout no fuckin’ money.”

Muthafuckas thought just because I was the baby I could be played with. I’m here to show them why I’m not.

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Chapter Five

Kasha

Lance brought me and Jace to another house and had us locked up in a room.

I really hoped he came to his senses sooner than later because this is not going to end well for him.

I know everyone is worried because I haven't been in touch.

I hope they didn't think I just upped and left.

Anybody that knew me knew I wasn't a coward.

On top of that, I wouldn't involve my son in whatever I had going on.

I knew Jackson was going out of his mind.

I had just gotten to a point where I was accepting our age difference, and I knew he was possibly going out of his mind.

I remember the day he finally broke me down.

It was around the time Nic started working at the bar.

Buck left with her and Jackson stayed behind to lock up.

“Armani, when the last customer leaves, I’m going to send Jaz home and have you close.” I stood at the end of the bar and let the girls know what the plan was.

“Why I gotta close? Why can’t she do it?” she sassed.

“Aren’t you the lead?” I countered.

“Yeah, but—” she started.

“—but shit. Do your job or get the fuck on. I’m pretty sure my brother won’t miss you.” Jackson came into view and barked at Armani like the boss he portrayed to be. She rolled her eyes at him, but she didn’t have a rebuttal. Once she walked off, he turned to me, smiling down in my face.

“Jackson, you can go. I got this.” I backed up to put some space between us. Had I not, I’d let this man bend me over this bar with no shame.

“Now, you know I ain’t leaving you in here by yourself.”

“But don’t you have your own businesses you need to check on?”

That was one of the things that I started to love about Jackson.

He was young, but he was on his shit. He owned the hottest strip club in the city along with a bike yard, that was basically a club slash lounge for bikers.

I never been, but he offered to take me to a race and ride his bike with him. I declined both times.

“T’on need to be there for them muthafuckas to do what the fuck I pay them to do. Just like Buck, I got people in place, so I don’t have to be.” He was so close to me, I

could smell the weed and spearmint on his breath mixed with his YSL cologne.

Clearing my throat, I backed up to put some space between us. “Well, since you insist on being here, you can help them break the bar down.” He looked over his shoulder and back at me.

“Nah. I’m not doing that. I go help that hoe and she’s gone read more into it. What you got to do? I’d much rather be in your space and help you.” He flirted.

I blushed before turning on my heels and heading to the back where the offices were located.

When I reached the door, Jackson came around me and opened it before allowing me to walk inside.

I walked over to my desk to place the money envelopes down.

When I turned around, Jackson was standing over me.

Before I could ask him why he was once again in my space, he kissed me.

I don’t mean a quick peck, either. I mean a soul-stirring kiss that ruined the seat of my panties.

“Mmm,” I moaned into his mouth.

He pulled his lips away from mine and I immediately craved them against mine.

“Why you still playing, Kash? You know I’m feeling you. Why you running, baby?” He stroked the side of my face as he spoke to me in a low, sensual register.

“Jackson, we can’t do this,” I muttered, not believing my own words.

“Why not? Is it because of my age?” His eyes searched mine.

“Yeah. No. Hell, I don’t know,” I huffed.

“Well, since you can’t make up that pretty mind of yours. Let me help you out.” Without warning, he picked my thick ass up and practically threw me on top of my desk right before he buried his face between my thighs.

“Jackson,” I whined as he sucked my pearl into his mouth.

He declined a response, but the way he slurped up my juices warranted no response. After making me cum three times from his tongue, he delivered nothing but dick. Right there in my office, while the employees were on the other side of the door.

That night he broke all my walls down and we’ve been slowly building a new foundation since.

I must’ve drifted off to sleep because I was woken up by Lance’s loud and annoying voice.

“Kash! Kash, get up!” he yelled, causing me and Jace to jolt awake.

“Why are you yelling? What’s going on?” Jace cuddled closer to me, still half asleep.

“I sent your lil’ boyfriend a text demanding five million dollars to get you back.” When he revealed that, it was like all the wind escaped my lungs.

“Why would you do that? You already owe them money, so do you think extorting them is smart?”

He couldn't be serious right now?

“Fuck that! I ain paying them shit! Since he thinks he can have my bitch, he gone pay me for you.”

“Your bitch? Listen, Lance. I'm not doing this shit with you.

You need to let us go and let this shit go.

I don't know what you think you plan to accomplish by doing this, but you're scaring your son, and I need my fuckin' medicine!

” I was over his theatrics. He needed to let us go so I could get my medicine before it was too late.

“You'll go when he sends me the money. He knows you need your medicine, so if he cares like you think he does, you'll have it in no time.”

“I hope they bury you in acid,” I grit.

“You better hope they fi?”

“Ma!”

“Kash!”

I heard Lance and Jace calling my name at the same time, but I was too weak to respond. The last thing I remember was hearing my baby crying and his stupid ass daddy cursing before everything went black.

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Chapter Six

Stacks

“So, you hittin’ the nigga back?”

Just like I knew he would, Buck was ready for whatever. He told me to follow him to his house. That’s where we were now, with Kilo on the line.

“Nah, he can keep the bitch,” I snapped. I wasn’t about to give them my money to ride off in the fuckin’ sunset.

“What if she ain’t wit’ him willingly?” Kilo chimed in. I stared at the phone as if he could see my face.

“She was at my house. That nigga don’t know where I lay my head. So, if she’s with that nigga, she went willingly.” I frowned.

“What if she didn’t, though?” he countered, again.

“Listen, you know I fuck wit’ Kash. Before I knew you was fuckin’ on my manager, I looked at her as family. Do you really think she would’ve left like that without reason?” I squinted at Buck like he’d lost his mind.

“Nigga get a bitch and now he’s Dr. Phil. You know if Nic pulled some shit like this, not only would you say fuck her, but you’d torture her ass once you got close enough, so shut the fuck up talking to me on some kumbaya shit.” I snapped, because he was

really pissing me off.

“Oh, shit. Jackson fell in love,” I heard Kilo’s amused voice flow through the speakers.

“Aww, the baby in love.” Buck tried pinching my cheek, but I slapped his hand out the way.

“Fuck y’all. I’m out.”

I got up and left them to talk about whatever they felt the need to. Nic and Benny were asleep, so I didn’t bother them. Hopping on my bike, I left my stupid ass brothers and went to the only place I knew I could get some answers without being judged.

“Ma, this shit hurts,” I vented to my mama. I knew I could talk to her and not worry about looking soft. I was her baby, so I knew she would listen.

“I know, baby. I had my reservations about Kasha because she was older and a mother, but I saw the way the two of you looked at each other. It hurts because those are natural feelings that you were prone to have. I honestly don’t think she left on ill-intent.

Especially with her son. Something may very well be wrong.

” I listened to my mama, but I didn’t want to hear what she had to say either.

I had Kasha and Jace at my spot so I could keep an eye on them.

That was the safest place for them to be.

“Ma, that would make more sense if she wasn’t at my place. That nigga wasn’t a threat to me or her for that matter, as long as she was in my care. For all I know she plotting with that nigga, so she need to face whatever consequences with him.”

She shook her head.

“You’re more like Lincoln that you care to admit. Just be careful, baby.”

I stayed a little longer before I left and went home. Not before hitting up Rein. I had some aggression to get off my chest, and she was the perfect distraction to do so.

“I was surprised when you hit me up. I haven’t heard from you in a few days.

” I let my eyes roam over Rein’s thick frame as she sauntered inside of my house.

It’s true, I had been avoiding her because this shit with Kasha was weighing on me heavily.

I had to push that shit aside though because I needed to relieve some of this stress and I knew Rein’s fine ass would be able to help with that.

“Had some shit going on. You sound like you miss a nigga.”

“Maybe I did,” she flirted, rubbing her hand down my bare chest. Taking her hand, I backpedaled until I reached the couch and flopped down.

“Come show me then.”

I watched through hooded lids as she descended to her knees. She maintained eye contact the entire time as she fished my hard dick out of my basketball shorts. I closed my eyes and let my head fall back as I felt her warm, slick tongue glide along my hardened shaft.

“Ssss.” I sucked in a breath as I felt her take me into her mouth and suck me up with precision. The shit was feeling so good, I almost didn’t hear my phone ringing. I started to ignore the shit but whoever it was, wasn’t letting up.

“Don’t stop,” I coached as I answered the phone without looking to see who it was.

“Jackson.” I heard Kasha’s mama voice sniff through the phone. That prompted me to pop my eyes open and sit up, tapping Rein in the process.

“Watch out,” I told Rein before directing the conversation to Mrs. Janice. “Mrs. Janice? What’s wrong?” Something told me this wasn’t a social call by the sound of her voice. My heart was pounding out of my chest waiting for her to respond to me.

“Jackson, Kasha is in the hospital.” She sniffed. “I got a call stating that she was brought in unconscious. Jace gave them my name to confirm her emergency contact. She’s in WoodHaven.” I heard her crying, and I was conflicted. I didn’t know what to do.

“Is that Stacks?” I heard Jace in the background. His grandmother confirmed it was me and the next voice I heard was his.

“Stacks,” he called out, his voice full of worry.

“Wassup, homie?”

“Can you come here with us? Please?” When I heard him snifle, I hung my head

because this kid was pulling at my heartstrings. As bad as I wanted to say fuck his mama and daddy, I couldn't say fuck him. He was innocent in all this shit.

"I'm on my way," was all I said before he gave the phone back to Mrs. Janice. After she told me what hospital they were at, I hung up after telling her I'd be there later.

I threw phone beside me and closed my eyes again. A part of me was relieved that Kasha was okay, but the other part of me was saying fuck her like she said fuck me. I couldn't do that to my lil' homie, though.

"You okay?" Rein's soft voice brought me out of my trance. I opened them and she was staring at me.

Sighing dejectedly, I responded. "Yeah, I'm straight. I got some shit I gotta handle, though." I started to get up, pulling my shorts up in the process.

"You need me to come with you?" she asked innocently.

"Nah. I'll get up with you." I headed toward the door to let her out.

I needed her to hurry up and bounce so I could jump in the shower and hit the road.

I was glad when she didn't fight me on the shit because I would hate to act like Buck in this bitch, but I would.

As soon as I saw her get on her bike and leave, I closed the door and trekked back to the couch and picked up my phone.

"Yo?" Buck answered.

"Where you at?" I was walking upstairs to my room as I spoke.

“Vault. Wassup?”

I explained to him the call I got from Kasha’s mama. I was on the verge of tearing some shit up, but I tried to keep a level head.

“So, what you gone do?” he asked.

“Jace asked me to come, so I’m about to hop in the shower and head out.”

“Aight. Let me get these muthafuckas in line and go tell Goldie what’s up. I’ll meet you at your spot in about an hour.”

“I’on need you to do all that. You’on need to leave Goldie and Benny.”

“I wasn’t asking, nigga. James got them until I get back,” he fussed.

“I’ll be there in a few and if you leave before I get there, you gone be sharing a room with Kasha.

” His stupid ass hung up before I could respond.

All I could do was shake my head because I didn’t feel like dealing with his bullshit tonight if I left before I got here.

He just better be here before I’m done, or I was leaving any fuckin’ way.

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Chapter Seven

Gator

“Fuck!” I started pacing as I looked at Kasha passed out on the floor. She mentioned a while back she needed her medicine, but I didn’t think it was that serious. I knew I had to get her and Jace out of here. I couldn’t risk her dying on me.

“Bull!” I yelled for my brother to come help me. “Bull!” I stopped pacing and went over to Kasha to check her pulse. She still had one, so I still had time to get her to a hospital.

“The fuck you yel—the fuck happen in here?” His eyes darted between me, Kasha and Jace.

“She passed out. She’s diabetic. I gotta get her to the hospital.”

“She’s diabetic? Nigga, the fuck wrong with you?”

“Listen, I’ on wanna hear that shit right now. Grab him and come on.” I was fuming at the fact he was questioning me. Now wasn’t the fucking time.

I scooped Kasha up and watched as my brother grab Jace by the back of his neck and walk him to the garage where the car was parked.

“Call that bitch you fuckin’ with and have her meet us at the hospital. We gone drop them off and get the fuck on.” I got in the back with Kasha while Jace got up front

with Bull.

“I can’t wait until Stacks finds you and kills you, then he can be my daddy,” his bad ass said.

“Fuck that nigga, and you too, lil’ nigga. You better be glad I ain’t got rid of you and ya mama. Now shut the fuck up!” I hit the back of the seat he sat in as Bull pulled out of the garage.

It took us about thirty minutes to get to the hospital. When we pulled up, Bull’s girl was waiting, so he parked near the emergency entrance, and we got out and ran to the other car. I didn’t even look to see if Jace was got anyone’s attention or not. I needed to get the fuck from ’round here.

“What the hell did y’all do?” Ol’ girl asked.

“I ain do shit, but that nigga on some other shit,” Bull snitched.

“Nigga, stop all that fuckin’ whining. You weren’t saying none of that shit when you thought you was gone get some money out of it.

I’on wanna hear that shit now that you scared.

” This muthafucka was pissing me off because now, all of a sudden, he wanted to be a bitch. All before he was with the shit.

Closing my eyes, I sat back and thought about my next move.

I needed to get my hands on some more money so that I can get the fuck on.

I know Kasha was gone tell them niggas what happened when she woke up.

Jace's lil' bad ass was definitely snitching.

I had to come up with some shit and fast so I could lie low.

"We gotta find another spot to go to. I'm pretty sure they'll be looking for us in the area now."

"Where else we're supposed to go?" he asked.

"My aunt has a rental spot on the outskirts of the city. Close to the state line. We can go there and hide out until we can think of something else. That'll give me some time to come up with some shit.

"I nodded because this could work. We could go out to the house and stay there until I came up with a solid plan.

I'm pretty sure this bitch ain't gone stick around so we won't have transportation.

"Fuck!" I bleated.

All them niggas had to do was leave me the fuck alone, and none of this shit wouldn't be happening now.

On top of that, Kasha had to start fuckin' with that young nigga.

All this shit she caused, so at this point I ain't cared if she died or not.

Shit, she was useless to me, anyway. I closed my eyes and laid my head back on the seat.

Hopefully, by the time we made it to the house, I would have a plan so I could take

down those DeLuca niggas once and for all.

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Chapter Eight

Stacks

When Kasha's mama called and told me she was in the hospital, my heart sank.

I don't care what I said. I wanted nothing to happen to her.

When I hung up with Mrs. Janice, I called Buck just to put him on point.

I should've known his ass would want to tag along.

I didn't have time to go back and forth with his ass, hence the reason he had James watching Nic and Benny and he was following me in his truck.

He offered to drive, but I needed some space and freedom to move when I wanted.

While I was dodging in and out of traffic, not caring about the laws of the road, Kilo called.

"Yeah?" I answered, already annoyed because I knew he was about to be on some big brother shit.

"Yeah? The fuck wrong with you?"

Breathing heavily, I told Kilo what was going on and where I was headed.

“You think he did some shit to her?” he asked.

“I’ on know. I won’t know shit until I get there,” I countered.

“Look, Jackson. If she’s in the hospital after being with that nigga, she couldn’t have been in on the shit.

He probably did some shit to her for not complying.

Don’t take yo’ ass in there acting like Buck.

We both know that nigga don’t give a fuck what the situation is if he feels like his feelings hurt.

” I had to laugh at that because he didn’t lie one bit.

Look what happened to Joi, and he snatched Nic’s ass up when he thought she was about to have an abortion.

“Nah, I’m not on that. At least I’m trying not to be. I can’t make no promises, though.” I was being as honest as possible.

“Aight, bro. Let me know what’s going on. Buck with you?”

“Yeah. He’s in his truck. Probably on the phone wit’ Nic. I told him to stay his ass home.”

“You know that wasn’t gone happen. That nigga loves shit like this and you’re our lil’ brother. You ain’t ever gotta go into some shit alone.” I nodded because I agreed, but some shit I just wanted to handle myself.

“I hear you. Let me get my head straight before I get there. Muthafucka had her in Wood Haven. I got about another hour to go.”

We said our goodbyes and hung up. The rest of the ride I was in my head about how I was gone deal with this shit with Kasha. I wanted to have a level head, but the shit was hard to do. I guess I’ll get the answers I need when I got to the hospital.

“Nigga, you owe me some fuckin’ gas money. Every time you got some shit going on, it’s a gah damn field trip. If I wanted to do that shit, I would’ve brought Benny wit’ me.” Buck fussed as he got out his truck that he parked next to me.

“You could’ve stayed yo’ whining ass home then, nigga.” I frowned. I headed into the hospital, ignoring that nigga because I didn’t have time for his shit.

When I got inside, I went straight to the elevator, heading up to the floor that Mrs. Janice said they were on.

“Shit gone be straight, bro. Kash is strong. She’s gone be straight,” Buck offered. I declined a response because my words were stuck. I couldn’t concentrate on shit but putting my eyes on Kasha and Jace.

The elevator dinged and opened on the third floor and stopped.

I stepped out with Buck on my heels. I didn’t bother with going to the nurse’s station.

I followed the signs to the family waiting area and headed there.

It was surrounded by glass, so I was able to see inside.

I spotted Jace inside sitting with his grandparents.

He noticed me and took off in my direction.

“Stacks!” he bellowed as he ran in my direction. When he got close, I pulled him into a hug as he wrapped his arms around me.

“Wassup, lil’ homie? You straight?” I pulled back and examined him, and he looked to be fine.

“Yeah, I’m straight. Ma isn’t, though,” he responded somberly.

“She’s gone be straight, man.” I tussled his hair as his grandparents approached us. They greeted Buck and shook his hand before Mrs. Janice started speaking.

“Thank you for coming, Jackson. When I got that call, I thought the worst. They haven’t told us anything yet. Only that she was dropped off and unconscious,” she informed.

I nodded.

“Did someone say when the doctor would be out to update you?” As soon as the question passed my lips, a middle-aged black woman, adorned in a lab coat, appeared.

“Family of Kasha Sims?” she announced.

“Do you see anybody else in here?” Buck interjected.

“Man, chill.” I gave him a warning look because I didn’t need his dumb ass to get us thrown out.

“That’s us,” her father spoke up.

“Like I was saying, we finally got Ms. Sims situated. We ran a few tests after you informed us she was diabetic. Her blood sugar levels were extremely low from the lack of insulin. That caused her body to go into shock and into a hyperglycemic coma.” Hearing her say coma caused my heartbeat to stall.

“Wait. You said she’s in a coma? How the fuck that happened?” She needed to start explaining herself and now.

“It happened as I stated, because her body went into shock due to the lack of insulin. We contacted her doctor back in Cannon Hills and saw that she had to administer her insulin daily. According to her mother, she’s been away from home a little over two months.

She may have thought she was in the clear,” she stated.

“How long will she be in a coma?” her mama asked.

“That depends on Ms. Sims. Like I stated, her body went into shock, so that could mean some sort of trauma happened. I haven’t contacted the authorities yet. I wanted to leave that up to you all.”

“No need for that,” Buck interjected. “We got it.”

“When can we see her?” Mrs. Janice asked.

“You can see her now, if you’d like. Since it’s just a few of you, you all can go back.” Her parents thanked her, and she disappeared.

“Jackson, you can go ahead,” her mama urged.

“Nah. Y’all go ahead. I just came to make sure Jace was good.”

“Stacks, you not gone check on my mama? She said she missed you,” Jace voiced. The shit was tearing me up to see my lil’ homie like that.

“Come on, Jace. You can come with us and give Jackson a minute.” His grandfather rubbed the top of his head and left with Mrs. Janice in tow. When they left, I sat in the nearest chair so I could catch my breath.

“You good, bro?” Buck asked from beside me.

“Man, I can’t go in there and see her like that. This shit is fucked up. The fuck was she even doing with this nigga?” My head was all over the place.

“That’s only some shit that Kash can answer. Shit may sound stupid coming from me but hear her out, bro. We know Kash. She wouldn’t be on no fuck shit like that,” he tried reasoning.

“Yeah, you thought you knew Joi, too.” I got up and left his ass sitting there because I didn’t have time to hear this shit. I needed to breathe.

I found myself in the hallway outside of her room, battling with my emotions about whether or not I should go inside.

“The muthafucka ain’t gone open by itself,” Buck announced from behind me.

I knew he would be by my side sooner or later.

Without another word, he opened the door and walked inside ahead of me, leaving the door open for me.

Trailing slowly behind him, my eyes trained in on Kasha lying in that hospital bed, with tubes and monitors hooked up to her.

Despite all of that, she still looked beautiful.

My heart was beating overtime as I watched her as if she was just sleeping.

Wiping my hand down my face, I quickly wiped away the tears before they fell.

“I’ll be back,” I announced, turning around and heading for the door.

“Stacks,” Jace called out to me. “Don’t leave, please.” He begged.

“I’m coming back, homie. I promise.”

His eyes were worried, and I hated to see that shit. I couldn’t stay here right now, though. I had to leave or else I’d tear this hospital apart brick by fuckin’ brick.

After telling her parents and Jace I’d be back, I left with Buck on my trail. He didn’t speak until we got outside.

“You need me to stay until you get back?”

“Nah. Go home. I got it.”

“You sure? I can call Nic and let her know—”

“Go home, Lincoln. I got this. I just need to get my head together. I’m not worried about that muthafucka coming back up here, so they’ll be good until I get back.” He nodded, but I know he wanted to say something else. It wouldn’t be him if he didn’t.

I got in my car and just sat there for a while before I even started it to pull off.

My head and emotions were all over the place.

In my heart I knew that Kasha wouldn't be on no fuck shit with that nigga, but the other part was pissed the fuck off she didn't trust me enough to let me know what this nigga had going on.

She thought she could handle the shit herself.

I'm positive that's how the shit went down, but it didn't make it any better.

I finally got on the road, with Buck trailing close behind. He sat in the hospital's parking lot in his truck while I sat in my car. I knew he wouldn't leave until I did. That's why I didn't argue with his ass.

Halfway through the ride, Rein called.

"Yeah?" I answered, never taking my eyes off of the road.

"Hey. I was just calling to check on you. The call you got earlier seemed to change your mood. I wanted to make sure you were good." I appreciated her concern, but I didn't feel like being bothered right now.

"I'm straight. I just got some shit going on. I appreciate you for checking on me, though."

"You sure you're okay, Stacks? You don't sound like it."

"I'm fine," I breathed out. "I'll holla at you later." I hung up the phone before she could respond. I didn't feel like sharing my emotions with another female right now.

I continued the rest of the ride in silence, not even bothering to turn the radio on.

I let my thoughts consume me and before I knew it, I was pulling up at home.

Buck was behind me, and I expected that.

What I didn't expect was to see Rein's bike in my driveway.

I took a moment to get my emotions in check before I got out my car.

"That's the biker chick?" Buck asked with a frown on his face.

"Yeah."

"You left Kasha to come be with this bitch?" he asked loud enough for Rein to hear.

"Nah, I didn't even know she was gone be here. She called on the way and I told her I had some shit going on."

"Bet." I watched as Buck walked up to Rein and knocked on her helmet like he was knocking on a door. She snatched it off and had a sexy ass grimace on her face. "You need to bounce," Buck instructed.

"Excuse you?" she countered.

"Ain't no excuses. Get the fuck on. My brother ain't got time to deal wit' yo' hoe ass poppin' up and shit. Did he tell you to be here waiting for him?"

"No, he didn't but I—"

"—You ain't gone do shit but leave or get second-degree burns from me dragging yo'

ass 'cross the concrete. Get yo' hot pussy ass on 'fore you piss me off." I just shook my head and headed inside. I didn't have time for this shit.

"Stacks, you gone let him talk to me like that?" she asked incredulously.

My only response was a shrug because I didn't have the energy for this shit. Noticing she wasn't going to get a response, I heard her bike start and seconds later, she left.

"I'on wanna be bothered wit' yo' ass, either. I'll hit you up later," I said to my brother.

"I wasn't coming in no way. Hit me up and don't make me bring my ass back over here, Jackson." he warned.

"Bye, Lincoln."

Once inside, I went straight to my room to take a shower.

While in there, I let all my emotions out because after tonight, I didn't have time or room for them.

It was time for me to show muthafuckas what happened when they thought they could play with me.

The jokes and game was just my personality.

A psychotic menace was who I was bred to be.

Chapter Nine

Kasha

sometime later...

I heard voices around me, but they sounded muffled. Everything sounded as if it was buzzing. I tried to open my eyes, but they felt like they were glued shut. I tried concentrating on the voices to recognize where I was and still nothing.

“Jackson, you need to eat something, son. I’ll stay here with Kasha while you do.” I finally heard my mama’s voice, and she was talking to Jackson.

Was he here? Did they find me?

“I’m straight. I’ll get something later.” I heard Jackson’s voice, and I felt my cheeks get wet. I tried opening my eyes again and still nothing.

“Come on, Kasha. Open your damn eyes.” I coached myself.

I gave it another try and finally my eyes popped open, but I snapped them back shut because it was too bright. To get their attention, I let a groan escape my lips.

“Mmmm.”

“Oh, my God! Kasha, baby! You’re up!” I heard my mama cry. “She’s up, Jackson. Go get a doctor.” I heard shuffling and the door opening and closing. Moments later,

I heard the door again and heard a woman's voice.

"Close the curtains and dim the light," she instructed.

When I heard the curtains close, I peeled my eyes open.

I focused my eyes and let them scan the room until they landed on Jackson.

He stood off to the side with his hands in the pockets of his sweats and an unreadable expression on his face.

Our eyes locked, and I saw the pain and anger that housed his. He hated me.

"Kasha, I'm going to have the nurse to take the tube out of your throat, okay." I listened to the doctor and the nurse while she gave the instructions. Seconds later, it felt like I was coughing up my lungs.

"Here, drink this," my mama offered. While she helped me drink the water, my eyes never left Jackson. He still hadn't moved or said anything to me.

"How are you feeling?" the doctor asked.

"I-I'm okay. Tired, but I'm okay."

She nodded.

"That's to be expected. Your blood sugar levels dropped, which resulted in you passing out. Your son said his dad brought you all here. Is that true?" she asked.

I cut my eyes at Jackson before answering. "I guess. I don't remember fainting." She nodded.

“I’m going to have my nurse draw some blood to make sure that your levels are back to normal.

I want to keep you a few more days just for observation.

In the meantime, I want you to rest while you’re here.

” I nodded while my mama thanked her. When she left, my mama got right into her line of questioning.

“What happened Kasha? You had us worried sick.” I still hadn’t taken my eyes off of Jackson.

“Where’s Jace? Is he here?”

“Your father took him to get something to eat. They should be back shortly,” she informed. “Now, tell us what happened before he gets back.”

Closing my eyes, I took a deep breath and told my mama and Stacks what happened the day I left.

I let them know how Lance asked to see Jace before he left and how he and his brother, Maurice, forced me and Jace into another vehicle.

I let them know he was planning on extorting money from the DeLuca’s in exchange for my return.

I told them that was the last thing I remembered.

When I finished, Jackson scoffed and mumbled something before he left the room.

I couldn't stop the tears if I wanted to.

"He hates me," I cried.

"He doesn't hate you, Kasha, but he is hurt.

In his eyes, you made it seem like he couldn't protect you and Jace.

Knowing that he was already in deep with those boys, you chose to go and see him without letting him know.

To men like that, that displays disloyalty.

He feels as if he can't trust you, and I can't say I blame him.

"My head snapped in my mother's direction because I couldn't believe she was blaming me.

"So, you're blaming me?"

"No, I'm not blaming you, but you should've known better.

Knowing you, you used Jackson's age to determine that you would take matters into your own hands because you didn't want him to go up against Lance, especially after getting shot.

I told you if you weren't going to take him seriously, then you should've continued to ignore his advances.

You chose to let that man in and he let you into his heart and you fumbled it.

” I listened to my mama, and she was right.

I didn’t tell Jackson because I didn’t want him to get hurt again.

He’d already gotten shot by Lance. I didn’t want anything else to happen to him.

“Ma, what am I supposed to do now?”

“Let him have his moment and sort out his feelings.”

“But he hates me,” I cried.

“He doesn’t hate you. That man has been here since I called him. He left briefly to go home and get clothes, and I assume to get his businesses in order, but he’s been here. He’s been staying here at night so we can go rest. That’s not the actions of someone who hates you.”

I closed my eyes and took in everything my mama said, and it was overwhelming. I didn’t want to hurt Jackson, but I didn’t want him to get hurt, either.

“Ma!” I heard Jace’s voice, and my eyes popped open.

“Hey, baby. Are you okay?” I examined him the best way that I could.

“I’m fine. You scared me, Ma.” he cried.

“I know, baby, and I’m sorry.” I hugged my son and thanked God that he was okay.

“It’s not your fault, Ma. That nigga did that because he’s a punk.

It’s okay though because I know Stacks and Uncle Buck gone make him pay for

messing with us.

” I declined to respond because I didn’t want to disappoint my son again by letting him know Jackson left and probably wouldn’t be back.

I just enjoyed the moments with my family before I got tired and needed a nap.

I didn’t know if Jackson was coming back or not, but I couldn’t be mad if he didn’t.

I knew he needed some time. I just hoped that he gave me a chance to explain before shutting me completely out.

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Chapter Ten

Stacks

I had to leave that hospital room before I said some shit to hurt Kasha's feelings.

Hearing her say that nigga hit her up to see Jace pissed me off because he didn't give a fuck about that kid.

If we were being honest, I was more of his damn daddy than that pussy ass nigga.

I came outside to get some fresh air and to hit up Buck.

"Wassup, bro?" he answered. I heard Benny whining, so I knew he had him.

"Shit. Kasha woke up," I revealed.

"Oh, shit. She good?"

"I guess, so." I shrugged like he could see me.

"You go—Goldie, come get ya son!" he called out. "What you mean, you guess?"

"It means just what the fuck I said, nigga. I guess she's good. She's awake and talking."

"Stop all that yelling. What you in here doing to my baby?" I heard Nic ask.

“I ain doing shit to his lil’ ass. He in here gnawing at my damn chest like I got milk for his lil’ greedy ass. Lil’ ass stay on yo’ titties more than I do,” he fussed.

“Aye, man. I’on wanna hear that shit.” I frowned.

“Close ya gah damn ears then.” I heard him say something to Nic before telling her to give him a kiss.

“Sucka ass, nigga,” I joked.

“You worried about the wrong shit. The fuck going on wit’ Kash? She say anything about that nigga?”

Before I could speak, my phone beeped, and it was Kilo. “Aye, hold on.” I answered the phone for my brother before merging the call. “Now, I only got to say this shit once, because I’on feel like repeating it.”

“Shut all that damn whining up. Sound worse than Benny,” Buck interjected.

“Shut the fuck up,” I retorted before I told them everything that Kasha said before I walked out of the room.

“That’s it?” Kilo asked.

“The fuck you mean? That’s it? Does it sound like I got something else to say?”

“Chill the fuck out. I wanted to make sure you were done. You starting to act like Lincoln’s ass,” Kilo scolded.

“Fuck you, Franklin. If he acted like me, Kasha and her bitch ass baby daddy would be buried under some fuckin’ concrete.

Stop acting like you know me nigga 'fore I tell Mel's mannish ass on you.

She looks like she be beating on yo' bitch ass.

"That garnered a laugh from me because this nigga was stupid as fuck.

"You sound dumb as fuck, saying some shit like that. I'm not even gone entertain yo' stupid ass. Stacks, I know you'on think she was in on the shit wit' ol' boy, do you?" Kilo probed.

"Nah, I don't. I'm pissed at the fact that she thought she could meet up with that nigga and not say shit, knowing I was looking for him.

That shit looks like she cared about that nigga more than me.

How the fuck you fuckin' on me and aid the next nigga in hiding?

That's some bullshit." I was getting mad all over again because she was too old to think that shit made sense.

"What if she thought she was protecting you?" Kilo asked.

"From what? That nigga?"

"Yeah. I mean, he did shoot you. Maybe she was scared he would do it again."

"Bullshit," countered.

"Buck, what you say?" Kilo directed the conversation toward Buck, who hadn't said shit yet.

“I agree with both of y’all. She was probably thinking she was looking out for your best interest by not telling you that nigga was hitting her up. That is Jace’s sperm donor, so she felt like she owed him that much.”

“What about what she owed me?” I but in.

“I was getting to that, but yo’ impatient ass cut me off,” he snarled.

“Like I was saying, she did that because she felt like she owed him. She owed you loyalty, though. You were protecting her and Jace because that nigga was on some fuck shit. We both know Kasha solid as fuck and loyal to a default. His pussy ass probably played on that. She didn’t think he would kidnap them in the process,” he reasoned.

“You know it’s some shit when Buck makes sense.” Kilo joked.

“Fuck you, Franklin. I’m a changed man.” I could hear the smile in his voice without even seeing it.

“Yeah aight. Didn’t I just talk to yesterday, and you told me you had stomped one of your employees out at Vault because he was getting his dick sucked?” Kilo probed.

“Nah, I stomped that nigga because he said it wasn’t no difference when Goldie came through and sucked my dick.

Nigga, how the fuck you know what my girl doing when she comes through, and why the fuck is you worried.

That’s why I beat his ass. I ain give a fuck about him getting his dick sucked.

That bitch done sucked everybody’s dick,” he reasoned, like it made sense.

“Whatever, man. She knew she could’ve come to me with that shit, but she chose not to.”

“You fell in love, didn’t you?” Kilo questioned.

“Huh?”

“Ain’t no huh, nigga. You fell in love wit’ Kash. That’s why you all in your fuckin’ feelings,” Buck input.

“I ain say all that.”

“You’on gotta lie to kick it. I get it,” his stupid ass countered.

“Man, whatever,” was all I could say.

“I think you should talk to her,” Kilo suggested.

Buck added, “yeah me, too.”

“The fuck I’m supposed to say?”

“Tell her how the fuck you feeling. Fuck you mean?”

“Yeah, what that nigga said,” Kilo agreed. “But talk to her and listen. Don’t go bullying the damn girl,” kilo coached.

“I feel like you talking about me,” Buck spoke.

“Feel it then,” Kilo shot back. “Talk to the girl, Jackson. I gotta go. I love y’all boys.”

“Love you too, bro.”

“Love yo’ ass, too, nigga.” Buck and I responded simultaneously.

“You ’bout to go back in there?”

“Nah. I’m about to go back to the hotel. I’ll text her mama and let her know I can come back tonight.” I couldn’t look at her right now.

“Aight. Hit me up if you need me.”

“Bet.”

I hung up with Buck and headed back to the hotel so I could shower and get a nap. I was going back to the hospital, but I’d sit outside the door instead of inside. I couldn’t be around her right now, but my heart wouldn’t let me stay away.

True to my word, I stayed at the hospital while Kasha was still there.

I never went inside the room, but I know her parents and Jace told her I was there.

The doctor said she’d be discharged today, so I went home to get my truck so she could be comfortable on the ride back.

Even though she had me fucked up, I was still taking her back to my house so I could keep an eye on her and Jace.

No telling where that bitch ass baby daddy was, and I needed them close.

Her mama texted me to let me know that the doctor had just discharged her. That prompted me to pull my truck around. When they got outside and she saw me, she was confused.

“What are doing here?” she asked, but I took the bags from her pops and ignored her.

“Jackson!” I heard her call my name again, but still ignored her.

“Ma, Stacks gone take us home,” Jace offered the explanation that I refused to.

“Thank you, Jackson, but I’ll go back with my parents,” she countered.

“Can you stand up?” I asked, instead of responding to her. She just stared at me instead of responding. I took that as a no, so I picked her up from the wheelchair and placed her in my truck.

“Jackson, I’m not going with you. I can go with my parents,” she insisted, but I ignored her.

Closing the door, I turned to her parents.

“She’s straight. Y’all can come by anytime to see them.

” I had already talked to her mama, so she knew I needed them close for my own personal reasons, even if it was an emotional battle for me.

They both told Kasha and Jace goodbye and we all left the hospital at the same time.

“You good back there, lil’ homie.” I made eye contact with Jace so he could see my face while I talked to him.

“I’m straight. I am hungry, though.”

“Aight.”

“Jackson,” Kasha out.

“Nah. Not right now.” I didn’t want to talk to her right now, especially in front of Jace.

I never turned to look at her, but I felt her eyes on me until she decided to look away.

After getting Jace and Kasha some food, I took the exit home.

The entire ride, I tried to figure out how I was going to handle things with her without snapping her fuckin’ neck.

I glanced over at her, and I saw she was silently crying and that shit tore me up on the inside, but she was the cause of this...

not me. For her sake, she better hope I can wrap my head around why she did things the way that she did or I’d be wrapping my hands around her neck.

Chapter Eleven

Buck

I knew Stacks was picking Kasha up today and bringing her home.

I don't know why he was bringing her back to his house, but I can't talk.

Soon as Goldie told me she was pregnant, I moved her ass in.

I wanted to drop in on his ass tonight, but I needed to check on my shit and his.

He had that nigga Stone making sure things ran smoothly at the yard, and our cousin Sophi was watching over the club.

She was our cousin on our mama's side. She was a year younger than me, and just moved back into town not long ago.

She said she wasn't running, but I knew better.

Sophi didn't just pop up. I just wish her ass had popped up a lil' earlier, so I could've used her ass at the bar.

I just went over the inventory list at Vault and was ready to head out. When I finished, I turned my computer off and got ready to leave when there was a knock on my door.

“Yeah,” I called out without looking up. When I did, my blood immediately started boiling. “The fuck you doing here, Armani?” I hadn’t seen this bitch since I fired her ass and now she pops her ass up.

“I came to talk to you.” She walked further inside, shutting the door behind her.

“We ain’t got shit to talk about. You already know what’s up wit’ me, so I’on know why you playing yo’ self, shorty.”

“Buck, you know I love you and you threw me aside for that hoe!” She stomped her foot like a toddler having a tantrum.

“I bet she doesn’t even suck your dick like I do.

” Just the mention of Goldie and my dick caused me to grip my shit.

I guess she thought that was an invitation, because she descended to her knees and tried to pull my dick out of my jeans, but the steel of my Glock froze her in place.

“Bitch, this ya last warning. Get the fuck up and out my gah damn face. If I see you again, I’m gone blow ya shit back.

” I watched unfazed as tears streamed down her face and her scrambling to her feet.

When she was gone, I grabbed my keys and left.

I’d tell Tahra about the list before I dipped.

I didn’t even want to go to the club or Linc’s now, so I texted Sophi and Jazz, letting them know I’d be there tomorrow to check on shit.

I needed to get home to my girl and son.

I got home just in time. Goldie had just laid Benny in his crib and was getting ready to get in the shower.

I wasted no time checking on my son before stripping out of my clothes and joining my girl.

When I walked inside of the bathroom, I could see her wet, honey-colored skin through the glass shower doors.

When she heard me, she turned around and smirked.

“I still think you have a camera in here somewhere because how do you always seem to catch me in the shower?” She greeted me with open arms while I picked her up and pressed her back against the tiled shower wall.

“I know when that pussy ready, shorty.” I kissed her passionately as I slid between her in slick folds.

“Ughn.”

“Damn, Goldie,” we both moaned on impact.

I took my time to bring my baby to a release. I wanted to savor the feeling of her walls clenching around my dick. The shit was a losing battle.

“You missed me today, shorty?” I asked between kisses and strokes.

“I-I...shit! Yes,” she whimpered.

“I missed you too, mama.”

I sped up my strokes since I was on the verge of my own release.

Gripping her ass cheeks, I spread them apart to allow me deeper access, and I pummeled her center until I was sending the rest of my kids into her awaiting womb.

With my forehead pressed against hers, I caught my breath while she caught hers.

Once our breathing regulated, I pulled out of her and placed her on her feet before washing her up.

“You need to start pulling out, sir.” I peered down at her like she’d lost her mind because clearly she had.

“You got me fucked up, Goldie. The fuck I gotta pull out for?” I frowned.

“Benjamin is not even a year old, that’s why.”

“I can count and chill out. If you end up pregnant again, it’s cool.

Ain’t like your kids got different daddies or some shit.

” I shrugged while she laughed and shook her head.

We finished washing and was now in the kitchen.

I was fucking starving, and I knew I had a plate of whatever she cooked tonight.

“Didn’t Stacks pick Kasha up today?” she asked, and I nodded since I had a mouth full of food. “I think I’ll go see her tomorrow.”

“That’ll be good. I know it’s crazy as fuck over there. Y’all can go over that wedding shit.”

“That wedding shit? That’s how you feel about our wedding, Lincoln?” She had a frown on her face and her hand on her thick hip. Licking my lips, I was ready to finish this food so I could lick her instead.

“How the fuck am I supposed to feel, Goldie? Wedding planning is y’all shit. Just tell me what I need to do and when.” She acted as if we were getting married tomorrow. We already decided to wait until Kilo came home anyway so he could be a part of it.

“Don’t worry about it.” She started to walk off, but I grabbed her arm.

“Aye, don’t do that. Yo’ period ’bout to come on something?” I was genuinely confused because she was mad for nothing. “What I need to do to fix it, Goldie?” That question caused a smirk to form on her face, and I countered with one of my own.

“Nasty ass.” I slapped her on the ass and carried her back upstairs to give her exactly what she was looking for. I’d check on Stacks in the morning.

the next morning...

I got up early and called Stacks to tell him I was coming to get him.

He tried declining at first, but he didn’t have a fuckin’ choice.

I was ready to get this shit over with. It didn’t have shit to do with me directly but fuckin’ with my brothers was fuckin’ with me and everybody knows I take that shit

personal.

I let him know Nic was gone come sit with Kasha and go over some wedding shit and he agreed right after he called himself cursing me out.

I just finished getting dressed and headed downstairs to find my family.

I have to laugh at myself every time I think about where I am now.

After Joi's hoe ass, you couldn't pay me to take another bitch serious.

Yeah, aight. Goldie brought her sexy ass 'round and all that shit went left.

Crazy thing is, I'm not mad about the shit at all.

When I made it downstairs, I found Goldie in the kitchen packing Benny's bag to take with her.

I couldn't resist the urge to wrap my arms around her waist and kiss her neck, so that's exactly what I did.

"Damn shorty. You smell good as fuck." I grumbled into her neck.

"Thank you, but move." She shrugged me off. "I need to finish getting this stuff together so we can leave. If you start yo' shit, we won't make it," she accused causing me to bellow loudly. Shit was so loud, it scared my boy.

"Shit, my bad, homie. Yo' mama swear she knows me. Tell her to stop hating on ya pops." I picked my son up and talked to him like he understood what I was saying.

"I do know you. That's why I know you're about to load your son and bag in the

truck so we can go.” I watched as she walked over, stood on her tiptoes and kissed me.

Yeah, she was turning me into a simp ass nigga.

After I got her and Benny situated, we left and headed over to Stacks’. When we pulled up, her sister Mel was getting out of her car with their bad ass brother Keenan in tow.

“Nic, why didn’t you tell me to come and get you?” Mel asked.

“Because I was bringing ’em. That’s why,” I interjected before Goldie had a chance to respond.

“You get on my damn nerves,” Mel countered rolling her eyes. She got close and took Benny from arms and I let her.

“Keenan, bring yo’ bad ass over here and get this bag.”

“That ain’t my baby,” his bad ass voiced.

“Man, if you’on come get this damn bag.” I frowned in his direction and waited for him to come and get this bag from my hand. “I’on say you ain’t my kid when you be asking me for shit now, do I?” His only response was to roll his eyes and snatch the bag from my hand.

By the time we made it to the door, Stacks had already opened it to let Mel and Benny inside. I watched him hug her and try to take Benny, but she wasn’t having it. When he went to hug Goldie, I pushed his ass back. “Watch out. You’on gotta do all that.” I mugged his ass and walked inside.

“You a hating ass nigga,” he laughed before dapping Keenan up. “Jace is upstairs in his room.” When he said that, his bad ass took off running.

“Where’s Kasha?” Nic asked.

“Right here.” I turned in her direction and rose to my feet.

Heading in her direction I caught the eye of everyone in the room. When I got close to her, I pulled her into my arms and hugged her.

“I’m sorry, Buck. I didn’t mean for all of this to happen,” she cried.

“It’s all good. I believe you. You of all people should know if I didn’t, you wouldn’t be standing here right now.”

“He hates me.” she sniffed.

“Nah, he doesn’t. He’s just acting like me right now.” I smirked. That caused her to simper.

“Hey, girl,” Goldie spoke, followed by Mel.

I pulled Goldie to me. “I’ll be back when I’m finished with this nigga. Don’t get too drunk.” I kissed her. “Better yet, get fucked up.” I slapped her ass and told Stacks to bring his ass. Once they were settled, we piled in my truck and headed to his club.

“You good, bro?” I asked, glancing between him and the road.

“Yeah. I’m straight.”

I slapped his chest. “So, check it. We gone have somebody get inside of Gator’s

mama's crib and inject her with some shit that's gone make it seem like she had a heart attack in her sleep. I already got the shit on the way."

"You really think that'll bring him out when he left her out in the open?"

"Yep. I got it set up with them RCF niggas to send someone to do a welfare check. They're going to write the shit up and have them come to get her since they're contracted with the city.

They'll call that nigga and get him there, and we'll handle the rest." I already had all this shit planned out because I knew my baby brother wasn't in the right head space to do so.

I wasn't with this shit, especially with my having a family now.

"Shit, it sounds like you have everything under control," he stated.

"I know you got shit going on. That's what I'm here for."

He nodded, and we slapped hands. I wasn't about to let this muthafucka keep causing havoc in my fuckin' life and my family's.

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Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 9:18 am

Chapter Twelve

Kasha

It's only been a day since I've been back in this house with Jackson and I don't know which was worse.

Being held hostage by Lance or being held hostage by Jackson.

He hasn't said one word to me since we've been here, but he's been interacting with Jace.

It's been pure torture because he only has two bedrooms and since Jace is occupying one, I've been his.

Last night he slept on the couch but came into the room to shower and change clothes.

He just waltzed his fine ass right on in here and didn't say shit to me.

If this is how things are going to be, then he can take me to my parent's house.

"So, how are you?" Nic asked.

"I'm okay. It could be worse."

"But it's not," Mel added.

“Right. Everyone was worried sick about you, Kash. We’re glad that you and Jace are okay. I don’t know how much longer we could tell Keenan that he was with his dad and why he couldn’t talk to him.”

“I was two seconds from busting his lil’ ass in the mouth,” Mel joked.

“You and Lincoln, Those two go at it real bad.” We all laughed because Buck acted like he was the same age as the boys sometimes.

“Y’all may have missed me, but I know Jackson hasn’t. He hates me, yet he brought me here to torture me.” I cried.

“He doesn’t hate you, Kash. He’s hurt,” Nic reasoned.

“And I’m not?”

“That’s not what I’m saying, Kash. You know these niggas are big babies and throw temper tantrums when they can’t get their way. You forgot I’m engaged to his brother.”

“And I got the other one,” Mel co-signed.

“That you’ve been sneaking with,” Nic countered.

“Get over that. Damn.” Mel rolled her eyes. “But how is he torturing you?”

“He brought his ass in the room while I was lying down and stripped down to his boxers and took a shower. Not only did he take a shower, but he came out with just a towel wrapped around his waist with water dripping down his chest and back, only to get dressed in front of me and leave.” I shook my head at the thought because I know he knew what he was doing.

“Damn, sis. That young boy is serving you everything but dick, huh?” Mel smirked.

“Girl...” I stressed, “but enough about that. Let’s get to these mimosas and wedding planning. I need to take my mind off of everything for a while.”

We took our planning into the kitchen to the table where I had the drinks and snacks set up. This was a much needed distraction from the shit I had been through and what I was currently going through.

We got in planning mode, and I realized Nic got a lot done while I was gone. She had secured the Richmond Royale to have the ceremony and reception and we’ll all stay there in the suites. She let us know Buck had a business relationship The RCF, and they were more than happy to be a part of things.

“Have you picked out dresses?” I asked.

“Nope. I’ on wanna do all that plus worry about mine. Y’all can worry about that. Just don’t think you hoes gone look better than me.” She pointed her manicured nail.

“You acting like your baby daddy and I’ on like it,” Mel added, sipping on her mimosa.

“You sound like a hater. It could be because you know my man, so you know how he acts.” I laughed because she was not about to let her sister live that down.

“Don’t laugh too fast, Miss Ma’am.” Mel pointed her finger at me.

“That young nigga got you ’round her looking like you listen to SZA while you eat ice cream watching Lifetime original movies.

Do not come for me and my man, okay. I love you, though.

” She winked. I couldn’t even be mad. She was right.

“I’m too old for this shit. I wasn’t supposed to fall in love with that young ass nigga, but he delivered grown man dick and a bitch been stuck since the first stroke.” Just the thought of Jackson between my thighs made my stomach clench.

“You know what you need to do?” Nic started, but was interrupted by someone at the front door. “You expecting somebody?” she asked.

“No.” I shook my head. “Alexa, show me the front door.” I watched as the Alexa mounted on the wall showed a pretty brown-skinned girl standing at the front door.

She was thick, just a size or two smaller than I was, with wild curly hair.

From what I could see, she was covered in tattoos on both arms. I didn’t see a car but noticed a bright red motorcycle behind her.

“Who the hell is that?” Mel asked.

“Her name is Rein,” Nic answered. “I saw her at the bike yard a few weeks ago. Her and Stacks were talking, and she raced.” I nodded at Nic’s information before getting up to see why she was popping up.

Mel was in tow, along with Nic. When I opened the door, shock flashed through her eyes before it was replaced with jealousy.

“Is Stacks here?” she asked with an attitude.

“He’s not...and you are?”

“Looking for him,” she snapped.

“And ’bout to get beat the fuck up,” Mel chimed in.

“Look, Jackson isn’t here. I’ll tell him you stopped by,” I offered, even though I didn’t want to.

“Yeah, you do that.” She rolled her eyes and got on her bike and left.

“He ain’t thinking about that girl,” Nic voiced.

“He was doing something for her to pop up here like she’s right. He brought me here knowing he had a bitch in here. I’m not about to stay in here like that. Fuck Jackson.” I was fuming, but I really didn’t have a reason to. He thought I left, so he moved on, but he damn sure didn’t waste any time.

Sitting back at the table, I downed the mimosa that was in front of me before making another one. I wanted to make all this shit disappear and since I couldn’t physically do that, I was gone drink my problems away.

“Don’t let that shit get to you, Kash. Stacks isn’t serious about that girl,” Nic mentioned.

“Mhm,” was all I could give her because I was trying to sort through my feelings so I wouldn’t flip out on Jackson when I saw him again.

When Jackson came home last night, the girls had already left, and I was in the bed.

I cried myself to sleep because I just knew he was out with whoever this Rein chick was.

Jace went home with Keenan, so I was left here by myself.

I sat on the edge of the bed for a few minutes before going into the bathroom and handling my hygiene.

Once that was done, I dressed in a short lounge set and headed downstairs to fix something to eat.

When I got down there, Jackson was standing in front of the refrigerator.

When he heard me, his eyes briefly met mine before he grabbed the orange juice container and a glass from the cabinet.

“Good morning,” I greeted as I walked closer into the kitchen. He didn’t speak immediately because he was too busy letting his eyes roam over my thick frame. I’d be lying if I said the way he was looking at me didn’t have an effect on me.

“Morning,” he finally spoke back.

When he opened his mouth, that’s when I remembered about his lil’ visitor from yesterday.

“You had a visitor while you were with Buck yesterday. A girl on a motorcycle.” I looked him dead in the face and tried to read his expression. I saw a hint of surprise flash across his face before he quickly recovered.

“Aight,” he responded, rinsing his glass out.

“Aight? That’s all you have to say, Jackson?” I could feel myself getting angry at his nonchalant attitude.

“The fuck you want me to say? I’ on have to run shit by you.

I thought that’s what we were on now. Keeping shit to ourselves, so keep that same fuckin’ energy when it comes to my business.

” He stormed out of the kitchen and headed upstairs.

I knew he was in his feelings, but I refuse to let him treat me like I committed some damn ultimate sin.

I was going to call my mama and have her come get me.

I’ll just stay over there. Him and that hoe can have this shit because Jackson DeLuca officially had me fucked up.

Chapter Thirteen

Stacks

I didn't know what to say when Kasha said Rein popped up over here.

That shit had me baffled because I could've sworn I told her I'd get up with her since I had some shit going on.

That didn't mean show the fuck up at my spot like I needed a shoulder to lean on or some shit.

I recognized the hurt in Kasha's eyes because it was the same shit that I tucked away in the back of mine.

I finished my hygiene and got dressed. I needed to go check on shit at the club and the yard.

I didn't even bother to acknowledge Kasha sitting at the island as I grabbed my motorcycle key off the counter and left.

My first stop was the club. I hadn't been here in a couple of days, and I needed to make sure Sophi was good.

It was the middle of the day, so nobody was here yet except for Sophi and the employees.

That was good because I had shit to do here, and I didn't need to be bothered.

When I walked in, I nodded at the bartenders and a few cooks.

Security was here around the clock, so I spoke to them as well.

When I made it upstairs where the offices were located, I stopped by Sophi's office first.

"Wassup, cuz? You good?" I asked as I walked in, closing the door behind me. I noticed the frazzled look on her face when I walked in and that shit didn't sit right with me.

"Uhm, hey. Yeah, I'm good. How's Kasha?"

"You'on look good." I ignored her question about Kasha, simply because I didn't want to talk about the shit and it was clear she had some shit going on with her.

"What's going, or you want me to call Buck's ignorant ass?"

"Her eyes ballooned at the mention of Buck.

Out of all three of us, everybody hated to see that nigga coming.

Nic and Benny calmed him down some, but not much.

"It's nothing. Rio keeps calling me and I keep declining his calls, but he leaves messages on my voicemail."

"Why you ain't answering?"

“I ain got nothing to talk about.” She shrugged.

“How long that nigga got?”

“Two years.”

“Listen. I ain gone hold you. Whatever that nigga did, he clearly deserved it. When you’re ready to talk about it, come see me. If you let that nigga Buck know what’s going on, I can guarantee you he won’t serve the full two years.”

“Thank you, Stacks.”

“Ain’t no problem.”

“Now that you’ve been all up in my business, what’s going on with you and Kasha?” she smirked.

“Ain’t shit going on. I ain’t got shit for her ass,” I lied.

“So, why is she at your house?”

“She’s only there so I can watch her and Jace until we wrap this shit up with her bitch ass baby daddy.”

“Who you tryna convince? Me or you?” I laughed off her allegations instead of refuting them.

I couldn’t even lie and say that I didn’t still care for Kasha because I did.

I just couldn’t fuck with her right now.

After letting Sophi know I would be back later to collect the money to deposit, I left and headed to the yard. I needed to holla at Stone, anyway.

“Wassup, bro?” I dapped Stone up once I met him under the awning.

“Ain’t shit. Ya girl been looking for you?” When he said that, my brow raised because what the fuck was Kasha doing out here?

“Kasha been here?”

“Kasha? Nah, I’m talking about Rein.”

Her ears must’ve been burning because her ass popped up out of nowhere.

“Hey,” she greeted with a smirk plastered on her face.

“Aye, let me holla at you right quick.”

I walked off with her following close behind. When I made it to the office I had here, she was on me before I could shut the door good.

“Aye, back up.” I pushed her lightly to put some space between the two of us.

“I missed you,” she cooed.

“I can tell. That’s why you popped up at my house yesterday?” I cocked my head to the side waiting for her to respond.

“I came to make sure you were okay.”

“Didn’t I tell you I was?”

“Yeah, but?”

“Ain’t no buts, shorty. You can’t be poppin’ up at my spot like that. You’on know what I got going on.”

“Like the woman that answered your door? You didn’t tell me you had a girlfriend, Jackson.”

“Jackson? Since when you started calling me Jackson?”

“That woman called you that when I went to your house.” She shrugged.

“You ain’t her, so don’t call me no muthafuckin’ Jackson again.” I walked away from her and fixed myself a drink. “Look, I’m cool off you. I ain’t got time for this territorial shit you tryna pull. I got too much shit going on in my life to add to it,” I stated honestly.

“You’re cool off me?” she asked incredulously? “Are you serious right now? After I fuck you now, you’re cool off me?”

I shrugged.

“Wow. I thought you were different, but you’re just like that hoe ass brother of yours. Y’all think y’all can go around treating people like shit!” She was fuming and right now I didn’t care.

“You fucked my brother?” I asked.

“No. My friend did. After he fucked her, he acted like he didn’t know her. I see

you're just like him," she seethed.

"Well, if you know that, you know you need to get the fuck out my face before I turn into his clone. Get the fuck on, man. Matter fact, don't come 'round here again.

" I got up and headed toward the door so I could open it for her.

Instead of leaving like I asked, she leaned on my desk and crossed her feet at the ankles.

"Make me." She smirked.

With a smirk of my own, I pulled my Glock from my waist and let it rest at my side.

"Either walk out this muthafucka or become a figment of my imagination. Either way, you got less than a second to make ya mind up 'fore I do it for you.

" I knew that would motivate her ass, because she was gone before I could finish my sentence.

Rolling my neck to relive some of the tension, I swiped my hand down my face just as my phone rang. I looked at the screen and it was Buck.

"Yo?"

"It's showtime," he responded.

"Bet. What's next?"

"We wait for him to identify her body and Knas gone call us."

“Aight. Aye, this Jace calling. I’ll hit you back.” I hung up with Buck and answered Jace before his lil’ impatient ass hung up, only to call right back.

“Wassup, man?” I answered.

“You coming to get us?” he asked.

“Come get you? I thought you were chillin’ with Keenan?”

“I was, but my mama came at me. Where at my grandma’s house.”

I had to pinch the bridge of my nose to keep from going over there and dragging some sense into Kasha.

“Y’all got clothes over there?”

“Yeah.”

Sighing, I knew she went over there because she was sick of me ignoring her. I couldn’t deal with this shit right now, though. I had someone watching that house, so they’d be fine until this shit was over with.

“Aight. I got some shit to handle but I’ll come get y’all when I’m done, aight?”

“Aight.”

I hung up with Jace and sent Kasha a text.

I see you still running.

Kasha: Not Delivered

I couldn't do shit but laugh because this girl really blocked me. She could have that though because after I handle that bitch ass baby daddy of hers, I was gone show her who slung dick 'round this muthafucka.

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Chapter Fourteen

Gator

“Lance Borders?” I looked at the phone to see who was calling me from Wood Haven. It was a man on the other end, but I couldn’t catch his voice.

“Who the fuck is this?” I barked.

“Aye, I’on go back and forth with my fuckin’ wife so I damn sure ain’t about to do the shit with some nigga. Is this the nigga or not?”

“When you wanna tell me who the fuck this is, then we can talk, nigga.” I was about to hang up, but his words knocked the breath out of me, and I couldn’t do shit.

“Well, I guess I’ll just throw ya mama in the unclaimed pile and toss her ass in the incinerator wit’ the rest of these muthafuckas.”

“What you say about my mama?” I croaked out.

“Oh, so this is the nigga?” he taunted. “This is Knas Richmond, and we got a call to pick ya mama up and bring her here to the funeral home. I was calling you as a courtesy, but I see you can’t be nice to niggas no more.”

My mama was dead?

“Wait. You got my mama at your funeral home? She’s dead?”

“Look, I need you need to get here and identify her body,” he stated, clearly annoyed.

“How did my mama die?” I had to know.

“Coroner said it was a heart attack.”

“Aight. I’m on the way.” He didn’t even give me a chance to finish my sentence before he hung up on me. Hopping up, I went upstairs to get Bull.

“Aye!” I yelled, banging on the door. “Aye!”

Bull snatched the door open with a scowl on his face. “Damn nigga. The fuck wrong with you.”

“It’s Ma. I got a call from that Knas nigga. He said they got a call to pick up her up.”

“Knas?” he quizzed. “The RCF nigga?” I nodded. “Ma dead?” he croaked?

“That’s what he said. I gotta go identify the body.” That shit didn’t even sound good coming out my mouth.

“Go get dressed,” he instructed her when she came to the door. “Give me a minute. I’ll be ready.” He shut the door, leaving me standing there.

This shit couldn’t be happening. My mama couldn’t be dead.

We made it to Wood Haven in no time, since we were already hiding out in New Grove. When we pulled up to the funeral home, we were greeted by their receptionist and were told to wait to be seen.

“I can’t believe this shit,” Bull expressed. He was quiet the entire ride here. I figured he was just in his feelings.

“Shit. Me either. I didn’t even know Ma had a bad heart.”

“It could’ve been because of the bullshit you put her through these past couple of months. You forgot them niggas ran up in her shit looking for you,” he snapped. Before I could respond, we were interrupted.

“Aye, y’all chill all that shit out. Y’all can handle that family squabble at y’all own shit.

” I looked up and Knas’ brother Knight approached us.

“Now, if y’all finished. You can follow me downstairs so we can get this shit over with.

My wife don’t give a fuck about nothing when she wants me to come home.

” I grimaced at the back of his head because the nigga was insensitive as fuck.

The further we made it downstairs, a chill crept up my spine.

I knew it was because I was about to see my mama’s body for the last time.

Once we made it to the bottom of the stairs and walked further down a hall, Knight stopped and opened the door before stepping to the side to let us in.

This didn’t even look like a mortuary. More like a dungeon.

When we were completely inside, Knas emerged from a side door.

“I see you made it,” he smirked. “I hope you don’t mind that I brought a few friends with me.

” When he said, I saw Stacks and his brother Buck enter the room.

I know they saw the fear flash through my eyes, but I quickly concealed it.

I tried making a run for it, but those crazy twins, Trig and Murder, were outside the door with their guns aimed at us.

“Damn, nigga. You did all that big talking like you wanted to see me in person, yet you’ on seem happy to see me.” Stacks smirked. He may have been smirking, but his eyes held nothing but fire inside of them.

“Fuck you, nigga!” I spat.

“Nah. I’ll save that for your fine ass baby mama. You know the one you kidnapped? You know I’ on like people touching my shit, right?” he started, eyes still trained on me.

“Kasha was my bi—,” I started, but he knocked the words back down my throat.

“Disrespect her again,” he snapped. “And correction nigga, she was my bitch the moment I slid up in her and she wet my shit up.”

“What y’ all gone do to these niggas?” Knas asked.

“Wait? Is my mama really dead?” I questioned.

“Oh, yeah. She’s good and dead. Y’ all in luck, though. We’re running a family special where we collect one body and get two free.” Knight smirked like that shit

was funny.

“The fuck? What kinda shit is that?” his cousin, Trig, asked through his own laughter.

“Aye, this nigga stupid,” Buck started, “But, aye. Where y’all work room at? I told that old bitch I was gone skin her like a catfish but never got the opportunity. I see two opportunities now and I’on wanna miss out on that shit,” he claimed.

“You threatened my mama, nigga?” I snarled.

“Nah, I didn’t. I meant every word of that shit,” Buck argued.

“I ain’t got time for all this fuckin’ commentary,” Stacks spat, as he walked closer. “You thought you could get away with the money you owed us, then you try to use Kasha against me? Nigga, you got what? Ten years over me and you were threatened?” he taunted.

“Ain’t nobody worried about you, lil’ nigga.”

“Shit, you could’ve fooled me. I mean, I get it.

Kasha fine as a muthafucka. The way her thick ass handles this dick lets me know I was the one she was made for.

” he smirked, walking closer. “Now.” he stopped directly in front of me.

“I get to show you I’m not the young nigga you thought I was.

” The look in his eyes were menacing, and I was now reconsidering my choice in decisions.

I looked over and noticed that my brother had said nothing the entire time.

“So, you’on got nothing to say?” I asked questioned my brother.

“The fuck you want me to say, nigga? I told you to leave the shit alone, but you wanted to go against these niggas. You drugged Ma into this mess and look what the fuck happened. I’m not about to plead my case with these niggas, because I’m pretty sure that they would do the same for their brothers.

” Before he could finish his sentence, he was permanently silenced by a bullet to the head.

“See, I do have a heart. I was gone peel that nigga, but because he owned up to his shit like a G. You, on the other hand, won’t be so lucky,” Buck stated.

When he was done talking, two dudes came from out the side and grabbed me before I could protest. I struggled a bit, but these muthafuckas were strong as fuck. I watched as they threw my brother in the incinerator before Stacks looked in my direction.

“I’ll make sure Kash and Jace forget every-fuckin-thing ’bout yo pussy ass.” Those were his last words to me before the niggas holding me threw me into the burning inferno where I met my demise.

I’d see them niggas in hell.

Chapter Fifteen

Stacks

It's been a few days since I got rid of Kasha's baby daddy but a little over a week since she's been gone.

I let her stay at her parent's house because I know she needed to get her feelings in check and so did I.

Even though she was staying over there; I went by to see Jace every day, but she never came out when I was there.

Today she had a doctor's appointment, and I was gone pull up.

I thought about going to pick her up, but I decided against it.

Her appointment was at ten, so I had a few minutes to get there.

While I was getting dressed, my phone rung.

I knew it was nobody but Buck. That nigga swore he was my damn daddy.

"What, nigga?" I answered, as I slipped my shirt over my head.

"Don't fuckin' what me. The fuck you got going on this early?"

“‘Bout to pop up on Kash at her doctor’s appointment.”

“Stalking ass nigga.” He chortled.

“Fuck you. She won’t see me at the house, so I’ll go to the appointment.”

“When she beat yo’ ass, don’t call me.”

“Yeah, aight,” was all that I said, because I wasn’t about to go back and forth with this nigga. “I’ll hit you when I get back.”

“Come by Vault.”

“Bet.”

After I hung up with my brother, I finished getting dressed.

It was almost nine-thirty, and I wanted to pop up at the right time.

Once I gave myself a once over, I grabbed my phone, wallet and keys.

I was driving my truck today. I knew her mama was bringing her, and I didn’t need any excuse from her if I was on my bike.

I pulled into the medical center’s parking lot and found a park in the side lot.

I already knew where her appointment was since I was the one with her discharge papers.

After riding the elevator to the third floor, I got off and went into the suite where her doctor’s office was located.

I scanned the waiting area and didn't see her, so I went to the receptionist area.

"Excuse me. Has Kasha Sims checked in yet?"

"And you are?" the bug-eyed nurse asked.

"Looking for Kasha Sims," I snapped.

"I can't gi?"

She started, but I walked off and headed into the back. I opened the first door I came to, but Kasha wasn't in there. It was an older man who looked like he was enjoying his exam a lil' too much. The second door was the same result but with a middle-aged woman instead.

"My bad," I apologized before shutting the door.

I was coming up to the next door when the receptionist came around the corner with security.

"There he is," her snitching ass pointed out.

"Aye! Stop! You can't be back here," the guard yelled coming my way.

"Fuck out my face," I spewed before opening the door. I locked eyes with Kasha who was sitting on the exam table.

"Jackson?" She squinted.

"You need to leave," the guard pronounced as he gripped my shoulder. Before I knew it, I knocked him on his ass.

“Get the fuck off me.” I gave the guard a menacing glare before turning my attention back to Kasha who had a riddled look on her face.

“Ms. Sims, do you want him to leave?” the doctor asked.

We locked eyes before she responded. “No. He can stay.” I breathed a sigh of relief knowing that she didn’t completely hate a nigga. I didn’t even bother to look back because I knew that the guard had finally scrambled to his feet.

“Can we proceed?” The doctor looked between me and Kasha before I responded.

“Go ’head, Doc.”

I listened intently as the doctor explain that she had recovered well and her A1C levels were good. That was good to hear because I was concerned that she would have to up her medicine after not having it for so long.

“And what about the headaches?” I asked. Kasha locked eyes with me like she wanted to say something, but she didn’t.

“The headaches will come and go for a while. I’ll prescribe a pain reliever, or she can simply take ibuprofen or Tylenol over-the-counter.” I nodded.

After taking a few vitals and going over what to expect going forward, we were leaving the exam room and headed back up front. Once she received her next appointment, we headed outside.

“Kash, can you ride with me?” I asked.

“I don’t think that’s a good idea.”

“Please? I just wanna talk.” I didn’t care that I was begging. I needed her to hear me out.

I noticed her mama smirking before she nodded toward her. “Go ahead. I got Jace.”

Hesitantly, Kasha let me escort her to my truck and help her inside. After making sure she was secure, I rounded the truck and got into the driver’s seat.

“You hungry?” I quizzed, pulling out into traffic.

“No, I’m fine.” I simply nodded. If she didn’t want to stop, We’d just eat at my house or order something.

When we got back to my house, I helped her out my truck and inside. While she sat on the couch like a stranger, I went into the kitchen to get us some water. When I made it back, she was still sitting in the same spot, looking uncomfortable as hell.

“Here you go.” I handed her the water bottle as I took a seat next to her.

“Thank you.”

Moments passed, and we were still sitting in an uncomfortable silence, and I couldn’t take the shit no more.

“Listen, Kash. I know it was fucked up how I treated you after you left the hospital, but baby, you need to see it from my perspective. I trusted you, ma. I gave you my heart. I’d fuckin’ walk through the fire for yo’ ass and when you left without notice, that shit fucked with me.

Then to find out you didn’t trust me enough to handle the situation made me feel less than a man.

I'on give a fuck about our age difference because at the end of the day, I'm still a man.

You making that decision for me fucked me up, bad.

Had me questioning myself and shit.” I got everything that I had bottled up off of my chest, but that shit still felt tight looking at Kasha with tears streaming down her face.

“Jackson, I never meant to hurt you. I just didn't want to see you hurt again. Lance had already shot you, so I thought if he promised to leave, everything would be fine. My decisions weren't to diminish you as a man. It was to protect you,” she confessed through her tears.

I couldn't take her tears anymore, so I pulled her into my lap and placed a kiss on her lips.

“Listen, I appreciate the thought of you trying to protect me, but I'on need you to do that.

All I need you to do is let me continue to love on yo' fine ass.

” I smirked causing her to blush. “You gone let me do that?” I kissed her lips, then her neck. ”

“Mhm,” she moaned out.

“Nah, I'ma need to hear the words, ma.”

“Ye-yes, Jackson. I can let you do that.” That was all I needed to hear before I picked her up and carried her upstairs. Once we crossed the threshold of my bedroom, I didn't waste any time stripping her out of her clothes.

I took a minute to admire her body. I missed this shit so fuckin' much.

Placing kisses on her lips, I ventured further and peppered kisses on her chin and neck, where I bit gently, causing her to hiss.

When I made it to her breasts, I took my time as if I was a breastfed baby who was nursing for the very time.

While I sucked on one nipple, I toyed with the other one.

The way she cradled my head was like she was suffocating me with her bosom, and I would've gladly tapped out.

Once I had my fill of her breasts, I ventured further, kissing, biting and licking along the way.

I remember when I first had sex with Kasha in a bedroom setting.

She was shy and didn't want to show her body.

I thought that shit was weird because I've seen her in crop tops before that showed off her stomach.

Her attire left nothing to the imagination, and I loved every minute of it.

I made sure to make her feel like the most beautiful woman in the world in and out the bedroom.

When I finally made it to her pussy, I took my time to take in her essence, making sure to embed every part into my memory. I started by placing sensual kisses on her lower lips before swiping my tongue through her drenched folds.

“Mmm,” I moaned as I lapped up her juices like a thirsty Pitbull. Once my thirst was quenched, I latched onto her clit and slipped my index and middle finger inside of her and massaged her walls simultaneously. I repeated this action until she almost smothered me with her thick thighs.

“Ja-Jackson,” she pant trying to come down through her orgasm.

Before she could completely recover, I was undressed in record time and invading her walls.

“Mmm...shit,” I groaned once I slid inside.

I had to still my movements because her shit was gripping tighter than I remember.

Once I got my bearings, I started stroking her nice and slow while I penetrated her with both my eyes and my dick.

“Damn, baby. I missed this shit,” I confessed, not missing a beat.

“I mi-missed you t-too. Oh, my go?” she whimpered before wetting me up more than she already was.

“Fuck.” My baby was feeling too good and I’ on know how much longer I’ll be able to hold out. The way she was gripping my dick and digging into my skin had me fuckin’ delirious.

“Jackson,” she whimpered.

“What’s up, ma?” I kissed along her jawline. “What you need?” I peered into her eyes without breaking my stride. The way her eyes glossed over and the love I saw in her eyes were enough to take me over the edge. Before I could subside it, I was

dumping everything I had inside of me into her.

“Mmm...shit,” I groaned, as I jerked and let the orgasm take over.

Kasha’s pussy gripped me, and I almost smothered her with the pillow.

Ain’t no way she pulled another nut out of me like that.

I collapsed on top of her and tried my best to catch my breath.

After I got my breathing under control, I looked up at her and grinned.

“I got my baby back?” I quizzed.

She nodded.

“Words, mama.”

“Yes, Jackson. You got your baby back, and I’m so?”

“Shhh...” I cut her off. The way she said my name just now had my dick back hard, and I was ready to show my woman just how much I missed her ass.

“Shit, Jackson. I love you,” she moaned as I stroked her through her orgasm.

“And I’ll walk through the fire for you, mama.”

Chapter Sixteen

Kasha

sometime later...

To say things with Jackson were going good were an understatement.

After we had our talk, we've been one accord and slowly building our foundation back up.

We agreed to leave what happened in the past there, and focus on what's to come.

I left my parent's house and came back to mine.

It wasn't like I was there much, anyway.

I still spent a lot of time at Jackson's townhouse if he wasn't at my place.

Like now, I was at his place getting dressed to go hang out with Nic and Mel.

We've become real close, and by me not having any siblings, I looked at them as the little sisters I never had.

After styling my Malibu locs, I sprayed myself with my Burberry Goddess perfume before sliding my feet into my Gucci denim wedges and grabbed the matching bag from the chair.

Satisfied with my look, I grabbed my phone, dropped it inside my purse before grabbing my shades and keys.

When I made it downstairs, I heard Stacks' voice coming from the kitchen.

The closer I got, I could tell he was talking to Buck.

When his eyes landed on me, a frown etched his handsome face.

"Man, you got me fucked up," he drawled.

"The fuck is you talkin' about?" I heard Buck ask.

"Nah. I ain't talkin' to you. Kasha just brought her ass downstairs like she's going to the fuckin' club," he revealed. "I thought y'all were going to brunch?" He directed the conversation to me.

"We are, so could you not?" I thought it was cute that he was jealous, but he had no reason to be.

"Aye, what Nic got on?" he asked his brother.

"Nigga, I'll shoot you in yo' muthafuckin' face if you ever ask me what the fuck my girl has on again," Buck spat. "The fuck you on?" I couldn't contain my laughter if I wanted to, because these two were a comical duo.

"Fuck what you talkin'. Go see what she has on because Kash over here got me ready to go upside her shit for playing in my face right now." He never took his eyes off of me and all I could do was simper. A few seconds later, I heard Buck's loud ass mouth again.

“Goldie, I swear to Mary’s baby daddy, I’m gone knock yo’ head in the damn toilet if you’on take that shit off, bro. The fuck you think you going looking like you ain’t got no nigga and baby at home? You can’t be for real right now?”

I couldn’t hold my laughter if I wanted to.

I knew exactly what she had on because we planned to wear denim on our outing today.

While I had on a short denim shirt dress that buttoned up the front and had slits on the side.

I still had a pair of blue biker shorts underneath.

Nic’s outfit was a denim romper that had her entire back out with a hood attached to it.

I’m pretty sure if Kilo saw what Mel was wearing, he’d break out just to show her how much she had him fucked up.

“Lincoln, please get out my face. I have on clothes, so stop being dramatic. Now give me a kiss so I can go.” I heard Nic say.

“I’mma give you more than that.” Jackson hung the phone up because we both know how that was about to go.

Jace was over there with Keenan, so I’m pretty sure they would be entertaining Benny if he wasn’t already asleep.

Jackson still hadn’t moved out the spot he was.

His eyes were still fixated on me. Walking closer to him, he met me and closed the space between us.

“You tryna get fucked before you leave?” His voice dropped an octave, and his eyes were set low.

He had his hand around the front of my throat as he peered down at me.

The way he was looking at me almost had me about to bend over the counter and let him do just that.

My phone ringing in my purse broke me out of my trance.

Pulling it out, I saw it was Nic calling.

“Hello?” I answered.

“Aht...aht. Leave Stacks’ ass right there and come on. If I can turn down the dick so can you.” I cackled because I was two seconds away from letting my man do whatever he wanted.

“Damn, sis. That’s fucked up.” Jackson pouted, and I thought it was cute. Not cute enough, though.

“I’m leaving now.”

“Okay.”

After hanging up, I looked at Jackson, who was still frowning. I pulled his face down to mine and placed a kiss on his lips. “I’ll see you when I get back.”

“Man, don’t be gone all day and don’t get too drunk. I got something planned for us tonight.” I blushed because I loved when he planned things for us. It displayed his romantic side, and I loved it. I kissed my man once more before leaving to meet the girls. Had I not, I would’ve never left.

“Look who finally made it,” Mel commented with a smirk on her face.

“Don’t do that. I’m pretty sure Nic just got here, and that’s only because she drives like a bat out of hell.” I took my seat at the table just as the server came up to take our order. We ordered a pitcher of passionfruit mimosas, along with an order of ham and cheese sliders and fruit.

“So,” Mel started. “How are things with you and Stacks?”

Blushing, I responded. “They’re better. I didn’t think we would ever get to this place, but here we are.” It felt good to be with someone who loved and appreciated me as much as I did them. Lance only cared about himself.

“I’m happy for the both of you. You can tell he really loves you,” Nic added.

“And I love him, even after I tried so hard not to,” I confessed.

“Was it because of his age?” Mel asked as the server came back and placed our drinks on the table.

“I mean, at first it was. When Jackson started flirting with me, he was twenty-three years old. I was thirty, with a ten-year-old son. I thought, what could he possibly offer me? I had too much going on at the time to be involving myself with my boss’ baby brother.” I took a sip of my mimosa.

“You couldn’t resist that DeLuca charm, huh?” Mel instigated with a smirk on her face.

“You’re the last one to talk.” Nic pointed her finger in her sister’s direction. “You’ve been fuckin’ on this nigga for years and no one knew, so I’m gone need you to be quiet.” I still couldn’t believe Mel and Kilo were a thing. I don’t think nobody did.

“How did that even happen?” I questioned. Hell, I needed to know.

Before she spoke, she refilled her glass.

Once she took a sip, she explained she started messing with Kilo while they were still in high school.

Even though they went to different high schools, everyone knew the DeLuca brothers.

Both she and Kilo were seniors, while Buck’s menacing ass was a sophomore but hung out with his older brother a lot.

She let us know he approached her one day while she was at the mall.

He introduced his self and asked for her number.

Damn near star-struck, she rambled off her number, and they started seeing each other on the low.

It was on the low at the time because he had a girlfriend.

That didn’t stop him from spending time with Mel, though.

When he got locked up, they lost touch until she started working at the prison a few years later.

“So, you didn’t know he was at that prison when started working there?” I asked. She shook her head no. “Well, damn. Talk about the Universe working overtime.” I took a sip of my mimosa because this story was getting better than an urban fiction novel.

“Yeah, that’s how that happened. I didn’t say anything then because I was young and didn’t know any better. Now I’m quiet because my job could be at stake.” She shrugged.

“You’on even care about that job like that. You know Kilo got you. Hell, this whole time I was thinking you were some well-kept side chick. Who time you fuckin’ the leader of the pack.” Nic was never gone let her sister live that down.

“Girl, hush. You got the most ignorant one, so you need to chill,” Mel shot back.

“I still don’t know how you did that,” I joked. “When he called and asked for your information, I knew my boy had it bad.” I laughed at the thought of how desperate Buck sounded when he called me for Nic’s address and phone number.

“He should have. Acting like I was some hoe he could play with. I told that nigga to kiss my ass one time, and he been on me since.” She stuck her tongue out and twerked in her seat.

“Whatever, hoe. Back to you.” Mel pointed her finger at me. “You ain’t off the hook. Spill it.”

“Anyway.” I playfully rolled my eyes. “He was persistent and showed me he was wise beyond his years. He let me know he was serious about being with me. I figured he was calling bullshit, so I had him call every bitch he was fucking on and tell them

it was a wrap. He did.” I simpered.

“Knowing that he was young and his hormones were raging, I purposely didn’t sleep with him again.

Not only did I torture myself, he’d proved himself worthy. ”

“He not only proved to me he wanted a relationship with me, but with my son, too. Even when I wasn’t sleeping with him, he’d come play the game with him or take him to the barbershop to get his hair cut. I couldn’t help but fall in love with his young ass.”

“Then why you played him like that?” Nic asked. Yes, me and her were close, but she and Jackson were as well. They were closer in age, so they really did have that brother-sister dynamic.

“I really thought I was protecting him.”

“Did he show you he needed protecting, though?” Mel chimed in.

I sat and listened to them and by the time brunch was over, they had convinced me I needed to go home and apologize to my man...again.

Once we were done, we each went our separate way.

The entire ride home I was in my head about me and Jackson.

He had every right to feel the way that he did because I left him no choice.

He showed and proved that he was more than man enough to take care of me and Jace as well as protect us, and I put us at risk by not believing in him.

I definitely had to make it better. By the time I made it back home, I had made up in my mind that I was done doubting Jackson and let him do his thing.

After I let myself in, I didn't see him downstairs, so I ventured up the stairs.

When I made it to the room, I heard music playing.

Opening the door, I was taken aback by the display in front of me.

The floor was littered with rose petals leading up to the bed.

Next to the bed was a tray with champagne and strawberries. I simpered at the gesture.

"You like it?" I jumped at the sound of Jackson's deep voice coming from behind me. I didn't see him downstairs, so I assumed he was up here.

"Where did you come from?" I asked as he neared me.

"Garage. I was tryna get rid of these boxes before you got back." He pulled me into his arms once he crossed the room. "You ain't answer my question. Do you like it?"

"I do, but what's all this for? I thought we were going out?"

"Change of plans, baby." I frowned. "And before you start, it ain't got shit to do with us not going out. I wanted to do some intimate shit for you. You know, to show how I'm feeling and shit." he smirked.

I scanned the room and simpered. He really did put in a lot of effort. "Who helped you with this?"

Rearing his head back, he looked offended.

“How you figure I ain’t do this shit myself,” he countered, causing me to give him a ‘okay, nigga’ look.

“Aight,” he chuckled. “Buck helped me with the shit.” My eyes damn near popped out my head at the mention of Buck helping him.

“Don’t look like that. The nigga ain’t that bad. ”

“I’m not saying that. I’m just...baffled.”

“Don’t be.” He pulled me closer to him. “As bad as I wanted to take you out and show you off, I wanted to get back to us more. I wanted to remind you why you gave a nigga a chance in the first place.” He placed a kiss on my lips that damn near took my breath away.

“That’s not all,” he asserted. “I want you and Jace to move in with me. I know we’re damn near inseparable now, but I want that shit every day.

I want to fall asleep between them thick ass thighs and wake up the same way.

I even wanna use my best stepdaddy voice when Jace gets out of line.

” We both laughed at that statement because the few times he tried to be tough with Jace, it hurt him more than anything.

“You really want me to move in with you?” I asked.

He nodded. “I do.”

I searched his eyes to see if I could find any hint of doubt, and I couldn't find one.

“This seems to work perfect with what I had in mind for when I got back.”

“Oh yeah? What's that, mama?” He was now backing me up toward the bed. I knew I had all of ten seconds to tell him what I had on my mind, or it would be null and void.

“I was coming home to show you how much I appreciate the man that you are for me and Jace.” His brow hiked.

“Oh, yeah?” He lowered me to the bed and hovered over me.

I nodded.

“Shit. Come, show me then.” He placed the most sensual kiss on my lips that ignited every nerve in my body. That night seemed to be the start of our new beginning, and I had not one single complaint about it either.

Chapter Seventeen

Stacks

The movers were set to come and move the rest of Kasha's things today.

I had Buck and Stone come help me move the boxes and typical Buck complained the whole damn time.

The only thing they had to move now were the heavy shit.

That was going to a storage unit anyway until we could figure out what to do with it.

“What time did you say the movers would be here?” I had my head in the phone when Kasha stepped out of the bathroom.

I don't even know what she said, because soon as I heard her voice, all my senses vanished.

I let my eyes scan her thick frame as she sauntered to her dresser with nothing but her bra and panties on.

She knew what she was doing and was gone get exactly what she was looking for, too.

I threw my phone on the bed and had her locked between the dresser and my body in no time.

“Jackson, move,” she whined.

“Hell, nah. You knew what you were doing coming out there like that. Fuck you wanted me to do? Admire you from afar or some shit?” I didn’t give her a chance to respond before I attacked her neck.

“Jackson,” she whined again.

“Wassup? You calling my name like you want me to fuck you, Kash. That’s what you want?”

” I slipped my hand down her panties and bit my bottom lip.

“Damn,” I grumbled. “You really tryna get fucked for real, huh?” Without waiting for a response, I turned her around, pulled her panties to the side and slid inside of her before my actions registered.

“Ughn.”

“Shit,” we moaned in unison.

I placed my hand in the center of her back and slow stroked her. I wanted to savor this moment, but it was clear Kasha had other plans.

“Jackson,” she breathed.

“Wassup, baby?”

“Fuck me...please.” I never wanted my girl to beg me for shit but hearing her beg for the dick sent me over the edge, so I had no choice but to give her what she wanted.

Without a verbal response, I kicked her legs wider, gripped her hair and tried my best to make my dick appear in her thoughts.

“Oh, shit!” she yelped.

“Mhm,” I groaned. “Throw this fat muthafucka back.” I slapped her ass cheek.

“You asked for it, now get it.” I had a meeting to get to but right now I didn’t a fuck about nothing but watching my girl’s ass slap against my thighs and the nut she was gone pull from me.

By the time we finished, showered, and fucked again, Buck was calling my phone, cursing me out.

“The fuck you at, nigga?” he barked into the phone.

“Bring that shit down. I’m on the way now.” I mounted my bike and slipped my helmet on. When the call transferred to my helmet, he was still fussing.

“Get yo’ ass out the pussy and hurry up nigga.

Nobody got all day to wait on you.” He didn’t even give me a chance to respond before he hung up.

Laughing at his stupid ass, I put my bike in gear and headed toward D.E.

. I knew I was gone hear this nigga’s mouth but the shit my girl did to me before I left had me not giving less of a fuck than I already did.

“Look who finally decided to show the fuck up,” Buck instigated once I strolled into our pops’ office.

“Fuck out my business, Lincoln. Nobody says shit when you always late,” I countered.

“I got a family too, nigga,” he snarled.

“And I don’t?” I cocked my head to the side.

I took a seat beside him in front of Pop’s desk and, as soon as I got close, he shoved me. “Fuck off me.” I frowned.

“Stop all that damn whining. Kasha must be holding out on yo’ ass.”

“Why the fuck you think I’m late?” I smirked at his simple ass.

“I’on wanna hear that shit, nigga.” He frowned.

“Y’all done?” Pops asked.

“That’s that nigga.” I pointed my thumb in Buck’s direction, only for him to smack it down.

“If y’all done playing, we can get down to why we’re here,” Pops started. “It looks like you were right about Maseo’s son. Their money has been short, and this payment didn’t even come,” Pops stated.

“I knew that muthafucka was gone be on some good bullshit,” Buck spewed.

“You did. That’s why I had him and his uncles picked up. They’re at the warehouse

waiting for you to arrive.” Before Pops could finish, Buck sprang from his seat like that muthafucka was on fire.

“Damn, nigga. You gone let Pops finish?” I laughed.

“He said all I needed to hear. You going or not?” He was halfway out the door before he even finished his sentence. After telling my pops I’d get up with him later, I followed this irrational ass nigga outside.

“You riding wit’ me?” he asked.

“Nah. I’ll meet you there.” He declined to respond and wasted no time getting in his car and leaving.

“Ahhh!” Emilio screamed as Buck peeled his fuckin’ skin off. This nigga needed therapy.

“Ain’t no way you peeling this nigga’s skin off with a grin on yo’ face, bro? The fuck kinda nigga is you?” I frowned.

“The kind that always wanted to skin a muthafucka like a catfish.” He smirked. “Shit’s therapeutic as fuck.”

This nigga literally burned this nigga with a blow torch just so he could pull his skin off. Every time he was about to pass out from the pain, he had one of our workers douse that nigga with ice water. Shit was deranged as fuck, but this nigga lived for shit like this.

“Please,” Emilio begged. “Ju-just kill me,” he pleaded. You know it was bad when a

muthafucka wanted you to rush their death. He should've kept his mouth shut because this demented ass nigga thrived off shit like this.

“Don't rush me, muthafucka! You should've thought about the consequences of your actions when you wanted to steal my muthafuckin' money.

” He turned on that damn torch. “I'on know what it is about you niggas that make you think the shit is okay to steal from me.

Like damn. I thought I was a generous ass nigga?

” He looked at me. “You think so, right?”

“Nigga, stop talking to me. Hurry up and kill this nigga. I got shit to do.”

“You'on got shit to do but go be up Kash's ass.” He laughed while aiming the torch at that nigga's face.

“Damn, that's some fucked up shit to watch, huh?” I cocked my head to the side and spoke to his uncles, who were bound and gagged, to chairs.

“Wassup, Goldie?” I heard Buck say. “I'm a lil' busy right now, baby.

” I shook my head because I knew whatever sis was saying was gone make that nigga cut all this shit short, so I sped the process up.

I shot Emilio in the head, along with his uncles.

“The fuck you do that for?” he frowned. “Baby, I'll be home soon.

Don't take yo' ass to sleep either.” He hung up the phone and frowned in my

direction.

“The fuck you do that for?” I wasn’t finished.

“You know damn well you ’bout to take yo’ ass home.

Consider it as me helping you out.” I shrugged.

“Now, come on and help me clean this shit up so I can take my ass home to my damn woman too, nigga.” I didn’t give a fuck about his attitude.

How you mad because I killed a nigga that was ’bout to die, anyway?

I was with Buck at the warehouse longer than I intended, so I didn’t have time to stop by my mama’s like I planned. Hence the reason I was on the phone with her while I played the game with Jace.

“Blame your son. He had me tied up in his mess. I planned on stopping by tomorrow though,” I revealed. “Aye, watch out!” I yelled at Jace.

“Boy, stop all that yelling in my ear. You must be on that game with Jace?” she asked.

“Yeah. I’m putting in a lil’ time wit’ my lil’ homie before I go chill for the night.” Most niggas my age still wanted to be outside, but I loved every minute of being in the house under my girl and kid.

“I hear you. Sounds like you’ll be joining Lincoln in giving me a grandbaby soon.

” I could hear the smile in my mama’s voice.

She was always talking grandkids. Naturally, we thought it would've been Kilo since he was the oldest. We see how that turned out.

Nobody thought it would be Buck after he swore off relationships.

I always wanted kids, but I wasn't in a rush.

Could I see myself having kids with Kasha?

Absolutely. Hell, if you asked me, Jace was my son.

"Chill out, lady. You sound like you want me to drop Jace's bad ass off." I laughed.

"Shit, she making cookies?" his bad ass cursed.

"Watch I beat yo' shit in," I warned. I didn't care about him cursing because he was a boy, but I told him about that shit when his mama was home.

"Listen to you, being a daddy. I'm proud of you, baby."

"Preciate that, Ma."

"Let me let you go. Make sure y'all here on time for your dinner."

"You know I'm gone be there early. Don't let Buck cut my cake either." I fussed. That nigga still acted as if we were kids and wanted my damn birthday cake like he didn't get one on his birthday.

"I won't. Tell Kasha I said hello and I'll talk to y'all later. I love you."

"I love you, too, Mama." I hung up the phone and got back into the game.

“I love you too, Mama,” Jace mocked me.

“Ni—” I jumped up and chased his ass up the stairs.

“Ma!” he yelled as he ran in the direction of my room. Kasha met us in the hallway to see what was going on.

“What’s wrong with y’all?” she asked as she looked between the two of us.

“I’m about to choke his lil’ ass out.” I smirked.

Walking up to Kasha, I grabbed at Jace, but he slipped off. “How you gone talk shit and run to yo’ mama?” I smirked.

“Because I can.” He laughed as he ran into his room. Shaking her head at us, Kasha turned around and went inside of our bedroom.

“What was that about?” she asked once we made it inside.

“Lil’ nigga mocking me after I told my mama I loved her.” I pulled her body into mine and kissed her neck. “How you gone pick at me but run straight to yo’ mama? Make that shit make sense.”

“Aww, my big babies,” she cooed, caressing my face.

“Watch out.” I plopped down on the bed, bringing her with me. “Mama told me to tell you hey and she’ll see you at dinner.”

“Okay. You ready for your birthday?” She had her head lying on my chest.

“Hell yeah, I’m ready. I’ll be turning twenty-five and I’ll be doing it with the baddest

bitch on my arm.” I squeeze her thick ass while I smiled down at her.

“The baddest, huh?” she simpered.

“Damn right. Fuck you thought?” I was laying it on thick and from the looks of it, it was working.

“Well, in that case. Let me give my man a preview of how the baddest gets down.” I peered through my hooded lids as Kasha slivered down my body, pulling the band of my ball shorts with her.

She got comfortable and sucked my soul and all my senses out, and I knew right then that I wasn’t letting this woman go.

She was it for me, whether she realized it or not.

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Chapter Eighteen

Kasha

I was going back to Linc's today to talk to Buck about coming back to work.

I mentioned it to him a while ago, and he told me to come to the bar so we could talk.

I needed to hurry up before his ass got gone.

He never stayed long these days, and I didn't want to wait because apparently we couldn't talk about this at home.

Jackson had already left with Jace, so I was by myself today.

Once I got myself together, I grabbed my keys and headed out.

The bar was steady, which wasn't unusual. When I walked in, I spoke to everyone before going back to Buck's office. When I got there, I knocked and waited for him to grant my entry.

"Come in!" he yelled from the other side of the door.

Walking in, I saw him seated behind his desk with Nic and Benny sitting on the couch he had in there.

"Hey. I didn't know you were gone be here." I hugged Nic and reached for Benny's

cute self. “Hey, Titi’s baby,” I cooed, kissing his fat cheeks. Instead of giving him back to his mama, I took him to the seat in front of his daddy’s desk.

“Damn, you speak to everybody in this muthafucka except me? That’s fucked up, Kash.” he feigned hurt.

“Buck, please.” I laughed.

“Please, my ass,” he snorted. “Anyway. I got shit to do before we go to your punk ass boyfriend’s birthday dinner.

” He smirked. “Aight, check it. You know I was opening up a location out in The Cove?” I nodded.

“Well, we’re about to start production with that, and I want you to run that location.

You’ll be in charge of everything. Muthafuckas will answer to you.

I’ll play the background and pop out as needed, but ultimately, everything will go through you.

” I heard what he said, but I couldn’t believe it.

“So, you’re saying that I would run that entire location by myself? Like it was mine?” I asked for clarity.

“That’s exactly what I’m saying. I know you’re ready to get back to work and shit, and since I promoted Jazz, I’ll feel like shit taking it back from her.

Well, not really. Goldie told me she’d hold out on me if I did so I had to think quick on me feet.

I saw no better option than you...that's if you want it.

My brother might be on some copycat shit and turn you into a housewife like I did, Goldie. ”

“Jackson knows I love my independence. No offense, Nic.” I didn't want her to think I was looking down on her, but I loved going out and getting my own money.

“Girl, none taken. I love spending my man's money.” She smirked at Buck.

“What the fuck ever. So, wassup? You gone do the shit or not?” Typical Buck to not know how to keep things professional.

“Of course I'll do it. I just need to talk to Jackson and fill him in.”

“You answering to that nigga now?” he frowned.

“Lincoln, stop being messy,” Nic fussed, causing Buck to roll his eyes.

“No, I'm not answering to him, but I will let him know and we'll talk about it,” I countered.

“Ain't no need. I ran it by him first. I ain't need him in my shit talking about I got his girl slaving and shit. He was cool. All I need is your consent and we can get this ball rolling.” I couldn't believe he was sitting here and basically hand his baby over to him.

“I-I don't know what to say.”

“You can start by answering me.”

“Asshole.” I laughed. “Yes, I’ll do it.”

“Bet. I’ll make sure you have everything you need for that location. I’ll be hands on to prepare for the grand opening, but I’m gone cool off after that. You good with that?” he asked.

“That works for me. Thank you, Buck.” I stood with Benny the same time Buck did. He pulled me into a hug once he rounded his desk.

“Ain’t shit. You were family before you started fuckin’ my lil brother behind my back.” I hit his ass. “It’s only right I look out for you.”

I thanked him once again before hugging Nic and telling her I would see her tonight at Jackson’s dinner.

I came in here thinking I was about to start back managing this bar and gained a new one in the process. I definitely appreciate the direction my life is going in.

After leaving Linc’s, I decided to stop by my parent’s house.

It’s been a minute since I’ve been by, so it was time I showed my face.

Pulling into the driveway, I parked beside my mama’s car and got out.

When I made it to the door, I let myself in using my key.

Once inside, I found my mama in the living room watching TV.

“Well, isn’t this a pleasant surprise? I wasn’t expecting you.” She sat up and smiled

when she saw me enter the living room.

“I know it’s been a minute. I’ve been busy with the move and settling me and Jace,” I admitted.

“And how is that going?”

“It’s going good. It’s not like we haven’t lived with Jackson before. This time just feels permanent.”

“That’s because it is,” she started. “Listen, I know you had your reservations about you and Jackson because of his age, but that man adores you and Jace. When you went missing, he was devastated. Yes, he was angry, but I saw the pain in his eyes, too. He was scared that he wouldn’t see you and Jace again.

” I wiped the tears from my eyes because I never meant to hurt Jackson but to know that I did always does something to me.

“I know, and we talked and agreed to let that stay in the past. I explained to him my actions, and he understood. He knows I didn’t mean to hurt him in any capacity.”

“Good.” She patted my knee. “His birthday dinner is tonight, right?”

“Yes. I have a few errands to run before I get back to the house and start getting ready. I just wanted to stop by and check on you,” I admitted.

I stayed at my parents’ house talking to my mama for the next two hours. I still needed to go and get a few things for the house before I got back there. By the time I did, Jackson was back, and that was perfect. I walked in to him and Jace on that game as usual.

“Can y’all go get them bags out the truck for me?” Jackson let his eyes scan me before he pinched his brows together.

“That’s how you left the house?” he asked.

“Mhm. Now go get the bags.” I smirked. I wasn’t underdressed, but my jeans fit me like a glove with holes in the thigh area. I had on a crop top jersey shirt with a pair of Jordan 1s. He already knew how I served it up, so I knew he wasn’t mad, just mad that he couldn’t get to me like he wanted to.

“Jace, go get that shit. I’m coming.” Jace got up and followed Jackson’s orders. Instead of him following Jace like he said, he followed me into the kitchen, locking me in between him and the counter.

“You look good, baby.” He nuzzled his face into my neck before kissing it.

“Thank you,” I simpered.

“Come holla at me real quick.” He tried urging me from the kitchen, but I stopped him.

“Aren’t you supposed to be helping Jace get the bags?” I smirked because I knew he was about to get an attitude.

“Man, he can get that shit by himself.”

“Jackson,” I asserted.

“Take all that out ya voice, man.” He pinned me with a commanding glare.

“I’m going, but you need to go ahead and get whatever you need to do out the way

because I ain't finished with you.

” He leaned down and kissed my lips with a handful of my ass in his hands before going to help Jace with the bags.

Once they got them all inside, I put everything away and headed upstairs to get ready for tonight.

“What you wearing tonight?” Jackson asked from his spot on the bed. Instead of responding, I went inside the closet to get the outfit so that he could see. “Oh, you tryna match my fly huh?” He smirked. My jumpsuit was olive green to match the writing on his shirt and the tint of his jeans.

“Something like that.”

“Bet. Come on, let's shower so we can get out of here,” he insisted.

“Why do we need to shower together, Jackson?” I knew exactly what he was doing.

“To save time and water. Now come on.” He smacked my ass and ushered me into the bathroom where we did more than shower and ended up being late.

“Damn, nigga. I'm glad you decided to show the fuck up,” Buck fussed as soon as we walked into the house.

“Lincoln!” his mama fussed.

“Nigga, is it my birthday or yours?” Jackson countered.

“Neither because yo’ shit ain’t today.” Buck walked toward us. “Bitch ass.”

“Mama!” Jackson yelled to get his mama’s attention, but she did what she did best and ignored their asses.

I walked off from them and went to sit by Nic.

Jace had already ventured off with Keenan.

Those two were like two peas in a pod. I was glad he finally had someone his age to be around.

They both were bad as hell, but at least they had each other.

“Where’s Benny?”

“Lying down. Me and Mrs. Shaunie had to threaten Lincoln to lay him down. My baby is rotten, and it’s all because of his damn daddy.” She playfully rolled her eyes.

“Stay out me and my boy’s business, Goldie. Sounds like you’re over here hating. That wouldn’t be an issue if you gave me a daughter.” He smirked before leaning down to kiss her. “I’ll be outside with this nigga if you need me.” He kissed her again while Jackson did the same.

“You good?” he questioned, eyes boring into mine.

“I’m fine Jackson.”

“Aight. I’ll be back.” He kissed my lips once again before going out back with his brother.

“You two can come join me in the kitchen. Those two are going to be out there for a while.” We agreed and followed Mrs. Shaunie into the kitchen.

“It smells good in here. What did you cook?” Nic asked.

“All of Jackson’s favorites. Fried pork chops, cabbage, macaroni, candied yams, rice and gravy, and homemade honey butter biscuits. I made him a cake and a peach cobbler.” She smiled proudly as she ran down the menu to us.

“I knew it smelled familiar in here. I have to cook that exact meal at least once a month.” I simpered.

“Sounds like me with the smothered ribs. I should have never let Lincoln know I could cook.” Nic joked.

“Yes, those two can definitely eat, especially Lincoln. Before you came along, Nic. He was here every day just for me to fix him something to eat. Sometimes it was one of three meals. Sometimes it was all three. I prayed for the day he found someone who he could trust enough to allow to do those things for him. Between him, Jackson and my husband, I was ready to run away,” she joked.

“Jackson wasn’t as bad, but he was close,” she added.

“Oh, trust me. I know. You can definitely tell he’s the baby at times.”

“But you would think Lincoln was.” Nic rolled her eyes playfully.

“I heard that shit, Nic.” Buck appeared with Jackson and their father in tow. “That’s how you feel?” He swaggered toward her and dropped a kiss on her lips.

“You in here talking about me, too?” Jackson inquired.

“Not at all,” I lied.

“You full of shit.” he laughed.

We all washed up and came back to the table so we could have dinner.

“Nic, Mel had to work?” their mama asked.

“Yes, ma’am. I know she’s gone hate she missed all this food.”

“I’ll put some up for her,” she said just as the doorbell rang.

“Who the fuck is that?” Buck announced.

“Lincoln, watch your damn mouth,” Mrs. Shaunie chastised.

“He’s right, Shaunie. None of us were expecting anyone.” His father got up from the table and trekked to the front door.

“I’ll be damned,” we heard him say, and the brother duo got up from the table to see what was going on.

“The fuck?”

“You gotta be shittin’ me?” Jackson and Buck said in unison.

“Damn, that’s how you niggas gone greet me?” Me and Nic looked at each other and Mrs. Shaunie almost broke her neck getting from the table. We followed her and saw their brother Kilo standing there with Mel.

“Franklin?” she cried.

“Hey, mama.” He pulled his mama into a hug, and she cried, causing the ladies to do the same.

“Your square ass head knew my brother was coming home and you ain’t said shit.” Buck mashed the side of Mel’s head.

“Keep your hands off me, boy. He wanted to surprise y’all,” she clarified.

“Well, I appreciate the surprise. Look at you. All grown up.” Mrs. Shaunie simpered.

“Nigga, did they worry you to death or some shit? The fuck your hair at?” Buck’s ignorant ass said.

“Man, get the fuck on. Where my nephew at?” he asked before turning to Jackson, pulling him into a hug. “Happy Birthday lil’ bro.”

“Preciate that. I thought you had to a couple more months to do?”

“Shit was getting crowded, so they let a few of us out earlier. I didn’t want y’all to get your hopes up if the shit didn’t play out that way,” he revealed.

“Well, I’m glad yo’ ass on the outside. Maybe you can teach this one some damn manners.” Buck pointed at Mel.

“Chill out, man.”

After the initial shock wore off, everybody settled back into the kitchen to finish eating.

Kilo met the kids and Jace was excited to have another uncle.

You couldn't tell him that Buck wasn't his uncle so to meet Kilo sent my baby over the moon.

Keenan wasn't too thrilled until he found out that he didn't act like Buck.

Those two argued like they were the same age.

I could only imagine how he'd be with Benny when he got older.

Everyone was getting ready to call it a night, but not before the brothers made plans for the next day.

Leave it to Buck to say some dumb shit about him and Mel.

Those two were worse than him and the kids.

When we got home, Jace went off to his room, and we went to ours.

Jackson was happy to have his brother home and help with Buck, as he said.

The smile on his face was enough for me, but it wouldn't be complete without him serving up dick, that I gladly accepted.

Chapter Nineteen

Franklin 'Kilo' DeLuca

earlier that day...

"DeLuca!" I heard the guard call my name, letting me know it was time for me to get my shit and go.

I couldn't wait to get out this hell hole.

It's not like I had a terrible experience or no shit like that.

I was just ready to be back on the outside.

It was only so much that I could do inside, but I always did what I could.

I had my pops and brothers handling the shit that I couldn't, but I made sure to make my presence known as much as I could.

I also had Mel. She was a great asset during my bid.

She was a chick that I knew from the outside that I was fuckin' with heavy.

I had a girl at the time, Shayna, but I wasn't feeling the shit no more.

Her parents thought I wasn't good enough for her because of the shit they thought

they knew about me and my family.

I didn't give a fuck about what they thought, but that eventually caused a strain on our relationship.

Instead of breaking things off with her, I started fucking on other girls.

Hell, I was seventeen at the time and had plenty time to settle down.

That's what I thought until I ran into Mel at the mall.

She stood out among the group of girls she was with.

Maybe because she was the loudest. Either way, I had to have her.

Approaching her, I introduced myself and we exchanged numbers.

From that day, we were inseparable until I got locked up.

I didn't reach out to her or have my brother find her.

I felt like it would've been selfish of me to drag her into my shit.

So, I bowed out. Shortly after I got locked up, Buck told me that Shayna moved.

I couldn't worry about that shit, either.

I had ten years to sit, and I needed to have my mind right and not worry about what was going on in the outside world.

That was until a few years into my bid, Mel started working at the prison.

It was a complete coincidence, but one I appreciated.

She gave me hell at first, even though she found out that I didn't ghost her.

She just liked being difficult. That shit lasted all of three months of her being here before I had her back in my good graces and on my dick.

We continued our relationship behind the walls but didn't let anyone know besides one of the male guards that I was cool with since I got there.

Our families eventually found out because, ironically, our siblings ran across each other.

Now that I was home, a lot of shit can and will change.

"It's safe to say that your family was happy to see you. I think your mama was a lil' disappointed when you said you weren't staying there." Mel and I were now back at her place, well, our place. I've been paying the bills in this muthafucka for years.

"She was," I chuckled. "but she understood. I'll go see them again tomorrow. I gotta meet my pops and brothers, anyway."

"Straight to it, huh?" she sounded vexed that I wasn't gone be in the house, but now that I was out, I had to show my face in a couple of places.

"Straight to it, but first I need to get straight to this." I took no time undressing Mel and carrying her into the bathroom. I already slid up in her once I was released but since my time and space weren't limited, I was gone take full advantage of it.

I carried her to the bathroom and sat her on the sink top and attacked her lips and neck.

“Sss...Kilo,” she cooed at my touch. That only drove me to keep going.

I ventured further and nipped her nipple while I squeezed her breast. I didn't bother spending too much time there when I was trying to get to my favorite place.

Now I was down on my knees with her legs thrown over my shoulders and my face stuffed between her thighs.

“Oh...my...shit,” she stammered. I wasn't letting up until I got my fill and she knew that.

I couldn't eat her pussy as often as I wanted inside, so now she's about to get all this work.

Her legs started trembling, indicating that she was about to cum.

Quickly detaching myself, I started rubbing her clit feverishly until she was squirting everywhere.

“Ahh...mmm...shit,” she sniveled.

“Damn right.” I looked down at my handy work and smirked. I hope she didn't think I was gone let her catch her second wind because I wasn't. She was about to be in for a long night and get all this dick.

The next morning, I woke up early so I could get my day started.

Mel was still asleep, which was expected.

I literally had her ass hollering and cumming until about four this morning.

I was used to getting up early, so it didn't bother me.

Once I took a shower, I grabbed the phone that Mel had already copped for me along with the keys to the new Sports Platinum Escalade.

I wanted everything to be in place when I got home, so I didn't have to shit 'round and wait for shit and she made it happen.

After making sure I was straight, I kissed Mel and headed out.

Me and my brothers agreed to meet at D.E.

at ten, so I was right on time when I pulled up.

When I headed inside, I was greeted by Stacks and our pops.

"Wassup, bro?" I hugged my little brother before doing the same with my pops.

"Ain't shit. I'm surprised you made it." He laughed.

"Shit, she'll be there when I get back." I shrugged. "Where that nigga Buck at?" I asked.

"That nigga always late and be talkin' shit. Watch he blame Goldie and Benny," Stacks mentioned, causing me and pops to laugh.

"Fuck you, Jackson. You keep forgetting I got a fuckin' family at home. Worry 'bout yo' house, nigga. Not mine." Buck walked in the room talking shit as usual. "And you're probably on time to get away from Mel's annoying ass." He smirked.

“I done told you 'bout that shit. Don't make me fuck you up, Lincoln.”

“Fuck you, Franklin.” He grinned.

“Y'all finished?” Pops interjected. He didn't say shit because he was just happy to have his son's back together again.

“That's that nigga.” He pointed at me.

“Anyway. Welcome home, son,” Pops acknowledged. “I would say let me get you up to speed but you ain't missed a beat. I'll turn over the contracts and everything that you had going on to you. Rachel will have them in your office later on.”

I nodded.

“I'll take a few days to check 'em out. I'll jump back into work mode on Monday. This weekend, we celebrate. Ain't that right, lil bro?”

“Hell yeah. I want a gift too, nigga. If you can buy cars and houses from prison, yo' ass can get me some shit. I want some good shit, too,” Stacks asserted. He's definitely been hanging with Buck too much.

“You been left unattended wit' this nigga too much.” I laughed. “But I got you, baby bro.”

“Fuck you, Franklin. While you buying gifts and shit, I need a few,” Buck interjected.

“A few?”

“Hell yeah. I need one for settling down. One for becoming a father. An engagement one, and a wedding gift,” he stated like he was right.

“Nigga, you ain’t even married yet. The fuck on somewhere.” We all laughed at his dumb ass because he just knew the shit made sense.

“Well, we’re done here. Son, make sure you go and see your mama. She wanted to pull up on you last night,” Pops said.

“I’m headed there when I leave here.”

“Shit, me too,” Buck stated as he stood.

“The fuck you going for?” I asked.

“Man, I know mama cooked for your black ass even though she cooked for this nigga last night and he got two desserts. Matter fact, I’m coming to your shit, too.” We could only shake our heads because wasn’t no reasoning with that nigga. His middle child syndrome was about to kick back in.

We all filed out of the conference room and headed outside.

“Damn, nigga. The fuck you get this?” Buck walked closer to my truck and examined it.

“Mel copped it before I got home.”

“Her mean ass good for something. Let me borrow it.”

“Nigga, don’t you have yo’ own shit?”

“Don’t worry ’bout what the fuck I got. I said let me borrow yo’ shit,” he explained.

“Man, y’all come on. You’ll be standing there arguing with that nigga all day,”

Stacks laughed.

“Whatever. I hope it rains too, and I ain giving yo’ stupid ass a ride either, bitch.”

“I’ll tell mama, too.” I shook my head because these two stayed going at it. Leaving them to their shit, I hopped in my truck and headed to my parent’s house. On the way, my phone rang, and it was Mel.

“Wassup, baby girl?” I answered for her.

“Why didn’t you wake me before you left?”

“I was tryna let you rest, baby. You know you needed it.” I smirked.

“Whatever.” I could hear the smile in her voice. “Where you at?”

“Leaving a meeting with my brothers. I’m heading to my parent’s house to see my mama,” I informed. “What you got planned?”

“Nothing at the moment. I was gone hit up Nic and Kasha and see what they had going on. I know Kasha wanted to go get her nails and stuff done before the party.”

“Aight.” I nodded. “I don’t know how long I’ll be there, but if you leave, hit me up and let me know when you’re headed back. Aight?”

“Aight,” she mocked.

I talked to Mel until I pulled to my parent’s house. Stacks was already here, but Buck didn’t pull up until I got out the truck. I waited for him to park, and we walked inside together.

“You talked to Nic?” I asked as he walked up.

“Aye, check it. I’on know what you and yo’ brother on always asking ’bout my girl, but nigga, I’ll shoot yo’ big ass. I ain asking you ’bout Cruella’s ass.”

“Man, what?” I laughed. “Nigga, you throwed. I asked about her because Mel said they might go get their nails and shit done before the party. Dumb ass.” I followed him inside the house and headed straight to the kitchen, where we found everyone.

“Nigga, how you beat us here?” Buck shoved Stacks once he got close.

“Keep ya hands off me. Ain’t my fault y’all niggas drive like some old ass granddaddies,” he joked.

“Fuck outta here,” Buck sneered.

“Lincoln! Don’t make me pop you in your mouth,” Mama chastised.

“Really, Ma? This nigga literally just said ass and you ain’t say nothing.”

“You let me worry ’bout that,” she fussed. “And you watch your mouth too, Jackson.” She popped him on the back of his head.

“Man, I’m ’bout to go home wit’ my girl. This nigga come home and y’all tryna gang up on me.” Stacks frowned.

“Good luck with that. They ’bout to go shopping and shi-stuff,” Buck corrected before Mama could check him.

“How you know that?”

“This nigga.” Buck pointed at me.

“How you know that?” Stacks interrogated me.

“Apparently I talk to my girl, unlike you niggas.” I smirked because I knew that would get a rise out of them.

It felt good spending time with my family.

The girls even joined us after their outing.

I’ve seen Buck in a relationship before, but it was refreshing to see him give the shit another try, and be a father.

He was bat shit crazy, but he handled being somebody’s husband and father effortlessly.

Seeing Stacks in a relationship was odd to see at first, especially with his girl being older than me.

It didn’t show though, so she was good in my book.

I dreamed about days like this with my family and now it was finally my reality.

I was gone revel in the moment because as soon as the dust settled I had some shit to do.

Chapter Twenty

Stacks

It was the actual day of my birthday and the day of my party.

I woke up feeling like that nigga because my girl woke me up to some birthday head before dropping that pussy in my lap.

I didn't even want to move, but I needed to get up and wash my ass.

I let her do her thing before I went in there because she insisted on cooking me breakfast and didn't want me to be the reason she didn't get it done.

I finally finished my hygiene, and dressed in a pair of sweats and a t-shirt. I picked up my phone and replied to the birthday texts before heading downstairs. When I made it to the kitchen, I smiled at the sight of the black two and five balloons with gift bags lined on the table.

"Happy Birthday, baby." Kasha greeted me with a kiss that I deepened, forgetting Jace was present.

"Man, I'on wanna see all that." He frowned.

"Sound like you hatin' lil' nigga." I pulled him into a hug before taking a seat at the table. "Damn, all this for me?" I asked looking at the gifts lined on the table.

“Yeah. You’re the only one with a birthday today,” Jace’s bad ass said.

“You need to stay from ’round Buck’s ignorant ass.”

“Here.” Kasha pushed a box toward me. Glancing at her, I couldn’t help but admire her. My girl was bad as fuck. I opened the first box, and it was a Richard Mille watch.

“Damn,” I mumbled.

“You like it?” she asked.

“Hell yeah, I like it.” I went to open the other one, and it was an iced out tennis link chain and matching bracelet. “Oh, you showing out, huh?” I smiled.

“I’m glad you like it.”

I pulled her into my lap. “I’m gone show you just how much when we get back upstairs.” She blushed.

“Here. Open mine.” Jace passed me a box and a card.

I opened the box first, and it was a brand new pair of motorcycle gloves.

“How did you know I needed a new pair? My old ones damn sure ’bout outta here. ’Preciate you lil’ homie.” I stuck my hand out for him to dap.

Placing the gloves down, I opened the card, and my heart stopped because the front said, ‘I’m the luckiest kid to have a dad like you’. I snapped my eyes to his, then Kasha’s, before reading the card. It was empty, but he’d written a note on the inside.

Stacks, I know that you’re young, but I still feel like you’re my dad.

You ask me about my day. You let me come and talk to you about anything.

You play the game with me, and you make sure me and my mama straight.

Like real men supposed to do. I know it's your birthday, but the best gift would be if I can call you Dad.

Jace.

I didn't even try to hide the tears that fell from my eyes, because this shit meant more to me than any of these other gifts.

My jit knew I would tear the world up about him and his mama.

Swiping my hand down my face, I tapped Kasha's thigh so she could get up.

Once I was on my feet, I pulled Jace into a hug and wrapped my arms around him, and he reciprocated.

"I'd walk through the fire for you and your mama.

Believe that. You just gave me the best fuckin' gift ever, son.

" When I called him son, he let his tears fall and wrapped his arms back around me.

I let him rock out because he needed this moment, just like I did.

Once he pulled back, I kissed his temple and told him to let me talk to his mama.

When he was gone, I turned to Kasha. "You knew about this?" I questioned.

She nodded. "I did. I told him he didn't have to, but if he wanted to, he had to make sure you were okay with it," she revealed.

"Why wouldn't I be okay with it?"

"Jackson, you were fourteen when I had Jace," she stated.

"And I was fuckin', so what's your point?" I cocked my head to the side.

"Really, Jackson?"

"Really. Now, since we've established all that. Let's go upstairs so I can work on giving my boy a sister." I guided Kasha upstairs to our room and thanked her for the gifts and for Jace. He may not have been my son biologically, but he was mine and for that, I was thankful.

Yeah, hold up, park the Rolls Truck

Why not pull up Lambo' car and pop it with the doors up?

Moneybagg Yo and Future were flowing through the club's speakers as I drank from the bottle of Ace of Spades.

I made sure my staff knew to have everything set up because not only was it my birthday, it was my big brother's welcome home party.

I was in private VIP with my brothers and their women, along with Stone and his girl.

I didn't need a whole crowd around me to enjoy myself.

I was perfectly fine with the small group I had.

Kasha was grinding in my lap, and I was enjoying the fuckin' show.

"Keep on. We won't make it back to the house. I'll take yo' fine ass back to my office and drop this dick in you like you begging for." I spoke against her neck before I kissed it.

"Nigga, we'on wanna see that shit," Buck declared.

"Close ya eyes then." I stuck my finger up at him.

"Kash, come and go to the bathroom with us." I looked up and Nic was approaching with Mel and Gina in tow.

"Damn, y'all need a buddy to go to the bathroom?" I quizzed.

"And do," Mel input. "Now turn her loose so we can go." Shaking my head, I let Kasha get up while I watched her disappear through the glass door.

"Damn, nigga. She coming back," Buck ignorant ass joked.

"I know you ain't talkin'. I'm surprised you ain't go with Goldie so you could wipe her ass when she got done."

"Don't worry 'bout what the fuck we be doing, nigga," he snapped back.

"Y'all niggas wild, but I missed this shit. Shit feels foreign as fuck though because y'all grown as hell now with families and shit." Kilo boasted.

"Time for you to catch up, nigga," Buck interjected.

“Aye, speaking of families. Jace asked me to be his daddy this morning. I ain even gone hold you. That shit had me tearing up like a bitch. Like this lil’ nigga really looks up to me and shit.” My chest swelled with pride just thinking about my lil’ homie.

“Damn, that’s wassup, bro,” Kilo praised.

“Real shit. That’s a good look. You young enough to be his brother, but you’ll be a good pops to nephew,” Buck joked. It wouldn’t be him if he didn’t. My comeback got cut short when I saw an unwanted guest walk into my section.

“The fuck you doing in here, Rein?” I scowled as I looked at her. She looked good, damn good, but she wasn’t Kasha, and I was cool off her.

“I came to tell you happy birthday,” she cooed, walking closer to me.

“Watch out, man.” I stuck my arm out to stop her from coming any closer.

“Oh, it’s like that now?” She propped her hand on her thick hip.

“It’s just like that.”

“Whatever. Hey Buck. You can’t speak.” I shook my head because she was reaching now.

“I ain that nigga. I’ll throw yo’ ass through that glass and think nothing of it. Fuck on somewhere.” Me and Kilo laughed because this bitch was really trying it. My damn heart stopped when Kasha and her crew walked back into the area. She eyed Rein briefly before she came and sat in my lap.

“You good?” I asked, testing the waters.

“I’m perfect,” she cooed. “I’m ready to go home and let my man fuck me into another coma.” She smirked. I knew what she was doing, and I was glad that she wasn’t letting Rein fuck up our vibe.

“I know that’s right, sis,” Mel cheered from Kilo’s lap.

“Chill,” he spoke.

“Uhm, you need something?” Kasha directed her attention to Rein, who was still standing there looking dumb.

“I was talking to Stacks.” She folded her arms under her breasts and smirked.

“You wanna stay here and talk to her baby, or you wanna go home and fuck me ’til I’m hoarse and delirious?” I squinted my eyes to make sure I heard what I thought I heard. When she didn’t retract her statement, I knew she was dead ass.

“Aight, y’all. We out.” I got up and damn near pushed Kasha out the door.

“Shit, we ain’t staying at your damn party and you ain’t here. Fuck you on?” Buck fussed.

“Yeah, we out too, bro,” Kilo added. “I’ll hit y’all boys up tomorrow.”

I wasted no time exiting the section and taking Kasha to my office.

“Where we going?”

“My office. I ain got time to go home. I need that now. We’ll finish at the house.” I damn near dragged her ass with me until I got to my office door.

No sooner than I had her in my office, I attacked her like a dog in heat. She may have been putting on a show for Rein, but all that did was grant her fuckin' wish. I had her pressed against my desk, damn near making her choke on my tongue.

"Mmm," she moaned into my mouth.

Leaning up, I lifted her dress over her thick ass and ripped her thong off. Roughly, I turned her over, so she was lying flat on my desk. I wasted no time dropping my jeans and boxers before propping her leg on the desk and invading her slick walls.

"Ughn."

"Fuck, Kash," I groaned the same time as she did.

Gripping her cheeks before slapping them, I started stroking her ferociously. I ain't have time for no sensual shit wanted to be fucked, and that's exactly what she was gone get.

"Throw this shit back and stop playing, Kash." I threw my head back and reveled in the feeling of her following my demands. "Damn right. Do that shit. Just like that. Fuck." I watched as my dick disappeared in her creamy tunnel. This shit was a sight for sore eyes.

"Jackson," she whimpered, reaching back and placing her hand on my thigh.

"Move that shit out my way." I slapped her hand away. "You wanted me to fuck you 'til you were hoarse and delirious, right?" I taunted. "Huh? Ain't that's what you said?"

"Ye-yes! Oh, God, yes!" she cried out.

“Well, don’t put yo’ fuckin’ hand back here no more.” I had to bite down on my teeth because this shit was feeling too good.

“Baby,” she whined.

“Wassup?”

“Ughn,” she responded wetting my shit up.

“Damn,” I mumbled as I watched her pussy suck me in deeper. The more I watched, the more my own nut was coming to the surface. Chasing the feeling she was providing I started pulverizing her shit. If anybody came down this muthafucka, they would know exactly what was going on.

“Jackson...shit,” she cried.

“Mhm...I know. Fuck...here it comes.” My movements became jerky and uncalculated as I roared through my release. It took me a minute to catch my breath before I stood up and slid out of her, pulling her up with me.

“Baby, I can’t feel my legs,” she whined.

“Mhm. That’s what happens when you wanna get fucked ’til you delirious.

” I laughed, holding my pants up as I walked her to the bathroom I had in here.

I cleaned the both of us up the best I could until we got home.

I hope she caught her second wind by the time we got there because I’m celebrating until the sun comes up.

“Jackson.”

“Wassup, mama?”

“You know I love you, right?” she simpered.

“And I’ll walk through the fire for you.”

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Epilogue

Stacks

Today was Benny's first birthday party and my brother and Nic went all out.

Just like his baby shower, my brother wanted his first birthday to be all about him, so the theme was 'All About Benjamin'.

Leave it to Buck to do some over-the-top shit.

I had already dressed and was waiting for Kasha to come out the bathroom.

She's been in there forever. She must've gotten lost. I threw my phone on the bed and got up to see what was taking her so long.

"Kash, wha?" my words got stuck in my throat when I saw what she was looking at. Clearly my throat, I asked. "What it say?"

"It says that we're about to have a baby." She had tears streaming down her face, and I was conflicted because I didn't know she was crying. I'd be upset if she didn't want to have my baby, but I'd respect it. I walked up to her and pulled her into my arms and held her tight.

"Why you crying, mama?" I kissed her forehead.

"I—It...shit I'on know," she laughed.

I rubbed her back before I kissed her forehead again.

“It’s okay. You good. We’re good,” I assured.

“You sure? Two kids is a lot, Jackson.”

“I knew that when I never pulled out. I know the consequences, Kash and I’m ready to face ’em head on.

Hell, Jace bad ass is almost grown, so I need to get the full experience.

Watching Benny’s greedy ass is cool and all, but I want the full experience.

The cravings. Mood swings. Watching my baby grow.

Besides, I heard pregnant pussy gone make me wanna keep you pregnant forever, so yeah, I’m ready for all that. ” I smirked.

“Really, Jackson?” She shoved me.

“Really.” I kissed her lips. “Clean your face and come on. I gotta show you something before we leave.” I left her in the bathroom to clean herself up before she joined me in the room. When she came close, I pulled her next to me on the bed and handed her my phone.

“What’s this?”

“Look and see.”

I watched as her eyes bounced over the email before snapping her head in my direction.

“Is this real?” she inquired, looking back down at the email.

“Yep. As of today, Jace is now officially my son and a DeLuca.” I smiled proudly.

“Jackson,” she whispered.

“Shh.” I pulled her into my lap. “Didn’t I tell you I’d walk through the fire for y’all?”

She nodded.

“Words, mama.”

“Yes,” she exhaled.

“Then believe it. You, Jace and this new baby are my everything. Believe me when I say that. Ain’t shit y’all can’t get from me, including my last name. When you’re ready, you can have it too,” I added.

“Are you asking me to marry you?”

“I’m telling you I’m gone marry you. I’m gone let Buck get his shit off first but know that everybody in my house will have the same last name.”

I looked into my woman’s eyes and saw all the love that they held for me. I only hoped that she saw the same in mine when she looked in mine.

“I thought I was crazy to fall in love with you, but I’m glad I listened to my heart and let it lead me. You’re everything I never knew I needed, and I love you for that.”

“And I’ll walk through the fire for you, baby.”

The End.