Multiples

Aja LaGrand BlountChapter One

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ays prior, DP had walked through the area where he expected to carry out the simple task asked of him. Having found a desirable spot to set up, he currently went through the mental transformation needed to become the heartless son of a bitch required to pull off the job. That transformation didn’t take long. Maybe ten seconds at most. All in all, there wasn’t that much difference between the man he portrayed himself to be, and the man he was. He simply allowed himself to believe so.

With the transformation complete, DP briefly revisited his detailed mental blueprint of the job, finding himself beyond ready for the task at hand. That means it’s time to press play.

Recharging his psyche, he momentarily closed his eyes, fell into a semi-deep meditative state then snapped out of it possessing absolute tunnel vision. Yeah, I’m most definitely ready to handle this.

Leaving his stash house, he proceeded to the arranged location to set up his tools. Raising the window of a quiet attic of an abandoned house, he removed his .30-06 sniper rifle from its case, sliding on the long-range scope.

Everything seemed to be in order.

Inhaling the late April morning freshness, DP paid close attention to the quietness of the neighborhood. By it being so early, the movements around the area was to a minimum. That was good considering what he had planned for the person he was meeting in that neighborhood.

Still, something bothered him. The address given appeared to be empty. So did most of the houses on the block. He’d been unsure of how to calculate that beforehand. His curiosity led him to do some additional research of his own. He liked to be thorough when completing his task.

Upon inspecting the house, he learned that the residence did appear to be somewhat occupied, just not at that moment. Semi-satisfied with that discovery, he let his previous worries fall to the wayside. But that didn’t stop him from wondering why that address was given.

Checking his watch, it was 7 a.m. In an hour or two, his job would be done, and it would be on to the next. *I never used to believe it when they said, ‘when they come for you, they’ll send someone close so you wouldn’t have any reason to suspect a thing.’*

For DP, it had been a while since his last encounter with the target. Based on that notion, the target shouldn’t have a reason to suspect it would be him snipping his lights. DP guessed that was the beauty of it. To have the element of surprise on his side, it’ll make it easier for the target to pay for whatever he’d done.

A part of him wondered about the justification for the target’s demise. But who really cared about the justification when a person’s number was called. It was merely about handling the business at hand. That was it! Anything else would be uncivilized.

One thing DP did know, he couldn’t allow himself to fall too deep into attempting to figure out the reasons beyond what he had to do. He had been sent to do a job and he would complete it like he had so many others. He understood the game and whatever past him and the target shared was just that - THE PAST! He wouldn’t allow that past to get in the way of him making his money.

That didn’t change the thoughts of the past they shared and how it reminded him of not having his father around. Up to this point, DP had no proof regarding the target having anything to do with his father’s murder. It wasn’t until he opened the envelope and seen his picture that it became evident of what the answer could be. Not wanting to let those detrimental thoughts cloud his mental, he sought to remain focus on the current situation.

Clearing the fogginess of his mind, he checked his phone again, wishing the target would hurry up and call. Then he had to chuckle. “*I guess it ain’t fun when the rabbit has the gun!”*

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Ramona laid upon the queen-size bed with her hands behind her head as she stared up at the ceiling. She felt depressed and was engulfed by a strong sense of emptiness. This was the same feeling she basically had all her life. And it stemmed from what she lacked.

At twenty-four, what she needed was something she hadn’t necessarily been able to get. Wanting what every little girl wanted, she yearned for her father to be there for her. Unlike most girls, he had been there; but, not in the sense of what she would have hoped for. He did what he felt he should do by teaching her things he figured she needed to know. She wasn’t an ungrateful person, and the things he bestowed upon her, she was appreciative for. Yet, she yearned for more than life lessons. She yearned for his love.

From a young age, she tried to find some kind of security, father figure or protector in any male she found herself dealing with. For the most part, every male kept her sheltered or just wanted her for one thing - SEX!

At first, she thought that was the way a male showed their love. Then she quickly realized the selfishness being shown. Young and old, the males in her life didn’t care about her so she started asking herself, *Why should I give a fuck about them?* Once adopting that attitude, there was no turning back from the path she would travel.

Her cell phone rang. Reaching for it, she answered without uttering a word. She simply gave the caller the time to identify himself and run his spill. After his testimony, she merely agreed to the caller’s terms and disconnected the call. Staring at the phone, she wondered if she would ever find what she truly desired. Snapping back to reality, she dismissed all thoughts of having a fairytale life or lifestyle. Those sorts of experiences only existed in the movies. She lived her life in reality - logically and reasonably. In living that life, she knew she had to go about life getting it by any means necessary.

Pushing the negative thoughts to the side, she pushed herself out of bed to get ready for her meeting. Doing her mental checklist, she consciously went over her plans and what tools she would need to carry out those plans.

Making it to her Maxima, she closed the door and turned the key at the same time. Checking her rear and seeing it was clear, she cut the wheel to the left and pulled out onto the open road.

No sooner as she righted the wheel, she spotted an attractive-looking young man eyeing her from across the street. She thought of stopping but felt no need to deviate from her current plans. The guy, however, had other ideas when he walked in front of her car forcing her to stop.

Ramona rolled down the window as he walked up. Openly eyeing him, she liked his style. He was willing to go after what he wanted. That thought alone moistened her panties. She unconsciously licked her lips as he approached. His sexiness forced her to clutch her thighs to keep her pearl tongue from jumping.

“Boy, you gone get yourself killed walking in front of cars like that,” she proclaimed, looking the handsome fellow up and down.

He leaned on the roof of the car. “What’s meant to be will be, baby girl. You stopping seem meant to be. Otherwise, I’ll be laying in the middle of the street fucked up.” He was all smiles.

“I hear ya talking but what’s up? I’m kind in a hurry.”

“I wouldn’t want to hold you up. Let me slide you my number so when you ain’t busy, you could shoot me a holla.”

She laughed at his choice of words. Still, they exchanged numbers before she pulled off to make the meeting with John.

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DP felt his phone vibrating in his pocket. The small quacking snapped him back to the present. Out of habit, he peeked at the caller ID. It was a blocked call. He normally wouldn’t answer unknown calls but knew it had to be the target calling.

“Yeah?”

“What’s up, youngblood. You up already?” the target asked, hearing the clearness in DP’s voice.

“You know the early bird gets the worm.” He wished dude would get to the point. There was no need to drag this out longer than necessary. He had other things to do.

“What time do you think you’ll be able to swing by?”

“You seem extremely anxious, don’t you think?”

“Time is of the essence, youngblood. I really need a big favor. Like immediately!”

“I don’t do favors but I’ll hear you out. Give me thirty minutes.”

Twenty minutes passed before the target showed up. When he pulled up, he didn’t get out of the car. DP figured he would have gone inside of the address given. Instead, the target calmly sat in the car, which made DP wonder what was going on. DP frowned at the situation. Slipping his finger into the trigger housing, he pondered lining up the crosshairs of his scope with the back of the target’s head.

A car drove down the street, interrupting that thought. The car pulled over, parking in front of the target’s car. Simultaneously, the target exited his car and hopped into the passenger’s seat of the Nissan Altima.

DP peered through the long-range scope, observing the movements of the two faint bodies. Due to the car windows being tinted, that slightly hindered a clear shot.

Moments later, the target called DP again. “Youngblood, you in traffic yet?”

DP tried playing it smooth. “I’m right around the corner. WHY?” he asked, seeing the target was full of nonsense.

“I was hoping I didn’t miss you.”

“Naw, you didn’t miss me. Chill out. I’ll be there,” DP exclaimed, unable to hide the agitation in his voice.

Ending the call, the target exited the car. The car pulled off, headed to the corner, busted U-turn, and then came to a slow stop near the target.

DP memorized the license plate number as he placed the call to the target. The target answered while raising the phone to his ear. Switching the phone from one ear to the other, he waved goodbye to the driver of the Altima. As he said *‘hello’*, the person in the car must have said something. The target signaled for them to hold on. However, as soon as DP heard the target’s voice, he humbly informed him of his time being up.

“I have some bad news, old timer.”

The target thought DP wouldn’t be able to show up. “What’s that?”

“Your time is up!”

“HUH?” was the last response the target could get out.

The .30-06 slammed softly against DP’s shoulder, dispelling a sharp whistle as the round departed the rifle. Within a matter of seconds, the bullet entered the side of the target’s head, blowing his sneaky plans out the other.

Through the scope, the evidence of the target’s brain matter mixed in good with the traces of the cell phone as the remaining of what was left of his head decorated the concrete beside him.

With the target’s brains being separated from his body, the driver of the Altima didn’t waste any time speeding off to leave the target’s body crumbling lifeless to the ground.

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Ramona plopped John’s summer sausage in her mouth, doing all she could to increase the hardness of it. He just wasn’t working with much. She tried humming, blowing, and nibbling on it. It would not grow longer than the three inches he had been blessed with. Still, she had to do what she came to do.

Taking him deeper into her mouth, she damn near swallowed him whole. At that rate, it wouldn’t take much to put an end to this show. She imagined it only taking a few more swallows before he busted a rod. Nevertheless, she still wanted to have some fun with him.

Licking the length of his shaft, she reached his nut sack, taking both into her mouth. Swirling her tongue in a circular motion, she slightly moaned for the effect. Wrapping her hand around his little friend, she stroked him, which relaxed him and produced a few pleasurable moans of delight. Returning to his tip, she slowly deep-throated his member, hoping it stretched out some. Doubting it had, she went about her business as if her dream had come true.

Easing him in and out of her mouth, she wrapped her lips around his erection, slowly spreading her lips apart, allowing his tool to swim towards the back of her throat.

John was unable to control himself. Forcefully grabbing the back of her head, he humped wildly. Ramona, having to catch his pace, fell in line then went into overdrive. While she went to work, John’s moans grew louder, causing him to stammer over his words. He desired to tell her to keep sucking. He was on the verge of sounding off. But the words wouldn’t come out.

Ramona practically swallowed John whole, massaging his itty-bitty man in the boat with her tongue. Playfully, she slithered her tongue down to his balls. The way she handled her business diminished John’s physical stamina. He wouldn’t be able to withstand too much more. His end was near, very near.

Just as she thought, a few more licks were all it took. His Dillinger coated the back of her throat with a load of his semen. Like a pro, she downed all he had to offer, refusing to hesitate sucking him dry. She literally devoured him until his miniature friend shook and wiggled to be set free.

Rising to her knees, “John baby, why don’t you light some candles and relax while I clean up. I promise my return will be something epic and mind-blowing.”

John done as instructed, running some hot water in the Jacuzzi and lighting some vanilla scented candles. Climbing into the Jacuzzi, he sat back and waited on Ramona’s return. Falling into a very composed state, his thoughts traveled to the sensational fellatio he’d received.

He screamed out, “Mona, I can’t lie! You got that super head a man would kill for.”

“I know! Too bad you couldn’t get the pussy.” She pulled the trigger on the silenced .38 Special, leaving him slumped in the Jacuzzi.

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“Well! Well! Well! If it isn’t the infamous T-Mac - Travis Malcolm Robertson. It seems he may have finally met his match. What a shame that is,” Detective Bryan Chapman exclaimed with a smirk on his face. “YOU definitely reap what you sow.”

“I wonder what he was doing over here,” Det. Chapman’s partner asked.

Chapman looked up and down Carver Street. “This is where it all started for Mr. Robertson and his crew. He and a guy by the name of Darius Price used to run these Eagle Park streets. A confidential informant gave me the rundown about Robertson’s return. And as you can see, it wasn’t for long.” He watched the cars coming into Eagle Park, turning down Booker. “There’s a long list of cold cases associated with him and his crew, but as of now, that doesn’t matter. We have to solve his case, and we need to solve it quickly, before there are too many dead bodies to count.” His eyes canvassed those standing outside of the crime scene.

“Doesn’t he have a son who may still be in the area?”

“Yep, and it has been rumored that he has a similar situation occurring on these streets, but NO ONE has been able to link him to anyone or anything.” Chapman paused to think. “The word back in the day was that Travis off Darius. Nothing could be confirmed but I’m thinking if anyone wanted revenge, it would be Darius Jr.”

“And I’m thinking we need to apply some pressure to these streets. What you think?”

Det. Chapman smiled. “I think that’s a great idea, partner.”

Chapter Two

“B

reaking NEWS! This just in ... I’m Arlene Jackson reporting live from Madison, Illinois, where this morning, a man was found dead in the middle of Carver Street in the Eagle Park section of Madison, with what appears to be a gunshot wound to the head. The lead detective will not release any details to us right now concerning the murder but wait,” she listened to a transmission coming in. “I’m being told the name of the victim has been released.”

She waited for the name. “The victim is a Travis Malcolm Robertson. He appears to be between the ages of forty to fifty. But wait,” she held her finger to her ear. “The police just released some further details surrounding the deceased. Mr. Robertson was believed to be a known hit man and drug dealer. He stood at the helm of a ruthless organization that wreaked havoc on these very streets years ago, leading to an enormous amount of cold cases.

“At this time, that’s all they’re giving us. But the police have no leads, no suspects, nor any witnesses. They encourage the public to come forth with any pertinent information regarding this death by contacting the Madison County Sheriff Department. I’m Arlene Jackson, reporting live, from Madison, Illinois.”

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The moment DP walked into the house, the news covering the story of his latest mark resonated loudly throughout the house. It wasn’t a surprise that it was breaking news, considering he did leave the man in the middle of the street without a brain. What bothered him was that his girl was watching it herself. She hardly ever watched the news. And for whatever reason, she had the t.v. blasting as the news reporter kicked a mountain of dirt on the mark’s body.

DP snatched the remote from Winter’s hand, turning the volume down to a sensible level. “What in the hell you doing watching the news?” he questioned.

“For your information, I was watching it because when I was flipping through the channels, I seen a house that looked familiar and wanted to see what happened. Is that alright with you, Mr. Price, or should I say daddy?” she asked sarcastically.

“You getting smart with me?” he asked playfully, letting out a light laugh.

“Naw, boy! I just tripped off that house and you came to mind. I’m not trying to turn on the t.v. to see a picture of you, especially when you don’t bring your ass home at night.”

“I’m good, shawty! Find something else to worry about,” he suggested, not wanting to hear all that.

As he was about to continue, the news was reporting on another body found in a hotel Jacuzzi. She snatched the remote from him, turning the volume back up. DP sat down, kicked his feet up, and listened to the reporter go into her story.

“This is Nikki Preston, coming live from the Motel 6 in Caseyville, Illinois, where a grueling scene has been discovered.” She consulted her notes. “At approximately 11:30 a.m., a housekeeper found what appears to be a human caucus. The only thing left to identify the person is a complete set of bones. From what we’ve gathered, the bones were still intact inside of a Jacuzzi. There were no signs consistent with what you would expect when finding a human body.”

She waved her small pad towards the front of the Motel. “The front desk clerk is being questioned by the detectives on the scene about who the remains may belong to, but as of now, there hasn’t been any reports of a struggle or anything else for that matter. There are also no leads, but we will keep you updated with any further details as they come.”

Winter was the first to speak. “That’s some crazy ass shit, Darius!” she shouted, turning down the volume. “Who would want to do some psycho shit like that?”

“Apparently, whoever did it!” he countered, making it obvious he was being sarcastic.

“Alright, smart ass!” she fired back, rolling her eyes. “That’s why you need to bring your ass home at a decent hour. I need to know your ass is safe.”

Getting up, he pulled his signature black t-shirt over his head. “I need to hop in the shower. You trying to wash my back or what?”

Winter heard the house phone ringing and reached for it. “Let me see what my auntie wants.” She stuffed one leg under the other. “I’ll see what’s up then.” She pressed talk. “Hello?”

“Hey, Winter. You busy?”

Winter could hear the strain in her auntie’s voice. “No, I’m not. What’s up?”

“Is there a way we can meet up and talk?” Sara questioned, understanding what she had to tell Winter needed to be said to her face.

“Yeah, we can meet later. What’s the matter?” Winter asked, getting worried.

“It’s something I’ll like to talk to you about in person if I could,” Sara replied, thinking about what she had to tell Winter.

“Alright. I’ll see you soon,” Winter stated, hanging up the phone.

As she put the phone down, she drifted off into a daydream about her life. She couldn’t resist thinking about what her auntie had to tell her. The racking of her brain altered her mind state, casting her back to the past for a minute.

Winter’s past had been rough growing up. For the better part of her life, she’d felt alone with no real family other than her auntie. She’d lost her mother when she was just a child, and she never knew who her father was. Even the role her mother could have played was null and void. From day one, her auntie, Sara, raised her as her own. Sara’s older sister had other things on her plate and raising a child wasn’t one of them. When Sara found out her sister didn’t want the baby she carried, she stepped up to accept responsibility for that child.

Due to Sara being unable to have children herself, Winter’s mother agreed to those terms; but, with one stipulation: name the child she didn’t want Winter.

*“Why?”* Sara asked, wondering why she cared what the baby’s name was.

*“Because, it will cold winter night when I have her, and it’ll be a cold day in hell before I take the time to care of a damn baby.”*

Notwithstanding being abandoned, as Winter grew older, she found herself yearning for comfort and love from a father figure, particularly her own. Since a kid, DP had been in her life; whereas, turning a childhood friend into her lover and man couldn’t replace the emptiness of not having her own father around.

Reflecting on what she’d been told, Winter didn’t understand why her mother had such hate in her heart nor understood the reasons why she felt the way she did. She wished she could have sat her mother down to find out; nevertheless, that would never happen.

It had been hard for Winter growing up without a real mother or father. That didn’t change the fact that Sara had done all she could to provide for her. She sincerely stepped up to the task when she didn’t have to. There wasn’t too much more that Winter could ask for. But Sara wasn’t as beautiful as her sister, so she didn’t attract the men of a quality stature. Her choice in men displaced the necessary role model Winter craved. That left her to question why she seen many men come and go, leaving her to wonder why none of them stayed.

Unbeknownst to Winter, Sara sold herself on the side to make ends meet. Sara had a body of a Goddess but the face of a mule. When times had gotten rough, Sara used what she had to get what she needed, wanted and desired. She had the *‘get it by any means’* genes and she used it accordingly.

That was a quality Winter also had. The *‘get it by any means’* gene came naturally to Winter so it wasn’t a surprise that she too hid a host of secrets of her own.

Winter mulled over her locked-up secrets, unable to deny them. They were a part of her and they made her who she was. Yet, every time she thought of them, thoughts of DP snuck in behind them. As her man, he was the only person who knew her better than anyone. They’d grown up together, raised one another, and always had one another’s back. Still in all, DP was on the outside looking in when it came to some of the things she kept close to her heart.

She intentionally placed her skeletons so deeply within her subconscious that she would rather not think about them. She believed that her secrets were that devastating, and needed to be left in the dark. What the light can’t see, it can’t reveal, she told herself, knowing that her secrets could bring her life to a screeching halt. She couldn’t live with herself if that happen, nor did she want anyone looking at her strangely.

Rising from the couch, she knew it was best to hold onto her secrets as tightly as she could. That way, things could continue as usual, and no one would look at her sideways. *Because* I’ll hate to have to fuck someone up.

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The look on Sara’s face resembled a look of having carried a heavy burden for way too long. The weight of that burden was written so clearly across Sara’s face that it scared Winter to ask what was wrong. The more she observed Sara’s countenance, the more alarmed it caused. She’d never seen her auntie looking like that. Worried, Winter had no other choice but to come out and ask. That seemed to be the only thing to do.

“What’s wrong, Sara?” Winter asked, unable to hide the trembling of her vocal cords.

Without batting an eye, Sara opened her mouth, and blurted out the truth. “When you were conceived, your mother didn’t want anything to do with you.” She continued to inform Winter about the agreement to accept the responsibility of caring for her and the purpose of her name. Most of what Sara repeated had been explained before.

Hearing it again locked Winter into utter shock as the words flowed from her auntie’s mouth. Sara was admitting to things that Winter had been blind to but shouldn’t have been. It seemed as if her life was being turned upside down in matter of minutes. However, what Sara would tell her next would surely shatter her own existence and harden her heart and soul.

Sara inhaled deeply, then exhaled slowly. She had no idea how Winter would receive the information, so she wanted to lay it on her softly.

Twiddling her thumbs, she looked away from Winter. “Recently, I was contacted by someone whom you have never met,” Sara stated, starting out with the obvious. “As a matter of fact, he had no idea about you until he reached out.”

“What are you saying, Sara?” Winter questioned, prying for the truth.

“Your father reached out and I filled him in on the overall situation of your life and upbringing.”

“What?!?” Winter recited loudly, trying to get a better understanding of what was being conveyed.

“He didn’t want me to tell you about him at first. He had some things he had to take care of. Plus, he didn’t believe it would be best for him to walk back in your life when he hadn’t been there initially and throughout the years.” She glanced into Winter’s face. “He wanted to get some important issues out of the way first, so he could resurface and possibly build a relationship with you,” she explained, hoping her niece understood.

Winter listened intently. As she listened, it was becoming too much for her to take in all at once. She could hear Sara talking, could see her lips moving, but the sound didn’t register within her ear drums. Her heart cried out for the love of her father, but at the same time have so much hate and disgust for him. In her eyes, he could have stepped up and been a man.

A man to raise his daughter. A man to protect and care for his baby girl. A man to teach and guide his seed in the right direction. Not a coward ass man who stood from afar and have a look in from the outside, when there was so many things to be accomplished inside.

“Where is he now?” Winter questioned, the words coming out before she realized it.

“Winter baby, the man found dead in the middle of Carver this morning was your father,” Sara muttered, seeking to gauge Winter’s reaction.

Except, she couldn’t give one. Winter simply stared at her auntie unable to form a single word. Even if she wanted, she couldn’t exude one emotion or thought. She haphazardly gazed at her auntie with a lost stare.

“Winter, your father was Travis Malcolm Robertson, the infamous hitman, pimp, and drug dealer so many have talked about.”

Winter heard her auntie talking, which caused a light bulb to go off inside of her head. That’s where I remember that house from. She remembered as a little girl going over to that house and briefly playing in that yard. She never stayed that long. It was one of those in and out things. But, she did remember seeing some women hanging around, along with a couple of men.

One of those women had to have been my momma, Winter thought. And one of those men was my daddy!

Winter gazed into Sara’s eyes, looking to verbalize her beliefs.

“Winter, the house your father was murdered in front of was your mother’s. Not too long ago, your father started giving me money to remodel and refurnish the place. I was supposed to rent it out or sell it with the money being split 50/50 between you and I. He felt that was the least he could do.”

“So, what was his real purpose of coming back?” Winter inquired. “What I’m getting from what you’re saying, it wasn’t originally for me?”

Sara didn’t know how to answer that question without lying so she had to tell the truth. Hating to be the bearer of bad news, she strongly believed this revelation would strike Winter directly in the heart. Yet, she couldn’t withhold it. Winter needed to know that her father had turned into a RAT! The lowest of the low. A vermin that fed off the lives of others.

She knew if she didn’t tell Winter now, and she found later, the repercussions of keeping that secret would drive a wedge between them. Sara didn’t want that, nor did she want to be associated with helping or assisting anyone who ratted out others for their own personal gain.

Sara searched for enough courage to enlighten her niece of the truth. “Winter,” she said, looking at her feet. “Your father turned into an informant for the FEDS,” she mumbled, raising her head.

Winter’s jaw dropped.

“Your father turned into a confidential informant so he could secure a somewhat safe passage for himself. He agreed to work off an undisclosed amount of debt for his past crimes. He told me he was to put himself in certain situations to where those he dealt with would suffer due to his cooperation.”

Winter was flabbergasted. Her father had turned into a confidential informant. Instead of paying for his debts as a man, he took the snake route. She didn’t know how to feel about that. She was conflicted. As his daughter, a part of her wanted to uphold his good name. It was apparent that nothing came of his deal-making, considering someone made him suffer for his wrong-doings first. Which meant, someone patiently waited for his return to exact their revenge.

Taking that into consideration, she stood, pulled her jeans out of her crouch, and mumbled. “And I’ll patiently wait my turn to exact mine as well.”

Chapter Three

“D

P, I need to talk to you about something,” Winter said, staring at DP. “And it’s important.”

He sat down on the couch. “What’s up?” He seen a weird look in her eyes. “What happened? Is everything alright?”

By the way she looked, something was terribly wrong. What? He had no clue.

She walked over to him, straddled him, and held his head up, placing a wet kiss on his lips. Moving from his lips to his cheek then down his neck, she came up to his ear and stopped momentarily. She lightly nibbled on his earlobe, stopping again to say something. “I know what you did, Darius!” she said in a low growl, then nibbled on his earlobe again.

The words didn’t register initially. Not until she tried to take a bite out of his ear. DP snatched his head away from her bared teeth, attempting to make sense of what she spoke of.

“What!! You know that I did what?” he questioned. He was lost. Grabbing ahold of her hands, he looked into her eyes and seen an empty soul. He never seen that kind of darkness coming from her. To see so deeply inside her let him see a totally different person. The presentation of that emptiness presented him with the coldness, loneliness and pain caused by something he done.

Not wanting to expose his hand, he asked, “What do you think I did, Winter?”

“Just know that I know and one day I will make your ass pay for it!” she spat, snatching away from him.

DP tried his best to get her to tell him more. He reached for her, but she slipped away. The further she slipped away, the harder he sought to grab ahold of her. Then, like that, she was gone. Whereas, he heard her calling his name. Seeking to comprehend the madness, her calling out his name resonated louder and louder.

There was no doubt it was her calling him. Looking around, she had completely vanished. She was nowhere in sight. Holding out his hands, he grasped at the empty space before him.

From out of nowhere, his body began to violently shake, jolting his eyes open. He awoke in his bedroom, noticing Winter removing her hands from him. She’d been trying to awake him. He glanced around the room. Right then, he realized he had been dreaming. Unconsciously, he looked into her eyes for any sign of her knowing the truth about who he was. As he studied her, he saw nothing leaning him that way. All he seen was the signs of his loving and caring woman. But the dream filtered to the forefront of his mind again.

Why would she tell me those things? Could she really know but refuse to say anything until the time was right?

His mind was truly playing games with him. But he didn’t feel as if he was in a pressed situation. Not a situation where he would have to make a detrimental decision to handle his business. Because handling his business surrounded one tactic. He knew handling his was fashioned according to customs he’d grown accustomed to. Unknowing of what to make of the dream, he didn’t want to jump to conclusions until he had all the facts before him.

Snapping his head to the left, the ringing of his phone snapped him out of his trance. Staring at it, he looked at Winter as she went about her business. Grabbing his phone, he expected the caller to be one of his homies. He’d been waiting on Ralphie to call so they could handle some business. However, the call was from his contact. There was another job on the horizon.

Quickly taking the call, it ended just as quickly as it began. The instructions were delivered, and DP began plotting his next move. He loved when his plans could fall into their respective order. That permitted the operations to run a whole lot smoother.

Jumping up to bounce, Winter stopped him as he dressed. Suddenly, she had this somber look on her face which she hadn’t initially had; therefore, DP figured there must have been something weighing heavily on her mind. Needing to leave, he couldn’t help but want to know what her deal was.

DP thought of the dream he had, wondering if there was any truth to it. *I won’t find out by just standing there.*  He had to approach the situation carefully. He kept it simple.

“Is everything okay, baby? You don’t look too good.”

She stepped closer, looked him squarely in his eyes, and shook her head.

DP reached out for her. Before he could get his arms around her, she fell into his arms crying like a newborn baby and gripped his shirt tightly as if she would never hold him again. That got his attention. *What is wrong? She never sheds a tear.* Whatever the situation was, it had to be serious. *But what?* he wondered.

His heart was beating out of his chest. He was sure she could feel it thumping against hers. He just hoped she wouldn’t drop the bomb of knowing the truth about who he was on him. He’d been able to keep his other life a secret for the longest time, and he planned on keeping it that way. But he needed to know what her issue was.

“Tell me what’s wrong, Winter,” he insisted, feeling her pull at his shirt.

Wiping the tears from her face, she looked up at DP. He was a few inches taller than her five-foot-five frame, so as she looked up, her tears streamed into the crevices of her eyes.

“Remember the news covering the man being shot on Carver?” she asked, wiping at her face.

“Yeah. By the house you thought looked familiar.”

“Yeah, I found out how I remember that house too. That was my mother’s house and the man who was killed was my father,” she explained, looking away. “I’m having so many mixed emotions right now, Darius. I don’t know what to do or how to feel. I have always yearned to have my father in my life and to be loved by him but...”

“But what baby, talk to me.”

“But... someone took that away from me. Just like that!” she said, snapping her fingers.

DP wanted to feel sorry for her. He simply couldn’t. As her man, he wanted to say something meaningful, but no words would come out. So, he merely listened.

“It’s just that when all of that could have happened, his past caught up with him and takes all that away,” she stated, ramming her head into his chest.

DP wanted to appear as supportive as he could. “What kind of past did he have?” he asked, fully aware of the details. Even though he could have cared less, he had to play his part, especially since he realized she didn’t know it was him who brought about her father’s demise. Then again, it wasn’t that he didn’t care about her losing her father. It called into question how he could be the real support she needed when he was the reason for her pain.

I can’t do this pretending shit. He wasn’t that type of guy. I’m gonna have to keep it 100. He knew a time would come when he would have to be straight up with her. He just didn’t know how she would perceive that truth.

In the midst of him lingering away from the conversation, she explained what her auntie told her.

“My auntie said he was a notorious hitman back in the day but upon some recent changes in his life, he wanted to become a part of my life,” she cried, going into an uncontrollable sob.

DP held her as close as he could, amazed at how weird the entire scene felt. He’d never had to console a family member of one of his marks. The feeling was surreal. Who would have thought it would hit so close to home? he had to ask.

Winter balled her eyes out, wetting up the front of his shirt.

Having to listen to her crying will make me detach myself from the situation completely. I’m not going be able to do this.

In his position, there was nothing he could do for her. He’d done what he’d been hired to do, and that was it. But her crying brought about the nagging thought of her father possibly having something to do with his father’s death. That was something he wasn’t too sure of; yet, the emotions he felt when viewing that picture really rubbed him the wrong way. When thinking in those terms, his feelings about what Winter was going through would eventually begin to irritate him. He understood he wouldn’t be able to tell her about what he did. That acknowledgement would place a permanent wedge between them.

Opting to tuck that secret among the rest, DP stood there holding her as he continued to be the fake support she needed.

“Baby, I’m sorry to hear about your lost. I’m always here for you and I’ll be here now, more than ever,” he explained, thinking about what he told it.

That was a bold face lie. The kind of lie he wouldn’t be able to live up to. Then he thought about it. As the words I’m so sorry! escaped his lips, they felt as if he actually meant them. It felt like he was, in a sneaky kind of way, already seeking her forgiveness.

Naw, that can’t be true. What do I have to be sorry for? When he took the job, he had no idea the mark was her father. It wasn’t his fault her father ran out. That thought alone took him back to the dream, leaving him to wonder if she knew, and if that was why she was telling him now.

Maybe she’s searching for some kind of sign. He couldn’t be sure. She could be holding the truth to her chest. Yet, he hoped the time didn’t come when he would have to choose between the life he led and the woman he loved. Because for him, the choice would be a no-brainer.

But would it be the right choice? he questioned.

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DP maneuvered through the streets towards his destination. Riding without the radio on, he reflected on the man he was, where he came from and where he wanted to go. Realistically, moving forward, his future would be far different from the life he currently lived and the past that shaped his current being. From the beginning, he’d wanted better for himself and that’s why he set his goals so high and wasn’t afraid to chase them.

Despite his day-to-day hustle, his motivation surrounded becoming the first person in his family to graduate from college. That achievement alone would highlight his academic success at an all-time high. He’d always had a thirst for knowledge since escaping the womb, so, having an academic scholarship and a full ride wasn’t a surprise to him. That still didn’t separate the two lives he lived.

One of his biggest fears derived from his two worlds colliding. That collision would be detrimental to everything he achieved thus far plus where he wanted to go. At some point, his thirst for a quick thrill would have to fade into the night like so many of his victims had.

He’d come a long way over the years without being able to see the entire road ahead of him. Somehow, the unforeseen path traveled steered him in the right direction, allowing everything to turn out how it should. Except, what he couldn’t see now could alter that perception; therefore, revealing something he really didn’t want to see.

A product of a crack-head whore and a cold-blooded killer, many believed he would end up like his father. According to those around him, his future was bleak from the start. As a youngster, he set out to defy those odds of failure. Practically raising himself, he strove to make the most out of life.

From the moment he began walking, he ran the streets or behind one of his old man’s whores. It didn’t take him long to pick up on his charismatic personality, nor did he have a problem using it to his advantage. By the time he was twelve, his old man had been killed and his mother was so far gone on drugs and whoring that his only option was to follow in his old man’s footsteps, somewhat.

Once getting his feet wet, DP soared to new heights quickly, looking to make a name for himself. During that time, his old man’s right-hand man took a liking to him, and pulled him under his wing to school him to the rules of the game. Under that tutelage, all the tricks of the trade were bestowed upon him and there was no turning back. Absorbing each lesson in stride, he elevated his status, bringing in money, hand over fist.

Taking what he’d seen coming up to heart gave him a different perspective on how he should do certain things. Applying his lessons, both good and bad, he put his own twist on his hustle. Those little tweaks proved to be the deciding factor in how successful he became. It would be those things that would keep him alive and out of sight of the law. Also, it permitted an acknowledgement that there wasn’t much longevity to the drug game or being a killer anyway.

From the very beginning, DP always rationalized an exit strategy, knowing he had to be smart about how he moved. And being smart required him to have a back-up plan. Without a viable plan, the end that was sure to come wouldn’t be the kind of end he could dictate. As a visionary, he was the kind of man who wanted to dictate everything he had his hands in.

However, with the situation he currently faced, things were sure to change for him. He wasn’t sure how, but it entailed him considering activating his final exit strategy. He had too much at stake to be playing around, and the last thing he needed was for things to spiral out of control.

That’s not what I need on my watch’ he said, pulling over in front of his destination. Not at this time, nor should it happen to me, period. It just can’t happen. And I won’t let.

Meaning every word, he clambered from his car, and set in motion his reason for being there.

Chapter Four

“Y

eah, baby girl. Suck that dick!” Ralphie muttered. “Handle your business.” He loved every minute of the oral service being rendered. The sensational feeling closed his eyes and relaxed his tensed body. The assault on his flag pole felt like something out of heaven. The combination of Ramona’s mouth and the showerhead gave off the aura of floating on a cloud.

The fellatio was so good, he had to take his mind off her services for a moment. Thinking back to how they arrived at this point, the momentary reflection of her bumping into him at the liquor store swelled the tip of his sword. He faintly remembered a drink being wasted on him. The puckered lips wrapped around his member erased the ruined shirt from his mind altogether. None of that mattered at that point.

At first it did, especially when not recognizing her wearing the bright colored wig. It wasn’t until she apologized that he recognized the voice.

Damn, baby girl. I see you forgot about cha boy, huh? he asked, forgetting about his wet shirt.

It’s not like that, she said, sounding young and innocent. I just been busy and not had time to holla at you, she stated, flashing a sly smile. She slid in to swipe at the liquor on his shirt.

He grabbed her hand. Don’t worry about that. It’s nothing the trash can’t take care of.

I’m sorry for being so clumsy. Is there anything I can do to show you how sorry I am? Her sultry tone informed him that she would do whatever it took to make it up to him. She licked her lips seductively. For her it wasn’t about the drink she wasted on him. Ruining his shirt meant a lot to her. Never did she want him to be upset with her. At all costs, she yearned for them to walk away from the encounter with a clear understanding of how truly sorry she was.

Ralphie hadn’t seen it that way. He wasn’t tripping; yet, he didn’t wish to waste valuable time talking about it when that time could be spent doing other things.

I’m sure there’s something we can work out. He smiled, jumping at the opportunity to get what he originally wanted. What you about to do right now? He invaded her personal space.

It depends on what you want to do, she replied, letting him know she was down for whatever.

In that instant, they made plans to meet at the nearest motel. Finding a room at the Motel 6 on the edge of town, Ralphie hopped in the shower with Ramona quickly accompanying him. Before the water could warm up, she was stroking his joint, coercing it to grow to its maximum potential. Once fully erect, she slowly traveled from his neck, down to his chest, and settled on his balls.

Slurping them, she tenderly stroked his third leg, quickly getting into it. She couldn’t half-ass with him. Her skills were too impeccable for that. She had to make up for her mistake by going all in. Humming her favorite tune, she damn near swallowed him whole. It’s a must I leave a lasting impression on him.

Ralphie looked down at her, in awe of her skills. He had to give to it to her. She could definitely work her magic with her God given talents.

Ramona slithered her tongue up the length of his erection until she reached the tip. Placing a big, wet kiss on the head, she slowly parted her lips, allowing all of him to disappear down her throat. She literally deep-throated him on the first try.

Lightly rolling her tongue on his tender side, she lathered his meat log with her saliva, downed half of it, came back up and nibbled on the tip again. Surrounding the tip with puckered lips, she swallowed him whole, returned to the tip, and then swallowed him again. Doing it over and over, she placed sloppy kisses around the head, stroked the base of his microphone stand, then saturated the first four inches of his manhood.

Ralphie cuffed the top of her head. Damn, this some fire ass head!

Ramona jerked at the base of his member, continuing to show off her superb head game.

He was having a hard time keeping his composure. His knees grew weak, loud pleasurable moans escaped his voice box, and he had to place his hands on the slippery shower walls for leverage. The more she bobbed her head, the less he could take. Then without warning, he released a thick, creamy load on the roof of her mouth.

She didn’t seem to mind. Swallowing every drop, she coated the lining of her stomach with the few grams of protein. Tasty! she said, rising to her feet. Wiping at her mouth, she tooted her behind in the air, giving Ralphie more than an eye full to gawk at. Her 5-foot-5 curvaceous, petite frame was a man’s personal theme park. Her wide hips and more than a hand full of titties had him in awe.

Ralphie’s eyes were glued to Ramona’s wet box. That’s the juiciest piece of meat I’ve ever seen in my life. Just staring at the sweet piece of nectar shook his dummy awake for round two. Gripping it, he wasted no time sliding inside of her inviting opening from the back.

As he entered her, he secretly verbalized that the interior of her loveliness was fire. SUPER FIRE! Each stroke brought him a more pleasurable moment than the last ever could. He shivered uncontrollably. I would have loved to suck on this pussy for hours. But maybe next time! He grunted, shoving everything he had into her bottomless pit.

Ramona braced herself against the shower wall, opening a clear path to the depth of her ocean. Rotating her hips, it didn’t take long before she found the match to his rhythm. She threw it back at him. In return, he attempted to give it to her as hard as he could. Gripping her hips, his intent included touching every wall and crevice hidden within her creamy dungeon.

Creamy might not be the right word for this blessing! he exclaimed, sliding in and out of her.

Slowing his stroke, “This shit is the bomb!” he expressed, digging a little deeper. “This right here,” he said, tightening his grip on her hips, “is the perfect example of she got that killa pussy!”

Ramona simply smiled in-between moans.

Ralphie, on the other hand, was on the verge of busting another nut. Increasing his speed, he sailed into overdrive. Humping hard, his thighs smacked against the back of hers, making an extremely loud noise. That accelerated his excitement.

Lowering his head, he watched her ass slam into his groin, and momentarily stick to his skin. It was like a tidal wave of sorts and the intensity of it caused him to release inside of her. Ramona ground her wetness on him, tightened her internal muscles, and made sure she drained him of whatever energy he had left. She was a murderer on his dick.

Leaning against the wall, he was stuck. There was no hiding it. Left speechless and unable to move, he simply stood frozen in a whirlwind of lust and nut. His mind was beyond mesmerized by the talents of the chick he remained hidden within. Glancing at his semi-hard tool, he felt Ramona clamp on his muscle with her vice-grip.

That crushed the remaining life out of him. Adding insult to injury, she twirled her hips and kilt every ounce of his energy, turning him into her spent slave. He fell into the shower wall. Achieving her goal, she pushed him out of her, grabbed a towel, a bar of soap, and washed up. Rinsing off, she climbed out, and grabbed a towel. Walking away, she left him to wash up himself. He didn’t seem to mind. However, Ramona’s mind was elsewhere as she eased out of the bathroom and over to her bag. Unzipping it, she retrieved a little something special for her lover. With it in hand, she quietly returned to the bathroom and leaned on the counter humming under her breath.

Ralphie couldn’t hear her humming her favorite tune over the showerhead. All he could think about her sensational oral skills. Chuckling, the pussy was good as hell too. He would be lying if he didn’t admit that as well.

“Man, baby girl!” he shouted over the noise of the showerhead, thinking she was in the other room. “Has anyone ever told you got that killa pussy, for real?”

“I’ve been told that a few times. I know it’s all talk,” she replied, thinking if she received a dollar for every time she was told that, she would be rich.

Ralphie was shocked to find her that close. He needed her to know that he was dead serious. He wasn’t trying to gas her up with some lame ass game. That wasn’t his style.

“Baby, you don’t have to downplay it with me.” He figured she didn’t want to come off conceited.

“I’m not,” she voiced.

He rinsed the soap off him, needing her to know what she had, and what he wanted more of. He pulled the shower curtain back, and what he longed to say came to him as she came into view.

Whereas, Ramona put two slugs in his head, leaving him unable to make his point. As his head jerked back, he was Dead on Arrival. The force from the silenced HK P30 .40-caliber handgun slammed his body into the side of the shower wall.

With a smile on her face, she mocked him, watching his body slide down the shower wall. Has anyone ever told you got that killa pussy? She shook her head. “Dudes will say anything to make a bitch feel good, won’t they?” she rhetorically asked herself.

Getting serious, she glanced down at Ralphie and asked in a devilish tone. “It is some killa pussy, ain’t it?” She cocked her head to the side. “You don’t have to answer. I already know the answer. But let me introduce you to some of my little friends.” She unscrewed the top of the jar, tapping the side of the tub. Her little friends, eager to get to the fresh flesh, scrambled along the side of the tub and attacked the warm skin and fresh blood.

Ramona, feeling Ralphie’s nut ooze out of her, copped a seat on the toilet to watch the show. And as Ralphie’s flesh disappeared, she wondered, what will I do with the rest of my day?

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Detective Bryan Chapman examined the identification of Ralph Pearson. The Illinois ID identified Mr. Pearson as a 25 years old male, standing at 5'7", weighing 175 pounds, and residing on 4th Street in Madison, Illinois.

The detective knew the name from somewhere. But looking at the fleshless corpse made it extremely hard to put a name to the face when there was NO face to compare it to. There wasn’t anything visible for a comparison of anything. What remained was what used to be Ralph Pearson.

Chapman stared at the ID; yet, the picture on the ID wasn’t jogging his memory. He figured he should know the face when recalling the name. The photo only provided a tiny glimpse into who the victim could be. That was if the ID belonged to the victim.

Who does this kind of shit? he asked himself. This is some gruesome shit to do to somebody. He continued to stare at the caucus positioned against shower wall, stripped of everything. Shaking his head, he was unable to understand it, finding it hard to get pass the fact that the body was completely naked of its ligaments.

Overwhelmed, he threw his hands in the air. Looking again, he still couldn’t get over the intact bones stripped of everything. There was nothing left. No skin. No blood. Nothing that could assist in making a crime scene to be processed.

How can I start solving this mystery if I have no idea of what happened?

“Who would do this to someone?” another detective asked, as if reading Chapman’s mind. “How could anyone do this to another human being?”

“That’s what we have to figure out. This makes for victim #2, at least, as far as we know of.” He headed towards the door. “Let’s see what we can get from the front desk,” Chapman stated, tired of looking at the cleaned bones.

At the front desk, the two detectives viewed the security feed. A familiar strut ambling across the screen caught Chapman’s attention. “That’s Ralphie. I can spot that walk from anywhere.” His mind quickly associated Ralphie to Ralph Pearson. He looked to the other detective. “Ralphie has an association with or is tied with Darius Price Jr.”

The other detective shook his head. “It would have been nice to speak with him before he died.”

“Tell me about it. Up to this point, I haven’t been able to make a solid connection between the two. But it wouldn’t deter me from waiting for my big break.”

“If there’s a connection,” the other detective said, “the circles they run in may open up with Ralphie’s death.”

Chapman couldn’t be too sure. The circles they ran in were very tight-knit and hard to penetrate. So tight, there wasn’t even a picture of Darius Price Jr. on file. The guy was like a ghost. A myth. A GOD. Still, Chapman hoped it would bring Darius out of hiding to aid in the investigation. His gut told him it was highly unlikely.

His eyes scoured the lobby, spotting the Medical Examiner in the process of leaving. Catching her, “You have anything new to tell me?”

“I’ve been on the job for years and I’m clueless. I’m pretty much stuck with inaccurate theories and hunches. It does appear to be the same perp from the other murder though,” she explained, giving the detective a relieved look.

“That’s good,” he responded. “I definitely don’t need a team of ‘strip to the bone’ killers running around wreaking havoc on these streets.”

“I know that’s right!” she recited, agreeing with him.

“If you find anything, please let me know,” he insisted, letting her go.

“Let’s pray for a big break,” she remarked, walking off.

“I definitely need one to close this case for good.” He glanced around the motel lobby, scratching his head. And I hope it comes FAST before I’m called to another crime scene.

Chapter Five

B

am! Bam! Bam!

The hard knocks startled Winter. There was no doubt in her mind that the person knocking on her door was the police. But why? she wondered. Her first thought surrounded DP. What if something happened to him? She hated thinking that way; but, that was how it had become with him. The late nights, or the fact of him not coming home at all, left her in a place of uncertainty. Anything could happen to him in the streets and she would probably be the last person to find out.

She wished he would see it her way. However, he couldn’t. Or he just didn’t seem to care about the woman he had at home worrying about him and his well-being. He’ll change his mind if I leave his ass.

She slid into her slippers, and made her way to the front door. Peeking through the peephole, a very attractive dark-skinned young man in a suit stood on the other side of the door. The sight of the stranger etched a smile across her face for some reason.

What has come over me? she asked herself, rubbing at the nape of her neck.

She peeked through the peephole. “Who is it?” she questioned, loud enough for the man to hear her.

“Detective Bryan Chapman. I’m looking for a Winter James.”

“Damn!” she mumbled under her breath. “You looking for who?” The words came off as if she hadn’t heard him initially.

“Winter James, ma’am. Do you think you could open the door so we can talk?” the detective asked, trying to get the door opened.

Winter didn’t see any reason why she couldn’t. She hadn’t done anything wrong. She opened the door, removing the barrier between her and the detective. Instantly, a series of highlighted sparks flickered in the detective’s eyes as he checked her out from head to toe.

If I didn’t know better, I would say he’s undressing me with his eyes. She chewed on the corner of her lip. That wouldn’t be a bad thing. She didn’t hesitate checking him out as well.

Winter’s eyes explored the detective’s tall and sleek frame. At 5'5", the detective had to be close to 5'10". She couldn’t tell what kind of physique he had underneath his clothes but that didn’t stop her from using her imagination.

The more they eyed one another, the clearer the body language gave away to their thoughts. Chapman unconsciously licked his lips and hoped that whoever this fine young lady was would allow him to possibly get to know her better. Her erect nipples looked very inviting poking through her t-shirt and had his full attention. He found it hard to take his eyes off them. A spiraling yearning built within his loin. If his nature rose to full staff, he would be like a dog in heat. There would be no turning back. He would strike with the ferociousness of a hungry pit bull, devouring the young lady’s petite frame, one inch at a time.

Chapman had to get his mind together. His purpose of being there was to talk to a Winter James. He never expected to be turned on by possibly being in her presence. This young lady’s aura was electrifying. So electrifying, he honestly forgot what he came for.

Winter snapped Chapman out of his trance, intentionally breaking the non-verbal communication. There was too much going on. She couldn’t speak for the detective; but, the energy between them almost convinced her to go inside and touch herself. She wouldn’t be silly enough to invite him in so he could take care of her needs. That wouldn’t be a good idea, considering DP could come home at any moment.

*I wouldn’t mind taking that chance though*, she surmised, contemplating the rush of it all.

Deciding against it, it was imperative to get to the real reason for the detective’s presence. “Excuse me, SIR! Are you gonna stand there staring at me all day or are you gonna tell me what it is that you want?” she questioned, forcing the detective back to the task at hand.

Chapman sought to play it off, finding it to be harder than he expected.

Winter crossed her arms over her chest, covering her erect nipples. Smiling, she knew she’d been in just as much of a trance as he was, so it was only right to put something extra on it. Considering his face, a bright twinkle resonated, displaying his feelings for her. She knew he liked her but what man didn’t. When standing at the average female height and being built like a stacked petite stallion, his longing for her was warranted.

“I’m assuming you’re Winter James, is that correct?” he asked, licking his lips.

“That would be correct. What can do for you, detective?”

Chapman had a few things in mind but stuck to the script. “I’m investigating the homicide of a Travis Robertson and during the search of his vehicle, I found this photo.” He pulled out a folded picture of Winter from his suit pocket. “On the back of the picture is your name and address.”

Winter stared at the picture, knowing exactly when it was taken and how her father got it. Her mind flashed out thoughts of how close she was to meeting and perhaps establishing a relationship with her father. Those thoughts alone almost caused her to get emotional.

I’ll be damn if I let this officer see me shed a tear over a man I didn’t know.

“Do you think you were or could have been in any kind of danger, Miss James? Mr. Robertson WAS a known hit man?” Chapman asked, wondering what else he may have to deal with.

Winter glanced off, pondering the question. Damn! was all she could think. What was his real intentions? was the first question she asked herself. Was it to really build a father-daughter relationship or was he coming to eliminate all loose ends from his past?

Winter blinked out thought after thought but the feeling in her heart spoke volumes. Her heart insisted he wanted to build that relationship she so truly desired to have. Nevertheless, she wouldn’t be that naive to merely think narrow-minded thoughts.

“Detective...” She began, unable to remember his name.

Chapman filled in the blanks for her.

“Yeah, Det. Chapman. Do YOU think I was ever in any kind of danger? At least, from what you know or from your perspective?” she asked, looking him in the eyes.

“I’m not sure, Miss James. Right now, I’m still trying to gather all the facts. To say with certainty, based on the totality of the circumstances, I’m not sure. I wish I could tell you more. I just can’t,” he explained.

“Well, Detective. I wouldn’t say I was ever in any kind of danger. I didn’t know the man personally. I only recently found out the man was my father.”

That threw Chapman for a loop. Out of habit, he extended his condolences. Never did he suspect the visit would be to the daughter of the man so many wanted to pay for his past crimes and sins.

“I’m sorry to hear about the untimely death of your father. I’m not here to exploit the past. I’m only here to collect any information pertinent to the facts surrounding his case. I’m doing all I can to find the person responsible, and, I will catch whomever responsible. I can promise you that,” he explained.

Getting that feeling within herself again, Winter felt that it would be her duty to find whomever responsible. She didn’t want to be given a host of false promises. She was well aware of how the police operated. They would appear to be working diligently at first; then, something else would come up and their attention would go elsewhere. Nonetheless, all of Winter’s thoughts would surround finding the killer first. And she would take care of her business. Her attention wouldn’t sway. At least, not until she was standing over the person who killed her father. Only then would she feel complete in restoring her father’s good name.

Chapman continued. “If you have any questions or any further information to share, please don’t hesitate to give me a call.” He handed her his card.

With her mind focused on who could have killed her father, Winter slipped the card in her pajama pants. That’ll be hard for me to figure out. I have no idea who he was or who his friends were.

“Is there anything you can think of before I go,” Chapman asked, acknowledging the fact that she hadn’t given him any useful information. Then it appeared as if she was drifting in and out of a deep thought or two. There had to be something she wasn’t telling him. He yearned to know what it was.

Winter glanced away, not knowing where to start if she did have anything to say. “I’m coming up with nothing, detective. If something comes to me later, I promise to give you a call,” she replied, finding herself drifting off to a far place again.

Chapman verbalized something that didn’t register. Winter’s mind had traveled many miles away that quickly. It wasn’t until the detective turned to leave that she snapped out of her thoughts.

“Make sure you give me a call if something of value comes up,” she stated.

He stopped, and looked at her.

There goes that look again, she said. His feelings for her was evident. He had a sweet tooth for her, and that craving for her sweetness would make him sweet for the taking. She merely had to say the word, and whenever she longed to play his games, he would eagerly hand over any and all kinds of information to her. I’ll resort to reeling him in when the time was right, she recited, mindful of her advantage.

“Thanks for your time, Miss James. I’ll be in touch.” He turned to leave. “One last thing though.” He slipped his hands in his pocket, half-turning back towards her. “This may be hard to take but the word on the street is that Mr. Robertson may have turned into a confidential informant. I don’t know how true it is but that’s what I’ve heard.” He watched her reaction.

Her response was fluid. “You shouldn’t believe everything you hear, detective. You may start to believe anything.” She stepped closer. “What makes you think that would make a difference to me?” she questioned, searching for the detective’s angle.

“I just wanted you to know,” he replied, fumbling with the keys in his pocket. She may have already known.

“Well thanks!” she voiced, curious to the detective’s real reason for bringing that up.

The detective walked away, heading to his car. Winter, fuming inside, turned and walked inside her house, slamming the door behind her. Picking up her cellphone, she called her auntie; but, before Sara could say ‘hello’, Winter went in on her.

“How could you hide so much from me?” she questioned. “How could you?” she asked before Sara could answer the first question. “WHY, Sara?” she screamed, needing to know. “What other things are you keeping from me?”

“Winter baby, it was the best thing to do at the time,” Sara contended, actually believing that.

“How can you tell me what was good for me at that time? We’re not at that time anymore. We’re in the present so you didn’t think I needed to know all this shit? Was it good for me when you gave him a picture of me along with my address?” she asked, getting even more agitated as she thought of the picture the detective had.

Sara sat on the phone speechless unable to figure out how she knew of the picture. She figured it would be best if she said as less as possible. Winter was extremely upset so there was no need to add any more fuel to the fire.

“So, what?! Cat got your tongue now?” Winter inquired.

Her tone scared Sara. “I’m sorry, Winter! I truly am. How did you find out about the picture?”

“The police just left my door asking me about if I was in any kind of danger or some shit. So, can you tell me if I was in any kind of danger, Sara?”

“Fuck naw!! Are you fucking crazy?” Sara questioned, not realizing what kind of mental state Winter was in. She lowered her voice. “Winter, you weren’t in any kind of danger. He didn’t come for any other reason but to step up as your father.”

“Yeah, aight! That’s what it better has been. But if I find out different, I’ll be that see that ass,” Winter spat, letting it be known what it was before hanging up.

Sara glared at the phone, knowing that the inner demon inside of Winter was getting closer and closer to the surface. And if she was anything like her father, or her mother for that matter, there was be hell for someone to pay. She just hoped it wouldn’t be her.

Chapter Six

“D

amn it man! Are you serious?” DP asked, listening to the caller on the phone. “I’m a call you back.”

The call was from Ralphie’s mother concerning his death. This was too much for DP to absorb at the moment. He needed some time to think. He had to get his mind right.

To hear how Ralphie had been found was crushing his soul. Ralphie was his dude going back to grade school. Ralphie’s peoples were like his peoples. When DP didn’t have anyone to turn to, he could always turn to Ralphie and his family.

Reflecting, DP remembered when they first started getting money together. They were young and thought they were ready for the world when they weren’t. That didn’t stop them for acting as if they were. As street comrades, everything DP knew or was taught, he passed it along to the homie.

Who would want to do that kind of shit to my homie? he questioned, facing the reality of the matter. That was the question he would surely have to find an answer for. Someone would pay for Ralphie’s death.

If DP didn’t know anything else, he would make that happen.

Doing some reflecting, there hadn’t been any beefs he knew of. I can’t look there for answers. There wasn’t anyone attempting to move in on Ralphie’s territory so that couldn’t be it either. What DP did know was that money was flowing in for Ralphie like running water. He made sure of that.

After officially getting out of the drug game, he made sure Ralphie stayed with the best work available. DP’s supplier hadn’t wanted to meet anyone else outside of DP. Honoring that, he played the middle man for Ralphie, and only Ralphie.

DP found his thoughts swaying back to the present, unaware of what was going on. He felt out of the loop. That was a position he didn’t like. His first mind propelled him to focus on the beginning. And starting there zeroed in on what kind of person Ralphie was.

Overall, Ralphie was a good dude. He was known to keep some side shit going on with a chick or two. DP couldn’t see a chick doing that kind of devious shit. This was the work of a sick and deranged individual.

“What would make anyone strip a man down to his bones?” he questioned. “Where they do that at?”

That’s what he wanted to know most of all. He’d done some terrible things to people in his day; whereas, he never thought of stripping everything from their bones. That was even beyond him.

Talking to himself, he recalled the story on the news about the body found in a similar fashion. He checked the Internet, and came up empty. The police didn’t have any leads and there wasn’t much chatter on the net about it period. It was like everyone was being extremely hush hush about the whole topic.

DP found that strange. Sparking a cigarillo, he laid back allowing his mind to drift to the old days of him and Ralphie running the streets. They had been two peas in a pod. When you seen one, you seen the other. Puffing the weed, his high increased, which brought deeper thoughts of the times he shared with Ralphie.

The sounds of Winter walking in the house cut into his reminisce, converting his thoughts to the facts surrounding Ralphie’s death. He was coming up with nothing. He was stuck. While the police would always need more information than him, having nothing to go on would make his job that much harder.

I have to hit the streets to find the answers I’m looking for.

Sitting up, DP grabbed the pages consisting of Ralphie’s cellphone records. Flipping through them, he paid close attention to Ralphie’s last known locations. Rubbing his temples, he slightly glanced up at the clock on the wall. It was time to make a move. Before they put the homie in the ground, I want whomever responsible to be laid to rest as well.

A sweet, alluring scent penetrated his nose. Catching a whiff of Winter’s perfume switched DP’s mental gears. And her maneuvering towards him cemented those thoughts,

“Hey bay! What’s up with you?” she inquired, placing her bag on the table.

“I’m fucked up right now. Just found out that one of the homies was found dead,” he explained, leaving out he was found out.

“WHO?” she asked with a lot of concern in her voice. She wanted to be there for her man.

“Ralphie!”

“Did I know him?” she asked, not knowing anyone by that name.

“I doubt it. You know I don’t mix business with my personal life. Maybe when we were younger. I even doubt it then,” he stated.

“Baby, I’m sorry to hear about your friend. Are you gonna be okay?” She stepped in closer as she spoke.

DP seen how good she was looking. Her appearance was surely a well-deserved distraction. One he would have to take advantage of.

Winter could see the look in his eyes and it made her smile.

He smiled back at her. “I’ll be alright. What about you? How you doing with your lost?” he questioned, not wanting to make it all about him.

“I’m making it. There’s not too much I can do about it nor do I know how to feel about it since he was ... never ... there for me.” Before she could finish her sentence, she drifted off into a deep thought.

DP could see it was weighing heavily on her mind. He pinched her ass to bring her back to the present, and gave her a look that suggested they do something to get their minds on something else.

Without uttering a word, Winter slid on his lap, instantly feeling his erection. Rocking back and forth, she performed a quick lap dance, then slid to her knees. Stationed in-between his legs, she unzipped his pants, pulling out his harden tool. Her right hand stroke him to full capacity. She planted one wet kiss after another upon the tip of his rod. Each kiss seemed to get warmer and warmer, then wetter and wetter.

She covered the entire tip with her glossy lips causing DP’s joint to jump with excitement. She didn’t miss a beat. She eagerly caught it and slowly slid as much as she could down her throat. Almost gagging, she slowly removed his long demonstration from the depth of her esophagus, lathering every inch of him until it was completely soaked with her saliva. She licked, kissed, and sucked on him with the most dedicated attention.

Keeping his third leg nice and hard, she slobbered him down like a seasoned pro. Her precision was immaculate, causing DP to palm the back of her head. She placed her hand at the base of his joint, stretched him out, then deep-throated him. Coming up briefly for air, she rolled her tongue as she softly sucked the skin off his dick.

Throwing his head back, DP was speechless. This was exactly the kind of release he needed. Ecstasy knocked on his front door, and had the best intentions to alleviate his pain. What more could he ask for?

The tip of his sword swelled, his sack drew closer to his body, and a tingling shot across his lower stomach. It was explosion time.

Winter understood the dynamic of the situation, and picked up her pace. Like a trained head assassin, she got down on DP’s sword like it would be the last dick she would ever suck.

Trying to match her rhythm, DP raised his hips to slide more of himself in her mouth. Almost choking her, she slowed to a slow creep but still made love to his third leg. She sensually massaged his sword, getting a taste of his pre-cum. *It won’t be long now.* Waiting patiently, she openly invited the eruption, therefore pushing the envelope when she tightly gripped the head, twirled her tongue, added some much-deserved pressure, and forcing his tool to give her what she wanted.

DP erupted like Mount Rushmore. SPLASH!

Plunging his back into the couch, he raised his hips some to give Winter the opportunity to suck him dry. Unable to move, it wasn’t like he wanted to. His body submerged itself into the couch. She had drained him of everything he had within him. Sinking deeper into the couch, he closed his eyes.

And the last thing he remembered was Winter wiping him off and him drifting off to sleep.

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DP woke up an hour later.

It was time to take that ride to see what he could find. Winter was sound asleep. There was no need to disturb her. She had her own issues to deal with. Plus, she couldn’t give him the answers he needed. The answers he needed didn’t hide within the confinement of their home. They rested in the streets. And he was destined to find them. One way or another.

He pulled up in front of the liquor store in Venice, Illinois. It was a storefront type of spot with a big picture window which gave way to the makeshift lobby. Like most times, the front of the spot was bumping. Everyone was lined up out front, setting up meetings, copping drinks and preparing to head somewhere to do them.

DP surveyed the area and noticed someone unfamiliar parked across the street. Making a mental note, he would have to find out who the cat was. For the moment, he studied the face of the guy who attracted a small group of local slut buckets. Giving him a once over, the guy’s gear and the car sitting on 6’s brought the guy what came with putting himself out there as a big shot.

DP dismissed what the cat had going on, returning to the task at hand when Bruce, the liquor store owner, stepped out for a quick breather.

Bruce had been at that same location for years. He’d seen many come and go. His salt and pepper beard served him well for his age and the drama he’d had to put up with. He was also aware of Ralphie’s untimely demise.

Without hesitation, he walked up extending his condolences. “Man, DP, I’m sorry to hear about your boy. I know that was like your best friend, if not like your brother. If there’s anything I can do, don’t hesitate to reach out,” Bruce insisted.

DP pulled Bruce to the side. He did have something he needed to know. He wasn’t known for his subtle approach, so he dug right into Bruce. The questions DP had on his mind was weighing heavily on him.

“When was the last time you seen him?”

Bruce thought back. “It had to be the day he died. He was parked right there.” He pointed to a currently occupied parking spot. “He was talking to some chick with a colorful ass wig on,” he explained, lowering his arm.

“What did she look like?”

“I couldn’t tell you, DP. It was getting dark, but, just as soon as they started talking, it was over. They left! I don’t know if it was together or if it was separately.”

“Can you remember what kind of car she drove?” DP questioned, needing to get some tangible information out of him.

“If it was hers, I seen a Black Maxima, or something similar, with tinted windows pulling off around the same time Ralphie pulled off.”

DP automatically thought that the chick was the one who set up his boy to be slaughtered. Some punk ass coward would burn for that. First, DP knew he had to find the chick Bruce talked about.

“Bruce, if there’s anything else you can remember, don’t hesitate to call me. If you see that chick again, please give me a call as soon as possible. I need to have a real in-depth conversation with her.” DP, extending his hand to Bruce, was assertive with his tone.

The two shook hands then went their respective ways.

DP pulled away from the liquor store, noticing the unfamiliar guy from before gone. *I’ll see him again.* Stopping at a stop sign, he made a left and rode passed the police station into Newport. Hitting a few corners, he kept his eyes open for what or who he could see. He didn’t see anyone who could help him.

After cruising the entire area once, he ended up back in Venice on Mobile’s lot. As if on cue, the unfamiliar guy pulled up with a few hood rats riding with him. DP quickly tried raising his window to hide behind the dark tint. Before the window could be completely raised, he made eye contact with the chick in the back seat of dude’s car.

DP knew who she was, knew what she was all about; yet, he wouldn’t have imagined the move she would make.

She hopped out of the guy’s car, boldly stepped to his car and knocked on his window.

DP was hesitant to roll it down. His gut told him not to because it was about to be some bullshit. Figuring it would be rude to ignore her, he could care less about being rude. He didn’t have anything to say to the chick, and the stupid shit she did put him in a messed-up mood.

To minimize the stupidity, he rolled down his window, giving her a what the fuck you want? look.

She definitely picked up on it. Instead of backing down, she went into her spill. She was on a mission and nothing would stop her, not even the deadly look DP gave her. “DP, my guy over here trying to cop some work. It must be a coincidence we ran into you, especially with you being the man around here and all.”

“Spell coincidence,” he requested, giving her a you dumb bitch! look.

“Boy, I know how to spell. Don’t be trying to be funny. You gone do something for my boy, or what?”

DP simply stared at the chick sideways. He surmised she had to be one of the craziest bitches on earth to come at him like that. He wondered if this was the chick who had something to do with Ralphie’s death. Then he looked over at the guy to see if he was the one to do the rest.

DP’s eyes returned to the chick. He couldn’t determine if they were trying to run the same game on him. One thing he knew was that his index finger had started to itch. When his index finger itched, someone usually didn’t like the reaction they received. He scoured the area as he prepared to put a plan together.

A Venice Police squad car pulled onto the lot, persuading DP to leave the scene immediately.

He looked up at the chick standing at his window. “You need not believe everything you hear, momma. I ain’t on shit, and ain’t got shit,” he explained, eyeing the guy in the car and what the police was doing.

“Boy please! I know what it is. I’m telling you he’s good,” she said, staying with her attempt to make something happen for the guy.

“Are you prepared to die for him, Dee Dee?” he mumbled, then proceeded to roll up his window.

Dee Dee glared at DP with utter shock in her eyes. Unable to form one word, her throat dried up. She’d heard about him putting in that work. She didn’t want to believe it until he said what he just said.

Licking her lips, she attempted to regain her composure as Tasha came out of the store.

With his window half-raised and Tasha eyeing him, his first reaction was to pull off. Tasha was shiesty as hell, and he wanted no parts of anything she had going on.

“If it ain’t, Mr. Darius Price. What it do, big timer?” she asked, stepping to DP’s half-raised window.

“It don’t do shit!” he spat, making eye contact with her.

“You know I’m at the Slip now. You need to swing by and shower a bitch with some of that money you got.”

The Pink Slip, commonly known as the Slip, was a strip club in Brooklyn, Illinois.

“You’ll love that, wouldn’t you? I wouldn’t pull my dick out and give you a golden shower if you paid me,” he proclaimed, putting his car in drive. “What you need to do is picture me rolling with your dusty ass.” He removed his foot from the brake. The 1996 Impala coasted off as he rolled up his window.

Applying his foot to the gas, he glanced back at the license plate number on the guy’s car. He memorized it within a second. And with it locked in his mind, he exited the parking lot, and headed back towards Madison.

Chapter Seven

D

P had been trying to reach Winter all day. For some reason he hadn’t been able to catch her. That was odd. Normally, she would answer when he called or call him right back if she missed the call. Lately, he noticed she’d been a bit stand offish since finding out about her father. That didn’t seem to be the case when she sucked the skin off his dick. That was one for all times.

He presumed the way she acted had to do with something else. Unfortunately, he couldn’t really trip off her distant behavior considering he had his own issues to deal with. For now, he would give her enough space to get herself together. The alone time may be necessary for them both. That’s why he made his way to his honeycomb hideout in the Bissell’s apartment complex. He needed to relax and catch up on some sleep.

Whereas, no sooner as he pulled into the parking lot, he spotted the clown from the night before cruising his way with another bust-down in the car with him.

DP could see the dude wasn’t on shit. If he was trying to use a thirsty ass chick to find what he was looking for, he would be better off chasing his own tail. I can’t see this dude having anything to do with Ralphie’s death. Dude is too stupid to pull something off like that. He slowly maneuvered through the parking lot, seeking to get a good peek at the chick in the car. It was hard to get a good look at her since she kept her head down. She seemed destined to remain unseen.

Regardless of who the chick was, that didn’t stop dude from spotting DP. The moment dude seen DP’s car, he rolled down his window, attempting to flag him down.

DP stopped, hoping dude wasn’t intent on doing what he thought. That would piss him off if dude came at him with some I’m trying to get on! type shit, and put him in the mind-frame of dumping on dude and his freak right then and there. And that’s exactly what the idiot did.

Dude held his arm out the window, signaling he wanted to holler at DP.

This guy gots to be the police, DP thought. Dude don’t know me from a can of paint but here he is with the nerve to flag me down.

DP wanted to air dude out. He would hate to expose his hand, but it could be done. Mulling over the outcome, he decided against going that route, and opted to hear the clown out. As he rolled down his window, dude was all smiles. Here this lame ass dude smiling at me. I bet he’s one of them people.

DP hit dude with a what’s up? nod, getting straight to the point. “What’s up? Do I know you?”

“I don’t mean no disrespect, bro, but I’m up here visiting my peoples, trying to make a move or two.” The dude let his eyes roam inside of DP’s car.

“What that have to do with me?” DP asked, sitting his Sig Sauer P320 .40-caliber handgun on his lap.

“I just figured you could point me in the right direction,” the dude replied, leaning his arm out of the window. “I ...”

DP cut him off. “Listen nigga. I ain’t who you think I am so miss me with the frivolous bullshit. I don’t have time to play with you. The kind of pointing I do you ain’t looking for. Ya feel me?” DP inquired, locking eyes with dude.

Birdie felt every word.

DP rolled his window up and made a mental note to get rid of that car. He couldn’t help but shake his head in disbelief. Replaying the altercation, the entire scene was strange. The chick never raised her head, not once. He was willing to bet she was a FED. He could sense dude wasn’t right. It wouldn’t be too far off for the chick to be his partner. For future reference, DP stored that information inside of his mental vault.

Unsure of the two clowns, DP second guessed going to his hideout for fear of being caught slipping. He surely didn’t want to be a sitting duck when the FEDS kicked in his door. He couldn’t allow them to get him like that.

Navigating around the parking lot, he double checked the area several times to make sure the coast was clear. Finding it deserted, DP felt comfortable enough to park his ride. Pocketing the .40, he hurried inside, eager to get to a blunt and his bed so he could relax.

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“Well baby doll. It’s just you and me now. I’m feeling everything about you. That feeling got me knowing you and I could go places. Let me take you some place so I can get to know you a little better,” the dude told the chick.

“Boy, I don’t even know your name. You want to sit here talking about feeling me and shit. Who you think you talking to? Some lame ass bitch from wherever you from. “YOU,” the chick said, pointing at him, “gots to come better than that!”

“First off, let me introduce myself. They call me Birdie and yes, I’m playing with them birds. I ain’t trying to waste too much of your time because I know what I want and I’m sure you do too. So, what’s its gone be. You rocking with me or what?” he asked, trying to get straight to the point.

“So, you think you laying it down like that, huh? Ramona definitely needs a piece of that pie, boo-boo. But I have some bad news. Aunt Flow is visiting real tough. I do have somewhere else you can hide that piece, if you’re up for it,” she explained, giving him a *let’s get it!* look. “But let’s get a room first.”

Birdie’s joint jumped for joy at the sound of the request. He pulled out his sword, subliminally letting her know there would be no need for a room. Whatever they needed to do could be done where they were.

Without hesitation, Ramona clearly acknowledged the invitation, wasting no time climbing over the arm rest to grab ahold of his harden tool. In an instant, she went to work. He could only smile as she pleasured him with her warm mouth and slithering tongue. Doing what she does best, she put in that work. Within the first minute, she literally blew his mind. He instantly concluded this was the best head he’d ever had in his life. Her slobbering him up and down forced him to recline the seat. That gave Ramona easier access to do her.

The spit sliding down the side of his shaft awoken his voice box. “Damn, baby doll! You got that fire ass head,” he hissed.

Unfazed by the comment, she stayed on course with what she was doing. It was one of those comments she’d heard plenty of times before. Like the other times, she knew to take it with a grain of salt. She took his member into her mouth just the same, allowing the tip of him to tickle her tonsils. The more she got into it, the more it dawned on her that she might have to leave him alive.

That wasn’t something she longed to do. He couldn’t leave that scene, alive and well. That he couldn’t do. She didn’t need anyone alive and able to identify her. This was not the time to start getting sloppy. She had remained low-key and out of sight for the longest time, particularly due to her extermination skills. She had to come up with something fast.

She reclined Birdie’s seat a little more. She wanted him to be as comfortable as possible as she thoroughly assaulted his sword. But she felt something cold when she reached for the lever. The first thing to come to her mind was a burner. And if it was, she would be using it to her advantage at the conclusion of her business.

Meanwhile, while Ramona tongue kissed Birdie’s joint, he slid his hand up her tennis skirt to find she didn’t have any panties on. That excited him. He eagerly drove his fingers towards her third hole, attempting to loosen her up. Anal sex was his thing. When she offered, that was right up his alley. It was an offer he couldn’t refuse.

Probing the realm of her circumference, she moaned softly as he inserted his finger inside of her. The more he played with her anus, the juicier it became and the more she wanted him to fill her up.

Ramona sensed Birdie’s excitement when his fingers kept widening her dark hole. With every finger inserted, his member increased in hardness. She wouldn’t have assumed it could get any harder. But it did.

The farther Birdie jammed his fingers in, the deeper Ramona deep-throated his sword. But playtime was over! It was time for Birdie to spread Ramona out as far as she could go.

With Ramona climbing over the arm rest, Birdie appeared with a bottle of K-Y Jelly and squirted it on his sword. Ramona knew this cat was the truth with that move. Grabbing his joint, she guided him to her entry. Inserting an inch at a time, she easily loosened up for him to fully feel the tightness and its warmth.

She engulfed all of him as she grabbed the steering wheel. Using it for leverage, she slid up and down with extreme precision. Putting on a show, Ramona eased most of him out of her before allowing all of him to disappear once again. The mere sight of her tricks almost insisted that Birdie coat the inside of her intestines with his seed.

Leaning back, Ramona set out to bring herself to climax. Fingering her clit, she used her right hand to massage her budding flower, while her left hand slid down to grab the gun. Riding Birdie like a trained barrel racer, she rubbed her clit, bucked as hard as she could, while reaching for the gun. Yet, what she picked up wasn’t a gun.

It was a badge.

When the words *what the fuck?* escaped her mouth, Birdie was blasting off inside of her. He had no clue to what was going on. His head was in the clouds. Licking his lips, his pea-brain had zeroed in on how good Ramona put her lick down, and his face exhibited a shit-eating grin. Sucking his bottom lip, he was about to say something when Ramona dropped the badge to the floor.

Hands free, she reached for what she knew was a gun. Birdie heard the badge drop but didn’t pay it any mind. He was submerged in the pleasure of Ramona’s backside, gyrating his hips. On the flip side, Ramona had murder on her brain. She swiftly slid off his dick, destined to put in that work.

Mad as hell, she needed to get into a better position so she could get off a couple of shots. I have to let this punk ass cop have it. But the safety was on. Pulling the trigger with no luck, she quickly assessed the situation, clicking the safety off as fast as she could.

Birdie heard the click, finally noticing what was transpiring. He reached for his piece, not knowing it was his. All he knew, he needed to regain his composure, so he sprang into action. As he gained control of the weapon that left Ramona with no more time to think.

Her survival instincts kicked in. She dropped two stiff blows to his face. Landing a sharp blow to his nose, she slipped her left leg over the arm rest. Slugging him in the gut, she came up and gave him one more shot to the jaw. Her playing for keeps put him in a position to cover up his face.

With that done, she opened the passenger’s side door, climbing out. In a hurry, she scrambled away from the scene without any further hassle.

Birdie, on the other hand, tried to focus and assess the altercation. He looked in the rearview mirror to see Ramona darting up the street and out of sight. He looked down at his banger. It was his indeed. That meant what he heard hit the floor had been his badge.

Ain’t this about a bitch?

As a detective, he wrapped his mind around the most important lesson of the day. He had almost become the victim of being caught with his pants down. Even still, the valuable lessons had deeper implication. While he loved getting his rocks off, the encounter itself clearly expounded on what just occurred. If he was a betting man, he would bet everything on the notion that Ramona was the perp who left two people dead without an inch of skin or meat on their bones.

And that’s why she longed to get a room so she could leave me in the same predicament.

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Winter accidently bumped her leg on the edge of her coffee table, running to get to her phone. When reaching it, she automatically answered it without looking to see who it was.

An unfamiliar voice filtered through the line. “May I speak with Miss Winter James, please?”

“May I ask whose calling?” she questioned, curious to who the caller was. The formal tone made her nervous.

“This is Detective Chapman. I’m the lead detective investigating your father’s murder. I’m calling to check up on you.”

“Check up on me?” she asked. “When does the boys in blue start checking up on people.” She believed the call pertained to something greater than that.

The detective simply laughed. “The purpose of this rare occasion is to follow up on any developments in the case-”

She interrupted him, thinking there had been a new development. “You found out who killed my father?” she asked with too much excitement in her voice.

“Actually, we’ve hit a dead end. I was really wondering if you ran across something useful that you could share,” he stated, reaching for the moon by calling in the first place.

“Share?!?!” she questioned; her irritation oozing out of her. “Now I’m supposed to do your job for you?”

“I’m not saying that, Miss James,” he replied. “It was something I thought could be possible.”

“I wish I had something to share. I thought you were the one supposed to be doing the sharing.” She sought to calm herself.

“I wish I had something to share as well.”

“Basically, you called to tell me nothing about my father’s death?” she asked, sarcastically.

Chapman hesitated to answer. He didn’t want to give away his real reason for the call. In all essence, he wanted to inform her of what he really wanted to share with her. Then again, he didn’t want to appear too unprofessional. At that point, he could care less about her father’s case. At the end of the day, he wanted to find out what Travis Robertson’s little girl had going on. From what he seen, she had more than enough to share with him if she applied herself.

On the other hand, Winter had a similar thought. By knowing the detective liked her, she had to use that to rope him in. She truly believed she could manipulate him for whatever information he had. It would simply take her slightly opening the door for him to possibly kick it in.

“Detective, why don’t we meet up for coffee and maybe put everything we have on the table. You know, just for the sake of obtaining a clearer understanding.”

“I’ll love to do that,” he quickly responded, letting his enthusiasm shine through.

Winter heard that enthusiasm and knew she had him. Whereas, she hoped it wouldn’t be a waste of her time. She knew the basics and if that’s all he could still provide; the meeting would be fruitless.

“Where would you like to meet?” she asked.

“Um,” he said, thinking of a place. “Let’s meet at the Waffle House in Collinsville.”

“That’ll be great. I can be there in an hour. Will that work for you?”

He couldn’t hide his eagerness. “That’ll work for me.”

“See you in an hour then!”

Chapter Eight

D

P cruised down the street in a triple black Camaro, fitted with 22-inch black-and-chrome accent rims, behind tint. The recently waxed paint glistened brightly as the sun shun upon its darken glare. As he drove, he bobbed his head to Lyfe Jennings “Must be Nice” when he seen Winter’s Audi Q3 pull into the Waffle House parking lot. “What the hell she doing over here?” he asked, knowing he didn’t frequent this part of town that often. Despite having to today, he only made the trip to Collinsville to follow up on a few leads associated with Ralphie.

Turning around, he slowly turned into the Waffle House’s parking lot to get a better look at Winter. She parked next to what could have been a detective’s car. He could have cared less about where she parked. It was the hair rising on the back of his neck when seeing the person she sat across from.

He slammed his hand on the steering wheel. “I knew that muthafucka was the police!” He was furious. A red tint of blood glazed his eyes. He seen death. Dude had to go immediately. There was no way for the detective to freely walk the earth after this revelation. Days prior, he attempted to set him with a drug sale.

DP’s displeasure seeped through his pores. Scanning the parking lot, the traffic was to a minimum with maybe four cars occupying the asphalt. Checking out the detective’s unmarked Dodge Charger parked in front of the restaurant, DP felt a sense of urgency. Wanting to place a tracking device on the car, he couldn’t risk being seen. Instead of making the wrong move, he jotted the detective’s license plate number down, and sped off to the nearest coffee shop.

Inside the Waffle House, Winter wasn’t feeling any closer to acquiring any new information from Detective Chapman. He recited the same theories and speculations he had from before. What she needed was hardcore facts, not pipe dreams. This was a waste of time, and was beginning to annoy her. With every passing second sitting there, her mind drifted.

Looking out of the window, a black Camaro pulled off rather quickly. She’d noticed it sitting there but hadn’t paid it no mind. She didn’t know where it came from or whether it had been there when she pulled up. Unable to remember, that thought alone worried her.

A debatable feeling overcame her. It felt as if she’d been spotted talking to the detective. She tried to dismiss the notion considering the meeting surrounded the death of her father; however, there was no shaking it.

Anyone could run back and tell DP anything they wanted if they saw her with the detective. That wouldn’t be a good thing. He would jump to conclusions. It didn’t matter that they hadn’t talked in a few days. The feeling she had was telling her something. What, she didn’t know. She hoped she was wrong about it all.

“Miss James,” Chapman said, touching her arm.

Winter faced him, noticing the bruises on his face. She hadn’t noticed them when he initially had his glasses on. It wasn’t until he took them off that the bruises became visible.

“What happened to your face, if you don’t mind me asking?”

“Just part of the job,” he replied, embarrassed to think of what happen, let alone tell her.

The detective looked into Winter’s eyes. The look he found gazing back at him caused him to take a pause. He thought he seen a glimpse of something familiar. Something very familiar. *Naw, that couldn’t be her,* he convinced himself, seeing something in her that he’d seen in someone else.

Winter eased back and gave Chapman a funny look when peeping how he stared at her. “You like what you see or something?” she asked, trying to make light of the situation.

The detective hadn’t been prepared for that kind of question. It left him stuttering over his words, but her smile gave him the courage to say what he wanted to say. “As a matter of fact, I do!” he exclaimed, searching for the right words. “I’m glad you asked. I’ve been thinking of a way to approach the subject of me and you becoming a little bit more acquainted.”

“I doubt that would be a good idea, detective. Your only priority should be finding out who killed my father, not sticking it to his baby girl,” she insisted, flashing her big smile.

Chapman smiled in return, and shook his head. Enjoying her smile and gazing into her eyes, he received that feeling again. His gut advised him that something wasn’t right. His gut was rarely wrong.

“Plus, I have a man and if he knew I was even here talking to you, he would probably kill the both of us,” she explained.

“Oh really!” he yelled. “Who might your man be?”

“That’s not important but I have to go. Have a nice day, Detective Chapman,” she said, sticking her hand out.

Chapman grasped her soft hand with a firm handshake. Winter stepped out of the booth, and proceeded to leave. As she attempted to walk off, her leg locked, causing her to limp.

Chapman took notice, reaching out to lend a hand. Yet, he continued to get a nagging feeling that Winter could be the girl from the other night. Everything about her seemed so familiar, even down to the limp. He was sure Ramona injured herself when making her escape. And with Winter showing signs of an injury, he didn’t know what to believe.

“One last thing, Winter. Would you happen to know anyone by the name of Ramona?” he inquired, wanting to see what kind of reaction he would get.

Winter lowered her head, pondering the question. The name didn’t ring a bell. As she mulled over the name, she finally denied any knowledge of knowing anyone by that name. “I can’t say that I do, detective. Why you ask?” she wondered, thinking Ramona had something to do with her father’s murder.

“I was just wondering. I see a slight resemblance between you and her.”

She shrugged, leaving it at that.

Chapman, a good reader of character, inferred that she was telling the truth. He hated to believe that, but he had to. He had no other proof.

Winter turned to leave, slinging her 40” hips and round backside from side-to-side. She had a walk that could hypnotize any man. And it surely mesmerized Chapman.

The detective’s attention was easily diverted from his previous thoughts to watching Winter’s strut. He was momentarily stuck. Snapping his finger, he savored the moment, knowing there was something familiar about her.

*I just can’t put my finger on it.*

Even with the similarities, he wasn’t definite that his feelings were accurate. Pressing the issue wouldn’t do him any good because if Winter was Ramona, he believed one of them wouldn’t have made it out of that restaurant alive. There would have been a lot of smoke in the city.

Regardless, he couldn’t dwell on it. It was best to push it to the side. He ultimately had more pressing matters to deal with and this one would have to wait.

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Switching cars, DP rode through the newly developed neighborhood looking for the address he obtained from the coffee shop. Time was of the essence when dealing with a threat of this magnitude. Him and threats didn’t gel well. It was either let the threat overcome him or take matters into his own hands by eliminating the threat. He would rather be the one to eliminate it. That way he could have full control over the situation.

Driving slowly, he surveyed the atmosphere. The neighborhood came off as a good environment to raise kids, have a good married life, and be a productive member of society. The lawns were neatly trimmed, and most drive-ways had nice cars and trucks parked out front. The exterior of each home appeared to be in the upward costs of over $300,000. They had curb appeal. He could only imagine how the interiors drew you in.

I can see myself living in this kind of neighborhood once I stop playing this killing game. He came upon the address he scribbled down. An average looking brown-skinned woman retrieved the mail from the mailbox. He assumed by the ring on her finger that she was married and a resident of said house.

He pulled to a stop, rolled down his window, and engaged her in small talk. “Excuse me, miss. I seem to be lost. I’m looking for the Taylor’s residence. I have a delivery for them, but the address isn’t so clear,” he explained.

The woman looked up at him. “I’m not sure who the Taylor’s are. We’ve only lived here for a short while and people around here tend to keep to themselves. What’s the address?”

“It’s...” he started before being cut off by a school bus pulling up.

The woman looked away. “I’m sorry! I must get my kids. I hope you find whomever you’re looking for,” the woman exclaimed, stepping away from the mailbox.

The name CHAPMAN was engraved on the side of the mailbox.

DP slowly pulled off as if he was still looking for the address. In his rearview mirror, he could see the woman and her two kids heading towards the house. He navigated through the neighborhood, turned around to exit the area, giving the woman one last wave. She waved back as he made his way out of the subdivision.

Satisfied with his findings, it was time to think about his next move.

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Detective Chapman had been on the edge ever since his encounter with Ramona. Then to have that kind of reaction with Winter really had him on pins and needles. Aside from his relentless tries, he had not been able to connect the dots between Winter and Ramona. Nor had he been able to find Ramona or anyone who would have a clue to who she was or where she could be found. His uncertain future led him to believe his cover was blown; except, nothing was adding up for him.

*Could Ramona be Winter?*

No one seem to know anything about Ramona or DP, and he found that sort of odd.

Over a year ago, Chapman accepted the lead detective’s job so he could tackle the big dogs like DP, and those who ran with him. He was finding it wasn’t as easy as he would have hoped. He wanted to associate it to him being new to the area. But it had to be more than that. He knew it wouldn’t be a smooth transition transferring in from another department. Even still, he expected more cooperation than he received.

From what he knew, DP had been doing whatever he wanted for years without police interference. As a hard-nose detective, he felt it was his calling to put an end to Darius Price Jr’s reign, along with everyone associated with him and his kind.

It was imperative that all of his homework paid off. Obtaining the knowledge of Darius Price legacy led Chapman to believe DP’s current existence derived from that of his father. Be that as it may, something was missing. Something didn’t quite add up. DP didn’t seem be involved with dealing drugs or even hanging around those who did.

On paper, DP was college student enrolled at SIUE taking computer programming classes. There wasn’t a known address from him other than a post office box, and he never showed up to take a picture for his school ID. Outside of what certain documents said, he was a ghost.

Chapman wouldn’t be fooled. He’d seen DP personally and the word on the streets was that he was the man. The brief encounter between them left him certain that DP could possibly be what everyone said he was. Still, something was amiss.

Feeling the need to re-evaluate the situation, the detective figured it had to be his approach. Needing to go back to the drawing board, he returned to the station to pick up some things before heading home.

But not once did the detective peep the car following him home to his wife and kids.

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“Yeah baby, I’m liking how you’re using your head!” the burly man exclaimed, sitting up on his forearms.

Ramona removed the Popsicle from her mouth, and stared the overweight man in his eyes. “You really mean that, daddy?” she asked, sounding like a child.

“Of course, baby! You’re making daddy feel really good right now,” he answered, wishing she got back to the oral sex. He grabbed the back of her head, guiding her to his throbbing member.

Ramona deep-throated him, bestowing her good head on him. The man grabbed a hand full of her hair to get her to ease up, yanking off her wig.

“Damn baby, you really know how to blow my mind, don’t you?” he groaned.

“That’s not all I know how to blow, daddy,” she mumbled, running her tongue up his chocolate pudding pop.

“Don’t talk, baby. Just suck! I’m about to bust one for ya,” he confessed, grabbing the back of her head.

That sent her into overdrive, convincing her to swirl her tongue all over him until he was on the verge of eruption. Stroking him roughly, she clamped down on the tip of his fruit stick. The tip of his snack expanded in her mouth. She recognized the action, knowing the time was nearing for his release. Not the one to shy from a good shot of protein, she worked her magic up to the point of no return. Then, right before his volcano was set to erupt, she eased off the pedal.

The man’s eyes shot open, wondering why she stopped. A silenced HK VP40 stared him in the face, daring him to question her. He chuckled, wanting to believe this was some sick joke. He was unable to hide the alarm behind his eyes. Notwithstanding, the locked and loaded semi-automatic handgun provided him with a change of heart. No matter how he wanted to blow off the situation, he seen he didn’t have too many options.

“What do you want?”

Ramona cocked her head, pulled the trigger, and left the man’s brain splattered across the wall behind him. As his lifeless body flopped backwards, she thoroughly searched his pants pockets, looking for his wallet. Finding it, she searched for clues for what his password could be. Dumping the contents of the fat wallet, she came across a few words scribbled on the back of a business card.

Powering her laptop, Ramona punched in the man’s name, ID number and one of the words on the card then pressed enter. An invalid password message popped up. She tried another name. Same message appeared. Trying the last name, she eventually gained access.

Once in, she scrolled through the directory and came across what she was looking for. Getting up to leave, she glanced back at Lieutenant Leroy Fletcher and thanked him for his cooperation. “I hate to leave you like this. You know, with nut oozing out of your dick and all; but, I have to. I need to display what happens when the police get caught with their pants down.”

She laughed at her own demonic thoughts as she dressed, packed up her things and silently walked out of the hotel room.

“Have a good night, Lt. Fletcher. I have another special trip to make,” she said under her breath. “If Detective Chapman thinks he can fuck me in the ass and get away with it, he has another thing coming.”

Chapter Nine

“H

ey baby, I’m glad you’re home. How was your day at work?”

Chapman exhaled his frustration. “Stressful! What I thought was something really isn’t what it appeared to be. I really need to re-access the situation,” he informed his wife, intent on making his way to his study.

“Before you do all that, let me help you relax. I’m a run you a hot bath, light those special candles you like and when you get out, I’m gonna lotion and massage that body of yours until you’re thoroughly relaxed and at ease.”

“That sounds great-” His response was cut short when his phone rang.

Bryan answered and listened extensively to what the caller had to say. He shook his head at the details being conveyed to him.

Just not too long ago, he had found himself in a similar predicament. His mind flashed back to the day he was almost caught with his pants down, automatically realized who committed the heinous deed, and knew exactly what it meant.

Ramona hadn’t forgotten about that day and now a fellow officer paid the price for my sins.

The detective surmised that he would have to meet the mysterious woman again, hoping it would be sooner rather than later. Enough damage had been done, and he surely didn’t need another officer’s body found in an embarrassing manner because of him.

Chapman ended the call; yet, couldn’t shake the scene described so vividly. Ramona had intentionally left the lieutenant exposed as a way to a send a message. Aside from wanting to hear it, the message was being read loud and clear. Outraged, he wanted to hit the streets to look for her; but, that would be a waste of time. When she wanted to be found, she would present herself and when that time came, he would be there to make his move.

In the interim, a big smile crossed his face as his wife placed her hands on his shoulders. “Baby, you ready for your bath?” she cooed.

Bryan grabbed his wife’s hands and placed a kiss on them. Tugging at her wrists, he pulled her onto his lap. His eyes swollen to the size of saucers, surprised at the sight of what she had on.

Mrs. Brenda Chapman was decked out in one of Victoria’s latest secrets, which revealed all the things he had been missing.

Staring into his eyes, she aggressively went in for a kiss. It seemed as if they were kissing for the very first time. With Bryan’s job taking up most of his time, they hadn’t been able to spend a lot of time together. That’s why she was excited to have him home. She had to take advantage of him being there.

She truly missed him, and that showed in the intensity of her kisses. The heighten energy of their love caused their hands to roam. Brenda’s hand went for his growing loin, massaging it through his pants.

Shifting her position, their kisses became a bit more passionate, causing the heat to rise to the next level. Breaking their embrace, Brenda mounted her husband, resumed kissing him, and unbuttoned his shirt. He palmed her ass, feeling the warmth of her creamy center as if he touched it at that exact moment.

Brenda finished unbuttoning his shirt and started on his pants, yearning to touch his hardness. That yearning prepped her soak and wet love below for a deep penetration. The simple thought of him entering her made her juice box pulsate. Throb. Jump for joy. Bud like a rose in bloom.

She reached into his boxers and retrieved his golden prize. Then, as she intended to go down on him, she was rudely interrupted by her son coming into the living room. “Mom, I’m thirsty,” the child cried out, wiping at his eyes.

Brenda covered herself as best as she could, while Bryan sought to collect himself. She clambered from her husband to tend to her child; however, when their son got a glimpse of his father, he went nuts.

Bryan Jr. ran and jumped into his father’s arms.

Bryan hugged his son, sitting him on his lap. “You’re not supposed to be up at this time of night.”

“I was thirsty, daddy.”

“You’re gonna have to wait until morning to get something to drink. It’s bedtime, little man!”

Bryan Jr sighed.

“I’ll make sure you get something to drink as soon as you wake up, ok?”

“Okay!” Bryan Jr said, sounding a little disappointed.

Bryan scooped his son in his arms, bounced him back to sleep, and walked him back to his room. Laying him down, he kissed his son on the forehead, and expressed his love for him. But he had his wife’s secrets on his mind. Walking out of his son’s room, he left the door slightly cracked, rushing to get back to the situation at hand.

With those thoughts consuming him, Bryan jetted through the house looking for his queen. Busting into the bedroom, she wasn’t there. He thought she be laid across the bed half-naked and waiting on him. He could vividly see that scene painted in his mind. But she wasn’t.

*She must be in the bathroom.* His assumption was correct. Opening the bathroom door, she casually laid in the tub. Seeing the top of her head, his excitement got the best of him when visualizing her naked body submerged under water.

As he pushed the door open, his temperature rose along with his third leg. He stepped into the bathroom sending his excitement further into a state of overwhelm. He slung the door close, and called out his wife’s name.

The butt of a gun crashed into the back of his head. Dazed but still conscious, Bryan stumbled to the floor. He’d absorbed the blow in stride. The intruder whacked him again, noticing the detective was barely fazed by the initial tap to his dome. That time, the blow turned Bryan’s lights out, laying him face down with his arms sprawled to his side.

The intruder pulled Chapman by his legs into the bedroom, where he was blindfolded, gagged, and bound to a chair sitting in the middle of the bedroom.

The intruder returned to the bathroom for the detective’s wife, already bound and gagged. The wife was scooped out of the tub and carried to the bedroom. It didn’t take much to scoop her up and transport her to the bedroom.

Entering the bedroom, the intruder slammed the wife on the bed. The soft of the mattress bounced her slightly up and down. The startling altercation caused the wife to whimper out in pain. That small bleat brought Bryan out of his unconsciousness.

The intruder strolled over to the detective, removing his blindfold.

Frantically, Chapman’s eyes surveyed the entire scene before him. Seeing his wife balled up on the bed resulted in his heart crumbling. He longed to help her; but, at that point, he was just as helpless as her. What is going on here? he asked himself. Who is this guy? The black mask covering his face made it impossible to see his features. What was evident was that the intruder was male. Chapman tried sizing the intruder up.

Who are you? he asked, letting his emotions get the best of him. Did Ramona send you to take care of her dirty work? Or, is this a random home invasion? he continued to ask himself.

The detective didn’t have a clue. He could only watch in horror as the intruder snatched his wife off the bed like a rag-doll. When he put the gun to her head, he tried his damnest to scream ‘NO!’ in an effort to persuade the intruder not to kill her.

Brenda could feel the gun against her head. Its coldness tensed her body and she almost urinated on herself. Even though her husband was a police officer, she had no experience with guns, especially one being put to her head.

The intruder whispered softly in her ear, informed her to remain calm, do as he said, and nothing would happen to her.

Brenda’s heart pounded out of her chest with fear. The drift of the intruder’s breath on her neck cemented her in place. Her brain froze from the shock of the whole situation. Next, her legs stiffened, and urine flowed down her inner thighs. The warmth of the release didn’t register in Brenda’s mind until she stood in a puddle of her own piss.

Bryan shook his head in disbelief. His heart shattered into a bunch of tiny, little pieces having to witness that. To see his wife break down in such a manner was devastating. He was hurt. His desire to battle the bad guys for a living shouldn’t have made it to his doorstep. It shouldn’t have been the cause of his wife to be standing in her own urine. Wasn’t the silenced weapon to the side of her head bad enough?

*Please take the gun from her head,* he pleaded behind the gag. That silenced weapon caused the detective great alarm. An alarm that couldn’t be denied. It was written all over his face. He couldn’t hide it if he wanted to.

The intruder allowed the detective to soak up the details around him for a moment. When he assumed the detective had everything acknowledged, he nonchalantly pulled the trigger on the silenced Sig Sauer .40.

The pulling of that trigger literally blew Brenda’s brains out. The act itself was to show Bryan that the intruder didn’t have time to play games. He needed the detective to know he meant business.

Bryan jumped back in utter shock at the extraction of his wife’s brains. Traumatized, he rocked back and forth in the chair, apprehending that this was a personal visit. Up to this point, the intruder hadn’t said anything. The detective didn’t know where to begin with his thought process. But, he would have to figure it out.

Brenda’s body hit the ground with a loud thump.

Bryan slumped his head, seeking to do all he could to remain strong. That’s all he had enough energy for. He tried to keep the tears from flowing; whereas, he couldn’t stop the inevitable. The intruder had come into his home and murdered the woman he’d loved all his life. That really made him want to know who this bastard was; except, he could only guess. Since he wasn’t a guessing man, he had to come to terms of not knowing.

The intruder, on the other hand, acted as if he could read the detective’s mind when he revealed himself, and voiced his first words. “Hold you head high for me, playa.”

With his chin pressed tightly against his chest, the detective listened to the familiar voice, not wanting to believe it. He held his chin tighter to his chest. The certainty of knowing who caused him so much pain in only a matter of minutes sealed his fate. There was no coming back from this. Knowing that, he had no desire to look the intruder in the face. It would do him no good. The good he planned to do in the community would have to be carried on by someone else. His work had come full circle.

“Let me see your eyes,” the intruder requested.

The detective tried to muster all the strength he could to raise his head. It just wouldn’t move. Feeling the intruder’s presence, he listened to every sound he could possible hear. Then the sound of his daughter’s voice snapped his head up automatically.

“Daddy!?!?!” She was wiping at her eyes, unaware of what was going on. She could see her mother lying on the floor and her first instinct was to run to her.

DP sensed the little girl’s movement through his peripheral. He unconsciously flung his gun in her direction and pulled the trigger twice. The first bullet pierced the little girl’s chest, standing her upright. The second shot penetrated her head, finishing her off completely.

The detective snapped out. He’d seen enough. DP had gunned down his little girl in cold blood. He couldn’t take anymore. He tried his damnest to get loose. He had to get his hands on DP. *He better hope I don’t get loose,* he kept stating over and over.

Chapman used every ounce of his energy attempting to break free from his restraints. However, it was all for nothing. He couldn’t successfully break free.

DP watched the detective waste his time and energy. Raising his gun, he nodded at the detective with his famous *what’s up* nod. “I see you have no rap now, Birdie?”

The mere mention of that name sent shivers up and down Chapman’s spine. That name was the cause of all the mayhem and the stench of murder in his bedroom. Bryan apologetically looked at his wife and daughter laid out on the floor. Tears streamed down his face. It couldn’t be helped. The river of eye water had to be set free. Whereas, where it could have washed away the current situation for some, it didn’t scratch the surface for the detective. His stream of tears could not hide the truth.

The detective tilted his head back, and stared into the light. Saying a silent prayer for the forgiveness of his sins, he smelled his end nearing. Sticking his chin out, he could see the light getting brighter coming towards him. There was hues of blues and reds, sprinkled in with some yellow and what was possibly some greens. The colors seemed to also have a thermos-imaging effect surrounding them, and an unusual heat source.

The detective was unable to identify the heat source off-hand. His delirium surely mistaken the current illusion with the reality of the situation. Because what the detective refused to understand, the different hues of color derived from the sparks coming from the barrel of DP’s Sig Sauer. And the heat he felt was the hot slugs ripping into his face at an alarming rate.

Notwithstanding, the light the detective saw did consist of that bright, white light so many spoke of when stumbling towards the heaven gates. But the image Detective Bryan Chapman saw wasn’t the image of God. It was Darius Price Jr a.k.a DP, the last person he would see through human eyes.

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Ramona patiently sat in her car outside of Det. Chapman’s house, waiting for the rest of the lights to go out so she could make her move. Peering into the rearview mirror, she knew she couldn’t sit out there much longer. This wasn’t the kind of neighborhoods that normally seen people sitting outside in their cars in the middle of the night.

Nonetheless, her patience had run out, and she decided it was time to make her move. Exiting her car, she turned her nose up, sniffing the air. The smell of smoke permeated from somewhere nearby. She scanned the area seeking to locate the source.

Gazing towards the detective’s house, a cloud of smoke escaped the back, and filled the sky with black smoke.

With her left foot outside the car, the sounds of a car coming pulled her leg back inside. Closing the door, she peered through the side-view mirror, spotting a car driving down the street.

Slouching in the driver’s seat, she watched a Chevy Impala with tinted windows cruise by. Ramona glared as hard as she could through the tinted windows trying to identify the driver but couldn’t. Sitting up, she turned the engine over, and pulled off after the Impala was out of sight.

By that time, the flames were visibly roaring throughout the Chapmans’ house, lighting up the night’s sky.

Ramona was upset about that. She watched the flames spread in the rearview mirror. I would have loved to get my hands on you Birdie, but someone beat me to the punch. She hurried down the street. I guess better luck next time. Tootles!

Chapter Ten

W

inter stared at herself in the bathroom mirror. The person she seen wasn’t the person she normally saw. What stared back at her was a tired and worn out young lady who desperately needed to get her life in order. The unexpected death of a man she never knew weighed heavily on her mind, body and soul. She couldn’t understand how that could be, but it was.

Throughout her life she’d yearned for the fatherly love she seen so many others getting. Whenever she seen it, her soul cried out for that kind of love. Day in, day out, her heart bleed itself dry seeking an ounce of what she lacked. Yet, it was a love she would never get the opportunity to experience. All she had in the form of a protector was DP. Even still, she lacked the overall love and protection associated with what a little girl should get from a loving and devoted father.

Seriously thinking about it, the reality of the situation hit her hard. Who was she fooling? Travis Malcolm Robertson, her biological father, was a cold-blooded killer/drug dealer/pimp, and the woman who birthed her was his bottom bitch. He wasn’t a good man. He was a monster who kept her mother strung up and strung out, so he had absolute control over her. Being on that kind of chained leash kept her mother under his foot and compliant to his desires.

That truth was so clearly for her to see as easily as she could see the stressful lines on her face.

Her father was a beast. With him around, she wouldn’t have obtained anything she would have hoped for. She would have had a bitter childhood; a crazy and unpredictable adolescent upbringing, and she possibly could have grown up to be an angry young lady. That’s not what she wanted.

Nevertheless, there was that burning desire in her gut to avenge her father’s death if possible. Deep down, she felt obligated to do that. For whatever reason, she assumed that would bridge the gap between them, forever bonding them as one. She wasn’t sure if that would be true, but it would have to be. She needed to solidify that bond, making it tangible even if it only provided her with a semi-completeness.

She leaned forward to wash her face, caressing the soap upon her skin. Splashing the warm water on her skin, she rinsed off the soap. Drenching her face again, she made it a point to cleanse her skin of all the soap. Reaching for a towel, she raised up to dry her face.

Opening her eyes, she looked in the mirror and what appeared startled her. The unfamiliar face staring back at her trembled her nerves. It was a face she hadn’t seen before; yet, she figured she should have. There was a striking resemblance to herself and if she wouldn’t have known, she would have thought it was her. However, the person staring back at her wasn’t her. It couldn’t be. She wouldn’t believe it was her. In fact, if anyone who knew her could see what she saw and look directly into the person’s eyes as she did, they would mistake the person for her themselves.

After looking at the image for so long, Winter began to assume it was her herself as well. The sight truly scared her more than it should. She couldn’t understand the meaning behind this disclosure. Looking off, she wasn’t sure if she wanted to understand it. Then something Det. Chapman said sprouted from the dirt of her mind. The name Ramona and a resemblance to her stood out. Looking in the mirror, Winter wasn’t sure if he saw that much resemblance. But it could possible.

*I have to reach out to him to find out who he saw,* she said, hoping he could give her some insight about who he referred to.

She rolled the towel down her face, wanting to hurry up. At the same time, she was afraid to open her eyes. Who knew what she would see. She simply wanted to wipe away the previous image and everything associated with it. Her life had already begun to spiral out of control. She didn’t need any additional burdens added to her shoulders. The stress of her everyday life was becoming too heavy as it was. Everything seemed to be overwhelming her. She couldn’t discern if she could handle it all by herself. Trying to cope with the sudden changes was making them hard to deal with alone.

Recently, Winter’s support system had faltered to the point of no participation from her loved ones and that bothered her. DP was acting very strange and had become quite distant. That was a first. It had become extremely noticeable over the past couple of weeks, immediately following her father’s death. She wouldn’t have realistically expected Sara to step up to the plate and be much help, considering she was the one who had kept so many from her in the first place. As the truth neared the light, Sara opted to stay as far away from the exposure as she could. She played the revelations as if it was a plague, and due to her fear of the repercussions, she stayed a fairly good distance away.

That brought her back to DP and how she noticed him running the streets more heavily lately.

Technically, he was out of the game. That didn’t stop the kickbacks he received from those he put on. That’s not what consumed her mind. It was his new attitude that displayed a different side of him. She wanted to contribute it to the recent death of his friend. Nonetheless, she felt as if she didn’t know him anymore.

The person she thought would be there for her hadn’t been anywhere in sight. She distinctively remembered him insisting he would be there for her during her time of need. Hence, she seen that had been a lie.

She made a mental note to sit him down soon to find out what his deal was. With him in the streets so much, maybe he had some pertinent information about her father’s death. With how the streets talked, she suspected he knew something. Something had to have been said that could be useless to her plight. The only other question was if he would tell her what he knew.

Winter felt a dying need to hurry up. Drying her face and opening her eyes, she was met with another startling image. One she never seen before.

Blinking twice, she sought to eliminate the image. Instead, it felt like she was floating among the clouds. She could see her bathroom growing smaller and smaller as she traveled into what mimicked another galaxy. It was as if she was having an out of body experience.

Floating upward, Winter glided towards the woman in the mirror. The slow advance to the woman brought Winter a stored away knowledge of who the person was. Within a split second, she was face-to-face with her mother for the very first time in her adult life. The interaction was everything she had craved as a kid. To stand before her mother now gave her the love she needed to fill her love cup for another ten years. Overall, the experience provided both with an opportunity to exchange their truths. In the end, her mother handed Winter some valuable jewels to soak up. And upon taking them in, she apprehended that those life lessons could point her in the right direction if she paid attention to the signs.

Winter’s soul burned from the time spent with her mother. *Seek and you shall find,* her mother recited, while placing her hand on her shoulder. That brief contact hardened Winter’s heart. Inhaling deeply, an internal truth was placed within her. It would be a truth that could only be unlocked with time and the asking of the right questions.

Winter haphazardly snapped out of the trance-like state just as quickly as she was swept into it. Scratching her head, she attempted to make sense of it. Checking her surroundings, she found herself standing in her bathroom with the drying towel in her hand. She glanced around the room, spint in a 360-degree circle, and questioned her lack of understanding. That was unlike anything she’d ever experience. The remnants of it was hard to shake off. It was mind-boggling; therefore, providing her with a headache.

*I can’t let this get me down,* she said, wrapping up her morning ritual. Wiping at her face again, she peeked over the towel to see what would appear. Luckily, nothing out of the ordinary revealed itself.

Glad about that, she folded the towel and placed it on the counter. She quickly glancing at herself one last time. Unsure of how to perceive the experience, she elected to let it go, at least, until she had time to sit down and think about it later. Because in that moment, it would be hard to level out the known with the unknown.

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“Breaking NEWS! I’m Arlene Jackson coming live from the scene of a still smoldering blaze that may have possibly involve one of Madison Police Department finest head detectives and his family.” She gripped the microphone tighter. “At this point, the firefighters are seeking to figure out what happened here. As you can see behind me, the firefighters are battling the remaining flare-ups and seem to have everything under control.”

A team of firefighters rushed behind Arlene towards to the house.

“Momentarily, the firefighters will be entering the rubble to see what can be found but based on the structural damage, it may be hard to tell what transpired here. Based on how the house appeared to be burned, the fire could have started upstairs in one of the back bedrooms. This is mere speculation at this point, but this is always a possibility. We’ll know more soon.”

“Arlene, this is Paul in the studio. Is the fire chief on the scene right now?”

She looked around. “Yes, Paul. He is on the scene and I will be looking to speak with him here soon. The info floating around is that the decorated Madison police detective and his family may have been home when the fire started. At this time, that is also mere speculation. Once all the details are known, I’ll gladly inform you of what I have. I’m Arlene Jackson reporting live for Channel 2 News.”

Ramona knew they’ll never find anything pointing one way or another when seeing how the house was destroyed. Unbeknownst to the public, Detective Chapman had been in the house as the flames consumed it. According to her Intel, he had gone home for the night. When she arrived, she suspected the silhouette she seen walking through the house was his.

Or could that have been the person who burned the house down? she asked herself. She seriously doubted that; but she couldn’t be too sure. Anything was possible. Be that as it may, no one had heard from the outstanding detective all day. Meaning, it was more than a possibility that him and his family had been burned to a crisp in the fire. That was a sad but true revelation. One that didn’t retain a lot of substance for Ramona to dwell on. What was there to dwell on? She missed her opportunity to get her hands on him so with his death, it was on to the next thing. With that, she clicked to the Adam and Eve adult channel, catching a girl-on-girl scene in full swing.

Turning up the volume, the moans permeating from the tube instantly aroused her. The women going at each other’s wetness systematically heightened her arousal to the next level, and she didn’t hesitate to pull her panties to the side.

Fishing out her rabbit, she clamped it down on her pearl tongue, acting as if she was participating in the pornographic scene herself. Pleasing herself as if one of the white stars was clamped down on her love button, she chewed her bottom lip and gaped her legs open even further.

The brunette inserted two fingers inside of the blonde, then added a third.

Ramona turned her vibrator on low, so she could make the most of her session. As a tingle eased up her side, she let out a few moans of delight, and felt an orgasm surging through her body. Suddenly, the feeling struck her like a thunderbolt, thus producing a happy serum. Her thighs quivered from the multiple orgasms; she sucked air for oxygen, and heaved heavily from her heart stopping. Closing her eyes, she thoroughly enjoyed the way the orgasm made her body feel. The sensation caused her to run her fingertips around her areolas and down her stomach.

Shaking uncontrollably, she praised her little rabbit for the pleasure it brought her. If she could, she would clamp the toy on her clit all the time and just leave it there. It was surely a toy that left her breathless like she’d left most of her lovers.

A violent quake circulated through her love below, and a gush of juices flushed her system. She unclasped the rabbit, letting it fall to the floor. Rolling her neck, she watched the blonde ramming wildly into the brunette from the back.

I don’t see the purpose for using a dildo when there’s so many willing males to let a woman bounce up and down on their dicks.

Closing her legs, Ramona changed the channel, finding no further use for the adult channel. Turning back to the news, the meteorologist was running down the week’s forecast. Uninterested in the weather, Ramona let her heavy eyelids close. Thoughts of another orgasm slouched her deeper into the couch.

Getting comfortable, she hugged a couch pillow, then slightly faded in and out consciousness. And before she knew it, she was fast asleep, unable to think about anything but sweet things.