A

Vulture’s

Bond

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Chapter ONE

The early August sun settled at its peak to increase its brightness upon the streets of St. Louis, Missouri. For the better part of the summer, there had been smoldering days and muggy nights. At the rate of how things were going, the rest of August and most of September would be even hotter. The heat was so unbearable, no one dared to step outside to congregate, go for a stroll, or participate in any physical activity. Daily, the city had been warned to stay inside under the comfort of an air condition unit, and if they couldn’t, find someone loving enough to let them visit for a couple of days, particularly during the day.

For two people, the heat in the furnace would have to be dialed up if it intended to stop what they had planned for that day.

Erin bent the street corner, wiping sweat from her brow. “How in the hell did we get caught up in doing this bull shit?” she asked her sister to her right.

Aubrey inhaled the heat. “Hell, if I know but we here now. Let’s get this over with and back in the AC.”

Erin looked up at the street sign. “Is this the right Street?”

Aubrey peered over her shoulder. “I think so.” She examined the street sign. “This Beacon, ain’t it?”

“I believe so.”

Aubrey pointed to the pale pink house. “That’s 5433. That’s the address dude gave you, ain’t it?”

Erin nodded. “Something seems off.”

“Bitch, it’s hot! What the fuck you thought?” She hurried down the street. “We the only fools out here.” She swallowed the last of her saliva. “And I’m about to die of thirst.”

Erin felt her older sister. It was hot, and she was thirsty. The sweat streaming down the middle of her back encouraged her to catch up with her sister.

Aubrey - a Werther’s brown chick with thick legs and wide hips - balled up her fist and pounded on the front door. Erin - a short and petite version of her big sister - stopped behind Aubrey, and pulled her cut-off shorts from her apple bottom.

Aubrey went to knock on the door again. “What is taking this cat so long?” Her fist barely touched the door as it was yanked open.

“What you banging on my door like that for?” a dark-skinned brother with short, wavy hair and a mouth of golds asked.

“It’s hot as fuck out here,” Aubrey snapped. “What took you so long answering the door.” She didn’t wait to be invited in. She brushed by the guy at the door, glad to be inside of the cool house.

The guy looked down at Erin. “You gone stay outside or are you coming in?”

Erin eased by the guy, no wanting him to touch her. As she entered, she inhaled the coolness. Exhaling the heat, the door closed behind her and the guy who opened it sucked his teeth. She glanced over her shoulder, catching him eyeing her behind. Feeling slightly uncomfortable, she pulled at her shorts, sliding them from her crotch.

“You like what you see?” Aubrey questioned, stepping up to interrupt the guy’s train of thought.

“Do I?” he countered, giving Aubrey all his attention. “I been waiting on y’all all day. What took y’all so long?”

Aubrey waltzed up to him, and placed her hand on his chest. “We got lost.”

The guy licked his lips. “You should have called me.” He looked into her eyes. “I would have showed you the way.” He felt himself going in for a kiss.

Aubrey backed up. “As you can see, we made it.” She joined her sister. “The question is whether you’re ready to take us out to eat.”

“I was wondering if we could chill here until it cooled off,” he countered. “We have all night to get something to eat.”

“That wasn’t the plan,” Aubrey shot back. “The whole reason for us being here is for us to go eat. We agreed to come out the kindness of our hearts. As gentlemen, you and your buddy should have come picked us up, but you didn’t. And now that we’re here, you want to play games.”

Another voice interjected. “Naw, we ain’t playing games.”

Aubrey and Erin eyed the new entry.

“You must be Marcus,” Erin said, stepping away from her sister.

Marcus - a brown-skinned hustler rocking a white do-rag under a navy-blue St. Louis Cardinal’s ball cap - nodded slightly, “I see you remembered me.” He entered the living room, unable to keep his eyes off her. “That means you’re Erin.” He glanced at Aubrey. “And you’re her sister…” He couldn’t recall her name. From the moment he seen Erin, he could have cared less what Aubrey’s name was. The only person he had eyes for was the short, petite and gorgeous one.

Erin smirked. “You hit the nail on the head.” She unconsciously licked her lips. The energy between them were electrifying.

Aubrey snapped her fingers, interrupting the fairytale interaction. “I’m hungry as fuck!” Her stomach growled. “Are we gonna get something to eat or what?”

Devon, the guy who answered the door, slid behind her and placed his meat on her butt. “I got something for you to snack on until we get to where we going.”

She wanted to elbow him in the stomach but didn’t want to kill her chances at a free meal. Instead, she ground her behind on his little sausage, causing him to slightly moan.

“I think you’re the one I’m trying to eat.” His arm slithered around her waist, and his tongue glided across the back of her sweaty neck.

The sliminess of his tongue sent chills down her spine. It wasn’t a good set of chills but the kind that derived from him being a creep and her being sexual assaulted.

She patted his hand on her stomach. “Boo, we’ll have plenty of time for that. Let a bitch eat and I’ll promise you’ll be my dessert.”

That excited him. “I’m a hold you to that!” He slapped her on the ass.

She lunged forward, needing to get away from him. Rolling her eyes, she situated her hand on her hip, and twirled around to take in the small dwelling.

“I knew we shouldn’t have come over here,” she said, shaking her head at Erin.

“Why you acting like that?” Devon asked, sliding over to her. “I promise I’m gonna take care of you. That’s not what you have to worry about.”

Aubrey stared into his face, spotting the lust there. “It’s not that you won’t take care of me that I’m worried about.” She nudged her sister. “It’s whether you’ll be able to do it in time.”

Marcus took that as his cue to step in and make things right. “We’re wasting valuable time with all this back and forth.”

A door on the side of the house opened, and two voices could be heard.

Aubrey and Erin scoped out the empty doorway to the kitchen.

Marcus studied Erin’s face. “Sweetheart, when you’re in my presence, you have nothing to worry about.”

Two young fellows bent the corner, stopping right inside of the living room. Both gentlemen openly eyed Aubrey and Erin. The taller of the two swayed from side to side, letting his attention shift between the two sisters. The average height guy turned to Marcus and smiled.

Marcus shook his head. “It’s about time you showed up.” He tossed a set of keys to the average height guy. “We stepping out for a couple of hours. Make sure shit is straight.” He headed over to Erin. “You ready to go.”

She nodded, leaning in to let her arm touch his. The touching of their skin created a ball of fire. With them both feeling it, the magnetism drew them closer together.

Aubrey cleared her throat. “Are you two lovebirds done?” She crossed her arms over her chest. “I know you heard me when I said I was hungry.”

Erin smiled, ambling over to her sister. “I told you to eat before we came.” She lowered her voice, “You fucking up my groove.”

“Bitch, please! You gone get your groove on.” She peered over at Devon. “I’m about due for some dick myself. I just hope they treat us right so we won’t be coming off the pussy for nothing.”

Devon fixed his mouth to say something but Marcus cut him off. “Let’s get this show on the road so we can all have a happy ending by the end of the night.”

“Amen!” Aubrey screamed, sneaking a peek at the two young guys being left behind. “Y’all be safe here by yourself.”

The taller of the two waved her off, turned on the 54-inch t.v. and picked up the PlayStation 4 remote control.

Devon slid behind Aubrey, guiding her out of the house. Erin looked around for Marcus. He snuck up behind her, grabbed her hand, and interlocked his with hers. Squeezing it slightly, he let her know he peeped her interest in where he was. For him, that showed him a lot about her. He could see them having something special.

What Marcus and Devon failed to realize, the show the two sisters put on wasn’t for their benefit. The happy-ending they sought wouldn’t come in the form of either of them getting their dicks wet. What they had been led to believe was a hoax to get them out of the house so their brothers could make entry to strip them of everything they materially owned. More importantly, the intention of sending Aubrey and Erin in was to remove the strongest threats so making the move wouldn’t be so bothersome. They simply wouldn’t have surmised it being so easy.

Apparently, they should have. From the beginning of mankind, history had shown that the toughest men could be easily broken down by the mere sight of a beautiful woman. Regardless of how hard that man attempted to fight the inevitable, when confronted by a woman exhibiting the mental toughness, skills, and schooling of Erin and Aubrey, that man would unfortunately succumb to a horrible end.

Edward, a firsthand witness to the madness, shook his head at how easy it was for his sisters to turn a house full of dudes into mush. That revelation caused him to reflect upon the current set-up and how this day came about.

Over a week ago, Aubrey and Erin appeared to be lost walking down Beacon in search for the Speak Easy Bar and Grill. At the time, Marcus, Devon and the tall, skinny guy, Kevin, was sitting on the porch smoking weed when the two ladies turned the corner. Without hesitation, Marcus and Devon jumped at the opportunity to try their hand. From that brief encounter, numbers were exchanged and future plans had been established. Except, Devon - the more eager of the two - refused to let nature take its course. Aubrey’s number was burning a hole in his phone. He had to give her a call. That insatiable desire led him to think with his little head, and that, put him and his whole crew in jeopardy.

Fast forward to the present, the main objective had been to get Marcus and Devon out of the house as quickly as possible. Edward, and his younger brother, Adam, knew they would be on a tight schedule when dealing with this crew. They weren’t known for letting too many get too close to the nucleus of their operation. Then again, they never expected for anyone to find out that they kept their main stash house in the middle of the hood either. But that would be neither here nor there.

Edward slouched in the driver’s seat of the Chevy Express 2500 cargo van as his sisters rode by in Marcus’ Mercedes-Benz E63 AMG. Adam, peering over the dashboard, nodded at Edward when watching the car drive through the stop sign at the end of the street. Edward, sitting up, turned his attention to the side mirror. There was no traffic coming.

Adam placed his hand on the door handle. “We moving or what?”

Edward, a thorough workhorse, fell into a deep thought about the meticulous homework he’d done casing the job. It had taken him some months of note-taking but he’d personally obtained the pertinent information needed of everyone’s movements, the drop-offs points, and the pick-up times. Once establishing a constant pattern, he concluded the best time to strike was when only a couple of people occupied the house. When conducting his surveillance, he noticed that wasn’t too often. That’s when the idea of getting the strongest threats out of the house came to him. And now they were gone so it was time to move.

He snapped out of his trance. “Let’s go!” he announced, clambering from the van with his hand on his hip. Scanning the length of the street, he softly closed the van door. Seeing the street was clear, he tapped the side of the van, giving Adam the green light to exit.

Adam, two years younger than Edward but two inches taller, slipped from the passenger seat, and rounded the front of the van. “Let’s cut through this gangway,” he suggested, pointing out the space between the two houses in front of them. “This’ll put us three doors down and in a better position.”

Edward liked that idea. Crossing the street, he raced through the gangway and turned into the alley. Strutting with a purpose, he arrived at the back gate of 5433, unlatched the hook with a swift motion, and held it open for Adam.

Adam, slipping into the backyard, eased his Ruger SR9 from his waist. A thirty-round clip hung from the handle, subliminally letting it be known that he was with the bullshit.

Edward closed the gate, latched the hook, and hurried across the small patch of grass.

Adam neared the side of the house, and with them being a team, they had to go about this on one accord. He slowed, placed his back on the side of the house, and held up his hand. Edward’s eyes scanned the immediate area. He found no movement. Adam lowered his hand, hugged the wall, and bumped into the intense vibrations rattling the siding. He cut his eyes to Edward. They simultaneously shook their head at the two idiots inside. If they knew what was upon them, they would have second guessed sitting around the house unable to hear death approaching.

Edward rushed pass Adam, removing a crowbar from his belt. Without waiting on Adam to hold the screen door, he rammed the crowbar into the wedge of the door. It popped open with ease. Edward elbowed the door open. The loudness of the music and a strong stench of weed smacked the brothers in the face. Paying it no mind, Edward rushed inside, shoving the crowbar within his belt.

Looking beyond the small kitchen table and the overflowing trash can next to the refrigerator, the shower could be heard running in the bathroom down the hall to his left. Doing a brief analysis, he deduced that one of the guys were in the shower while the other one had to be in the basement smoking weed.

Adam checked the living room. It was empty. Edward snapped his fingers, motioning towards the bedrooms. Adam checked them, finding them empty. That left the two brothers with time to focus their attention on the bathroom.

Edward let himself in. Slowing stepping in, he quickly swiped the shower curtain left and leveled his SR9 at the tall, skinny guy in the shower. Before the cold air hitting Kevin’s nakedness could register, the barrel of the Ruger kissed his soapy chin.

Kevin blinked rapidly. The baby leg hanging from the handgun left him speechless. Unsure of himself, everything after being kissed happened so fast. Before long, he was snatched from the shower by his neck, thrown to the floor, and was gagged and hog-tied by a second assailant.

Edward stepped over Kevin. “Let me go deal with this other cat then we’ll get down to business.”

Just as he exited the bathroom, a high Joey ascended the basement steps bobbing his head. From a moment, eye contact was made. Where Joey hesitated to compute his next move, Edward knew exactly what had to be done. The Ruger rose swiftly and trained itself upon Joey’s chest. Two jerks later, two rounds spiraled through the air, one chasing after the other.

Joey, through his haziness, watched the hot lead zero in on him. It all seemed so surreal. This couldn’t be happening. He had to do something. He couldn’t just stand there and get shot. By the time his mind sent word to his legs, the hot lead ripped through his heart, splitting it into two halves. The impact of the hollow points knocked him off his feet, sending him tumbling down the steps.

Edward, not the one to take any chances, raced down the steps to make sure Joey crossed over to the other side. As he descended the steps, he found one dead, used to be high Joey. Not completely satisfied, he pumped another round between his eyes to seal the deal.

Moving on, he ambled over to the radio to turn it down. “Now I can think,” he mumbled, turning to spot Adam stepping over Joey.

Without needing to utter a word, they commenced to search for what they came for. Edward went straight for the backroom of the basement, leaving Adam to attend to the open area. The open area held nothing to find. Disappointed, he joined Edward and instantly noticed what his brother had stumbled upon.

Adam stared at the plastic-wrapped bundles of what appeared to be weed lining the walls. “There has to be, at least, a couple hundred, maybe even a thousand pounds of weed right there,” he pointed out.

Edward picked up a smaller, neatly wrapped square from a box sitting under the only table in the backroom. “If that’s weed, what is this?” he asked, admiring the imprint embedded in the package.

“Edward, my friend! That’ll be pure cocaine!!!” he exclaimed in his mock Scarface tone.

Edward tossed the kilo to Adam. Catching it, Adam felt its weight. Smiling, he tossed it back. Edward returned it to the box. Drugs wasn’t what they came for. Edward angrily exited the basement and headed upstairs.

Entering the bathroom, he angled his SR9 downward, shooting Kevin once. “Where’s the stones?” he asked, aiming at the back of Kevin’s head. “If you lie, I’ll shoot again. The next one won’t be in the ass.” He adjusted his grip. “Think before you speak.”

Fighting through the pain, Kevin nodded towards the bedroom.

Edward lowered his gun, and fled in that direction. At the door, he stopped to survey the entire bedroom. Something lead him to the closet. Rushing to it, he jerked the door open. Moving the clothes around with the barrel of his gun, he looked down. On the floor was a Sentry safe. Kneeling, he went to work on prying it open. Popping the top, a magnificent glimmer shunned upon him. He grinned heavily as he scooped up a hand full of stones. The simple touch produced a euphoric sensation. This had been the lick he dreamed of. Letting the stones fall from his hand, he slammed the safe closed and picked it up.

Adam came to the door. “We good?”

Edward chuckled softly. “Yes, we are,” he stated, noticing a half-open duffel bag sitting in the corner of the closet. Kicking it, the bag was heavy.

“What’s that?” Adam inquired.

Edward set the safe down. “I don’t know but go get the van,” he instructed, kneeling to unzip the bag. The bag contained stacks of rubber band wrapped $100 bills. He intentionally blinked multiple times. Snapping his fingers, he quickly overcame the shock of the find. Zipping the bag up, he snatched at the handles, slung it over his shoulder, and exited the room to momentarily stop by the bathroom.

Adjusting the bag on his right shoulder and tightening his grip of the safe, he nudged Kevin’s foot with his own. “Thanks for the info, buddy. I really appreciate your honesty,” he reasoned, sounding sincere.

Kevin silently thanked him.

Edward, unable to hear him, dumped two rounds into the back of his head. Readjusting the bag again, a slow stream of blood flowed from Kevin’s wounds. “Better luck next time,” he whispered, strolling off to meet Adam.

Catching him at the door, Edward considered everything they found. “The drugs ain’t what we came for but let’s pack as much of it as we can. I’m sure we can find something useful to do with it.”

Outside, Edward helped Adam pack twenty bales of weed and thirty bricks of cocaine in the van. Unable to stuff anymore, Edward hopped behind the wheel and texted Erin about the job being done. She quickly hit him back acknowledging she had received the message. Satisfied, he drove away with his mind on getting home to see how much they walked away with. Glancing in the rearview mirror, he had to admit the unexpectancy of the kilos and bales of weed was a bonus. Pondering over what to do with it, he settled on giving it to Erin to handle once she went off to college. That would be a great way to fatten  her purse with her own bread.

Letting the thought linger, the drive from St. Louis to Illinois took no time. Before he concluded one thought, he arrived at the stash house and backed into the driveway. Once parked, the brothers turned to one another, smiled, then exited the van to unload their cargo.

Edward grabbed the safe and bag of money. Ahead of hitting the house, the objective of the lick was the diamonds. The recovery of everything else simply turned the lick into one for the record books. Half-shrugging, he entered the house, mulling over the source’s estimate of the diamonds. *A million plus, huh?* According to those calculations, after an even split and hitting Erin and Aubrey, the anticipated payday would be close to $425,000.

With the truck unloaded, Edward disregarded everything as he tackled the task of scrutinizing the stones. Under his magnified glass, the loose stones under his care were of the best quality. They were in a class by themselves: flawless with no inclusions or blemishes. That easily increased his cut from a little under a half a million to a little over $600,000. The realization of those numbers caused his hand to itch. They itched so much, he looked to get an accurate count on the money in the duffel bag.

The money counter dinged several minutes later. Once jotting down the last total from each bundle, he had to scratch both palms. The grand total tipped the scale at $675,000. Stunned, it was evident this lick was a true blessing.

“I’ll be damn,” he muttered, separating his portion from the rest. Still astonished, he slid Adam’s cut across the table when his phone vibrated on his hip. It was Erin.

“Meet us at the Metro link in Fairview Heights,” she instructed.

“Everything good?” he asked, wanting to make sure they got away safe.

“We good. Just hurry up!” she spat.

Edward looked to Adam. “They at the Fairview Metro link.”

Adam nodded then bounced.

Once Adam was gone, Edward literally admired the amount of money he would have for himself. The grand total of $900,000 sent shivers through him. This one lick alone almost made him an instant millionaire. He clapped his hands and smiled heartily.

“When I add this to my stash, I’m a be good for a minute.” He reclined, clasping his hands over his stomach. *A millionaire?* He chuckled. “That’s a term I can get used to.” He thought about it some more. “Yeah, that’s what it is. I’m a muthafucking millionaire!”

Chapter TWO

“Reynolds, out of 1B. You have a visit!” the visiting room correctional officer announced over the institutional PA system.

Eric Reynolds - a cocky, brown-skin brother hurried to his prison cell to check his appearance in the aluminum mirror. Leaning in, he smoothly ran his hand over his bald, peanut head until it moved down to his full shadow beard. Liking his appearance, he quickly dressed, exited his cell, and headed to the officer’s station.

Knocking on the open officer’s door, he peeked his head inside. “CO, I have a visit.”

The white female officer raised her head from the computer screen and said, “Go ahead, Reynolds. The door is open.” She subsequently reached for her radio to advise the compound officers that she had an inmate coming from her unit heading to the visiting room.

Eric navigated the chairs set up in front of the numerous televisions as he beelined to the front door. As he climbed the short set of steps, he reflected upon the last time he remembered seeing his youngest set of kids. Thinking about it, it had been some time since he last seen his twins, and he had to admit, he really missed them. Exiting the unit, he had good reason to feel that way. Notwithstanding the obvious, it really touched him to know that they would be heading off to college in a few weeks. Shaking his head, that would be another milestone he would miss.

Brushing off that reality, he rounded the sidewalk, nonchalantly strolling up to the visiting room door. Knocking loudly, he checked himself out one last time in the tinted windows of the warden’s office. His creased khaki pants laid perfectly over his black Timberlands. His shirt hugged his chest and arms the way they should, and his head was shining like new money. He was loving what he saw.

The visiting room door was unlocked and a correctional officer pushed the door open.

Eric brushed by the male officer.

“Take everything off and sit it on the table,” the officer ordered, locking the door and rounding the small wooden table. “Where’s your ID?” he asked, taking a seat in front of the computer.

Eric placed his ID on the table and commenced to stripping to his birthday suit. Once fully nude, he raised his arms, turned around, lifted his feet, then squatted and coughed.

The officer hadn’t seen enough. “Squat and COUGH!” he demanded.

Adhering to the request, Eric squatted, pulled his cheeks apart and coughed, not once but twice.

“Now you can dress.”

Eric dressed, tucked his shirt in, grabbed his ID, and strutted out of the strip room. In the visiting room, he done a thorough scan of the entire room. Spotting his kids, he approached the visiting room desk to hand the officer his ID. Before he could turn around good enough, Erin was there to engulf him in a warm, welcoming hug.

“Hey, daddy!” she cooed.

Eric inhaled proudly. The simple act of holding his child increased his longing to get his twenty-year sentence over with. Being away for that long elevated his yearning to be in his kids’ lives. It didn’t matter that they would be living lives of their own. He would always be their father and upon his release he looked to catch up on lost time. That’s something he continuously thought about during his absence. As a man, he still had to step up and be the father he hadn’t been able to be during their childhood.

When catching his FED case while they were babies, he missed out on everything. That was a fact he had to face. There was no getting that back. In the interim, he had to give credit to their mother for the great job she had done raising them. Even with them not being a couple, she never allowed that to change the fact that they needed to have a great co—parenting relationship. Not once did she attempt to use his kids against him nor did she allow another man to dictate how she dealt with him.

He had the upmost respect for her because of that. If she had lived long enough, he would have given her anything she asked for regardless of her needing it or not.

That brought his thoughts to his new wife. She wasn’t a short stopper by a long shot. From day one, she held him down. Like a good wife, she played a major role in his kids’ lives, and that meant a lot to him. When they met ten years ago, that was what originally attracted him to her. Taking that and applying her other great attributes, it was a no-brainer for them to fall in-love and marry soon after.

Once making it official, the benefits of having her by his side made his time a little less stressful compared to the others he had seen. One thing he could say, he hadn’t seen a bad day in the joint, and he didn’t expect the rest of his time to attract such acts.

He released Erin to momentarily gaze into her eyes. Shaking his head, she was the splitting image of him. She reminded him so much of himself it was ridiculous. From the way she carried herself to the way she got things done, she was him. And it didn’t stop there. Her temper and attitude problem derived from him, and for the opposition, that wasn’t a good thing.

Her twin brother was a totally different story. Eric didn’t know what to say about him. Aaron was truly unusual. On the surface, he didn’t resemble anything birthed from the Reynolds mold. Had they not been twins, he would have accused his first wife of cheating on him. However, if his first wife had all the characteristics of a woman, Aaron picked up on every one of those traits.

Erin snapped her fingers, interrupting Eric’s inner thoughts. Guiding him to the area where Aaron was, they sat and she laid her hand on his arm. She had something to tell him. Knowing this, he leaned in to hear her out.

“Pop, we hit a lick last week. For my participation, Edward hit me with close to eight-hundred pounds of fruit, sixty bricks of soft and some stacks. I was thinking about giving your son some bricks while I fucked with the weed. What you think?”

Eric digested the question. The father in him wanted them to refrain from indulging in that lifestyle; but, the hustler in him wanted them to go for what they knew. Battling internally, he wished they would hold off until his release so he could oversee the entire operation. Weighing his options, it didn’t matter how he wanted it to play out. These were his kids so he would have to let them be the hustlers they were and get that money. A gift that rare wouldn’t drop in their laps that often.

Instead of holding her back, he would permit her to do her; however, he would need to drop the rules of the game on them. He surely couldn’t let them enter the game without being fully aware of how to play it.

He looked Erin directly in her eyes, and said, “I think you should do you. You just need to know the rules that apply in the streets and for this family.”

The twins were all ears.

Eric considered Aaron’s face. “The first rule: snitching is never accepted or allowed in this family. If you snitch, you’re pretty much dead to me until I can get my hands on you to make it official.” He paused, looking between them to make sure they understood. “The second rule is there is no rules. It’s a dog-eat-dog world. The only way to survive is to establish a vulture’s bond. You have to always have one another’s back, no matter what.”

Erin nodded in agreement. Aaron’s eyes dropped to his shoes.

Eric eyed Erin. “Keep your enemies close but your friends closer. Never hesitate to handle a situation. Letting it linger will eventually bite you in the ass. Please don’t forget to keep your eyes and ears open always. People will test you. Don’t be afraid to ace every test thrown at you. Most importantly, learn the law.”

Taking a breather, he could see his daughter soaking up the lesson. His son, however, had become preoccupied with the chicks walking around the visiting room.

Eric snapped his fingers to get Aaron’s attention. “Aaron, listen. This is important. To catch a FED case, you need to have 500 grams of cocaine. That doesn’t mean you can’t get catch a case with less. If that happens, be prepared for a list of people to tell on you. Haters will come regardless. You can’t stop that. What you can stop is partaking in any kind of conspiracies. Don’t make any agreements. Keep your clientele small and your packages smaller. Sell nothing over an eight ball and stay away from crack.”

“Crack?” Erin asked.

Eric faced her. “Crack is cocaine base. Cocaine base is in every form of cocaine. They only call it crack because of the sizzling noise it makes when its smoked and the addition of baking soda. I’m a tell you now, they knocking heads off for the shit.”

“What’s the difference?” Aaron asked. 

Eric quickly formed an answer. “The difference is the amount of time given according to the sentencing disparity. It was previously 100—to—1 prior to being changed to 28—to—1. For real, the ratio should be 1—to—1 because it’s all the same. But the main difference is the amount of work you need to get caught with to get the same time. With powder, you need 500 grams compared to 28 grams of hard to get a mandatory five—year sentence.

Aaron, nodding, soaked it up.

Erin was also very intrigued by the things her father quoted. As she listened, she understood what would be smart and what would not. Locking it in, she excused herself to tinkle.

Eric homed in on Aaron, figuring he needed the most schooling. “One more thing, Aaron. DO NOT MIX business with pleasure or keep a gun where you keep your work, they’ll bust your shit talking about you protecting the dope with the gun. But remember this, they’ll always need additional testimony to find you guilty of a 924(c). Just don’t be naive to think they can’t find someone willing to get on that stand for them. I’m a living testament of that.”

Erin returned from the restroom at approximately the same time the guard flicked the visiting room lights, signaling that visitation hours was over.

Eric stood and pulled Aaron in for a hug. “The last thing I need to tell you, son. Don’t fall victim to playing with your nose. That’s a road you don’t want to venture down. It’ll derail you and destroy everything around you.”

Aaron nodded understandably.

Eric turned to Erin, grabbed a hold of her and inhaled her scent. *Damn, I can’t wait for the next six months to be behind me,* he told himself. That short amount of time coerced him to pull her closer.

“This chapter is coming to an end, baby girl. We’ll be a whole again shortly. In the meantime, be careful on that campus,” he advised.

She looked up at him with her little girl eyes. “I will, daddy!” She went to pull away.

He pulled her back to him. “I know you will. It’s not you I’m worried about. It’s your brother.” He watched the officer scan the visiting room. “It’ll be best to bird feed him. We don’t want him getting in too far over his head.”

Erin absorbed her father’s serious expression.

He glared down at her. “And if he has a problem with that, cut his ass off. You hear me?”

“Yep. LOUD and CLEAR!”

Chapter THREE

The weekend before Erin would start her first college semester came quicker than expected. It approached so quickly she hadn’t been able to fully process that she would be residing in a co-ed dormitory. That would be different than staying in a house with her brothers. With them, she knew who to trust and who had her back. When staying with a stranger, she would have to construct another wall as a barrier. She wouldn’t let that diminish her excitement of moving in to kick off her college experience. It heightened it.

Thinking passed the personal experience of it, the move would set off a new chapter in her life and at all costs, she wanted to make the most of it. Starting off on a good foot was her first intention. This had been a long time coming.

Prior to stepping on campus, she’d concocted a plan and set several attainable goals for herself. With her background, it wouldn’t be hard to soar to the next level. A set of airtight morals and values were instilled in her as a child. Conducting herself properly wasn’t the issue. What turned her on the most was the large number of people roaming the campus and the potential bankroll she could make. Then again, she expected the money to come. That was inevitable. Once she made her formal introduction, the rest would be history.

Driving on campus, she admired the tranquility of it, and surmised, *this is gonna be one hell of an experience.* The openness of the massive land implored the notion that the presentation of prosperity could present itself in so many forms. That was an idea she liked despite not intending on coming to college to do anything else other than obtain a college education.

That was prior to a portion of a lick being given to her.

That lick systematically catapulted her into a money-making schemer, and as she navigated the campus, she seen the university grounds as her field of dreams. *Yep, this will be my playing field. I just hope they’ve been practicing.*

Chuckling, she turned onto a short road that would take her to Prairie Hall, the dorm she would reside in. Parking in front of the dorm, she strutted across the parking lot and into the dorm to see what was what. Forgetting to swipe her school ID at the front desk, the blonde front desk clerk jumped up and rounded the desk to stop her.

“Excuse me!” the clerk shouted. “You have to swipe your ID. You can’t just walk by the desk without swiping your ID,” she explained.

Erin whipped out her ID, stomped over to the desk, and swiped her ID. The card machine chimed a successful swipe. Erin rolled her eyes and smirked. “You happy now?” Without waiting for a response, she hightailed it towards the staircase.

“Erin!” someone screamed from the second level above. It was her roommate, Markia. Leaning over the rail, Markia had to hold her arms over her chest to keep her breasts from spilling out of her spaghetti V-neck top. “What you about to do?”

Erin headed up the steps. “I don’t know. Why, what’s up?”

Markia peered over her shoulder to her two friends. “We’re heading over to the Alpha’s house for their pre-school house party. You going?”

Erin seen no reason why she shouldn’t. Nodding, she pulled out her phone to call Aaron. “Let me see if my brother wants to go. I need to get a full view of the campus anyway,” she mumbled, climbing another set of steps.

Finishing the call, he was down to ride, and she agreed to meet him in the parking lot of the dorm. Pocketing her phone, she rushed upstairs to freshen up and grab a couple bags of weed. By the time she finished, Aaron was outside waiting on her. Hopping into his Charcoal Grey Cadillac Escalade, he pulled off, navigated the campus, and turned into the parking lot of the Alpha house. The parking lot was full.

“I need to find a parking spot,” he muttered, looking out the rear window.

Erin spotted an empty area near a fire hydrate. “Park right there,” she suggested, pointing in that direction.

Doing so, the two of them hopped out, and quickly joined a group of freshmen entering the house. They’d come to mingle so it was imperative to get inside to see what this pre-school party consisted of.

After making one round around the house, they realized this wasn’t their kind of crowd. The fraternity brothers and sorority sisters appeared too uppity, like their shit didn’t stink. That rubbed Erin the wrong way, and the vibe she picked up pissed her off.

Walking through one last time, they opted to leave instead of stomaching the side stares. Outside, Erin sniffed the aroma of a freshly burnt stick of weed. Following the scent, she found a car full of chicks blowing heavy with the sunroof cracked. On her way, she dug in her pocket and cuffed two sacks. At the driver’s side window, she held up the product.

The driver glared up at Erin as if she was crazy; but, her curiosity and the presentation of the sacks persuaded her to roll down the window.

Erin cracked a smile. “I hate to interrupt your session but by the smell of your party I have something you need to sample.” She slid the driver the two sacks. “Whenever you need that good, give me a call.” She left the driver with her cell phone number then walked off.

Gliding away, she felt good about the interaction. She subliminally brushed off her shoulders and couldn’t shake the smile plastered on her face. She understood that move was the first gigantic step for her rise to the top.

Once she climbed into Aaron’s truck, he seen the excitement written over her face. “We good?”

She bobbed her head. “Most definitely!” She exclaimed,  taking one last look at the chicks as he drove off.

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The next day school officially started and immediately, the twins fell into their respective circles. Overnight, word had rapidly traveled around campus regarding Erin’s fat sack of fire weed. The chatter heightened the desire of the true smokers to chase her down for a sample or to outright cop a sack or two. And that’s exactly how it played out.

Erin subsequently received multiple calls about the fruit she possessed from all walks of life.

To say things began to move rather quickly would have been an understatement. Within a few days’ time, she promptly established herself in her hustle. Without trying, she clutched her dorm in the palm of her hand. The sophomore dorm, Woodland Hall, came right behind it. Thinking even bigger, she sought to branch out. That wouldn’t take much time. Smokers from the Tower Lake Apartments on campus, along with those from town, began coming her way to cop. The way she established herself gave off the impression that the overall campus and the town itself was unclaimed turf for the taking. At that time, she had no knowledge of anyone occupying the weed trade so it had to be hers and hers alone.

Except, there was someone on campus doing their thing and they weren’t feeling the dent being felt in their pockets. The way Erin showed up and set up shop without consulting them made them feel a certain way. To them, her boldness was a deliberate move to step on their toes. Where they were from, when someone stepped on their toes, that kind of disrespect had to be addressed.

After a brief investigation, the small crew from Chicago - consisting of Sunny, Amp, and Timmy - caught wind of who Erin was and where she could be found. Upon locating her, the fact that she was a female made matters worse. That lead Sunny - the unspoken leader of the crew - to assume he could breathe on her to get her to comply to his demands. He figured it wouldn’t be that hard to get her out the way.

Riding down on her, Sunny jumped out of his Charger upon spotting her headed towards the dorm’s entrance. “Hey shorty!” he screamed. “Let me holla for a sec.”

Erin pivoted towards Sunny and his three friends. “What’s up, playboy?” she asked, checking out the only female with them. “What can I do for you?”

“Show some decency with how you getting money around here. You taking money out my pocket,” he explained, puffing out his chest at the same time.

She was flabbergasted. How was she supposed to respond to that? On alert now, she examined those with him. She didn’t sense any immediate danger. Shrugging, she bit the rim of her lip and addressed him in the only manner she knew how.

“I think you have me confused. I haven’t taken shit from your pockets, boo. If you ask me, you need to find someone else to run your problems by. I’m not a therapist!”

He couldn’t believe how disrespectful she was. Who was she talking to? She couldn’t have a clue to who he was. He stepped closer.

“Shorty, you stepping on toes. That shit got to stop. Shut down shop or cut back on them sacks. You fucking the game up for real.”

She laughed outright in his face. “I can’t believe this cat,” she mumbled under her breath. He surely had her confused with someone else. “What’s your name, boo?” she asked, politely.

“Sunny!” he snapped, his voice full of pride.

She smirked. “Okay, Sunny. What I’m seeing is that you need to step your game up or find something else to do. I don’t give a fuck how you feel about me doing ME. That’s what I do. I do ME!” she enlightened, leaning forward and pointing at herself.

Sunny turned to his girl. “You think this shit a game,” he stuttered, nodding in Erin’s direction. “Ain’t no downplaying this shit.”

Brenda - a thick-framed dark-skinned chick two inches taller than Erin - stepped from behind Sunny while putting her hair in a ponytail.

Erin, in her shortness, didn’t panic. She patiently waited Brenda out.

Brenda moved briskly as she closed in on the bitch who disrespected her man. Erin, moving her eyes from side-to-side, waited for the opening she desired. Finding it, she took full advantage of it by sticking Brenda with a sharp jab and stiff left. The left landed flush to Brenda’s jaw, stunning her. In retaliation, Brenda swung wildly, too wildly. Erin easily side-stepped the wayward blows and inched in closer for the kill.

Ducking another wild left, Erin slipped into Brenda’s personal space, and stuck her with a haymaker across the chin. The right sent Brenda to the pavement. Wanting to appear unfazed, Brenda bounced off the ground holding her jaw. The simple act of touching it informed her that it was out of place. She tried moving it. A terrible pain shot through her face. Erin had broken her jaw. Pissed about that, she longed to do Erin in. Whereas, the fighting spirit had been snatched from her.

On the sideline, Sunny was astonished by Erin’s fighting ability. To witness hands getting put on his broad like that upset him. His wounded pride wanted to step in to help his girl. But he couldn’t. With a crowd forming, the attention was growing too substantially. To minimize the attention factor, he backed off defeated with Brenda and his crew in tow.

That left all eyes on Erin. That attention didn’t faze her. She was used to it. She’d been fighting all her life, and this battle was similar to the rest. One thought they could try her and succeed. The revelation of their mistake rendered their defeat unrepairable, and that usually lead to other incidents.

Letting it roll off her shoulders, she split the crowd, and casually walked towards the dorm as if nothing happened. This was another day at the office for her.

As she entered the dorm, Sunny palmed his steering wheel with one hand while shooting venomous darts in her back. *She will have to pay for this*, he admitted to himself. He couldn’t let Brenda taking that ass whooping stand. The event tarnished his pride and muddled his name. It was only right to make it right.

He glanced over at Brenda, trying to assess the damage. From the side, her face was distorted. That presentation infuriated him so much he gripped the steering wheel as tightly as he could. He had to get out of there. The longer he stuck around, the more he would want to put hands on Erin.

*Got damn-it!!* What should have been a smooth bump turned into some bullshit. Driving down the hill, he checked out Brenda again. *Now I got to get her sisters down here to handle this shit.*

He made a left at the stop sign, and shook his head. “If things could have turned out differently,” he whispered, thinking about his next course of action.

“Yo, Amp,” he said, looking into his rearview mirror. “Call Brenda’s sisters. This little bitch thinks she wild 100s.” He looked over at Brenda. “This bitch ain’t seen wild 100s.”

Chapter FOUR

Aaron reclined behind the steering wheel of his Escalade while sitting in the parking lot of the Shenanigan’s Bar and Grille. The after-hours spot was cracking for a Tuesday night. Usually, Shenanigan’s was a dimly lit restaurant many frequented for lunch or a low-key dinner date. Tonight, the diverse crowd of college students entering the establishment revealed that more would be served than a plate full of food.

Seeing the potential customers congregating in one location, Aaron checked his supply. Shaking two Newport cigarette boxes, both were filled to capacity. Pocketing them, he clambered from the truck, and nonchalantly strolled up to the entrance.

At the door, the restaurant disclosed an open floor plan that was filled from wall to wall. The mixture of races mingling, dancing and laughing with one another highlighted the fun a young group of kids were prong to have.

At 18, Aaron hadn’t been known to get out and enjoy himself like this. Feeling free, he strutted his slim frame through the small crowd at the door to inhale the fruity drinks being consumed and the sweat from the dancers grinding upon one another.

Near the steps to the lower level, he wandered pass a few of his newly acquainted friends. Shaking hands with the guys and softly hugging the females, he mulled over how quickly he acquired these friends. Patting his pocket, the Newport boxes provided the overall reason for his popularity. Prior to becoming a coke dealer, he was merely another brown-skinned guy attending SIUE - Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville. That all changed once he met that one person who loved the nose candy.

Descending the steps, he took in the crowd once more.

Locating a bar in the center of it all, he parted the crowd. Under the circumstances, he could use a drink. Halfway to the bar, someone slightly tugged on his arm. Turning into the pull, he gazed into the face of one of his favorite people to date: a rich, white girl name Cindy. As his best customer, she pulled him down to her shortness. Puller her closer to him, he wrapped his arms around her waist and looked her in the eyes. The look she returned expressed that she might have a thing for him.

She pulled his head down to hers. “I have someone I want you to meet,” she shouted, pointing over to a table of white girls.

Cindy - a slim built eighteen-year-old with blonde hair - didn’t wait for his response. She jerked at his hand, guided him over to the table, and gestured for him to sit next to her friend, Susanne. Once he sat down, she sat on his lap. Susanne - a pretty, white girl with soft features - eyed Aaron selectively.

Cindy, eyeing her friend, leaned back and pointed at her. “That’s who I want you to meet,” she declared, purposely making her lips touch his ear.

Aaron leaned forward to extend his hand to Susanne. She looked at it before grabbing it. Within his baby soft hands, her hands were much softer and smaller. But that wasn’t what held his attention. It was the feeling swelling inside that he didn’t want to let her go. Gazing into her eyes, she maintained a look that held his attention even longer. There was something about her gray eyes that sparkled brightly in the dimly lit restaurant.

Susanne let the hold linger a little longer before she stood and pulled Aaron to his feet.

Cindy, stumbling to her feet, yelled as the two made their get-a-way. “Damn, Susanne! You gone take him from me like that?”

Susanne grinned over her shoulder, biting the corner of her lip. “We’ll be right back,” she screamed, not knowing if Cindy could hear her or not. At that point, it didn’t matter. She tugged on Aaron’s arm until they were outside. “Where are you parked?”

He hit the keyless entry button for his Cadillac. She slipped her hand within his and proceeded to the truck. When he attempted to break free, she tightened her grip while guiding him to the driver’s side. Like a gentleman, he opened the door for her. Before she pried her hand away, she gave him a look of uncertainty.

“What?” he asked, curious about the look.

She turned away from him, climbed into the truck, and placed her behind in his face. He licked his lips, admiring the way her cheeks spread. Halfway over the center console, she peeked over her shoulder. She knew she had him where she wanted him.

“Are you gonna get in?” she asked, placing her rear in the passenger seat.

“Um, yeah,” he stammered, climbing in and closing the door.

She rested her left arm on the center console. “I’ve heard a lot about you,” she began. “Well, I should have said I’ve heard a lot about the good coke you have. The girls are going crazy over it,” she explained, allowing a sugary smirk to smooth her face.

Aaron, ignorant to what she spoke of, simply went with the flow. “You trying to cop something?”

“Am I?” she asked, rhetorically, feeling that was a stupid question. “DO you have some on you?”

He went into his pocket. “What you trying to get?”

“A quarter ounce!” she voiced, adamantly.

He looked at her sideways. “I don’t sell it like that. I only have grams. What you got to spend?”

She came out of her pocket with two-hundred-and-fifty dollars, and handed it to him.

He counted it in her face. Satisfied with the amount, he dumped six individually wrapped grams of cocaine in his hand.

She anxiously snatched them and just stared at them. She was amazed; her eyes had grown larger than two silver dollars. He had truly blessed her. She mouthed, “Thank you!” as she reached into her back pocket for her State ID.

“Don’t you want to go back inside and do that?” he asked, not wanting her to drop a crumb inside his truck.

She played as if she hadn’t heard him. Untying the extra baggie, she scooped a small pile of cocaine onto the edge of the ID, eased it to her nose, and briskly tooted it up her nostril. Out of courtesy, she offered him some. Waving his hand, he kindly refused.

Thrilled to have more to herself, she snorted another small pile. Flicking at the tip of her nose, the feeling of the drug amped her up. “Let’s go back inside,” she insisted, leaping from the passenger’s side.

On their way back in, Susanne became super friendly, acting as if she wanted to fuck. Sensing the change, he paid it no mind. He chalked it up to her being high. As they arrived at the table, she pushed him into the first empty seat then flopped down on his lap.

“Where you two go?” Cindy questioned, appearing from thin air.

Aaron instantly picked up on how she was acting. Her body language disclosed that she’d been somewhere playing with her nose as well. That disgusted him. When initially being invited to the bar, he hadn’t expected to be around so many powder heads. His being there was making him uncomfortable. Looking around, it was evident that this wasn’t his crowd. Considering he didn’t play with his nose, he felt left out.

Susanne rested against his chest, positioned her nose on his neck, and puckered her lips to kiss him twice. She was enjoying her high. She was enjoying it so much, she left a trail from her slimy tongue up to his ear. The feeling of it gave him the chills. Unconsciously, he tilted his head towards her.

She nibbled his ear. “Aaron, I want to fuck you,” she purred, outright sucking on his ear.

Those words aroused him, causing his stick to poke her backside. Feeling the prick, she moaned seductively. That turned her on even more. Grinding on him, she snapped her fingers at Cindy, grabbed the front of her shirt, and whispered something in her ear.

Cindy turned to Aaron. “I’m down!” she shrieked, winking at them both.

Susanne ground her small behind on Aaron’s third leg, eager to feel him inside of her. Cindy, after downing the last of her drink, longed to get out of there herself. She was so antsy, she pulled Aaron’s arm, almost flinging Susanne off him.

Laughing at the ladies, Aaron tucked them both under his arms as they headed to the front door. The thought of walking out with two women on his arm made him feel like a king. Full of pride, he boldly held his head high as they marched to his truck.

Susanne’s mind was made up. She wasn’t waiting for the Cadillac doors to close. She wasted no time going into attack mode. Yanking at Aaron’s belt buckle, she wanted to feel his sausage in her mouth. Thrown off a bit, Aaron fought her off. Somewhat rejected, she couldn’t let it be known. Instead of fretting over it, she climbed into the backseat to have a little fun with Cindy.

Within seconds, they were undressing one another and making slurping noises as they kissed. Cindy, the more aggressive one, stripped Susanne of everything while biting her neck. Susanne, pushing Cindy off her, pinched and sucked on Cindy’s pink, pointy nipples. Cindy moaned passionately, calling out for Susanne to bite her.

From the front seat, the action tortured Aaron. Hurrying home, he whipped into the first available parking spot. Throwing the truck in park, he observed the ladies having fun through the rearview mirror. They were going at it. Where he hated to interrupt, he had to. He had to get them back focused on him.

“Ladies, WE’RE HERE!” he yelled. “Let’s go!!”

The horny ladies happily obliged. Half-ass putting their clothes on, they simply gave up. Rather, they ran across the grass, letting whatever piece they couldn’t hold onto fall from them like a leaf from a tree. They didn’t seem to care. All they could think about was devouring Aaron’s meat. And that’s exactly what they done.

From the moment they stepped foot inside his apartment, their hungriness displayed itself. Cindy, in one swift motion, dropped her panties to the floor, fell to her knees, and proceeded to go low on Aaron. Susanne, with her eye on Aaron’s lips, grabbed his face and kissed him. He could faintly taste Cindy’s love juices.

“Let’s get this shirt off you,” Susanne suggested, catching Cindy working on his pants.

Susanne pulled the shirt over his head, tossed it on the floor, then went in for another kiss. For a good minute, the two enjoyed a game of tongue war. When one figured they were getting the better of the other, the tables were turned.

Down below, nothing Susanne and Aaron done mattered. Cindy had everything she wanted in her hand. With the release of Aaron’s firm nightstick, she jerked violently. Spitting on it, she rubbed a good portion of her saliva into it. “I’m gonna give you some of the best head ever.” Spitting on him again, she downed half of him. Her slurping called for Susanne to join her. Cindy unselfishly made room for her friend.

Aaron, a new member to this club, was in head heaven. The two wet tongues on his sword threw his head back into the wall. Palming both of their heads, this milestone of receiving fellatio from two girls would go down in the record books. This was the life he could get used to. Yet, the reality of it demonstrated his inability to withstand all the attention. The two tongues going strong forced him to plead with the open door for help. That would do him no good. He was stuck to suffer the bomb head until his last option was to bust shots in the air. And that time was nearing sooner than he expected.

While he wasn’t ready, the ladies were certainly up for the challenge. They were overly prepared to gobble him up and swallow everything he had to offer. Aaron, unable to maintain the strength in his legs, gripped the back of their heads simultaneously. That drove them mad. So crazy, they found themselves fighting over the last drop of semen before it even arrived.

The tenderness of Aaron’s erection quivered his knees. Grateful for the wall holding him up, he strenuously fought to get his sword away from the meat-loving coke heads. But they wouldn’t let him. He had something they wanted, and they would not be denied.

Cindy was the first to taste his pre-cum. That sample ramped up her taste buds for an extra-large protein shake. Next to her, Susanne accidently ran her tongue over Aaron’s dick and inserted the tip inside of Cindy’s mouth. It was then that she sipped the remnants of his seed; thus, heightening her desire to get her fair share. Only then did their competitive nature elevate to who could get their love cup filled the most.

Cindy stroked Aaron, daring him to give her the first shot. Susanne, not the one to be outdone, elbowed Cindy in the side, forcing him to plop from her mouth. Cindy wouldn’t concern herself with Susanne’s underhanded tactic. Nothing would derail her from accomplishing what she set out to do. Giving Susanne the better position, she continued to stroke him. Watching his nut sack, it drew closer to his body. Knowing the time was near, she stopped stroking him, slid her tongue up his length, and just when she expected him to bust, she snatched him from Susanne’s mouth, allowing him to shower her with his seed.

Susanne, squirming to get her face smeared, rubbed her face on Cindy’s but the damage had been done.

Cindy swallowed her fair share and licked her lips. Satisfied with her portion, she rose to her feet and crossed the living room to close the door.

Susanne, on the other hand, wouldn’t let Cindy’s advantage get the best of her. She stood, wrapped her arms around Aaron’s neck and kissed him in the mouth.

“Now,” she smiled, “she can swallow all your nut. I don’t care about that. I want to feel you inside of me.” She kissed him again. “And don’t worry about pulling out. I want to feel you nutting in me.”

Chapter FIVE

Driving around campus, Adam admired the layout of the growing institution. Over the years, the school had gone through a major overhaul, the attendance had increased substantially, and the quality of life had risen to an all-time high.

None of that concerned Adam. The ruling thought funneling his mind pertained to how many of the freaky college girls he could stick. He’d heard, from a variety of sources, about how so many young females headed off to college as good girls and turned into cold-stone freaks upon their arrival. According to the stories, many of the soon-to-be freaks had been sheltered by protective parents so once breaking those reins, it was fair game for anyone willing to get it in. It was of vital importance that he found out for himself.

With the sun beaming brightly on the September morning, Adam cruised into the Tower Lake Apartment complex on campus to see if he could pull a willing participant for an afternoon sexual escapade. Driving slowly through the apartment complex, he ventured to the right and spotted a bus stop full of potentials to his left. Heading that way, he stopped in front of the bus stop, opened the sunroof of his midnight blue Range Rover Sport HSE, and turned up the volume on his Alpine head unit. The three 12” JL Audios bumped the bass line to Jaheim’s “Ghetto Love” as the highs bellowed his words. While the stereo system serenaded the ears listening, the wet candy paint glistened from the sun rays and the 26” Giovanna Luxury wheels flickered just the same.

Every chick on the bus stop checked Adam out. There was no hiding it. They were more than interested. Their body language said that much. Still, none of them wished to appear too thirsty by gawking too hard. Each of them could see him eyeing them. The light tint on the truck’s windows barely hid his intentions.

Adam wasn’t tripping. He’d been here before. With a small group to choose from, he figured he could ride off with one of them before it was all said and done.

Lowering R. Kelly “Etcetera,” he rolled down the passenger window to address the cuties holding their backpacks and/or talking on their cell phones.

“One of y’all need a ride to class?” he asked, not caring who jumped at the invitation.

No one responded. He asked again. Still nothing. He spotted one chick checking her watch. That move alone informed him that he had one.

“What about you, lil momma?” he asked, able to get her attention with his deep voice. “You late for something?”

The chick - a thick, light-skinned female with micro braids - looked around as if he hadn’t been talking to her.

“Yeah, I’m talking to you,” he countered loudly. “You need a ride.”

She looked at the other girls. “Yeah,” she hesitated. “I guess I could use one.”

Adam popped the locks. “Get in then!” he insisted, glancing in his rearview mirror to see a Madison County Transit bus heading his way. As his new friend climbed in, he peeked over in the nick of time to see how curvaceous she was. Out of courtesy, he extended his right hand. “I’m Adam. What’s yours?”

“Cassidy,” she smiled, placing her small hand into his.

He gave it a gentle squeeze. “Nice to meet you, Cassidy. Do you have a class to get to?”

She shook her head. “Not really. I was just going to the library to do some studying.”

“Is that where you want me to take you?” he asked, hoping she may have had a change of mind. He seen some places he would like to travel himself.

She had a question of her own. “Where you going?” she asked, chewing the corner of her lip.

The question excited him. “I’m going wherever you want us to go.”

She giggled, and sat her bag between her feet. “I’m riding with you then.”

“Say no more.” He palmed the steering wheel to the left. “I know just the place for us,” he recited, nodding his head. *This’ll be the perfect time to christen Aaron’s new bedroom set.*

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Aaron rushed into his apartment, dropped his backpack at the door, and headed directly to the couch to pull out a wad of money. This was the most money he had ever made before in his life. Over the years, he’d had the luxury of being given large sums of money but he had never experienced making this kind of money for himself.

With Susanne coming into his life, she’d helped his drug dealing business flourish rather nicely. She was more than a low-down nasty freak in the sheets. She was the one who introduced him to a host of her friends who provided the connections he needed to make more money than he’d ever seen in his life. The time he’d spent with her proved that she was a great addition to his life. He was truly appreciative of her help.

Loving her all the more, he finished counting his money, certainly fancied by the large sum filling his pockets. Sliding the bankroll under the couch’s pillow, he retrieved a small plate from underneath the couch, carefully placing it on the coffee table. Looking around, he dipped his pinkie finger into the tiny pile of cocaine then stuck it in his mouth. His tongue instantly went numb.

Aaron thought of his new boo as he rolled up a dollar bill. Since being introduced to her, a high volume of funds had trickled in but it also allowed him to lose sight of his real priorities. His falling so quickly for her done more than brought them closer as a couple. It literally parked his nose up her behind and introduced him to her extracurricular activity. That wasn’t a good thing. Things had gotten so bad, they rarely spent any time apart. When they did separate for a short time, their reunion was filled with intense lovemaking and heavy cocaine use.

From the very beginning of the cocaine introduction, it changed his life. The interaction had an adverse effect. Right away, it altered him mentally, physically, and emotionally. From the outset, his body was hooked. At that point, a day couldn’t go by without him having to feed his cravings. The drug itself continuously kept him jumping off into the deep end.

Over the course of days which turned into weeks, things only transitioned from bad to worse. Things became so worse, he would find himself going on heavy snorting binges with large quantities of cocaine. He would literally pile grams upon grams on a plate and have his way until it was all gone. During those times, he didn’t care how detrimental it was to his life. In his mind, if he had Susanne and an abundance of cocaine, he was good. For a man in his position, what else would he need.

In retrospect, he couldn’t see how things were beginning to spiral out of control. First it began with him missing a few classes. That inevitably turned into him missing all of them. When he once adhered to a strict rule of not selling drugs from his apartment, he slowly relaxed and started to let people stop by. With that, he began to freely speak of what he done on the phone. He was literally letting the power of the drug overwhelm him. His rational thinking had become so cloudy by the money made, the cocaine going up his nose, and his lustful desire of Susanne that he couldn’t envision himself self-destructing.

The guy standing at 5’ 8” with a slim, muscular build was becoming a man with an all-out problem. It had become that noticeable in his appearance. At the rate he was going, it would only worsen. But it was something he couldn’t see. When he saw himself, he couldn’t see that the fly guy he had been had begun to lose his luster shine. Based on his terms, he had everything under control.

All the same, it didn’t have to be that way. While no one understood the severity of his relationship, the family had always been aware of Aaron’s sucka-for-love ways. He’d always been labeled the softest one out of Eric’s five kids. Tender-dicked, he intentionally wore his heart on his sleeve. That emotional side created the means for him to trust anyone wholeheartedly. That was until he was burnt. Only then would he realize the error of his ways.

His situation with Susanne was no different. Upon meeting her, he’d fallen head-over-heels in lust with her. No one could blame her. Her heavy supply of good loving had his head in the clouds. When she added in an array of regular clients, she positioned herself to be the best woman he needed by his side.

Unlike most dudes, he lacked the drive to get money and progress beyond what was given him. Susanne ultimately provided him with the drive he lacked. Without her friends, he would have continued to move the little pieces and would have been quite content with being small-time.

Since a kid, he had never been completely accepted by his family. As the youngest, he repeatedly sought approval to get recognition. That never made him feel loved. He wanted to believe they loved him; but, he figured that was only because of their blood. Still in all, they viewed him differently regardless of their DNA.

That placed him in a situation where he had to seek acceptance. Needing to feel accepted and loved was what brought him full circle in the drug game. Unsure of what else to do, he accepted the challenge to take the drugs to show his siblings that he could handle anything thrown at him. In the midst of that, dealing drugs permitted him to get the acceptance he desired from those buying the drugs and his family.

Still, he didn’t possess the hustler’s mentality. He was not built for what the hustle called for. He believed his purpose in life was to help those around him, not tear them down. His main reason for going to school surrounded wanting to be a social work or a counselor of some kind.

He couldn’t believe the direction of his life. In between thoughts, he dabbed his nose with some water. Letting his fingers linger, he would have never imagined occupying this position. He was a drug dealer. A drug dealer that distributed powder cocaine to others and had taken up a habit of snorting his own product. This shouldn’t have been what he had to do to feel loved. That thought alone rattled him.

Looking around his place, he took in all he possessed. It was saddening. Everything he owned stemmed from the profits of his drug dealing. Ashamed, he expected his achievements to stream in from different aspects of life. Unhappy with himself, he wished he could have acquired what he had through legal means, and not off the hard work of another.

But the money came fast. That was a fact he couldn’t argue with. It was easy money. Except, he was beginning to face an unsettling dilemma. His primary problem consisted of keeping enough product to powder his nose and sell. Erin was bird feeding him.

Snorting a line, he said, “The problem derives from me wanting to snort more than I sell.”

Throwing his hands in the air, he understood that was part of the game he would have to change. Getting up, he felt something crawling on him. Shaking, he rounded the couch, fearing for his life. Bolting throughout the house, he zoomed from room to room trying to shake the feeling. Stopping, his mind looped an irritating sound at the base of his ear. Unable to shake it, he panicked. Running and tripping over himself, he entered his bedroom to find Susanne sound asleep. He stared her down in an attempt to determine if it was her making the noise.

Finding it wasn’t, he closed the door; except, his mind continued playing with him.

Returning to the couch, the noise intensified. Snapping his head from side-to-side, his eyes rested upon the plate sitting before him. Slouching his head, the noise grew louder and louder. Fiending for a hit, he picked up the dollar bill, and slid it into the pile of cocaine.

Inhaling heavily, the noises he once heard faintly faded as the cocaine infiltrated his system. Leaning back, he closed his eyes and abruptly drifted into a cocaine induced state. *Damn, I love this feeling,* he admitted.

Raising his arm, he felt everything moving in slow motion. Watching himself close his hand, it seemed as if he held the world in it. With that kind of power, he saw himself as the savior of life.

“Yeah, I know I have that kind of power,” he mumbled, feeling the power travel through his body.

However, as he licked his lips, he realized the first life he would have to save would be his own.

Chapter SIX

Erin cruised around the city of Edwardsville when she realized she hadn’t talked to her twin in some time. That wasn’t out of the ordinary but under the current circumstances, it appeared odd. It had been weeks now that she thought about it. Reflecting some more, she couldn’t recall the last time she’d seen him. That was unheard of. She assumed that if she hadn’t seen him, the possibility was high that he hadn’t been attending his classes. At the very least, she should have seen him in passing.

*After I make this last stop, I have to stop by his spot to see what’s up,* she told herself.

Him missing classes wouldn’t fly. Their main objective for seeking a higher education was so they could make something of themselves. Life wouldn’t always be about pulling licks and living off the rewards. In all honesty, none of them wanted to end up like their father.

On the flip side, the word floating around campus highlighted Aaron doing his thing. That made her smile. For once in his life he was finally putting forth the effort to make something happen for himself. For so long, he acted like a spoiled kid, held his hand out and looked for someone to take care of him. That attitude had always hindered him for the better part of his life. To hear he was doing good made her proud of him.

Everyone expected him to fall flat on his face. He didn’t have the best track record; however, he intended to show them he could do more than hold out his hand. Aside from that, his soft personality and trustfulness was an issue. The idea of him being a sucker for love didn’t outright bother her so much as it did the others. Him having a female to latch onto could keep him grounded. But his weak characteristics could possibly derail him, and if he wasn’t careful, that possible path of destruction could easily bring all of them down with him.

In that moment, she comprehended the exact reason why her father suggested she bird feed him. As their father, Eric recognized how Aaron wasn’t like the rest. Aaron’s inability to possess the aggressiveness and deadly admiration of ambition separated him from the others. Everything he’d done surrounded him wanting to be accepted because he lacked the drive to carve out his own lane. That made him a dangerous individual if certain responsibilities fell upon his shoulders.

Turning into Aaron’s parking lot, Erin parked, exited her Tahoe, and stepped to Aaron’s door, knocking loudly. Shifting most of her 135 pounds to one leg, she placed her right hand on her hip. “What is taking him so long?” she asked, contemplating knocking again.

Bouncing her left leg, her patience was running thin. Deciding to employ some patience, she admired her fresh manicure, liking how tastefully they were done.

Not a real stunter, she exhibited a more laid-back style that many thought would keep her under the radar. It was the opposite. Everything she done was heavily scrutinized by those watching her. Where she wouldn’t intentionally show off, she done an outstanding job of grabbing people’s attention when she showed up. That still didn’t explain who she was at her core.

Outside of what people seen, she was a smart, young lady with big goals and dreams. Yes, she had dangerous tendencies and was a great hustler; however, that merely added to the vision she created. She was the person who set her mind on something and would stop at nothing in obtaining it. When she formulated a plan, she homed in on it and accomplished it in the specific amount of time set. If there was anything to ever stand in her way, it would surely have to be herself.

She frowned at the closed door. Tired of waiting, she pounded on the door. Slowly, the door subsequently opened as she visualized the rest of her day in her mind. Aaron, higher than a test pilot, peeked around the ajar door with his jaw twisted. That put her thoughts on pause.

“What the fuck?”she mumbled, seeing the spaced-out look.

He stepped back, pulling the door to him. Entering, she studied his facial expression. His countenance symbolized the error of his ways. Out of habit, she punched him in the mouth before she could think of what she’d done.

“Muthafucka, you over here snorting up Peru!” she snapped, shoving him. “What the fuck is wrong with you?”

Aaron tried to regain his composure. With his cloudy mind, he failed to calculate a comeback. Thinking was hard for him with her pushing him repeatedly in the chest. She pushed him so hard, he tripped over his own feet, and fell on his butt.

The racket from Erin’s temper-tantrum disturbed Susanne’s slumber. She rushed into the living room to find Erin standing over Aaron. Stepping back, she wasn’t a fool when it came to Erin. She knew to stay out of family affairs. Plus, the look in Erin’s eyes expressed a clear and concise elaboration of what lane she should be in.

Erin locked eyes with Susanne, and she instantly charged her.

Aaron, in a feeble attempt to slow her, grabbed at her leg. He had to do something to protect his woman. Erin wasn’t the one to play with. She was a monster with her hands. IF she laid one hand on Susanne, it would get ugly. He didn’t want that. Ducking a wild kick, he clutched Erin’s right leg with all he had. He had to stop her. It wasn’t Susanne’s fault he’d fallen too deeply in-love with the way cocaine made him feel. Sadly enough, it was a feeling he couldn’t shake. For him, the feeling was beyond intoxicating.

Erin stomped her brother in the stomach. The gut shot forced him to let her go. She glared down at him. The aspect of the pain in her eyes informed him that things would never be the same between them.

“Get up!” she demanded, wanting to stomp him into the floor.

Unable to trust her, he kept a close eye on her as he rose. He knew her. She was dangerous and at any moment she would lash out. It didn’t matter that he was a couple inches taller than her. She was known for working around that. She’d been doing it all her life. Not only with him but with dudes on the street. Most females with some sense were scared to death of her unless they had no idea of who she was or what she would do.

Erin grabbed the front of his shirt, pulling him to her. “I need you to listen,” she hissed. “This shit will stop or you’ll be cut off.”She paused, realizing she had a decision to make. “I’m going against everything I believe in to give you another chance. If you fuck me, I’ll make sure you get everything you deserve,” she explained, hoping he turned things around. She let go of his shirt. “How much work you got left?”

He thought about it. “Maybe four ounces.”

She eyed him evilly. “Work that. When you’re done, holla at me. You won’t get shit else until you get your shit together.” She stormed off.

Aaron felt the scorching scold through and through. Basically disowned, his desire to be accepted forced him to make the choice to stop snorting. At least until things appeared to have calmed down.

The front door slammed close.

He was elated to know that she was gone. Without hesitation, he raced over to his powder stash, and dumped a half-a-ounce on the table. Shaking uncontrollably, he needed to calm his nerves. Digging in, he ingested the drug.

Susanne, still scared, peeked from the bedroom. Fear filled her eyes until she noticed the coast was clear. Checking again, she hurried over to Aaron and snatched the straw from his hand. She placed her entire face in the pile of white snow. Her nerves were that fried. Sitting up, she felt fulfilled as she reclined next to her man.

Rotating her neck in his direction, she whispered, “Baby?”

“What?” he questioned, looking at her.

As they locked eyes, they simultaneously busted out in laughter about the ordeal.

Aaron sat up to help himself to some more blow. With the straw knee deep in the pile, the seriousness of the situation weighed upon him. He peered in Susanne’s direction, aware of his need to quit.

“Susanne, this has to stop,” he informed her, running his finger under his nose.

She slipped her arm under his. “We just have to slow down, baby. That’s all,” she declared, not wanting to quit. “She won’t be able to notice then.” She squeezed his arm. “We can get this under control.”

He gave her a stern look. “I don’t think you understand. I have to stop. That’s the only way I can get the kind of work I want,” he expressed, hoping she heard what he was saying.

She wasn’t sold on the idea. “Didn’t you say it was yours anyway?” she asked, putting a dab of cocaine on her tongue. “Why go through her to get what’s yours?”

He looked at the coke on the table. “Technically it was hers but she looked out for me.”

She was confused. Either it was his or it wasn’t. If it was his, he had every right to have it and do what he wanted with it. She kissed his cheek. “Why does she treat you like that, baby?” She rested her head on his shoulder. “You gots to start seeing yourself as the creator of your own destiny.”

He shrugged. “She’s always treated me like that. I’ve always fought for acceptance from all of them,” he answered, lowering his chin to his chest.

She placed her finger under his chin, pushing his head up. “That’s where I want your head from now on. Never let me see it fall in defeat again.” She lightly shoved him. “You hear me?” she asked rhetorically. “You’re my man and my man doesn’t have pity parties.” She placed a wet kiss on his lips.

The softness of her lips helped him forget about everything in an instant. It didn’t matter at that point. His mind went directly into wanting to explore her juice box.

Susanne, having the same idea, stood and pushed her boy shorts to her knees. Stepping out of them, she forcibly grabbed the back of his head. “Get you a mouth full of this!” she commanded, grinding her shaved mound on his chin.

Aaron, needing to gain control of the situation, scooped her off her feet, laid her down on the couch, and snacked on her pink cream pudding pop the way he wanted.

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As Erin walked to her truck, she couldn’t shake how she found her twin the week prior. That was the last thing she had expected from him. She could have imagined him doing a host of things but to fall victim to powdering his nose plagued her. *That had to be Susanne’s influence,* she figured. That opened the floor for what else he may be into or how long he’d been dealing with that addiction.

“I already know Susanne is behind that shit,” she whispered, gripping the sides of the steering wheel. But what could she do about it. There was no need to be upset. It was well known that Susanne loved to party. That didn’t mean she had to take him down with her.

Erin thought of stopping by Aaron’s apartment as she drove into town. *I wonder if he had any classes today,* she pondered, venturing into the right lane. Easing into traffic, she planned on finding out one way or another. For now, she would run a few errands and take care of her business.

What she did know, her ultimatum had sunk in. She wouldn’t give him the benefit of the doubt just yet. She understood how addictions worked, and at any minute, he could fall into a downward spiral and relapse. She would hate for him head backwards but it was always a possibility. Nonetheless, for the time being, he’d returned to making his presence known at school and around campus. That was good. They surely didn’t need to be explaining his screw up to Eric. That would literally kill everything they had planned; because, with Eric finding out, shit would surely hit the fan. He wasn’t the one to play with. Aaron didn’t yearn to experience their father’s wrath.

Her phone rang, breaking into her thoughts. Answering, the call ended just as quickly as it began. That’s how quick a business call was conducted. Once the nature of the call was established, the meeting place and time was all that mattered.

With the particulars out the way, the amount of money she’d made that day popped into her mind. She had to admit, business was booming. In fact, the call itself was from one of Sunny’s old customers looking to cop an ounce. *I guess that’s his lost and my gain.* Shrugging off that reality, she redirected her efforts. *I’ll run those errands later. I need to get this money.*

She headed to Aaron’s apartment to pick up her latest order and to check on him at the same time. Upon her arrival, she hopped out of her truck, leaving it running as she trotted inside. Using a spare key, she barged in to a chorus of loud grunts and moans. That’s not what she expected nor wanted to hear. The sound of it sounded despicable and rough. They gave her the chills.

Rushing over to the closet, she grabbed a quarter-pound, dipped into the kitchen for a grocery bag, and swiftly dumped the weed inside. Stuffing it under her arm, she proceeded to the door, momentarily peering over her shoulder to catch a male figure darting to the bathroom.

She stopped at the door. “Aaron, I just stopped by to check on you,” she yelled.

He cleared his throat. “I’m good!” he shouted.

Erin’s phone rang. “Call me later,” she insisted, eyeing her phone as she walked out. Closing the door, she was pleased to hear he was alright. She would always rather hear that than the rough grunts and moans from his sexual escapades. She answered her phone as she walked away from his apartment.

“Hello?”

It was another one of Sunny’s customers.

Making it to her truck, she tossed the grocery bag on the passenger seat. “Can you meet me at the Common’s in fifteen minutes?” she asked the caller.

The caller agreed.

“Ok, see you in fifteen minutes then!” She ended the call, backed out of the parking space, and smiled. “That’s what I’m talking about, Erin. Let’s get this money, boo. Let’s get this money!

Chapter SEVEN

Every time Erin looked up it was Friday afternoon and time to get ready for the weekend. Pulling into the dorm’s parking lot, she cruised down the two lanes in search for a place to park. Pulling into one, she leaped from her truck and headed into the building. Swiping her ID, she spint towards the row of mailboxes, unsure of the last time she checked her mail. With her newfound celebrity status, she’d done most of her drops for the day. With there being a party that night, those liking to attend in a different mind state had received something good to smoke, and that made them both happy.

*Who would have imagined this hustle would be so sweet?* she wondered, searching for her mailbox. “It’s definitely something I will get used to,” she muttered, loving the large shoe print she was leaving as she rose to the top.

Locating her mailbox, she stopped as a group of females entered the dorm. Using her peripheral vision, she casually watched the small group proceed to the front desk. As the girls congregated by the front desk, she couldn’t say if she’d seen the girls before. If she had to guess, she would conclude they were in town visiting someone staying in the dorm. It was dorm policy that all visitors sign in before being admitted into the building.

Erin reached into her bag, rummaging for her keys. Grabbing them, she stopped when a familiar voice shouted in her direction. From the moment she recognized the voice, she automatically attached the bullshit that came with it. Without surveying the vicinity, she wisely dropped her keys to the bottom of her bag in exchange for a box cutter.

“Where?” an unfamiliar voice asked.

“RIGHT THERE!” Brenda screamed, pointing at Erin. “That’s her right there.”

Brenda’s oldest sister - overweight with a head full of weave - removed her earrings. “That little bitch broke your jaw?”

“Yeah,” Brenda replied, sounding defeated. “That’s the bitch!” she exclaimed, seeking to regain her confidence.

“Let’s get this bitch then!” Brenda’s younger sister - slightly overweight with her hair in a ponytail - shouted, moving around Brenda.

Erin acted as if she hadn’t heard a word while shifting the straps of her bag with her left hand. That didn’t mean she wasn’t on point. As she slightly cut her eyes to the left, she eyed the slightly overweight sister advancing into the small hallway. Glancing pass her, the overweight sister was right behind her. They were moving with deliberate intent. The frowns on their faces displayed the displeasure they felt about what they had been told. What was evident, they surely hadn’t come to talk. They came to fight, or at the very least, avenge the pride of their little sister.

Liking the idea of their intent, Erin sprang into action without wasting time. Timing everything perfectly, she dropped her bag, came out with the box cutter, and went across the slightly overweight sister’s face with the sharp blade. With the initial strike, she had every intention of making an example of the stupid bitch for running up like she was a punk ass bitch.

The tip of the blade immediately made its thin incision. Upon contact, the tiny slit squirted a stream of blood through the air as the fatty flesh of the fat face peeled back like a freshly boiled polish sausage. The laceration stunned the once tough sister beyond relief. Not understanding what happened, she unconsciously reached for her face. The blood flowing through her fingertips requested a scream from the pit of her stomach as she attempted to fight off the excruciating pain. Confused, she spint away from her attacker and jetted out of the hallway in an all-out sprint.

The overweight sister stepped forward adamant about putting her hands on Erin. Moving too soon, she didn’t pay attention to her step. Halfway into her attack, she slipped in the pool of her sister’s blood. Riding the crimson wave, Erin clothes-lined the healthy sister, sending her to the deck. The sister fell hard, splashing about in the pool of blood, desperately needing to get it together.

Erin, however, hovered over the fallen soldier, used the wall for leverage, and kicked the girl in the face. “Read these Nikes, bitch!” she snapped, landing three good stomps.

Under the pressure of the small foot, the wounded sister flopped against the wall, doing her best to shield the Jordan’s from leaving its imprint on her face. Tapping out, she balled up and attempted to cover her face. That didn’t deter Erin from putting in that work. She deliberately proceeded to beat every ounce of a fight from the girl. Once successful, she set her sights on Brenda.

The entire situation had her heated. Brenda had intentionally brought her sisters down from Chicago to get at her. They apparently assumed they would dish out the kind of ass whooping she felt would be sufficient for whooping Brenda. She wasn’t feeling that. Because of Brenda’s stupidity, she had to get the kind of beating she wouldn’t recover from too soon. There was no other way of playing it.

Approaching Brenda, she mentally visualized how the assault would go. She knew what she wanted to do and how she had to go about it. There was no playing with this bitch. But, as she homed in on her target, the campus police rushed in to stop her. Turning away from them, she quickly tossed the box cutter away.

Without further incident, Erin was immediately detained and handcuffed. Once secured, two officers - one male, one female - escorted her over to one of the couches in the dorm’s lobby. Before they could sit her down, the paramedics wheeled in a stretcher with a first aid kit setting on top. Immediately after, another set of campus cops arrived to question the desk clerk about what she saw.

“She was protecting herself,” the basic-looking white girl stated. “Those girls were looking to jump her.” She looked in Erin’s direction. “She did what she had to do.”

The campus police still arrested Erin and hauled her down to the police station. From their objective view, she had to pay for slicing that girl’s face.

At the station, the arresting officers insisted on doing all they could to get her to change her story. Despite having the facts, the statements from the witnesses, and the motives of the sisters, they wanted Erin to make one false move.

Unbeknownst to them, Erin’s lawyer Tamia Weathers had arrived to get her client out of custody. Tamia - a tall, light-skinned beauty with shoulder length hair - strolled into the lobby barking demands that left a nasty taste in the law enforcement officers’ mouth.

The officers at the front desk gawked at Tamia quite crazily. They didn’t personally care for what Tamia had to say. They wanted Erin to fry for what she’d done. At the minimum, they planned to charge her with assault with a deadly weapon and strongly pursue a speedy prosecution. They could care less about the witnesses confirming it was done in self-defense. They wanted her charged, jailed, and expelled from school.

Tamia read the facial expressions of the officers. “If you don’t have the evidence to hold my client, you will let her go. Anything you have said or have tried to say will be used against you to get the entire case thrown out as soon as court resumes Monday,” she preached. “You can’t buffalo my client when I’m not present.”

A Sergeant approached the front. “We didn’t know she had representation,” he admitted, sounding lowly and feeling overpowered.

“That’s even worse,” she yelped. “Regardless of her having counsel or not, your tactics are unconstitutional. Are you trying to charge my client with a crime?”

“Not at this time, ma’am.” The Sergeant hated having to let Erin go. “Your client is free to go.”

Tamia smiled inside. “That’s what I thought!” she exclaimed loudly, proudly waiting to escort Erin out of the station.

Outside, as they got in the car, Tamia warned Erin of the repercussions associated with her actions. “Erin, you haven’t been in school but a couple of months and now the police know who you are. That’s not a good look. You must think. They’ll be looking to nail you for any little thing you do. That means you should tread lightly with EVERYTHING you’re doing.”

Erin glared at Tamia. “I’m not doing anything. What are you insinuating?”

Tamia navigated the campus. “Don’t play with me. I’m more than your lawyer. I’m also your stepmother. I’m filled in on everything. Your father doesn’t keep anything from me.” A bold smirk crossed her face. “But my main task is to keep you out of jail. I just hope you don’t make my job harder than it should be.”

Erin understood everything Tamia said. She also would need to speak with her father about telling Tamia her business. There were some things his wife didn’t need to know, like what she had going on outside of school. How did he expect his wife - her lawyer - to effectively represent her knowing she was doing wrong. That posed a serious conflict of interest on top of all the other conflict of interests in play.

Tamia drove up the hill to Prairie Hall, intent on leaving Erin with one last piece of advice. “It’s not good to sleep where you shit. Get yourself a spot off-campus so you can rest your head comfortably at night.”

Erin nodded in agreement, accepting that as good advice. She’ll plan on making that happen as soon as possible. At the moment, something else required her attention. Jumping from Tamia’s car, she headed straight to hers. Turning the ignition, she called Edward to bring him up to speed on what went down.

“Oh really,” he remarked casually, finding that interesting. “We can’t have that. We must show these clowns how the Reynolds’ roll.”

“That’s what I’m thinking but we have to be careful.”

He chuckled. “Oh, we gone be careful alright. You must didn’t know that *careful* is my middle name.”

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As the night fell on the Friday night, Adam sifted through his closet in search for an outfit to wear to the Delta Sorority party on campus.

Days prior, he’d been invited by a dark-skinned Delta he bumped while make a cameo on campus. Thinking of her stack frame, he grabbed his Johnson. *I’m a have to hit that again,* he admitted, remembering how tight and gushy she was. His thoughts of her cast him into a whirlwind of erotica adventures, detailing how easy it was to get into the college girls’ panties. Rubbing his chin, he assumed it was his sex appeal and charm that persuaded the chicks to drop their panties. In any event, he was pleased with the attention so it was right up his alley to let the cookie crumble how it may.

He dug a fresh pack of wife-beaters from the Macy’s bag on the floor. Ripping it open, he realized how he’d met a different chick every day of the past week. Out of that seven, four had been willing to let him hit on the same day. That was a pretty good average if he had to say. He half-expected to bat one-hundred but he didn’t want to come off too cocky.

His phone chirped, calling his attention to it. The call was from Cassidy. Answering it, he fake-listened to what she had to say. “Do you think you can come through right quick?” she asked, sounding sultry and inviting.

He sensed what that meant. “I guess. Let me freshen up.”

“Okay,” she cooed.

Showered and ready to go, he proceeded to the Tower Lake Apartment in his GMC Sierra. Arriving on the 400-side of the apartment complex, he called to inquire into which building she lived in.

“416 - 1B,” she moaned.

He parked in the back of the parking lot, and quickly skated across the parking lot. When he entered the building, Cassidy was standing within her apartment door displaying an expression of lust on her face. Peering inside, he found the apartment dark, smelling of scented candles, and inviting for a player of his stature. Listening a little harder, a soft hum of Syleena Johnson’s “Personal Trainer” could be heard.

He looked down at her. “What’s all this, shorty?”

She opened her robe and revealed the skimpy piece of material covering her 36b-27-37 frame. “This is your pre-party workout plan.” She chewed the corner of her lip. “I know you’ll probably be busy after the party so I’m trying to get mines now,” she explained, allowing a devious grin to cross her face.

He brushed by her, placing his dick on her thigh. “Ain’t nothing wrong with that. Let me see what you talking about.”

She reached for his hand, interlocked hers with his, and walked him to her room where she unearthed another present for him. Looking up at him, she studied him with a curious eye.

He returned the glance.

“It’s okay,” she winked. “This is my friend, Janelle. I told her about you and she wants to get to know you a little better. Is that cool with you?”

He couldn’t find a reason why it wouldn’t be. Poking his chest out, he strolled into the room and closed the door behind him. Licking his lips, he smiled at the opportunity to have his way with both ladies.

Janelle - a mocho-chocolate sister with a handful of breasts and wide hips - sat up on the bed, slid against the wall, and slowly spread her legs. Touching herself, she openly eyed Adam seductively.

Cassidy pushed Adam, making him sit on the bed. Peering over his shoulders, Janelle pulled her panties to the side and fingered herself. Cassidy, not waiting on him to undress, tugged at his pants button. She wanted to free what her and Janelle had talked so much about.

Adam’s attention went from Janelle to Cassidy. He could tell they were excited about this experience. Truthfully, he was excited himself. So, without further ado, they attacked him, stripped him of all his clothes, and gave him an experience to remember them both by.

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It was party time.

Friday nights on campus brought out all the students tired of studying and wanting to listen to some music, dance, and mingle with their newfound friends. It was this part of college life that not many passed up. For this Friday night, the Delta Sorority had the pleasure of hosting the party, and as usual, they were out in full force rocking their signature red and white, congregating with their sisters, and preparing to kick off the festivities in style.

For the Reynolds’, this would mark the first campus party they attended as one unit. There had been a series of get togethers they’d been invited to individually but this would be their first public event. And since all eyes would be on them, they planned on arriving in style.

Erin, thinking she would arrive ahead of everyone else, swerved into the University Center’s parking lot to see if there was a parking spot for her new Glacier White Supercharged Range Rover Sport on 24” Forgiato rims. Easing up the hill, the long line of parked cars enlightened her to the possibility that there wouldn’t be a place to park. She rolled her eyes at Aubrey riding shotgun.

“Fuck you rolling your eyes at me for, bitch,” Aubrey countered, rolling down the passenger window.

Erin shook her head, coming to a stop behind her twin potentially waiting on someone to pull out. That was a pipe dream. The car had just pulled in and had no intentions of leaving. Aaron simply hadn’t picked up on that as he sat idly in his Charcoal Grey Camaro. She honked her horn but he couldn’t hear her.

Off in the distance, a tumultuous quacking of someone’s stereo system vibrated the ground. It literally quieted the whole area, demanding everyone’s attention. The closer it came, the louder and more powerful the thumping could be heard and felt. At the opening in the street, the Midnight Blue Range Rover rounded the bend, pulled up the hill, and stopped behind Erin’s truck. Erin held up two fingers in her rearview mirror. The bass behind her dropped even deeper in response. Erin could simply smile at Adam’s ability to put on a show for everyone to enjoy.

With four of the five on deck, Erin suspected she wouldn’t find Edward. That’s not how he moved. When he wanted to be seen, he would find her. No matter how hard she looked, she wouldn’t find him until he was ready to show himself.

Aaron drove off once figuring out he wouldn’t find a parking spot. Erin, following him, noticed that no one was in a hurry to leave so she made her way to the much bigger parking lot. Adam, sensing his little sister had grasped the obvious, followed her off the small lot. As they made their way to the bigger lot, Erin spotted Edward pulling up.

Out of the five of them, Edward was the most low-key. The way he moved didn’t attract attention. Everything he did was played smoothly. The smart one of the family, they had no issue coining him the mastermind. When he spoke, everyone listened. And when they did, everything would go as planned.

Adam cruised by Edward with his system on full blast. Edward shook his head, previously having informed his little brother about attracting attention to himself. But what could he say. Adam loved being seen and even heard for that matter. A true attention-whore, Adam would practically do anything to keep the spotlight focused on him.

Edward didn’t roll like that. He was all about coming out on top. As a student of people, he purposely watched the upper echelon for fun. Through those studies, he obtained the knowledge of which ones would let their status get them in trouble. And he ultimately learned, those who flaunted their prestige ended up being the first to fall. He had no plans of going out like that. He would remain quiet, and sneaky, in the eyes of those who didn’t understand him; until, a grand, outlandish presentation called him to step out of his comfort zone.

Erin hopped in with Edward.

“You seen this Sunny cat?” he asked, getting straight to business.

“Not yet,” she replied. “I just pulled up. He’s probably inside making a fool of himself already.”

He tugged on the door handle. “Let me know if you see him before I do,” he urged, clambering from the truck.

She loved how her big brother was all about his business. When they previously talked, it hadn’t been about going at Sunny just yet. The plan was to extend him a solid so they could obtain a clear understanding of what they could face if they didn’t get with the program. With Edward, no one ever knew what he had up his sleeve.

Erin rejoined Adam and Aubrey as everyone trickled into the party. Edward, doing his usual, slinked in by his lonesome. Playing the background, he entered the lobby to instantly spot Sunny with his crew. Erin had been right. He had been inside making a fool of himself. He was obviously going for the biggest fool of the year award. His actions were that ridiculous.

Sunny glanced up to see Erin turning the corner. Staring into her face caused his blood to boil. The hate infected his veins. She should be in jail. She shouldn’t have gotten away with the way she handled Brenda’s sisters. Now, he had to take matters into his own hands. Agitated and feeling himself, he broke away from his crew, trying to nonchalantly ease over to her.

Almost there, “Hey shorty! Let me holla at you,” he shouted, trying to get around a guy blocking his path. He had no idea who the guy was and it pissed him off when the dude wouldn’t move. Bumping the cat didn’t work. The guy was rock solid. At the same time, another guy slipped in front of Erin.

Edward played the bump as a mishap then permitted Sunny to pass.

Sunny scoffed at Adam. “Excuse me, playa! I’m trying to holla at somebody right quick.”

Adam puffed his chest out. “Holla at me first.”

Sunny frowned. “FOR WHAT?” he asked, swelling his chest.

Adam gripped Sunny’s shoulder, sliding his arm around his neck. Sunny tried to break free but Adam’s strength was on point. Adam had a very strong grip. With it locked on Sunny, he was putty in his hands.

He pulled Sunny closer. “I hear you have an issue with my little sister.” He flexed his bicep. “If you have an issue with her, you have one with me. Feel me?”

“Who’s your sister, family?” Sunny asked over Adam’s forearm, hoping he wasn’t referring to Erin.

“Muthafucka, you know who my little sister is,” Adam snapped.

“Heads up, Adam,” Edward warned.

A group of party-goers had zeroed in on what transpired. Many of them had their smartphones out recording the entire incident. That suddenly changed the liveliness of the atmosphere. Loosening his grip, Adam casually scanned the crowd before letting Sunny go.

During the atmosphere shift, Sunny’s crew caught wind of how quickly the situation unfolded. Noticing Sunny amid it, they briskly came to his defense. However, when Sunny turned around, he came face-to-face with Edward again. This time the look in Edward’s eyes were different. What gawked at Sunny had the implications of death. Even his presence felt quite awkward.

Sunny backpedaled, suddenly shaken by the interaction.

Edward grabbed a fist full of Sunny’s shirt. “Let’s make this your only warning, homie. Anymore issues will be resolved by me. Understood?”

Sunny nodded attentively. Edward shoved him, sending him backing into his crew.

Erin, flashing a shit-eating grin, slid between her brothers. With her on one side and Sunny on the other, the line had been drawn in the sand. Calmly crossing her arms over her chest, she stuck a pose and flashed her ever-so-bright smile. Her cockiness dared Sunny to jump out of pocket.

That would be the last thing he would do.

Disgusted, Sunny shook his head, comprehending what the play was. For now, he would let things be what they were. He had to play it smart. He never wanted to jump stupid and get put down for his stupidity. What he would do, he would continue to make the money he could opposed to eliminating those funds altogether.

Rationalizing his options, he could live with how things were. It wasn’t like his flow of money had seized altogether. Happy about that, he knew it would get greater later, and if it didn’t, it would be then that he took matters into his own hands. Because, no matter how it played out, he couldn’t keep taking these licks to his reputation.

Chapter EIGHT

With Monday arriving, that meant the weekend was over. For Erin, the overall weekend turned out to be one of the most prosperous one to date. With Sunny’s humiliation, many of his current customers decided to switch sides. That wasn’t an issue for Erin. The issue was that she was still lying in bed after nine o’clock.

*Damn, I must have forgotten to set my alarm.* She glanced over to her roommate’s bed. It was empty. “Fuck!”

Normally she would have heard Markia moving around but it was apparent she hadn’t heard anything. That wasn’t normal for her. She must have been extremely tired and in need of some rest. When unable to ascertain how tired she was, she reasoned she would need to get a lot more rest from that moment forward. Adding a different angle to it, she recognized that continuing to reside in the dorm wasn’t a good idea. The time had arrived for her to take Tamia’s advice.

Scratching her leg, she surmised that she could stay with Edward until she found her own spot. She wondered what she should do with the dorm room.

*I could always use it for business,* she figured, sitting up.

Checking the clock, there was no need in rushing to get up. She’d already missed two classes. Laying back, she wouldn’t make it a priority to attend the rest. Instead, she reached for her phone to check her social media accounts. Nothing caught her eye.

“I guess I’ll get up then.”

Getting out of bed, she prepared to get her day started. Showering, she brainstormed on how to manage the rest of her day. Running the soapy towel over her mound, her tender touch compelled her to bite her lip. *Damn, it’s been a minute since I’ve had some dick.* That made her contemplate calling her friend with benefits.

Someone tried the bathroom door.

Wanting to be considerate, she wrapped up her shower.

Wrapped in a towel, she exited the bathroom to find no one there. Wandering to her dorm room, she peered over her shoulder to observe a guy walking pass.

The guy skidded to a halt upon spotting Erin in her towel. Liking what he saw, he slithered into the cubicle before she could open the dorm room door. “I don’t think we’ve met. What’s your name, shorty?” he asked.

She rolled her neck with her hand on the door knob. “It’s definitely not shorty!” she snapped, twisting the door knob.

The guy looked her up and down, licking his lips.

She openly laughed in his face, knowing what kind of thoughts he was having. “So, you just gonna fantasize about me in my face?”

“What else am I supposed to do unless you trying to let me in to see what you’re hiding under that towel.”

She chuckled softly. “You think it’s that easy, huh?” she asked, fixing the towel covering her. “I don’t know you. What’s your name?”

“Timmy,” he stated. “What’ s yours?”

“Erin!”

He extended his hand. “It’s nice to meet you, Erin. SO,” he looked over his shoulder, “you trying to invite me in or what?”

She smirked. “That would be a negative! Never have I gotten down like that.”

He leaned in. “That’s a shame, shorty. But let me get your number then.” He pulled out his phone.

“If I see you again, I’ll think about giving it to you.” She turned the door knob again. “I need to get ready for class so I can’t stand here talking to you all day.”

He didn’t know what to do. “I can dig that.” He turned to walk away but stopped. “I’ll make sure you see me again. I need to get that number.”

“We’ll see,” she retorted, ending the conversation by entering her dorm room.

Timmy remained in the hallway, hoping and praying he saw her again. He had to get her number. That much he knew. He could see she was feeling him and when the time arrived, he’ll get to see what was under that towel. He knew it, and she did too. Walking off, he headed to his little sister’s dorm room, unable to get Erin’s sexy ass out of his head. His head was so high in the clouds, he simply walked into his sister’s room. The scene before him stopped him dead in his tracks. He didn’t know what to do. Looking around, he thought he was tripping.

His sister’s roommate - a white girl with a banging body and model features - was butt naked in her bed playing with herself. Getting into it, she didn’t consider stopping because he stood in the doorway. As he watched, she went even harder. She enjoyed his company. As crazy as it sounded, it allowed her to put on more of a show.

Intentionally moaning loudly, she twirled her hips as she erupted all over her fingers. Trembling in small quacks, she gave Timmy a very inviting stare.

Timmy closed the door, licked his chapped lips, and ambled over to her. Grabbing her hand, he licked her soaked fingers. Liking her flavor, he situated himself between her legs, ready to savor her sauce.

She palmed the side of his head. Loving how his tongue felt, she ground her juiciness on his face, busting two nuts in his mouth. Taking the last of her nut and smearing it on his face, she pushed him off her.

He momentarily exhibited a look of stupidity until she laid him back. Closing his eyes, he couldn’t hold back his excitement. Her bob game had pro tendencies. It took her a minute and a half to bring him to a climax. Before he could finish skeeting, she mounted him without sliding a condom on. His first reaction was to stop her. He wasn’t into sliding in chicks without protection. For all he knew she could have HIV or a STD.

He placed his hand on her stomach. “Wait,” he ordered, trying to slide out of her. “You don’t have a condom?”

She rotated her hips. “You don’t need all that. I’m good!” she expressed, gripping his tool tightly.

He didn’t put up any further fight. The warmness of her wetness consumed him. In an instant, he mimicked her groove while gripping her cheeks. Fondling her backside, he slipped a finger inside of her rectum. She didn’t mind the intrusion. Riding his finger, that sent their excitement through the roof.

He rolled her onto her back, and pushed her legs to her neck. Sneakily, he eyed her dark hole, opting to slide his erection in her watering hole. Digging as deeply as he could, his mind wondered what it would feel like to bust open her backside. Overly excited about it, he purposely plopped from her sugary walls, roughly grabbed himself, and ran his member into her third eye.

He waited for her to protest. There was no bucking. With the green light, he slowly inserted the tip of his piece, delighted to break the seal. Underneath him, she purred like a warm kitten. He absorbed her excitement and stuffed the girth of his sword inside of her. His small friend easily stretched her intestines.

Sandra cocked her legs back some more to swallow his erection. That showed him that she was a pro in all she done. Diving as deep as he could, the tightness of her uncharted territory caused him to pull out and ejaculate on her stomach.

Wanting more of him, she grabbed his tool, stroked him to full attention then guided him towards her wet box. Gripping him tightly, the remainder of his seed dripped inside of her. She didn’t mind. Her objective was to grind against him long enough to get another nut. But that was taking too long.

“Let me ride you,” she suggested, rocking him to the right.

Switching positions, she rode him to the promise land. She rode him so good, they both fell asleep in one another’s arms as if they had been a couple for years.

Tammy, Timmy’s sister, entered her dorm room to find her brother laid up with her roommate. She slammed the door loudly to gain their attention. Timmy jumped up stark naked, startled by the loud slam. Sandra, unfazed by Tammy’s coming in, covered herself then rolled over.

Tammy rolled her eyes. In the short time they’d been roommates, she’d seen many dudes in and out of Sandra’s bed. Upset that Timmy fell victim to her nastiness, she pointed to the door.

“Get yo nasty ass out my room!”

Timmy stepped into his pants. “On some real shit, I need to holla at you about something.”

Tammy - a short, light-brown sister with double D’s, flat stomach and thick thighs - strutted into the hallway and leaned against the wall. She could care less about what he wanted to talk about. She didn’t wish to hear anything he had to say. What she stumbled across had her pissed. The last thing she needed was for him to explain why he done some nasty shit.

Timmy closed the dorm room door behind him.

She rolled her eyes. “What your nasty ass want?”

“You know a chick name Erin. She stays around the corner.”

“I know of her. She’s the one Sunny’s beefing with, right?”

He hated she put it that way. “Yeah, that’s her. I’m a need you to get cool with her.”

She frowned. “For what?” she shrieked. “I’m not fucking with these bitches like that. What kind of shit you on?”

He moved closer to her. “I’m trying to get some weed from her. Sunny crumbing and it’s time I get my own connect. That’s why I need your help.”

She looked at him sideways. “Fool, you tripping! You know Sunny will kill your bum ass if he found out you were running with the ops.”

“That’s why you’ll buy the shit for me,” he countered.

She shook her head. “I ain’t getting involved in your bullshit. I already got to room with the whore you just fucked. You might want to get checked. That bitch is nasty, Timmy.”

He wasn’t trying to hear that. His mind was on getting money. “You gone do that for me or what?”

She looked off. “I’ll think about it.” She stared into his face. “What I get out the deal?” She wanted a pie of her own.

He flashed a sly grin. “You know I’m a look out for my baby sis.”

She rolled her eyes. “Yeah, I just bet you will.”

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“Incoming call! Incoming call! Incoming call!” the phone sang from the nightstand.

Adam rolled over with his eyes closed, searching for his phone. “Hello?” he

answered, his voice groggily.

“Wake up, sleepyhead!” the soft voice sung.

He looked at the phone. “Who this?” he asked, unfamiliar with the voice.

“Janelle,” came the reply.

He glanced at the naked frame next to him. “What’s up?” he asked Janelle. “What time is it?”

She checked her phone. “It’s 8:30”

“In the morning?” he asked, not knowing whether it was day or night.

“Naw, FOOL! It’s 8:30 at night. What you been on?”

He cut his eyes to the person next to him. “Laid back, but it’ll be a little later before I can get over there.”

“That’s cool.” She had no problem with that. “Just make sure you get at me, okay?”

“I got you,” he stated, then hung up.

The chick next to him rolled over, and snuggled against him. He pulled her into his arms and nibbled on her neck.

“What time is it?” she mumbled, letting out a soft sigh.

“I don’t know,” he lied, tripping off how long he’d been sleep. To have slept that long meant she had done a good job of draining him. Bypassing that thought, he resumed nibbling on her neck. “You up for another round?”

She let her actions speak for themselves, pushing him off her. With him on his back, she went to work on his semi-soft tool, massaging it to full staff. Once erect, she dropped down to top him off. Knocking him off something serious, she slid a condom over his joint with her mouth then hopped on for what could have been her ride home. Satisfied with the intrusion, she enjoyed every inch of him. The time they shared always put her in route of having the best time of her life. She had no worries of not being satisfied with him sliding in and out of her. If he didn’t know how to do anything else, he was good at making her womb pulsate.

The feeling of him throbbing inside of her added more reason for her to bounce up and down on his po-go stick. She groaned pleasurable, loving the way he penetrated her fold. Grinding wildly, she rubbed off a nut and worked on another. She couldn’t stop there. She had to make sure he got his. Climbing off him, she bent over so he could tag her from behind.

Sliding in, he gripped her hips, solidly ram-rodding her until he got his off. Exhausted, he fell on top of her. Underneath him, she tightened her internal muscles, sucking every drop of his nut from him.

He kissed the side of her face, sliding out of her. “Tammy got that bomb. She got that bomb ass pussy!”

She sang along with him.

He reached for the condom, finding it rolled down his joint. *FUCK!* Frantically leaping up, he marched to the bathroom to flush the broken latex. Shaking his head, he watched in horror as the scraps spiraled down the toilet. Checking his meat, he hoped and prayed she hadn’t given him a STD. *Damn!* he thought. “What if she ends up pregnant?” To him, neither outcome would be good.

Regardless, he would make it a point to get to checked out. He had to make sure he was straight. That was mandatory. And if he wasn’t, he wouldn’t have an issue splitting her wig to the white meat.

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Erin hurried from the east hallway of her floor and proceeded to the stairs when she was approached by Timmy. “Got damn!” she muttered. “Not this clown ass dude.”

Timmy displayed a silly smirk. Seeing her suddenly made him the happiest man on earth. “I guess this is meant to be.” He held his arms up. “We have met again.” He smiled brighter. “It’s time to give up that number, ain’t it?” He reached for his phone. “At, least that’s what you told me. You are a woman of your word, right?”

She pursed her lips. “I’m a be honest, Timmy. I ain’t feeling you.” She told him how it was. “There’s something about you that I can’ t put my finger on. “I don’t know if it’s your vibe or what, but there’s something about you that keeps telling me to stay away from you.”

He couldn’t hide his surprise. Her frankness left him dumbfounded. To say anything would make him sound like an idiot. What he really wanted to do was smacked the shit out of her for talking to him like that. Whereas, he held his composure.

When she noticed he didn’t have anything tangible to say, she turned to leave. She had things to do. She couldn’t stand around playing with him. It was easy to tell the way she read him had left him without an adequate response. If he was the kind of man who really wanted to get at her, he would have found something to say.

He grabbed her arm, stopping her from walking away.

Her first reaction was to spin around and sock him. But his grip wasn’t that aggressive so she relaxed. She turned to face him.

“I’m assuming you have something you want to say?” she asked sarcastically. He still appeared to be at a loss of words. “Dude, spit it out if you got something to say.”

He snapped to. “Let me take you out for lunch. If you get to know me, you’ll change your mind about me.”

She wanted to laugh at his comeback. That was the last thing she expected him to say. She gazed into his eyes, expecting to find something deeper. There was nothing to find. On the surface, from what she could see, he didn’t possess the manliness she needed in her life. What she ultimately saw was another lame ass dude spitting tired ass lines.

He tilted his head to the side.

For a second, she imagined him manning up and coming with a more aggressive approach. Once again, he let her down. He wasn’t the bulldog she needed. His silence revealed the simp in him. She felt sorry for him. She wanted to tell him what to do; but, that would go against the girl code. That’s something he would have to learn on his own.

The situation made her laugh. If he would have stepped correct, he could have gotten the goodies that day with no problem.

She gave him a soft eye. “I’m cool on you, Timmy,” she stated, hating that he’d failed her test. “But I have something to do. Why don’t you give me your number and I’ll call you when I’m free.”

That was an opportunity he couldn’t pass up. *I knew she was faking*. He figured he had her where he wanted her. Why else would she ask for his number?

Erin listened as he read off his number, and pretended to put it in her phone. If she had saved it, she had no intention of calling him. She wanted to give him hope that he still had a chance. The good girl in her couldn’t let her walk away with him displaying that look of disgust.

Erasing the number, she pocketed her phone, and proceeded to walk around him.

He stopped her again. “You got something to smoke?” he asked, desiring to remain in her presence.

She half-turned. “Most definitely. What’s up?”

He eyed her. “Let me get two for fifteen.”

Normally, she wouldn’t agree to such deal but she would this time so she could get away from him.

Timmy inspected the quality and size of the sacks, realizing why Sunny had been tripping. The weed was better and the sacks fatter. He wondered if she would allow him to cop something larger.

“You got something bigger than this?” he asked, cuffing the sacks.

She half-rolled her eyes. “Something like what?”

He sniffed the sacks in his hand. “A quarter-pound?”

She wondered what he was on. Everything her dad said came back to her. She wouldn’t dare let him know what kind of weight she had.

“Naw, I ain’t got it like that.” She looked off, strolled over to the staircase, and looked over at Timmy. “If I come across it, I’ll let you know.” She skipped down the steps without getting her fifteen dollars.

He watched her disappear, knowing she was lying. But he couldn’t be mad. He tried his hand and got shot down. That’s how it went. He always had a back-up plan, and with that, he would put it in play sooner than he thought. He’ll be damn if he didn’t get a bigger slice of the pie one day soon.

Chapter NINE

Adam headed to the campus to drop off Tammy. Thinking of Erin, he gave her a call. They hadn’t talked in some days. There was some stuff he needed to ask her about. When she didn’t answer, he left a voicemail.

“Erin, call me when you get this. I need to talk to you about something. Make sure you call me as soon as you get this. I don’t care what time it is. Call me a.s.a.p.”

Tammy listened to Adam’s message, curious to if the Erin he called was the same person her brother wanted her to get cool with. If it was, that would be right on time. She could use her relationship with him to milk whatever info she needed. All she had to do was continue to sex him good and everything would fall in line.

She half-faced him. “I didn’t know you had a sister, Adam.”

Her statement let him know she’d been listening to his call.

“Does she go to school here?” she questioned, pressing for details.

 Adam, gripping the steering wheel with his right hand, gazed over his arm. The eye he gave her sparked a few questions of his own. What was her intentions? She wanted to know an awful lot. Throughout the time they’d been fucking, she hadn’t inquired into who his family was. Her questioning him now threw him off. Contemplating his move, he didn’t want to come off as if he had anything to hide. When pondering it further, her questions seemed quite harmless on the surface.

Dropping his arm, “As a matter of fact, she does. She started this past August.”

“Does she stay on campus?”

Adam came to a stoplight before entering the main campus. The light turned green. Cruising through, the Range Rover cruised around the campus curves. Coming upon the two dorms on the left, he pointed to the one closet to him.

“She stays in one of those.”

“Which one?” she wanted to know, straightening her back.

He pointed to the first one.

“Prairie?” she asked, putting it all together.

Nodding, he came to the opening in the median, made a left then a right around another curve. He drove pass the front of Woodland Hall.

She watched him. “Your sister wouldn’t be the one who beat the shit out of Brenda and her sisters, would she?”

“That’ll be her,” he answered proudly. He cut his eye at her. “Why, you know her?”

She shook her head. “No, I just heard about her. I have never met her. Maybe you should introduce us,” she suggested.

He hesitated for a second. “Sounds like you’re trying to become part of the family,” he quoted, picking up on her insinuation. “Why would I do that?”

“It was just an idea.” She felt stupid. “I’m sure I’ll meet her one day so why wouldn’t you want us to meet.” She looked at him sideways. “I guess this would be the best time to figure out what we’re doing.”

A puzzled expression formed across his face. “What you mean what we’re doing? I thought you knew what this was.”

“From what I see, all we’re doing is fucking. But,” she paused, “I would be lying if I said I didn’t have feelings for you. Those feelings leave me to wonder about what we’re doing. Are you trying to become more or what?”

Adam didn’t like the direction of this conversation. There had never been a plan of it being more. His plans had been to keep fucking her. That was it. Outside of the good pussy and fire head, she wasn’t the kind of girl he would wife. Furthermore, he wasn’t the relationship type. He found them and fucked them. That was the extinct of his relationships. After he scored, that was the end of that relationship until he felt the need to return for a second helping.

He pulled around the bend in front of Prairie Hall. “Tammy, I didn’t plan on moving that fast.” He wanted to lay her down softly. He briefly glanced at her. “I’m a be one-hundred. I’m out here doing me. Getting stuck in a relationship isn’t what I’m about. I’ll fuck with you no matter what but to tack on titles and all that, I’m good on that,” he explained, waiting on her response.

Tammy turned away from him to stare out the window. For a short time, she was extra quiet. Adam, being the player he was, gave her the space she needed to think things over. She continue to stare out the window unable to believe she could go without loving him. His ability to dick a bitch down had cloudy her thoughts. Not wanting to look through the fog, that’s all that mattered. Finally looking at him, she was willing to proceed as he saw fit until he was ready to step up and handle his accordingly. She truly believed he would come home to her sooner or later.

She stared into his eyes. “I ain’t tripping, Adam. I know you’ll figure it out soon. If not, it’ll be your lost,” she declared, seeking to place herself higher than she should.

In her mind, he didn’t know what he possessed. If he only knew how badly she was strung out, he would have made her his bottom bitch. Lovestruck, she would have done anything with him or for him. But all he wanted was to fuck. If it was about him messing around, she could deal with that. She merely wanted to call him hers at the end of the day. That rationale wasn’t too much to ask for. Yet, she wouldn’t give up. She would remain his ride or die regardless of him knowing it or not.

Adam couldn’t believe her reaction. Believing she would snap out, he pulled her face to his and placed his lips on hers. “I knew there was something I liked about you.” His tongue played with hers as he passionately kissed her. Grabbing the back of her neck, he reeled her in even more. Biting her tongue, he made sure to keep her emotions as raw as possible.

Tammy released a soft, syrupy mutter. There was no denying it. He had her. She was and would always be putty in his hands. When his chicks leaned that way, there was nothing they wouldn’t do for him. She would be no exception, especially with how he played it. This was his game. He made and broke the rules as he saw fit. There was no other way of having it.

He purposely broke the intense embrace, and left her with puckered lips.

Tammy, floating in the clouds, gawked at him with a lustful expression. Her hand unconsciously rubbed her nipples poking through her t-shirt. Inhaling her arousal, her love below flowed naturally and saturated her panties. She was ripe for another round. Biting her bottom lip, she longed to go wherever he wished to go. But she had to let him be. As hard as that would be, she had to assume he would come back to her sooner or later. The situation was frustrating. That much she knew. But what else could she do.

Patting him on the back of his hand, she bidded him farewell to do what players do. Hurting inside, she hopped from the truck and trudged towards the dorm without looking back. With her head down, she felt defeated. Despite understanding the situation, she felt played. The squishing of her juice box made her feel like a cheap two-dollar whore who hadn’t gotten paid but $1.27 for her services.

That forced her to think about it. His treatment of her was worse than a two-dollar whore because he would never pay her. He would nonchalantly fuck her brains out, and when he was done, he would drop her off like she was nothing. She couldn’t believe how stupid she was. Honestly, she had a hard time telling herself that this was happening. She wanted to believe he would have her best intentions at heart. But in her heart, she knew what time it was. She was gonna be played like a damn fool.

She peered over her shoulder to get her answer. It was obvious that he didn’t give a fuck about her. How could he? From where she stood, all she could visibly see was the taillights of his truck. How much more of the truth did she need to smack her across the face before she comprehended the odds? Secretly stunned, she watched the man she loved dearly drive away without a thought of looking back.

Sulking terribly, it dawned on her that all it took was for him to pound her out and she fell head first into his web of deceit. Spinning on her heels, she headed towards the entrance with her head hung low. She was so lost in her thoughts, she refused to raise her head to see where she was going. She was so upset, she didn’t care. All she cared about was showering so she could scrub off his scent.

The entrance to the dorm swung open, giving Tammy a good whack.

“My bad, shorty!” Sunny said, apologizing to the chick holding her face. “You good?”

Tammy raised her head, rubbing her forehead. Sunny stood in shock. When he seen Adam’s truck sitting outside, he rushed out trying to get to his car. In doing so, he hadn’t expected to run into Tammy; but, he quickly put it together. Adam had just dropped her off.

*Damn, Adam is tearing Timmy’s little sister off.* He wondered if Timmy knew.

In any event, it would be a crucial piece of information to use to his advantage. He was desperate for anything he could get his hands on.

He homed in on Tammy’s injury. “Where you coming from?” he asked, seeing a slight swelling.

She rubbed her head, “Out with a friend. WHY?” she asked, defensively.

He held up his hands, deciding to let it go. Looking in her face, he noticed her emotional state. It wouldn’t be a good idea to approach her about Adam at that point. He’ll simply pull up on Timmy about it so he could do that bidding.

“I just asked. Don’t jump on me. I’m not the one who done it,” he asserted.

She rolled her eyes, brushing by him. Suddenly, she stopped to ask about Brenda. “What’s up with Bre?”

“She’s doing alright. Her sister had to get like thirty something stitches so you better believe that shit is far from over,” he voiced, giving her the heads up.

She didn’t care one way or another. She had her own issues to deal with. At present, she needed to patch up her splintered heart before it shattered beyond repair. All that other stuff had nothing to do with her.

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Aaron relaxed on the balcony of his apartment talking to Susanne. “We haven’t spent much time together with your new job.” He casually leaned on the arm of the patio chair.

She rested her hand on his forearm. “I know, baby,” she cooed, squeezing his arm. “I’ve missed you too.” She smiled. “But let’s not worry about my absence and make the most of our time together.” She leaned over, slid her hand down his sweatpants and found what she was looking for. “Look like someone missed me too.”

He licked his lips as she stroked him. There was no denying it. He had missed her and hated that her new job kept her away from him. When they were together, their chemistry and connection fired on all cylinders. It certainly strengthen the sexual tension between them and heighten the notion of wanting to please one another.

Susanne couldn’t keep her hands off him. Kissing him, she let her tongue show him just how much she’d missed him. Sucking the tip of his tongue, she rubbed the tip of his erection and moaned her delight. It felt good to be there with him. Her watering hole agreed as well. It purred deeply and was ripe for the picking. Gaping her legs, it had been such a long time since they last made love, and her overflowing flower pot was evident of that.

She pulled out her prize, devouring it in one swallow. The taste of his skin made the time they spent apart worth it. She yearned to taste his semen. Giving him some bomb head, she subjected his sword to her will, diligently coercing it to comply.

He reclined and let her do her thing. Closing his eyes, he thrusted his hips upward to give her a full court advantage. *This shit feels so good.*

Getting into it, Susanne jacked his tube and slurped the tip of him. Her expertise was on point. Her slithering tongue cascaded him to the edge of eruption. Grumbling sexually, Aaron palmed the back of her head. Simultaneously, a quick shot of pre-cum lumped upon her tongue. That appetizer sent her into overdrive. Lathering his joint, she tightened her lock on his banana. The pressure from her lock jaw placed his little friend in a precarious position.

That excited her all the more. Downing his girth, she felt the tip of him swell. Mindful of the meaning, she buckled down on his sword. The more pressure she applied, the larger the tip of him grew. Like a wizard with a wand, she summoned his third leg to release what was hers. And like a good boy, that’s what he done.

Jerking him, she hungrily swallowed every drop he had to offer. That still didn’t satisfy her. She wanted to literally clean his pipes of everything. Humming her completion, she eased up, grabbed his hand, and shoved it down her shorts.

“You don’t have on any panties,” he verbalized rhetorically.

“What I need panties for?” she asked, loving how his fingers slipped inside her moistness.

The feeling of her saturated flesh rose his limp sword. “Stand up!” he instructed.

She knew what he wanted. Standing, she bent over in front of him, pulling her shorts to the side. Without delay, he shoved his face into her sweet cakes, and devoured her tastiness. He fervently sought to return the favor.

While nose deep, a car pulled into the parking lot.

Susanne sat on Aaron’s lap until the occupant of the car got out. While waiting, she eased up a little to permit Aaron enough room to slide in. She was too hot to keep waiting. She needed him inside of her. Feeling him fill her, she grinded slowly while moving her hand down to flick her pearl tongue. Throwing her head back, she was getting into their love-making when she heard her name called.

“Susanne, is that you?” Timmy asked, getting out of his car. He’d been the one sitting in the car watching them have sex. Once he couldn’t take anymore, he got out to interrupt their session.

Susanne leaned forward, grabbing the patio’s columns. “Timmy?” she asked, adjusting her sight. “Bring your ass up here. I’m busy right now,” she directed, gripping Aaron’s pole inside of her.

Once free from any further intrusion, she openly bounced up and down on Aaron while having wild thoughts of Timmy penetrating her backside. Her juice box squished when imagining the double penetration. It had been a long time since she had both Aaron and Timmy running her like the real whore she was. Getting overly excited, she gyrated harder as she massaged her clit. A very intense orgasm formed in the pit of her stomach. Hearing the front door close, she erupted along Aaron’s cucumber in anticipation of many more eruptions.

Timmy stepped onto the patio, inviting himself to the party. When brushing pass Susanne, he deliberately placed his meat on her arm. She felt his hardness, and went straight for his belt and zipper. He didn’t need her doing all the work so he helped her. But she didn’t need it. A nympho for the tenderloin, she freed his soldier and down it without second guessing herself.

Loving how she slurped, Timmy pulled his t-shirt over his head. He knew what time it was. They’d been here before. This night would be no different. He glanced over at Aaron humping upward. For a hot second, they made eye contact. Aaron had no time to participate in any non-verbal communication. He was working on another nut. His looking away suggested Timmy begin to work on his first.

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After the long day, Adam finally made it to Janelle’s. But, he was tired. When he made the decision to stop by, he was very much aware of what she wanted. Unfortunately, he was sexually drained. That may be a first but it was real. The time he’d been spending with Tammy had him out of commission for the night. He longed for some relaxation and some shut eye.

Janelle had other plans. She’d been awaiting his arrival and now that he was there, her juices automatically soaked the fabric of her lace panties. She snuggled next to him while he pretended to watch t.v.

Underneath him, she sensed his lack of enthusiasm. This wasn’t the Adam she remembered. When they met, he refused to keep his hands off her. Now it seemed as if he didn’t care about giving her what she called for. She was aware of him having other girls but she didn’t care about that. She had a man herself; however, he didn’t hit the spots Adam touched. Reminiscing on those successes created a stir within her legs.

Rubbing his arm, she equivocally craved for him to fuck the shit out of her. Seeing he wasn’t in a hurry to do that, the need to light a fire under his butt presented itself. She had to get her rocks off, and he was playing.

Going from his arm to his leg, she nestled tightly to his body. His body heat allowed her to slip into a better position. As she made her move, she pulled her long, white t-shirt over her head. Under the flicker of the t.v., her erect nipples sliced through the air in need of some attention. Rolling towards him, she stretched her leg over his, permitting him full access to feel her warmness. She moved her leg higher until she eventually found what she desired.

She rolled her hand over his crotch to unzip his pants. The bulge awaiting her saturated her mouth. Anxious to pleasure him, she migrated south to bring him up to speed on her intentions. Going down, her tongue snaked up and down the tender side of his polish sausage. Licking and lightly nibbling around the edges, she caused him to sink deeper into the bed to enjoy her fellatio.

Sitting up to put her lick down, she hadn’t noticed how relaxed he had become. Unbeknownst to her, he had fallen asleep.

What she imagined was him moaning was him snoring. Believing she had brought out her best, she resumed going as hard as she could. Slurping and spitting on him, she was curious to why she couldn’t suck a nut out of him. When she usually put this kind of head on her boyfriend, he couldn’t stand the test of time. Thinking about it, she recalled sucking a nut out of Adam rather quickly during their first encounter. Now that she had him to herself, he had no interest in participating.

Stroking him, “Baby, does this feel good?” she asked, wanting to make him happy. She resumed sucking, and expected a response.

When he didn’t, she stopped sucking. With his harden tool in one hand, she smacked his leg. He didn’t move. Shaking him, he snorted loudly. She instantly realized why he wasn’t that into her. He’d fallen asleep.

“Ain’t this bout a bitch!”

Upset, she laid beside him knowing she couldn’t fall asleep horny. Going out on a limb, she hopped on top of him, and eased him inside of her. Rotating her hips, she rode him where she needed to be. Even as she slid off him, she wasn’t completely satisfied. Craving fulfillment, her fingers followed a path to her love button.

Spreading her legs, she roughly rubbed her budding flower until she busted another nut. Semi-pleased but still angry, she dozed off thinking of how he played her. She never expected that from him. But that was water under the bridge. What mattered subsequently was the loud banging on her apartment door that suddenly snapped her out of her sleep.

Chapter TEN

Janelle snapped her neck to the left in search for Adam. He wasn’t there. Seeing he’d left, she silently breathed a sigh of relief. She knew who was at the door. Had Adam remained, things wouldn’t have been too pretty for her. Her boyfriend would have automatically assumed she was with someone when she didn’t answer the door. He wouldn’t believe she’d been asleep and unable to hear the door.

The subsequent banging grew louder.

She made her way to the door feeling a lot better knowing she could put her fear of being caught cheating to rest. Making it to the door, she peeked through the peephole. For all she knew, it could have been Adam returning to knock her back out. But it wasn’t. It was her boyfriend, Nate.

She swung the door open, and spint around.

Nate - a skinny, funny looking guy - rushed through the door, and stuck Janelle with a stiff right hook. “What did I tell you?” he asked. When they became serious, he’d forewarned her about fucking someone else. He made it clear if he found out, he would beat her ass. She must have thought he had been playing.

Staying true to his word, he rode down on her to let her know what it was. Punching her repeatedly, he had yet to utter one word of where this ass whooping stemmed from. Amid the assault, Janelle lost her footing. That didn’t matter. Regardless of where she rested, he refused to cut her any slack. When he couldn’t put hands on her, he planted his feet in her sides as he attempted to stomp a mud hole in her rib cage.

Oblivious to his reasoning, she covered up as best as she could. With no apparent target, he resulted to giving her a swift kick to the rear. She had to know he wasn’t playing with her.

Janelle took the unexpected assault in stride. While she had no idea what she’d done, her main priority surrounded minimizing any further pain. Protecting herself came first. After that, she would consider trying to figure out what his problem was. Above her, he mumbled incoherently as he became even more frustrated about his dilemma. Balled up, she was disturbed by what had taken place.

Nate eased off her for a second to catch his breath.

Spitting on her, he degraded her verbally. In between rants, Janelle began picking up on what his real issue was. He’d seen Adam leaving her apartment. *Holy shit!* she thought. He’d must have just left moments before Nate arrived. She now wished Adam would have stayed.

He pointed down at her. “Bitch, I told you if I caught that ass fucking somebody else, I’ll beat that ass. Didn’t I tell you that? You thought it was a game. Now look at what you made me do?” He flinched. “I should kick your ass some more, you fucking good for nothing, once a month bleeding ass bitch.”

Shocked, she peered through the small opening of her arms to see the anger in his eyes firsthand. She’d never seen him this upset before, especially to the point of putting his hands on her. Sadly enough, she didn’t really care. She’ll take another ass whooping if it meant she could go another round with Adam. She laughed at that irony. Her boyfriend had delivered an old fashion ass whooping for fucking Adam, and she had the desire to fuck him again. Chuckling, she let out a short snort.

Nate thought she was mocking him. That sent him back into attack mode. Swinging downward, he connected a solid right. The hook filled Janelle’s mouth with blood, and sent her into an even tighter ball for protection.

Talking cash shit, he threw a slew of blows; some connecting, others missing their mark. When his arms tired, he used his feet to stomp her out. When leaning towards exhaustion, he made up his mind to simply let it go. Spinning away, he bolted towards the ajar door, through it, and left it open.

Janelle waited him out. Assuming he was gone, she slowly stretched out, fighting through the pain shooting through her body. She lightly patted the side of her face, feeling how swollen it was. With each touch, it appeared to swell more. She loathed to look in the mirror. Tears began to roll down her face. She was alone at school with no one to call. That left her to deal with the results of the ass whooping by herself.

Mulling it over, she felt the need to tell Adam about what happened.

Finding her phone in her bedroom, she called him unsure of how he would react. At that point, that wouldn’t matter. This was something he should be made aware of. When he answered, she forcefully fought through the pain to give him the details. He sat on the phone wondering why he should care. She wasn’t his girl. What did she want him to do? He wasn’t into playing Captain Save—A—Hoe. Swooping in to save the day wasn’t his style. He simply dug their backs out and left them to deal with the aftermath.

“It’s ironic I got my ass whoop for fucking you when I didn’t actually get the dick,” she stated, clearly leaving out the part of getting hers while he was sleep. “Your bum ass went to sleep on a bitch and left me to play with myself. You owe me, Adam. You owe me big time!”

“I got you, shorty!” He felt bad for her. “Get yourself together though, and leave them suckas alone. I’m not good with knowing you got your ass whoop because of me. That shit ain’t cool.”

She palmed her side. “I hear you. You should have stayed and none of this would have happened.”

“If you weren’t fucking on your man, it wouldn’t have happened. What you doing fucking around anyway?”

She had to be truthful. “Dude ain’t laying it down like that but he’s good in other areas,” she admitted, contemplating the relationship they had.

He wondered how things would play out after the beating. “What you gonna do though? You still fucking with dude after he beat you bad like Michael.”

She had to shake her head. “You got jokes, huh?”

“I’m trying to make light of the situation but you do have a decision to make. Trying to fuck with me will keep your brains beat in. I tend to leave my mark wherever I go.”

She could second that. “I’ll know what to do soon. Right now, I should get some ice for my face. I’ll talk to you later.”

Turning his music back up, the bass massaged his back. However, his mind failed to get the same treatment. While his body soaked up the bass and released its tension, his mind drifted to something entirely different as he made his way home. *If it ain’t one thing, it’s another,* he thought, deciding to let what was on his mind end with the last song.

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Edward chilled in his Suburban as he ran some things through his mental database. When thinking in such terms, he liked to get with Adam so they could work out certain details. Adhering to that set-up, he swung by Adam’s to pick him up.

Over recent weeks, he had been casing a few spots and it was imperative to get Adam’s take on how to manage the licks. Even as the mastermind of the family, he found that before tackling any job, it was best to come together as one opposed to settling on his own ideology.

Adam climbed into the truck, thinking of Erin. “I called Erin last week but she never called me back. Have you talked to her lately?” he asked, knowing they were closer.

Edward pulled away from Adam’s apartment. “I talked to her this morning. That’s where we’re headed now. We need to be there when she gets out of class. What time is it?”

Adam checked his G-Shock. “10:45.”

Edward turned onto the main drag on campus. “Cool, she should be getting out of class in about five minutes.”

As the Suburban cleared a parked bus, Adam snapped his head to the right. “Man, who the fuck is that?” he asked, spotting a big, round ass strutting towards the campus’ library. He hopped from the passenger’s seat; his feet skating across the pavement before the truck came to a complete stop.

Speed walking across the yard, he accidently dropped his phone but didn’t bother to stop and pick it up. His mind zeroed in on the young lady ahead of him. He called out for her to stop. She kept walking, purposely ignoring him. Like Superman, his eyes zoomed in on her behind. He liked the way it moved. As he watched the jiggle, he imagined himself palming the two meaty pieces of flesh, and how that would make him one of the happiest men on earth.

Ahead of him, the chick knew who he was and had no intentions of being sucked into his player ways. From the moment the truck rolled up, she noticed him looking. Every time she seen him she noticed him. There was something special about him; but, she had more respect for herself than most of the girls on campus. Where they were easy, she wasn’t the type to succumb to his sexual advances. If he wanted her, he would have to want more than some pussy.

Tired, Adam caught up with her. As he did, he reached out for her shoulder. His hand landed squarely upon her right delt and applied too much pressure as he sought to regain his breath.

The chick spun around with an ugly mug on her face, shrugging off his hand. “Boy, what are you doing touching me?” she asked, poking out her lips and rolling her neck.

He could have smacked himself. What he thought he had seen from afar was not what he ran up on. This chick was busted from head-to-toe. He was glad she gave him the extra attitude. That opened the door for him to simply spin off without saying another word. Returning to Edward’s truck, he swiftly scooped up his phone and hopped in, hoping to save face.

Edward wouldn’t let him off that easy. “Bro!” he chimed. “You don’t look very happy.” He checked the rearview mirror. “What happened, playboy? She ain’t going?” he asked, flashing a *that’s what you get!* smile on his face. “I bet that ass won’t run up on another fat ass again.”

Before Adam could respond, Erin walked up knocking on the passenger side window. Adam frowned as she stared at him. She snapped her neck back at him. He pointed to the back seat, directing her to get in or stand there looking stupid.

Edward hit the locks.

Erin clambered in behind Adam, pushing him in the back of his head. “You could have let me sit in the front, boy.”

“Fuck that!” he countered, swiping the screen on his phone.

She rolled her eyes at Adam then nodded at Edward. “What’s up, bro?”

Edward smoothly nodded back, pulled off and began to fill them in on what was on his mind. Driving towards the exit, he glanced to his left. The sight before him parked what he was saying in his throat.

Walking across the crosswalk was the most beautiful woman Edward had ever seen.

Adam back-handed Edward’s arm. “She’s out of your league, bro.” He displayed a cocky smirk on his face.

Edward’s attention zoomed in on the beauty gliding across the asphalt. *He got me fucked up. She’s out of his league,* he thought, chalking Adam’s hating up to him running up on that gorilla.

Honking the horn, he studied the lovely lady glancing over her shoulder. Getting a good look at her face, he surmised that if he seen her again, he would take the chance to step to her. Memorizing her features, he had to see her again. There was no had to it. He longed to see her again. He also wanted to stop right then but for him, business always came first. In his world, business superseded his personal life. As much as he wanted to get at the beauty, he couldn’t sidestep what was more important to indulge in what he considered pleasurable.

He tooted the horn one last time. The beauty glared directly his way. Their eyes locked and a connection surged throughout his body. Her energy was strong. He figured she had to feel his as well. Speeding off, he promised to return to the campus every day until he could find her. He had to have her.

Coming to a stop sign, he pushed her from his mind so he could return to the situation at hand. “There’s this lick I stumbled across that’s up the highway. It’s small but it’ll keep us from getting too relaxed.”

Adam leaned into the passenger side door. “I ain’t with doing little shit. Leave that shit for someone who needs it.”

Edward choked the steering wheel. “Don’t let the benefits of the last lick pacify you, bruh,” he retorted. “We haven’t always hit big licks so don’t think you big time now.”

Adam wasn’t trying to hear that. He wasn’t considering going out of town to do a small job. The last lick did spoil him and that meant everything after that needed to be a step up, not down. “Is that all you got on the horizon?” he asked, weighing his options.

“Naw, big timer! There’s another one but it will take some time to get to. I’m not done doing my homework.”

Adam turned towards him. “Where’s that one?”

“What difference does it make? Ain’t none of yo hoes gonna run off.”

Erin laughed. Adam didn’t like that. He gritted on her in the side mirror. She mushed him in the back of the head. He grabbed her hand, almost pulling her over the seat.

She snatched away. “Boy, stop playing so much,” she screamed, quieting down to pay attention to the area Edward drove into. “This a nice neighborhood, bro. There gots to be plenty of money over here to get.”

He agreed. “I know but I have to see how to get it without being seen, feel me?”

“Yeah, I feel you,” Adam added. “If I could find a rich bitch over here, I’ll think about settling down for, at least, one more night.”

Everyone busted out laughing. They knew Adam was merely talking shit. He wasn’t settling down with no chick but the one he laid down with that night. And that was a different chick every night.

Erin leaned back. “Let me know when you want to do the job. You know I’m down for whatever, whenever. But take me back to the dorm. I have shit to do.”

Edward made his way out of the area; his mind racing about the job and the girl he seen. He wondered if he’ll run into her again that day. *That’ll be too much like right.*

He pulled the Suburban in front of Prairie Hall.

Erin elbowed the door open. “Ed, I might need to stay with you for a minute until I find my own spot.”

He monitored her countenance. “It’s whatever with me. Just let me know.”

She shoved Adam’s head again. “Will do,” she exclaimed, jumping from the truck.

As Edward drove off, his phone rang. Taking the call, he listened carefully, nodded more than he spoke, then ended the call. Placing the phone in his lap, he drove in silence until his little brother interrupted him.

“What’s up?” he asked, scrolling through Instagram.

Edward shrugged. “Shit. Just got some info I needed.” That’s all he felt the need to say.

Adam peered at him sideways. By knowing his big brother, the need to push for more was minute. That would get him nowhere. Had he wanted to fully disclose the details of the call, he would have. So instead of traveling down that road, he reclined the seat and let his mind drift off him lately.