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©2013

May 14, 2013

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Summary:

At only ten years old Demetrius Collins witnessed his father get brutally murdered. Horrifying nightmares has plagued him ever since. Now at twenty five years old he is still searching for his father's killer. He tends to settle the ~~the~~ score and this may finally put him at peace.

Along the way, he falls for a nineteen year old beauty name Trina. He ignores warnings from family and friends that this girl is trouble. Sure enough, she turns out to be the fatal attraction type. As it becomes clear to him this girl is psychotic and will not let him go, he discovers that she is the daughter of the very man who killed his father. Suddenly the thin line between love and hate is dangling over a bottom less pit...

Dedicated To:

Page 2 J. Love

My beautiful daughters - Felicia and Sigourney Love

My ever loyal and loving brother - Ben

My true friends - Lynn, Soulja, Rat, Jim and Odell

Special thanks to: Ivy Carter author of "Price of Change"
and the poet Devon Jackson

He remembered it like it just happened yesterday. That was the problem. Yesterday refused to take its rightful place 'in the past' and just stay there. This memory that haunted him was a living entity as far as he was concerned. At this point in his life absolute revenge would be the only adequate therapy. This was the only way he could free himself of the trauma imposed upon him at such a tender age.

It went down when he was ten years old. Lil-D is what they called him back then. So, Lil-D woke up early in the morning sometime after midnight to go take a leak. He lived in a two bedroom apartment with his parents and younger brother on the northside of Milwaukee. His lil brother would sleep through the entire horrible incident.

His mother's name was Linda but everyone who knew her called her Lil-Bit. She was really cute and petite, only standing about four feet - eleven inches tall. She was dark skin and had curly hair like a Puerto Rican. Lil-D's father name was Danny, whom was high-yellow or extremely light skin. He was always good to his wife and loved her with all his heart. No matter what he never hit her, but he did have one major weakness which was big booty sluts. They often got him into trouble.

Lil-Bit on the other hand had a smile that could light up any room, but she had a severe violent temper. Lil-D saw her go upside his father's head all the time, even when he didn't do anything wrong. Whenever she got pissed she would go off and throw anything she could lift at her husband and children.

That cold dark night now fifteen years ago Lil-D got out of bed to take a leak. His bedroom was right next to the kitchen in which he tiptoed through to get to the washroom. After relieving himself he peeked through a second door that connected the washroom to his parents'

bedroom. He wanted to make sure they were asleep so he could sneak back into the kitchen and make himself a peanut butter and chocolate syrup sandwich. Then he would go back to his room all hyped-up. He would look at girly magazines until he fell asleep. Well, that didn't happen that night. His parents were not in their bedroom. He snuck through the short hallway to the livingroom and found his parents sitting on the sofa. Immediately the smell of sex, booze and weed smoke burned his nose. He crouched down where they couldn't see him. It seemed like they were watching one of them naked flicks. He now wanted to see some titties. He tried to get a peek at the T.V. but his mother's big head was in the way. He'd stay there til she moved out of the way.

His mother, Lil-Bit, was puffing on a big blunt and Danny his father was rolling up several more on the coffee table. He leaned in low and hoped to get a contact high. Safe in his hiding spot at the entrance of the living room he could hear their conversation.

"Dummy, I really think we should leave," Lil-Bit suggested. Dummy was a nickname she had given her husband.

"Why?" He was a man of few words.

"Shit gettin too hot around here. It's dangerous for us now." At the time she didn't know that Danny had robbed a local dealer for some loot but she did know he was out there bad.

Danny leaned over and kissed her hand that was holding the blunt "Baby, we're all good."

She persisted. "I'm thinking we should move to Minnesota."

He simply nodded. It ain't like he had a choice in the matter.

Lil-Bit was extremely bossy.

She went on. "I did my homework and gettin good jobs will be easy for both of us. Either way we need to leave the Milwilly for awhile."

Over time Danny learned not to argue or debate with his lil fiesty wife. She sometimes would easily get frustrated and attack him. She would bite, kick, scratch and scream like a mad woman. He took the blunt from her and pulled hard on it. "O.K."

She punched him on the arm. "You agreeing with me?"

He simply nodded.

She punched him again. "You go make me hurt you, Dummy. You always gotta do some dumb shit. Damn! Who did you get this loot from?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "He won't miss it. Don't even trip."

She just shook her head. "What all you get?"

"Ten stacks and three bricks," he smiled. "I hit a good lick now I can take you and the boys on a trip to New York."

She kissed him on the cheek. "That's a dumb place to go. Why New York?"

"I wanna get high then go into the statue of Liberty and I want to go to ground zero where the twin towers fell."

"So, you wanna go where it's even more dangerous than Milwaukee? You just don't think right."

He leaned in and kissed her on the mouth. She melted like always. He clearly didn't deserve her but she couldn't leave him even if she wanted to. He seemed to be about to lay her down and wax that ass. "Baby it's all good. What could possibly go wrong?"

As soon as he said that the doorbell rang. Danny stopped short and Lil-Bit immediately snatched up all the weed and blunt material off the coffee table and ran into their bedroom. Lil-D got even lower in his hiding spot. He nervously watched his father answer the front door.

Danny went to the door and cracked it with the chain lock still on. Before he could say anything some thug kicked in the door and the impact knocked

him backwards on his ass. He popped right back on his feet and the thug smacked him in his mouth with a really big pistol. Danny went down hard. Lil-D just froze. The thug seemed like a tall dark grim reaper only he could clearly see his face. The thug had the most murderous light brown eyes and he had a scar under his left eye that looked like a crescent moon. He stood right over Danny and aimed the pistol right at his face. "I want my money!"

He held up his hands. "Fuck you! You don't come bustin up in my house like tha police!"

The intruder cocked his pistol. "Bitch ass dope fiend! I know you took my shit! I want my money. Now!"

Danny's mouth was busted. He tried to spit blood in his face. "You trippin. Cuz, I'd never still from you!"

Lil-D was just lying there. Hidden. He wanted to get up and help his father but he was frozen with fear. That dang, pistol as well as the thug looked awfully huge. All of the sudden Lil-Bit came outta nowhere and jumped on the intruder like a wild bobcat or an insane Chucky doll. She was in full attack mode. Kicking, biting, scratching at his eyes and pleading for her husband's life. The thug wasn't fazed at all. Before Danny could enter the fight, he grabbed Lil-Bit by the throat and threw her lil hot ass clean through the livingroom window. The crash of the broken glass was deafening in the early morning hours.

Lil-D jumped up from his hiding spot and screamed. "Mama!"

The tall grim reaper with the scratch under his eye turned and pointed the pistol at him. Danny jumped between the intruder and his son and lunged at him. BOOM! To Lil-D it sounded like a shot from a cannon. Before he could blink his father's brain meat splattered all over his face and the wall behind him. He turned to run and blacked out.



Destro felt a hand on his shoulder and he kicked up out of sleep as if to get away from the menacing thug before he could finish him off.

Actually, it was his girlfriend Trisha whom shook him awake because she knew he was having another nightmare. "Hey! You O.K.?"

He was horrified and drenched with sweat. "Shit!" he cried. "I got my father killed."

She shook her head. "Nope! No you don't. Not tonight. You know dang well it wasn't your fault." Before he could reply she got out of bed and left the room. He in turn went into the washroom and a two minute cool shower because the cold sweat he woke up in left him all sticky. When he came back into the bedroom Trisha was waiting on him with a peanut butter and chocolate syrup sandwich. He turned down his favorite snack. He just wanted to get yesterday out of his head.

Trisha was the absolute love of his life. Her real name was Patricia Robinson. He felt like he was the luckiest man on earth to have her. She was high yella - a bit lighter than him. She had a big round forehead like soul singer Sade and her hair wouldn't grow long for nothing in the world. She had big red hubble lips and sneaky green eyes like a cat. Some people believed the only reason why she got so much attention because she had such a thin waist and her butt looked too big for her body. She was slightly bow legged and stood about five-six. Destro thought she was the fairest of them all and was obsessed with her big ole booty. She was only twenty-three years old but wise beyond her years.

Lil-D was now widely known as Destro. His real name was Demetrius Collins. He was skinny and light skin - a near splitting image of his father. He wore long french braids and was now twenty five years old.

Trisha knew the nightmare had really upset him so to get him to come back to bed and eat his sandwich she laid on her stomach and set it right

on her butt, right on the crack. This didn't bother him at all because he often used her butt for a pillow and a place to set his drinks and snacks while watching T.V. late at night. Her booty was like his best friend. It was so big it seemed to have its own personality. It understood him. It was big and sloppy like a hooker's booty, just the way he liked it. While she was awake she would always hold in her farts but sometimes they would slip out. Using her butt as a pillow he caught some gas in his face a few times. It was awkward and embarrassing at first but then he got used to it and it wasn't nothing. She had an all purpose booty. He loved to sixty-nine with her because she would use her massive cheeks to massage his face while he ate her.

He sat next to her on the bed and just stared at her and the sandwich resting on that huge mound. Chocolate syrup was starting to drip down into the crack. She knew he wouldn't be able to resist for long. After a few minutes of just appreciating her presence he leaned forward and ate his favorite snack off her butt. He never touched it with his hands. When he was finished he ran his tongue up and down her crack and made her purr.

She spread her legs. "Make sure you get all the crumbs, too. I don't want any roaches or bugs biting my asshole."

Destro was head over heels in love with Trisha and he knew he couldn't afford to lose her. They had a good thing going. She was, also, violent and had an attitude problem just like his mother, and often went off on him. On his father's honor he never hit her or any other female. He used to wonder why his father just sat there like a fool and let his mother go upside his head for almost nothing, and Danny told him that if he ever beat up a girl he'd be a coward, even if she deserved it. So now, he had no problem with Trisha going upside his head. He was just happy she told him she would never leave him no matter what. But she said she would kill him if he got another woman

pregnant. And she would kill him if he fucked a fag. She had all the booty his fool ass would ever need. They had a semi open relationship but he had no reason to doubt her.

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He laid his head on the big soft fleshy pillow. He wished he could overcome 'yesterday'. It occupied most of his present mind state. He got his father killed. He felt he definitely distracted his father, whom protected his son instead of attempting to defend himself. Danny died instantly and was deprived of getting any revenge. But what hurt the most was the fact he never saw his mother truly happy after losing her husband. Thank God Lil-Bit wasn't hurt at all when she got thrown out of the livingroom window. They had lived on the first floor so she only fell about six feet onto the front lawn. The impact of her hitting the ground knocked her out cold. She woke up only to have a nervous break down after finding out her husband was indeed dead. She never recovered. She was now locked up for a crime she committed only a few years ago.

Another thing that bothered Destro was he relived 'yesterday' over and over. He subconsciously wanted to be like the man who killed his father. Whoever that man was with the scar under his left eye that resembled a crescent moon, had left a lasting impression on a ten year old who should have had his lil butt in bed. Now, he was often terrorized when he went to sleep, but he bet the killer was feared, respected and didn't exist as a victim. He had, instantly, dominated his father and seemed completely invincible in his nightmares. He named the killer 'Destroyer' and named himself 'Destro' at first all his guys and the rest of his hood teased him and said he'll always be Lil-D. That changed when he was just fourteen years old. He was in the eighth grade and it was black history month. His history teacher tried to make the class watch ROOTS for two weeks straight. Lil-D asked to be excused from class several

times because he felt shows like that were designed to make young black people feel ashamed of their heritage. The teacher wouldn't let him leave and threatened to eighty-six him. Well, on the show a brother got whipped again for trying to run away and another black woman got raped by massa and the men didn't do nothing about it. Lit-D did. He picked up a chair and beat the teacher down with it. He got arrested and spent some time in juvie. Nevertheless he was called Destro by everyone from that point on.

The street life is forever unforgiving but that was the life he chose. He became a goon because goons were on top of the food chain in the streets. All the drama that came with that was managable for him; he just had to figure out a way to get rid of the monster called 'yesterday.'

PART ONE

"Extraordinary people survive under the most terrible circumstances and they become more extraordinary because of it."

- Robertson Davies

"The art of living lies less in eliminating our troubles than in growing with them."

- Leo Tolstoy

"There is a way to look at the past. Don't hide from it. It will not catch you if you don't repeat it."

- Pearl Bailey

Destro laid on his girlfriend's big soft butt and began to doze off. He hoped 'yesterday' wasn't waiting for him on the other side. With that thought he decided to have sex with Trisha and that should leave him so exhausted that maybe his slumber would be dreamless. As soon as he smacked her butt to see if she was still awake the phone rang. He already knew who it was. Anyone who has younger siblings have all experienced the same fate. ■ On what - as soon as you're about to get some your lil brother or lil sister interrupts! He reached over and grabbed his phone off the night stand. "What's up Temp?"

"Big brah, you need to come down to the spot. We got trouble."

Destro just smiled. Sure as shit stank it was his lil brother Temper. That wasn't a nickname. Temper was the legal name his mother gave him, because he was extremely fussy and tempermental in her womb. If she consumed anything he didn't agree with when she was pregnant with him he made her throw it up. He was a brat before he was born. Lil-Bit couldn't wait til he was old enough to get whoppins. She got plenty of payback as he was growing up.

Destro got out of bed and put on a pair of sweat pants. "We got hit?"

"Yup, but not by the cops."

"Say no more, I'm on my way." He added a sweat shirt and turned to Trisha whom had her back to him. He bent down to kiss her and she cringed away from him. "Boy, don't kiss me with your booty breath."

He kissed her anyway. "I'll be back in a few."

He was about to grab his pistol and without turning over she said, "Dummy, look at the clock."

It was going on two in the morning.

"You don't wanna get pulled over this time a morning riding dirty. Whatever happened is most likely over already."

It was never over. She wasn't always right but he respected her intuition.

He left the pistol there. He smacked her on that big ole juicy booty and rolled out. He hopped into his money green Hummer sitting on shiny rims. Inside he had two T.V.'s a DVD player and a play station 3. He and Trisha lived damn near on the lake front in a nice expensive house. He headed to the northside of town where his apartment building was or the 'spot' that Temper was referring to. He owned it amongst several others.

On what - as soon as he was only three blocks away from his own house he got pulled over by the police. He was damn sho glad he didn't have a pistol on him. They shook him down and let him go. While in traffic he called his right hand man, Johnny Money, who was the cofounder of their mob called the Goon Squad. They were coming up fast but a few other gangs were also making some noise. Destro couldn't help but get a lil excited because he liked to wage war on the other mobs. He actually hoped he would get to the apartments only to find one of his soldiers hurt but not dead; just so he could have a legitimate reason to bring the drama.

Johnny Money answered his call. "D, I'm already at the spot. I don't think it's too serious."

"What happened?"

"These young fools had a jumpdown up in there."

"A flipper?" Destro asked, meaning a young hoochie mama who let thugs run trains on her.

"Whatever. All I know is it's because of that girl some cats came through and sprayed the building," he explained. "I don't know if her boyfriend got pissed or what but it's definitely over the girl. I got her under guard so these fools won't hurt her."

Destro just shook his head. Somebody is always japping out over a no good bitch. The young thugs now a days was just short on any real game and morals. They had

No respect for one another yet they risked everything on a daily basis to impress each other to gain respect. Figure that out, so they enter a rat race to try and get more than one another and get the most attention. All they really believed in was competing with each other in the streets, gettin high, and fuckin hoers. Everybody want to be hard and known as a thug, player, or killer but, actually, only a tiny fraction of them could hold water once arrested and put under pressure.

He turned on a street called Meinecke and pulled up to the spot. The apartment building was eight stories high. This was a place of hustling but his brother Temper chose to live there on the top floor. Many of the units under him was rented out to dealers, smokers and working girls. Temper was a twenty year old gangbanger. He had never stayed in school but Destro was sure he could read and write because he spent some time in lock up. Everybody knows that most children in the hood, that chose to be hoodlums, learns how to fight in school and get educated in jail. That's just the way it was. Sad but true.

As soon as he got out of his truck, Temper and another goon by the name of C.W. approached him right away. "Brab, we gonna burn them ho-ass niggas!" Temper snapped.

Destro shuddered. He hated that evil 'N' word. It stabbed him in the heart because most people he associated with had no idea how devastating and disrespectful that word is. He would never get used to anyone addressing him in that manner. He leaned against his truck. "What's this all about?"

"It don't matter. Them bitch ass niggas shot up my spot so now they must pay."

Destro turned from his lil brother and looked at C.W. which was short for Combat Willy. He was Temper's right hand man. "Cuz, what's going on here?"

C.W. was a six foot six eighteen year old monster. What made him so

dangerous was his undying loyalty to the Goon Squad. He was considered a grunt kinda like a marine, a seal, or army ranger because his greatest honor was to put his own life on the line to protect his comrades. He was about two hundred-eighty pounds of muscle. He shrugged his massive shoulders. "Man, about six of our guys were finna run a train on this fool girl name Trina. They picked her up in a club and those Technine brothers got all jealous. Technine L.C. is Trina's cousin and he just about went off when she left with Goons. These fools brought her back here anyway."

Destro turned to his baby brother and put a hand on his shoulder. "I want you to let the shit go for about a week then you can make an example out of L.C. Cool?"

He nodded. "I feel you bro but tell Johnny to get that pissy girl out of this building."

"Were the cops called?"

"Nope. I don't think nobody here in any unit want to see the cops. I believe we all dirty just a lil. Just get that girl outta here because niggas wanna burn her."

Destro went into the building and didn't have to be told where she was. He went right to the third floor. There was an older woman staying there by the name of Mama Nancy. She was about fifty-five still smoking dope. Many of the youngsters in the hood teased each other for getting caught dope dating her. She was very popular because she wore dentures. She had the whole (in or out) thing going. Extremely useful to the hood. Anyway, he knew that Johnny Money had the girl in Mama Nancy's apartment because she had everyone's respect. She greeted him at the door and pointed to the kitchen. He went in there and found his right hand man sitting at the table with an extremely attractive young lady. Johnny stood up. He was also twenty five and had known Destro since the fourth

Grade. He was about five-ten. Thin but a bit more muscular than Destro. He was really dark skin and his braids rested on his shoulders. "She's all yours, D. I'm finna go tend to our young Goons and make sure none of them go to jail tonight." He left and the girl just sat there quietly.

She was light brown sexy as hell. Why do all the finest girls have to be nothing ass sluts! He hoped she didn't have a big ole booty because he was instantly attracted to her. She had naturally long hair, big lips, and dressed in a mini skirt with a matching see through blouse. "Girl, how old are you?"

"Nineteen. And my name is not Girl, it's Trina."

"Well, Trina, who's L.C.?"

She frowned. "Aw forget him. He always up in my business. Always tryin to tell me who I can and can't mess with."

"I agree with him, you outta order for fuckin the opposition."

"Forget you. That gang shit ain't got nothing to do with me, I was just over here kickin it."

He held out his hand. "Come on, I'm gonna take you home."

She shook her head. "Nope, I don't wanna go home. I don't feel like hearing my other cousin's mouth either."

"Well you ain't staying here. Where do you want me to take you?"

She gave him a sexy smile. "Let me go where you go, Destro."

"I don't know which one of my guys told you my name but Girl you don't know me."

"I know enough."

He got up in her face and noticed she had a scar under her left eye. She was beginning to look familiar. "Damn shame you out here bad like this."

"I'm just having fun."

"You gotta job?"

She shook her head and smiled wider. "I get it how I live."

"So you think that sounds slick to me? You'll be burnt out by the time you're twenty one," he snapped. "And to think you can get wit me! You have no job. No self respect. No morals. Everybody done probably had you already. Why would I waste my time wit you?"

The smile was wiped off her face. She was highly offended. She stood up and attempted to cover her shame with an attitude. "You don't know me to talk to me like that, you ain't my daddy."

Damn. That scar under her left eye made her look so familiar. He couldn't place her, though. "You got any children?"

"Nope."

"You're lucky. If you did you'd probably have to go to one of them talk shows to try and find out who the baby's daddy is."

Aw snap. She got up in his face. She was beautiful. She was a tall drink of water at five-nine and also had a big butt. She had no waist and near perfect breasts. She also had a mean streak that was the cutest thing about her. "Nestro, I'm not scared of you like everybody else. You ain't gonna keep talking to me all crazy. You don't know what I'm going through."

"Shit, it looks like you're going through most of the studs in this building! Or should I say they were going through you."

She bit her bottom lip and couldn't help herself. She swung off with a wild right and tried to knock his damn head off. He blocked it and laughed at her. She began swinging at him like crazy and he simply grabbed her and bear hugged her. She was fuming. She tried to break free from his grasp but couldn't budge. She quickly grew frustrated because she was sure she outweighed his skinny butt, but thin as he was, he was cock deisel strong. "Let me go!" she hissed.

He held on. "You finished?"

"Yeah, just let me go. I can walk home."

He was taking a legitimate liking to her. Too bad she was a neighborhood hoe. Damn! So many dime pieces went bad so easily. He loosened his grip on her but held her by the waist. Her arms were free. He took in her scent. She smelled good. "You ain't leaving here by yourself." He gazed into her eyes and shuddered. He wasn't sure why.

She made a weak attempt to remove his arms from around her but she really hoped he would never let her go. "Let me go. I can take care of myself."

"I never said you can't. I just wanna make sure you get out of this territory safely," he explained "If I take you home will there be a boyfriend waiting to put hands on you?"

"I told you I stay with my cousin. My ex caught a murder case last year and now he's gone for at least thirty yards."

He shuddered again. "Ouch! So who's this cousin you stay with?"

"None of yo business! I stay with my older cousin Carmel, that queen ain't shit either."

"What's up with your parents?"

"I don't get along with my mother and I don't mess with my father."

He finally let her go. "Did you graduate?"

"Hell naw."

He just shook his head. "You need to get yourself together kid."

"I'm not your kid." She grabbed her purse. She wasn't trying to hear any of that mess he was talking out the side of his neck. She was ready to go home but she sure as hell wasn't going home. She was tired of people always trying to lecture her. She turned to the skinny attractive man whom she liked a lot but wanted to fight. She turned away then turned back. "What should I do now?"

Mama Nancy came into the kitchen. "The child can stay here tonight. They

Won't bother her as long as she stays put."

He shook his head. "Nope because she won't stay put." He turned to Trina "If you don't wanna go home I know this lil cozy motel where you can just chill and be safe for a few days."

She crossed her arms. "If I agree to go are you just gonna leave me there by myself."

He nodded. "Kid, you just need to relax and get your head right. If you ever get yourself together I may give you a shot. You don't even realize just how beautiful you are to me."

She blushed and softened up. "You really think so, me, beautiful?"

"Yes. Hey, how did you get that scar under your eye?"

"It's not a scar, It's -" Before she could finish automatic gunfire rang out in the calm night. All three of them instinctively hit the deck. Destro made sure both women were O.K and then he ran out into the hallway. He found his soldiers all converging to the front entrance. He joined them not realizing Trina was right behind him on his hip. As soon as he stepped outside one of the young Goons ran up and tried to punch her lights out. He held him off from getting at her and Johnny Money told him to hurry up and get that dang girl away from there! Destro shoved Trina into his hummer and rolled out.

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Johnny stayed back and tried to keep his Goons calm. A carload of Techniner's had doubled back and caught a youngster by the name of Mikey slippin. He left the building to go to a gas station two blocks away to get some munchies. They followed him and as soon as he made it back to the building they lit his ass up.

Now the rest of the Goons were pissed to high heaven at Johnny because earlier he had took away everyone's pistols just incase the police arrived due to the first drive by. Temper was snapping as Mikey lay on the ground

bleeding from multiple wounds. He wasn't dead though. Johnny turned to Temper as he heard sirens quickly approaching. "Look you get out of here. Do not retaliate in the same manner. You don't want a lil kid to get popped."

"I don't give a fuck who gets it! Them niggas going down!"

Johnny turned to C.W. "Look man, you two need to go over to Mikey's mother house like right now. Convince her that you'll take care of everything and not to panic when them people call her and tell her what happened to her son. Gain her trust right away and she'll be able to keep Mikey's mouth shut. We gotta stay ahead of the game."

Temper regained his composure. "You're right, J. If we're gonna do it we gotta do it right. Let's roll out Combat."

C.W. followed behind him but stopped short. "J, that girl is bad luck man. Soon as I saw her she gave me the heebie-jeebies! Cuz I'm fa-real something is way off about that girl."

"I don't doubt you. I don't like her neither. Let me know you catch any of ours fooling with her."

C.W. walked off shaking his head. He mumbled to himself. "It don't matter, we're already cursed."



Destro took Trina to a small motel on Milwaukee's far northside. As he turned into the parking lot he pulled out a small wad of cash and turned down his stereo. "If I give you some money will you check in and chill for at least a day?"

She nodded and accepted the money but tried to quickly think of a way to come up. If she could get in good with him some how she felt some if not all of her self respect would be restored. She wasn't about to squander this opportunity. "Hey, it's only a few more hours to sun up so you may as well stay and keep me company."

"Kid, I gotta a real woman at home who I happily want to get back to

ASAP!"

"I can be real if you show me," she pouted.

"If I stay with you today I'll despise you tomorrow, kid. Do you understand where I'm coming from?"

She grew angry and opened the door. She was about to get out but thought better of it. "D.K. I'll stay here but only if you come back and pick me up. I'll wait til you return."

He almost laughed in her face. "I don't know you kid. It ends here."

She put on her seatbelt. "Well, if you ain't gonna come back I'm not gettin out this truck."

"Get out or I'll put you out," he growled. "You have no idea how short my fuse is. Kid, get out."

She crossed her arms. "Nope."

"Why you trippin? Get outta here."

She just ignored him now.

"I'm not gonna go in circles with you. If you don't get the hell out of my ride I'm gonna drive home to my woman and leave your ass in my driveway."

She smirked at him like 'I dare you.'

He turned up the stereo and smashed off. Not too long after he was back on the far eastside. Trina marveled at all the nice big expensive houses near the lake front. Aw snap, she knew he had to have major dust to live way out here. As he pulled into his driveway she saw a flower bed and well manicured lawn. The house was grey and white. Six figures no doubt. There were also two satellite dishes on the roof. He stopped short of the garage and she just knew it had to be another kick ass vehicle in there. She wasn't gonna leave him alone now. She took off her seatbelt. "You really live here? This is nice. Real nice!"

Dang dumb dizzy beautiful tramp! His heart burned for her. He definitely was feeling her but he had to try and chase her away "You may as well buckle

Up because you ain't coming in."

"Are you fa-real? You can't leave me out here in this dang truck!"

He got out. "Watch me, Kid. Good night." Before she could put up further protest he skimmed the door and retreated into his home.

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He went directly to his bedroom. He was flat out exhausted. He found Trisha resting peacefully under the covers. He snatched off all his clothes and slid into bed next to her. He snuggled against her warm soft body. Without warning she elbowed him in the stomach. "Ow! What was that for?"

She never opened her eyes. "I'm sure you did something dumb or crazy."

She was lying on her stomach. He was about to respond when she turned on her side with her back to him and put her butt on his crotch. She grinded against him a few times to give him a hint she wanted a hole filled. She was flat out addicted to his swipe. She was relieved to feel him growing erect. She was too wet already for any foreplay. She just reached back and guided him in. He was blessed with size and she bit down on her bottom lip as he filled her completely. He went to work and she tried her best to stay still and not moan so loud, so he wouldn't nutt so fast. He sucked on the back of her neck and boned her hard and slow just like she taught him. Her orgasms were often explosive with him inside her; something she greatly cherished. By now it was after three in the morning so he was able to go til the sun came up.

Destro tossed and turned as the recurring nightmare plagued his sleep. The intruder turned the pistol on him, after killing his father, and he never knew that he ran into a wall and blacked out. He actually thought he'd gotten shot. Each nightmare was more intense than the last even though the same exact thing happened everytime.

'Yesterday' had become a great and consistent enemy. As he tried to shake off the cobwebs he felt a hand on his shoulder, as he gasped with terror and fear he realized it wasn't the grim reaper about to finish him off. His vision was blurry but he clearly heard his mother's best friend, Shalonda's voice. She lived upstairs from them. She was crying over his father and hoping at least he was still alive. He started to cry and needed her to him but instead Shalonda's voice grew angry and she hauled off and slapped the piss out of him.

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He instinctively covered up his face as he kicked out of the dreamscape. He realized he wasn't slapped by Shalonda but Trisha. His vision quickly cleared and he was about to jap the fuck out. "Girl is you crazy! You know you gotta be careful how you wake me up. What's wrong wit you?"

She didn't back off. She put her hands on her hips and leaned over him. Her angry green eyes pierced into him and resembled an alley cat as it's about to pounce on a mouse and score a sure kill. He also detected disbelief and frustration in her eyes. "Boy, why did you bring that girl here and leave her out there?"

He sat up. "What girl?"

She nearly fired on his skinny butt. "In your truck!"

(Aw snap! Trina!) His blood ran cold. Even he knew that was a bone head move to pull. He put his hands up. "Don't even trip. I can explain."

"She already told me what happened."

He got out of bed and tried to put a hand on her shoulder. "Is she still out there?"

She smacked his hand away. "Hell naw! I wasn't gonna just leave her sittin out there. She's in the kitchen." Before he could reply she stormed the door. She stopped short and glared at him. "It's already ten o'clock. Go take a bath. You got some food warmin on the stove. I'm finna take that girl home and ~~Demetrius~~ Demetrius I don't want you around her no more, somethin ain't right about her."

He wanted to protest but her ice cold green eyes held him in check.

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Trisha went back into the kitchen and found Trina smashing a plate of pancakes, sausages and fried eggs. She then washed it all down with a cold glass of orange juice. She tried to hold back a burp. "Oh my goodness! Thank you Trisha that was a wonderful breakfast, I'm usually eating junk and fast food."

Trisha wasn't flattered. She jingled her car keys. "Well I'm glad you ate your food fast because I'm finna take your hot ass home."

Trina frowned. She didn't want to leave. She looked all around the spacious kitchen with the oak wood counters and cabinets and they also had some of those fancy appliances you see on the infomercials. She wanted to stay right there where she belonged. "Where's Destro? I need to cuss him out for leaving me out there in the cold."

Trisha walked to the back door and gestured for the weary teenager to follow her. "Let's get this straight. This is my house and that is my man. Let's go."

Trina cussed under her breath but followed her out to the garage. Soon as she stepped in she was greeted by what appeared to be a near brand new Lexus. Candy apple red with a leather white ragtop, and leather white interior. She whistled and desperately wanted to take this ugly bitch's place. She went to the passenger's side and got in the car without a fuss. "Hey, I didn't mean any harm here. When Destro protected me and didn't put me out at the hotel I kinda thought he was feeling me."

Trisha smirked at her. "He was just trying to be nice." As she got in next to her the hair on the back of her neck stood up straight. This girl was so adorable but giving off bad vibes. She could smell her and could tell she did have sex last night with at least a few of those Goons. She probably should have let the girl take a shower but the sooner she got rid of her the better. Trina had the most amazing light brown eyes but they also were cunning and conniving. She had a cute scar under her left eye that looked like a crescent moon. As she pulled out of the driveway she could feel the girl's heart drop. "Sorry I was so mean. Where do you stay at?"

Trina sighed. "North twenty-ninth, or no where."

That figures. Technine territory. She already knew there would most likely be a lot of street violence surrounding this girl. "I know my man just wanted to pull you out of a bad situation but you can't get it twisted. He don't like you like that, understand?"

(Cool! She don't want to share. I'll just take her damn man...)

She nodded. "Yeah, I understand clearly. I apologize for offending you." She stared out the window and caught one last glimpse of their beautiful brick house and smiled to herself. She had a huge haunch that made her all warm inside, letting her know she'd definitely be seeing more of Destra. She began making immediate plans to clean up her act. He should be hers! How could this green eyed goon land somebody like him? Sure Trisha was graceful and dignified but she looked way better than her. She had to overcome Trisha's prominence somehow. Trina was always a lowly wolf like her father but now she had to figure out how to slip into some sheep's clothing.

Trisha interrupted her thoughts. "How'd you get that scar if you don't mind me asking?"

"A lot of people asks me that all the time. It's not a scar it's a birthmark. My father has the same exact mark under his left eye. When I was born there was no

Way he could deny me."

"Wow that's amazing," Trisha cooed truthfully. "Who's yo daddy?"

The troubled girl grew visibly dim and she tried to block out the images and memories of her father beating the crap out of her mother. The hurt and shame gripped her as she remembered how her passive mother refused to leave him or even call the cops on him. She didn't have the courage to call it quits until he went to prison after he got convicted of a home invasion many years back. She had lost all respect for her mother and just hated him. She put her head down and hoped the big foreheaded woman wouldn't ask any more dumb questions about her father. "My father is a stranger as far as I'm concerned."

She could sense the girl's despair. "Fair enough." She sped to their destination so she could get rid of the young harlot. She just couldn't understand why such beauty had to go to waste. This girl could easily become a successful model. Other than that scar or birthmark her skin was flawless. Too bad she was obvious trouble.

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Destro took a quick shower and got dressed in casual wear as he was going to visit his mother in prison; well she was currently in a mental institute for prisoners. He put on a pair of red and white Air Force One's, some loose fittin black jeans and a red/white and black Wisconsin Badgers sweatshirt. For jewelry he wore only a fossil watch and one gold ring he wore on his F-you finger. It was a head of a bull with diamonds for eyes. This represented that he was the head of the Goon Squad mob.

His mother Lil-Bit was now forty two years old. Just two years earlier she had bought some weed from some youngsters she really didn't know too well. He was sure it was her buddy Shalonda who actually purchased the package. Either way neither of them knew that the weed had been soaked (not dipped) in embalming fluid because they bought it unrolled. In the midwest they called it

wicked sticks and the south called it sperm water. Destro called everyone who dipped their weed and tobacco in embalming fluid some damn ass fools. Anyway, his mother and her friend smoked a whole blunt. Shalonda began seeing spirits, freaked out and had a seizure. Lit Bit on the other hand had a different reaction altogether. She grabbed her gun and ran out of the house. She blacked out and a few hours later she awakened handcuffed and shackled to a hospital bed, with two cops reading her rights to her. Eventually she learned that she had multiple felony charges. They claim she ran into a restaurant and robbed the place for an order of chicken nuggets and a side of Bar BQ sauce. She then took off running down a busy street and hopped on a city bus. She told the driver to get off. He obeyed her with no hesitation because he had a .380 pointed in his face. She took over the wheel and began speeding down the boulevard. She ran every red light and crashed into a Subway sandwich shop before anyone got ran over or even killed. The terrified passengers all said she kept rambling on about she had to meet her husband in New York because he promised to take her to see the Statue of Liberty. She got charged with armed robbery, criminal damage to private and city property, a ton of reckless endangering safety charges and car jacking. She had started out facing over a hundred years in prison but when the smoke cleared she got sentenced to only six years in prison and three on paper. She also got hit with ~~a~~ sixty thousand dollars in fines. Destro felt she shouldn't have gotten any prison time because she clearly had a psychotic and mental episode. He was ever handling her appeal, he was also the one paying off her hefty restitution.

He hopped into his Hummer and got on the highway. He always got emotional whenever he went to see his mother because she never turned her back on him when he got locked up. Even though she was a bit of a head case her word was good. When she told him she was going to do something she did it and that can be

the difference between one doing hard time or not. Loved one's simply being straight up means the world to anybody that's locked up. Lil-Bit was more like a trouble prone girlfriend than a mother now a days to Destro but no matter what the deal was he knew he could always count on her.

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The mental institution was in Madison. He could only imagine why his mother got sent there. He already knew she pulled some crazy move and was sure she had a good reason for doing so. As he met her in the visiting room he was relieved he didn't find her drooling at the mouth all spaced out. As a matter of fact she was quite beautiful as ever. She looked like she was in her early twenties because she had such good skin. Her complexion was glossy and she had no rings under her eyes. She wore her hair in long single braids going to the back, just long enough to tickle her shoulders. She had on plain grey sweats and white gym shoes. He melted when his mom smiled at him. He bear hugged her. She peppered his face with kisses and then pushed him away. "Where's your brother? Why didn't you bring any outside food?"

"My fault, don't even trip."

They sat down at a small table and he looked all around the visiting room. None of the other women who were patients looked like they were crazy. He asked his mom, "So, why did you get sent to the loony bin?"

"I needed to get away from the prison for a while because I was about to lose it for real." She went on to explain that a certain guard was always harrasing her and making her time way too hard. He got under her skin to the point she almost swung off on him and caught another case. He constantly knit-picked at her by yelling at her, writing her bogus tickets for violations she didn't commit, fucked with her mail and was always disrespectful. Nearly every time she crossed his path he had something slick to say. Other than that terrible guard she felt that she got harrassed by staff because her presence on the

Unit caused a lot of upheaval. She was really short and gorgeous and didn't trim her bush so the other girls and butches fought over her. Lit-Bit admitted that she did cause a lot of ruckus because she always down for a threesome with the most aggressive butches. They gave her whatever she wanted but with popularity comes great responsibility and headaches.

Destro could have listened to her all day talking about dykes in prison if she wasn't his mother. He changed the subject. "How long will you be here?"

"Another six months for sure but I'm not looking forward to going back there and having to deal with that dragon."

He simply nodded. He knew first hand how traumatic it is to be harassed by guards or any prison staff. Some of them fuck with people just because they can. You can file complaints but they are reviewed by other prison officials so you're basically fucked. One out of every thousand or so inmates who ever been violated by guards may win a lawsuit but the vast majority often go through hell at the hand of corrupt guards. If you snap and whip one of their ass you only dig a deeper hole for yourself. He shuddered at the flashbacks he had from the juvenile system alone. He stared in the box for kickin ass. He grabbed his mother's hand. "What's the pig's name?"

With no hesitation she said. "Sgt. Slocumb. Peter-punk-ass-Slocumb!"

He motioned for her to lower her voice. "Never speak his name again. He won't be there when you get back."

That eased her soul. "Thanks son. How's Trisha doing?"

He told her that she was mad at him about Trina. He went on to tell her all about the latest drama and how much backlash was sure to come because of this strange girl.

She took it all in. "Try to stay away from that pissy girl. I know you like her but if you get involved with her you will end up regretting it."

He frowned at her. "What makes you think I like that tramp?"

"Boy, please! You can't get that girl out of your head. I can read your mind."

He didn't doubt her. She went on to ask him what else was going on out there. He told her how he wanted to bring drama to many areas around the Miltown because the streets would operate better if his territory was greatly expanded.

Lil-Bit just shook her head. "The name of the game is Hit and Quit. There will never be one top dog nor order in the streets."

He leaned back and sighed. Here we go.

She continued. "Listen baby, you and Trisha are doing well cleaning up money but that's what make you bogus. You don't need to hustle because your apartments and your club makes more than enough for you to live comfortably. I know you want to be respected and feared but baby there is no respect, no honor, no loyalty in the streets. Now a days you all are out there just trying to be seen and heard. In my day we often had to hustle because there was just few job opportunities. The hustler and thug of today just think this shit is slick."

He agreed with everything she said, but still. "Mama you know I feel you but I'm built for the gutter. That's my domain. I am living my American dream."

"What about your father?"

He tensed up.

"Lil-D what about your father? Answer me."

He tried to maintain his composure. "Don't go there Mama"

Oh she went there alright. "Your dumb father stayed in the game and got burnt. Now look at us."

"My father got killed because of me and I will avenge him."

"It wasn't your fault ~~but~~ birdbrain, let it go," she

insisted. "You are lettin this thing destroy your life."

He stood up to leave. "I was destroyed the moment my daddy's head exploded all over the dam living room!"

She got up and nearly tackled him. "Don't leave baby sit down. I didn't mean to upset you. I'm a mother. Baby I don't wanna lose you or Temper the way I lost your father and that's the exact road you are on."

Reluctantly, he sat back down. He wanted to cry but couldn't. Maybe he could get some relief if were able to shed a ~~few~~ few tears. He grabbed his mom's hands and melted into her eyes. "As soon as you get out I'm takin you to New York to visit that dang Statue of Liberty."

Every time she see this dumb boy he looked more and more like his father. "I'm gonna hold you to that but I don't think they'll let me on any buses."

They both shared a lil laughter.

He asked her if she wanted something to eat from the vending machines but she suddenly wondered off and wasn't paying him any attention. "Hey! Crazy lady, I'm talking to you." She continued to ignore him. She was staring across the visiting room. He followed her eyes and saw a young chubby white girl in her early twenties. She appeared to be extremely nervous and uncomfortable. The girl's visitor was an older woman in her fifties whom was looking just as nervous.

Lit-Bit was shaking her head. "That cow gonna get popped off."

Destro was completely dumbfounded. "Why, what's wrong?"

"That's Jessica, she likes to smuggle in dope but don't know what the hell she's doing."

He could care less. "Stop being nosey. You want something from the machine?"

She nodded but kept her eyes on the other patient. "Ah yeah get

me some Funyuns and some chili cheese Fritos."

He stood up and stretched. "Any thing to drink?"

"Boy don't make me smack you!"

"Aw my fault, I almost forgot you like grape pop."

"Better act like you know, Go on then."

He had to walk pass the girl who was being stalked by his mother to get to the vending machine. He bought a bunch of snacks and as soon as he turned around to go back to his table the young chubby girl burst into flames. The impact of the minor explosion slammed him backwards into the vending machine. He dropped his snacks and shielded his face, stunned as ever. He looked up and noticed the older woman's hair was on fire. Without thinking he grabbed her jacket from the chair she was sitting in and began hitting her over the head with it. She was screaming and going off so he had to tackle her. Two security staff ran up and jumped on his back. Another visitor near by jumped on the staff yelling that he was only trying to help. They all started wrestling on the floor and people were crying, screaming, throwing up, hiding under tables and so on. As order was restored Destro noticed that the only thing on that girl left intact was her legs from the thighs down. Her arms and head flew clean across the visiting room. He quickly located his mom and found her gathering the all the snacks he had dropped. "Mama, you all good?"

She nodded. "They gonna terminate visits. I'll call you later. I love you baby." Seconds later all the patients got herded out of there. He tried to leave too but they detained him for ~~questioning~~ questioning. He was halfway in a daze like did this shit really just happen? This had to be the craziest thing he ever saw in his twenty five years on earth. Well, other than seeing his father get blown away right before his eyes.

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He asked the orderlies to retrieve his cell phone from the visiting locker so he could call Trisha and let her know what happened, also that he may be gone all day. Of course, she thought he was exaggerating.

Trisha in turn let him know she was going to go visit her cousin Toshiba who was back in town. He raised a brow. Toshiba was a well known ho girl in the Milltown. She had green eyes as well but she was really dark skinned. Her beauty was legendary but he still felt the girl was nothing but trouble. Never the less, she was Trisha's first cousin so he accepted and treated her like family.

He hung up and tried to stay focused as staff and patients alike moved about in a near mad panic. He just now noticed there was blood and guts all over the place. He then realized he got splattered with mental patient meat worse than anyone else. He nor his mother were really shaken up be he looked around and wondered how many of the witnesses will be plagued with nightmares for the rest of their lives. He just smiled. "Welcome to my world..."

Joanna was a peaceful and hard working woman in her late thirties. She worked as a secretary in a doctor's office on the city's far northside. While sitting at her desk filing her nails, waiting to take calls and messages, another much younger secretary from a different office came in and handed her a white box of long stem roses, a set of twelve. The box was sealed by a red ribbon and a note attached to it.

The younger woman wore a surprised expression. "Ms. Curtis, at first I thought these were for me until I saw your name on the envelope."

Joanna blushed with embarrassment and appreciation. "Who on earth would send me flowers?" She was very heavy set and never really tried her best to look physically appealing. She was 'tired' looking from working so much overtime and dealing with her children. She really didn't have time to deal with men. She didn't have the foggiest idea who her secret admirer may be. The younger secretary urged her to read the note. "I bet it's somebody that works in this building."

"Shoot, I hope he does work here. At least I'll know he has a job. I'll be doggone if I take care of another grown ass man."

"I know that's right," echoed the younger woman.

Before even reading the note she opened the box and the scent and bright redness of the roses stimulated her senses greatly. She opened the envelope and read the note out loud. "Your son will be dead before these roses die. Please put them on his coffin. Her blood ran cold and the younger woman's mouth dropped open. Joanna's fear, anger and blood pressure rose all at once. She crumpled the note inside a clenched fist. "Girl who gave you these damn flowers?"

With nervous and neutral eyes she shrugged her shoulders. "I came out of the washroom and they were sitting on my desk. I didn't see who left them there."

"Go find out."

She frowned and shook her head. "This is a sixteen story building. I don't want any part of this."

"I'm calling the police and you'll tell them what you know!"

The younger secretary stormed out of the office. The last thing she needed was to get dragged into the middle of somebody else's drama. She already knew somebody had to be after Joanna's eighteen year old son, L.C. She knew him to be a Technique gang member. She had met him because he often came to work to pick up ~~his~~ his mother. He tried to holla at her a few times but she wasn't the least bit interested in the gun toting street tough. She knew he was going no where fast. She went back to her own office on the same floor and prepared to tell the police nothing. She did have sympathy for Joanna but she could care less if somebody was really after L.C. He should have his gang-bangin ass at school or work some where.

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Down on twenty-ninth street not even two blocks from where Trina lived, L.C. was maxing with some of his guys at the spot. It was four of them smoking blunts and playing video games. This was about three o'clock in the afternoon. He suddenly got a call from his mother, Joanna. She was yelling at him and asking him what the hell had he done got into to have people threatening his life. Of course he denied doing any dirt in the streets. She let him know all about the roses and the note, and asked him to come to her office and talk to the police. He absolutely refused to speak with the rollers but assured her he'd be extra careful out there. As soon as he hung up the phone his life suddenly flashed before his eyes. He shuddered and tried to snap out of the daze. The vision was vivid. He saw himself in the first grade picking pumpkins with his mother and classmates. He saw himself learning how to ride a bike and falling, scraping his knees. He saw himself at twelve years old getting his first

Play Station for Christmas. He then saw himself gettin his first piece of coochie at only thirteen from the neighborhood slut. Her name was Tinky. Their lil bad asses had snuck into the alley behind their houses and had sex inside an empty washing machine box by the garbage cans. He laughed at himself as he remembered humping her stomach like crazy until she finally reached down and guided him in. Three humps later he ejaculated. The vision suddenly jumped ahead a few years and he saw himself in detention. He went his fool butt to the gym alone and got gym shoed by the rival Eastside Crawlers. Just a few weeks later the technicians had the numbers and he was able to get a lil payback. He then had a vision of the future. He saw his mother crying on one of his uncle's shoulder and he saw some of his guys with their heads down feeling all guilty and sad. At this point he tried desperately to snap out of the daze because the last thing he wanted to see was himself lying in a casket.

Ron-Ron, L.C.'s right hand man was watching him all the while. As soon as he got off the phone he knew something wasn't right. "Man you look like you just got some bad news."

L.C. reached for a blunt and took a nourishing toke. He then told his guys the same thing his mother just told him.

A youngster sittin on the sofa next to Ron-Ron grabbed the blunt. "How long does it take a rose to shrivel up and die?"

L.C. shuddered.

Ron-Ron punched the youngster on the leg. "Stop acting like a crack baby Kenny. This is serious."

The fourth youngster by the name of Tyler was sitting on the floor right in front of the T.V. holding a joystick. He turned away from his video game. "We got beef with Fifth Demension, and Goon Squad but I can't see either of them sending a note like that. Only Lion's Den get all high tech."

L.C. sighed. He knew this had something to do with Trina, that punk ass tramp. "Man last night we shot up them Goons, a few days ago we robbed them eastside niggas so I hope ~~neither~~ neither of them are now plugged with the Lion's Den."

Kenny crossed his arms. "I don't see why everybody's scared of the Lion's Den. They can get dealt with too."

Ron-Ron just shook his head. "Lil dog you don't know nothing and this is why you'll never be more than a send off."

"They bleed just like we do," Kenny insisted. "Bleed they will. Bleed they must!"

Tyler turned off the video game altogether. "Cuz, you see what the Lion's Den did to Fat Cat? He came up here from Chi terrorizing shit with Fifth Dimension and they shut his ass down like he was a grade school bully. His ass is on the run right now and I bet you he turn up dead," he turned to L.C. "I think it's safe to say we're not dealing with Lion's Den so it's most likely the Goons, but brah let's make sure before we really let the dog out on them. You already know we can take them so don't panic over that lil note." Tyler was the thinker of the group. He was tall and skinny. Ron-Ron was short and built like a young Eazy-E. Kenny was seventeen years old but had the body of a thirteen year old. He carried a pistol almost bigger than he was. L.C. was about six three and had a solid build. He had those light brown attractive but conniving eyes just like his cousin Trina. He sat there trying to hide his fear because the ~~vision~~ vision of the future was just as real as the visions from the past. "Who's callin it for the Goon's?"

"I think it's the fool ass nigga, Temper." said Kenny.

Ron-Ron shook his head. "Temper is a hot headed gunslinger like you. Nothing more. That cool ass brother Johnny Money is callin it for the Goons."

Tyler stood up and stretched. "What's up with Destro?"

"I didn't even know he was on count," said L.C.

Ron-Ron spoke up again. "Destro owns club 206. He definitely on count but I believe he's not too active since getting out the House of Correction. I bet all he does now is clean up dirty money for his lousy ass mob."

Tyler nodded. "L.C., your cousin Carmel is completely neutral. Let's send her at Johnny Money and she can find out if they sent that bogus note."

"I say we just light their ass up and let the chips fall where they may," Kenny suggested.

Tyler shook his head. "No, it's important we find out exactly just who disrespected our guy's mother like that. We're lucky she got greeted with flowers instead of a bullet."

L.C. reached behind the sofa and pulled out a technique sub machine gun with a foot long bullet clip. "Whoever sent that note won't even be able to get saved by the Lion's Den. Ty, you can go holla at Carmel because I don't want to run into Trina. I might lose my cool and jap smack that girl."

Tyler agreed. He liked Carmel anyway.

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Johnny Money was in Cudahay, a suburb just south of Milwaukee. It was a small town of only eighteen thousand people. He was down there making a great purchase. On Destro's wishes he was able to find an abandoned warehouse on a secluded plot of land. He only paid like ten stacks for the huge condemned structure. It was rat infested, all the windows were broken, the fence around the perimeter was breached in several areas but it was perfect mainly because of the location. It was surrounded by a wooded area so dense that to get to the warehouse one would have to turn off the highway onto a dirt road and roll through the forest about a mile deep. He and Destro would easily fix up the place by hiring a few carpenter, an exterminator, and more importantly hypes.

Dope fiends knew how to fix anything. He got on his phone and called his right hand man. "Lil-D! What up baby boy? I got some good news."

Destro was just getting released from the scene at the mental house. He answered his phone as he hopped in to his truck. "What's good Capitol D? Cuz, I just saw some crazy ass shit! You ain't gonna believe me til you see the news."

"Well first, check this out. I'm in Cubaay. I got the warehouse."

"Is it really big?"

"Yup you can park a lie jet in this thing and it's extremely secluded."

Destro was ecstatic. "I gotta see this. I'm on my way."

"So, what happened on your end?"

"I went to see my Mama at the loony bin—"

"How's she doing?"

"Crazy as ever but she doing good. Check this out cuz, Mama kept looking at this chubby chick getting a visit from her mother and Mama sensed that the girl was smugglin in drugs. Mama also sensed the girl was agitated and uncomfortable. Man I told her to stop being so nosy. I got up to get some snacks from the vending machine and as soon as I turned around that dang girl blew up!"

"What you mean? She went off?"

"Cuz, she exploded. She literally burst into flames. Her head popped off like a chandelion."

Johny almost hung up on him. "Get the fuck outta here! You must be jokin or smokin."

"Brah, I'm dead serious. Her mom's hair caught on fire. Man that shit looked like a terrorist attack, but what tripped me out was my Mama just stood there like nothing happened at all."

Johny obviously known Destro for over half his life and he definitely wasn't the lying type. But this? He couldn't believe this. "Lil-D how could that possibly

happen? That girl had to swallow a grenade or she had some kinda instantaneous combustion. That rarely happens, if ever."

Destro tried not to laugh or joke. "I talked to a doctor from UWM who came onto the scene and they found out that the girl's mom smuggled in some crystal meth and one of those long ass clear lighters. Ole girl went into the bathroom and keestered the contraband."

"What do that mean?"

"It means she stuck the drugs and lighter up her booty hole," he chuckled. "But dig this the drugs were wrapped up in plastic but not the lighter. It started leaking fluid and that was what made her uncomfortable. According to her mother she farted and blew up! I bullshit you not."

He paused then busted out laughing. "I'm sorry man I'm gonna have to watch the news. If you're lying you and Trisha gotta cook me and Faye a full course gourmet meal."

"Cool, but after you see I'm fa-real you and Faye must do the same for us."

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Temper and C.W. made their second trip to Mikey's mom house which was only right around the corner from the apartment building where he got shot up. He caught slugs in the stomach and left leg but none hit any vitals. He was only fifteen years old and thank God in heaven he was expected to make a full recovery.

As they rang the doorbell of a small two bedroom first floor duplex, Mikey's mother opened the door to meet them. Her name was Denise and the hood called her Niecy. She was in her early thirties, a short petite woman, really cute. She frowned at the sight of these two young thugs. She didn't like their kind. "What you hoodlums want?"

Temper reluctantly pulled from behind his back a teddy bear dressed in a lil sailor outfit and a box of chocolates. "Niecy can we come in?"

She was about to grab a broomstick and chase them away. "Boy, you're not

giving that to my son. He ain't gay. He better not be gay."

"No. No! Niecy this is for you," he corrected her. "I came to sincerely apologize for what happened. Last night I may have seemed rude but I was just geeked up."

She softened and let them in. "Y'all want something to drink?"

They declined as she accepted the gifts. C.W. then pulled out a small letter size envelope and handed it to her. She put it on the kitchen table. "What's this?"

"Only about twenty five hundred bucks. We want to help you out with any medical expenses and anything else you need."

She shoved it back towards him. "I don't want your dirt money. That's the kinda money why my son is in the hospital laid up and wrapped up like a dang mummy."

Temper pushed the envelope back towards her. "If you don't want it just give it to your church or something. We are truly sorry for Mikey getting hurt."

Studying these youngsters she wasn't really feeling Temper but she took an immediate liking to C.W. He was huge and a slight bit clumsy. Still though she noticed he had a really good heart. Without even realizing it she started to contemplate getting him in her bed without disrespecting her son. She would dominate his mind and let him or teach him how to dominate her body. She accepted the money. "You boys truly ~~can~~ wanna help me?"

They both nodded.

"I have a friend trying to sell her house and it's in a really nice area. I can get it for as low as forty five stacks. If you can help me with at least half I'd appreciate it."

Temper nodded. "I'll have to holla at my big brah but I'm sure we will be able to help you."

They were ready to leave but she held them up. "One more thing. I want to

know who shot my boy. I won't confront them I just want to see them so I can pray for them. You have my word I won't call the cops on them."

Temper looked at C.W. Then back to her. "Is your word solid?"

"Boy are you serious? My word is solidified by Christ where as yours is molded by the streets. Son, your beliefs got my son full of holes and it's by my beliefs he will be healed."

He took her hand. "You know about the Technines. Well they're all up and down twenty-ninth between, mainly, center and Burliegh." He gave her a hug and C.W. did likewise. When she hugged the young giant she pressed her body against his confirming solid muscle under his loose fitting clothes. She basically decided right then and there he would be hers. She was barely able to let go of him but managed to show them out. "I want to thank both of you for taking some responsibility in this. May God protect you out there in the devil's playground."

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They sure did need a prayer because they walked out of her house, jumped into a trapcar and headed right for Technine country. Temper was driving. He handed C.W. a nickel plated .40. It was nearing five o'clock in the evening, plenty of daylight left. It never mattered to Goons. Rain, sleet, snow, from winter to summer they will move on a target at any given time.

When they reached twenty-ninth street Temper parked the car only a few houses away from where Trina lived with her cousin Carmel. He targeted a burnt-red duplex that was known to be a dope spot. He got out and knocked on the door. He purchased a baggie and ran back to the car. "O.k. big fella, they are definitely Techniners. L.C. is not in there but it's three studs and I heard a female's voice. I think most of their guys are at the park playing ball."

"Say no more!" C.W. said, his adrenaline now pumping like crazy.

He got out of the hoopy and knocked on the front door. A youngster probably only sixteen years old opened the door. His pants were saggin and he had a pistol tucked in his waist line. He was cocky and careless. "What you need big man?"

"Gimme for of'em."

He reached into his pocket and pulled out his sack. "Man, you know this is heroin right?"

Without warning C.W. snatched his pistol and punched him hard on the chin. Dazed and surprised the young fool fell down making a lot of noise. C.W. pushed him all the way in and closed the door behind them. His two companions about the same age ran up to aide and assist but stopped cold in their tracks when they saw this giant holding two pistols. They both threw their hands up. "Whoa cuz! What the fuck you on?"

He backed them all into the livingroom. "Get y'all bitch asses on the floor!" He saw a teenage girl frozen on the couch. "On the floor bitch!"

She was dressed in stretch pants and a halter top. As she slid off the couch to the floor he could see she was easily five or six months pregnant. The youngster he fired on was still a bit dazed so he nudged him with his foot and scooted him by the others. "Alright, empty your pockets and take off all your clothes," he turned to the girl. "Not you, bitch." They obeyed and had a lot of small bills on them, one had a platinum watch. He took all drugs, money and jewelry but kicked their clothes off to the sides. They all cursed and mumbled how they'd for surely get back at him, then without warning he shot all three young men in the head with the one youngster's pistol. The girl screamed then quickly covered her mouth with her hands to muffle herself lest she get popped as well. She nearly went into shock as her friends bled out on the floor. C.W. leaned down and put the smoking gun in her

While Destro was on his way to Cudahay to check out his newly acquired warehouse, Trisha had went over to her cousin Toshiba's house, whom lived in West Allis which also is a suburb of Milwaukee. She had a ten year old son and he loved his aunt Trisha. Although her cousin was a good mother she was another wasting her beauty as she was convinced she was just made for the streets. They called her the 'ageless green eyed wonder' because she was pushing thirty but could pass for sixteen. She had smooth dark skin, long naturally curly hair and her eyes were emerald green. ■ Trisha's eyes were ice green. Anyway Toshiba's beauty was stunning and unigue. She was easily the Ho of the decade which may seem prestigious but in all actuality her problems were endless. Trisha, though, didn't care about her personal life. This was her blood and she loved her unconditionally.

As her cand apple red Lexus pulled into the driveway Toshiba ran out of the house and jumped into her arms. She showered the girl's big forehead with kisses. "Where you been? I been trying to catch up with you for a few weeks."

"I've been working like always. Where's my lil man?"

"Oh he's at his grandma's house. He's more welcome than I am."

They went into the house and Trisha was happy to see that the plice was decked out better than hers. She was happy to see her cousin doing well. Toshiba went into the kitchen and poured her a young glass of grape juice, Trisha's favorite drink. She sat down ■ next to her. "I been lookin for you because I thought you'd be happy to know that I'm done trickin off. I'm under a whole new management."

"As long as you're happy is all that matters to me. Who are you with now?"

She couldn't help but blush. "Got me a young cat by the name of Mike. The streets calls him Big Mix. He and Sweet Pea are doing big things. That's also what I wanted to talk to you about."

Trisha sipped on the grape juice like it was a fine wine. "Is she the same Sweet Pea that runs this so called Lion's Den I keep hearing about?"

She nodded. "Girl my man and Sweet Pea are lights out. Understand? They are highly organized and they even got the reverends shaking."

Trisha raised a brow. Everyone in the streets knew that Reverend Dusty and Reverend P.D. were just about the biggest dealers on the northside. Nobody was dumb enough to cross them. She also knew that her cousin was once working heavily for Reverend Dusty. "Sheba, you telling me that Dusty let you go without a fuss?"

"He sent me to spy on Mike and I defected," she admitted. "Look, the Lion's Den is on a whole nother level. They crush whoever gets in their way. They even go after cops. Now, I know how Destro is but you really need to know he's not ready for them if they should bump heads. You gotta make him aware without damaging his ego."

Trisha took it all in and pondered over it for a few minutes. She sighed because there was no way in hell Destro would back down from any mob especially this Lion's Den. "Our best bet is to have Mike and Demetrius meet each other and hopefully they'll avoid clashing because of you and me. Are you and Mike serious?"

"It's business first but we definitely have love for each other."

"Is he cute?"

"Oh hell yes! As a matter of fact he reminds me of Destro but Mike has a lil more meat on him. They're both slim, high yella, with long hair. They could pass for brothers but Mike ain't as violent as Destro. Girl yo man needs anger management."

He wasn't violent, he was disturbed, she wanted to say but changed the subject. "Do you still track people?"

Those ~~black~~ emerald green eyes lit up. "Sho do! You know that's my bread and butter. This gonna be good. Who do you want me to pull out of their hiding place?"

"No it's not like that. I just need somebody to keep an eye on this girl name Katrina Curtis."

Toshiba pulled out a notepad and pen. "Alright give me a few details."

"Um she's only nineteen, tall and extremely beautiful, she's light brown complexioned. She stays on twenty-ninth and is down with the Technines."

She frowned. "Hmm, I know all about them. Just a bunch of goof nuts with no direction. Anything else I should know?"

Trisha shook her head and as soon as her cousin put down the pen she was like, "Oh! She got a birthmark under her left eye that looks like the letter 'C' or a broken circle, I don't know."

"It's O.K. I'll zero in on her soon as I can and give you periodical reports on her. Give me specific behavior that you'll be expecting from her and I'll see if she acts them out."

"Alicia Redman!" Trisha suddenly blurted out, changing the subject yet again.

"Yes, that's my Sweet Pea."

"She the one who bought out Re-Re for her salon."

"Yeah, so?"

"Sheba, I got an idea. I can sell my shop to her too."

She gasped. "You sure? Girl that's your bread and butter. You bought that place all on your own."

"Yeah that's true but I want to move on to bigger and better things. I feel it may be important to have the Lion's Den as an ally. I want to launch my own clothing line and I don't need nonsense in the streets"

holding me back. So let your people know that we're family and set up a meeting ASAP!"

Toshiba smiled in agreement. "I like the way you think."

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Down on twenty-ninth Carmel was just getting home from work. She was the manager of a Taco Bell on the south side. She drove a worn out white Honda. As she turned onto her block she saw a big crowd of people, squad cars and ambulances. She was relieved they weren't directly in front of her house. She was about to turn back because she couldn't find a place to park, but Trina ran up to the car like a bum at the gas station. "Girl, Dink and his guys just got smoked!"

Carmel jumped out the car. "What! Fa-real? What happened?"

Before Trina could get her gossip on, Technine Tyler stepped up "Triple homicide. We just lost three soldiers in broad daylight."

Trina pushed him aside. "Benee was the only one who survived and seen anything. They didn't kill her because she ~~was~~ pregnant."

Carmel wanted Tyler to speak more. She liked him a lot and often felt he liked her too, but she knew he would never go there due to her lil situation. He had to look down on her because she was so short barely five feet tall. She was the only short person in Trina's and L.C.'s family. She was obviously their true blood though because she had those same amazing light brown eyes and was even prettier than Trina if that's possible. She had big juicy lips, perfectly round breasts and a nice tight rubber kickball booty like Gina's used to be when she played on that show 'Martin' back in the day. Tyler tried not to openly show his affection for her lest someone out there pick up on it.

Carmel pointed to the dope spot. "So it happened in there?"

Trina barged in again. "Yup, made 'em take off all their clothes then

blew their brains out. Pow!"

Carmel rolled her eyes at her foolish cousin and turned to Tyler. "Do you know who did this?"

He shook his head. "Benee said the shooters announced themselves as eastsiders and our guys are gonna bite and try to catch them slippin tonight before they can even prepare."

"You don't think it was the eastsiders do you?"

"Nope. It's not their style," he explained. "This got Goon Squad written all over it. If it wasn't them Benee had to set them up. Problem is, Dink is most likely the father of her child and I can't see her doing a bogus move like that because she's not the shiesty type nor was she on bad terms with Dink."

Carmel smacked her lips. "Why do I get the feeling you need my help?"

"Have you heard about the note?"

Trina budded in again. "Yeah, I called her at work as soon as I found out our auntie received the roses."

He stayed focused on Carmel. "Have you been to Club 206?"

She shook her head and he nearly gasped as her eyes dazzled in the fading sun light. "Nope. Not really my kind of crowd if you know what I mean."

He leaned in. "Well I would very much appreciate it if you could go there and get close enough to Johnny Money to see what they on."

Trina answered for her. "She'll do it and I'll go with her. I already met him yesterday."

He almost japped out on her. "Hell naw Trina. You stay away from those Goons. You have done enough already. We ain't lookin for even more drama. We just want justice."

Carmel knew he was smokin ass, but still, she considered his request. She saw that Johnny Money a few times before in traffic and felt he was fine. She

figured he had to be an alright guy because he was the one who initially stopped Trina from getting her ass kick in. She looked at Tyler and tried to act as if she wasn't excited. "Ty, I will have to think about it. I'm not trying to get shot up and I don't like Goons anymore than you."

"Why would they want to shoot a beautiful woman like you for?"

She wasn't flattered. "I'm not worried about them. I'm worried about y'all. Trina told me y'all shot up the apartment building even though you knew she was in there."

She nodded. "Sho did. If it wasn't for Johnny I woulda had to fight my way out of there because them Goons took it out on me."

He understood her concerns and admitted they was out of order. "Trina we thought you were gone by the time we rolled through there. Now we're just focusing on keeping you and your family safe."

Carmel began walking towards her house. "I may swing by the club later. I'm not making any promises."

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Carmel took off her sweaty work uniform. She smelled more like booty meat than taco meat. She jumped under a hot shower right away. As soon as she stepped out Trina was standing right there waiting for her. Dang sneaky ass girl scared the piss out of her. She pushed pass her and went into her bedroom. Trina was right on her heels. "Girl, you gotta go to that club."

"Why? I really don't want to get in the middle of all that nonsense."

Trina helped her dry off. "Girl, F-the gangbangers. If you get a hold of Johnny I can get a hold of Destro. Carmel, they got some real dust," she explained watering at the mouth. "This is a perfect chance for us to come up."

Carmel began rolling up her hair and looking at her younger cousin through the mirror on the dresser. "Trina, you know my lil situation. Johnny won't bite."

"Yes he will," she insisted. "Girl, can't too many people resist you. Your ~~and~~ situation has never stopped you before."

"I don't know. It don't seem right."

Trina sat her on the bed and grabbed her hand. "Look, Do you wanna work at Taco Bell forever? You gotta sell weed just to keep up with the bills! If we come up with Johnny and Destro we'll be able to buy our own house. Or we can just stay here on twenty ninth and wait til these fools get us killed over some bullshit. You know studs around here ain't on nothin."

Carmel smirked at her slutty cousin. "How do you know so much?"

"Destro took me to a motel but I refused to stay so he took me home with him. He gotta house damn near on the lake front. Girl he drives a Humvee and his girlfriend drives a Lexus. And she ain't got shit on me. I think I can move her ugly butt around."

Carmel sighed. "I know Johnny Money already gotta woman. That boy is fine!"

"It don't matter if he does or not, this is our chance to come up in the world." She got up, walked to the door and turned around. "When you hit the club stop the shows like only you know how."

She smiled and grew a bit confident. "What would I even wear?"

"Goon Squad colors are red, black and white. I'm gonna give you a make-over. Put on your red dress and those open toed black pumps. Yes, I'll fix you up real nice."

"You think he'll really bite?"

"You're a beauty queen. He'll bite alright, you'll see."

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Back at the apartment building on Meinecke Avenue Temper was nearly sick to his stomach. He was distraught. They made a mistake. A terrible

mistake. He filled his gut with booze and his lungs with weed smoke. He tried to get wasted.

C.W. thought the fool was trippin. "Temp, talk to me bro. I ain't never seen you so nervous after a move. You freakin me out man. We just sat here and watched the news together. Neither of us are suspects."

"Combat this ain't good. We messed up, well I messed up."

"Tell me what's wrong so I can go fix it right away."

"Won't be easy," he mumbled and pulled hard on a blunt. He held it in as long as he could. He coughed hard but the smoke hurt good in his chest. "I know that girl, man. When I cased the spot I knew a female was in there but I didn't see her face. That is Renee. I may be screwed."

Damn! C.W. knew he should have burnt that girl. He scratched his head. "It can't be that bad. Where do you know that young ass girl from?"

Temper chugged a beer and burped like a fat ass Greenbay Packer fan. "she's grown, man. Her name is Rhonda Dalton but everyone calls her Renee. She'll be twenty by the time she drops that baby."

"So, what's good?"

"Cuz, that might be my baby she's carrying."

C.W.'s mouth dropped open. His heart began racing as he realized the only reason he didn't kill that girl is because she spooked him when she cried out to God. Now that she was involved with Temper he couldn't harden his heart and go back to finish her off. This whole thing could turn quite ugly. "Temp, I hope you're mistaken about that baby being yours."

"Me too."

"How did you even hook up with a Technine girl?"

"I met her at the mall about six months ago. She told me her man was in the house of correction and a few months from getting out. We got down at the

motel. Cuz, she was so cool that I kept seeing her and was gonna make her my girl til I found out that her man was some Techniner name Dink. I never knew him. Anyway I pulled back from her after that but by then I done nutt in her on three different occasions."

C.W. just sighed and stared up at the ceiling. He took a deep breathe. "Hopefully it's somebody else's kid. If it is we should mark her."

He shuddered. "Were not gonna do that. Whether the baby is mine or not I wanna take care of her."

"I'm wit you man but are we gonna tell your big bro and J?"

He shook his head really fast. "Naw man they gonna be trippin because we retaliated right away. We'll be able to handle this lil situation without stressing them out."

C.W. knew there may be baby mama drama coming their way. He fired up his own blunt. "Shit about to get wild."

Temper smiled with red puffy eyes. "Tell me about it..."

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Destro was in Cudahay enjoying the location of the warehouse. It was run down quite a bit but they would have it full renovated within a few months. He turned to his right hand man. "Is this place is so secluded we can start using it right away?"

Johnny Money nodded. "I'm already knowin. What's the first order of business?"

"I'm gonna need a chain saw to handle some business for my Mama."

"Say no more. We got it covered." They were sitting in Johnny's ride watching the news. He had a big red Suburban truck with multiple T.V.'s and all the works. They caught a glimpse and preview what the evening news would be reporting and one of the main stories was indeed coming from the mental institute in Madison. He couldn't believe it, Destro won the bet. He was speechless but he felt that

his guy may be slightly traumatized. "Lil-D, you stay at home with Trisha tonight. I'll run the club. You don't seem up to it man."

Destro rubbed and massaged his temples. "Alright but it's Trina who I'm trippin about. I can't get that girl off my mind."

"Leave that tramp alone! She's nothing but trouble. If you don't catch a disease from her you will catch some drama."

"Naw J, I don't like her like that. I just feel I know her from somewhere."

Johnny walked him to his own truck. He knew nothing good could come from any dealings with that troubled hoochie mama. He put a hand on his guy's shoulder. "Just be careful no matter how you go into this."

Destro climbed into his Hummer. "I'll hire your uncle Steve and we'll let him bring in his crew to clean this place up."

"I'm already on it. You just get home to Trisha so you can stay focused. Don't come to the club tonight because you know it be jumpin off on Thursdays."

He turned on the engine. "Cuz, what do you think of Trina?"

"Nothin. Nothin at all." Johnny bessed and walked off and got into his own truck.

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Down on twenty-ninth Ron-Ron went to Carmel's house to buy some weed. With some calculated flirtation she discovered that her cousin L.C. and his guys were definitely gonna shoot up some eastsiders on their own turf. They all hung out at a park on Palmer street. L.C. planned to roll up in a white old school Six-Four and catch them slippin white playing ball and hanging loose with the young eastside hoochies. She wasn't trippin about that but she also discovered that the Techniners would come back, ~~reload~~ reload, then go shoot up Club 206. Major damage had to be done swiftly since there guys got burnt. It was well known that Club 206 had never experienced any gun violence since it opened two

two years earlier. That was about to change drastically as far as Technine was concerned. The attack on theirs couldn't go unanswered. They planned to send a major shock through Goon county.

After sending Bon-Bon on his way Carmel was straight trippin! She told Trina all bets were off. She wasn't going into that death trap.

Trina wasn't trying to hear her crazy talk. Those rooster-poot gang-bangers wasn't about to mess up all her plans. She took her cousin's hand. "Go ahead to the club tonight, you'll be o.k."

Carmel shook her head. "You must be smokin a duck!"

"Listen, they won't even make it past the eastside. I'm gonna tip off this guy I know so we can prevent a shoot out. I'm gonna tell them not to even show up to their park."

She wasn't satisfied at all. "You think them Crawlers ain't gonna show up for a fight?"

Trina leaned back. "Ofcourse they will that's why the cops may be lying in wait to catch a bunch of thugs with loaded guns."

Carmel took a deep breathe and cursed herself for also being addicted to the drama. She knew from the get-go she would definitely pursue Johnny Money. She was very aware that she had top notch beauty but would she be able to keep him interested once he saw past that? Would her lil situation continue to prevent her from getting over the hump?

Trina handed her a long stem rose. "Put this in your hair tonight. I'll cut the stem for you."

Carmel's blood ran cold. (I know this lil sneaky bitch didn't send that threatening note to our aunt!) For now she chose not to confront her about that. Not yet.

In turn Trina's eyes glazed over with murder. Absolute murder just like

her father. She gave her cousin a sweet and sincere smile, "Girl don't even lean on it. We gotta do what we gotta do. After talkin' to Destro I realized I don't wanna be a hood rat no more. I deserve better and you do too. Are you with me?"

Carmel nodded and looked into her younger cousin's cold eyes. A wave of fear swept through her body. It just dawned on her that the number one enemy of the Technines was Trina! At the immediate point she just hoped this lil evil tramp wouldn't get them both hurt. She sniffed the rose and wondered if L.C. would live through the night. If so she'd warn him to stay the hell out of Trina's business. He was always trying to control her and trying to regulate who she should and shouldn't be involved with.

She got on her tippy-toes and kissed her cousin on the cheek. Now was the time to solidify her own safety incase Trina done gone crazy. "Girl you know I'm with you but if we get in some big trouble I'm gonna put my foot in your back pocket."

Trina smiled with relief. She then picked up the phone and made a call to the eastside.

Destro made it home about seven thirty that evening. As he walked in Trisha had just finished cooking him a hot meal. When she turned away from the stove he planted a kiss on her big juicy warm lips, and palmed her butt with both hands. She was warm, soft, and smelled so good it didn't make no sense. He always felt lucky just being in her presence.

She managed to get him up off of her and made him go wash his hands. She went old school and made him some fried chicken, cheese and macaroni. On the side she poured him a large glass of grape koolaide. It was easy to cook for him because he'd just about anything she put in front of him. She was just a tad bit jealous too because he was one of those skinny ass people who can eat all day and never gain a pound. She sat down to eat with him. "Your mom called. I heard what all happened on the visit. I hope to catch you on the news later on. Is she alright after seeing that?"

He nodded. "Yup, Mama seemed to be the only one in there that wasn't rattled. I have to admit I sure was."

She just shook her head. Drama seemed to be attracted to her man. "What the hell did that girl stick up her butt, dynamite?"

"Close. A bag of crystal meth and a very long lighter. Poof!"

"When she blew up was it real loud?"

He shook his head. "It didn't sound like an explosion. It sounded like a big splatter. Imagine if I filled a beach ball with mustard and pushed it off a ten story building. You can imagine how the splatter would sound. And it splashed all over the visiting room. Fire, guts and blood everywhere. I can't wait to tell my kids about it one day."

She quickly changed the subject and told him everything she and her cousin Toshiba talked about; even about how she wanted to sell her salon to Sweet Pea the leader of the Lion's Den. She was very surprised that he didn't protest at all. She liked and even cherished how he put so much trust in

and leaned on her ever rational thinking. "Baby, I'm glad you with me on this. We don't need any problems with other heavyweights."

He nodded. "Don't trip. Capitol J knows Sweet Pea's family from church. We was thinkin about switching to buying weight from them anyway. I'm cool wit whatever you're on but should they choose to get on some mess, I'm gonna send this Sweet Pea back down south in a shoe box."

This was his cue to change the subject again. "Yeah, so I'm ready to launch my own clothing line. I'm gonna call it G-Quad short for Goon Squad."

He raised a brow. "Now this is interesting. Can you really label your clothes after a street gang?"

"I can do what I want." She leaned in. "Baby think about it, with all the drama here in Miltown it will attract a lot of controversy and that will equal good advertisement. We'll start out by mainly using your colors so y'all won't have to wear the sports team gear. We can expand as I put workers on the road to Minnesota and Chicago, and on the plane to Miami and New York."

He nodded. "I like your ambition but what about the violence? Imagine lil shorties gettin beat up or worse because they're wearing the G-Quad label."

"I thought about all that," she assured him. "It won't be as bad as shorties gettin shot over team jackets and gym shoes. There will always be pros and cons. I don't like the entire reality of it but a lil drama will assure our success. Fashion is still a growin industry because seventy percent of the U.S. is gay and that count is on the rise - You get a few of them on line there's no way our fashion can fail."

He leaned back and sighed. Even when he didn't agree with her he'd still support her no matter what she was on, even if she was trying to build her own nuclear bomb. "Let me know what you need. As a matter of fact

me and I just bought a freakin warehouse."

Those ice green eyes lit up. "You fa-real? Don't play with me Demetrius."

His heart melted. He loved to see her happy. "Straight up. You'll be able to store all your gear for free or you can manufacture your clothes there. Do you have designers?"

"Yup, you know my girls at the shop will follow me anywhere."

"Hmph! You sure they won't defect like Tashiba did to follow the amazing Sweet Pea?"

She pushed her plate to him. She never really ate much in front of him but he bet she must pig out when she was all alone because she had to feed all that ass a lot of nourishment. She stood up. "Whoever Sweet Pea is she rules by legend so she'll rise and fall quickly like a trend. I operate in reality, only, so with you by my side I will stand the test of time." Before he could reply she left to go prepare a hot bubble bath. She would lay in his arms and contemplate on her plans. She stopped short and came back. She punched him on the arm.

"Ow! What I do?!" He snapped.

"Stay away from Lil Ms. Scarface. She's no good."

He frowned at her and hoped she didn't detect a blush. "Girl please, I ain't thinkin about that tramp."

"Yes you is! She's beautiful and got enough ass to feed a small village in Africa. Stay away from her. A condom won't keep you out of trouble with this one." She left and came back and punched him again. Before he could complain she said, "I told you, you was gonna get pulled over didn't I?"

"Yes, and I left the pistol behind. I listened to you, so, you just punched me for no reason."

"You're right, I'm sorry." She couldn't help it, she hauled off and

and punched him again. "That's for making me hit you in the first place."

He just rubbed his arm and turned from her to finish his meal. Even if he said sorry she may swing again. So, he didn't say nothing. Silence is the best way to communicate with a black woman because in her mind she's never wrong.

He didn't know why everyone thought he was so interested in Trina. All he wanted to know was why she looked so familiar. He had no plans to ever get intimate with her. Well, true enough, he wanted to tap that ass but it was **big booty sluts** all over town. There was no use in trickin off with her.

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As darkness overtook the horizon the old school droptop cruised to the eastside L.C. chose just three soldiers to roll with him and later he'd choose three other soldiers to go with him to shoot up Club 206. Earlier the Technine guys and gals got drunk and high in tribute to their fallen comrades. Now it was time for immediate payback. L.C. brought with him Kenny, Ron-Ron, and a third guy by the name of Tone. They all had sub machine guns and the plan was to park the car but leave it running and the four of them would run onto the playground and catch the eastsiders before they could get to their cars and duffle bags to retrieve their own burners. They would shoot at everything moving until their clips were spent, then they would hop in the whip reload and shoot some more as they rolled up outta there.

As they reached Palmer Street L.C. slowed down so everyone could check their weapons. "This is for Dink, Lil Man, and Boo!" As he neared the basketball courts to the park he inched the whip ever slowly. Their destination was the middle of the block.

Suddenly, young Kenny got the heebie-jeebies. He broke out in a cold sweat. He looked this way and that. "Man, something ain't right."

Ron-Ron was nervous as well but his adrenaline was pumping and he

was geeked and ready to go. "You scared young'un? Stay in the car then, and watch how we do this."

As they pulled up on the basketball courts they all noticed there were only about four females on the court shooting free throws. Two of them ran as soon as they saw the white chevy.

Tone sitting in the back seat with Kenny was the only one who took notice that there were two customized vans, one white the other black, sitting right across the street from them. L.C. got out of the whip and Ron-Ron followed. "Where them bitch ass niggas at?"

"They're probably all at a house party some where around here," L.C. suggested. As soon as he said that both side doors of the vans parked across the street flew open and five gun toting eastside crawlers jumped out of each van. Tone was the only one to get off a shot with his uzi and one crawler dropped. The other nine lit their asses up! It sounded like the 4th of July's rhythms and booms. Tone caught like four slugs to the chest and Kenny got half his head blown off. Ron-Ron tried to run and got popped several times in the back. Two crawlers stood over him and finished him off with glock .40's. L.C. also took a slug to his back and he tried to crawl to his car. He could only see Ron-Ron laying in a pool of blood. He could feel blood filling his right lung. He coughed up some blood and his entire life flashed before his eyes within seconds.

One crawler by the name of Mooky walked up to him and smiled down at him. "Your cousin set you up."

L.C. tried to stand up but had no strength. He groaned in agony and propped himself up against the car door. He coughed up some more blood.

"My cousin who?"

"Tramp-ass Trina called me and said you was coming."

Oh that hurted like hell! Worsen than getting shot. Betrayed by his own family. How do you like that. What could be worse? Not a damn thing right about now. Mooky, the eastside crawler, mortal enemy, the man currently with the upper hand, brandished a long barrel .357 "Busta ass nigga your cousin sucked my dick now you finna suck my steel!" With no further adue he put the pistol inside L.C.'s mouth and blew his brains out all over Palmer Street. He turned to his guys and they had already loaded the other bodies into the van. They confiscated the enemies' weapons along with the chevy Six-Four. L.C.'s body, though, was left on the curb like road kill for all to see.

Just like that Technine was on the verge of extinction. So now the eastside's only threat were the Rollin 30's and the Lion's Den. They didn't worry too much about the Goons because they were so similar to the Techniners in a manner that they both were known to fall victim due to messing with the same dirty ass females. Either way the crawlers just made a bold statement. Mooky already knew this would be the bloodiest summer ever in the Miltown. Every mob wanted to be on top of the food chain. Shit don't make no sense but it is what it is. He took one last look at L.C.'s lifeless body. He shuddered and wondered when his time would come. Would he be left dead as well in a gutter like a scoundrel, getting poked with sticks by children? He sure as hell prayed and hoped not.

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Joanna, L.C.'s mother, was at home with one of her girlfriends. They were in the kitchen sippin' on brandy and gossipping as usual. Suddenly a violent shudder ripped through her entire body and she could smell roses although there was none anywhere in her apartment.

Her buddy noticed the sudden change in her. "Child, you o.k.?"
She tried to shake it off. "Yeah, I'm just a lil jumpy after gettin

that bogus note."

They went back to gossiping about this and that but she knew something was definitely wrong. She said a silent prayer but felt like a part of her was taken away; like she lost an arm or a leg. It dawned on her that the threat on her son had been, most likely, carried out. Her heart sank. She 'just knew' she'd never see him alive again. She wanted to pick up a phone and call him but she held on to a small glimmer of hope that he and his friends would drop by all drunk and high as they often did to try and raid the refrigerator. She'd pretend like she was tired of his lazy butt, yell at him, and go upside his head to let him know she loved him. In reality this would never happen again. She grew numb and waited for 'the call.' Young punk thugs don't ever stop to realize that when a mother loses her child it's like being stabbed in the soul. It hurts forever...

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Queen Carmel waited til nearly eleven o'clock to show up at Club 206. She wanted to make sure the place was packed by the time she walked in and stopped the show. She had her hair tied in a bun with the rose sticking in the middle, making her look like some exotic tropical island girl. She had on a skin tight red dress that covered but revealed all her curves. She had on white open toed high heels and a small black leather purse. Her fingernails and toenails were polished candy apple red. Her lips were painted brick red. Trina did a good job of making her look like a miniature goddess.

When she stepped into the club all eyes were on her. She felt like she was important and even powerful. Confidence can go a long way. As her eyes adjusted to the dim lighting she looked around only to discover it was a classy establishment. This joint had a strict dress code. No thugish gear was allowed. The dance floor was spacious and the bar was long as ever.

The VIP lounge seemed alluring and the crowd were mostly in their mid to late twenties. She took a seat at the bar and several young men began offering to buy her drinks one after the other. She kindly declined, although she knew a few of them were obviously high rollers. She tried her best not to appear to be nervous because she surely wasn't the only stunning beauty in there. Still though, this night was hers for the taking.

She had to wait nearly forty minutes to see Johnny Money. He came out of an office to speak to the bartender whom was a huge female bodybuilder. Anyhow, he had on a grey silk shirt with matching slacks. He had ice around his neck, on his wrist and in both ears. His french braids were crispy and zig-zagged. His complexion was very dark and smooth. He had the thinnest goatee and a beautiful smile. Carmel's heart began to race and she tried not to stare. When he caught eye contact with her she quickly turned away. He left and she thought that she would have to somehow make the first move, but after only a few minutes of contemplating her next move, the muscle bound bartender served her a long island ice tea. "Johnny says whatever you want is on the house. He'll be waiting for you in the VIP lounge when you get ready."

"Oh my God, thank you." She tried not to grin like a school girl. She wanted to run to him right away but played it smooth and waited for about ten minutes. She gradually headed towards the backroom and thought a big bouncer guarding the entrance would impede her progress but instead he removed the velvet barrier and showed her where Johnny was seated. She stepped in and smelled weed smoke louder than the booze. It was all good to her. She looked all around the room and there were four booths along the walls and six tables in the middle of the room. The lounge was filled with high rollers and high priced hoers. To Carmel these women were amongst the most gorgeous she had

ever seen. In a far corner Johnny Money was sitting at a booth by himself. (So here's her chance to come up with a boss.) She took a deep breath and walked over to him.

He stood up and offered his hand. "Please, have a seat."

She took his lead. "Thank you."

Her eyes were dazzling like a disco ball. He tried to remain composed in front of this magnificent creature. "What brings you here, Ms. -?"

"Carmel."

He kissed her hand. "Nice to meet you Carmel. My name is Money, Johnny Money. I co-own this place. Have you been treated well?"

"Oh yes, I really like this club. It's packed but not wild."

He nodded. "This spot is for players. Not everyone in this town is thugged out."

She took the rose out of her hair and her bun came loose. She shook her head and her long hair flowed past her shoulders. She smirked as he gasped. She handed him the rose. "This is for you."

He accepted it and put it up to his nose. "What could I have possibly done to deserve a gift from a gift?"

She gazed into his eyes. "I saw you in traffic a few times and I just had to meet you. When I found out who you were I knew you were way outta my league so all I have to offer is my sweetness."

He kept the rose up to his nose and searched her eyes for game. "Tell me a lil bit about yourself. You gotta man? or should I say sugar daddy?"

She laughed displaying pearly white teeth and a hot pink succulent tongue. "I wish! To be honest with you I'm a manager at Taco Bell. Don't laugh, it pays the bills. When I built up enough nerve to come here my cousin spent hours giving me a makeover. I haven't been out in awhile."

"Your cousin did a great job because you look amazing."

She blushed because she knew he was melting as well.

"How old are you Carmel?"

"Twenty one going on lonely old lady."

He leaned forward. "You have my attention, all my attention. What do you expect to gain here?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know. I never thought I would make it this far because I thought you'd have a crowd around you. This is a pleasant surprise."

He leaned back and stared at her big juicy lips. All he had was sex on his mind.

"You're a ten on the outside, Tell me some bad things about yourself. Reveal some of your baggage. Be real with me."

She shifted in her chair. "What can I say, I dropped out of college because I'm a weed head, I drive a ten year old Honda and I'm just a lil bit obsessive, just a timsy-wimsy bit."

"So, you're a stalker?" he teased.

"No. No. I just really try to hold onto my man. I only ever had like one restraining againted me," she joked.

"I like you Carmel," he said pulling out a blunt. "Would you like to come into my office and help me chop this tree?"

"Ofcourse, but, I'm not into one night stands. I refuse to short change myself like I've done in the past."

He chuckled and tucked the blunt. "There's something different about you. I think we're gonna get along just fine."

She smiled wide. "I'll definitely be coming back here so if you ever want some free taco material come see me, ~~but~~ because I know I won't be able to afford all the drinks I wanna try in here."

"I may take you up on that offer just to see you in your lil cute uniform."

"Do you have any rugrats?"

"Nope. No children."

"You a freak?"

She frowned trying to give the impression she was reserved. "Hopefully you'll find out. Do you have a woman?"

He nodded. "Yup, but we have an open relationship. She's not the marrying type."

"Will she get jealous of me?"

He shook his head. "Naw, she's a dime piece too. I believe she'll like you a lot."

She blushed. "I don't know about that. What am I getting myself into?"

"Hopefully you'll find out," he teased and kissed her hand again. He pulled her out her seat. "Come. Dance the night away with me."

She happily followed him out of the VIP lounge and onto the dance floor. All eyes were on them. She let his hands explore her body and bounced her tight firm butt on his crotch. Her lil situation and any other issues were far from her mind. She wanted to give in and sex him up but she maintained her composure and was thankful for getting her foot in the door. She couldn't wait to get home to tell Trina all about it. Also, it just dawned on her that sneaky ass girl kept her word and prevented the Techniners from shooting up the club. She let down any remaining guards and danced the night away in Johnny Money's arms.

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Trisha didn't know what time of night it was nor did she care. She lay naked in bed with Destro and her body was on fire. He was kissing her all over her body, everywhere but on her big ole booty. He sucked on her toes and worked his way up to her neck then he worked his way back down. Everytime she reached for his piece to guide it inside her he smacked her hand away. After awhile he got on top of her and rubbed his piece between her big voluptuous breasts. It was so warm on her chest she nearly went crazy. He kept pinching her

nipples to build her up. She tried her best to get the tip of it in her mouth. She pouted and tried to grab it but he held both her hands. He began kissing on her neck again. He grinded a lil bit between her legs and he could feel just how wet she was. He kept her hands pinned above her head and raised higher again. He rubbed his piece on her cheeks, forehead and chin but wouldn't let her get it into her mouth. He went back down and began sucking on her tongue and she nearly bit him. She squirmed under him trying to get control and she could feel his erection on her thighs and belly button. She was now burning with passion. This freakin' foreplay crap was going on forever! She was about to explode. If he let her hands go she'd slap the piss outta him for driving her into a crazed heat. She was so hot even her booty hole cried for attention. He began sucking on her on her bottom lip for like five minutes, then he started on her top lip. Screw this! She struggled to get her hands free to hit but his skinny self was too strong. She grew frustrated and was about to cry. "Put it in me, please!"

He grinded against her thighs. "You love me?"

"Yes! Stop playing and fuck me!" she snapped.

"I can't hear you. Beg louder," he teased.

She didn't have the strength to disobey. She'd whup his ass later but she needed that dick up in her now. "I love you Demetrius with all my heart, baby."

Without warning he aggressively threw her legs over his shoulders and rammed it into her honey pot as hard as he could. She gasped and came hard. She couldn't believe it. The orgasm ripped through her, it seemed like, entire body. For a moment then she yanked her legs off his shoulders and wrapped them around his slender but strong body. He boned her hard and fast and in just two minutes he exploded inside her. She screamed out and urged him to keep going. She slapped him and scratched his back to piss him off. He kept going hard and

made her catch another one. She squeezed him tight as she could when she came and was like - Hell yeah! Tears dropped from her eyes and she was drunk with ecstasy. She locked her legs. "Please don't stop, baby. I need one more, just one more, please make me cum again, baby it feel so good, please I'll do anything for you, just don't stop." She never begged so much in her whole life. She locked onto him even tighter and held his lil nine and a half inches hostage inside her. He slowed down and got back to doing it how she taught him and how she liked it best. Hard and slow. Very slow. She held on for dear life while he gradually pounded her into complete submission. She tried to nibble on his neck but was so horny she bit him hard like a vampire. That only made him bone her more aggressively. He put her butt to sleep and that night she was snoring for the first time in years. Her slumber was dreamless. He delivered what every woman desperately wants and that's a knock out blow...

At around eight o'clock the next morning Trina got slapped clean up out of her sleep. She instinctively rolled out of the bed onto the floor and began kicking because something or someone was, definitely, whuppin on her ass. She fought back the best she could but stopped short when she realized it was an irrate Carmel. The miniature goddess was going ballistic and somehow she was able to reach out and grab her. "Girl calm down! What's wrong with you?"

Carmel wrestled around with her and tried to break free from her grasp. "You crazy bitch! L.C. and his guys went to the eastside and got they ass smoked!"

Trina refused to let her go lest she get pounded into the floor. "I'm sorry! I was just trying to help. I swear."

Carmel was still huffing and puffing and trying to fight. "Let me go! Let me go you snake!"

"Promise me you won't hit me and I'll let you go."

She quickly tired out and just broke down crying. Her sexy red dress got ripped in several places. "You got our cousin killed. How could you?"

Trina's grasp turned into a hug. She peppered her tear soaked face with kisses. "I'm sorry. I messed up. I thought they'd get arrested or chased away. I'll fix it. Just gimme some time."

"Dizzy bitch! What you gonna do? Bring 'em back to life? You're so damn selfish just like your daddy!"

Now, that insult cut threw her like a knife. That man has little regards for human life. "Don't go there. I'm nothing like him."

Carmel finally broke free from her grasp and sat on the bed. Trina stayed on the floor and leaned against her legs. She was beginning to have some compassion for the troubled girl. She ran her fingers through her hair. "Trina all you care about is your self. If you don't get your way people get hurt all the time, badly. You look just like your father and you act just

like him. You're such a bad seed but I still Love you."

Trina cried her eyes out. "I didn't mean for nobody to get killed."

"It don't matter now. You're gonna have to face auntie Joanna. You have my word I won't tell anyone what you did but you gotta live with yourself everyday. It's gonna eat you up."

She laid her head on her cousin's lap. "So I guess you gonna kick me out huh?"

"If I was gonna kick you out I woulda done it a long time ago," she snapped.

"You just don't get it. I'm not so bitter like you. Now get your ass up and get it together. The whole hood will be shut down for weeks, slowing down my money. Shit don't make no sense. Seven young men killed in one day. All from this set."

Trina really could care less. The tears were only a dramatic performance. She picked herself up off the floor. "How did it go with Johnny Money?"

(Oh no this tramp didn't!) She had some nerve to ask about some stud at a time like this. She put her hands on her hips. "Bitch you worried about some nigga across town when our hood is falling apart! What's wrong with you? The cops may be on their way over here right now to question us like crazy."

Trina got a lil attitude of her own. "I'm used to this mess! Do you know how many shootings I've been involved in? Do you know how many thugs I could have sent up the river? I never fold under questions from the cops but your bangers do."

Carmel slid out of what was left of that red dress. Two magnificent round breasts plopped out to greet the morning. "I need a shower. It went well with Johnny and I'll be seeing him again."

"Did Destro's name come up?"

"No I ~~but~~ didn't push it. These guys aren't your typical street toughs. I gotta take my time and do it right. Understand?" She disappeared into the bathroom before Trina could reply.

Trina couldn't help but smile to herself. She could now operate a bit

more freely without her cousin L.C. in her damn way all the time. People just don't realize how much they're oppressing somebody else when they get all up in their business. Oh well, she already had a black dress and black church hat. She was used to going to funerals. She just hoped she wouldn't run into her father whom was Joanna's big brother. She couldn't stand her father but that's not why she didn't want to see him. She hated running into him because it was so hard for her to lie to him. He was the one person she dared not try to spin. She shook it off and tried to stay focused on the task at hand; Making Destro hers. She had to figure out a way to remove Trisha. This may not be so easy because Trisha wasn't too physically attractive, meaning her inner qualities had to be great for her to land a top notch stud like Destro. O.K. So far she at least knew he was diggin her because he took her home with him. It still counts as a 'liking' even though his fool ass really left her in the truck and didn't invite her in. Well, Trisha's Lexus should be hers as well as that beautiful house near the lake front. She sighed and stared up at the ceiling. She hoped she wouldn't have to cause too much trouble because nothing was gonna stop her from achieving her goal. And her cousin Carmel had also better step up her game and not let Johnny Money slip through her fingers before she gets hold of Destro. Success would be hers by any means necessary.

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About ten o'clock that same morning Temper paid the sole survivor, Renee, a visit at her mother's house. She stayed on thirty-first street bordering the Technine territory. Ofcourse, he didn't bring along C.W. Renee might have a heart attack if she ever seen him again. When he arrived her mother was happy to have a visitor. She let him know that her daughter was very shaken up and worn out from so much police questioning. She wasn't even close to being over what happened to her friends at the spot and then on the late news last

night she saw what happened on the eastside. She felt it was all her fault for saying anything. L.C. obviously was found shot dead on the street but Ron-Ron, Tome and Kenny were found mangled in a dumpster. She knew all seven of them pretty well.

Temper was showed to her bedroom where she was hiding out. He knocked on the door and let himself in. She was sitting on the bed hugging a big brown Teddy Bear.

She had a box of Kleenex. Her eyes were all puffy and red. Penee was slim but pretty with a light brown complexion. Right now, though, she looked a frightful mess from all the crying and sulking. ~~It~~ It didn't faze him at all because he was already aware of her full beauty.

She was surprised to see him when he walked in. She didn't know what the hell he wanted. She nearly got defensive. "You're the last person I was expecting to see."

He went over to her bedside and gave her a hug to help her stay calm. "I been watching the news. I'm sorry to hear about what went down. I'm glad you made it out that house alive."

She shuddered. "I ain't been to sleep yet! I really thought I was gonna die. I never seen so much blood in my life."

"That's messed up. How did they get in there? Did they hurt you at all?" He asked, testing her.

"They didn't lay a finger on me because I'm pregnant. Boo thought they were there to buy some dope and let them walk right in on us."

"Did you get a good look at their faces?"

She paused for a moment then shook her head. "Now, it all happened so fast. I just hit the floor and balled up. All I heard was one of them said 'eastside'."

She absolutely refused to describe C.W. so that greatly eased Temper's mind. He grabbed her hand. "Do you feel safe in this hood?"

"Hell no. You know them fools gonna blame me for everything."

"Is there any where else you can go? Like another family member's house?"

She sighed. "All my relatives who I get along with stay right around here."

He couldn't believe what he heard himself say next. "If you want to come to my spot for a while you can. Well, one of my spots because I just can't leave you here in danger."

She shrugged her shoulders. "Why would you want to help me? I thought you didn't want nothing to do with me. Ain't that what you told me the last time we saw each other?"

"Conflict of interest. You know that."

"Well it's gonna be a whole lot of conflict after the shootings."

He leaned in to kiss her on the cheek. She let him. Yeah she was still diggin him.

"Including me how many different studs are possibly the father of your child?"

She was offended and just stared at him like he was crazy.

He toughened up. "Girl I'm not here to play games. You know I'm not the only one you was fusk in while Dink was locked up."

She tried to stare him down but quickly broke. "Look, around the time I got pregnant I was with you and only one other guy."

"Who's the other guy?"

"Ah, his name is Mario."

"Who the hell is Mario?"

"He rolls with the 30's. We both worked at Wendy's and that's how I know him. We had a one night stand, nothing more. I didn't even try to see him again."

Temper crossed his arms. He felt he had something to work with. "Look, I wanna protect you til you have the baby, but you gotta be with me and ~~only~~ only me. I don't care what you do after you give birth."

So that's it. All he cared about was whether the child was his or not. She pulled away from him. "What about me, Temper? I don't have nothing and nobody."

He began pacing. "When Dink went to jail you fucked off. You will do the same to me if I go down. I ain't gonna make a fool of myself trying to make a love connection. You a slut to me, but I do respect you enough to take care of you not yet knowing if the kid is mine or not."

She stood up and got in his face. "D.K. so if the baby ain't yours what then? Will you just dump me and push on?"

He took her in his arms. "That depends on you. If you respect me as well as yourself maybe we can do something. If you have niggas sneaking in and out the apartment I give you, you'll just prove you don't deserve to be cared for. You don't respect your unborn child." She tried to kiss him and he pushed her away. "Don't take my kindness for weakness, Renee. If that was me who ran up in that spot on y'all I would have left no witnesses."

A chill ran down her spine. "I know how much of a serious person you are, Temper. Have I ever played games with you? You were the one who stopped messing with me and you know I was willing to leave Dink for you."

Yeah whatever. He wasn't really trying to hear that mess. "It may take a week to get you all set up. I'll go talk to your mom and let her know all your bills will be taken care of. She's welcome to come along should any drama follow you to this house."

She sat on the bed and hugged her Teddy bear. "Why are you doing all this for me if you think I'm just a slut?"

He caressed her chin and cheek. "You don't understand responsibility and respect. I have respect for your unborn child and I have a responsibility to help it enter the world with a fighting chance whether it's mine or not."

And Renee just because you like messing with thugs don't mean you're not worthy of respect. God spared your life in that house because you're special and very blessed." He went to the door to let himself out.

She stopped him. "Temper?"

He turned around. "Yeah?"

"Thanks for caring. You're the first person to ever really show you give a damn about my well being."

He let himself out.

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While Temper was gone to deal with Renee, C.W. went around the corner to Niecy's house to deliver a big check and ask how Mikey's doing. Earlier Destro and Trisha gave him a cashier's check for twenty five stacks. He couldn't believe it, but realized they would do absolutely anything for Temper. C.W. definitely chose the right mob to join. Goon Squad took care of theirs.

Niecy opened the door and was happy to see C.W. by himself but more embarrassed he caught her with no make up on, wearing sweatpants and a Sponge Bob t-shirt. She let him in and let him know her son was doing well. After a late breakfast she'd visit him at the hospital. She made him take a seat at the table.

He knew she would offer him something to eat. "I just stopped by to check on you and give you something from Temper."

"You gonna stay and eat with me," she ordered. He was about to protest but she wasn't hearing it. "A big boy like you is always hungry." She looked at his huge hands and his huge feet. He had to wear at least a size sixteen! "How old are you C.W.?"

"Eighteen."

(Yes! He's legal, He's mine!) She gave him a warm smile. "Oh yeah? I

bet you have all kinds of lil nasty girlfriends running around here don't you?"

He blushed. "Naw, I like to stick to ~~one~~ one girl. Less drama and headache."

She noticed the check in his hand. "Is that for me?"

He handed it to her.

When she saw how much it was for she almost fainted. She needed to sit down. "Are you serious? Temper gave me this? I always thought that boy was a little cocky jerk."

"You can't judge a book by its cover, you know that."

She wanted to give it right back to him but bump that! This was her blessing. "Oh my God. Thank you! Tell him I really appreciate this. shit! I'm just -"

He went to the stove and saw that she was cooking scrambled eggs and bacon. He finished cooking for her. "Here's the deal Niecy, if you was running game on us we're just not gonna fuck with you no more."

She fanned herself. "My word is good and when I move outta here I want you to come help me."

He served them both a plate and even made her some toast. He sat down with her. "Before you ask, I have three older sisters who taught me how to cook and fight."

She gazed into his eyes. "What's your real name?"

"Willie Pompey."

"Why do they call you C.W.?"

"It's short for Combat Willie, it's a street thang."

Now she was flat out staring. "What's your lil girlfriend's name?"

By now he was noticing she was sweet on him. Thinking of his lil guy Mikey he tried to keep it mellow. "I ain't got no girlfriend and I'm not really looking either."

"You got any kids?"

"Not yet, but I want a little girl."

She laughed out loud. "Oh no you don't!"

He leaned in. "I feel it'll be worse having a son. You always gotta worry about him going to jail, or getting killed or even worse he may come home one day dressed in drag talkin bout his name is Mercedes or something crazy like that."

"You have a point, but, in the beginning nothing is more precious on earth than a baby girl. Til they grow up! You can do everything you can to protect them but once they get hot it's over for you. You'll never be able to keep the boys away and she could easily end up like the hoachie's that ~~wanna~~ wanna hang around your thugs. Now imagine your precious lil girl running around the hood with her ass hangin out."

He just gasped.

She laughed. "Exactly. Parents feel helpless no matter what."

They enjoyed each other's company and G.W. would definitely find an excuse to continue to come see her. He was prepared to use Mikey as an excuse to get in the door, he would never touch her though if Mikey didn't approve. Respect was enforced in his mob. He stayed there kickin it with her throughout the morning, to see Mikey and clean into the afternoon.

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Johnny Money got an unexpected call. He picked up. "Yup?"

"Hi. Johnny?"

"What up though?"

"This is Trina. I'm calling for Carmel."

"Trina? You the same girl from the other night?"

"Yes, it's me."

"You alright? Your set got hit really hard."

"I'm fine but one of my cousin's got killed."

"Damn. I'm sorry to hear that."

"Well, Carmel is my cousin too. She's really shook up right now and ain't talking to nobody. Don't be offended if she don't return your calls over the next few days."

"It's all good. Thanks for letting me know."

"Also, she had a really good time with you last night and she's crazy about you. When the drama dies down I'm ~~sure~~ sure she'll get up with you."

"I'll be here whenever she's ready. Is she Technique?"

"No. Hell no. She don't get down like that so it will never be a problem like it was with me at the apartment building."

"Alright. Thanks for calling. I hope everything works out for both of you. Tell Carmel I said hi."

"Sho-nuff. Hey Johnny!"

"What's good Trina?" He knew what was coming.

"I never gotta chance to thank Destro for giving me a ride and not putting me out on the streets. His girlfriend ran me out of there before I even got a chance to speak to him. Can you please tell him to call me? I live with Carmel. I just wanna personally thank him."

"Look-it here Trina, the best I can do is relay your message then I want absolutely nothing to do with y'all business."

She grinned. "Thanks! That's all I need."

Over the next few weeks the underground and black market in Milwaukee was for the most part inactive. This was due to the high murder count. The city had never experienced seven or more youngsters shot and killed in a single day; Not to mention all the other acts of violence around town at the same time. The Technine incidents made national headlines so now the hood was crawling with reporters from all over the country getting their stories. The mayor sent the police on a city wide sweep to retrieve as many guns as possible from the hoodlums. Everyone knows the system loves it when young fools kill each other over dumb shit but the mayor had to face the nation and act as if he was truly concerned about the inner city areas.

The Milltown was indeed on a minor shutdown but the drama shifted to Fond du lac, the town where the womens prison is located.

Sgt. Peter Slocumb a three-stripen guard that worked at the prison was at his suburban home enjoying a day off. He had a wife and two teenage children. He was in his mid forties. He had the build of an avid beer drinker where only his mid section was bloated. His hair was peppered with blonde and grey. He had an eclipse of a receding hairline. Over the years his face became a twisted mask of angry expressions because he was so used to being mean to the female prisoners day in and day out. Oh, he absolutely loved to harrass the prisoners. His only true satisfaction was to make them no good whores just as miserable as he was. His stupid wife never made things better for him. For the last five years she had been working at the county jail. Lately she became more cheerful than he had ever known her to be. He knew somebody had to be fucking her at work. She was getting boned by some deputy, an inmate or both. He sure as hell wasn't getting any. He wanted to divorce the square-body bitch but that would be too expensive.

On his day off he figured he'd get up early and do some yard work to beat

the heat of the midday. It was only about eight o'clock in the morning. His wife was already gone to work and his gay drug addicted sons were gone to some gay ass summer camp. At least he currently had the house to himself. He wished it was football season. His only excitement came from following the Green Bay Packers and making the prisoners go off. He just picked at them and poked until one snapped out or cursed him out, then he could send them to the hole and prolong their stay under tyranny. On a few occasions he was even able to bait a few hostile inmates to swing off on him. He got a laugh off those few whom had caught outside battery charges and got a few years added to their sentences. As far as he was concerned they shouldn't bring their filthy selves to prison. He was extremely racist and just hateful. He tried his best to make minority inmates' time as hard as possible. If he was the Warden he'd make sure all the black inmates get beaten on a regular basis and the Asians, Hispanics and natives would all get raped at least once. The sellout white bitches would be killed. He couldn't stand white women who had minority husbands and boyfriends. In the movies he saw the skinny white boy get all the pussy and save the world, but in his ugly reality minority men, especially blacks, were often pursued by white women endlessly. What hurt him the most was the fact that the women he saw with black men seemed to be a lot more happier than the ones who had the decency to stay with their own kind. The whole stupid country was going down the drain. Before you know it there would be a black male president or worse; a white female president. He shuddered at the thought.

The doorbell rang as he was finishing up a cup of coffee. He was in the kitchen and about to go to the front door but noticed a really short black guy at the back door. His immediate thoughts were this must be one of his son's friends or some joker looking to make a few bucks by asking to cut his grass. (Boy, was he wrong!) He put on a fake smile and answered the door. He opened the screen door as well so he wouldn't appear to be a frightened racist. Besides, the

kid at the door was really short. He leaned out, towering over him. "May I help you son?"

Temper shoved a big pistol in his face. "Come with me or die..."

Sgt. Slocumb froze. He was so afraid he farted and hoped some booty oil didn't slip out to make a spill in his shorts. "Hey-hey-hey? Take it easy. You can have whatever you want. Take it."

Temper grabbed him by his left wrist and yanked him out of the house into the back yard. Slocumb was about to resist and plead for his life but a much bigger black ran up on him and stamped his passport ~~on~~ or punched his lights out.

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Sixteen year old Cindy Payton whom lived next door to the Slocumb's had stayed out all night partying and was attempting to sneek into the her house threw the back door. The Slocumb's had a high wooden fence around their back ~~to~~ yard for privacy, so at first the kidnapers had perfect cover. She came through the alley so none of the neighbors could see her and rat her out. She really didn't have to sneek in but this morning she had a hangover and reeked of sex and booze. She did not feel like hearing her parents' mouths, especially her father's. She hoped he would be gone to work.

When a big black customized van pulled into the alley her reaction was to duck behind some trash cans. Three blacks jumped out. They looked like the Three Bears. One was small, other was average or medium size, and the other was just really big. In what seemed like less than two minutes they went into the Slocumb's back yard and carried him to their van unconscious, and tossed him in. They were gone just as quickly as they came.

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Cindy got up and ran into her own back yard and her mother met her at the back door, who heard tires just burn rubber. "Who's car did you just get

out of?"

"Mom! Old man Stocumb just got kidnapped by some black dudes!"

(Yeah right! When you're in deep shit make up a story about a black man committing a horrible crime. For white women it was the American way) She crossed her arms and smirked at her daughter. "Young lady you're lucky your father is already gone. It hurts his heart to see you like this. You're becoming such a huge disappointment."

She wanted to slap the piss out of this dumb woman. Dammit! She took a few steps back and pointed to the alley. "Mom, did you just here what I said?"

She pulled out her cellphone and her mother snatched it from her. "Don't you take that tone with me you young harlot! We try our best to do good by you. Why can't you be more like your brother?"

Her older brother was a twenty one year old private in the army. He was stationed in Iraq but she wasn't at all proud of him nor impressed. She got extremely annoyed and frustrated and was seconds from punching her mother in the mouth. "I'm not gonna join the army just to get raped by american soldiers then go to Iraq and get raped and killed by filthy arabs."

Her mother drew back into the house. "You're impossible!"

Cindy tried to storm past her. "I need a cold shower."

She spun her around. "Hey, I'm not done with you."

The girl threw her hands up and stamped her feet. "Dumb cow, you just let the kidnapers get away! You may have just cost old man Stocumb his life."

At that moment her mother realized her daughter was telling the truth.

She simmered down. "Oh my God, you're serious aren't you?"

"Fuck off!" She snapped and stormed off.

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That same morning Trisha got a call from her cousin Tashiba. She was always

happy to hear from her because she looked up to her and adored her. "What's good beautiful one?"

"Just wanted to let you know that after screening me for ulterior motives the Lion's Den will buy your salon."

She clenched her fist. "Sweet! It's all coming together."

"Girl you're only twenty three and you're already the most successful woman ever in our family."

"Sheba you're wrong about that. You and my mama believed in me and set out to make my life better than yours, so you two are the most successful in our family."

Toshiba felt she was just being modest. "Hey, I thought you would need a loan to launch your clothing line on a large scale but the Lion's Den has estimated you and Demetrius to be worth a half million legal."

"We do a'ight!" Trisha bragged. "Did you find out anything on that dang girl?"

"Katrina hasn't been up to much since everything has slowed down but she did purchase a small handgun from the Thirties gang. And she got her hair cut at one of Sweet Pea's places."

She gasped. "No, that girl had some long gorgeous hair. She didn't need any extensions."

"Well, she got it cut really low, as a matter of fact she got it done just like yours."

Trisha laughed. "Maybe she wants to be like me."

The green eyed wonder didn't share her amusement. "Maybe she wants to be you, and take your place. Shit, I even wished I was in your place. You gotta damn good man."

"Oh girl, I know! You know he's a booty freak right? But last week he never went back there at all. He kissed me everywhere but his favorite place and still made love to me so good I thought I was gonna die! He totally surprised me with that."

The next morning I was so wiped out I stayed in bed til noon."

"Well good for you, spoiled brat!" She teased and hung up.

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Sgt. Slocumb found himself blindfolded and strapped down in a chair. Due to the sounds of sliding doors and the smells of rusting metal and much dust he knew he was in a warehouse. He had a booming ~~loud~~ headache because the shortest kidnapper punched him in the face several times and broke his nose. He thought they would torture and kill him right away but he was left alone for hours. He tried to figure out why these strangers would want to hurt him. He was sure they had cleaned out his house and, selfishly, wished his wife was there with him. She really deserved to die as well. Then again, maybe she was the one who hired the goons to knob him. Yup! That evil cow would have him killed off for the insurance policy. She must have found some young lover and planned to run off with him, with hundreds of thousands of dollars. He chuckled to himself as he was ~~was~~ sure the authorities would eventually find her out and then she'd spend the rest of her life in the joint with the rest of those stinking cunts. ~~The~~ shit, he would rather be dead than spend the rest of his life in prison. With that possibility looming in reality fear gripped his spine as he hoped there ~~wasn't~~ really a hell waiting for him. If there was he knew for a fact he would go directly there. With his bad luck hell might have a black ruler or worse; a white female ruler. He thought about saying a prayer but God wasn't really his type of Guy, because God loved all kinds of people. As far as he was concerned some people were meant to be oppressed.

So he sat there silently and listened for his attackers. He was pretty much convinced they were hired by his wife. He planned to tell them she stands to claim three hundred twenty five thousand big ones should he end up dead. He hoped this would cause them to go after her by doubling back.

Fear gave way as he flushed with anger. His attackers and his stinking wife had better hoped to high heaven he didn't make it out of there alive. He would have those blacks guys strung up, tared and feathered like not so old times. He wouldn't be so nice to kill them quickly. He would torture and torment them until they went mad. As for his wife, he'd chop her up in little bity pieces and feed her to the fishes in Lake Winnebago.

So he sat there in silence. He could hear nothing but rats screeching and scurrying inside the walls ever searching for a meal. He wondered if the rats noticed him. He wondered if they cared. He knew better though because he was a rat bastard himself.

Suddenly he heard a sliding door open and his fear returned, taking center stage. He heard the footsteps of at least different people. Somebody began cutting of his clothes with a box cutter. "What do you want from me?" He asked, blently.

Somebody slapped him so hard he felt a tooth loosen, then he tasted blood in his mouth.

"Any more questions?" asked an angry voice.

(Now I'm good) He thought to himself and remained silent. He just sat there whimpering as they cut his clothes off until he was completely naked. Now he was embarrassed as well as scared because he had a flabby pink body and a pathetic small weiner. He suddenly felt a sharp pain as somebody stuck him in the arm with a syringe. What the hell! Was this heroin?"

as if answering his thoughts a smooth even voice said, "I'm shooting you up with Exacto."

"Wha-" he caught himself lest he get smacked again.

"It's a highly illegal syrum used by soldiers in the field. See, it heightens the senses and keeps them alert and awake for days at a time."

Old Sgt. Slocumb did not like where this was going.

The smooth voice continued, "It's banned by the military due to one terrible side effect. When a soldier gets badly injured his body will naturally go into shock and he'll faint or go numb if the pain is too intense. Well, those geeked up on execto are unable to faint and dorphins in their brains are stifled so it ignores that the body is in pain. They feel one hundred percent of the agony with no relief yet soldiers still spend a fortune on this stuff because it's more potent than Viagra and they feel if they're always alert they will never get hit."

Now for some reason the old grumpy prison guard heard himself calling to God. What on earth were they ~~plan~~ planning to do with him and to him? With that thought he heard someone crank up a chainsaw. The roar was so sudden and loud, he pissed on himself, as the loud roar vibrated through his body. Then the chainsaw was turned off. He was sweating through his blind fold and shaking like a hooker's booty meat. He whimpered and cried. He was sure he could hear his assailants laughing at him.

Somebody put a hand on his shoulder. "We shall leave and return later so the drug can take effect. You won't wanna miss this Mr. Stocumb, so don't go no where."

He went off as he heard them walking away and begged them to reconsider. He tugged at his restraints and wished he could turn into the original Incredible Hulk. He'd break free and toss them all across the room. But in reality this was not good. Not good at all.

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Technine Tyler sat patiently and alone in a empty soul food restaurant on the city's southside. On a day it was closed he went to pay an OG a visit. He was given a free hot meal as he waited. Suddenly, a tall handsome brute dressed in an expensive black suit came out to meet him. He stood at least six foot seven. His hair was slicked back and his face was weathered. His light brown eyes were dangerous enough to send chills down the average

person's spind, just by locking gazes with him. He sat down across from Tyler.

"Mr. Curtis, thanks for the food."

He stared right through the youngster. "Why have you come here son?" This was Melvin Curtis, Trina's father. Tyler stared at his crescent moon shape birthmark and realized he was just about identical to his crazy ass daughter.

He wasn't too intimidated though. "I came here because I wasn't able to catch you at the funeral."

He went by the name M.C. He just shook his head. "The streets can be unforgiving."

"Tell me about it. Man, we need your help. We are getting slaughtered out there."

"What do you want from me? I can't teach you all how to be men."

Tyler sighed. "Just come talk to the fellas. Some of them are talking about jumpin ship. Man, no way we're going to be shut down by the weak ass eastside. They don't even have an infrastructure."

M.C. seemed uninterested. "How can I help you youngsters when none of you now a days can hold any water? I may be able to show you where to get some artillery but I'm remaining neutral."

"Thanks but we need some guidance, too. We also got beef with the Goon Squad and they're getting more and more organized," he explained. "This all started because your daughter left the club with them Goons right in L.C.'s face."

"Be careful son, You disrespect my daughter and nephew it'll be all bad for you up in here."

Tyler drew back. He didn't want to piss off the old man. "I apologize. We're just out of control in the two-nine. I don't know what to do."

M.C. crossed his arms. It was so hard for him to identify with the

YOUTH OF today. They were just so dang soft. "In my day Techniners were greatly respected and other gangs avoided us if they could. You go back on twenty-ninth and get serious, son. First of all you need to drop all of your guys that you know are cowards, then you take the rest to the round table and as men you all agree to fold or go all out. A new clique must be built." He got up and shook the youngster's hand. "If you want to survive in the streets you gotta be willing to be ruthless and heartless as the streets. No mercy. No love. If it's not in you to be like that, be man enough to admit that. Get yourself a job and a plain woman and sit your ass down." Before Tyler could reply he walked away.

He sat there contemplating his future. A cook came up and offered him a hot fudge sundea. He gladly accepted it. Respect? Revenge? Bow down? Well, all of his closest friends were dead now. He currently didn't have the personnel to avenge them. Everyone on twenty-ninth was always only out for 'self.' He knew he couldn't get too involved with M.C. because of Trina, and Carmel was still off limits. He accepted the fact that he was currently defeated. He pulled out his phone and called his mother. He told her to come pick up his car from the bus station because he was about to hop on a greyhound and hit it to Tennessee. She could pack him a suitcase if she wanted but he was definitely gonna leave right away before he changed his mind. Milwaukee was becoming a war zone and he wasn't trying to take an early dirt knap or worse; catch a life sentence. Right now the thugs and the opposition could have the streets. He really enjoyed his sundea so leaving town would be on a sweet note. He was at his crossroads and the devil was focused and dwelling on twenty-ninth. The rest of the mob would just have to press on and survive without him. He knew he didn't have an ice cold soul. He never has and never would. He was done.

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A half an hour passed since some jeck poked him in the arm with a needle. At

first Sgt. Slocumb was falling into a dazed state but now he was fully alert. All of his senses were heightened and amplified. His broken nose wasn't numb anymore and now hurting like hell. He could smell the stink of his own feet, but overpowering was the smell of rusty pipes and rat droppings. He could actually hear the pitter-patter of their tiny feet on the floor behind the walls as they ran back and forth gnawing on any and everything whether it was edible or not. He could feel the throbbing of his own pulse and noticed he was having a worsening heart murmur. With his luck he'll survive this attack only to have a heart attack a few months later. Just as he completed the thought the sliding door opened. Again he heard the ~~step~~ footsteps of three men. He could smell weed smoke clinging to their clothes. He could also sense the intensity of their adrenaline rising. His fear exploded. One of them yanked off the blind fold and the light assaulted his eyes. He squinted and the first person he saw was the little bastard who broke his nose. Two others were with him. One guy was really tall and full of muscles, and the other was light skin and obviously in charge here. This one stepped up to him and showed him a picture I.D. of a woman who looked familiar. "Do you know who this is?" He asked in a calm and smooth voice.

He stayed still to the point he nearly held his breath. "No sir. Not a clue."

"I think you do. This is Linda Collins. She's my mother."

(Oh shit! It's the tiny loud mouth lesbian he always had problems with. He hated her.) He tried his best to stifle his reaction.

"Ah yes! I see you remember her now. She told me how you made her life a living hell."

(Damn right I did! I hate that nigger whore!) He tried his best to smile.

"I assure you that you have the wrong person. I do not remember her and I treat all inmates with the same respect."

Destro shook his head and crossed his arms. "Here you are on your green

mile and you lie to my face! Punk ass cracker do you know my mama went to the nuthouse just to get the fuck away from you!"

The prisoner maintained his innocence. "Please! You're making a terrible mistake."

Destro reached back and Temper handed him a brandnew chainsaw. C.W. came forward and unstrapped the prison guard's right foot and held his leg straight out. He gripped his shin with both hands. Slocumb tried to kick his leg free but couldn't budge an inch. All he could do is wiggle his toes and cry. "Guys come on! Please think about what you're doing."

C.W. was already wearing safety goggles. Destro and Temper put on a pair as well. Destro cranked up the chainsaw and went right at that right ankle. Sgt. Slocumb screeched like a hawk calling to its mate or like a cat that's been set on fire. He could feel that saw tearing through his ankle and the pain was unreal. All of them were splattered with blood and bone spurs as the guard's foot was hacked off. Right away Temper tied a belt around the leg at the end of the stump to try and stop blood from squirting out. He then turned on a blow torch and welked the wound shut.

When Sgt. Slocumb felt that heat he damn near came up out that freakin' chair. C.W. strained to hold him still. The pain was unreal. He screamed so loud he thought his head would pop off.

"Hold'em still!" Temper snapped.

C.W. ignored him. He was a bit shaken up. Not from the sight of the grizzly stump and all the blood, but from the ear piercing screams of agony coming from the victim. Just think - countless slaves that only God can number had experienced this same fate. C.W. shuddered and was thankful he was born post slavery.

Destro tried to calm the victim. "Slocumb, luckily you'll expire quickly

because you're weak. We'll come back every fifteen minutes and cut something else off."

Sgt. Slacumb was writhing in excruciating pain and foaming at the mouth.
"Piss-nigger-shithead-bastards! You'll pay for this! You'll pay!"

The trio walked out on him again.

This sent him into a white rage. "No! No! Get back and finish me off now! Ahhh! I'll kill you all!"

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From that point it took another hour and a half for the mean old prison guard to die. His body was chopped up into multiple sections and would be sent to his family piece by piece. Even a section would be sent to the Warden of the prison as a warning to the other guards and staff that female prisoner abuse at the hands of security will no longer be tolerated. Ever since that monster from 'yesterday' threw Lil-Bit out the livingroom window Destro vowed to kill anyone who messed with his mother.

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Young Cindy Payton was fast asleep and had plans to lounge around for the rest of the day. She had to get her rest just in case she decided to go partying later in the night.

All of a sudden her mother was pounding on her bedroom door waking her, annoying her, bothering her as usual. She put the pillow over her head. "Fuck! Go away!"

"Kid I'm sorry, you were right about Mr. Slacumb," said her mother. "I need you to get dressed and come downstairs."

"I'm fucking tired, mam."

"I don't mind you sleeping late but right now there's two detectives who wants to speak with you."

She was exhausted. She forced herself to sit up. "This day just keeps getting better, don't it. Fuck!"

Some four days later Trina was rolling down the highway in Carmel's raggedy white Honda. She was headed just south of Milwaukee to a town called Racine. She knew of a place that would loan her some money. She had to much pride to simply go ask her father for some money. She would come up on her own. At the end of the summer she would be twenty years old and she had no job, no man, not even her own apartment. She had never felt bad too bad about her promiscuous lifestyle until Destro rejected her and made her feel all small.

She cut her hair like Trisha's and after following her she even began dressing like her, to look more professionally. She figured Trisha had to be extremely classy and confident because she looked like a cartoon character with that big ole forehead and those big bubble lips. She looked like she had a beachball stuck in ~~her~~ the back of her pants because her ass was gi-normous! And she looked like a crazy mental patient with those icy green eyes. She just couldn't see why Destro was so wrapped up about her. And he must have some serious meat between his legs because a stud had to be really packing to please a woman like Trisha. With that thought - she wished she was Trisha. The first order of business was to get up on her money. She won't be able to impress him by being some broke ass ho. No more letting strangers run up in her. She would prove to everyone including Destro that she never again will be on the bottom of the food chain. This was her absolute last summer being a bum.

On Racine's northside she pulled into the parking lot of a Taco Bell. Earlier she had called from a pay phone and set up an appointment to come in and fill out a job application. The manager was in his mid twenties and came from around the corner when she asked for him. She was dressed in white slacks that had no choice but to be tight because she had some ass, too, to be reckoned with. She also had on some regular panties for a change. Even though they were a lot more comfortable than thongs she preferred to let her ass hang out loosely. She wore

a long sleeve blouse and showed no cleavage. This is how Trisha dressed so it had to work.

The manager was some lil mixed brother whom was instantly taken by her beauty. He walked right up to her and shook her hand. "Hi? You must be Yolanda. My name is Rick."

"Hi Rick." she smiled looking this way and that.

"I need to go back into the office and get your application. You can feel it out right at one of the dining tables."

She grabbed his hand and gazed into his eyes. She batted her eye lashes and puckered up her lips. "Rick, can I come to your office and have you help me fill it out? I have a slight reading problem."

He knew this was against policy and was about to say hell no, but she leaned in on him. He could smell her perfume and feel her warmth. She got a lil closer. "I really-really need this job Rick. If you help me I'll make it worth your while."

He swallowed the lump in his throat. His face grew red and he hoped his employees didn't notice he was flustered and hypnotized. She was so fine he was like 'to hell with protocol'. If she asked him for the keys to his car he woulda gave them to her just for promising him any kind of sexual contact. "I can get in a lot of trouble for taking you back there, but hey, I'm the boss right?"

She squeezed his nervous hand. "I guarantee you won't regret it, handsome."

Yeah that did it. She had him. If he actually got an opportunity to tap that, he'd try his best to get her pregnant. Then she'd have to see him again. This just may be his lucky day. He had been a loser all his life so if he came up with her he'd tell everyone he know. She followed him towards the back. None of the workers cared enough to pay any attention and methodically did their jobs. Customers came and went as usual.

Rick the manager opened the door with a key and she followed him into the office. To her immediate left she spotted a black safe sitting against the wall.

Rick went into his desk and retrieved an application. "These are easy to fill out. It's no-" He looked up and she had a pistol pointed at his face. "Wha-"

"Shut up and listen Rick," she hissed. "I just shot a guy earlier for stalling. I'm only gonna say this once. Don't fuck with me!" She went into her purse and pulled out a plastic grocery store bag. "Open the safe and give me all the money. If you stall I'll pop you and just go on to the next place. Try me!" She dropped the bag in front of the safe.

For a moment he just stood there with his hands in the air.

"Move dipshit!"

He jumped then ran to the safe and fumble with the combination, he took a deep breath to settle his nerves. He got the door open and there were only five neat stacks of bills visible to her. He quickly loaded them into the bag.

"Toss me that bag boy! How much is in here?"

He tossed her the bag. "Ah, ten grand maybe more."

"Gimme your keys then lay face down with your hands on your head."

He obliged.

She broke a key off into the lock and closed the door on him. She shoved the bag into her purse and walked right out of there nice and easy. She jumped into the Honda and kept heading south to Kenosha. She did the same thing in that small town. She quickly became the Taco Bell bandit. That's what the people on the news called her. She was relieved she didn't have to kill nobody. After a few days of breaking off small towns she headed back to Milwaukee with well over fifty grand.

Next order of business was to get herself a red car since Trisha's car was red. And she'd buy Destro a nice gift. She had no idea what would impress him but Carmel would help her pick out something nice for him.

Fatal attraction? Obsession? No don't get her wrong she's just on a mission.

Nobody had better get in her way either. She had to get the man who rightfully belonged to her. He had a home near the freakin lake front and he wasn't a rapper, nor a pro athlete or even a square ass doctor. He was thugged out and would be her future husband.

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Destro was in Madison visiting his mother at the nut house. This time he brought some home cooked fried chicken and a small pan of homemade banana cream pie. Lil-Bit pecked him on the cheek and took the food from him. "Go get me a grape pop. No delaying."

They sat down and ate together. She tore into the chicken like a gremlin. "Tell Trisha I said thanks and she can come see me, too. I don't bite."

"Yes, you do," he teased. "Have you been watching the news lately?"

"As a matter of fact I have," she said, looking this way and that. As soon as she was sure no staff was watching she smacked the piss out of him. A piece of chicken flew out of his hand. Other visitors nearby gasped and murmured and pointed.

He was embarrassed, only. "What the fuck was that?"

"Don't cuss at me Demetrius."

"Sorry. Crazy lady why did you hit me?"

She leaned forward. "Seventy-six year old Ella Stocumb received a gift wrapped box. Inside was her son's severed head with a foot shoved in his mouth. The old bitch had a heart attack and died."

Destro chuckled. "Damn, two dragons with one stone, nice!"

Lil-Bit tried not to laugh. "Thank you son. I love you."

"You're very welcome. Hopefully prison will be a better place by the time you return. Hey? What you hit me for?"

She took a sip from her soda pop. "Oh, I was gonna hit you anyway because you're beautiful and dumb just like your father."

That warmed his heart in a sick sort of way. She was extremely passionate. "Aw thanks mama."

She tore into the banana cream pie. "Trisha is wonderful. You will marry her when I get out."

"Do I have a say so in this matter?"

"Sure you do. You can choose to do what I say or fight me," she assured him.

"Now, how's your lil brother doing?"

"Good. He may have this girl pregnant. We'll find out for sure after she have it."

"When is Trisha gonna get pregnant?"

"We're trying."

"Try harder, Booty Boy. I need some grand babies," she snapped. She looked this way and that and leaned in. She lowered her voice to a near whisper. "There may be an eye witness to you know what from Fond du lac. Do your homework and cover the trail."

He nodded and changed the subject. "A, I hope you and Trisha don't be talkin about our sex life."

"No, we would never do that," she assured him. "Now go get me another pop without all the foreplay, booty boy," she smirked.

He just shook his head. He was gonna cuss his girlfriend out when he got home.

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Later that same night Carmel found herself at the movies with Johnny Money. As they sat next to each other she let him taste her tongue but everytime he tried to go up her shirt or under her skirt she smacked his hand away. They still had a good time and afterwards he took her out to eat. He then took her home. She asked him to come in so they can talk for awhile but he politely declined because he was in the heart of Technine country. She sat there in his truck and didn't want the date

to end. She gazed into his eyes. "Where we going with this, Johnny?"

He lit up a blunt. "Where you want it to go?"

"You know I want to be more than just friends."

"We're already more than just friends," he assured her and handed her the blunt.

"Baby relax and go with the flow. Whatever will be will be. Don't think too much because you'll mess up what we have with labels."

She took a few takes and passed it back to him. She grabbed his nuts and gave them a friendly squeeze. "I'm gonna show you a lil bit of what I got to offer but just a lil bit."

He knew where this was going. He turned up the stereo and leaned back like a player. Carmel unzipped his pants and pulled out his piece. It was fat and pitch black. She kissed his nuts and licked his swiwe up and down and stroked it with both hands. He grew erect instantly. She pressed the tip of her tongue in his pee hole and wiggled it. She felt him shudder. She began sucking on the tip of it ever so gently. She did that for nearly three minutes then without warning she deep throat it and he coughed and damn near dropped the blunt. He tensed up because he could feel the tip of his piece poking her in her throat. He reached over and grabbed one of her breasts. She stopped and yanked off her blouse.

"Get in the backseat so I can kneel down right in front of you."

He obliged.

This was a big suburban so she had plenty of room to get on her knees. She played with his nuts for a few moments then went back down on it. She knew he was really high so she sucked him roughly. She gradually worked it further down his throat, in just five minutes he began shaking and breathing fast. She began growling on it and he couldn't take no more, she pulled up and stroked him as he skeeted all over her lovely breasts. She then smacked it on her chin to make sure he got it all out. He moaned over the loud music.

He snatched her up by the hair and put his mouth to her ear. "Bitch, when you gonna let me hit that pussy?"

She kissed him on the neck. "Soon, real soon baby. You know I can't give it up all at once."

She put on her blouse. She turned to get out and put her lil butt all up in his face. He smacked it and she turned back and smiled. "Johnny if I let you put that big ole thang up in me I'm gonna fall in love. Do you really wanna go there?"

He didn't reply. There was no more to say since he knew he wasn't gonna hit that tonight. He jumped back into the front seat as she got out. He watched as she safely went into her apartment then peeked out. Carmel was fun to kick it with and he was sure his main girl Faye would like her as well. He just wanted to taste every inch of her. He wasn't looking for a wife but he could see her maybe even replacing Faye one day. All was left was for her to tell him about her so called situation. He knew she wasn't HIV positive so whatever it was, he was willing to help her with it or over look it. She was the one who pursued him so he was sure there was no other man to worry about and the Techniners were rendered harmless so he hoped it turned out where he and Carmel could end up being really close friends.

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It had to be going on one o'clock in the morning when M.C.'s wife of just over a year answered the phone. Her name was ~~Shalonda~~ Shalonda. She was Lil-Bit's best friend and had known M.C. for just as long. She had no idea her husband was the one who killed Danny, Destro's father, fifteen years ago. They were in bed when the phone rang. She knew he wasn't sleep but nudged him anyway. "It's for you."

He took the phone. "Yeah?"

A female's voice tore into him. "Let's get one thing straight. I don't like you and I don't need you."

He already knew who it was. He grunted. "What's up baby girl?"

Trina had finally broke down and called her father. She didn't want to but he was the most diabolical person she knew. He was the best person to go to for advice in her current situation. "Daddy I need to ask you a question and keep in mind the answer must favor my intentions."

He got out of bed and moved away from his wife's earshot.

"You listening Daddy?" she snapped.

"Yes honey, I'm listening."

"Listen then."

"I said I'm listening, speak."

"Don't get smart Daddy! I ain't scared of you, I'll -"

He laughed at her. "D.K. sweetie. Calm down and tell me what's on your mind."

"You listening? I got this guy who really likes me and I like him. We want to be together. I need us to be together. You feel me? Do you follow so far?"

"Yeah, you really wanna be with this guy. You all are good together."

"Exactly. The problem is he's already in a relationship with someone he met way before me and their good together, too. How can I remove the cow to where I won't be the bad guy? She's in my way of getting into a house on the lake front."

"I thought you would say happiness."

"Well, that too, I guess."

He was silent for a moment. He already knew she was being very obsessive but knew she didn't see it that way. Time to give some kick ass fatherly advice:

"It sounds like she's not gonna leave him easily nor on her own. It would be very unfortunate if she had a little accident. You would then have to be the one

to console him after such a tragedy."

She caught on right away. "Oh hell yes! You're a freakin genius."

"Make sure you be careful at all times."

"For sho!" she agreed.

"Baby it's late. You need anything else? Money?"

She went off. "I don't need need nothing from you! I can take care of myself, when I come up you'll respect me! I'm no pushover like my mama! You watch and see! I got this! You'll see!"

"I love you too baby girl. Call me again when you need me," he hung up on her crazy ass.

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"I know this mother fu-" she stopped short as Carmel walked through the front door. She threw down her phone and ran up on her cousin and put her arms around her. "I was looking out the window. You sucked him off didn't you? didn't you, bitch?" She tried to kiss her.

Carmel pushed her away. "Is you crazy? Gone some where. We was just talkin."

"Your head was in his lap so he must have a talking dick."

She chuckled. "Yeah, I guess you can say that."

Trina grabbed her again. "Let me smell you dick breath, please?"

This child was a sicko. She was about to protest but she was still a bit buzzed and horny. "Girl, you so damn nasty."

She let her suck on her tongue for a moment and breathed heavy so she could get a good whiff and taste of that good Goon dick. She then pushed her away and headed to the bathroom.

Trina was right on her heels. "When you seeing him again?"

She took off her clothes and turned on the shower. "I don't know but

I almost couldn't hold off. Johnny got me wrapped up. I like him far more than I thought I would."

"So he knows about your situation?"

"Not yet," Carmel sighed. "I hope he don't trip out too tough."

Trina could smell the wiener juice on her chest so she began kissing and licking on her breasts. "Well, y'all done got intimate. The sooner you tell him the better."

[REDACTED]

"Yeah, you're right."

Just a few days later Temper took Renee down to the lake front so she could catch some sun and relax her nerves. The police were not too happy with her because she refused to come to court and testify against several Eastside Crawlers who got rounded up and charged for the murders of the Techniners. Her act of defiance delayed a street war as well. The results were bitter sweet.

There was a professional beachball tournament on the better part of Bradley Beach and the media was there televising the event Live on NBC. She and Temper started off walking up and down the sidewalk strip as cars and trucks cruised back and forth showing off their rims and stereo systems. The entire beach was crowded. There were drop dead gorgeous women of all races and sizes in amazing bikinis. Renee felt ugly with her swollen pregnant belly. But she instantly went from being a simple hoochie mama to being a respectable young lady because for some reason Temper held her hand in front of everyone and did not flirt with other women. At first she thought he was going soft then, quickly, checked herself because she knew him well enough to know that wasn't the case. She realized that for the first time this is what it meant to be honored and respected. It felt good. She prayed that the baby would be his.

As they walked they reached an ice cream parlor. It was located in a parking lot where the young crowd hung out at. The young thugs would lounge around by their vehicles, free styling against each other and trying to look as hard as possible. The young females relished the opportunity to let their asses hang out knowing the thugs would give them the attention they craved. They knew they really had it goin' on when the thugs would dis each other in order to try and impress them. While Temper

stood in line to get some ice cream Renee couldn't keep her eyes off a crowd of youngsters dancing and carrying on in the parking lot. There were a few ~~people~~ people she knew over there. He followed her eyes. "I bet if you was here with anyone else you'd be over there showing out, pregnant or not."

She laughed because she knew he was right. "I see myself when I look at those fast girls. I would go join them but they don't have any self respect. I don't wanna get down like that no more."

"Don't be so hard on yourself. You won't change over night. It takes a lot of courage to do the right thing," he explained. "On my end it's already out that I put you in an apartment outside the hood. It's already out that I don't even know if the baby is mine. If it ain't I'll look like a damn fool. It takes a lot of courage for me to be with you. To make love to you. To even allow myself to have real feelings for you."

Before she could reply they were approached by a female reporter. She was accompanied by a camera man. Temper nearly froze. He wasn't a fan of video cameras. Renee on the other hand relished the attention as any nineteen year old girl should.

The reporter smiled and stood right next to her, looking into the camera. "Today's tournament is so popular that thousands of fans have come out to brave the heat. Young, old and even with child," she turned to Renee "Well congratulations. You look like you're really enjoying yourself."

"I am. Just out here kickin' it with my man and taking in all the sights and sounds."

"Are you a fan of beach volleyball?"

"Oh yes, I'm a pretty good player too, but as you can see I seem to have swallowed a dang volleyball!" She bragged, rubbing her swollen belly and cheesing at the camera.

Temper just shook his head. This girl just gotta show out. He stepped aside and let her get her air time. He realized he must of had feelings for her because he wasn't offended at all.

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Up in the small town of Fond du lac Cindy Payton was grounded. She didn't care too much. She'd sneak in her friends whenever her father was gone to work. Nevertheless, she now had the upper hand on her mother because their next door neighbor Sgt. Slocumb indeed was kidnapped and turned up dead. Her mother felt guilty and was devastated. The entire town knew she didn't believe Cindy when the cops could have prevented the black van from leaving the county had the 9-1-1 call been made right away. Her mother was quickly becoming an alcoholic. Cindy told her she would keep bringing up her blunder if she'd turn her head whenever she had boys in her bedroom. She assured her, she wasn't a total slut. She just like to give head on occasion. Her mouth couldn't get pregnant so she didn't see the big deal. At least she didn't get her neighbor killed like her mother did. Yup! It was all her mother's fault.

It was just after two p.m. and she was lying on the sofa flipping through the channels. Her mother walked through the livingroom with a big pile of laundry. "Hey I could use a hand here. You are grounded you know."

Cindy acted as if she didn't hear a word her mother said. "Oh, hi mom. I didn't see you there. Could you be a sweetheart and go fetch me a snack. Thank you."

Her mother cursed her under her breath and stormed into the kitchen. Cindy kept turning channels and stopped on beach volleyball since they were broadcasting live from Milwaukee. As soon as the camera focused on the food court she sat straight up. "Mom! Get in here! Hurry up!"

(Oh lord help me before I kill this child) Her mother was just about to make her a ham and cheese sandwich and fold all the laundry and anything else that needed to be done. She need a drink. Badly. She ran into the livingroom and found her daughter shaking. "What's the matter?"

She pointed to the T.V. screen. "That's who stole Mr. Slocumb."

Her mother looked at the T.V. "Who, the pregnant girl?"

Cindy damn near threw a seat cushion at her. "No, you stupid cow! I'm talking about the guy standing next to the pregnant lady."

"Are you sure? That little guy don't look like a kidnapper."

"Did Jeffrey Dahmer look like a cannibal?! That's him! He's one of the guys who did it! That's it!"

Her mother picked up the phone and dialed the police. "Calm down kid, I believe you. It'll be alright."

Cindy drew her knees up to her chest and began rocking. The last thing she needed was the kidnappers to end up coming after her. She hoped her slow brain mother wouldn't get her in trouble somehow. More than likely she would. Things would get ugly. She just knew it!

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Destro was at Club 206 having a mid afternoon meeting with a member of the Lion's Den. His name was Big Mix and he was hoping to meet the very elusive Sweet Pea ~~and~~ instead, but Big Mix would do. He had a lot of pull and was obviously heavily involved with Trisha's older cousin Toshiba. Destro was immediately comfortable with Big Mix. He was really light complexioned like Trisha with really long braids. He was slim but a bit more muscular than Destro. Anyway, the club was empty except for a small clean up crew spiffing up the place for later. They both took a seat at a table and got down to business. Big Mix offered his hand. "Destro, I've heard a lot

of good things about you. But I'm curious as to why you created the Goon Squad? Many people uses that brand just like the Geto Boys."

"Oh so true but only ultimate warriors hold on to the name," he replied. "Now, I understand Toshiba is your girl. For that matter I'll respect your territory. I also hear you guys are great retailers."

Big Mix crossed his arms, two huge bodyguards loomed behind him. "What's on your mind?"

"The preacher man is charging me just over fifteen stacks a slab. I want to break off from him. Can you beat that rate? I mean Toshiba tells my girl that Lion's Den is taking over like Walmart."

Big Mix had already done a full screening on Demetrius Collins, he knew he wasn't a sheister nor a narc. "We'll charge you ten a slab. Our smack is fifty percent potent. But here's the requirements, we don't want our smack sold in the hood. We want to ease up on poor people and litter the suburbs with ~~smack~~ smack where people have a lot of money."

Destro nodded. "Fair enough. I can agree to that."

"There's one more thing."

"Lay it on me."

Big mix leaned in. "We prefer you deal with no other retailers to avoid a conflict of interest."

Destro smiled wide. "Perks! There gotta be some perks."

"We own a bank. Need I say more on that tip. All your money will be taxed therefore cleaned up. We can help you start businesses anywhere in the state. Discrimination don't apply to the Lion's Den."

Destro gave him a miniature plastic chainsaw no bigger than the palm of his hand connected to a golden key chain. "Mr. Big Mix, you have your self a deal and a new ally. Should any of my young Goons bump heads with yours

"I will have them stand down immediately."

Big Mix accepted the gift. "I appreciate that and will do likewise."

Now he was no longer smiling. "One more thing. I need a chart of most of your properties. I'm a conquerer. I need to know what to avoid. Also, my girl sold you her sabin in good faith so I expect us to become like family."

Big Mix agreed and they shook hands again as they walked to the front door. "That won't be a problem. You'll have reports sent your way tomorrow." He liked Destro a lot. They both thought like real soldiers and the obviously had the same taste in women. Speaking of women; there was a gorgeous one waiting out front. "Hey bro, I think somebody's here to see you."

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Destro stepped outside and there was Trina. She was leaning against a candy apple red droptop Mustang. She had cut her hair but she seemed to be even more attractive. She was dressed more conservatively and he was really impressed with her appearance. It didn't dawn on him she was trying to look exactly like Trisha. She was holding a bag from the shopping mall. He walked up to her. "What's up, Trina?"

She frowned. "Ain't you gonna comment on my new ride? I just got it. It's used but it's all mine."

"This is really a nice set of wheels. This your first car?"

"Yup!"

"Congradulations. You have really good taste."

"Thank you. I brought you something."

He shook his head. He began walking towards the front entrance. "You know I can't accept that. I don't wanna lead you on. You know I'm with Trisha."

She wouldn't accept his rejection. It cut through her like a hot knife.

She followed behind, praying she wouldn't have to fuck him up! "Wait! Destro just hear me out. Please, I'm not on no funny business. Just hear me out."

He let her follow him inside. He sat her down at the same table he did business with Big Mix. He gave her a sprite. "Trina make it quick because I have a lot of work to do."

She sipped on her soda pop. "Destro, I just wanted to thank you in person. You really hurt my feelings when you rejected me so cold."

"I apologize. I never meant to hurt you, Kid."

"Well, it did me some good. You opened my eyes and ever since I been trying to get myself together. You saw beauty in me and not just an easy lay. Anybody else would have busted a free nut. So, I really want to thank you for being real with me. Everything you said really stuck with me."

(Why does she have to be so beautiful? Damn!) He leaned back and crossed his arms. "What you got in that bag?"

Her smile lit up the room. "Just a few gifts." She pulled out a red-black and white Wisconsin Badgers digital alarm clock/disc player. She handed it to him knowing it was Goon colors. "This clock represents how its time for me to become a woman, not some child running the streets."

He liked it and softened a lil bit. "Thank you. This is very thoughtful of you."

She blushed and reached into her bag and pulled out a black Atlanta Falcons football jersey. The numbers were in red and Micheal Vick's name was in white letters on the back. "I bought you this to represent the fact that even though everyone thinks I'm trouble and a great risk, I know that I'm still a great asset to have on your team. I'm well worth whatever the risks are."

He was flattered. Out of sheer respect he leaned over the table to kiss her on the cheek. She turned and caught his lips on hers. Her lips were soft. Warm. Sweet.

"Trina I'm surprised. You're really putting forth an effort to change ain't you?"

She nodded. "I'm not here to step on Trisha's toes. I just don't want you to close me all the way out. You're probably the only one who believes in me. You could have did anything to me that night but instead you respected me. That means a lot to me."

(This girl was making a good case for herself. He knew he couldn't bite, although he wanted to stick his nose up her butt like a dog.) He tried to turn her off. "Trina, I applaud you for bettering yourself, but to be honest with you I'm a no good Goon. Women from all over come in here throwing themselves at me. Some have big dreams others have big money but all I care about is big butts."

She gazed into his eyes. "I understand that but tell me that you don't care about me at all and I'll never bother you again."

He grabbed her hand. "Ofcourse, I care about you Trina, that is why I don't want you to set yourself up for a big let down."

She stood up. "Let me try my luck. Am I welcome here?"

"You're under twenty-one."

"I know how old I am. I'm asking you can I come here anytime I want? You're the one who built me up so you can be the one who tear me down."

He shook his head. "I'll never tear you down. I'm just warning you I'm a Goon."

"Am I welcome here?"

He was surprised she didn't sit on the floor and cross her arms and legs like a protester. "Yeah Kid, you can come in here anytime you want as long as you don't be showing out."

He walked her to the door and checked out her ass in those cute slacks

she was wearing. He really wanted to tap that. He put a hand on her hip and hoped he wouldn't slip and palm her ass. He was diggin this stubborn girl. She even looked beautiful with that scar under her left eye. He walked her to her car. He gave her another peck on the lips and was thankful she didn't stick her tongue in his mouth. "Hey this car really fits you. Where did you get the money to buy it?"

She smirked. "I saved up my Taco Bell money."

She got in and she looked so mature. He knew he wouldn't be able to stay away from her. He liked her style, still not realizing all she was doing is mimicking Trisha. Nevertheless, he contemplated how he would bang her.

Trisha was not too far from the club, in her Lexus cruising up Center Street in the hood. She was on her way to the salon in which she had just sold to the Lion's Den. Even though she had moved on she went back to honor personal requests from a few people who's hair she did. Her cousin Toshiba was out of town and she hoped she would make a hasty return because she wanted more help from her in several other areas.

Right now she was riding high. Everything was going well. All was missing in her life was a wedding ring and a big head baby. She had no doubt she would obtain them and thanked God for all the prosperity she was having. She then prayed to be protected from all evil. No sooner after she said the prayer she crossed the intersection at twenty-seventh street, without warning a big white Dodge van racing northbound swiped her car right on the driver's side. She never seen it coming and her Lexus went rolling. She blacked out and hoped she wouldn't wake up dead.

The driver of the van was a young woman name ~~Callie~~ Coco from the

eastside. She damn near knocked herself out when she rammed the red Lexus. She almost timed the collision wrongly and nearly hit her right on the driver's side door. She wanted to hit the rear, fish tail her and keep rolling. She hit the Lexus, instead, on the back half and almost flipped the the van as well. She was dazed from the impact of the crash but somehow was able to maintain control of the van and fled the scene. She floored it until she was at least two miles away from twenty-seventh and Center. She pulled into an alley and abandoned the damaged van. The front bumper was completely gone. She took a few steps and realized she banged her knee pretty badly. She half limped-half ran away from the van. She hoped the woman in the Lexus wasn't wearing a seatbelt. Coco came out of the alley onto the main street and was dazed not only from the crash but from the fact she just ran someone down.

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Temper and Renee sat down in the food court and enjoyed banana splits. She was having a ball and he liked to see her happy. "A, after we finish eating you wanna go wade in the water?"

Her eyes lit up. "Ofcourse! I been wanting to ask you to do that ever since we got here but I thought you would say no."

"Why did you think that?"

"Because gangstas don't go swimming."

He grabbed her hand. "I should charge you for stereotyping a thug. Come on."

They ran down to the beach and had a good time. They took off their shoes and waded in the surf. He didn't let her go out far enough to have to swim because the lake had sudden deep dropoffs. One step in the water will be just past your knees, then the very next step the water

will be up to your ~~and~~ neck. They splashed around, though, without a care in the world. But as soon as they stepped out of the water they noticed two cops walking their way fast.

Renee thought they was after her. She grabbed his hand. "Temper let's run!" "You won't get far with that big belly. Chill out," he said and walked right up to the cops. "What's up?"

They stood on both sides of him. "Temper Collins? We're gonna need you to come with us."

He noticed neither of them had their handcuffs out. "Man, y'all raining on my parade. I'm just trying to relax with my girl. I been with her for the last few days."

Renee stood in front of him. "He's telling the truth. We just moved into a new place together and we been fixing it up over the last three days."

The cops weren't trying to hear that. "Look sir, you're not under arrest by us but Fond Du Lac has a warrant for us to detain you. What did you do up there?"

Temper handed Renee his car keys and gave her all the money he was carrying. "Take my car home and give it to Johnny Money. Tell him exactly what you saw here. Call only him."

"O.K. I'll do it baby. You can count on me," she assured him.

He put on his shoes and left peacefully with the cops.

Renee wasn't bothered by this at all. She had a damn good time and now this was her chance to stick by his side when he was in trouble. She tricked off when Dink got locked up and she wasn't about to make that same mistake again. Temper was really good to her. Her furnished her entire apartment for her and the only bills she had to pay was her own phone bill and cable if she chose to get it. If she could somehow keep

her legs closed and the baby turned out to be his, she may be able to get a ring out of him. That would make her mother and grandmother really proud. She skipped off the beach and into the parking lot. She made her way to Temper's car which was a decked-out older model Monte Carlo. She had half a mind to cruise all around the hood so everyone could see that he was her man and only hers.

As she was about to get into the car she saw Mario; the other guy who could possibly be her baby's daddy. (So... Her tests of faithfulness would begin instantly.)

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Another woman from the eastside by the name of Sheila was standing on the bus stop on Twenty-seventh and Center and saw the entire crash take place. She cringed at the impact and ~~the~~ deafening crash of the van hitting the Lexus, which was left completely totalled. She pulled out her phone and dialed 9-1-1. After reporting it she made a call to Trina.

"Yello!" Trina answered, all happy from her encounter with Destro. She was rolling in her new Mustang.

"That business was handled." said Sheila.

"Is the bitch dead?"

"I don't know but the ambulance and firemen just got here and I think they'll have to cut her out of the wreckage."

"So she fucked her up good? Well, badly?"

"Hell yeah. That car flipped at least three times," She paused. "Aw shit! I hear a helicopter. They called in the flight for life!"

"Excellent..." Trina hissed.

"Hey meet me at the restaraunt on Twenty-seventh and Capitol. You got the rest of our money?"

"Yeah, I got you."

"No shorts?"

"Bitch, I said I got you!" Trina snarled, and hung up on her. She hired those grimey cows for ten thousand dollars to run down Trisha. She paid them half off the top and would give them five more thousand after the job was done. They only had to follow Trisha for a few days before learning she liked to roll up Center Street on a daily basis.

Trina smited to herself but if either of those eastside tramps slipped and opened their big mouth, she'd kill them both. Hell, she may just kill 'em anyway because Sheila had a slick ass mouth and Coco was dumb as a box of rocks. She was on a mission so everyone who crossed her path did so on thin ice.

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Mario was a member of the Rollin 30's street gang. He was a good looking brother with a philly-fro. He pulled up on Renee real smooth like "Hey girl, what's good?"

"Hi Mario. What are you doing down here?"

He leaned against Temper's car. "My sister saw you on T.V. I had to come check it out because you are looking fine!"

She blushed. "Thank you. I try my best with carrying this baby and all."

He touched her belly. She let him. "Renee if you need anything just let me know." He handed her a business card. "Here's all my info make sure you get up with me."

- She accepted it. "Yes, maybe I will."

He checked out Temper's car and whistled. "I saw the pigs snatch up your guy. Is this his ride?"

"Yup. He's my boyfriend. We just moved in together."

He laughed at her. "You'll be alone for a while now. What did they arrest him for?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know. They didn't say."

He took her hand and kissed her on the cheek. "Well, I won't hold you up. If you need somebody to talk to I'll be here for you, and you look really good in that lil sun dress."

"It was good seeing you, Mario," she admitted. "In the near future I may need to contact you anyway."

He popped himself on the forehead. "Please excuse my terrible manners. I'm very sorry your guy Dink got killed. May he rest in peace. Is that his shorty you're carrying?"

"His mother is hoping so, but no, it's not his," she explained and got into the car. She turned on the engine and leaned out the window. "This is why I may need to contact you in the near future." His mouth dropped open and his eyes got wide. She pulled off before he could find the words to reply.

Destro was finishing up some book keeping in the club when he got that fretful call. He nearly went into shock when he heard that Trisha was in a terrible traffic accident. In a half panic-half daze he jumped into his hummer and headed to Milwaukee Medical Complex which ~~was~~ was way across town on the west side of the city limits. He took to the freeway and got pulled over right away by a trooper for speeding. He couldn't believe this was happening. He looked through the rearview mirror and saw right away that the red face trooper was a young, arrogant, wanna-be, tough ass. He kept both hands on the wheel as the cop cautiously approached his vehicle. He also saw and heard him get on his walkie talkie and call for back up. Back up? What he need back up for? He locked the doors and cracked the window.

The trooper stepped up. "Sir, I'm gonna need you to step out of the vehicle."

"Nope. I was just speeding, write me a ticket and I'll be on my way."

He got an attitude and raised his voice. "You do not tell me how to do my job! License and registration!"

Destro handed it to him through the crack in the window. "I'm clean, man. I'm on my way to the hospital. It's an emergency."

The trooper went back to car and ran a check for warrants and suspended license. He was clean but this lil cop wasn't satisfied. He came back to the Hummer and pulled out his service pistol. "You must step out of the vehicle now. I need to search it because this fits the description of a known drug trafficker."

Destro was like, here we go! He smiled at the young trooper with near insane eyes. "You're making a very big dumb mistake." This fool had no idea how bad he needed to get to Trisha. "So, I guess you're telling me

that you pull over every green Hummer you see?" A second trooper pulled up, only then did he get out of his truck. The young fool made him lie face down on the ground and cuffed him tightly. "Collins, what you're hiding in there to have you in such a hurry? It'll be easier on you if you come clean with me now."

"What's your full name, man?"

"Horly. Robert Horly. That's H-O-R-L-Y."

"Thanks," Destro chuckled, visions of chainsaws dancing in his head.

They dumped him in the back of a squad car and tore up the inside of his truck for nearly twenty minutes. The other trooper who came for back up knew very well that the younger one liked to harrass motorists. He often warned him it'll come back on him one day. He finally let Destro go back to his truck. The young fool wrote him a few citations for speeding and disorderly conduct. "You're lucky I didn't haul your ass in, Collins. Slow down before you kill somebody."

Destro got behind the wheel and saluted him. "Sure thing officer, I didn't mean nobody any harm." He pulled back into traffic and painstakingly sped to the hospital only five miles per hour above the speed limit. The closer he got the tighter his chest became. By the time he stopped in the parking lot he could barely breathe. He gathered himself the best he could. He bursted into the hospital and charged up a receptionist at the entry desk. She told him to calm down and asked him who was he there for. He said Patricia Robinson. She then got on the phone. Not a minute later a doctor whom looked as if he just escaped from Sudan walked up to him and let him know Trisha was in surgery. X-rays had revealed she suffered a broken left wrist, two broken vertebrae in her lower back and multiple fractures to her left leg. There was also alot of ligament damage to that left leg. Thanks to the airbag and her wearing the seatbelt, she didn't receive any major

head and neck trauma. The african doctor let him know that she was in very serious condition but would definitely pull through. Destro was relieved to know her spinal cord was not damaged and there was no threat of her being paralyzed. The medics had pricked her toes right away to see if she had feeling and she responded. He wasn't allowed to see her because she was in surgery so he just paced around endlessly in the waiting room hoping tears would come.

Suddenly his cellphone rang and he almost jumped out of his sneakers. He answered. It was Johnny Money. "Lil-D, I heard what happened man. I'm sorry. How's Trisha?"

"She's in serious condition but you know my girl's a fighter."

"She's in my prayers. You focus on her well being and nothing else," he ordered. "Now listen and brah don't respond at all do you understand?"

Destro remained silent and said nothing.

"Good. Lil brah just got picked up by the police. His girl called me and said Fond Du lac wanted him. I put his car in my garage. I don't want you to go see him nor communicate at all with him. I'll handle everything. Both you and Big Fella are banned from the hood til I sort this out. Just stay with Trisha. Love." Johnny hung up.

Destro sat down and put his head in his hands. His mom was right, there was an eye witness to the kidnapping. He'd zero in on whoever he or she was before long and eliminate them. Life without parole was not gonna happen. He felt like his world was suddenly falling apart. He leaned back and sighed. The doctor came in and let him know that the police report revealed that Trisha's car was struck by a big white van and it's being ruled a hit and run. They were currently searching for the driver and the van. At this point he believed the other person involved in the accident just panicked and fled the scene. It couldn't have been on purpose. Who would ever want to hurt Trisha?

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Trina met the eastsider, Sheila, at a small restaurant on Twenty-seventh and Capitol Drive. They found a tiny booth in a corner. Trina bought them chicken sandwiches, fries and soda pop.

Sheila was in her late twenties. She was fat, dark skin and had short hair. Her face was plain but smart. "The money."

Trina handed her a manilla envelope under the table. "It's all there, don't even trip."

"It better be," said Sheila, taking a plug out of her sandwich. "That girl got messed up! Why you wanna hurt her for?"

"It personal. But check this out, we need to silence Coco. You know she can't hold no water."

She shook her head and stuffed a handfull of fries in her mouth. Chewing and talking at the same time. "Leave it alone before we get too deep in some mess."

Trina leaned in. "Do you wanna go back to prison? You still on paper right?"

Sheila didn't want to be reminded. She had just pulled four years for her third charge of forgery. Her 'time' was hard because she had a slick ass mouth on her. She was happy to see on the news that Sgt. Slocumb came up dead but she knew another evil tyrant would only take his place. Still though, she wasn't violent. She shook her head. "I can't hurt my girl in no kinda way."

"Yo girl?!" Trina laughed. "I guess she is your girl since she has taken every guy you had and liked as far as I seen."

Ouch. Hurtful low blow, but true.

Those light brown eyes turned wicked. "I'll give you twenty-five stacks to lure her to a secluded spot. Look, I ain't got nothing against Coco

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but when they find that van they may lift her prints. If they pick her up and take her downtown she'll give us up!"

Sheila grew weary. "Hmmm. I don't know about this."

"O.K. Conspiracy to commit murder along with aggravated assault with a deadly weapon, which is the van, altogether carries about a hundred ten years a piece!"

Shit, that did it. The eastsider was in. "You make it thirty five stacks and I'll set her up. Whatever you do to her will go on your head, not mine! I just can't afford to go back to jail."

That brought about a bright smile. "That's more like it. Now here's the plan—"

"Damn! You already had this planned out? You's a lil evil heaffa ain't you!"

"It's called being ahead of the game, if we don't wanna get caught up. You feel me?"

She nodded and reached for Trina's untouched chicken sandwich. Trina intern sipped her soda pop. "Here's the plan. You know I stay near the house where those three guys just got killed. As soon as you find Coco let me know and I'll let y'all know to meet me at the same spot because I know the pregnant girl and she told me where some drugs and money is stashed at."

Sheila held up a hand. "Is the house still taped up? What about the people upstairs?"

"Look, the spot is owned by Technine. As soon as the police investigation is over the house will open right back up for business."

"Will the pregnant girl be there?"

"No! Just listen. Dang!" Trina snapped.

"Whoa! Slow your crazy ass down to a stop!" Sheila bit back. "I mess

with checks and credit cards. This grimey shit is way out of my element. I'm just trying to make sure your sick ass don't get us popped off."

Trina smiled at her, more like a grin. "I apologize. Listen, please? We're all gonna go in there together. Once inside I'll pop her in the back of the head and all you gotta do is help me drag her into the basement. It will take a long time for her to be found. I already got some rival gangbangers who will get blamed for it, if need be."

The fat woman's heart sank. "Do she really have to die?"

"Do you really wanna stay out of jail?"

"Enough said."

Trina stood up. "I'm up. Go find that black ass cow."

Sheila reached out and grabbed her arm. "Girl you know I got all this money on me. At least gimme a ride back to the east."

"Come on then, I got things to do."

"Hold up, I'll be right with you, I need a few apple pies and a milkshake. Fast food is like chinese food. It don't fill you up."

Trina tried not to show her disgust and frustration. "Maybe you just eat too fast. Hurry up and get what you want so we can roll out."

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Temper waited only a few hours before the authorities from Fond du lac showed up to Milwaukee to retrieve him. Jordan Hopkins, Temper's attorney was already present there with him in the interrogation room. This pissed off the two detectives from Fond du lac. One was an older white haired gentleman and the other was a female in her early forties. Jordan Hopkins greeted them. "I am Mr. Collins' legal representation. Before we agree to answer any questions can you please tell me what this is all about?"

Both of them looked like they wanted to pull a Rodney King on the lawyer.

They sat down across from them. Temper was smoking a cigarette and blew smoke at the woman. She frowned at him. "Mr. Collins is not under arrest. We're just trying to piece a puzzle together. A guard in the women's prison was killed and we believe inmates had something to do with it. We just wanna ask a few questions."

Jordan Hopkins nodded and had his own tape recorder as well.

"How do you know Peter Slocumb, Mr. Collins?" The male detective asked.

"Who the hell is Peter Slocumb?"

"Let the record reflect that my client does not know or have any knowledge of one Peter Slocumb." said the lawyer.

He asked another question. "Is your mother locked up in prison in Fond du Lac?"

"Nope."

"Oh?"

"As far as I know she's in Madison. It don't matter, I never go see her, anyway."

"Never?"

"Never. It's too depressing to see my mother in prison."

"Fair enough. Do you write letters and speak over the phone?"

"Yes, but rarely."

"Have she ever told you or spoke with you about prison guards she was having problems with?"

"Nope."

"Are you sure?" Asked the female.

"Positive," he smiled. "Let's cut the middle man and have a lie detector test."

"No, you don't have to do that," said the lawyer.

She tried to conceal her frustration. "Where were you on June tenth? And who were you with?"

He put a hand on his chin and looked as if he was trying to remember.

"You don't have to answer that. Next question," said the lawyer.

She continued. "Did you come to Fond du lac to visit a friend?"

"I don't know anyone in Fond du lac and I've never been there."

The white haired detective stepped in. "Like we said you're no suspect but son we need some answers. We believe you know something but is not directly involved."

"Involved with what?"

"The grueling dismembering and murder of Peter Stocumb."

"I'm sorry I can't help you."

"We believe you can and if you do we will protect you, so any information you can give us will be appreciated."

Temper shook his head. "Nothing."

The lawyer stepped in. "My client will answer no more questions. If you are not placing him under arrest I respectfully request you to release him at once."

"Mr. Collins you are free to go and we thank you for your cooperation. We will be in touch so do not leave the state."

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Outside the interrogation room Cindy Payton sat incognito. As Temper was released she went off. "What the hell are you doing? That's him! Why didn't you take him to prison?"

"Calm down, sweetheart," said the white haired detective. "We believe you. He won't get far. We just need solid evidence to slam dunk him. We will let him lead us right to it."

"Well, you guys need to be quick about it," she complained. "Now take me to the Milwaukee beachfront like you promised me."

"We're very busy right now," said the female.

Andy nodded. "Yeah, I may be too busy to show up at court when he's on trial."

Both of them wanted to Rodney King her ass. The female sighed and reached out her hand. "You win kid, let's go."

"Thank youuuuu." she teased.

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In the hallway of the police station the lawyer turned to Temper. "Look man, make sure you lay low because they're not done. They'll be watching your every move. Stay away from your brother and C.W. the best you can. We can't afford to go to trial up here. You think it's bogus in Milwaukee? Shit, the ghost of Johny Cochran can't get you off in Fond du Lac."

Temper acknowledged his concerns. "Let me know if you can zero in on the so called witness. Til then I'll definitely lay low." Now he was eager to get home to Renee and hoped they wouldn't come back and lock him up before she had her baby. All of a sudden life was getting extremely serious. He knew he had to stay away from the spot on Mienecke Avenue for awhile and he had mixed emotions. Slangin' dope, freakin' with hoochie mamas, and pistol toting was fun at times. It was easier on a man's nerves far more than doing the right thing; playing the family man or hubby-wifey with Renee. Seems like he'd be wise to indulge in the latter. Oh well, it is what it is.

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Over in Madison at the mental health complex Lit Bit got a letter from an old friend. It was from Shalonda, her buddy, whom used to live upstairs from her and smoked weed with her all the time. She was also

The one who heard noises downstairs the night Lil-Bit's husband was murdered. She was the age as Lil-Bit, a lil taller and a lot thicker. Anyway, on that fateful night she rushed downstairs only to find Destro laid out in the hallway and Danny lay dead as ever from a gunshot wound to the head. Destro had blood on his face and pajamas and she fell to her knees before him crying and praying that he was still alive. She reached out and touched his shoulder. He cringed and cried out for his mother. Thank God he wasn't hurt. She looked around and noticed the front door was wide open, she cautiously stepped onto the front porch to see if she could see the intruder escaping the scene. ~~She~~ Instead she saw Lil-Bit knocked out on the front lawn. Fear and anger quickly clouded her head as she ran to her buddy's aide. What kinda sick monster could do something like this? Their apartment wasn't robbed. She carried Lil-Bit back into the house, relieved that she was alive. Temper! She dumped Lil-Bit on the sofa and ran to the bedroom and thanked the Lord she found him asleep on the top bunk bed, untouched and unaffected by the carnage in the livingroom. She called 911 and comforted the others the best she could.

Lil-Bit remembered how brave Shalonda was. What a wonderful friend to have. She opened the letter and froze in horror. Inside was wedding photos. Shalonda was beautiful and looked so happy but the sight of her husband made Lil-Bit's blood run cold, she nervously picked up the letter. It read: 'Dear Lil-Bit, Girl why did you take so long to get in touch with me? Thanks for the picture you sent. You must be drinking from a fountain of youth! You're looking younger and younger while I'm chasing away wrinkles. Surprised I'm married? Me too. I think that last night we got high together turned me into a religious woman - well at least a woman of faith. I met Melvin at the doctor's office. His funeral home was

broken into and he apologized to me because he believed it was his missing embalming fluid that them boys spiked our weed with. Girl, Melvin took my hand and we been together ever since. He treats me like a queen. By the time we got married you got a fresh sentence so I avoided you so my happiness and good fortune wouldn't be thrown in your face. On my end I didn't even have to go to rehab. Melvin is wonderful but he got an evil little daughter who's nearly twenty. She never speaks to me and rarely sees her father. Anyway, Melvin says he remembers us both so well from the old hood and says 'Hi' Girl, I hope both your boys are doing well. Lil-D is a splitting image of his father and Temper is your twin. I'm right here if you need me. Melvin sold his funeral home and opened a soul food joint. I work there whenever I want so I can come visit you anytime you want me to. Sorry you missed my wedding. For our honeymoon we went to Hawaii. I'll send more pictures. Make sure you give the boys my love. Love Ya, Londa'

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Horror! Lil-Bit was absolutely horrified. Her best friend ever is married to the same man that killed her dang husband. How the hell could Shalonda miss the fact that M.C. was dead? Do she tell her sons? Do she never speak to Shalonda again? Do she let her know who he is and what he did? Do she allow her son to get revenge? Do she let Shalonda end up getting hurt? Or should she just keep quiet because her sons already had their hands full with that pissy prison guard turning up dead? She looked at the wedding photos again and M.C. seemed to be smirking at her with that scar under his left eye. His light brown eyes were so cold and callous. What did her friend see in him? This was such a small world. You'd think people would be able to get along a lot better.

If that wasn't enough she got called to the social worker's office

for an emergency phone call, in which her older son was on the other end talking about Trisha got into a serious car crash. She knew he needed her more than ever and here she was stuck in an insane asylum. She never felt so helpless in her life. She felt like killing herself, but, knew she had to stay strong for her children. If it wasn't for them she would have committed suicide a long time ago. At this point all she could do was pray because from now on people would feel her wrath over her sons. That's for damn sure. Either way she knew everything would eventually burst into the open. She wanted her boys to be well prepared.

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Carmel was happy she didn't have to go to work. She went to Club 206 early around seven o'clock that night to be with Johnny Money, whom in turn was pleasantly surprised to see her. "So, what brings you here?"

She went into his arms and it was hard to let go. She was wearing a peach colored skintight dress and looked stunning as usual. He planted a kiss on her warm soft lips and could taste the sweetness. She let him go and sat on a bar stool. She began twirling around in circles like a kid. "I heard what happened and I thought you may need some company."

Her presence alone soothed his soul and warmed his heart. "You better stop before you get dizzy."

She already knew his girlfriend Faye was gone to Michigan to visit family, she'd be all the way in way before she returned. She stopped twirling and steadied herself by holding onto the counter. "Johnny, my head been spinning from the day I met you."

He sat down next to her and gazed into her glistening eyes. Absolute beauty. How in the hell was she not taken? He bet her so called situation was some stud she had on the side. He wasn't gonna go in circles with her. "Carmel, do you

really want to be mine? Is that why you're here?"

She took his hand. "Yes, but only if that's what you want, too. I have no problem with being in an open relationship but I can't be just an occasional fling."

"Check this out. Tonight you're coming home with me, just let it all hang loose and enjoy yourself. In the morning everything will be put on the glass. If we're compatible we'll stay together. There will be no secrets after tonight."

She nodded but her eyes grew sad. Tears welled up.

He leaned forward and kissed her on the cheek. "What's wrong?"

Her head drooped down. "Just that I'm falling in love with you and I may end up losing you."

"Does this gotta do with your situation?"

"Yes. The one thing that gets in my way every damn time."

He felt pangs of jealousy. "Does this have to do with another man?"

"Sort of. Yeah, you can say that."

This time his lips found hers. "Well you can tell me all about it tomorrow. Tonight is ours. Enjoy it."

She took him by the hand and pulled him onto the empty dance floor.

"Hold me tight Johnny and give me this dance. I need to remember this night."

"The DeeJay ain't even finished setting up his equipment. There's no music playing."

She pressed her ear over his heart. "Yes, there is."

At that point he knew he had to have her. He loved the way she smelled and just knew she had some good stuff. Later he'd take her home and bone her so good she'd run away from whoever else she had in her life. Maybe she could even get a key to his place. He would let her keep the Taco Bell job just so he could always see her in her cute lil' uniform. They had good chemistry together. He stopped thinking so much and just danced with her.

Every few minutes he tasted her tongue which seemed to get sweeter and sweeter. By the time he let her go, patrons were filing into the club. Tonight would be one to remember for a long time to come.

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C.W. had went over to Niecy's house that night, well to her newly purchased home which was still in the ghetto but in a far more mellow area. He needed a place to lay low for awhile and she was extremely happy he chose to come to her.

Her son Mikey was home from the hospital and his fifteen year old body was healing rapidly from the gunshot wounds. He had took his lil' bad ass right back to the Goon Squad hang outs and didn't make it home ~~til~~ til midnight. Niecy and C.W. was up waiting for him. He thought they were gonna scold him for hanging ~~out~~ out around the same place he got shot, but C.W. surprised him. He pushed him down on the sofa. He threw up his set letting both of them know he was Good Squad for life!

C.W. just held Niecy's hand. He was a straight shooter, and never did operate on fear. "Mikey, me and your mom really diggin' each other and we want to be together. If ~~you~~ you ain't with that I'll leave right away."

Mikey frowned and shook his head. "Man, I already knew y'all liked each other. I don't really agree with this but—"

"It's all good. I'm out."

"You didn't let me finish cuz," he snapped. "I don't like to see anyone with my mama but you have my blessings if you're the one she feels will make her happy. Just be good to her."

"Are you sure?" Niecy asked him.

"Mama, I'm nearly too sure," he assured her with a smile. "It makes it much easier to accept because y'all had the decency and respect to ask me how I felt about it. Do your thing."

She gave her son a great big hug and kiss. "Thank you! Thank you so much for this. William is great."

Mikey turned to C.W. and shook up with him. "Big Fella, I'm glad it's you instead of anyone else. You better be good to my mama. That's it. That's all."

Destro sat at the edge of her bed and knew that Trisha could hear him even though she was heavily sedated. She was in surgery for over five hours and then they kept her away from him for nearly two more hours while the swelling in her leg went down, so they could put a cast on it. Now, she lay peacefully in a regular bed but that busted leg was hanging from a gurney. He was relieved she didn't have tubes running all up her nose and in her mouth. She did have a cast on her left wrist, scratches on her face, thick black rings around her eyes but she still looked beautiful to him. He saw the little button on her I.V. to release morphine and he imagined she'd be pressing it many times as was allowed. He grabbed her hand and thought she slightly stirred. "Baby I'm so glad you didn't leave me. You know I'd be lost without you. You're so strong and blessed. They had to cut you out of your car with the jaws of life. The doc says you'll make a full recovery. When you get out of here we're gonna get married. Wait! We have to wait til mama gets out of jail but then I'm gonna give you that big wedding you want." He sat there just talking away. It was after ten P.M. so the nurse gave him a blanket and a pillow. They knew he wouldn't budge from her side for a few days.

Suddenly she mumbled. "My toes."

He looked up. Was he hearing things? She seemed to be fast asleep.

She spoke again. "Tickle my toes." She mumbled barely audible.

He looked at her toes poking out from the cast. He got up and wiggled each one delicately not wanting to cause her anymore pain. He was happy she didn't flinch nor fidget.

She tried to smile. "I love booty boy. Miss my booty boy."

He leaned over and kissed her on the cheek. "What you call me?"

She didn't respond and fell asleep again. She was knocked out cold

according to the monitors. He massaged her toes and couldn't wait til she was fully coherent so he could tickle her between her legs. He stole another kiss with that thought.

Suddenly the african doctor came in. "Mr. Collins we need to talk."

His heart began to pound. "What's up doc?"

He fought the urge to yawn. He'd had a very long day. "I have some good news and some bad news."

Destro looked at the name tag on his white cloak. "Mbeke? How do you pronounce that?"

"Like Em-Becky," said the doctor.

"Oh! You're south african but you look like a Sudanese."

"You're good kid, considering the fact I left south africa over thirty years ago and hid in Sudan five years before coming to america."

Destro knew he escaped Apartheid in South Africa. The thought of the endless human rights violations and oppression made him angry and embarrassed. It seemed like the rest of the world just sat by and did nothing. Nelson Mandela and his wife, Weenie were some of his heroes. He remembered they visited Washington D.C. and walked several blocks to the Capitol Building. They had no fear of assassination attempts. They just wanted everyone to be able to see them. He watched it on T.V. and will never forget the pride he saw in his parents' eyes. At that time his father began teaching him about the depths of the south african struggles. They sure didn't ~~and~~ teach him in school. At school you get "Roots!"

"Hey! Collins?" The tired doctor snapped.

Destro shook away his thoughts and focused. "My fault doc, I was just thinking how bad it was for blacks under Apartheid."

He nodded. "It was much like here and all over. Now, which do

"You want first."

"The bad news of course."

"Ms. Robinson will have to stay here for more than two months. We're now looking at four to six."

Ouch! Destro could barely stand now. He needed his baby at home.

"What's the problem?"

"The problem is your good news," the ~~old~~ doctor explained. "We nearly missed it because we weren't looking but all our tests reveal that Ms. Robinson is with child."

His legs gave out and he barely made it to a chair. "You mean she's pregnant?"

He smiled wide with perfect african teeth. "Yes. She's only two weeks, so the accident did not damage the fertilized egg at all."

He jumped up and hugged him. "Thanks! Let me be the one to tell her, but thank you so much."

"Don't thank me, you did all the work. Congratulations, kid. We'll keep her longer because of her back injury is a possible risk to her pregnancy. I'm sure she'll be fine. Ms. Robinson is one of the healthiest patients I've had in months."

As soon as the doctor left he began pacing back and forth. He was far too excited to realize how tired he was. He stole a kiss from Trisha every ten minutes and wouldn't rest til she woke up. His smiling face was the first thing he wanted her to see. Plus, he couldn't wait to tell his mother! Life is truly a roller coaster ride.

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Coco's knee was really bothering her. She banged it good in the crash. Sheila had found her at her sister's house on the eastside. She

only received a total of thirty five hundred dollars. She told her that Trina shorted them, which was a lie.

Coco was twenty four years old. She was kinda cute and had really long dreads. People liked her so much because her complexion was extremely dark. Many thought she was slow because she acted like and kicked it with teenagers in the streets. The fact was she was just a tomboy, like to fight and be playful. Her whole family was street thugs so she never had to grow up. She was extremely popular, though, because she was always down for a threesome. Anyway, she and Sheila were now on their way to twenty-ninth street. They were rolling in a hoopy. Every few seconds Coco kept bending forward to rub her throbbing knee and thought she needed to get it checked out by a doctor. It had swole up. It was now close to eleven o'clock at night. Sheila insisted they needed to hit a lick with Trina. It was now or never. There was a lot of loot involved but this wasn't like Sheila to take risky chances. Coco knew her to be sheisty but never brave. Something wasn't right. She didn't really believe those guys hid drugs and money in that dope spot. Young dealers all know they can't trust each other so they put their trust in their baby mamas or their mama. Period.

Bubbing her sore knee she shook her head. "You know Trina is not to be trusted. We should turn around. All money ain't good money."

Sheila wasn't trying to hear it. "We're almost there now. If it ain't right, we'll jump her crazy ass."

Yeah the juices was definitely sour. Sheila was way out of her normal character. She just wasn't the type to get involved with drugs.

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As they pulled into the alley on twenty-ninth, Trina was out there waiting for them. They both jumped as the headlights hit those devious

light brown eyes and they lit up like a sparkler. She ran up to the car. "Cut the lights and park right here. The spot is only a few houses down."

Coco could sense that Sheila's fat self was extremely nervous, like she had a bad secret she was about to reveal. As they followed Trina through the backyard of the house in question Sheila clung to her. She used this as an opportunity to lift the car keys from her jacket pocket without her noticing or feeling it.

Trina led them into the abandoned house. It was really dark but Coco was able to keep her eyes trained on Trina's hands, whom pulled out a flash light no thicker than a magic marker. They went in through the back door and into the kitchen. The small light illuminated the room very well.

She looked right at Coco. "Check behind the stove and refrigerator. I bet that stash is behind one of them."

(Yeah right! I'm not turning my back on your crazy ass!) She faced Trina and shuddered from the evil beaming from her eyes. She half shielded herself with Sheila's wide girth. "It may be rats behind that stove."

Sheila clicked her tongue. "Girl, your scary butt! I'll check behind the stove then you gotta check behind the fridge."

As soon as Coco took her eyes off her for a split second Trina pulled out a small .25 semi automatic pistol. Coco followed Sheila over to the stove and stood next to her. "Be careful. Bats bites when you scare them." Suddenly she felt a sharp pain in her bum knee. She bent down to rub it and heard a gunshot. A bullet missed her head by a few inches. Sheila froze and screamed. Coco jumped in front of her and shoved her as hard as she could towards Trina and her massive frame went stumbling backwards. Trina shot again and hit her in the back of her head, she crashed into her and fell on top of her. Trina was pinned down on the floor between

the east wall of the kitchen and Sheila's dead weight. She growled like a man woman and struggled to free herself.

Coco got the fuck out of there. That knee didn't stop her from ~~run~~ running out of that house and getting back to the car as fast as she could. It was dark as hell in the back yard and she tripped over something and fell. She bounced right back up and made it to the alley. She ran and jumped in to the car from the passenger's side because she knew she didn't lock the door. She slid over and got behind the wheel. She fumbled with the keys. She was so scared she thought she wouldn't be able to get the car started. She finally got the key into the ignition and that's when she saw Trina come into the alley. She turned on the high beams and tried to blind her. Trina started shooting at the car, she screamed and yanked down on the gear shift. She wanted to put the car in reverse but when she stomped down on the accelerator the car shot forward and almost ran over the crazy bitch.

Trina dove out of the way and somersaulted over a green garbage can. She was a lil dizzy and shook it off. (Ooooh! That punk ass girl got away! Dammit!) She stood up and reloaded her pistol as she headed back towards the house. If anyone heard noise and tried to come assist her she'd kill their ass right away. She was pissed. She went back into the kitchen and found her flashlight. She kicked Sheila's leg. "Hey, you dead?" The body didn't respond. She put the pistol in her pocket and the flashlight in her mouth and bent down. She grabbed the dead girl's ankles. "Alright fatty, in the basement you go." She gave a hefty tug and sharp pain shot up her spine. The body only budged an inch. "Shit! Stupid fat cow!"

There was no way she'd be able to move the body by herself. She

cussed and pulled out her cellphone. She really hated having to ask anybody for help, especially him.

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A few blocks away Coco stopped the car and made sure she was not shot or injured. Her adrenaline was pumping so her knee wasn't bothering her. She knew those scandalous hoers were up to no good. They were gonna bag her and then turn in the van and reveal that she was solely responsible for the hit and run on the Lexus. Case closed. They go scott-free. Her fear of Trina was quickly giving way to anger. She had to get her revenge. That tramp tried to kill her. She knew she couldn't go to the cops but she had to get Trina before Trina got her. It was on now...

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It was nearly two-thirty in the morning and Carmel was asleep in the passenger's seat of Johnny Money's truck. The poor thing was tired. She had put in a full night helping out at the club. She mainly entertained the guests and V.I.P.'s and whatever it took to ease her man's mind of the absence of Destro. He appreciated her efforts. He looked over at her and her hair was slightly frizzled around the edges but her hairdo held up just fine all night. Asleep, she looked so innocent and vulnerable. He the ~~the~~ need to protect and serve her. She was just too good to be true. They were so good together. She was respectful and many young ladies around the hood should take a few lessons from her. She had on the seatbelt but had kicked off her heels and curled up in the seat. He could see she even had pretty feet. When he pulled up to his house and turned off the loud music she instinctively woke up. She stretched and took off her seatbelt. Her door came open and he took her into his arms. Damn. Swept off her feet. She always imagined it would feel like this. She nuzzled her face against his neck and enjoyed his scent.

Her heart pounded with passion and she prayed this night would somehow continue to go smoothly.

When they got into the house she didn't even get a chance to see how his livingroom was decorated. He took her right into the bedroom. She wriggled out of his arms before he could take complete control. She pushed him onto the bed and got on top of him. She leaned forward, kissed him and quickly drew back. "I need to go freshen up."

He palmed her ass and held her in place. The only light in the room was the blue glow of a huge fish tank against the wall. Her eyes still sparkled as if hit by sunlight. He needed her now. He raised her dress up around her waist and could feel her warm thighs. He grinded her and her monkey seemed to be extra meaty. He yanked her dress all the way over her head. She tried to get up. "Johnny, I'm on my period."

He reached over on the nightstand and grabbed a rubber. "Let me hit that ass ~~then~~ then. I need to get inside you ASAP!"

She pulled down his pants and slipped out her thong. She gave him some good head til he got rock hard then she turned around and backed that thang up. She lubricated with hand lotion on the night stand. She sat on top of him and guided him into the backdoor. It was hot and tight and she winced in sweet agony as he jabbed her. She cried out but rolled her hips like a pro. That ass was so succulent he thought her booty grip would yank the condom off. He popped her cheeks but there was no massive jiggle because her butt was firm and toned to perfection. He rolled her over on her stomach and stayed on top of her and banged her harder. He reached around her and grabbed her breasts, he also bit on the back of her neck. When he came he squeezed her tight and said all kinds of dirty things in her ear. She egged him on, so he pulled out and yanked off the rubber. He flipped her over onto her back and nearly

sat on her face. He lowered his balls into her mouth and laid his swipe on her forehead. Her tongue was hot and soothing. He knew she'd build him back up so he could tag that ass again. He pinched her nipples and forgetting all about her period, slid his hand down her smooth flat belly and between her legs. He could feel right away she shaved down there. He went to touch the kitty kat and something was wrong... He drew his hand back and jumped off the bed. He backed away. "Whoa! What the fuck was that?" Stunned as ever.

She covered her genitals with a pillow. "Johny, I can explain."

He turned on the light. She was sweating and her glistening body was magnificent. Damn she was gorgeous! But still... "Move that pillow! What the fuck was that?"

Carmel started crying. "Johny don't leave me! Please don't leave me!"

He came to her and snatched the pillow. What he saw made him speechless. His mouth dropped open and he stumbled backwards, nearly knocking over his fish tank. "Aw hell now!"

There was a huge shiny penis laying on her right thigh. Her nuts were the size of plums. Her package was way bigger than his. He felt sick to his stomach. "Ugh! Bitch! That can't be real."

She sat up on the bed. "Johny please. I tried to tell you but I just couldn't get it out."

So this was what she was hiding? A helluva situation! He kept his distance. "You sick ass bitch. Did you have that thing sown on?"

She shook her head. "I'm a man but I assure you I'm all woman on the inside."

Disbelief. Shock. Embarrassment. He felt like a fool. "I need you to get the hell out of my house, now!"

She grabbed her dress and slid into it. She tried to come to him. "Johnny it's nothing. I'm still the woman that you falling in love with."

He drew back. "Get away from me! You ain't no damn woman. Get the fuck outta here, now!"

Carmel started backing out of the room. "I'm so sorry. Don't hurt me. Just show me out and I'll go."

He rushed her through the living room and out the front door. She just stood in the doorway. "I need my shoes. I need you Johnny, we can get past this. Please call me when you calm down."

He went into his bedroom and realized her shoes were still in his truck. He looked in the closet and found a pair of Faye's gym shoes. He came back to the front door and almost threw them at her, or him, or shim! He also gave her two twenty dollar bills, maybe cab fair. "Your heels and purse is in my truck. I'll make sure you get them. Right now you need to leave."

Carmel slowly slipped into the gym shoes. "You know we're a perfect match. I'll leave now but I know we can make this work."

"I'm no faggot," he said dryly and slammed the door in her face. He went back into his bedroom and shuddered because that thing's scent was all over the bed. The thing was left behind. He picked them up and looked for a trashcan to toss them into. He paused and took a good whiff. Smelled just like a woman's underwear. Still though, how did he slip up and allow himself to get played like that? He felt awkward as hell. He may start having nightmares like Destro. He knew that lil fine ass freak was too good to be true. This wasn't good. He was actually beginning to have real feelings for that thing. He'd beat the piss out of him if he got a call from the Jerry Springer show. The Coon Squad was not to be mocked at all. Destro would

be the only one he could go to with something like this. He jumped into the shower and tried to wash away his sins. He couldn't get it out his head how many times he had Carmel's tongue in his mouth. There was no doubt, no question how beautiful 'it' was so he was sure other men got fooled, too. That still didn't make him feel ~~and~~ any better, though. It don't change the fact he just had sex with a man. He should just whup the punk. He knew he wouldn't get any sleep for days. Not good. Not good at all.

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Much earlier that same crazy night M.C. had received a phone call while he was in bed watching the end of a baseball game. His wife Shalonda actually answered the phone and said, "It's you know who."

He got out of bed and took the call in another room. "Hey baby girl, what's up?"

"You think I can't handle things on my own. I can so don't think I messed up really bad because I didn't." Trina snapped.

He could only smile. He felt proud of his baby. "You killed somebody, didn't you?"

"Well, that's not the problem. I -"

"Say no more, I'm on my way. As a matter of fact meet me at the gas station on the two nine. Get yourself a snack and eat it right away so you can calm down."

"I am calm! Don't baby me!" She almost was yelling.

"Trust me baby. Do like I tell you. I'm on my way." He said and was about to hang up.

"Daddy wait!"

"Yeah, sweetie?"

"Ahhh, I wanna say - you know what I mean?"

"You're welcome, baby girl." He bounced back into the bedroom. He got dressed and smacked Shalonda on her butt. She turned over and saw that he had a rare smile on his face. "Going to see your daughter?"

He nodded. "Yeah, I knew she'd need me sooner or later. I'll be back as soon as I can."

She didn't even want to know what Trina done got herself into. She turned to her side. "Be careful and tell your girl I say hi."

M.L. grabbed his leather O.J. Simpson gloves out of the top drawer of the dresser and left the house.



Trina had walked down two blocks to get to the gas station. The bright lights made her reluctant to go in. She'd felt on top of her so she checked her clothes and made sure no blood was anywhere on her. As soon as she walked into the store part she realized her hands were slightly trembling. She couldn't let her father see her like this. He'll think she's afraid. She took his advice ~~and~~ and got a snack, which was a bottle of apple juice and a grab bag of Bar B Q cornchips. At the service counter she bumped into a cat from the thirties. She recognized him right away because he always kept that Philly-fro nice and crisp. Just the sight of him made her loins stir, as she realized it's been awhile since she had sex. She got all up in his face. "What's up Mario?"

He looked her up and down and grabbed his crotch. "What's good, Trina, what are you on tonight?"

She flirted with her eyes. "Well, I'm in the middle of a date. What are you doing in my neck of the woods?"

He walked her out of the door. "I pass through here often hoping to run into Renee. I heard she moved in with some stud he he got arrested."

Just on hoochie instinct alone she had to throw salt on Renee. It was a rule amongst chicken heads. She didn't want Mario but her jealousy kicked in any way. She cracked open her chips and the salty fragrance let her know she was a bit hungry. Hungry for the top spot! She smirked at him. "The last time I talked to Renee she told me she was engaged to Temper. She said she only fuckin' with Goon Squad niggas and everybody else ain't on shit."

Mario frowned. "Maybe it's not Dink's nor Temper's baby she carrying."

She realized he must of had sex with Renee and pounced on him. "It don't matter who's the biological father. She said that she and the baby belongs to Temper and say everybody she messed with is a broke ass bum compared to him. I was like - No she ~~did~~ didn't!" She could tell that Mario was getting angry towards Renee. He was about to reply but she put her finger on hips lips. "Nope! Keep it to yourself so I won't get dragged into the middle of it. So what if he's better than you. There's nothing wrong with being a small timer," she teased. She looked across the way and saw a black Navigator pull up. "My ride's ~~here~~ here. Holla at me if and when you get your weight up." She left him there fuming. He'd for surely cause some trouble. Her work was done here.

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She hopped into her father's truck and tried her best not to make eye contact with him. She was greatly intimidated. It was like trying to stare down a Tiger while being locked inside the cage with it. She dared not mouth off at him like she often did over the phone. Now he was in reaching distance. She kept it mellow. She took a sip from her juice and the cold fluid soothed her dry mouth and stinging chest. "Turn into the alley two blocks up."

He nodded and followed her directions. "What went wrong?"

She took a deep breath. "The girl I wanted to kill, first, suspected something was wrong right away. She got away, but I got her buddy and I can't drag her big fat butt into the basement because she's too heavy."

M.C. drove through the alley and stopped behind the abandoned drug house. He slammed the door as he got out the truck, nor did he look this way and that. Trina was way more careful and looked all around to make sure they weren't noticed. He seemed to not give a damn yet she felt safe with him. She led him into the house and showed him where the body was. She was relieved there wasn't much blood on the floor. "My plan was to shoot the other girl and have this one drag her down to the basement, then shoot her while her fatt butt was already down there."

Her father seemed not to require any light. He viewed the body and discovered a small head wound only. A small trickle of blood was on the floor. He yanked off Sheila's jacket and wrapped it around her head. He then lifted the body off the floor with ease. He carried her like a groom would carry his newlywed wife over the threshold of their bedroom door. Trina marveled at her father's strength. He was wearing a black t-shirt and black gloves, and she kept her eyes on his flexing biceps as he carried the body outside. She was trippin, though. "Where are you going? I woulda dumped her in the basement."

He carried the body into the next door neighbor's backyard and tossed it into a green garbage can. She cringed as he just did not give a red damn if he was seen or not. He turned to his daughter. "Baby get in the car."

She obeyed with no delay.

He got in and pulled out of the alley. He then opened the glove compartment. "Put your pistol in there and take the other one out. It's yours."

She reluctantly gave up her newly required .25, but was pleasantly surprised to retrieve a brandnew chrome .380 Baretta. "Oh this is nice!"

Thank you Daddy."

He simply nodded. "When you move a body after a kill the investigators have fits."

"I understand that but you were kinda loud and careless back there, dontcha think?"

"Kid, I know how to own the night. We were invisible."

She didn't believe that.

As if reading her thoughts he glanced over at her. "When you sneek and creep around people will sense something is peculiar about you. Something is going on that shouldn't be. But when you go about your business seemingly oblivious to your surroundings, your surroundings become oblivious to you. Now then, who's the girl that got away?"

"Her name is Coco. I hired her to drive the van and cause the crash. Don't even trip I'm gonna get her on my own."

He just chuckled. His precious baby girl was a menace to society. Even though she took after him, ain't no way in hell he'd ever be with such a dangerous woman like her. "Seems like the girl you're after has good instincts. She read you well. Make sure you don't let her turn the tables on you."

She ran her fingers across the chrome .380. She liked the way it shined. She liked the way it fitted in her hand. She imagined overcoming Coco's luck, because that's all it was, just to see the fear in her eyes right before blowing her black ass away. "Daddy, that girl don't stand a chance."

M.C. pulled out an envelope and handed it to her. She got offended because she already knew it was money. "What's this for?"

"Congradulations on your first kill."

She smirked at him. "Nope, that wasn't sincere. You think I'm leaking. I got money."

"I just figured Taco Bell ain't paying that well."

She gasped and her heart skipped a beat. "Daddy, you gotta be kiddin! You know I'm the Taco Bell bandit? How can you possibly know that?"

He put a hand on her shoulder. "It's simple math. I can only imagine how many times you've been at the Taco Bell your cousin Carmel works at, so you're very familiar with the layout of those facilities. Also you needed to pay for the assault on that girl who's boyfriend you're after. Plus, you're my child. I know you enough."

She brushed the envelope against her cheek. "I don't like math."

He headed towards the southside. "So who's the fella worth all the trouble?"

She blushed. "Demetrius, everybody calls him Destro. He own Club 206 with his friend. His mama is that crazy lady who hijacked the city bus. You remember that?"

M.C.'s heart dropped. Out of all the hundreds of thousands young men in Milwaukee his daughter had to fall for the son of the man he killed for stealing from him and fucking Trina's mother behind his back. What a small word after all...

The next day Destro spent the entire morning at Trisha's bedside. She was now fully awake. She let him know she didn't care if it was an accident or not, she was just happy to be alive. She woke up in really good spirits until she found out she had to stay in the hospital for months instead of weeks. She planned to have a lot of fun with the morphine release button. She could only use it once every four hours. Her leg was a mess but she felt there was no reason for them to hold her so long. Were they trying to run up the bill? That's exactly what she thought until Destro laid the bombshell on her. His eyes revealed he wasn't playing games with her. "I'm gonna be a mommy?"

He nodded. "Yup! And I'm gonna be a daddy."

She hugged her man tightly. "Demetrius, I'm sorry I got hurt. I could have hurt your baby."

"It's not your fault. That van ran a red light. The driver knew he was bogus that's why he ran."

"They haven't caught him yet?"

"Nope, but he better hope the cops catch him before I do."

She was about to check him and tell him to leave alone but Johnny Money walked in and he looked like he was in more pain than she was. His eyes were all red. "Hi Johnny what's wrong?"

His eyes bounced from hers to Destro's. "Something weird happened."

Destro put a hand on his shoulder. "Spit it out brotha!"

"Promise you won't laugh, man. This is really bothering me."

Destro looked at Trisha. "We ain't go laugh, what's good?"

"Man I feel so stupid. This shit ain't right!"

"Did you get raped?" Trisha teased.

He looked at her like she was crazy. "Hell naw! It's probably worse"

than that."

"What can be worse than getting raped?" asked Destro.

"Queen Carmel."

Destro pictured her face and thought she was easily one of the most beautiful women in the Milltown. "What about her? Is she pregnant?"

"Nope, she's definitely not pregnant."

"Did she try to rape you?" Trisha smirked.

"Naw girl! Be quiet!" he snapped. "Carmel's a dude!"

That just wouldn't register. Destro shook his head. "A dude? What you mean, a dude?"

"Brah, she is a man!"

Trisha busted out laughing then abruptly stopped as sharp pain shot through her leg and back. Destro scratched his head. "Damn. How did you find that out? She musta had a sex change?"

"Nope. No sex change. She gotta dick."

Now he felt all icky and guilty for liking Carmel so much. "Man, there's nothing masculine about her! How did you make this discovery?"

"We were having sex and..."

Trisha almost came up out of bed. "You had sex with it? Ugh! You nasty!"

"Simmer your broken butt down," he snapped at her. "Look, we were in bed and something didn't feel right. I made him uncover himself and that's when I saw it. Scared the hell out of me."

"Oh you poor boy, you lucky you didn't get raped!" she ribbed.

Destro glared at her. "Don't mind her. She's high on morphine."

"She tried to let you hit the booty hole first, didn't she?" Trisha asked, attempting to be serious.

He went to her side. "Yes, how did you know that?"

"That's what queens do. I hear stories like yours all the time at the salon. I know everything that goes on. Everything!"

Destro was straight trippin. "What you do when you saw that thang hangin' there?"

"I went off and threw his ass out!"

Trisha punched him in the stomach and she grimaced in pain. He grabbed her hand. "Girl, take it easy before you hurt yourself."

She wasn't trying to hear it. "You're gonna stay away from that thing. If you don't you'll be destroyed. No matter what he cuts off or adds on he'll never be a woman and that drives queens insane."

Destro sat on the bed next to her. "She's right, J. Are you-" She cut him off by slapping the piss out of him. He grabbed her hand. "What was that for?! I'm on your side!"

She sat up the best she could and wished her leg wasn't hanging from that damn sling. "You shoulda had his back, Booty Boy. When a man's crazy about somebody it's nearly impossible to see any ~~one~~ wrong in her early on. Come here, Johnny. I don't know how much you liked that person but I can tell you this, You never knew 'em. She is really a 'he' so everything that ever came out of his mouth to you is a lie, even if he said 'It's nice out today', it's a lie because he led you to believe a woman just said that. Understand? If you don't you better, and soon!"

Johnny just stood there speechless. He knew she was right. He was still hurt and confused. He was, partly, hoping Carmel would call and say she was just joking and was wearing a strap-on but he knew that wasn't really gonna happen. Oh well, he'd just have to tell his girlfriend Faye exactly what happened and let the chips fall

where they may.

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Way across town in her new apartment Renee was kicked-back, chillin and watching some music videos. Just the night before Temper stayed over and boned her into submission so she was good. It was close to noon. An hour before, he had left saying he needed to go handle some business. She knew he was going back to the hood even when he wasn't supposed to be messing around down there. It didn't bother her none. Her only worry was who the baby belonged to. Mario or Temper? Shit, what if it wasn't neither one of theirs?! Oh well, time will tell. For the most part she thought the worst was past her. That was until she got a knock on the front door. A voice announced himself as one of Temper's guys. She opened the door and almost pissed on herself. Standing right before her was the big ole goon who killed her friends right in front of her. She tried to slam the door but he pushed it open. (She had to protect the baby!) She tried to kick him in the balls and run. She only kicked him in the leg and he grabbed her by her hair when she tried to take off. She was kicking and scratching as he tried to calm her down. "I didn't say nothin'! I swear!"

He picked her up and carried her to the sofa. "Chill! I'm not here to hurt you."

(Yeah right! He probably wanna rape me and cut out my baby and go sell it for a few thousand dollars!) She tried to bite him. "You ain't gettin my baby! How did you find me?"

"I told you I'm Temper's guy. Baby relax."

"That can't be! Why did you do that if he is your friend?"

He shook her like a baby that wouldn't stop crying. "Look, I don't

have much time so I need you to chill and listen."

She stopped struggling against him. "It's over as far as I'm concerned."

"I'm not here about that. Temper got arrested again."

"Is this about that prison guard who got killed?"

He nodded and let her go. "You're gonna be the only one in touch with him so I need to know I can count on you."

"Did he do it?"

"No. They're just messing with his head to see if he knows something. Now, I'm gonna need you to keep a line open and do whatever he asks you. Renee, don't take him through all kinds of drama and nonsense."

"You can count on me," she assured him. "But, did Temper have anything to do with you running up in the house on us?"

"I retaliated on Technines because they shot up my lil' homie, had I known a female was in there I wouldn't have went in there at all. I'm sorry if I made you shit on yourself."

She gave him a hug. "You must be C.W. Thanks for letting me live."

He pushed her away. "Thank God only." He went into his pocket and pulled out some car keys. "There's a lil' white honda out front you can get around in. It runs well. I'll be in touch with you daily to make sure you're straight. I'll also leave you with my ATM card. You can withdraw up to one-fifty a day on it. This is mine's not Temper's so don't make me look like a fool. And try to stay away from that chump Mario at least til you have the baby. He's our opposition."

She followed him to the front door. "Why are you doing this? When Dink went to jail none of his guys ever reached out to help me."

"I can't speak on no other mob but the Goon Squad has honor." With that statement he left and she ran to the window and watched him

disappear down the street. She suddenly realized she couldn't lose Temper. The other Techniners were trying to fuck her when Dink went to jail, but under Goon Squad's custody she's well taken care of and respected.

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Down on twenty-ninth Queen Carmel couldn't stop crying. He was so distraught over getting dumped by Johnny Morrey that he called into work sick. He felt like somebody hit him in the chest with a sledgehammer.

Just after noon Trina came home and found him holed up in his bedroom smoking weed. She sat next to him and put an arm around him. "You're crying. What happened? Did you introduce Johnny to your lil friend?"

Carmel nodded through puffy red eyes. "I thought for sure he wouldn't freak out. I can't believe he threw me out like that."

"You should have told him as soon as you met him."

He shook his head, sniffing. "Then I probably wouldn't of had a chance with him at all."

"That's the chance you shoulda took. That man probably feel like a dang fool right about now. What makes it so bad is not only do you shock people by revealing you're really a man but your thang is freakin' huge!"

"Trina, that's why it's so hard for me to tell'em. I want a real man, not some fake thug that always end up making me the man behind closed doors."

She didn't feel like going in circles. They've been here before. "If you want a straight man you're gonna have to cut that thang off. You're a dang mutant to them. No five foot beauty queen of a woman should have a big thick eleven inch dick. That's ridiculous."

"I'm not ready to get it chopped off."

She stood up. "Well then you'll continue to get mainly the phony guys. It used to be big news when the street thugs got caught in the hood messing

with drag queens. It ain't nothing now. Most of 'em get caught on purpose now a days."

Carmel grabbed his crotch. "You right about that. Shit ain't even fun no more. I don't have to work at all no more to turn 'em out."

"Well, tonight I'm gonna come up with Destro."

He smirked. "Oh yeah? How you're gonna do that?"

She grabbed her crotch. "I'm all woman so don't worry about it."

"Try to find out what's up with Johnny."

"I'll see what I can do, Titty Boy."

Carmel got off the bed and got all up in her face. "Let's say you do come up with Destro. Whatcha gonna do about his girlfriend? I heard from Johnny that they're getting married soon."

Trina could feel her blood pressure rise. Her chest was tight and her eyes grew red. "Ain't gonna be no wedding. Not if I can help it..."

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Coco, the girl that got away from Trina's clutches was at her sister Jodi's house on the eastside. She told her everything that went down. Not only did Trina try to kill her but she still owed her a lot of money. Jodi whom was just as dark as her lil sister poured her a cup of hot coffee. "Don't worry about it. I'll have her taken care of. What kinda car does she drive?"

"I be seeing her in a white Honda all the time." (Carmel's car)

"You just lay low until I get her popped off."

"What about my money?"

Jodi smacked her. "F-your money! I'm worried about your life.

This lil bitch sounds like a lunatic. I'm going to a phone booth and send the cops over there to find Sheila's body. This is what happens

When you get greedy. Ain't no telling what you done got yourself in to this time."

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Against her mother's wishes sixteen year old Cindy Payton decided to roll down to Milwaukee with her friend Jennifer. She already knew that Temper Collins got arrested again so she told her mom she'd pass through his neighborhood and see if she might recognize any of the other kidnapers that her mom let get away. She knew it was dangerous in Milwaukee and promised to call the cops right away if she ran into any trouble.

Her real reason for wanting to go to Milwaukee was to party with some real thugs. She had already sluffed her way all over Fond du Lac so it wasn't any fun no more. She'd bring along her buddy Jennifer who was just as loose as she was and a full year older. They'd watch each other's backs for sure.

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Lil-Bit finally caught Destro on the phone and let him know she had something very important to tell him. He told her to hold it until he came to visit her because he had a ton of important news to fill her in on, too.

"A timid person is frightened before a danger, a coward during the time, and a courageous person afterward."

- Jean Paul Richter

"I count him braver who overcomes his desires than him who conquers his enemies; for the hardest victory is over self."

- Aristotle

"Before you set out on a journey for revenge, dig two graves."

- Confucius

Later that night Carmel gave Trina a makeover and made her all pretty. She had on a super tight tiger skin bodysuit but instead of the color pattern orange in it, it was red/black and white. She had no underwear at all. Destro would see all her curves in high definition. Carmel did her makeup but he didn't let her put on any deodorant or perfume. "Girl trust me, when you start to sweat your natural body scent will set him off." She then painted her toenails white and put some red high heels on her. "When you get in there I want you to ignore Destro as long as you can. And step with confidence, not conceit, confidence!"

Trina tried to mock Trisha's smile and wish she had bigger lips. "Tonight it's all or nothing. I'm not gonna be no basket case over this man."

Carmel just shook his head. "If he rejects you, you're gonna hurt him ain't you?"

She grabbed her keys and purse. "If it comes down to that he won't feel no pain at all." She left before Carmel could scold her with the blah-blah-blah! She hopped into her Mustang but she didn't head to Club 206 right away. She headed to the eastside and cruised around the entire territory looking for Coco. She knew she wouldn't catch the girl out and about but she hoped to at least pick up her scent. Ooh! She couldn't wait to blast her with her new pistol. It's the best gift her father ever gave her. She thought this meant he really loved her; not realizing she was psychotic. She lost track of time, and after riding around in circles she got discouraged and headed for the club. By the time she arrived it was almost eleven o'clock. There was a line and a huge black bouncer guarding the door. She pushed her way to the front and got all up in his face.

He looked at her like she was crazy. "Who do you think you are,

Diana Ross? Get to the back of the line!"

She handed him Carmel's ID. "Look here Donkey Kong Jr. I may go in alone but I'm leaving with Destro. No other woman has a chance."

He laughed in her face. "Fa-real? What do you got that ain't no other ho got?"

She wanted to show him her 380 but glared into his soul. "I have the 'it' factor. The only thing fake on me is that ID. Now, I'll give you two to one odds that I can walk out of here with him."

He opened the door for her. "There are women in there way outta your league, shorty. I gotta hundred and let's make it three to one odds. Can you cover that if you lose?"

She smirked at him and shoved past him. She stepped inside and headed right for the bar. She didn't spot Destro right away but locked gazes with a few high rollers. One of them boldly came up and sat right next to her. He had on an expensive suit, well cut and all. "Excuse me young lady, are you here alone?"

"For now, but I'm meeting someone."

"Can I buy you a drink?"

"A sprite."

He laughed. "Are you serious?"

"Yeah, I'm too young to drink."

"Then you should be too young to be in here. What's your name?"

Just then she saw Destro come out of his office. He had on a white suit and his braids were crispy as ever. She grew all warm and fuzzy inside. Bosses just look so distinguished. She turned back to the man who offered her a drink. "Call me Lil Ms. Alqaida."

"What - you're a terrorist?"

She licked her lips. "No, but I'm da bomb!"

He looked her up and down and leaned in. "Name your price. You can sit on my face and explode."

She put her face close to his, hoping Destro could see, and gazed into his eyes. "Sorry, I'm not for sale."

He handed her his card. "Everyone has a price. Call me when you change your mind."

"I'll think about it. Now leave me..." She stared him down and he reluctantly got up and left. Across the room she briefly caught Destro's attention and rolled her eyes at him. As he made his way around greeting his guests she seen beautiful women hitting on him left and right and she could see his eyes glancing at their bodies. She knew he was backed-up from Trisha being in the hospital. He had a look in his eye like some tramp would get boned before the sun came up. She had to make sure she would be that tramp. She knew he was watching her from the corner of his eye so she got on the dance floor and bounced her booty for strangers. Her booty was high and firm but it still had adequate hoachie-like shakeage. She drew a small crowd of tricks and took turns dancing on their crotches making sure she made other classier women jealous, as well as Destro. She giggled as men whispered in her ear and tried to come up. She did this for about four songs and then made her way back to the bar. Destro came to her and she tried to stay relaxed. He touched her hand and it was electric. "What's up kid? I see you enjoying yourself."

"I am. You have a nice place here."

"Thanks and you look lovely as ever."

She blushed. "Not as lovely as some of these other couis. There are a lot of good looking men in here as well."

"Speaking of men, what's up with your cousin? Carmel is bogus!"

She shrugged her shoulders. "I ain't got nothing to do with it."

He stared between her legs. "You gotta nice buldge down there, you ain't carrying no sword are you?"

She rolled her eyes at him. "Put your hand down there and find out."

He leaned in. "You'd like that wouldn't you?"

"Don't make me no difference, somebody tonight is gonna find out that I'm all woman. You act right, it could be you."

He wanted to get up and walk away but she smelled great. He could tell she had on no panties and she was nothing but trouble. That made her all the more enticing. He looked down at her pretty nineteen year old toes, and swallowed the lump in his throat. "Kid, give me one good reason why I should hook up with you tonight because there are other dime pieces in here."

(He thinks I'm a dime piece? Sweet!) She squeezed his hand. "I am the youngest legal woman in here and you're not the only big timer in here."

He got up to walk away. "I'll get out your way if you have your eye on somebody else."

She nearly broke down. "I'm here for you but I'm not gonna sweat you."

He walked away. "Step into my office."

(Who he think he is! He think he got it like that?) Her mind said don't follow behind him but her legs did their own thing and she was right on his heels like a puppy. She felt he wasn't in the mood for a game of cat and mouse so she decided to go for it. She couldn't risk him having a one night stand with some stanky cow. She followed him into the office and closed the door behind her. It was furnished lavishly with a mini bar, leather sofa and a big mahogany desk. He handed her a bottle of sprite. "I like you Kid, but why do I feel a dark cloud around you?"

She crossed her arms. "I guess I'm just different than other women."

"Well at least you don't have a piece," he teased and checked out her gorgeous curves. "I'm really diggin your outfit. Trisha got one just like it, but you're wearing the right colors."

She cracked open her sprite and took a sip. "Your mob is hot right now so this is where I wanna be. It's whatever but my night won't end in this office."

He sat on his desk. "Where you wanna go?"

"I wanna go to your house. Before you say no I just wanna be like Trisha."

"You'll never be like Trisha."

"I don't mean like that. I just wanna be in her shoes for one day. I won't violate her bed but she's just the type of woman I wanna become. I'm not trying to take this part tonight with you."

He gazed into her light brown eyes. "If you can keep up you can follow me home. If your feelings get hurt that's on you."

She wanted to make sure the deal was sealed so she grabbed his hand and put it on her crotch. He gave it a friendly squeeze and it was extra warm and juicy. Damn! "Girl, stop trippin I know you ain't no man."

"Destro, smell your fingers."

He did and got instantly horny. He wanted to take her right then and there. "Wow, kid what are you scented with?"

She got all up in his face. "Dynamite, pow!"

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Faye had come back to town earlier and spent most of the day visiting Trisha in the hospital and tripping out about everything Johnny Money had shared with her about the tranny. She went off on him and planned to cap off the night with kicking some ass. She got in her car around eleven o'clock and headed to twenty-ninth. She had a padlock in her purse

just in case she had to bust the fag's head and run. Plus, he probably wouldn't be alone.

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Carmel had just got out of the shower when he heard the doorbell ring. He grabbed his robe and ran to the door hoping it was Johnny Money. ~~Instead~~ Instead he found an angry dark skin woman standing on his front porch holding his purse and high heels. He opened the door and tightened his robe. "May I help you?"

Faye stared him up and down. "I'm looking for a drag queen by the name of Carmel."

"I am she. You must be Faye?"

No this can't be right. She wasn't expecting it to look so lady like. She handed him the heels and purse. "You left these in my man's car. I don't know who or what you are but you better stay away from my man."

Carmel could smell booze and weed on her. "You seem upset."

"My man is not gay. You tricked him!"

"No I didn't," Carmel lied. "Please come in and I'll tell you exactly what happened. Come on."

Faye hesitated but went inside. She crossed her arms and checked Carmel out. She was nearly jealous of the punk's beauty. "I can see how Johnny was fooled. No way you're a man."

Carmel opened his robe and showed his perfect breasts and very impressive package. His hang time was wicked. "You see this? I assure you I don't waste my time trying to fool anyone. When Johnny kissed me for the first time I told him the truth right away."

Faye's eyes got wide. It's something about seeing a long black shiny dick that makes women of all races nearly lose their composure. It

makes them wanna try things they never have before. Faye had to sit down. "Damn! No way you can hide that big ugly thang."

Carmel slipped into his bedroom and came back lighting a blunt. "You came over here ready to whup me, when it's Johnny who was the one cheating on you, not me."

"We have an open relationship."

"I know that and I knew about you Faye, but he wasn't truthful with you. We had sex twice and then when some guy from the hood saw me in the club and let everybody know I was a queen, only then did Johnny start trippin."

She reached for the blunt and didn't want to sober up. "You telling me he knew for a fact you had a thang before y'all had sex?"

"Yes! I have friends who have gotten beaten half to death for fooling straight men. For that reason I tell guys right away."

She wanted him to open that robe again. "Why don't you just get a sex change?"

"I'm far more appealing with it. Men prefer I keep it. It's the forbidden pleasure they're after. Don't let Johnny fool you. I say we turn the tables instead of fighting each other over him because you know he's the one who's not gonna stay away from me."

By now Faye was blitzed and realized the blunt was sprinkled with a lil something-something. "What you got in mind?"

He sat next to her. "Nobody really knows I still like fish."

"Fish?"

"Women. Every blue moon I sleep with a woman."

Faye instantly got wet. "Ugh! This is too weird. I heard you people can't even get an erection because of the hormone blocker pills."

Carmel rubbed her thigh. "I stopped taking them regularly after I

got my breasts done. You wanna touch 'em? Go ahead..." he teased and opened his robe.

She couldn't help herself, she felt him up and nervously went down and grabbed his piece. She knelt in front of him and examined it.

Carmel was beginning to get horny now and wanted to begin his vengeance on Johnny. Boining Faye would be a good start. He leaned back and exploited her intoxication. "Bitch, it's real. Slap yourself with it."

She blushed. "Ugh! you so nasty..."

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Trina left the club hanging on Destro's arm. She smirked at everyone on the way out. It felt like a good dream. Just under twenty and she was already on the top of her game. She stopped and stuck her tongue out at the huge doorman. "I told you buddy!"

He snorted and handed her two fifties. "Lil-D be careful with Diana Ross, here. Man, this one is strange."

He nodded. "Don't even trip. I'm on point."

Trina wanted to ride in his Hummer but no way would she leave her new car in bum ass goon territory. She got in her Mustang and raced him to his house near the lake front. As they both arrived Destro could hear his mother's voice in the back of his head complaining how his father was wonderful except for the fact he couldn't control his penis. Now, here he was following in Danny's footsteps. Little did he know it was Trina's mother, Gloria, that led up to his father getting killed because he couldn't keep his thing out of her and M.C. eventually found out.

As soon as he let her inside Trina began bouncing from room to room checking everything out. She even smelled the towels in the washroom and went through Trisha's underwear drawer. When she came into the livingroom

She found her new man turning on the stereo. She came up behind him and put her arms around him. "I'm all sweaty can I take a shower?"

He turned around and palmed her butt. "Nope, I gotta have that funk."

She shrugged her shoulders and kicked off her shoes. She danced around the room and teased him while he smoked weed. His big head told him he was making a huge mistake but his little head said blast that ass and just be done with it. He stood up. "Follow me."

He took her into the guest bedroom. She grabbed a blunt from him and pulled hard. He kissed on her neck and her scent drove him wild. "Take that dang cat suit off."

She turned her back to him and put her butt up against his crotch and wiggled it. "Unzip me."

He unzipped her and gasped as he realized how smooth, soft and shiny her skin was. Her breasts were firm and perfect. He pulled her outfit all the way down and her big ole booty just plopped out. He had to sniff it and knew it was on! She turned to face him and started undressing him. She kissed her way down his chest and unbuttoned his pants. She pulled out his piece and smiled wide. "I knew you had a big dick! A small thing can't get close to Trisha." She gave him some good head until he got rock hard. She then tried to pull him onto the bed. He pulled back for a second and put on a rubber. She didn't complain. She'd catch him slippin' some other time. She laid on her back and he spread her legs as far as they could go. He still didn't go up in her right away. He teased her coochie with the tips of his fingers. She got so wet her pubic hair shined like silk. After a few minutes she began pouting, squirming and begging for it. It had been weeks since she'd been boned. The closest thing to sex she had recently was kissing on Carmel's dick breath. She didn't know

if Destro was up in her for five minutes or twenty-five minutes but she was suddenly ready to explode. She screamed and he banged her so hard he slammed her head on the headboard. It felt so good she thought she'd start crying. She felt him shaking and wrapped her legs around his slender body and bit his neck as he got his nutt. Then he just flipped her onto her stomach and she lifted her butt for him. She thought he wanted to hit the coochie doggystyle but then she felt him squirting baby oil into her booty hole. This fool was crazy! She wanted to protest but she wanted to please him more. She had never took it up the whazoo before. She wince in pain and with fear as he slid it in. He boned her slowly and massaged her booty cheeks. (O.K. I like this!) She buried her face in the pillow and let him have his way. She hoped he would never stop. She lost track of time but to her astonishment she felt an orgasm coming on. She couldn't believe it! Carmel was telling the truth. You can cum from getting boned in the booty hole! He must have known she was close because he began spanking her with and open hand and banging her fast and hard like men do each other in the prison movies. She exploded again and her head was spinning. She hoped she wouldn't poop on him. As soon as he finally pulled out she rolled over and went to sleep. She was exhausted both mentally and physically.

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Destro tucked her in under the covers and then called C.W. He looked at his watch and it was just after ~~at~~ two A.M.

C.W. answered wide awake. "What's good, D.?"

"Niicy Sleep?"

"Out like a light."

"Good. Come get me and bring the van. It's just gonna be the two of us making the pick up."

Rule #1: Don't mess with Destro. Rule #2: Really... Don't mess with Destro. Rule #3: Too late for your fool ass because you violated 1 and 2. Twenty eight year old highway patrol trooper Robert Horly made the mistake of his life by going out of his way to harrass Destro. Now he found himself bound and gagged at a warehouse in the middle of nowhere. At around three o'clock in the morning he and his wife got waken up with pistols in their faces. They were snatched out of bed and thrown into a van. Horly was relieved when he over heard one of the kidnapers tell another one to leave his five year old daughter unharmed. Both men had on ski masks and didn't speak much. Horly hoped this was all a joke because they didn't beat him up or rape his wife. They were tied to chairs six feet away from each other. The kidnapers abruptly left. They were gagged pretty good so they were unable to yell for help. The best they could do was try and keep each other calm and try to break free from their restraints.

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C.W. Took Destro right back home. It was going on four A.M. He went into the guest bedroom and Trina was still knocked out. She was breathing deeply but she wasn't snoring. He was so wiped out he just took off his shirt and climbed into bed next to her. He went fast asleep within minutes.

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He had that nightmare again. Yesterday was waiting for him. Once again he was faced with Destroyer, his tormentor, his role model, his thorn in the side. Witnessing his father being blown away got more and more intense each time. As the killer with the scar under his left eye pointed

the huge gun at him he kicked out of his sleep and woke up, but this time the killer was still there. He was nearly paralyzed with fear. Destroyer had crossed over somehow because he was definitely awake.

Trina put a hand on his shoulder and he flinched away from her like she had the ebola virus. "Hey wake up! I think you're still having a nightmare."

He sat up. He was drenched in sweat. He now realized he was looking at Trina and she looked exactly like Destroyer from his dreams. She reached out to him and he nearly flinched again.

"You up now Destro?" she asked, grabbing his hand. "Last night was the bomb! It's past nine o'clock. I already showered and fixed you breakfast."

He just sat there staring at her. He was fully awake and coherent but the image stayed the same. She was a dead ringer for Destroyer.

"Having regrets? Scared I'm gonna take you away from Trisha?" she teased.

"How did you get that scar?"

"I told you already it's not a scar. It's a birthmark, dang!"

He relaxed a lil. "Shit. You just remind me of somebody."

She put her hands on her hips. "Thanks a lot! You have a nightmare and I look like the demon who's after your skinny ass?"

He grabbed her hand and pulled her close. "No, it's not you. You wouldn't understand."

"Come eat breakfast," she turned to leave but stopped short. "Did you enjoy yourself last night?"

"Kid, you were wonderful."

"Is this the end?"

He got out of bed and regained his swagger. "I don't know. Trisha and me have an open relationship but everyone thinks you're trouble. I mean you did kinda kick up some mess between us and Technine."

"You guys were at each other's throats way before I came into the picture and y'all ~~gonna~~ gonna be fighting long after I'm gone. It's really about how you feel, Destro." She left and went into the kitchen. She heard the shower running so she called home. She didn't even let Carmel say hello. "Girl, guess where I'm at?"

Carmel was sleepy and grouchy. "Too tired to guess. I didn't get no sleep last night."

"Me neither because I was with Destro all night. I'm in!"

"Good for you."

"Damn right! I'm in the kitchen wearing his robe," she bragged. "Titty boy this is how it's done. Pretty soon I will be the new Mrs. Collins."

"What about whassa name?"

"Trisha? Oh, she's doing bad in the hospital. I don't think she's gonna make it."

"When are you coming home. I need to talk to you."

"What's good? You sound funny."

Carmel sighed or yawned. "I think I made a big mistake. This one may be trouble."

"Oooh, I like trouble."

"Just come home as soon as you can."

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Destro came into the kitchen wearing only some jogging pants. He sat across from her. "Thanks for breakfast. It smells great."

She fixed him a plate and stared at him while he ate. "I know I asked

You this before but what makes Trisha so great?"

"A whole lotta class and a whole lotta ass," he joked.

"I got a big classy booty, too."

He tried not to laugh. "Kid, Trisha has class meaning she's respectful, well mannered and confident."

"I have that now, so it's possible for us to get closer?"

He smashed his food and fixed another plate. "Kid, what I feel for you is lust. Because of how I met you it won't go farther."

She got up, came to him and sat on his lap. "If you didn't have real feelings for me I wouldn't be in your home. You act like you all bad but you're really a decent man."

"You really think so?" He asked, feeling on her thighs. "I didn't treat you like a lady. All I did was brought you home and put thang to you. You're just skin to me."

She put her arms around him and licked his bottom lip. "This is exactly where I wanna be and you'll be the one who invite me back. I think you're down right crazy about me."

He wanted to push her away but her skin was way too soft and warm. He had to hit that one more time before he put her out. He had a busy day ahead of him so he scooped her in his arms and took her into the bedroom. Her coochie smelled so good and he wanted to eat it so bad. He passed it up, didn't wanna mess around and get hooked. Then again... maybe if he just kiss it - lick it a few times. No! He wouldn't go downtown. She spread her legs and flickered her tongue at him, teasing him. He tried to turn off. He got on top of her and gazed into those pretty brown eyes. "You're just a piece of meat. I'm gonna nutt in your face then kick you outta my house."

"Whatever, tough guy," she mocked him trying to push his head down. "I

wanna nutt in your face first."

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Renee rolled down to the hood ground noon to see her mother, whom refused to leave her home on the two-nine. When she left she stopped at the gas station. While she was pumping gas Mario pulled in behind her and got out of his car. She just shook her head. "Hi Mario."

He leaned against her car. "Nice ride. That trick ass Goon buy it for you?"

"Don't start that disrespectful stuff. What's it to you if my man, Temper, is taking care of me?"

He put a hand on her swollen belly. "I ain't got no problem with that. I just want you to know you can come to me, too."

"Well, if I need anything I'll call, but ah, wouldn't that make you a trick too?" She asked getting all up in his face.

"It ain't even like that. I just don't like them Goons." He explained. "Where are you staying? I wanna come kick it with you."

"No, I can't play Temper like that. He pays the bills."

He just about laughed in her face. "Look, what he don't know won't hurt him. Besides, he's gonna cut you off anyway."

"He won't do that."

"You think he's gonna keep droppin money on you while he's in jail? He knows it's just a matter of time before you get horny, plus the baby might not even be his. Even if it is his, he's finna go away for a long ass time. I just wanna hook up with you and do my part." He got all up her face. "Ain't no shame in my game looking out for you because you got it going on. I am willing to do anything for you."

She just stood there and let him run his game. Whether she'd bite or

not, she knew it wouldn't be easy to keep the hounds off her sweet ass as long as Temper was gone.

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Trina was on her way home from Destro's, when she spotted the white Honda in the gas station. At first she thought it was Carmel's until she saw Renee all up in Mario's face. She pulled in behind them and blocked them in. She got out and rolled her eyes at him, smirked at her. "Hi Renee, funny seeing you here."

"I just came down here to visit my mama."

"Where she at? Inside paying for the gas?"

Renee walked up on her. "What's good Trina?"

"Oh nothing, I mean Temper ain't even been to court yet but I see you done already moved on. That's too bad."

Mario crossed his arms and nodded.

Renee grew hot. "What's it to you? You need to mind your own business ~~because~~ because you don't know what you're talking about. You don't even know Temper."

"That's where you're wrong. I'm seeing his big brother."

Renee put her hands on her hips. "Yeah right! Destro already got a woman."

"And you're looking at her. I just left his house."

Mario shook his head in ~~dis~~ disgust. "I don't know what y'all see in the marks."

Trina wanted to up her pistol on him and blow his damn face off. She glared at him. "Goon Squad got all the money and all the flavor. People don't even talk about the Thirties no more. Y'all peons compared to them."

He was highly offended. She didn't bruise his ego - she ruptured it. "Them

bitch ass niggas ain't shit, and the hoers that fuck with them ain't shit neither!" He turned to Renee. "If that baby is mine I don't want you around them clowns no more."

Trina just had to kick up some mess. "Don't get mad at her because she thinks Temper is way better than you. If he do go to prison ~~she~~ she still shouldn't settle for less."

Renee was starting to get a headache. "Trina you really need to stay out of my business."

"What? You the one who spreaded yourself all over town. You cheated on your Technique boyfriend with Goon Squad and the Rollin' 30's, plus you then got him killed by the Eastsiders. Your business is everybody's business!"

She was about to pop that hoe right in her big mouth. "I ain't have nothing to do with it and the Crawlers didn't kill Dink'nem."

"Who did it then? You said the dang eastside was responsible! My cousin went over there into a trap," she growled. "You telling me you set them up?"

"Bitch, you better get the fuck outta my face."

Mario stepped between them. "Chill out. Be easy both of you! Let them brothas rest in peace."

Trina backed off. "You two lovebirds have a nice day."

Renee tried to take off on her, but he was able to hold her back. "Let her go. You know she ain't got no sense."

She was fuming. "Ahh! I'm gonna end up hurting that bitch! She had no right. Watch, she's gonna go back to Destro and tell him all kinds of lies. I'm not gonna let her mess everything up for me."

Mario just smiled and got into his car. "Call me if you need me."

"Yeah I may ~~not~~ do just that."

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Destro met up with Johnny Money and C.W. at their secluded Warehouse in Cudahay. Before they went inside he wanted to make sure his right hand man was thinking clearly. "Capitol J, you all good? I know you really liked Carmel."

"Yeah man, I decided to just away from her, him or it. I can't go out like that."

"How did Faye take it?"

"She just stormed out of the house. I'll holla at her later."

He turned to C.W. "How's our prisoners doing?"

"Still secure but the woman nearly worked herself free."

They all went inside and found the trooper and his wife waiting impatiently for their fates. She had on light blue pajamas and he had on shorts and a T-shirt. Destro grabbed his chainsaw and laid it at the woman's feet. Both of them began pleading for their lives as ~~the~~ their gags were removed. C.W. and Johnny put on safety goggles and Destro stood behind the woman and massaged her shoulders. She cringed at his touch. Trooper Horly was crying now and straight trippin'. "Why are you doing this? What do you want?"

Destro smiled as he sensed the cop was remembering him from the traffic stop. "You wanna tell your wife why you're here? I'll let her go if you tell the truth."

Horly spit. "I don't know what the hell you're talking about!"

"Punk when you pulled me over and harrassed me for no reason other than the fact you felt like it, my woman was in the hospital fighting for her life. You held me up just to fuck with me."

Horly's wife heart dropped. She knew for a fact he was a jerk because everytime she went anywhere with him he just had to bully people with that damn badge of his. She knew their asses were out!

C.W. picked up the chainsaw. "We left you here over night to give

You some time to pray, At least give you the chance to save your souls. Seems like you don't care." He cranked it up and the roar was deafening.

Horly yelled over the noise. "O.K O.K. Please don't do this!"

Destro hopped backwards as C.W. took the woman's head off with one big swoop. Blood squirted up out of her neck. She twitched a few times then she went into eternal rest. Horly just sat there completely horrified. C.W. turned off the chainsaw and stepped to the Trooper. "Damn shame this beautiful young woman had to die for nothing. I can just imagine how many people who you done harrassed and humiliated. Man, it sends people into a state of despair when the law violates them because there's no law to stop the law."

Horly grinned at him. "You can't get all of us, boy, but we always get all of you..."

Destro just shook his head. "Big fella, this guy can't wait to get to hell, let's not hold him up any longer."

C.W. cranked up the chainsaw and moved in on him. Johnny stood there just fantasizing about using that thing to cut off Carmel's ding-a-ling. He seemed not to notice that the trooper was screaming at the top of his lungs as C.W. disembowled him.

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Trina went home and found her cousin Carmel sitting in the kitchen eating a bag of Hotstuff potato chips and boiling hot dogs. "Girl, sit down and give me details."

She sat down and crossed her legs. She sat up straight and tried to act all sophisticated. "My good dear, I had quite the lovely evening with yours truly."

"Was it good?"

"You may very well say he rocked my planet. And then he gave me an

encore just a lil while ago, fancy that."

Carmel leaned in. "You're glowing now but can you keep it up?"

"You doubt me? That boy is obsessed with me," she bragged. "It all went perfect but my booty feel all funny."

"What you mean?"

"It's buzzing."

"Buzzing? You stuck a straw in your booty hole and drank some soda pop with your ass?" he teased.

She just shook her head. "Where do you come up with this stuff. No, I let him go back door on me."

"Say what?! Did you like it?"

"Yeah but it feels all funny back there like something's gonna fall out."

"Don't even trip, it was just your first. With a lil practice you'll quickly get used to it."

Trina noticed the pot on the stove was about to boil over. She got up and turned the fire down. "So, what you wanted to talk to me about?"

"Girl, Faye came over here about an hour after you left."

"Faye who?"

"Johny's girlfriend."

She sat back down. "Oh! Cat fight. What happened?"

Carmel tried his his best to look all innocent. "She came over to start a fight but we ended up kickin it."

"What do you mean, kickin it?"

"We sat there talking about Johny and smoking trees and one thing led to another."

"I don't understand."

Carmel leaned back in his chair. "We ended up having sex."

Her mouth dropped open. "Sex! Like what?"

"Like two adults."

"How far did you go?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I went all the way up in her."

She couldn't believe what she was hearing. "You boned a fish? Johnny's girlfriend? What the hell done got into you?"

He got up and started pacing back and forth. "That's not all."

She put a hand up. "Wait, let me catch my breath. How could there possibly be more? I thought you couldn't stand fish? You two must've been smoking dynamite!"

"It don't matter, but what does matter is I came in her... Twice."

Trina almost passed out. "You didn't use protection? You done lost your damn mind. That thang always getting you in trouble!"

"What if she got pregnant? I'm not ready to be a mother."

She looked at him like he was smoking ass. "A mother? You goof nut! You're gonna be a father and you sure as hell ain't ready for that."

"Johnny might snap."

"Johnny? Shit, I'm about to snap. This shit don't make no sense!"

Carmel went up to her. "You gonna help me fix this somehow, right?"

She sighed. "I don't know about this one. Titty-Boy, I just don't know." She grabbed a fork and stabbed one of the hot dogs. "That thang of yours is causing too many problems." She then bit the hot dog in half.

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While cleaning up the mess in Cudahay, Destro got a call from Tashiba, Trisha's cousin. She let him know that even though she had been out of town her surveillance team was able to track the van, that hit Trisha's car, to the eastside. She didn't yet zero in on the driver but it belonged to the Crawlers

and the hit and run was definitely no accident. She would keep him posted if she came up with anymore information. Destro was left a bit baffled because he couldn't think of anyone in his mob that was beefing with the eastsiders and why would they target Trisha? It made no sense at all.

Oh well. If the Crawlers wanted trouble then he'd give their whole set more than they could ever handle. He turned to his guys "I'll finish cleaning up here, then I'm going to Madison to see my mama. Capitol J, make sure our guys on the set are staying mellow and Big Fella keep an eye on Trisha. If something comes up I'll contact you right away."

As soon as he saw her in the visiting room Destro realized his mother had something really heavy on her mind, and it wasn't from Temper getting arrested again. He sat down across from her and held her hand. She was usually feisty but today she seemed flat.

Lil-Bit could barely make eye contact with her son. It took her a few minutes to speak. "I'm gonna tell you something and I've decided to let you handle it however you choose. But after hearing the whole truth I hope you can leave Yesterday in the past where it belongs."

Yesterday?! His heart began to pound. "Who killed my father?"

"You remember my buddy Shalonda, well she just got married not too long ago."

"Good for her, but what do that got to do with anything?"

She took a deep breath. "She's married to the man who killed your father and don't even know it."

He couldn't believe what he was hearing. Shalond was the first one on the scene when Destroyer terrorized his home. Why would his mother let her friend marry that monster? He felt she betrayed him. He wanted to get up and walk out. He realized he was squeezing her hand and eased up.

She read her son's mind. "Yes, I've always known who did it."

"Why did you keep it in til now?"

"I wanted to protect you and your brother," she cried

"Protect me? This thing has been tormenting me for over half my life!"

"Baby calm down, I hate to admit it but your father did cross that man more than once. He stole from him and even slept with his wife. I just wanted to forget about the whole thing."

He Leaned back in his seat. He didn't care how bogus his father was. The intruder didn't have the decency to deal with his father in the streets.

He threw his mother through the damn window and her goofy ass sitting there taking up for him. She pulled out Shalonda's wedding picture and he snatched it from her. The tall man wearing a tuxedo sent chills up and down his spine. That was definitely the monster who plagued his dreams. He had to face him. He had to! "What's his name and where do he live? Mama if you hold back I'm gonna get up and leave. I won't be coming back."

She stared at him and knew he was dead serious. She knew she couldn't do her time without him. She said a silent prayer and hoped she wouldn't lose him like she lost her husband. "Alright, his name is Melvin Curtis. He owns that nice soul food joint on the southside. He's also one of the original Technine's."

He shook his head. "Oh how nice, a classic enemy! What else should I know?"

"Son, this man is a killer in real life. Whatever you decide to do you better be serious. You can't play nor hesitate. If you do he will take you down," she warned. "You have anger and a chip on your shoulder that causes you to be violent but Melvin has murder graphed into his heart. It's a dark place within him."

"I admit I'm no killer but I am a warrior," he checked her. "I need a peace of mind so I must slay your champion and my dragon."

She got up and hugged him. "I never meant to make matters worse. Had you been able to go after him as a teenager, baby you would have lost."

He wanted to push her away but this was his only mother. He couldn't turn away from her. Such a tiny but tough queen. In his heart he knew she only did what she thought was best for him. He broke down and hugged her tightly. "Mama I'm sorry for being rude to you, I just —"

"Shush, it's alright. Just get yourself focused and ready."



Cindy Payton and her friend Jennifer rolled up and down Meinecke Avenue in a rental car. Cindy knew this was the area where Temper Collins was from and she assured her friend that he was safely locked up and even if he wasn't, he didn't know she was the witness against him. She figured she'd find some guys hanging out and break the ice by asking where to buy some weed. She passed by Destro's apartment buildings and saw a group of youngsters standing out front. She pulled up and five young Goon Squaders got on point. Mikey, the one who got shot up was amongst them. He was just about fully healed but had a big brace on his leg. Jennifer was drawn to him right away. (No doubt this young good looking thug has ~~earned~~ earned his street credibility.) Anyway, they all introduced themselves to each other and the result of the meeting was the girls would come back later and party with them. They were already checked into a small hotel downtown and would return by night fall.

Mikey noticed that Jennifer was checking him out and he was definitely diggin her. She was a lil taller than him at five-seven. She had long straight black hair and greyish-green eyes. She was thick but not so curvacious. He figured she was most likely a slut but Mikey wanted her all to himself. He pulled her to the side. "How about you and me do our own thing tonight?"

She liked that, but "I can't leave my girl by herself."

"We'll be in the same building just a different apartment," he explained. "You know my guys gonna be expecting y'all to set out the pussy and I gotta have a girl to myself. If you're a jumpdown I'll just find somebody else."

"I'm no tramp. I wouldn't let guys take turns on me. That's disgusting!" She lied. "I'll go with you as long as we're in yelling distance of my friend."

He popped her on the butt. "We on! I'll see you later."

They hopped back in their rental. As they pulled off Jennifer was becoming skeptical. "You sure this is a good idea?"

"It don't matter I just wanna get wasted," Cindy smiled.

"What if there's trouble?"

"There won't be trouble. If anything happens to us they know they'll never get out of jail. We're two teenage white girls from the suburbs. We are bigger than the law!"

Jennifer shook her head with pity. "Are you gonna do all them guys?"

"Probably, just to zero in on who's the best."

"Do you ever regret it later?"

Cindy frowned. "Jen, get off my back. I hate myself. Sex and drugs is how I escape the reality of my miserable life."

"Me too, but one day we'll hit a wall. That guy Mikey thinks I'm a keeper. I saw it in his eyes. I bet I can settle down with a guy like that."

(This dizzy ass girl!) Cindy had to set her straight. "This is how we're gonna play it. We'll party til we're twenty one. Then we'll marry nerds that we rejected in high school. They'll be fresh out of college and feeling lucky as ever because the hot girls they used to adore but couldn't get close to is all of a sudden into them. They'll take care of us for the rest of our no good lives. For smart white girls it's the American way."

It was sad but true in way too many cases. Jennifer gave her daps and hopped back on board.

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Trina got some much needed rest. Her new man cooked off her hot ass a great deal. She would most likely then spend the night looking for Coco.

She couldn't let that black ass tramp mess up everything she had going. Then there was Trisha. She knew she couldn't just go to the hospital and smother her with a pillow because she knew the donkey booty woman had many people who loved her and would be visiting her all the time. Trisha messed up her man's head so now Destro didn't fully understand they were meant to be together forever. She wasn't gonna let him go. Destro was the total package. He was a boss, he was wealthy, he had a great personality no matter how hard he tried to hide it and he was loving and supportive, he wasn't a minute man, and he wasn't half gay. Now a days it was so hard to find all these qualities packed into one man. Faggotronics was dirtying up the gene pool of good men. Carmel was a good example; Trina felt Johnny Money was a 'ten' and basically a black skin version of Destro but Carmel got a hold of him and he slipped up and had some boy coochie, or man-gina like the prisoners call it. Now Johnny's worth level has reduced greatly. This type of crap was happening at an alarming rate all over town so Trina knew she had to hold onto her soulmate. Or kill his skinny ass. She swallowed her pride and called her father again.

He took the call at his restaurant. "What the hell it be like, babygirl?"

"I just wanted to thank you for helping me. Hey, I hooked up with that boy I like."

"And your loose ends?"

"The girlfriend is recovering in the hospital and I still ain't caught the other girl yet. The girlfriend is the main threat."

"Well don't go hurt her, you'll end up in jail. At this point you need to make her want to leave him."

"How do I do that?" She pouted, frustrated as ever. "That big head ugly cow

loves his dirty draws."

"Rumors, kid. Start a rumor that you're pregnant. It'll get back to the girlfriend. She'll give him a chance to come clean on his own. The longer he waits the bigger the wedge will grow between them and you'll be right there waiting to pick him up when she drops him flat on his butt."

That sounded about right. Her father was wise. "Daddy you're smarter than Oprah. I always thought you were a jerk, with the attitude and how you treated mama, but you're O.K. One day soon I hope you get to meet Destro. You'll like him."

"I don't like no other man. I'll respect him but I'll never like him."

"We'll see about that." She hung up on him and headed for the eastside in her new Mustang. Time to do a lil' Coco searching.

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Johnny Money was on the phone with his girlfriend Faye whom seemed to have calmed down a great deal. He knew she had confronted Carmel but had no idea she ended up spending the night with him. He was planning on making it up to her; while she was trying to avoid him.

She was in a minor state of shock. When she sobered up she realized she just got honed by the same drag queen she went off on Johnny about. She was so bogus but the forbidden sex was wonderful. She had to keep this from him until she could sort everything out. For now she'd play it cool. "Johnny I don't wanna see you for a few days. I need to get my head straight."

"You forgive me, babygirl?"

"I don't know. I mean, when Carmel answered the door I swore up and down he was a woman. I even grabbed his crotch to make sure."

"You did? Did you get into a fight? Who won?"

"She - well he wouldn't fight me. Hey, I really do believe you thought that was a woman, but at the same time I believe that by the time it comes down to intercourse you gotta know who or what you're actually dealing with."

"Faye, we have an open relationship so I have no reason to lie to you. I told you exactly what happened."

"Do you still want her, or him?"

"Hell naw! He's a pretty punk but he lied to me. I can't even be cool with him. I hope I never see him again because he's sick in the dome."

Damn! There goes her mega three some... She got wet just imagining Johnny and Carmel dicking her down at the same time. She fanned herself. Shit! She had to find some kinda way for her to keep Johnny but freak with Carmel at least two more times. This was all Johnny's fault! "Hey, from now on we both gotta agree on some chick before she enters our bed. We just gotta be more careful."

"Yeah whatever, I can't wait a few days to see you, come by the club tonight."

Her guilt was still pressing. "I'll come through but if some fool starts gossiping about that creature I'm outta there!"

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Coco was at her sister Jodi's house. Jodi was briefing four young crawlers on taking Trina out of the game. She described the white Honda to them not realizing that car belonged to Carmel, not Trina. Their job was simple; creep through Technique country and catch her rolling in traffic and light her ass up. She forbided them to run up on her because she knew Trina was diabolical, extremely dangerous like a leopard that turns the tables and hunts the hunters."

One of the crawlers who was only seventeen stood up. "You should let me handle this by myself. Sheila was my aunt."

Jodi just about smacked the piss out of him. "Fool, don't be no hero. From what I know, this girl ain't to be played with."

He wasn't trying to hear that mess. "Her cousin L.C. already got bagged trying to come up against the east. I say we wipe Technique off the map starting with Trina."

Coco put an arm around him. "Just stay focused and stick to the script. She's our only target."

He sat back down. "Cool, it's whatever."

Lil did any of them know, while they were plotting against her, Trina cruised right past their spot. Not only was she close to picking up Coco's scent but she was getting very familiar with the area. She'd learn all the escape routes and stay a step ahead of her prey. Somehow her skill and determination would overcome Coco's dumb luck. Game on.

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At around eight o'clock that night Carmel was at home maxing when he got a surprise visit. He ran to answer the door hoping it would be Johnny Money or Faye or both! Johnny had really good dick and Faye had good tight coochie. He straightened his hair and answered the door wearing his best smile. He got a far bigger surprise than he was expecting. "Wow! I didn't think I'd see you for awhile."

"Well, I'm back for a good reason," said Technique Tyler, whom turned tail and skipped town when the going got tough and his guys got bagged and tagged.

Carmel stepped aside. "Come in and tell me all about it."

"No, I have some business to tend. I just wanted to stop by and see

Your beautiful face."

He blushed. "Thanks, but don't go out there and do something you'll regret."

Tyler leaned in and kissed him. "I come back to avenge your cousin and my guys. I tried to stay gone but I felt like a mark. Now, I may catch a life bit or get killed. It's better than feeling like a coward. The fact that you're a man and I'm crazy about you seems so minor."

"You're always welcome here but don't bring your drama with you. I already got enough mess I'm dealing with."

He walked down the porch steps. "How's Trina holding up?"

"Oh she's good, you know she don't care about nobody but herself. Tyler you should just leave it alone. Me and Trina moved on already," Carmel explained. "You remember how you used to tell me you're not a gunslinger and more of a thinker? Well, you need to really think it over. Is getting revenge worth risking your life?"

"It's a matter of honor. You wouldn't understand." With that note he left the queen standing there.

After leaving the mental house Destro just needed to be alone. He stopped at a city park on the way back to Milwaukee. He sat on the edge of a small pond where a flock of ducks glid atop the water and frogs basked in the sun seemingly without a care in the world. He couldn't help but to think about how his mother didn't show much fear towards Destroyer, but she did respect him. The man, the entity that gave him nightmares practically raised him so even though his mother was unsure he could win, he still had to face it. The paralyzing night horrors had to be dealt with. His only concern was the possibility of him being reduced to the ten year old boy who froze in fear fifteen years ago, when he first came face to face with this deadly adversary. This made him want to get saved because the reality of him possibly getting killed hit him hard. If he loses this battle he could easily be on a oneway ticket to hell and he was scared to death of eternal damnation. On the other hand, if he confront his father's killer he'd be tormented for the rest of his life anyway. He envied the ducks and frogs lounging in the pond. They didn't have the heavy pressures of decision making. Maybe he should do like them and go off of instinct. Either way, he still was gonna honor his father.

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Parents don't realize that whatever they do, especially, the unseen things affects their children. If the parents are responsible their children will reap the blessings; if the parents are bogus the children will inherit and carry the curse. A perfect example is how Destro is subconsciously following in his father's footsteps. Ain't nothing special about trina, he's just on a path of self-destruction. Unaware.

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Mikey was holding down Temper's flat on the top floor of the ~~flat~~ apartment building. C.W. was at home laying low and with his mother so

he sure as hell wouldn't hang out too much there. So Temper's spot is where Cindy and Jennifer came to party. There were to other girls there. One was a sista and the other mixed. All girls present were under eighteen. There were five young men there including Mikey. They had booze, ex, weed, and God knows what else. Two of the guys there was in their twenties. At first Mikey was gonna stay and hang out with the group but his gut told him shit would get wild. Before long the young sista was high as a kite and strip teasing. It was just a matter of time before her boyfriend got jealous and put hands on her, which is a serious Goon violation. Cindy dipped off into the bedroom with a few guys. She had a swipe up her coochie, one in her mouth and one on the way. The mixed girl was acting all scary and stuck up. Mikey hoped that at least she would make it out of there without allowing herself to be degraded too much. Any amount of self degradation is too much but he prayed the mixed girl would act in a manner that left some ~~room~~ room where she can recover. He felt there was little hope the hot ass sista and No hope for Cindy. He knew she was a bad seed. That's why he took Jennifer down to Mama Nancy's apartment. She was the fifty plus year old drug addict who took in Trina when the building got shot up by Technique. Mikey gave her a party sack and some spending money so she left them alone for the night in her flat and went out on the town to have her own fun.

Mikey knew he would bone Jennifer good. He made sure he had a fresh condom, sat back really cool-like and let her make most of the first moves.

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Once again, all of the Goons were oblivious to the fact that a group of thugs from the Rollin 30's were staked out just a block down wind. Mario was behind this. He had a cousin in the county jail. He was on the same pod with Temper. He was picking at Temper and Temper beat his ass.

He wanted to save face so he lied and said he got jumped by several cats from the Goon Squad. That's all Mario needed to hear. He wanted trouble anyway because Renee chose Temper over him. They came two cars deep. The plan was to send one guy into the main building and draw out as many Goons as possible. They would be met by a hail of gunfire. Of course, Mario wouldn't be the one going in there nor would he shoot any pistol. Should the enemy overcome the ambush he would be certain to make an escape. If he ended up getting picked up by the cops somehow he was already prepared to rat out his own comrades. Ain't no way in hell he would rot away in some stinking prison. He was a poser. Not a real gangsta at all; just like his big mouth cousin who got pummeled by Temper. It was a shame these type of imposters were an ever growing breed. The result was young lives being senselessly destroyed at an alarming rate.

Fortunately, there would be no horrific shootout on this night. Cindy's mother had called the Milwaukee Police Department and told them she called the hotel, Cindy wasn't there and she wasn't answering her phone. She filled them in about the girl being a witness and was certain she was in Temper Collins' neighborhood. Well, at around eleven o'clock they tracked the rental car to Meinecke Avenue. They went over there on a humbug and straight to Temper's apartment.

Mario and his guys rolled through the set only to have to keep going when they saw the cop car.

Two officers went to the apartment just to make Cindy go home, if she was indeed there. As they knocked on the door and announced themselves someone inside panicked and yelled "Five-0!" This caused the cops to draw their guns and run up in there.

Cindy came out of the bedroom and yelled rape. Everyone in the

apartment got arrested. The cops instantly knew she was lying but there would be some guys catching statutory assault charges and drug possession charges. Jennifer and Mikey could only watch from the window of Mama Nancy's flat as several more squad cars and a wagon arrived on the scene and hauled their asses out one by one. At this point Jennifer was thankful that Mikey opted to show her some respect. She felt sorry for those who actually got some booty from Cindy because they may be done. This may be the 2000's but if you're a black guy sitting in court for fooling with a teenage white girl, in Wisconsin! Your ass is grass...

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Johnny Money got the report from Mikey and got frustrated. He was already trippin' because Faye was clearly avoiding him. At first he was gonna leave his knuckle head Goons to fend for themselves for being reckless and irresponsible, but then he remembered he wasn't much better at their age. He went ahead and called a lawyer to go see them and bail them all out at first opportunity. To get them out was maybe the only way he could prevent them from panicking and turning on each other. He nor Mikey still had the slightest clue who Cindy Payton was.

Speaking of Cindy, she was only detained for two days and then released to her mother. She cut a deal with the cops to snoop around the Goon's set and be their narc, in return they would drop charges of illegal intoxication by a minor and drug possession. They really only wanted her to contact police as soon as she spotted one of Temper's culprits who kidnapped the prison guard. They needed to build a case before they'd have to let him go. Cindy agreed because she was gonna go back to Milwaukee anyway to party some more.

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Just two more days later Renee was on her way to go visit Temper in the county jail. She had stopped on the two-nine to visit her mother, then rolled into the gas station. She didn't need a fill up she was just hoping to run into somebody. It was boring living all alone near the suburbs. She was only nineteen going on twenty so she still needed to kick it. It was going on two in the afternoon and Carmel who had an older model white Honda similar to hers drove past on his way to work. Just a block down four eastsiders were sitting in an Impala getting prepared to make their move. (They thought Renee was Trina)

She went inside to get a snack and ran into Technine Tyler, whom was ever lingering behind Carmel. He said a quick hello and jettied out of there. When she came out Mario was waiting for her. A small part of her was happy to see him. She didn't have a desire to sleep with him but she did crave some male interaction. She wasn't gonna fool herself. As soon as she dropped the baby she was definitely gonna go out and get her some good dick. If Temper was still in jail by then, so be it...

She gave Mario a hug and leaned against his car not aware of Trina parked across the street in her red Mustang. (Damn! she knew Renee was seeing that chump! Disrespecting her man's little brother.)

Mario rubbed on her belly. "Dang, you getting big! I'm glad I ran into you because I wanted to ask you can I be there when you go into labor."

She was flattered. "Do you really wanna be there for me? Or are you in competition with Temper?"

He wanted to say both but kept it mellow. He took both her hands in his. "If you're having my baby I want to be there from day one. I ain't even thinking about Temper. I don't even know him."

"Mario it seems like just a year ago you all went to school together, now you brothas are out here trying to kill each other. And for what?"

He leaned in and kissed her on the cheek. "I don't know why it's like that, shit, I just try to survive the best I can. Now, can I be there when you have your baby?"

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Just across the street Trina had seen enough. She was about to go check that cheating bitch, Renee. She got out of her car but stopped short as a white impala cruised by and the thugs inside were looking awful hard at the gas station. She leaned back and sure enough they came right back around. She figured they would carjack Mario or rob the gas station in broad daylight. She had no idea they were there to gun her down. They let Carmel pass because Renee had pulled up. They easily mistook her for Trina. She's not as thick but is tall as Trina, close to the same complexion. They drove past a few more times to make a positive I.D.

Mario was on point and noticed the impala circling, but just like Trina, he thought they were casing out the station to rob it. He got all up on Renee. "Hey baby let me take you out tonight. No funny business."

She shook her head. She was afraid she'd have to deal with C.W. "I'm sorry. I can't do that. If Temper is still in jail when I go into labor you have my word I will call you."

She liked Mario a lot but she decided to wait for the outcome of Temper's arrest and her pregnancy. She was just about to walk away and get into her car when somebody started shooting at the gas station. She tried to drop down to the ground but couldn't. Mario grabbed her and turned her towards the street. He crouched down and prevented her from taking cover. She quickly realized he was using her as a human

Shield. She tried to break away from him but got sprayed. She fell to the ground and grew numb. She looked at the blood on her hands after touching her stomach and passed out.

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Trina watched the whole thing go down. She gasped in horror as she saw Renee get popped at least three times. There were other witnesses out there so she opted to follow the impala. It smashed off and dipped deep into the thirties, then it finally made a U-turn and headed towards the eastside. It stopped and parked on Palmer street not too far from where her cousin L.C. got burnt. She got on her cellphone and called Technine Tyler. "I need you to meet me by the Palmer street park right away! Huh? Yeah, I know about the shootin'. I followed the dudes who did it. Yup. Just get over here before some of them leaves!"

She wasn't waiting more than five minutes when Tyler's blazer pulled up behind her and another car full of Techniners was behind him. He got out and hopped into her car. She pointed to a big green duplex across the street and then at the impala. "It was four of 'em in that car and they all went in there. I don't know how many already's in the house."

"It don't matter. Everybody in there about to die. You need to get on away from here."

"Hold up. I think they was after Mario, not Renee."

"It don't matter. They just shot a Technine female on our turf. They ass out!"

She was about to reply when one of the shooters came out of the safe house. Tyler was about to get out but she grabbed him. "Wait! Wait! Let me get him."

He grabbed her by the face. "Trina, you better make damn sho you don't

lead that mark to us. Don't make me fuck you up."

She slapped his hand down. "Let him pass. I got him." He got out of her car and she drove slowly behind the youngster as he walked down the block alone. When he got about two blocks away she blew her horn to get his attention. He jumped high enough to dunk a basketball. She knew he had dumped his gun because he didn't reach and was about to run. She pulled up to the curb. "Hold up once."

He stepped back and looked up and down the block. "What's good?"

"You look nervous. Are you O.K.?"

He tried to calm his nerves. "I'm good. What you want?"

She thought of a quick lie. "My girl Coco sent me to get some trees but they were all out at the spot on Holton. Can you help me because I'm gonna need like an ounce."

He pointed in the direction he just left. "Just two blocks down my guy—"

She leaned over and opened the passenger's door. She showed off her long beautiful legs in a skimpy min-skirt. "Take me and make sure I don't get sheistered."

He looked irritated and didn't pay no attention to her legs, but he reluctantly got in. "Baby I'm really in a hurry. You gotta take me home after you get what you need. Go two blocks down and make a left."

She drove down one block and turned into an alley and ignored him as he protested. He frowned as she stopped behind a garage in the middle of the block. "This ain't the spot. You shoulda stayed on the street. Ain't nobody gonna jack you. This a girl car."

"I know," she smiled and upped her pistol. "Don't move sucka!"

His eyes got wide and he cringed against the door. "Aw shit! I ain't got no money. You wastin' yo time jackin' me!"

"Boy, I saw what y'all did at that gas station."

His heart dropped. "You got me fucked up! I don't know what you talkin' about!"

Her eyes turned red. "That girl was pregnant! Fool, you got two seconds to tell me why y'all did that or I'm gonna—" Before she could finish, Loud eruptions of gunfire filled the afternoon sky. The already nervous young thug damn near belted up in a fetal position. "Damn! What the hell is that?"

She smacked him upside the head with the pistol to keep him shaking and quivering like an old lady's booty meat. "The spot you just left is going up in flames! The guy with the girl you shot followed your fool ass. Boy if you don't start talkin—"

He didn't even let her finish. He panicked and sang like Twenty-Bird. "It was Coco! She and her sister sent us up there to knock off Trina! We didn't know she was pregnant. I didn't even have no gun," he lied.

Her heart skipped a beat and she tried to remain calm. She smacked him in the mouth with the pistol and drew blood. "Keep your hands on top of your head! Why do Coco want Trina?"

"Shit man, I don't know, I think the bitch Trina owe her a lot of money and my cousin say she had something to do with our auntie getting burnt."

"Idiot. You went after the wrong girl!" she snapped.

"I'm sorry man, we didn't know she was pregnant, I swear on my life!"

She grinned at him. "I'm Trina."

Aw damn... Not good at all. He simply froze in astonishment.

"Get out."

He fumbled at the door knob. "You lettin me walk?"

"Get your bitch ass out before I change my mind!"

Destro was already at the hospital with Johnny Money and C.W. Renee was brought to the same place as Trisha. She had suffered two gunshot wounds to her stomach and another to her right hip. She lost her baby and was still in surgery. She was in critical condition but expected to live. They all dreaded to tell Temper the bad news while he was already sitting in a jail cell. They hoped he wouldn't snap. He was already facing a life bit so he was really hoping the baby was his. He wanted to leave behind his legacy behind should he go down.

Now, Destro really had to wait to go after Destroyer. There was way too much other mess to deal with. He had to restore order. He turned to his most trusted comrades. "Capitol J, you go see lil bro and let him know what happened. Don't hold back. And Big Fella, go shut down the building. I don't want nobody hangin' there who ain't paying rent. I need all our guys focused."

Johnny turned to leave. "I'll take in Renee." He and C.W. left. Destro was about to follow ~~them~~ them and walk them out of the waiting room but his cellphone rang. It was Trina. "What up, Kid?"

"I need to see you."

"I don't know about today. I'm at the hospital Renee just got hurt really bad."

"I know. I was there. Is she dead?"

"Naw she ain't dead. What you mean you was there?"

"I saw the whole thing."

"Trina, where are you at right now?"

"I'm on my way to tell Carmel to be on point. You know she works on the southside. Those guys came to shoot Carmel but got Renee ~~instead~~ instead because they both drive white Hondas. I thought it was Carmel's car too,

that's why I stopped there."

Destro just shook his head. No doubt somebody came shooting because they found out that Carmel was really a man, after they tapped that ass.

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Trina hung up so she wouldn't mess around and get into a crash on the freeway. She was ecstatic because she would definitely be seeing Destro. As she pulled into the parking lot at Taco Bell she saw Faye just leaving. All she could do was smile because she knew some major drama was coming.

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Trisha looked disgustedly at him when he walked into her room. Destro bent down to give her a kiss and she slapped the piss out of him. "Stupid ass!"

He figured she was mad about Renee getting shot. He rubbed his face and got an attitude. "It ain't my fault! I had no idea she'd keep going back to the hood."

She looked at him like he was dumb and crazy. "What the hell are you talking about?"

"Renee."

"I'm talking about Trina!"

Oh Damn... He swallowed the lump in his throat. "What's good?"

She winced as she pulled her leg out of the sling hanging from the ceiling, and sat up in bed. "I know you been with her. If you lie to me I don't wanna be with you no more. Did you sleep with her?"

He stepped back out of reaching distance and simply nodded.

Her ice green eyes cut right through ~~his~~ his soul. "I told you not to fool with that girl. I know you like her but she's bad news! I know you think I'm trippin but I don't wanna be in an open relationship

no more. If you don't agree then just let me go."

He moved close to her bedside. "I can't let you go. I need you."

She pushed him away. "You need your butt whopped! Don't come back here until she's gone. End it. You really like that dang girl and you better get her out of your head before she gets into you heart!" She held up a hand and stopped him from speaking. "Demetrius, I do my thing. I done gave head to guys I really like but you stand here fully confident that there's no possibility of this baby being somebody else's. I need that same assurance with you. You like up whenever Trina's name is mentioned. I can't take that shit. You can't even hide it! Boy, I swear -"

"Trish -"

She pushed him away again. "Don't touch me! I can't stand to look at you right now. I'm not sharing your heart with her. It's only gonna be you and me. No more freakin'. Please leave before I panic and break it off between us for good. I am so disappointed in you. Just go -"

His heart dropped. He really needed to hold her right now and she was pushing him away. He knew he couldn't live without her. Man, ~~in~~ piss on Trina! True enough, he was ~~was~~ flat out crazy about her but she wasn't worth him losing Trisha. He wanted to grab her and tell her he would never let her leave him but then he realized he loved her way too much to ever stand in her way. Now, for the first time in his life, he sincerely entertained thoughts of hurting himself, if she leaves him. He never imagined this could happen to him because he used to tease and laugh at other brothers who be flippin'-out over women, but now he felt like they felt. He backed out of her room slowly and bothered her no further.

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Cindy and Jennifer was chillin with Mikey at his mother's house. Niecy was gone shopping. Cindy wanted to go down to the hood and hang out by the Goon's apartment buildings, but Mikey told her the spot was hot and off limits. She still wanted to go. He kept on refusing so she got frustrated and went into the bathroom to do some drugs. Maybe that would keep her mellow for awhile.

C.W. came home mentally and physically exhausted. He flopped down in a recliner and paid no attention to Jennifer sitting next to Mikey on the sofa. He filled him in on all the latest drama. As he was talking, Cindy came out of the bathroom and nearly went into shock. She dropped her purse. "Holy crap!" she kept staring at C.W. against her own will. He was definitely one of the kidnapers. She wanted to run but was stuck.

Everyone looked at her, all wondering what her problem was.

C.W. saw clearly she was reacting to him. He stood up and towered over her. "Shorty, what's the matter?"

She looked up at him. "Uh-uh-uh nothing. You just look so familiar. Do you have a brother name Steve?"

"No."

"Good!" she exhaled. "I owe him a few hundred bucks. I thought you were here to collect."

He knew she was lying. He could sense he spooked her but had no notion why. He pulled Mikey into the kitchen. "Lil dog, where did you find these girls at?"

"They From outta town. The blonde is Cindy, she's the one who got our guys locked up."

C.W. almost croaked. "What the hell you bring'em here for?"

"Cuz, Jennifer is cool, we both thought Cindy punk butt was still

locked up, too."

"Man, get 'em outta here. That girl ain't right!"

Jennifer peeked into the kitchen and they both glared at her as she walked right up to them. "I don't mean to interrupt you but she just locked herself in the bathroom. I believe she's calling the police, so you guys better get rid of whatever you don't want them to find."

C.W. was straight trippin. "Y'all get that girl outta here! Send her back to where she came from. Mikey, you better have this cleaned up before your mom get home or she's gonna kill both of us."

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Down at Taco Bell Carmel sat down at a dining table with his younger cousin and listened to everything she had to say about the shooting that happened much earlier. He crossed his arms and smirked. "Trina, I don't know what you did but I know them guys were after your butt. You da one who got my car hot, so now you must buy me a new one, or get me a new paint job. And I hope your crazy butt didn't rob a dope dealer for all that money you got."

She didn't feel like arguing. "Alright, fine. Just stay out of that raggedy Honda and I'll replace it. Hey, I just saw Faye leave."

Carmel blushed. "She told me she wants to see more of me but I'm not that into her since Tyler is back."

Trina just shook her head. "Girl, you don't know who you want to be with. What happened to all that crying over Johnny Money? And Tyler don't even get down."

He smirked. "First of all, Tyler been liking me for years. Unlike you, I am able to move on. Johnny the one who broke up with me and I'm not gonna stalk him like you do Destro."

"You need to stop playing with people's emotions."

He stood up and put his hands on his hips. "Look who has a set of morals all of a sudden. In my affairs people's feelings may get hurt and they eventually get over it, but in your affairs people eventually ends up dead!"

She looked this way and that. "Lower your voice! I'm not trippin on you I just don't want you to get hurt. I think you should end it with Faye if you gonna mess with Tyler. I think he's on something serious."

"Thanks for your concern but I need to get back to work."

"Let me take the Honda and you can drive my car."

"Nope. I'll have Tyler or Faye come pick me up." He walked away.

She was about to go after the Lil titty boy but her cellphone rang. It was her man, Destro. She was happy he felt the need to stay in constant contact.

"What's good? You wanna see me now? I'm already on the southside so meet me at the soul food joint on national."

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When Cindy came out of the bathroom Mikey and Jennifer ran up on her and demanded to know what the hell was she on. She pushed past them and went searching. "Where did that giant boy go?"

"He left. What's your problem with him?" asked Mikey.

She peeked out the livingroom window. She was all jittery. "Is he coming back? Call him and bring him back."

Jennifer stepped up. "You called the friggin cops! What did that guy do to you?"

Mikey went to the front door and opened it. "Get out. You already got my guys in trouble. If the cops come here you're gonna get it!"

She flopped down on the sofa. "I can't leave just yet. Do you by any chance know Temper Collins?"

He was just about to drag her out by her ankles, but stopped short.

"Temper? Yeah that's my guy."

She sat straight up. Jubilant. "I can't believe it! What are the odds?"

Jennifer was now ~~and~~ catching on. Cindy must have recognized C.W. as one of the kidnapers who snatched up the prison guard. Mikey saw the great concern on her face. He ran to his bedroom and closed the door. He called C.W. right away. "Combat, whatever you do don't come home. Ole girl called them people on you and it has something to do with Temper."

"Mikey, where the hell is them girls from?"

"Hold on, let me ask Jennifer." He put down the phone and came back in half a minute. "They're from Fond du lac. Ole girl name is Cindy Payton."

"Say no more." He hung up and called Destro. "Cuz, I found the freakin witness to you know what. Don't ask how but she's at my dang house right now. Nope, I can't grab her because the cops are already on their way. I'll fill you in later."

Destro was pissed. He couldn't afford to lose Big Fella right now because major drama was brewing in the streets. "Have Capito J put you in a safe house. Don't try to contact Niecey on your own. We'll bring her to you. Lay low til I pop off this so called witness."

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Up at the nuthouse Lit Bit had got some kick ass news from her lawyer. Her case got over turned and the state didn't want to waste their time retrying her. She got a court order to be released in no more than thirty days. She was so happy she ran out of the social worker's office and did cartwheels all over the dayroom until she got dizzy and crashed into a table full of patients playing monopoly. Several orderlies tackled her and locked her in her room for the rest of the day, but only a few hours later they came to her door and said she had a visit. She ran up there thinking it was her son.

He opened the door and soon as he turned to leave she shot him in the back of the head. He fell to the pavement and she leaned over to pull the door shut. "Dops, I changed my mind." She smashed off and left him for dead. She wanted to let him go back and tell Coco all about their encounter but she just couldn't resist the urge to use her new pistol on somebody. She really didn't care if Renee survived or not. The punk butt girl knew dang well the reason Temper moved her to a safe house is because she had trouble in the hood. She just kept on taking her funky butt down there anyway to see Mario. Speaking of Mario! She was gonna tell everybody how he punked out and used Renee for a human shield. That's what the hoe get for messing with a coward. She didn't understand what a woman saw in a coward. She shuddered and was thankful that her new man and future husband Destro was all man.

But it turned out to be her long time friend Shalonda. She gave her a hug but Shalonda clearly sensed that her buddy was acting funny towards her. "Lil- Bit if you're upset with me, let me know so we can fix it right away. Girl, you know I'd never leave you hangin'."

"I'm not upset with you, just concerned."

"Is it about Melvin?"

She put her head down and nodded.

"Well, I appreciate your concern. I do know he was a real thug back in the days, but I assure you he's a changed man."

She forced herself to smile. She wanted to come right out and tell her that she was married to the fool who killed her husband but in doing so she might jeopardize her son. (Shalonda would surely confront M.C. and then he'd be on point and lay in wait for Destro to make his move and easily pop him off.) She had to play it cool. She grabbed her friend's hand.

"I'm happy for you, you know that, but I remember how abusive he was to women."

Shalonda leaned back. "Girl, Melvin has never hit me and he's patient with me. I do all kinds of mess to him - you know how I am, but he's really good to me. I love him," She explained and relaxed a ~~good~~ great deal.

"Whew! I thought I done hurt you at first. Girl, you had me scared."

"Londa, we're still tight. I'm happy for you. Now go over Yonder and get me a grape pop."

She stood up. "Girl, I can't wait til you get out so we can have you at our restaraunt. Melvin's cooking is to die for..."

Coco was in the safe house when the shooting started on the east side. It was her, another guy and then the four youngsters who gundowned Renee. She saw two of them drop right away and knew they would get routed. The gunfire shredding the spot was too heavy for the ~~and~~ Crawlers to counter attack. Coco wanted to live so she ran full speed and dove out of the kitchen window into the backyard. She busted her shit on a Bar B Q grill but she got right back up and ran towards the alley. There was a gate in her way and she tried jumping it and clearing it, but that bad knee wouldn't give her much lift-off. Her foot hit the top of the gate and she was somersaulted over. She flipped and landed on her back. She was in terrible pain all over her body. She wanted to sit there and cry but she stumbled to her feet and took off again. She was injured, probably badly but the loud gunfire behind her gave her all the motivation she needed to keep going. As she got to the end of the alley and was about to go onto the next block she saw a red Mustang smashing off. She gave chase and waved her hands but the driver didn't see her and she threw her hands up in frustration. She slowed down to catch her breath and saw one of her guys laid out by a garage. She went to him and saw that he was bleeding profusively from the head. "Oh no!" she cried and dropped to one knee. She reached for her cellphone and it wasn't in her pocket. Ain't no telling where she dropped it. She began yelling for help but no one was in earshot. She noticed the victim was still breathing. "I'll be right back. Don't die." He moaned and she leaned in. "Can you speak? Who did this?"

He fought to stay conscious. "Red car. Girl." He grimaced.

"What girl? Do you know her name?"

"I can't move!" he cried. "She killed me."

"You ain't dead yet. I'm gonna go get you some help." She stood up and saw a few people at the end of the alley heading towards the safe house. She thought; why do people go to the scene of destruction instead of moving away. She ~~was~~ waved to them. "Hey! Call 911! Somebody's hurt down here!" She turned back to the victim. "By any chance did that girl have a scar under her left eye?"

He tried his best to nod but couldn't move at all and by now he could only whisper. "Yeah, mean girl killed me."

Trina! She should've known. Those idiots must have shot up the wrong girl. She took off her jacket and placed it under his head to slow down the bleeding. She stood up yet again to go get help and a blue blazer turned into the alley. "Thank God!" She ran up to the passenger's side window to plead for help but a pistol was jammed in her face. Tyler smiled at her. "Get in or die. Bitch you shoulda kept running."

Coco put her hands up and the back door opened. She took two steps and kicked the door shut on somebody's arm. She then got low and hunched herself over some green garbage cans. Tyler opened fire and she screamed loud as she could. She crawled into a backyard, then bounced to her feet and took off running. She could hear one guy yelling don't let her get away and another yelling for them to get back in the car because the cops were coming.

Coco escaped again. She was running out of her nine lives really fast. She tore ass all the way to her sister's house which was about seven blocks away. She got shot in her left arm but didn't notice it until she reached her destination and Jodi told her to look at her arm. Only then did she notice she was bleeding. Her adrenaline was still pumping hard so she went blabbering about how Trina outflanked the would

be assassins and turned the tables on them. Now, most of them are dead or dying.

Jodi sat her down and tended her wounds. "Don't even trip. I was getting my hair did and guess what I found out?"

Coco really didn't give a red damn. She needed a doctor. She was hurting everywhere but in the arm where she got shot and that's because it was numb. Jodi went and got a bottle of peroxide and a wet face towel. (What the fuck that supposed to do!) "I need to go to the doctor."

She ignored her and tried to clean her ~~wound~~ wounds. "She's fuckin Destro."

"That's nice but I've lost a lot of blood. That can't be good."

"Don't you get it? She's probably pregnant and want to get Trisha out of the way."

"I don't know any Trisha. I barely know my own name and I think I'm about to pass out."

Jodi seemed not to hear her lil sister's complaints. "Trisha is the girl you ran over in the Lexus. You know her, the one that do hair at the salon I go to. She got that big giant retarded booty."

Coco was getting dizzy. "That's nice. Let's send her a get well card."

"Slow brain girl! Don't you see? Destro don't even know Trina was behind the attack. His dumb ass is sleeping with the enemy!"

"Sleep. That sounds really good right about now."

Jodi bandaged the arm. "There you go. All better? Looks like I'm gonna be going down to club 206. That girl will be in some deep booty discharge after I tell Destro what's really up."

Coco tried to stand up and the room started spinning. "Taking me to the emergency room is really what's up..."

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Destro finally got a hold of Toshiba, Trisha's cousin, after trying multiple times. He told her to obtain all the information she can on Cindy Payton. Too bad she was only a teenager because her young sweet ass was as good as dead. Toshiba let him know she would get back to him.

As he pulled up to the soul food restaurant Trina jumped into his Hummer holding a big picnic basket. He frowned. "Kid, what are you doing?"

She put the seat belt on. "Take me to the lake front. I need a break from all the drama."

He pulled right back into traffic and headed east bound. He turned off the stereo. "I'm glad you didn't get caught up in the cross fire."

She sighed. "I was way across the street and never in danger. When they started shootin Mario used Brenee for a human shield. That's why she got hit."

"Mario was there?"

She lit up. Time to spin him some more. "Come to think of it, maybe they were after him instead of Carmel."

"It don't matter, he's outta order for punkin out. Now, who exactly did the shootin?"

"Crawlers. I followed them back to the east. I called Tyler and Technine came through and aired they ass out."

He raised a brow. "I thought Ty got outta Dodge?"

"Yup, but he came back to get revenge on the east because they just about desimated Technine."

"Kid, you sure do know a lot of facts."

"One must know what the land is yielding, both good and bad in order to survive and excell in it." she bragged. "Is there anything else you wanna know?"

"Nope, I'm only concerned about things that affects me." He pulled onto a side street and stopped. "Kid, I need to tell you something and it's not my intention to hurt you."

Here we go! She hoped she wouldn't snap. She crossed her arms and stared at him. "That's exactly ~~me~~ what you're about to do."

"Trina, I like you a lot, more than I want to. Because of that I'm not gonna be able to see you no more after today."

She sat silent for a minute. Her heart seemed to stop beating. "You're not making any sense, Demetrius. Why would you kick me to the curb if you have feelings for me?"

"Kid, you're perfect for me but Trisha is more than perfect and there's no way I can love both of you."

Her eyes lit up. "You love me? I knew it!"

"Hell naw! I didn't say that."

She didn't pay him no mind from this point. They were meant to be together and he just admitted it. No take backs. "I see what your problem is. You scared I'm gonna take you from Trisha."

"First of all, I'm not scared of nothin and nobody can take me away from Trisha. I'm just saying if not for her I would be with you. There's no denial here, I'm crazy about you but there can be only one love in my life."

(Fine. There will be only one then. Trisha must die...) She took his hand. "You know what? I accept this so will you please take me to the beach and make love to me one more time and if you choose to leave me alone I won't even come by your club no more. Have my word not been good thus far?" She liked to see him wrestling with his emotions. She let go of his hand and grabbed his nuts. "I kept my

feelings in check, you didn't. If you can't grant me this one last request just say so and I'll get out right here. I'll have a ride before I even make it two blocks. I'm a queen now, just like Trisha!" He just sat there staring at her. She quickly grew frustrated. "Say something or I'll get out." She unfastened her seatbelt. She opened the door. "Boy, you must think I'm playing." She turned to leave and he grabbed her shoulder and pulled her back in. A huge sigh of relief overcame her but she tried to hide it.

He kissed her and sucked on her sweet tongue. "After today it's over."

She fastened her seatbelt. "Yeah whatever. You need convincing, not me."

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Poor Temper had it way worse than everyone else. He had to receive such devastating news while he was helpless to do anything. He told Renee's goofy ass to stay away from the hood. Now she done lost the dang baby. One minute he wished he was there to strangle her and the next minute he wished he was there to comfort her. She was a good girl, she just came up in bad situations so he opted to with her if he was able to beat the case. Problem is, he wanted to get back to the streets for all the drama he was missing. He was keeping up with the news and things were so wild out there in the Miltown. No one was safe from all the drama. He wondered if he may get off and avoid a life sentence; only to get out and catch another life sentence for not being able to stop thuggin in the streets.

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Johnny Money got a call from his girlfriend Faye. She was clearly

acting funny and fumbling over her words. He wasn't in the mood for any bullcrap games. "I see you keep avoiding me. Faye if you wanna push on I'm cool with that. I mean, you know I'm not gonna go in circles with you."

"Johnny, I'm not trippin off what you did. I got myself into a jam and I really don't know what to do. I even fear your reaction."

"Faye, come to the club tonight and put everything on the glass. If you ain't willing to tell me everything don't come at all and don't ever talk to me again."

"Dang, why are you being so harsh?"

"I'm just being straight up. It won't be no more surprises to make me look like a damn fool."

She hung up on him.

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One of Carmel's employees let him know he had a call waiting. He damn near didn't take it, thinking it was Trina, but fortunately it was Faye. "Hi babe... Huh? You sound upset, what's good?"

"How early can you get off work?"

"I'm not sure. Why?"

"I need you to meet me at Club 206, but first, let me know right now if you still want to be involved with me intimately."

"Ofcourse I do," he lied. "But you gotta leave Johnny alone. I'm not jealous of him, I just don't want him trippin. By the sound of your voice he must be trippin."

"He don't know about us yet. Will you be there?"

"The earliest I can get there is ten. You gonna be O.K. til then?"

"Carmel, I won't be O.K. for a long-long time."

Destro knew he had to regain control over his emotions and the current situation. He indeed took Trina to the beach but he didn't get out of the truck. Actually, he rolled right through the parking lot slowly and kept going. "Kid, I'm not with all this mushy shit. I only brought you this far to honor your request."

She was flattered and felt no need to push any further. She tossed the picnic basket in the back seat. "We don't need to stay here. I'm down for whatever as long as you take me with you."

He smirked at her. "Oh yeah? Do you know exactly where I can find Mario?"

"Yeah, why?"

"I wanna check that mark."

"You wanna go on his turf alone? You already know he won't be by himself and he may do something bogus."

He squeezed her thigh. "You ain't afraid are you? I thought you had my back with that big shiny pistol you keep in your purse."

"I'm not afraid I just don't want to see you get your skinny but kicked."

He pulled out of the beach front and headed back to the hood. Trina directed him to the thirties. They turned onto thirty-seventh street. "They should all be kickin' it in front of a big grey house. If not they'll be at the playground on thirty-fifth."

As they reached the middle of the block they saw about four females and three studs chillin' out in front of the spot. She pointed to a guy with a philly-fro. He had on black pants and a white T-shirt. He was sittin' down on the porch hugged up with some lil' hoochie mama. "That's him right there."

Destro parked right in front of the spot and got out. A few of them

out there looked at him suspiciously but greeted him by throwing up their set. He ignored them and walked directly up to Mario. He pushed the girl out the way. Mario tried to get up and run into the house but Destro grabbed him and yanked him down the porch steps. Trina got out and leaned against the Hummer. She was sure them dudes were gonna jump his dumb butt and she would have to rescue him, then he'd be so thankful that he would ask her to marry him and they would run off together to Vegas. This is what goes on in young people's minds when they think they're in love. Destro had to love her if he was stupid enough to go picking a fight knowing he was out numbered, just to impress her. How romantic is that!

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Mario was pissed that his guys just stood by and let a stranger walk up on him and jack him up. One of them was strapped so he should have upped the heat on him as soon as he got out of that green Hummer. Mario was heavier than Destro by over thirty pounds but the sizes of their hearts were a different matter altogether. He paid no attention to anyone else, he just hauled off and smacked Mario to the ground.

"Aw! What's good cuz!" He pleaded.

"Punk, I know what you did earlier. You filthy coward!"

His guys stepped back but one girl stepped up. "Leave him ~~alone~~ alone! Who the hell you think you is?" She looked down at Mario who was trying to crawl up the stairs. "Don't let this lil ass dude bitch slap you like that!"

Destro was dialed in. He dragged him down the stairs and bark handed him like a pimp until his ~~no~~ lips were all bloody. "Fag, Renee lost her baby! You ducked behind her so she could get popped!"

Mario tried to grab his hands. "You got it wrong. I tried to make her get down but she just froze, man!"

Destro yanked him to his feet and smacked him down again. "You lying!"

One of his comrades finally put a hand under his shirt. "Dog, you better get off my nigga!"

He was about about to smack this fool, too, but a female grabbed his arm. Before he could push her away Trina was on her. She put the pistol right up to the girl's head. She was so mad she was shaking. "Get. Your. Hands. off. my. Man!"

The youngster who had the gun put his hands up and the other one ran off with the other three girls. He smiled at Trina. "Whoa! Take it easy. We all good."

The girl who ~~stayed~~ stayed stepped back a few paces. "Put that gun down and fight me, hoe! I ain't no bitch ass coward like Mario."

Trina smacked her upside the head with the pistol and damn near knocked her out. She stood over her just hoping she would get up.

Mario got on his knees. "What the fuck y'all doing?"

Trina turned on him and smacked him in the mouth with the pistol. Blood dripped out. "I saw what you did Mario. I was there!" She smacked him in the mouth again and Destro was thinking he may spit out his front teeth.

Two older guys came out of the house and stood atop the porch. One of them focused right on Destro. "Young man, that's enough."

Destro stood in front of Trina and looked down at a bloodied Mario. "You lucky this ain't prison, you'd be suckin dick! You pushed a pregnant girl in front of gunfire!" He looked up at the two men who

just came out of the house. "I tell you what, you cats better revoke this clown's G-card or the Goon Squad will declare war on this whole set."

The youngster who failed to up his pistol suddenly found his courage. "We ain't worried about no Goon Squad."

"Shut up!" Snapped one of the older guys. He looked down on the skinny light skin youngster who obviously had way too much heart for his own good. "What's your name young man?"

"Miltown's Finest," He smirked and began backing away. "You just do the honorable thing and discipline this pussy. You test me, you perish."

Trina cuffed her pistol and got all up in the young thug's face. "Boy, you just folded. Didn't even pull out your heat. You can never be a real gangsta. Ever!" She then turned to the girl she had clobbered, whom was now sitting on the porch steps rubbing her head and glaring at Mario. "I don't want no trouble with you. You'd be wise to leave me alone."

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They were back on the road and Trina couldn't sit still. She could still smell Mario's blood and it made her horny. She felt like raping Destro at gunpoint. He could literally smell her passion and playfully pushed her by the face. "Kid, I thought you'd stay in the truck."

She punched him on the arm. "Yeah, I should've since you don't want nothing to do with me no more. And you're insane for ~~me~~ running up on them cowards with no gun. You coulda got killed."

"I didn't so I'm all yours for the rest of the day."

She reached in the backseat and grabbed her picnic basket. "I just drew someone's blood for you. I need more than one day. If you can't give me more. Stop this car and let me out!"

He pulled over still deep in rollin 30's territory. "What you got in

there anyway?"

"Specially made sandwiches, salad and all kinds of good stuff."

"Can I have some before you get out?"

"Hell-to-the-raw!"

"Alright see ya Kid, it's been good."

She opened the door then closed it. She opened it again then slammed it. She crossed her arms and pouted for a moment. She then pulled out a ~~meatball~~ sandwich and fed it to him. "You make me sick! You just gotta give me a hard time. Are we not good together?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"You know dang well the minute we first saw each other in the apartment it was love at first sight."

He shook his head. "Lust at first sight."

"Yeah right! Why did you take me home with you then?"

"You slept outside!"

"Only because Trisha was there and you know it! What other woman have you actually taken to your house?"

He remained silent.

"I thought so! No one," she insisted. "Face it booty boy, you love me and we are destined to be together. I don't have to sweat you. You'll come crawling to me one day. I wonder what Trisha will do because I'm a winner just like her."

"I thought you was getting out?" he tested her.

"No, I'm good. I'll follow your lead. Maybe if I hold my breath this day can last forever."

He pulled back into traffic. He wished this girl would just disappear because his heart was burning for her. He could honestly say he wasn't

Just after ten o'clock that night Johnny Money was maxing at the club with Destro and Trina. They were all sitting together at a table in the VIP lounge. Suddenly Faye came in hanging on Carmel's arm. They both were gorgeous as ever. Carmel especially enjoyed the shocked expressions on everyone's faces. They sat down and Trina got up. She glared at Carmel then stormed out of the VIP lounge. She already knew some serious nonsense was about to jump off. Normally she would be all for some chickenhead drama but now was not a good time; no while she was spending quality time with her future husband.

Johnny didn't appear to be disturbed nor the least bit affected. He kept his eyes on Faye and ignored the lil titty boy. "So I see now why you have been avoiding me."

"Yeah, but it's a lot more to this story."

"What story?"

Carmel grinned at him. "Ah—she just let me know she's definitely pregnant. First time I laid with a fish in years! Oh my, what are the odds?"

He wasn't moved at all. "If you trying to get a rise out of me you wasting your time. I don't care." He said to Carmel and turned to Faye. "Baby, do your thing. I don't wanna see you no more. ~~Good~~ Good day mate."

She put her hands on her hips. "You trippin! How you gonna dump me when you had sex with this same person? Johnny I need your help with a big decision I must make."

Carmel spun her around. "I know you ain't thinking about gettin an abortion and you should talk to me about this, not him!"

Faye reached for him but Johnny pushed her away. "Look Faye, I'm not gonna be involved with you and this punk. The best I can tell you is ~~if~~, if you abort it, the baby will haunt you forever. That decision

will never go away."

Carmel stepped to him. "You don't have to treat me like you don't care about me at all."

"And I think we can all work together," Faye added.

Johnny looked at Destro and then back to the new odd couple. "Carmel I did care a great deal about the person I thought you were but since you lied I despise the person you really are."

"It's funny how you started having concerns after we had sex... Twice." He leaned in. "You finished, Johnny. And it was good to you."

Without warning he grabbed him by his throat. "You better get your lil punk ass-"

They were interrupted by Trina trying to hold back a tall guy telling him he can't go in there. A bouncer was there to assist her. Destro stood up and nodded for them to let the intruder pass.

Technine Tyler ran up on the table and charged up Johnny. "It ain't going down like that, cuz. You ain't go be chokin' on my girl."

He frowned. "Who you supposed to be?"

Faye got all up in his face. "Yeah, who the hell are you?"

He showed his tattoos. "I'm Ty Law off the Two-Nine."

A lousy ass Techniner? Johnny laughed in his face. "Man, you can have that lil gump and take his pregnant girlfriend with you."

Tyler looked at Faye bewildered. "How can my girl get you pregnant? I know she's a he but still-"

Carmel snapped. "I don't belong to nobody! Ty, why did you ~~come~~ follow me here? That's a bad start! And Faye you say you wanna be with me but you talking about killing my baby?"

Johnny stood up. "All of you get the hell out of here. Faye, make sure

"You stay outta my face with your new girly-man."

"I wasn't no man when you had me riding your dick all night!"

He smacked him down to the floor with lightning quickness. Trina jumped on Tyler's back before he could assist Carmel. He flipped her over his shoulder and slammed her into the table, shattering it. Destro went berserk. He rushed Tyler and put the flo-flops on him. He let the dogs out on him, a few bouncers ran in there along with three more Techniners and they all tore up the VIP lounge fighting. The cops were called and by the time they got there, Tyler and his crew were subdued. Destro had them all arrested including Carmel, who went off on Trina as they dragged him out. "You outta order! Who sid are you on? You traitor!"

The cops shut down Club 206 for the rest of the night.

*

Destro was tending to Trina whom was wincing and holding her lower back, when an extremely dark skin woman walked up to him accompanied by a bouncer. "Excuse me? Destro?"

He looked her up and down. "What's good?"

"Ah, my name is Jodi. You don't know me but I get my hair did at Trisha's salon. I have some information you gonna wanna hear."

He kissed Trina on the cheek and stood up. "Lay it on me."

Jodi looked at the injured girl and gasped. She saw the scratch under her left eye and realized who she was. Her heart began to pound in her chest.

"Ah yeah! This must be in private. It can wait."

"You sure?"

"Yeah, I'll give you my number and we can meet somewhere."

Trina wasn't slow. She knew the strange lady was uncomfortable with her. She stood up. "I need some air." She went out front and described

the woman to a bouncer. She gave him a hundred dollars to follow her home and simply let her know where she lived because she felt the stranger had bad intentions towards her man.

Back inside Jodi gave ~~Destro~~ Destro her phone number. "I really need to be going. Call me at anytime and we'll arrange a meeting."

He put a hand on her shoulder. "You seem afraid. What is this all about?"

She looked over her shoulder. "Trina."

"What about her?"

"I gotta go," she insisted. "She's dangerous so don't let her know I was talking about her. Watch yourself Destro." She smashed off before he could reply.

He let her go and caught up with his right hand man who was sitting at the empty bar with some fine woman. He almost laughed when he saw him examining the girl's I.D. Johnny was gonna make damn sure she was born a woman. Bullshit ain't nothin! "Yo Capitol J? You all good brah? Faye's out there bad."

He nodded. "Man, I almost went into shock when they walked in here together. I don't care if they fuckin', I just feel sorry for the baby. It will be messed up in the head if I don't step in. I do wanna help Faye but I don't wanna put up with all that crap from them hoers."

"Just stay away from her til she have the baby, then we'll take it from there. What do you want to do about the Technines?"

"Nothin'. They're no threat to us. It seems like ole boy just wants Carmel. They may want to save face for gettin they asses beat but let's give them the opportunity to leave it alone. If they make a move we'll just knock 'em out the game including that lil shit

Starting punk.

*

Trina lost track of time. She was lying naked in Destro's guest bed and he was giving her a back massage. His touch meant everything to her but she couldn't relax and enjoy it like she wanted to. Who was that strange black woman? What did she know? It was hard to concentrate because Destro was sitting on her legs and massaging her lower back and booty. She was really sweaty more so than the first time because she had a long day. She just knew she was funky as a goat. Shit, she was involved in two shootings, two fights, and a break up. Unsure, she rolled over on her back and hoped she could distract him away from her crotch and booty hole. She gazed up into his eyes. "I couldn't help but notice that lady didn't like me."

"Seems like I'm the only fool who likes you," he teased, and tried to roll her back on her stomach so he could play with her booty. She resisted. "What's wrong? Do you know her?"

"Nope. What did she say about me?"

He knew she would detect a lie so he attempted to throw her off. "She said you kick up a lot of shit and told me to be careful because you look sneaky. I was like - tell me something I don't know. Shit, all women are sneaky. Don't even lean on it."

Before she could reply her cellphone rang. He reached over and grabbed it off the dresser then handed it to her. He got off the bed to give her some privacy and to find a rubber. She tried to walk out of the room and he got in her way. "Where you going?"

She pushed him. "I need a shower, boy."

"Nope. You know I like that funk."

She snatched the rubber from him and took off running. "You can't use this if I can't wash up!"

He chased after her and tackled her on the livingroom floor. He tried to grab it and she threw it. "Cool... I'll just pull out and nut in your face, right on that birthmark."

She wrestled him and bit him on the neck. "That's what you said last time. If you strong enough to pull out of this, you can skeet anywhere you want to."

For awhile he just stared into her light brown eyes and held her tight. He could literally sense her cold soul, yet her presence and body warmed him a great deal. "Kid, you was taking up for me all day. Thank you."

She wrapped her legs around him. "Demetrius, there's nothing left to talk about. Do your thing so I can take a shower and go home." She stuck her tongue in his mouth and hoped time would stand still.

*

The next morning Trina took a long hot shower. After she was dressed and ready to go Destro surprised her with a hot breakfast. She wanted to decline and hurt his feelings but she was hungry as a hostage! Last night was a blur. All she remembered was this fool actually pulling out and nutting in her face. It was all good but she fell asleep in his arms and morning seemed to come around in five minutes. She took in his scent and tried to hold it as he leaned over her and fixed her a plate. "Demetrius, I guess this is it, huh?"

He kissed her on the forehead. "I'm gonna miss you Kid."

She nibbled on a sausage link. "Since this is the end I don't see the harm in you admitting that you love me."

"Kid, you trigger my loins and you feed my predatorial appetite better

than most, that's why I'm so into you," he explained. "Trisha don't want to be in an open relationship no more so I'm just doing as she wish."

"Even if it means losing me?"

"You are the sole reason for her making that decision."

Her eyes lit up. "So Trisha was actually afraid you were falling for me?"

"Up. Kid you accomplished what you set out to do. You got me. Now you must move on to bigger and better things."

She looked all around. "What can be better than this?"

"Your own house. You're own man." He got up from his seat and sat on her lap. "You've grown a lot since I met you. You're ready to be your own woman so you can stop being second to Trisha."

"Get off me so I can eat my food. The sooner I finish the sooner I can leave."

He tried to kiss her but she turned her head. He nibbled on her ear. "Let me taste your tongue one last time."

She stuffed a piece of toast in her mouth. "Nope! Since I'm just skin to you. Get off me, booty boy!"

He slid down to the floor on his knees in front of her. He raised up her skirt and kissed her thighs. She smelled so delicious. "Freak, where's your panties?"

She leaned forward so she can finish eating and cocked her legs a lil bit. "I don't know. You had them last."

She felt his fingers exploring. She wanted to pop his hand but loved his touch. She tried her best to stay still. "This is the longest break up ever!" She mocked him and stabbed a sausage with a fork. He pushed her legs open wider and now felt his tongue exploring. "What you looking for? Just let me eat in peace—" He found that pleasure button and she damn near

jumped out of the chair. She grabbed the edges of the table and purred like a kitten. She got ate out only a few times before and this was by far the best. She let her remaining guards down and leaned back. She put both her feet on the table and let him dig in further. She never came into anyone's mouth before so this was a historic moment. She grabbed a handful of his braids. She looked down and the sight of his tongue snaking in and out, twisting and turning cause her to cuss at him. ~~It~~ It felt great. When she felt it coming her legs began to tremble and her toes curled up so tight she hoped she wouldn't catch a cramp. He suddenly slowed down and kept her on the brink for a few minutes. She lost all control and kicked her plate off the table and yanked a few of his braids loose. He then bit down on that love button and she popped right in his mouth. She glazed that goon good. She grinded his face and tried her best to drown him in her juices. She then felt his tongue go all the way inside her and started sucking like crazy. If this fool really thought it was over, he had another thing coming. He raised up and his piece was on swole. She looked down and she was already sore and sensitive. With her legs up on the table and sitting upright she knew he would hurt her, but at this point pain mixed with pleasure would assure her another orgasm. He ripped open her blouse roughly grabbed her breasts. She grabbed his piece and guided it in. She hope he would get even more aggressive and right on cue he gave her a hard thrust. She gasped and closed her eyes. She could feel her foot squishing scrambled eggs on the table that fell off the plate. He tried to kiss her with his coochie breath. She kept turning her face away so he'd get angry and bone her harder. And to extend the break up she would make him cook for her again and take herself a nice long hot bubble bath. This stud had better realize that it will Never be over with Katrina Curtis.

It was just after one o'clock in the afternoon. Destro had just finally got Trina out of his house. He called Jodi and told her to meet him at the soul food joint on the southside. He had no intentions of confronting the man who killed his father right then but he did want to get a good look at him if he was there. Before heading that way he stopped at the hospital to visit Renee and Trisha. They both were doing well but Trisha had got a call from her cousin Toshiba whom confirmed that Cindy Payton definitely lived right next door to the prison guard who came up missing in Fond du lac. She claimed she got a good look at the three guys who kidnapped him. At this point Trisha wanted Destro to allow the Lion's Den to help them but both he and Johnny Money insisted that this is strictly a Goon Squad matter. She left it at that but warned them not to let their pride cloud their better judgement.

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So now it was going on two o'clock and Trina was following Jodi's car. She had got her address from the bouncer so she was on her ass from the moment she left her home. She wasn't able to pop her off right away because Jodi wasn't alone. There were two small children with her and some teenage thug. She dropped the children off at a family member's house then she stopped at a pharmacy. The young thug was still with her as she hopped onto the freeway and headed to the southside. She wanted to pull along side them and start shooting but it would be way too many witnesses. She knew the woman was most likely on her way to meet Destro and to her ultimate astonishment Jodi pulled right into the parking lot of her father's restaurant. And Destro's Hummer was already there. She got on her cellphone and was relieved that her father was there. She described Jodi and Destro to him and told him

to find out what they were talking about. She laid wait in the cuss for the meantime. About fifteen minutes later M.C. called her back and let her know that a waiter was eavesdropping and the woman told Destro that Trina tried to have his girlfriend killed in a car crash. Her heart dropped. She was certain that the woman would link her to the eastside shootings, but not the attack on Trisha. She should've known that black ass cow was some kin to Coco. She had to clean up this mess somehow. She got out of her ~~car~~ car and went inside. She found her future husband sitting in a booth with the lousy eastsiders. The look of shock and pain on his face was almost unbearable, but she held it together and tried to look like she was surprised to see them there. "Hey! What's good? I thought that was your truck out there."

Jodi was terrified. "Crazy bitch followed us."

"Followed you? You smokin' ass."

Destro looked at her and seemed like he was getting sick to his stomach. "How did you know where I would be?"

"I didn't!" she snapped. "I always come here. This is my dang father's restaurant."

Jodi shook her head. "Dude, she's lying."

Trina turned to her. "I advise you to get your ugly butt out of here."

Jodi got up. She didn't want no trouble. The youngster with her was about to up his pistol but she stopped him. She inched past her.

"We're leaving. You better leave my sister alone or we're going to the police!"

"Whatever. Get out!" she took her eyes off the eastsiders and sat down across from Destro. He just stared at her, hurt and speechless. She put her hand on his and teared up. "Demetrius, you don't believe that

Cow do you? I can explain all of this. Just hear me out."

He popped himself upside the head. "I can't believe I had you in my dang house. I'm so dumb!"

Her tears flowed. "You did right. Please let me explain."

He leaned back. "Yeah I wanna here this. I gotta have a good explanation to tell my fiancée why she almost lost our baby."

(Trisha's pregnant?! Aw super hell now! Everybody pregnant but me! That fat bitch really had to go now. Dammit!) She fought hard to contain her rage.

"Listen, I was the one who was robbing the Taco Bells. Yes, I'm the Taco Bell bandit. Sheila from the eastside was my look out. She brought Coco in against my advisement. To make a long story short they got greedy so I cut their asses off. Coco was gettin started by Sheila but blamed it on me. I had just got my hair cut like Trisha's and got a red car because she had a red car. Coco was supposed to run me down in my Mustang but hit the Lexus instead. Babe, I don't know what that cow told you but they tried to shake me down."

He crossed his arms and remained silent.

"Babe, the only thing I been hidin from you is the fact I'm the one who bagged Sheila. Coco escaped and I've been after her. I felt if I didn't get them you'd think I put them up to it. I give you my word this whole thing is about money. Trisha is my idol, I wouldn't hurt her. I have no reason to. You came to me."

His chest was tightening up. "Kid, I wish I could believe you, because if you're lying I don't think I can ever forgive you. And do your father really own this joint?"

"Yes! Dizzy boy, I'm Katrina Curtis. You know Melvin Curtis owns this place, Dang!"

(Oh no... Please no. It couldn't be!) As he was putting two and two together her father came out of the kitchen and joined them. He nearly froze as she got up from the table and hugged him. Shit, she looked exactly like her father, the thug who killed his father. He was identical to the monster in his dreams and even taller in person. He had that same exact crescent ~~shaped~~ moon shaped scar under his left ~~eye~~ eye. He now had a sinking feeling in his stomach. He was nearly paralyzed with shock and awe. What a small cruel world we live in. All he could do was whisper. "Destroyer..."

M.C. stuck out his hand and Destro drew back. "Relax son, I don't bite." He chuckled. "My girl told me all about you."

He was now sweating like a fat bitch's booty meat. "Wow, Trina looks just like you! How you get those scars!"

She almost snapped. "For the umpteenth time these are not scars, they are birthmarks!" She sat next to him. "As you can see when I was born there was no way my father could deny me."

They started laughing and Destro tried his best to smile and join in but he didn't find anything amusing. He needed no more proof. He knew, indeed, Trina tried to have Trisha killed no matter what she says. But now how the hell can he handle two cold blooded murderers? He probably wouldn't even be able to hurt Trina. And now he realized why he was so drawn to her. The nightmare called Yesterday just definitely crossed over into the real world. This ~~was~~ wasn't good. Not good at all.

"Son you look extremely familiar," M.C. said studying his face. Deadly light brown eyes piercing right through him. "You stay on the two-nine?"

"No, but my parents did stay over there when I was a shorty."

M.C. grabbed his hand and shook it. "Well, you two seemed to be having a serious discussion. I'll give you some privacy. Is it Demetrius or Destro?"

"Ah- either one, Sir."

"Well, I like Destro, it fits you. If you two want a special order give me a holla."

M.C. left and Trina put her arm around her man's waist. "See? I told you. Open my closet and real skeletons will fall out because I'm not as nice and sweet as I ~~look~~ look and taste. I can be mean but lying is not what I'm about." She pulled out her phone and pressed three numbers.

"What are you doing?"

"Hello? Is this the 911 people? My emergency? I want to report a mur -"

He snatched the phone from her and turned it off. "Girl is you crazy or what!"

She tried to hold her composure. "I'll ~~turn~~ turn in me and Coco! Then we'll see who's story hold up under a lie detector test. If I lose you it will be because you can't leave Trisha, not because you think I hurt her. Your eyes say you don't believe me. I can't accept that."

He took her arms off from around his waist. "I don't trust you or nobody else. I'm pissed at you because no matter how this whole thing turns out you still have some responsibility in it."

"I know, I know and I'm not disputing that," she insisted. "I will kiss Trisha's big butt because I know you been there. She's the one who brought me into the house and fed me after you skinny butt left me outside all night. Babe, believe me, I did not put them up to that bullcrap!"

He stood up and pushed his way out of the booth. "I need to go do some heavy thinking. It was nice to meet your father."

"Sorry if he made you a lil uncomfortable. He has that same effect on nearly everyone, but I assure you he's a good man. He supports me in every-

thing I do."

"I just bet, even with murder," he mumbled under his breath. He was about to leave and stopped short. "Kid, when I sort everything out I'll let you know where I stand. I owe you that much. I think this will be the last straw for Trisha and I'll lose her, but Kid ask yourself this, why would I come be with you when people I'm close to may get hurt because of you? Think about it?"

She just stared at him as he walked out. Her father then came out of the kitchen and asked her how did it go.

She slouched in her seat and sighed. "He ain't going no where, but I'm gonna need you to teach me how to beat a lie detector test... just in case."

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Destro practically dragged himself into Trisha's hospital room. He leaned against the door and just stared at her with tears in his eyes.

She sat up and reached under her pillow. "This is about that girl ain't it?" He nodded.

Her heart dropped. "So you love her? I don't want Nothing else to do with you or your child I'm carrying."

His tears dropped. "I don't love her."

She was shaking with anger and fear. "What's your problem then?"

"I don't deserve you and I don't deserve to breathe."

"Boy get over here. You have never deserved to be with me but I love you. No matter how much you screw up you make me happy."

He stay right where he was at. "I met the man who killed my father. Trina just so happens to be his daughter. They look exactly alike with that scar under their left eye."

"Birthmark," she corrected him. "Oh my God! I shoulda been able to

make that connection. I bet you feel like you betrayed your dad. Come here baby it'll be o.k."

He stayed put with his back to the door. "That's not all. Not only did I fail to protect ~~my~~ my father from her father but I failed to protect you from her. Trina paid another girl to run you over."

Her mouth dropped open as he went on to tell her the entire score. She wasn't as angry as she thought she'd be. Maybe she was in shock and just needed to wait for the magnitude of the revelation to kick in. She looked at this skinny runt she loved and her compassion is what kicked in first. She knew he wouldn't survive the current events without her. "Let go of your pride and shame and let me hold you. I need to hold you Lil-D."

He finally gave in and collapsed in her arms. She forgave him so quickly he wished he was dead. He felt like cow dung for sleeping with the enemy. Trina played his fool ass.

She held him tight for nearly five minutes. "I need you to humble yourself and let me help you. Firstly, the woman will always have the upper hand when emotions and feelings are involved," she explained, peppering his neck with kisses. "Here's the deal so do like I say baby, go find that girl Jodi before Trina gets her and tell her to call the cops on her. They won't be able to make the murder charges stick for long but she will be arrested. You need to slow her down. Support her to soften up her and her father. His guards needs to be somewhat lowered towards you. To take him down you'll need a lot in your favor. He thinking just like you; there can only be one Destroyer." She punched him on the arm. "And don't even think about hurting Trina. You won't be able to and ~~she~~ she will ~~crush~~ crush you. Close her completely out of your head and chest. She diabolical, psychotic and insane but she thinks she's only following her heart. You're no match for her."

Maybe she was right, only because he was conditioned from a small child not to beat up on women. He stood up. "I'm good. I'm a Goon. I got this and I won't let you down."

She nodded. "Also, tell Johnny I will put up with Faye, so she won't drive him crazy. And you must let the Lions Den nab the so called witness for you. The Goons have too many battle fronts to tend all at once by yourselves. Oh! Hey, I was gonna save this til the last minute but I have some news that will cheer you up."

He shook his head. "Nothin will be able to cheer me up for awhile unless you ~~have~~ having twins or something."

"Booty Boy, your mom's case got overturned and she's scheduled for a release."

His eyes lit up and his energy returned. "You sure of this?"

Now her eyes got watery because she loved to see him happy. "Yeah, now get your butt outta here and go find Jodi before something happens to her."

He gave her a wet kiss and jetted out of there. He pulled out his cellphone and caught Jodi still in traffic. He told her to meet him in front of Club 206 right away.

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Only moments later Trina slipped into Trisha's room, whom just smirked at her. "Well-well-well, look what the cat dragged in."

Trina was holding a small teddy bear and a long stem rose. She stood at the foot of her bed and rubbed on her cast hanging from a sling. She leaned forward and kissed her toes and massaged them.

Tried tried not to cringe under her touch. "What's to it Trina?"

She tickled her toes with the rose. "Nothing's up. I just want to personally apologize for all the trouble I've caused you."

Trisha now saw for herself this nut's hair was cut exactly like hers and

her clothes and shoes were just like some of the gear she had. "Trina, come here ~~how~~ baby."

She came to her side and gave her the teddy bear.

Trisha took her hand and sniffed her wrist. "Your scent is all over my man, he seems like a stranger to me. Come closer."

Trina leaned forward and allowed her to ~~sm~~ sniff her neck and bosom, then without warning she upped a small pistol on her. Trina wasn't moved at all. "You better be careful with that. Somebody could get hurt."

She lowered the pistol. "This ain't for you. It was almost for your lil' skinny boyfriend."

Trina sat down in a chair right next to the bed. "I find that hard to believe."

"It don't matter. You can have him. He just told me everything and I have way too much self respect to put myself through all this bullshit with you and him. If you did have something to do with the crash I forgive you."

"That pistol don't make you seem like you're in a forgiving mood."

She handed it to her. "Take it. I don't need it. I decided not to destroy my life over him. I just pointed the gun at him and asked him on his honor did he love you. He just stood there looking stupid."

Trina's heart started pounding. "What did he say?"

"Goofy girl, he didn't say nothin'! So, I released him from my heart," she explained. "I tried to over look it when he bring you home the first time but he kept on doing it. Do you know he have never brought another woman to my damn house, not even when I agreed to a few threesomes."

Trina couldn't contain her jubilation. She kissed her hand and decided not to strangle her just yet. The big head bitch was still going down but right now she was really enjoying this visit. She began talking really fast. "Trisha I never

meant to disrespect you and I never showed up at your home uninvited. I just found out today you are pregnant. My heart dropped because you know Renee lost hers and I just had to see you because I got blamed somehow for that too. I tried to stay away from Demetrius but he always come back to me - I'm so sorry you got hurt - "

"Hush up!" she snapped and hugged her tightly. "I'm not mad at you. I'm stepping down because I'm not about to get hurt over a man that ain't loyal to me."

She peppered her face with kisses. "I'd never deliberately hurt you."

Trisha almost smacked her. "You know I'm not slow. You're the fatal attraction type all the way. You don't have to get all crazy to get what you want. You're beautiful! No one has to get hurt. On my end I have a lot of heartache and pain ahead of me and it won't be easy to replace him, but I have the confidence I will find someone even better than him because I know I deserve better. Now get outta here you home wrecker..." She teased.

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Trina was relieved she was gaining ground on the classy big booty woman. She still need to bag her though because she knew Trisha would mellow out, come to her senses and realize Destro was the best. She'd take him back. And Jodi's super black ass had to take a bullet along with her sister Coco because she ratted on her right in her father's establishment. Some people just don't have no decency.

With those thoughts she got into her car and thought about how much Destro meant to her. She was already obsessed with him and sprung on his dick, but she fell head over heels in love with him when he bitch slapped Mario in front of everybody. Her man was a real Goon. Do you know how hard it is to find a real hard thug to the core? She closed her eyes and

put her hand between her legs. (She fantasized about Destro stabbing somebody and getting blood all over himself. He runs to her because Trisha is too squimish. She cleans him up and he doesn't calm down until she starts making love to him. At this point Trisha comes in and catches them and she's so distraught she goes into early labor. She dies while giving birth on the sidelines but Destro keeps on making love to her because getting his nut is worth more than assisting Trisha...) People were walking past staring and she didn't notice them nor did she notice her foot was up on the dashboard and she was moaning like crazy trying to produce some coochie honey. After she pooped and pulled herself together she headed home. As soon as she made it back to the two nine a squad car was waiting for her in front of her house. She didn't even try to resist. All she wanted to know and confirm is who, exactly, called them people on her. She licked her chops and surrendered. They'll be soooooory....

Two silent weeks passed by. Coco and Trina was in jail, but Coco only had a ten thousand dollar bond after charges was dropped from attempted murder to reckless endangering safety. Trina on the other hand got charged with Sheila's murder and conspiracy to commit murder on Trisha. Coco was the prosecutor's star witness and only evidence against her. Destro told Jodi not to bail out his sister, but she did it anyway, thinking Trina would get her or pay other inmates to get her.

Trina's bail was set high at two hundred-fifty thousand. Milwaukee don't play that ten percent crap. They went all of theirs so M.C. was unable to bail out his daughter.

Destro went down to the soulfood place to speak to him and told him he was ready to go see Trina. He requested that M.C. do nothing for her; let him take care of his woman like a real man supposed to do. They sat down together and had lunch, officially breaking bread. Neither of them realized that they were hunting one another. M.C. had clearly recognized the lil boy's who life he spared over fifteen years ago. Now, he looked exactly like his father, Danny. He didn't believe Lil Bit told him who he was but he was sure Destro remembered on his own and was currently trying to make the connection. He hoped he wouldn't have to hurt the boy because his daughter was in love with him.

Destro also knew he wasn't a total stranger to Destroyer, but he was surprised at how comfortable he was sitting with the monster that tormented him in the 'Yesterday.' Sitting over a hot plate he looked his adversary in the eye. "Mr. Curtis, I won't be phony with you. I do believe Trina had something to do with the crash."

"Seems like your heart has concocted some excuses for her. Is this really what you wanna do?"

He nodded. "Trina does have a reputation of being nothing but trouble. But she's only been a joy to me. She even went and apologized to Trisha. Coco and Jodi has only been complaining about money she owes them. Neither of them has shown any remorse at all."

M.C. put a hand up. "Son, call Jodi right now."

"Why?"

"Just do it. I have a surprise for you."

He made the call and Jodi was frantic on the other end talking about Coco is missing. Damn! He told her goofy ass not to bail her out. Now look what happened. All he could do was tell her to calm down and pray for her lil sister to turn up alive and unharmed.

"Hang up." M.C. ordered. "Yeah, she is alive and well. The police will put out a warrant for her arrest for bail jumping instead of counting her as a missing person."

"Why is she still breathing?"

"She's waiting for you, son. If you mark the witness right in front of me, then I'll know for sure you're in my daughter's corner," he explained. "Only then will she be completely innocent."

Destro smashed a few pieces of fried chicken and tried to keep his anxiety hidden. "Kill a girl? What if I refuse to do it?"

He leaned in. "Then I want you to stay the hell away from my daughter."

"I wish I could stay away from Trina but I can't." (So much for trying to keep Coco alive. Either way it goes she's a goner. This man was not about to sit by and watch his daughter get handed a life sentence for murder.)

He took a deep breath. "Fuck it. I'll do it."

M.C. stood up to leave. "Son, only spilled blood can be totally truthful that is why ultimate sacrifices makes amends. I will contact you soon."

Til then you may go see my daughter."

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Faye was at the hospital pushing Trisha in a wheelchair down to the cafeteria. She could sense that Trisha was extremely irrate with her. They sat down together to eat lunch and and Trisha really fought ~~to~~ to hold her composure. She wanted to slap that ~~fool~~ fool ass girl unconscious.

Faye assumed she was trippin about considering an abortion. "Damn! Why you mean muggin' me so tough? I may be crazy enough to get knocked up by a transsexual but I'm not crazy enough to kill my own child."

"That choice is yours. I'm mad about you letting that punk take photos of y'all having sex."

She blushed. "How you find out about that? That was only a few days ago."

"Carmel sent pictures to Johnny on his cellophone and texted him saying he would teach Johnny how to please you if Johnny took him back."

Faye's heart dropped. "No that bitch didn't! She's taunting him."

"Y'all playing with his manhood and you're out of order," she snapped.

"Johnny's going to see Carmel right now. He's gonna let me deal with you. I think you should go back to Michigan til you have the baby."

"Babe, why you mad at me and trying to get rid of me? He was the one who brought that lil monster into our lives."

"That don't mean you gotta participate in bullshit! That lil monster is gonna end up getting you hurt. Carmel won't stop mockin Johnny til Johnny fucks him up!" Faye tried to speak but she put up a hand. "You need to leave right now. I can't stand to look at you. Johnny made a mistake and corrected it right away; while you keep on deliberately throwing the punk in his face. Faye, I ~~was~~ expected better from you. I really did."

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Carmel was working the cash register when Johnny Money walked into the southside Taco Bell. There were a lot of customers in there so he reckoned Johnny wouldn't act a fool. Boy ~~was~~ was he wrong! He leaned on the counter and smirked at him. "Hello handsome, may I take your order?"

He didn't say nothing. He just grabbed the five foot beauty queen by the hair and snatched him over the counter. Everyone stepped back and gasped as Johnny slammed the titty boy right on the floor. His back hit the floor so hard it knocked the wind out of him. He lay there completely defenseless. None of his co-workers jumped in to save him. Johnny stood over him and raised his foot. The spectators cringed because he was wearing Timbaland boots. Carmel was seeing stars and focused just enough to look up and see a size eleven about to come down on him and ~~he~~ hurt his brain meat. Why wasn't nobody helping him? At least throw some hot taco meat at this fool or something!

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Destro left M.C.'s restaurant and went right to the county jail to visit Trina. He thought she'd be distraught or a nervous wreck but she was amazingly calm and relaxed. She didn't have no make up on and her hair was in extremely short single braids. She looked like a chicken head for real and, to him, she was more beautiful than ever. He was glad there was a glass divider between them because he really wanted to suck on her sweet tongue; the he would have felt bad about it for the rest of the day. He sat down across from her and realized she was just a nineteen year old crazy ass shorty. She smiled at him and it warmed him. She gazed into his soul with those pretty but deadly light brown eyes. "I'm surprised you came here. I mean you haven't wrote me back nor accepted my calls. You

must be here to finish breaking up with me?"

"Kid, I wanted to try and forget you but I can't bring myself to leave you hangin'. I can't stay away."

She stared at him like he was talking out the side of his neck. "That means nothing now."

"Sure it does. I talked to your father—"

"Forget my father! He told me I can call once a week and don't expect him to come visit because he can't stand being anywhere near jails. If that's the case he wouldn't have got married."

He tried not to laugh. "Have he put some money on your books?"

"Yeah but not enough. You know the canteen prices are sky high in here. But check this out Demetrius, I'm facing serious charges so if you wanna help I need you all the way with me or not at all. I can't be stressing out over you."

He changed the subject. He felt like messing with her. "Is them other girls in there trying to lick on you?"

She frowned at him. "Boy, naw! Is you crazy? This whole place smells like vomit and ass!"

"Look, you can call me whenever you want to and I'll put a few hundred on your books when I leave."

"Thank you. One more thing, can I see you at least two times a week?"

He nodded.

"Demetrius, why are you doing this? You know Dang well Trisha gonna take you back and then you gonna start acting funny."

"Kid, I'm here because I think I love you. It was a wrap early when you brought me those gifts. I tried to push you away because you are a psychopathic hoochie, but my heart refuse to see it that way. I already know I'm gonna regret this but hey you only live once, right?"

She tried to hold her composure. "You just trying to make me feel better because I may be going up the river."

He put his hand up to the glass. "If you really believe that now's the time to tell me to leave and never come back, I'm not gonna play with you and make your time hard. My damn brother is in this same building and I've been on that side of the glass too! I know you need solid support."

She let down her guards and started crying. She put her hand up to the glass. "I need you," she whispered.

"Kid, I tell you what—"

"Why you always callin me, Kid?!" she snapped. "I'm not your dang kid."

He smirked at her. "You don't like that?"

She gave him the finger. "Actually, I Love it when you call me kid, but only you can ever call me that." The guard let her know she had five minutes left. "Hey, when are you coming back?"

"I can't keep to a set schedule I'll just come whenever I can. Don't get paranoid if you can't catch me on the home phone because you know I be in traffic a lot. Be patient I'm here for you, Kiddo."

"Demetrius, you all I have. Please don't turn your back on me."

"Relax, now stick your hand in your pants and let me smell your fingers through the lil' holes on the glass."

She looked this way and that. "People can see me."

"Hurry up before the guard come back."

She stuck her hand into her jumpsuit and got her fingers nice and wet. She put them up to the air holes and he sniffed away. "Aw yeah! That's what I'm talkin bout right there!"

She pulled her fingers away. "I promise to keep it clean for you. I love you baby."

He stood up. "I'll definitely be back."

"Hey wait! You know Coco is the only witness. I heard she ~~was~~ has jumped bail. That's great news and I have requested a lie detector test. Something gotta give."

He just smirked at her and left.

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A seventeen year old employee came back from his break and gasped in horror when he saw Carmel laid out on the floor. He was crazy about the gump. He gathered all the courage he had and ran up on Johnny Money. He put his hands up in a non combative order. "Whoa! Take it easy cuz."

He looked at the youngster and was about to slap the pimples off his face, but he knelted down next to his manager. "She's down, man. It's over."

Johnny caught himself before he snapped all the way out. He pulled out his cellphone and showed Carmel one of the porn photos. The youngster grabbed the phone and flipped through the rest of them, of Faye and Carmel having sex. He blushed in embarrassment. Ofcourse, he knew his manager was a man but he didn't know he was hung like a freakin horse! "Aw man this is just sick!" That's what his mouth said, but his eyes said. "Aw I really gotta have this lil bitch!"

Johnny grabbed his phone and snatched Carmel to his feet. "Punk, everytime I think about this I'm gonna find you wherever you're at and slap the piss out of you. I told you not to disrespect me."

The youngster spoke up. "Is the other lady in those pictures your girlfriend or something?"

Johnny didn't answer he just stormed out of there.

Now that the goon was gone a few coworkers and spectators sat Carmel down at a dining table and consoled him. He just sat there stunned.

He was more shamed than hurt. The youngster stood in front of him and poked out his chest. "That dude lucky I was in the back. I shoulda whupped him anyway. You good baby?"

Carmel nodded. "I'm alright. Didn't nobody call the cops did they?"

Everyone shook their heads.

"You should've!" said a voice over the youngster's shoulder. He turned around and Johnny Money was right in his face. He ducked and got the hell out the way. Carmel screamed as he got smacked clean out of his seat onto the floor. He turned to the youngster who was trying not to shake like a crap game. He got up in his face. "Is there a problem?"

"Naw man, you trippin. I thought it was over."

Johnny turned from him and left. He stopped short at the exit and turned around. "You all make sure you let this young man know what a coward he is." He then left... For good this time.

One of the female workers who was now assisting Carmel smirked at the youngster. "What happened Scottie? Why didn't you do nothin? That guy got all up in your face! Called you a coward, too."

He felt like a straight up scrub. A sissy. A nutbutt. A tampon. A box of Fruity Pebbles. "Ah yeah, I'm on paper so I don't want to get revocated for whuppin on some fool."

By now Carmel was more pissed off than hurt. He tasted blood in his mouth and had a big red welt on the left side of his face. "Scottie get away from me! Ole chump butt!"

He tried his best to save face. "If you want me to go get him I will! I'll mess him up! I'm a thug for real! Understand!"

Some lil female coworker who was a petite eighteen year old got up in his face. "Scottie go get your soft ass on the grill. You doing my job and yours

for the rest of the evening. Dang toy soldier!"

Before he could protest Carmel shoved him. "You heard her. Move it!"

He stormed off.

The young female sat down next to Carmel. "Girl, who was that mad man? You must've did something that really pissed him off."

"He just another clown ~~ass~~ ass nigga mad because I don't wanna be with him no more," he lied. "Go get me my phone." (Time to call Technine Tyler. Johnny Money messing with the wrong bitch!)

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Speaking of cowards, Mario was in the whip with a few of his guys. He was looking for some payback. They rolled through Meinecke Avenue to do a drive by on some Goons but no one was out there by the apartment buildings. They left and came back with molotov cocktail fire bombs and set fire to the main building. They managed to do some damage to the front entrance but the fire was easily put out by Mama Nancy and a few of her dope friend friends.

Mario's plan was to make sure they knew who the culprits were. He wanted Destro to run his tough ass up on him ~~again~~ again. He'd shoot him right in his damn face, in cold blood. Destro and Trina humiliated him and it was driving him crazy. He had to redeem himself. No matter how high he got and no matter where he was at, he could not shake the image from his mind of Destro bitch slapping him in front of everybody. Oh how he wished he could have that day back. He would put up a fight and let the chips fall where they may. Right now, he's losing sleep. To make matters worse his guys teased him all the time. This is the Miltown so your own guys will rib your fool ass until you either go off and whup one of them or go out and redeem yourself. Mario laughed along with them everytime they brought up the incident be he died of humiliation and shame on the inside, over and over. Even if he had to

Snake him and shoot him in the back like a chump. Destro must die!

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After leaving Taco Bell Johnny Money went right to the hospital to get Renee. She was being released and he offered to take her to his home for awhile. He felt she was way too trouble-prone but he wanted to honor his fellow Goon. He will take care of her just because Temper still wanted her; even though she lost the baby. Johnny didn't understand it, due to her reputation, but it was enough for him. If anyone wanted to hurt Renee they now had to go directly through him. Whether he would regret it or not didn't matter. He just knew Temper wouldn't hesitate to do the same for him. HONOR. Most thugs now a days just didn't even know how to define such a word. ❤️

Only four days later shit hit the fan. It was a Thursday and Destro had a rare joyous day. He went to pick up his mother from the mental institution. She clung to him and he tried to carry her and all her property at the same time to his Hummer. She didn't want to stop and get anything special to eat nor go home; she ordered him to take her directly to the hospital to see Trisha. On the way he told her everything. Lil-Bit wanted to go upside his head but didn't because he was driving. She felt that he was doing absolutely everything her late husband did when it came to fast women. Also she realized that Danny's favorite piece of tail was a big booty slut name Gloria, Trina's mother. She eventually got him killed and now Trina was on the verge of getting her son killed by the same damn man. She turned to her knuckle head boy. "So, Melvin wants you to kill some girl right in front of him."

"Yup, I may just snap and blow him away first. I don't wanna harm Coco at all but if I let her go she may go right to them people."

She fumbled with the stereo. "Son you wanted to be a gangsta. You got your wish. This is it! If you win I want you to take me to that dumb Statue of Liberty." With that note she turned on the stereo and blasted it.

What the hell?! No motherly advice? That was the whole reason he told her lil crazy butt everything; so she could tell him how to win. Was she sending him in alone? By the time he got off the highway in city limits he got a call from C.W. whom told him to get his skinny ass to the warehouse right away.

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Johnny Money got the same call. It was just after three o'clock in the afternoon. He stopped playing video games with Renee and headed out.

As soon as he stepped outside he saw Technine Tyler and three other thugs standing in front of his Suburban. He already knew they were all strapped. Parked two car lengths back was Tyler's blue Blazer and sitting in the passenger's seat was Carmel's big head ass. That lil' pissy punk was really starting to get on his nerves. Damn! He assessed the situation; out of the four thugs standing before him only one was a killer. Johnny hoped to be able to get an understanding with him or else he was about to get gundowned in broad day light. He was sure Tyler was still sore over getting his ass whupped at the club, so he had to play this one just right. He walked down his front steps and made eye contact with the real thug standing left of Tyler.

"So, y'all came to roll on me over a punk? Ty I thought you was a gangsta?"

Tyler upped his pistol and the one who stood to his left put up a hand. "Hold up once. What is he talkin' bout?"

Johnny pointed to the ~~one~~ Blazer. "Carmel is a man!"

"What?" The thug turned to Tyler. "What is you niggas on?"

"Grip, I can explain man..."

Johnny went into his jacket pocket and all of them upped their pistols on him. "Relax. Everybody just relax... Carmel sent me some bogus photos. I'm just reaching for my phone." He leaned forward and handed it to Grip. "Cuz I was hollering at Carmel and stopped fucking with him as soon as I found out he was not a woman. His lil' bitch ass been ~~be~~ knit-pickin' at me since then. That's why I whupped him. Yo boy Ty always knew that's a nasty ass man!"

Tyler was embarrassed and seconds from blowing his black ass away.

Grip flipped through the pictures. "Man this punk's dick is damn near to his knees! How in the hell you ~~did~~ didn't know this was a dude?"

Johnny pointed to Carmel again. "Cuz, look at him. Did you know that was a man?"

"Good point."

"Hold up!" Tyler snapped. "This ain't about whether she's a man or not, It's about how this mark jumped on one of ours from the Two-Nine!"

Grip wasn't trying to hear that mess. He ordered the other two thugs to stand down. He gave the cellphone back to Johnny and just shook his head. "I don't get down like this Ty. I thought this brotha was some coward who beats up on women, you didn't tell me Carmel is really a dang stud! Man you got us out here bad."

Spectators on the block were starting to gather so everyone concealed their pistols. Johnny got all up in Tyler's face. "I'm gonna smack that punk in his mouth again for continuing to disrespect me, if you have a problem with that we can box right now, man to man. I'm CALLING you out."

Grip knew Tyler was no fighter. He stepped in so the poor fool wouldn't further disgrace himself. "Look, if Ty is a real gangsta I'm sure he'll stay out of you and Carmel's funny business." He turned to Tyler. "What's good cuz? You gotta thang with that gump or what? Put it on the glass right now or let's roll up outta here."

He was pissed to high heaven. He shot daggers from his eyes at Johnny. "I'm no faggot. Carmel is L.C.'s cousin. I'm just taking up for her to honor my guy."

Grip noticed that he kept referring to Carmel as 'her'. He needed to end this scene quickly. "Technique L.C. will always be remembered and honored. Ty you know damn well this cat is fueding with Carmel over some gay shit. If you can't let this go everyone gonna feel you fuckin the gump. I'll have to revoke your 'G'. Period."

Damn! Damn! Damn! Now Tyler knew he had to stand down. He sure as hell wasn't about to drop his flags in front of the whole block. He would have

to mess with Carmel on the DL only. He took a deep breath and motioned for him to get out of his Blazer.

Carmel reluctantly got out and came to him. It was cold out but not cold as the situation at hand. He had a feeling that Tyler just folded because Johnny was way too relaxed and more confident than ever. He walked right up to him. "Ty don't tell me you're gonna let him walk. He attacked me for no reason!"

Tyler held up a hand. His heart dropped but he chose to play the thug role. "You bogus, Carmel. I can't fuck with you no more. We all just saw the pictures you sent to his phone. You made me look like a fool for trying to protect you. I'm done. Don't call me no more or nothin'. People already starting to think we're messing around."

Ooooooh! This fake-ass-weak-punk-mutha-fucka- Oooooh! Carmel wanted to bust his punkass out in front of everyone. He kept it mellow though so he wouldn't get jumped. He folded his arms over his big fake but juicy breasts. "DaK. Ty I won't ever bother you again and I can take the bus home." He turned to Johnny. "You gonna beat me up again or am I free to go? He didn't reply so Carmel started walking away.

Grip turned to Johnny. "Brotha, I apologize for coming at you like this. It won't happen again.

He shook Grip's hand and then nudged Tyler to mock him. "It's all good. Ty I'm sorry you got dragged into this mess. I got pulled in by your lil guy because that mark suck the meanest!"

Tyler wanted to punch his damn lights out but he was able to somehow hold his composure. "Fuck that fag."

Carmel heard that and stopped short. He turned back and just had to get his lick because they were standing there shittin on him. He walked

right up to Tyler, looking up at him. "You know what, I see why Trina and Renee and other females from our hood don't fuck with Two-Nine's; we have no real men! Shit, I come the closest!"

Everyone out there was like Damn! She or he or it dissed dude in a major way.

Tyler didn't do nothing and before he could respond Johnny surprised ~~him~~ everyone by hauling off and smacking Carmel to the cold ground. He then slowly got into his truck. He rolled down the window and glared at Tyler. "Goon Squad is and always will be top mob in the Miltown. Don't ever get it twisted again, chump!" On that note he smashed off.

Renee was peeking out the livingroom window and saw the whole thing go down. She sighed with great relief that no one was killed right then and there. She also noticed that some youngster was sitting all alone across the street in a rusty nova. When Carmel got trashed she noticed it affect him. He even brandished a pistol when Carmel got pimp slapped. She was also sure she was the only one who even noticed him. She called Johnny's cellphone and told him to make sure he watch his back.

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When Johnny arrived in Cudahay and got on the dirt road to the warehouse, Destro pulled up right behind him. He was sure that Destro would already be there so he didn't have a clue as to what was going on. They parked next to each other and just stared at each other. They both could clearly see the other was mentally exhausted.

Destro spoke up first. "Capitol J, what do we have going on in there?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Brah, I have no idea. I gotta feeling though—"

Before he could finish his thought C.W. came out to meet them. He ran up to them. "I'm glad to see you two! We got three different situations in there."

They all started walking towards the building. Destro put a hand on his shoulder.
"I reckon you were able to nab Mario?"

C.W. nodded. "Yup, but I got him second. Brah, your girl Trisha gave me a call and said there's a present for me under the Summerfest bridge."

"Why didn't she call one of us instead?" asked Johnny.

"She knew both of you were preoccupied with other crap, so I got a few soldiers and followed her leads. I found the present in a dumpster then raced back to the hood to drop off the soldiers because they know nothing about the warehouse."

Johnny stopped short. "What was the present?"

"Cindy fuckin' Payton!"

Destro's mouth dropped open. "Hold up once, how did Trisha's cousin get past Payton's protective police custody?"

"I don't know but the Lion's Den must have some dead serious pull!"

C.W. explained. "Dig this, I'm about to jet down here right? Well, Trisha calls me again and tell me to roll through the two-nine alley way. She done lured Mario's punk ass to damn near the same spot where I rubbed out them chumps in the dope house."

Johnny interrupted. "You serious? I ain't never seen this side ~~Trisha~~ of Trisha."

"Me neither," Destro added.

"She faked like she was Renee on the phone and told Mario to meet her down there where they wouldn't get caught slippin. She also told him she would jet right away if he wasn't alone," C.W. further explained. "Cuz, I roll through there with girl tied up in the back and she's ~~already~~ already freaked out because some big ass Chicago looking rats scared the piss out of her in the dumpster. Anyway, I run into Mario right behind the dope spot. I didn't say nothin I just knocked his ass out. Shit, I'm lucky he froze

up because he was carrying a pistol."

Destro chuckled. "That sounds just like Mario. So what's the third-" He stopped dead in his tracks as the huge sliding door opened and there standing in the entrance was M.C. His murderous light brown eyes peered into the trio of Goons, with no conscience. Destro glared back. "Mr. Curtis, what the hell are you doing here?"

Johnny was already geeked up and about to up heat on him but C.W. stood in his way. "Money, this is Trina's father."

He just nodded as gazing upon the intruder sent chills down his spine.

M.C. tried to smite but grimaced instead. "Demetrius, nice to see you son. Come inside."

Destro and Johnny looked at C.W. whom threw his hands up. "Man, he was here before I arrived. He told me he was D's father in law and helped me secure the hostages. I'm just as lost as y'all are."

They all followed M.C. into the warehouse and led him to where the captives were. Mario and Cindy were sitting side by side with their hands tied behind their backs. Both of them were crying and shaking like heroin addicts. M.C. stood behind Cindy and ran his fingers through her hair. She cringed under his touch and begged to be let go. He ignored her and glared at the trio. "I have been watching you all and I must say I'm impressed."

Destro crossed his arms. "A, I don't mean no disrespect but you shouldn't have come here, unannounced or at all."

"Don't trip Lil-D we're family now."

His heart skipped a beat. Only people who knew him as a child called him by that nickname. (This man definitely remembered him from that awful night fifteen years ago) "Sir, why have you come here."

M.C. was now massaging Cindy's shoulders. "I've come here to help you son. You ~~must~~ must overcome what you're trying to forget."

"What's that?"

"Murder." He said flatly, then without ~~any~~ warning he slowly twisted Cindy's head with one hand and broke her freakin neck. They all gasped, and Mario cringed, as the bones and tendons in her neck made ghastly snapping and crunching sounds. M.C. now looked just like the grim reaper from that awful night fifteen years ago; he fought hard not to be reduce to the frightened ten year old. He now smiled at Destro. "This child told me all about the prison guard, but son, you're no killer, nor a true warrior yet. Stay cool. I'm not insulting you, Lil-D. I am here to help you beat the terrors from your past so you can become what you strive to be."

"J, you and Combat step back. I got this," Destro ~~ordered~~ ordered. He went and stood directly in front of the menace he named Destroyer, the entity who crossed over from 'Yesterday'. "You calling me out? D.K. bring it!" He took off his jacket and handed it to C.W. "On my honor don't either of you interfere."

They both nodded as M.C. moved over to Mario, whom was begging like crazy for his life. M.C. pulled out a dagger and he nearly pissed himself, but to his surprise the killer cut him free. Mario stayed seated and rubbed both his wrists. "Man, what the hell is you on?!"

M.C. ignored him and tossed the dagger to Destro. "Son back up and guard the door. If this young man can get past you he's free to go. If he can't your night terrors will finally end."

Destro backed up slowly. He could see that Mario was in hell with fear. He almost felt sorry for him. He had no problem killing him but he wouldn't take him when he was unarmed. He was just about to drop the dagger when M.C. pulled out a snub nose .38 and gave it to Mario.

C.W. stepped up. "Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! That ain't no fair fight!"

M.C. now was able to grin. "You're right. Lil-D definitely has the upper hand... If he's a real goon."

Mario gripped the pistol and stood up. He tried his best to pump himself up. He had to get the hell out of there. All he had to do was aim and pull the trigger on the Goon Squad leader and the bastard who bitch slapped him on his own set. They stood only thirty feet apart. Destro clinched the dagger and got low, ready to maneuver his way closer to him. "What's good, Mario. Bring it!"

Johnny was nearly beside himself. "D, you ain't gotta do this, man. You don't have to prove nothin' to this old man."

M.C. just crossed his arms and kept his eyes on Destro.

Bullshit ain't nothing! Mario had some proving of his own to do; if he wanted to get out of there alive. He started walking towards his obstacle and fired two shots. His hand was shaking only a tiny bit but that was enough to make him miss his target wide to the left. Destro smiled over his own fear and inched closer.

Johnny put a hand on his pistol and M.C. pointed at him, without turning to him. "Not a good idea, son."

"J, stand down, I got this!" Destro snapped, steady ~~in~~ inching closer to Mario.

Mario put both hands on the pistol and fired two more shots trying to take out his knees. The bullets hit the floor in front of his feet, kicking up sparks. "Back up fool! Let me outta here or I'm gonna kill yo ass!"

With little regard for his own safety Destro rushed him and Mario's reaction was slow. Now they were wrestling over the pistol. Mario tried to use his weight to over power the lil skinny goon but Destro stabbed him in

the forearm with the dagger, causing him to drop the pistol. He screamed like a bitch and kneed Destro in the nuts. They both fell down in excruciating pain and began wrestling over the dagger. With his left hand free Destro began punching Mario in the kidney until he nearly knocked the wind out of him. He tired out quickly and his grip loosened. Destro pulled his other hand free and got on top of him. At this point Mario was too winded to keep struggling. Destro raised the dagger and glared into his eyes. "Now, you're free to go."

"Fuck you p-" Mario cried and was cut off as he felt the dagger sting his chest. It felt like fire as it pierced his heart. Destro watched him gnash his teeth as he took his last painful breath. From the corner of his eye he saw M.C. walk over to the entrance. He stood up and picked up the .38 he was now pumped up with adrenaline and felt like blowing him away.

M.C. read his mind all the way. "Lit-D you just faced certain death but you didn't panic. Had you shown any intimidation you would have lost. You just exorcised your demon from the past. It's gone."

"I can't tell," he snorted.

~~Mario screamed in pain as he felt the dagger pierce his chest.~~

"You'll be fine son. I now respect you as a killer."

Destro threw the pistol on the floor. "I'm no killer. I'm a warrior."

M.C. crossed his arms. "Oh really? Tell me the difference."

He held his chin up. "A killer has no conscience, no remorse. A warrior has a sense of honor, duty and courage."

M.C. had to laugh. "Son, somebody must have given you some oriental philosophy in the joint. Look here, a warrior is an ultimate competitor. A killer is an ultimate survivor. A peaceful man has ultimate faith in a higher power. Think about that before you make your next move." He turned his back to the young goons, hesitated then left.

C.W. and Johnny offered to go after him but Destro told them to let him go and explained to them everything about the situation they didn't already know, so they may understand why he must face the monster alone.

Johnny understood but what about Trina? "Broh, what are you gonna do if that girl gets out?"

"She's in love with me so I'll stay a step ahead of her."

C.W. shook his head. "You say Trina's just like her father? Do you realize that just because she's a woman makes her even more dangerous than her father. D, you're not dealing with this alone. We all just witnessed you take a gun from a man shooting at you, so you did far more than redeem yourself from the shame of seeing that man kill your father. You won, D."

Destro didn't respond he just turned to begin cleaning up the mess as Cindy Payton and Mario lay dead in eternal rest.

Johnny stepped up and pointed to the ring on Destro's middle finger. "Whatever you decide to do, I got your back to the bitter end. We're brothers. We're Goons. Our destinies lies in the sword either way..."

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Queen Carmel was standing on the bus stop when Scottie, from work, pulled up in a hoopy. He was the one sitting in the rusty Nova across the street watching everything go down. At first Carmel wanted to decline on a ride from him but it was surprisingly cold out. This was still late summer. He got in and was thankful that the hoopy's heater worked. "Boy, what are you doing way on the north side?"

He pulled into traffic. "I came looking for ole boy that jacked you up at work but I see you and your man beat me to it. Hey, why didn't you leave with him?"

"First of all, nobody out there is my man. I refused to go home with

my guys because they dissed me by not doing anything to Johnny."

"Carmel, just give me the word and I'll get that dude for you."

He looked at him like he was crazy. "Boy you ain't tough! You already folded on me once in front of everybody."

Scottie's head dropped. "I know and I can't get no peace of mind behind that shit. You gotta let me make it up to you. I'll do anything."

"Anything?"

"You just name it and it's done."

Carmel put a hand on the youngster's thigh and rubbed it. He had thoughts of making him his personal flunky. "You can start by taking me home. Head for the two-nine. I may give you one chance to redeem yourself. The streets have no mercy for weaklings and right now, that's all you are to me."

"I'm no wea -"

"Just shut up and drive! I don't even wanna hear it."

Trina's cellmate was a twenty year old ~~black~~ latino girl by the name of Amanda. She was getting worried about Trina who clearly was looking quite ill. She had no appetite and was having dizzy spells. Amanda suspected she was going through some kind of drug withdrawal or maybe even a STD. "Curtis, you need to go see the nurse and find out what's the matter with you."

Trina sat on her bunk and rocked back and forth. "Ain't nothing wrong with me. I just don't like this nasty ass food and being around all these nasty ass crows and these stupid ass guards."

Amanda wasn't trying to hear her nonsense. "You're a hot mess. When they let us out for dayroom I'm gonna let them know you really need to go to HSU. It may be serious so you'll want to catch it early."

"Well, I know I don't have HIV. They should be able to fix anything else, right?"

"It depends. What kinda drugs are you on? Wait, let me guess. It's not crack or meth because you have good teeth. You're sweating but I know you're not on heroin because you don't stink like raccoon ass."

Trina shook her head. "I'm not on any—"

"It's ecstasy ain't it? That stuff will mess you up in the long run. You better leave that mess alone, I'm telling you! At least you're still young, Curtis."

"Call me Trina—"

"O.K. you should be alright after a few weeks, Curtis. That stuff leaves your system a lot faster than most other smack."

"Amanda, I'm not on ecstasy or no other hard drugs."

She nodded and smirked at the same time. "I believe you. I also believe in penicillon for the healing."

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Technine Tyler had ditched his guys and tracked down Faye. He nearly got down on his hands and knees and pleaded for her to go and beg Carmel to forgive him. He had no choice but to dis the queen in front of his guys. His life depended on it. Faye inturn wanted to check Carmel for messing with Tyler in the first place. She sat him down at her kitchen table and fixed him a hot cup of cocoa. "Look, we need to get a serious understanding. Carmel is spinning us and the lil bitch's games gonna end up gettin somebody killed. Tyler, you're at war and I'm pregnant. The whole thing is now as serious as it gets. And I don't think Carmel is taking either of us very seriously. I say we drop her. If you try to mess with her on the downlow you know it will eventually come to the light."

He pondered over everything she said. "I do realize that neither of us can have a real relationship with her but on my end I have known Carmel my entire life. I can't just drop her completely out of my life."

"I understand that much but we gotta sit that clown down together and try to persuade her to get off that kid shit because I know this much about Johnny; He's not gonna keep going in circles. I'm very surprised Carme is still alive."

He got up and began pacing the floor. "I ain't never seen Carmel act like this or cause this much drama until your boy Johnny came in to the picture. He's our problem."

"No he's not," she protested. "I've been with him for a few years and he has always been straight up and respectful. Carmel deliberately pushed him too far."

By this time Tyler was beginning to be impossible. "Well, it's like this Faye, we're both stuck with Carmel. Ask yourself if it will be easier for us to make Carmel change her ways or get rid of Johnny? I mean, your pregnancy will keep ~~you~~ her in your life forever. What do you need Johnny for?"

This fool ass boy was starting to give her a headache. He knew damn well Carmel was full of nonsense even without Johnny in the picture. She knew that he was only trying to bring trouble to the Goon Squad. "Tyler, I assure you this ain't what you want."

He grabbed his jacket. "It don't matter. Shit, I'm already at war. Your goons think they're bulletproof and I just may prove them wrong."

She threw up both hands. "So what you gonna do, Ty?"

"Get your ~~on~~ coat. We're finna go see Carmel and I'm finna lay down the law once and for all. If the bitch ain't with it then she's on her own from here on out."

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After leaving the warehouse Destro headed to the hospital. He wasn't able to get in contact with his mother and this upset him because he needed her guidance. Oh well, he had a lot of questions for Trisha. He realized that he didn't know her as well as he thought he did. By delivering Cindy right into his hands she may have saved Temper from getting a ~~one~~ life, without parole, sentence. And delivering Mario had surely delayed an inevitable street war. Mario surely wouldn't be missed in the thirties."

As he arrived at the hospital and entered Trisha's room he was met with yet another surprise. She gave him the cold shoulder and told him to leave. At first he thought she was trippin but quickly realized she was dead serious. He held out his hands to her. "Baby, I'm hurting. I need to hold you."

She wanted so much to take him into her arms and protect his skinny self, but she had to be tough. "I don't want you to come back here, til you clean up your mess."

"Baby I thought we were a team?"

"So you think you're gonna lay your head on my big fat butt and all your problems will go away?"

He nodded. "Up, pretty much."

"Well, not this time booty boy. The drama has reached our doorstep which means you're not on top of your game. Get there before you come back here," she checked him. "The next time you see me only Trina should be the remaining factor and then we'll deal with her together."

He leaned against the door and longed for her warmth. Her ice cold green eyes were puffy red and frustrated. Her big bubble lips were slightly swollen and she was gaining weight due to her pregnancy and not being able to move around much on that broken leg. Yet, he cherished her beauty. He wanted to go kiss her feet but somehow held his ground. "So this how it's gonna be?"

She turned her back to him and turned on the T.V. "Booty boy, you wanted to be a big time gangsta with drama on all fronts. Well, now you got what you asked for. This is all about your obsession with Destroyer. Now, leave here before I call security." He left right away and her heart dropped. She knew she had hurt his feelings but Lil-Brit told her she had to do it to keep him on edge and focused. His street dominance was now truly in jeopardy for the first time. Failure was not an option.

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Young Scottie dropped off the five foot beauty Queen right in front of his house on twenty-ninth. Carmel was wearing a ~~jean~~ yellow jogging suit and when he got out of the hooty his pants was stuck all in the crack of his butt. He knew Scottie was staring so he dropped his purse on purpose and bent over. He slowly picked ~~up~~ it up and kept his backside aimed towards the youngster. "You wanna come in?"

Scottie's heart pounded. "Hell yeah!"

He teased him with his tongue ring. "Well don't just there. Come on." They went inside and he told him to make himself comfortable in the livingroom. He slid into the bedroom and took off his underwear and T-shirt and put the jogging suit back on. He found a few blunts and came back into the livingroom. He wasted no time. He turned on some music and fired one up. He got the youngster blitzed right away. He got all up on him and unzipped his jacket. Scottie began feeling on them double D's and kissing on his neck. Carmel was rubbing on the boy's crotch and soon as he got him wicked horny he pushed him away.

Scottie was instantly frustrated. "What's wrong baby?"

Carmel zipped up his titties. "This ain't right. Scottie I can't get down with you if I don't know you're gonna be all the way down with me."

He wasn't trying to hear some damn lecture. Not now. Shit, he wanted some boy coochie, some man-gina, some booty loving! "Baby you ain't gotta worry about nothing. I'm here ain't I? Just tell me what you want outta me."

He carressed his face. "I wanna be protected because these cats out here always trippin on me. You carry that pistol around, are you willing to use it to protect me?"

"Of course."

"Give me your word. Put it on something."

"On my mama, some fool mess with you his bitch ass gotta mess with me! Now pull them titties back out."

At this point Carmel knew he had him. He leaned back and began rubbing his own crotch. "There's one more thing. I want you to go downtown on me."

Scottie drew back. "What! Dog, don't come at me like that, I'll fuck you up."

Carmel wasn't fazed by his phony paperweight attitude. "If you gonna be with me you must swallow your pride then swallow this dick. I make all my

men do this before I let them fuck me."

He got up and backed away. "Cuz, I don't get down like that. I want you because you look just like a bitch. All I want is that ass and them big titties you got."

Carmel kept rubbing his crotch. "Surt yourself. Leave and don't say nothing else to me. I won't mention that you ever came over here when we get back to work."

Scottie grabbed his jacket then put it back down. "I boned a punk before, that ain't shit but I'm not down with suckin on a pole. It's not that serious."

Carmel re-lit the blunt, took a few takes and grabbe the phone.

"What you doing?"

"Calling somebody else. Boy you got me all hot and now you trippin," he said getting up and unlocking the front door. "I really like you but I don't want you to do anything you don't want to do. Get on outta here."

He grabbed his jacket again and paced back and forth for a moment. He went to the front door and and stopped short. He made him hang up the phone.

Carmel sat down on the sofa and he kneeled down in front of him. He kissed his smooth flat belly. "Baby how about I eat your booty, Would ~~tho~~ that make you happy?"

Carmel pushed his head. "I'll make you do that anyway. Stop wasting my time boy. I could be with somebody else on my day off."

Scottie knew at that moment he ~~was~~ should just get up and leave. He knew he was bogus but his little head was in full control. He leaned forward and rubbed his Nose on the gump's crotch. He obviously ~~wasn't~~ wasn't wearing any panties and his buldge was impressive, the scent was intoxicating. Damn...

At seventeen years old he was crossing over into adulthood. What a bad start he was getting off to. He wanted to be respected and feared like the

gangstas and thugs in the streets. His life flashed before his eyes from when he was a toddler all the way up to when he got punked out by Johnny Money at Taco Bell. This is the type of stuff that happens when people try to be something that they're not. He had been warned before. He didn't take heed now he suddenly found himself on his knees, at the point of no return. Fuck it... He pulled down Carmel's pants and the big black shiny snake was laying semi-hard on his soft velvet thighs. He took it in his right hand and gave it a nervous lick. "Carmel, I swear to God you better not tell—"

"More smackin' and less yappin'!" he snapped. "You're here to serve me. I am your queen and you have no rights. Understand?"

"Good. Now start bobbin and weavin before I get mad and run up in you." He close his eyes and finished off the blunt. He sighed with relief when he felt the youngster's awkward mouth on his swiipe. He had no remorse for pouncing on this weakling. He smacked him upside the head. "Scottie, you and me are gonna be really good friends as long as you do what I say."

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Down at the county jail Trina returned to her pod after seeing the nurse. She seemed to be in a daze and went right to her cell. Amanda was in the dayroom watching music videos with a few other other women and got up, followed her into the cell. She sat down on her bunk. "Was it good news or bad news?"

Trina ~~shrugged~~ shrugged her shoulders. "I really don't know."

"Did the nurse tell you what you got? Or do you have to wait for test results?"

"Test results don't matter. The nurse put that wooden stick on my tongue and told me to say Abhh. I gagged and she knew right away what was wrong with me."

Amanda scooted away from her to the end of the bunk. "You know you can

tell me anything and I'll support you, just don't try to spread your cooties."

"Cooties? What are you in the fifth grade?"

"I'm just sayin..."

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Johnny Money got a surprise call from Lil-Bit. She told him to meet her at the hospital right away and make sure she didn't let Destro know where he was going. She also instructed him to bring along certain items. He had no idea what the hell she was on but he obliged her with no questions or hesitations. He had just made it back home and found Renee a bit shaken up from earlier. He had to head right back out, so he let her ride with him. She reminded him about the guy creeping in the rusty nova and he assured her he's on point and there's nothing to worry about.

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Technine Tyler and Faye made it back to the hood and was now standing on Carmel's front porch. He rang the doorbell and there was no immediate answer. He didn't want to stand out there too long lest somebody he knew rolled through and ~~caught~~ caught him going right back over there to see that gump. The whole neighborhood already knew Trina was locked up so what the hell was he doing on Carmel's doorstep? He turned to Faye. "Looks like nobody's home. We'll come back later."

Faye was about to turn back down the stairs. "Yeah, ain't no telling where she done run off to." For whatever reason she stopped short and turned the door-knob. "Hold up once, it's ~~not~~ unlocked. Should we go in?"

Tyler pulled her back and upped his pistol. "This ain't like Carmel to leave the door unlocked."

"Maybe she was in a hurry."

"Maybe she's hurt or in trouble," he added. "Stay behind me. We'll go in"

Slowly. Get low and be quiet."

Faye got behind him and gave him a lil push. "O.K. just open the damn door."

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By now Carmel had wiggled all the way out of his sweatpants. He kicked one of his legs up on the sofa. Scottie from the southside was still on his knees serving his new queen and was beginning to find his rhythm. The doorbell rang... His head popped up like a surprised deer. "Aw shit! Somebody's here."

Carmel reached forward and grabbed his shoulder preventing him from getting up. "Don't answer it. They'll go away. Calm down."

His heart was racing, plus he was already paranoid from smoking that blunt. He looked at the front door. "What is it? Somebody important?"

He frowned at him, horny as ever. "I don't give a damn if it's the ghost of Micheal Jackson! Nothing is more important than you making me cum."

"You sure they'll leave? What if we get caught?"

"Get caught? How the hell can I get caught in my own house?" he snapped. "Get back on it before you kill the mood. Chap-chap!"

Man, on what, as soon as he worked that thing back down his throat he heard a voice over his shoulder. Damn! They forgot to lock the freakin door when Carmel was about to put his ass out earlier. He just froze with a mouth full of dick.

Tyler had crept in through the front door and gasped in horror. "Aw hell naw! What the fuck is going on up in here?"

Carmel jumped and pushed the youngster off his swiipe. He closed his legs and covered his breasts. "This ain't what it look like!"

Faye wrinkled her nose and peeked over Tyler's shoulder. "It smells like dick and cheetos in here -" She stopped short when she saw the youngster on his knees fumbling nervously for his jacket and Carmel was naked. "Oh

my God! What in the hell are you doing to this boy up in here?"

Tyler was nearly going into a jealous rage. He lowered his pistol. "Bitch you ain't shit! Damn!"

Carmel grabbed his jogging pants and quickly put them on. "Why are you even over here? I thought you was through fuckin with me!"

"Shut up you damn ass tramp!" He snapped and looked down at the scared youngster. "Who is this dick sucking busta?"

For Scottie everything was happening in slow motion. His shame and embarrassment made him snap inside; ain't no way in hell would he let this man walk out of there. He would rather be wanted for a homicide than everybody finding out he went down on another man! Gangstas don't do that... For the second time in less than an hour his young life flashed before his eyes. He felt it was all over for him. He went inside his jacket pocket and pulled out a nine.

Faye was looking right at the youngster while Tyler was fixated on Carmel. She pushed him hard ~~off~~ to the right and dove left to the floor. "Look out! He's gotta gun!"

Scottie came up shooting and put two slugs in the front door. Carmel screamed and flipped himself over the sofa to take cover. Tyler ~~quickly~~ quickly regrouped, took the better angle and had the advantage ~~over~~ over him. He did not want to kill this fool ass boy. "Lil dog drop that gun, man!"

Scottie turned to him. "Fuck you! I ain't no gump!"

Faye hugged the floor and screamed as two more shots rang out.

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Johnny and Renee made it to the hospital and Trisha along with Lil-Bit told him everything he needed to know. Lil-Bit then told him to take her directly to the county jail to see her son, Temper. They left Renee with Trisha and rolled out.

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Amanda wasn't expecting the type of news Trina shared with her. Now she was sitting right next to her, hip to hip. "Curtis, I don't know how you're gonna fix this. There is no easy way. I believe you're way in over your head now."

"Stop calling me by my last name, Amanda," she snapped. "And stop being so negative. I thought I could ~~talk~~ talk to you about anything?"

She hugged her. "I'm sorry, Curtis. You know I got your back, it's just that you done got yourself in a bit of a pickle."

~~Trina~~ Trina got up and began pacing the cell. "What would you do if you were in my situation?"

"With the time you're facing, I'd kill myself."

"Oh, thank you for the great advice."

Amanda smile wide. "Sure, anything I can do to help."

She put her hands on her hips. "I can deal with this and come out on top. I'm a fighter."

Amanda raised a brow. "Wow, wishful thinking, better known as denial. But you don't know no better, which is better known as hope. Curtis, you just might overcome the odds and win this battle. You're tough and smart."

"Thanks Amanda, you really think I'll be alright?"

"Nope."

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Faye slowly raised her head and found the youngster dead with a gunshot wound to the neck. He bled out instantly. She looked to her right to see if Tyler was hurt and found him to be alive and well; and now pointing his gun at Carmel. Her legs felt like jello but she found the strength and courage to get up.

Carmel was leaning against the back of the sofa covering his face. "Tyler

get that gun outta my face! You the one who dumped me!"

"Stankin bitch, that wasn't even two hours ago and you already fuckin some nigga!" He spit and growled.

"It shouldn't matter to you," he cried.

"Bitch it do matter! I came over here to let you know I was just playing and wasn't gonna really dump you. You know damn well I had to make it seem like that in front of my guys."

Carmel stood upright. His fear gave way to anger. "Just playing? Just playing! Johnny wasn't just playing! You stood there and just watched him hit me again. You ain't do shit to him but you bust up in here and kill a kid?"

He cocked the pistol. "You goof ball ass bitch! I'll kill you and that bitch ass soon!"

Carmel went around to the front of the sofa and gasped at all the blood that spilled on the floor and sofa. He could care less about the dead youngster. He was gonna have to clean up the mess. He reached for a blunt. "You know what, I don't even care no more. If you wanna shoot me for minding my own ~~business~~ business in my own fuckin house, go right ahead!"

"Bitch stop yellin and watch your damn mouth."

He put up his hands, mockingly. "Do what you gonna do or get out of my house, ~~you~~ Tyler."

Faye got between them and put her arms around the fool with the gun. "I just called 911."

He grabbed her by her face. "You called the cops? Bitch is you crazy?"

She yanked away from him. "It was self defense, Ty. Now get rid of that gun before they get here. They'll shoot you if you're holding it when they run up in here." She turned to Carmel. "You better flush your weed. Let me do the talking ~~when~~ when them people get here. Johnny taught me how to deal with

situations like this."

Tyler almost creaked. "If one of you hoers say his name one more time, I swear!"

Faye looked over at Carmel and truly realized that the miniature beauty queen didn't give a good damn about nobody but himself. And Tyler's stupid ass was in love with him. ~~It~~ Imminent disaster was in their near future. She looked down at the dead youngster whom's eyes were still open, staring at bliss. She wondered if his family would feel embarrassed and disgraced by how he checked out of the game. (Can you imagine doing something embarrassing and self-degrading at the very moment your number is called to cross over into eternity? It's something to think about.) Faye felt compassion for the young ass fool. Not old enough to be an adult but old enough to know right from wrong. Will he go directly to heaven or hell? Or will he face the Final Judge and have to give his ultimate testimony with Carmel's dick on his breath? Oh well, it is what it is.

Destro stopped at a local restaurant and grabbed a bite to eat. He was worn out. After his quiet meal all he wanted to do was go home and get some rest. He didn't even want to think about everything that was going on. He almost turned off his phone so he wouldn't be bothered but thought better of it.

By the time he got home it was just after seven o'clock in the evening. He thought it was much later because this had been a long ass day. He let himself in through the back door and as soon as he stepped into his kitchen his senses started tingling. His intuition wasn't as strong as Spiderman's but he knew that he was surely not alone in his house. Nothing was disturbed in the kitchen so he walked right into the livingroom and turned on the light. On what! M.C. and Coco was sitting quietly on his sofa. M.C. was dressed exactly like he was fifteen years ago on that ~~other~~ fateful night. Coco's hands were tied behind her back but her mouth wasn't gagged.

M.C. stood up and extended his arms. "Son! I'm so glad you could join us!"

This nut done crossed the line. Destro had no idea how he had disarmed the security system. And he was very surprised because he thought Destroyer would wait a few more days til he got over taking down Mario and the witness, Cindy Payton. Destroyer just caught him totally off guard and ill prepared. but he had no time to be offended, afraid nor disoriented. He manned-up and glared at the Reaper. "A man, something is seriously wrong with you. What the hell are you doing in my house? Why did you bring her here?"

"Son relax. I just want this done right."

"I'm not your son."

He frowned and stepped forward. "I want this ~~other~~ girl's blood spilled right here and now. Blood on your carpet will assure me that you won't cross my daughter."

Destro shook his head. "I'm not killing her in this house. Take her

putta here and back the fuck up off me."

"I'm sorry to hear you say that. I was really starting to like you. It's a shame you won't be able to be with my daughter."

"Mr. Curtis, Trina is a beautiful and wonderful young woman but she's psychotic just like you are," he said bluntly. "Now I advise you to get the hell outta my house."

M.C.'s eyes glazed over with pure murder. He put on his lucky leather O.J. Simpson gloves and pulled out a dagger. He glanced at Coco. "Son, either way it goes she will bleed right here."

Destro pulled out the .38 he took from Marcio. He pointed it at the man he feared most. Coco was amazingly calm throughout the ordeal. She was ~~so~~ sweating like crazy but didn't say a word. "Move away from her. Now," he ordered guard the doorway between the kitchen and the livingroom. M.C. didn't budge nor did she. "Coco get up and come over to me." She was afraid to move. She only stared at him wide eyed. She had on a black T-shirt and white pants. He saw a few stains of dried blood on her leg and could only ~~hope~~ hope Destro didn't put a hurting on her. "Bitch if you wanna live you better get up right now!" She looked at M.C. whom was glaring at Destro like a madman. She felt he was oblivious to her. She was wrong. As soon as she budged he lunged at her with the dagger and Destro reacted just as fast. He shot M.C. in the arms causing him to drop the dagger. Coco screamed and dropped to her knees. She crawled as fast as she could over to Destro.

M.C. was still standing. The shot to the arm seemed to only piss him off. He looked at the wound and grinned like a demon. "So this is how you do me after I spared your life Lil-D? I let you walk because you didn't need to pay the price for your father's trespasses against me."

Destro yanked Coco to her feet by her hair and tried to untie her hands.

with one hand and keep the pistol trained on M.C. with the other. "Don't move man, I'll blow you away."

He laughed. "You got one shot left. You ~~got~~ better make it count, son."

Destro instructed Coco to get behind him and escape through the kitchen, but once her hands were free she rubbed her wrists, got behind him and nearly ~~clung~~ clung to him.

M.C. got low and inched closer, ready to pounce. "I know you miss your dope fiend daddy. Don't worry you're about to join him. And maybe I'll take in your lil nasty mama after I'm done with her best friend."

Tears swelled up in Destro's eyes. This shit had to end now. He took aim with all the courage he had, but soon as he was about to shoot that bastard, Coco shoved him in the back towards ~~the~~ M.C. and then she shot off like a rocket and hurled herself through the living room window. Aw shit! He thought just ~~she~~ broke her damn neck but she dive-rolled onto the front lawn and bounce right back up and took off down the street. Destro turned his full attention back to M.C. only to find the dagger sticking in his chest. He stumbled backwards and realized he was in excruciating pain. He bumped into a wall and slid slowly down to a sitting position. With what little strength he had left he raised the pistol as M.C. approached him. "Stay back!" he grimaced. "I got you beaten! Stay back!"

M.C. just laughed at the poor bastard. "Pathetic. Just like your chump ass father. I'm sorry you take after him." He cautiously moved closer and realized Destro had froze. "What's wrong? Oh! I get it. Your lil nightmare has come to life. You can't even shoot me, can you Lil-D?" He teased.

"I can." said a third voice.

M.C. spun to his left and there was a short man who favored lil-Bit a great deal coming out of the master ~~bedroom~~ bedroom. Destro's eyes got wide.

as M.C. started towards the uninvited guest. "Boy, you picked the wrong party to crash."

Temper pulled out a chrome .380 just like the one Trina had. He aimed it at his chest.

M.C. approached him anyway. "Who are you?"

"Danny's son, the one you missed!" With no further hesitation he opened fire and spent the clip. M.C. dropped to the floor like a sack of potatoes.

Temper went over to him and kicked him. He sighed with relief when he didn't move. He turned to his big brother who was trying to stay conscious, and trying to pull the dagger from his chest. Temper dropped the pistol and picked up a phone. "Big brah, hang in there. I'm callin for help right now. Stay awake and talk to me. I saw that girl dive out of the window that flip she did was amazing!"

Destro cursed and yanked on the dagger.

"Naw brah! leave it alone so you won't bleed to death."

"This thing hurt!" he cried and pulled it out. He screeched like a cat set on fire, then glared at his baby brother. "Temp, why you get in the way? How did you even get here?"

"Mama and Johnny came to bail me out. They put up the dang club as collateral. Mama told me to come help you so I jitted over here fast as I could."

He would have to have a lil talk with his mother. He yelled and banged his head against the wall.

Temper knelt next to him and put pressure on his chest wound. "Chill out, D. I know you wanted to do this ~~one~~ alone, but Mama knows I wasn't sleep that night. I heard everything, man. I was so scared I just faked like I was asleep. I'm lucky I didn't see what you saw but -"

Destro's eyes grew wide. "Temp, look out!"

M.C. had Temper's pistol and tried to pop him in the back of his head, then cussed realizing it was empty, so he ~~just~~ just whacked him upside the head with it. Temper crashed to the floor dazed. M.C. took one step towards Destro then dropped to his knees. He was covered in blood and had bullet holes in his chest and stomach. Shit, he should be dead... By normal human standard he should be dead. Destro tried to get up but was way too weak, so he scooted out of his reach. The best he could do was raise the pistol using all the strength he had left. He was terrified but realized that the Destroyer was in way worse shape than he was. He smiled as M.C. tried to crawl towards him. There was a ~~sickly~~ sickly thick trail of blood on the carpet. Destro took a deep breath and tried to remain conscious. He was barely holding on. "I've waited a long time for this."

M.C. was seeing double. He ~~could~~ coughed up a purple glob of ~~red~~ blood. "Son, you proved your point. Let me go." (If he could only stall him long enough for him to get his hands around Destro's skinny neck!) "Please son, I spared your life now I'm asking you to spare mine."

Destro balanced himself up against the wall and sat straight up. "I did spare your life at the warehouse. My guys wanted to gun you down but I honored you."

M.C. grunted as he crawled his way and got near the dagger; he pointed to it. "Son, I'm dying. Let me go out fighting. Put down the gun and pick up the knife. Honor me one more time."

Destro glanced over at Temper who was trying to shake off the blow to his head. He looked his father's killer right in the eyes and aimed ~~at~~ for that crescent moon shaped birthmark under his left eye. "You remember what you told me about killers and warriors?"

M.C. leaned back and sat on his haunches. He felt like he was

about to faint but he was sure he had one last strike attempt left in him.

"Yes son, you're no killer. You're a warrior. A man of honor!"

"In that case I must honor my father whom had no chance to defend himself at all..." With no further ado he pulled the trigger and never even heard the shot. He passed out.

Temper wobbled to his feet and saw that M.C. was sure dead this time because his brains were splattered all over the sofa and the coffee table. He knelt down again next to his big brother. "You did it brah! It's finally over..."

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Lil-Bit, Johnny Money and Bence arrived at Destro's house along with cops and ambulances. Lil-Bit broke away from a police barricade and ran into the house before they could fully secure the scene. She went into the living room and gasped in horror as she saw all the blood and M.C.'s hulking body lying in a harmless heap in the middle of the floor. She looked to her right and Temper was sitting on the floor rocking Destro in his arms. Destro was completely limp. She fell to her knees and tried not to hyperventilate. "Son, I thought I told you to go save your dang brother!"

Temper kissed him on the forehead and held him tighter. "He's alive Mama."

Tears of relief poured from her eyes. She peppered both her sons with kisses. "You did good Temper. Both of you did good." She was sure Destro was unconscious but a tear rolled down his cheek. She put her lips on his ear. "That monster is gone. It's really finally over, baby."

As the medics and police rushed in, Destro opened his eyes and smiled at her. "It's not over til we go to New York to visit the Statue of Liberty..."

The medics were saying that he was unconscious and they tried to prevent him from slipping into a coma. They snapped at Temper for allowing him to pull

the dagger out of his chest. He was damn lucky he got stabbed on the right side. At that moment though, Lil-Bit realized that her son didn't wake up briefly but her husband ~~and~~ indeed had spoken through him. She kissed him as the medics strapped him onto a gurney. "That's such a dumb idea..." she whispered to him.

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Two weeks later a bruised and bandaged Destro went down to the county jail to visit Trina. She was pissed as he thought she would be. The only witness that could send her up the river forever had escaped yet again, and the man she was absolutely in love with just killed her freakin' father. Somehow, she didn't think this was fair. She almost didn't even accept his visit, but she actually warmed up to him after she heard the entire story. She could get over him murdering her father in self-defense. Shit, she didn't like him anyway but ~~what~~ what bothered her the most is Destro helped Coco get away. Maybe he really didn't love her after all. "Demetrius, I can't believe you let that black cow escape! What about me?"

He touched the glass. "Baby, I have no problem burning her I just ~~wasn't~~ wasn't gonna do it in my own house with your father over my shoulder blackmailing me and threatening me."

"He was only trying to protect me, you know that!" she cried.

"Yeah, but he was terrorizing me, Kid."

They stared at each other silently for at least five minutes. Finally Destro spoke up. "If you don't wanna talk right now I can come back another day. I never meant for any of this to happen. I'm damn lucky to be alive."

She smirked at him. "Whatever, maybe you should leave right now ~~because~~ because your face is upsetting me."

"Cool. I'm up." He was about to hang up the receiver.

"Wait! Demetrius?"

He grabbed his sore chest and grimaced. "What's good girl? I'm not in the mood to argue with you."

She leaned forward and gave him an evil grin. "You didn't pull out, buddy..."

He frowned with frustration. "Kid, what the hell are you talkin about?"

Now her cut but deadly light brown eyes were glistening. "Our last time. In the kitchen when you had my legs up on the table. You-didn't-pull-out!" She got wet just thinking about how he had put it on her and even ate her out. What a glorious break up!

Destra's heart dropped and it felt like he got stabbed with another dagger even harder. He remember the last time the made love in vivid detail.

She giggled like a witch. "Yeah booty boy! I am with child and I'll be sending you a copy of the pregnancy test as soon as I can." She paused for his response. There was none. "Looks like you're stuck with me forever now. Trisha might have her baby early when she finds out about this!"

Trisha! Aw snap! Double-dogshit-damn! Now he was royally screwed. Trisha had told him a long time ago that she'd kill him if he ever boned a fag or got another woma pregnant. He dropped his head and hoped despair wouldn't over run him. His chest couldn't take too much more pressure.

Trina was enjoying this moment. "You got some splaining to do mister!" She teased. She stood up and stretched and was about to walk away and leave him with his head hanging down but stopped short and came back. She picked up the receiver and put her face really close to the glass divider. She could sense how uncomfortable and disturbed he

he was. She waited until he looked into her eyes then she revealed a reaper. "See ya later! Sleep tight Lil-D don't let Yesterday bite..."

His mouth dropped wide open and that's when she terminated the visit.

(?)

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