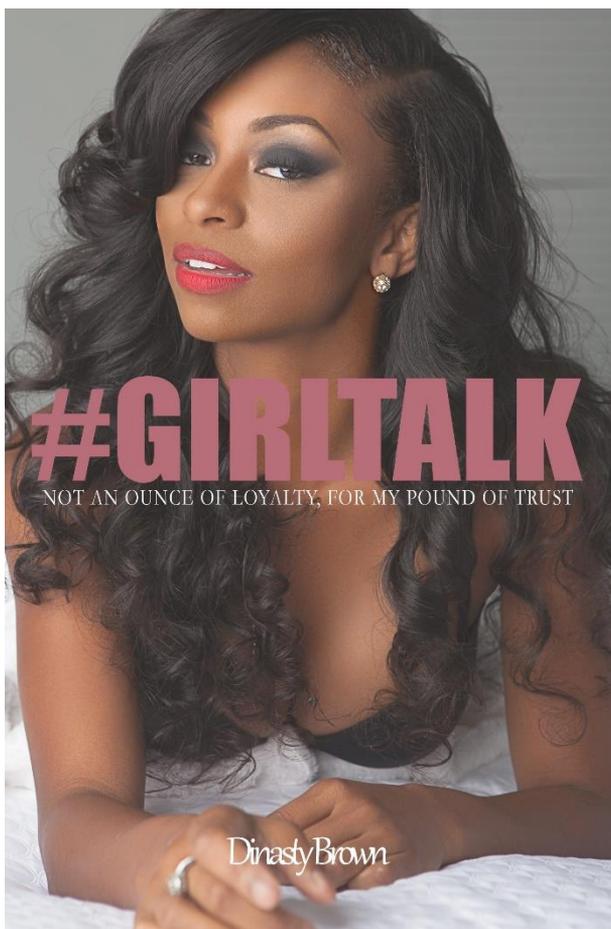


THREE FREE CHAPTERS



FOR YOU!

PROLOGUE

I want to be with him, but it's not going anywhere. Maybe sex will make us closer. I laugh at this suggestion as I see myself being the girl that believes sex is a magical magnet to bring me and my little boo thing closer. Let's see, how I can say this nicely. The shit doesn't work! I have not gained anything by giving him my body, but instead I've lost some of his respect and left nothing for him to work for. First off, this man has not committed to me in any shape, form, or fashion. So why do I believe I am obligated to let him anywhere near my sweet treasure box? A moment of silence for my treasure box please.....

Ladies are just as pussy blind as men. We think if we put it on him so good he won't go anywhere and he will want to wife us up. Wrong baby girl, all wrong! He has no intentions of being with you because he's gained what he has come for. Mission accomplished!

Pussy blind lesson 101: sex is sex and pussy does not have a face. Love and emotional ties are the difference between him fuckin' you and his making love to the woman he refers to as his 'queen.' What does it mean when you

have sex with a man? Does it strengthen your bond or relationship? Will he begin to care more or begin to love you? What do you gain as a woman?

Using your 'pussy power' to get a Celine bag, BMW, or new pair of Louboutins is strictly up to you. However these material things cannot love and support you, or hold you at night. As women we have to stop placing our vaginas in our hearts or in other words loving through our pussies. You cannot use your vagina to buy his loyalty, you will fail every time. Only thing your vagina can pay for is his attention, and we should demand much more than that. Your vagina is a sexual organ, not an emotional vessel. We have to stop using our bodies to get a man, and hoping that it will lead us to his heart.

I, Kendal Harris have learned all of these lessons the hard way. I know at this point you are wondering who is this young man that has me all caught up in my feelings. Well his name is Darrell Humphrey. I met him at school at the beginning of the spring semester in the student union. I was finished with all of my classes for the day and was literally starving, so I stopped in the union to grab

something to eat. I was entering the union while he was coming out, and he instantly caught my eye. Darrell held the door open for me, and I suppose he caught me gazing at him because he smiled at me with those pretty white teeth and said 'so you going in or nah.' I chuckled with embarrassment, snapped back into reality, and finally walked through the door. I wanted to look back so bad but I couldn't risk the chance of him catching me, so for now I had to keep the image of this fine man and his pretty smile in my head.

I spotted my best friend Lakeshia already in line at the Pizza Hut stand, so I went over to skip the line and of course rant about the cutie I had just seen. Before I could say anything, she saw it all over my face and said "girl, who got you cheesing all hard? You got a man and ain't told me?"

"Not yet, but he about to be my man."

"Girl, who is he and how does he look?"

LaKeshia was asking me a million questions before I could even answer one, but that was Keshia. We have

been friends since pre-k and literally this girl is more like a sister to me than anything else. She is that one crazy friend that you cannot live without and who is always ready to turn up and turn out, but has a heart of gold. I had to start laughing.

“Girl I don’t even know him yet, I’m just letting it be known he’s about to be mine. I just saw him walking in and he is the finest dude I have seen on campus. I wonder if you know him?”

“How does he look?”

“He has a caramel complexion with the prettiest smile and he is about 6’1 with a low fade.” Since Darrell was still standing right outside the door of the union, I pointed to him for Keshia to see.

“OMG, that’s Ron roommate! I see him all the time when I go over.” Ron and Keisha have been dating since freshman year, but had just recently made their relationship official. I was extremely happy for my girl because he treated her so good. Their relationship was a little shaky in the beginning, but then again what

relationship isn't? Besides all of that, I had to snap back and realize what the hell Keshia just said to me.

“Wait. So you telling me that fine ass man has been living with Ron this whole time, and you have not said anything to me!”

“Kendal, now you know you're still in love with Mike and it seems as though you are never going to get over him. So I don't even think about hooking you up with someone new.”

I cut my eyes at her and said “I told you I am done with Mike. I gave him five years of my life and it was nothing but wasted time. So when I say I'm done, I'M DONE! I'm ready for someone new and I mean that!”

“Ok, we about to see how done you are,” Keshia said sarcastically.

Before I could mutter anything back, Keshia was strutting off towards Darrell about to do who knows what. I was scared as hell and wanted to run out the union through the side door. I couldn't do it because Keshia would call

my bluff and say I was still stuck on my ex. So I just stood there in shock, thinking the worst. Keshia went over to Darrell and I tried my hardest to read her lips but I could not. He looked over at me and smiled and I quickly turned away. Thank God it was my time to order in line, so I ordered my pizza and tried not to think about how Keshia was over there embarrassing me. I paid for my food and turned to walk towards the soda fountain.

BOOM! As soon as I turned around, he was right there and I thought my knees were going to give out. Awkwardly we stood there for about five seconds just staring at each other and then he finally grabbed my tray with my pizza on it and asked where I wanted to sit. I just pointed to the closest table as I stood speechless having no clue why. While I have always been shy around the opposite sex, I have never been unable to speak. It was something about this man, and I knew from the very first moment he smiled at me he had me hooked. Darrell's presence and his energy intrigued me. So I walked behind him to the table where he placed my tray down and then pulled out my chair for me to sit. I thought to myself, *he has me already and he doesn't even know it!* He is fine as hell, his

confidence speaks volumes in every step he takes and he was a gentlemen. In my head I was screaming "Thank you Jesus!" It is so crazy how we see a man for less than a minute and already try to place him in our lives. In this short time, I had concluded that Darrell was everything I wanted in a man and he was going to be mine, and I didn't even know him.

"So Miss. Kendal your girl tell me you said what's up." Darrell said confidently. This dude knew I was feeling him and I had a feeling he was going to rub that in. I just looked at him and smiled. I couldn't help but blush with embarrassment and at this moment I wanted to kill Keshia, and thank her at the same time.

"I said that you was cute or whatever," I said jokingly while taking a bite of my pizza.

"You're actually very beautiful yourself," he said looking directly into my eyes with the sexiest smirk on his face. *Aw man, this boy knows what to say and how to say it.* I should have known from right then I was going to get myself into trouble.

“Thank you. So what’s your name and what year are you?” Being the corny and shy person I am, I always start with the generic questions. Of course he told me his name was Darrell and he was a junior majoring in Accounting. We continued to talk generally about school, what we wanted to do with our majors after college and what organizations we were a part of on campus. He shared with me that he was on the track team on a full scholarship. This did not impress me, but instead it made me a little weary. Athletes usually have bad reputations and are known for messing around with multiple girls, but I didn’t think on it too much. When I finished eating, Darrell collected my trash and went to go throw it away. I couldn’t stop staring at him as he walked back to the table. This man was built just right in every sense of the word. Beautiful caramel skin, nice buff chest and those arms hunny! Yes!

“You must like what you see, cause you looking mighty hard,” Darrell said jokingly as he walked back to the table.

“If I do, is that a problem?”

“Not at all little mama. But I have to run off to class, so are you going to give me your number?”

I smirked at him, got up and stood directly in front of him. I had built up my confidence by now. I wasn't afraid anymore because I could sort of feel that he liked me too.

I grabbed Darrell's right hand and began to write my number in his palm. Old school I know but I'm just that type of girl, and I thought it would be cute. I said nothing and just walked off, arching my back, poking out my butt and putting a little twist in my walk. I like leaving a man in thought and that's exactly where I left Darrell.

Chapter IX

Baby Boy

“Kendal! Kendal! Get up!” Keshia screamed nudging and rocking me to wake me up.

“I’m up, dang. What is going on?”

“Ron’s ex is in town.”

“Ok Keshia and what does that mean?” I asked this question already knowing the answer. There was no doubt, everyone knew Ron loved Keshia, but his ex from back home still had a hold on his heart. Ron has cheated on Keshia with her multiple times and even has gotten the girl pregnant, but he made her get an abortion. So as you can see in the beginning of their relationship, they went through a lot, but Ron promised to never mess up again, and as far as we know he has kept that promise for the past six months.

“Kendal look at this shit!” Keshia screamed shoving her phone in my face with tears in her eyes showing me a picture of the girl on Instagram, posing in a bathroom mirror wearing an oversized t-shirt with the caption, “*good night from us #jusmeandhim*”.

“Is that Ron’s bathroom?”

“Yes Kendal and she’s in his fucking shirt. I know because that’s a t-shirt I fucking bought for him.” Keshia was now sitting on the foot of my bed in tears, shaking with her head buried in her hands. I went over to console my friend wrapping my arms around her and rubbing my fingers through her hair. For a few minutes, I let her sob away quietly not saying anything. My friend was hurt and I know she just needed me there. Keshia may have seemed tough on the outside, but she had a big heart that broke easily. She was good to Ron; I was a witness to that and she did not deserve to be going through this, yet again. Keshia finally got up, went to my bathroom to pull herself together and came back out to sit on the bed with me.

“Kendal I have been up for the past hour, stalking this girl’s Twitter, Instagram, and Facebook. I feel so fucking pathetic and stupid. There was nothing on her Facebook and only the picture I showed you from tonight on her Instagram, but her twitter unfolded a story I did not want to read.”

“Keshia you know things are not always what they seem. Most of the time these hoes be in fairytale land making up shit in their heads about a nigga who could give two fucks about them.”

“She has been tweeting about him for the past month. Talking about how much she misses him, and no matter what he will always be hers and a lot of other bullshit. My confirmation was her tweets from this week about how excited she was to come spend the weekend with him and make things official again.”

“Well have you confronted Ron about all of this? What did he have to say?” I asked.

“I’ve been calling and calling and he’s not picking up. I have literally called him twenty times with no answer.

Kendal I swear I want to kill his ass! I'm so tired of him trying me with this weak hoe. Like what the fuck does he see in her? She's a fucking low life, does nothing and probably never will."

"That's niggas! They can have the most beautiful and educated woman and they'll cheat on them with these fucking rat face ass hoes."

"Girl, do you know this hoe has started stripping? I wonder if Ron's ass knows this. She probably fucking and sucking in the back of the strip club just to keep her fucking lights on. Oh wait, I forgot, the bitch don't have any bills because she still lives with her mother."

I couldn't say anything but sit there and shake my head. I'll never understand it.

"You want to ride over there Keshia? You know I'm down." I said.

"Bitch yes! Let me go get dressed and braid my hair down. I wasn't even thinking that we could just roll up over there."

LaKeshia and I got dressed and headed out the door. She literally was driving 60 miles per hour in a 45 zone trying to get to Ron's apartment. We got there in about five minutes. Ron didn't stay far at all; most of us lived relatively close to campus.

"I don't see his car Keshia; you sure he's here? Maybe the girl was just flexing and that was an old picture."

"No the fuck it wasn't! I know because like I said I bought the fucking shirt he let that dusty hoe wear."

"Well where the fuck they at? He's obviously not here. His car gone, and the apartment pitch dark. Where did he tell you he was going this weekend?"

"His stupid ass talking about he had a big project and was going to be working on it all weekend. I don't know why in the hell I believed that; his dumb ass can't write a two page paper, only things he's good at is catching balls and dropping the D. Then told me he'll see me Sunday and take me out to dinner. Now that I'm thinking about it, I guess the date was just to make up for his weekend with that ratchet hoe."

“They may have all gone out then, because nobody is here. Darrell’s car is not even here or their other roommate’s. I’m guessing they all went out.”

“Yeah fuck him! I’m going home. I’m so tired of this bullshit with the same fucking girl over and over again. I’m done with him and I’m so serious!”

We rode back home and stayed up and chatted a bit then both felled asleep in my room. We were awakened at 8 am in the morning by somebody banging on the door. They were knocking so fucking hard I thought it was the police. We both jumped up scared as hell and made our way into the living room to peep through the blinds to see who was there. To our surprise it was Ron, the fucking nerve of this nigga! So he thinks it’s ok to pop up at our house early in the morning after he’s been creeping all night? I stepped back from the window and returned to my room. I was going to let Keshia handle this.

LaKeshia:

I flung the door open and stood directly in the door way, blocking the entryway so this nigga knew he was not welcomed in. He sized me up trying to calculate my mood, then looked me in my eyes and pushed me to the side to step his cocky ass in the door.

“What the fuck are you doing here Ron? Don’t you have company? You know it’s rude to leave people at your house alone?”

Ron paid me no attention and walked straight in our kitchen to grab a bottle of water. Next he headed towards my room. I was walking directly behind him the entire time talking shit. Suddenly something came over me and I got tired of his ass ignoring me when he was in the wrong.

BAM! I picked up the remote that was on the coffee table and throw it at the back of his head, Splat, it hit him right in the middle of his dome. Ron quickly turned around and in what seemed like one motion, he grabbed me by the collar of my t-shirt, shoved me against the wall, and jacked me up with both hands.

“What the fuck is wrong with you Keshia? Don’t start that stupid shit, it’s too fucking early!”

Ron spoke calmly and sternly, while he shook me up against the wall. Actually, he was a little too calm and that scared the shit out of me; I couldn’t even speak. I hated him right now. I was looking at the man I love, and even though we were so young, I wanted to spend the rest of my life with him, but he just couldn’t let go of this girl and give his all to me. Next thing I know I just burst into tears. As I started crying, Ron put me down and hugged me. At that very moment, I lost it. I pushed him away as hard as I could, but he barely moved and tried to come back to hug me; this time I slapped the shit out of him and tried to spit right in his face, but he dodged out the way before the saliva graced his cheek. Ron scooped me up and lifted me in the air and placed me over his shoulder with me kicking trying to get down, but he held on tight. He carried me inside the room and laid me on the bed.

“Get out Ron! I want you to leave and leave now!” I demanded.

“No you don’t.” He said not paying attention to any of my threats.

“Yes I do! Get the fuck out of my house man, real shit.”

“What’s the problem Kesh? We haven’t even talked about it.”

“You know the fucking problem so don’t try to play stupid.”

“I know you’re mad as hell at me obviously, but that’s it. You were calling last night like somebody died, so I rushed over here this morning to see what was up.”

“HA, HA, HA! Really nigga? You want to act so fucking clueless like you don’t fuckin’ know.” I jumped up, grabbed my phone off the dresser, opened my gallery and pulled up the screen shot I took of “little miss ratchet” in his bathroom last night and threw it at him.

“So when were you going to tell me you and your girlfriend were back together?” I asked.

“It’s not what you think Keshia.”

“Shut the fuck up! Don’t start that it’s not what you think shit, it’s plain as day the bitch is at your house half naked in the fucking shirt I bought.”

“Ok, I didn’t say she wasn’t at my house, but I’m not fucking with her like that no more.”

“NO MORE! What do you mean no more? When did you stop Ron?”

Ron let out a huge sigh and begin rubbing his head. “Look yes the girl was at my house this weekend, but I wasn’t there with her?”

“So where you was at, because your ass most def. wasn’t here where you supposed to be.”

“I stayed at Trey house for the weekend. I didn’t stay over here because I really did have work to do and needed to get it done. Trey already took the class babe, so he was helping me out.”

“Save the bullshit Ron. Why the fuck is the hoe at your house?”

“She called me last week and said she was coming into town for business and needed somewhere to stay and didn’t have money for a hotel. I said no at first, but she kept calling all week saying she asked everyone and no one was able to help her out and could she please stay. I felt bad and let her crash at the crib baby, but I wasn’t there at all not even when she got there. I made Darrell meet her there and open the door; I haven’t even seen the girl.”

“Then why the fuck she posting all this shit about y’all getting back together? You have to be giving her some reason to think that.”

“I swear Kesh; I haven’t been fucking with that girl.”

“Fuck you Ron! I don’t believe shit you say. You don’t love me. You love her, so how about you get the fuck out and return home to her and y’all can live happily ever after.”

Now I was standing directly in front of him demanding that he leave. Ron wrapped his hands around my waist and pulled me close.

“Get the fuck off of me!” I shouted as I tried to pry his arms from around my waist. He ignored me as always and just held on tighter. He bent down and used his head to lift up my shirt; then he used his teeth to pull it higher and start kissing my naval. He gave me soft and gentle kisses all around my tummy and gently flickered his tongue across my naval. Then he began to move up kissing me higher and higher until he reached my breast. He grazed his soft juicy lips over them moving his head from side to side teasing me how and where I liked to be teased.

“RON! Seriously stop. I want you to get off of me and leave.” I shouted pushing down on his head to get him from under my shirt. He jerked my body closer to him forcefully and wrapped his arms even tighter; I could barely move. He licked my left breast and slowly inched it in his warm moist mouth until he couldn't get any more in. He sucked on my tittie hard but slow and began massaging my booty. He pulled back and stopped at the nipple and began to lick around it in slow circular motions but pressing hard with his tongue to apply pressure. I instantly felt this gush between my thighs and knew my pussy was getting wet. He grabbed a hand full of my ass and squeezed as hard as he could,

leaving his hand imprint in my cheeks as he began to suck on the right boob. My body relaxed and I threw my head back reluctantly enjoying his gently yet rough foreplay. He sensed my body was finally relaxed, and lifted me up then laid me on the bed. I had on nothing under my T-shirt, so he lifted it over my head with one swoop.

He stood up and admired my naked body and began to smile. He quickly grabbed both of my legs and pulled me to the edge of the bed, pushed both of my legs as far back as they could go, nearly aligned with my head and placed his hot wet tongue directly on my pulsating clitoris. He begin to suck it hard as he used both hands to grabbed and squeeze my breast. Then he slowly traveled down to my opening making sure not to stop licking me on his way down. He then went to work, licking, slurping, and literally sucking the soul out of my pussy while massaging my breast at the same time. Only a few minutes later I was grabbing his head and clinching my legs tightly around his neck releasing my nectar on his face and in his mouth. He lapped it up happily, as my body relaxed and the wave of contractions rushing through my vagina began to subside. I slowly loosened my legs from around his neck, and Ron

lifted his head up with a drench face and glazed smile. He came up and kissed me roughly as he wrapped his arms around my body.

‘It’s you Kesh. I only want you and I told you I was going to do right by you and I meant that.’

He began planting soft kisses down my neck and on my chest. “You believe me baby? I love you, and I won’t let anybody come between us again.”

“I want that bitch out of your house Ron.”

“Yes ma’am,” He said in between kisses.

“Like now! I want her gone and she has no reason to ever come back.”

“I got it Kesh. I just want you to relax and understand you don’t have to be worrying. You got to trust me baby.”

I said nothing just looked up at the ceiling as he continued to kiss my body. I didn’t trust his ass and probably never would, so I don’t understand why in the hell I stayed in this relationship. Naw I do, because I loved him. I loved this man with everything in me. I loved him more

than I loved myself sometimes and at the time, I just had to force myself to believe what he was saying because I couldn't picture not being with him. More than that, I couldn't let that bitch have him.

“Baby I love you.” Ron said as he came up and pushed me to the side so he could lay next to me and wrap his arms around me.

“I love you too.” I said back with one single tear rolling down my cheek.

Chapter X

Stolen Innocence

Beep Beep!!! I had just pulled up to Brittany's house to pick her up. Anika and LaKeshia were already in the car with me, ready to hit the mall to do some shopping and have some much needed girl's time. Tomorrow night the Que Dawgs and Alphas were having the biggest juice party of the year; it literally was going to be the battle of the juices. A juice party is basically a frat party where the Bruhz serve up their signature spiked punch all night long. Trust me, everybody at these parties were turned the fuck up and wasted; you have to pray that you make it home.

This would be my first time going out since Puerto Rico, and I was ready to shake my ass and get drunk as fuck. We were all excited and I think it will be good for all the girls to let loose, especially Keshia. She hasn't talked much about the incident that happened with Ron a few days ago. I asked was everything okay multiple times and I got the same general reply each time, so I left it alone. I know she'll open up and talk to me about it when she's ready.

We pulled up to the mall about fifteen minutes later; we all got out the car and headed towards our favorite store, FOREVER21. This wasn't a classy or club attire type of party, so you would think finding something to wear would be easy. Not! In my opinion, it made it more difficult, trying to be cute, but comfortable and sexy all at the same time, and not dressy was definitely a challenge.

"So what are you wearing Kendal?" Brittany asked breaking my train of thought.

"I honestly have no idea and I am not seeing much in here." I said as I scanned through the rack of clothing hanging on the wall.

"Girl me neither, we should have went to the other mall Downtown; they have a much bigger store and better selection."

"Yeah probably should have. Well if none of us finds anything here we can drive over there and see what's popping."

We all continued shopping, finding a couple pieces here and there, then headed to the dressing room. I had no luck at all; if it wasn't too tight or too big it was just plain ugly on me. LaKeshia found a cute pair of acid-washed cheeky high-waist shorts that was tampered at the bottom. Her plumped ass set up in them just right and they didn't look too tight, but fit around her shapely bottom perfectly like a glove. She paired it with an olive green spaghetti strap sheer crop top, which had long dangling fringes in the front; it was really cute on her. Anika found a baseball jersey shirt that she really liked, she got a matching bandeau top to go under it because she was wearing it opened, but didn't find any shorts she liked that would go well with it. Just like me, Brittany didn't find anything for the party, but this girl had three club dresses walking up to the cashier to check out.

"Missy we are going to a juice party, where are you wearing those?" I walked up behind Brittany inquiring about the tight club dresses she was carrying to the counter.

“Mind your business.” She said with a slick smirk and continued to go check out. I left it alone, but I would be asking her who’s the new mister later on. Obviously there was one, because the dresses she had read romantic date night all over them!

We hit up a couple more stores such as H&M, Macy’s, and Charlotte Russe. I finally found something to wear and so did Anika and Brittany. I settled on a burgundy leather based skater skirt, with a black crop top and black gladiator sandals that had gold detailing on them. Anika found some really cute white booty shorts from Macy’s and bought a pair of all white air Force Ones from Finish Line. Now why she did that, I have no clue because they defiantly will be demolished by the end of the night. Brittany grabbed a pair of spandex booty shorts, which fit more like bloomers than shorts, her ass was almost completely out at the bottom but that’s the way she liked it, and paired it with a haltered top onesie that cut low in the back exposing her entire back. She did look sexy I have to admit, her body was banging and she was thicker than any bitch at our school.

Brittany used her body to draw attention to herself and at times it seemed like that was the only way she knew how to communicate. It wasn't just men either, she got her way with women also. She was naturally sexy and seductive and no one could deny her natural beauty and curvaceous body that was right and tight in everything she wore. She had a rough up brining and using her body to get man was all she knew. Brittany was originally from Harlem, NY but moved to Fort Lauderdale, FL when she was twelve. No matter what, the New York hustle and toughness never left her and she would rock a bitch quick and show them where she was from in a second. She never shared her personal life with me, but she told Keshia everything; they were really close, and of course Keshia would come tell me, but I would never tell anyone and Keshia knew that so it was cool.

When Brittany was six years old her life changed forever. Her dad was the man in Harlem, as Keshia tells it, he was moving major weight from New York to Delaware. One night three young thugs bust down the door at their home out in New Jersey. They immediately started busting as soon as they came through the door; thank God Brittany

was in the kitchen at the time and wasn't harmed, but they shot her dad in the shoulder, they made sure he stayed alive for the time being. They demanded he give up the dope and money, but daddy wasn't breaking. They pistol whipped him until he was unrecognizable and blood covered his face completely blurring his vision; still he said nothing. They then grabbed Brittany's mom and raped her repeatedly on the floor next to her dad who was tied up to a chair; all three taking turns on her and busting off on her face one by one once they was finished. Still he said nothing. Brittany's mom pleaded with him to just give up the money, but he wouldn't speak, probably at this time they beat him so bad he wasn't able to.

POW! POW! There were two gun shots; they shot Brittany's dad right in the middle of his forehead and shot her mom in the chest as she laid on the floor with her skirt up, ripped panties and blood oozing down her legs. This entire time Britany was hiding inside the kitchen closet, not saying a word. She said it seemed like forever hiding in that closet. Too scared to face the reality of what had just happened, she felled asleep in the closet. She was awakened by a rush of people coming into the house. She

finally came out and was greeted by a detective who carried her outside. By this time they had covered her parent's body. Thankfully she never saw them laid out dead; she didn't even go to their funerals and has no clue where they are buried.

After the incident, she was placed with her grandmother who lived in the projects, who already had six kids living with her and Brittany's aunt and two uncles. Four years later Brittany's aunt graduated high school and moved out taking Brittany with her. She was dating this big time drug dealer and was pregnant with his baby so he let her move into the crib. Once Brittany's aunt got too far along in her pregnancy for his enjoyment he began to sneak in Brittany's room at night and do whatever he wanted to her. He threatened her that he would kill her aunt and then kick her out on the streets if she ever said anything. He had money and took good care of them, and she knew how much her aunt loved him so she kept quiet; he even began to give her \$100 a week once he was fucking her on a regular to make sure she didn't say anything.

It got worst though. He would invite his homeboys over at times late at night and let them have Brittany any way they wanted. She would cry and beg him to not make her do it, even begged to just fuck him and do whatever but not to pass her around, but he didn't care. Come to find out they was paying him \$200 every time they was able to tap that young ass. She was raped by him and a total of five of his homeboys for about a year, until one day she had severe vaginal bleeding at school and passed out. The nurse at the school examined her and ran test. Come to find out she had a cyst that burst on her ovaries and she also had contracted gonorrhoea from one of those low lives who had been raping her. That day Brittany had a change of heart and didn't give a fuck about her aunt's boyfriend or his money anymore. She told the nurse everything, who then immediately reported it.

Brittany's paternal grandmother lived in Florida and Brittany told the school that she wanted to go live with her. They contacted her grandmother and told her everything, that same day her grandmother bought a plane ticket and told her to leave everything and come home to her. From that day, Brittany has never seen her aunt or any of her

mom's family again, but the damage was already done. Her dad's mom was very old and could not control Brittany. The New York girl was too fast for the South Florida people. She dated older man for money and was even pregnant twice before graduating. But she was smart. She came to college and let's just say with no financial aid, and the girl's bills are paid. That's why I can rock with her, because I know her story and I know she's just a young girl whose innocence was taken from her.

Now that everyone was set for the party, we decided to head across the street to this Mexican restaurant to grab something to eat. As soon as we got to the restaurant, they seated us immediately, and it was then time for us girls to catch up. I broke the ice and started off the conversation; everyone seemed so tensed.

"So what's up? I miss you guys! I feel like we haven't all hung out in a while."

"Yea it seems like I haven't seen you guys in forever, since my fashion show." Anika said

“Well you the one been all booted up with your new bae Trey. How is that going anyway?” Brittany asked.

“It’s going. We just been chilling really and getting to know each other. We study together every day and when he can, he meets me on campus for lunch after class. He keeps trying to come over and see me but I won’t let him.”

Brittany asked, “Why not? He seems like a really nice guy, I doubt he is going to try you.”

“Yeah I don’t think so, but I still just want to take this slow and see how real it is.”

“That’s good Anika; I’m proud of you, so are you guy’s official yet, like girlfriend boyfriend?” I asked.

“No, he actually asked me last night and I said I’ll think about it; I have to give him an answer by the end of the weekend.”

“Bitch yes! Your answer is yes! Because he is good to you, low-key, and fine as fuck. Bitch where! Where else

you gone find that?" Brittany said loudly; we all started laughing.

"Yeah you right, I am probably going to say yes, just playing hard and making him wait, it's kind of fun. Hey Keshia, why are you being so quiet, is everything ok hun?" Anika asked.

Keshia cracked a fake smile and said, "Yeah I'm ok, just a lot on my mind." I looked at her to try to read her but she was blank, I gave her that look like do you want me to just tell them, and she nodded her head yes.

"So y'all here's the real mother fucking tea! Ron's ex came into town last weekend and guess where she stayed?"

Brittany and Anika shouted "Where?" at the same time and straightened up in their seat and leaned in closer.

"At Ron's house! The bitch was all on Instagram posting photos in his bathroom and wearing his t-shirt to bed and shit."

“So what the fuck did you do Keshia?” Brittany wanted to know

“Oh trust me, she went off, I heard it all go down.” I said laughing

“So what now? Because you two are still together. Why didn’t you kick his ass to the curve?”

“Yes she stayed at his house, but he wasn’t there. The girl didn’t have anywhere else to stay for the weekend so Ron was being nice by letting her stay over while he stayed at Trey’s.” Keshia finally said.

“The fuck! That bitch would have to get a hotel, motel, shit a shelter, but she wasn’t going to be laying in my man bed with his clothes on.” Brittany said.

“Exactly!” I chimed in agreeing with Brittany.

“Well it’s over and done with now. I made him make her leave once I found out and he swore he was not fucking with her like that so we just gon’ leave it there.”

Me and Brittany leaned back in our chair rolling our eyes like yeah whatever, while Anika just set there not knowing what to say, finally she broke the silence.

“So are you ok Keshia?”

“Yes I’m good, Ron and I talked about it and we are good. But now back to you Kendal, where the hell is Mike and what’s up with Darrell?”

I cut my eyes at Keshia. It wasn’t cool how she just flipped the script on me.

“Well Darrell has been Darrell; we been texting and that’s about it nothing major. Now Mike, I think that crazy nigga finally got the picture and has left me alone. After the day we had that big blow up, and I told him I no longer love him I haven’t heard from him.”

“Well that’s good he has left you alone, because it was beginning to get stalkerish.” Anika said.

“I know right. I thought I was going to have to get a restraining order on his deranged ass. Brittany I want to know who your new guy is though.” I said.

“Why do you think I have a new guy Kendal?”

“All those damn dresses you were buying in the mall, and trust me those outfits were bought for a purpose hunny; all of them were straight up freak'em dresses.” I had Brittany laughing now, she couldn't even lie with a straight face anymore.

“Well if you must know, yes I did meet someone new, and this one is not a thug and he's fine as hell, buff, and has a big thick chocolate dick. Just a beautiful man!”

“Damn you done fucked him already?” Keshia said with a screwed up face.

“Yes bitch, don't judge me! He's already giving me money, so yes I gave him this kitty cat already.”

“Where did you meet this one?” Anika asked

“I actually met him at the gym; it was about three weeks ago. For some reason that day I got the urge to wake up early and go work out. I made it to the gym at 6 am. Well long story short, I had a good 45 minute workout and on my way walking down stairs we bumped into each other. He was looking so fucking good, all buff and sweaty. He apologized and I guess took a good look at me and we started conversatin’. So I asked him if he was a trainer and he responded yes, so I acted as if I just got there and needed help. He agreed to help me and we went downstairs together and he gave me some one-on-one attention. After my private workout session and tons of flirting I find myself in the men’s locker room bent over the sink in one of the stalls getting pounded. Girl even his dick was buff and had muscles!”

“Ew that’s nasty.” Anika said disgusted.

“Whatever, but yeah this man picked me up, pinned me against the wall, and fucked the shit out of me. I was coming over and over and over again and clinging on so tight. I never had a man scoop me up and take control like that. But since that day we have been talking constantly

and went out to lunch twice, but I haven't let him hit it again. So Sunday evening he is surprising me and taking me on a date; he won't tell me where so I had to buy all of those dresses to be prepared for whatever he got planned, and trust I'm feenin' for that dick and Sunday night he gone get it!"

"Well just be careful Brittany, and make sure to text one of us once you find out where you guys are going to make sure at least one of us knows." Keshia said with concern. "I will boo, you know I got y'all."

Our food finally came and we ate and continued to talk, laugh, and gossip about who knows what. I really enjoyed the time with my girls because we all kept it real with each other and let it be known what was going on. After lunch, I dropped everyone off at home and Keshia to Ron's crib. I drove home happy to have some time alone to think and even thought to invite Darrell over. I texted him and he didn't reply like usual, but as soon as I was going to put my phone away that dreadful number flashed across my screen; it was Mike with a message reading: **Kendal I miss you!**