

Tiffany hurried back to the car to get Jamal's cell phone. She saw it but then heard another one ring. She flicked the light on so she could see and saw his other phone that she wasn't familiar with. She frowned as she picked it up wondering if she should answer it.

"Hello...?" she said tentatively.

Andre paused. "Who is this?"

"You called my boyfriend's phone. Who the hell are you?" Tiffany replied instantly in a shitty mood after seeing Jamal handcuffed and taken away like some common criminal and then discovering he had a second phone that she knew nothing about.

"Tiffany," Andre said in a matter of fact manner.

"Where's Jamal?"

"How do you know my name?"

"Never mind that. Where is Jamal?"

"The cops just handcuffed him and took him away," Tiffany explained trying to keep her composure.

"What the fuck for?" Andre piped, as he stood up.

"Obstruction of justice or something like that.

Who are you?" Tiffany asked again.

“Are you home?” Andre asked.

Not knowing who the man was on the other phone, Tiffany disconnected the call. She snatched up Jamal’s other phone and called D-Ball as she headed up to their apartment.

“Yo!” D-Ball answered, thinking it was Jamal.

“Dante! It’s Tiff. They just handcuffed Jamal and took him away,” Tiffany said hastily as she unlocked the apartment door and went inside. She locked all of the locks and set the alarm.

“For what?” D-Ball replied as he stopped at a red light.

“Obstruction of justice. Jamal told me to call you and ask you to come over until this is sorted out. Will you be able to?” Tiffany asked as she scrolled through Jamal’s second phone. She saw that it was only the one number that the man called from, no text messages or anything else and became even more confused.

“Yeah, I’m on my way. Sit tight; don’t open the door for nobody. I’m not even gonna knock, I’m just call you when I get to the door, okay?” D-Ball

said to her as he sped off when the light changed to green.

“Okay.” Tiffany disconnected the phone and paced the living room. Jamal had a second phone with only one number in it that went to a man who seemed to know Jamal, though she never heard of or met him. “*Why would Jamal need a second phone just to talk to that one person?*” she wondered to herself. She went to their bedroom and began looking around. She searched the top of the closet and inside of shoe boxes. She then looked on the shelves inside of their walk-in closet and underneath a stack of paper she found a manila envelope. She peeked inside and pulled a few of the papers out, immediately being able to see that they were police documents. She sat on the edge of the bed and pulled all of the papers out and began scanning them. Tiffany became very intrigued when she saw the documents were about Samir Muhammad’s murder investigation. “Andre Williams?” Tiffany mumbled as she read. She thumbed through the papers until she came across some photos. She looked at the same one

that caught Jamal's attention months before and frowned. To make sure her eyes weren't deceiving her, she reached onto the night table for her eye glasses and put them on. She looked at the photo again and then thought back to the day she decided to take the stairs to the apartment because the lights had gone out and bumped into the man coming through the doors that led to the stairway. The man who she told Jamal looked just like him. Her heart raced as she shook her head and looked at the photo again. "Is this your father?" she asked out loud.

She heard a knock at the door and jumped. She trembled as she put the papers back in the envelope and placed them back in the closet the way she found them.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"Police ma'am, we need to speak with you, please?" she heard a man's voice say.

Tiffany hesitated. Why would the police want to talk to her? She tip-toed over to the door and looked through the peep-hole. She could see that there were two uniformed officers but one was

partially out of her vision and the other had his head down slightly so she could not see his face. She un-locked the top lock and the lock on the door knob but left the chain-lock attached and opened it just enough to see out. Before she could say anything, one of the men pushed forcefully on the door, snapping the chain and Tiffany screamed, jumping back. The men barged into her home and she backed away down the hallway. She looked at the both of them frightened. When the first one lunged for her, she grabbed an African Barbie-sized statue from a table in the hallway and swung with it, catching the first officer in the face with it. The hit cut open the side of his face and blood streamed out. He staggered back in shock and in pain.

“Bitch!” the second one said as he came for her. Tiffany swung again but the officer dodged her attempt and grabbed her by the wrist, bending it back to make her drop it. She hollered out in pain but grabbed the man by his collar with her other hand and kicked him on the side of his knee hoping to dislocate it. He buckled, letting her wrist

go and Tiffany used her palm to hit him in the nose, busting it and making him fall back. She turned to run but the first officer lunged for her making her fall to the floor. They struggled with each other back and forth, knocking over knick-knacks and photo frames from the table until the officer grabbed for her throat and began to squeeze. She gagged and clawed at his hands trying to get him off but to no avail. Her feet peddled until she was able to raise her knees and she kneed the officer in the groin twice. When his grip loosened, she scooted away from him enough to get her feet up and kicked him in his chest, knocking him back. She was dizzy and struggling to breathe after her airway was cut off but tried to crawl to the bedroom to get her gun. She heard gunshots from behind her and opened her mouth to scream but couldn't get a sound out.

"Tiff!" D-Ball hollered out.

Tiffany turned over and looked at him breathing heavy and in tears. He extended his hand to her and helped her up. She struggled to catch her breath as she let his hand go and went to their

bedroom. She grabbed her gun, Jamal's two cell-phones and then grabbed the manila envelope and stumbled back to D-Ball handing it to him.

"Come on, we gotta get the hell outta here," D-Ball said.

Tiffany closed the door and they were about to hurry down the hall when they saw two men coming in their direction. Without hesitation, one aimed at them and fired. D-Ball pushed Tiffany back after they both ducked.

"Pussy!" D-Ball growled as he fired back rapidly, hitting one of them. The other man jumped back.

"Run, Tiff! Move!" D-Ball yelled. They turned to run and burst through the doors to go down the stairs but saw two men coming up. D-Ball snatched Tiffany back making her stumble out of her shoe. She took her other shoe off and they ran upstairs instead. They burst through the doors to the seventh floor and hauled assed down the hallway. Just as they were turning the corner, someone behind them fired shots at them.

"Shit!" D-Ball screamed. He grabbed Tiffany by the arm and they ran down another hallway until

they saw a door leading to an outside balcony. D-Ball kicked it in and they ran out, skipping steps to get down the fire escape. They were almost to the bottom when someone fired at them from above. D-Ball pushed Tiffany down and fired back at them. He heard someone yelp, letting him know he hit them and then he and Tiffany continued running until they hit the pavement. Bystanders screamed and ducked out of the way as D-Ball turned to shoot at the fire escape to give them some lead way and then he and Tiffany ran down the street. Tiffany was getting ready to make a left turn to the garage to get Jamal's car, but D-Ball snatched her by the arm and made her go right instead to his car. They jumped inside and sped off.

Tiffany was hyperventilating, unable to get her breathing fully under control after being choked and then running for her life. D-Ball could hear her whimpering as she wheezed terribly.

"Breathe Tiff, it's okay. Take a slow breath. Relax, we're good now. We're good," D-Ball tried to reassure her as he sped down the street.



Tiffany let out a dry cough and then puked on the floor of his car.

“Ahh fuck!” D-Ball said. “I just cleaned this shit,” he shook his head.

Finally able to get her breathing under control, she burst out in tears. “I’m sorry!”

“It’s cool. Are you okay? Are you bleeding, did you get hit?” D-Ball asked as he sped through a yellow light.

Tiffany took trembling breaths and shook her head. “No...what the hell is going on?!” she asked D-Ball frantically.

Before D-Ball could answer, his back window was shot out. Tiffany screamed and ducked. D-Ball ducked as well, swerving the car.

“Yo! These muthafuckas are not playing!” D-Ball yelled as he made a sharp left turn and sped down a street. He looked back quickly and saw a silver Lesabre make a speedy turn right behind them.

“Tiff, I know you’re scared, but I need you to bust back. I know Jamal taught you how to shoot and I know you got your burner on you, I saw when you grabbed it...”

D-Ball was cut off by the sound of more bullets hitting the back of his car.

“Shit! Shoot back! Shoot back!” D-Ball yelled at Tiffany.

Tiffany grabbed her gun and positioned herself between her seat and D-Ball’s seat. She aimed out of the back window that had been shot out and squeezed her trigger. She hit the windshield, aiming for head shots and the car chasing them swerved.

“Yeah! That’s right, Tiff! Fuck them niggas up!”

D-Ball exclaimed as he honked his horn to make pedestrians get out of his way. He swerved around a right corner almost jumping the curb and decided to head over to the police station hoping that would be of some help.

“I’m out!” Tiff yelled.

“Oh hell no!” D-Ball said. He steered the car with his left hand and pulled his glock 9 from his waist before handing it to Tiffany.

“I never shot with a glock before,” Tiffany said.

“Well, you gon’ learn today. Aim with both of your hands,” D-Ball instructed her as he made an

illegal left turn onto Broad Street. “Hold on!” he told her as he quickly jumped in front of another car, cutting them off and making them swerve. Cars honked at him but D-Ball didn’t give a shit. He was trying to get the hell away from the car chasing him. At the intersection of Lindley and Broad Street, the light was turning red. D-Ball shook his head and pressed down on the accelerator. He timed it just right to swerve around the back of one car coming through the intersection. Cars swerved behind him. He hoped he could cause a crash with the car chasing him, but they managed to dodge the swerving cars. “Come the fuck on man!” D-Ball said. He cut another car off to speed around a Septa bus. The car chasing them stayed with them. “Any other time, when I need the fucking lights on Broad Street to stay green, the muthafuckas are all red. Now today, I want the muthafuckas to be red and the muthafucking lights are all green!” D-Ball ranted as he dipped from one lane to another. He saw a double Septa bus ahead in the middle lane

and jumped in the far right lane. Tiffany saw what he intended to do.

“Oh my God!” she squealed as she grabbed the back of the head rest.

D-Ball saw that the light was about to turn green ahead and the bus changed to the far right lane to make a right turn. D-Ball swerved back to the middle lane and gunned it so he could catch up to the bus and then made a quick right turn in front of it before the light turned green. The car behind them tried to make the same turn as the bus was pulling off and the bus smashed right into it.

“Yeah!” D-Ball exclaimed, as he banged his fist on the steering wheel. “Take that shit, muthafuckas! We out! Ha ha!”

Tiffany looked out the back window at the accident behind them and then faced forward. She placed her hand to her chest and closed her eyes. She was beginning to wish she had taken her ass to New York after all.