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Markel

The sound of my alarm clock screeching like a Freight train straining to come to a halt blared in my ears and snatched me out of my dream, which was actually a pretty good one. I was back in my undergrad days, living the good and wild life, getting any lady that I wanted, being a pimp; hated by the brothers who wished they could be me, and loved and lusted after by the women that wished they could get a taste of the mojo I was always laying on them. Ahh yes, I was indeed the definition of a player. But now, those days are dead and gone, and I am a one woman man. My wife, my boo, my right hand lady Tierra, has stayed with me in spite of all of my in-discretions. Sometimes I wonder if she knew about all of the cheating and the double life I was leading with her and my side “jawns”, but just kept her mouth closed. Maybe she even got a little on the side. No, I’m not going to think that. Even though I

did my dirt, I don't even want to think of the possibility of another man running up in my wife. I would have to murder something.

Now I'm looking at her sleeping beside me. Damn, she is truly beautiful. No matter how many women I had that would have done anything- and I do mean anything- to be with me, I knew it was only because I was popular and they smelled success. Those bitches were just trying to hitch on and get a free ride. But Tierra, she is real and is loyal. She is the definition of what a 100 percent woman truly is supposed to be: smart, beautiful, a great conversationalist, and a great cook. I mean, my baby can really throw down! She has her own catering business and was just contracted to do a cook book as well as do a cooking segment on Rachel Ray's Morning Show. Yes, my baby is the bomb diggity. Did I mention this woman has some toe curling cuddy? After almost 16 years, this woman still manages to surprise me in bed and leave me glowing like a newly fucked virgin, grinning from ear to ear, drooling, and wondering all at the same time, DAMN!!! Where the hell did

she learn how to do that?! And to think that I almost screwed everything up with her, running around, sticking and moving with a bunch of smuts that didn't have half of what Tierra has. I'm just looking at her right now laying on her side, back arched, silk sheets clinging to her curvy body outlining that sexy frame that still looks tight after giving birth to our three beautiful kids. Damn, the way that ass of hers is pointing in my direction is making me want to slob her down right now! Damn, my baby is fine! I love her to death. I really don't know what I would do without her.

I can hear the kids up. It sounds like Tamia and Tianna are going at it again. Those girls stay going at it. And here comes one knocking on the door.

"Daddy!!" That was Tianna. She's ten years old but is such a Tom boy and swears she's a little boxer, though I must admit, she has a mean right hook and has made me want to cry uncle when she punched me in my damned eye. I was almost ready to whip her little ass.

“Yes sweetheart,” I replied while placing my hands behind my head, knowing what was coming next.

Without getting permission from me, Tianna burst open my door, marched into my bedroom, and placed her hands on her tiny hips as she took a defiant stance. That was her “I’m sick of this shit” pose. I managed to suppress my chuckle and asked her what was wrong.

She rolled her eyes and started tapping her foot. I almost cracked up. “Tamia has been in the shower for the last half hour washing her hair AGAIN, and I have to go to the bathroom.”

Now I had to roll my eyes. Tamia. That girl. Every time I turn around she is taking forever in the damn day to get herself ready in the morning. She just turned thirteen and thinks she is Miss Body Beautiful. She has long, dark-brown hair just like her mother. The same almond shaped, baby brown eyes; thick, naturally arched eye brows, long lashes, and smooth, sandy-brown skin. And unfortunately, puberty has begun to kick in a little sooner than I would have liked because she has to

be sporting at least a 34B with a little tiny waist and a little apple bottom. As her father, I naturally am ready to pull a Martin Lawrence from *Bad Boys 2* and intimidate any little nucca that thinks he is going to smooth talk his way into my baby girl's pants. I was thirteen once too, and I can't even begin to tell you the filthy thoughts that would have been running through my mind had Tamia grown up with me and my little crew of cronies. Yeah... I definitely was going to be keeping a hawk-eye on her.

I guess I didn't answer her fast enough because Tianna started tapping her foot louder.

"Daddy, did you hear me?" she asked impatiently. "Tell her to get out of the bathroom. I've gotta go!" She crossed her legs and started doing the "pee-pee" dance to drive her point home. I got off the bed and let her use our master bathroom and then decided to handle Miss America.

I tapped on the bathroom door.

"I said wait, DANG!!!" Tamia hollered from behind the door.

“Who the hell do you think you’re talking to like that?” I shouted back. I heard her wince behind the door.

“Sorry, daddy. I thought you were Tianna again. She knows I’m in here trying to get ready for school.” I could just see her rolling her eyes while she did whatever the hell it was that she was doing to her head.

“Regardless who you thought it was, you don’t yell in my house. Get your little scrawny ass out the bathroom. You’re not the only one that has to go to school.” I could hear her sucking her teeth as she snatched her things up in the bathroom. Though her words weren’t exactly audible, I knew she was talking shit.

“You say something?” I challenged her.

“No, Daddy,” she mumbled. Yeah, she knows who the boss is. She cracked the door open and peeked out. I scanned over her and noticed how unusually short her uniform skirt was. I shook my head. You can’t even send your kids to Catholic School to keep them in line. They always gotta push the envelope... even with Jesus.

“What the hell is wrong with your skirt?” I asked her.

She looked down at herself and gave me the dumb blonde look as though she had no idea what I was talking about. “What do you mean?” she asked with wide, innocent eyes.

“Where is the rest of it?”

She chuckled and threw her hand on my chest. “Dad, you’re silly.”

“You see me damn it laughing? Either you have Tianna’s uniform on or you need to pull your skirt down. Either way, don’t play yourself. Pull that damn skirt down.”

She sulked past me and whined, “Aww Dad, come on. It’s not even that high. It looks corny all the way past my knees.”

“Yeah and you look like Steve Urkel with the hem of your skirt around your collar bone. Pull that damn skirt down.” I could tell she was embarrassed by my last comment, but oh well. She pulled her skirt down and her knee highs up before sulking towards her bedroom. “And put your hair in a ponytail. And don’t even think

about pulling your skirt back up when you get to school. I've got eyes everywhere. So even when you think I'm not looking, I still see you." I heard Tianna skipping down the hallway behind me.

"Ah ha!" she teased. "That's what you get for trying to be cute for them nappy-headed knuckle-heads that hang around the building in the morning and in the afternoon. Daddy, Tamia's trying to get a boyfriend." She leaned into the wall laughing and slapped her knee.

"Shut up, Tianna!" Tamia screamed from her bedroom.

"Who's the knuckle-head, Tee-Tee?" I asked my younger daughter as I chuckled with her.

"His name is Troy and he's ugmo," she whispered in between her laughs. I laughed out loud with her. Ugmo? Damn, my little girl was getting dolled up for a troll. Her mom was definitely going to have to school her.

Tamia snatched her door open. "You talk too much you little troll. I am not trying to get a boyfriend. I don't even like Troy. You need to mind your business."

“Hey, what did I just tell you about your mouth? You better chill real quick with your lip Tamia, or the only thing you’ll be kissing is the back of your momma’s hand.” She closed her mouth quickly knowing Tierra did not play when it came to sassy mouthed little girls. “Now I don’t give a damn who Troy is but you better stay outta his face and I better not catch him in yours, or I’ll bust his ass and then I’m bust yours. Don’t let me hear anything else about you trying to wear your school uniform skirts a little shorter to get attention from some ugmo Negro.” Tianna burst out laughing and Tamia rolled her eyes as she crossed her arms over her chest. “And that goes for you too, Smoking Joe.” That was a little nick name that I gave my younger daughter since she has such a mean right hook.

“You don’t have to worry, Daddy. Boys are the last thing on my mind. They’re immature, simple and don’t know nothing about nothing.”

“That’s right.” I agreed as I gave my daughter a pound. “Go get ready for school. And wake your little brother up, too.” I went back in the bedroom

and saw that Tierra wasn't in the bed anymore. So much for my early morning jump off. Damned rugrats. I went into our master bathroom and saw that she was finishing brushing her teeth.

“Good morning, baby.” I put my arms around her waist from behind and hugged her to me before kissing the side of her mouth. She turned her head a little to meet my mouth and gave me a big wet kiss. Then she handed me the toothpaste.

“Good morning, babe.” She giggled. “Handle that.”

“Oh, I see you got jokes early in the morning. You're trying to be funny.” I snatched the toothpaste from her playfully.

“No I'm not. Your breath is just a little tart. That's not cute.” She laughed out loud and made her way out of our bathroom. I slapped her on her ass playfully.

“Was that the girls going at it again?” Tierra asked from the bedroom as I was brushing my teeth.

I swished water around my mouth and then spat it in the toilet and flushed. “Yeah. We really need to do something about Tamia and her attitude. Her mouth is getting a little bit crazy in here and that bathroom situation is getting out of hand.” I came in the bedroom and began taking my clothes out for work.

“I’ve told her about her mouth too many times. That girl’s mouth is seriously about to get her a check that her ass can’t cash.”

I looked at my wife and laughed. I loved how she is such a lady with such an aggressive attitude and a foul mouth to match. “Well if her ass can’t cash the checks, will your ass take some deposits?” We both laughed.

“You are so damned nasty. I’m going to cook breakfast. Are you eating here or picking something up on your way into the office?”

“I gotta pick Darnell up since his car is in the shop, so we might just grab something on our way in.” I watched my wife walk out of the bedroom and head downstairs. I really am a lucky man.

2

Tierra

Markel has no idea how freaking lucky he is. I love that man to death, but he has not made it easy to do so. He has cheated, lied and Lord only knows what else during the duration of our relationship, which goes all the way back to 8th grade at Wannamaker Junior High School. Most people would say that I was stupid for staying with him, that I was and still am too good to deal with the bullshit that he was putting me through. But Eve said it best in her song lyrics: Love is blind, and it will take over your mind. I love Markel with everything I have inside of me, and even though those dingy bitches may have had him for a night or two, I have the ring, the house, the Range Rover, the money, the commitment and ultimately, the man. All they have are memories and thoughts of what could've been but never was. Besides, while he was doing his dirt on the side, I had my little action too. What's good for

the goose is good for the damn gander and two can definitely play that game.

As far as I can tell, Markel has been totally faithful since we had Tianna and got married. And so have I. He comes home on time, he calls when he is going to be late and he is totally devoted to making me and the kids happy as well as taking care of home. Besides, he would be a fool to fuck up now. My baby is the head Physical Therapist at one of the most prestigious clinics in the Tristate area. He has treated numerous athletes from Allen Iverson to Ocho-Cinco. My baby is well known and even sought after. So of course he is paid out of the ass making a six figure salary. But, as the saying goes: Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned... without a pre-nup. So he definitely knows better now.

Markel and I met when I moved from Atlanta to Philadelphia in the fall of 1996 when we were in the 8th grade. He was a little knuckle-head mofo with a crew of cronies that swore they were the next best thing since sliced bread. The boys in the class were immediately on my top

because of my southern accent, curvy teenaged body and long, dark brown hair. But the females, those chicken-heads threw shade on me the moment my gorgeous ass walked through the doors.

I will never forget my first initial encounter with Markel. I had only been in school for about two weeks when one of the chicken-heads in the class figured she would test my gangsta. We were at lunch and they were jealous because my mother always sent me to school not only looking fresh, but with hot, home cooked food so I didn't have to eat the nasty school lunch. The boldest chicken-head tripped me as I was walking by sipping on my Pepsi and I stumbled, spilling my soda on the front of my new Ralph Lauren sweat suit.

Markel stood on top of the lunch table, laughed and shouted, "Check mate!"

Little Miss Chicken-Head had a crush on Markel and didn't like the fact that he and his boys were always trying to holler at me in school, so I guess she thought she would get his attention by

dissing me. I had something special for that ass. I picked my bottle of Pepsi up, threw it in the trash and a couple of her friends decided to instigate. I walked over to Little Miss Chicken-Head and she stood up. I think she was about to say something but the words never made it out of that heifer's mouth because I knocked the shit out of that bitch. When she fell into the lunch table, I grabbed a carton of milk and poured it in her hair and her face and beat that ass. I was daring one of her little crew of sluts to jump into it because they would have gotten some of the same.

When security broke the fight up, Markel stood on top of the table over the girl and said in his best Chris Tucker/Smokey from the movie *Friday* voice: "YOU GOT KNOCKED THE FUCK OUT!!!" Reminiscing about that now almost has me cracking up at this sink as I'm fixing breakfast for my babies.

I sat in the counselor's office with an ice-pack on my hand more pissed off that I had just gotten that damned sweat suit and the bitch made me spill Pepsi on it, than the fact that I was about

to be suspended and hadn't even been in the damn school for a month. Markel snuck into the counselor's office and just stood in front of me. I looked up at him and we stared each other down. As angry as I was, he actually made me blush. He must've known that he had me because he started grinning. That turned my smile into a grimace.

He burst out laughing and said, "You gonna knock me out, too?"

"Boy, get out of my damned face." I snarled at him.

"Ooh! You better watch your mouth. You're already in trouble," he replied as he sat next to me.

"So what. That's what that little cow gets for trying to test me." I rubbed the ice-pack across my fist.

Markel just stared me in my face like I was going to be on the next science test and he needed to study me.

"Your accent is tight," he complimented.

I turned around and looked at him but quickly looked away. I'd never noticed how cute

he was until that moment. “Thank you,” I mumbled.

“So look, right. My name is Charlie and I need a bodyguard. Will you be my Angel?” We both burst out laughing. That had to be the corniest but cutest line I had ever heard any guy use. I laughed so hard I almost forgot that I had messed up my new outfit and was about to be suspended. The Principal came into the office and looked at the both of us.

“Markel Davis if you don’t get out of this office and make your way back to your last period class, you will find your tail on the end of one of these pink slips, too.” The Principal chided. She called my boy by his first and last name so I knew he had made her acquaintance more than once.

“Alright Ms. Jackson, my whole government though,” he joked. The look that she gave him let him know that she was not in a joking mood.

“Okay, I’m going. But Tierra is my study partner so I figured if she is getting suspended, I might as well get her contact information to make sure she don’t fall behind in the school work. We’re about

to have a test soon and she already started here late.”

“*Damn this boy has game for days,*” I thought to myself.

The Principal looked at him and then looked at me. I shrugged my shoulders and took a pen out of my bag and a piece of paper out of my book. I knew why he really wanted my number, but his suave nature was too much to resist. I scribbled my name and number down on the paper and gave it to him. He grinned like a cat that had just caught the canary and left the office. From that moment on, he was a constant thought on my mind. Little did I know, he would be the source of my heartache, the father of my children, but also the love of my life.

3

Darnell

“Yo Bro! Let’s go. You know Mondays are always crazy busy and we got clients coming in today!”

Markel shouted out of his window. Dude was always trying to cock block. I was trying to crack on a little shorty that was on her way into IHOP as we were on our way out. Shorty was looking right with her tight fitted jeans and Gucci boots with the matching bag. Nails done, hair done; oh yeah, she was fancy!

“Hold on dawg, I’m coming. Chill out!” I turned my attention back to the little honey dip and smiled. “He’s just mad because he’s on lock down and is missing out on the finer things in life like you,” I smiled at her and gave her the once over look. She giggled and took out her android phone and put my number in it. I put her number in my iPhone and told her I would give her a call tonight so we could go out for dinner and maybe the comedy club. Kevin Hart was in town and there was no way I was going to miss that. As she turned to walk away, I took a picture of her ass. It took everything I had inside of me to keep from hollering “DAMN!” I can’t wait to hit that. I strolled back over to Markel’s car. It glistened in the sunlight from being freshly washed and waxed.

That 2012 Acura was the shit. He had mad bitches on his dick just because of the car. I still don't know why he sold out and got married. I mean, don't get me wrong, Tierra is cool and all, but she was just a school jawn and he should've left it at that. The only reason she got the ring is because she fucked around and got pregnant TWICE. Two rugrats just aren't enough for me to wife a bitch. And I still say ole dawg needs to get a DNA test for at least the first two. Because I'm pretty sure she had niggas creeping on the low while they were in school. She just always struck me as the sneaky bitch.

I hopped in the whip and threw my shades on once he pulled off and the sun started blaring in my eyes. "Yo, you were definitely in the way for that shit. You saw me trying to get with the little honey dip."

Markel leaned back in his leather seat and whipped the wheel around a turn with one hand. "Man, you can crack on any honey you want to dawg, but when clients are coming in for a tour of the facility to do business, you know I like to get

in early to make sure everybody's shit is on point. Last thing I want to see are sloppy desks with a bunch of paper work and shit and patients' charts unorganized and not where they're supposed to be. As for your honey dip, you better check shorty's ID and make sure her shit's legit. I do not need my right hand man getting hauled off in handcuffs at the job. Shit is not good for business." We both cracked up laughing.

"You trying to play me, dude. Naw, shorty is cool. She's definitely something kinda spectacular."

"Yeah alright." Markel replied stopping at a red light. "All I'm saying is, you're getting up there in that age, don't you think it's time for you to settle down a bit. You can't be a pimp forever." Markel is my home-boy but he gets on my fucking nerves trying to talk me into settling down and having a family.

"Look yo, everybody ain't meant to be all locked down with a wife, kids, big house with the picket fence and the two car garage. I like my shit just the way it is. When a bitch gets out of line, on

to the next one. These hoes are just scandalous gold diggers looking for a nigga to sponsor them. Outside of a meal and a movie, they can't get shit from me. That settling down shit might have worked out for you but that shit is definitely for the birds when it comes to me and how I like to do things.”

Markel shook his head. I could tell he didn't agree with me but hey, that was his business. “You keep thinking and acting the way you're acting and that's all you're going to keep coming across are a bunch of gold diggers and hoodrat smut-jawns. You're not going to meet your wife in the club, dawg. That's all I'm saying. The reason you attract those kinda chicks is because of the places you're meeting them.”

“Alright yo, everybody ain't meant to be like you and Tierra with y'all little fairytale life. I'm not looking for a wife so it's all good. So just drop it, alright?” Markel nodded his head and turned his sound system up extra loud. Rick Ross was blasting through the system. I guess Markel felt so free to tell me what kind of woman I should get

with and how I should settle down because he thought his little precious Tierra is perfect. I laughed to myself. If only he knew...

It all started our sophomore year of college at Widener University. It's funny how we all came up together. From John Wannamaker to Engineering and Science, and then Widener University. Markel and I had always been tight ever since elementary school. We vowed to not only be best friends, but brothers also when my older brother got killed on 20th and Susquehanna during a drive by shooting. Nothing was ever supposed to come between us; niggas, money and especially bitches. It seemed like a lot of that changed when Tierra came into play our eighth grade year of junior high school. I'm not going to front, shorty was the shit when she started at the school. She had the body of a grown woman at thirteen with those big-ass titties and that fat ass. I guess it's true when they say women from down south are built better because baby girl's body was like that. I was going to holla at her. Markel knew I was feeling shorty. But he

tried some ole slick shit when she was in the principal's office after getting into a fight in the lunchroom and got her number. I didn't trip though, and I definitely wasn't going to beef with him over no bitch. So I didn't say shit, I just let them do their thing. I thought it was just going to be one of those school relationships that only lasted a couple of weeks, maybe a few months at best. But they were like fucking Will Smith and Jada Pinkett. She was at all of his basketball games. They hung out on the weekends watching sports and playing video games. We got to high school and they were still together! The crazy shit was, the nigga hadn't hit it yet. She wasn't giving up no pussy, no head; NOTHING! She claimed she was a virgin and wasn't ready yet, but I wasn't buying that shit. Not with a body like that. That's what all smut-ass hoes say. Quiet chicks are the nastiest, sneakiest and freakiest little bitches in all of the continental U-S of muthafuckin' A! Markel was doing her mad dirty, though. Fucking bitches behind her back. He never fucked bitches from the same school, he always fucked bitches from

other high schools. He had old jawns giving him money and rides to school and picking him up but lying to her saying they were his cousins or aunts. That shit was crazy because she never said shit. Either she was dumb as hell and didn't know, or she knew but played her fucking part. He finally hit our junior year of high school and for a while he had stopped cheating on her. I mean that nigga really tried to be faithful to her, especially when she got pregnant. But when we got to college and he saw how more experienced them college bitches were and how easy it was to fuck them white jawns, my man turned into a straight up hoe on the low. Tierra started figuring shit out when we were in our second year of college. Prank calls, silly emails, chicks writing love letters to him but leaving them in her door. She came crying to me one day but never said what exactly the problem was. She just kept saying she was tired. At the time I thought she was tired from the baby and trying to keep up with school, but naw, she was tired of that nigga doing her dirty. So I talked to her; tried to make her feel better about herself, gave her the

usual cap up that niggas give when a hoe is feeling down. I admit, the conversations we were having and text messages that we would send each other had me feeling her all over again like back in eighth grade. One night, I swung by their little apartment when I knew Markel was with one of his little honey dips, and I beat that pussy up. I knocked that shit out real good and gave it to her just the way she wanted it knowing that if I did it right, I could hit it again and I did. The whole spring semester I waxed that ass. I almost convinced her to leave Markel for me. But she started giving me sob-ass stories about how much she loved him and how they had a family together.

“So you’re saying you don’t love me? I’m the one who’s been here with you all this time while that nigga is out doing him with any other bitch he can get. I’ve been here for you. I’ve been more of a family to you and Tamia than him, so what do you mean?” I said to her one night after we had finished making love.

“I wish you would stop saying that. Markel is not cheating on me. He has never cheated on me

and would never cheat on me. And I know you've been there. And I appreciate that, I really do. But I can't just leave Markel for you. How would that look, me leaving him for his best friend?" She looked at me for a second and then turned her back to me.

"Were you thinking about how it looked when you were fucking his best friend? So you're saying you can fuck his best friend behind his back but you can't be with me in his face. What the fuck type shit is that?" I snapped. I couldn't believe she tried to hit me with that lame-ass rationalization. Was she serious?

She whirled around with fire in her eyes and hit the shit out of me. Twice! She went to swing again and I grabbed her ass and slammed her into the bed. I pinned her down and screamed in her face. "Hoe, have you lost your muthafuckin' mind? Don't you ever put your fucking hands on me bitch, don't you know I will fuck you up in here?!"

She screamed back at me. "Get off me, Darnell! Your punk-ass really gonna hit a woman?"

Get the fuck off of me!” She struggled to free herself. I guess she thought she was going to hit me again. I don’t make idle threats.

“If you’re tough enough to swing on a man be prepared to get your ass smacked the fuck back.”

We both stared at each other breathing like two wild animals about to battle in the jungle. She never looked sexier than she did at that moment; pissed off and ready to rumble. I pinned her arms above her head and kissed her hard and deep. I needed to remind her who Daddy was.

I turned her over on her side and put one leg up over my shoulder and slipped inside of her. She was still wet, slippery and sticky just the way I liked it. I thrust inside of her hard and deep and she moaned loudly and whispered my name.

“Don’t get quiet now. Where’s all that mouth now, huh?” I pushed her knee closer to her chest so I could go deeper. She cried out and started clawing the sheets.

“Yeah that’s right. This Daddy Dick, right here. You don’t disrespect Daddy Dick, do you?”

Tierra moaned and replied, “No. I’m sorry. Please don’t stop.”

I turned her over so she was lying flat on her stomach, legs straight with her back arched just a little bit so her ass was slightly up in the air and I slipped back inside of her. I put my hands underneath her to cuff her titties and gave her long hard strokes. The pillow muffled her screams but I could hear her begging me to make her cum again. I stroked her as deep as I could until I felt her explode all over my dick. Feeling all of her hot, creamy wetness excited me and I bust inside of her. We laid there sweaty, and breathing heavy with her body wrapped in mine. Her little freak-ass started tightening her pussy muscles around me. Women; no matter how much you knock it out the box, they just keep coming back for more. I rolled over next to her and pulled her close to me with my arms wrapped around her waist and my chin resting above her head. She locked her fingers into mine and with my free hand I stroked her long hair. Neither one of us said anything for a few moments. Nothing needed to be said. I

knew I was wrong for what I was doing to my best friend. But evidently he didn't appreciate her with all of the dirt he was doing behind her back while she was taking care of their daughter, keeping their apartment together and making sure dinner was done when he got home, plus trying to keep up with college to get her degree. He didn't appreciate her strength or her beauty but I did. I loved this woman. And even though they had a kid together and she wanted to keep her family, I knew that she loved me too. I just needed her to do the right thing.

I kissed her ear. "Babe, you're still up?"

"Yeah, why?" she answered back in her afterglow voice.

"Look at me." She hesitated for a moment but then she turned and faced me but stared at my chest. "You know what we're doing is dead wrong, yo. Like, me and Mar been boys since way back when. That's my right hand man. He's like my brother. We've had each other's back through everything. I love him, yo. Blood couldn't make us any closer. But as much as you don't want to

believe me, that nigga is doing you so dirty and you don't deserve that. You're too good for all of the shit that he's putting you through. You say he's not cheating on you but you're not stupid. You know. And I know you know what he's doing; what he's been doing. You're holding that nigga down, playing your part, taking care of y'all daughter, taking care of home and going to school, yo. You're beautiful, smart, and funny; you can get any man you want but you're putting up with shit you don't deserve to be going through." A few tears slid out of her eyes and I wiped them away with my thumb.

"You might not believe me, but I love you, Tee. I would never do you the way he's doing you. Trust and believe that, shorty. We can't keep doing this, though. We're either gonna have to tell him the truth or just stop all together. I don't want to lose you. But I don't want to keep playing this game either. I love you, yo."

That was the first time that I ever said fuck it and put myself, my heart, everything on the line for a female. She closed her eyes and let the tears

fall. I wiped them away and kissed her. She pulled back and finally looked at me for a space of heartbeats.

“I can’t.” she whispered. “I can’t leave him. And I can’t tell him. I’m sorry, Darnell. I’m so sorry. But I can’t.”

My heart dropped into the pit of my stomach and shattered. But I wasn’t going to give up. I loved this woman. And had Markel not pulled that slick shit to get her phone number, me and her would probably be together instead of us sneaking around behind his back.

I slid from under the covers and started to get dressed. Fuck it, I could shower at my dorm. I left without saying goodbye and she didn’t try to stop me.

About a month and a half later she found out she was pregnant. I thought that would have made her leave Markel because I was positive that baby was mine. To this day, whenever I look at Tianna, I feel a connection to her. She reminds me so much of myself. She just looks identical to Tierra. She insisted the baby was not mine and broke it

off with me. She changed her cell number and told Markel the reason being was because of too many solicitations from telemarketers. Next thing I know, four months into the pregnancy, they were getting married. That's when I was pretty much done with the both of them. Those two frauding-ass bitches deserved each other. Ever since then, me and Markel's friendship hasn't been the same, and to this day he still has no clue why. He just thinks it's because he settled down and I still choose to chase. So many times I wanted to put a bug in his ear but I ain't no snitch. So I said fuck it. No sense in me being stuck with a kid I wasn't ready for and even if I did snitch, what would I have gained? They would've broken up, me and Mar wouldn't be friends and she still wouldn't be with me. So yeah, fuck it. Ten years later and still no one is the wiser. But like the saying goes, what's done in the dark always comes to the light. And this bitch might think everything is gravy now, but sooner or later I will be there when the shit hits the fan and her perfect little world crumbles before her very eyes. I'll never

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chase another bitch again. I'm only after my paper.
You can't trust these hoes. They are more
scandalous and devious than the niggas.