

Welcome  
To  
Hell.

**A Terrell James Story**

By Kyngston

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**By Kyngston James**

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## **Dedicated To**

## **Acknowledgment**

First I want to thank GOD, for my life, my health, and my strength. And also, for granting me the opportunity to tell my story.

# *Chapter 1*

## **(Time to Go)**

"Tehell wake up!" Shaleek, his father yelled after opening his bedroom door. "Tehell wake the FUCK UP!"

Shaleek, 5'9" tall, brown complexion, and stout is smiling to himself then close the door and heads to the kitchen. He grabs a tall plastic New York Knicks cup out of the cupboard, takes a pitcher of ice-cold water out the refrigerator and fills the cup up. He then tiptoes back to the room, stands over Tehell, devilishly and begins pouring the cup of ice-cold water over Tehell's head.

"Nigga, I said wake the fuck up!"

Hell, jumps up yelling, "WHAT THE FUCK DAD!"

"I brought your ass a new alarm clock. Summertime is over. No more sleeping late. Now get your ass up!"

Hell, is jumping around and wiping water off of his face with both hands and Shaleek starts laughing.

“You hungry? I’m getting ready to make some breakfast.” Shaleek asked, leaving the room while Hell tried to dry himself off with his blanket.

“YOU CAN’T COOK!” Tehell screams at him before looking at the digital alarm clock and noticing that it was only 6:30 in the morning. “Oh, my God!” Hell, complains before crawling back into his wet bed.

Hell, laid there for a moment mumbling in disgust before getting up and going to the bathroom.

Every morning Hell would just stare at his hairless baby face in the mirror for a moment before turning on the radio and brush his teeth. He would then take a hot shower while rapping to the lyrics of the songs being played on the radio. Today was different because he began to smell something burning.

Hell, quickly grabbed a towel that was sitting on the sink and as he’s getting out of the shower yells, “DAD DON’T BURN THE HOUSE DOWN TRYING TO COOK!”

Light smoke filled the house as he left the bathroom laughing. When he stepped into his bedroom his father yelled, “SHUT UP AND GET READY FOR SCHOOL!”

Tehell is 6 feet and was born with a Hershey chocolate skin tone and although he's 18 years old has a handsome baby face that compliments the waves in his hair. He is a kid who parents seem to have everything a kid could ask for.

He puts on his black True Religion jeans, red Polo shirt and after some thought pulled out a pair of black and red Jordan's, fresh out the box. Tehell was ready for school so he grabbed his black Ruby jacket out the closet and Gucci backpack then headed to the kitchen.

"I'm Ready," he told his father after entering the kitchen.

"You hungry?" Shaleek asked him as he was going into the cabinet.

"Nope," he responded after pulling a fruit loop snack bar out of the cabinet and quickly opening the refrigerator. "Dad, are you going to drive me to school?" He continued as he poured himself a glass of Tropicana orange juice.

"Nope, take the bus."

"C'mon dad it's the first day of school," Tehell whined.

"So, what?" Shaleek sarcastically responds.

"Pleeease Dad." He continued pleading wanting to show up at school on the first day in his dad's brand-new Wrangler Jeep.

"Now you're sounding like your mother." Shaleek joked with Tehell. "Okay, only because it's the first day of school but don't get used to this shit!"

They finished up in the house and once inside the white Wrangler Jeep, Tehell turned on the radio and, "Turn down for What?" by Lil John was on and he quickly turned up the volume.

"Nigga if you don't turn that music down. It's too early for that shit!" His father scolded him and he immediately lowered the volume.

When they finally got to the school Tehell opened the door to get out when his father stopped him.

"Hold on, close the door. Let me talk to you for a second."

"Come on, Dad. You went the whole ride without saying anything." Tehell complained as he shut the door.

"Tehell I understand you grew up and you wanna explore life more but this year I need you to stay focus. This is a big year for you so don't waste it getting in trouble. You are a very smart kid. I also know trouble can find you. Try hard to be respectful,

don't let them females miss guide you and I want you to try your hardest to be a good student. Can you do that for me son? Please." His father spoke seriously as he stared into Tehell's eyes.

"Okay, I got you Dad," Tehell responded softly.

"Now have a good day. Love ya, and see you later okay?"

"Yeah, I love you too," Tehell said before opening the door.

"Remember what I said Tehell." His father reminded.

"I will."

They dapped before Tehell gets out and Shaleek beeps his horn twice as he drives off. Tehell is feeling like Will Smith when he first arrived at his auntie and uncle's house in Bel Air.

It was his junior year at Lincoln High School which is infamous for its championship basketball teams. They had won the last 5 boy's New York State championships. The school gained recognition back in the mid-90s when Tehell's uncle, Stephon Marbury a star guard for Lincoln got drafted to the NBA. He played for the New Jersey Nets before the team moved to Brooklyn. The school attracted plenty of NBA scouts and it wasn't long before another player, Sebastian Telfair got drafted.



Sebastian Telfair, a kid from Coney Island got drafted right out of High School the same year LeBron James got drafted and most recently Lance Stephenson, another Coney Island prodigy that played for Lincoln High School got drafted. Lance Stephenson is responsible for the four out of the last five championships that the school has won.

Tehell felt it was his turn to win one so he joined the basketball team. Tehell played all sports but loved basketball the most because being on the team made a kid popular. Tehell loved the attention too. He was the starting point guard and was always with his teammates.

Kevin was 6'9" tall and the starting center and the only one with tattoos on his arms. Vince was 6'2" and played shooting guard. He and Tehell used to live in the same apartment building when they were kids. Tehell always teased him about his nose and then it was Keith. Keith was 5'9" tall and he played the same position as Tehell. He was the nerdy one out of the group. He rocks an afro and a button up shirt all the time.

"Let's do this," Tehell said to the team.

Kevin started clapping his hands.

"WHAT TIME IS IT?" He yelled and the rest of the team responded.

"GAME TIME!"

Kevin liked getting the team hype before a game. He was the only senior so that was his way of showing leadership in the locker room. And when Coach Wayne walked through the locker room doors and asked, "Y'all ready?"

Everybody yelled, "YES SIR" before going into that game time routine.

Everybody placed their hand on top of another while standing in a circle and Tehell yelled, "1-2-3... LINCOLN!

Tehell loved being from Coney Island, home of the best ballers in New York. Everybody and their mothers played basketball. If you lived in Coney Island basketball was in everybody's blood. And everyone from Coney Island attended Lincoln High School.

Lincoln High School has another great season. They won the cities basketball championship game again. Tehell's team went undefeated and won the JV championship. When the season was over Tehell had some extra free time on his hands. He began to cut school and afterward he would hang out in C.I. (Coney Island). He enjoyed chilling with his cousin Rah, from his mother's side of the family and his friend Fattz.

Rah is 6'5" tall, light-skinned and long hair. He is also older than Tehell. There were times Rah wore his hair in braids but this day he had it in a ponytail. He was a hustler with his own car and crib.

He sold dope and had niggas on the payroll. He was also one of the top-ranked Blood in the hood. You didn't wanna fuck with him, his fam and especially not his money!

His right-hand man was this short Puerto Rican cat named Fattz. Tehell knew him since they were in kindergarten and he was selling weed. Fattz never knew his parents, the streets basically raised him.

Tehell didn't cut school to hustle. He had been around money his whole life. It was the girls he loved, and Rah stayed with girls in his crib. It was chicks coming in and out and every day it was a new set of females. They would do any and everything. I mean anything once they were inside. It was like the Playboy mansion just in the projects. Tehell loved himself some freaky girls.

"Tehell, you gotta watch these hoes. Some of them want a nigga to have their baby, especially niggas like us. And they be burnin'. I know you don't want that," Rah said while pointing to Fattz.

Fattz put up his middle finger from across the room.

"So always strap up," Rah continued.

Tehell shook his head with understanding. Since it was always a party at Rah's crib, Tehell started smokin' and drinkin' and the rest is history.

Shaleek hated when Tehell would chill with Rah and Fattz. He knew they were bad influences in Tehell's life. He noticed changes in Tehell more and more and didn't like it.

It was a bright sunny day when Shaleek was making a drop in Coney Island. He hustled too but it was big work and something he never wanted his son to be involved in. He made Rah look like a baby to the game.

Shaleek spotted Tehell, Rah and Fattz chillin' on the corner of 21<sup>st</sup> St. and Surf Ave eatin' Chinese food and when Tehell saw his father he dropped his food. He was shocked but it was too late because Shaleek was on him.

"GET THE FUCK IN THE CAR NOW TEHELL!" He yelled when he pulled up to the curve with the passenger window down.

Tehell looked around, Rah and Fattz turned around like they didn't know what was happening. Tehell was nervous when he reluctantly got into the Jeep. After he closed the door his father slapped him right in the back of his head and peeled off. His father wasn't the type of parent to put hands on their kids so Tehell knew he was really mad.

“What the fuck were you doin’ on that corner? Why you not in school?” Where the two quick questions he asked and Tehell said nothing.

His father yelled at him the entire way home. When they entered the house his father sat down with Tehell at the kitchen table for one of them father-son talks.

“You told me you were gonna behave. Rah and Fattz are nothin’ but trouble. They made mistakes and they want you to do the same thing.”

Tehell is sitting there like he’s paying attention, but the words are goin’ in one ear and out the other.

“That street life won’t get you anywhere in life,” Shaleek continued.

“So why are you in them?” Tehell mumbled angrily as he got up from the table and went to his room.

His father was stunned and lost for words. He sat at the table shaking his head in disgust as he watched his son walking to his bedroom.

The next day Tehell met up with Rah and Fattz and as soon as they saw him, they burst out laughing.

“Did you get your ass whip? Are you on punishment?” They both teased him.

“You know how my pops act,” Tehell replied. “Where the bitches at? I need my dick sucked.” Tehell said trying to change the subject.

Rah put his arms around Tehell and said, “You already know.”

They all started walking to Rah’s crib. While Tehell was looking to enjoy himself his father was at Lincoln High School looking to see if he was there. Instead, he ran into Coach Carter.

“Coach,” he said trying to get his attention before they came face to face, “Sorry for holdin’ you up, I just wanna know how Tehell doin’ in school?”

Coach Carter removed his glasses and said, “I haven’t seen Tehell in weeks, and his grades are droppin’. I don’t think he’ll be able to play next season. Is everything ok?”

Shaleek just nods his head, yes but the expression on his face says something else.

“He really needs to get back on track because forget the team he won’t pass his current grade level.” Coach explained.

"I'll talk to him," Shaleek said before shaking Coach's hand. "Thank you, Coach, have a good day".

"You too," Coach replied.

Shaleek was walking back to his Jeep thinking about what he's going to do with his son.

"This little mother fucka! I got something for that ass," he mumbled out loud to himself as he got into the Jeep and headed home.

Later that day when Tehell came home, his father was sitting in the living room in the dark with two suitcases.

"What's going on?" Tehell asked.

"Why haven't you been in school? I spoke to Coach, he said he hasn't seen you in school for weeks and you're failing your classes. WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU?" Shaleek yelled as Tehell stood in the front doorway looking confused. "If you wanna be in the streets go ahead, but you won't be living here." Shaleek continued in a softer tone. Tehell stood there as if he did not know what was happening. Then his face turned serious.

"Fine you don't want me here, I'LL LEAVE!" Tehell yelled back before picking up his suitcases. "You not the only parent that kicked me out!" Tehell said referring to his mother as he headed for the

front door. "I'm out!" he said as he left, slamming the door behind him.

Shaleek wanted to scare him but his plan didn't work, still sitting on the couch thinking that he may have lost his son forever.

On the way to the lobby, Tehell calls Rah.

"What's good buzzin? Come get me."

"Didn't I just drop your ass off?" Rah asked.

"My pops trippn'!"

"Say no more, on my way buzzin'."

Rah got there in about 10 mins. Tehell put his stuff in the backseat and got in the front.

"What happened?" Rah asked.

"Pops kicked me out, told me to go live on the streets since I wanna be in them," Tehell explained.

"Damn, don't worry buzzin you can come stay with me."

"Thanks, Rah," Tehell said as they drove to Coney Island and that's when Hell was born!



## *Chapter 2*

### **(Hell's Bestie)**

Hell was part of Rah's crew. His parents had been taking care of him his whole life. Hell had to make money to survive on the mean streets of Coney Island and keep up with his fresh and clean swag so he started hustling drugs and robbing other gangs.

Hell had become a full-time street nigga and with that came plenty of beef and a life of gunplay. He was in the streets 24/7. "Go hard or go home" is his motto and he made a vow to himself to never go back home.

It didn't take long for Hell to get his paper up. He wasn't a captain but he surely wasn't a paper soldier. Niggas respected him. Not only because he was running with Rah, but was putting that work in on the streets. His father eventually found out but there was nothing he could do.

Hell soon moved out of Rah's house even though he was still there every day. Hell wanted a spot that nobody really knew about so he got a crib in Bay Ridge, right off the Belt Parkway Highway. It was his honeycomb hideout which was not too close to Coney Island but not too far. It has a picturesque

view of the ocean and across from it, you could see Coney Island.

Hell was in the trap every day. The trap had one way in and in one way out. It was a perfect setup because the Police couldn't get in the building without being seen.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

"WHO IS IT?" Fattz yelled through the door.

"It's Hell, nigga open the door."

Everybody did a secret handshake when they first see a member of the gang. It's called a dap. Once Fattz opened the door Hell automatically daps up Fattz.

"What's good Fattz?" Hell said still dapping him up.

"Nothing, just keeping this money together."

"How much we made yesterday?" Hell asked Fattz.

"Shit, like little over 100,000 and still counting," Fattz responded as he passed Hell a blunt to smoke.

"Bet. I need you to get your baby moms to make a drop for me." Hell told Fattz.

"Where and when?" Fattz asked him.

"It's no rush, I just need her to take 5 of them things to Jazzy at her hair store."

"I got you. I'm going to tell her after I finish counting this money."

Rah was on the couch playing NBA 2K. Hell passed the blunt to Rah.

"Yo I got next," Hell told Rah.

"So you can lose again," Rah joked before making the game interesting. "Put the money where your mouth is!"

"Okay I got two dollars," Hell said.

"Bull shit, but I'll take that."

The gang was making more money than ever. They were taking over other territories and everybody was eating so it wasn't a problem when it came to money. The only thing they had to worry about is a hater. And they are everywhere.

It was a beautiful Saturday afternoon when they pulled up at David's Dealership on Ocean Avenue.

"What's up fellas, I'm David. How may I help y'all?"

"Wanna buy a car. Why else would we be here?" Rah snapped at David.

"You're right, Sir. What kind of car are you looking for?"

Rah and Hell start to just walk around looking at luxury vehicles with Fatz close behind with the knapsack full of cash. Rah stops in front of a cherry red Range Rover with chrome wheels and a red stripe on it and began rubbing his hands together with a smile on his face. It was the car he wanted.

Hell wanted something a little smaller and locked his eyes on a white BMW coupe with red leather interior. It was perfect and then Hell instructed Fatz to pay the man.

"How much David?" Fatz asked David.

"Well the Range Rover is \$50,000 and the BMW is \$140,000. Sooo, it's going to come out to like \$200,000," David responded.

Fatz went into a knapsack he'd been carrying on his back and pulled out straight cash.

Hell and Rah couldn't wait to get back to the hood to show off their new car. All eyes were on

them. The cash was flowing so they decided to bless the hood. They sponsored a basketball tournament and provided free barbecue food to the kids living in the hood. Before school started they would give out free book bags with pencils, notebooks, and other school supplies. Hell loved his neighborhood and wanted them to know.

Instead of having a right-hand man, Hell had a right-hand female. 'Niggas be actin like bitches and bitches be acting like niggas' he would say. Her name was Tabitha, but niggas called her Tabby or Tab. She and Hell grew up together because their fathers were the best of friends.

She and her parents moved to Detroit a few years ago and her parents got killed, so she moved back to New York to live with her grandmother. Hell had love and respect for her but was confused when she came back as a lesbian but never questioned it, because that's what she came back as.

Tabby wasn't your average chick though. She was half Puerto Rican and Black with a smooth coffee complexion, hazel eyes and a body that niggas and bitches wish they had. She just had that star attraction, her swag was crazy! She'll be wearing some True Religion jeans with a white tee and Jordan's. Next minute she'll have on a Gucci dress and some pumps. She keeps that fire on her too.

"Damn mama, you bad." This tall light skin fella said as she was passing by.

Tabby walked past him and mumbled out loud, "Fuck you nigga!"

"Well fuck you too Bitch!"

Tabby quickly turned around and responded, "What did you say, nigga?"

"Fuck you bitch!" the guy repeated.

"No, you said I'm bad," Tabby said before shooting the dude right in the dick with a pretty black 380.

She was a classy hood chick, and she and Hell did everything together from makin' drops, pickin' up money, shopping and they even ran trains on bitches together. They never fucked around like that because it was more of a sister and brother relationship, just loyalty between the two. They promised they would ride until they died and they both truly meant that shit!

This morning Hell woke up with a headache from drinking the night before. Looking into Rah's room he noticed he wasn't there. He would usually spend the night at some chicks crib so it was no surprise that he wasn't there. Hell picked up his

phone while lighting a blunt he didn't finish the night before and he called Tabby.

"Hello," Tabby mumbled softly as if he'd woke her up.

"You up?" he asked.

"Now I am."

"Get up and get ready, be there in 20," he said before hanging up the phone.

Hell finished the blunt before jumping in the shower and putting on some Levi jeans, a white tee and some white Jordan's. He then called Tabby again.

"I'm ready big bruh," she answered.

"Be in front when I come."

They were together on the regular. Before Tabby would go to school they would go out for breakfast.

When he pulled up to the building he used to live in before his family moved he beeped the horn. Tabby came downstairs wearing a Polo sweat suit with some black Jordan's.

"Damn girl you took forever," he said joking.

“Nigga you just got here.”

“What do you wanna eat?” Hell asked.

“I’m craving pancakes, let’s go to IHOP,” Tabby suggested.

Tabby lit up a blunt and they drove away listening to “Fuck the World” by Gucci Mane.

Sitting down at the table in IHOP, Tabby ordered them some pancakes.

“What’s wrong? She asked.

“Nuttin,” Hell answered with his head down.

She knew something was wrong because he would always answer with that kind of response when it was something wrong. He looked at her and said, “No, I was thinking I shouldn’t have drunk all that damn liquor last night.”

The waiter brought the pancakes out as they began to discuss birthdays.

“What you wanna do tho?” Hell asked.

“I don’t know, something different than my 17<sup>th</sup> birthday.”

“Yeah, it was the BOMB!” Hell, spit out excitedly.



"I'm thinking something different for the big 18." He responded before putting a mouthful of pancakes into her mouth.

"Wanna go to Florida to see my mother? It's something different since you never been there," Hell asked.

"Hell yeah!" Tabby said with excitement in her voice. "When you wanna leave?"

"Well your birthday is Saturday, but you gotta be back for that test Monday," Hell said putting his hand on his cheek and looking up in deep thought. "Okay, we'll go Friday and come back Sunday."

"That sounds good to me," she responded.

They finished eating then Hell dropped Tabby off at school. Later on that day Hell met up with Rah to tell him about the vacation him and Tabby were about to go on.

"Can I go?" Rah asked.

"If you go, who's going to hold shit down on the block? There's no telling what might happen."

"True True. Okay have fun and tell auntie I said hey. Love you buzzin'!"

“Love you too Rah!”

Hell and Tabby went on a stupid shopping spree. They dropped at least 50K buying every famous designer from Gucci, LV, Dolce and Gabbana outfits, sneakers, heels, designer shades, and swimsuits. They went all out getting ready for Tabby’s birthday vacation. Like Hell always say, “Go big or don’t do it all.”

## *Chapter 3*

### **(Somethin' Different)**

Tabby spent the night at Hell's crib so they could get up and go early.

"Oh shit, Tabby wake up. It's 8 o'clock and our flight leaves at 10:30, so hurry up before we get there late. You know JFK still tripping about 9/11. Tabby get up!"

"I'm up, I'm up," Tabby said while crawling out of the bed.

"Ok, now hurry up!" Hell insisted before passing her a blunt.

"How the hell you tell me to hurry up then pass me a blunt." She said to herself while giggling.

After hitting the blunt a few times, she passed it back then went to the bathroom to brush her teeth and hair. She already had her bags packed so she just put on her all-black Jordan's and Pink's sweatshirt.

"Hell, I'm going to the corner to grab some breakfast real quick."

"Bet, get me a bacon, egg, and cheese on a bagel and an orange juice. Make it fast the cab will be here any minute."

"I got you," Tabby said before leaving.

By the time Tabby came back, Hell was just putting the bags in the trunk.

"Perfect timing," Tabby said.

"Whatever you just didn't wanna help with the bags. You think you slick." Hell responded as they were getting in the cab. "Pass me my food. I'm starvin' like Marvin."

Hell instructed the cab driver to get them to the airport as fast as possible because they were already behind schedule. Hell pulled out a blunt, look at Tabby and then at the cab driver before boldly asking, "Is it cool to smoke this?"

"Sure if you pass it up here a few times," the cab driver replied with a smile.

"No problem," Hell said and they all started laughing.

Tabby was asleep by the time they arrived at JFK airport. Hell nudges her and she jumps up. He asked Tabby to pay the cab driver while he got out to get the bags. While getting the bags he could see the line of people inside the airport. He took the bags out of the trunk then they entered the airport. They went back and forth about how long the line was as they made their way to the counter hoping that they weren't too late.

"What time is it anyway?" Hell asked.

"It's 9:30 smart ass," she sarcastically answered.

"Ok, we should be good," Hell said as they walked up to the front counter.

"Two tickets for JetBlue going to Orlando, Florida," Hell said to the female clerk.

"May I have your IDs?" The clerk asked.

Hell slid her both of their IDs. The clerk glanced at them both then passed them two tickets.

"Have a nice flight," the clerk spoke enthusiastically.

"Thank you." They both responded before heading to the terminal.

"I called window," Tabby said as they boarded the plane. "About time we got on this plane. How long is this flight anyways?"

He was about to answer but he got cut off when the Pilot's voice sounded throughout the plane.

"Good morning, this the Captain speaking. I want to say thank you for flying JetBlue. We are on our way to Orlando, Florida. This flight will be landing at 12:30. So get comfortable and enjoy your flight with JetBlue."

Hell leaned over to Tabby and whispered into her ear that the flight would be two hours and Tabby just gave him a foolish look since the Captain had already answered her question. Tabby was still tired so once the plane taxied away from the airport she got comfortable and went to sleep.

"Tabby, we're here." Hell shaking her to get up. She stretched then looked out the window and the plane was on the ground.

"Wow, that felt like 10 minutes."

"Come on," Hell told her and she jumped in the aisle. "Ain't you missing something?" Hell asked her.

"Shit," Tabby says out loud before heading back to her seat. "I'm moving so fast I almost left my Gucci bag."

Once they got outside. They both just stood still. The weather was nice. The sun made them take their jackets off and put their shades on. Tabby sees a white limo with the driver outside holding a sign with her name on it.

"Hell, you got a limo?" Tabby said with a big smile on her face before giving him a hug.

Hell motioned to the driver who stepped to the both of them with a smile before introducing himself and grabbing their bags. They had a little small talk as the driver placed their bags into the trunk before he politely opened the back door for them to get in.

"How you like it so far?" Hell asked her as she got comfortable in the soft black butter leather seats.

"I'm loving it. I didn't know what to expect. It's beautiful!" She responded looking around at the stars that were on the ceiling of the limo before noticing the television and small bar.

Hell found a button that slid the sunroof open while Tabby rolled the window down. She was excited during the short ride on the 408 highway.

She stared out the window, admiring the beautiful sky, palm trees, and even the exotic birds.

"The sky looks so clean like if it's a different blue," Tabby says as Hell makes both of them a drink from the minibar.

"I feel you," Hell told her. "Now let's toast to your birthday."

They touch glasses and simultaneously take a sip of the drinks before Hell began thinking about the first time he came to Florida than immediately started thinking about the last time he visited Florida.

*Hell was in New York when he received a call from his sister saying that her boyfriend hit her. He jumped on the first flight the very next day to Florida. It was late in the afternoon when he pulled up at his sister's apartment with a couple of his friends from Florida. As they were getting out of the car MJ, his sister's boyfriend was coming out.*

*MJ was about to open his car door and was about to get it when Hell punched him on the side face. He turned to defend himself when Hell hit him with two more blows that landed him on the ground, knocked out cold. That's when Hell's friends joined in by kicking him in the face and stomping him out as Hell's sister watched from the living room window.*



A devilish grin grew on his face as thoughts of him having to put hands on his sister, Nay-Nay's boyfriend faded. Hell had to fuck him up for violating her.

He glanced to his left at Tabby still staring out of the window. She looks so happy. He felt good about getting her out the hood and bringing her somewhere she'd never been before. He knew just how she felt because it was the way he felt his first time in Florida, FREE! Exactly what she needed.

"Hell, where are you taking me?" Tabby asked as the limo pulled up at Vina's house, Hell's mother.

"We're going to check moms. I didn't tell her we were coming down here." Hell told Tabby.

"Really, why not?" Tabby excitedly questioned.

"I wanted to surprise her."

"You and your surprises," Tabby said while grinning at him.

The limousine driver opened the back door and Tabby exited first followed by Hell. They walked up to the front door and right before Hell was about to ring the doorbell Tabby stopped him.

"You think your mom is going to still remember me?"

"Tabby, my mom never forgot about you?" Hell responded before ringing the bell continuously and nonstop.

"Why you ringing the bell like that?" Tabby asked.

"That's just my special ring so they know who's here. Watch?"

You could hear Vina yelling from the other side of the door.

"WHO THE HELL RINGING MY DAMN DOORBELL LIKE THEIR CRAZY? The only person I know ring the bell like that is..." she opens the door and yells, "MY BABY BOY!"

Vina than looked to the side and placed both hands over her opened mouth. She was glowing and said nothing for a moment and then with water in her eyes whispered, "Oh My God, Tabby."

She grabbed Tabby in her arms and gave her a big hug. Nay-Nay, Hell's older sister came running to the door.

"Brother! Oh My God, TABBY!" Nay-Nay was yelling while giving her a hug.

Hell was giving Tabby that I told you look while nodding his head yes. Vina and Nay-Nay were both glad and surprised to see the both of them. Vina grabbed Tabby by the arm and pulled her into the house. Tabby glanced over her shoulder at Hell who winked at her as he entered the house and close the door behind him.

"Told you." He boasted as everybody walked into the well-decorated living room.

"Mama Vina, you have a beautiful home," Tabby said.

"Thank you. I just finished redoing my kitchen." Vina responded. "Enough with me, how are you? I feel sorry for what happened to your parents."

"It's been tough but your son been keeping me up," Tabby said.

"Yeah, I remember. Y'all used to always be together."

Vina and Tabby sat down on the sofa and Hell jumped in his father's recliner and kicked up the feet as Nay-Nay stood in between them.

"Yeah, I remember when we were younger, me and Tabby used to have him playing in my kitchen set and playing with dolls," Nay-Nay added

her two cents into the conversation and everybody laughed but Hell.

"Nobody asked you punk.," Hell told Nay-Nay.

"Punk, you were the one that was playing with dolls."

They started laughing again.

"Real funny," Hell told Nay-Nay. "I see y'all dressed. What was y'all about to do?" Hell asked.

"We just came back from getting our nails done," Vina stated as she held out her hand and showed them her nails.

"Nice!" Tabby said but was really thinking, "WOW!" After she spotted Vina's 2 ½ carat diamond wedding ring that was huge.

"See y'all Gucci out. What y'all doing?" Nay-Nay asked.

"And why didn't you tell me y'all were coming. I would've cooked something." Vina added on.

"Sis, you know I got to stay fresh," Hell said while showing off his outfit. "And I wanted to surprise you."

"You and your surprises," Vina said and it made Tabby giggle.

Hell explained how tomorrow was Tabby birthday so he wanted to do something nice by bringing her to Florida to celebrate. Vina and Nay-Nay both wished her a happy birthday simultaneous making everyone laugh.

Tabby was surprised Vina called out that she would be turning 18. Vina knew because Tabby's mother was pregnant at the same time she was with Hell. Vina shared a few stories that she remembered around that time before asking about Tabby's grandmother.

"So enough about your mother and me, how's Granny doing?" Vina asked Tabby.

"She's doing fine."

"That's good to hear. I miss her. Y'all fathers used to drive that lady crazy. Tell her I said Hi when you get back home."

"So how long y'all going to stay out here?" Nay-Nay asked.

Hell gets up out of his father's recliner and explains how they're going to be spending the weekend. He had it all laid out. Hell was going to

show her around town, possibly hitting a couple of nightclubs.

Vina wanted them to stay the weekend at her house but Hell had already reserved a honeymoon suite at the Hilton International.

Nay-Nay interrupted her brother flicking her wrist up in the air while saying, "Ballin'!"

Hell looked at his watch and said, "Actually our limo is outside waiting. I just wanted to let Tabby see y'all before we start our weekend."

Vina gets up off the sofa and gives both of them a hug before walking them back to the door. "Okay, yall have fun."

"Yeah, enjoy your birthday Tabby," Nay-Nay said giving them both a hug in the doorway before they left.

As they were walking to the limo Vina yelled, "Tabby make sure you keep him out of trouble!"

Tabby turned and responded, "I will Mama Vina!"

The driver was opening the door for them as everyone yelled I love you out loud while waving bye to each other. They got back into the limo and the driver pulled off. They were a couple of blocks from

the house when Hell remembered something important.

"Oh shit, I almost forgot. Driver make a right at the next corner."

"Where we going now?" Tabby asked.

"Gotta get some smoke from my homie Santana."

Hell been friends with Santana since Hell moved to Florida. His real name is Sandy but Hell stayed calling him Santana. The girls liked it so he just went with it. He used to play football until he got into a car accident and broke his legs in his senior year. Now he just sells bud and that good shit!

Knock... Knock!

"WHO IS IT?" A deep male voice yelled from the other side of the door.

"Hell. Santana open the door."

The door quickly opens in a short light-skinned fella with a stocking cap on his head, no shirt and some basketball shorts on answered the door.

"What's good Hell. When did you get back?" He asked while putting his hand out for Hell to shake.

"Chillin'. I landed this morning. I was just hanging with my mom and sister and thought I'd slide by to see what's good with you."

"Yeah, I'm good. Baby mamma wildin' but besides that, I'm still living."

"How lil' man doing?" Hell asked, trying to keep up the small talk before making the move he really came for.

"He just turned one. He getting big as Fuck! He's at his mom crib right now." Santana said as he gazed at the limo and noticed Tabby standing near the back door smiling and looking gorgeous. "Damn, Hell who's that?"

Santana tries to holla at every girl possible.

"That's my cousin from New York. I brought her down here for her birthday. She wanted to do something different."

"See you doing it up in NY," Santana said.

"Yeah, something like that. Do you still got that flame?" Hell finally asked.

Santana facial expression changed and he humbly whispered, "Nah I don't sell drugs no more."

"For real" Hell surprisingly responded.



"Nah I'm fucking with you, nigga. You know I stay with that loud."

Both started laughing. Santana had him fooled and couldn't stop laughing at the expression on Hell's face when he played the joke on him.

"What are you looking for?" Santana asked still trying to catch his breath from laughing.

"Nothing big. Give me an ounce." Hell told him.

"Bet, I got a chick butt naked waiting for me. I'll be right back."

Moments later Santana returned and was suspiciously looking around. Hell looks at him weird and pays him. "Appreciate it, Santana."

"No problem Hell. Yo when I'm done with this chick I'm going to hit you up. Maybe we can meet up tonight. "

"Bet," Hell told him before walking back to the limousine and getting in.

When Hell got inside the privacy partition was still up so he picked up the phone that connects directly to the driver, "To the nearest gas station," Hell told the driver who pulled off with Santana still standing in the doorway admiring the limo.

Hell pulled out the small ziplock bag and passed it to Tabby quickly opened it and put her nose directly over the opening.

"Damn that smells like some loud." She said before closing the bag back and passing it to Hell. "And why did your friend keep looking over at the limo?"

"Who?" Hell responded, trying to play it off like he didn't know who she was talking about.

Tabby gently slapped Hell on the arm. "Stop playing, the dude house we just left silly."

"That's Santana, he's cool people. He was checking you out."

"Yeah he's lucky I'm not packing or I would have had to check his ass."

Hell started giggling but knew she was so serious.

"I'm happy your mom and sister remember me," Tabby said.

"I told you they will."

"How old is your sister. She's beautiful! Her ass is fat and her tits..."

"Stop it! She's 25 and she's strickly dickly." Hell immediately cut her off after Tabby curiously expressed her interest in Nay-Nay body.

Hell got out of the limo when they reached the hotel in Tabby boldly said, "There's a first time for everything." Hell shook his head as the limo driver was getting their bags out of the trunk.

"I see you want me to call Santana," he said, smirking before giving the limo driver a \$50 tip.

## *Chapter 4*

### **(Free Willy)**

"Thanks, Hell! This hotel looks really nice!" Tabby said while looking up at the tall hotel building. "Never been in a hotel like this."

"Wait until you see the room," Hell said as they entered the hotel.

They walked inside to the front desk with the Bellhop who had taken their bags from the limo driver following close behind. Hell is pulling out his wallet and searching for his ID as he approaches the hotel clerk behind the desk that was wearing a beautiful smile.

"Tehell James, I have a reservation for a room here." He spoke while passing the lady at the front desk his ID.

"Yes sir, I see it right here. You're on the top floor, room 202." She said before searching for a plastic key card.

She gave him his room key before pointing to where the elevators were as Tabby admired the lobby of the hotel.

"Have a nice stay here Mr. James." The pretty clerk politely said.

"You have a good day as well." Hell politely responded before turning around to see Tabby spinning in a circle, stunned at the beauty of the hotel.

"Before you get dizzy. Can you come on? The elevator's this way."

Tabby stop spinning and skips over to where Hell is and follows him to the elevators. They exit the elevator to a floor with 4 doors, two on the left and two on the right. Tabby was really excited and when they opened the door they just stood there.

"Wow!" They said at the same time.

Even Hell was surprised at how beautiful the suite was laid out. He scooped her up into his arms like a baby and carried her across the threshold like a married couple. Tabby couldn't stop laughing as she was having the time of her life.

The suite was huge and everything was out in the open. There was a Jacuzzi off to the side and the miniature kitchen fascinated Tabby as Hell brought the bags into the suite.

"I knew she said we were on the top floor but I didn't know we were going to Heaven!" Tabby said walking into the kitchen. "There's even a kitchen. Fuck a house, I want to live here forever."

"Nothing but the best for you on your birthday." Hell blurted out as she left the kitchen and made her way to a nearby window.

She was the only person Hell would do this for. Hell appreciated her and her loyalty was enough for him. In the hood, it's hard to know who really have your back. But they knew with no question about it that they would take a bullet for each other. They are best friends but more like brother and sister.

"And this view is awesome! Thanks for everything." She told Hell while admiring the downtown Orlando, Florida scenery.

"The party's far from over," Hell said walking over to her with a bottle of champagne. "Happy Birthday Tabby!"

Hell popped the bottle open than poured both of them a glass. "Let's make a toast, to a special person. Hope you have a great birthday weekend."

They tapped glasses and sipped on their champagne while looking down on downtown Orlando.

"The night is still young wanna hit up the club?" Hell asked Tabby.

"Not really, I wanna just relax. We haven't eaten since this morning. I know you hungry cause I'm hungry. All this smoking we doing I have the munchies like a motherfucker!"

"What are you in the mood to eat?" Hell asked Tabby.

"I don't know. What you have in mind? I could always go for some seafood." she said.

It was a perfect choice because Hell knew that there was a nice spot not too far from the hotel. Kobe's a place that Hell enjoyed visiting because he loved their shrimps, lobsters, and snow crabs not to mention they cook the food directly in front of you. And when he wasn't in the mood for some seafood is a place that would also prepare you a nice juicy Steak.

Tabby was all for it and they both agreed to take quick showers and get New York City fresh before seeing the town

Hell comes out the room wearing a black and gray Tru Religion outfit on with his all black Jordan Retro 5 while rolling a blunt and knocks on Tabby's room door.

"Girl you not done yet? You always taking forever to get dress."

Tabby stepped out the room and Hell's jaw dropped.

"You like?" she asked turning in a circle showing off her evening outfit.

She was wearing an all-black Gucci dress with spaghetti string straps, and a pair of white red bottom shoes. Tabbby doesn't really get dressy but when she does, she looks like the best dream in an average man's head.

"Dammn Tabbby! You look beautiful and that dress was made for you." Hell complimented her as she stopped spinning in circles.

"Thank you, Hell. Looking smooth yourself," Tabbby returned the compliment.

"I know." Hell arrogantly responded and they both just started laughing.

"You're so cocky,"

"You know you were thinking the same thing when I gave you a compliment." Hell quickly shot back at her.

"So but I didn't say it!"

"I told you, you were thinking it," Hell said pointing at her.



"Shut up and pass the blunt," Tabby told him.

"Wait I didn't even light it yet. Matter of fact lets smoke in the limo. I'm hungry ass FUCK!"

"Ok, we out then."

"I'm right behind you," Hell said.

They were both dress to impress and all eyes were on the young couple as they made their way through the lobby. Once outside the hotel, the limo driver who was hanging around the limo smoking a cigarette noticed them. He quickly put his cigarette out and opened the door for them before they got to the limo.

Tabby hopped in first and Hell stopped in the doorway when the driver asked, "Where to Mr. James?"

"Do you know where Kobe's is located?" Hell asked him.

"Yes, I do sir. There's one not far from here."

"Thank you!"

"No problem, Sir," the driver responded as Hell stepped inside the limo.

"Is everything good?" Tabby asked Hell.

"Yea the driver said he knows exactly where one's at," Hell answered while lighting the blunt.

"Hope the food's good," Tabby said.

"It's very nice and the food's delicious. You're going to love it." Hell said passing her the blunt.

"I could eat a cat right now," Tabby said hitting the blunt.

"For real, Tabby?"

"What happen?" She said passing back the blunt.

"We're going to a seafood restaurant so put the image of a cat on a plate out of your head." They both laughed.

"I just know I'm about to go in on whatever they bring out," Tabby said.

Hell passed the blunt laughing at the same time. "You crazy Tabby."

Tabby's phone started ringing.

"Bet that's nobody but Granny," Tabby said pulling out her phone. "Told ya," she said showing Hell the phone.

Granny was calling to check on Tabby because she had not called since she arrived in Florida. Tabby had been caught up in the excitement of the trip she forgot to phone home.

Tabby's Granny wanted to know how things were going as Hell sat back, smoking and listening to the one-sided conversation. He listened to Tabby apologize before she explained how nice the flight was although she slept most of the trip.

Hell passed Tabby the blunt as she continued expressing the joy she was having with her brother. Tabby face lit up when she shared her visit with Vina and Nay-Nay. In the middle of the conversation, Tabby paused to relay a message to Hell.

"Hell Granny said Hi."

"I LOVE YOU GRANNY!" Hell yelled into the phone.

"She said she loves you too."

Hell grew a smile on his face as Tabby shared how nice Florida was and that they were inside of a limo, on their way to a seafood restaurant to eat.

Yes, Tabby didn't miss one detail as she described how nice the hotel was and the beautiful view they had from their luxury suite.

"Okay talk to you later Granny. I love you too, bye." Tabby concluded before she hung up.

"What's Granny talking about?" Hell asked passing the blunt.

"Nothing, she was getting worried cause I didn't call once we got here."

The limo slowed down then stopped. Tabby was surprised that they had reached the restaurant in only minutes. She passed the blunt back to Hell who took a couple of hits before putting it out.

The driver opened the door and Tabby stepped out first, followed by Hell.

"You was right, this is nice," Tabby said as they entered the restaurant with their eyes bloodshot red and feeling good.

Once inside they were met by a Greeter and Hell took charge of the moment, "Can I get a table for two?"

"Yes, you can. Just follow me," he said.

The Greeter escorted them to a table with a large grill that they sat in front of. The Greeter politely handed them menus and left to get someone to take their order.

"What you getting?" Hell asked Tabby.

"Damn, can I open the menu?"

Hell didn't respond as he opened his menu. They were both examining the menu when a waitress came up to the table.

"Hi, my name's Michelle I'll be your waitress for the night. May I get y'all something to drink?"

Tabby ordered an iced tea and Hell just wanted some water for the moment and was ready to place his order.

Hell passed Michelle his menu before explaining what it was he wanted, "Can I have the steak, shrimp and the lobster. And she would like Free Willy."

Tabby looked at him like he was stupid. "No, I don't! I want the same but with grilled chicken."

"I'm just saying you were talking about eating a cat earlier." The waitress started giggling.

"Hell, shut up. Excuse me don't mind him. I would like to have the chicken please and thank you."

"No problem, the chef will be out soon and I'll be right back with ya drinks." Michelle grabbed Tabby's menu and left.

"She looked white but she sounds like she's black," Hell said looking at her ass as she walks away.

"She's probably from the hood and got a little jungle fever in her" Tabby joke before laughing.

"Yeah, that's it." Hell agreed.

A man dressed in an all-white outfit with a cart of raw food approaches the table. It was obviously the chef and wasted no time introducing himself, "Hi, I'm William and I will be your chef for the night."

William started putting the food on the grill. He was doing tricks with the knife and spatula as the fire flared up from the grill every now and then. At the end, they were left with a delicious meal.

"Wow, they give you so much food," Tabby said taking her first bite. "Hmm, and it tastes good."

"Omg, these shrimp is hitting right now," Hell commented with a mouthful of food.

"Trade me a piece of steak for a piece of chicken," Tabby suggested and Hell took her up on her offer.

There was a moment of silence as they shared their food.

Halfway through them eating Hell spoke first, "Pinky got to pee pee. I'll be back."

Hell wipes his mouth with a napkin and gets up from the table and walks away. His plan was to see if the staff would sing happy birthday to Tabby. And he knew exactly who he wanted to ask.

"Hey Michelle," he waved down their waitress.

"How could I help you?" Michelle asked with a smile on her face.

Hell explained that it was his sister's birthday and wanted to make her feel special by having the staff sing happy birthday. Michelle was more than willing to accommodate the situation and he was more than pleased. Hell dug into his pocket and slipped Michelle a \$100 bill.

"I'll get right on it, "Michelle told him as she stuffed the \$100 bill in her pocket.

"I appreciate it!" Hell politely responded before returning to the table.

Tabby has almost finished her food when he sat down and she immediately asked, "So, what did she say?"

"Huh?" Hell replied, surprised at her question.

"You wasn't trying to get the digits from the waitress? I saw y'all talking."

Hell was looking stuck for a second and then he lied, "Yeah, but she wasn't with it."

Tabby started laughing.

"Okay, my turn."

Tabby was about to get up but Michelle was already approaching the table with a slice of cake and was singing happy birthday. Everybody in the restaurant started clapping.

"Thank you, thank you!" Tabby expressed with a big smile on her face. She then turns and mush Hell in the head. "You swear you slick."

"You know you liked it."

Tabby is smiling from ear to ear.



"Happy you're having a good time."

"No, I'm having a great time! Thank you so much, Hell."

"Aww, it's nothing," Hell tells her.

After they finish eating they hopped in the limo and headed back to the hotel.

"Rah would've loved that restaurant," Tabby said.

"Yeah, I wonder what him and Fattz are doing?"

The conversation was short as they both wondered what was going on back in the hood while returning back to the hotel for the evening.

## *Chapter 5*

### **(A Deadly Knock)**

Rah was booted up with one of his girls named Trisha. She was laying on the side of him stroking his chest when his phone began to ring. Rah wakes up and snatches his phone from the nightstand and looks at the display which reads the name "Fattz".

"What's good bloody?" Rah said with sleep still in his voice.

"Shit, where you at?"

"Trisha's spot, why what's good? Where you at?" Rah asked wiping the morning crust out of his eyes.

"I'm at my crib about to get something to eat. You down?" Fattz asked Rah as he sat up on the bed.

Trisha came from underneath the covers and grabbed a half a blunt that was in the ashtray on the nightstand next to her while Rah was on the phone.

"Yea, I'm getting up right now meet me in the lobby."

Rah decides to go get a bite to eat with Fattz before hanging up the phone. Trisha passed him the

blunt. He hit it a few times then got up and put his clothes on. It didn't take Rah long to pull himself together and make it downstairs to the lobby. He was getting off the elevator when they spotted Fattz standing by the door waiting for him. They dapped up and headed out the building.

"Damn I'm hungry," Rah told Fattz.

"You took the words out my mouth," Fattz replied.

"You always hungry with ya fat ass." Rah joked with Fattz while touching his stomach.

They walked to the deli on the nearby corner of their block. Before going into the deli they run into Sharae, the hood bully. She was known for knocking bitches out. She was always with her two friends Becky and Big Booty Julie, a set of twins.

"Where y'all going?" Sharae asked.

"Don't you mean you because you're not my baby mother or mother to be asking me questions" Rah sarcastically responded to Sharae.

She rolled her eyes then turned to Fattz while Rah flirts with Julie. Fattz acted like he ran the relationship but Sharae knew she was in charge.

"Where you going baby?" She directed her question to Fattz.

Fattz quickly explained how they were on their way to the deli to get something to eat. Sharae was on her way to her mother's house to help her get ready for the card game she was having later on. She wanted Fattz to come hang out with her later at the card game but he was unsure. There was no telling what he was getting into.

Fattz spent a couple of minutes reassuring her that he would show up if he wasn't busy and Sharae agreed to save him a plate if he was. They exchanged a quick kiss.

"See you later baby." she told Fattz before turning to Rah with an ugly expression on her face, "Bye Rah Rah!"

Rah returns the ugly look while waving bye. He then turns back to Julie, "Bye sexy!"

Rah gave Julie a smack on her booty as she walked away.

"Fattz you're pussy whipped." Rah tease before laughing and Fattz didn't say a word.

They enter the store and walk to the back to where the drinks were. They grabbed a drink and

chips then walked to the counter to order a couple of sandwiches.

Rah ordered a hero sandwich with turkey, cheese, lettuce and tomatoes on fresh Italian bread and Fattz, ordered a hot meatball sandwich.

Rah phone started ringing. It was an unknown number so he walked outside to answer it.

"Rah?" A soft female voice spoke to confirm it was him before a man got on the phone.

"Got ya bitch nigga!" The unknown man spoke.

"Who's this?" Rah curiously asked with a frown on his face.

"I got ya bitch Vanessa and I want 50,000 or she's dead!"

Rah hung up the phone. Fattz comes out the store with their food and notices Rah looking strange.

"What wrong? Who was that on the phone?" Fattz questioned while passing Rah his stuff.

Rah was stunned and a little hesitant when he responded, "Some nigga talkin' bout he

kidnapped Vanessa from down the way. He wants 50 stacks or she's dead."

Rah was staring into space when his phone starts to ring again. It was the unknown number calling back and Rah answered.

"You think I'm fuckin' playing. Now I want the money by tonight or you will find her body somewhere stinking!"

Dude didn't know who he was fucking with and probably wasn't expecting the response, "Nigga you're not scaring nobody. Tell her to give you the number to one of them other niggas she fucks with. She's not worth it. I don't care if you kill her because I was going to dead her anyways."

Rah starts laughing before he continued, "I'm not giving you a mother-fuckin' dime. But I will give you a bullet for trying me. Trust me, I will find you!" Rah sarcastically stated then hung up again.

He received two more calls but let the calls go straight to voicemail.

"That's wrong, Blood," Fattz said while laughing.

They walked back to their building.

\* \* \* \* \*

## **Meanwhile Back in Florida...**

Tabby woke up to the sun beaming in her eyes and a black jewelry box with a letter next to it on the bed that said, "Read first."

She picked up the paper with a smile on her face and started to read it.

*"Happy Birthday Tabby. I'm happy to be the one you share this day with. Since we were kids I always felt a special connection. I always consider us as brothers and sisters. When I'm on the streets I feel more comfortable knowing you riding with me."*

Tabby started tearing up as she continued to read.

*"You understand me and always stayed loyal to me even when everyone else turned their backs on me. I can't imagine my life if I lose my parents. I wanted to fill your empties because you fill mine and I thank you for that. I wanted to give you something to show my love. So from your brother from a different mother here's a gift. Open the box now."*

Tabby is wiping tears out of her eyes and her heart is racing uncontrollably when she picks up the box and opens it. Her eyes widening at the sight of a

beautiful diamond bracelet that said, "BEST FRIENDS FOR FOR LIFE."

Tabby stared at the beautiful gift as if she had seen a ghost.

"Oh My God!" She spoke out loud, putting her hand on her heart.

She put the bracelet on than jumped out of bed and yelled, "HELL!"

She continues screaming his name as she made her way into the living room only to notice that he was nowhere around.

"Where the fuck this nigga at?"

While she questioned his whereabouts he came into the room with a smile on his face.

"Happy Birthday Tabby... I ordered us some breakfast. Should be up shortly."

Tabby ran up to him and jumped into his arms.

"Thank you. Thank you!" she tells Hell kissing him on both cheeks.

"Tabby, it's only breakfast." He said laughing and holding her in his arms.



After some much-needed love, they turned each other lose.

"Stop acting stupid," Tabby excitedly spoke as she showed him the bracelet.

"Happy you like it."

"I love it Hell. I'm never taking it off."

Tabby was expressing her excitement over her new gift when they heard a knock on the door.

Knock Knock!

Hell went to open the door and a skinny Spanish lady with a tray full of food was in the doorway. She entered the room and left a tray in the middle of the floor. Hell slipped her a tip before she exited the room.

Hell didn't know exactly what Tabby wanted for breakfast so he ordered a little bit of everything. She was more than pleased to see stacks of pancakes, waffles, and bagels. There was also a plate that had plenty of bacon, eggs, and grits on it.

"I didn't know what you wanted to eat. So I got everything. But hurry up I got a special day planned for you." Hell said as Tabby put a piece of bacon into his mouth.

"Why, what we're about to do?"

"I'll show you later. Just put on a bathing suit."

Tabby got excited and they started eating. Once they were done they went to get ready for the day.

Hell comes out his room wearing his Gucci swim shorts with matching shades and flip-flops.

"Tabby, you ready?" He shouts out before sitting on the sofa to roll up a blunt.

"Yup!" she said coming out of her room, rocking a one-piece LV bathing suit with matching shades and sandal.

They exchange compliments as usual. Hell has the blunt rolled up and Tabby has the towels. They're both ready and waste no time making it downstairs where a limo was waiting for them.

While riding and smoking in the limo Tabby begins to realize that she is seeing more and more water.

"Are we going to the beach?" Tabby asked as the limo pulled into a parking lot close to a nearby beach.

"How did you know?" Hell replied smiling and laughing.

The beach was highly active with plenty of people. Some were riding bikes and skateboards on the concrete sidewalk just before you step into the sand. Hell and Tabby chose to walk on the sand and enjoy the beautiful breeze flowing off of the ocean.

"The sand is so soft. But it's nothing like the sand back home in Coney Island." Tabby said kicking up sand with her barefoot as she slowly walked next to Hell.

"It feels good doesn't it?" Hell asked and Tabby nodded yes before responding.

"And the water is so clean and clear. I could still see my feet in the water." Tabby said after getting close enough to the water, getting her feet wet during the walk.

They strolled along the edge of the ocean's water for a few minutes before Tabby finally ask, "Where are we going?"

Hell pointed at a group of boats that were tied to a wooden dock not far from where they were. Once on the dock, Hell stopped in front of a small private boat. It wasn't a big one but it wasn't a small boat either.

"All aboard," he said helping her step into the boat.

"Didn't know you knew how to drive a boat," Tabby said as Hell prepared the boat to leave the dock.

"Yeah, I learned a couple of things when I lived out here. Are you ready?"

"Of course!" Tabby responded before finding a seat next to Hell as he cranked up the boat.

Tabby's hair flew back in the wind as they drove until they couldn't see anything. Tabby lit up a blunt before turning to Hell with the look as if something was on her mind.

"Hell, can I ask you a question?"

"Shoot!"

"What's good with ya parents? Like why is your mom out here and your Pops living in New York but they're still together? What happen?" She passed him the blunt.

As they sat in the middle of the ocean, miles from land Hell begin to tell Tabby about an incident that made his father move his entire family out of town.

“Well, a little while, after you left somebody, tried to rob our crib.” Hell started before giving her the details.

*It was a summer day and Hell was playing basketball in a park in the back of the building when he heard the loud sounds of an ambulance and police sirens. He paid it no attention until he noticed them pulling up at his building.*

*He ran to see what was going on and once he was in front of his building noticed his cousin Mary coming out of the elevator motionless on a stretcher. The last time Hell had seen Mary she was at his house with his sister, Nay-Nay so he immediately became concerned.*

*Hell immediately rushed into the building and ran up the stairs to his floor. Coming down the hallway was his mother with a bloody towel wrapped around her head. The sight of his mother brought tears to his eyes and he instantly knew something bad had happened.*

*He shortly found out that two bitch ass niggas had violated his family. They knocked on the door dressed up as UPS workers and when his sister opened the door they rushed into his apartment with guns drawn.*

*Nay-Nay and Mary were the only two inside of the apartment at the time and was terrified when*

*these niggas tied them up and began to search the house.*

*While they were searching the house Hell's parents were outside of the apartment door trying to get in but the chain was on the door. One of the men dressed as a UPS worker slammed the door close and lock it back.*

*Hell's mother went to unlock the door again only to have the door slammed and locked once again. Mary yelled out, "AUNTIE HELP!"*

*Mary had sealed her faith by yelling out because a shot went off and hit her in the chest, killing her instantly. The two dudes then ran out of the apartment. One of them slapped Hell's mother on the head with the gun while the other one backed his dad down for them to get away.*

Hell was just staring at the blue sky as he finished telling Tabby how his mother ended up in Florida. He began coughing and passed Tabby the half blunt before he spoke again.

"It was crazy! And after that, my mom said she couldn't take it anymore. She was ready to leave New York for good. She told my father that she's leaving with him or without. Her job transferred her out here, she got the house and she's been down here ever since."

"Wow, I didn't know that. But it is beautiful out here. Wish life could be like this all the time." Tabby said giving Hell the blunt.

"Me too," Hell replied.

Then out of nowhere, Hell picked Tabby up, "No Hell, my make up! My hair!"

It was too late because he had thrown her into the water before jumping in after her. She was mad at first but then they began to swim around playing Marco Polo.

They played around in the water for a few minutes before getting back on the boat. Hell was really trying to forget about the tragedy that landed his mother in another state.

Tabby lit a blunt as Hell began to reminisce with her.

"Tabby, remember you used to always pee in the bed?" he laughed.

"Remember you used to play with my Barbie dolls?" She replied and they both started laughing.

"That was a low blow." He responded as they went back and forth, joking smoking and talking until the sunset.

## *Chapter 6*

### **(No Ass Bettin')**

Rah and Fattz decided to get a haircut so they drove to Money's Barbershop on 25<sup>th</sup> St. and Mermaid Avenue. It looked closed from the front but on weekends he keeps it open a little after hours so they knocked on the door anyway.

"Yoo it's Rah!"

Money opened the door. "What's good Rad?"

"Money can you give me and Fattz a haircut real quick?"

"Cool, come in. I got y'all."

"I appreciate it, Money," Rah told him passing him a hundred dollar bill.

It was a few people in the shop. Everybody dapped up. Rah got in the chair first.

"Yoo I got next," Rah shouted out loud.

"Bet, come over here. I'll take ya money too," this guy name Dre from around the way said.

"I'll be over there soon."



Fattz engaged in a little small talk with Money until he finished cutting Rah hair. Rah gets out of the chair to look in the mirror at the haircut. A smile grows on his face as he is pleased with his new look.

"Nice!" Rah told Money.

Fattz jumped in the chair and Rah walked over to a couple of cats sitting on a sofa in front of a flat screen playing NBA 2K. NBA 2K was the hood's favorite game to play but it could sometimes get a little too personal.

"Yoo Dre y'all almost finish," Rah called out as he approached them.

"Yea I'm busting this nigga ass over. 3-2-1, GIVE ME MY MONEY!" Dre yelled then stood up with his hands open.

"Yoo pass the controller," Rah said grabbing it out Dre's hand.

"The minimum bet is a stack but how much money you trying to play for?" Dre asked Rah.

"I got like five on me right now!" Rah told him.

"Damn, only five? Thought y'all niggas was getting money?" Dre said.

Rah laughed out loud with a serious face though.

"Well, five thousand it is," Dre said dapping Rah up.

Dre picked the Cleveland Cavaliers and Rah picked the New York Knicks. It was a good game. The whole game they were going back and forth with scoring with neither one getting a big lead.

It was the fourth quarter and Dre had the ball. The score was tied with only five seconds on the clock. He inbounds the ball to LeBron James and he ends up hitting a jump shot.

Everybody at the barbershop started going crazy. Dre started beating on his chest. Now it's .9 seconds on the clock. Rah gives it to Carmelo Anthony in the corner. "BEEP" the clock goes off but not before the ball go into the basket.

"GIVE ME MY FUCKING MONEY!" Rah jumped up.

Dre had the saddest face on. He looked like he was about to cry as Rah continued to boast. "Give me my money!"

"I don't have it right now. I got you tho," Dre told Rah and he lost all of his excitement.

"You got me? So that means you ass bet me just now? If I would've lost I bet you would have wanted your money now."

Everybody gets quiet because things got serious real fast.

"But it's not about the money. It's about my respect now. And you straight up disrespected me!" Rah told Dre before pulling out a nickel plated .45 and pointed it at Dre. Fattz then pulled out his gun.

"Wait Rah, I'm going to give you ya money!" Dre tried pleading with Rah.

"Yea I'll wait. You could give it to me when I see you in hell!" Rah told him before pulling the trigger.

POW POW POW

Rah shot Dre in his chest then pointed the gun at everybody else.

"Nobody saw nothing!" Rah said and everybody shooked their heads yes. Rah and Fattz ran out the shop and drove off in Rah's Range Rover.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Welcome to New York!" Tabby sang in the taxi leaving JFK airport.

"See you're happy to be home," Hell told Tabby.

"Not really just that song came to my head. I wish this was the vacation. Us coming to see granny and going back home to Florida in a few days."

"Preach!" Hell said.

"Are you happy to be home?" Tabby asked Hell.

"I'm happy to get back to this money but not the drama. I don't know why but I just got a weird feeling for some reason."

Hell knew something was always popping off in New York, especially Coney Island. There was plenty of money to be made but it always came with a high price.

"You always worrying. I bet everything's fine." Tabby said trying to be optimistic but Hell knew better.

Hell had the taxi take them to his house first. He wanted to drop off his bags, get his car and drop Tabby off before going to check on the trap. Tabby had to take a major test the next day and needed to go home to study.

Once they got to Hell's place he could immediately tell that Rah had not been there all weekend. He dropped his bags in the living room and began to look around, noticing that the place was still clean. If Rah had been there the apartment would have been turned upside down.

"I see the blunt that I left in the bathroom was still there," Tabby said out loud lighting the blunt as she came out of the bathroom.

Tabby then went into the living room and turned the television on and started flicking through the channels. She stopped at the news because she saw something about Coney Island on it.

"Hell hurry, come here!"

Hell came running out of his room just in time to hear the news anchor saying, "There was a shooting in Coney Island last night at Money's barbershop on 25<sup>th</sup> St. and Mermaid Avenue. The victim name is Andre Dallas."

"That's Dre!" Hell screamed as he moved closer to the TV as the anchor continued.

"His body was found by an unknown caller. The body was in a garbage container behind the shop. Witnesses claimed they heard gunshots around midnight. Andre family members said that Andre was known for being at the barbershop after

hours. The owner Matt Johnson was taken into custody for questioning. That's the only information NYPD are giving out to us as of now. Back to you Tony," the news anchor reported.

Hell and Tabby looked at each other as Tabby blew out some smoke and pass the blunt to Hell. The news concerned Hell and he grabbed his car keys and quickly rushed Tabby out of the apartment.

They were both silent as Hell drove quickly to the hood. He was halfway there when he decided to call Rah's cell but it went straight to voicemail.

"Hope Rah didn't have nothing to do with this," Tabby said.

"Me too. Who would want Dre killed? Money is to pussy to kill a fly."

"Who still put dead bodies in trash cans? That's so old school." Tabby continued trying to keep his mind off what was going on.

Tabby could tell Hell was thinking hard. So she rolled up a blunt as fast as possible. Tabby lit the blunt then passed it.

"Don't drive yourself crazy thinking about it. Rah probably didn't even have nothing to do with this. At least get more info."

"You right, but that's not all I'm thinking about. People die all the time in Coney Island but when the news gets involved the police go a little harder. The hood is probably hot right now. The homicide detectives are going to be going around asking questions. That's going to slow down the money flow. Niggas going to have to walk on their tippy toes until the smoke clears." Hell explained before passing Tabby the blunt.

"Oh, I understand Hell."

Hell pulls up at Tabby's building. Tabby gets out and grabs her bags from the back seat.

"Stop stressing Big Bruh. Call me later. I love you and thanks for the trip again."

"It's was nothing. You deserved it. Love you too, I'm going to hit you up once I find out what's going on."

Tabby blew him a kiss before walking to her building and disappearing into the lobby. While waiting for the elevator Sharae come walking out of the staircase.

"Hey Tabby, how was Florida?"

"I had a great time." Tabby excitedly responds.

"Wish Fattz would take me on a vacation."

"Where you're coming from?" Tabby asked her.

"Dropping my son off with Fattz mom. You know him and Rah always in the streets. Sometimes I need a break," she responded and they laughed. "Dre got killed last night at the shop." Sharae continued the small talk while Tabby waited for the elevator.

"I heard, did they find out who killed him?"

"Nah, I don't think so. My mom had a card game last night. I was taking these bitches money. You know how I get down."

Tabby giggled.

"Out of nowhere you heard gunshots but I paid it no attention because you know niggas be shooting all the time. But when I was bringing my son over here it was mad people and cops posted around the shop. Come to find out Dre was found dead in the back of the shop. It's crazy because his baby mother Danielle was at the party. She said she was leaving to get more money from Dre. I guess that's why she never came back."

"Damn, I feel sorry for her and her daughter." Tabby sympathized.



"That's the hood for ya. You could be here one minute then gone the next." Sharae said.

"That's why I can't wait to get out of this Hell hole," Tabby told her.

"Well let me go, so I can spend these bitches money I won," Sharae said hugging Tabby.

"Girl you're a trip."

"Everybody got their hustle."

"Tru Tru" Tabby agreed.

"Welcome back tho," Sharae concluded as Tabby entered the elevator.

While Tabby was in the elevator she began thinking about how bad she wished she was in Florida. When she was exiting the elevator Tabby received a blow to the back of her head that knocked her out cold.

## *Chapter 7*

### **(Relieving Stress)**

Unlocking the door to the trap, Hell sees Fattz sitting on the couch, eyes wide with a 12 gauge pistol grip shotgun pointed at his Hell.

"What the fuck Fattz?"

Fattz put the shotgun down on the floor by his feet as Hell slowly approaches him.

"Welcome back Hell! Shit hot right now my nigga." Fattz told him and they dapped up.

"I heard, where's my cousin at?"

"I don't know. He said he was going to some bitch house."

"You heard what happen at the shop?" Hell asks Fattz whose lighting a cigarette.

"Hell yeah, I was there. Rah killed Dre!"

"Get the fuck outta here! WHY?" Hell said in a high pitch tone.

"They was playing 2K and Rah won but Dre ass bet on a five thousand dollar bet."

"Oh, shit!" Hell put his hands on his head.

"He said he was going to his little getaway. Where ever that's at." Fattz said.

"Damn, I gotta find this nigga. Fattz if he calls you tell him to hit me up asap." Hell said walking out the door.

Hell was driving around Coney Island with the news of what he discovered weighing heavy on his mind.

*"Where the hell could he be and with who?"*  
Hell thought to himself as he tried to call Rah.

Rah cell rung a couple of times and then it went straight to voicemail. Hell hung up and tried again only to get the same result. While sitting at a red light a name popped into his head. "Brittany!"

Britney is one of Rah chicks. Hell remembers dropping Rah off at her crib in New Jersey the last time he got into a shootout a few months back. Hell checked his phone to see if he still had her number.

A grin grew on his face when he found her number on his phone as the light turned green. He immediately called Brittany hoping that Rah was there.

"Hello," Brittany answered after the second ring.

"What's up Britt? This Hell is my cousin Rah with you?"

The phone went silent for a moment and then Rah gets on the phone.

"Buzin', you back."

"Yeah, I came back this morning."

"How was the trip?"

"Good Tabby had a good time. Fuck that tho, what's good with you? What are you doing all the way in New Jersey?"

"Well, you went on vacation. So I thought I would take one as well." Rah laughed as if this was an ordinary day.

"I'm not laughing Rah. Fattz told me what happened," Hell said and Rah got real quiet for a moment.

Hell, pulled over to listen to what Rah had to say. Rah is no bitch ass nigga and the streets knew it. His motto is, "Fuck with Rah you going to die!" Rah explained how Dre tried the shit out of him over some change. Dre didn't realize that Rah took what he did as a sign of disrespect therefore in Rah's mind he had to go.

"I understand you felt like you did what you had to do, just know the hood is on fire. How long you going to be gone?" Hell asked wanting to know the game plan.

"I'm going to chill until things cool down. How did you know where I was at anyway?" Rah asked getting off the subject.

"I remember dropping you off there the last time you got into some shit," Hell told him.

"Yeah, you did drop me off. Who else knows I'm here?" Rah curiously asked.

"Just me, I won't tell nobody."

"Don't even tell Fattz," Rah said.

Hell agreed to keep his honeycomb hideout a secret even from Fattz before reassuring that he would keep him posted on the business in the hood. Hell was concerned about his safety. The love between the two was real, something they both expressed before hanging up.

Hell was stuck for a moment before he tried to call Tabby to put her up on the info but she didn't answer. *"She probably studying. Damn, its been a long day. Who could I call to take this stress out on...Sequoya!"* He thought to himself.

Hell knew Sequoya since middle school. Their mothers used to work together. He was always attracted to her. She had lil' girls face with a grown woman body. She was light skinned with a beautiful smile, fat ass and big titties and she loves herself some Hell. He wasn't the relationship type but if he was going to wife a chick up. She'll be the one.

"Hello, baby," Sequoya sounded excited when she answered her phone.

"What's up girl?" Hell replied.

"I'm better now. Been trying to call you all weekend."

"Sorry, I forgot to tell you I was going to see my mother. People were blowing my phone up so I ended up cutting my phone off."

"Aww, how are your mom and sister doing?" she asked.

"They're doing fine. What you doing right now?" He asked her change in subjects.

"Nothing, just laying in bed watching Martin...why?"

"Well get dress and come downstairs."

"Okay, give me like ten minutes to get ready."

"Please don't take forever."

Sequoya in a sexy voice responds, "Okay, I'm getting ready now."

Hell was in front of the building waiting patiently and when she stepped out in some spandex and a white T-shirt he knew it was worth the wait. You could see her booty from the front as she ran to the car and some brand-new black AirMax.

"Sorry baby, I took so long. Had to do my hair," Sequoya spoke excitedly as she gave Hell a quick kiss.

"Didn't know a ponytail took so long to do." Hell joked and they both laughed before driving off.

"Where we going?" she asked him while getting comfortable in her seat.

"I don't know about you but I'm hungry," he said.

"Nah, I'm good. I just ate," she told him.

Hell was both horny and hungry so he slid by Burger King before going home.

They were sitting in the living room and Sequoya grabbed the remote. Hell opened his bag and started eating. He's going in!

"Breath, ya food's not going nowhere." Hell looked up and smirked.

"So nothing exciting since the last time I saw you?" Hell asked.

Sequoya had nothing exciting to exchange except that she's just been going to work and school. Hell was trying to keep up the small talk but she had other things on her mind. She made it clear that she didn't want to discuss anything pertaining to her life and wasn't up for any funny stories or jokes. Hell was halfway through his food when she leaned in and put her lips on his earlobe.

"Damn, girl you trying to get right to it!"

"Been waiting since the last time we were together," Sequoya told him taking out her ponytail and letting her hair down.

"At least it was fast to take out." he joked and she hit him in his chest before she made it clear what it was she wanted.

She then whispered in his ear, "I miss you!"



Hell slightly flinched when she began to aggressively kiss his neck. He turned toward Sequoya as she slid her tongue into his mouth. They were kissing passionately for a moment as Hell hands caressed her entire body. Sequoya pushed back and while staring directly into his eyes begin to pull her shirt over her head.

She was displaying a pink lace Victoria Secret bra with the release snap in the front when she stood up in front of him. Without exchanging words Hell unfastened her jeans and she wiggled her hips out of them as they fell to her ankles.

Sequoya stepped out of her jeans while Hell simultaneously began to unfasten his Gucci belt never taking his eyes off of her body. She was standing in front of him in her matching pink lace outfit and belly button piercing on full display when he arched his back and slid his jeans just past his knees.

Hell was in his boxers when she went down on her knees and used her hands to maneuver inside of his boxers. She whipped his semi-erect dick out of his boxers and while staring into his eyes began to slap her face with it until it was fully prepared for action.

Hell stared into her pretty brown eyes for a moment until she decided to spit on the tip of his one-eye beast and when she wrapped her lips

around it Hell's eyes closed and his head tilted back as the extraordinary pleasure she was sending through his body controlled his next few moves.

Her slow calculated kisses, combined with the unexpected move of placing the entire thing in her mouth had removed his stress. Sequoya paused for a minute, choking and coughing after administering every inch of Hell into her mouth.

Sequoya had a firm grip on the stiffening third leg between Hell's leg when she caught her breath and gave it a gentle kiss before whispering, "You like that?"

"Yesss," he whispered before demanding she sit on it.

Sequoya quickly unsnapped her bra and stepped out of her panties before turning her back toward him. It only took a few seconds before she was sliding her hips up and down on every inch of what Hell had to give her.

After a few well-organized strokes Hell wanted some more control so he motioned for her to get up. He then got up off the sofa and maneuvered her to face the sofa when he grabbed her hips with both hands. She immediately bent over, placed one hand on the sofa and the other one between her legs, searching for Hell's Dick. She

grabbed and assisted with Hell finding his destination.

"Oh shit nigga," Sequoya spoke out loud as Hell's entire prize possession filled her inside. Hell was staring at her smooth round ass when he decided to give it a double tap with his right hand.

CLAP CLAP!

You could hear her ass slapping against his thigh while she twerked on his dick.

"Oh Hell! This your pussy!" she whispered out loud before his motion grew faster and harder.

"OH FUCK!" Sequoya screamed out. "DON'T STOP! Yessss...aaah!"

Hell had broken a small sweat when he pulled out and motioned for Sequoya to turn around and get ready for the ecstasy that had built up in Hell's body. She got down on her knees and positioned her face directly in front of him and with one hand helped him to deliver everything they both had been expecting over her face.

Hell was breathing hard and feeling relieved when he said, "You Nasty!"

"Only for you baby," she replied as she got up wiping her face with the back of her hand.

"Come on, let's get in the shower," Hell suggested before leading her to the bathroom for another session underneath some warm water.

Moments later, while in his bedroom he began to get hungry again. Sequoya was half sleeping when he decided to go finish off his food. He left her lying in bed nude, satisfied and with a smile on her face while he went to the living.

"Fucking with this bitch my food cold," he said to himself before going into the kitchen to throw it in the microwave.

His phone started vibrating. He thought it was Tabby but he looked at it and saw it was his father.

"What the hell he want?" he asked himself and didn't answer.

Then he tried to call Tabby but she didn't answer so he left a voicemail.

"What the fuck? Tabby call me back!"

## *Chapter 8*

### **(Karma Is a Bitch)**

Tabby woke up to ice water be dumped on her face. She felt dizzy. Her eyes were swollen so bad she could hardly see out of them. She was naked with tape covering her mouth in a dark room face down on a table with her hands and ankles tied to it. She was cold because a fan was blowing on her. She tried getting out the rope then out of nowhere she gets a punch in the face.

"Stop moving bitch! You're not going nowhere!"

She couldn't see but could tell it was a man because of the voice. She goes to look up and gets hit again. Tabby was shaking her head trying to stay conscious. She put her head down and closed her eyes and tears began to run down her face.

"Why are you doing this to me?" Tabby cried out.

She could hear somebody walking around her as the reality of the situation had become clear. She was in trouble and had no idea why.

"Hope I didn't hurt you. Want to save that for later. Are you cold? Don't worry because it's about to get hot in here."

Tabby could feel her heart beating fast as she wondered what was next.

"You think you're the shit. Stepping on people toes. You walk around the hood like you could do things and nothing would happen to you. You and your boyfriend act like if y'all can't be touch." He got closer to her ear. "Where his ass at now? Thought you were BAD Michael Jackson, hun?" He teased before pulling her head back to show his face.

Tabby eyes opened wide. Her heart felt like it stopped and she swallowed a golf ball. It was the guy Tabby shot in the penis not too long ago. He pushed her head back down.

"You remember me? Thought I was going to let you get away with that shit. You got me fucked up. Doctors said my nerves so bad I could never have sex again! My niggas still joking with me about that shit!"

His comments frustrated him to the point that he got mad and punched her again.

"You're lucky you don't have a dick. I would have cut it off and made you suck it! Word on the streets you don't like dick. So here are a few dicks for you."

The door opened and she heard a bunch of footsteps come into the room.

"Have fun fellas. Hope you don't enjoy the party. You fucking bitch!" he said laughing as he left the room.

Tabby heard her phone ring while they took turns raping her. She closed her eyes and cried the entire time. She could see her parents, her grandmother, Hell's smile, the blue Florida water, and sky. She wished she never left

Tabby knew she was about to die.

### **Meanwhile Back at Hell's Apartment...**

Usually, when Hell wake up he'll have a bunch of missed calls from Tabby but when he looked at his phone there wasn't any calls or texts from Tabby. He called her but it kept going straight to voicemail. He laid back on the bed, staring at the ceiling as he grew concerned about his friend.

"This isn't like Tabby," he told himself.

If they're not together they would be calling each other back and forth. He knew she probably studied than passed out but it's past noon and not one call. No good morning, what's up, wyd, come get her or nothing. All of these thoughts crossed his mind before he finally jumped up out the bed.

"Sequoya, baby get up. We got to go now."

"What happen?" she asked with her eyes barely open.

"Something came up. I gotta go to the hood now. Right now!"

They quickly got dressed and left. On the way to Coney Island, Sequoya looked at Hell and she got a little scared. She never felt this type of vibe from him before. His face was so serious as if he was really focusing on the road but could tell something was truly bothering him.

"Are you okay?" Sequoya asked but it was like he didn't even hear her. So she asked again.

"Yeah, yeah I'm good." Hell brushed her off.

She could tell he was lying so she just laid back in the chair and didn't say anything for the rest of the ride.

"Bye Bae," Sequoya said kissing him on his cheek. "Please be safe."

"I will," Hell told her as she got out the car.

"Hit me up later. Hell." Sequoya said waving at Hell as he drove away leaving her standing and watching the back of the car.



Hell called Tabby again but still no answer.

"Damn!" Hell said hitting the steering wheel.

He drove straight to her house. While walking up to the lobby Hell ran into Justin bouncing around a basketball. He was Julie and Becky little brother.

"Hell, What's good?"

"What's up Lil Jus?"

"Nothing. Wondering when you going to put me on. I'm trying to get paid. I'm only thirteen but I'm ready to put in some work. Trying to be ballin' like you," Jus said to Hell.

"Don't ball like me. You got to ball harder. Keep this ball in your hand and I bet you'll ball harder than anybody in Coney Island, okay?" Hell told Justin trying to encourage him to stay focused on the bigger picture.

Hell started to walk away but stopped and turned back around and asked, "Yo Jus is there any chance you saw Tabby yesterday?"

"Yeah, I saw her go into the elevator after her and Sharae were talking," Jus told Hell.

Justin's response didn't bring any comfort to Hell. Everything in his gut was telling him that

something was wrong but he could not figure it out so he called Fattz.

"Hell what's good. You talked to that nigga Rah yet."

"Yeah he's about to pull up but Fattz I need you to call Sharae and ask did she hear from Tabby," Hell told Fattz.

"Why? Is everything good?" Fattz asked.

"Yeah, just do me that favor real quick and call me back."

Hell continued into the building and when he noticed that the elevator was there he decided to take the stairs. He quickly ran up the four flights of stairs to Tabby's granny's apartment.

Her grandmother lived in apartment 4E for years. Hell could tell Granny had been cooking because he could smell it from the hallway just before he knocked on the door.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

"Who is it?" Tabby's Granny voice sounded through the close door.

"It's Tehell!"

He waited patiently as he listened to her unlocking deadbolt locks. The door slowly opened and Granny steps to the side to let Hell in.

Hell gave her a kiss on the cheek before asking, "How's everything Granny?"

"Lord has blessed me with another day so I can't complain," Granny replied. "So how was Florida?"

"What Tabby didn't tell you?"

"The last time I saw Tabby she was leaving with you."

"What? So you didn't see her yesterday?"

"No, is something wrong?" Granny asked.

"Nope, she probably just went to one of her homegirls house."

Hell didn't want her worrying. A part of him was hoping that it was true but everything in his body was telling him that something was terribly wrong.

"Okay, you hungry child?"

"Not now Granny. Once I find Tabby we going to come back to eat. I promise."

"Okay don't take too long, you hear hun?"

Hell leaves back out and he hears the door closing. While slowly walking down the hallway he decides to call Rah.

"What's good Buzin'. You got more info for me?"

"Yeah, we have a problem. Tabby's missing Rah."

"What do you mean she's missing?"

"I dropped her off yesterday but Granny said she never came in the house. I have been trying to call her but all my calls are going straight to voicemail. That's not like Tabby." Hell spoke with concern in his voice.

"Yeah, that's not like Tab to keep her phone off," Rah said.

"Lil Jus saw her go in the building too. It makes no sense. It's like she just disappeared." Hell said sadly.

"Hell, I'm on my way back."

Hell hung up and took the stairs back down to the lobby. By the time he made it back to his car he was receiving a call from Fattz.

"Sharae said she talked to her yesterday in the lobby. They chatted for a little bit then Tabby went into the elevator."

"Thanks, Fattz." Hell hung up.

Hell just sat in his car for a moment with his hands over his head, thinking before mumbling a brief prayer out loud, "God, please don't let anything bad happen to my baby sister."

### **Meanwhile Back at the Trap...**

All the lights were off when Rah walked in the house. He turned the lights on to find Hell sitting on the couch. It was a bottle of Ciroc and Hell's pistol on the table. Hell was smoking a blunt while looking at his phone.

Rah can tell that Hell had been crying. They dapped up. Rah sat down next to him.

"Buzin, you good? Did anybody call back with any info?" Rah asked him. Hell passed Rah the blunt.

"Nope, nobody but Sharae saw or heard from her since we been back. I don't know what else to do. I'm trying to think positive but everything's coming back negative."

Rah wanted to say something but he didn't know what else to do either. So he just passed the blunt back to him.

"What you were doing?" Rah asked Hell.

"I was looking at pictures of me and Tabby when we were in Florida."

Right when he was leaning over to show Rah the pictures Fattz called. He jumped up.

"Yoo Fattz, please tell me you heard something ... Yoo Fattz yoo ..."

"Hell," Fattz finally said something.

"Fattz did you hear anything about Tab?" Hell said excitedly while pacing back and forth.

It was another moment of silence.

"Hell, Tabby's dead."

Hell dropped his phone then fell back on the couch. Rah picked up the phone.

"Fattz, what happen?" Rah asked.

"Yoo Rah, Tabby's dead. A crack head found her body under the boardwalk across the street from her building. She was naked with a KARMA IS A BITCH scared on her back. She was pronounced dead

at the scene. She was tortured, raped and then strangled to death."

"What the fuck?" Rah said before closing his eyes in disgust.

"Yeah, Tabby's dead Rah."

"Ok Fattz, let me call you back.

Rah looked at Hell sitting down quite, moving his head back and forth and shaking his legs. Tears falling rapidly from his face.

"NO, NO!" Hell screamed out loud before he popped up and grabbed his gun.

Rah grabbed him. Hell pushed him then pointed the gun at Rah's face, "GET THE FUCK OFF ME!"

Hell ran out of the house. Rah just lets him go. He knew Hell needed time alone. Rah could not imagine the pain Hell was experiencing when he left the house in the pouring rain. Hell just started walking in the rain. He dropped to his knees and closed his eyes. He could see Tabby's smile...

BEEP BEEP BEEP

Rah blowing his horn is what got Hell's attention and brought him back to reality.

"Buzin' get in the car. Come on Buzin'!"

Hell, soaking wet and the look of pain and disgust all over his face slowly got up off his knees and walked over to the car as Rah opened the passenger door.

"Yoo, you need to chill," Rah told him.

"I failed her, Rah. I was supposed to protect her. I should've been there."

"We going to get whoever did this. I promise!" Rah told him before putting his arm around Hell who was crying uncontrollably and punching on the dashboard.

It was a sad day on Coney Island. Everybody was shocked about what happened to Tabby. No one could believe she was gone. A lot of girls became Bloods just to be under her. She had them robbing niggas, selling drugs the whole nine. Giving every one of her sister soldiers her loyalty.

Tabby had let niggas know that girls could be just as gangsters as dudes. She put females on the map in the hood. Chicks looked up to her and niggas respected her. She could get ugly and look good doing it. This was the saddest day of Hell's life.

The day of Tabby's funeral everybody came to the church to show their respect. Granny was



surprised at how many people were there to see her granddaughter. Everyone was crying and wearing T-shirts with Tabby's face on it. She didn't know Tabby touched so many hearts.

Hell walked Granny to the gold casket that was surrounded by flowers. Tabby looked beautiful and peaceful when Granny kissed Tabby on her forehead. Hell leaned over and with tears in his eyes whispered, "I love you lil' sis."

He then gave her a goodbye kiss with tears dripping onto her body.

After the funeral service, Tabby's body was driven around Coney Island inside the hurst. As the hurst drove down Mermaid Ave, Bloods on the street raised a red flag. People were screaming out loud, "I LOVE YOU TABBY!"

Hell was in a limousine directly behind the black hurst as they took the slow ride to the cemetery. And just before putting Tabby's body in the grave, everybody lit up a blunt in her memory and then Hell stood up to speak his final peace.

"She was a young queen that left us way too early. She was the realest chick I think I will ever know. If I could trade places with her I would. But I can't. All we can do is remember her. Her smile, her loyalty, and what she meant to our family. So I want everybody to smoke the last blunt with our sister.

Tabby, I will always miss you and will never forget you. Can't wait to see you again. I love you Tabby."

Hell with a lump in his throat and a knot inside of his stomach dropped his flag into the grave. And then one by one each and every Blood member followed his lead. Each member taking turns dropping one red flag into her grave before taking a puff of their blunt and blowing smoke into the air.

## *Chapter 9*

### **(Hang Him High)**

Rah and Fattz was smoking while playing NBA 2K in the living room when Hell walked into the Trap.

"Yoo, what the fuck y'all doing?" Hell walked up to the T.V and punched it.

"What you do that for?" Rah asked with a confused look on his face.

"How could y'all be playing videos games at a fuckin' time like this? We need to be trying to figure out who did this to Tabby. You think she would've been playing fuckin' videos games if this shit happened to one of y'all? HELL NO!!!"

Hell was pissed off. He'd lost the closest person to him and his friends were playing games when he walked in and screamed on them. The room went silent.

"Yoo Hell, we got niggas investigating as we speak. Just waiting for some word back..." Fattz tried to explain but Hell was not having it.

"Fuck that, I want you putting guns in niggas mouth than make them talk. Somebody knows somebody that knows what the FUCK happened with Tabby. I want answers FUCKIN' NOW!"

"Bet, I'm going now," Fattz said before dropping the control, putting on his jacket and leaving.

"Rah come with me. We're going to Tabby's building to check the security's videotape of the lobby that day. I saw her walk inside the building. Sharae talked to her there. It gotta be something on them."

"That's a plan," Rah said before they left the trap feeling like they were on to something.

They jumped in Hell's car and headed to West 20<sup>th</sup> St. and Surf Ave to Tabby's building.

"Why haven't we been done this?" Rah asked.

"I was thinking about it earlier. But then I asked myself who would be so stupid?" Hell said.

"Well it's a good idea." Rah told him while turning up the stereo.

It only took a few minutes for them to get to her building. When Hell and Rah walk into the lobby they see Bob, the janitor.

"Bob where's Juan?" Hell asked him.

"I think he's in the office want me to go get him?"

"Yeah make yourself useful," Rah said.

Juan was a flashlight cop in the building. He always would get high then get caught sleeping at the front desk. It didn't take him long to come to the lobby but Hell and Rah were outside in front of the building.

He walked out. "Rah, Hell. How can I help Y'all fellas?"

"I know you heard about Tabby's death," Hell said.

"Yes, sorry for ya lose. God bless her soul" Juan said looking up and making a cross on his chest with his hand.

"Thanks, Juan. The last time I saw her alive I dropped her off in front of the building. Do you think I could see the tapes from that day?" Hell asked.

"Sure, come to my office," Juan asked leading them into a room inside of the building. "We usually record over old tapes. When was the day?"

"It was last Sunday," Hell told him.

"Ok," Juan said before looking through a draw with tapes in it. "It should be right... There we go."

He pulled out a tape then put it in the VCR.

"Rewind it," Hell demanded. "STOP!!! There she goes." Hell smiled.

The video showed her talking to Sharae than her getting into the elevator like Sharae said.

"Now rewind it til we see Sharae come into the building. STOP! She's right there. But who's that nigga she with?"

Everybody staring hard at the monitor.

"It's not Fattz," Rah speaks first.

"OH SHIT!" Hell screamed and jumped up.

"Hell, What?" Rah asked.

"Yo, that's the dude Tabby shot in his dick!"

"That is him." Rah agreed.

They looked at each other both displaying a devilish grin.

"Thanks again Juan. Don't mention this to anybody." Hell handed him a stack.

Rah and Hell hopped in the car with images of dude inside their mine and malice in their hearts.

"Yoo what the fuck? Now the Karma's a bitch makes sense. But why Sharae would want Tabby dead? I still don't understand. I'm going to kill both of them!" Hell said anxiously bouncing around in the car.

"Hell calm down. We're going to get to the bottom of this."

Rah phone started ringing. He looked at it. "It's Fattz," Rah said waiting for Hell to respond before he answered.

"You think he could have something to do with this?" Hell questioned his friend's loyalty.

Rah shrugged his shoulders. He answered than put it on speaker.

"Yoo Fattz, tell me something."

"Yeah, one of them little niggas from Coney Island houses overheard some nigga talking about how he killed Tabby. His name is Tommy. He was the dude Tabby shot in the dick."

"Yea, do you know where he stays?" Rah asked.

"Yea, he stays on 23rd street in building 3 apartment 6B," Fattz said.

"Okay, we going to head over there right now. Good lookin'."

"You want me to pull up?" Fattz asked.

"Nah me and Hell got this."

"Bet hit me up if anything." Rah didn't say anything about dude being with his girl Sharae the day Tabby went missing. Even though they both felt comfortable that Fattz had nothing to do with it getting at Tommy was something that they wanted to do alone.

Hell parked his car on the side of the building. They could see the front of Tommy's building from where they were posted. Rah lit up a blunt.

"We going to scope it out for a bit." Rah passed Hell the blunt.

"Still hard to believe she's gone. I still look at my phone for her calls. This shit is crazy!"

"Don't worry about it because we're gonna get this nigga today."



"Wait Rah! I think that's that nigga right there." Hell excitedly said while handing Rah the blunt.

"I can't see his face but he walking with a limp just like the nigga in the video."

Hell opens his secret compartment in his car. It's something he had customized after purchasing the vehicle. It's where he kept his guns and drugs. They both grabbed a gun and got out.

They were jogging to the building to catch up with the dude with the limp but he was gone when they got to the lobby. They got into the next available elevator and headed to the 6<sup>th</sup> floor.

"Fattz said 6B right?" Hell said as they approached the door.

Hell had both hands tightly gripped on a black 40 Glock and Rah had his finger on the trigger of a black 45 caliber when he knocked on the door.

"Yoo Tommy open the door. It's your boy."

They both stood silently listening to the door unlocking and when they see a crack in the door Hell kicked it in.

“GET DOWN YOU PUSSY ASS NIGGA!” Rah screamed before Hell slapped him across the face with the side of his gun, knocking him out.

“Yo check the crib!” Hell instructed Rah who quickly went through the two-bedroom apartment and found no one else home.

Rah and Hell tied Tommy's arms and legs tightly with an extension cord that Rah found in a kitchen drawer. Hell looked behind the living room television and snatched another extension cord out the wall that had the television and some other gadgets plugged into it as Tommy begged for his life.

“YO, WHAT DID I DO? DON'T KILL ME...”

Hell spit in Tommy's face just as Rah bust him across the forehead with the back of his gun. The blow split Tommy's head and blood dripped down his nose when Hell began wrapping the extension cord around his neck.

Neither one of them said a word as Tommy continued to plead for mercy before gasping as Hell squeezed the extension cord tighter.

Rah, teeth gripped tightly finally spoke, “Drag him to the balcony!”

He placed his gun in the waistline of his pants and grabbed Tommy's legs as Hell tried to drag him

with the extension cord. It snapped and he quickly grabbed a handful of dude's shirt and they both dragged him to the balcony.

Once on the balcony, Hell spotted some rope. Rah slapped Tommy whose eyes were closed and barely breathing.

"GET THE FUCK UP!"

Tommy opens his eyes to Rah and Hell standing over him with two guns in his face.

"What y'all doing here? Who are yall?" Tommy whispered in pain and Rah punched him in the face.

POW!

Hell got down on one knee, grabbed the rope and wrapped it around Tommy's neck. He put his lips extremely close to Tommy's ear while choking him and with his teeth tightly gripped spoke in a coldhearted voice,

"I know you killed my sister. I understand why...I really do."

"I didn't kill nobody!"

Rah steps back and fire a shot into his stomach.

"Okay... Okay... Okay!" Tommy screams out and Hell loosens up the rope from around his neck.

"You got one more time to lie to me and I'm going to kill the rest of your mother-fuckin' family." Rah says after putting one in Tommy's belly.

"We also know you didn't act alone. Now tell me why Sharae wanted Tabby dead. Now think before you speak." Hell said tugging on the rope and Tommy began to sing like a bird.

"Okay... Okay... Okay... It was all her plan. She was telling me how Tabitha was going to get ranked higher than her. She would always tell me that she wasn't going to let Tabitha take her position again. Whatever that means. Please don't let me die..." Tommy pleaded before Rah slapped him upside the head with the gun.

"Keep going!" Hell said.

"I think she had a thing for you. She wanted to be the head sister soldier. Yea, I hated Tabitha for what she did to me and Sharae knew it. She played me and set the whole thing up. I wanted revenge and she sucked me into it! I swear that's all I know... Please take me to a hospital before I die!"

Rah looked at Hell, who slightly nodded his head before getting up on his feet. He then grabbed Tommy up off the floor and said, "Karma's a bitch

right. Yes, she is. Well, go fuck that bitch! I forgot you don't have the balls too!"

Hell then tied the rope that was around his neck to the balcony and him and Rah both grabs Tommy. He continued to plead for his life and even tussled a little before they finally tossed his body over the six-floor balcony. The sound of his neck snapping brought very little comfort to Hell as they hurried out of his apartment.

As they were walking to the car Hell looked up and he could see Tommy's lifeless body hanging. And when one of Tommy's shoes fell off his foot is when Hell finally felt a sense of gratitude and a devilish grin grew on his face. They got into the car, put the guns back into the secret compartment and pulled off to the sounds of police sirens in a distance.

"What we going to do with this bitch Sharae? Matter of fact, drop me off at my whip. I'll handle it." Rah said nodding his head as if he had a plan.

Hell looked at him with the crazy expression of pleasure and pain.

"Hell you hung this nigga off the balcony. That was my sister too. I got this." Rah said mirroring the crazy expression that was on Hell's face.

Hell knew what that smile meant as he drove Rah to his car.

"Light that blunt," Hell told Rah while trying to wipe blood off his hand by rubbing it on his shirt.

"Don't have to tell me twice."

"Yoo Rah be real. Do you think Fattz have anything to do with it?"

"Tell you the truth Fattz always been loyal. He always kept it one hundred. He loved Tabby too. I can't see it. With the things, Tommy told us Sharae said. Don't think Fattz know about her feelings for you and that nigga told us about Tommy. So no I don't think he had anything to do with Tabby getting killed. And not like that!"

"Yeah, I understand where you're coming from," Hell said as he pulled over near Rah's car.

"What you going to do later?" Rah asked Hell.

"I don't know. The Sun's still up. I'm a go home first and clean up and then I might go play ball somewhere to clear my head. What about you?"

"Bet go do that. I'm going to put my plan in action," Rah said before they dapped up.

"Love you buzzin'!" Rah said before Hell responded. "I love you too buzzin'!"

## ***Chapter 10***

### **(Party Time)**

Rah hopped into his car and pulled out his cell phone.

"Hey, baby!"

"Hey, Julie, what you doing?"

"I'm watching TV and smoking a blunt with my sister. What's good Rah?"

"Are you home?" Rah asked.

"Yes, why? You need me to do something for you?"

"Come smoke a blunt with me. I need to talk to you in person about something?" Rah told her.

"Okay, where are you?"

"I'm going to be in front of your house in 20 minutes."

"Okay, I'm going to get ready now?"

They hung up and Julie jumped up.

"It's crazy how you just jump up for that nigga Rah. Where you going?" Becky said.

Julie flicked her middle finger at Becky. "Fuck you, he said he has to tell me something important."

"Yea I bet it's can he fuck?"

"Go call one of ya niggas. Little hoe ass bitch!" Julie said to her sister and they both started laughing.

Julie through something together real quick and made her way outside. She is a smooth dark skinned sexy looking girl with pink lips that fit her small face. She has nice breasts and an apple bottom to match. She is wearing black short shorts with a big white tee shirt on when she stepped out of her house and noticed Rah, sitting waiting for her. She gets in the car.

"Is that my shirt?" Rah asked Julie.

"Yes it is," she said smiling. "Sorry I took long"

"You good. Here, you want to hit this?" Rah said passing her the blunt.

"Nah these streets are hot right now. First Dre than Tabby. Then boys are everywhere. Now what's so important you had to tell me in person?"

"What if I tell you we found out who killed Tabby?"



"I'll ask you why are we talking? Let's go handle that mother fucka!" Julie said and it was exactly what Rah wanted to hear.

"But what if I tell you Sharae had something to do with it?"

"I'll say I wouldn't be surprised. She always says her little hater marks on the low about Tabby. It's really cause she love that boy Hell." Julie said, confirming what Tommy told them while.

"I heard she's Beyonce, Dangerously in love with him," Rah said.

Julie began to explain how Sharae had a crush on Hell since they were kids and had fallen secretly in love with him after they got older. It bothered her that Hell never paid her any attention.

Sharae hated to see him with Tabby. And when she moved to Detroit Sharae thought that she would finally get the chance but then Hell moved to Florida so she started dating Fattz and ended up getting pregnant by him. She was so mad at herself when Hell moved back because she knew that dream with him was gone.

Rah just listened.

Julie had known about the animosity for a long time and Rah eyebrows raised when she

described the hurt Sharae felt when Tabby moved back to Coney Island. It was her worst nightmare.

Hell was high in rank and she heard the Sister Soldier was going to have their own organization and knew it was going to be out of the two to have that top spot. Her seeing Tabby with Hell was killing her and when Tabby got that top spot she was livid.

Julie shaking her head before concluding with, "I didn't think she would've killed Tabby. Now to think about it, she has been acting little different since Tabby got killed. But are you sure she did it?"

"I'm a 100% sure. And I want you to take her out...Tonight!" Rah said in a cold tone.

"Hell yeah, it would be my pleasure. Sharae did some pussy shit! She got to go."

"That's what I like to hear. Now, this what I need you do."

He told her his plan on getting back at Sharae. Julie gets out the car then goes to Rah's window and kisses Rah on the lips.

"You way pass due to take care of my kitty cat," she said.

"I knew you were going to say that. I got you tonight. Hit me up when you got her."

Julie walked back into the house. Once inside the house, Becky wanted to know what was so important. Julia sat on the couch next to Becky and told her sister exactly who was responsible for killing Tabby. While they were talking, their little brother Justin crept into the living room to be nosey.

Justin eyes open wide after Becky asked, "Julie, are you sure Sharae killed Tabby?"

"Rah said he's 100% sure. And I believe him. Like why would Rah lie about something like this?"

Becky was shocked at first but eventually knew that it was true. Just like Julie, she remembered the slick things that Sharae used to say about Tabby. And after giving it some thought realized that she had not heard from her in a couple of days. Becky never really cared for her anyway because Sharae was Julie friend.

"What you talking about that was your friend first. Y'all had the same classes freshman year." Julie said.

"Yea I had a class with her but you were the one being all friendly with her."

"But fuck all that. She violated and Rah wants me to handle it."

"Don't you mean we?" Becky cut her off.

"You know what I meant."

"So what's the plan?" Becky asked.

Julie filled her in on the plan which was for them to get Sharae to agree to go out with them to a club. Julie then called her and it didn't take much for her to agree to meet them at one of their favorite spot, Club Lyon. They agreed to meet up around 10 o'clock before Julie hung up.

"Stupid bitch!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Club Lyon attracted a lot of people in Brooklyn. Club Lyon is a nightclub, strip club and a restaurant all in one. The DJ played different mixes of music. They had five dance floors, large VIP sections, and a game room. No other club in New York could match it and it was the ladies spot to get their party on.

Sharae, Julie, and Becky got out the cab in front of the club. They walked up to the VIP line.

"Hey Julie we have your table and bottle ready for you." the lady at the door welcomes them in the club.

"I'm going to act a fool tonight." Sharae excitedly said as they entered the club.

"Yup, we about to turn up," Becky added on while giving her sister Julie an evil smirk.

They walked through the club until they got to the VIP section and a bottle of Grey Goose with a pitcher of orange and cranberry juice was sitting on the table waiting for them.

"Damn all the fine niggas decided to come out tonight," Sharae said.

"I might have to meet ya home tonight," Becky said still maintaining the shenanigans.

"We already know that!" Julie said and they all started laughing.

"Everybody tapped the bottle so we could get this party started," Sharae said before popping open the liquor bottle.

"That's my song right there," Julie said putting her drink in the air and singing,

"A bitch nigga that's the shit I don't like, BANG BANG! A snitch nigga that's the shit I don't like. BANG BANG!"

"Damn that nigga over there looking at you hard," Julie told Sharae.

"Where?" Sharae asked

"That light skinned dude with all the tattoos... right there," Julie pointed.

"The one with the Brooklyn Nets hat?" Sharae asked.

"Yea him."

"Who's he with?" Becky asked.

"Okay, I'm going to call him over." Sharae waved at him. He came over with a couple of his homies.

"How y'all ladies doing? I'm Shay. These are my homeboys Keyz and Jay." The girls waved.

Sharae jumped right into the conversation and introduced Julie and Becky as her friends. Shay offered to party with the girls and match their bottle.

Shay stopped a waitress, "Excuse me. Can I get another bottle of Grey Goose?"

The waitress went to get another bottle as he made himself comfortable next to Sharae.

"So where y'all ladies from?" Shay asked Sharae who was smiling from ear to ear and enjoying the attention.

"Coney Island. You?"

"We're from Bushwick," he answered as the waitress returned with another bottle of Grey Goose like he requested.

"Let's all take shots then go hit the dance floor," Sharae said. "Let's toast to the niggas that don't really do shit. I swear y'all be doing the most."

"Cheers!" Everybody took a shot. Sharae grabbed Shay. "Now let's dance."

Julie was grinding on Keyz and Becky was grinding on Jay. The music slowed down then it got turned up as everyone partied, passing bottles around the dance floor like a blunt. Sharae was drunk. She was tripping over herself and slurred when she spoke her words.

"So what y'all doing after this?" Shay asked Sharae who was in no shape to be making decisions.

Sharae was down for whatever and when Shay offered that they go with him and his friends to

a diner to get something to eat she was more than willing.

She then went to try to convince Julia and Becky to go with them.

"Y'all wanna go out to eat after this with Shay and em?"

"I don't know Sharae. They're okay but I'm not giving nobody no pussy!" Julie said.

"Bitch, you don't have to fuck nobody if you don't want to." Sharae sarcastically snapback.

"His friend Jay could get it. His fine ass." Becky spoke seductively.

Julie finally agreed and Sharae put on the biggest smile and rushed to tell Shay.

"Okay, we can drive in my car. It's parked in the back." Shay told her and everyone left the club.

As soon as they got to the car Sharae said, "Shay, this is a nice car you have."

Those were the last words she spoke before someone hit her hard in the back of the head and knocked her out. Shay and one of his friends put her in the trunk while Julie pulled out her phone to call Rah.



"We got her!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Moments later they pulled into a dark alley and parked the car. The muffled sound of Sharae screaming omitted out the trunk area.

Rah opened the trunk. Sharae looked up to see him, Julie and Becky, with guns in their hands pointing at her.

"Why are y'all doing this to me?" Sharae pleaded.

"You thought you could kill Tabby and nothing was going to happen to you? You really thought you were going to get away with it?" Rah briefly explained the reason for her position.

"What are you talking about. I didn't kill Tabby!"

"Well, your boy toy Tommy told me different. You hating ass bitch! You wanted to be Tabby so much that you killed her. You disloyal bitch! You wanting to Fuck with Hell while your fucking with Fattz?"

Sharae just cried but she knew everything he said was true. She didn't say anything as Julie

spoke, "Tabby know what you did. You lucky you're going to Hell because she would've fucked you up!"

"Well rot in Hell you fucking hoe ass bitch!"  
Rah said then they all began to empty their clip on her.

"YOU STUPID BITCH!" Julie said closing the trunk.

## *Chapter 11*

### **(Game Over)**

Rah and Fattz were at the trap playing NBA 2K and smoking a blunt. Fattz threw the joystick and yelled, "Fuck, I hate this game."

"Fattz stop being a sore loser." Rah passed him the blunt before asking, "What did you end up doing last night."

"Man I was trying to get in the hood of my baby mother but was too tired to go chasing the bitch."

"I hear that shit Fattz."

"So did y'all handle that nigga Tommy?"

"Nigga give me the blunt back, asking stupid questions. You know if anybody and I mean anybody fucks with the fam they going to get handled with."

"True," Fattz said while passing the blunt back.

Rah cell began to ring and he immediately answered. "What's good Hell?"

"Nothing, on my way back to the hood from visiting Tabby's grave." Hell softly spoke and there

was an awkward moment of silence before he spoke again. "What you doing tho?"

"I'm at the trap with Fattz. Just finish busting Fattz ass in 2K."

"Did you handle that thing with that bitch, Sharae?"

"Yeah, that's done with," Rah responded walking away from Fattz.

"That's what I like to hear. Hope that bitch rot in hell!" Hell spoke angrily.

"We both..." Rah responded.

Rah suggested that Hell hit him once he was back in the hood so he could fill him in on the details over a blunt. Hell agreed before they hung up and Rah walked over to Fattz who had no clue what happened to his baby mama.

Rah was hungry and when he suggested that they go get a slice of pizza Fattz was more than down. They left the trap and just before they were about to get into the elevator they bumped into Lil' Jus.

"What's good Rah?" Lil' Jus said.

"Hey, little homie."

"So Rah when you going to put me on. I'm trying to get paid too."

"You got to put that work in little nigga."

"Oh, I'm ready." Lil' Jus told him and Fattz started laughing.

"Show me something then we can talk," Rah said as the elevator stopped on the first floor. When the elevator door opened all they heard was, "FREEZE! DON'T MOVE! NYPD!"

There was a bunch of cops in the lobby waiting for them.

"WHAT THE FUCK GOIN' ON?" Rah yelled as the police rushed into the elevator, and handcuffed him and Fattz.

"Robert White a.k.a. Rah, and Frank Douglas y'all are under arrest for the murder of Andre Dallas." The detective told him.

*"Nobody but this nigga Money talking,"* Rah thought to himself as they got arrested and took that slow lonely ride to the police station.

Hell was receiving a call from an unknown number. When he answered it was an automated machine that said, "You have a collect call from ... Rah!"

"What the fuck?" Hell said while waiting for him to be told what to do next.

"Press 1 if you want to accept this call."

Hell pressed 1 and before Rah could speak Hells said, "Yoo Rah what the fuck happen?"

"Hell, these niggas are saying they think we killed Dre. I just finished talking to my lawyer. She said a dude named Matt Johnson is in my papers."

"Word!" They knew the phone call was being recorded so they had to talk in codes.

"Yoo Hell I need you to go get all the puzzle pieces out before the game store close."

Rah was secretly telling Hell to get all the guns, drugs and money out the trap as quickly as possible.

"I'm on it. I got you Rah. Hold your head up in there."

"Nigga you acting like I never did time before. I'm good just make sure you get that done."

While he was talking the automated system interrupted, "You have one minute left on this call."

The call was about to disconnect so they quickly exchange their love.

"I love you!" Rah quickly said before Hell responded back.

"I love you, buzzin'."

\* \* \* \* \*

Money was opening his shop up early in the morning.

"Hey, Money."

"What's up Justin. See you up early. You staying out of trouble?"

"Always. I was wondering can you give me a cut. I got to look fresh for school."

"Sure, come in. I don't have an appointment until late."

They walked into the shop. Justin gets into the chair as Money set up his clippers.

"I just want a blowout," Justin told him.

"Don't worry I got you, lil' Jus."

Money draped a cape around his neck and started cutting his hair. "So how your family doing" Money shot some small talk.

"Everybody doing good. You know it's hard living in a house full of girls." They both laughed.

"Tell your mom that my wife said Hi."

"I will...Money I heard somebody died in here."

"Nah, he was found in the back."

"Do you know who killed him?" Justin asked and Money was silent for a moment.

"Nah I don't have no idea. I'm done." Money mumbled while brushing the hair from him.

Justin jumped out the chair and pulled a 9mm out and pointed it at his face.

"Yes you do and you told the cops it was Rah and now he's locked up. But sorry you won't make it to court and I'll pay for the haircut when I see you in hell. You fucking snitch bitch!"

He then shot Money twice in the chest and walked out the back door.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hell is headed to Rikers Island to see Rah. Hell hasn't talked to him since the day he got locked up. Rikers Island is called that because it's really a jailhouse on an island. The prison holds the worst of



the worst criminals in the world. You better know how to swim if you want to escape this place.

Hell is getting on a bus that takes you across a long bridge to the island. Hell never thought about coming to this place. During the ride, he thought that it could've been him as an inmate instead of a visitor.

He was hoping that with Money dead Rah would be able to get off free. Hell stared out the window at the multiple gates and overwhelming Bob wire that surrounded the island.

Welcome to New York came on the radio. It made him think about Tabby. He missed her so much. It's hard for him to not tear up when she would pop up in his head.

Hell was getting off the bus when he began to think about another one of his closes homeboys that is also on Rikers Island for murder. His name is Tito. Him and Hell were close friends in middle school.

One day Tito came to Hell asking can he hold a pistol. Tito had a problem in Queens and he needed some protection. So trying to be a good friend Hell gave him one.

It turned out that Tito caught his wife cheating. He went to her house, knocked on her

door and right when she looked through the peak hole Tito shot a bullet into it blowing her brain out the back of her head. Now Tito is serving a life sentence for her murder.

Hell always felt bad for giving him the gun but he thought it was for protection. Not to shoot his wife.

When Hell got off the bus, he walked into a building where the visitors had to register. When he got to the desk where the clerk was at this short Spanish lady in uniform asked for his ID. Hell handed her his identification card.

"Who are you here to see?" The clerk asked.

"Robert White."

After he was registered Hell had to walk through a metal detector and get searched before getting on a smaller bus that took him to the building that Rah was being held at.

There were hundreds of people visiting their family and friends so it took some time before he was actually sitting at a table and waiting for Rah to come out into the visiting area.

When Rah came out the back door he looked mad. Hell could tell something was off about him as soon as he sat down.

"What's wrong Rah? Besides being in jail of course. I did everything you told me to do. I got the money and drugs put up. I don't know how... but Money got murdered in his shop the other day. Everything should be straight. Right?"

Rah was looking down when Hell asked again. "Right Rah?"

Rah slowly raised his head and looked Hell in the eyes.

"No, it's not. My lawyer said Fattz talking." Hell eyes widened at his statement.

"What the fuck?"

"Yup, singing like a fuckin' bird," Rah said.

Hell took the news kind of hard. It was something that neither one of them thought would ever happen in a trillion years. Fattz snitching!

Rah in a serious voice leaned into Hell and said, "Hell I need you to do me a favor."

"Anything. What's good?"

"I want you to get off all the work you got. Take the money and get out of Coney Island."

"What you mean?" Hell curiously asked Rah.

"I want you to get out the game Hell. I mean it!"

"Nah, I'm not leaving you like this."

"Hell, Ima be straight. I'll feel better knowing you're not here," they eyeball each other down for a moment.

"I don't know where to go," Hell expressed not understanding the words he was hearing.

"Go back to Florida with Auntie. Take everything you learned from me and go out there and take over. So by the time I get out you should have the city on lock."

They smiled knowing that this was a goodbye conversation.

"So Hell, you going to do that for me?"

Hell was shaking his head no but knew that he had to go if that's what Rah really wanted. Rah told him to keep the car because he wasn't going to need it. Hell promised to put some money on his books before he left and it made Rah smile just for a second.

"FIVE MINUTES LEFT ON THIS VISITATION!"  
The correction officer yelled out and they both got up.

"Yo Hell be safe out there."

"I will."

"I love you Buzzin'."

"I love you too Rah." they dapped than hugged for a second before Hell turned and left his closest friend in jail.

The drive back to Brooklyn was a somber moment for Hell as he drove in deep thought. He was smoking on a blunt and thinking about everything in his life from Tabby dying to Rah being locked up.

He was still having trouble accepting that Sharae set Tabby up to Fattz snitching on Rah. Hell tried to shake the bad thoughts by thinking about the last time he saw his mother to the last time he spoke to his father.

He put his blunt out and decided to call his dad.

"Hello," his father's voice came through the phone and it's exactly what he needed at the moment.

"What's up dad?" He spoke soft and humble.

"I'm good, how's everything with you son?"

"I woke up so I guess that's a good thing."

"Always, when the last time you spoke to mommy?" Shaleek asked Tehell.

Hell had spoken to her a few days ago but it was a quick conversation because he was caught up in the deadly action on the streets. Something his father knew all too well.

"Dad, can I asked you a question?"

"For sure, anything."

"Why are you still in the game?"

"Tell you the truth I ask myself that question all the time. I guess... it's because this is all I know. I take the risk so you don't have to."

"I understand that. But don't it get tiring. Yes, the money good but is it really worth it. I know niggas die every day but the life we live puts us at a higher risk"

Hell had enough of the streets and after his father agreed about the risk that they were both taking he wanted out. He wanted his father out. He pleaded with his father to get out the game and the both of them move down to Florida with his mother.

Death or jail were the only options for someone living the life they were and Hell wanted no part of either one at a young age. He had plenty

of money and knew that his dad had some putaway and didn't see the sense of them staying in New York doing what they do any longer.

His father listened for a moment before finally saying, "Fuck it, we out of here. I just got one more play to make. I'm going to call you before I go to sleep, and we can meet up in the morning."

"So we going to Florida?"

"Yes son, first thing in the morning."

"Sounds like a plan to me," Hell said finally feeling a sense of comfort after all the losses he took.

"I love you, son."

"Love you too, Dad."

Hell was excited but his father had to go as he was receiving a call on the other line that he had been waiting for.

Shaleek was receiving a call from his man Tony. Tony owed him some change for five of them big things and wanted five more. It was the move he had to make before keeping his promise to his son. They did a little small talk before Shaleek agreed to pull up at his house since he was in the neighborhood.

Shaleek pulled up to Tony's house only 20 minutes after they spoke on the phone. He got out and canvassed the neighborhood with his eyes while making his way to the trunk. He quickly pulled out a small duffel bag before going to knock on the door.

"What have you been up to Tony?" Shaleek said walking into the house and Tony closed the door behind them.

"Same oh hit. Making this money, beating niggas asses' in 2K. Fucking bitches, you know. The regular!" Tony said and they both started laughing as they made their way into the living room.

Tony picked up a small Gucci handbag with cash and passed it to him for the five that he got on consignment and the five he was purchasing on the spot.

"Yo Tony where is your bathroom?" Shaleek asked after they handled the transaction.

Tony instructed him to where the bathroom was at, the last door on the right in the back of the house. Shaleek went to the bathroom but when he finished things begin to go terribly wrong.

He was about to exit the bathroom when he heard the front door burst open and a gunshot. Shaleek quickly pulled his 40 Glock out his waistline and put one in the chamber.



He peeked out the door and saw a masked man walking down the hall toward the bathroom where he was. Instead of waiting for the masked man to find him, he stepped out and fired two shots directly into his chest, dropping him to the ground.

He went to step over the body when another masked man came out of the living room running toward the front door with a duffel bag and money bag. Shaleek fired three quick shots at his back and one went straight through the back of his head. While passing the living room he noticed Tony face down on the floor and blood spatter throughout the living room.

Shaleek could hear a car pulling off as he picked up both bags and stepped over the mask man's body that laid inside of the doorway before making it to his car.

He ran to his car and drove off. He was a block away when he decided to call his son. They needed to get out of town ASAP! He instructed his son to go pack everything he could and meet him at his apartment. Hell wanted to know what was going on but it was a story that his father wanted to tell him as they left town.

Hell drove to his crib and emptied out his safe before grabbing everything that he could fit into a suitcase. He then wasted no time driving to his father's house.

When he was pulling up he could see Shaleek coming outside with his stuff. He got out of the car to help him.

"Yo dad, what happened?"

"Just help me with these bags, I'll tell you on our drive to mommy's."

"Drive? I thought we were flying?" Hell questioned.

"No, we need to drive." Shaleek excitedly responded.

"Dad, that's going to be a long ride."

"Well I have a long story to tell you."

Those were his last words before they packed everything up and hit the highway to Florida.

## ***Chapter 12***

### **(Deadly Call)**

With Hell and his father living in Florida, their family felt complete. You could feel the joy and happiness run through the whole house, they all missed and loved being around each other. Joking around and laughing. Everybody was wearing an automatic smile on their face.

You would always catch Hell's mother cooking. They would sit together at the table and eat, no matter what she made she would say grace.

"Lord, thank you for blessing my family and allowing us to enjoy this together Amen!"

They would have family nights out. Hell would sometimes barbeque in the back while everyone was swimming in the pool. It all seemed so peaceful.

Hell was trying to enjoy every moment after he learned how precious life is. He lost three people close to him. His heart was healing from all the pain he'd been through. He didn't have to watch his back or worry if anybody was going to shoot him.

Like Mary J Blige said "No more drama!"

Hell ends up buying a house in Winter Park Estate, a gated community. It wasn't too far from his mother's house. His master bedroom was just as big as his living room with a full bathroom. The house had another two bedrooms and another two bathrooms.

His pool started in his living room and Hell love it. He called it "The Palace".

Ding Dong the doorbell chimed through the house.

"Who is it?" Hell shouted from the living room.

"Santana!"

Hell opens the door and Santana is raising up a big bottle of Hennessey, "Yoo Hell, what's poppin'?"

"I was just about to lay down. Why? What you got going on?"

"Well, I'm with my girlfriend and two of her friends. They wanted to go to a pool so I brought them over here. I say we can smoke a few blunts. I got a bottle of Hennessey than see where it goes. Huh". Santana explained before winking one of his eyes.

"Well do they look good?" Hell asked.

"Hell yeah, that's why I came here."

"Well bring them in," Hell said.

Santana waved at the girls to come. First, it was Santana's girlfriend Alix. She's Mexican but she's from France. Hell already knew her.

"Hi, Hell!" Alix spoke with a Mexican accent.

"Hi, Alix," Hell responded with a smile on his face when he noticed her girlfriends.

She introduced her friends.

"Hell this my homegirl Brittany."

Brittany, a short white girl walked in. She is cute but seems to be the hype jumpy type.

"Hi, Brittany!"

"Hi, Hell..."

"And this is Michelle."

Michelle is a white girl with a coke bottle figure. She had long dark brown hair. She walked in with a blunt in her ear and Hell was staring directly into her eyes when he spoke, "Hello Michelle!"

"Well hello to you too, Hell," Michelle seductively said as Hell watched her every move.

"Okay now that everybody knows each other POOL PARTTTTY!" Santana yelled while turning up Hell's house sound system to the max.

"Can we smoke in here?" Michelle asked Hell.

"Forsure!"

As soon as they went to the back, Santana picked Alix up and jumped into the pool. So Hell grabbed Michelle hand and jumped in right behind them.

"Everybody look at me," Brittany yelled as she ran toward the pool. She slipped and fell at the edge of the pool kind of hard. "OUCH!" She yelled as she laid on the ground.

Hell laughed for a sec. "Brittany are you okay?" Alix asked her why getting out of the pool.

Everybody got out to see if she was okay. Hell and Santana helped her up and sat her down on a poolside chair. Her elbow was bleeding so Hell went into the house and got a first aid kit and an ice bag. He came back out.

"Is she good?" Hell asked.

"Yeah, she's alive," Santana said.

Alix and Michelle turned to help her but she refused. "I'll do it myself y'all could go back into the pool."

"Are you sure?" Alix asked.

"Yeah go have fun," Brittany said placing the ice on her elbow.

Santana picked Alix up and jumped back into the pool. Michelle jumped in before Hell could throw her in and began swimming to the other side of the pool.

"CANNONBALL!" Hell yelled before jumping in.

He swims over to Michelle.

"So why I never saw you around before?" Hell asked her.

"I always lived out here. I've been friends with Alix since we were young but recently just reunited."

"Yeah Alix's pretty cool," Hell said.

"She could be crazy sometimes but she's a good friend. Her and Brittany are my only friends," Michelle told him.

"Well, I would like to take you out so I could get to know you better."

"I don't see why not?" she said.

"Alix, I think I need to go to the hospital. This cut is too deep. It won't stop bleeding. I am so sorry," Brittany whined.

"It's okay. Come on Michelle. We got to take her to the hospital."

"Okay, I'm coming," Michelle stated as she got out of the pool.

"Before you leave Michelle can I get ya number?"

"Yes, you may."

Hell gets out of the pool and grabs his phone off the table and passes it to Michelle. She is entering her phone number into his phone, "Sorry this had to end early." Michelle said.

"Are you going to be free tonight? So we can make up for this lost time." Hell continued putting the moves on Michelle.

"I'm cool with that just call me," she said handing him back his phone.



"Trust me, I will!" He responded before admiring her body leaving in her wet two-piece bikini that displayed a little butt cheek.

\* \* \* \* \*

Later on that day Hell and Santana were chilling at his crib when he began to remember seeing Michelle somewhere before. He couldn't put his finger on it but knew that he wanted to see her again to find out from where.

"Hell, so you gonna ask Michelle out?" Santana asked.

"I was just thinking about that. Why you think it's a bad idea?"

Santana began to explain how Michelle was cool people. She wasn't going to be easy to hit. Hell was going to have to come with his A game. Santana had seen plenty of niggas try and all have failed. Hell argued briefly that he was a different kind of fella. They went back and forth for a minute before Hell decided to text her.

Hell: Hey Michelle

Michelle: Who's this?

Hell: Its Hell... Santana friend...from earlier

Michelle: Hello Hell

Hell: Is everything good with Brittany

Michelle: yeah she had to get 6 stitches on her arm. We just dropped her off... Alix is gonna take me home and I guess go back and get Santana...wyd

Hell: Just smoking wit Santana thinkin' about u

Michelle: aww u makin, me blush

They went back and forth for a few and they were both feeling one another. Hell finally asked to take her out to eat and Michelle was more than willing but he would have to pick her up at her house. Hell smiled at Santana as Michelle continued to give him all the answers he was looking for.

Michelle: well once i get home ima hyu

Hell: okay

"See we going out tonight!" Hell bragged to Santana.

"I see ya big homie. Now, where you going to take her?"

Hell had no idea where he was going to take her but wanted it to be special. He was so excited he immediately began to get ready for his date with Michelle.

"Okay, you go get ready while I eat up all ya food in ya refrigerator?"

"Save me some," Hell stated before going to his room.

Moments later Hell came out wearing the all black classic Adidas sweatsuit. Santana was in the living room smoking with Alix.

"I see you, Jerome." Santana joked.

"Watch ya mouth," Hell told him.

"Now Hell, Michelle's nothing like the girls I used to chill with. She's cool people. Please treat her right because she's one of the good ones left."

"Yes, Alix," Hell said.

"We about to head home," Santana said as he and Alix walk to the door.

"I want you to enjoy yourself tonight Hell. If you lucky this could be ya last first date." Santana said.

"It sounds good. Y'all make it home safe. "

Hell dapped Santana up than closed the door. He then went to text Michelle to see if she was ready and get her address. She was more than ready and

Hell wasted no time getting to 5465 Castle Ave, where Michelle lived at, right across from the Mall.

It took him about 20 minutes to get to her house and Hell text Michelle to let her know he was outside...

Hell: im outside

Michelle: coming

Hell gets out so he could open the door for her. Michelle stepped out the house wearing a matching Adidas sweat suit but hers is dark purple.

"Oh shit, we got on the same outfit," Hell said while opening the door for her.

"They say great minds think alike," Michelle seductively chimed back at him as she got into the car.

"I guess," Hell agreed before walking around the front of the car and getting it.

"Nice whip." Michelle complimented with a smile.

"Thanks!"

"So did you decide where we eating at?"

"Nah, but I know I'm in the mood for some seafood."

"I love seafood," Michelle told him.

"Have you ever been to Joe's Crab Shack?"

"Nah, but I heard about it."

"Well, that's where we're eating. Next stop Joe's Crab Shack."

"Can we smoke in ya car?" Michelle asked.

Hell looked at her and smiled. Michelle then digs into her purse and pulls out a blunt already rolled. She went to light the blunt as Hell imagined her as his wifey.

Once inside the restaurant, Michelle wanted to sit at the bar to watch the Cleveland Cavaliers play. It was a move that had Hell thinking about wanting to put a ring on her finger.

They sat down and started looking at the menu.

"Hi, I'm Dexter. I'll be your waiter this evening."

"I want the all you can eat crab legs with lemonade," Hell ordered for himself.

"And for the lady?" Dexter asked.

"I would like the shrimp, steak and lobster with an ice tea."

"Y'all orders are coming up," Dexter told them.

"Michelle, have you ever been a waitress?"

"Yes, I used to work a Kobes."

"I knew you looked familiar. Last month I took my sister there and you was our waitress. I asked you to sing Happy Birthday to her."

Michelle leaned back and looked at him and started laughing.

"I do remember that. You gave me a hundred dollar tip that night. How's ya sister doing?"

Hell took a deep breath before explaining how Tabby, had passed away. Michelle placed a hand on top of his to comfort him as she could tell he was still hurting. Michelle remembered how nice Tabby was in the unique bond between Tabby and Hell that evening. Hell expressed how she was the best friend he ever had.

He then began to confide in Michelle by sharing that he had moved back to Florida to save

his life. He'd been living a dangerous lifestyle and believed that had he remained in New York he would either end up in jail or be faced down on the streets with a bullet in the back of his head. After a few minutes of bonding, he wanted to change the subject so he asked her a question that had been on his mind all night.

"Let me ask you something, why are single?"

"What you mean?"

"You seem perfect to any man."

"But not all of them. My last relationship I was with him for a long time but he ended up cheating on me with a coworker. And the men I've been running into lately just want sex."

"I feel you." Hell agreed.

Dexter brought their food out and Hell picks up his glass.

"Let's toast to our future."

Michelle with a smile on her face tapped glasses with him. They could not take their eyes off of one another as they spent the rest of the date eating, talking and enjoying the Cavs play the Wizards before he took her home.

"Thanks for a great night," Michelle told him as he walked her to her door like a gentleman.

"I should be the one thanking you," Hell responded feeling alive for the first time since Tabby passed away.

They moved in close to one another and with both their eyes closed, exchanged a passionate kiss. Neither one of them wanted the evening to end.

Michelle gently biting her bottom lip said, "Call me when you get home."

"I will." Hell smiled before giving her another quick kiss before she went into her house.

Hell was driving home when his phone started to ring. He answered and heard Santana's voice, "Yoo!"

"What's good, Santana?"

"Nothing just seeing how ya date went?"

"It was good. I took her to Joe's Crab Shack. We talked and watched the Cavs play."

"Told you that you wouldn't smash."

"Whatever. We kissed though and I haven't felt this alive for some time." Hell confessed before his phone dropped.



"Yooo, Hell you're still there?"

"HOLD ON SANTANA MY PHONE FELL!" Hell yelled while trying to get his phone from between the seats.

Santana waited patiently before hearing Hell scream, "OH SHIT!"

"HELL...YO HELL! YO HELLLL!" Santana screamed after hearing the loud sound of Hell's car crashing!

**TO BE CONTINUED!**





