LUST NOW, CRY LATER

A Novel

by

Tahanee

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Dedication

This book is dedicated to those who struggle with finding the true meaning of “self-love.” May the Creator give you the strength, knowledge, and confidence you deserve in order to love your beautiful selves.

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*Prologue*

“Well, looks like it’s just you and me, kiddo.” Sdia’s Great Uncle George winked, closing the door behind him. Walking past her, he reached down and pinched her on her buttocks.

Eight-year-old Sdia quickly grabbed her behind and frowned. She let out a yelp. “Ouch!” *That wasn’t nice!* she thought.

“Come on over here and let me see how big you’ve grown.” Uncle George chuckled, tickled by her reaction. He placed one hand over his semi-erect penis and reclined in the seat with the other. “I’m waiting,” he sang.

Sdia looked down at the faux wood floor, rather confused as to what was going on. She leaned both feet to the side, occasionally bringing them in and out as her dress followed the rhythm, swaying back and forth. Something just didn’t feel right. *I wish Mommy could have taken me to work with her, instead of leaving me here with Uncle George. I hope she comes back soon!*

“Come on now,” he teased, pulling on a piece of cotton that had seeped from out of the arm of the chair. “Don’t tell me you’re shy. I saw you over there earlier, dancing to the sound of the wind chimes, or as you say, *dingles*. I know you didn’t come all the way to Maryland from DC to stand in a corner.” He seductively twirled the cotton around his long triangular-shaped fingernails and smiled.

Sdia’s eyes remained glued to the floor as she continued to balance her weight on both ankles.

“I don’t bite.” He gave a low belly laugh. “Come here.” He motioned with his index finger, studying her every movement. Sdia began to fidget with her fingers. *What is going on? Uncle George is looking at me. I’m not going to look up; I don’t want to look at him!*

“Those sure are some pretty shoes,” he said, referring to the light pink jellies she wore.

She abruptly stopped titling her ankles and looked at her shoes. Her chapped lips slowly parted. “My mommy bought them,” she whispered, slowly raising her eyes from the floor until they were greeted by her Uncle George’s joker-like smile.

“You’re going to mess up those beautiful shoes by tilting your feet like that. You wouldn’t want to mess up those shoes, now—would you?”

“No,” she mumbled.

“Exactly.” George nodded, leaning forward and squinting. “I like your dress. Are those roses?”

Sdia looked down at her dress. “These aren’t roses; they’re sunflowers.” Her voice broke off into a whine.

“No. Those are roses.”

“Nuh-uuuhn,” she sang, shaking her head no.

“Uh-huuhn,” he mocked, nodding yes.

Sdia gave him a blank gaze.

“Those are rosy rose roses.” Uncle George spoke with his tongue partially exposed, imitating Donald Duck.

Sdia giggled. “Uncle George. These are sunflowers.” She pointed to one of the flowers on her dress. “Roses are red.”

“Maybe you’re right. You know Uncle George can’t see that well.” He squinted. “Can you come a little closer so that I can get a better look?” His eyes widened.

Bashfully, Sdia looked down.

“Come on. It’s okay, sweetie,” he promised.

Sdia slowly raised her head, and bit by bit, cautiously walked toward him; the old wooden floors squeaked beneath her feet.

“That’s right. Come on and sit right here.” He excitedly motioned her to sit on his lap. “Hurry, hurry, hurry,” he squealed, fanning both hands wildly as if he’d touched a hot surface. Sdia held out her small hand and placed it into his.

George quickly pulled her down onto his lap, positioning her buttocks on top of his penis. Sdia quickly jumped up and looked down at her uncle’s lap. *What was that? What did I just sit on?* “I want Mommy,” Sdia blurted out with a frown.

“Your mama’s at work. She won’t be back till later this evening,” he reminded her, pulling her closer, until they were face to face.

“I tell you what? How about you sit in the big red chair?” He smiled, revealing a mouthful of brown teeth.

Sdia scrunched up her nose as the stench of decaying teeth and rotten egg hit her directly in the face. *Uncle George’s breath smells like doo-doo.*

He stood, placed both hands under her arms, and lifted her into the chair. The ridged, torn pieces of leather clawed at her arms and legs, leaving unpleasant long white scratches as he scooted her backward. “Woo wee! You sho’ is heavy,” he grunted, standing straight up and dusting his hands together. Slowly he kneeled down to adjust the seat back until it couldn’t go any further. “Comfy?” he asked, taking a step back with his hands in his pocket. Sdia stared down at the flowers on her dress.

“I swear you look just like your mama when she was younger,” he said, gazing down at her. “You know she used to love to come and visit me when she was younger. Do you know what her favorite game was?” George squatted beside her as a gust of hot air and the scent of Old Spice rushed her nostrils. “I’ll give you a hint. The itsy bitsy spider …” he began to sing, giving her a quick wink. “Came up the water spout …” His warm, wrinkled fingers glided across her thighs …“Down came the rain and washed the spider out.”

*I want my mommy. I want to go home!* Sweat beads formed on Sdia’s back and the back of her thighs. She squirmed in the chair as the warm leather latched onto her skin. *I want to get up! I don’t like this!* She stretched her neck far back, poked out her chest and clenched the tattered arms of the chair, trying to pull herself up.

“Just relax!” George said, placing his hand on her chest and shoving her back. She fell backward and quickly closed her eyes. *I want my mommy!* Her uncle continued to run his fingers up her thighs, his breathing grew heavier; the hot air from his mouth and nose landed on her knee caps, sending chills up her spine.

She then tried focusing on the wind chimes jingling in the far distance. *The dingles! The dingles are dancing. One-two-three, one-two-three.* George meticulously moved her panties aside and stroked her vagina with the back of his index finger. Sdia’s eyes widened as she gripped onto the arms of the chair. She nervously began to scratch at the rips in the couch, pulling and scrabbling at cotton.

“I want my mommy!” she whined.

George frantically popped his head up and removed his hand from under her dress. “I told your ass your mama is working. She won’t be back till later!” he said coldly, staring her in the eyes.

Sdia quickly looked down. She set her eyes on one of the sunflowers on her dress. *Don’t blink, Sdia. Whatever you do, don’t blink!* she coached herself as her eyes began to water.

“What the hell is wrong with you!” George shouted. Sdia gulped. “You know damn well your mama is at work!”

She took a deep breath as her bottom lip quivered. The longer she stared at the sunflower on her dress, the more her eyes tingled and filled with tears, causing the flower to transform into a blurry spot. Sdia bulged her eyes to avoid the tears from spilling. She clawed her fingernails into the arms of the couch, pulling and tugging at the loose pieces of cotton.

“Don’t you go ripping that cotton out my chair!” George said, reaching up and snatching both of her hands from the arms of the chair.

# Chapter 1

*Sixteen years later . . .*

“People act like they’re doing God a favor by coming to church!” Pastor Jones shouted into the microphone. “But what you fail to realize is that God doesn’t need you; you need God!” he stated boldly as he grabbed the microphone from its holder and walked down the stairs. “You see, that’s the problem with folks these days. They think they’re too good for God! Well, let me tell you … You ain’t nothing without God!”

Sdia sat in the third row at Mount Calvary Baptist Church, shaking her head from side to side. *Feels like Pastor is talking to me! I needed to be here today to hear the Word.* She watched Pastor Jones as he made his way across the stage, removed the small white handkerchief from his suit jacket, and wiped his forehead. “God created you, and what do you do to show your appreciation?” His voice cracked. “I’ll tell you what you do; you turn around and worship another human being. You show your gratitude by putting all your trust, love, and time into man, when all you need to do is call on your Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ!” he concluded, high-pitched.

“Man didn’t wake you up this morning; man didn’t save you in your time of need; man didn’t send his only begotten son to forgive you for your sins; God did!” He stomped and jumped around in circles at the altar as the congregation stood to their feet and rejoiced with praise, shouting, “Hallelujah!”

Sdia lifted her head toward the ceiling and closed her eyes. “Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!” she sobbed as tears slowly fell from her eyes. Whimpers emerged from the pit of her stomach causing her body to jerk. *Please help me God. Please heal my heart Father-God. Please!* Her heart pounded in her chest; if she wanted she could have counted each beat. “Thank you Jesus. Thank you Father-God. Thank you Lord!” The pastor softly chanted into the microphone, and the organ played on cue as a young, slender gentleman emerged from the choir singing “I Need You Now” by Smokey Norful. Tears continued to spill from her eyes soaking her cheeks. Her eyes remained closed as her body rocked from side to side rhythmically with the organ. Her weeps were masked by the choir sending her back in time seven months ago . . .

“Just let me explain,” Sean had said, running behind Sdia as she stormed ahead of him toward the restaurant’s exit.

“Explain what?” Sdia yelled. “There ain’t shit you can tell me!”

“I swear she’s lying! Please believe me. She must be drunk or something,” he pleaded, reaching for her arm. “I don’t know what she’s talking about!”

“Yeah, okay,” she screamed, snatching her arm away and barging through the exit doors.

“I swear to God she’s lying!” Sean said, now practically on her heels.

“Excuse me, sir?” their waiter called, running behind them. “Your receipt and change,” he said, holding out their receipt and two crisp twenties.

“Keep the change.” Sean waved without turning back.

Sdia’s feet padded on the wet concrete as she quickly ran across the congested Manhattan streets. The cold winter rain lightly fell from the sky, frizzing her freshly straightened hair. “Shit. I need a taxi,” she murmured, holding her clutch above her head with one hand and flagging down a taxi with the other.

“Sdia!” Sean called out as he ran across the street toward her. “Where are you going?”

“Stay the fuck away from me!” she shouted, turning and slapping him across the face with her purse, catching the attention of a pedestrian.

Sean grabbed her by the arm. “I swear on my dead grandmother I don’t know what she’s talking about!” he screeched. “I don’t even know who that is.”

“Get the fuck off me!” Sdia shouted, pulling away.

“Calm down. You’re making a scene.” Sean nervously looked around; the last thing he wanted was to catch the attention of a NYPD officer.

“I don’t give a shit!” Sdia reached up, clawing his chin and lips with her stiletto-shaped fingernails. “You’re full of shit!” She violently shoved him in the face; Sean’s head jerked back. “Stay away from me!” she roared.

“You’re bugging out.” He slowly released her grip.

“*I’m* bugging out?” She quickly charged him like a bull. “How the fuck am I the one bugging out when you’re the one who had some random broad who clearly knows you, approaching you while we’re out celebrating our so-called anniversary and saying ‘Oooh, I’m telling!’”

Sean took a deep breath, placed both hands his hands in his pocket, and looked down at the wet pavement.

Sdia balled up her fist and began pacing back and forth. “I swear to God I should punch you in your face! I gotta get out of here!”

“I’m telling you that I don’t know what that crazy bitch is talking about. She was probably drunk or something. First of all, did you see that bitch’s lace front? The fucking hairline was on her forehead! How the fuck are you going to believe a bitch as black as tar wearing a cheap ass fake wig? I swear on my dead grandmother . . . I don’t know why she would say that. Baby, please!” He grabbed her by the hand and softly kissed it. “I love you, and I would never do anything to hurt you or put our relationship in jeopardy!”

Sdia looked down at the ground. “Sean, please do not lie to me.” He gently stroked both of her thighs.

“Baby, I’m not. Look, it’s raining, it’s cold, and we’re both getting wet. Let’s go home and put all of this behind us,” he said, pulling her closer.

Slowly, Sdia raised her head and placed both hands on the side of his face. “Sean, look me in the eyes and tell me the truth.”

Gently, he took her hands into his own and kissed them. “I love you, and you mean the world to me. Let’s just go back to my place and—” Screeching tires approached, and he quickly glanced over to the street. “Oh shit!” he shouted, pushing Sdia aside.

“Sean?” Sdia called out into the darkness. He shooed her away as he ran toward the black 2019 Honda Civic, recklessly pulling up onto the curb. “Sean!” Sdia shouted.

“What the fuck is going on!” a female shouted as the driver’s door burst open.

“Let me explain,” Sean replied, as the woman emerged wearing a Pink Victoria’s Secret sweat suit, brown leather jacket, and brown suede UGGS. Honey-complexioned and about five-five, with very wide hips and thighs. Her hair was cut short; she slightly favored Halle Berry.

“Tina, calm down and let me explain.” Sean’s voice trembled as he rushed around to the driver’s side.

“No, fuck that! You said it was over between y’all!” the woman shouted, pointing to Sdi.

“Tina, please just get back in the car,” he begged, holding the woman by her shoulders and shoving her into the car.

Slowly, Sdia approached the vehicle. “What the hell is going on?” She moved her neck from side to side for a better view of the female, but the open driver’s door made it impossible for her to get a full view.

“Sdia, stay over there!” Sean demanded, with his hand out.

“I wish she would come over here!” Tina snarled. “I’ma bust her ass.”

“Sean, who is this hoodrat?” Sdia frowned.

“Hoodrat?” Tina roared. “Oh, hell no! Let me go! Let me go!” she said, wildly waving her arms, trying to break free from Sean’s grip.

“Calm the fuck down!” Sean grabbed her by the arms. Get in the motherfucking car!” He violently shoved her back into the car, reached across her body, and snatched the keys from the ignition. “And don’t get out!” he said, slamming the door.

Sdia placed her hand over heart. “Oh my God!” she said, hunching over as dinner from that evening resurfaced, exploding from her mouth and nose.

Sean quickly ran over, “Sdia, you okay?” he asked, kneeling. He gently rubbed her back with one hand and wiped the tears from his eyes with the other. Sdia sobbed uncontrollably as the rain fell ruthlessly from the sky onto the pavement, diluting her vomit. She weakly moved the vomited splattered pieces of hair from the side of her mouth.

“Get the fuck off of me, Sean!” she shouted, pulling away as he remained lowered toward the ground. “Stay the fuck away from me!”

“Baby, I’m sorry.” Sean sniffled as tears spilled from his eyes. “I-I gotta go,” he said, fumbling with the car keys, twirling them around his index finger.

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The jingling of the church’s tambourine snapped Sdia back into reality. *I can’t believe he left me!* Tears rolled down the side of her cheeks and into her ears.

“That’s right, praise Him! Let it out and praise Him!” the elderly woman sitting beside her said. She tilted her head back and joined Sdia. “Thank you, Lord!” she shouted, staring at the ceiling. “Hallelujah!” she hollered, taking Sdia by the hand as tears fell from her own eyes.

Sdia opened her eyes, scrunched her nose, and looked at the woman. “Excuse me,” she said, respectfully pulling her hand away.

The woman peeked at Sdia from the corner of her eyes. “Are you okay, dear?” she asked, opening both eyes.

With the back of her hand, Sdia wiped her eyes. “Yes. I just need some fresh air.”

“Pardon me.” Her voice cracked as she rose to her feet. “Excuse me.” She made her way through the crowded aisles with her head hung low.

Sdia fanned her hand in front of her face. *God forgive me, but I gotta get out of here.*

“Excuse me,” she said, briskly walking past an usher. She forcefully pushed the heavy metal double doors open, and the thick, hot, muggy air instantly latched onto her skin. She let out a sigh of relief that no one was outside of the church. She took advantage of the opportunity and permitted the welled up tears to freely roll down her cheeks. She bent down to remove the four-inch Gucci sandals from her feet and placed them under her right arm. *I just want to go home*, she thought as she quickly walked across the crowded parking lot, licking the falling salty tears from the top of her lip.

“Asshole!” she said, jerking the car door open and tossing her shoes into the backseat. “Son-of-a- bitch gonna break up with me!” she whimpered while starting the ignition. “Two and a half years of my life down the fucking drain! I should block my number and call his ass.” She snatched her iPhone from her purse and looked at the blank screen and hesitantly dialed his number. *Let go and let God*, she remembered the pastor’s words. She paused and glanced out of the window. *What’s wrong with me? It’s 7:45 in the morning, and I’m sitting in the car when I should be in church. I left service early because of him?* She looked down at her phone and let out a deep sigh. “I know exactly who to call,” she said, deleting the numbers on her screen.

“Hello?” her mother Sharon answered groggily.

“I miss him,” Sdia quickly blurted out.

“Shouldn’t you be in church?” Sharon asked.

“Yeah, I should be, but this is really annoying me.”

“Sdia, we can talk about this tomorrow when you get here. You really need to be in church.”

“I don’t understand how he could do this.”

“Didn’t you hear what I just said?”

“Yeah, I hear you, but I’m not thinking about service right now! I came outside to call you, Ma, not to talk about church.”

“Look!” Sharon raised her tone. “God is more important than some nigga. See, you already have me yelling. And I don’t want to awake your father,” she whispered.

“Sorry, Ma.”

“Mmm hmm,” Sharon replied.

“Ma, I’m sad. Say something to make me feel better.”

“Sdia, you can’t keep on tormenting yourself over his decision. Besides, hasn’t it been almost a year since you two broke up? You need to let it go!” Sharon whispered.

“No, it hasn’t been a year! It’s only been seven months, two weeks, and five days.”

“Okay, okay, don’t kill me,” Sharon replied in her normal tone, noticing the chord she struck.”

“I just don’t get it, Ma.” Sdia sighed.

“Why do I have to keep telling you the same thing? You have so much going for yourself. You’re—”

“Smart, beautiful, and independent. I can have any man I want. Why do I allow that loser to occupy so much space in my brain? Right, Ma?” A beat passed between them. “Thanks for the typical pep talk. Well, if I’m all of those things, why did he cheat? Why doesn’t he see those qualities in me?” Sdia asked, a blink away from more tears.

“Because maybe they’re not for him to see. What’s important is that you see those things!” Sharon sighed. “I am getting so tired of telling you the same thing, Dia. If you don’t see these things in yourself, then no man is going to treat you the way you deserve to be treated!”

“I know, Ma. I know. It’s just that I really wish I could get even with him!”

“What did I tell you, Dia? You don’t have to worry about hurting anyone because people don’t get away with doing shit. Remember, only hurt people hurt people, and his day is coming.”

“They’re probably having sex right now as we speak,” Sdia added.

“So what if they are! Who gives a shit? I wouldn’t want him touching me, especially after he slept with someone else.”

“I don’t want him to touch me!” Sdia lied.

“Good. There’s no sense in sitting there making yourself depressed over something that is clearly out of your control!”

“I know, but—” Sdia replied.

“Listen,” Sharon interrupted. “If it’s meant for you and Sean to be together and God knows I pray it isn’t; it will be!” She paused. “The only thing you should be worried about is getting back in that church and preparing for your trip tomorrow; anything else is minute, especially a damn man—a lying, cheating one at that!”

“I know, Ma.”

“I’m glad you know. Now get your tail back in that church; you’re on the Lord’s time, and I need to start breakfast!”

“Okay, I love you, Ma.”

“Uh-huh, love you too. I swear you gotta get it together, girl. I can’t keep telling you the same thing over and over again. Anyway, call me when service is over.”

Sdia placed her phone back into her purse and grabbed her shoes from the backseat. *Let go and let God* she thought, as she stepped from her vehicle and back into the blazing sun. She slowly walked up the small path leading to the church and up the steep stairs. Once inside she looked around until she spotted the elderly woman she had been sitting next to and maneuvered her way back to her seat.

“Are you okay dear?” the woman asked. Sdia nodded and looked up at the image of Jesus on the stained glass ceiling.

*I’m not gonna let you fight Tina! Sdia, she’s pregnant with my baby!* Sean’s words resonated in her head. *Wait … what! Pregnant? Baby?* Sdia didn’t fight back her tears this time. Instead she allowed them to flow.

“That’s right, baby. Let it out. Just let go and let God,” the elderly woman whispered.

*I still can’t believe he has a baby now!* Sdia thought.

# Chapter 2

“Dammit!” Sdia shouted. “Six-thirty in the fucking morning, and I’m not in the mood for this shit!” The softness of the signature pink and white striped Victoria Secret comforter felt amazing against her skin, and coolness of the room made her curse herself for promising her mother she would drive up to Washington, DC for Memorial Day. Sdia buried face into the comforter. The fresh, light, sweet, citrus aroma made her smile. *Oh my God! Those Downy Unstoppables give me life! I could lay here and do this all day.* Sdia rarely got the chance to sleep in on the weekdays and since the holiday fell on a Monday, she would have gotten the chance to watch all of her favorite shows as opposed to recording them. This was her second week working as a writer for *Reach* magazine and her first time living alone. Moving to New Jersey had been a big step for her, considering the fact she was born and raised in Washington, DC. Sdia sat up and stretched, feeling rejuvenated.

“Look at this mess,” she said, looking around at all the boxes in her bedroom that she hadn’t unpacked. The thought of opening them and finding a home for her belongings made her sick to her stomach. Instead of spending some useful time at home unpacking, she had to drive all the way to DC. *I know this barbecue is going to be boring as hell. Ain’t nobody gonna be there, but me, Mommy, Dad, and Charmaine.* Her bare feet sank into the fluffy beige carpet as she dragged herself out of bed.

Sdia stood in front of her bedroom mirror naked while oiling her body. She turned around and looked at her voluptuous round ass. *These Instagram bitches gettin’ injections and jeopardizing their lives to have an ass like this!* Her ass was one of her most favorite assets. “Too bad I can’t share this amazing body with anyone. Damn, I’ve been celibate for a while.” She reminisced about the last time she’d had sex, which was approximately seven months ago. She hated long distance relationships, but she figured once she graduated from Mary Washington, she and Sean would get engaged and find a place together in Jersey since it was only a half-hour away from where they both worked, but Sean had other plans that didn’t include her. Just before their life together was about to begin, she found out about his infidelity with his co-worker, Tina. Her stomach knotted up as she thought about the last time she had seen Sean.

*“I love you and I would never do anything to hurt you, or put our relationship in jeopardy!” What a fucking liar!*

All Sdia could do at the time was cry. She had never had her heart broken.

“And now this mother-fucker has the nerve to be a father!”

Sdia grabbed one of the many workbooks from her bookshelf and opened it:

*Chapter Five*

*Learning to love yourself is the first step to gaining real self-esteem.*

She smiled and continued reading:

*Every day, look at yourself in the mirror and remind yourself of how wonderful and valuable you are.*

Sdia closed the book and sighed. “I am a wonderful person and of great value!” she said apathetically.

She looked down at the floor and sighed. “Who am I fooling?” Suddenly, she spotted a small black spider scurrying across the carpet. The hairs on her arm stood up.

*♪ The itsy bitsy spider ran up the water spout.*

*Down came the rain and washed the spider out. ♪*

“UGH!” Flashbacks of her uncle’s fingertips running across her thighs gave her the willies. “Fuck!” she shouted, vigorously rubbing both legs. *I should’ve told someone!* The entire incident replayed in her mind.

*Uncle George can’t see that well. What is that? Peach fuzz? I’m a fucking pervert, but don’t tell your mama.*

“Blah, blah, fucking blah!” she mocked. “Burn in hell! I hope he is burning in hell!” Sdia said devilishly while gritting her teeth.

George died from lung cancer over six years ago. She didn’t see much of him before his death, and she couldn’t have been happier. At his funeral, she watched her family members huddle over the cherrywood coffin he lay in and said their goodbyes.

*“Dia, do you want to come up with me?” her mother Sharon had asked as she dabbed her cheeks with the soiled Kleenex she had balled in her hand.*

*“No, Ma.” Sdia looked at her mother and shook her head no. As a child she was subjected to his decrepit face for three years, without a choice, a say so or option, but not today! Today she had a choice. Fuck no, I don’t want to see that ugly son-of-a-bitch!*

*“I’ll go up with you, babe,” Sdia’s father, Thomas replied, escorting his wife to the casket.*

Sdia dabbed her nose with the klenex. “One day. One day I have go to tell them what he did to me chiled.” She looked down

The warm spring air pushed her mind to the present. The soothing breeze felt great against her skin. Sdia took a deep breath and looked up.

“Life isn’t that bad,” she mumbled.

“Good morning, sunshine,” a voice called from the balcony behind her. Sdia turned and glanced up.

“Good morning, Ms. Wallace. How are you?” she asked in her most polite, innocent voice—the one she used when she spoke to her elders.

“I’m doing just fine. Just out here watering my babies,” Ms. Wallace replied in her southern accent. She stood two apartments up on her small balcony.

“Well, enjoy your day, Ms. Wallace.”

“Where are you going so early?” Ms. Wallace asked.

*Oh boy, here we go.* Sdia slowly spun around to face her. “I’m headed home for a family barbecue. I’ll be back tonight or early tomorrow morning.”

“Cooking out? Y’all going to have chicken?” Ms. Wallace asked enthusiastically.

“I don’t know, more than likely we will,” Sdia replied, perplexed.

“Can you bring me back a plate, suga?”

Sdia smiled. “Uh, a plate? Um okay.” *I can’t believe she just asked me to bring her back a damn plate. She hardly speaks to me, and two days ago she called the cops on me for playing my music too loud.*

“Thanks, baby. If you can, try to bring me two plates, that way I don’t have to cook.” Ms. Wallace chuckled.

Sdia nodded.

“Oh, and one more thing, suga … The next time you decide to play your music all loud and what not, make sure it isn’t a bunch of cursing! I don’t see how you call yourself going to church to praise the Lord, but then come home and play that filth!”

Sdia turned and walked to her car. She knew if she stayed a minute longer, she would laugh in Ms. Wallace’s face, and then curse her out. Then more than likely, she would feel bad about it later. Sdia was raised to respect her elders at all times. *However, sometimes people need to be put in their place, and maybe it’s time to let my mother know a thing or two about her beloved uncle*, she thought as she hopped into her car and sped off.

After forty-five minutes of driving, Sdia was almost at the end of the New Jersey turnpike when she decided to stop to get gas, a snack, and to use the restroom. After paying for her gas, she got into her car and drove to the rest area. The moment she got out of her car, she snapped her fingers. *Damn, I was supposed to call my mother!* She dialed home with one hand and locked the car door with the other. A navy blue 8 series BMW coupe with tinted windows and shiny chrome rims pulled up next to her. She looked up at the driver as the window began to slowly roll down. She was greeted by a man with a dark-brown complexion. His round button eyes had the most beautiful, long eyelashes she’d ever seen. The dark waves in his hair and diamond studs in both ears sexified his appearance. Sdia looked at the diamond-face watch that securely hugged his wrist as his tattooed arm hung from out of the window. He reciprocated the stare.

# Chapter 3

“What do you want for dinner, babe?” Carl Adler asked as he breathed heavily, trying his best to keep up with his wife Natalya, who was now opening the car door.

“I don’t know, and by the looks of it, eating should be the last thing your fat ass wants do!” she shouted.

“Don’t start your shit with me, Natalya!”

“Whatever. Can you hurry up? It’s hot out here!”

Natalya started the ignition and watched in disgust as her 260-pound husband wobbled to the car. She thought about how she would have been gone, if it weren’t for his money. She stopped trying to convince herself that she loved him. Heck, she wasn’t even sure she liked him, but she had to take the bitter with the sweet.

She pounded on the horn. “Hurry up!”

Natalya couldn’t deny that she was blessed. She was a thirty-five-year-old housewife with a beautiful three-level home, a four-car garage that held three cars of her own, two walk-in closets of her own, and a bank account that held $58,562.19, and that was just her checking account. She had everything a woman could ask for. Carl was fourteen years her senior and a well-respected executive in the District of Columbia.

“Whew, it’s hot as hell out there!” Carl stated as he opened the passenger side door, entering butt first.

Natalya noticed a k down the crack of his khaki shorts. Grimacing, she rolled her eyes and without a second thought, put the car in reverse.

“Damn, Natalya!” Carl shouted as his right leg hung out of the car.

“I told you to hurry up,” she replied with a smirk. She pressed her foot on the brake and waited for him to position himself in the car.

“I don’t understand you. You act like you hate me,” he stated as he lifted his right thigh into the car. He turned and waited for her response, but instead, she stared emotionless through the rearview mirror. Carl turned and glared out of the window. *Is his fat ass really crying?* Natalya thought as her husband wiped his eyes with the back of his right hand.

\* \* \*

“I don’t think so, bitch . These niggas be on some other shit and mama don’t have time to be raising no man.” Will laughed. He had no problem calling his close friends and co-workers out their name; it was a form of endearment and they didn’t shy away from showing the same affection in return.

“Bitch, you have all the time in the world. I’ve seen you raise quite a few,” his co-worker, Ryan replied.

“Exactly! That’s why I won’t be doing it again. Anyway, are you gonna spot me or what? I want to get one more set in before my next client arrives.”

“Yeah, yeah.” Ryan waved him off. “You’re probably fucking that one too.” He grabbed his towel from his locker. “I’ll be by the leg press when you’re ready,” he said, before exiting.

“Okay.”

Will jogged over to his locker and removed his gym bag. “Hmm,” he said, fumbling through the assortment of lubricants and condoms. “Sheesh!” He sucked his teeth and picked up a handful of condoms that were in the way. He walked over to the trashcan and tossed them inside. Upon returning to his bag, he picked a random lubricant, stuffed the gym bag back into the locker and hurriedly walked through the locker room toward the janitor’s closet, peeking under each bathroom stall along the way. Satisfied that he was alone, he slowly stepped into the dark closet. The gap underneath the door provided him just enough light to make his way around the small space. Will removed the Axe body spray from his back pocket and generously sprayed the air, but the stench of mildew and musk overpowered. “Fuck it.” He shrugged. Just then, he heard a familiar voice humming Niki Minaj’s song, “Good Form.” Will looked at his watch and smiled, anxiously removing his gym shorts and Polo boxer briefs. He assumed the position and bent over with his ass cheeks spread apart.

The door to the janitor’s closet slowly crept open and in walked Stello, his four o’clock appointment.

“You know what to do,” Stello said, with his dick in his hand. Will rushed over to him and dropped down to his knees. He greedily rammed Stello’s limp dick into his mouth, tightly wrapped both lips around it and slowly let them slide up and down his tool, leaving a large trail of saliva with every stroke until warm semen exploded into the back of his throat.