

The Hottest Summer Ever Known

Part 2

Hell has no fury like a Woman Scorn

(Some of this story has been edited for this flyer to not give away the first book.)

Don't sleep on me...

SUMMER

Out of all people to be bothered with right about now, it has to be a white girl that sheds hair and smell like a dog on her best days.

Tracy has been hiding out over here with Justin and me for the last month and I'm about to loose my mind. If she would have listened to me in the beginning she wouldn't be in the mess she's in now. This is what happens when you creep with men that got peeps. Trust me, I know because I was that same bitch that didn't respect a nigga with a ring. As a matter a fact, it was the bling that got the booty half the time. I wasn't shit, and anybody that knew me a few years ago knew I how I rolled.

Thinking back, I can remember when I was sneakin' around with this annoying bitch name Monique, boyfriend. She never found out, to my knowledge. And even if she did, I didn't give a fuck, cuz' it was like that.

Anyway, the boy had talent, and I was a tough critic. He was the chosen one and fuckin' him was fun. This cat gave me a rush every time he would be on the phone with her, breakin' me off in the background. The nigga had no respect, but the dick was lovely. I would giggle while he played with my tits and shiver when he ate my pussy. He never made me cum, but it was all good, cuz' cumin' wasn't my goal. I just loved the position of being in control of another bitch man.

After all of that, I had no regrets when it came to Monique, especially after what China told me about her. She mentioned something to me about Monique and Ol'Boy (the rapper), with his gay ass, messing around. After what I saw in room 122 in Miami, what China said went in one ear and out the other.

Blastin' my sound system, I had my girl *Shawwna* playing, motivating me to jump my phat ass on the treadmill. Ever since I've been taking these meds, my ass then got bigger and my tits went from a C to a D cup.

(Music Playing) *I was gettin' some head! Gettin'-gettin' some head! I was gettin' some head! Gettin'- gettin' some head...*

As I jogged away from reality, I thought more about how cold I was, wondering if my past had anything to do with my dark future. *Karma* had it in for me, and if I ever see that bitch, it's on.

Take Craig for instance. He was another one of my back-in-the-day flings. Craig was ai'ight. I wasn't on a fuck-u-till-u-die mission during this time. Long story short, Craig's wife was about to have their first born this particular day we was chillin'. So check it, instead of him rushing over to Harper Hospital to be with her on this special occasion. He ate my pussy until the baby was born. *Seven pounds and eleven ounces*, was what I could hear the chick saying over the phone while he was wiping my juice from around his lips. You see, couldn't nobody tell me shit then, and now my life has taken a whole new direction. I guess when they say, *every dog has its day*, reality caught me off guard with a loud bark and a painful ass bite.

Wishing I could turn back the hands of time, I could hear my girl Foxy Brown song playing in my head;

If I could take this back I would... if I could rewind the time for when it was all good I would...

That was my shit back in the day...

Fuck all that right now. I got mad issues and no matter what I have to go through, I'm still Summer, and right now, I ain't feelin' no tricks around my man! After what happened between China and Monique, Tracy gotz to kick rocks!

Paranoid Treasure

"So... What's on your mind?" I asked Ferrell placing my book down beside me, noticing his blank expression.

I noticed he was in a deep thought. I remember seeing that same look on his face when he was screwing his baby mama, Keyonna.

I started to repeat myself, but then he responded,

"Killin' that fool before he hit the street." He threatened, walking out of the room.

I decided not to pursue him. When he gets in his mood, I give him his space. I guess he's had enough to deal with being that Black is coming home from prison in a couple of days. I can only imagine what Tyiesha, Ferrell's sister, has to be going through with this bum getting out of jail.

I find myself still getting nervous every time I think about all I went through to save Tyiesha from doing life. When that fool Black tried to blame his drug transactions and guns on both her and Ferrell, I never saw a winning chance on her case. In spite of the overwhelming circumstances, I still risked all I had to help Tyiesha, even after the way she treated me for being involved with her brother. We tight now, but she still have some minor issues she needs to address, with one being her self worth. I hate to say this, but I really feel Black is going to place her two steps back if she allows him back in her space. I realize that she has a baby by this nut, but as far as I'm concern, he was just a sperm donor that doesn't deserve to play a role in their lives.

All of this was only a small potion to what I've encountered. I felt like my life was trapped inside of a drama filled book where stories like mine are only written in fiction. What I've come to realize was this was one of my purposes here on earth. I mean, it was no secret that in the beginning, I hated drug dealers and ended up marrying one that was. I think it's amazing how life turns out and how times stops for no one. It's been over a year and some months and a lot has changed. First my sister, Summer, hated my guts and then ended up meeting a psycho Doctor with AIDS. Then I got caught in a web of drama with my husbands' sister from hell and his baby mama Keyonna, rest in peace. And last but not least, I got shot and lost my first child.

When I think about yesterday and today, I know my tomorrow is not promised. So I have this whole new outlook on my life. I have made some drastic changes in my behavior when it comes to my marriage and my man. I'm not that same proper-piece-of-pussy he once took advantage of. I'm everything he wanted in a woman and everything he'll regret if he betrays me again. I can't say after all of this what I would do. I just know I can't take no more Drama.

The Ghost *Ferrell*

Treasure thinks I'm trippin' over this Black mufucka. She just don't know. I'm trying to figure out how my dumb ass plant a seed in some pussy without a last name. This chick Camille then set me up! She pulled some straight Keyonna shit. I don't believe in Ghost but it's definitely something wrong here. The only thing I could say after hanging up the phone on this broad that claim I'm her baby daddy was; "Camille who?" I admit I've had my share of women in my past, but I can confirm I didn't come in many. I kept the plastic close cause' I know how these ho'z out here cut. They be straight try'n' to set a brotha up. Learned from the best, Keyonna taught me well. But this Camille chick got a baby and I got a muthafuckin problem. This is the same broad I had to cut off after her attempt to commit suicide. Now she's back in my life with some more Baby Mama drama. And believe me when I say... Treasure is not to be fucked with.

"I thought you would never get here. What took you so long?" Camille said opening the door giving me a feeling of regret.

"Let's just get right down to it. Where's this child that you claim is mine? And why did you wait so damn long to let a brotha know? What kind of shit is that?"

"Damn boy, can I get a hello, how you doin' or sun'an?" She held out her arms and I wanted to smack the fuck out of her. I don't even remember how the pussy felt and this bitch thinks I'm supposed to be actin' normal right now!"

"Where's the baby?" I stood in the center of her living room floor that was plushed with all kinds of expensive shit. Her taste reminded me a lot of Keyonna's. A crib like this built from the ground up in Novi? Somebody up in here got bread.

She continued talking, "I see this is going to take some work."

"Say that again." I gave her one of my thug looks that let her know I wasn't here for no bullshit.

"Toya! Bring Diamond Ferrell down here." She yelled up a circled stair case."

"What did you name that baby?"

"At first I was going to name her Amerie Feralyn and my sister you probably met once or twice said to name her something close to your name and I did. She looks just like ya' ass, trust me. No need for Maury on this one baby boy."

I couldn't help but to stare at her wondering how and why I stuck my dick in her. I know I had to be buggin cause' I didn't really get down with single women back then. But after giving it some thought, I know what it was. She was one of the top exotic dancers in Detroit, and I was turned on by her performance one night I was out on a business run. One of my partners had me meet them at this strip club on Michigan Avenue and this chick was doing some freaky shit that night. I was hooked after watching her work that stage that I ended up taking her to a room afterwards. She was such a freak that she sucked my dick all the way there. I had no intensions of seeing her again until she started offering me money. Now I had my own paper, but I wasn't no damn fool. I didn't mind charity. I can't even remember if I wore a condom or not, I can't call it. Damn... the big butt and her smile, I then fucked up...

"Why are you staring at me like that?" She asked.

I snapped out of it focusing my attention at the top of the steps where there stood a little girl about a year and a half.

Aww hell naw! I thought as my eyes got wide after observing who was holding the baby! It was Camille sister whom I forgot I fucked too a couple of years ago. Her sister never found out

as far as I know. They were both crazy as hell so I cut 'um off. Now I got to figure out how I'm gon' get out of this.

The closer they got to me the more I myself couldn't deny this baby she claimed was mine. She was a beauty like her daddy and if Treasure ever seen her, we will be threw.

"Say hi to daddy." She took hold of her while Toya rolled her eyes at me going back up the stairs. Luckily Camille was so caught up in the moment she paid no attention to her sister's expression that would have for sure gave everything away.

"Hi..." She said preciously. Her hair was down her back and she had Indian features like my mom. She was a spittin' image of my daughter Falen by Treasure, but carried more extreme features like mine.

"Hey little woman, how old are you?" She acted shy but she did respond. I could tell she sensed who I was and willingly fell into my arms when her mother passed her to me. I sat and talked to her until she fell asleep. This time Camille put her to bed and came back to discuss more about this baby thang.

"So... what do you think?"

"What do you mean, what I think? What am I suppose to think?"

"I just asked boy damn."

"I gotta go. Give me a little time to figure this out." I was stressed at that very moment and after what she said, I knew this was about to be some more baby mama drama shit for real.

"No need. I know what I want out of this. As you can see, I got my own endz, so money is not of the essence at this time. But fuckin' is. I want some dick twice a week with no exceptions. And as a reminder, I do know Treasure and I'm sure she couldn't handle after all she's been through another baby mama. So, either the dick is mine when I want it or I'm paying wifey a visit." She seductively claimed laying back in her chair staring at me as if she had made her point with no argument. I knew then I had to check that ho.

"Who the fuck you think I am, the *Maintenance Man*! Do I look like one of them bitch-ass-fools you been fuckin' wit? You don't tell me how to swing my dick and I don't give a fuck what you tell Treasure. I'm runnin' that. So gon' head on and do yo' thang girl. But I warn you, I aint just any cat you then messed with in your past. I was that same mufucka that pushed you in to a suicide attempt, remember? That one was on you then, but if you fuck with me Camille, the next time you just might have a little help." I stood to leave.

"Oh, are you threatening me?" She giggled. "Okay. Tell Treasure I will be there tomorrow with Diamond. Take care big pimpin'." She said with confidence standing up to follow me to the door. I didn't sense any fear after what I said to her.

"Yeah, okay. I'll be in touch."

"With this pussy I hope."

This bitch!