

## **Vindictive Wo-Men**

**The Word  
Wo-Men  
*represents*  
Women & Men**

**Vindictive Wo-Men** is a book filled with nine drama filled stories that is guaranteed to raise the fine hairs on your back and bring tears to your eyes.  
Warning! This book is only for the open-minded and one with self control...

Here's one of the many stories you will hopefully enjoy...

(Part 1)

### **BE CAREFUL WHAT U ASK 4....**

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"I ain't givin' that Rat a dime!! On the real, that ugly muthafucka probably ain't mine anyway! I'm not buying know milk! I'm not buying know diapers! And I'm damn sure not bringing that thing home to my peeps! She set a brotha up royally Paul. I *hate* kids and them nasty bitches that be havin' um! I hope it die from crib death!" El was pacing the floor becoming aggravated by the second. j

"Man, first of all, calm yo crazy ass down. You sound retarded, wishing death on an innocent child. That baby ain't ask to be here! What you need to do is take yo' ass over there and see that baby. I heard the little muthafucka look just like you. You might as well boss up fool. You knew that broad wasn't shit when you met her. Everybody in the hood den' hit that. The bitch got 9 kids by 9 different Baby Daddy's! Any dude, I don't care how fine the bitch is will throw a ski coat on before goin' up in that pussy! You just got hood winked Baby! But, hold up, I gotta ask you this. Why would you hit it without a condom dawg? This is the same chick that I heard gave one of her kids away cause' it was ugly. And I know for a fact the other eight live with her Moms! She had to see you comin'. So face it, you got punk'd!" Paul said laughing so hard he almost spilled his drink. "Better you than me, Cheif."

"What time is it?" El asked finding no humor in what Paul had just said.

"I got 6:00." Paul held up his Rose Gold Rolex Watch.

"Damn, it's still early."

"What you about to do, go kill'um and throw their bodies in your trunk?" Paul teased.

"Fuck you! I'm out!"

El rushed up out of the bar before Paul could get another word in. Paul wasn't concerned about El doing anything to hurt the girl and her child so he ordered a few more drinks and took one of the chicks from the bar home afterwards.

El jumped into his 2006 Dodge Charger and flew up the Jeffries FWY till he reached the Grand Blvd. Exit. London stayed off of Rosa Parks and Hazelwood. El hadn't seen the baby since it was born so this would be their first encounter since she's been home from the hospital.

Meanwhile, London was on the phone with her girl Hunter from around the way.

"Gurrrl... El is sick about this baby thang. I called him today and threatened to take him to court if he didn't bring some diapers and milk by here. You know the Judge will be on my

side.”

“Whatever London. If anything they’ll probably lock yo’ crazy ass up and take yo’ baby. Did you forget about your other nine kids?”

“What fuckin’ nine kids! You know I don’t claim my first. All my kids have good hair and look just like me. That first baby wasn’t mine. I told you they switched my baby at the hospital. That’s why I gave him away.”

“Bitch, what the hell are you saying? You know what? You need a psychiatrist. And you better quit playin’ with these cats out here. You gon’ meet the wrong one. To keep it real, you might have met your match, cause’ that fool you den’ had that baby by is insane.” Hunter said feeling uncomfortable with her statement.

Hunter knew how El was cut, and this could be seriously dangerous for her friend. In spite of the fact that her girl was missing a few screws, Hunter knew El had no conscious or patience when it comes to dealing with London.

London ignored the baby crying in her crib and continued her conversation saying, “The only thing that I’m worried about is dude quitting his job. This is all about the paper chase Ma. Do you think I wanted another mouth to feed? Hell Naww! As greedy as my ass is! You know I ain’t got no time to be playing Mama up in this bitch. This is business and this cat gon pay me swell before it’s over.”

“Do you have any feelings for him London?”

“I think I do. You know I like a lot of attention and I think he will be the one to give it to me. I really feel he’s the one that will take me out of these crack infested apartments and place me up in some glamour shit.”

“THE PLANE! THE PLANE!” Hunter yelled, laughing. “I know you remember that little midget on Fantasy Island right?”

“So what are you saying Hunter?”

“Bitch, yo’ plane just landed and that little muthafucka is the pilot. Call me when you come back from vacation.” (CLICK)

El drove into the parking lot of London’s apartment. He stared up on her balcony to see if it looked like she was home then called her from his cell phone.

“Hello?” London reluctantly answered.

“Open the door.” He hung up making his way inside her building.

“My dick is her! My dick is here!” She ignorantly crooned as she made her way toward the crying child to calm her. “Shhhh, hush Camay your daddy’s here.” She picked her up and pulled her close. The baby had been crying for so long she was trembling in her arms.

El wasn’t coming for know conversation, strictly demands. But as soon as London opened the door and he saw the baby clutched in her arms, the feeling of anger slowly started to fade.

“You came to see your baby?” London moved aside to let him in.

“I ain’t come here to see shit. You…”

“Shhhhh. You gon’ make her start whining again. I just got her to shut up.” London demanded pulling the blanket away from the baby’s caramel skin. The only thing you could see outside of the baby’s fat cheeks was her beautiful black rich hair that was just like his. He stood in the doorway staring like he had just laid eyes on a suitcase filled with cash. She was the most gorgeous creature he could have ever laid eyes on. All the bitterness he had inside was overwhelmed by a stubborn kind of love that was fighting to make its way to the surface.

“Why are you staring at her like that? She yours! Here!” London shoved the baby into his arms. He tried to move away, but London basically forced the baby on him almost dropping her in the process. Luckily he didn’t resist.

“I didn’t come here to make no claim. I’m here to get some shit straight.” He said staring between London and the baby.

“You could start by having a seat and feeding that baby. Shit, I’m tired! I’ve been up all

night with your brat. You came just in time to help. Maybe I can do some things for myself now.” London walked away on purpose. She had already self prepared for this visit.

El was experiencing something unexpected. There was some type of connection between him and the child that he couldn't comprehend at that moment. He slowly walked over and carefully sat down staring into her eyes wondering how he could have been so bitter and angry toward something so innocent and beautiful. It was at that point that he knew the time had come for him to face his responsibility. Though it will take time and tolerance to have to deal with the mother of his child, with Camay being his first, time will hopefully heal all wounds.

London knew the longer Camay stayed attached to El's arms the more difficult it will be for him deny her.

El sat there staring at the baby watching her squirm and make all kinds of sounds while London was in the kitchen preparing a bottle of milk. Still lost in admiration, El took the baby fingers and placed his index finger between them. He snuck a smile in as he watched her innocently.

When London walked in the living room and seen how El was enjoying his one on one with his child, it set off a jealousy that could not be described.

*I didn't have your ass for him to fall in love with you! This is about me and him. You better watch yourself you little witch!* London evilly said silently about her own flesh and blood. She knew if she didn't check herself, the worst was yet to come. So she faked like she usually does when things happen that challenges her sanity.

“So...now you wanna play Daddy.” She rudely passed him the bottle.

“Just show me how to do this.” He snatched the bottle out of her hand.

“Boy please! What could be so difficult about sticking a damn bottle in a baby's mouth?”

El ignored her sliding the nipple of the bottle into the baby's mouth. He thought it was strange how things were unfolding. At first, he was planning on going over there to pounce on London's head not knowing at the time that he would find peace right in his arms.

London was trying to get a word in or two and he tuned her out while feeding Camay. That set off a rage in her that caught his attention.

“You act like you didn't want shit to do with *us*. Now you over here playing, Daddy Day Care.”

El's two-way-pager went off. He stood with the baby in one arm as he checked his message. Still ignoring London, he walked into the bedroom where she had a basinet set up for Camay, gently laid her inside and watched her sleep for a couple of seconds.

*Don't worry little Momma. I'll be back to get you.*

Those were his last words before he made his way to the door.

“Oh! So you just gon leave! How the fuck are you!”

“Shut the hell up before you wake the...” He caught himself. “You know what. I don't owe you know explanation. I'm out.” He went to turn the doorknob.

“Fuck you! You trick ass bum! You just gon come in here and hold that baby and not say one word to me! What the fuck am I! A one-night-stand!”

“You sick London.”

That just caused the volcano to erupt. She flipped, causing a scene with the neighbors and people that were coming in and out of the building. He made his way down the steps shaking his head in disgust.

*What have I gotten my dick into?*

El was moving as fast as he could toward his car. London ran out on her balcony that sat on the forth floor of her apartment yelling and cursing. She had become a mad woman and that troubled him.

“Take yo dumb ass back in there! You're making a fool out of yourself.”

“Fuck You! You ain't shit El!”

“You know what London. The next time I see Camay will be in court. You not fit for

know kids! You fucked up in the head!” El went to turn his back for a hot minute. With in a few seconds before he was able to place his key in the car door. London did something to him that changed his life forever...

“OH! YOU WANT CUSTODY OF THIS THANG! HERE! CUSTODY GRANTED MUTHAFUCKA!!!”

Everything from that point was like slow motion. London slung the innocent soul over the balcony tossing the baby from four stories high to death. El did all he could to save the child. He couldn't get to her in time to catch her. Now her small body lay lifeless on the side walk of a fallen dream.

Be careful what you ask for...