

# CHAPTER 1: HEZ'

I staggered across the front lawn, screaming. "Sarah, Sarah, you bitch, get out here right now!"

She peeped at me and pretended as if she wasn't home, but the damn blinds were moving. I continued towards the front door.

"Don't make me kick this fucking door down," I screamed.

"Hez, if you don't leave right now, I'll call the police! You're drunk. Go home and leave me alone," she shouted.

"Bitch, I haven't seen my child in nine months. I'm not going anywhere."

I wasn't in the mood to play games with Sarah. She thought it was cool to keep my child away from me. Avoiding my calls, changing her telephone number and her work hours, making it impossible to get in touch with her. I didn't have time for this foolishness.

Now she was requesting that I get off my own property. This trick had better not have a man up in my house or I'd cut his throat and make her eat his tongue. This treatment was unacceptable. I got a running start, I kicked the door and it flew off the hinges. Sarah looked scared out of her mind.

"What the hell is wrong with you, Hez?!" she screamed.

"What's wrong with you? I know that you hate me but you shouldn't keep my child from me."

She backed away from me and headed to her phone. As quick as I could, I grabbed her by the neck, slightly choking her.

"Sarah, be smart. Let me give Heather a kiss and I'll leave you alone."

"Hez, that isn't possible. You should seek help. You're drunk and you're being crazy." She sobbed.

Thoughts of choking her to death crossed my mind. Instead of murdering her in cold blood, I removed my hands from around her neck. The thought of kicking her crossed my mind. Since my daughter was in the bed sleeping, I decided to leave.

“Sarah, you listen and you listen well. You have a week to let me see my child or I’ll kill you. Do you understand?” I roared.

She had no time to react. Without hesitation, Hez left the building.

## CHAPTER 2: A’RIYAH

**M**y cell phone sounded a serious of beeps, indicating messages being received. I didn’t have time for a ton of messages. It was time for me to get ready for this grand opening party, Jamal, my boyfriend of ten years, opened a clothing store and now we got to celebrate his success.

I was shocked that money for a party and the opening for his business fell out of the sky. Especially since he had been claiming he was broke for the last few weeks. On endless occasions, his house had been searched as if it was a crime scene.

After checking his emails, I learned that the money came from a loan shark. No one seemed to know who this guy was but his name brought fear. He would kill my whole family right before my eyes.

I’d love to meet a man with so much power. There wasn’t a person who didn’t respect just his name. I prayed that Jamal knew what the hell he was doing. One wrong move and he’d lose his life.

With only forty-five minutes until the party started, yours truly had no idea what to wear. I wanted to look sexy. I enjoyed having eyes on me. My figure wasn’t typical, not the shape of an hour glass; however, my body was thick in the right places. People often said that my choices of clothes were boring; therefore, tonight my dress had to hug my hips, and show off my beautiful figure.

Not to mention, I must show Armoni what he was missing. Armoni owned a nice restaurant and club down the street from Jamal’s clothing store. We’d been sneaking around for several months. He told me last week he needed to be the only man in my life or he was done messing with me.

At this time, I wasn't ready to completely leave Jamal, but spending time with Armoni made me want to be his woman. He was everything I'd ever wanted plus his sex was amazing.

He accused me of using him for sex. I was hit with 'You're very special to me. If you'd give me the chance, I can make all your dreams a reality, but it can't be done if I'm not the number one man in your life.'

I needed time to think things through and he hadn't talked to me since. If he wanted to go, then bye—he either wanted me or he didn't. The crazy woman that lived in me almost surfaced when I texted him three times with no reply. I didn't know he'd seriously end things with me.

Pride would be my downfall; I wouldn't call him saying 'I miss you.' My relationship with Jamal was over, but did that mean that I should jump into a new relationship. Jamal was seeing someone else.

One of my girls, Ki'Ann saw him with this chick a few weeks ago, and he swore she was just a friend. Something told me different. Tears flowed from my eyes. Here, love wasn't enough. Why am I not getting with Armoni? I loved Jamal and I wanted to make things work. *Damn, it's been ten years.*

Once inside the closet, a black dress called my name. This dress didn't leave much to the imagination. It was short, and my D-cup breasts would be out. Lord have mercy, I wasn't sure if this was a good dress to wear. *Fuck it, A'Riyah, you'll look amazing,* I coached myself. It was important for me to coordinate my outfit and accessories. I found some black jewelry and pumps. The next thing that had to be done was this mess known as my hair.

Last month, my hair was past my back, giving my nerves a fit. The hair had to go. Twenty minutes later, the queen was ready. Every day I spent an extra five minutes in the mirror admiring my deep black skin. It took years for me to grow to love it. Rushing out the door, I traveled the ten-minute walk to the party. It was such a lovely night to enjoy the spring air.

Upon arriving to the party, I waltzed up to the doorman, demanding him to let me in. I looked around and the event planner had done a great job. I spotted Jamal with his arms around the chick from the picture. Every part of me wanted to act a damn fool but

not in public, I told myself. I approached Jamal and his side chick without a hint of attitude.

"Don't y'all look chummy?" I greeted.

"I need everyone's attention? For the record, Ashley is now my girl. I'm getting rid of Ryiah's ass. She thinks she's the shit, not to mention she's a hoe. My boy watched her kiss another man. Bitch, it's over. Get the fuck out of my party."

I died standing right there. If I had a gun, I'd have blown his fucking brains out. Did he just do that in front of the whole party? My friends were here looking at me and other people were laughing. Jamal West would live to regret this moment if it was the last thing I do. Payback was a bitch, and he fucked her. Armoni walked out behind me. I guess he wanted to save me, but I didn't need to be saved. Jamal would need to be saved.

"Come here, beautiful" Armoni commanded in a low but sexy voice. I had no choice but to follow his order.

He wrapped his arms around me. I was too upset to cry; plus, I never let a man see me hurt. I held my head up high even though I left feeling low and I needed a plan.

"Moni, I'm fine. I'm in complete shock, but I'm okay. I'm done with him."

"How did you get here?"

"Since it was such a nice night, I walked."

"Let me walk you home or give you ride. An attractive lady wearing that dress shouldn't be walking alone; someone will steal you."

I laughed at him, thinking no one wanted to steal me. It was super cute but I knew that he wouldn't allow me to say no. I grabbed his hand and we walked up the street. Once we got to my door, he gave me a big hug and kiss.

"Thank you for walking me home, Moni. Would you like to come in for a little while?"

"As tempting as that is, tonight won't be good. How about a rain check?"

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Jamal texted me over thirty times, trying to plead his case. After that fuckery, I was supposed to just run back to him with open arms. Not today, bitch, not today. I didn't respond right away because I wanted to see how far he'd go. For the next three days, he

sent flowers and gifts to my job and to my house. He called over one hundred times. After not responding, I came home to find him sitting on my front porch.

“Riyah, I said I was sorry. Can you please forgive me?” he said, looking like a lost puppy.

“No, I can’t. You embarrassed me in front of a lot of people.” I said, trying to stay calm.

“I was drunk and being stupid. I’m so sorry.”

*Show no emotion.* Then it came to me. *Hit him where it hurt and that would be in his pockets.* I had no other choice but to give him a nice welcome home but he couldn’t have the goodies.