

JESSICA WATKINS PRESENTS  
**BEAUTEES AND THE BEAST**

*by* **CALI**

## *Prologue*

“Get your shit, Beautee! We gotta get out of here!”

As I threw clothes and shoes into my Louis Vuitton duffle, I looked at Beautee from the corner of my eye. I couldn't figure out why she wasn't moving.

“Beautee, if you don't start packing your bag, you will be buying all new everything because we have less than two hours to get to the airport, so your ass better start moving!”

When I saw that Beautee still looked hesitant, I tried a more timid approach. “I know you want to go say bye to your NaNa, but we don't have time for that. Maybe you can call her after we get settled.”

I couldn't believe it. I was packing and this girl was still sitting there!

I left the Louis Vuitton bag and closed the space between me and Beautee. I grabbed her by the back of her neck with enough force to make her understand the seriousness of this.

“Beautee, we will never be returning home. Our life as we know it is over. Shit just got real serious around here. If we don't leave today, we won't be leaving *ever*.”

She winced and smacked my arm away. “I'm not going anywhere with you!”

“Beautee, please just listen and do what I'm asking you to do.”

“Where are you taking me?!” She yelled as she started to cry. “What is happening?!”

“Beautee, you can't get weak on me now. Stop that crying and get your purse. We have to go- NOW!” That was it, I was fed up. “Matter of fact, I'll pack your shit. Just go get your ass in the car!”

Every time I thought about who Beautee really was, I became sick to my stomach. But I was so in love with her by the time that I found out who she was that I couldn't leave her.

Tonight's events had taken me to the point of no fuckin' return. Niggas knew too much, and I was damn sure somebody would be snitching. The fact that Snoop actually tried to kill me in front of everybody let me know that this wouldn't stop until one of us was dead. If he was willing to risk going back to prison, his intent to kill me was serious. Coupled with the fact that Quan had a vendetta with me that was over a decade old, I had no choice but to bounce right then.

There I was, thinking that I had things under control and that these streets loved me. All along, those closest to me had been the ones trying to take me down.

I pushed Beautee out of the door with disgusting visions of her wearing a Feds uniform in my mind. I had gone through her purse earlier and even found her badge. She really was working to take me down. I couldn't believe that the woman that I loved and trusted was helping the opposition fight against me.

Before walking out, I entered the kitchen, threw Beautee's badge next to the female body lying dead on the floor, took one last look around, and then told Dana to follow all instructions down to the last letter.

“Torch everything!”

*Intro*

**BEAUTEE**

“Zaire, come get this bitch!” I was yelling as I was dragging yet another female through the projects.

*I can't believe that I'm in the Pacoima projects fighting again. I didn't sign up for this. I need to get it together and stop fucking with this nigga.*

“Zaire, where are you?!”

I couldn't believe that I was still with this fool even after he cheated with this bum, Tamika. I noticed how raggedy her weave was as I drug her through the building toward Zaire's apartment.

I was so disgusted.

Tamika was shrieking in pain, as the asphalt scraped her skin away while I drug her along the pavement. I could see pink scarring on the sides of her legs as I was pulling her by the hair.

I was holding on to her nappy, dry weave with every bit of strength that I had in me.

Zaire finally came bursting out of his apartment door. “What the fuck is going on out here?!”

“Yea, nigga, what the fuck *is* going on?!” I screamed in his face. “Here is your bum bitch!”

I let what little was left of her hair weave go, and kicked Tamika's leg.

“Arrgh!” she yelped as she flinched on the ground.

As I walked away from the both of them, I spat over my shoulder. “You better teach all these bitches who to respect!”

I hated this part of the job, but I couldn't come out of character. Otherwise, I would lose everything I had worked for.

I climbed in my black on black 2012 BMW 745 and turned the music up. Placing my Chanel shades on, I started rocking with Keyshia Cole as she said, “These niggas ain't loyal.”

“They shol' the fuck ain't,” I said as I sped off.

I had been doing this shit for so long that I was actually becoming a hood chick. I would have never said or did any of the things I have done within this past year, until I met Zaire.

Okay, let me start from the beginning. My name is Beate Hill. Sometimes people call me Blacc. I'm 5'6" with a beautiful round face and smooth skin the color of chocolate. With full lips and passionate eyes, most people say that I look like a mystical goddess; especially with my long flowing hair. I have a booty so big that I can barely control it.

I never wear any makeup. I have this natural beauty that seems to lure men in. The reason the name Blacc was given to me is because the color black was my favorite color. You can always catch me wearing some type of black clothing. Zaire even started to call me a black widow spider who lured, sexed, and killed her mate because of my constant love of the color black.

I can't really say that I'm a project chick because I wasn't raised anywhere near the projects. I was being forced into this lifestyle, but it was what had to be done to achieve a goal.

I was given to my NaNa, what I called my grandmother, at the age of three, and had been living with her in the city of Pasadena, California, all my life.

That is, until I met Zaire.

My dad was murdered when I was seven, and my mother was never around much. The motorcycle club, and any man she could lay under, was her family. The saddest thing to me was that she kept having kids, only to leave us all on somebody's door step. By the time she was done having kids, she had a total of thirteen.

I was mad about the situation between us for a long time. However, as I grew up, I started thanking her for leaving me. I don't think I would be the person I am today after being bounced around from place to place had I stayed with her.

Besides, I had been with my NaNa for so long that I thought there was no point in making changes. That is, until I met the man that I thought was only in my dreams.

*A Year Earlier*

## CHAPTER ONE

### BEAUTEE

Zaire was my man from the first day that I saw him.

That day, I stood on the bus stop, knowing from intel that he rode by multiple times a day. When the white Escalade pulled up slowly, I recognized him from the surveillance photos.

“Oh my God,” left my lips aloud.

The delectable man driving the Escalade looked up at me with the biggest brown eyes. His lips were so thick and luscious. His caramel colored skin was flawless.

I thought I had died and gone to heaven. I just couldn't look away, although I really had no desire to. This man's smile had me thinking that my heart would jump into the truck with him. I could see his lips moving, but I couldn't even hear anything he said because I was so lost in a world of lust.

Had I not already been married, I would've fallen in love with this man instantly.

*Damn, nobody told me the nigga was this fine.*

Unconsciously, I lost track of the real reason why I was at the bus stop because I was lost in his presence. When I did realize what he was saying, I smiled, and he motioned for me to come over to the truck.

Knowing why I was on the bus stop in the first place, I didn't hesitate. That moment changed the course of my life forever. At this point, the Feds knew that Zaire was moving large quantities of drugs and weapons, that he was a member of the rolling 60's Crip gang, and that he was a suspect in the San Fernan bank robberies.

Yet, we needed more evidence to ensure an open and shut case. In addition, I had personal reasons why I wanted to take Zaire down. I was married to Kevin Bailey, a convicted felon currently residing at Folsom State Prison, convicted of murders that Zaire had committed and pinned on Kevin.

Kevin and Zaire were rival gang members, to say the least. Kevin was sitting in prison with a sentence of twenty-five years to life because of Zaire, and I was determined to gain freedom for my husband. They both had this vendetta against each other while they both aspired to control the Pacoima projects. Kevin and Zaire both wanted to be kingpins of Pacoima and this sparked a lifelong war. These two were known to cause havoc with one another on sight, before Kevin got locked up. With one being a Blood from PPB and the other a Crip from Rolling 60's, there was always gun play, fist fights, and both of them were always in kill mode whenever they crossed paths.

I know it's strange that I was a Fed married to a convicted murderer, but Kevin and I got married fresh out of high school. We were both nineteen. He was arrested the day we were married, before we were even able to consummate our marriage or legalize it with a license. Therefore, our marriage was a secret to many, including the FBI. I still used my maiden name.

The music was so loud as I approached Zaire's truck that I couldn't hear myself think. He pulled over to the curb, got out of his truck and walked toward me. I thought this man was a god. He was so tall, standing at 6'5". He wore all white clothing with the new white Jordan's. A gold Rolex with diamonds throughout the face and band was on his wrist. He was rocking corn rows with a white fitted cap that had "LA" embroidered in blue. Slightly bowlegged, this man was making my body moist with love juice already.

My mouth instantly got dry, my heart was beating fast and my palms started to sweat. I knew that I could and had to continue with this mission, but damn, I couldn't deny the instant chemistry that I felt between us.

What if nothing came out of my mouth or, even worse, what if he thought I was a square? I had practiced for this moment for so long and now I was doubting myself. I could do this. I knew I could. I just needed to keep in mind the reason I was there.

I guess Zaire sensed my woe's because his first words were, "You ain't gotta say shit, Ma. Just hop your fine ass in and ride."

I laughed so hard at that corny line. "Boy, you got jokes, I see."

Yet, I've been riding with this fool from that day forward.

I slid into the passenger seat, and started making small talk. "Now that you've gotten me off of the bus stop and into your truck, can I at least know your name?"

Chuckling, he asked, "You tryin' to tell me that you don't know who I am?"



“Again with the jokes,” I chuckled. “Why would I know who you are?”

Honestly, I got nervous, thinking that I had been made that fast.

“Hmmm, everybody from Pacoima knows me. But since you don’t, I’m Zaire, ma.”

“Well, Zaire, my name is Beatee, and I’m not from Pacoima”

He quickly shot a flirtatious glance at me before returning his eyes to the road. “I see.” Licking his lips, he said, “Yo’ man got you ridin’ buses?”

I knew this was his way of checking if I had a man. “I don’t have a man and my car is in the shop getting some work done on it.”

That day, we got something to eat at Roscoe’s Chicken N’ Waffles in Hollywood and then ended up at his friend’s place in the projects.

This is when all the drama started.

As soon as we walked in, some ratchet female was walking around talking about how she was about to start “stomping bitches out” for messing with her man. There were quite a few people around, so I wasn’t sure of who she might be talking about. Never did I think she was talking to me.

As I took in her sloppy appearance, I then wondered was she even sure she had a man.

*Men will fuck anything that has a pussy*, I thought.

We were all at an apartment that I knew from current evidence was Zaire’s spot. They had the new YG CD blasting through the speakers. Most of the men were in the kitchen shooting dice on the floor or sitting at the table rolling blunts. There was somebody posted behind the door at all times. Crack heads continuously came to the window, where one of the guys would hand them rocks and sometimes argue with many of them about the size of the rock.

When able to, I discreetly took photos of the people there and what they were doing.

When Zaire passed me his cup, I couldn’t say that I had never drank alcohol. Otherwise, he would think something was up. I couldn’t blow my cover so soon, especially when I had done so much to get this case. So I had no choice but to drink up. By the time I was done with the drink, I had been laughing at the girl Talisha, who was still upset about this mystery person up on her man. Everybody was staring at me so I figured I was drunk and should try and stop laughing at her, but she was just too funny.

I guess my laughter got the best of her.

Just then Talisha jumps up and says to me, “While you’re laughing, *you’re* the person I’ve been talking about all night! Zaire is *my* man!”

I started laughing so hard that tears came to my eyes. Before I knew it, this bitch had hit me in my jaw. Due to my occupation, I was very fit. Plus, I had to fight with my brothers on many occasions. She may have thought this would be an easy win, but I was about to show her something.

I dropped my black and gold Chanel hobo bag and started pounded her in the face. I gave her a quick uppercut that sent her head flipping backwards, and by the time it came forward again I was already kneeing Talisha in the face.

Just then, out of the corner of my eye, I see another girl coming for me. Zaire pushed her so hard that she sat flat on her ass. Just as Talisha was trying to swing wildly, but missing me with every swing, somebody in the house grabbed her by the waist, and Zaire now had me in the air and was carrying me outside.

“Put me the fuck down!” I yelled, trying to break free from his ass. “Nah, let this bad feet, turf walking bitch outside! Bitch, you mad because I look better then you?!”

I was furious that I couldn’t finish whooping Talisha’s ass the way that I wanted to. Job or not, no one put their hands on me.

The door slammed just as I broke away from Zaire and was charging toward it.

That was just the beginning of my involvement with Zaire and his hoes.

I turned to Zaire and asked if he could take me home. I had gotten enough intel for the first day. Yet, I told him, “I know my NaNa must be worried. It’s after one in the morning.”

Reluctantly, he obliged.

Once we were in the truck, I asked, “Is that girl serious? Is she your girlfriend? Your standards are awfully low, if she is.”

At that moment, I shamed myself for really caring.

He stopped the truck, looked at me with the most piercing eyes and said, “No, *Beautee*, *you* are my girlfriend.”

All I could do was lower my head to hide the continued shame washing over me because the smile on my face felt so genuine.

I laid my head back and closed my eyes, getting my bearings together. Quietly, I reminded myself that this was a job and Zaire was a target.

His giggle was so alluring. “And stop judging that girl. Don’t the bible say something like ‘judge not let ye’... some shit like that.”

All I could do was drop my head, laugh, and say, “You’re right. God is the judge of us all, so who am I to try and do his job.”

I had to pretend I was the perfect girl in order for Zaire to fall in love with me. I knew he was used to dealing with project chicks and that his attachment to me would be because I was different. Growing up in Pasadena, I was able to give him the best of both worlds, and that’s what I planned to do.

I laid my head back and closed my eyes again. When I felt the truck stop and opened my eyes, we were at the Westin hotel in Los Angeles.

My eyes darted towards Zaire.

Seeing my panic, he said, “Beautee, I just want you to get cleaned up and lay with me for a while. If this makes you uncomfortable and you want to go home after you’re cleaned up, I will take you straight home. Otherwise, you can call your family to let them know you’re okay and that you’ll be home in the morning.”

I called my NaNa. I knew she would be awake and worried. Because of how much she worried at her old age, I never told her what my job was.

“Yes, NaNa, I will be home in time to volunteer at the senior home,” I told her.

I expressed to NaNa that I would soon be twenty-five and moving out sooner than later. Of course, she refuted. We said our goodnights, and I hung up just as Zaire and I walked into the suite. My eyes lit up; the suite we were in was amazing. It had huge floor to ceiling windows. You could see all of L.A. I just stared out of the window for what seemed like hours. I was unaware that Zaire was in the room until he walked up and put his arms around me, kissing the back of my neck. I jumped so hard that he laughed in response.

Again, my nerves were taking over. His effect on me left me at a loss for words. “I...I...I should go take a shower.”

I scurried away; away from his bedroom eyes and inquiring smile.

Once I was behind the bathroom door, I let out a long held breath. I was shaking, and not because of the job. I hadn’t been in this setting with a man other than my husband. Despite my

age and successful career, I was still a virgin. In high school, I was practicing celibacy. That is part of the reason why Kevin and I got married as fast as we could. He was arrested the day of our wedding, before we were even able to consummate our marriage. Since his arrest, I vowed to save myself for the day that he was let out of prison.

After taking a much welcomed shower, I left the bathroom, wrapped in a towel, and entered an empty suite. I didn't hear nor see Zaire, but I saw his phone on the night stand, so I was sure he hadn't gone far.

Just then, I heard the front door. I looked towards the front of the suite and saw him walking in with a bag.

Zaire handed me a wife beater and said, "It's new. You can sleep in that."

Admittedly, I wanted to lure him. Therefore, I dropped the towel, revealing my fit and curvy frame. Yet, I ignored his lust filled glances and hardening dick. I slipped the beater over my head. After throwing my hair into a messy bun, I got comfortable in sheets so exquisite that they melted against my skin.

When Zaire took off his shirt, I fought not to gaze at his chiseled upper body and breathtaking bulge.

"Mmmm. What's that smell?" Zi asked me.

I replied, "Vanilla Moonlight. A scent I created myself. Thank you for noticing."

Leaving for his shower, he smiled and walked into the bathroom. I could hear the shower running but didn't remember anything else until I heard a phone ringing. Half awake, I realized that that was my alarm. I smiled when I saw that Zaire had slept at the other end of the bed.

Just as I turned the alarm off, he rolled over.

My insides shivered at the fact that, even fresh out of sleep, this man was sexy.

"Good morning," he told me with a smile.

I couldn't believe how bashful I felt as I said, "Good morning."

"Wanna go to breakfast?"

"I can't. I have to run home, change clothes, and get to the senior center where I volunteer on weekends. Do you think you can drop me off there?" I asked as I began to gather my things.

"Yeah, ma. I got you,"

What I really needed to do was get to a computer to upload the pictures from the night before to email to my captain.

After I changed clothes and told NaNa that I would see her later, we were finally headed to the senior home.

I loved volunteering with the older adults. Some of them had families who cared enough to visit but others didn't. My favorite was Reba, a middle aged Black woman with this wild long nappy wig. She wore fire engine red lipstick that was never actually on her lips. She would always say the singer James Brown was her father. I often wondered what happened to her that left her in a place like that at her age. Reba waited every day for her "limo to come," which never came.

She always said, "Don't tell anybody about my money because they will want my money and my *cookie*."

I would laugh and say, "Girl, give them the cookie. Keep your money. You can always go shopping!"

Before I left the home, I snuck into one of the offices, uploaded the pictures in my phone, and emailed them to my captain.

To my surprise, Zaire was outside waiting by his truck when I walked out of the senior living community. He had a huge smile on his face and the most beautiful black and white roses.

This man was truly stealing my heart.

For the next couple of weeks, I went to work, which was only a few hours at the office to do paperwork, turn in whatever evidence I was able to get, go over our next plan of action, and then I was right back beside Zaire.

We would go out to eat, maybe a movie, shopping, or to the beach. We had a few picnics and talked a lot about our future, but most of our time was spent in the projects, which was right where I needed to be. Zaire had even gotten comfortable enough with me to take me along on a few of his drops.

I wasn't really comfortable being in the projects all the time because none of the females talked to me and all the guys would stare. The women would roll their eyes and mumble little insults, but I played it cool. I just smiled, as long as nobody tried their hand, with enough nerve to run up on me. I had no problem keeping my distance from those chicks.

The following week, after meeting Zaire, I was attending a promotion ceremony for a few of my fellow co-workers and needed to get ready for the event. I told Zaire I couldn't see him much that week.

He whimpered, like he would miss me.

I giggled, "Aww, honey. I will hook up with you as soon as I'm done."

Since we couldn't see each other, we talked sun up to sun down. We were able to learn more about each other. On one of our many calls, I tried to get him to open up so that he continued to fall deeper and trust me with his secrets.

"Hey, babe. I don't want to sound nosey, but can I ask you a few questions?"

"Sure, ma. You can ask me anything. Wassup?"

"Well, I was wondering if you had any siblings. I mean, you never really talk about your family."

"Yeah, bae. I have four brothers. I don't talk about them much 'cause... I just don't."

His sudden shortness and attitude caught me off guard and piqued my curiosity. But I played it cool. "Hmm, okay. Don't get all upset... What about school? Did you finish or what?"

"Nah, I didn't finish. A nigga been thinking about goin' back though, but I ain't really found the time."

"I can help you with anything you need. I can even look into some night classes for you, if you want. Just let me know, and I got you."

In a crazy way, I now felt bad for him and all I wanted to do was love and help him, which was something I knew I wouldn't be able to do.

After the promotion ceremony the next day, Zaire called to say that he was on his way to get me and had a surprise for me as well. I hadn't spent any time with my best friend, Moonshay, and felt bad so I asked if she could come along. Zaire was under the impression that I worked in the AT&T building as a customer service specialist, which was literally a block away from my actual office on Van Nuys Blvd. Therefore, me and Moonshay made our way over there.

Since Moonshay was a Federal Agent as well, she had already heard many of the stories surrounding the projects, as she sat in on a few of the meetings at the office. However, since we were also best friends, I shared with her the inappropriate things that this man made me feel and how he treated me. Therefore, she couldn't wait to meet him.

“Moon, close your mouth before you capture a few flies inside,” I said while pretending to shoo flies away.

Moon stared in awe at the gift bag Zaire was walking toward us with. Zi had gotten out of his truck and was walking towards us carrying a Tiffany bag and the most beautiful black Louis Vuitton bag I ever saw.

I wasn't really used to receiving gifts from men. Though Kevin was a street nigga, as soon as he was about to make enough money to spoil me with gifts, he was sent to prison.

I wrapped my arms around his neck and hugged him so tight. To be honest, I was happier to see him than I was about the gifts. Opening the Tiffany box, there was a three carat diamond tennis bracelet with a necklace and dog tag that read “Ms. Zaire” encrusted in diamonds. I looked at him and he just smiled and put the necklace around my neck, while I put the bracelet on. Zaire kissed the back of my neck after he clamped the necklace closed, and between my legs instantly got warm and wet.

I couldn't believe what this man was doing to me. All I wanted to do was be in his presence. He didn't know it but he had stolen my heart as well as everything that came with it. My career was being jeopardized by this one man and I had to figure a way out of one or both.

