

The Boy Is Mine

You need to give it up.

Had about enough.

It's not hard to see, the boy is mine.

-Monica and Brandy

“The party is going to be so dope!” Cam told Maryam and Aziza as they got dressed.

“Hell yea!” Maryam applied mascara to her eyelashes.

Camilla had her dreads in Shirley Temple curls. She was wearing a purple Donna Karan dress that TJ had brought her and a pair of gold pumps. She was putting on her lip gloss when her phone rang. She turned down the music to answer.

“Hey baby.” she sang sweetly.

“Hey boo.” He replied. “What you doing?” he asked.

“I told you we were going to a party.” Camilla scrunched up her eyebrows.

“Oh, yea that’s right. So Imma see you after that?” he asked.

“Yea, baby.” she smiled.

“Okay. Have fun.” He hung up. Camilla turned the music back up and they finished getting ready.

The line for the party was wrapped around the corner; luckily Darrian had some pull so they just walked in. There were people lined from corner to corner. Half of them went to West Side High School and majority of them were from the same area so there was some familiar faces in the place.

Camilla and the twins went to get a drink. She spotted that chick Scarlett sitting at a table. She reminded Cam that she was TJ’s baby mama every time she saw her. Camilla was trying to ignore her presence but the hood rat wanted to be noticed. She came to the bar and stood next to Camilla.

“What up though? Still chasin?” the girl eyed Camilla.

“What, bitch?” Camilla snapped her neck and her teeth at the same damn time.

“Bitch you heard me.” Scarlett yelled over the music.

“If you don’t get yo stink pussy having ass out my face before I fuck you up!” Camilla yelled. Before you knew it, Scarlett smacked her. Aziza and Maryam tried to pull them apart but Camilla was on top of the girl, pounding her face. Darrian grabbed Cam by the waist and pulled her away. “You stupid bitch. Imma kill you!” Camilla shouted as he dragged her from the club.

“Man, what’s up with you?” Aziza asked her best friend. Camilla spit blood on to the street as she pulled out her cell phone.

“That bitch got the wrong one. Imma whip her ass every time I see her.” her hands were shaking as she dialed TJ. “Ayo come get yo baby momma!” she screamed into the phone.

“What the fuck going on?” he asked.

“You better come get this bitch before I kill her!” Camilla spat as she hung up and tossed the phone into her purse. “Hold this.” She shoved the bag into Maryam’s chest as Scarlett and her crew shimmered out of the club.

Camilla made a mad dash for the crowd with Aziza and Maryam on her heels. She landed a power kick to Scarlett’s chest, sending the girl to the ground where she proceeded to stomp her. A loud engine roared on the street and TJ appeared. He pulled Camilla off of Scarlett for the second time and threw her into his car.

“Here girl!” Maryam slid her purse through the window as TJ got into the car.

“Man, look at you!” he was referring to her bloody lip and busted nose. She used a tissue to clean herself up. “What were you thinking? That’s it! No more going out!” TJ was furious. He sped up the parkway giving her a lecture.

Camilla felt like she was being scolded by her father. She was ignoring most of what he was saying as tears streamed down her face. He whipped the car into park in front of a condominium complex and continued his tongue lashing for ten minutes. He turned the car off and hopped out, leaving Camilla in her feelings. He knocked on the window, startling her.

“Let’s go!” he yelled. She slowly pulled herself together and followed him into the house.

“I told you bout being out in the streets being wild. That shit aint lady like.” He continued to yell at her. He was all in her face while she stood close to the door. “Don’t do the stupid shit no more!” he barked, smacking the wall behind her.

Camilla watched as he went into the kitchen and then burst into tears. She slid down the wall and on to the floor. She muffled her cries with her hands while she tried to think of what to do. The girl quickly wiped her tears and jumped to her feet. She wiped her hands over her dress and staggered into the kitchen. She wrapped her arms around him and kissed him lightly on the lips.

“I’m sorry, Baby.” she told him while her hand slipped into his pants. She rubbed on him until he became erect.

TJ kissed Cam on the neck. She was so sexy to him; even more so when he was mad at her. He wasn’t sure what the seventeen year old girl did for him but he knew he wasn’t letting her go. He pushed her against the counter and picked her up. She pressed her lips against his and pulled him to her with her

legs. She moaned something into his mouth as she unbuckled his pants. His Trues fell above the rim of his Tall Can Timberland boots. He pushed her panties aside and slid his finger into her tight canal.

“Baby, I’m so sorry.” She pleaded as she pushed herself into his hand.

TJ stood on his tippy toes and lifted her from the counter. She wiggled her hips until he was all the way inside of her. He wrapped one of his hands around her neck, squeezing it tightly. He used the other one to slam himself into her.

“Don’t ever do that shit again.” He warned as his grip on her neck tightened. “You hear me?” he squeezed her tighter. Camilla could only nod as tears escaped her eyes. She put her hand on top of his but he only tightened his grip.

“Please.” She managed to whisper as he punished her pussy. “Please, you’re hurting me.”

TJ let out a wet nut and slowly let her go. She gasped for air and rubbed her neck. He backed away and pulled up his pants. He left the girl there and went upstairs. More tears fell from her eyes. Camilla hopped off the counter and met him upstairs in the bed room.

TJ handed her a towel and wash cloth. “Go get yourself together.” He told her.

She looked at herself for a long while in the mirror. Her pretty face was ruined. That bitch packed a good punch. Camilla let out a deep sigh and then stepped into the shower. She let the pounding hot water soothe her.

He was in bed with the blanket up to his waist. She climbed into the bed next to him. She felt a shiver up her spine and her heart started to beat very fast. It felt like her first time all over again.

“I’m sorry.” She whispered. He pulled her face to him and kissed her gently on the lips. His free hand pulled her body to him.

He kissed her on the neck and then his kisses traveled down her arm to her fingertips. He sucked on her side as he pushed her back into the bed. His mouth swirled around her navel and then dipped into her love box. She moaned slightly while he slurped up her warm juice. He pulled himself up on his knees and the imprint of his manhood against his boxers was bigger than Duke’s. Oh Lawd, she thought as she tried to relax. He lubricated her vagina with one hand and massaged himself with the other.

“Turn around.” He ordered and she obliged. She was on her knees preparing for him to enter. He guided himself into her and began to hump her lightly. She moaned but she wanted more. Camilla slammed her ass into his pelvis and begged for him to do it harder. It was the first time she had been fucked and she wanted to feel every part of it. TJ grabbed her by the hair and waist and pulled her to him in a fast rhythm.

“OH MY GOOOODDDDD!” Camilla screamed as she felt her body shake but TJ was not done and he just kept on stroking. She felt him spasm and then release. He pulled out and hot, sticky sperm dripped from her. Camilla collapsed on the bed and wrapped the cover around her.

“You okay?” he asked.

“Yea.” She nodded as tears slid down her face.

TJ rolled over and out of the bed. He went into the bathroom, adjacent to the room and shut the door. Camilla let out a loud sigh as more tears escaped. She had officially cheated on Duke.