

**Blaque Diamond Publications presents:**  
**Diary of a Hood Princess**  
**K.L. Hall**

## **Chapter 1**

I read somewhere once that the worst thing a good girl could do was fall for a hood ass nigga, and that's exactly what I did. It's been almost three months since I became a runner for Justice. Three months since Kris' death... There are still parts of me that want to scream out and rebel. I never asked for this life, and at first I hated everything about it. But shit, you know just as well as I do certain bitches just don't handle change well. I'm one of them. I was perfectly fine living my normal life as a junior fashion consultant for a prestigious firm in lower Manhattan, making my way up the corporate ladder so I could put my Bachelor's degree to good use and tell Sallie Mae to kiss my ass. Going in and out as I pleased and never looking over my shoulder was a privilege; something I took for granted. I miss being naïve, I miss not knowing shit about the hood. But ever since Kris died, my life has become one whirlwind after the next. I still remember Kris' death like it was yesterday. But before I start my story, let me shoot you a little disclaimer. Anything you read from here on out, you better not judge. Just know I'm lettin' you in on some confidential shit, okay? What's that old sayin'? Somethin' about don't point the finger if your own hands ain't clean, or somethin' like that.

I was in my apartment about to leave for work when there was a knock at my door. All my close friends and relatives lived in Virginia, so I knew it could only be one person, my best friend, Kris. But when I answered the door there were four big men standing in my doorway dressed in all black.

"Can I help you?" I snapped. I wasn't scared of those niggas.

One asked, "Yo, is Kris here?"

"No, he don't live here, and who the fuck are you?" I hated that I had to come out of character before I even had my first sip of coffee, but they were trying me early.

"Oh, this bitch got a little mouth on her, I like that," another one said.

"Watch who you callin' a bitch!" I said, pointing my finger right at him.

"Fuck out the way," the largest one said, pushing past me.

Three of the four men ransacked my tiny one-bedroom apartment in search of Kris, who wasn't there. I had no reason to lie to them niggas, he had his own spot. I never stopped to question why they just didn't go there or how they even knew about me. "I'm gonna call the cops!" I yelled, reaching for my cell.

"By the time they get here we will be gone."

An ugly, tall brown-skinned man who didn't bother to cover his face yelled from the doorway. "Let it go nigga, he ain't here, let's go."

All the men walked past him and back down the stairs while he stood there, staring at me.

"Why are you still here?" I asked.

"Look, if you see Kris, tell him Benny is looking for him," he warned.

“Is that a threat?” I asked. “What’s going on? What do you even want with him?”

“If you wanna see that nigga alive again, you’ll relay the message.”

The mysterious man turned to leave, but my dumb ass just had to stop him. “Wait, I didn’t get your name.”

“That’s because I ain’t give it to you. The only name you need to remember is Benito Reyes,” he said and left.

**A COUPLE HOURS** later Kris showed up at my door with yellow tulips and a bag full of Chinese takeout in hand. I couldn’t help but smile, he was always so thoughtful.

“Kris, what’s with the flowers and Chinese?”

“You forgot? Today’s Thursday, it’s movie night girl!” He said, flashing his panty-dropping smile.

I sighed long and hard. It had totally slipped my mind that it was Thursday already. It had been a long, slow week and I was up to my neck in client referrals. I forced another smile and sat down next to him on my black leather couch. I was still shaken by the visit from those thug niggas earlier, so I decided the best way to approach the situation was to bring it up.

“Kris...you’d never lie to me about anything would you?”

“No, why?” he asked, mouth full of General Tsos chicken and fried rice.

I exhaled deeply. “Are you in some sort of trouble or something?”

He put his chopsticks down and looked at me. “What did you hear?”

“I didn’t hear anything...really.”

“Then where’d that question come from? You’ve never asked me anything like that before.”

I sighed. “Look, four guys came here today looking for you, they said you were in some sort of trouble and if I wanted to see you alive, I’d tell you that somebody named Benito or Benny is looking for you,” I blurted out all in one breath.

“I can’t believe those niggas came here!” he yelled.

“Tell me what’s really going on here. I can’t help you unless I know what’s really going on.”

“You don’t need to know shit else,” he said in an uncouth tone.

“What? How is that fair? How is keeping me in the dark beneficial at all? These niggas want you for a reason Kris!” I yelled, letting my emotions get the best of me.

“Syd, I’m not perfect, okay? You wanna know the truth, here it is. I’ve been selling drugs since I was a damn kid in high school. I’ve dealt with some dangerous niggas, made some friends and made some enemies. The niggas that came here are a part of another crew, a crew me and my niggas don’t fuck with. They were probably looking for me because my nigga Cane was found murdered over in Harlem two nights ago, and word on the street is I’m next. I’ve been distancing myself from everybody, trying to keep a low profile, but niggas don’t understand that. All I know is I’ve got to handle mine and do what I gotta do to protect you, even if it means—

“Dying? Kris are you fuckin’ crazy? Go to the police!”

“Sydney, listen to yourself, the police? The fuck are they gonna do? The cops ain’t never did nothin’ around my way but make shit worse. Look, I’ve got some money set aside, I’m going to head down south for a while, stay with some family until shit dies down around here, and once I’m out of the picture shit will be good, but you’ve got to promise to keep your mouth shut,” he said sternly.

I nodded and he leaned in and kissed my forehead and then gently kissed my lips for the first time. My stomach did a backflip. Best friends or not, Kris was sexy. He was tall with milk chocolate brown skin that dripped from his head to his toes like an ice-cream cone in 90 degree weather. He had a dimple in his left cheek, and always smelled of fresh soap. His eyes were copper brown, and he had thick, lickable lips and wore a Caesar haircut with waves that flowed like the ocean. Although he was slim, his muscles rippled through his white T-shirt, and I could only imagine what the bulge in

his pants looked like. Okay, okay, so Kris and I were a little more than best friends, but only in my head. I had always fantasized about what it would be like for us to be together, but I never thought he felt the same way.

“I’ll be fine, okay? I’ve been staying at a hotel for the past few days, can’t go back to my place right now, but I got a few things to carry me over for a while. Promise me you won’t go back to my place or come to where I’m staying. It’s not safe.”

“I...I promise,” I said, leaning in for another kiss.

He leaned in to gently kiss me and just like that I was hooked. I shifted nervously against the leather underneath me. He placed his hand on the nape of my neck to pull me in closer while slowly parting my lips with his warm tongue. I could taste the spices on them from the food. Kris started toying with the ridged fabric on my cut-off NYU T-shirt, moving his hands up my naked back deliberately slow. I could feel my silk panties becoming moist with anticipation. Lord knows I’d waited for that moment forever. He unhooked my red lace bra with his left hand and placed kisses on my neck as the bra slipped off my perky C-cup breasts. By that point a puddle had formed in my panties and heat was radiating from in between my thighs. I wanted Kris, and I wanted him bad. Kris lifted my shirt up over my head and ran his fingertips over my erect, tan nipples and down my flat stomach to my navel. I sat up and lifted his shirt over his head and began to unbuckle his jeans.

“Let’s go to my room,” I said between kisses.

Kris picked me up and carried me to my room where he placed me gently on the bed. I pulled back my brown and beige striped comforter and surrounded myself with my sheets. Kris slid down his jeans and boxers, revealing his large dick. With his dick leading the way, he walked over to me slowly, stroking his long shaft with his right hand. I could’ve come from just watching him. My pussy was like a waterfall for Kris, I was so ready for him I could taste him. He climbed on top of me and kissed me again, pressing his hard dick against the soaked fabric I once called my panties. He smiled, “Somebody’s ready for me I see.”

I could feel my cheeks turning red. I wanted to scream “*Just fuck me already!*” But I knew all good things came in time, so I tried my best to relax and enjoy the moment.

“Can I taste you tonight, Sydney?”

I sat up on my elbows and nodded indefinitely while biting on my bottom lip. Kris made his way down to my breasts and kissed them lightly while sucking on my throbbing nipples, then made his way down to my hairless pussy, spread my juicy pussy lips and latched his succulent lips onto my clit and started to grind it between his teeth. I instantly moaned and wrapped my legs around his neck, nearly strangling him while I began to rotate my hips. He flicked my clit with his tongue repeatedly and then drug his tongue from the opening of my slit to my asshole. My moans became uncontrollable as he rolled his tongue inside me and reached up to slap my titties. “Ooh, shit, yeah, yeah,” I moaned.

Kris slid his middle finger inside me and moved it to the same rhythm as his tongue. I leaned up and gripped the back of his head, stroking my fingers against his smooth hair as he buried his face inside my dripping wet pussy. He sucked on my clit and I threw my head back as my thighs began to shake around his neck. “Mmm, fuckkkkkk!” I exploded my sweet nectar into his mouth. Kris smiled and wiped his mouth with his left hand while reaching over for his jeans that lay carelessly on the floor, fishing for a condom.

“I hope you’re not tapping out. We just getting started,” he said.

I laid there silently, still coming down off my first orgasm when he slid his large dick inside my wet hole. I let out a loud moan and gripped both of his strong arms, digging my nails into his tattooed skin as the head of his erection pushed through my tight slit. It had been a long time since I'd had some dick...some good dick anyway, and Kris was just what the doctor ordered. He continued with slow, deep strokes for a while until my walls stopped screaming mercy and got use to the width of his dick.

"Are you okay?" He asked.

"Yes, don't stop."

"Turn over," he said. "I wanna see you take it from the back."

Kris flipped me over and mounted my ass from behind. He slid his dick back into my warm pussy, that time pushing in and out with ease. He cupped my naked breasts from behind and flicked my nipples with his thumb as he pumped into me. Kris raised his left hand up and around to reach my lips. He parted them and slid his middle finger in.

"Suck on it," he said seductively.

I took it in my mouth like it was a firecracker Popsicle and damn near sucked the brown off his finger, slowly tightening my jaws around it and then releasing it.

"Tell me how it tastes," he said.

"Mmm, it tastes so good," I moaned.

He pushed his dick deeper into my raining pussy. "How good Sydney, tell daddy how good it tastes."

"Mmm, shit Kris, it tastes so fuckin' good."

He firmly gripped my naturally curly black hair that ran down my back. "Ooh shit," he said through his teeth. "That's right, throw that ass back for daddy."

I looked over my shoulder at him and bit my bottom lip. Sweat was pouring off his forehead and glistening on his smooth chest, trying to find a home in the creases of his abs. I pushed my ass back against his thighs. "You like this daddy?"

He slapped my ass. "Yeah baby girl just like that."

"Oooh shit," I yelled, sucking in air through my teeth. "I'm about to cum!"

Kris slapped my ass again and sped up the pace, pumping in and out of my swollen pussy until I felt my walls tighten and release my cream.

"Ahh shit, shit, shit, cum for me Kris, I want you to cum for me!" I yelled as my body started to convulse.

"You want me to cum right now for you, Syd?" He asked through clenched teeth.

"Yes, yes, right fuckin' now baby!" I squealed.

Kris tightened his grip around my small waist and pumped faster into me until he came. "Ahhh shit!" He groaned.

He pulled out of me, panting fiercely and collapsed beside me. An automatic, no thought necessary sleep fell upon us afterward. Kris' dick was the best dick I'd ever had, too bad it was our first and our last time.

**THE NEXT MORNING** when I woke up, I was greeted by a note on the pillow where Kris had slept the night before. I rubbed my eyes, sat up and opened it.

*Sydney,*

*This is really hard for me to tell you, but as I've told you before, I've made some mistakes. The one thing I'll never regret was getting so close to you and falling in love with you. I've kept this secret for so long, but I thought now would be the perfect time to tell you before I missed my chance. I am completely in love with you girl. The reason I kissed you was because I knew that I couldn't leave you without ever tasting your lips. I hope you don't think we took things too far, because everything was perfect. You are sleeping so peacefully right now, I don't want to wake you, so pay attention to the rest of this letter in detail. I am leaving to go back to my hotel room, pack my things and head out on the 4 o'clock train down to Memphis. In the bottom drawer in your closet I've left you \$10,000. Save it, you'll need it for when I have you come and live with me. In two hours go into hotel room 1304 at the Royal Suites on 34<sup>th</sup> and Lennox, there will be another \$50,000 there waiting for you in a safe under the bed. The hotel room key and code to the safe are in your wallet. Be safe. I'll see you soon.*

*Love,  
Kris*

I jumped out of my sheets in an agitated frenzy. How could he lay all that shit on me in a note? I threw on a black velour sweat suit and my grey and white Jordan cool grey 11's, grabbed my keys and shoved the note in my purse. I had to get to Kris before he left to tell him just how I felt. I hopped in my car and sped over to the hotel, ran into the lobby and jumped into the first available elevator to ride it up to the 13<sup>th</sup> floor. My knees were knocking against each other, and I could barely catch my breath. *Ding*' the elevator had finally stopped. I pushed past the others exiting on the same floor as I was and raced to find room 1304. When I found it, the door was open. I walked in and found Kris lying there brutally beaten and bleeding on the oddly patterned hotel carpet. I ran over to him. "Oh my God, Kris, just hold on, I'm going to call 9-1-1." "Syd, stay back!" he said through a bloody mouth.

And that's the last thing I remember before being knocked unconscious.