

Blaque Diamond Publications presents:

Diary of a Hood Princess 3: Justice's Revenge

By K.L. Hall

Chapter 1

Against my better judgment, I turned on the TV again. Still only three bodies had been found through the debris and identified, while a dozen more were not, and none of them were Justice. Officers were still searching for more bodies, but it didn't look good. I sighed and began to realize that life as I knew it was over. There was a strong chance that Justice was really dead, and that meant that if there ever was to be a future for us, it was no longer going to happen. I began to cry into my pillow again as I held it close to me. "Maybe I should pray," I thought. My mother always told me that when everything around me seemed to be crumbling, God would be my saving grace. I wiped my tears and crawled off my bed and got on my knees. I put my hands together, bowed my head and began to pray.

"Dear Lord, I know I'm probably the last person you want to hear from...I don't even know if you're listening, or even want to listen. But if you are, I think the first thing I need to ask for is forgiveness. I know I've made a lot of mistakes in my life, mostly over the past year, but I don't think that you would just place Justice in my life for no reason, and then just take him away like this.

Please God, if I never ask you for anything again, please let Justice be alright, even if I never get to see him again, just knowing that he was alive would be enough for me. In Jesus name I pray, Amen."

I kept my head bowed for a few seconds and kneeled in silence. The only sound that could be heard throughout the house was the TV blaring in the background, when I heard the doorbell ring. I decided against answering it, nobody ever visited me, and if they did, I didn't have anything to say at the time. I didn't need any more bad news. The doorbell began to chime again and again. "Who the fuck is at my door?" I yelled into my comforter. I pulled myself away from my bed and made my way downstairs, whoever was on the other side of that door was about to get an earful. I hastily swung open the door and there through the dirt and debris caked up on his face stood, Justice.

“Hello Sydney.”

I gasped. Justice was back...

MY HEART DROPPED.

Justice was standing on my door step. And as beat up as he looked, I was just grateful to know I hadn't lost him for good. Before I could rub my eyes to see if I was dreaming, he pulled me into his chest and held me tight. His heart would beat normally for three beats, then skip on every fourth, and then go back to normal. Just to feel him next to me was more than anything I could imagine or hope for. He smelled like sweat, burnt fuel and old rubber. His hair had grown out into a mini afro on top of his head, his facial hair sprouted wildly all over his face, and his body had been well worked out. His arm muscles seemed to have doubled in size since I'd last seen him, his shoulders were broad and his chest stuck out in a godly stance when he was just standing normally. Just taking him in with my eyes alone formed a puddle in my panties. We stood there staring at each other for what seemed like hours, just breathing in each other's air in the silence of my doorway. Justice loosened his grip around my waist and started to walk into the house. After snapping out of my daze, I closed the door and we both directed our attention to the television. The news was still focused on what they were now calling a “fatal bus accident,” but still had no more details than they'd had the hour before. For that, I was grateful. Justice sat on my couch without saying a word, then he looked up at me. “Come sit with me.”

I looked down and realized my feet were still planted by the door. I walked over and sat beside him, but turned to face him. Every bone in my body was jittery like I'd consumed way more caffeine than my body could handle. His presence made me nervous, but I needed to know how he escaped something that I was sure he couldn't have survived. “Justice...how did you? How are you? What happened?” I asked, all in a pile of broken sentences.

“All that matters is I'm here with you now, ain't that enough for you?” he asked.

Of course it was, but I wanted to know more. I *needed* to know more. If the police found out he had gotten out of that fire alive, they'd for sure be on his trail and ready to lock him up for good and throw away the key. I decided not to push my questions onto him and simply replied with a head nod. He leaned over and kissed me gently. It was short, but didn't lack a drop of passion. “We need to get out of New York, tonight,” he said.

“I was thinking the same thing,” I told him. “But don't you think it might be a little too suspect right now? Maybe we should just lay low for a bit, until there's a new breaking story all over the airwaves. We just need to see where the cards are gonna fall right now baby.”

Justice looked at me and then looked back at the TV. “You're right. We'll give it a few days and then we're out of here, no matter what.”

“Okay,” I agreed. “I'm going to go run you a hot bath baby so you can relax.”

“Nah, I got it. I’ll just take a shower, and maybe a nap.”

“Okay, I’ll cook us dinner. What do you want? I’ll make you anything.”

“You cook?” Justice asked, slightly surprised with a smirk on his face.

I smiled. “Hell yeah! I can throw down in the kitchen baby.”

“Well you do that then, I’ll go wash up,” he said and kissed my forehead.

Justice made his way up the stairs and I made my way into the kitchen and started looking in the refrigerator and freezer for something to cook. I started to defrost the steaks I had pulled out, when I heard the shower turn on. I started to think about how good Justice’s naked body would look under all those filthy clothes. I could feel my panties starting to moisten again. Figuring I owed it to myself, I decided to take a sneak a peek. I quietly walked up the steps and made my way into the bathroom. Justice’s clothes were neatly folded into a pile in the corner; I smiled and gently pulled back the shower curtain. Justice was standing with his back to me, his caramel colored skin was lathered in soap while beads of water danced down his face, washing the dirt and pandemonium of the day away. Although he was getting clean, I wanted to make him filthy again...

Justice looked over at me and smirked. I knew we were thinking the exact same thing. In one swift move, he pulled me into the shower with my clothes on. He pulled me close to him and placed his soft lips against mine. An instant jolt made its way throughout my entire body just from his simple kiss. I could only imagine what he had in store for me. As we kissed, our tongues began to swirl around in each other’s mouths like teenagers; my knees began to shake. I wanted him more than I’d ever wanted anything in my life. Justice pulled my shirt over my head and unhooked my bra with one hand, as he attacked my nipples. He never took his eyes off me as he massaged my breasts. He was staring at me like he’d never seen me before; his glance was so erotic, my legs began to shake more and more. As water droplets made their way into the creases of his waves, he began to kiss down from my breasts to my stomach as I leaned against the shower wall. I could tell he missed me. “You’re so sexy,” he told me, between kisses.

I smiled.

“Is this still my pussy?” he asked, as he pulled down my wet denim jeans that were sticking to my skin. My panties slid off with them. Justice dropped down to his knees so that he could be face to face with my groomed pussy.

My breath hitched. Before I could answer, he lifted my right thigh onto his shoulder, spread my legs and began kissing my inner thighs as his hands continued to roam over my breasts and ass. I was moaning uncontrollably, pulling my nipples and spreading my juicy pussy lips apart with my fingers as he nibbled on my clit. The more he licked, the more I began to mess up the wave pattern in his head as I carelessly ran my hands through them in ecstasy. Justice started to lick my pussy at an agonizingly slow pace and blowing on my clit while beads of water added to the wetness that had already accumulated between my thighs. His licks were so gentle that he barely extended his tongue out of his mouth, but the pleasure he was giving me was still enough to

drive me straight to my climax. Then unexpectedly, he inserted his long tongue inside my pussy as he licked up and down my pussy lips, then kissed them like he missed them.

“Ooh, fuck, Justice baby, I’m gonna cum if you keep lickin’ my pussy like that,” I moaned, as my eyes started to roll back inside my head.

“That’s exactly what I want you to do,” he said.

After lapping at my pussy, he came back up to enjoy the taste of my caramel nipples some more, then made his way up to kiss my neck. His teeth sunk into my flesh like a vampire. “Mmm, shit, that feels so good. Fuck me right now.”

Justice turned me around roughly, and slid his entire dick inside me in one long stroke. I didn’t mind the pain, shit, I wouldn’t have minded if he wanted to stick his dick in my ass at that moment, I was his for the taking. “Mmm, shit, give me more,” I screamed as I reached back to spread my ass cheeks apart with my left hand, while rubbing my clit with my right. Justice bent me over some more and licked his finger and slid it down the crack of my ass and into my asshole. I jolted forward in shock, and then leaned back in pleasure. I started thrusting my ass back onto his finger, so it would go deeper into my ass. “Mmm, I want to cum all over your fuckin’ dick baby, mmm, yeah, just like that, right there!” I screamed.

Justice grabbed both of my hips tightly, forcing my cheek against the shower wall. The steam from the shower had fogged up the entire bathroom. I still managed to gasp for air between moans. He continued to ram his dick inside me until the water got too cold. “I’m not through with you yet,” he said, as he turned the water off and carried me to my bedroom. Justice laid me down on the bed gently and began to eat my pussy again. I started to grind my hips and push my pussy forward into his mouth for him to feed on. He began to tongue and finger fuck me simultaneously; occasionally pulling his dripping fingers out for me to taste. I eagerly sucked on them, knowing they tasted like his dick and his dick only. It was solidified at that moment. Justice was the only man for me.

“I want to taste every part of your body Sydney,” he said.

He slid off the bed and took my right foot into his hand and began to massage it and then sucked on my toes while his fingers played inside my pussy. My legs started to shake tremendously and I watched his hard dick pulsate and jump up and down as he stared at me. I couldn’t take it anymore. I pulled my foot away from him, pushed him down onto the floor and gripped his big dick with both hands and shoved it in and out of my wet mouth. I was concentrating so hard on sucking his beautiful dick, listening to the slurping, gargling and gagging sounds as I deep-throated every inch of it.

“Open your eyes,” he told me.

I popped my eyes open and looked up at him. He was biting his bottom lip and staring at me with lust-filled eyes. I pushed my throat down deeper onto his dick, I didn’t give a fuck if I choked on it, I was determined to suck the brown off his dick. “Mmm, yeah, that’s it, get it nice and wet, spit on it for daddy,” he growled.

I pulled it out and spit a generous wad of saliva onto his dick and rubbed it in like lotion, then went back to sucking on him. “Ooh shit Sydney, slow down,” he moaned, as he gently slid his dick out of my mouth. “Now, come ride this wet ass dick.”

I gave him a devilish grin and mounted his dick as it widened my walls. I began to grind slowly. “You like it when I ride you like this?”

Justice smacked my ass. “Hell yeah.”

He continued to smack and grip my ass as I started to ride him faster. I bounced up and down on his dick as my ass slapped against his muscular thighs. His grip got tighter and tighter around my waist as I leaned in to bounce my breasts in his face. Justice took my right nipple into his mouth and began to bite on it. The pain was turning me on even more. I hopped off his dick and began sucking it again. “Fuck, turn that ass around and let me taste that pussy again.”

I spun around into the 69 position and lowered my pussy onto his face as I sucked him dry. He was licking up my pussy and into my asshole while his strong hands gripped my ass and spread my cheeks apart. I wanted the moment to last forever. I spit on his dick to get it even wetter and then jumped back on it and started riding him like my life depended on it. “Oooh shit baby, I’m about to fuckin’ cum!” I moaned.

Justice pulled me off of his dick and pushed me down onto the floor and started slapping his dick against my wet pussy. “Mmm, shit baby, you know I like it when you do that shit. Fuck me, make me fuckin’ cum!”

Justice pushed his dick back through my slit and started fucking me like crazy. “Mmm, your dick feels so fuckin’ good!”

“Goddamn, it’s so fuckin’ wet Sydney.”

“Mmm, yes it is,” I moaned.

“Shit, is this my fuckin’ pussy Sydney?”

“Mmm, always baby, always your pussy!”

“Shit, I’m about to fuckin’ nut!”

“Oooh, yeah, cum for me baby, I’m about to cum tooooo!”

Justice pumped faster inside me until he released his cum inside me and collapsed on top of me. I held his sweaty body against mine as we tried to catch our fleeing breaths. After five minutes, Justice got up and looked at me. “Turn over, I’m not finished yet,” he said, and fucked me for another two hours.

I WOKE UP lying in Justice’s arms. It felt like heaven on earth. After our amazing sex sessions, we both passed out from exhaustion. I looked over at him and he was still sleeping peacefully. I sat up slowly and a wave of nausea came over me. I jumped up and rushed to the bathroom to throw up, and that’s when I remembered the pregnancy test I’d buried in the trash can and tried to erase from my long and short-term memory. Truthfully, I’d forgotten all about the baby when

I saw Justice again. I was still taken aback and in shock about finding out I was pregnant, and that there was a strong chance it was Ace's child, but I couldn't help myself when Justice showed up on my doorstep. What would you have done? The bottom line was that I had to get rid of it, but with everything we'd been through, I just couldn't tell Justice.

Chapter 2

THEY SAY GUILTY dogs always bark, and I must've been howling. No matter how much I wanted to hide it, the pregnancy was becoming more and more evident through my excessive tiredness and the urge to vomit all day long. I knew Justice needed to know the truth, but only after I had taken care of the one thing that was standing in between our happiness, the fetus. Yes, I said fetus. There was no way that I was going to claim and raise something that transpired from a rape from a nigga that was sick in the head. I couldn't wait to export the demon seed growing inside me. Like it or not, it had to be done. The more the days went on, the more I knew I needed to get the abortion, and I needed to do it fast, so I contacted a doctor about 30 minutes away from my house to set up my appointment.

"Westover Women's Health Clinic, this is Gloria speaking, can you please hold?"

I frowned. "Yes."

"Thank you."

The receptionist put me on hold and my ears were immediately greeted by horrible elevator music. It never failed, every time I needed to call someone to make an appointment, I was always being put on hold. It was like they never had enough workers or something. I continued to wait impatiently until the music stopped. "Thank you for holding, this is Gloria, how may I help you?"

"Yes, um, I need to schedule an appointment."

"What kind of an appointment ma'am? We do yearly checkups, STD testing, pregnancy planning..."

"I need an abortion," I blurted out. The woman cleared her throat on the other line, and I was sure I'd made her feel just as awkward and uncomfortable as I did.

"Okay ma'am, we handle those as well. How far along are you?"

"I'm not completely sure. I just took a test about a week ago."

"Okay, so what we'll do is set you up for a consultation with one of our gynecologists, she'll examine you, figure out how far along you are, go over the different options available to you, and then if the abortion is still what you want to go forward with, she will do the procedure for you."

"Okay, when is your next available appointment?"

“Um, let me look and see...looks like we have a 10:30 for tomorrow morning,” she told me.

“That’s perfect.”

“Have you been here before?” she asked.

“Um, no I haven’t, will that be a problem?” I asked.

“Can I get your name ma’am?”

“Sydney Tate.”

“Okay Ms. Tate, I’ve got you down for tomorrow morning at 10:30, and please remember that if you do decide to go ahead with the procedure then you’ll need someone to drive you home afterwards.”

I paused. “*Shit,*” I thought. “Thank you, I will,” I said.

“And please make sure to show up at least 15 minutes before your appointment so that you can fill out the necessary paperwork,” she added.

“Got it,” I said and hung up. Justice couldn’t leave the house and even if he could, I damn sure wasn’t going to have him drive me to get rid of the illegitimate seed that seemed to be growing inside me by the minute. Nobody even knew about what went down with Ace and I except for him and Donovan, and both of those bitches were dead. I was just going to have to take my chances.

JUSTICE WAS TAKING a shower when I went to lay down on my bed to take a nap. I was beyond tired and feeling sick to my stomach seemed to be an all-day event. Everything made me nauseous; food, normal everyday smells, and even if I swiftly whipped my head in the wrong direction. After a few seconds of lying there with my eyes closed, I felt the warm presence of Justice’s body beside me. He snuggled up close behind me and wrapped his arms around my waist. “You okay, baby?”

“Yeah, I’m just not feelin’ too well.”

“I noticed. You’ve been sick for the past few days it seems.”

I could tell by his tone of voice that he was getting suspicious, so I tried my best to put his queries to rest. “Yeah, must be some sort of stomach bug. I don’t know. I should be better in a few days.”

“Do you need anything? Are you hungry?”

“No baby, I’m fine. I’m just going to lay here for a little bit.”

“Okay yeah, you get some rest, I’ll come check on you in about an hour or so.” Just as he got off the bed, the doorbell rang. We instantly looked at each other. “You expectin’ company?”

I responded quickly. “No.”

“Then who the fuck is at your door, Sydney?” he asked brashly.

“How the hell am I supposed to know?” I snapped back. “I’m gonna go see.” Against my body’s will and my mind’s better judgment, I got out of the bed and made my way downstairs to see who was at my front door. I knew both Justice and I were hoping and even praying that our worst nightmares were not about to come true. I stood on my tip-toes and looked through the peephole. There was a woman standing there, but I couldn’t make out her face because she was standing too close to the door. “Who is it?” I asked.

“I’m just delivering the mail ma’am, you’ve got a package,” the woman said.

“Just leave it on the doorstep...I’m not dressed,” I lied.

“Ma’am, I need you to sign for it or else I can’t leave it.”

I sucked my teeth and unlocked the door. The older woman looked me up and down, clearly seeing that I had lied, and then handed me the medium-sized box and then her handheld device so I could digitally sign my name. I scribbled some shit and quickly closed the door without so much as a thank you or have a nice day. I didn’t order anything so I wondered who was sending me something. I examined the box for a return mailing address, but it was empty. The only writing on the box was my address, not even my name. I began to get suspicious and went back upstairs to find Justice with the package in hand.

“Who was at the door?” he asked when he saw me coming around the corner.

“The mailman, well, woman. She handed me this package but it doesn’t have a return address and it doesn’t even say who it’s addressed to, it just has my address.”

“Give it to me,” he said. “It’s mine.”

“Yours? What is it?”

Justice took the package from my hand and started opening it. He pulled out an envelope full of a thick wad of cash, a set of keys, two passports, I.D.s and a cell phone. I stood there staring at him confused. He turned the cell phone on and pressed the pound button. “Received,” he said into the phone and closed it shut again.

“Justice, what is all this?” I asked for the second time.

“This is our new life,” he said as he handed me an I.D. and passport with my photo on them and a new name, Reece Adams.

“You’re serious?” I asked, looking at him with my head cocked to the side.

He didn’t look at me. “You better start packing, we’ll be leaving in a few days.”

“How are we going to just up and leave? I thought we talked about this.”

“I’m not staying cooped up in this house forever Sydney. You trust me don’t you?” he asked.

“Of course.”

“Then in three days when it’s time to go, you’ll be down to roll.” He walked over and kissed my forehead. “Now, get some sleep.”

If he thought I was going to be able to sleep after that he was as crazy as he looked. It amazed me how a man who had all the odds against him, cops on his ass and crooked people in his circle could still manage to keep rising back to the top. He’d been making moves right under my nose and I hadn’t even noticed. I had a lot of questions, but knew better than to bombard him with them all at once. If he wanted me to know, he’d tell me. I’d find out in due time just like everything else. I crawled back into the bed and drifted off to sleep. I was going to have that abortion, and I needed to figure out how the hell I was going to get out of the house with my plan undetected.