

“Chapter 8”

Influence had been home approximately 10 months after maxing out on parole and was making very good progress in all his endeavors. *Everything is coming together like coke & water*, Influence thought to himself. He had already taken care of three of his priorities and his fourth and final priority was ready to be put into activation. For the last few months Influence had Miz under heavy surveillance and for the most part he had his every day schedule down pat until just recently. Influence was somewhat baffled by the sudden disappearance of Miz and he wondered curiously about the whereabouts of his prey.

Sepia's house was on the outskirts of Mount Vernon in a quiet middle class neighborhood near the Bronx. Influence didn't like to be seen too much in Mount Vernon anymore but still continued to go to the gym three times a week on Gramatan Avenue. This was also one of the ways on how Influence kept his eyes on Miz. Even though Miz was M.I.A, Influence knew that Miz was a local nigga with no real connects. He made it his business to continue on with his plan which was to have his ride or die bitch Candy come to New York and set him up. *He'll pop up, I know he will*, Influence thought to himself. With that thought in mind Influence informed Sepia that he would be going away on business for a few days and he promised that when he returned he would

have a surprise for her. Influence couldn't wait to tell Sepia that he wanted to take a trip to Egypt, which was his life long dream to see the Great Pyramids where black Kings and Queens once ruled and taught the un-civilized world civilization.

Influence left New York on a flight headed for Georgia and as soon as his plane landed in Atlanta, he called Carmen Zanabria aka Candy. "Hello, who is this?" Candy said answering her cell phone, wondering who it was that was calling her from a New York number. "This is ya future babe girl, what's shakin?" "Oh my God, what's up baby, I missed you so much! I thought that somethin had happened to you the way them police came and took you up out of here. I'm so happy to hear from you; when I say everybody, I mean everybody thought that you were finished baby!" Candy said, both cheerful and surprised. "Nah ma, I'm good. New York put a parole hold on a nigga, but besides all that what's goody with you?" "Ain't shit baby, I'm just working my ass off at this little law firm out here, you know. Why, what's up with you?" "Ain't shit Candy, I just need you right now." Influence responded, but Candy knew Influence and had a feeling that shit was about to get crazy. "You know I love you and you know that I will do damn near anything for you right? But Papi, I can't make it stop, drop, and roll no-more Influence!"

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Instantly Candy thought that Influence needed her to put her Trap Team together so that they can transport some kilos. “Nah, nah, nah, it ain’t nothin like that shawty! But it is somethin else that I need you to do for me and you already know, daddy gone keep it Gucci with you.” Influence said, retrieving his bags from the conveyor. “Papa, you already know I love you too death and whatever, I got you.”

Candy was the real life definition of a ride or die bitch, she favored the beautiful actress Meagan Good and she stood 5’5, 135 lbs, with silky jet black hair that fell down above her perfectly round ass. You could not tell Candy that she wasn’t a black chick, her attitude was black, her mahogany skin complexion added to her being black, and she only dated black dudes. Born 1984 in Cuba, her parents migrated to Miami in that same year and subsequently moved to Atlanta where she’s lived since five years old. Candy’s looks were very exotic and a lot of Atlanta rappers used her in their videos. She even dated a few rappers, N.F.L players, and some well known street bosses, but when she met Influence at club 112 the summer of 05, she fell in love with one of the realest niggaz she had ever met.

When Influence first met Candy she was sniffing coke, doing E-pills, drinking, and stripping to support her wild lifestyle. In the beginning Influence used Candy and her girlfriends to transport drugs from Florida to Atlanta. Then one day as fate would have it Candy and her best friend Demy

was waiting at a stash house for Influence to come through and make sure that all of the work had touched down safely when three masked men ran up in the stash house. The stick up kids tied Candy and Demy up taking four kilos of coke and five pounds of Haze.

Intuitively, Influenced sensed that foul play was definitely involved on Demy's part and truth be told, Influence despised Demy from the first time that Candy had introduced her to him. He did not like Demy at all because of her loose lips; she was a very loquacious woman that always seemed to be volunteering un-necessary information. Candy felt comfortable with only Demy during their runs to Florida, but when it came to going to New York Candy used the other members from her Trap Team. Ironically, Influence had told Candy on a few occasions, "You need to find a new sidekick to take ya trips with because that bitch Demy's mouth is gonna get y'all locked up or killed!" Demy was always too inquisitive and it was Demy who volunteered to rent the specific stash house. Influence had been in the stick up business for too many years, he automatically suspected that a bitch like Demy was a valuable tool that most stick up kids used. Fatima didn't give birth to a dummy, Influence was 107% sure that if he kidnapped Demy the truth would come to the light.

Under threats of torture, intense questioning, and the promise that she would be released if she told the truth, Demy confessed to her role in the robbery. She told Influence that

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her baby's father along with two of her brothers tied them up and robbed the stash house. "Was Candy involved bitch, did she put your funky ass up to this shit?!" Influence asked, as Demy quivered with fear. "No Inf, she ain't have anything to do with it!" Demy cried out. "You better not lie to me Demy!" "Influence I swear on my kids she ain't have no involvement in this." Demy replied, sobbing uncontrollably, but was telling the truth. After Influence slit Demy's throat, he called his two comrades Amar and Pop-Off who were notorious gunmen from out of Baltimore. These two reputed gunmen were introduced to Influence by Luck Billz in the early 90's when Luck and Influence were out in Baltimore getting money.

Approximately one month after the stash house heist and the death of Damaris Cummings aka Demy, her family members were giving a community invited cook-out in her memory. The day was a beautiful day for celebration and the sun shined magnificently upon the people who attended the event. It seemed like a party or some type of concert was going on the way the people danced to the music and how the wide selection of BMW's, Lexus's, Benz's, and Big Trucks were on display. Two men rolled up to the festivities and got off their all black Ducati motorcycles dressed in all black army fatigues with their helmets still on their head. Then out of nowhere the two men nonchalantly pulled out their weapons and commenced to spray rapid fire from fully loaded

Mac 11 machine guns; they waved without care or concern at the crowd of people. The people that were enjoying themselves on this lovely day had specifically come out to show their love and support for Demy and her family but were immediately caught off guard as they ran in every direction possible trying to avoid getting hit by bullets that had no name on them. After the gunfire had ceased and the mass hysteria calmed down, Demy's baby father Tyshawn, her two brothers Kendell and Cornell were pronounced dead at the scene along with six others. Subsequent to the Bank Head murders Candy suspected that Influence was behind the ruthless killings but her love for him, plus the mere fact that she could not prove it wouldn't allow her to question him.

Candy was so distraught behind her best friend's death that she had a nervous breakdown and was hospitalized. "Influence, I can't do this transporting shit no-more Papi, I feel like my world is coming to an end right now and I really need to reevaluate my life by doing something more productive." "I feel everything you sayin baby girl and please try not to beat ya self up about everything that has transpired in ya life. I'm here for you ma." Influence responded, as Candy cried like a little girl inside of his arms. Instead of Influence leaving and moving along at a time when Candy really needed him, Influence opted to stick around until she pulled her self back together. The least Influence felt that he could do was be very supportive and be there for her every step of the way. Influence put Candy into a 90 day drug

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treatment program and was always available when she called, cried, and needed necessities. After Candy had completed her program Influence gave her \$10,000 and encouraged her to become an RN or to go to law school. Candy had just passed her bar exam when Influence unexpectedly got locked up and extradited back to New York on his parole violation.

“Yeah baby, you know it’s been like a year and ½ since I’ve seen ya pretty ass right? I wanna take you shopping and hang out with you before we leave.” Influence said slyly. “Oh really, ok then, that sounds fine and dandy pimp daddy but, where are we going and when?” Candy replied puzzled. “We are goin to New York mami and we’re breezin in two days. I hope that pretty pussy of yours is still crack, because I had nasty dreams bout you when I was locked up!” Influence joked grabbing his crotch in front of people that were at the airport. “You are so stupid boy, but yeah, you already know that this chocha is pedico and agua Papa and its all yours.” Candy said, seductively in her southern Latina accent. “I’m at the airport right now sweetie, come and get me,” “Ok baby, I’ll be there in 15 minutes. Look for the silver Infiniti Qx56,” “Ok shawty, I’ll be waiting,” They both ended their conversation by closing their cell phones.

The huge Lenox Square Mall in Buck Head Atlanta was a popular mall where entertainers, hood celebs, and regular everyday people hung out and shopped at. As Influence and Candy circulated inside of the spacious shopping center Influence was trying very hard to focus and pay attention to Candy, but could not resist as he turned his head back every now and again to view the asses on damn near every female he passed. “Stop sneakin peaks nigga! I don’t care if you look.” Candy said, as Influence bust out in laughter. “Nah Ma, I ain’t want it to seem like I was being disrespectful, but word to my mama, these bitches in the A is holdin!” Influence said, chuckling. “Yeah, they’re holdin alright; they holding every disease known to man up in them hot funky pussies of theirs!” Candy said smirking knowing that she spoiled Influence’s little pleasures.

Normally Influence hated to go shopping with women but due to the beautiful selection of fine women at the mall he remained in a pleasant mood. Influence noticed that Candy did not shop like the average female because as they walked into numerous top of the line stores Candy would ask Influence, “Do you like this or no?” If he liked what she picked out she would try it on and purchase it and if he didn’t like it they would move on to the next section or the next department store. After about two hours of shopping Candy had clothes by designers Isaac Mizrahi, Marc Jacobs, Eve St. Laurent, Kimora Lee Simmons, and Roberto Cavalli. Influence didn’t care that he was spending money because he

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had it to spend and to him it was just a small investment. Candy made sure that her shoe game was on point with Prada, Gucci, and a \$550 pair of Ostrich-skin boots. Influence didn't use a credit card so whenever he pulled out the stacks of \$100's and \$50's the cashier automatically assumed that he was into something illegal.

“Papi, you know I love you right?” Candy asked happily as she stood on her tippy toes kissing Influence on his right cheek leaving a lip print on him from her shiny lip gloss. “Oh really, and why do you love me?” Influence asked in response, as he handed Candy two bags and put money into his pocket without counting the change. “Because Daddy, for one you like the realist nigga I have ever dealt with in my entire life. Ain't no other nigga besides maybe my father that did any of the things you have done and do for me.” Candy replied, seriously looking into Influence's eyes. “Good answer babe girl, you know you my ride or die.” Influence said holding some of her bags and smiling at her.

Influence had genuine love for Carmen and under any other circumstance he would have probably wifed Candy, simply because she had wifey potential. Candy was loyal to Influence and he knew that she was very much in love with him, but the love that he had for her didn't amount to being in love with her. The only woman that he was really in love with was Sepia and as soon as he thought about his wifey in that same instance he said out loud, “Let's stop by Tiffany & Co.,

I need to pick up a gift for someone.” Influence began looking at the expensive jewelry inside the store as if he was casing the joint out to rob. After purchasing two nice items that he knew Sepia would love he also realized that he had spent a little over \$18,000 in a few hours. Candy had picked out an outfit for Influence and charged it on her platinum credit card. The couple then went to Bertina’s, a soul food restaurant that was located inside the mall. After eating and spending what seemed like a whole day at the mall, Candy and Influence drove to her condo and fell asleep as soon as they walked through the door.

Fancy’s was a popular and classy upscale strip club in Atlanta where a lot of actors, actresses, entertainers, as well as prestigious business men and women hung out at. You could definitely tell at first sight that a lot of money was invested into the strip club because the interior of Fancy’s was very roomy and sophisticated with plush wall to wall carpet, expensive leather couches, and state of the art technology. Influence and Candy walked in and sat at their own table in the lounge area. The atmosphere inside of Fancy’s was live and filled to its capacity. Candy and Influence were definitely enjoying themselves by laughing with one another while drinking Moet Rose` and Patrone. Everyone in the place got real wavy to the melodic sounds of Hip-Hop and R&B music

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while thick Black, Latino, Asian, and White women danced erotically for dollars.

One well proportioned, 5'3, mocha complexion stripper named Glacier made it her business to try and seduce Influence. Glacier's low cut blonde hair-style complimented her oval shaped face perfectly. Her features could have been Native American but her smooth dark skin tone revealed her African-American heritage. Influence was definitely looking like he was getting plenty money as he donned the blue linen suite, White Air Force 1's, and the blue & white New York Yankee fitted. Candy didn't mind that Glacier was being so bold by literally pushing up on Influence because as an ex stripper Candy knew that Glacier was only doing her job by going wherever the paper was at. The Haze blunt that Influence had smoked prior to arriving at the club along with the Moet and shots of Patrone had put him into a real Geed up type of zone. Very nonchalantly Influence reached into his pocket and pulled out a neat little stack of new money. Peeling off a few hundred, he handed five \$100 bills to Candy instructing her to place the crispy bills into Glacier's G-string. Whoever made up the adage money talks did not lie; that's all it took to get Glacier open. "Mami, I ain't usually on it like this so please don't be offended by my acting brave. And I really don't mean no disrespect when I say that your man is sexier then a muthafucka!" Glacier said, looking at Influence and licking her thick moist lips. Influence couldn't hear the

conversation that the two women were having because of the loud music but he definitely understood Glacier's body language. Glacier continued, "Now that you know I ain't shy I wanna let you know that I think you are a bad ass bitch!" Glacier said over the loud music into Candy's ear. "Nah girl, you ain't being disrespectful because not to long ago I use to strip too. Candy responded, tipsy and a little turned on because her lips were close enough to touch Glaciers moist ear. "Look Sweetie, let Daddy know I get off at 3am, it's already 2:30am now so let me know what yall wanna do?" Glacier said, as she straddled her self onto Influence's lap and slow grinded him. "Aight, we gon wait for you to get off. Are you drivin Ma?" Candy inquired, still talking into her ear because of the loud music. "Yes", Glacier replied. "Ok, you can just follow my truck to my crib." Candy said, to Glacier and then informed Influence about the situation. All Influence could say was, "Wow!"

As soon as they arrived at the plush Condo Glacier did not waist any time letting Candy know how gully she was. Once inside the spacious oval shaped Jacuzzi that was located in Candy's master bedroom, Influence could not control his manhood as it stood erect like a marine soldier. While guzzling on the half full bottle of Moet, Influence watched through intoxicated and lustful eyes at the two women who

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were putting on an erotic sex show. The beautiful girls passionately kissed mouth to mouth, naked and wet with their smooth shapely bodies pressed up against one another. Glacier's ass looked like two little midgets was inside of her butt cheeks fighting and when Influence smacked her on the ass her butt looked like it vibrated for one whole minute. Candy stepped out of the Jacuzzi very tipsy holding onto Glacier's hand and Glacier grabbed Influence's hand, as Candy led the way towards the bedroom. Candy laid Influence's built 6'2 frame on the middle of her big round bed and massaged his naked body with baby oil. While Candy rubbed on Influence's balls and began taking his already hard shaft into her warm wet mouth, Glacier did not hesitate to eat Candy's pussy from the back. Glacier and Candy switched positions and when Glacier began giving Influence head he immediately noticed the difference because Glacier's skills were more advanced. "You like that Daddy, do you like how I spit on your big black dick and suck it?" Glacier asked, as Influence moaned with his eyes closed. Influence couldn't resist the tingling sensation that he was feeling in his balls and without warning he uncontrollably popped off. Glacier jerked Influence's dick catching all of his cum inside of her mouth as she continued to suck on the head of his shaft. "Oh my God, you are a fuckin beast!" Influence said lying down on his back breathless. Glacier just smiled and then went to the bathroom to spit the nut out and wash her mouth with Aqua Fresh.

When Glacier entered back into the room Candy was on top of Influence riding him up and down and soaking his shaft as her juices ran down to his balls. Glacier sat inside of a chair adjacent to the big bed watching the couple have sex as she casually masturbated. “What you gon do, you gon come play with us, or you gon play with ya self?” Influence asked, as he watched her walk over to the bed. Taking Glacier from the back he started off with slow long strokes and then gradually increased the power and speed of his rhythm with every stroke. “Oh my God, yes Daddy give it to me! Ooh, you’re fucking me so good, oh my God I can feel ya shit in my stomach!” Glacier squealed and moaned until she came and had multiple orgasms.

After running through two boxes of Magnums and approximately three hours of hot freaky sex Candy and Glacier cuddled up on both sides of Influence as they all breathed heavy. “I swear to everything I love, this is some of the best sex I’ve had in a long time and I’m mad I gotta get my ass up and get this little boy ready for school in about an hour, but it’s been really real. I’m gonna leave my number and yall better call me.” Glacier said, as she started to put her clothes on to leave. “We gonna get up again ma, you real cool peoples.” Candy replied, looking at Influence who was fast asleep. “When that nigga wake his sexy ass up you tell him that I said thanks for the dick and the courteous tip!” Glacier said as both women chuckled.

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2:00 o'clock in the afternoon is when Influence finally awoke and he just laid in the bed reminiscing on last night's sexcapade. While he lay in the bed looking at Candy sleep a feeling of guilt overwhelmed him because this was actually the first time he cheated on Sepia since he had been home and that was eating at his loyalty to his wifey. Even though Influence knew that his sole purpose in Atlanta was to get Candy to set Miz up, he now had to reevaluate his plan because Miz was nowhere to be found and he didn't know when he would happen to show back up. *The threesome was the shit, but damn, I gotta stop letting my dick do my thinkin,* he thought to himself as guilt overwhelmed him. "Aye, wake ya sleepy ass up." Influence said, as soon as he saw Candy's body move a little. "What's the matter Papi; you want some more of me?" Candy asked, rolling over putting her head on Influence's chest. "Look baby, there has been a change in plans." What you mean Inf?" Candy asked puzzled. "I gotta leave and go back to New York dolo, but when I call for you to come up to New York; you have to get on the first thing smoking to meet me." Influence stated, wondering in his mind where could Miz be at. "Ok baby, but is everything good with you?" Candy asked concerned. "Yeah, everything is good Candy I just gotta lot of shit that needs to be taken care of and all things being real Ma, I haven't been focused at all."