

# Charge It to the Game

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## DEDICATION

I can't start it without praising the most high for giving me this talent, and the dedication needed to live out my dreams and fulfill my purpose in life.

My daughter KoKo, who is my daily inspiration and motivation to greatness, my mother, whose love is limitless and always forgiving, my siblings who I love unconditionally because of the support and guidance you give even when you don't know you're doing it, my best friend in the world who tolerates my shit but is there whenever I need her, and to the rest of my family who tell me not what I want to hear but what I NEED to hear - THANK YOU!

Finally, I want to specifically thank *him*. I don't know what jokes the good Lord was playing when he placed us in each other's lives in these unconventional roles, but it's obvious that he made no mistakes in what he did. This book would have never been possible without you. You brought out the woman God intended me to be all along through the ups and downs of our past rocky relationship. No matter what happens to us or our future, you will always be in my heart and king. Thanks a million!



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THANK YOU



Kyle Cole sat impatiently on the hood of his new Dodge Charger as he waited for one of his loyal customers. *I swear if this old bastard didn't drop the kind of money he did I would have been out of this place already.*

After waiting for another 10 minutes, he finally heard the buzz that meant he was clear to open the door that he had been locked out of. After walking down the hallway and entering the recording studio that Jason, his boy and his highest paying customer, conducted his business, he noticed that they weren't there alone like they usually were. K.Y was instantly mesmerized by the young woman's beauty. She was around 5'7 and had the longest and prettiest legs he had ever seen on a female. She wore a simple tank top with some Tru Religion shorts and sneakers but everything about her was fly to him. He shot Jason a confused look before he took his seat on the leather couch next to the unknown woman.

"Hi," she greeted him with a smile that was as beautiful as she was. "I've been telling my boy that I needed to get in contact with you over this product. It's good, and it's not easy to find this kind of stuff out here in Florida. I'm tired of having to go through this one," she said as she nodded her head in Jason's direction, "Whenever I need to grab anything, so I thought it would be a good idea to finally meet you."

K.Y was completely caught off guard. Normally he never conducted business with someone like this but under these circumstances he instantly reconsidered. Even though the way she spoke gave it away that she wasn't from his area of Pine Hills, Florida, she was beautiful, about her money, and it was

something about the sugar in her tone and the gaze in her large brown eyes that made her irresistible.

“What up shawty,” K.Y returned her greeting in his thick country accent. “I don’t sell nobody nothin’ I wouldn’t smoke myself. As a matter of fact,” he said as he reached into the Nike duffle bag he was carrying and pulled out two pounds of weed. “I just got dis shit in and I think you’ll like it,” he said confidently as he handed her one of the Ziploc bags.

She opened the bag and began examining the product.

“Girl Scout,” she said referring to the strain of marijuana he had just handed her. “One of my favorites, and definitely an easy one to get rid of.”

She grabbed the scale that was on the table next to her, and she proceeded to weigh out twenty-eight grams of the product.

“I just copped something yesterday so I don’t need it, but I know this shit sells out fast. I’ll get only an ounce for now for my personal stash. I can hit you up personally whenever I need something right,” she asked him sweetly.

He really wanted to tell her that she could call his ass for anything she wanted, but he decided to just play it cool.

“Yeah shawty. You good. Dis little shit right here ain’t nothin’. Whatever you need I can get if I don’t already got it.”

“Good,” she replied with a smile as she bagged up her product. “My man here is going to give you the \$200 for this, and I’ll get your number from him,” she said as she placed the bag in between her large breasts.

K.Y had been so hypnotized by her demeanor and class that he almost agreed to a dramatic product discount without seriously considering it first.

“My price on what you just got is actually \$350, and I don’t accept credit.”

“I wasn’t asking for any credit because I don’t need any. I realize that you just met me, but I’m not new to this at all. You can overcharge those small time dealers you mess with on a daily basis for a couple extra dollars in your pocket, or you can think like the businessman I know you are and make some real money with me,” she said firmly never once removing her spellbinding gaze from his.

“Make it \$225 and you have a deal.”

“Perfect,” she exclaimed as she stood up to leave. “It was really a pleasure doing business with you. Beast I really appreciate the hook up.”

“Yo I told you I’m really going legit. I don’t go by that down here,” Jason stated firmly.

“Whatever you say. I really think you should reconsider that because you know it doesn’t make sense to not be true to who you really are.”

She opened the door, and before she left she said, “Since we will be conducting business on a regular basis please show me the same respect you show everyone else and do not call me any kind of pet names. Ciao.”

K.Y wanted to at least get her name, but she moved so fast he didn’t even have the chance to.

“Damn bruh! Where you been hidin’ her at,” K.Y asked eagerly.

“Damn bredren does she have you open already,” Jason asked while trying to hold back his laughter.

K.Y took a second to sound more relaxed. “Now you know that I’m not open for any female, but who is she?”

“Tee just moved here a little while ago, but you might as well forget about that one. Her father has her so spoiled that she is not going to deal with any little boy. I don’t mean to offend you, but I just want you to know that you have a better chance of winning the lottery than to claim a shorty like that,” he replied seriously.

K.Y saw his friend’s words as a bit of a challenge. Most women in his area of central Florida knew he wasn’t just some little boy. They knew that despite his young age of 22, he had been hustling since he was only 12 years old. He developed his fair share of groupies, but he was tired of dealing with those types of girls. He wanted a woman, and he wanted someone exactly like the one he just met. “Watch me bruh. I’m going to get that one you just wait and see.”

Jason chuckled at the young man’s determination. “Even if she decided to give you a little play, you wouldn’t know what to do with a woman like that. Just stick with these broads that you’re already used to man.”

K.Y did his best to hide his clear annoyance with Jason’s doubt on his ability to get the girl he was really interested in. “You don’t have to believe me bruh, all you got to do is watch.”

## CHAPTER ONE

It had been over three weeks since K.Y met Tee in the studio and he had not seen her again since. It was obvious to him she knew what she was doing with her product because her orders got larger and they were coming in more frequently, but instead of dealing with him directly she had Jason setting up and finishing all of her deals.

“What the hell is up with your girl,” K.Y finally asked Jason as they were completing another large order. “I’ve been dealing with you all of these years and I’ve never givin you prices this low. You bring this girl one time and now I’m discounting every pound. If I go any lower I’ll be giving it to you at my price,” he said clearly frustrated. “Was this part of your master plan to get cheaper shit or somethin’,” K.Y asked his friend bluntly.

“In all the time we’ve been doing business together when have you ever known me to try to hustle you? I don’t move weight like that anymore; I just keep the product in the studio for my rappers under my label. Don’t you get it that I’m going to be 40 years old this year? I can’t live this kind of life forever. I’m finally starting to make some real money from this studio and I can’t let these streets fuck me up. The streets are not always as good as they have been to me, and it’s about that time that I thank Jah and keep it movin’.

I promised her old man that I would help her get situated out here and then I would let her handle things on her own just be patient.”

“Whatever bruh, I just can’t help but feel like I’m being played. Dis woman is moving more than 10 pounds a week, but I never see her out here in these streets.”

“Unlike these broads you’re used to, this girl has a job and is in college. She’s just smart and selective about how she operates her business. If you’re that anxious to see her then meet me tonight at the studio, she’ll be there.

“Bet.”

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It was a quarter to midnight when K.Y finally got the text he had been hoping to see for weeks.

“She’s here, but I’m not sure for how long,” it read.

K.Y made sure to handle all of his business near the studio for that same reason. This chick always seemed to be on the move, and he didn’t want to miss her this time around.

He pulled up in front of Jason’s studio in downtown Orlando, and checked the mirror to make sure he was good before stepping out of his vehicle. *Why am I doing all of this for a chick I’ve only met once*, he thought to himself. Then, he watched her walking out and instantly remembered why.

He jumped out of his car to help her because she had so many bags and boxes in her hands.

“Thank you sir, I appreciate all of the help,” she said in the sweet tone that K.Y had fantasied about since they first met.

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“There is no need to be so formal Tee. Don’t you remember meeting me before?”

“Tee is a nickname reserved for family and close family friends, so you can call me Tammy. Of course I remember meeting you,” she replied this time removing all of the sugar from her voice.

“My bad, I didn’t get to find out because you left so fast the first time that I never got a chance to ask your name. I’m Kyle but everyone calls me K.Y by the way.”

“Well it’s about time that I finally have a name for your face. I normally just called you Jason’s boy. I’ve been meaning to link up with you anyway. The last few pounds didn’t scale up right, and I don’t like feeling like someone is trying to get over on me.”

“Well, I could say the same about you. How do you come around once and get a serious discount and feel like you can keep getting it that low when I’m not dealing with you directly?”

They finally reached her Toyota Camry and she popped the trunk to put all of her items inside.

“Isn’t money the motive? Why does it matter if you’re getting my money from Jason or if you’re getting it from me as long as you’re getting it?”

“It matters ‘cause I never give dudes the same kind of discount that I’m givin’ you.”

She flashed him her signature sly side grin. “Beast already told me that you think I’m trying to get over on you, so clearly I’m just going to have to show you how I operate. Leave your phone, any electronics, and your burner in the car, and take off your shirt now.

K.Y thought to question her requests, but the amount of emphasis she gave on each direction let him know that nothing was up for debate. She handed him a Ralph Lauren Polo from one of her

bags in the trunk.

“Now take off your pants.”

Once again he quickly did as he was told.

“I’m not sure your exact size, but these should fit you.” She handed him a pair of well pressed Khaki pants and a belt. Everything seemed to fit him perfectly. “That blue really compliments your skin well,” she said as she smoothed out his shirt. “Just because you’re from the hood doesn’t mean that you have to make it so obvious all the time.

The reason why I have Beast do all of my deals with you is because I have a reputation to protect. I moved away from home because I was tired of all of the drama that the street life comes with. But no matter how much you try to change you can’t change who you really are. Thanks to my past, the street life is where I’m most comfortable, so I can’t leave it alone. Instead, I just had to learn new rules and change my game up a little bit.

Now lock your car and get in.”

K.Y did as he was told and got in the vehicle. “You didn’t show this side of you before, but you’re very bossy,” he finally spoke up again. “I’m not sure how much I like it.”

“Well you’re more than welcome to get your black ass off of my seats and find something less productive to do. I’m not forcing you to do anything.” She waited a minute before she started her car. “I’m going to assume by your silence and the fact that you’re still in that chair that you like it more than you want to believe,” she chuckled.

“I’m not use to anyone talking to me this way and especially not a female.”

“Well get used to it. I get called much worse things than

bossy but of course never directly to my face. Anyway, I feel like I've done enough talking about myself. Tell me something about you."

"Dat all depends. What do you wanna know shawty?"

"For starters, I want to know why you can't address me by the name my parents gave me. My name is Tamia. It's not baby or shawty. You don't speak to any of your other business partners that way, so I don't want to hear it either," she said firmly. "How did you get started and how long have you been doing this?"

"Well Tammy," he said emphasizing her name. "My mom was a single parent 'cause my no good ass daddy would rather be out here in dese streets making more babies than taking care of the ones he already had. I'm the oldest of 3 kids, so I felt it was my job to step up and be the man of the house that my father wasn't. One of my uncles put me on as a runner at the age of 12, and I've been doing my thang ever since."

"So where are your mom and siblings now?"

"I'd rather not talk about it. It's really personal."

"No problem. I'm really inquisitive, so I have a tendency to ask a lot of personal questions. You can always talk about it whenever you're ready." Just as she had finished speaking she parked her car in front of what seemed to be an abandoned building. "No offense, but I can't have you up in here embarrassing me. You have two options: you can wait very patiently out here or you can come in, sit down, and shut up. When I say shut up, I mean it! I want you to remain absolutely mute and let me do all the talking. If anyone speaks to you than a simple nod would be a sufficient response."

Without speaking he got out of the car to let her know he understood exactly what she wanted from him.

"Grab the items from the trunk quickly and quietly please. I

have a lot of things to do before the sun comes up and I don't want to be in here longer than I need to."

He did as he was told, but he was in complete shock as to what he found when they entered the old building.

A beautiful exotic woman greeted them as soon as they entered wearing only some peep toe stilettos. Everything on this woman was beautiful from her head down to her pedicures toes. "Ms. Santiago you're just in time! All of the party goers were getting so anxious for your arrival."

"Ms. Carter you know I'm always on time and I never aim to disappoint any of my clients. You look incredibly beautiful this evening as always."

"Thank you sweet heart, you look just as delicious as you have since I met you," Ms. Carter said not even trying to hide the fact that she was coming on to Tammy. "If you ever change your mind about females I trust that you know exactly who you can call," she said giving Tammy a wink.

"Believe me, if I did ever want to experiment with a woman you would be the only one I could be curious enough to taste," Tammy replied seductively.

Ms. Carter used her manicured hands to gently push some of Tammy's long curly hair back before sliding her fingers down her body to grab her hand. "Follow me."

It was hard for K.Y not to get turned on by this side of Tammy. He watched both women as they walked hand in hand to some plush office in the front of the warehouse. It was obvious to him that Ms. Carter was an older woman, but she had the body that most women half of her age would pay to have. Even in her clothes he could tell that if Tammy were also naked she could give Mrs. Carter a clear run for her money. Both women had large breasts, slim

waists, and hips so curvy they demanded full attention from every eye they walked by.

“Please have a seat,” Mrs. Carter said once they were locked inside of the office.

“Mrs. Carter this is a friend of mine. I’m showing him around the business because he is thinking of becoming a distributor of the products himself,” Tammy said. “I’ve been saying forever that I want to expand and he might just be the one to help me get it done.”

“Well it’s really nice to meet you handsome. I’ve never had the chance to meet any of Tammy’s people’s so it’s a pleasure to finally do so.”

K.Y returned her greeting with a brief smile and nod.

“He’s not much of a talker I see,” Mrs. Carter said.

“No he’s not. He prefers to sit back and just observe which I prefer anyway.”

Tammy began to place the bags in front of Mrs. Carter to give her some time to inspect her purchases. For the first time K.Y finally took a glimpse over the bags and boxes that he had been carrying. Every box was a light pink color with a well-designed logo on the front. Each and every item that he had been carrying was labeled **Beauty by Tammy**. Not only was this girl street smart, but it seems like she was very business oriented also. The more he got to know her the more interested in her he became.

“Is it safe to fully inspect everything with him present,” Ms. Carter asked nervously.

“Yes it is. I assure you that I would not have had him accompany me if I felt he would jeopardize either one of our businesses.”

The woman removed the large box from the bag. Inside of the box was a large make up compact, but hidden inside of where the mirror should be was the stash she was looking for.

“Sir I hope you don’t mind, but I always like to test out my product before my purchase.”

K.Y simply shook his head and placed his palms up to let her know that he was fine with her decision.

Ms. Carter took out a small bowl from the left side of her desk drawer and began to smoke the high quality weed that Tammy was selling to her. She inhaled the smoke deeply and laid back in her large leather chair for a few moments before finally exhaling it.

“You never disappoint Ms. Santiago. Plus, it also helps that my dealer is so attractive to look at.

I hope you don’t mind all of my clear attempts at you this evening, but you normally never come to see me so dressed up.”

“Why would I take such beautiful words negatively when they are coming from a woman as sexy as you are,” Tammy asked flirtatiously while eying the woman up and down. “I had a business meeting earlier this evening and I never went home to change.”

Tammy wore a sheer tan blouse that complimented her milk chocolate skin and a navy blue pencil skirt that sat exactly at her thin waist. The nude stilettos that she wore made her athletic legs look miles longer then they already did. Her natural hair fell down the middle of her back and was very silky and curly.

“I see. I normally only get the chance to see you in jeans and a tank top, but I would love to see this side of you more often.

Anyway, I have a lot of clients inside waiting for me, so unfortunately I will have to cut this meeting short. How much will it be for my purchase this evening Ms. Santiago?”

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Tammy replied, "Tonight's purchase is only \$4800. I assume you're expecting a much smaller crowd this evening."

"A majority of my usual clients are out of town on vacation since the Fourth of July is right around the corner. I'll be having another gathering this week, but it will be in a much more professional location. If you're free this Wednesday evening you can join me and a few colleagues for dinner and you can bring me another shipment of this size," she said. "I want the exact same product that you sold me tonight so I'll just go ahead and pay for my order ahead of time."

K.Y had never seen a woman make almost \$10,000 in less than twenty minutes without having to dance or take off a single item of her clothing.

"Just e-mail me the time and place and I will be there," Tammy said finally getting up.

"Well sir it was nice to meet you but please follow me as I show you two out."

Once again Ms. Carter grabbed Tammy's hand and led them to where they came in.

She opened the door to see K.Y out first. "It really was a pleasure meeting you even though you were so mute. Have a good night."

Before he could smile or nod to acknowledge her statement, she closed the door. K.Y found himself in a strange area with a large amount of cash in his pocket and not a single weapon to protect him if something popped off.

*I don't like this shit and this chick won't catch me slipping like this ever again.* He paced around the front door a few times before finally deciding to walk over to the car. Before he even made it there he felt

someone following him.

“Yo!,” a homeless man called out to him. “You got a dollar I can have to catch the bus?”

K.Y had been selling drugs a long time and this young bum’s face looked all too familiar to him.

“Man get the hell outta here. The bus stopped runnin’ hours ago. I’m not gonna give you any of my money cause I know you’ll come lookin’ for something else from me lata.”

“It’s only a dollar that I’m asking for, and I know you got it. That’s what’s wrong with the world today,” the young man said before he started walking back to where he came from.

Several minutes after the bum disappeared he heard the large door to the building open again. *It’s about time. That chick has been in there for at least 10 minutes.*

She unlocked the car from the door to give him a chance to get in first. He watched her as she walked back to the car, and even though it was dark he could still manage to make out that she was fixing her clothes. *I know this chick didn’t get her freak on while I was out here waiting. The least she could have done was let me watch if she was gonna fuck around.*

The moment she got to the car and the light came on the fact that her red lipstick wasn’t as flawless as it was a few moments ago confirmed his exact thoughts.

“You had me out here dealing with bums without shit to protect me while you were inside messing with that ol’ ass lady. What the hell kind of business operation is dat?”

She turned from the mirror she was looking at to fix her make-up to look at him directly. “That old lady looks better than half

of the broads you're pulling. Don't be mad because I don't even get down like that, but my bitches look better than yours. Jealousy doesn't really look cute on you," she said with a little chuckle. "It's like you really don't know who you're dealing with. It's kind of annoying, but I kinda like it. You're good when you're with me, ok? That guy that walked over here was Jose. He's a young guy who made poor choices in his life. He knows my car, and he comes over here whenever he sees it because he knows I always have something to give him."

"How can you honestly give him money when you know he's just going to use it to buy drugs later," K.Y. asked.

"I give him money for what he asks for. If he asks me for money for food or for the bus, then I am giving it to him for that purpose. We are all God's children and it's our job to look out for one another. If he uses my money for something other than what he asked for, then he'll have to answer to God on judgment day. It's not up to me to judge him or the life he lives."

"I guess I never looked at it like that. I just think it's crazy to give someone money when I know what they are using it for."

"You THINK you know what they are using it for. I have watched people turn their lives around without the help of a rehab facility or any medicine to wean them off of anything. The business that we are in does more damage to our society then good. You have to learn to give back. I don't see you running any charities or having your name put through Pine Hills in a good way, so the least you can do is give a dollar to someone in need."

"I bought a few kids on the block some backpacks a few years ago, but I thought people would think of me as a hypocrite so I never did it again."

"Why do you care what other people think of you? If buying

backpacks is your way of giving back then you do that. There is never anything wrong about staying true to who you are and what you believe in. The worst thing you can do to yourself is live a life that you think others think you should be living. Do you and never apologize for being real,” she said. “Anyway, I’m starving so we’re going to run in to this iHop for a quick bite before we get back on the road. I hope you brought your wallet because I can eat.”

“I don’t mind buying you something to eat, but I didn’t even invite you out. Why do I have to pick up the tab,” he asked with sincere curiosity.

“You have the opportunity to run around with a real hustler and learn things that they don’t teach you in books. Do you think knowledge is free? You’re lucky I’m not telling you that you’ll be selling me my next pound at half price, so I think it would be in your best interest to pick up the tab for this meal.”

“Just when I thought we had gotten past the bossy stage you proved that I was absolutely wrong. I’ll take the tab because I can’t take any more losses on the green. Before you know it I won’t even be making money for selling to you anymore.”

“You’re a lot smarter than you look, and I never get past the bossy stage. Once you understand that then you’ll understand me a little more.”

The girl wasn’t lying. K.Y had never watched a female put down so much food in such a short amount of time. He liked the fact that she was clearly able to hold her own in just about everything that she did. Not to mention, she knew how to hold a good conversation. They talked about everything from music to politics and what types of books she was reading. She even let her guard down long enough to tell him what bank she worked at on West Colonial Dr. in Orlando, and that she was currently in school at the University of Central Florida for a business degree. She really seemed to have

every aspect of her life completely together. He paid for the meal and at her request left a generous tip for the young waitress that had been so attentive to their needs that evening.

“Why do you work a legit job when you make so much doing what you already do,” K.Y asked once they were both settled into the car again.

“Uncle Sam is a cruel bastard and just wants his cut off of what I’m making. As you can see, I don’t live lavishly because I need to keep him off of my ass. I only put things in my name that my job can pay each month and I keep the rest of my money in an off shore account somewhere else. My old man is quite the asshole, but the man has taught me a lot about being smart in my business moves,” she said. “Meanwhile, you have a brand new car that has flashy rims, you have flashy clothes, and I would say it’s safe to assume you probably live on those same streets that you hustle on.” His silence confirmed to her that everything she was saying is true. “You should be counting your blessings that the pigs haven’t raided your spot yet. you’re like a big ass target to them. How can you afford the things you have, but you can’t afford to get out of the hood? Everyone knows you don’t shit where you sleep and the fact that you keep your home so close to your business is beyond dangerous. Anyone that knows you move the amount that you do knows exactly where they can run up on you. You need to get your life together,” she said bluntly. “I knew being around you was bad business. I’m just going to drop you back off to your car and make the rest of my rounds before I have to work in the morning. You’re young and you clearly have a lot to learn. I don’t know who taught you the game, but they didn’t do you much justice.”

K.Y sat there quietly as she belittled his intelligence and ability to hold his own.

“It’s only a matter of time before you end up screwing yourself if you keep doing business the way you have. I guess I

should have known what to expect from a man who comes to make a drop at a studio just a few blocks from a police station with a duffle bag full of weed. You're asking to get caught or worse.”

Something about that last statement pissed him off enough to speak up. “I’ve been doing my thang for a full decade before you, and I will be able to operate my business without any of your help or the jewels that you think you’re dropping'on me. You’re very arrogant and that same arrogance will eventually be your downfall one day,” he spat back angrily.

“The bass in your voice is at about a level eight, and I’m going to need you to bring it down to at least a five before I forget I’m trying to be a lady and not curse your ass out. Don’t hold your breath waiting for my downfall because I am arrogant enough to trust the moves I make, but wise enough to shut the hell up and listen when someone is trying to school me on some things. I get that I’m only six years older than you, but I’ve watched real hustlers move and not the petty shit that happens here on these blocks like you’ve seen.”

They had finally reached the studio that they had originally met at.

“I’m going to have Beast continue to handle my business deals for me, and when you’ve had time to calm down and be an adult about the situation, you know how to reach me. Now get the fuck out.”

It took everything in him not to curse her out before slamming her door, but he knew that wouldn’t exactly be wise of him. Since Jason stopped selling, Tammy had become his best selling customer. Even though he threw her a mean discount he was still making money with her, so it didn’t make sense to cut their business relationship short.

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He wanted to get to his car and pull off as quickly as possible because he wasn't in the mood to hear Jason clown him for his high confidence but low performance with the woman he was so buoyant that he could have. Just as luck would have it, Jason was walking back into his studio when he saw him scurrying into his car.

"That must have been some date Casanova," Jason joked. You were gone less than two hours, you got all dressed up, and you didn't even get a good night kiss."

"I'm not in the mood Jay. That chick has fucking problems yo. I can see why her bitter ass has been single for so long. Who actually has the time and patience to keep up with someone like that," K.Y said clearly frustrated.

"Tee is a challenge because she knows she is worth the fight. You don't find women like that every day and she knows it. When the man comes along that is going to deal with her crap and put up with all of her shit is how she'll know she found a man that's worth it for her. If you're that determined to get with a woman like that you have to be willing to see it through all the way," he said. "I tried to warn you before you put yourself out there, but you didn't want to listen. Now that you've had a chance to see how she moves all of these broads out here are going to seem lame to you. It's up to you to make the choice if you want to settle with some bird, or put up the fight and have a real woman."

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It had been two weeks since he saw Tammy, and it was clear to K.Y that she was stubborn and was not going to budge. He tried going on a few dates, but just like Jason had said every chick he entertained was lame and not close to worth his time. Even if he hated to admit it, he liked that feisty and independent attitude she possessed.

It was a Monday morning when he decided to just stroll into the bank that she worked at to take her some flowers and try to make amends with what had happened. When she originally told him that she worked at a bank he expected her to just be a teller, so he was completely shocked to see her sitting behind her own desk in her office in the corner. He signaled to the woman at the greeter's desk who he was there to see, and she politely told him to hold. Not even two minutes later, Tammy strutted his way looking as sexy as ever in her black form fitting dress and blazer.

“Good morning Mr. Cole,” she greeted him warmly. “I hate that you caught me on such a busy morning, but I’ll have to reschedule our business meeting for another time. Will you be available today around 3:00 PM,” she asked with a beautiful smile on her face.

“Yeah I’ll be free,” he said extending the flowers he was holding.

She took a moment to sniff and admire the large bouquet of flowers he had just given her. “Thank you. They are gorgeous, but I assure you that you didn’t have to do this. I go above and beyond to assist all of my business customers, and I will do whatever it takes to help you. Why don’t you meet me at the last establishment that we ate at around 3:00 PM where we will be able to go into your business needs in more detail,” she said.

“Aight bet. I’ll be there,” he said barely able to hold back his smile.

In comparison to their last meeting, he was surprised to see her act so warm and inviting to him. He couldn’t wait to see what would transpire later that afternoon.

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K.Y arrived at the same iHop that they ate at just a few weeks

## CHARGE IT TO THE GAME

prior 10 minutes before they were scheduled to meet. He asked the young waitress at the door to seat him at the same table that they ate at the last time. He anxiously waited for her arrival. After waiting for twenty minutes he saw a blocked number calling his phone. Normally he wouldn't have answered, but since his date was late he figured it could have been her.

“If you show up at any of my spots uninvited or unannounced again, I will kill you myself,” she said with much anger and venom before releasing the line.