

## The Moscato Diaries by Fanita Pendleton

Hennessy was his drink of choice; he loved the way it glided down his throat threatening to wash away whatever distractions that might invade his thoughts. He needed to tell a story but didn't have an audience to share it with. Everyone wanted to hear that same old love song but that's not always what life had to offer. He wanted to share a hood story; the story of the Moscato brothers of Louisiana. It was a story of death and disloyalty, love and betrayal, the things that make the world go round. As he kicked his feet up on his ottoman, he decided the brothers' story must be told because it was all of our stories. Scratching his head with one hand and raising his glass to salute the dead, he was more determined to start this journey. There was so much to tell about the Moscato brothers that he didn't know where he should start.

He could start with their birth or all of their tragedies, or even the triumphs. Finishing his drink, he quickly grabbed his writing diary. I'll start with "The Takeover" he said to himself. Putting pen to paper he wrote the first words...

## **What's Mine Is Mine**

*Lafourche Parish, Louisiana*

Good dick will make a real bitch pay attention. No need to nickname it, it is what it is. The lone tear that trailed down her cheek as he drove to the central point of her being yet again, was the proof in the pudding. Desiree wasn't a novice when it came to good dick, she had, had her share. On the other hand, she had never run across a nigga who could literally make her see stars like Snake. As he placed her right leg on his shoulder and went deeper than she thought was possible, Desiree couldn't help but yell out "Ohhhh shit baby, that's my shit right there!" Her breathing was labored. She was panting like she was in a Lamaze class preparing to bring a baby into the world. The deeper he went, the more her heart declared she was in love.

Desiree closed her eyes as she clamped her pussy jaws on his thickness and gave as good as she got. She visualized that Snake loved her as much as she loved him. Thinking to herself; "how could he fuck me like this without feeling what I feel? How could he even consider marrying somebody else? This is my dick, he better ask somebody." With that last thought, she opened her eyes quickly; she was almost frightened of her feelings. What she saw was Snake staring right in her face while he continued to punish the pussy. Desiree couldn't tell from his expression what he was thinking, which both scared and pissed her off.

Snake was unaffected by Desiree or how she felt. She didn't think he knew the deal but he did. He just continued to dig into her tight waterfall with a goal to bust a nut and bounce. She already knew what this was hitting for, he thought.

He continued to stare at her as he dug her back out; her moaning never stopped. Snake felt that familiar tightness in his dick as his body constricted and the explosion he sought blanketed him.

“Urgggghh...fuck D, shit girl!” He was sweating heavily and breathing hard as he shook his head, gathering enough breath to say “Girl that pussy is dangerous.” He smiled at Desiree as he rolled away from her body, still trying to regulate himself.

Desiree felt the room spin while she tried to regain some semblance of balance. In every other aspect of her world, she was in control. Yet, with Snake, she was always off kilter. Whenever he called, he could get it; he knew it too, which was tragic. Snake didn't take her seriously; all she was to him was a good fuck. She watched as he began putting on his clothes. Once again, fuck and run. Snake never stayed the night with her nor allowed her to stay the night with him. He would always say “Overnights are for wifey.” That statement hurt her deeply. She knew he didn't consider her wifey material, and for the life of her, she couldn't understand why. Desiree was 5'8” with what old people called good skin; her body was well-proportioned - 160 lbs. with an ass perfect for grabbing. She made her own money and was a *Bawss* in her own right. “So why the fuck am I not wifey material?” She thought to herself. The only answer she could come up with was Ariel. Desiree knew before she started fucking Snake, he was engaged to marry Ariel but she didn't care. She believed that after they spent time together and he sampled her juicy fruit, that a young ass, fat chick wouldn't stand a chance. Boy was she wrong.

Snake was completely dressed and calling her name while snapping his fingers, causing her to regain focus in time to hear him say “I got to bounce, got some business to tend to, I’ma hit you up later.” Desiree watched the words leave his mouth and made up her mind right then. “That bitch Ariel has got to go, because what's mine is mine.”

## **The Man**

The piercing sound of AR-15 automatic weapon fire could be heard from the secret panic room in his 5,000 square foot home. The bloodcurdling screams coming through the hidden walls were causing his eardrums to weep. “The Man” was sure that the high-pitched screams belonged to his wife of more than twenty years. He refused to look at the many video screens or even imagine what they were doing to her, knowing that whatever it was would certainly put an end to his beloved’s life. He didn’t know what happened to his boys; the 17 and 15-year-old sons he was hoping to mold to one day take over his empire. Clement, his 17-year-old was more built for the task than Christophe, who was 15-years-old and as soft as cotton. Surely, they wouldn’t hurt children. He thought as he stared into the distance, scratching his beard.

He knew the answer to that question as it formed in his mind. Everything in him shouted to help his family. Even so, despite being the biggest heroin supplier in the state of Louisiana, he was a straight bitch. Cowardliness refused to allow his limbs to move from the position he occupied in his hiding place. Normally, he had an army of soldiers to handle any situation that came up. Therefore, he never had to lift a finger and always appeared to be strong because of the force behind him. As he stood in the middle of the room, he was thinking about how he would retaliate; he was not worried about his wife telling the intruders where he was because she was unaware of the panic room installed in the mansion. In agony and torment, he sat inside the room plotting his revenge on the images he watched on the security monitors.

Jacques “Murder” Moscato was what women called sexy to the core. At 24-years-old he was 6’2”, 245 lbs. with teeth as white as a Colgate commercial. He had eyes that displayed a sexy

seriousness and a jaw that demonstrated the strength in his pedigree. His demeanor was a mystery to most people. They didn't get to know the real Jacques; they only knew his deadly persona, Murder. As he slit the throat of the last soldier in the massive home, his deadly characteristics would continue to be put on display. "The Man" was nowhere to be found in the large home. Murder assigned his top lieutenant, Lafayette Jr., the task of performing a military sweep of the home; he found nothing.

The only occupants left alive inside were the woman and two male children. According to the background information that had been gathered on the family, Murder knew the boys were 17 and 15-years-old. Both boys were bound with plastic zip ties and laid on the Egyptian tile floor. They both possessed a look in their eyes that was a cross between fear and determination.

Christophe, the younger boy, could be heard sniffing loudly. Sprawled across the coldness of the tile, he was barely holding it together. He was looking from one end of the room to the other; terror was evident in his body language. Just the opposite could be said of Clement, he was every bit the older brother. His eyes were red but not from crying. The anger and pain that emanated through his young eyes would assuredly mean death under different circumstances.

Everyone was congregated in the massive as well as exquisite kitchen. The space was a master chef's dream - granite counter tops, stainless steel appliances, and every trinket you could utilize to create the most delectable meals were there.

Murder reflected on how nice the kitchen was as he looked from the mother to her children. Unfortunately, the many happy moments shared in this space would forever be overshadowed by what he was planning to do next. He nodded across the room to his team then two men snatched the struggling woman up and dragged her across the room. The fight in her was not gone; she

pulled and jerked, all the while keeping eye contact with Clement. She was thrown across the granite countertop so hard the wind was knocked out of her, but she never lost eye contact with Clement. It was as if she was speaking to him in a language only the two of them understood. It didn't go unnoticed by Murder as he grabbed the woman by the hand; she had a peaceful look on her face as she maintained eye contact with her first-born.

The screaming in the room was coming from Christophe as he witnessed Murder cut off each finger from his mother's hand with no regard for her life or the psyche of her sons. Her howling vibrated off the large ceilings in the home and straight into the hearts of her children. She was nearly unconscious. Nevertheless, she looked her sons in their eyes. Murder believed that she honestly didn't know where her husband was because no mother would willingly allow her children to witness such horror. Or would she? She was the wife of one of the most influential crime lords in Louisiana. He was so powerful that people didn't even call him by his government name; they simply called him "The Man." Due to his self-importance, he never saw LaGroue (pronounced La Grew) coming.

Regrettably, safety precautions at "The Man's" home were nonexistent. Security where his family laid their heads should have been strong, especially since he was in charge of a criminal organization. Ultimately, his conceit became his defeat.

The LaGroue was hungry and determined to be fed. The Moscato brothers were poised to be returned to being the kings of Lafourche Parish. Creole born, the brothers were a mixture of French and African American ancestry and the chief architects behind the LaGroue and Touye (pronounced Toy-ye), which is the Creole version of the mafia and death squad. Murder was the brains and Snake the muscle.

The takeover was not planned overnight. The brothers along with Lafayette, Jr. had put a lot of thought and planning into reclaiming something they felt was rightfully theirs. That's why the destruction of "The Man" who ran the heroin trade in Louisiana, and Laurent who controlled the cocaine market had to be conducted with precisely the right measure of gangsta and surety. From the brother's standpoint, it was essential that any other would-be-gangstas comprehended that LaGroue was not to be fucked with.

Murder decided that the wife was of no use and slit her throat from ear-to-ear, giving her a Creole necktie. One of the boys struggled against his captors, attempting to either get to his mother or Murder. Appreciating his courage and almost admiring the fight in him, Murder smiled at the youngster. Not actually having a thick accent, he spoke to the boys in his deep baritone voice that he'd been practicing. "Where yo fada? Mi ask one time...tell mi da truf and mi let ju liv...no truf," making a slicing movement across his throat Murder threatened, "die rit dere."

Murders feigned broken English was understood by both boys, which was indicated by them nodding their heads up and down to his questions. Murder noticed that one brother appeared to be frightened, while the other looked as if he wanted to show the intruders his own brand of torture.

"The Man" sat in the panic room fearful for his boys and saddened by the death of his beloved. Yet, taking solace in the fact that revenge would be his. He recognized LaGroue and knew what they wanted but he refused to give it to them. Even with the death of his family, he refused to give into their demands. Standing in the center of the panic room, he paced back and forth incensed that he hadn't neutralized Lafayette's entire crew five years ago.

Along with his best friend Laurent, the two of them plotted to take over the drug trade in Louisiana. They gave the go-ahead to murder Lafayette Sr., who fully controlled the trade in that region. What they failed to do was kill Murder, Snake, and Lafayette, Jr., who were known as Des Trios. To their misfortune, they assumed bankrupting them would be enough. Obviously, they were wrong. Now, his family was paying with their lives.

Clement was on his knees with his hands bound behind his back, staring into the dead eyes of his precious mother. The love he held for her surpassed life itself. His heart ached. This was not supposed to happen to her, she deserved better. Closing his eyes so tightly he thought they might never open again, he vowed to his soul to make everyone pay for this day. Then again, he had to take advantage of the traits he possessed - intelligence and patience.

His mother knew where his father was but chose not to give him up. To the very end, she probably believed he would come out blazing and save his family. Clement knew his cowardly ass father was hiding in that panic room they weren't supposed to know about. He tried to give his dad the benefit of the doubt, hoping he would come running through the door, blasting his AK and dropping these fools.

Sadly, once again the old man disappointed him. Clement felt betrayed by his father; thinking, "he went out like a bitch to the end, even when we needed him the most, he still punked out. I'm as loyal as they come but he doesn't deserve my loyalty." For that reason alone and not because of fear, Clement shook his head and decided he would give his father up. Furthermore, his decision wasn't based on hopes of his own survival. Rather, it was a result of refusing to allow his mother's death to be in vain.

“The Man” studied the pained looks on the faces of his children, silently vowing to them that he would make it right. Unable to watch them also be banished from this life, he turned away from the screens. As he was turning away, he heard the strength in the voice of his oldest son, Clement; it saddened him. For that reason, he decided to turn the monitor volume down, but before he could do so, what he listened to caused him to breakout into a cold sweat. Terror raced up his back from his spine to the muscle in the back of his head. His oldest son, Clement, had just revealed to the murderous bastards how to get into the panic room that he was certain his father was taking refuge in. “The Man” watched the screen as Clement articulated in a tone of escalating rage. Clearly, demonstrating his repugnance for how his father left his family out to be executed he declared, “He’s no father of mine if he’ll allow us to all die like cows at the slaughter and not stand up for us...so he must die with us.”

Before “The Man” could think of a way to escape the inevitable, the door was pulled open so hard the hinges appeared to come undone. He looked into the menacing eyes of Lafayette, Jr. His scream was caught in his throat as Lafayette grabbed him, damn near choking him to death. If Lafayette hated anything, it was a coward and that’s exactly what he was faced with. Eye-to-eye with someone who shamefully lacked courage, Lafayette growled at him.

“What kind of man would let his family be tortured while he hid himself?” The disgust in Lafayette's voice was obviously apparent. However, “The Man” couldn’t bring himself to worry about that. His mind was thinking of what he could offer the assassins to spare him and the rest of his family. But the hatred in Lafayette ran deeper than the current moment; his pain ran all the way back to the ambush massacre of his father five years earlier.

“The Man” and Laurent were the primary orchestrators in the death of his father, Lafayette Leblanc as well as the demise of his family empire. It took everything in Lafayette to wait five years to implement the master plan that his best friends, Snake and Murder devised. In return for his patience, they promised him he would experience the feelings he was having now - pride, power, and peace. Dragging “The Man” by his throat out of the room, Lafayette brought a terrified father to not only face his sons but the guilt of allowing their mother to be brutally murdered in front of them.

Murder could only stare at this spectacle of a man. From his appearance, he didn't appear to be the boss of anything. His glasses were as large as coke bottles. He was short and round in the belly and looked as if he was as scared as a church mouse, not gallant and brave like you would think a kingpin should be. Scratching his head, Murder couldn't understand how this man became the head of one of the largest crime families in Louisiana. The public rarely got a glimpse of “The Man” because he had an army of soldiers to run his operation. All of which were dead now, LaGroue had seen to that. “The Man” walked deeper into the room, glanced over at his boys, and witnessed the pure disgust they had for him; it broke his heart. Murder was amused by the entire spectacle. How could this fool act as if he was saddened by the expressions on his children's faces after he stood by and did nothing while their mother was tortured?

Murder acknowledged how the boys stood their ground for the most part during this entire episode, which caused him to come to a decision. He freed Clement's hands and gave him the knife.

The members of LaGroue watched as Clement took the knife and without hesitation plunged it into his father's chest, pulled it out then plunged it back in. The younger son, Christophe's

screams echoed throughout the house as he fell to his knees and sobbed loudly. Clement's eyes were as red as fire as blood trickled down his hands onto his arms and coated the shirt that adorned his body. One look at his younger brother, who was now on his feet and wiping tears from his face, caused Clement to make a choice that would change his fate. Turning the knife toward his brother, before Christophe could take another breath or understand what was happening, Clement plunged the knife into his neck, sending him reeling back into a wall, and sliding down to the floor to his death.

He retrieved the knife from his brother's neck with a heavy heart, but refused to show the vicious killers that he was any less an animal than they were. The knife that was in Clement's hand had destroyed his entire family. It had been used to slice his mother's throat, as well as to end the lives of his father and little brother. Still holding the weapon, Clement considered turning it on the main culprit of the invasion as he stood there staring at it while blood dripped onto the marble floors. The members of LaGroue were impressed and gave Murder the nod. In spite of this, Murder had one question for Clement that he needed answered. Noticing the danger exuding from the young boy's eyes, but not feeling the least bit threatened, he began walking closer to him. Every member of LaGroue was trained to go. He looked directly in the kid's face then asked in his deep baritone voice, "Why did you kill your brother?"

Clement closed the gap between him and the murderer of his mother. As he got closer to Murder with the knife still in his hand and a look of the devil in his vacant eyes, the air was motionless. In that instant, every weapon in the room was pointed at Clement but Murder saw something else in his eyes; not only did he see a true killer he saw a soldier as well. Raising his hand, Murder signaled LaGroue to hold off on their intention to shoot Clement where he stood. When Clement positioned himself directly in front of Murder, he looked him in the eyes, dropped the blade, and

stated “Christophe is not made for this life, he never was.” Clement’s voice never wavered. He was good at disguising his true feelings as he continued, “He wouldn’t have survived a moment pass today and I’ll be damned if I let anyone of you kill him. I loved him too much for that. Therefore, I did it myself.”

The look on Clement’s face was absent of emotion but his body language was strong and rigid. Murder put his arms atop each of Clement’s shoulders; he understood that kind of love and loyalty. It was the devotion and strength that LaGroue represented. Because the eyes are the windows into the soul, Murder stared into his eyes and said “LaGroue is a family of soldiers who will die for each other. You’re a soldier who would die for what you believe in; you possess an allegiance that defies this life. We’ll allow you to live today and in time, we may consent to you becoming a member of LaGroue.” With that, the soldiers gathered all the money, drugs, and weapons they found throughout the huge compound then left the home with Clement in tow. Just like his heart, Clement’s eyes were vacant. He realized it would take time, but retribution would unquestionably come. The only thing on his mind at this time was survival.