

Twisted Faith of A Side Bitch - Memphis

by Niki Jilvontae

Chapter 1

“Here Tasty. Take this money and chill yo ass the fuck out!” Jermaine said as he pulled down on me at the nail shop on Frayser Boulevard.

He looked so fucking sexy to me sitting there in his red, 2013 Camaro on 26’s, trying to look all mean and shit. I loved his angry, I’m fed the fuck up face. That face made me want him even more. From that first time I saw Jermaine back in 2008, I knew he’d be mine one day...one way or the other. Wifey, baby mama, bust it, or side chick, it didn’t matter to me as long as I had him, that big dick, and all of his money. At that time I preferred to be the side chick though. That role had all the perks in my eyes, with none of the hassle. I could go home at night and sleep in my king sized bed alone and I didn’t have to go through the nagging and mad, sexless nights that most relationships had. Yep, my way was better; money, dick, cap, and then I’m gone...and in that order exactly. However, sometimes I wondered about Jermaine and I..maybe we could make it.

I smiled at Jermaine, flashing him my huge dimples and slanted, exotic, hazel eyes as I took the money and stuck it in my Michael Kors bag without even looking at it. I’d check that later, but at that moment I wanted him. I needed my big daddy and I was so tired of having to wait for dick or money because he was with that bitch. That’s why I had been playing on her phone for over a week, calling then hanging up. Fuck her. She didn’t deserve the dick and money on call, I did. I deserved him. I deserved a nigga that could take care of me. However, I didn’t want that lovey-dovey, living in the same house, sit on my couch and scratch, eat all my cereal shit. Not ALL the time. Mainly I just wanted to be able to get any and everything I wanted out of Jermaine, when I wanted it. I didn’t want any interruptions from that pelican looking bitch he called baby mama. His loving was too good for an ugly, busted bitch like that anyway. That’s why I knew I had to get back on Jermaine’s good side and I knew just how to do it.

“What I do bae? Why I gotta chill the fuck out?” I asked him as I walked back and forth past his window, giving him a clear view of my fat ass.

I knew that he could never resist my ass. How could he be mad with all of that thickness in his face. At 5’3”, with smooth mocca skin, and 129 pounds of nothing but ass and titties, that nigga had no choice but to submit to me. Jermaine smiled at me, showing all 12 of his gold teeth as he got out of the car. Damn he was so fine in his Robbin jeans, white t, gucci belt, and Jordans. At 6’4”, 165 pounds with smooth caramel skin and big brown eyes, Jermaine was my sexy thug. A street pharmacist with a

legit job on the side driving trucks. He brought in his own product back to Memphis driving from city to city, so his bank was extra swoll. He wasn't no nickle and dime, street nigga. No my boo was the man. He had the muscle and street smarts, which made him that nigga on the block.

Every nigga in Frayser wanted to be Jermaine and every bitch wanted to fuck him. Jermaine was everything I ever wanted in a dude if I ever decided to settle down. The only thing was, he wasn't mine, I was just borrowing him. The fact was Jermaine wasn't anybody's not mine, not his baby mama Krissy's, hell he didn't even know what he wanted. Or his selfish ass just wanted it all. I think Jermaine really enjoyed sneaking around with me and keeping baby mama at home cooking, cleaning, paying bills, and giving him pussy on call. He was comfortable as hell, but I was getting antsy. Somewhere deep inside I wanted more and I was just fed up with that ugly bitch getting more benefits than me. It seemed I had to devise a new strategy to get him closer to me, which would include regular doses of good pussy. That was guaranteed to get him to act right, then eventually I'd settle down and take him from that Krissy bitch. Yea, that would work.

I smirked at Jermaine and batted my lashes as he wrapped his arms around my coke bottle frame, rubbing down my ass. His Gucci cologne smelled so fucking good I felt my pussy get wet. I wanted to jump on his big, sexy ass right there in the parking lot. I had to play it cool though. If I wanted him to forget he was mad because I was playing on the phone and pull him closer to me, I had to play it cool. I had to be heartless, money getting, I don't give a fuck Tasia, or Tasty as he called me. He liked that Tasia because that Tasia didn't ask questions. She didn't give a fuck. As long as she got what she wanted and was happy he could do what he wanted.

The only problem was, I was feeling less and less like that Tasia when it came to him. Somehow, feelings were creeping in and even though I didn't like it, I couldn't fight it. I had plenty of other niggas with bitches, baby mamas, wives, and girlfriends, but I didn't give two fucks about what they did. With Jermaine it was different though. I was starting to rethink everything I thought about relationships every time I was around him. Shid he made me forget everything when I was touching his sexy ass.

I deeply inhaled Jermaine's scent as he bent down and I licked his neck.

"I miss you daddy and so does puddy." I said seductively as Jermaine smirked with that lustful look.

I knew what that look meant, Jermaine wanted me just as much as I wanted him. Krissy's fat ass wasn't fucking him right that's why he was always so eager when we were together. He was pheening for some good pussy like a crackhead who needed a rock.

Jermaine picked me up and sat me on the hood of his car as he wedged himself between my legs. I couldn't believe he was being so bold in broad daylight. Usually we were hiding and shit.

“Damn girl you so fucking fine. Licking on a nigga and shit. I'll be done gave you this dick right here you keep playing. A nigga can't even hide and shit right now... Damn Tasty!” Jermaine said licking his lips before he kissed me on my neck.

He made my heart quiver whenever his big, juicy ass lips touched my bare skin. He knew that was my spot. I had to make him feel that same electricity I felt so I grabbed his right hand and stuck it under my short, black dress right into my pussy.

I could feel my pussy getting wetter as chills went up and down my spine and Jermaine stuck his index and middle finger deep inside of me. The excitement of not hiding for that moment made me so horny, I started to unbuckle Jermaine's pants. I was going to call his bluff. If he didn't want to hide, we wouldn't hide. I would fuck him right there on the hood of his car. I really didn't care. However, I knew he wouldn't do it. He wouldn't go that far and take the chance of his bitch being in the hood and riding by, or one of her folks seeing him. He was just talking shit like he often did when he wanted some pussy and I just wanted to see the look on his face.

After unbuckling his pants I quickly put my hand down Jermaine's boxers as he quickly pulled away looking at me in astonishment. I knew that nigga was bullshitting. All that shit he talked and that bitch still had him shook. I laughed to myself thinking about what would have happened if his bitch pulled down and saw us at that moment.

“Damn Tasty baby, wassup with you? You just gonna pull a nigga dick out right here on the strip? You know we can't do it like that, but baby I gotta have you.” Jermaine said buckling his pants back up and wedging himself back between my legs.

Jermaine kissed me deeply while running his hands through my hair as I closed my eyes like the corny bitches in the movies. At that moment I felt it though. Jermaine's touch made me feel so good. I had to have him.

“Let's go to our spot Tasty. Can we?” Jermaine whispered in my ear as he helped me off of the car.

He already knew my answer to that question so he quickly went around to open his passenger door for me as I strutted past him, making sure my ass bounced with each step. I know my ass must've looked extra delicious to Jermaine because as I walked past to get in the car he hit me on the ass and stood back to watch it jiggle.

“Damnnn...wiggle, wiggle wiggle.” Jermaine said laughing as I twerked my ass before getting into the car.

We always had so much fun together and the sex was outstanding. I guess that’s why I had started catching all types of feelings. I didn’t really want to share him with anyone, especially not with that ugly bitch. Krissy was a fat, sloppy, ugly, lame bitch I knew from high school. The desperate type that paid niggas to keep them. She fucked Jermaine once, got pregnant, and then fell in love. It seemed she had some type of hold on his ass too. I guess a bitch like her who would turn her head when he fucked off would be able to keep a fine nigga like him. The money her parents had played a role in that too because she was paying him from day one..and he paid me.

“Tasty, you a muthafucka with yoself, you know that?” Jermaine said as he got into the driver’s seat and started the car.

I smiled seductively at Jermaine as I leaned over to kiss his neck. I knew he was about to bitch about me playing on the phone and I was gonna divert that shit just like I did the first time.

“Tasty maine why you been doing that petty shit?” Jermaine asked me with that serious, mean face again.

I had to smirk when I glanced over at him with his face all scrunched up. I loved the way his forehead wrinkled when he was mad and I loved fucking with his mind and disrupting his happy home even more. That’s what he got for being a selfish nigga. He wanted to keep bitches hanging, lying every day like shit was gone change. He deserved the disruptions I caused in his so-called happy home. However, he hadn’t seen nothing yet. If he fucked with me the wrong way he would see the real Tasia.

As Jermaine whipped his Camaro down Hollywood, headed to one of our fuck spots at Rodney Baber Park on James Road, I unbuckled my seatbelt and slid closer to him. I knew what to do to keep his mind off that bitch at home, and the problems I was causing.

“Maine Tasty don’t start that shit. I’m mad. You know what the deal is, that’s why I don’t see why you do that petty shit.” Jermaine said as I unbuckled his seatbelt and began kissing him on the left side of his neck.

I felt his breathing increase and his body relax, softening to my touch as I kissed down his chest while unbuckling his pants. As soon as I had his pants open I could feel that huge, 10 ½ inch, caramel penis of his poking up to break free. I quickly grabbed Jermaine’s dick out of his boxers and began to stroke it gently while looking into his eyes.

“Ohhh, Damn Tasty. You so with the.....” Jermaine began to say as I gently licked the head of his dick and then blew on it.

I watched him as his eyes fluttered and his body quivered while I continued to stroke his dick. I had that nigga so sprung on my fye head and pussy, but I still couldn’t get him where I wanted him..not yet anyway.

“Shhhh daddy. Stop worrying about stupid shit. Worry about us, right here right now. Nothing else should matter.” I said to Jermaine, staring into his eyes as I deep throated his dick, flicking my tongue and taking full advantage of my no-gag-reflex.

In that moment Jermaine was gone. I knew it would work. He had forgotten all about me playing on the phone and Krissy bitching at him to get me to stop. All Jermaine cared about was putting all of him inside of my mouth and eventually in my big, wet pussy. Jermaine turned into the park in a hurry as I licked up and down his shaft while massaging his balls gently. He almost ran into a tree trying to park as I made small, fast circles around the head of his dick before taking it all into my mouth again.

“Damnnnnn Tasty. Fuckkkkk.” Jermaine said as he cut the car off, let his seat all the way back, and quickly pulled his pants down to his ankles.

I could feel the lust and excitement in his body as he grabbed the back of my head and began bobbing my mouth up and down on his dick. He thrust his pelvis forward every time I came down on his dick and I felt him quiver when I made my tongue roll as I made my way back to the head. I was spinning my web around Jermaine at that very moment, initiating my plan to get him to leave that bitch or at the least give me more money..

I got up on my knees in the seat, hiking my pantie-less ass up in the air for anyone in the park to see. I didn’t give a fuck, it was all about me and Jermaine at that moment. Fuck who saw us. Jermaine continued to moan in pleasure as I bobbed up and down on his dick with my juicy, wet mouth. He sat up in his seat and rubbed down my back to my ass, slapping it before finding my soaking wet pussy with his fingers. I quickly took his dick out of my mouth and began to lick and suck his balls as he inserted his fingers in me once again.

“Damnnn Tasty this pussy so wet. Ummmm, I love this pussy Tasty.” Jermaine said as I deep throated his dick again while turning my head in a circular motion.

I loved to hear him tell me how much he loved my pussy, but a part of me longed for him to tell me how much he loved me. I mean he told the fat, nasty bitch, why not me? I had to make him see me like he saw her. I was determined to.

I took Jermaine's dick out my mouth and rubbed it all over my lips before sucking it again, deep and fast while stroking it with my small, slippery hands. I smirked as I watched Jermaine's eyes roll in the back of his head and he fell back in the seat. Each time I went down on his dick I felt it grow in my mouth to the point where it felt like it might bust. I knew I had his ass going then because he started with all the promises.

"Damn Tasty, I promise I never want to lose you. I'm tired of that other shit. I just want this all the time...only you. If you promise to be with just me, I promise I'll leave her ass." Jermaine said as he sat up to watch me bob quickly on his dick before spitting on it and stroking it with my hand.

I ignored Jermaine's rants and climbed over the seat to sit on top of him. I knew that he was just talking shit because the cap was so good, and besides I wasn't sure if I was ready to settle all the way down. I also knew he wasn't ready to leave the bitch, not yet anyway. However, I'd get him someday.

"You just talking shit boo. You not ready, but I am ready for this dick." I said as I pulled my black dress over my head, revealing the fact that I was wearing nothing underneath.

I watched Jermaine's eyes glow as he looked up and down my body, admiring my double D titties and fat, cleanly shave puddy. I could see the desire in his eyes and it made me feel good, even if it wasn't real love. I kissed up Jermaine's body seductively, taking time to stop and lick on his body making him go crazy. When I made it up to his mouth he kissed me deeply as he ran his right hand through my hair and rubbed my ass with the other. His touch felt so good I could feel my pussy dripping down on him.

I quickly grabbed Jermaine's massive manhood in my hand as I continued to kiss him and rubbed it up and down my clit, sending sensations through my body.

"Ummm shit." Jermaine moaned as I rubbed the head around my wound and then quickly inserted it and then took it out.

Jermaine dug his fingernails deep into my ass as I sat down on his dick and began to bounce like I was on a pogo stick, grinding my hips and tightening the walls of my cat. I knew that shit drove him crazy. That's what I wanted. I needed to get in his mind like he was in mine, and at that moment I was doing a damn good job.

"Damn Tasty that pussy so tight. I know you not giving it to nobody but me and you better not. This my pussy Tasty." Jermaine said as he grabbed my ass in his hands and slammed me up and down on his dick.

I rolled my eyes at that comment, but kept riding Jermaine as I thought about what he said. That nigga had some nerves. He fucked a bitch every night. Hell they lived in the same damn house, but he had the audacity to tell me not to fuck anybody else. He had the game all fucked up. However, at that moment all I wanted to do was get what I came for.

After riding Jermaine for about 10 more minutes he picked me up and flipped me into the seat, burying his juicy lips in my pussy. Jermaine sucked my clit like it was the last one on earth as he stuck his fingers deep inside of me. Pleasure surged through my body as Jermaine stuck his tongue deep inside of me while staring up at me with those beautiful eyes. Damn that's why I loved him so much. He knew exactly how to please me with no instructions. I grinded my hips and poked my puddy up as Jermaine slurped and sucked all over it, making me wetter and wetter with each touch of his tongue.

I could feel my climax slowing building up as Jermaine continued to suck on me. He felt it too so he quickly got up, kissing up my body and sending tingles all through me. He kissed my neck so gently as he whispered in my ear.

“When you gonna act right Tasty and give a nigga a reason to wife you. I love you girl.” Jermaine said as he began to suck on my breasts.

A part of me wanted to curse him the fuck out and ask him when he was going to become worthy to have a wife, but it felt so good as he sucked my breasts and massaged my clit with the head of his dick. I momentarily dismissed his comment and just laid back. I'd get into that shit after I got what I needed.

When Jermaine entered me with my legs hiked high up in the air, I felt the earth move. He dove right in, stoking deep and hard touching my g-spot on contact. I felt my body quiver as I instantly reached my climax, creaming all over Jermaine's love stick. He smiled at me before licking my neck, getting me wet all over again.

“Damn daddy this feels so good.” I moaned as Jermaine drilled me into the seat, rotating his pelvis with each thrust.

I felt his body begin to shake and his pace quicken as I gripped the walls of my vagina again and fucked him from the bottom.

“Ohhhh shit Tasty. Baby I'm about to nut.” Jermaine yelled as I dug my nails in his back and continued to grip my walls and fuck him back.

I could feel another climax coming on too so I quicken my pace and held Jermaine close while licking his neck as we both thrust our bodies together faster and harder. Suddenly euphoria hit us both at once as we reached our climax, shaking and holding one another.

When it was all over Jermaine lie there on top of me breathless with his head on my chest, listening to my heart beat. I rubbed his head and smiled, remembering that he told me he loved me.

“So do you really love me Jermaine or was that just fuck talk.” I asked him as he rose up and I slipped from under him back into my seat. I watched his face as I slipped my dress back on and he pulled his pants and boxers back up. His face was so different then. He was back to that angry, fuck face expression he had when he pulled down on me. I knew all that shit he said was just fuck talk, but a part of me really wanted it to be true.

“Tasty you know a nigga got plenty love for you, but you with the shit. Why you do petty ass shit like playing on the phone. That shit just push a nigga away from you and make a muthafucka wanna quit fucking with you.” Jermaine said as he buckled his belt.

I couldn't believe how quick that bitch had changed as soon as he got the pussy. Now he was back on that bullshit about his fat ass baby mama, but he couldn't see how all that shit was his fault. He was the muthafucka running around with me behind his bitch back. I didn't come to him, he came to me and he brought the bitch in it. Not me, but I was damn sure gonna give the bitch what she wanted. I couldn't even hold back my feelings as I looked at Jermaine with tears in my eyes.

“What the fuck are you saying Jermaine. Yo ass the one creeping muthafucka not me. I don't have no fucking warden to tip toe around. I do what the fuck I want. If you'd just do like you said and leave the bitch you wouldn't have these problems because you ain't gone keep lying to me and stringing me on like I ain't shit. Hell, I deserve time and tenderness too. Not just a fuck in a car and a hand full of cash. Every time that we hook up all I leave with is a wet ass and you go home to the bitch and lay up. Now tell me how the fuck is that fair.” I yelled at Jermaine with my finger in his face.

He really had me heated with that bullshit. First he tells me I can't fuck nobody but him then he says I will never be wifed because I'm not worthy. Who the fuck did he think he was. That was the shit I didn't like about Jermaine. After all of the fun and good sex he could transform into a real lil bitch, picking fights just so he could get out of doing shit and maning the fuck up. Typical nigga, wanting his cake and to eat it too.

I stared at Jermaine with my face scrunched up as he turned to face me.

“That's what this all about. You catching feelings and want to hurry up and be my one and only? Not Tasia. What happened to the I don't give a fuck Tasia I met back in 2008. That's the Tasia I want to

fuck with again because it was easy to want to leave Krissy when I was with that Tasia. The Tasia you acting like now might as well be her...wanting a mufucka to stick up under you. Hell naw!” Jermaine yelled as he crunk up the car and speed out of the park.

I sat there with my arms folded, fuming at the bullshit he had just said. The nerves of this bitch ass nigga.

“Maine fuck you Jermaine. You don’t have to wife me boo, but if you think you gonna fuck with me I should get what I want, when I want it. Not when it’s convenient for you and that bitch. You know what though nigga, I’m going to let you breathe to do you, but I tell you this. I bet not see you with another bitch. Since you can screen who I fuck with nigga Ima do the same. And when I call you, yo ass better answer the phone. Not that bitch. Matter of fact where the fuck yo phone at anyway.” I asked Jermaine as I watched a small smile spread across his lips.

Even though he was so damn fine and sexy it was clear that Jermaine was with the shit. I was sure he enjoyed all the drama his creeping was bringing.

“Aw bae. Gone on with that jealous shit. I’m sorry for saying that shit Tasty. You know I fuck with you the long way, you just get under a nigga skin sometimes. I’m gonna be better though. My phone at home cause her phone broke, that’s why she been answering it. Ima call you as soon as I get home though, and Ima start calling to check in just like a lame nigga would. If that’s what you want. Anything for you.” Jermaine said smiling at me as he pulled back into the nail shop parking lot so I could get back in my car.

I wanted to slap his confused, hoeish ass right in the face as I stared at him, but he was so damn fine I couldn’t stay mad.

“Whatever Jermaine. You so with the shit.” I said as I unbuckled my seatbelt and prepared to get out of the car.

He quickly grabbed me by the arm and pulled me close to him, kissing me deeply.

”Don’t be like that Tasty. You my boo and always will be.” Jermaine said as he stroked my face while looking around.

Suddenly I saw his face go blank and he let me go. I followed his eyes and saw that a blue truck had pulled up. When his baby mama’s sister got her fat ass out of the truck looking right at us, I knew why he was suddenly acting funny. I laughed as he tried to duck down in his seat, hiding from the fat bitch as she stared at me. I smirked at the her as I reached in my purse and pulled out my taser just in

case. I wasn't about to wrestle with that buffalo. I was gonna put something hot on her fat ass if she ran up. However, she did nothing but walk into the nail shop shaking her head as she dialed a number on her cell. I was sure she was calling her sister. I didn't give a fuck though.

As soon as the rhino was inside Jermaine quickly sat up and crunk his car back up. He was ready to vacate the scene as soon as possible, but I was not about to let him get away that easy. I sat back in the seat with my arms folded, taser still in hand as I smiled at Jermaine.

“Maine Tasty get out. You just saw Mi-Mi. You know she finna call Krissy. Come on maine..see I told you that you be with the shit.” Jermaine whined just like a lil bitch.

It was so funny to me how niggas acted so hard like they do what they want, but as soon as they ass get caught they nut up like a lil ass girl. I just stared at Jermaine's ass for a few minutes as I sat there, making him more anxious and paranoid by the second. He was watching the door of the nail shop like a fucking spy and searching up and down the street like the bitch was about to pull up.

“Nigga you so with the shit it ain't even funny, but I'm straight on you. “ I said as I rolled my eyes at Jermaine, opened the door and stepped out.

I was so done playing with his ass. I was gonna put his ass on ice for a minute. I knew he'd be in pussy withdrawals in two days, calling me like a fucking stalker.

“Tasty baby. I love you and Ima call you.” Jermaine yelled as I slammed the door and strutted past the door of the nail shop so his big back ass sister-in-law could see me.

I couldn't help but laugh as I got in my car and watched Jermaine speed off the lot like a fucking lunatic. That nigga was crazy. I turned on my ac and let the cold air blow in my face, cooling me off. I got lost in my thoughts for a second as I imagined a day when I could be faithful and Jermaine could be honest so we could be together. My cell phone ringing quickly broke that thought as I looked at my Iphone to see that my best friend Diamond was calling.

Diamond was my bestie, a home wrecking, go-getter just like me. We had been best friends since the first grade. We did everything together even trick niggas. I quickly got my shit together and turned back on my icy heart as I pulled out of the parking lot and answered the phone.

“Wasup slut bag.” I said to Diamond laughing as I headed down Frayser Boulevard to my two bedroom house in Raleigh.

I was ready to get home to wash all the sex off my body and see had Jermaine given me what I asked for.

“Wasup bitchhhhhhhh. You know what I want hoe. This head needs to be done asap and I’m on my way to yo house because you doing it whether you want to or not.” Diamond said laughing as I sucked my teeth.

That bitch was always demanding shit, but she knew she could because she was my girl. Really Diamond was all I had since my mama died in 2009 from cervical cancer. Diamond was right there with me every step of the way. She was really the person who saved me from killing myself after that. That’s why there wasn’t anything she couldn’t ask me for. I’d do anything for that bitch.

“I got you skank. Be there in 10 minutes. Let yo self in you got a damn key.” I said laughing.

I knew that the bitch was probably already at my house as she always was. That’s why we exchanged keys in the first place. She had to have somewhere to crash from time to time when her lil live in nigga was acting dumb and I didn’t want to have to rush to let her in all the time. So it made sense for us to have keys to each other place just in case.

“Yea, yea, yea. I’m already here drinking up all of yo 1800 bitch so bring yo ratchet ass on.” Diamond yelled into the phone laughing as we both hung up.

I had to smile as I made my way home thinking about all me and Diamond had been through. That bitch had always put me up on shit and helped me when I was in need so I didn’t mind doing her hair for free. I knew if I needed her she would be there and I valued that kind of loyalty. If I could just get that from Jermaine or another nigga I was fucking with maybe I wouldn’t be a side bitch.

I quickly dismissed all my thoughts as I blast Fantasia’s song *When I see you* loudly, thinking about Jermaine. I hated his ass, but I loved him just the same. However, I knew it was time to put his ass on ice for a minute. Maybe then he’d appreciate me more. As I got out of my car and entered the house thoughts of the money he had given me ran through my mind. I hoped he hadn’t played me, for his sake. When I walked into my living room the loud kush smoke instantly hit me in the face, making my mouth water. Diamond was sitting on my couch with my plasma on, blasting videos on 106&Park loud as hell.

“Bout time you got here skank. I was just about to leave.” Diamond said smiling as she handed me the blunt.

I rolled my eyes at her and sucked my teeth before hitting the blunt because I knew she was just talking shit. Who else was gonna do her big ass head for free.

“Bitch please. Yo ugly ass was gonna wait til I got here like you did. I got you though hooch, just let me count this money first.” I said to Diamond after hitting the blunt again and passing it back to her.

I went right over to my island and sat my purse down before finding the stack Jermaine had given me. I instantly felt my rage surge as I counted the stack and saw that it was only \$1500.

“What the fuck? This nigga got me so twisted.” I yelled as I quickly ran over to my landline phone to call his weak ass.

I couldn't stop my heart from beating fast as I dialed Jermaine's number. He knew he had me fucked up. My mortgage was \$1500 and all this nigga gave me was that. Our agreement was \$3500 a month and he was going back on his word. Oh, he would pay for that shit.

Chapter 2

I was so mad I couldn't think straight as I waited for Jermaine to answer his cell phone. Ring, ring, ring, ring. "Hello." The bitch said on the other end. Click. I hung up the phone in the bitch's face and started pacing the room cursing.

"This nigga got me fucked up. That hoe gave me \$1500 like I'm some type of cheap bitch. Jermaine gonna stop playing with me." I said to Diamond as I called time and time again and the bitch kept answering and I kept hanging up.

Diamond rolled her eyes and sucked her teeth as she poured herself another shot of 1800. I knew she didn't like Jermaine and wanted me to stop fucking with him a long time ago, but she didn't understand the hold he had on me...hell the hold we had on each other.

"Maine fuck him Tasia. I been told you to cancel that nigga. He ain't shit and he ain't paying enough. I got somebody for you to holla at." Diamond said as I walked over and downed her shot of 1800 before grabbing my cell phone out of my purse to call Jermaine again.

I was determined to make that nigga answer and tell me what the fuck was up. Even if I had to call all fucking night and drive his bitch crazy. He knew not to fuck with me like that.

"I hear you Diamond but you don't understand, and obviously he don't either so Ima have to show his bitch ass." I said as I dialed Jermaine's number on my cell without pushing *67 first.

I wasn't about to hide anymore. Fuck it. If he wanted to be a bitch I would too.

Ring, ring, ring.

"Hell-oooo." The bitch said again.

That was my fourth time calling and the bitch was still answering the phone. I wondered where Jermaine's dog ass was. He said he was going straight home. He left me at 7 o'clock it was now almost 8. I couldn't help but to wonder where the fuck he was at.

"Tasia I know this you. Look bitch quit calling this phone. Jermaine ain't here. He probably with his other bitch." Krissy said on the other end igniting a rage in me I couldn't control.

I quickly knocked over the brass elephant sitting by my fireplace as Diamond stared at me with a crazy look on her face.

“What bitch, I’ll call where the fuck I want to. And what you mean he not there cause he with another bitch. What bitch?” I asked as I rolled my eyes like the bitch was standing in front of me.

I could hear her laughing on the other end and that shit just made me madder. I peered out of my front window at the candy apple red Chrysler 300 Jermaine bought me for my birthday, wondering who the fuck he thought he was. I knew he couldn’t be that dumb and disrespectful to be fucking another hoe while he was sitting up telling me to stop fucking with niggas. He had lost his entire fucking mind.

“Awww is the baby mad? Girl please. I know you didn’t think you were the only other bitch he was fucking. Girl please, get for real. Just like he got yo sideline ass he got many more. You hoes are disposable because at the end of the day he come home to ME. Remember that bum bitch!” Krissy said laughing as I stood there stunned.

In my heart I knew the bitch was right because he did always go home to her, but who was she to tell me that. Obviously she was a sideline too since he was still fucking the world. That bitch had me heated because she was hitting below the belt. I had to jab back.

“Bitch fuck yo fat, hairy back ass. I don’t give a fuck as long as he keep giving me yo money ole desperate, low expectations ass hoe. Oh and when he get home and you kiss him..be sure to call me and tell me how my pussy taste. Tasty I bet.” I yelled into the phone laughing and then hung up.

Even though I was laughing on the outside when I hung up, on the inside I was crying like a baby. How dare he do the same shit he called himself forbidding me to do. That shit made me think about my life. There I was 23 with no kids, a bad body, smart ass hell, and the best hairstylist in Memphis, yet I was alone. I had my shit together except for the fact I didn’t know how to stay with one nigga and I loved having sex. I had been searching for love from men all my life because I never had a father. The sexual abuse I experienced at the hands of my mom’s ex-husband from 5 to 7 helped too. I never got over that shit, even after my mama shot his ass and he went to prison for 15 years I still held on to that hurt. I guess it all just manifested into my unhealthy appetite for fast money, dick, and niggas that meant me no good. I knew Jermaine was no good, but somehow I couldn’t let him go.

I walked over to the table and picked up the bottle of 1800, taking a huge swig out of it as a tear ran down my face. I was so heated I couldn’t even think straight. I wanted to go get my gun out of

the closet and find Jermaine's ass and kill him and whatever bitch he was with. Diamond could see the rage in me as she sat at the table rolling a blunt.

“Maine T fuck him. You don't have to keep going through all this shit with Jermaine for them lil two's and fews. Fuck his bum ass and that bitch. You know she probably said that shit just to make you mad. He is a hoe though so it may be true. Anyway, I got the perfect dude for you so fuck him. Let's get my hair done then we fina hit the club tonight and show out. You know the best thing to do when a nigga acting dumb is to put on yo fuck em' dress and step out. We about to turn up!” Diamond yelled as she jumped up out of her chair and started twerking.

I was mad as hell but I couldn't help but to laugh at her high yellow, big booty ass twerking in her sundress with the crosses on it. My bitch was silly as hell, but she always knew how to make me feel better.

“You right Diamond. Fuck him. I was fina put his ass on ice anyway, now I just got a better reason to. I still got Rodney, Deric, and Tony on call ready to pay me and give me dick whenever I want it. Fuck Jermaine ole big lip, pussy eating ass.” I said as I took the blunt out of Diamond's hand and lit it.

I lied through my teeth because on the inside I was still feeling salty as hell.

“That's what I'm talking about my bitch. Let's get it.” Diamond squealed as I handed her the blunt and began braiding her hair so I could sew her tracks in.

The entire time I was doing Diamond's hair all I could think about was Jermaine and how he had knocked me off my square and got me all in my feelings. Nobody else had ever been able to do that. I realized then that the same game I was running on him was being ran on me and I didn't like that shit. I had to chill out for a minute and let things work themselves out. Besides, I didn't even know if Krissy was telling the truth. Jermaine could have been somewhere in the house or in the backyard playing basketball with one of his two sons and that bitch was just lying. I shook off my thoughts and feelings at that moment and just focused on getting Diamonds hair done and going out. I was gonna turn up for real so that I could forget about Jermaine.

When I finished Diamond's hair she squealed in delight because her hair was flawless as usual. I was a bad bitch with a needle, scissors, and some marcel irons in my hand. I always dreamed about opening my own shop, but was just too lazy to put in the work. One day I'd get my shit all the way together and do what I needed to so I wouldn't have to depend on niggas so much. One day.

“Yeah my bitch you did that. Now lets go wash our asses and get dressed. Time to hit the Ice Bar and turn the fuck up. By the way, can I wear yo red Vera Wang dress with the back out?” Diamond asked as she batted her long ass lashes at me.

That wanch was always borrowing shit and not returning it, but I was gone stay on her ass about that dress. Hell that dress cost \$1800 and I had to beg Jermaine for two months to get it. She was gonna bring my shit right back after the club or I was whooping that ass.

“Okay bitch but I want my shit back because you know yo thieving ass love keeping folks shit.” I said to Diamond as she followed me into my bedroom and into my walk-in closet.

Diamond’s eyes lit up when she saw all of the designer shit I had, some with tags still on them. She went straight to my designer dresses and started rummaging through them like she was in a fucking store.

“Bitch you got too much shit. Versace, Dolce & Gabbana, Valentino, Jean Paul Gaultier, and Alexander Wang. Hoe you balling. I wanna wear this Valentino now.” Diamond said as she took out my white Valentino gown with the neckline that dipped down to the waist and the thigh, high slits.

I knew she had lost her damn mind then. She was not getting her ass in that one. Even though I really didn’t care about all the designer shit, I wasn’t about to let her wear every damn thing.

“Oh hell naw skank. I’m wearing that one. Vera Wang it is for you boo.” I said as I grabbed my dress and gave her the red one.

Diamond rolled her eyes and licked her tongue out at me as she went back into the living room to get her bag and use the shower in my guest bath. I laughed as I heard her stomp down the hall.

“Quit stomping in my house bitch and you better clean up any hair you drop.” I yelled as I went into my bathroom and got into the shower.

The hot water beating down on me in the shower put me in a melancholy mood as I thought about my life and the shit I was doing. All of the designer shit I had, the nice house, the cars, jewelry, and \$500 hair couldn’t fill the void I had inside. I really wanted a man I could call my own, but it didn’t look like that happily ever after shit would ever be in the cards for me. I realized at that moment I had to face the fact that I was who I was, and that probably would never change. I wiped away my tears and iced my heart back up as I stepped out of the shower and looked in the mirror.

“You are who you are Anastasia. Quit trying to have a storybook life...that shit not for you.” I said to myself as I looked into my own eyes.

That was a hard fact to face, but it was what it was. I had to move on and get it the best way I knew how. Tricking niggas with wives was what I did and I was good at it. No sense in changing now. I did decide to start saving my money at that moment though. I would open my own shop someday when I was ready to settle down. I knew I couldn't trick niggas all of my life. I had to have a plan b.

By the time I walked out of the bathroom with my Valentino dress on and diamond studded red bottoms smelling like Vera Wang perfume, I was back to the old Tasia. I was back on my fuck a nigga flow ready to tear the club down.

“Damn bitch you look bad in that dress.” Diamond said as she met me in the kitchen.

I had to stop and look at myself again in the full length wall mirror in my dining room to see what she saw. I was bad ass hell with my flawless makeup and my long black, Brazillan weave all shiny and shit.

“You right bitch, I am flawless. You ain't too shabby yo damn self thickness.” I said to Diamond as I admired her in my damn dress.

My bitch was bad though with her thick, red ass. Diamond was 5'5, 130 pounds with a huge ass and nice titties. She had big gray eyes and perfect, fair skin, and thanks to me her hair stayed flawless. We were some dimes for sure, which is why I couldn't understand why we hadn't gotten wifed. Hell all the fat, ugly bitches had live-ins that came home every night. Why couldn't we?

I quickly shook off my thoughts as Diamond rolled us two blunts to smoke before we made it to the club and I mixed us up some drinks. We had to get semi-faded before we got to the club because I refused to drink in that mufthafucka. I had already been through the GSB in the drink shit and I was not about to go down that path again.

Diamond and I smoked our blunts and drunk half of our drinks before we got in my car and headed to the club. I decided to drive because I needed a reason to get Diamond back to my house to get my dress back. I wasn't about to let her slick ass sneak away and never see my dress again.

“So bitch, who is this nigga you want me to meet.” I asked Diamond as I turned the music down to hear what she was going to say.

I really didn't trust Diamond's judgement when it came to men because she always dated those street thug ass niggas who liked to whoop bitches. I didn't have time for that foolishness. I just needed someone to take my mind off Jermaine for a minute.

"Bitch his name Beanie, he from Trinidad. This nigga move major weight and he ain't got no kids or a bitch. He just moved here about two weeks ago. His sister live right next door to me, that's how we met. I knew he'd be perfect for you the first time I saw him." Diamond said as she smirked and took a sip of her drink.

I looked at her out of the side of my eye and saw the smirk on her face, that's when I knew something was wrong. I knew I could never trust a bitch who dated niggas who looked like Flavor Flav. How the hell was she gonna hook me up when she couldn't hook up her damn self.

"Bitch how he look though?" I asked Diamond as I pulled into the parking lot of the club.

I knew my assumption of how he looked was right when Diamond bust out laughing, causing liquor to shoot out of her nose and mouth.

"Bitch you so superficial. He aite though." Diamond said still laughing as she wiped the liquor off her face.

I wanted to slap her ass at that moment because I could just feel that I was gonna walk into the club and be approached by some big, black, fugly nigga with dreads.

"You play too damn much Diamond. I tell you what. If I get in the club and some big, ugly ass monkey approach me I'm gonna beat yo ass, after I leave his ass standing there looking like a fool. Now play if you want to bitch." I said to Diamond laughing as we got out of the car.

When we walked into the Ice Bar that night, VIP of course, it was packed wall-to-wall with people. I instantly got happy when I heard my favorite dj and close male friend Trea on the mic. He always made sure I had fun and introduced me like the boss bitch that I am. As we walked through the crowd to the VIP section I could hear him over the loud ass music.

"Yea, yeah, yeah the super stars are here. Ms Tasia and Lady Diamond in the muthafucking building. Bitches grab yo niggas and hold them tight cause ain't nobody safe when these stunnas in the place." Trea said laughing as he pointed at me.

I had to smile as I walked past a girl standing by the bar with her boyfriend. When she saw me she looked me up and down before grabbing her boyfriend and turning his head away from me. I had

that effect on bitches. They knew they nigga wasn't safe because if he'd go, I'd take him. Diamond and I laughed all the way to our VIP booth where my home girl from school, who worked there had us a platter of wings and fries waiting. She knew I wouldn't drink in the club and that more than likely I was high so the food was a welcome addition. I quickly sat down and started feeding my face as I swayed to the music. It was so live that night I was ready to finish eating and hit the floor to make some bitches mad.

By one am our section was packed as I sat in the corner scoping the floor, looking for a new victim. I was seriously thinking about replacing Jermaine's stupid ass, but it couldn't be with just any ole nigga. Whomever I picked would have to be just as fine as Jermaine and just as paid if not more, and from looking around the club that night I didn't see anyone who fit that description. Every nigga I saw either had dreads or his clothes were not up to my standard. I liked niggas who dressed to impress. If he was going to wear tennis shoes, and jeans them muthafuckas had to be Jordans and robbin jeans, not no damn Air Force one's and True Religions. That shit was played in my mind.

As I sat there scoping I suddenly noticed Diamond coming back to our section with a 6'4", 350 pound wildebeest trailing behind her. I hoped that he wasn't the Beanie nigga she thought she was gonna hook me up with. This nigga was looking like the black Kane walking up with all them nasty ass dreads hanging in his face. I quickly looked away as Diamond sat next to me and whispered in my ear.

"Bitch that's Beanie. I know he not really yo type, but give him a chance Tasia. You can't always judge a book by its cover. Hell, look where that got you with Jermaine." Diamond said as she elbowed me and started laughing.

I was not laughing when I turned around and mean mugged her, but I knew she was right. I could give the nigga a chance. Maybe he had a good talk game that could make up for how he looked. I shrugged my shoulders okay and smiled at Diamond as she quickly got up and Beanie sat down. He smelled good when he sat next to me so that was a plus, but when he opened his mouth I just wanted to jump up and kick Diamond in the back of her fucking head with my size seven red bottom.

"S-ssso bb-beautiful. How are y-yyou?" Beanie asked me studdering as he got so close to my face his bad ass breath made it feel like he melted my whole left side.

I stared in Diamond's direction just as she looked over. I gave her the look of death, letting her know I was definitely kicking her ass when we got home. I couldn't believe she thought I would ever give a nigga like that any time let alone some pussy. I didn't give a fuck how paid he was.

Just as I was about to curse the fucking gremlin staring into my face out, I saw one of my boos Rodney approaching our VIP section. He looked so damn fine in his black ,cotton Armani

Trousers, crisp white button down shirt, and Armani dress shoes. Now that's how I liked my men to look, like they deserved to have me on they arm. Unlike this big neanderthal sitting next to me.

“Excuse me homie. Hey ma, can I sit here?” Rodney asked as I looked at Beanie.

He just sat his dumb ass there staring back and forth from me to Diamond like I owed him something. I didn't know what the fuck she had told him, but he saw that her ass was obviously lying, I wasn't trying to waste another second with his ass.

“Uhhh excuse me boo, but you gonna have to move. My man here.” I said to Beanie as I rolled my eyes and flipped my 30 inch weave in his face.

I could tell his ass was heated because he still didn't get up. He just interlocked his fingers and stared straight ahead. I looked at Rodney in astonishment as the Beanie nigga continued to sit there like we hadn't just asked him to move. Before I could even act stupid like I was known to do, Rodney's smooth ass stepped in and handled shit just like a gentlethug.

“Yo excuse me homie, but I'm trying to sit here next to my girl. Now she asked you nicely so I recommend you move on because I promise you don't want no problems.” Rodney said as he turned around and gave a signal to the 15 niggas who had rolled in the club with him.

They stepped up into VIP instantly with their mean mugs on ready to attack. I could tell Beanie was no hoe, but he clearly saw that he was outnumbered, so he slowly got his big ass up and walked over to Diamond. I watched as he said something to Diamond and she laughed as he walked off. I threw the finger sign at her ugly ass before turning to Rodney who was sitting next to me.

“Damn ma. You keep niggas around who trying to push up on you, with yo fine ass. I can't say I blame them though.” Rodney said as he kissed me on my neck.

His kiss felt good and he smelled marvelous as he snuggled me up in his arms. Rodney was truly a fine ass, skinny, black man with a lot going for himself. He was the type of nigga I wouldn't mind settling down with, but he had a fucking wife. That was the story of my life. Every time I found a fine nigga with all of my qualifications they asses were either married, had a girlfriend, 10 baby mama's, or they ass was gay. It's like a bitch couldn't get a break. That's why I had decided to fuck with em anyway. If they didn't care about they bitch and their happy home. Why should I? Hell, they the ones supposed to have had loyalty to they bitches, not me.

I smiled at Rodney and giggled as he continued to hug me and nibble on my neck. I knew what he was up to. He wanted to go home with me and he was doing the right things to get that invitation.

“Hey boo. Fuck those niggas. I’m only trying to get next to yo sexy ass.” I whispered in Rodney’s ear before licking his neck.

I knew that would get him. He couldn’t resist my touch just like Jermaine. I had to lay it on thick with Rodney though because he was a lot more tight with his cash than Jermaine.

“I want you to come home with me, but I don’t know how long I’ll have one. My mortgage due and I haven’t made enough doing hair. You gonna help me out boo?” I asked Rodney as I scooted closer to him and rubbed his dick through his pants.

His dick got hard as soon as I touched him and he rubbed up my back and moaned.

“Damn there you go Tasia. You know you a nigga weakness. I ain’t no fucking trick though. I don’t pay for pussy....but how much you need.” Rodney said as I continued to rub his dick through his pants and stare into his eyes with my seductive look.

Just like most niggas he thought he was so hard and above buying pussy. When in reality all niggas pay for pussy when they take a bitch shopping, out to eat, pay bills, and everything else. I just preferred to get my payment in cash, upfront.

“Just \$1500 boo. I paid the \$500 I had on the light bill and my insurance. Now I’m tapped out until I can do a few more sew-in’s. I know you ain’t no trick boo, but you do want to take care of me right?” I asked Rodney as he pulled a stack out of his pocket and counted me off 16 \$100 bills.

I knew he was going to give it to me, he just liked to talk shit first. I guess he was trying to make me understand he wasn’t a trick like the other niggas, when in fact he was. He was just extra tight with money even though he had his own bail bonding company and made stupid paper. Typical cheap nigga. I smiled at Rodney as I stuck the stack into the diamond bag in my lap and then turned back to him, kissing him gently on the lips.

“Damn Tasia you know how to get me every time with yo fine ass. Now come on, let’s get on this floor and show me what that ass can do.” Rodney said as he grabbed my hand, pulling me up off of the couch and to the dance floor.

I almost sweated out my curls on the floor with Rodney’s sexy, chocolate ass. When No Hands by Waka Flocka came on I had no choice but to cut up, that was my song. I turned around and put my big ass up against Rodney as I twerked my ass cheeks individually against his groin. He was having the time of his life as he gripped my hips and thrust his dick against my ass. Everyone watched us as I

dropped it low to the floor and Rodney followed me down still grinding on me. All of Rodney's boys cheered and laughed as we worked the dance floor the fuck out.

By the end of that song my dress was sticking to me from sweating so damn much. I excused myself from Rodney as he began bucking with his friends to the Yo Gotti song that was playing. As I made my way back to VIP I had to stop as I watched Diamond rushing towards me with an ugly look on her face.

“Wasup bitch why you storming over here like Ms Sophia. You must be ready for me to slap the shit out of you for trying to set me up with that big ass monster?” I asked Diamond laughing.

When I noticed she didn't laugh too, I knew something was wrong. My heart started beating fast because I knew whatever it was, I was about to be pissed off.

“Bitch, you will never guess who just walked in the club with that nasty Kim bitch that work at Pure Passion.” Diamond said rolling her eyes as she looked towards the door.

For a second I didn't even want to turn around to look because I just knew it was Jermaine and I was about to act a pure fool. As soon as I turned around and saw him come walking towards me with that tall, lanky, pimple face bitch on his arm I went crazy.

“Who the fuck this nigga think he is bringing this hoe to the spot we kick it at? Weak bitch! He knew I was gonna be here so what he saying he don't give a fuck?” I asked Diamond as I rummaged through my purse looking for the pepper spray I brought with me.

I wanted to fuck Jermaine up at that second even though I was just hugged up with and grinding on Rodney. This was different though. I wasn't rubbing shit in his face by bringing a nigga in the club with me. He was really violating.

“Maine fuck him.” Diamond said as we both turned back towards Jermaine as he and the bitch walked right up on us. The look on that Jermaine's face when they got a foot away from Diamond and me was priceless. At that moment he could've eaten himself whole because he knew he was caught and I was about to be with the shit.

“Damn wasup Jermaine, you boo'd up ain't it.” Diamond said sarcastically as she rolled her eyes.

I couldn't say shit at that moment I was so mad. His weak ass couldn't even look at me as he laughed and tried to brush Diamond off.

“Maine gone on with that shit Diamond. How you doing though, and you too Tasia.” Jermaine said winking his fucking eye at me like I was gonna pretend to just be a friend.

He had me so fucked up after all the bullshit he was talking earlier that day. All I could think while I was standing there with my arms folded and the pepper spray still in my hand was how I was gonna fuck up the bitch standing there rolling her eyes at me. I felt my rage hit its peak when the Kim bitch sucked her teeth, flicked her \$19.99 weave at me, and then grabbed Jermaine’s arm. It was about to go down in a major way and I was not about to spare him or his bitch.