

**Thick
In
The
Nick
Of
Time**

Nah'Sun

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**PUBLISHING CONSULTANT
H. KHALIF KHALIFAH
khalifah23844@yahoo.com**

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Contact Nah’Sun @ <http://www.nahsunblaze.com>

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The Players:

Story/Written by: Nah'Sun

Cover Concept by: Nah'Sun

Book Design by: Joshua Calloway

<http://www.jacart.org>



Creative Souls Multimedia

Dedicated to...

...Andrene LadyDoves Williams for giving me some insight
about the modeling industry

And to all the thick girls in the world, baby
Oh yeah

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The Sexy Sixty

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Read Before You Proceed!!!



I'm back, baby...better than ever.

I'm gonna assume you read the first Thick novel in the series. If you didn't, well...I'll keep those thoughts to myself. Sarah told Tracey what Ron said to Rich that if you don't have anything good to say, don't say it at all.

By the way, I made up those four people. I don't know anyone with those names.

Aight, people. Once again, this piece isn't edited. Just me in my rawest form. The book is, though. Ha ha! I wanna give thanks to everyone who supported me. There's no me without you. I also wanna shout out the folk claiming they gonna buy my book when they haven't read a sentence a year later. That's why I think people are full of shit when they tell me they're gonna cop a book until they prove to me otherwise. That blocks out disappointment when they don't.

If I had a dollar for every time I heard someone claiming they gonna buy my book but didn't, I'll be a millionaire.

No hard feelings. Just don't say you gonna do something without doing it. Play like Nike and Just Do It. But hey, that's part of the game. Disappointments come a dime a dozen.

Oh yeah, I don't have groupies. I don't fuck fans. A lot of my female friends think I get ass on the strength of my book writing.

That's a false.

In fact, I don't want a lot of women to be sexually attracted to me if they're die hard readers. Those are the ones who don't buy my books.

Funny shit, ain't it?

Speaking of attraction, I'm in the middle of a roundtable discussion about whether it's cool for a woman to have sex on the first night. Shit, I say go for yours. It's not

what you do. It's HOW you go about doing it. You gonna fuck him anyway. You might as well test drive before cruising out the lot. If you're grown and secure about yourself as a person while weighing the pros and cons of the actions you wanna make, then go for it. Just make sure you're safe when you "do the do" as they say in the old school.

But...to each their own.

Okay, family. Enjoy Thick in the Nick of Time commonly known as Thick 2. It took me roughly 9 months to finish the sequel to the first Thick novel in the series. I treat my projects like foreplay before shooting a load slow...and steady, baby.

Be safe and collected in this cold and crazy world called earth.

I'm Audi 5000.

Peace and Afro Grease

Nah'Sun

Friday, November 23rd, 2012

8:16am

GLOSSARY

“What’s wood/woody?” – Another way of saying “whassup?”

Abuela – Spanish for grandmother

Afro-Latino – Latino/Hispanics of African descent

Audi 5000 – To leave in a hurry like the car

Bachata – A form of music that originated in the Dominican Republic; mostly known for its romantic subjects

Bae – Short for “baby”

Bonjour – French for “good morning”

Burqa – A dress-like garment worn by women to cover their bodies, and sometimes face

Carlos Santana – A Mexican-American rock guitarist; mostly known for the *Supernatural* album

Cold – Short for cold blooded; meaning good

Esposo – Spanish for husband

Halal – Foods that follow dietary laws of Islam, and how the food is prepared

Hijab – A head covering mostly worn by women; a symbol of modesty or morality, meaning "the veil which separates man or the world from God."

Hotep – An Egyptian word that means “Peace”; a greeting or departure

Hypes – Drug users

Imam – Religious leader

Jappin', to jap – Going crazy

Jerry Lee Lewis – An American rock & roll and country music singer-songwriter and pianist; mostly known for the song *Great Balls of Fire*

Joe – A friend

John – Nickname for a man who pays for the services of a prostitute

Jonesing – To fiend, or beg

Jumu'ah/Jumah – Friday prayer

K Town – An area in the Westside of Chicago where streets running north and south start with the letter K

Kemet – Ancient term for Egyptian

Kreyòl – Language spoken by Haitians

Locks/Locs – Short for “dread” locks, or “silky” locks

Madam CJ Walker – First female self-made millionaire in the US by selling hair and beauty products for Black women

Masjid – A place of worship

Miles Davis – An American jazz musician, trumpeter, bandleader, and composer; mostly known for the *Bitches Brew* album

Mug – Short for “motherfucker”

O.G. – Old Girl; mother

Old Schools – A classic car, usually early models of Chevys, Cadillacs, Lincolns, Oldsmobiles, Chryslers, and Buicks

One – Short for “one love” or “one hundred” (the truth) to substitute saying “goodbye”

Pad – Home

Pop – Soda

Red Bone – A light skinned Black person, possibly passing for white or mixed

Sak Pasé – Kreyòl for “whassup?”

Sawbuck – 10 dollars

Sun – A male with the shine of knowledge

The Gold Coast – Wealthy area in Downtown Chicago close to the lakefront

The Loop – Downtown Chicago, describes multiple train lines looping in that area

The Low End – a large area in the South and East sides of Chicago that begins from 22nd street to 55th street (north-south) between State street and the lakefront (west-east)

Treated, to treat – To either punk someone, or get punked; bullied

Wild Hundreds – Streets in the hundred blocks of Chicago



THICK 2
BOOK 1:
(The Flame)

Prologue



Yeah, I Judged You

Stumbling inside the courtroom with marijuana reeking off her clothes, Ms. Gomez bumped into the bailiff before crashing into the court bench. Staggering in late for the child custody case for a third time frustrated Judge Mary Jean-Charles. The judge's face twisted in knots. The black leggings and green flip flops that Ms. Gomez wore to court didn't bother the judge. Jean-Charles saw the worst. Ms. Gomez's behavior was a turn off to Jean-Charles to the point where the judge asked herself, *does this woman care about winning the case?*

"Ms. Gomez." The judge's hard-boiled voice resembled a high school principal scolding social misfits. "Ms. Gomez." She repeated with added bass in her tone.

Ms. Gomez was too high to know whether she came or went.

"Yeah, your Honor." She patted her royal blue shirt that read "I'm a Bad Bitch" in pink letters. "I'm um...I'm ready...yeah."

Judge Jean-Charles sighed while scratching the small mole on the left temple of her oval face. "Okay, now. Let's proceed."

The judge glanced over at Lakim, and subconsciously smiled as he sat to her right. The two-piece pencil striped navy blue suit highlighted the lining of his muscle tone from its fitting. The ceiling lights brought out the light blue pastel tie that he rocked over the royal blue dress shirt.

The judge glanced away from Lakim and glared at Ms. Gomez. She cleared her throat and directed the hearing before

losing her patience. "Attorney Mitchell, please state your case."

Attorney Mitchell looked over at his client, Ms. Gomez, and uncomfortably stood. "Yes, your Honor. My client is a wonderful mother to her child. Contrary to her appearance, she's a fit parent who has provided for her child since day one. Please excuse the tardiness and lack of preparation from my client. Times are hard for her as a single parent struggling to make ends meet."

Judge Jean-Charles glared at the copper-toned, baby faced Mitchell who looked like he belonged in junior high school instead of a courtroom. She refused to ask him any more questions to lengthen their stay.

"Thank you, Mr. Mitchell. May the plaintiff state his case?"

Attorney Rose stood firm while tapping her red and silver manicure on the walnut-colored table. The straight, brunette hair bounced off her shoulders when she responded, "Yes, your Honor. My client is a hard working man with steady employment and a good track record of handling responsibilities. I am sure my client can provide the best for the child in question."

"How sure are you?" questioned the judge.

"My client is a home owner in one of the nicest neighborhoods in the Southside and has held his position as a financial representative at the International Bank for seven years. His past work at youth summer camps and high school mentoring programs reflects his understanding and care for children."

"Bullshit," Ms. Gomez murmured where only her attorney can hear.

Attorney Rose continued. "My client provides a healthy environment for nurturing. I am unable to say the same for Ms. Gomez who is notorious for congregating with men for money and her heavy marijuana use."

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“Can you prove that?”

“Yes, your Honor. The marijuana scent that’s flooding the courts should be evidence enough.”

Judge Jean-Charles leaned back in her recliner chair and folded her arms. She chuckled before stating, “That doesn’t prove anything, Attorney Rose. She could’ve been around folks who smoke dope and just so happen to walk past them.”

“Your Honor, the defendant stumbled inside the courtroom. Just look at her.” Attorney Rose fell short of raising her voice.

The judge never took her eyes off Rose. “Doesn’t matter. I walk with a cane, and even I sometimes stumble into folks,” the judge sarcastically remarked. “I’ve seen plenty of mothers take care of their children regardless of appearances.”

Attorney Rose sighed while a smirk etched across Ms. Gomez’s face. “The child was born premature, well below the average weight for her size,” Rose said. “Random drug testing and state visits at the household will also prove my claim.”

“Fair enough.” Judge Jean-Charles’ triple Ds heaved through her gown before exhaling.

She’d heard enough.

Speeding through cases for the day cured the headache that bothered her from a hangover the night before. While stacking court papers, the judge promised, “I’ll appoint the state to make regular visits to the Gomez household to check on the child to find any suspicion that matches the plaintiff’s claim. Until then, Ms. Gomez is still allowed full custody of her child. Court dismissed until another date is set.”

Ms. Gomez gingerly hugged her attorney before filing out the courtroom. She rolled her cleared eyes, thanks to Visine, at Lakim. She waltzed her way through the thick, wooden double doors into the hallway, leaving Lakim in shock.

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Lakim shook his head in disbelief. He loosened his collar and shook hands with his rep. "Back to the drawing board."

"Don't worry. Everything's gonna play itself out," Attorney Rose assured.

"Yeah, whatever. The state don't give a damn about kids raised in the 'hood 'til it's too late. It's harder for me to get custody since I'm not blood related."

Rose sucked her tongue in a manner that gave Lakim a woody. "Don't fret. I got a plan. We'll talk it over at lunch. My treat."

"Your treat, huh? Thank God for the independent woman."

"Whatever, man. Let's go before I change my mind."

Attorney Rose strutted toward the back of the courtroom with Lakim trailing her. His eyes locked onto the teardrop ass imprint of her black dress skirt. He fantasized about her taking it off. Lunching with Rose popped off a chance for him to make a move with her. He put those thoughts on the back burner.

He had bigger fish to fry before marinating orgasmic fixings between the thighs of his attorney.

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One Year Earlier



Sweat Out that Perm

Chance went on a rampage in the kitchen.

She tossed out white bread, white rice, cookies, potato chips, white rice, and anything sweet and fatty in the trash, filling up half the bag when she finished. She weighed over 300 pounds since swallowing her first Cigam pill a couple years earlier. Dropping a hundred pounds soaked her mind. She needed help. Frantic and desperate, she drove to Aunt Serena's apartment. She knew everything about dieting since she'd lost weight of her own.

Ringling the door bell crazily woke Serena out her slumber. She opened the door with her locks wrapped in a bun and her eyes looking through slits from napping.

"Girl, what's your problem?"

"I need help."

"Don't gotta tell me twice."

"Naw, Auntie. I'm for real. I wanna tone down. I can't stop gaining weight."

Serena walked her niece over to the sofa for a sit down. She knew Chance was full of shit when she'd claimed she gained weight by working out. You don't go from skinny to thick with the ass of a bowling ball by squatting everyday in the gym in a short time span.

"Chance, be honest with me. What happened?" Serena asked, and followed up with "Look me in the eyes when I'm talkin' to you" when her niece ashamedly glanced away.

"Okay, Auntie. I went to this health store and bought me some pills to gain weight. I hated being skinny. I wanted to be thick like you. To make a long story short, I put on size, but

it got out of hand when I gained too much to handle. I wanna get back to the point when I was thick and fit.”

Sitting back on the sofa, Serena reacted without judging her. “You should hit the gym. Power walk on the treadmill for an hour, if not two, and drink a lot of water. Cut out fried foods and sweets. Eat 5 times a day; 3 small meals the size of a fist and a half, and 2 healthy snacks. Not only it’s about what you eat, but also *how* you eat that counts. Diet is most important when it comes to weight loss. You don’t have to starve yourself to lose weight. Just eat right.”

Chance scoffed. “I don’t have a gym membership.”

“Get one.” Serena got up from the sofa and headed to the kitchen. “We’ll start today. Go to the farmer’s market down the street and pick out some fruits and vegetables.”

The trip to the farmer’s market was murder. Passing by fast food spots tickled the funny bones in her jaws. Urges kicked in for cheeseburgers with pickles and onions. Her appetite went to war with each other until she reached the farmer’s market without grabbing a burger.

She picked up apples, oranges, pears, plums, grapes, peaches, and kiwis. Watermelon and pineapples slices saved her time from cutting them. She left the vegetables alone. She hated veggies. She only ate them when Serena either cooked or served them raw.

As she checked out the bags of fruit, the gum and candy stand were the apple in her eye, tempting her in the Eve of her mind. She grabbed a few chocolate bars and promised herself to stop once she started hitting the gym. Her dieting locked up her guilty pleasure, pushing her to buy a zip-locked bag of sliced mangos from a Mexican woman selling fruit slices from a food cart.

Her day was a bad song stuck on repeat.



Caught with Your Pants Down

“Lakim, what the hell is this?” Tanya held up a purple G-string that wasn’t hers.

The underwear was six sizes small.

Lakim, standing in the threshold of the door that separated the kitchen and garage, froze in the headlock of suspense. His brain was shocked. His nerves quaked. Answers clicked in the gun of his thoughts. His mind shot blanks from the clip of excuses. Standing like he got caught with his pants down in public, a slow shrug spoke for him.

“Forget it. Don’t say nothin’.” Tanya calmly sat the G-string on the hood of the car. She turned away and click-clacked her zebra striped high heels out the garage on the cracked pavement.

Lakim stilled like a statue. He saw the sun shining on her licorice complexion while bouncing its light off her burgundy tipped locks. Tanya catching him red handed erased the words from his mouth. Dazed in silence, he slowly turned around and saw his father with an “I told you so” grin on his face.

“I already know.” Lakim bowed his head.

He strolled past his father and flopped on the sofa. His hands hugged his face as he slouched horizontally. He knew he fucked up. Getting back with Tanya had died in the graveyard of past relationships. There was nothing he could do about it but watch her walk away because of his cheating.

Superior, his father, sat on the recliner across from him with his feet up and a newspaper cradled in his hands. Putting on his reading glasses he asked, “Sun, you good?”

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Lakim nodded weakly, infuriating his father.

“What is the most important thing you learned from what just happened?”

Lakim straightened his posture. “What doesn’t come out in the wash will come out in the rinse.”

“True indeed. I say no more.” Superior flipped the newspaper over to read the Sports section. He hated reading anything else besides the Business section to avoid reading about killings, drug dealings, and other negative vibrations that occurred in the city.

Staring at the white ceiling with painted swirls, Lakim confessed, “Pops, I think I have a problem.”

Superior slowly rested the newspaper on his thighs. “Talk to me.”

“I got a problem, Pops. I got a ‘ain’t no pussy like new pussy’ problem.”

Laughter sprung out of Superior. He took his readers off and wiped away tears from his eyes.

“That’s not funny. I’m serious.” Lakim folded his arms behind his head without breaking his gaze from the ceiling.

“What you gonna do about it?” Superior asked between breaths of laughs.

“Man, I don’t know.”

“Why don’t you know?”

“I don’t know...I just...”

Superior’s seriousness tightened his face. “I said the same thing when I fought my alcohol addiction. You know as well as I do, the first step is admittance, which you’re doing now. Now you have to dig deep in the pit of your guts and have the heart to fight it. The head up top supposed to control the one at the bottom.”

Soon as Superior ended his sermon, Lakim’s Raspberry phone rang. The name popped up as “Jumpoff,” a woman whom Lakim sexed down whenever he got horny in the middle of the night.

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“Oh, Lord. I don’t wanna talk to this chick.”

“G’head. Put it on speaker phone.” Superior chuckled, half serious.

Lakim went along with the joke and activated the speakerphone. “What’s woody?” He answered.

“Did your girlfriend find that thong yet?”

“Huh?”

“Huh?” the feminine voice of calmness mocked. “You heard what I said, nigga. Did your girlfriend find the thong I left on the floor of the backseat?” Her voice was that of a bedtime storyteller than an angry prospect whom he’d lied to.

“That’s messed up, Janae. You bogus for that.”

“Naw, nigga. You bogus for lyin’ to me. You should’ve kept it one hunnid instead of runnin’ game. I went through your phone and called your girl. You didn’t know that did ya, huh? You should’ve locked your phone.”

Lakim and Superior stared at each other as if a ghost moonwalked in front of them.

Her voice was the piano that played the wrong keys to unlock his chest to loosen up. Slumping further down on the sofa motioned his search for comfort. Heat blanketed his chest. The rhythm of his breath dropped to midget size. Chills knotted him up and played freeze tag with the banana oatmeal he just ate in the pit of his stomach.

Janae continuously darted at him. “Yeah, Lakim. I chopped it up a bit with your girl, Tanya. Or should I say...ex-girl. Nice lady, too. You should’ve kept her and your dick in your pants, bitch.”

She shot off the last poisonous round before hanging up.

“Damn, Lakim. You sure are on a streak, ain’t ‘cha?” Superior shook his head in dismay. “What did I tell you all these years? If you good to the game, the game will be what? Good to you.”

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Lakim faked pained as if a stomach ache gripped his intestines. "I'm starting off the summer on the wrong foot, Pops."

Superior sipped on a glass of homemade green tea and added, "There's only one way to fix your problem."

"What is that?"

"Learn from it and move on." Superior got up, folded the newspaper, and tucked it under his armpit. "I'm gonna take a nap. Boy, oh, boy. You's a trip and a half, La." Superior slowly paced up the maroon carpeted steps to his bedroom.

Lakim dragged himself to the first floor bathroom and took a long look at his boyish face in the mirror. "Aight, champ. Shit's gotta change."

He was a wild cat running through the kitten (pussy) like cheetahs (cheaters) with the Tiger in the Woods breaking hearts without the lion (lyin').

Cheating on Tanya didn't bother him as much as him fooling around on Chance. They hugged at Naeta Bug's funeral, but that was cordial. He needed a heart-to-heart with Chance to get the monkey that gripped his conscience with guilt off his back.

He turned on the faucet to dampen the wash cloth and coated it with soap suds to cleanse the dirt of fault from his face. Drying and moisturizing his face with cocoa butter, he got ready for the summer.

A long, hot summer.



Drunk in my Life (Sometime in the Past)

Auset threw Superior out the house after months of drunkenness. Stumbling and almost falling down from the stoop, he held onto the lawn gate to catch his balance.

“Fuck you!” he shouted with blurred vision.

Auset folded her bony arms with Lakim, all of six years of age, clutching her leg with both arms. “Get off my gate before I call the police.”

“Man, fuck you and the police,” Superior slurred, and stumbled away from the gate.

His back hit the tree behind him. He regained balance. The liquor thrust him forward to hold the gated fence again.

“I got something for your ass.” Auset in a storm of rage hauled off to their bedroom.

She rushed to their master walk-in closet and frantically grabbed anything that belonged to him with numbed fingers. The anger she felt wired her strength to grab the first set of shoes and pants to throw out the window.

She ignored Lakim as he sat helplessly on the bed next to the window. He crawled to the corner of the bed with a blank stare, not knowing why his father transformed into the monster that turned his mother’s mood thermostat to the heat of tantrums.

“I got your ‘fuck you’ all right.” She tossed out his gators, then his silk and cashmere suits, and later his velour Fedoras. And last his pants and shirts. Anger kidnapped her thoughts to the point where the world around her sank to black. The moonlight from the window seduced her will to clean her closet from his presence.

Act II

The bitterness of malt liquor that soaked Superior's throat crunched his face together. He buried his head in the palm of his dusty hands after a swig of Satan's wine. Sitting on the curb in front of a 7-Eleven served him peace to think about the next move. He had no other move. His old lady kicked him out, and he had nowhere to go.

A car screeching in the parking lot awakened him from a daze. A sandy brown skinned woman with brunette hair slowly stepped out the Cadillac. She pulled down her red mini skirt showing track lean legs and click-clacked her way toward the entrance of the store.

Smoking a menthol cigarette, she blew out rings from her nose and stared at Superior. Something about his low hair cut and shaved face intrigued her. She never saw a guy with clean clothes and neat appearance play the bum role with a 40-ounce in front of a store. Tossing the cigarette on the concrete and later stomping the smoke with a heel, she tapped over to Superior.

"Whassup?" she asked like she'd known him for years.

Superior thought he saw an angel although his brain called her a devil. He hated women ever since his wife threw him out the house. Too drunk to get up to slap her, he angrily replied, "Yeah, what do you want?"

Unfazed, the woman said, "You homeless, aren't you?"

Superior subconsciously glanced away in shame. Scratching his head without an itch, he blurted, "Yeah."

"Oh, okay. Do you need some money?"

"What?"

"Do you need some money?" she asked while glancing down at him like the voice of heaven.

"Uh." Superior clutched the 40 bottle like a newborn and finished dismissively with, "Yeah. What the fuck? Why?"

"Oh, okay. Wait here."

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The woman switched her perfectly round twin peaches across the street to where 18-wheeler trucks parked. Superior poured out the rest of the 40 on the cracked concrete beside him. He rested his arms on his knees to watch her chat it up with truck drivers taking breaks from their cross country runs.

Superior watched the lady in red hop in and out of trucks for six hours. The flow of trucks ran automatic like blinking and breathing. She had a field day with turning tricks by getting money from Johns. He sat clueless, not knowing whether to sit there or wander off somewhere to avoid the peep show unfolding before him.

The empty lot pushed the lady in red across the street where Superior sat. She commanded him to, "Stay here for a minute. I ran outta wet wipes. I need to buy some right quick."

Shrugging her off, he tossed the 40 against the trash bin. The bottle shattered to pieces and mirrored his life that would take more than a few King horses and men to put him back together again.

The click clacking and broken violin sound of the store's door opening thumped his brain. Cussing her out dashed away quicker than the busted bottle when she offered, "Here. Here's some money. This should get you back on your feet."

Superior crunched his face as if he squinted to see clearer. "What's the catch?"

The question peevd the lady. "Look. Take it or leave it. Okay?"

Superior slowly raised his hand like a scared child petting a Doberman.

He slipped the money away from her soft fingers the size of Twix bars. Glancing at the green stack of dead trees etched a smile. Money unfolded his face of suspicion. He peeled the assorted bills of 10's and 20's one-by-one to a final count of two hundred dollars.

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The lady read his mind. "Don't worry about me, hun. I'm a renegade. I don't got no daddy." She pulled out a stick of reefer to light it up. "The name's Stefanie. What's yours?"

Amazed at her boldness for openly smoking marijuana in public, he slowly replied, "Superior."

"Superior? What kinda name is that?"

"It's a name."

"What's the name your mama gave you?"

"My mama didn't name me."

"Oh, okay. What's on your birth certificate? Lemme see some ID."

Superior finally stood and towered over her. The light beaming from inside of the store highlighted his jaw bones that flared from gritting his teeth. His cheeks sank. His circular eyes slanted as he measured her. His dark brown complexion glistened from the glow of the store as he replied, "I'm not giving you shit. If my name ain't Superior, what my name should be?"

His feistiness turned her on.

She smiled and clicked-clacked away from him. "Are you coming or what?" she asked with her back facing him.

"Where?"

"My place," Stefanie responded with the normalcy of bringing strangers to her household.

"You as crazy as cat shit. You know that?"

"That's what my ex told me before he died." Stefanie grinned crookedly after turning around to face him. "You homeless. I got a place. One plus one equals two, right?"

Superior's whirlwind of choices stunted his movement. Without a home and two hundred dollars in his pockets, he had no choice but to ride with her. The tug of war between insanity and common sense volleyed for his decision. The angel with a devilish grin looked out for him. His female hatred withered away.

He left the parking lot with no turning back.



I Just Want One Thing

"I'm horny."

"Um...what?"

"I'm coming over in 10 minutes."

"Uh..."

"I'm on my way."

click

Hafiz wiped cold crust from his eyes. Smacking his mashed mouth together, he rolled over his blankets and checked the time.

"Ah, damn," he cursed after realizing the day was Saturday instead of a work week.

He stood and scratched his nuts. He bopped to the bathroom to take a shower before Sherry swooped by. Hafiz rarely mixed business with pleasure, but her cupcakes pushed him over the edge of breaking that unwritten rule.

Looking around after showering, he noticed a towel-less door hanger. "Shit!" He forgot about grabbing a towel from the hallway closet before showering.

He opened the bathroom door like peeling off a stubborn Band-Aid from an old wound. The breeze from the hallway hit him. The sky's breath from an open window in the living room blew coldness over the water beads on his flesh. The hairs on his skin chilled. He skipped to the hallway closet and toweled off before lathering his face and body with cocoa butter.

Nah'Sun

Ding-Dong

Hafiz heard the doorbell and waltzed to the intercom.

"Hotep," he greeted the doorman.

"Mr. Locke. You have a guest," the doorman responded with a Haitian accent.

"Let her up, please." Hafiz unlocked the front door and threw on a pair of red pajama pants.

Opening his blinds and glancing out the window calmed his nerves. THICK magazine bankrolled the condo he owned that overlooked Lake Michigan. He still hungered for more as the magazine owner. Expanding to Europe clouded his thoughts. His mind bent like a pretzel by figuring out how to convince Europeans to accept plus size modeling as a bankable market.

The door opened swiftly like the uppercut from the bus driver in Cleveland. Hafiz, with his back facing the front door, tongue lashed her. "I just got out the shower. You interrupted my sleep."

Sherry fire cracked her black high heels on the parquet floor and retorted, "A money makin' man like yourself doesn't sleep because..."

"You sleep when you're dead." They finished the sentence together.

Hafiz finally turned around. His Chuck Dickens hardened once he laid eyes on her naked hazel body. He saw the purple trench coat she sported drop on the wall-to-wall blueberry carpet. He paused from her assertiveness.

Bottom heavy but light at the top for her voluptuous size as a C Cup, she slowly twirled around like a ballerina to show out. Her side profile was shaped like an "S". Her thighs thickened from the knees to the crevice of her honeywell like a "V". The manicured bush hiding her reverse pyramid glistened from the blush of the sun that beamed through the glass. She

Thick in the Nick of Time

played with herself at red lights and yearned for him to finish the job.

She held in a nut until she saw him.

Primal desires rushed blood between his legs and pushed him to take her. He madly tongue kissed her and tasted the caramel candy that minted her breath. They volleyed the candy back and forth between their mouths. Mouth wrestling with the candy turned her on. The kissing Halloween masked itself as a lip locking see-saw with the candy sliding between them.

He held her hand and motioned for her to rest on the sofa. Caressing her feet as she laid down, he slid her big toe inside his mouth. Twirling his tongue on her toe moistened her wet box. Moans seeped out. Her eyes closed. Her senses tingled. He slurped on the toe while massaging the foot and later slid all five toes in his mouth.

“Oooh, yeah,” Sherry breathed.

Her passionate breathing excited him to work his tongue down and across the toes with her foot still bathing in his mouth. He blessed her other foot the same. He held her hand for her to stand over him while he lied on the sofa.

Pulling off his pajama pants flashed his manhood that stood at ease. Her breathing automatically deepened. The sight of his divine stiff cautioned her. She inched his dilsnick slowly inside her honeywell as she galloped on his thighs and Matador rode him. Her pink and pretty shaped itself to reflect his penetration. She washed him as he hit her corners. Her clit rubbed against his groin. Her nipples hardened. His hand split her ass cheeks apart while sucking her titillation.

“Right, there, baby. Right there.” She got excited from the flicking of his tongue on her nipples.

She nuted a week’s load of stress.

Collapsing on top of him triggered the urge to get his off. He lifted her from the sofa and laid her on the squared chestnut living room table. Resting her feet on his broad chest,

he stroked slowly and dipped inside her. He sucked her toes as he grinded. She shook from another orgasm. Her pussy farted from pockets of air that opened once her love muscles pushed him out to cum.

He sped his strokes and moved her legs to his sloped shoulders. Massaging her breasts, his power thrusts got the best of him. He felt himself about to cum and splashed inside her. His dick throbbed. His body fell sensitive. He struggled with catching his breath and wobbled away from the table. She wormed off the table and helped herself to a shower.

She knew the condo like the front of her hand. She didn't have a problem with finding towels and soaps since she frequented the place.

She dried off and covered herself with the purple trench coat to Hafiz's dismay. Wide eyed like a boy who got his lunch money taken from him, he shrieked, "Where you going?"

"Home. I gotta change and coordinate the models. I am the model coordinator for the Miss USA Full Figured Fashion Show." She smiled while tying up her coat.

She walked the thin line of destroying her business interests with Hafiz by the way of sex. They worked together for the show. She organized the event. He publicized and provided the promotional legwork.

Kissing him on the forehead didn't help at all. Hafiz grabbed her arm as she waltzed to the door. "Oh, wow. So you just gonna get yours and leave?"

"Yep. It was fun. I'll call you later. Thank you, baby. Muah." Sherry blew a kiss after breaking away from his touch.

The click from the door unlocking might as well have been a gun. Her leaving him shot darts at his heart. He fell hard for her. The poisonous cure known as a woman shaped as a brick house disappeared in the dimness of the hallway.

He couldn't do anything about it except watch.

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...'cuz only a dog wants a bone