

**Thick
When
The
Chances
Are
Slim**

Nah'Sun

**FIRST EDITION - THIRD PRINTING
September 2014**

**PUBLISHING CONSULTANT
H. KHALIF KHALIFAH
khalifah@khabooks.com**

ISBN # 978-0-615-55741-0

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Published by Creative Souls Multimedia®
P.O. Box 2038
Hempstead, NY 11551

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

THICK credits:

The Players:

Story/Written by: Nah'Sun

Cover Concept by: Nah'Sun

Book Design by: Zachary Schoenbaum

<http://www.umbralust.com/>



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Dedicated to my moms, pops, sisters, and the rest of family and friends who stuck by me thru thick and thin. If we talk on the regular basis, then you know who you are.

In memory of:

Darnell Brooks Sr. (my father)

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The Sporty Forty

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Read Before You Proceed!!!



It's 11:45pm, and I just landed at MacArthur Long Island Airport from a quick Chicago trip. I'm hungry and pissed the hell off because the Long Island Rail Road (LIRR) Ronkonkoma train (gotta love Native American words) starts its run in about an hour. Time flies like crack nowadays, so I should be fine.

Ayo, this piece isn't edited. If you find any misspellings, grammatical errors or other irrelevant mumbo jumbo, you can charge that to me. I don't give a damn anyway. I wanna give it to you raw.

Don't worry. The story is edited. Not by me of course. I actually believe in hiring a professional editor to look over the work. Notice I put "professional" before "editor." Just because your baby daddy or cousin is good at English doesn't make them a worthy editor. Just like how cooking Ramen Noodles doesn't make you a chef. Stop being cheap and invest in your career.

You fuckin' it up for everyone when you half step.

Now I got that out the way, Thick When The Chances Are Slim pays homage to not only plus size/full figured women, but curvy women in general. It's the appreciation of a woman's physical self without perversion. Get your mind out the gutter and look at the deeper meaning. It's your problem if you feel that the book cover is pornographic because that wasn't my intent. But hey, I'm not for everybody, and I'm sure as hell not here to please all.

The story is faction; fiction mixed with facts. I hate when people ask me, "Is this a true story?" I would've told you if it was. Duh!

The health, dieting and hygiene parts of the book are based on research. I'm not striving to change anyone's mind with the information presented in the story. You're free to do whatever you wanna do in life. I am merely the spark that

lights up your curiosity so you can do your own research and do what's right for you.

I'm about individualism, baby. Everybody is built differently even though we have the same functions.

And besides, I love big girls. I make no apologies for that.

Ayo, I wanna get off topic for a second. I seriously hate writing. That looks funny coming from an author doesn't it? But I hate it. I love the ideas that come with writing, but I hate writing them down. I know hate is a strong word, but fuck it. It is what it is.

I wish somebody invents a program where anybody can write or type whatever they're thinking. That'll make my job much easier. Whoever invents the "machine that writes what's on your mind" deserves a Nobel Prize. Real talk. I don't wanna sit and write everything down. I wanna go clubbing and run the streets. A man gotta do what a man gotta do, though. Writing books do teach me patience to the highest degree.

I guess that's the blessing in the disguise when writing a book. Sometimes I pat myself on the back for writing a clever line that makes me say, "Damn!"

Oh yeah, my born day was four days ago. I'm still accepting gifts; in the form of money...heh heh.

I actually feel no older. It seems like the older I get the younger I feel. That's why I don't pay attention to birthdays. I'll let nature run her course.

Aight, family. I said enough. I'm sure you'll love the story. If you don't, sucks to be you 😊

Peace and Afro Grease

Nah'Sun

Tuesday, October 11th, 2011

GLOSSARY

“Church” – A phrase for the truth; preach the truth

“Make it Rain” – A showering of dollars

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

Adios – “Goodbye” in Spanish

Audy Home – Cook County Juvenile Temporary Detention Center in Chicago named after Arthur J Audy

BBW – Big Beautiful Woman

Bill, a – A hundred dollars

Cheese – Money

CP Time – Colored People Time; means lateness

Daps – A fist bump for a greeting or departure

Denmark Vessey – A Black American slave who planned one of the largest slave rebellions in the United States and was tried, convicted and executed after the plot failed; a fake housing project used in the story (Denmark Vessey Housing Projects)

Dougie – To dress fresh; nice

Fronted, to Front – To lie or exaggerate about something, or to show out

Grustle – Grind and hustle put together

Hermano – “Brother” in Spanish

Huff – Horrible, bad

Jappin', to Jap – Going crazy

Joe – A friend

Jumpoff – A place, or a one night stand

Kite – Jail/Prison letter

Kufi – A brimless, short, rounded cap worn by many populations in West Africa of all religions and throughout the African diaspora

L – A blunt; marijuana rolled in a cigar wrapper

Luego – “Later” in Spanish

Merked – Killed, to get killed, murdered

MILF – Acronym for **M**other **I** Like to **F**uck

Napolean Complex – An inferior complex which usually affects short men who try to make up for their lack of height

Nookie – Vagina

Nutcracker – A strong drink that is a mix of hard liquor — often whiskey, rum and vodka — mixed with different fruit juices

O.G. – Old Girl; mother

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

One hunnid (hundred) – The whole truth

Out South – Southside Chicago

Poppin' Collars – A self-salute or saluting others

Pound, a – A fist bump for a greeting or departure

Puto – “Bitch” in Spanish

Sarah “Saartjie” Baartman – The most famous of at least two Khoikhoi (Southwestern Africa) women who were exhibited as show attractions in 19th century Europe

Scratch – Money

Scummy – Drunk

Smash, to – To have sex with someone

Sun – A male with the shine of knowledge

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

The Woods – Maywood, IL and Bellwood, IL

Trick, a – A man who pays for sex, or wild promiscuous woman

Up North – Northside Chicago

Wild Hundreds – Streets in the hundred blocks of Chicago

Zooted, to get – High on drugs



**THICK
BOOK 1:
(The Flame)**

Thick When The Chances Are Slim

Prologue



The Preparing

This girl done lost her damn mind...

Drip drops of blood on the razor blade marked her fate. Blood leaked from her left wrist as she glanced at the mirror. She didn't recognize the maddening eyes from the pain of cries. The blade shook in the hardest grip of her twig-like fingers. Her hands suffered from seizures as light headedness slipped her in and out of consciousness. She panicked. She choked up. She dropped her head toward the sink and cried until her stomach caved in. She looked up once more and saw her reflection. Tears bubbled and slid down her cheeks as black eyeliner smeared across her face like a clown that was too drunk to put on makeup.

She didn't care how she looked. She felt trapped. Stuck. Beat down. She snapped to a point where she begged herself to end the suffering.

Boom Boom Boom!

"Chance! You all right?" A voice boomed on the other side of the white wooden door.

Cries of "fuck off, go away!" choked out the voice of "I need help."

Ending her life by slicing her wrists monopolized her desires. She dropped to the floor like a thud of rain and cried so loud that it sounded like laughter.

"Chance, baby, let me in!" her aunt pleaded.

The plea fell on deaf ears.

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Chance swam in self-hatred and found herself drowning in agony. Touches to her ribs under a thin layer of skin reminded her of why she wanted to end the misery.

"I'm...I'm..." Chance struggled to speak.

Crying clogged her nose. Her windpipe squeezed together. Her mouth fumbled with words that managed to leak out. "I'm tired...go away...help me...I hate you!" She blurted out like she suffered from Tourette's.

Boom Boom Boom!

The beating of the door danced with the rhythm of her heart. She couldn't die in peace. She craved for the poisonous cure of the slit to the wrist. Her overly concerned uncle threw salt in the plans.

"Chance. This is your uncle Kaliek. Open the door. I wanna talk to you."

Aaaaah, Uncle Kaliek.

The pleasant tone of her uncle's voice calmed her some.

Flashbacks of Kaliek treating her to butter pecan ice cream flashed before her eyes like a hologram screen. Thinking about the good times tensed her even harder. His voice flew through one ear and out the other.

She rebelled against his request.

She pressed the rusty razor blade on the vein under her other wrist; the same razor she used to slice the face of a person close to her for sleeping with her man.

"I can't," she lazily cried out.

Rocking the razor blade back and forth on her right wrist cracked her skin. Her eyes widened when she fell into shock. Blood rivered down her hand. Her eyes kept opening and closing like fighting sleep. Drowsy and slowly losing blood, she slumped over next to the tub.

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BAM!

Uncle Kaliek busted the door off the locks like a police raid at a dope spot. Long, deep breaths stretched his chest. He dropped to his knees on the blood stained floor next to Chance.

“Baby, hurry up and get the keys to start the car!” Uncle Kaliek instructed his wife, and frantically glanced around the bathroom to help his niece.

He zeroed in on the medicine cabinet standing above the toilet. Rising to his feet and actively opening the cabinet gave Chance a shot at life. He found a roll of bandages and wrapped them around her wrists to stop the bleeding.

Chance lied there limply with her eyes closed, still clutching on to the razor blade soaked in blood.

Uncle Kaliek snatched his eyes away from her. He couldn't bear looking at his niece in her dying state. He picked her up and opened the front door with one hand. He stepped out and lost his handle to close the door. The effort tipped him over on one leg. He almost dropped Chance down the steps, but used the side wall to hold his ground.

He held his balance and took matters into his own hands since the pizza man around those parts responded faster than ambulances.

2 YEARS EARLIER



Cornbread and Cabbage

“You like them fat chicks, cuz.”

“Naw, fam. They just big boned.”

“Big boned my ass. Is that the new thick?”

“Chill out, joe. I do me, and you do you.”

“Whatever, fam.”

Lakim never liked when his right hand man, Rico, got on him for dating “big girls.” Rico never understood how Lakim liked women over size 16 while dating a chick who was a cheeseburger away from skinny.

They sat on Rico’s porch on the Southside, trading shots from a bottle of Hennessy. Staring at cars cruising by 71st Street consumed much of their windy afternoon.

One question Rico always wanted to ask Lakim settled in his mind. He never got around quizzing out of respect for his man. Liquor courage forced Rico to pick Lakim’s brain anyway.

Rico took one long swig and asked, “Lakim, I don’t understand you, cuz. How can you be a chubby chaser when Chance is skinny enough to pole dance on my pinky?” Rico laughed between sips.

Lakim shrugged and replied, “I want somethin’ different. You get tired of the same ol’ same ol’.”

“You went from one extreme to the other, my nigga.”

“Naw, joe. I’m lookin’ at the bigger picture. I’m tryna get at her sister.”

“You got the *bigger* picture correct messin’ around with fat girls.” Rico joked. Then he sat upright from slouching on the white beach chair. “Who’s her sister? Naeta Bug?”

“Yeah, mayne.”

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“Big titties and phat ol’ ass Naeta Bug?”

“The one and only.”

Rico chuckled, and slouched back onto his beach chair.

He thought for a second and guzzled from the bottle.

“How you gonna pull that one off?”

“You’ll see, Rico. I got it all mapped out.”

“She don’t fuck with niggas. She only fucks with white boys with long money in the suburbs and up north.”

“Yeah, and?” Lakim evil eyed Rico for stupidly mentioning Naeta Bug’s preference.

“I’m sayin’, tho. You gotta get your weight up for Naeta. And plus, how you gonna smash shorty if she stays downstairs from Chance?”

“Like that matters. That’s not a problem. Naeta Bug and Chance don’t even get along. I’m more worried about gettin’ merked by one of those high rollin’ tricks than gettin’ busted by Chance.”

“You’s a fool, Lakim. Straight up.”

Rico killed the last of the Hennessy. His greed infuriated Lakim. Lakim snatched the bottle from Rico’s hand and held back from slapping him for violating.

“Damn, fam. You said you were gonna save me the last swig.”

“Cool out. I’ll buy us another bottle. Born Life owes me some scratch. I know that nigga got tall money since the 1st was yesterday. We should roll over to his crib for a minute.”

Lakim stood from his chair and stretched after shivering from the wind blowing over them. “Aight, bet, we’ll hit up Born, and later head out to Ishmael’s spot. I wanna get a veggie burger.”

Rico stumbled from getting up. Laughter and drunkenness held him down. “Damn, dude. You still on that veterinarian shit, huh?”

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"It's *vegetarian*, you illiterate degenerate." Lakim laughed after purposely throwing words like "degenerate" to get back at Rico for yapping.

Rico felt small because of his limited vocabulary. He shifted focus on his hatred toward Ishmael.

"I don't like that bean pie eatin' ass nigga, but I'll roll with you anyway."

"Ishmael's a good dude. He doesn't bother anybody, and you shouldn't bother him." Lakim snapped, and the two trucked a few blocks down to Born Life's house to pick up what he owed Rico.

They rung the bell, and after several rings Born Life's mother opened the red wooden door wearing a red see-through lingerie fit. Lakim and Rico jumped back wide-eyed.

She paralyzed them from speaking.

Lakim smiled crookedly and took a deep breath before asking, "Good afternoon, Ms. Gomez. Is Born home?"

Ms. Gomez stood like she was fully clothed and responded, "Yeah, chocolaté papito, hold on. Let me get him."

She referred to Lakim and Rico's dark complexion and returned the smile.

She rapidly yelled Spanish upstairs to tell Born Life that company awaited him. She glanced back at the two, and seductively winked at them.

Lakim shied his eyes away from Ms. Gomez, but Rico gawked at the roundness of her ass that plumped out and under her outfit. He got hard from looking at her hips sway away from the door. A little bit of love handles and a kangaroo pouch didn't hurt his desires of sleeping with his supposed friend's mother. He'd move around that. He hungered for cougar love by smashing Ms. Gomez any way possible.

Born Life hustled down the stairs and shrieked at the half nakedness of his mother. Confused and ashamed, he gritted his teeth and yelled, "What the fuck?! Put on some damn clothes, Ma!"

Nah'Sun

“What’s wrong?” Ms. Gomez stood her ground like nothing was wrong with prancing around like a sex kitten in front of his crew.

“Are you serious? You walkin’ ‘round with your shit out in front of my niggas. Go on with that, Ma.”

Ms. Gomez sucked her teeth as the sun highlighted her sandy brown complexion through the window blinds. She swung her brunette hair around her walnut shaped eyes and strutted off into the first floor bedroom.

Born Life exhaled with redness of anger smeared under his light brown skin. His mother rarely showed out in front of his guys, but he hated when she did so as she brought over scores of non-descript dudes to the house.

“Pardon that, fam. My O.G. is trippin’. What ya’ll on today?” asked Born Life, shrugging off humility.

“I came over to see if you got that paper I needed.” Rico spoke after the brief hypnosis from the peep show.

“Oh, that’s right. I got you, my nigga.” Born Life looked over his shoulder and screamed at his mother in Spanish.

Ms. Gomez diddy bopped out the bedroom wearing a purple bra with matching thong that favored a piece of cloth with a string holding them up. Raw without a care in the world, she didn’t give a damn.

“Here, papi. Make sure you give that back to me.” Ms. Gomez talked to her son like a boyfriend instead of her child.

Born Life shook his head in defeat. His mother slowly turned around to walk back to her love nest. Purposely jiggling her ass for attention tickled Ms. Gomez. The game of teasing entertained her time at the expense of her son.

“Sorry about that, mayne. She’s been havin’ mad niggas come through. I don’t like that shit, joe.” Cries glossed over Born Life’s eyes.

Lakim spoke up to break the uncomfortable silence.

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“It’s all wood, fam. You should roll with me and Rico over to Ishmael’s spot so you can get out the house for a minute.”

A smile wiped off the sorrow from Born Life’s face. “Man, please. You know I don’t rock with Ishmael like that. Rabbit food ain’t the business. Gimme a quadruple cheeseburger with bacon and bleu cheese at Mirddur Burger any day, my nigga.” Born Life slapped Rico five.

They both laughed at Lakim’s suggestion.

Lakim peaced him out. “Aight, Born. You got jokes. I’ll holla.”

“Naw, joe. What you need to do is holla at some meat cuz you losing weight. You need some pork in your life, my nigga.” Born Life closed the door with laughter ringing through the whipping wind that chilled the sunny afternoon.

Lakim took Born Life’s light insult like a sport and shrugged it off. Lakim wasn’t losing weight. Exercise sculpted him down. Lifting weights with cardio workouts in the gym shredded fat ever since he’d changed his diet. He stood chiseled and felt as good as he’d ever been.

Born Life stood around 6 feet, 2 inches tall and weighed 150 pounds soaking wet. His mother rushed him to the hospital a few times for high cholesterol from eating fast food all day. An imbalanced diet drove him to the emergency room, but if you let him tell it, “Niggas gon’ die anyway.”

Doubling back with Lakim toward the strip mall, Rico spilled the beans on his fantasy since leaving Born Life’s house. He knew Lakim wouldn’t vouch for his idea, but spoke his mind regardless.

“Ayo, La, I’ma smash Ms. Gomez,” Rico revealed.

Lakim darted his eyes toward him. “Get the fuck outta here.”

“I’m for real. I’m finna hit that, joe. You see how she looked at a nigga? I’ma most definitely get in those draws.”

“Okay,” said Lakim sarcastically.

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“Straight up. I’m a grown man now. I know how to handle mines. Watch me get that. Watch!”

“You bogus for thinkin’ about that, Rico.”

“It is what it is, fam. I gotta get mines, ya’ heard?”

Lakim rolled his eyes, and put on headphones from his iPod to drown out Rico’s pipe dreams.

“Aye, joe. Hold on a minute. I gotta pee.” Rico scouted the area until he spotted a gangway next to a church.

Rico saw his mark. Lakim read his mind.

“Don’t even try it.” Lakim took off his headphones and blocked Rico with his arm.

“Man, joe. Stop jappin’. I gotta go pee.” Rico hopped to the post as if ants played tag in his pants. He unbuttoned his pants to let off next to the holy site.

Lakim shook his head and wished. “I hope lightning strikes you down with herpes.”

“How you know I ain’t got it already?” Rico’s laughter echoed off the bricks of the enclosed gangway like crying angels. “Oooh ah! I feel the burn already.”

Rico faked the pain of pissing on the concrete while Lakim grinned because he got his STD’s wrong. *Gonorrhea burns you, not herpes*, thought Lakim as he turned away in disgust.

Their friendship dated back to the first grade. Lakim hated Rico’s *fuck the world* mentality but loved his ride or die character. They once stole leather jackets from a shopping mall during grade school. The police caught up with Rico a week later. He never dropped dime, and because of his unwillingness to snitch, authorities shipped him off to the Audy Home for a few months.

Lakim loved Rico for not ratting him out, and looked past his recklessness ever since.

They trooped to the Taj Juice Bar which stood across the street from Mirddur Burger, Mo Itis Chicken Wangs, and Get Big Fast Pizza. Stepping inside Taj Juice Bar unsettled Rico.

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Trading cold stares with Ishmael triggered him to clench his teeth together. Balding his fists and walking slowly inside the joint kept him from cussing out Ishmael. Out of respect for Lakim, he simmered down, and pictured happier times to cool off like making rain it on dancers with his mama's money at the "skrip" club.

"As-Salamu Alaykum," greeted Ishmael toward Lakim and Rico.

"Peace," answered Lakim.

"Ham and salami to you, too, my nigga." Rico cackled loudly. Lakim shot a sharp nudge to Rico's rib cage, almost causing him to buckle to the floor.

"Chill with that shit, Rico." Lakim demanded. Rico held his ribs, still laughing while catching his breath.

Ishmael nodded at Lakim and treated Rico like the Invisible Man. "What's been good, La?"

"Nothin', mayne. I just want two veggie burgers and a bottle of mango-pineapple juice to go."

"You got it."

Lakim turned with a face twisting scowl at Rico. Shooting Rico grills of anger muted the laughs. He silently called Rico a *dumb ass* for disrespecting Ishmael in his store.

Shrugging off Lakim and Ishmael for ganging up on him, Rico left to play the Ms. Pac Man arcade game with the last two quarters he had in his pockets. He stole a pair of plums from the fruit stand by sliding them in a plastic bag, and later dropping the plastic in his knapsack. He didn't eat fruit, but stole them anyway on the strength of disliking Ishmael.

Ishmael fixed the veggie burgers and peered over Lakim to check out Rico playing the arcade after turning away from the grill. He never saw Rico steal the plums. Bad vibrations triggered him to glance from the counter to get a better measure on Rico. By then, it was too late.

"Whassup with your guy?" asked Ishmael, fixing the white kufi that rested on his bean head.

Nah'Sun

"Nothin', he just trippin.'" Lakim brushed off the brief episode, and looked forward to sinking his teeth in Ishmael's juicy veggie burgers.

Ishmael nodded and cracked his bony fingers. His high cheekbones flared beneath his peanut butter complexion to maintain composure. Before opening up to Lakim about Rico, an Amazon of a woman with curves poking out like she had wings in her front pockets pranced through the open door.

Lakim subconsciously took a step back. He hadn't seen the woman in awhile. She was his old fling. He was her first love. They both paused and smiled at each other before anyone took a chance to speak.

"Long time, no see, stranger." Nashira fingered her long, black wavy hair and switched toward him at the counter.

"What's woody, Nashira? You still out in New York?" Lakim interrogated with googly eyes.

"Yeah, you know me. Back and forth between B-More and NY. Still doing my thing with the modeling. Whatever pays the bills, you know?"

"I hear that. So how long you in town?"

"For the weekend. I'm free until Sunday. I fly back to NY late Monday."

"Cool. We should link up."

"When?"

"Today is fine if you don't have plans."

"I don't mind. I have nothing to do."

"Aight, cool. Hold on a bit. I'm finna use the bathroom right quick and holla at you when I come back."

Lakim left to relieve himself and got a text message while washing his hands in the sink. Chance's name popped up on the screen, and he damn near punched the tiled wall.

Out of all the times Chance texted him, she had to do it when Nashira flew in town.

Chance pressed him to stop by because she hadn't seen him in a while. Texting her back the time of 10 p.m. gave

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him enough cushion to lamp with Nashira before heading back to the Northside to see Chance.

He had everything figured out as long as he stuck to the script.

Still playing the arcade game, Rico wasn't privy of Lakim's plans of ditching him for Nashira. Her order of vegetable teriyaki with a side of green peas and brown rice rested in her hands. She inhaled out of impatience for Lakim to make up his mind.

"So whassup, Lakim?" she asked, half turned to the exit.

"I was thinkin'. Me and you kickin' it tonight is fine."

"I mean, that's cool because we can go over to my spot. The modeling agency rented out a place for me at Old Town until I leave. We can watch a movie or something."

"Aight, bet." Lakim turned to Rico and said, "Ayo, fam. I'm out."

"Where you goin'?" Rico stopped playing the arcade, looking like someone had stolen his dog.

"Mindin' my business. Peace." Lakim left his right hand man over a woman...

...all in the name of a quick fuck.

Nah'Sun



Chocolate Strawberries

Four glasses of wine got her open. The liquor loosened her up. Licking her lips teased him. She unbuttoned her blouse and poured herself another glass of Moscato and gulped it like water. She sat closer to him, and he slouched on the black sofa as if he floated on clouds.

“Enjoying yourself?” Nashira poured semi-sweet wine into his glass.

“No doubt, I am. I miss you, Nashira.”

“Yeah, right.”

“For real. And that’s not the liquor talkin’ either.”

Nashira twisted her lips and claimed, “You wasn’t saying that shit when you left me for frail ass Chance.”

“Girl, you trippin’. We settled that when you moved to New York. You chose your career over me, remember?”

“It wasn’t like that. I had to handle mine. I didn’t think you were gonna run off with some ragamuffin. Me personally, I don’t like the bitch.”

Lakim laughed out loud because he rarely heard Nashira cuss. “*Now* I know that’s the liquor talkin’. Let’s forget about that and enjoy ourselves...please.”

He leaned over and circled his tongue around her neck. Drawing her name on her shoulder blade goose bumped her skin. Warmth flushed her inner thighs. Her toes curled up from soft kisses and warm touches. Moisture glossed over her pink walls when she exhaled and let out pent up frustration from not getting any in awhile.

His hands crawled between her thighs and meddled under her skirt. His fingers felt no panty lines. Fingering lightly

inside her ebony under the patch of bush broke down her defenses. She let off a soft moan.

She paused to ask him, "Do you have a condom?"

He fumbled inside his pockets to flash a gold wrapper. She snatched the gold wrapper from him and opened it with her teeth. Ringing his pants and boxers off his ankles, she threw them across the living room. She dipped between his legs and sloppily slurped his shaft while jerking him off.

Hearing him moan and nod from slurps and head bobs instigated her hunger to lolli-pop her way into his hardness. His hand guided her head while she served him. Her lip service stroked him into submission. She played him like a flute by massaging the veins of his dick and twirling her mouth around him.

Pushing his hands off her, she mounted on top of him with her thick thighs the size of a stallion's. Lifting her black V-neck shirt freed her double D cups. They fell into his mouth, and he played his tongue around her nipples.

Her nipples plumped out from side licks tickling them. Soft bites drove her wild. He held them closer to his face. Swiping her hands away from her titties, he massaged and sucked them at the same time. He licked her cleavage while she nibbled on his ear. His manhood rocked hard enough to give her more than she could handle and then some.

Sex tricks ran the wheels in his head to try something frisky. He wrapped his arms around her waist and slowly lowered her to the furry red carpet where she lied upside down. The handstand dropped back her skirt and showed the pleasure spot that whetted his appetite. Surprise morphed into amazement as she looked up to see him squat over to twirl his tongue around her clit.

The sucks and licks frosted his lips with juices flowing down his chin. He patted her thickened lips, and played his tongue up and down her ass crack to make both holes jealous of each other.

Thick When The Chances Are Slim

Playing with himself got him open enough to give off the pleasure that her wetness begged for. He turned around, faced the sofa, and knelt down to slide inside while she still lied in a handstand. Holding her legs wide open dug him even further between her walls that stretched from kneeling thrusts.

He tapped her cervix froggystyle. She bit her bottom lip and held firm onto his ankles. Screams of passionate pain bounced off walls and echoed around the red lit living room. Cream slid out of her and onto him as he grinded down, over, and inside her pussy.

Smacking her ass and thighs while facing the sofa turned her on. She loved every smack that popped off the four cornered walls. He pulled out and squatted further down to tongue fuck her before sliding back inside. Repeats of the tongue/magic stick combination weakened her legs. She quaked like she'd caught the chills. An avalanche of molasses coated his hardness and dripped on the carpet.

He grabbed her hand to help her up. He nodded toward the balcony so she could open the terrace for them to freak off outside. Unlocking the door, she slowly stepped outside with light wind swarming over her body. He bent her over and bounced his waist off her ass that was the size of two giant mangos.

Gripping her wide hips pushed him deeper until her knees knocked and wobbled. His strength held her up. She almost doubled down as he dug down and up inside her moisture like a shovel.

Gritting her teeth kept her from cumming too fast. She felt like peeing, and later took him out of her so she could squirt on the concrete. Grabbing him to slide his yardstick back inside, she bucked her ass up and down for another orgasm.

He pulled her hair back and pounded the waves into her rump. She rubbed her breasts together and cried, "Fuck me, daddy. Fuck me like you mean it."

Nah'Sun

"You like that?"

"Yeah, hit that shit."

"Oh, shit. I'm hittin' it...I'm about to cum."

"Bust that nut, baby."

"You want it?"

"Yeah...pull it out and cum on my ass, daddy."

He couldn't hold it any longer.

He tried hooking his mind off climaxing by staring at the John Hancock building on the left side of the skyline, and the Sears Tower on the right.

That didn't work.

The last thrust pulled him out. He quickly slid the condom off and poured himself over her mangos. Catching his breath like a sprint runner in the hottest summer, he kissed the small of her back before passing out on the lawn chair on the terrace.

Drenched with sweat, she turned around and licked her lips to let him know she got the business. They didn't say a word for a while. The wind spoke for them. They studied each other like they'd never had sex before. Her eyes pierced through his, and that subconsciously told him to glance over to the wall clock.

He realized he was hours late from seeing Chance.

Thick When The Chances Are Slim

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...'cuz only a dog wants a bone