

**In
The
Thick
Of
Things**

Nah'Sun

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Dedicated to...

...myself

And my lovely lady friend, Diamond Jackson, straight outta Newark, New Jersey, for inspiring me to write a story about the Kimyettas of the world

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Read Before You Proceed!!!



THICK 3 is my 5th book project in 5 years. Whoop-de-damn doo. I should be happy, but I'm not. Writing a book a year is something I *should* do. It's like congratulating someone for taking care of their kids.

Um, duh...you're supposed to do that!

Writing this book was a bitch. It took me 17 months to complete the manuscript. My longest to date. It wasn't the most difficult to write. I just decided to take my time with this one on some foreplay shit.

And as a result, I believe it's my finest work.

But enough with riding my own horse. What's new with ya'll? Damn...I'm not in the mood to write anymore. I'm horny and hungry, and those two don't mix with writing.

I'll be back later in the week.

Sunday, July 6th, 2014

12:56pm

Day 2

Damn, it's hot as hell out here. 90 degree weather ain't no joke. I'm sweating my balls off.

Thank God for Baby Powder.

I'm riding the Long Island Rail Road to God knows where. Hopefully the LIRR workers don't go on strike later this month. Sometimes I don't wanna ride those filthy city trains and buses. But hey, a lot of my material comes from the funny shit I see while riding public transportation in NYC.

Oh yeah, yesterday I was talking about being horny and hungry. I got the eating part right. Never got around to satisfy my loins, though. That's gonna change this evening,

unless I play hard to get. Yes, I'm a man who loves to reverse the game on women.

Aaaaaooooowwww.

Ayo, I was thinking...why did the chicken cross the road? Shit, I don't know.

How many licks does it take to get to the center of a tootsie pop? You should ask one of my lady friends that question.

OH!!!

If you didn't get that answer, you need Jesus.

Speaking of Jesus...aaaah, nevermind. I'm riding the train and seeing all types of houses in Queens and Long Island. I wonder how folks can afford those expensive ass homes. You gotta be rich in order to be poor in New York. Real talk. A studio apartment the size of a prison cell is like paying a mortgage. If I'm lying, I'm flying.

And there's no wings growing on my back the last time I checked.

Aight, I think I've done my deed by blessing you with my thoughts before you get your read on. I bet 99.9 percent of ya'll wouldn't even read this. And you know what, I won't blame you. I don't read forewords and intros of books my damn self unless I'm really interested in the author.

Oh yeah, life is a beautiful thing. Try it sometimes.

Cheerio!

Nah'Sun the Great

Monday, July 7th, 2014

8:12am

GLOSSARY

"In my video" – a phrase for saying, "In my business"

"What's gucci?" – What's good?

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

BBW – Big Beautiful Woman

B.D. – Baby Daddy

Bodean – Bogus

Brazilian Jiu Jitsu – a martial art known for self-defense; grappling, take down, and joint locking the opponent

Bread – Money

Cobbs – To have someone share what they have; "I got cobbs on your chips"

Cougar – an older woman who dates younger men

Edgewater – Neighborhood on the Northside of Chicago

Eeeee-Charlie – another way of saying "damn" or "wow"

Englewood – Neighborhood on the Southside of Chicago

G'd – to steal something; "I g'd his girl the other day"

Garrett Popcorn – Famous for cheese and caramel popcorn

Giordano's – Famous for deep dish pizza

Harold's Chicken – Famous chicken shack in Chicago; a food chain throughout the Chicagoland area

Hazel Crest – a suburb south of Chicago

Huff – Wack, not good

Humboldt Park – Neighborhood on the Westside of Chicago

Jappin' – to snap; go crazy

Jean Baptiste Point du Sable – a Black man of Haitian descent who founded the city of Chicago in 1790

Jesse Owens – American Olympic track and field athlete gold medalist

Jim Crow – Segregation laws in the United States

Joe – another way of saying "friend" at the end of a sentence; "what's up, joe?"

L Train – City train lines

Molly – a pure form of ecstasy; party drug

Nelson Mandela – Political activist who fought against apartheid in South Africa; a fake high school used in the story (Nelson Mandela High School)

O.G. – Old Girl; mother

Out South – Southside Chicago

Out West – Westside Chicago

Redbone – Light skinned Black woman

Scummy – Drunk

Send off, a – a person who stands someone up; “She’s a send off. She stood me up.” Or “I sent him off and didn’t go on the date”

Sensei – Japanese for “teacher”

Slide, a – a side piece, or fuck buddy

Square, a – a lame

The Loop – Downtown Chicago; major train lines circle that area

Thelonious Monk – an American jazz pianist and composer

Thot, a – a loose female

Toussaint L'Ouverture – Leader of the Haitian Revolution for independence

Trick Bag – a phrase about tricking or fooling someone for personal gain

Trolling – to say something ridiculous just to get a group or person angry

Up North – Northside Chicago

Wild Hundreds (hunnids) – Nickname for the hundred blocks in Chicago

Willie Lynch – an alleged blueprint to divide and psychologically break down Black American slaves



THICK 3
BOOK 1:
(The Flame)

In The Thick of Things

Prologue



Stick Ball

She saw his lifeless hand swing back and forth on the side of the bed after her friend had cried her eyes out from seeing her father dead. He was gone. Perished. He died without a touch from the victim who struck back with the force of Karma.

She just looked on, witnessing her friend's father life wither away without a pint of regret.

"Good riddance" was too harsh for words. Faking like she gave a damn would've been worse. She felt indifferent. She killed off talks of guilt by sending him a death (deaf) wish by ignoring her conscience in the present and here-(hear)after with malice in her heart.

Pig!

That word bounced off the walls of her head and damn near voiced itself from the tonsils to the tip of the tongue.

Your daddy should've kept his damn hands to himself, the girl thought, and the kilo of remorse that drugged her conscience turned into an ounce of "sorry" until she completely sobered up from guilt.

She hugged her bestie for consoling until the lifeless body caused her to pee. Urinating was her body's slick way of pouring out liquor for the dead. She refused to shed tears. She squatted on the toilet and thought about her next move, a move that had nothing to do with living in the household anymore even though she'd now live homeless.

She had to go.

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9 Years Earlier



Red Light, Green Light

Daddy Buck trapped himself in the closet without singing his way out of trouble. He was jittery. Cold sweats slid down his temple. Him staying in the two-bedroom apartment that he shared with his wife, Gloria, and their only child would force the landlord to take the family off Section 8.

Uncle Sam wouldn't let a two-parent home pimp the system.

Hard knocks boomed from the front door. They rocked Daddy Buck and Gloria from sleep. Gloria threw on a red robe to cover her butter pecan complexion while Daddy Buck scurried to the bedroom closet. Gloria tied the robe and unknowingly left the cleavage of double D's showing as she opened the door.

"Good morning, Gloria. I'm here to collect the rent." The landlord struggled with fixing his blue eyes on her face rather than the nipples that poked out from the robe.

"I'm so, so, so sorry, Mr. Reed. I won't have the money until next week when I get paid."

Mr. Reed huffed like *here we go again*. "You're already late, Gloria. Twenty days late. I can only hold out for so long."

"Hear me out, Mr. Reed. I'll have the money next week."

"The month is almost over. You're gonna be late again."

"I know, I know, I know...but please, Mr. Reed, give me a grace period." Gloria swallowed her pride and shitted out humility, hoping she wouldn't piss him off as he was a dick for rent money.

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Mr. Reed scratched his hairless head that gleamed from the sun beaming through the roof window in the hallway. "Okay, Gloria, but things gotta change. Things gotta change." He smiled crookedly before turning left to make his rounds to other apartments in the 10-story, red bricked building he owned.

Gloria cussed under her breath and closed the door. She hung her head en route to the bathroom to shower. Something about Mr. Reed made her filthy. If it wasn't his dirty looks picking apart every curve of her fair complexion, his sexual innuendos stabbed her nerves...

...and there was nothing Daddy Buck could do about it considering he lived there illegally.

She felt bad for her husband. Deep down she knew his inability to help on the rent ate him alive. Factory closings served a death blow to his pockets. Daddy Buck made a living from working at the steel mills on the Eastside before the city either closed them for good, or companies outsourced them to other countries to save money from cheap labor.

As Daddy Buck stepped away from the closet, he sat on the edge of the queen size bed and buried his head in the pit of his defeated hands, squeezing every brain cell to figure out a way to help feed his wife and 8-year-old daughter, Kimyetta.

Act II

Mr. Reed drummed on the front door with the side of his fist weeks later for the rent money that was past due.

Like always, Daddy Buck retreated to the bedroom closet with his shoes and clothes packed in boxes in case Mr. Reed or anyone else stepped foot inside the joint.

Gloria tied her baby blue robe and wrapped her head with a white bath towel. Her feet lost feeling with each step to the living room. The knocks rattled her body. Swallowing to moisten the back of throat that dried from fear, she slowly

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unlocked the door. Her hand embraced the knob like a fake hug before fully opening it.

"Good, good, good morning, Mr. Reed." She stuttered after removing the chain lock to greet a frowning Mr. Reed.

"Yeah, uh, Gloria. I'm coming for the rent."

Gloria handed him crumpled up dollar bills. Mr. Reed nodded. He unrolled the money given to him. Dead politicians got his vote, but for Gloria, the polls were closed when anger killed the smirk on his face.

"Gloria, this is only half," he said like she should've known.

"I know, Mr. Reed. I'll give you the rest of the money in two weeks."

Mr. Reed scratched his forehead like *I can't believe this shit*. "You're killing me, Gloria. You can't keep giving me late rent payments."

"Mr. Reed, please...please hear me out. Times have been hard."

"Well, Gloria, with all due respect, times is hard for everyone," Mr. Reed countered while Daddy Buck left the closet to sneak next to the bedroom door to ear hustle on the conversation.

"Mr. Reed..." Gloria mentally reached for straws, "...is there anything I can do?" A cracked light bulb flickered in her mind. "I'll...I'll cook for you. Whatever you like, I can make it. And if I don't know how to make it, I'll learn how."

Mr. Reed's dick got hard from the sound of Gloria wanting to cook for him.

He scratched his head and looked away, too embarrassed to show desire through perverted eyes. He got warm. Hot later. He grabbed a mile after stealing inches and went for the kill. Dreams of bustin' nuts were a fantasy in Technicolor that yearned to tell a vision without an audience of STDs to give him a clap.

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He heard steps and looked to his left. He saw Kimyetta and smiled crookedly. A flood of guilt almost drowned him. Restraint saved him. He looked back at Gloria and saw her sun kissed cleavage. He hurriedly glanced back at Kimyetta to get his mind off sex.

Kimyetta heard everything. Between checking out Bugs Bunny making a fool out of Yosemite Sam, her 8-year-old brain recorded the chit chat and would later playback the moment as she got older.

Gloria iced the silence. "I'm cookin' tomorrow, Mr. Reed. You can stop by tomorrow."

He asked, "Can you cook pasta with Swedish meatballs?"

"Yes, anything you want."

"Anything?" he asked with the breath of sex. "Okay, fine. You got it. I'll stop by 6 p.m....sharp!"

Mr. Reed did an about-face and bopped down the hallway with his chest poked out.

Fuckin' slum lord, Gloria breathed when he left.

She wore pink slippers to walk on the navy blue wall-to-wall carpet. She paid Kimyetta no mind. She hadn't thought about her daughter eavesdropping into the conversation. Shit, what for? She figured Kimyetta was too young to comprehend anyway.

Daddy Buck heard and knew everything. The infamous *I'll-do-this-for-that* barter exchange ripped the hood off his man to expose him. Watching his wife cook for another man to pay the rent wrecked him. With no job or steady income, he was boxed in the ring of marriage with no arms to fight. He felt defeated and demoralized, crushed to pieces like glass shattering from a bulldozer. That bulldozer was Mr. Reed tearing down the foundation of his home that stood on quicksand.

Damn, that hurt.

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As Gloria crossed paths with Daddy Buck in the bedroom, he avoided eye contact. Shame pushed him away. She felt for him and didn't say a word. She threw on a pair of jeans, a hoodie with matching sneakers, and headed to the store to buy food to cook for Mr. Reed.

Daddy Buck followed Gloria to the door to see her back turn the corner and later saw a frown on their daughter's face as she watched cartoons on the couch...

...and there was nothing he could do about it.

Act III

"Where's Daddy?"

"He's out somewhere with André." Gloria wiped the cornflake dangling from the side of Kimyetta's face from the bowl of cereal.

Daddy Buck breezed out the apartment the next day to hang out with his cousin at a bar on the Eastside. He was laying low until the coast was clear enough for him to swoop back to the apartment. He knew Gloria cooked for another man, but tricked himself into thinking that the situation was a way for him to stay living with the family.

Gloria locked herself in the kitchen to cook Mr. Reed the pasta he wanted. Grooving to the tunes of The Stylistics kept her mind off the purpose for cooking. "Ooooh, child. They don't make songs like they used to." She zoned out from the soulful singing and forgot about cooking for Mr. Reed until he called the house phone.

His name on the Caller ID cooked her blood. The fire from the kitchen smothered the breeze from the dining room window that was open. She answered the phone and confirmed their meeting. Mr. Reed was aroused before, during, and after the drive from the suburbs where he lived. Cheating on his wife never crossed his mind. Not a second.

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Gloria whipped up the meal and finished minutes before Mr. Reed knocked on the door. She turned off the living room television and told Kimyetta to, "Go to your room. Mommy's having company."

Kimyetta pursed her lips until Gloria raised her voice. "Suck your teeth one more time. I'ma beat your tail, ya hear?" She watched Kimyetta like a hawk until her daughter sluggishly walked to her bedroom and closed the door.

Gloria jetted to her bedroom and threw on a purple gown that showed no cleavage with a matching headwrap. She didn't want Mr. Reed having slick ideas about sleeping with her. She fixed a plate of pasta and Swedish meatballs with cornbread along with broccoli to balance the meal.

She threw in the cornbread because she had a taste for some herself.

Boom Boom Boom

The police knocks annoyed the hell out of her. She got herself together by making sure her titties didn't fall out the spaghetti straps of the gown before opening the door.

"Here goes nothing." She sighed heavily when her bashful eyes met his.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Reed."

Mr. Reed flashed the *I'ma get some pussy* grin. "Please, Gloria, call me Richard."

I should call you a dick. She played upon the nickname of Richard to describe what she'd thought of him.

"Sure." Gloria rolled her eyes after Mr. Reed walked past her. She promptly stopped him before he stepped on the carpet. "Mister...Richard, please take off your shoes. I don't want dirt on my carpet."

Mr. Reed arrogantly shrugged off the suggestion and kicked off his hard bottoms. The scent of food wormed to his stomach. He dashed to the dining room like he never ate

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before. He subconsciously rubbed his food box and helped himself to a seat without asking.

Gloria peeped that, too.

She helplessly shook her head from Mr. Reed's rudeness. She couldn't wait for him to finish his plate so he could get the hell out the apartment. The more she thought about serving his plate, the more disappointed she was in Daddy Buck for not finding a job, or at least some sort of hustle to make ends meet. She hated cooking for Mr. Reed, but survival was a bitch. A woman had to do what a woman had to do to put food on plates, clothes on backs, and a roof over heads.

"Thanks for the meal, Gloria." Mr. Reed twisted his fork in the pasta and slurped it in his mouth. He ate the meatballs between grubbing on the pasta. Gulping the lemonade that Gloria had set next to his plate, he asked, "Where's your daughter?"

Gloria answered while washing dishes, "In her room."

"Oh, okay." Mr. Reed curiously screened the dining room and behind his back in the living room. His eyes widened when he saw a pair of men's boots sitting next to the front door. He tapped the napkin on his chin to wipe off pasta sauce and inquired, "Do you have anyone living here sometimes?"

The question heated Gloria's body. The hairs on her arms erected when she replied, "Uh, naw, why you ask?"

Mr. Reed swallowed a meatball and washed it down with lemonade. "Oh, just asking."

"There's a reason why you asked."

"I mean, I asked because I saw a pair of men's boots over there by the door, and a Bulls cap on top of the sofa. I figured you had a nephew or uncle over here or something."

Nosey muthafucka. Gloria was vexed at Mr. Reed's wandering eyes.

"No, Mr. Reed. It's just me and my daughter."

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Mr. Reed swallowed the last of the pasta. He side-eyed the slice of cornbread on a saucer and asked, "What's that?"

"It's cornbread."

"What I'm supposed to do with this?"

"You supposed to eat it, Mr. Reed." Gloria held in laughter while stacking plates on the countertop. "Try it. You'll love it."

Mr. Reed took a bite and see-sawed his head. Smacking his tongue and the roof of his mouth on the cornbread, his eyes lit up with glee.

"Mmhmm," he moaned like he was getting head on a Monday morning.

Taking a larger bite got his nose wide. He bobbed his head to an imaginary beat and devoured the squared cut of cornbread. No one but God knew how many licks it took to get to the center of a Tootsie Pop, but it took three bites from Mr. Reed to finish off a piece of cornbread.

"This is delicious. I never knew about this." Mr. Reed chased the cornbread with lemonade. "This cornbread tastes as delicious as you look, dear."

Delicious as you look?

Sweat broke out from Gloria's brow when she heard him. The unwanted come-on tag teamed with the heat on the stove. Discomfort set in. She wanted him to leave. She prayed to God that Daddy Buck would bust through the door on some Superman shit and fly Mr. Reed out the door.

That was a pipe dream that leaked reality.

Mr. Reed stood from his seat and paced toward Gloria with a shit grin. Sucking his teeth to taste the remnants of cornbread, he looked her up from toes to headwrap and said, "I think you look beautiful without the cap."

"It's a headwrap, Mr. Reed."

"I prefer you call me Richard." He snaked his way about two feet in front of her. He sat his hand on the countertop to hold his body. "I always thought you were

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beautiful, Gloria. It's a shame you don't have a man to say that to you everyday."

Gloria fought to hold in tears; she refused to let Mr. Reed see her vulnerable without Daddy Buck. "I'm fine, Mr. Reed. Just fine."

"I didn't ask how you looked. I know you're fine as frog-hair, baby."

"I'm not your baby." Gloria pointed her finger in his face to check him.

"Not now, but maybe...later." Mr. Reed's manhood stiffened with heat rushing between his legs.

He pictured himself galloping on top of her teardrop ass and riding her to sleep. He grabbed his belt buckle and slowly unfastened it. Gloria took notice. She fell deep in prayer and hoped that someday, somehow, Mr. Reed would leave the apartment.

A tear flew from the left side of her face and slid down her chubby cheekbones that stood high. Mr. Reed didn't see it. He busied himself with unbuckling his belt and fondling himself until he heard a door crack that snapped the fantasy. Kimyetta strolled out her room because she forgot her Barbie Doll on the carpet in front of the television.

"Hey, Mr. Reed." Kimyetta waved to the man who had it in for his mother.

Mr. Reed turned his back away from Kimyetta to hide himself re-buckling his belt.

"I'm...I'm...Hey, princess," he responded nervously and felt the wind of Gloria jetting past him to the living room.

Gloria picked up Kimyetta and kissed her on the forehead. Usually she would've spanked Kimyetta for cutting in on grown folks' time. That day was different.

She thanked God that Kimyetta was hard headed at the right time to save her from Mr. Reed. Feeling guilty and foolish, Mr. Reed got himself together and slid to the front door to put on his hard bottoms to leave.

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“Um...I gotta go. Thanks for the food.” Mr. Reed opened the door to pretend nothing ever happened.

Kimyetta tried putting 2 and 2 together, figuring out why mom dukes had cooked for Mr. Reed. She grabbed her Barbie and curiously walked to the wooden kitchen table. She saw Mr. Reed’s finished plate and shot off a round of questions.

“Mr. Reed ate here?”

“Stay in kid’s place,” Gloria replied.

Kimyetta felt the anger in her mother’s voice. She didn’t know why her mother was so mad. She couldn’t make sense of the whole thing. She thought Mama was only supposed to cook for Daddy, not some man that came by once a month for the rent.

Carrying her Barbie back to her room, she played mental gymnastics to figure out why Mr. Reed ate at the table, and why Mama was crying her eyes out while lying on the sofa.



Catch a Girl, Kiss a Girl

Daddy Buck and his older cousin, Kick Booty, threw back a few beers at the dRream lounge on Cottage Grove Avenue.

Thinking about his wife making a habit out of cooking for the landlord in exchange for late rent payments downed him. He swallowed his sorrows with a hollowed heart that rarely overlooked his tomorrows. Round 1 buzzed him. Round 2 got him nice. Round 3 twisted his brain before Round 4 got him running off at the mouth when he'd initially refused to tell Kick Booty his problems.

"Maaaan, Kick. I...I ain't...sh-shit," Daddy Buck slurred.

Kick Booty downed his usual glass of Crown Royal straight between the toothpick that he often kept in his mouth. "Why you talkin' crazy, cuz?"

"It's Gloria, man. Gloria."

"What about her? She fuckin' another nigga?!"

"Sh-shit...might as well!" Daddy Buck replied loud enough for patrons to hear over Earth, Wind, and Fire's "Reasons."

Kick Booty didn't take half an answer from his cousin. He knew Daddy Buck was infamous for beating around the bush on shit that bothered him. Penny-complected with finger waves on a short hairstyle that looked like a hurricane, Kick Booty was freakishly handsome; Sleek eyebrows with a birthmark above the left one, full lips, and round cheekbones that caved in to dimples from a wide smile that carved his evenly shaped face.

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“Cut the bullshit short. What’s wavy, cuz?” Kick Booty half-turned to wink at a redbone sitting at the far end of the lounge.

He quickly cut back to Daddy Buck as he missed her blushing.

“Maaaaan, Kick. Gloria is cookin’ for Mr. Reed,” Daddy Buck replied.

“What the hell for?”

“Let me explain first, shit. Hold up.” Daddy Buck caught himself from getting too emotional. “Gloria’s late paying the rent. As you know...I don’t have a job. I got nothin’ but face in ass, cuz.”

“Get to the point, Buck.”

“I am, I am...Gloria is cookin’ for that armadillo lookin’ ass Mr. Reed. She’s behind on the rent, and wanted him to cut her some slack. So she cooked for the bastard. At first I didn’t mind. Now I do. I can’t do shit without a job. I got laid off at the factory and can’t help pay the rent. I told Gloria to apply for Section 8 to get some sort of assistance ‘til I get back on my feet. The thing is...the landlord can’t know I’m there, or else we’ll get kicked out, and Gloria won’t get anymore benefits for her and Kim.”

Kick Booty slumped down on the bar seat and tiredly rubbed the side of his face.

“Daaaaamn. That’s shaaaaaaky,” he said.

“I gotta hide in the closet every time he comes for the rent.”

“Daaaaamn. That’s swaaaaayzy.”

“Yeah, I had to stop Gloria for going to church to give money to that funky ass pastor of hers, too.”

“My chick can’t go to church. She can’t get on her knees and praise another nigga except me, ya dig.” Kick Booty sipped from his glass and immediately read Daddy Buck’s mind the more he complained about money. “Hell naw, you ain’t gon’ work at my spot. So don’t ask.”

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Daddy Buck loudly pled his case. "C'mon, Kick, I need the money!"

"Hell no, 'cause if some shit happens to you, that's on me. I'm not finna have that on my conscience. You not built for that." Kick Booty referred to the gambling spot he ran in the West Garfield Park section of the Westside. "And stop that hollerin'. I don't want these negroids all up in mine." Kick Booty playfully bopped Daddy Buck in the back of his neck and continued sipping on the glass of Crown.

The gambling spot was also a bar and spa where guys blew money to freak off with the courtesans of the house. Kick Booty hand picked the girls between ages 18-24. Fresh turn-outs made for good business. The younger the better, but Kick Booty didn't "fuck with those kids" younger than 17.

Kick Booty molded the clay of their minds. They marinated the game he laced them with; the do's and don'ts of the lifestyle. Older women were headaches. Too stubborn and set in their ways. He didn't turn out "burn outs." Young chicks, on the other hand, worked harder than old heads. They saw Kick Booty as the father they never had and strived to impress him.

He worked the father figure angle to the T for them to go the extra mile with customers for more money.

"And besides, you's a square, baby boy. Stay in your lane." Kick Booty wasn't lying. Kick Booty forgot more about the criminal element throughout the years than Daddy Buck could ever learn. He followed up with, "Anyway, I'm finna breeze outta here. You see that redbone right 'chea? She callin' me, mayne."

Daddy Buck glanced over Kick Booty's shoulder for a better look at the lady sitting alone in the corner.

"You won't pull that," he challenged Kick Booty.

Kick Booty cracked his bony knuckles and replied, "Watch me work," and got up from the stool.

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He swooped to the corner where the lady sat. Fear never crossed his heart. Put downs didn't matter. He wasted no time approaching a woman he liked and wanted for himself.

If a bitch don't like me, she hates herself, Kick Booty told himself without flinching.

Kick Booty helped himself to a wooden chair next to the lady. "What's good? I'm diggin' your style and wanna get to know you."

"Is that so?" The woman played with the straw in the glass she sipped on.

"I wouldn't have come over here, right? What's your name?"

"Paris."

"Paris? Okay, I can dig it. You finna make a brotha speak French with those freckles on your face. Voulez-vous coucher avec moi, madame?" Kick Booty said "would you like to sleep with me tonight?" in French without her knowing it.

She cracked a smile and replied, "Good Lord. I don't like them."

"Why not? God knew what he was doing when he made you with those freckles. Sittin' here lookin' like a chocolate chip." He complimented the brown dots on her cheeks and nose.

"You funny. I like a man who puts a smile on my face."

"You gonna be Miss Kool-Aid when I finish with you."

"You got game, huh? What makes you sure of that?"

"I'm too grown for games. I like what I see, and do what I *want*. Boys do what they can." Kick Booty extended his hand to shake hers. "My name's André, infamously known as Kick Booty."

"I know who you are." Paris giggled like a schoolgirl. "Your name ring bells. Heard you was an um...ladies' man."

Kick Booty's eyebrows slanted from shock. "I wouldn't say all that. I don't rap to slides around these parts."

In The Thick of Things

Paris shifted her body to face him. She swung her long autumn hair away from her triangular face. She glanced away and said, "I don't wanna be one of your slides."

"Who said you are?" Kick Booty overheard the Isley Brothers' "Living for the Love of You" grooving from the jukebox. He purposely tapped her hand that had the marriage ring. "Ooooooh snap. This my jam. Wanna dance?"

She smiled and followed him to the dance floor.

They slow danced for three songs and chatted throughout. Paris laughed the whole time. Kick Booty made her smile, something she hadn't done in a while. Laughter took away sadness; she suffered from a separation from a husband who acted like she was Casper while Kick Booty seduced her.

"Aye, Buck. Buck! Wake yo' ass up, nigga." Kick Booty slapped Daddy Buck's arm to wake him from a stupor after the dance. "Ayo, time to get ghost, cuzzo. Let's ride out 'chea."

Daddy Buck wiped the slob from the side of his mouth and drunkenly replied, "Wha-wha-where we goin', Kick?"

"You can stay at my pad to sober up. You not goin' home all scummy and carryin' on." Kick Booty helped Daddy Buck get up from the chair and led him to the exit.

Daddy Buck frantically looked around and asked, "Where we at?"

"I just know this fool didn't ask me where we at," Kick Booty said to himself.

Paris trailed them and nervously inquired, "What's wrong with him?"

"Ain't nothin' wrong with him. He's just stuck on stupid and parked on dumb." Kick Booty led his inebriated cousin to his Jolly Rancher green painted Cadillac.

Kick Booty opened the passenger side for Paris and later slid Daddy Buck across the back seat.

Damn, this fool heavy. Kick Booty cursed his skinniness. He was a buck and some change soaking wet with clothes on.

Nah'Sun

He drove Paris home first. She lived in Woodlawn which wasn't far from the dReam lounge. Kick Booty parked in front of her home with The Stylistics' "People Make the World Go 'Round" playing on the radio. Kick Booty played the oldies but goodies and bobbed his head with the toothpick twirling in his mouth.

"I wanna see you again, madame." Kick Booty teased Paris' name.

"How soon?"

"Real soon."

Paris looked away at her front door before asking, "How about tonight?"

"Tonight?"

"Did I stutter?" Paris felt her goody good wetting from the thought of Kick Booty boning the juice out of her.

Paris only knew of him from afar. She admired his gait and style; neatly-pressed clothes, laid-back demeanor, and the lion-walk that forced people to respect him. She lusted, praised, and desired to witness the urban legends she'd heard about him.

*He's a player...
heartbreaker...
got 8 baby mamas...
flirts a lot...
got bank...
girl, he's gon' make you tap out*

But the phrase that stood out the most was "watch for the hook" from girlfriends who told stories about him.

Curiosity led her to see for herself. *He can't be that bad*, she told herself when she saw a constant crowd of people around him. No one mingled with losers, so she threw away rumors and innuendos about him. All that night, like any other time, she was fond of him. His magnetic was undeniable.

In The Thick of Things

Hoping he'd look her way, she sat an eye shot away from him while sporting a knee-length dress skirt, matching pumps, and red lipstick.

No shade of gray was sexier than the heat of red.

Kick Booty never freaked off with chicks in the city. He dated suburban girls. He didn't want folks in his business, but loved the gossip about him. He saw the whispers as free advertisement when no one had proof of the allegations he was accused of doing.

Kick Booty hauled ass to the Southside to his ranch house. He ran through red lights with sex on his mind. He was thirsty. Frantic. Anxious. Overzealous. Risking a ticket or putting his life on the line with a car crash didn't stop him from getting to that goody good in a hurry.

He parked in front of his pad and mentally slapped himself for offering Daddy Buck to crash with him for the night.

I hope this fool don't cramp my style. Kick Booty was exasperated as he lifted Daddy Buck, who luckily for Kick Booty was as sleek as him. He helped his cousin up the steps to the house with Paris standing a few feet away from them just in case Daddy Buck vomited.

Sitting Daddy Buck on the rocking chair, Kick Booty dashed to the laundry room to grab a blue pillow and matching bed sheets. Staining his furniture from sweat and body odor would've got him tight. He spread the sheets across the sofa before slamming Daddy Buck on the cushion.

"Is he gonna be okay?" Paris half-whispered behind Kick Booty.

"Yeah...I guess." Kick Booty slid a blanket over Daddy Buck who got drunk punched for the night. "You wanna watch a movie?" He caught her brows marveling at him.

Paris answered with a slow kiss and backed herself up against the wall. "Let's make one."

She unbuckled his belt and felt the crotch. She smiled. Her facial expression did the talking. Kick Booty read her body

Nah'Sun

language and held her love handles. He flipped his tongue inside her mouth and sword fought hers. She slipped off the straps of the red dress skirt she donned and kicked off her red pumps for him to back her toward his room.

His manhood stood at ease when the curves of her body played the National Anthem of sexy.

Mm mm...

...those curves.

Good Pussy Sucking drove her wild. GPS. His tongue rode her curves. He pulled out a gold wrapper from the dresser drawer to strap on his seat belt for a long ride. She gassed him up when she whispered, "daddy" in his ear. He turned her around and tongued the back of her neck and shoulder blades, and pulled up to her bumper that poked out like hub caps.

All natural.

He felt her pussy spring a leak. He slid inside. She immediately felt him. "Yeah, yeah...get it, get it, get it." She milk-flooded him and pulled away when his tree stump overwhelmed her.

Fully unclothing herself, she tossed her dress skirt to the corner and spread eagle on her back, teasing him to finish the nut he started. He stripped naked and slithered on top of her. He fucked her deep. All inside. He switched his body sideways to horizontally hit her corners when she eased away from the thrust.

She couldn't take it.

She felt shocks through her body. Licking her lips cooled the sensation that dipped from head to toe. Slapping her forehead like *Oh My God!*, she felt herself coming after he picked up speed on hitting her corners.

"Ooooooh, that's whassup...that's whassup...oh, wait...right...just like that, just like that, just like that." Her eyes squeezed in ecstasy.

In The Thick of Things

She lost control. Her mouth widened. A never ending itch inside her wet box flared for a nut. She turned inside out from the orgasm that watered her pink passion. "You gon' make me cum like that, you gon' make me cum like that, you gon' make me cum like that." She tongue twisted her words in bunches and felt him going to work before busting two nuts back-to-back.

Huffing because she lost her breath, her face lit up like *Oh Wow* while she playfully smacked his ass.

"You bastard." She laughed and caught her breath.

"I'm not done with you yet." He got on his knees and flipped her over. Standing on hind-legs froggystyle dug him deep inside. Towering over her back, he palmed her head into the pillow.

She couldn't take it as she came again.

He rode her wild when build-up filled him. Holding her waist and aroused from wetness, he surfed on the waves of her ass and felt his body shivering cool from excitement.

"Stay right there, stay right there." He sped his rhythm and took off the condom to let off on her ass cheeks.

He playfully signed his name with his finger until she stopped him. "Stop playin' and give me a towel so I can wipe off."

And he did.

They cuddled in the wet spot and called it a night.

Meanwhile, Daddy Buck was so knocked out on the sofa that he never heard the headboard banging on the wall with bed springs squeaking like scared mice.

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...'cuz only a dog wants a bone