

Thick Girls
And The
Guys
Who Love
Them

Nah'Sun

FIRST EDITION - FIRST PRINTING

PUBLISHING CONSULTANT
H. KHALIF KHALIFAH
khalifah1@khabooks.com

NOTE: Sale of this book without a front cover is unauthorized. If you purchased this book without a cover, you should be aware that it was reported to the author/publisher as “unsold and destroyed.”

The novel is a work of fiction. Any familiarity to real people, living or dead, actual events, establishments, organizations, and locations are intended to give the fiction a sense of reality and authenticity. Other names, characters, places and incidents are products of the author’s imagination, or are used fictitiously, whether detailing the past, present, or future.

Thick Girls and the Guys Who Love Them. Copyright © 2016
Nah’Sun p/k/a Darnell Brooks

All Rights Reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any means without prior written permission from the author, excepting brief quotes used in connection with reviews written specifically for inclusion in a magazine or newspaper.

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

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

Thick Girls and the Guys Who Love Them credits:

The Players:

Story/Written by: Nah'Sun

Cover Concept by: Nah'Sun

Cover Design by: Rohvel (remy_56xxx@yahoo.com)



Creative Souls Multimedia

Dedicated to my mama dukes...the first queen in my life

In memory of:

Verneda Brooks Nelson (grandma)

TABLE OF JEWELS

The Freaky 50

Foreword – Read Before You Proceed!!!

Glossary – 12

THICK Book 1 (The Flame) – 16

Prologue Call My Name 17

1 Strange Relationship 23

2 Dirty Mind 31

3 Soft and Wet 35

4 I Could Never Take the Place
of Your Man 43

5 U Got the Look 53

6 I Wanna Be Your Lover 59

7 Do Me, Baby 69

8 Temptation 75

9 If I Was Your Girlfriend 87

10 Pink Cashmere 97

11 Can't Stop This Feeling I Got 109

12 Just as Long as We're Together 115

13 Dig U Better Dead 123

14 Cream 133

15 Dreamin' About U 141

16 Eye Hate U 147

17 Free 151

18 Sexy Dancer 163

19 Right the Wrong 171

20 Kiss 181

Commercial Break 188

TABLE OF JEWELS

THICK Book 2 (The Flame) – 190

21 And God Created Woman 191

22 Alphabet St. 203

23 Orgasm 211

24 1999 219

25 Sexuality 225

26 Under the Cherry Moon 233

27 Betcha by Golly Wow! 239

28 Why You Wanna Treat Me
So Bad? 247

29 Lady Cab Driver 255

30 Round and
Round 265

31 Illusion, Coma, Pimp & Circumstance 273

Commercial Break – 279

TABLE OF JEWELS

THICK Book 3 (The Burn) – 280

32 Papa 281

33 Starfish and Coffee 293

34 Purple Rain 303

35 Pussy Control 319

36 Something in the Water 329

37 Courtin' Time 339

38 In Love 349

39 For You 359

40 Pheromone 369

41 The Most Beautiful
Girl in the World 377

42 Partyman 381

43 Do It All Night 389

44 It's Gonna Be a Beautiful Night 397

45 Diamonds and Pearls 405

46 Darling Nikki 413

47 Private Joy 423

48 Girls and Boys 431

49 I'm Yours 443

50 The Marrying Kind 455

Epilogue Scandalous! 463

Read Before You Proceed!!!



What's good, family?

I'm hungry and restless on this Thanksgiving day. No family. No friends. Just me and my BlackBerry. Yes, you read it right.

BlackBerry.

Everybody has jokes for days, but I could care less what people think or say when they see me type away on my phone. I hate touch screens with a passion, and I usually don't follow trends. Therefore, I'm Team Crackberry until the company goes out of business or they no longer make keyboards on the phone. There's nothing like a physical touch instead of dirtying the screen with germs.

Anyway, this is Part 5 of the Thick series. I purposely skipped Part 4 because I didn't feel like doing the research to write the story. Part 4 and 5 aren't connected anyway, so hopefully y'all let me slide. Part 4 is kinda connected to Part 3, but not really. You'll see for yourself when I finally release Part 4 sooner than later.

Part 5 is the most erotic story in the series. About 31 sex scenes in total. Shout out to Erotic Explosion for the inspiration. They're a traveling group who throw yearly trips to Negril, Jamaica, for Hedonism II. Look them up. Writer's block was a bitch, and the ladies in Erotic Explosion sparked a flame in me to bang out sex tales to piece together in a narrative.

If you've read Thick 1 through 3, you'll see a few familiar names. I wrote the stories in a way for the reader to not have to read the series in order while keeping a few characters around. I didn't wanna throw the series off. Before someone falls in love with a character, I like to create a new batch of characters to keep the series fresh.

There's not much for me to say. Enjoy the show. The title of the book is Thick Girls and The Guys Who Love Them. The Blue Book. The title is nowhere to be found on the cover. I didn't want anything to disrupt the beauty of the illustration. That's why I did something different this time around by just putting my logo on the cover and letting the illustration breathe on its own.

I think I've said enough. Please leave a review on websites where books are sold. I'll appreciate it.

One love for the support.

There's no me without you.

Peace and Afro Grease

Nah'Sun the Great

9:50 a.m.

11/26/2015

GLOSSARY

“What’s woody?” – What’s good?

Amazon – a tall woman

Audy Home – a juvenile detention center in Chicago

Bae – Short for “babe”

Basquiat – a famous American artist (painter)

BD – Baby Daddy

Beloved (bee-love-vid) – Another way of saying “brother”

Bodeen – Bogus

Bodega (boe-day-gah) – Corner store

Bogart – Slang to takeover something

Bougie – Short for Bourgeois; uppity

BRB – Be Right Back

Bredrin – Jamaican slang for “brother”

Caribana – an annual West Indian parade in Toronto

Catfish – To deceive someone with selfies

Cha Cha Slide – Popular dance song inspired by the Chicago stepping movement

Chimi sandwich – Dominican hamburger

Cold – something that’s great; hardcore

Curve – To passively dismiss or leave someone hanging

Cut-up – Sex

Cup cakin’ – To become attached to someone

Deebo – Slang to takeover something

Deep House – A form of house music that originated in Chicago

Dolo – Solo

Eeeee-Charlie – another way of saying “damn” or “wow”

Ep – Episode

Gilligan – Short for the television show Gilligan's Island

Ginuwine – An American R&B singer

Halal – Dietary laws

Harold’s Chicken – a famous chain of chicken restaurants

Jawn (Joint) – A person, place or thing

Jewels - Wisdom

Jim Crow – Segregation laws in the United States

Jookin – Exciting; poppin’; “The spot was jookin’ tonight”

Juicin' – Sex

Kompa – Music originated from Haiti

Krav Maga – Martial arts of self-defense used as offense

LBVS – Laughing But Very Serious

Leon's Ribs and Chicken – Popular BBQ spot in Chicago

LOL – Laughing Out Loud

Locs – Short for Dreadlocks, or locks

Ninja – A politically correct version of nigga

Non-fiction – A phrase to say something said is true

Nuts on Clark – A popular popcorn place in Chicago

OG – Original Gangster; a respected elder

Old Earth – Mother

Out South – Southside Chicago

Pop – Soda

Precious – Name of a movie; used as a joke in the story

Premie – A man who cums fast from sex

PTO – Personal Time Off

Return to the essence – Going back to where you came from before birth; another way of saying someone died

Scratch – Money

Shorty – a woman

Show, the – The movies

Sifu (see-foo) – Master in martial arts

Slide, a – a side piece, or fuck buddy

SMH – Shake My Head

Soul Train – A popular musical variety television show

Sun – A man with the shine of knowledge

The BX – Acronym for Bronx, NY

The Dragon – Bad Breath

The Loop – Downtown Chicago; the circle of train lines

Thot – a loose female

VA – Virginia

Whip – Car

Wild Hunnids – Nickname for the hundred blocks

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

WYD – What You Doing?

Yardis – Another word for a Jamaican

YOLO – You Only Live Once

THICK
BOOK 1:
(The Flame)

Prologue



Call My Name

She told me she had a signed permission slip from her husband...

...and that was all I needed to hear.

I never met her man. He was probably somewhere on the ship doing him. I joined Coco on the deck sippin' Pineapple Mojitos to shoot the breeze with her. I thought she was half-Chinese by the way her eyes slanted.

"Where your people from?" I asked half-jokingly.

"Chicago."

"You sure you not part Filipino or somethin'?"

"Boy, you crazy. Naw, Wavy. I'm all Black."

"I'm just foolin'. You enjoying yourself?"

"It's okay. I'm enjoying my vacation."

"Oh, I see. You sure it's cool for us to play?"

"I'm here with you, right?"

My mandingo got hard when she said that.

I couldn't play with her right away. I glanced at my watch and hissed at the hands of time. "I gotta bounce, Coco. My guy needs help with a photo shoot. You free tomorrow?"

"Depends on what time."

"Three p.m. at the hot tub on the top deck."

"Sure. You got my room number. Call me." She smiled, and finished her glass before leaving the deck.

I joined Hafiz to peep the photo shoot he'd put together for THICK magazine for an upcoming issue. I didn't wanna go. He forced my hand by telling me a buncha models were gonna be there.

Whoop-de-damn-doo.

Nah'Sun

I didn't have time to surround myself with stuck up dream chasers. Hafiz felt the I-don't-wanna-be-here vibe that exuded from me when he saw chicks ignore me like I was Casper. He pulled me to the side for a pep talk.

"Bless, king. You know how it goes. You gotta lie, beloved."

"Lie?! For what?"

"Lie to tap them draws."

"Maaaaaan, I ain't got time for that."

"Just be a sport and play the game. Make up some shit. The greater the lie, the better they'll believe you. Make it saucy, beloved." Hafiz grabbed his camera and had the girls file out one-by-one in front of a green screen.

One tall, light skinned chick with freckles stepped to me and asked, "Do you work for the magazine?"

"Yeah. I'm the C.E.O." I lied my ass off.

"For real? I thought Hafiz ran the magazine."

"He's just the figurehead." I lifted her hand to kiss the back of it on some gentleman shit. "What's your name? Where you from?"

"Cherelle. I'm from Canada."

"Cherelle from Canada. That's whassup. Tell me about yourself." I pretended to care.

"I love to cook, draw, and model, of course. I'm going to school to be a nurse. What you do besides run the magazine?"

"I hang out with Barack Obama."

"For real?!"

"Yeah, I'm his son. His illegitimate son. He doesn't want anyone to know he had kids out of wedlock." I said everything without blinking like I was serious.

Cherelle had stars in her eyes. "Can I meet him?"

"Sure. Come here so we can talk about it."

To make that story short, I played with her in the other room and gave shorty the number to the Rejection hotline

Thick Girls and the Guys Who Love Them

after I wiped cum off from one of her ass cheeks with a nut rag. She wasn't bright enough to call right away to check the number. I felt no remorse. You can say I'm fucked up for taking advantage of the situation.

I'd say she should've never been thirsty to meet someone famous.

I got myself situated and left without telling Hafiz. I didn't have time for bougie folk. Vlad, Hafiz's cousin, was helping him out with the shoot anyway. I called it a night and looked forward to hooking up with Coco the next day.

***** Side B *****

The sky was painted gray. The breeze blew a mist. Tease drops. The clouds folded the sun in a fog like a snack wrap. You couldn't see past 20 yards as the cruise ship blew its horn every 10 minutes for the other boats to know its presence. It'd rained earlier that day and stopped in time for my date.

Coco was already in the hot tub waiting for me. Dark skinned, thick, and all that good stuff. Wearing nothing in public.

"Where's your clothes?" I stepped in, still sporting black swimming trunks.

"I didn't bring none. Just a towel." Coco handed me a bottle of Bacardi Limon while I stood on the steps. "Come sit next to me. Don't tell me you're scared of hot water."

She called my bluff.

I stepped in without dipping my toes in the tub and felt the heat. *Aaaaaah*. My body took a couple minutes to get used to the above warm temperature.

"Aaaaaah yes. I hope the kitten is warm like this."

"What was that?"

"Nothin'." I chuckled and traded backwash with her.

Nah'Sun

A tall, stocky light skinned guy rocking glasses swooped by. He kneeled next to Coco and handed her the room key. He long kissed her. Marking his territory. He shook my hand with no intentions to hop in the outdoor tub.

"Take care of my wife." He gripped my hand with neither a smile nor scowl.

"Respect." I nodded and watched him leave through the dim hallway.

I snaked my way behind Coco and pressed my back along the wall of the tub. "Relax. I'm finna give you a massage."

I grabbed the baby oil from my knapsack.

My hands and fingers gripped firmly on the shoulders. She felt tensed. Stressed out. Muscles trapped in a gridlock like a subway train sitting between stops during rush hour.

"Damn, baby. You good?" My hands caressed her neck bone and shoulders in circles.

"I'm just glad to get away from the city. I had a long week." She exhaled and leaned her head back.

I felt her loosen up. My hands motioned in circles on top of her shoulders. A slight squeeze. Thumbs worked the back. Up and down. Gentle. Slow dancing with the shoulder blades and straddling the spine.

"Ooooh yes." She breathed in as my thumbs met on the back of her neck.

My chin scooted her neck over to the side for a clean shot. I kissed the side. Slid my tongue across the shoulder blades. Petting them with kisses. Tasting the salt of sweat on her skin that was better than chicken.

I turned her around and switched sides. Her back against the wall. My hands saluting her hips. Her kitty moisture greenlighted me to drive inside punani highway. I drove down the curves, crashed between the legs, and parked in the abyss that drenched my fingers.

Thick Girls and the Guys Who Love Them

"Come get this work, Wavy," Coco called me out as she wrapped her track lean thighs around my waist.

I slapped the hat on the sex shooter in the hot tub and held the tip so it wouldn't bust. The gravity of the water helped me hold her up. She hopped on the elephant trunk and rode the waves. Camel's toes cuddled me. Love muscles locked me in and whispered, *Cum take the cake*.

I groped her mango ass and squashed her fruit with the cucumber. A warm sensation whipped my nuts to split the banana with cream in the poon pie. The cookie teased me as if I was the bitch.

Take the cake, Anna Mae. Come here. Come here. Take the cake! She Ike'd me to Tina turn her out.

I held it in as long as I could. My toes curled. Teeth clenched. Hands balled into fists. I tried everything in the book to hold the nut.

And I came.

"Um, really?" Coco's face lit up with disappointed.

I caught my breath and tried to save face. "Yeah, but you can't front tho. That was the best two minutes of your life."

"Boy, bye." She waved me off and eased away from me.

"Wait, baby. Damn. It ain't over." I lifted her up and laid her on the edge of the pool.

Before I got my eat on, she interrupted me.

"Hold on. I'm finna get somethin'." She reached over and pulled out a purple vibrator from a designer bag.

The toy was thick and long with a rubber hook at the top for the clit.

The buzz from the toy didn't kill my buzz...

...I was for it.

She opened her legs far and wide when I flipped the switch.

The vibrator rotated in the front.

Nah'Sun

Hummed the walls.

Wetted the persuasion.

My tongue best friended the pearl for playtime in the box. Sucking them. Probing them. Tagging the twat to send sparks throughout her body. I looked up and saw her hands molesting her breasts. I fell back from the licking and probing, and jerked the toy in and out with the hook meddling with the butter bean.

I whispered, "You gon' cum for me?"

"Uuuuh huuuh." She shook from the humming of the toy.

"Cum for me, baby." I jumped up from the hot tub to nurse the D-cups with mouth-to-tit resuscitation.

"Keep goin'. Keep it there." Her head swung backward along with the micro-braids she rocked.

I held her tight. She shimmied in my arms. Waggled from the buzz. Wiggled for the toy to hit the spots. She let off a loud noise that bounced off the four corners of the earth.

I pulled the toy out the pink and licked it clean.

To be continued.



Strange Relationship

Vlad was a sucker for women...
...and I had to teach him a lesson.

He came crying to me one Sunday evening about a fox he was seeing. She did him dirty, but Vlad always let her get away with everything.

I must admit, the woman was Grade-A. Brown skinned, wide hips, round basketball ass, full lips and natural short hair. No perm. No makeup. Straight Nubian.

"What's wrong?" I looked at him like he needed a bottle of Man Up as he sat on the love seat across from me.

"It's Nichelle." Vlad choked up from fighting tears.

I tried my hardest to not laugh. I thought he was pathetic. Despicable. A fool for romance in an era when women were the ones who got more side pieces than hair clips.

"Oh, Nile. What about her?" I referred to Nichelle by her last name and folded my arms while watching the Chicago Bulls game.

"I looked in her iPad and saw her at some strip party."

"She strip?!"

"Naw, joe. She had on lingerie. I saw some dude grab her ass. He posted the picture in some MyFace group. I opened the iPad and saw the pictures pop up on her news feed. She left her account open and claimed she was with her girls."

Nah'Sun

"Hahahahaha. That's what your ass get for being nosey.

"That's not funny, Wavy."

"Real talk." Not once did my eyes stray from the flat screen. "All I'm saying is that you give Nile too many chances. When did this happen?"

"Just now."

"So why the hell are you over here?"

"I wanted to talk to you about it. I need advice."

Damn! He missed a layup. "Okay, cool. Here's what you do. Tell her to pack her shit and leave."

"Huh?"

Vlad knew damn well he heard me. "She violated you one too many times, Vlad. You gotta put your foot down. Tell shorty to kick rocks with flip flops."

"Wavy, it's snowing outside."

"She can dodge the snowflakes." I saw the Bulls make a tying basket to send the game to overtime. "I keep tellin' you to stop giving her too many chances. You got everything—a car, no kids, good income from workin' with your cousin, and all that. I'm still in this apartment ridin' buses and trains to work. I want what you have."

"I still live with my moms tho. I ain't got shit 'cause I ain't shit." Vlad's voice trailed off near the end of self-defeat.

"Damn, joe. You serious? Don't let some miscellaneous chick remote control your emotions. You see this here?" I flipped through the channels and turned the volume up and down. "This screen does anything I tell it to do from a click of a button. That's how she got you."

"I love her."

"Does she love you?"

Vlad paused from the rebuttal.

He was stunned. Couldn't say shit. I felt him thinking of an answer. He just sat there lookin' like Boo Boo the Fool with his heart stuck on stupid and parked on sprung.

Thick Girls and the Guys Who Love Them

I answered the question for him by pumping my fist when the Bulls won the game.

"Yes!" I leaped from the sofa and clapped my hands together; I won a bet. "Hafiz owe me a cool hundred. Never bet against red and black, baby. See red!"

I did a victory dance and later searched around for sneakers to head out. "Yo, Vlad. I'd love to listen to the male version of a Mary J. Blige song, but I gotta meet Ebony at the pool hall in Hyde Park. So here's what you do." I extended my arm to hold one of his shoulder blades as if I felt sorry for him. "Drop Nile like a bad cold and move on."

Vlad breathed a hard sigh. "Damn, Wave. I wish I were you. You got girls left and right."

"You don't wanna be me, my guy."

"Why?"

"Headaches come with that, mayne. The single life is not a bowl of Cherrios. I wish I were you—wired to date one woman and do all that lovey dovey shit couples do." I opened the door for Vlad and told him to "Get 'em, tiger!"

Vlad walked past me with his head cocked sideways. *He'll live*, I thought, glad that I wasn't a fool for love like he was.

Snowflakes frosted my windowsill, giving me second thoughts of wearing gym shoes. I rummaged through my bedroom closet to lace up construction boots. I looked outside again for a double take. Cold air wrote on the sheet of snow that coated the streets—the writings on the wall of winter. The biggest star in the solar system slept without the urge to wake up like calling out from work on a Monday.

The sun was too weak to wipe the cold from its eyes and warm the city. The heat from the apartment teased my body temperature. The scent of cold air dared me to go outside like a bully waiting after school to fight. Thinking about stepping outside to face the cold cocked the gun of wind chills that made the hairs on my skin stand like a hold up.

Nah'Sun

Freeze!

The mood of not wanting to go outside slapped cuffs on my mind to arrest the body from walking out the door. On the other hand, the promise of pussy bailed me out when she courted me.

Date night.

I took Uber to the pool hall to meet Ebony. I thought about Vlad as the driver mused his way on the tracks of snow. Getting girls for Vlad wasn't the problem. It was keeping them. He indiscriminately treated them like queens without having them show and prove their loyalty. He blindly showered them with gratitude. Do I believe guys should worship the ground that women walk on? Sure.

But the truth is...

...a lot of them don't deserve that kind of treatment.

It's like giving someone with bad credit a million dollars for them to be broke again.

My heart skipped a beat like a scratched CD when the car skidded on ice. The driver turned the wheel and got the car back on course. *Whew!* That was close. My heart simmered down as the driver turtled down the road. The snow didn't let up, falling hard like candy bursting from a piñata.

I couldn't wait to see Ebony.

Ebony was short, about 5 feet, 3 inches tall, dark skinned with a nice lil' tail. Not the major league ass I usually went for. Just plump enough for my hips to make cap gun smacks when I doggied the back.

She was also half crazy. I took her in small doses. Overall, I thought she was a good woman regardless of her ways.

The Uber finally made its way to the pool hall. I tipped the guy for his wheel game alone.

"Be safe, fam." I handed him the dead prez and trooped inside the joint to meet up with my sweetheart.

Thick Girls and the Guys Who Love Them

We went three rounds of playing pool. I won two. I *let* her win the last. If you ask her, the win was legit.

"You want something to drink?" she asked.

"Yeah, but don't worry about that."

"Oh, here you go. You a baller now?"

"Who said I'm spending my money?"

She held her waist and was like, "What you up to, Trouble?"

"Watch and learn." I pulled out my phone to call this tenderoni from Cicero.

I told shorty to drive crosstown to meet me at Hyde Park.

And guess what?

She drove to see me.

Snow, sleet, and all.

I waited for an hour and some change until she came. Ebony was impatient as hell. I told her to "Keep cool. I got this."

The fox who drove to the pool hall to see me was my young slide. She'd just graduated from Chicago State and had her own car, condo, and money. She spoiled the hell outta me. Bought me any and everything I wanted.

My tall, light skinned star waltzed in the joint and handed me two hundred dollars that came as 10s and 20s. Her plush lips soaked my neck and left lipstick marks on the flesh. She drove from the West Suburbs in the snow to give me spending money. Spending money I'd planned to give Ebony to buy a drink.

"Hey, Dani. What's good?" I gripped my hands through her wool coat to feel her waist.

"I'm good, baby. Thinking about visiting my cousin since I'm out here. Is that good enough for you?" Her deep, dark brown eyes hit the spot every time.

Nah'Sun

"Yeah, sexy. Thanks for the love. I appreciate it." I stood on my tippy toes to kiss her neck; she was an Amazon who was a couple inches taller than me.

I nodded over my shoulder and said, "Dani, this is Ebony. Ebony, Dani."

They shook hands. Dani didn't seem bothered. Ebony was resentful. I felt her vibe. I chuckled and waited for Dani to excuse herself.

"Okay, baby. I'll see you later." She kissed me squared on the lips and clutched my crotch, a slick way to mark her territory.

"I got you. Just keep it thick for me." I palmed her butt like she was mine.

"Always. Later." Dani switched her bowling ball ass that bounced underneath the black wool coat she donned for the cold.

She left like clockwork, leaving me with Ebony who shook her head at me.

She said, "You crazy. How many girls you fuckin'?"

"I plea the fif," I wise-cracked and handed her the money.

She looked at the bread as if the greenbacks were a disease. "Why you giving me this for?"

"Shit, it's yours. You want a drink, right? Get whatever you want. And give the prince somethin' from whatever you have left. It's on her...through me." I flashed a devilish grin and traded drinks with Ebony the whole night.

Ebony was my on and off main squeeze. We've been dating for about six years. I did my thing. She did hers. She couldn't wait for me to settle down and wife her up. I wasn't going that route. I loved the freedom of coming and going.

I was fond of her son tho...

...his name was Shaddai (pronounced Sha-dye).

He was 9 years old. I raised him like he was mine. I sometimes took him to school, picked him up, taught him how

Thick Girls and the Guys Who Love Them

to catch a football, hit a baseball, and bonded with the prince like asking him to help fix the table and wash dishes before and after dinner whenever I came over to see Ebony.

You know...

...the daddy shit.

Ebony and I got tipsy from gulps of Long Island Iced Tea and called it a night. We didn't have sex in the restroom like we'd originally planned. The night was good enough. I got my rocks off from vibing and spending time with her alone.

She drove me home and parked in front of my apartment. She turned off the ignition and said, "Wavy, I know you have a lot of women you deal with, but think about me sometimes."

She caught me off guard. "What you mean? We're together, right?"

"I'm talking about us. Me and you. No one else."

"Here you go."

"Here I nothin', Wavy."

I turned away from the window to give her full eye contact. "Ebony, when we first met, you *knew* what it was. You know how I am. I love a lot of women. I *want* a lot of women. Bottom line. You accepted that from day one. You can't change the game in the fourth quarter."

Ebony pulled out a box in a plastic bag. A box of Skyns. She tossed them on my lap with the evil eye. "You're missing a few."

I picked up the box like a detective at a crime scene. "What you doin' countin' my rubbers?"

"Cause I felt like it."

"Wow. You know what..."

"Wavy, you're sleeping with different women. God forbid if you bring me back a fuckin' disease."

"I'm safe! And if it's really that serious, stop dealing with me."

Nah'Sun

"You just don't get it, do you?" She shook her head as I opened the passenger door to leave.

The nerve of her to count my jimmies. That was some creep shit. I've been up front with Ebony since day one and couldn't believe she went behind my back to snoop in my personal stash. I wasn't feeling that. I thought about deading her then.

The minute I got a peace of mind in the comfort of my home, Nichelle called.

And she sure as hell wasn't looking for Vlad.

Thick Girls and the Guys Who Love Them

Check out other books in the THICK series @
www.nahsunblaze.com

Nah'Sun

