

**Twitter:** @Mr\_Maleficent

Tweet Me Using your Favorite Title's Hashtag  
[#ThugHarmony](#), [#PrisonPolitics](#), [#KingMaker](#)

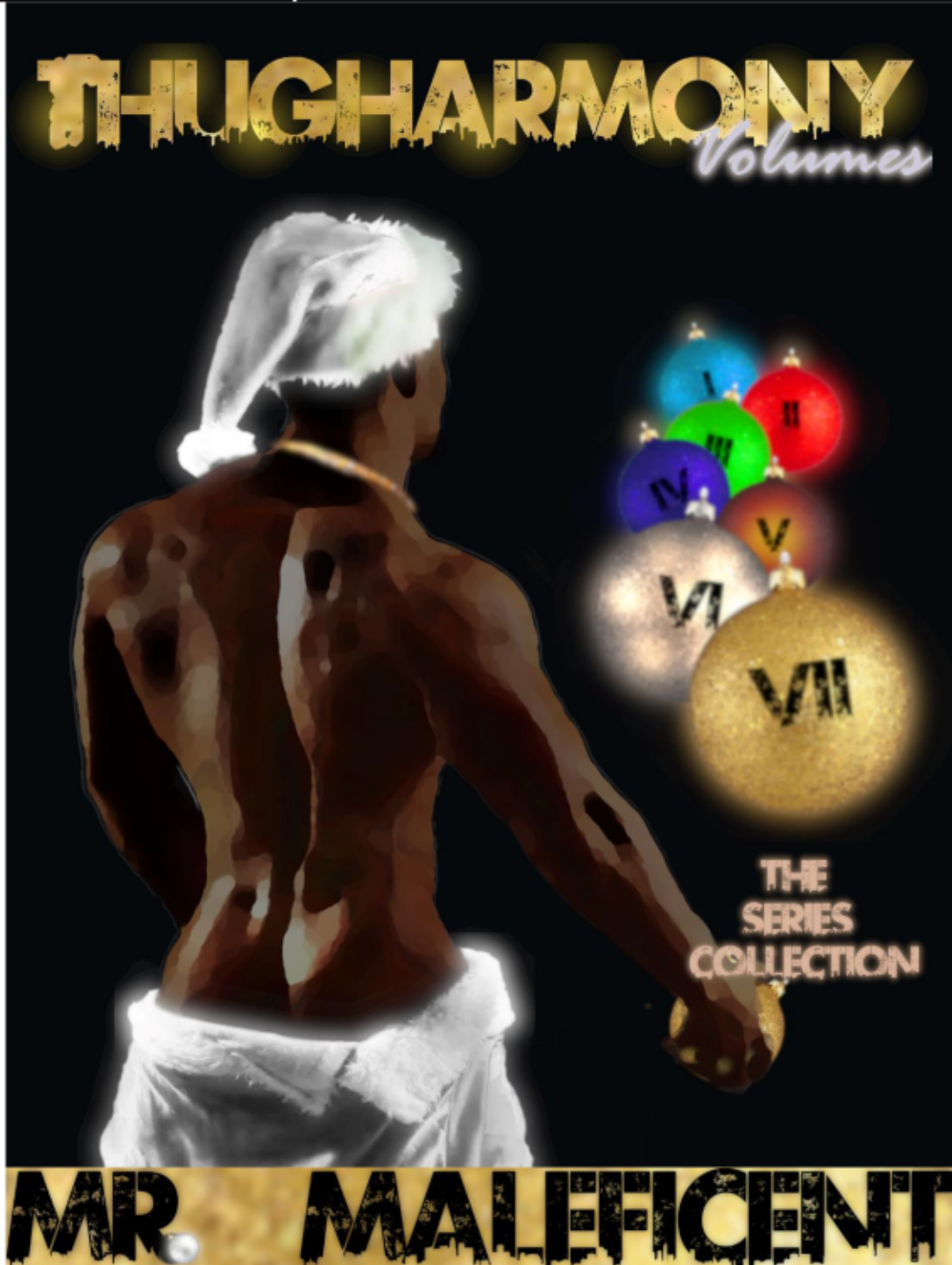
**Tumblr:** [Maleficent-Media.tumblr.com](http://Maleficent-Media.tumblr.com)

View the [Promo Page](#) for Details on all Releases

**Email:** [mr.maleficent@yahoo.com](mailto:mr.maleficent@yahoo.com)

[Check Out my Titles on Amazon](#)

Email me to receive **free PDF** Excerpts of all Available Titles



Vol. I: [ThugHarmony.com](http://ThugHarmony.com)

## Chapter 1: *Calvin & Marcus*

It was a normal Tuesday on what was known to the internet world as the thug hangout. It was a place for the thugs to go, and then of course both feds and conservatives could go to pull a thug for the night. ThugHarmony.com was not a hook-up site. Don't get me wrong, many of the matches had come courtesy of the site, including my own, but that wasn't its purpose. ThugHarmony was a good place for black men attracted to thug culture to gather and be themselves. We'd been online for 2 years with next to 15,000 members, with a collection of a variety of same-gender-loving men. The majority were black and Latino, but there were several other races that would occasionally appear as well. The site was a fun place to chill, vibe, laugh, and if you were lucky, flirt as well. This particular day, I monitored as the PowderPink social group proceeded to bombard one of ThugHarmony's top posters in a thread titled, "Omega, Get yo yak weave flippin' ass in here NOW!!!!" This was of an ongoing flame war between a user named Omega, and several of the effeminate members of the board. I'd been monitoring this war from the sidelines for the past couple of days.

My cell phone rang. I jumped off of my laptop to answer it. "Hello," I said.

"Chileeeee, why is EmmaFrost and Omega fidna' tear yo website apart with this flame war?" the voice blared from the other end like a siren. It was one of my good friends.

"They aren't, T.J. Omega and the rest of them better put an end to this shit real quick."

"Oh yeah, yeah. I saw you trying to keep the peace. Why can I actually imagine you saying 'check yoself bruh'," T.J. laughed. "You old fake ass thug, you."

"Keep it up. I'll hand you and the rest of the PowderPink group an eviction notice too," I responded.

"Ugh... touchy, touchy. I'mma be at work all day, So I can't go out tonight."

"Damn, light. It's ok. I'll find something to do."

"I will still be online from work though, so we can still chat from there," T.J. offered.

"Alright."

"Bye Calvin."

"Bye," I said right before I hung up the phone. T.J. Atwater was probably my very best friend, next to my nigga, of course. Technically, I've known T.J. since elementary school. But it wasn't until freshmen year in college that we became cool. And it wasn't until he joined my site when it first opened that we got closer. He's one of the members of the website and he has the Anna Nicole avatar. Yeah, Miss "AnnaNicole." In addition, to joining my site, he's also taken on some of the site's upkeep responsibilities.

"AnnaNicole" is the moderator of our "Out" section and a co-moderator for our Movie Download section. He also runs his own social group on the site, called the PowderPinks. It's a social group for some of the board members that enjoy the feminine aspects of life. It's pretty much the guys that model their personas after famous females in the media (Anna Nicole, Paris Hilton, and Beyoncé).

After thinking for a second, I was about to jump back onto the computer to see how much further the flame war had escalated when the front door to my apartment opened. I turned and it was...*him*. It was the man of my life. He walked in with a bag from Best Buy and his best friend.

"Baby, You mind if we hook up the Xbox in here?" Marcus asked.

"You can, I don't care," I said.

"Good." Marcus ran into the bedroom to disconnect the Xbox from that TV so he can put it in the living room. While he was gone, his friend took a seat on the couch.

“Hey Jerome,” I commented.

“Hey, Calvin. What you doin’ over there? You on ThugHarm?”

“Yeah,” I looked back and smiled at him.

“What you smiling at?”

“Nothing, um... are you still single?”

He laughed. “Yeah.”

“Can I set you up with a friend of mine?”

“A dude? Uh- do he look good?” he instantly replied.

“He ain’t ugly.”

“He gotta big booty?”

“I don’t know,” I giggled. “I don’t really be checking for him like that.”

“How you be friends with somebody and don’t know if they got a big booty or not?”

“He got a little bit back there.”

Marcus came marching back into the living room with the X-box just in time to hear Jerome say, “I don’t know if I trust you on that.”

“Whatcha’ll talkin’ bout in here?” Marcus asked.

“Calvin is trying to set me up with a friend of his,” Jerome answered.

“Aww, shit.”

“You know who it is, dawg?”

“Yeah, 2 words, yo. AnnaNicole.”

“Oh, Hell nawl!” Jerome yelled.

Marcus and I both shared a laugh at Jerome’s reaction.

“He’s real cute,” I tried to assure.

Jerome looked at Marcus, “Is he?”

Marcus nodded at him.

“And his booty?”

Marcus extended his arms and hands motioning as if to tell Jerome that it was big.

“Damn, it’s like that?” Jerome asked.

Marcus nodded.

Jerome looked back at me. “You got a pic of him?”

“I’ll see if I can get him to send me one,” I got back on the computer so I could send the message to T.J. while the two men sat to play NBA Live 09 on Xbox 360.

The beige-skinned one is Jerome Minnicelli. His mother is black but his dad is Italian. He’s 25, 6’4, 215, but it’s all muscle. He’s got a low, soft caesar cut, but when he lets his hair grow out, it’s naturally wavy. He’s a very outgoing top, or so I’ve heard. Well, not even heard- so I’ve read. His name on ThugHarmony is “WhiteBengal.” And he’s a top that likes his ass eaten and played with. But he always stresses that he’s never been penetrated, just eaten out. *I guess.* The dark-skinned one is my man, Marcus. I guess the two of them have been friends since middle school. Marcus told me, that they’ve never been together per sé, but they have run trains on many females and guys in the past. But he says that’s all in the past.

According to his ThugHarmony profile, Marcus is “just looking to chill.” He’s 25 years old, 6’4, 220 lbs, with a 34-inch waist and an 11-inch dick. In actuality, he just turned 26, he’s about 6’3, 215, 36 in the waist, and is packing a 9. But it’s ok, everyone embellishes sometimes, and that didn’t matter to me anyway. Every time I looked at Marcus, I smiled. He’s street with class. His hair was long and naturally coarse. He often kept it braided in corn rows, but I always loved to see him when he had his hair down or when he had them in twists like Larenz Tate in

Menace ii Society. I don't think he completely embodies everything it means to be a thug, but again, how many people on my site actually do? We've been together for about 8 months in total and I'm in love. He's not though. But that's fine with me.

The first time I said it, was 3 months deep. At that time, there were no labels. Basically, he would come over every other day to hang out, watch a movie and fuck me. We were friends that fucked; at that time I don't think he could offer a relationship. I remember it was 2 in the morning. We'd gone to sleep after having sex. Like usual, he woke up in the middle of the night and decided to leave without waking me. But he hit a lamp and knocked it over when he got up, and I awoke.

Turning my head to look at him, my eyes saddened. He just smiled and picked up his clothes. I wanted him to stay with me, but I didn't really know what I'd be doing by telling him that. I got out of the bed and saw his jacket on the floor and picked it up to hand it to him. He still had that broken smile and hadn't said a word. He just grabbed his jacket from me and put it on. Making his way to the door, I followed him so I could see him out. When he opened the front door, I finally spoke. I just had to.

"Um..." I said. He turned and looked at me. "I- I love you," I said.

It was one of the hardest things I've ever had to spit out. He looked at me, so unsure of himself. It would have been nice to have him say it back, but I knew that was asking too much. But when he let go of the doorknob and walked over to me, I began to get my hopes up, I just knew he felt the same way I did. And I just knew that he was going to say it back. But he didn't. Instead, he gave me this forced hug; like the kind of hug you'd give a homeless man out of pity. He still didn't say a word. After that, he just left.

So me being me, I overanalyzed it. "Maybe I said it too soon, and it intimidated him," "Maybe he doesn't know how to say it," "Maybe he's in love with someone else," or "Maybe he's just not in love with me," were all thoughts racing through my head the next week. And those thoughts were the thoughts that forced me to steer clear of him, which prompted him to hit me up with a private message online.

*BlunThug(Marcus): Wassup Nigga?*

*Harmony (Me): Nothing*

*BlunThug: You busy tonite? Got da' new Madden...*

*Harmony: Not busy. But wanna be alone tonight.*

*BlunThug: Oh can I still call u lata on*

*Harmony: I don't think you should. We should probably stop talking for a while.*

*BlunThug: Wowwwwww....*

*Harmony: I just mean until I can get over this. I don't like feeling like this for somebody that Don't feel the same. Maybe we should slow it down.*

*BlunThug: CAL THIS IS THE EXACT REASON I DON'T FUCK WIT FAGGOT ASS NIGGAS, YA DIG? YOU OVER THERE CATCHIN FEELINS ON SOME REAL BULLSHIT!!! A FEW MONTHS AGO YOU WAS TALKIN ABOUT HOW YOU AINT TRYNA BE WIT NOBODY AN JUST WANT SOME GOOD DICK. I GIVE YOU DA DICK AN NOW YOU WANNA CHANGE IT UP AN TRAP A NIGGA*

*Harmony: I'm not trying to trap you. I told you I felt a way and you didn't feel the same. I just need the time to regroup. I need the time to revert back and look at you as just a friend. I'm moving faster than you are and I don't even think you will ever get on my level so I just need to stop feeling like this.*

*BlunThug: WATEVA NIGGA...*

He took it with a grain of salt, like I was just a piece of ass that he hit and dumped. And I was the one suffering. In that three months, he'd become my best friend. And the two weeks following were just unbearable. But immediately after that conversation, he got online and flirted with other members from the site, where everyone could see. It hurt. I told myself, he was only doing this to get my attention, but I didn't know that for certain. So I called him one day out of the blue.

"Sup?" he said when he answered the phone.

"Hey." We sat for a minute on the phone not speaking. I didn't know exactly what to say and I sensed that he probably wasn't in an eager mood to talk to me either.

"Now what the fuck did you call me for?" he asked.

"Uh-um-um..." I began stuttering. I always did that when people would raise their voices at me, and he was all too familiar with it because he's naturally a loud guy. "Nothing."

"What the fuck do you want, man?" he asked, irritable.

"I just want to talk to you."

"Then talk."

He threw me on the spot. I was being asked to improvise and I didn't have the slightest idea of where to begin. So I just spoke the truth.

"I kind of miss you," I said. "And I know you're not trying to be my boyfriend and I'm not asking you to be. I just want to be able to talk to you without tension between us."

"Ok," he said.

I took a deep sigh of relief, and I like to think that he did too. "So, you said you had the new Madden. Come over, let's play it."

"light. I'm on my way."

Marcus appeared in about 10 minutes. We played Madden, trying to regain what was lost. I was trying to think of a subtle way to let him know that I wanted to fuck without blatantly begging for him.

"You got somewhere you gotta go to?" I asked after we set down the controllers.

"Yeah," he said. "But I ain't got to be there now."

"What time do you have to be there?"

"When I get done with you." Marcus stood up and grabbed my hand. "Come on," he said gently nodding his head toward the bedroom.

Marcus pulled me over to the bed, standing behind me. His strong, aggressive hands grabbed my arms as he kissed my neck. I bit my bottom lip.

"Did you miss me?" he asked, whispering in my ear.

"You know the answer to that already."

"But I want you to say it," he said, allowing his tongue to come up and off of my neck.

"Yes. Yes Daddy, I missed you."

He turned me around to face him and tugged at the t-shirt I had on. "Take this shit off," he demanded.

I followed orders, removing my shirt. When I pulled it off, Marcus's eyes looked me up and down. He licked his lips seductively and gently nodded his head like his brain had a heavy bass rap song on repeat.

"You lookin' good," he said. His hands pulled me into him, and his lips latched back on



my neck.

“Mmm...” I moaned.

“Shit, you smell good too,” he hissed. “You make me just wanna fuck and bite you all over.”

I chuckled lightly.

“Oh, you think I’m playing?” Marcus wrapped his hand around my waist and lifted me up. I threw my legs around his body, so they crossed right above the belt of his jeans. He held me in midair for a couple of seconds while he kissed my chest. Then, he set me down on the bed. And that was when his teeth sunk in.

It happened so fast. I hit the bed, and suddenly his teeth were in my neck like he thought he was a hood vampire.

“Ahh- shit,” I said.

His teeth let go. “Yeah, that’s it. Wake yo ass up. You too quiet for me.”

“Damn,” I said. The word escaped as a seductive whimper, but only because I meant it to. Truthfully, after that shit, I wanted to call the whole thing off. But immediately, I was put back into the mood. Marcus went for my shorts and pulled them off as impatiently as possible.

“Yeah,” he groaned, pushing my knees up to my head. “Hold them legs back.”

Again, I followed his orders. My body nearly curled up into a ball as I held my legs up to my head, my asshole pointed right in his direction.

Marcus finally took off his shirt.

“You cleaned that fuck hole out nice and good, right?” he asked.

“Yes, Daddy.”

“You’d better,” he said, his voice threatening me. He pulled a condom out of the pocket of his jeans with his right hand and unbuckled his belt with his left. Marcus was multi-tasking, both hands shortening the length of time it would take for things to pop off between us. Before I knew it, he’d torn the condom wrapper open with his teeth, spit out the tip, and placed a rainbow-colored condom on his thick black-ass dick.

I was still in position, my knees up at my head, and my head tilted down so I could see his dick. He hadn’t taken off his pants, but he pulled them down just below his thighs. Marcus drooled from his mouth and let it fall right onto my ass. A huge glob of spit fell right on the crack, and he used his hand to bring it up and rub it across my asshole.

“I missed that dick, pa,” I said to him.

“I can tell. You hot and wet as a motherfucka,” he said. “Pussy good?” he asked, his way of asking if I was ready for him to enter.

“Pussy good,” I confirmed.

His dick flopped right across my asshole without actually going in. He used his hand to push the head of his dick on my ass to apply pressure until it caved. The dick slid in slowly. I sighed at his appendage dropping inch by inch into me.

“Fuck yeah, this pussy definitely good. You feel that shit snatching?” he asked.

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Don’t you ever make me wait that long to fuck yo ass again, you hear me?”

“Yes, Marcus.” I released my clasp on my legs so they fell to Marcus’ shoulders. His rod lay fully inside, and his body stretched across mine. The lower half of his body dropped repeatedly as he sank his dick in. The bed rocked and my bronzed headboard rattled as it would tap the wall as a result of his thrusts.

“Pussy good as a motherfucka,” he said. “I know you was missin’ this dick.”

“I was...”

“Shit, we bout to fuck this headboard up tonight.”

“I don’t care, Daddy. Just don’t stop.”

“All your neighbors gon’ know you up here gettin’ this shit busted open,” Marcus said. He continued to use his weapon to bombard me, knocking down every wall in his way until he suddenly stopped. He pulled back and pulled out.

I was confused. Everything was going so well.

“Turn that shit over,” he said. “Lemme see that bitch booty.”

I flipped my body over so I would lay flat on my stomach. Marcus, in his ever so aggressive fashion, pulled my legs into position so they would be on both sides of him. His body dropped back on top of me. His dick immediately ran through me.

“Awwwh, fuck! Marcus!” I yelled at the sudden inclusion.

“Hell yeah, nigga. The complex is ‘bout to know my name tonight.”

“Awww, shit.”

He withdrew his dick and threw it back into me.

“Fuck.”

“Pussy good?” he asked, giving me the option to tell him that I need a break. I passed on it. The truth was, while the thrust was vicious in its own right, most of this hooting and hollering was to stroke his ego. I’d been through much worse nights with Marcus.

“Pussy... good,” I said in between his anal assault.

“Good,” he said. He put one of his arms underneath my shoulder and completely let his body lie on top of me. His head dropped back into my neck as he began to kiss it again.

“Fuck, daddy,” I moaned as his taste buds worked over my spine.

“Take this dick, nigga,” he said.

“Mmmmm...”

“Big ass bitch booty, take this dick.”

Marcus continued to run through me, stroking my anal insert and sending my nerves into a really good sensation. He’d found that comfortable spot, that when tapped the right way and by the right nigga can make you ejaculate without actually having to rub it.

“Mmmh,” I whimpered, shifting my weight to his arm that was underneath my shoulder. Tilted on my side, I used my hand to reach down and grab my dick to maximize this feeling that was about to arrive at any moment.

“You bustin’?” Marcus asked.

“About to,” I said.

Without missing a beat, Marcus threw himself over to the side as well. He was right behind me, and never dislodged or fucked up his rhythm. He held my leg up as he continued his rampage. My dick is in my hand, one of my legs in the air, and my ass is stretched around a throbbing, pussy pounding, thug dick.

“Fuck, I’m bustin’ daddy,” I forewarned.

“Bust it, Cal. Bust it.”

I knew Marcus could feel me tightening on his dick. My shit suddenly rocketed out, and I let out a deep roar. Marcus continued his stroke game, as I sat spilling DNA all over my sheets and my hand.

I moaned again, defeated by my lust. I’d surrendered to it, and now I’d surrendered my ass to Marcus who seemed to be taking advantage of my sudden weakness. “Awwwh shit, daddy,” I said.

He wasn't far behind me. When he busted, it sounded like a symphony of raspy grunts. The sound gradually got louder, as it felt better to him. Once the moment passed, the sound faded back out. He ended all the grunts with a raspy, "Fuck."

After we finished he rested, stretched atop of my bed. I turned to look at him. "You have to go, don't you?" I asked.

"Nah, it'll be there in the morning. I want to talk to you though."

"Ok," I said cautiously.

"I've never been a dude's boyfriend before. So I can't say I know how it works."

"It's ok."

"No, it's not. Cuz I want to do this right... for you."

"Nothing's gotta change unless you want it to. It's just a label."

"Iight," he said. And that was the first time he spent the night. So here we are, a few months later and still together. And the only thing that has changed is that he stores some of his clothes over at my apartment, and falls asleep on top of me every night. But he's always gone before I go to work. I've given him his own key to the apartment but as far as I can tell, he's never here when I'm not. But it's ok, I had hoped that he'd come around.

Marcus never brings up our relationship, and I don't do it either because I figure he doesn't want to talk about it. However, there are a series of tests I've run on him to see where we stand. It's a simple test of his temper. All I do is tell him that I think someone is cute and watch for his reaction. He'd always be like, "Oh yeah, that niggas fly." Basically, the test just checks to see if he's jealous at all, that way I have a feel for how far in the relationship he is. It wasn't until recently that he took the bait. I noticed in bed, he'd become more affectionate. When he'd fuck, it was slower...And he'd kiss passionately and touch me all over. So I ran the test on him again.

I was sitting on his lap while he was logged on to my computer under his name. Being that he's a moderator for ThugHarmony's sex section, he was going through and answering questions that the members posted to him about sex. But there was an avatar that caught my eye. The name was BussitBaby. He was one of the popular tops, mainly because he'd always be on his webcam stroking his dick. His avatar was a picture of him on his webcam from the neck down that he'd recently changed. He had a chiseled basketball player's frame and wore these green basketball shorts that hung low.

I said, "Damn, he got body. I wonder if he's cute."

To which he responded, "Oh, you wanna fuck him now?"

"No, I don-"

"Sounds like you on his dick? What? You gon' start webcammin' with this nigga like you used to do with me all the time?" his voice slightly raised.

"No, I'm not. I'm wit-"

"You always do this shit. I thought we were together but you lusting after other niggas?"

"No, Marc, I'm not doing that at all. I'm with you," I smiled.

"Iight then," he said.

I was grinning and trying to conceal my joy. *I had him.* Maybe he wasn't in love, but he was at least jealous at the thought of me being with someone else, so I took what I could. But... back to the present.

T.J. had just sent me his pic. I turned my head back to look at the guys playing the X-box. "Jerome, he just sent me his picture," I said.

"Ok, I'll look at it later," Jerome said.



## Chapter 2: *The Lives of Internet Thugs*

It just hit me. I never really introduced myself to you. My name is Calvin Simpson. I live in Washington DC, PG County and I am the webmaster of a steadily rising forum for black men that enjoy the company of other black men. I am a brown-skin black male, at the age of 22. I'm about 5'10 and a half, and easily 160 to 165 lbs. I have 1 semester left of college until I have my degree in Business. The only problem is that I'm not enrolled in school right now. I've been trying to save the money up to do the next semester. I want to graduate with the least amount of debt possible. But right now, I work as a bank teller. But in my savings account, I'd just broken two thousand dollars. Everything was on track, so if it stayed on track I'll be back next semester.

Though Marcus and I have only been together officially for about 5 months or so, we've known each other for a pretty long time. Well, not really. "Harmony" and "BlunThug" have known each other for a while. "BlunThug" was one of ThugHarmony's first members. He was always sexy, and yes, that is his picture in his avatar. But when he actually found out that I was in DC, that's when we got closer. He's the only super-moderator on the site, and pretty much second-in-command, after me.

I've always had this thing for thugs. From the moment, I realized that I was gay, I found myself wanting a thug. There's something about a muscled man, with an urban swagger and a rough voice that turned me on. And that's what Marcus had.

If I remember correctly, he was the tenth member to join. Of course, there's an easy way of identifying the members that have been on ThugHarmony the longest. The bulk of them are moderators.

Speaking of moderators, it was a couple of days later and I was headed to lunch with 2 of the moderators from my site. And no, it was not "BlunThug," nor "WhiteBengal."

"There you go, where the hell have you been?" T.J. asked.

"Yeah, we were starting to get worried," Devin said.

"Well, I'm here. No stress."

T.J. was a huge gym rat. He didn't spend much time in the weight room, but his legs were the business. He'd been running back-to-back marathons for 2 years straight. We were probably about the same weight, with about the same amount of muscle; his was just under the waist while mine was more balanced. He may be a few shades darker than me, but that's only because he'd just come back from a marathon in Miami not too long ago. The other is Devin. He's a light-skinned, bear type. The type that hates working out. He's attractive in the face but still doesn't pull all the guys he could because of the shallow gay world. His username on ThugHarmony is "Deathstryke."

"Well it took you long enough to get here," T.J. said.

"I can't stay long. I have to go—"

"Oh, is 'Blunt' keeping tabs on yo ass?" Devin spoke.

"Speaking of him, how is he?" T.J. asked.

"He's ok. Why are u sweatin' him?" I clapped back.

"I'm sorry honey, are we getting defensive? You know I don't want him. I don't do thugs."

"Well, did you want to meet Jerome or not?" I asked.

"And who is Jerome again?"

"Jerome is Marcus's friend."

“Well, why don’t you just tell him to go to ThugHarmony so he can just pm me?” T.J. asked.

“He’s already on ThugHarmony, and he knows you. So you can thank me later for convincing him you’re nothing like your username in real life. You owe me.”

“Let’s not start drawing up tabs until I see what the motherfucker looks like. What’s his name on the site?”

“I’m not telling you,” I stalled.

“You told him my name?”

“I didn’t, Marcus did.”

“Whatever. So he wants to meet me?” T.J. asked.

“Yep.”

“Give him my number.”

“I would, but basically he wants you to come to him. He’s throwing a bachelor party for a friend of his, in which he invited Marcus and me, and he wants me to invite you.”

“Hell naw, honey, you know I don’t do straight parties.”

“I think it’s just to make sure that you are as masculine as I promised you were,” I said. Both of them gasped as if I had said something terrifying. “What? He probably just wants to see if you can hold your own in a crowd and not be singled out.”

“Child, why are you going around telling people I’m masculine?”

“I know you’re not. You’re all... I mean... I’m helping you out.”

“But I don’t need it. I look good. If he can’t take me for who I am, then what use do I have for him?” he asked. “I mean, I’m not the one that changes his persona to please some thug-”

“Ooop,” Devin said.

“Did you catch the shade, girl?” T.J. asked him.

“I sure did, girl,” Devin replied

“You need to come out of this thug fantasy anyway, gal. Thugs are nobody’s relationship material-“

I interrupted, “Look, I was trying to set you up with a friend of a friend. If you at all change your mind-” I reached into my pocket to pull out a card, and wrote the address of the bachelor party on the back of it. “-then show up at 8 o’ clock tomorrow. If not, then it’s whatever.”

“Mmmh...” T.J. looked at the card.

Florida’s “Get Low” was banging in all the speakers in the hotel suite. And there were about 10 or 11 strippers walking around the room topless. I was on my cell, calling T.J. for about the 15th time, but he still hadn’t answered yet. Marcus and Jerome came walking up to me with beers in hand right after I closed my flip phone.

“So is your boy coming?” Jerome asked.

I shrugged. “I don’t know, he hasn’t answered his phone any of the times I called.”

“It’s iight.”

Marcus looked over at the doorway of the hotel, and suddenly he was spooked. Marcus raised his half-balled-up fist to Jerome’s chest and knocked on his chest plate like someone knocks on a door. Jerome looked and apparently got just as spooked. The two of them shared a look as if having a telepathic conversation amongst them. I turned my head to look as well. There was this really tall, slender-ass dude, I’m talking really tall, standing in the doorway with a trench coat and pimp hat.

“Shit man, who told him about this party?” Jerome asked.

“I don’t know, man.”

“Um, I- I’ll be right back,” Jerome said. Then, he walked over to the man. Marcus and I stood there to watch at first, until the huge man looked at us. That’s when Marcus grabbed my elbow to lead me into another room. But I was still curious about all of that.

“Who was that?” I asked.

“Um... that was Jerome’s boss.”

“Oh,” I sensed it wasn’t the truth, but I didn’t push it.

Marcus noticed that I kept looking at Jerome and “his boss” for the next few minutes so he tried to keep me involved in a dialogue so I would focus on him and not the conversation that was starting to get heated in the middle of the bachelor party. That man had started yelling at Jerome to the point that it was disturbing the celebration. The man looked over at both Marcus and me again. And he nodded his head at Marcus.

“Shit,” Marcus said under his breath. He started walking over but I grabbed him.

“Where are you going?”

“Babe, go home. Just go home,” he said. He pulled my hand off of him and walked over to where Jerome and the mysterious fella were standing. And they all left. I had no idea what was going on. No idea at all. And it really didn’t make sense for this party to have been thrown by Jerome when he was leaving. But nevertheless, I did as Marcus said. I went home.

I killed time by browsing the site. Many of the posters had taken part in a thread called “Top 5,” created by another member. The rules of the thread were to list your top 5 sexiest members of the message board. So I was on the board lurking, not posting my top 5 because it would just be so hard to choose without hurting some people’s feelings. However, I took pride in frequently seeing myself and “BlunThug” making numerous members’ lists.

However, one thing that did bother me is how active AnnaNicole was online, yet T.J. hadn’t answered or returned any of my calls. I guess he really wasn’t that interested in Jerome. I continued browsing online when I got a phone call from Marcus’ cell phone. I recognized the number and picked it up.

“Hello,” I said.

“Hey. Can um, Jerome stay at your apartment with us tonight?”

“What?”

“Can he stay in your apartment tonight?”

“Um- why? Why does he need to?”

“Babe, just say yes or no,” he cut me off.

“Ok, yeah. He can.”

“Light, we on our way up.” Marcus hung up the phone and I went back to the computer to type. I was typing a response when I heard the key rattle into the lock and the door open. I didn’t bother to look at the door because I knew it was Marcus.

“Want me to get you a wet towel?” I heard Marcus say.

“Yeah,” Jerome grunted.

Marcus walked back to the bathroom and I turned to look at Jerome. He was bleeding from his lip, from his eye brow; hell his eye was completely swollen. He was hunched over and holding his ribs.

“What happened to you?” I asked.

“I don’t want to talk about it,” he said.

“Ok,” I stood up. I didn't want to push and make him uncomfortable if he was going to be a guest, but I wanted answers. I walked into the bathroom where Marcus was rinsing a face towel out in the sink.

“What the hell happened?” I asked.

“Babe, come on. I really don't want to talk about it.”

I grabbed his hand. He had bloody knuckles. Once he noticed what I was looking at, he snatched his hand from me and continued rinsing the towel in cold water.

“So you beat him up? And now you're feeling guilty so you want me to help take care of him?”

“You don't know.”

“Then help me know Marcus. Help me know why he's beaten to a fucking pulp and you've got bloody knuckles.”

“Babe, I'm being nice right now. Please just shut up,” he said in a calm tone.

“No. I'm not going to shut up until you-”

“SHUT THE FUCK UP! I said I don't want to talk about this shit right now! Get the fuck out of my face before I knock yo ass out!”

“You gon' hit me, Marcus?” I asked. “Huh? You gon' hit me like you did Jerome?”

Marcus turned off the water and was about to take the towel out to Jerome but I stood in the way, blocking him.

“Move,” he said, his tone low.

“No.”

“I swear I'mma knock the shit out of you if you don't move.”

I stood firm, “I dare-” Bam! He hit me right on the side of the face. The fist came flying so quickly that I was knocked back. I felt my face with my fingers.

“And that was me holding back. I can hit you harder than that,” he said.

“Fuck you, Marcus.” I turned around and walked into my room and shut the door.

Marcus sighed heavily and then proceeded to take the towel out to Jerome. “Here,” he handed it to him. “You can stay here tonight. The remote to the TV is on the coffee table. And he usually keeps leftovers in the refrigerator if you get hungry.”

“Ok,” Jerome mumbled.

“And the bathroom is in the back, the door on the right.”

“light.”

After Marcus gave Jerome the rundown, he walked to the back and opened the door to my bedroom. I looked at him, and he stared at me begging forgiveness.

“I'm sorry,” he said.

“I don't have anything to say.”

He sat down on the bed next to me.

“How about ‘I forgive you’?” he suggested.

“How about you stop dreaming, Marcus? There's no way in hell I'm going to forgive a nigga puttin' his hand on me.”

“Baby, I had a bad day. I just wanted to come home, hold you and let all that shit go but you started yellin' at me. I'm real sorry.”

“Like you didn't want to hear me earlier, I don't want to hear you now. So please lock my front door on your way out.”

“What? Every night you beg me to spend the whole fuckin' night with you, but now that I want to, you won't let me?” he said.

“You don’t want to spend the whole night with me.”

“Yes, I do babe. I want to do it every night. I’m sorry.” He put his arm around my body and pulled me closer to him. “This shouldn’t make a difference in how you see me if you really love me.”

I fought hard.

“Please?” he begged, moving in closer to me and breaking down my tough barriers. He even kissed my cheek, a weak spot of mine that he knew very well.

I still tried to play hard to get and pull away from him.

“Come on, Cal. I love you, nigga,” he said, wrapping his hand around my body and holding it close to him. He said it- he said, *I love you*. That was the number 1 thing I wanted from him, but hearing it under these circumstances didn’t feel good at all. “Please baby, forgive me.”

Eventually... I gave in.

It was 2 in the morning when Marcus awoke and began kissing my neck. He was about to make his middle-of-the-night disappearance like he always did. But at least he woke me up.

“Cal,” he said.

“Huh?”

“I’m gettin’ ready to go. Can I get a kiss before I leave?” he asked.

I was thinking, “Wow.” This was something completely new. He’d never done that before. But I kissed him and then he left. I woke up again at 5. It was Sunday morning, so I went to get online to catch the drunks that stayed on the board all night. And I’m comfortable with my body, that I saw no point in getting dressed. I walked out into the living room and turned on the computer that happens to be located in the far right corner, right up against the wall.

I sat in my chair stark naked and waited for the computer to boot up. Once it did, I had one of those morning hard-ons that had to be satisfied. One of our moderators has the porn hook-up, so he sneaks porn from some of the major studios in under the radar and posts them on the board. So here, I was with a hard drive filled with movies and all I had to do was select one to get the relief I was seeking. I chose this one that had pulled me off, many times before. The video consisted of this older thug penetrating this 18 or 19-year-old bottom. Now I’m not into molestation or nothing like that, it was just the chemistry that the two had.

I started up the movie and began stroking. Up and down, up and down. I went as far as to imagine this was happening right in front of me, where I could let my hand graze the both of their bodies. But even further than that, I put myself in the mindset of the bottom that had this buff, muscular man riding his ass in a way that dispersed little morsels of ecstasy within him. But my session was cut short.

“Cal?” I heard a voice. I turned back and saw a body sitting upright on the sofa behind the computer desk. “What are you doing?”

It was Jerome. It didn’t hit me that he was still here. I guess I just assumed he left with Marcus.

“Hey,” I quickly covered my hard dick with my hands. “I forgot you were here.”

I saw him smile a bit in the darkness, the light from the computer reflected off of his teeth. “I’m sorry if I’m bugging you, I’ll go to the bathroom and wait for you to finish.”

“No-no. I’ll just do it later or something,” I said.

“Oh, ok.”

I clicked the exit button on my computer screen, so it closed the video out. “I’m gonna go



put some clothes on.”

“Oh, iight,” Jerome said. But he was looking at me. I was going to stand up and go into my room but he was still looking.

“Um... I’m a shy person when it comes to this. Could you look in a different direction?” I cheesed as my nervousness consumed me.

“Oh ye-yeah. I’m sorry about that.” Jerome looked down at the floor and covered his eyes with his palms as I skedaddled out.

After getting dressed, I came back out and sat at the computer. Jerome was watching an old episode of *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air* that runs in the middle of the night. I sat down next to him on the sofa and watched. I didn’t want to bring up anything about last night if he didn’t want to talk about it. I glanced at the bloody towel he had sitting on the coffee table.

“I got some bandages if you need them,” I said.

“Nah- I don’t.”

“You look bad.”

“Thanks. I wasn’t aware,” he said sarcastically.

“You should clean up. Um, the showers back there. I still have some clothes from an ex that was about your size: sweat pants and a t-shirt. They might fit.”

“I’m not about to put on another niggas clothes.”

“They’ve been washed. Come on, and by the time you get out you can eat.”

“Alright,” Jerome stood up and stumbled to the bathroom. I watched him somewhat in pity. I really felt bad for him, but most of all nosy. I wanted to know what happened last night, but the last thing I wanted to do was make him uncomfortable. I made him breakfast; something I felt eerie about. I’d never made breakfast for Marcus, but I was doing it for Jerome. After about 30 minutes, I was done with the food, and after about 30 more, I noticed he was still in the bathroom. I went to it and knocked. He didn’t close the door all the way so it opened a bit.

“Jerome?” I said. I opened the door a bit more and I could see his body in the tub. He wasn’t moving. “Jerome?” I walked in, and I could see his chest expanding and collapsing with his breath. As I stepped closer, I noticed the bruises. Jerome is a very fair-skinned kat and bruised like a peach. His skin had this purple blotch on his ribcage. “Jesus,” I said when I saw it. He heard me and looked up.

“Hey, I just wanted to let you know I’m finished with the food.”

“Aight,” he responded. And rested back in the tub. I turned and grabbed a peak at his dick. I know it’s wrong to do with a man that was bruised and battered so badly but I did it. He was thicker than Marcus, and probably just as long as him when hard. I turned and was about to leave.

“Last night...” he said.

I looked back at him. “Yeah?”

“Was that the first time he’s hit you?”

I sighed. “Yeah, but that was his first and only.” We paused for a sec. “So... was that his first time hitting you?”

“Nah, man,” he said.

“Ok... Well, the food is ready whenever you get out.”

“Alright, I’mma chill in here for a little bit longer.”

“Alright.”

Another hour had gone by, and he still hadn't come out. But I figured he was just soaking in his wounds. For the life of me, I couldn't understand what the hell happened the night before. Jerome was more stacked than Marcus. In a fight, I'd put my money on Jerome, but he was the one wounded while Marcus was clean? What the hell happened last night?

And due to my confusion, I tried to keep busy with the breakfast I was making. In my state of mind, I noticed how excessive it became with all the pancakes, eggs, and sausage I made, so I invited T.J. over to dine.

"You remember that movie Pleasantville?" he asked as he took a gander at all the food on the table.

"Yeah."

"This reminds me of that."

"Shut up, T."

He sat down and I did as well.

"So what's the need for all the food?"

I hadn't told him that I had a guest yet.

"I rarely get a chance to cook," I explained.

"Mmhmm...well it's a shame Devin had to work," T.J. said. There was this clanging coming from the bathroom. "What was that?"

"I have company," I responded.

"You actually got Marcus to stay the night. Wow, who knew you could actually turn a thug into a house nigga," T.J. smiled.

"Uh... it's not Marcus."

T.J. gagged. "You're cheatin' on Marcus?"

"No, it's Marcus's friend."

"You let them run a train on you?"

"Oh my God, is your head always in the gutter?" I asked. "No. I guess he's having some issues. Marcus asked if he could stay the night."

"And then y'all fucked behind his back? It's ok sis, you can tell me," T.J. smiled again.

"No, he slept on the couch, and I slept in my room."

"Mmhmm."

We heard the bathroom door open. As suspected, nosy-ass T.J. wanted to get a peak of just what this character looked like. He pushed his seat back, so he could catch a glance and he did. Jerome was wearing the sweatpants I set out, but he wasn't wearing a shirt. He walked right past us toward the kitchen as we sat in silence. T.J. was floored by him. His mouth was left completely wide open.

"That's him?" he whispered.

"Yes."

Jerome started making a plate to eat.

"I've seen him before, but I can't picture him," T.J. said.

"That's 'WhiteBengal' from ThugHarmony. He used to have his picture on his profile until Kboogie tried to expose him. That's when he took all his pics down and replaced them with the tiger."

T.J. gasped. "That sure is him."

"That's also the dude you oh, so conveniently stood up last night."

"Shut up! Really?"

"Yeah."

Jerome finished his plate and walked over to the table to sit down.  
“What are we talking about?” he asked, smiling right before he stuffed his face with food.  
“Well, just where on Earth are you from sweetie?” T.J. spoke.  
“Nevermind him,” I interrupted. “You look a lot better than you did earlier.”  
“Thanks, I think,” Jerome answered.  
T.J. scooted closer to Jerome.  
“So... Mr. Bengal? What’s your astronomy sign?”  
“I don’t believe in it, so I have no idea.”  
“Well, when’s your birthday?” T.J. asked. I looked on as he attempted to work his magic.  
“February 22nd.”  
“Awww, a Pisces. How did I know that of you?” He smiled, throwing his head back.  
“You’re an extremely talented guy, and though life’s path appears clear to you, you always tend to complicate it by second-guessing yourself. Am I right on the money?” T.J. asked.  
“Yeah... which is a shame because my birthday is actually August 9th,” Jerome began laughing, I did too. T.J. began looking sour at how his “main pick up line” just failed.  
“So what you plan on doin’ today Calvin?” Jerome asked.  
“Nothing planned at all.”  
“What about you?” T.J. inserted himself back into the conversation. “What do you plan on doing?”  
“Probably call my mom, and see if I can come chill with her for a while.”  
“Why do you need to do that?” T.J. asked.  
“Uh...I lost um... my job yesterday. Along with the perks that came with it, including my residence. So...”  
“Aww, and what did you use to do?” T.J. poked into the past even though it was obvious Jerome wasn’t all that willing to disclose.  
“Uh...I used to be a salesman...uh, retail.”  
“Oh, where?”  
“Um, I was mobile. I traveled to where the customers were.” Jerome looked at the look on my face, he knew that I now knew what last night was all about. But T.J.’s mind was still just as clear as melted snow.  
“Is that how you know Marcus?”  
That question piqued my interest, mainly because Marcus never discussed work with me. Jerome nodded shyly.

### Chapter 3: *Standing*

After the news I’d received, I played it cool for the rest of the day. T.J. offered to take Jerome on the date they didn’t get to have the day before. So I stayed at home alone and watched T.V. I heard the lock rattle, so I figured it was Marcus unlocking the door. When he came in, I didn’t even bother to look up at him. He shut the door and set his keys on the coffee table.

“Where Rome at?” he asked.

I shrugged, still not taking my eyes off the TV. I was watching a *Girlfriends* re-run on the We channel.

Marcus went into my bedroom, from my peripheral vision, it looked like he had a bag in his hand or something, but I wasn’t sure.

“He ain’t here?” Marcus called from the room.

“No,” I mumbled.

After a second he came back into the living room, “Huh?” he asked.

“I said no.”

“He didn’t say where he was goin?” Marcus asked.

I looked at him as he was standing over me. “If he said where he was going, then I would know where he’s at.”

“Damn... my bad,” Marcus looked pitied. After a sec, he turned on my computer with the intention of using it. But I finally spoke up.

“He’s out with T.J.”

“I thought you didn’t know where he was.”

“I don’t. You didn’t say anything about who he was with.”

“Ok,” he sat down and pulled up the internet browser. But there was this weight on my chest. This drama that I was inhaling, but I had to let it go.

He pulled up the ThugHarmony website, logged in and he was about to answer some of his private messages.

“Where do you live Marcus?” That was the question I never asked because I tried not to pressure him but we’d been together 5 months, so I figured it’s about time we got these questions out of the way.

“Huh? Um... It’s over on the other side of town.”

“Oh... Oh really? And where is that?”

“I told you. Why are you stressing?”

“We don’t talk about these kinds of things, Marcus. It’s kind of like you’re hiding it from me,” I said.

“Well, I ain’t hidin’ shit.”

“Well, where do you work?” I asked.

He looked deep into my eyes, staring at how confident I was standing there.

“Sounds like you already know.”

“But the problem is that I didn’t hear it from you, what is your work?”

“I’m a thug,” he said.

“That’s not a job.”

“It is when you do what I do.”

“But you still have not said what you do,” there was tension and he hadn’t said anything after. “All I want to know is what happened last night. That’s it, Marcus.”

“Light, you wanna know?”

“Yeah.”

“Jerome was a thug too...but he wanted to get out. And last night he had to pay the cost.”

“At the hands of you?” I asked.

“At the hands of everybody. Everybody had to take licks. I didn’t want to, but I had to.”

“Ok,” I said.

“You good? You got anything else you want to ask?” he asked.

“No.”

“Good,” he turned back to the computer as I went into my bedroom. I grabbed this little backpack filled with little items that he’d left over night. They’d accumulated in the last five months we were together. After I grabbed the bag, I walked over to him and set it at his feet.

“What’s this?” he asked.

“Your toothbrush, a half-empty bottle of cologne, a couple of your t-shirts...all the stuff you’ve left here. I think it’s time that you take it with you when you walk out today.”

His face was stunned, almost as if he’d just been punched. “Oh, and you’re sure this is what you want?”

“I think we should stop now, before we get too deep. It’ll just make it harder to do if I stay with you-”

“I don’t even know why you’re trippin’. You won’t find another nigga like me, believe ‘dat,” he said.

“I don’t think that I want to.”

“You know what, Cal... Fuck you. I’m telling you that I’m trying to be the perfect nigga for you but you wanna act like this on me.”

“It’s the best thing,” I stood firm on my decision.

He stood up from the desk and grabbed the bag. “Like I said, Cal. Fuck you. I guess you gon’ tell all the dudes on ThugHarm that you’re single now, huh? And put all them ass pictures back on your profile and go back to gettin’ on your webcam for niggas that ain’t gotta bit of interest in you. That’s what’s so fucking sad about you, Cal. You need niggas to tell you how “sexy” you are even when you know it’s a joke. They just want to see how fucking nasty you’ll get. You ain’t nothing but a ho that uses the internet. Nah, not even that. You’re beneath a ho because at least a ho gets paid. You do nasty shit for nothing-”

“And you used to watch me. So what’s your point?” I interfered.

“Let me just go, cuz I don’t wanna have to beat the fuck out of you.” He walked over to the door and out. I was sad, but... It was the best thing. I mean he constantly takes advantage of me and how I feel about him. It was just the best thing to do, you know? And there’s nothing more to say. After Marcus walked out, I was sad...sure. But life didn’t change much, aside from the emotions I was feeling. He wasn’t around so much, to the point that it would really make a difference in my schedule. I was single again. I lay on the couch and continued watching the marathon of Girlfriends. After another couple of hours, there was a knock at the door.

“Who is it?” I yelled.

“Jerome,” the voice called from the other side.

“Come in,” I knew the door was unlocked and I was too lazy to get up and open it.

He walked in. “Hey,” he said.

“Hey,” I returned.

“I think I left my watch here. It’s silver and gold-”

“It’s in the bathroom. I saw it on the countertop.”

“Oh great, cool.” Jerome charged to the back to grab it. I sat upright on the sofa when he came out.

“How was the ‘date’?” I asked.

He laughed. “It wasn’t a date. It was just two dudes hanging out.”

“But will those two dudes be hanging out again?” I grinned, a little.

“IIIIIIIIIIII- don’t know. He’s pretty aggressive. I don’t mind people that speak their mind, but when you do it all the time, it’s a little too much.”

“I see.”

“But he got some good ass though,” Jerome nodded.

My neck hunched over the front and my jaw dropped. “You fucked him?”

“Yeah, he wanted to, and ‘da boy’s azz is on point.”

“Are you serious? I mean, I really can’t tell.” I searched his face for confirmation.



Fucking on the first date is something that Ms. Anna Nicole always protests on the board, but hearing Jerome say this makes me think that Mr. Terrence Jared Atwater had a conflict of interest.

“Yeah, I’m serious.”

“You gotta be joking. Like, tell me exactly what happened.”

“Well, after we left, we went to go see the movie. And after that, he asked me to go to his place for a drink. Then he just got a little loose.”

“And?”

“He sucked my dick first, and I nudded.”

“But that’s not fucking, that’s oral.”

“I’m not done man,” he laughed. “He told me not to go anywhere, and he went and took a shower. I’m assuming he cleaned his ass and all. And he came back and went to work on my dick. The nigga is talented,” he said.

“I’d say so; he is quite the little actor.”

“So, where’s Marcus? You talk to him today?”

“Yeah, I did.”

“Where’s he at?”

“I have no idea,” I said. He sensed the lack of enthusiasm in my voice.

“What’s wrong?” he asked.

“Nothing, we just um... decided to end it.”

“Oh. Does it have anything to do with what I said earlier?”

“A little bit. But it’s ok. Moving on... were you planning on staying here tonight?”

“Oh no,” he said. “I’mma be staying with my sister until I can jump back up.”

“You can stay here if you want. I have no problem.”

“I will, if you want me to,” he responded so eerily. When I looked up at him, he had this funning smile.

Jerome had a habit of playfully flirting with me. He’d once made the mistake of doing it in front of Marcus, which led to a yelling match between the two of them. I never took them seriously, and I don’t think Jerome meant it. He’s cute, and he’s a flirt. He flirts with everyone, or at least every one I’ve seen him with.

I smiled at him, “Maybe it’s a good idea that you don’t stay here then.”

“Not ready to bounce on this dick yet? It’s cool, I’ll give you time.”

Shock! That comment was completely uncalled for. Anytime Jerome flirted with me, it was always a PG-13 type of compliment. He’d say things like, “Damn, them jeans look good on you.” Even when he saw new pics I’d put online, he’d respond by saying, “If you wasn’t my boy’s dude, I’d kick it with you, sexy.” But this?- him referring to my ass bouncing on his dick was highly unexpected and truly inappropriate... So why was I starting to get hard from it?

I didn’t even know how to respond to it, and I think he knew that.

“I would stay, but you know. I figure you’ll want some time alone. I don’t want to get in the way.”

“O-Ok.”

“I’ll see you later though, man.”

“Alright.” And he left.

Work. I briefly mentioned my job in the introduction. I am a teller for the District of Columbia Credit Union. The job is great for a college student like me. There are benefits, and

I'm making about 15 an hour. I practically get to choose my own shift, and I've been an employee of the month 4 times. The job likes me, and I love the job. Especially the people I work with. There's a real positive energy among us. That may possibly be because many of us have gone to school together.

One of my friends Chanté came into the back break room during lunch.

"Oh, God. I'm ready to go home," she said.

"You just got here," I reminded her.

"It's Monday; I don't wanna be here. Chanté's got a man at home."

"Yeah...how can I forget when you keep reminding me?"

"Don't hate me cuz yo baby's daddy cheatin' on ya', creepin' around..." she continued to recite lyrics from the song.

I just smiled, not wanting to go into the details of last night. Instead, I just changed the subject. "So did you go to the website this week?"

"Yes, I went to that shit," she laughed.

"You joined it?"

"Yeah. My name is RealGirl. I was browsing it, and I saw you flirting with one of them boys. BlunThug, I think. Now, what would Marcus say?"

Chanté didn't know Marcus personally. She'd never even seen him. All that she knew is that I was involved with someone by that name.

"I wouldn't care what Marcus thought, because we're no longer together."

"Oh wow. I'm sorry to hear that."

"Don't be. It was my decision. Oh, and FYI, BlunThug is Marcus."

"Oh, well Ok," she said. She went to the refrigerator and pulled out her lunch and then came to sit on the bench across from me. "So what happened?"

"Uh... We just-"

The break room door opened.

"Calvin?" I heard from behind me. I turned to the door and it was one of my other co-workers.

"Yeah?"

"You have someone here for you."

"Ok, I'll be out in a sec."

"Marcus begging to get back with you?" Chanté asked.

"Probably," I joked. I walked out to the front, but it wasn't Marcus. It was Jerome.

"Hey, what are you doing here?" I asked him.

"I needa' talk to you about Marcus."

"But I really don't wanna talk about Marcus."

"Cal- he's in jail."

Jerome rode with me up to the police station where they had Marcus encased in a cell. After we walked in, he approached the lady at the front desk and informed her of who we were there to see.

"Marcus is already seeing a visitor. As soon as she comes out, I'll send you guys back," she said.

"Alright."

Jerome came back and we sat down in two seats that were up front.

"So, how did he end up here?" I finally asked.

“He got picked up in possession.”

“In possession?”

“Of... you know... drugs. I guess they copped a few thou on him too. So he probably just made a deal and sold some.”

“Right...”

“You know that’s what he do...what I used to do.”

“And that’s also why I broke up with him yesterday. I shouldn’t have come.”

“Well you here now, just say hey. And then you can leave,” he offered.

“What about you? How you gonna get home?”

“I have a family member that lives around here. I’ll just go over there.”

“Ok.”

Just then some woman came out of the back. She had this long Pocahontas weave and a short mini-skirt. Not only that, but she had a little baby in her arms and was dragging a boy, no older than 3 or 4, by the hand behind her. Jerome looked up at her.

“Vita?” he said.

“Hey ‘Rome, how you doin’?”

“I’m good.”

“I gotta go, I’m in a rush. I’ll talk to you later, alright?”

“Alright.”

And she quickly rushed out with her two children. The guard at the front desk spoke up.

“You guys can go back now,” she said.

“Alright,” Jerome said. We both began walking back.

“So who was that?” I asked.

“That was Lovita.”

“Lovita who?”

“Marcus never told you about Lovita?”

“No.”

“Lovita’s his baby mama. Both of his babies.”

“Oh...”

“Y’all been together this long and he never mentioned anything?” Jerome questioned.

“No, he never said anything.”

Jerome continued walking back to the holding area as I stopped. After a few steps, he realized he didn’t hear my steps behind him anymore. He stopped and turned.

“You comin’?”

“I-I- No. I’m gonna go back to work. I’ll talk to you later.”

“You sure? I think he wants to talk to you.”

“It’s... not my place.” I turned and left.

I hadn’t touched my computer in about a week. Though it was on, ever since Marcus turned it on that Sunday, I hadn’t messed with it. I had my committee fill me in on everything. Anna, Deathstryke, and so on kept me updated on everything that had been posted. But anyway, Jerome made a thread filling the site in on everything that was going on with Marcus. So now, practically the whole board knew the situation. And needless to say, there was a huge variety of responses to the news. Not long after I logged on and checked out the “Pray for BluntThug” thread, I had a private message.

*BussitBaby: Heard you're single again...*  
*Harmony: LOL so what if it's true?*  
*BussitBaby: I don't know. You tell me :-)*  
*Harmony: And what should I even say to that lol?*  
*BussitBaby: Nothing... turn on your webcam.*  
*Harmony: lol alright. Meet me in the moderator's chat.*

The Moderator's chat was a chat room that ThugHarm hosted, that only moderators or people invited by moderators could get into. It was rarely used unless there was a moderator's conference, which only happened once. Basically, it was great for privacy. And it showcased a webcam and microphone feature. So back last year, prior to getting involved with Marcus, I'd use the room to give him and Bussit and a select few others webcam shows. You know... just to unleash the inner freak. And now that Marcus was no longer factored into my life, I reverted back to what I used to be. The one big problem with the chat room was that it notified all of the moderators when it was in use, which got to be a problem.

Anyway, when I got into the room, he was already there. The cam lowered to his chest and basketball shorts, somewhat reminiscent of his avatar photo. Like usual, I was the one to kick everything off. I popped on the lamp that sat on top of my desk. After my webcam shut on, I stood up, turned around, and dropped my boxers so he could peek.

"Damn, I see much hasn't changed. Dat azz still sexi," he typed.

"Thanx," I typed back.

You could see his dick starting to rise from within his shorts. "BussitBaby", could have easily been known as the biggest dick nigga on the board. He boasts about his "14." I told him it's probably only 12, 12.5 at the most but he insists that it's 14. He reached over and pumped his lotion bottle for lube and unleashed the snake. He'd begun stroking up and down. I moved around a little bit. I positioned the cam toward the floor and then got on my hands and knees.

He didn't bother to type anymore. He just spoke. "Oh fuck yeah," his raspy voice said. "I want you just like that, baby."

I pushed my face toward the floor, so my ass was turned all the way up.

"Damn nigga, you tryin' to drain me?" he said.

"Hell yeah," I typed back to him. "Lemme know when you're close, I have a new trick I learned."

"Alright," he said. "Spread ya ass cheeks open."

I did as he said.

"Awh, baby I'm so fuckin' close," he said.

That's when I took off. I grabbed the bottle of lotion, held it over the back of my shoulder, and pumped it so it fell to my ass. The white substance streaked across my muscled bottom, giving him the illusion that I was hoping for.

"Oh shit baby, I'm about to nutt!"

He came and all. I got up and turned back to the computer and blew a kiss at the cam.

He said, "Thank you, baby. I'm about to go to bed. Can I get at you tomorrow?"

"Yeah," I said.

He logged off. I sat back down in my chair. I was about to log off too when I noticed there was a visitor in the room. My heart kind of flooded when I saw the username, "WhiteBengal."

Jesus, of all people, it had to be him. I just knew he would tell Marcus and Marcus will be

trying to call me via collect and blow me out for no real reason. I just hurried out of the chat room and back to the site. I'd been neglecting a couple of issues with the sections and needed to get a head start on the redesign, being that my 2nd in command was no longer 2nd. I just prayed for a moment, hoping that Jerome hadn't just witnessed what happened. But after a couple of minutes, I noticed I had another private message. I checked it.

*WhiteBengal: Nice show!!!!*

*Harmony: What you talkin bout?*

*WhiteBengal: Cal don't play slick lol. I saw you up in the chatroom with that boi pussy tooted up lol*

*Harmony: LOL*

*WhiteBengal: You should let me come over and massage it...*

*Harmony: LoL I don't even think you have the equipment to do it*

*WhiteBengal: lol Nigga you betta ask somebody. Matter of fact, you can. Call yo homeboy for a reference lol*

*Harmony: LoL What you doin'?*

*WhiteBengal: Chillin' at my sisters*

*Harmony: The one by the police station?*

*WhiteBengal: Nah, this is a different sister. This one is actually not too far from you.*

*Harmony: Ok. If you can get here in less than 10 minutes we can kick it.*

*WhiteBengal: KICK IT?!?!?!?*

*Harmony: LoL yeah*

*WhiteBengal: lol Cal, you know I was playin' right?*

*Harmony: Oh LoL I feel dumb LoL. I guess Imma just go to bed then. TTYL ~1*

I signed off quickly in hopes that he wouldn't have a chance to respond in time. Truth be told, I don't think I wanted that to happen anyway. Jerome was such a bad boy. Completely horrible, from the things Marcus and Jerome's own stories on ThugHarmony have told me. I couldn't believe that I found myself actually telling him that if he came over, I'd... do it with him. What was worse was the erection I had after I typed it.

I took the time to treat myself. I ran bath water, so hot that the entire bathroom fogged up. I sprinkled the tub with some relaxing salts and my bubble bath. Hell, since I was gonna be alone tonight, I was damn sure going to make love to myself. I ran through the apartment, naked under my robe to make sure I had everything I needed (my silk boxers, and cologne). I was just about to unhook my cd player and move it into the bathroom when there was a knock at the door.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"The Police!"

Why were they here, I thought. I went over to the door and opened it. "What's wrong off-" I started to say until I saw who was on the other side. "What do you want?"

Jerome laughed on the other side. He looked at his watch, "It's only been about 8 minutes and 43 seconds."

"Ha," I said. He didn't say anything. "Are you serious this time? Or are you waiting for me to hang myself out to dry again?"

"I mean, if you're serious, I ain't gonna turn it down."

"Wow..."

He laughed. "What?"



“That’s kinda... not a turn-on. ‘If you want to fuck, I ain’t gonna turn it down.’ That’s something you say to a fat girl.”

He laughed again.

“I think you oughta just go. I was getting ready to jump in the bathtub and go to sleep anyway.”

“Oh. um... you got ESPN 2. There’s a boxing match on.”

“Well, I’m about to get in the bathtub...” I reiterated. There was an awkward moment following. Though, secretly, I was glad he showed up and wanted something to happen. But at this point, I was hoping he’d say, “ok,” and walk away. But instead, he just stood there, awfully persistent on coming into the apartment. I caved in and stood aside opening the door all the way. “Come on in, I guess.”

## ©2008- Mr.Maleficent

The rest of this chapter is an entry in both Sexual Deviance: A Collection of Maleficent Erotica and Sexual Deviance: Mr. Maleficent’s Anthology Series. This Volume is available as a singlet, as a I-IV compilation, and will be available as a I-VII compilation soon.



[Free](#)



[Purchase](#)



[Purchase](#)



[Purchase](#)



[Available June 5<sup>th</sup>](#)