

POISON IVY

A novel by

Travis Vp Fox

Author's foreword:

Hello. First and foremost, I want to thank the most high God almighty for blessing me with the ability to write this book. This has been such an incredible journey for me, and I am so happy that I have been afforded the opportunity to share this experience with you. But I must warn you.

This novel is a very deep, dark and detailed account of what can happen to the mind of a person in crisis. I told the characters story through eyes that were not only her own, but through the eyes of those that have experienced the hell that is life.

So before you turn the page, I ask that you close your eyes, and step outside of all that you are, and all that you believe to be real. I promise you that this is one experience that you will never forget. Until we meet again, I will leave you with this:

“FOR the most wild, yet most homely narrative which I am about to pen, I neither expect nor solicit belief. Mad indeed would I be to expect it, in a case where my very senses reject their own evidence. Yet, mad am I not --and very surely do I not dream. But to-morrow I die, and to-day I would unburthen my soul. My immediate purpose is to place before the world, plainly, succinctly, and without comment, a series of mere household events. In their consequences, these events have terrified -- have tortured --have destroyed me. Yet I will not attempt to expound them. To me, they have presented little but Horror --to many they will seem less terrible than baroques. Hereafter, perhaps, some intellect may be found which will reduce my phantasm to the common-place --some intellect more calm, more logical, and far less excitable than my own, which will perceive, in the circumstances I detail with awe, nothing more than an ordinary succession of very natural causes and effects.”

Edgar Allan Poe

Prologue

When love calls, love calls, love calls your name

It's on my lips

And I wish that you were still here

To take me away with your kiss

And take me away from all this crazy, crazy

'Cause too many words have been spoken, mmm

Too many lies have been told, baby

*You'll never do it again you told yourself over and
over and over*

You're wrong, dead wrong, babe, yeah

There's nowhere to hide

~Kem, "Love Calls"

Damn, I swear to God that every time I heard that song, I knew Kem was singing this shit about me. It's like that man just looked into my soul as he began to write down his words. I believe in my heart that this man's words are magical. They have touched me in a way that a woman dreams of being touched. I miss that touch from a loved one. I miss that touch from my mother. And sadly, after all I've been through, I still long for that touch from a man. I am in need of that touch of love.

My life was not the life that as a young girl I dreamed of having. When I was a child, I dreamed about growing up and marrying LL Cool J. Oh, I swear on everything I have, that every time that sexy muthafucka licked his lips, my little virgin pussy would flutter like a butterfly preparing to burst out of her cocoon. I used to imagine me and LL living in a great big house with lots of space for our bad ass kids to run around and tear shit up. I always saw my man up in the studio laying down a track while I was in there, looking at him and fantasizing about playing out

my hardcore rapper and ghetto groupie fantasy. You know what I'm talking about—me down on my knees in front of him blowing his mic while he is blowing up the one in the booth. I had it bad for that man. I would touch myself to his lyrics. I sat alone in my room staring up at his poster waiting, hoping, wishing for him to come and rock, rock, rock, rock my bells. Ooooooh shit, that man drives me crazy.

These days I just sit alone in the darkness and cry when I think about how fucked up my life turned out to be. I prayed to God for him to just kill me and give my soul to someone else. My life is worthless, and it's not one I want to live anymore. Sometimes I try to figure out where it all went wrong, but through the haze of it all, I don't even know where to begin. All I can see is how this is all going to end. Thoughts of it make me want to cry.

To live the life I was forced to live I had to do whatever needed to be done to survive. Nothing was ever out of the question. I was a prostitute, a hooker, a trick, a whore, a fucking cum cup. Whatever you want to call me that is what the fuck I was. Did I want to be what I was? No, I didn't. Did I like sucking the sweaty, disgusting dicks of fat, married men for bullshit pocket money? Fuck no, but I had to live. Do you think I enjoyed lying on my back while some fucking pervert shoved his tiny cock into my dry, swollen pussy while I moaned, "Oh, Daddy, yes, Daddy," to stop him from fucking me up because he thought I wasn't enjoying it? I hated it, but I had to do it. I had to live this life. If I didn't do what I must to survive, then I would die.

It was a hard way to exist. I knew this, but I found ways to cope. I had learned all the little tricks of the trade to take away the pain of it all. Did I imagine myself in a far off place with my Mr. Right? Hell no, I couldn't do that. I knew there was no such thing as a Mr. Right out there. Every man I had sex with was somebody else's Mr. Right. Every boyfriend I serviced was some stupid ass girl's future Mr. Right. Fuck that bullshit, I knew better than that. I turned to the only person in this world who loved me. I turned to my baby, Black Pearl. I knew that no matter what I was going through, Black Pearl would always make me feel the way I needed to feel. She never questioned me or talked down to me, she just gave me what I needed. And I never turned

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away when my baby was calling out for me. I could hear her, I could sense her, and I could feel her calling out to me. *Ivy, Ivy*, she said as she extended her arms out to me. Her call is a call I can never ignore. Her persuasive words are words I always believe in.

I hold out my hands to Pearl, giving my body to her in a state of full submission, assisting her in her efforts to take me to that place that I must willingly go. My mind bends, becoming submissive to her will. I help her place her cuff tightly around my left arm, squeezing my hand into a tightly balled fist. She looks up at me and smiles. Pearl asks me if I am ready. Like a leaf falling from a tree, my eyelids fall, and I beg for my Pearl to give it to me.

Slowly, Pearl bites down into my arm until her teeth reach my vein. Oh, I feel the orgasmic rush as she cums inside me. I press down on the back of her head until her body is empty. Yes...oh yes, this is the feeling I need. This is the only feeling I have left in this life to live for. Pearl always knows how to set my mind at ease. She knows that in a few hours, I will have to spend the rest of the night on my back thinking about the hundreds of ways I can kill myself while a stranger is on top of me. This is her way of showing me that I am loved, and that I am something special.

Oh wow, I am under her spell. *What's that, Pearl? You want me to tell them? I can't, Pearl. Please don't make me tell them. Please don't make me say it. OK, OK, only because you say so.* Pearl wants me to tell you why I am a muthafucking dick sucker. So I will tell you.

Poison Ivy Part I:

Cry for Me

I:**Life is a bitch**

“Baby, baby, come on now! I’m not going to tell you again. Bring your ass on now. We have to go.”

That was my father. That was how he always talked to me and my mother. Straight old school, his word was always law around the Davidson household. You will have to excuse me if I miss something because Pearl keeps whispering in my goddamn ear while I am trying to talk to you. I wish she would just shut the fuck up already. Just like a bitch. Now I can see why the men always tell me to shut the fuck up when I am trying to talk to them. I wouldn’t want to hear all of that nagging shit either. Oh, I’m sorry, y’all. Where was I? Oh yeah, my father.

My daddy was a big, black muthafucka around six feet three, 289 pounds. So that’s what my mother always called him, Big Black Muthafucka. He loved his nickname. I knew that was his nickname when he was a teenager, because when all of his old gang war homies came around, that’s what they called him. All I heard was, “Yo Big Black, what up nigga?” or, “Big Black, ’member that day we was on the strip and that muthafuckin’ cracker tried to make us carry his bags? But instead of carrying them, we whooped his ass and stole them.”

My mother and I always knew the real reason behind the nickname, but my father would always joke and say that the ladies gave him that nickname because of the size of his dick. My mother would just laugh and say, “Whatever, nigga.”

My father would chase her around the house and when he caught her, he would press his thing real hard up against her body.

“Baby you know that it is what it is,” my daddy would say as he pressed up against her body. “Why do you think that you have that lump on the top of your head? I did that.”

Then he would pump her butt real hard and they would start to laugh. My father really loved my mother. Yeah, she heard all the stories from her girlfriends and the other neighborhood

women about how Big Black was always fucking around on her, but she didn't care. She didn't care because she knew that when he walked through the door, her ass belonged to him, and his dick belonged to her.

Now, my mama was a bad bitch in her own right. Since I'm a bad bitch, you know that my mama had to be one. I bet you want to know what she looked like, don't you? OK, but you are going to have to use your imagination for this one.

She had hair like Natalie Cole—long, black, and silky. It wasn't a weave or a wig, because she took care of her shit. People would always say that she reminded them of Thelma from *Good Times* because she had a beautiful innocence about her face. And her body, that shit was like whoa. They wrote that song about her. You know the song I am talking about. *She's a brick, dump, dump, dump, dump, hoooouuuusssseeee. That lady's stacked and that's a fact.* My mama wasn't holdin' nothin' back. In my eyes, she was perfect in every way. Well, at least to me and my daddy she was perfect. My father knew how perfect she was. He would never let his friends be in the same room with her. Big Black didn't play that shit. He knew those niggas would have tried fucking my mom the first chance they got.

I know I cuss a lot, but I really don't care. I learned a long time ago that it doesn't matter what or who you are, the only thing that matters is how you live and survive. I had to learn that lesson the hard way. I had to experience great tragedies and disappointments for this lesson to be driven home. I'm sorry, but this is very hard for me to talk about. And it doesn't help that I am listening to a sad-ass Temptations song right now. But living the life I dreamed about as a little girl is now only in my imagination.

One night in September, a night that I will never forget for as long as I live, my life changed forever. My mother and I were dancing to some oldies music she and Daddy always listened to. I was only ten-years-old, but my mama taught me to appreciate that good, old school music. We were laughing and having a good time when my daddy burst into the house. He ran

over to the radio and threw it against the wall. Then he ran back to the door and locked all of the locks.

“Baby, what’s wrong?” my mother asked, pushing me to the side. “What’s going on, Big?”

“Don’t ask me any fucking questions right now!” my father shouted in a monstrous tone. “Just go lock all of the doors and windows. Then take Ivy and hide.”

“But baby...”

“Goddammit, baby!” my father yelled, shaking the whole house on its once solid foundation. “Will...you...please just go do what the fuck...I...said.”

My mother grabbed me by the hand and we scurried to do his bidding like two frightened mice running from a starving feline. After we locked all of the doors and windows, my mother then told me to hide in the closet while she and Daddy made sure everything was all right. I did as she told me to do. Sure, I was concerned, but I wasn’t about to disobey her at a time like this. This was serious, and I knew it because mama was crying. My mother never allowed me to see her cry. Watching the tears fall from her eyes caused tears to fall from mine. My mother took her finger and wiped the tears from my eyes. She promised me that everything was going to be all right, and that she would be safe. After kissing me on my forehead, she closed the closet door and ran out of the room.

Now I was supposed to stay in the closet, but I couldn’t do it. There was something inside of me that just had to know what was happening downstairs. My curiosity got the better of me. I wanted to know what was going on. To this day, I pray that God will turn back the hands of time and allow me to go back into that closet and stay my ass there. I hate him for allowing my eyes to see what he allowed them to see.

As I approached my bedroom door, I could hear my father yelling at my mother. For once, my father was not yelling out of anger. For the first time in my life, I heard my father

yelling because of fear. My daddy was afraid. But who was he afraid of? What was he scared of? Unfortunately, I was soon about to find out.

“Baby,” he shouted into the air as he tried to gather his things, “you and Ivy have to get the fuck out of here. Some shit went bad, and those dudes are coming here to kill me. And if they see you and Ivy, they will kill y’all too. Please, baby, you have to go.”

“But, baby, I love you, and I won’t leave you,” my mother said to him as passionately as her emotions would allow. “If they kill you, baby, then they will have to kill me and Ivy, too.”

I may have been a little girl, but I was no goddamn fool. When my mother said that stupid shit out of her mouth, I was like *this bitch is crazy*. I darted out of the bedroom and headed straight for the front door as fast as my feet would take me. I was not about to die. LL and I still had some unfinished business to take care of. My father reached out and grabbed me by the back of my collar before I could reach the door. He threw me back into my mother’s arms.

“Both of you have to get the fuck out of here now. Go!” he said with an extremely serious look on his face.

Suddenly the front door burst open and I saw three men dressed in black lunge for my daddy. My daddy pulled a gun from his pants and shot at the first guy who came through the door.

Bang! Bang!

Yeah, Daddy! The bullets hit the man in the chest and his body fell to the floor. The other two ducked for cover.

“Go! Go!” he roared as he rushed us to the back of the house. We were almost out of there, but before we could reach the back door, it was kicked off the hinges. Three more men ran in with guns in their hands and pointed them in my face. My father raised his gun again and was ready to blast.

“Do it and I will blow this little bitch’s head off,” one of the masked men said in a deep, dark tone that let my father know he wasn’t fucking playing. My father dropped his gun to the floor and fell down on his knees.

“Please don’t hurt them,” he begged as he held his arms out with his palms up for mercy.

Little did my father know, there would be no mercy on this night. The man at the back door flipped his gun around in his hand and pistol whipped me, bashing me three times on the side of the head. I fell down to the kitchen floor, crying and screaming in pain.

“Shut the fuck up!” was all I heard as another one of the men picked up my prone body and carried me back into the living room. They did that same thing to my mother, but they hit her in the head and face much harder. The men hit her like they knew her, like she had done something wrong.

“Hey man, leave them the fuck alone!” my father bellowed, jumping up to his feet and trying to protect us.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

My ears rang from the explosion of the gun as it went off behind me. My mother was screaming at the top of her lungs. My only thought was that my daddy was dead. I knew those muthafuckas had killed him. To my relief, I could hear my daddy groaning in agony from the pain.

Thank God he was still alive. They were shouting at him to get on his hands and knees and crawl into the living room like a dog. Once we were all inside the room, the men made sure the door was closed and all the windows were sealed and closed off to the outside world. Something bad was happening, and it was about to get worse. I just didn’t know how much worse.

The men forced my daddy to get up on his knees. A very tall black man walked over and stood in front of him. My father’s eyes never looked up at him. He just held his head down to

hide the hurt on his face. My father was crying. This was the first time I had ever seen him cry. I understood why he was crying, but it was still a sight for me to see.

I stared into the man's eyes. That was the only part of his face I could see, because the rest was covered by the face mask. All of the men's faces were covered. Like the rest of my family, I was very, very afraid. The man turned and glared at me. The fire from his eyes alone forced me to put my head down and look away. I closed my eyes and prayed to God for him to make the bad men go away.

The man with the eyes gripped my father's chin in his left hand, and then with all of his might, crushed my daddy as hard as he could with his right. My mother cried out in agony when the punch smashed my father's chin. She reacted like that punch was meant to hit her face.

The impact of the punch sent blood flying from my daddy's mouth. He just turned his head and spit, as if to say: *Fuck you, man. Your hits can't hurt me.* Then boom, the man with the eyes hit him again, then again, then again, then again, then again. My father just looked up at him and smiled.

"Thank you, bitch, may I have another?" He asked this smiling through the pain as the blood flowed from his mouth.

"Oh, you want to talk shit, nigga?" the man asked, shaking his fist in my daddy's face. "Well, nigga, since you are so talkative, Mr. Big-Black, why don't you tell me where the fucking money is that you owe me, man? You know, since you have so much shit to talk. Tell me where it is, bitch. Where is my goddamn money?"

The money? What money? What is he talking about? I sat there staring at my mother. The expression on her face let me know that she didn't know what the man was talking about either.

"What money, Black?" she asked my father. "What money is he talking about?"

"Bitch, shut the fuck up! Did I say you could talk? Huh, did you ask me if you could speak?"

The voice of the man with the crazy eyes shut my mother down instantly. She closed her mouth and didn't say another word to him.

"But since your bitch asked you a question, why don't you answer her? Well, allow me to do it for you then." He turned to my mother. "Your old man has a thang for little girls, see. I don't see why, though, when he has a fine-ass, big-booty bitch like you at home, but he does. Every night when Big Black gets off work, he comes to pay me a visit. He provides me with the money, and I provide his big, dumb ass with the honey.

"But you see, a few years ago, this nigga fucked up. His big, stinking ass got a little too rough, and he hurt one of my hos. Now if a bitch can't work, then she can't get paid. If a bitch can't get paid, then I can't get paid. And baby, if I can't get paid, then muthafuckas get dead.

"My bitch was out of action for a couple years. She was my bottom bitch, man. That ho brought in all the cash flow. You dig what I'm saying? She was fine, too, but that baby fucked up her figure. Made her ass all fat and shit. And not the kind of fat that makes a nigga's dick hard either. I am talking about the kind of fat that could make Michelangelo's David's dick soft. I told his ass that he had to pay me for every day my bitch missed. This brings us to right now. He had 'bout four...five years to pay me my muthafucking money, and now time's up. I can't wait no more."

My mother looked over at my father with such a look of disgust. All he could do was put his head down in shame.

"How could you, Big? How could you do this to me and Ivy?" my mother questioned, trying to hold back the tears. "What the fuck is wrong with me that you have to go out and fuck these other bitches? I wasn't enough of a woman for you? My ass wasn't big enough for you? Huh, Big, didn't I suck your little ass dick good enough? You had to go and sleep with little girls? You deserve whatever the fuck you get."

"Daaaammnnnn, this bitch has some fire, huh boss?" one of the guys who was holding my mother down said.

“Yeah, she sure does, bruh,” he answered in a sly tone. “We are going to have to see just how much fire this broad has. But the matter at hand is dealing with this big, black, ashy, Popeye-Chicken-eating muthafucka right here. Let me see something. Hey, Cheebo!”

“Yeah, boss?” one of the men yelled from behind his mask.

“Tell me, what do you think I should do to Mr. Big Black over here?”

“Well, when my hoes fuck up, boss,” Cheebo said behind a half-hearted laugh as he gripped the back of my mother’s head, “I make them suck my dick while the other hoes watch. I like to embarrass their asses—let them know that I ain’t nothing to fuck with.”

“Yeah, Cheebo, I like that idea. I like that shit.” He turned back to my father and said, “You hear that shit, nigga? Get your lips ready, cause you are about to take a hit on this big, black Chico Stick, bitch.”

My father looked up at the man like he was crazy. “Muthafucka, you and that dumb ass nigga over there must be crazy. You are going to have to kill me man, because these lips ain’t sucking shit.”

“Well, myyyyyy goodness, this nigga said that ‘he ain’t sucking shit.’” The man with the fire in his eyes laughed, pointing in my daddy’s face. “OK, Black, I can dig that, brotha. You don’t have to do a muthafucking thing.” He took a few steps away from my father and stood in the middle of the room. “Hey, Cheebo, Cotton Head, bring the two bitches over here,” he said, directing his attention to me and my mother.

After the man spoke his words, the boys dragged me and my mother over to where the man was standing. I could see that there was a smile on his face. *What was he going to do to us?* I wondered.

The man took his hands and started rubbing them on his body and putting them down his pants, playing with his dick. His boys were told to hold me back while they threw my mother in

front of him. They did just what he told them to do. The man dressed in black unzipped his pants, reached inside, and pulled his dick out.

“Yeah bitch,” he whispered while he grabbed my mother by the hair. “Open your mouth and get ready to do what your old man won’t do.”

My mother refused to follow his instructions. The man pulled a gun from behind his back and cocked it.

“Goddamn, I love the sound of that shit!” he shouted, placing the barrel of the gun on her eye. “Now, you are going to either put this big-ass stick of chocolate thunder in your mouth, or I am going to put about four bullets in your muthafucking eye.”

Seeing that he would kill her if she refused him again, my mother opened her mouth and prepared to put the man’s penis inside her. Before he allowed her to do so, the man looked down at my father once more. “Either A: give me my muthafucking money,” he said, “or B: suck m-m-m-myyyyy dick, and I will let your bitch go.”

My father turned his head away from the man and put his face down toward the floor.

“Do whatever it is you have to do,” my father said while talking through clenched teeth.

With those words, the man grabbed his dick and rammed it into my mother’s mouth. She instinctively gagged when it hit the back of her throat. I wanted to reach out and help her, but I couldn’t. My father never even looked up.

He was thrusting and pumping so fast that she started choking and coughing uncontrollably. As a result, she vomited all over him and the floor. She was crying, but she wasn’t allowed to stop. In and out, in and out, the man kept going until he came all over her face and in her mouth.

“Wooooo shit, this bitch is good!” he shouted to his boys, wiping the sweat from his forehead and face. “But, baby, you ain’t done with this dick yet. You are going to lick all of this shit up. You ain’t wasting shit.”

He forced my mother to slurp and swallow everything she made come out of him, and everything he made come out of her. I could see all the other men in the room touching themselves in anticipation and hopes that they would get their turns next.

“Big Black, you can stop this, man. All you have to do is tell me where my shit is, man.”

Still my father never...said...a...word.

One by one, the men took turns abusing my mother in her mouth. The man lifted my father’s head and forced him to watch.

“You see what you caused, nigga?” he asked, spitting into my daddy’s face. “All of this shit could have been avoided. But no, you want to be a macho nigga. So watch my niggas enjoy your old lady’s wet mouth.”

After the men finished violating her, they threw my mother to the side. They then turned their attention toward me. The tall man gripped my daddy by the sides of his face and leaned in real close to him.

“Now, are you ready to tell me where my muthafucking money is,” he asked my father in a very low tone, “or do me and my niggas have to go for round two on your little girl? Look at her little ass. Like my nigga Kelly says, ‘she might be young, but she’s ready.’”

The men started pawing at me and rubbing on my body. I squirmed and shook their hands off of me as much as I could. I looked at my father and pleaded with him not to let them touch me anymore.

“Daddy, please,” I begged, “please don’t let them hurt me.”

“I am sorry, baby, but Daddy can’t help you now,” my father said with tears falling from his eyes. The men’s hands tightened around my neck.

“Open your mouth,” the man said in the scariest voice that I had ever heard. I tried to open it, I really did, but I was too afraid. My mouth was sealed shut. He raised his gun and he held it to the side of my head.

“You little bitch. You better fucking listen to me, and you better listen good. I am going to count to three. If your mouth is not open, and my dick is not in it, I am going to blow your fucking brains out. I don’t care how young you are. I don’t care about you. Now open your god...damn...mouth.”

“One...”

I tried as hard as I could to open my mouth, but nothing happened. I grabbed his dick with my left hand and I started moving it up and down, praying that he wouldn’t kill me because I was trying.

“Two!”

I grabbed his dick with two hands. *Open mouth, please open.* I was trying like hell to get my mouth to open, but it wouldn’t. He cocked his gun back. Once I heard the sound, the tears fell heavily from my eyes. I just knew that I was about to die.

“Three! Your time is up.”

Blam! Blam! Blam! Blam! Blam!

Five shots were fired. I heard them, but I did not feel them. There was no pain. My eyes slowly opened and I saw that the man was no longer standing in front of me. He was now standing over my father. I looked over at my daddy and turned my head away. The man had shot my daddy twice in the head, and three times in the chest. The image of his headless, bloody body still haunts me to this day. My mother was silent. There were no tears. She just sat there staring at her husband who once was.

The man took in a deep breath and spit on Big Black’s body. Looking at my father lying there, he shook his head in disgust. The man put his foot on what was left of my father’s head and spoke loudly enough for me to hear.

“I can see a man sacrificing his bitch to save his own life and maintain his dignity, because a bitch ain’t shit. But not to even lift a fucking finger to save your own daughter? Oh nigga, your bitch ass deserved to die.”

He turned to his boys and told them to wrap the body and put it where it needed to go. Thinking that he had done me a favor, the man looked down at me and winked. Fuck him. I was just happy to still be alive.

He strolled over to my mother and whispered something in her ear. She nodded her head to his words, never once looking in his direction. After the man said what he had to say, he walked out of the house. I ran over to my mother, threw my arms around her, and held her as tight as I could.

That was five years ago to the day. Man, how shit has changed!

* * *

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Who the hell was that banging on my door? Damn, some niggas were just ignorant as shit.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

“Damn, I’m coming. Can a bitch get to the door?”

“Bitch, who the fuck do you think you are yelling at!” the voice shouted angrily from the other side of the door. “Hurry up and open the goddamn door.”

I opened the door, and apologized as much as I could. I had made him angry. I wanted to calm him down before he hit me.

“Bitch, what the fuck took you so long to open the door and who were you in here talking to?”

I had to think fast. I knew that if I didn’t answer him the right way, then that was my ass.

“Uh, I wasn’t talking to nobody, Daddy. I was just singing, that’s all. Singing about how I couldn’t wait to take those dicks in my wet pussy and make you all the money that you need, baby.”

“Oh, that’s what I thought,” he replied, smacking me on the ass. I hated it when he touched me. Dammit, now my high was gone. That shit never lasted long anymore. Every time I talked about what happened that night, I forgot all about Pearl. Now that he was here, the drugs had left my system completely.

“Look,” he said, pointing outside into the hallway. “I got this muthafucking cracka ass cracka waiting outside the door. He’s into some real freaky shit, you understand, so you know what you have to do. Put that muthafuckin’ thang on his ass, and then get my muthafucking cash.”

I looked out there, trying to get a peek at who it was that was waiting.

“Look, bitch, pay attention. If you have any problems, if you don’t have my money, or if he says that he just don’t like you, I am going to tell you what you better do.” He grabbed me by the back of my neck, walked me over to the other side of the room, and pressed my face to the window.

“You better jump your silly ass out that goddamn window and kill yourself, you dig, because if I get on your ass, then you are going to wish that you did.”

Who the fuck did he think he was talking to? He was lucky I didn’t have anywhere else to go, because I would be out of there. I swore to God that I was going to get him one day. I was going to make him pay for the way he treated me. No, no, no I wasn’t. I was not going to make him pay. I was talking stupid stuff. I was just mad, that was all. I hated it when he embarrassed me like that, though. He loved me. I knew that he did.

“Hey, White Bread, bring your nasty ass in here. Look, I already told the bitch what time it is. When you’re done, leave the money on the bed. Have fun, white bread.”

He walked out of the room and left me alone with this old ass white dude. This man had to be at least two hundred fifty-years-old. No, let me stop. He was at least forty-five, but he looked old as hell. But right now, none of that shit mattered. I had a job to do, and like always, I was going to do my job well.