

DIAMOND DYNASTY

DIAMOND DYNASTY

Book Two of the Diamond Series

Brandon McCalla

Copyright © 2005 by Brandon McCalla
Published by Writers and Poets.com, LLC
Literary Management by Earl Cox & Associates
Cover design by Marion Designs
Edited by Audra Shivers

Printed in the United States of America

Publisher's Note:

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be copied, reproduced, or used in any way without written permission of the publisher.

Library of Congress Catalog Card No. 2005924214

ISBN Number 0-9762710-1-X

Writers and Poets.com
P.O. Box 1307
Mountainside, NJ 07092
<http://www.writersandpoets.com>

First Printing

Brandon McCalla

A Few Words:

“You know the word anger is just one letter short of the word danger/at night no stranger/never use a gat more than twice if you don’t clean it/and never say fuck something if you don’t mean it/and when it comes to life, if the route you been using thus far ain’t working right, take the scenic/whatever faith you got, put it in a crook/wanna hide something from a nigga, put it in a book...”

Jadakiss
Bring You Down

What up ya’ll, it’s another brink in existence and the Diamond series continues to flow through the tunnels of time. Yo, I neglected to give shouts to a few persons on earth who helped me, unbeknownst and inadvertently with their talent and art. Music fed this series readers. You are no doubt hooked on this Diamond shit, and it gets better since I get better as I weave my words with my Dell laptop.

Styles P, Sheek, Kiss; I listened to you niggas more than anyone else through this, old Lox classics and new shit from each of you niggas. Keep it up, they should pay you niggas more, them fucking jerks... how could they neglect the Lox? Fuck them for being so ignorant of the truth, peace to Yonkers.

Jay-Z, you retired but you retired in style. The new label, the basketball team, Beyoncé on your arms, and my complete and utter respect; nigga I’m proud I was born and raised in Brooklyn, N.Y. right beside you and the likes of

Diamond Dynasty

Mos Def and Talib Kweli. Foxy you still get my best wishes, I'm glad you're still in the game.

Shit has been great for me. The world will read more things beyond what most black authors are willing to give the masses. I know people I keep popping shit, but after you read this second installment you will realize that it isn't my Leo arrogance, it's just me being great and letting you know.

Earl we have come a long way in a short moment. Things seem the way we thought they would be, possibly better than that. I'm in Union Square Park as I type this. Some hot little Dominican thing just sat next to me and whipped up a conversation. I gave her a *Diamond Drought* promo postcard and she said, "Is this book out yet?"

I said, "Soon pumpkin, in a couple of weeks." She bats her eyes, huge green orbs with long lashes. I'm focused man...! But still, I look at her and its summertime in NYC so you know she's flossing legs and cleavage. I can't complain.

I met a few interesting people, and I haven't even begun to promote the first book as much as I would have hoped to.

Sherella, I'm glad I met you. Black women are so lovely, write a great article on me and it will be the first, which to me is the most important. I wish you the utmost best. You have a wonderful gift with words.

Audra I'm sure you'll edit this one. We know each other now and things should be better and go smoother. I know you won't disappoint me, you're Shaq and I'm Kobe. Well, when Shaq and Kobe were together, let us never let our contracts expire or get traded.

Hi, **Teri Woods**. *Dutch* is being read, I still find myself on mass transit sometimes and I see people with their heads in that shit. Their heads are in it because it's good. I'm keeping my eyes on you.

Brandon McCalla

Nikki Turner, *Project Chick* is a good look. I love you Nikki...

Brenda Thomas your skills have visibly improved, your second book is something I read between writing this, and I haven't read much since I got published. Your book entertained me, thanks.

Kwan, shit, you're my Road Dawg for real. You have given me so much inspiration and you're one of the truest in this urban literary hood. *Street Dreams* is bananas! See you at the next signing.

Here are a few half hundred more noteworthy names. I couldn't leave a huge message for all of you, but individually you guys know how I feel and I appreciate the support and the love...

Treasure Blue (*Harlem Girl Lost*) you ride or die for me and I do the same. **Nakea**, you gave me hope (you know how nervous I was, thanks). **Kashan**, how many times can we argue in one day (I love you). **Mark Anthony** and **Erick Grey** (peace to the dynamic duo), thanks for everything and if the whole world don't know that you two are Queens' finest yet, I just told them. **KaShamba Williams**, you were the first author who opened up to me, I will always remember that (keep hustling). **Danielle Santiago**, all I have to say to you is, how many book signings can we both miss in one week? Break a leg at S&S. **Shawna Grundy**, thank you and your book club (that new cover is banging!!!). **Lynnette Khalfani**, I appreciate the fact that you read my shit in between your busy schedule (*Zero Debt*). **Shamora Renee Lowe**, soon the whole world will know exactly how great your writing abilities are. Soon you will be competition and on my hit list (thank you for everything, the support, the hospitality; you are a very great person).

Let me not forget about C&B Books Distribution, Deborah Smith, T.L. Gardner (*Dark Soul*), the ever lovely and special **Dawn** (Philly Holla!!!). **Coast2Coast Readers**

Diamond Dynasty

book club: Glamour, **Crystal**, Shyste, **Hot Chocolate**, Lee Lee, Kat, Nelle, **Quana**, Taraya... sheesh... all of you dames, thank you for the support.

Who else...? **Kimsy**, **Sha**, Pitkin ave, the whole hood... Cypress Hills, Pink Houses, **Duane Cook** (GUHD Co. till the casket plummets), my older brother **Intellectual** (I got you nigga), my stepbrother **Kenny** (stop letting people read the book, tell them to buy it).

Also I want you people to know that I produce and was once an emcee. The music business is crazy, but I love hip hop so much that I had to be in it, in any magnitude. So I situated the Diamond series smack dead in the hood, Brooklyn U.S.A. and placed my dramatic characters right in the rap game, ergo America's first hip hop soap opera. I write rhymes for Prime, Afta, Antics, Major, and Germany. And I quote some of the greatest while my characters rock tunes in their high-profile vehicles and when they roam clubs in my stories. It's venting yo, but when you see me at the functions and industry jump-offs say something. We're all on the same boat, all work on the same plantation. It's some **Willie Lynch** shit.

Don't worry Mom you should get that SC 430 coupe soon enough, if this shit rocks... we all avalanche. I want an RX myself, with ten speakers, two monitors, PlayStation 2...

Peace.

Brandon McCalla

WAGING WAR

PART FOUR

The rain was coming down real hard this evening. The ave was deserted. No fiends were out and no niggas were on the corner. Officer Andrew was solo tonight. His partner Murphy had the shits and took the day off.

Andrew leered at the spot; he knew what the storefront was. This was a well-known drug area. The whole block was. Rich and his goons had their whole campaign real hard to pin down. They were always seconds ahead of the law and Andrew wasn't hero enough to make it any harder for them. He just wanted a paycheck.

The sergeant at the precinct was always applying pressure though, "Why can't you get them motherfuckers on any charges? What's wrong with you and Murphy? Why are a bunch of hoodlums smarter than you two? What did the academy teach you guys...?"

Andrew had heard those questions a dozen times over. They still hadn't motivated him. Murphy was gung ho at times, but he was also overweight, so whatever schemes he conspired were shot down real quick. They both knew he couldn't outrun one of those niggers and shooting one without a real good reason would only get him fired. Besides, the nigger he shot would get rich, if the nigger survived and was smart enough to get a decent lawyer.

But they are already rich, Andrew thought. He saw a new Range Rover parked a few blocks down, and knew it was one of theirs. He knew they never parked in front of the storefront, the store that never opened.

Diamond Dynasty

“The one called Prime Time,” Andrew said to himself as his patrol car pulled up right in front of the spot. Prime had gotten more money somehow. He wasn’t seen on the corner as much anymore. The one called Major hadn’t been around either. I wonder what happened to him? Andrew thought.

Things had changed. Something went down, Officer Andrew knew, but what? He knew about the shootout that had happened a few months back. Witnesses said the bullets started flying right in front of the storefront. Two people were busting guns for nearly ten minutes. That mini war spanned about five blocks before it was over. No one would know who was involved or wouldn’t say shit, Andrew had surmised way before questioning anyone.

So it had to be these niggers, Andrew said to himself. No one would rat on them.

For some reason things had changed. The sergeant wanted to know what caused the change.

Why wasn’t Rich around anymore? Did any of this have something to do with that neighborhood girl Monique getting shot to death at that club last year? The one called Major was holding her corpse when the authorities arrived. Why was the neighborhood so erratic now? Did Rich’s presence really keep shit that regulated?

Now shots are always heard going off in Cypress projects or on the avenue. That little nigger they call Red October is bad news, Andrew thought. Something would have to be done about him. Andrew just knew Red October was the cause of this new drug war brewing in his sector.

Somebody tapped on Andrew’s passenger side window, this surprised the officer. He eyed the one called Afta smirking at him.

“Good evening, officer!” Afta yelled since the window was up. It was pouring outside, but he didn’t seem to notice. He was wearing a leather jacket with a hood, but the hood was down. Andrew looked at him, oddly. He just

Brandon McCalla

didn't know what to think. He lowered the passenger side window.

"What the fuck do you want?" Officer Andrew asked.

"I came to turn myself in," Afta joked, exposing his wrists. "Where are the cuffs?"

"I got ya cuffs right here. I got some cuffs for your partner Rich also. Where is he? We miss him on the ave. There was less crime when he was around," the cop said honestly.

"Rich is on hiatus, but don't worry about the ave. I'm here now. Things will be back to the way they used to be," Afta said, still smirking.

"Why don't you come inside the police car where it's nice and dry, Lawrence?" Andrew said, snickering.

"No thank you. I just love the rain. It makes it harder for you to see my criminal activities," Afta spoke while backing away from the blue 'n white.

"Tell your friend Red October we'll be keeping a real good eye on him." Andrew put his car back in drive, making sure water splashed all over Afta when he pulled off. "He's not as smart as you and Rich were when you two were selling crack for Willie Green. He'll be in jail soon. Just like you two were!"

"And he'll be bailed out, just like us!" Afta yelled back at the officer as the patrol car rolled off.

Officer Andrew is such a dick, Afta thought. He made one valid point though. Red October was a bit overzealous. He might set off a war.

Now Afta had to always be on edge on the ave.

I hate coming here now. I have too much to worry about. I got a baby on the way. Anna is six months pregnant and her stomach is poking out. Afta smiled. I love you bitch, he thought. He pulled out his cell phone, but then remembered the rain and dashed down the block

Diamond Dynasty

toward Prime Time's new Range Rover—the spanking new metallic blue one Shantel bought him when he officially signed to Dynasty Records.

She bought Rich a new Porsche convertible, red of course. Afta didn't want a car for himself, he told Shantel to give him his bonus in Benjamins. He wanted to buy Anna a vehicle once she delivered his son. He wouldn't have any broad of his riding the train or catching cabs. Destiny never did, so why should Anna.

Afta hopped in the passenger side of the Range. Prime Time passed him a blunt that was already smoking. He took it and inhaled the L. The haze went through his circulatory system quickly.

Afta pressed the massage button located on the right side of the seat then leaned back into the vibrating leather. “Take me to my woman.”

“Which one?” Prime Time asked as he laughed. “You have so many.”

Afta looked at him with no humor on his grill, “Anna's my only woman. What is wrong with you, Jason?”

“What is wrong with you, Lawrence? Why do you think Major is trying to kill you now?” Prime Time said to him seriously. “Why do you think shit is so ill now?”

Afta could only look at him sour. “I love Anna. I know Destiny is still around, but she's my baby's moms. They always linger. Like dinosaur bones.”

“Maybe. Rich doesn't think you're handling things as good as you could,” Prime added.

“Fuck Rich for now!” Afta snapped. “He has his own problems. Shantel has him jumping through hoops with her Toya masquerade. If you ask me, Rich is slipping.”

“I didn't ask you,” Prime said dryly. They were both obviously silent for a few seconds. “Where's Red?”

Brandon McCalla

“Who cares?” Afta snapped again. “I don’t even know why we keep this drug dealing shit up. It’s just pocket change now.” Afta looked at Prime, giving him his biggest grin. “Now we can all eat off your record deal.”

“As manager you get 15 percent, but what can that buy you?” Prime spoke dryly.

“A lot, if I Suge Knight you. Dangle you off a building ledge. Stick a glock up your ass. Who knows what I’ll get then.” Afta laughed.

“Maybe you’ll get fucked up,” Prime said seriously.

Afta continued to laugh, took a long pull then passed the blunt back to Prime. “At ease soldier, lighten up. Take me to Anna. I miss her.”

“She looks so cute with the extra weight on her. What should I get the baby?” Prime asked.

“What do you mean?” Afta inquired, intrigued.

“The baby shower,” Prime worded.

“A platinum rattle.” Afta laughed. “Or just give Anna cash. Let her shop for what she thinks our kid will need.”

“I remember when Destiny was pregnant. You would always refer to little Lawrence as your kid. Now with Anna it’s our kid,” Prime articulated.

“Your point being...?”

“My point being, you must really be in love this time.” Prime looked at him and gave him a big smile.

“Love is in the air it seems. How’s the German these days, Jason? Isn’t that pussy good?” Afta said with a miscreant grin, licking his fingers. Prime Time just looked at him. His smile vanished, but Afta’s didn’t. “Did you stick your dick in her yet?” Afta probed.

Prime started up the Range Rover and began to drive. He was ignoring Afta, Afta didn’t seem to mind.

“I don’t think you did, but I can tell by the way you look at her that you want some of it. Why won’t you fuck her? You don’t like seconds, maybe?”

Diamond Dynasty

“She’s still in love with your dumb ass, maybe!” Prime yelled releasing his agitation. He got calm quick. He looked at Afta and smiled. “I tried to hit it.”

“Ha!” Afta said, putting his hands behind his head. “I’m that nigga.”

“She wouldn’t give me any pussy,” Prime continued. “But she did suck my dick.”

“What!” Afta said looking at Prime with wide eyes.

“Ha!” Prime said, smiling at Afta again. “Maybe I’m that nigga.”

*

Rich was nestled snuggly in his new 911, rear-mounted twin turbo, 3.6 liter six cylinder, all-wheel drive, 4-seater Porsche coupe drop-top with special modifications.

It was so hot, he left the factory rims on, but they were 911 Turbo Porsche factories.

The car had to have cost Shantel at least \$200,000 upon Rich’s expert estimation. She ordered him the candy red one. She knew his favorite color.

Shantel should know everything about me now since she’s Leaya’s new buddy. I have to put a stop to that, Rich was thinking. I need to put Plan B into action.

Rich called the German.

“What is it, Rich?” Germany answered her phone on the first ring. She had programmed one of Rich’s beats in her cell’s ringing tone options so whenever Rich called, his beat would bump.

“Tonight we initiate Plan B. You prepared?” he asked her with his smirk directed at the cell phone.

“Yes,” she stated matter of fact like. “I get down for mine.”

“I know. Willie is going to have your head. You murdered his mutt. You got raw on a dog, but now we’re dealing with humans,” Rich said to her sternly.

“Don’t worry. I’m going to intimidate her!” she said with spunk.

Brandon McCalla

She's German, Rich mused as he hung up the phone. They get gully! World War II and that's exactly what it is—Anna's *Art of War* shit being played by everyone involved.

The question was, was there anyone better than Rich at it?

Rich made another phone call. He had been parked for at least five hours. He was patient though; he knew the nigga was around. Who doesn't visit their mother on her birthday? Did he think another state was out of "getting got" jurisdiction? He's stupid if he did, Rich mused.

Major answered Sparkle's phone. He didn't say anything.

Ten seconds passed.

"Look outside your window. I'm right downstairs." Rich told him.

Major ran to the window. Sparkles leaped out the bed. Major always frightened her, but she was beginning to lust after his violence, plus he had hazel eyes.

Major was naked. His knee hit a chair, he grimaced. His own Timberland boots tripped him up; his jaw hit the windowsill. He looked out the window while his hand turned out the lamp on the dresser next to the window. Rich was laughing on the phone.

"Feel the way your heart is thumping, real fast 'n shit? That's how it's going to be for the rest of your life now nigga!" Filthy Rich hung the phone up.

Rich was still laughing as he jumped out the Porsche. He saw Dante walk out the house he'd been scoping out for roughly six hours. Filthy ran a half block in the middle of the suburban environment, running up on Dante as Dante hit the corner.

"I knew you would visit your mother one day, nigga!" Rich yelled. He pulled out a Heckler & Koch compact 9mm and put the tip of it on Dante's forehead.

Dante got real stiff.

Diamond Dynasty

“Rich...”

Rich pistol-whipped his face, grabbing him by his shirt collar before Dante’s buckling knees dropped him to the concrete.

“This is the last time I do this! The next time I do this, I’m bringing a toe tag with me.” Rich was going to smack him with the pistol again, but he lowered it, eyeing Dante menacingly.

He still had more shit to tell Dante and he knew he was a terrible delegate when angry. “Leave Major alone!” Rich said as an afterthought.

Dante was terrified. He knew Rich knew he was scheming on killing Major. He thought Rich and Major had issues though. That’s what Willie had told him.

“I don’t need another reason to kill you. Next time you come to visit mother, she could be hemmed up. I don’t give a fuck about her. This could be her last birthday.” Rich smacked him with the H&K again.

Dante was about to cry out, but Rich put a hand to his mouth. Filthy Rich had gloves on. He knew it would get messy. “Shut the fuck up, bitch. If I have to see you again, I’m gonna kill you!”

Dante was whimpering while Rich was yelling.

“You don’t have it in you to kill the hazel-eyed thug anyway.”

Rich got off him. Dante respected Rich’s gangsta. He didn’t shout out nor did he move. “Does Willie gas you up to make you not scared of us?!” Rich asked as he raised his voice then put the gun right back on Dante’s head.

“Bang!” Rich said. He started laughing and then walked off. He went back to his candy red 911 and hopped inside.

When the top was down he never used the door. It was 80 degrees in West Virginia. The engine was already purring.

Brandon McCalla

He drove off. Rich would be back in New York in about seven hours.

Diamond Dynasty

CHAPTER ONE

Germany was sitting right across from Shantel. The German didn't blink. She just looked at Shantel with an ice grill. Leaya had gone to the ladies' room. Now was the time for Plan B. "Shantel, I'm going to only say this once," Germany began.

"My name is Toya," Shantel sang playfully.

"Bitch! It's like this. Rich wants this to be your last time. The next time Leaya sees you," the German said with a cold stare, her green eyes glittering, "no one else will."

"What?" Shantel blurted before starting to rise.

"Don't get up bitch," Germany spoke, rising out of her own seat. "I got a gun. I'll shoot you with it." Her eyes narrowed, still with the ice grill.

"You serious?" Shantel asked, smirking. This bitch must be kidding, she thought.

"Is everything OK here?" Leaya said a bit confused, walking back to the table. They were sitting down just a few minutes ago, Rich's woman thought as she eyed them curiously.

"Everything is great!" Shantel and Germany said at the same time.

They got a hold of themselves then sat down and crossed their legs. Germany told Leaya that it was getting late. They promised Anna they would come over tonight with some DVDs and make it a girls' night—cry about Monique again.

"The party's exclusive, too bad you can't come," Germany said to Shantel, rolling her eyes like Anna.

Leaya laughed then pushed the white girl, scolding her. "How rude Germany," she chastised.

They were in the German's new green 745 BMW, going in the direction of Brooklyn. They left Shantel at the little lounge listening to jazz in SoHo. Anna's new

Brandon McCalla

apartment was in Brooklyn Heights. Who could ponder how Anna convinced Afta to get her the apartment. Who would have imagined Afta being home when they arrived? He opened the door for them wearing an apron.

“Hello lovely ladies,” he said, ushering them in with long arms.

The apartment was bananas! Highly prestigious chaise lounges and poufs with chrome metal legs—a Molteni & C interior decorated crib. Leaya was almost jealous, almost.

Germany leered at Afta as she walked in. She smiled at Anna, eyeing her sitting in the living room. Anna had a remote in her hand. She smiled back at the white broad. “Come sit next to me, Nastasja. Look at the flat screen.”

“Oh you’re watching cartoons,” Germany said, looking at the screen. “Which one is it?”

“Oh, it’s my favorite!” Leaya yelled, slipping on the couch gracefully. She bumped Anna. They laughed at each other.

“The Last Unicorn,” Leaya said to the German. “Start it at the beginning,” Leaya urged Anna.

“This ain’t a DVD bitch. I thought you were supposed to bring some,” she snapped at Leaya.

“Why is your man still here? I thought this was girls’ night,” Germany asked.

“Maybe he’s bisexual, he doesn’t count. Or he only counts as half,” Anna told them laughing.

They all started laughing, everyone except Afta. He didn’t hear the joke, but he knew it was on him.

“What was that?” he said to all of them. “Remember I’m always strapped!”

“You wouldn’t shoot Rich’s girl now would you?” Leaya said to him, batting her eyes innocently.

“No. But I’ll shoot the white bitch.”

Diamond Dynasty

He left. Anna and Leaya laughed. The German didn't find what Afta said the least bit humorous.

"Where's Rich?" Anna asked Leaya concerned.

"He went to West Virginia. He said he was going to a birthday party," Leaya made Rich's smirk appear on her face. "Some Tony Soprano shit."

"And he didn't take me?" the German pouted.

"*And he didn't take you,*" Anna mocked. "Where are those DVDs?"

"In the car I think," Germany lied.

"Nice place for them to be," Anna said sarcastically. "Look at my stomach. She kicked me."

"She?" Leaya questioned.

"I just know it's a girl. She's acting like a bitch already." Anna smiled.

"Just like her mother," Nastasja mumbled under her breath. "Just like her."

*

"I been on this earth, damn near three centuries long/nasal drip when I spit like I kick through a bong/scribble it down/or off the top like Tigga/I'll take pulls off that spliff even if it's laced nigga/if I leave, they will welcome me back/but I ain't no preacher and I still sell crack/and I am not a crook nigga, you just shook/you just been exposed on the big screen like Mobb Deep, look/they wouldn't let Nas perform/Queens ain't been the same since LL dissed three rappers on the break a dawn/nah not really there's Prime Time and Fifty, Lloyd Banks... BK to the full since Big/since Lil' Kim went wig instead of weave/Michael Jackson nosed up and Pamela Lee double D cloned up/ain't too proud to beg but would rather stick the barrel in ya nose... what/I bubble coke/and shout, let them sniff paint, buddy/I ain't an emcee, I'm a rapper who wanna make money..."

Brandon McCalla

Germany was kicking Prime's rhyme to an uninterested Anna. "I think it went like that. I might have mixed a few words up though." Then the German continued with glee, "Wanna hear my verse?"

"No, Eminem," Anna said looking bored and tired.

"Go to sleep bitch. You can't hang anymore. We know how to crash. Go to bed," Leaya reprimanded.

"OK, but listen," she said yawning. "I really appreciate the company now that I'm too insecure to go outside and party...being pregnant is wack!" Anna started to cry.

"Awww..." Leaya howled. She grabbed Anna by the shoulders, forcing her pregnant ass to the bedroom.

Meanwhile, Germany dialed Rich on her cell phone. "Rich. Pick up," she said into her phone, whispering.

"What is it, German?" He was on the highway, still making his way to New York.

"I gave Erika Kane your message, whether she was intimidated or not." Germany left it at that. She knew she was rock hard, knew she could hold it down. She was straight to the point, clear and concise, Shantel had to get that. It wasn't like this was the first time the German had strong armed someone. Rich just didn't know she was experienced in the field.

"Good. I'll be with you in about four hours," Rich told the German. "I need to see you in person."

"I want to see you too, Rich."

Germany and Rich were exceptionally close now. Germany didn't even tell Afta her real name, but she told Rich. Rich told Leaya. Leaya told Anna. Now Anna always called her Nastasja with a German accent. That humored the pregnant bitch, Germany thought.

"How's Leaya?" Rich asked concerned.

"Call her and ask her yourself," Germany replied. That meant things were good.

Diamond Dynasty

Rich was going to call Leaya anyway. He felt the German's mood; she was all calm and confident. Everything seemed good.

Rich knew he would have to kill Dante sooner than later. He just had to find a way to do it, clean. Willie would get the message like that. Now more people had to die. Now Rich was on the offensive, on some *Empire Strikes Back* shit—the dark side of the force.

He called Prime. Prime picked up on the first ring. “I was waiting to hear from you. How is it my nigga?” Prime questioned humbly.

“I did what I went to do, simple as that homey. Do you like the end results of the mastering of your album?”

“Yo, it's incredible. Shantel is real excited. The B side of my single is already getting mad rotation.”

“I was afraid of that. Major is all over that symphony track. This might be a problem since you don't want us to snippet his verse out,” Rich reminded him.

“I would quit the game if you took that verse out,” he reminded Rich.

“I think I could convince you to get rid of it,” Rich warned, “but I won't do that. I love that verse, but I also know how Major is.” Rich laughed. “He would be mad if we took it out or left it.”

Prime started to laugh also. “It's a wonder we're still alive.” Prime stopped laughing. “Major is ill, but after that shootout with Afta, he's been uncharacteristically quiet. I wonder why?”

“I've been stalking him that's why. I got him shook. I don't think I got the heart to hurt Major though.” Rich took a deep breath. “I don't want to hurt him.”

“Sparkles...” Prime let it linger.

“I know,” Rich let it linger for a few seconds, “Sparkles.”

*

Brandon McCalla

Monique would creep up on Major at night, when slumber got the best of him. His eyes would flutter due to his R.E.M. state. In his dreams he always saw her the same way she was that Friday during the grand opening of Diamonds—with that hat she had purchased from Patricia Fields on her head and the bracelet he had gotten her around her wrist. That bracelet she was buried with. She would always have the wound from the gunshot the hoodlum had given her, the bullet that ended her life.

In his dreams the wound always leaked, the blood trickling from the hole in her stomach. Monique would approach him with her arms extended. He always welcomed her embrace and still wanted her even now, looking the way she did on some *Night of Living Dead* shit with sunken eyes and dead hair dangling.

“Derrick,” she said to him. “If Afta didn’t snatch the gun from you, I would still be breathing, be within your arms. Why did I have to die for his mistake? Why Derrick? Why? Tell me my thug.”

“He thought I was going to shoot him. I’m so emotional at times. I love you, Monique,” Major pleaded. “Please don’t make me kill him.”

“But you have to Derrick. You held me in your arms, I had my last breath. You were the final image I witnessed as my life left. You were the last thing I saw. Now I only see you.” Monique’s ghost began to cry.

Derrick reached out to her...

Sparkles watched Major’s body spasm on the bed. He was mumbling things. She heard Monique’s name, she heard him say *kill him*. She wanted to wake him, but she felt safer not doing so.

One time she tried to wake him during one of these poltergeist episodes (that’s what Sparkles called them) and he punched her out. She woke up with ice wrapped up in a towel over her head, and an “I’m sorry.”

Diamond Dynasty

So she just left him, and after a few minutes he woke up. Startled, sweating heavily, and breathing deeply.

“It’s OK, baby,” Sparkles said, holding her hands out to him. “You were having another one of your nightmares.”

“Shut up!” he yelled at her. Her eyes widened. She laughed at him. Major was going to slug her, but he held back for some reason.

He grabbed her instead. She was always ever so eager to fuck him. Sparkles dropped down to her knees, unbuckled his belt and sucked his dick first, like she always did. She wanted him to cum in her mouth as usual. Sparkles always sucked dick with the intentions of making a nigga cum, but Major was the first to pop off in her mouth.

She was so hot looking, had that real slut appearance. Her body said most things her words couldn’t muster. She had a master’s degree, so she had the vocabulary, she just never said much. Actions spoke louder to her. She had had no communication with Willie for six months. Sparkles was forever intertwined in Major’s eyes, enjoying him and his anger. This was the first man that really interested her. Willie was business, she felt Major was personal.

She observed how wounded he was by Monique’s death and she wanted to ease that pain somehow; make him forget about Monique. She had to help him kill Afta. It would ease his pain some, in Sparkles’ mind at least, who really knew what would ease his pain?

He was going through it. Major never spoke about it awake, yet his dreams told it all.

*

“I pack heat and get creative man/found new ways to make it man/got new ideas and bigger plans/don’t be an obstacle within my path/don’t sever ties or feel the wrath/I

Brandon McCalla

got extra clips/you do the math... You took it to the point of no return nigga/you want to take a life/you no compassion and all strife/got no concern for nobody's life/I am gonna put you where no one returns, nigga/I'm gonna take you to school where nobody learns, nigga..."

"The ghosts that haunt you/haunt me/I wake up in cold sweats/nightmares and more regrets/but now Rich don't even like you/you start beef with no right to/you don't want me to act like you/you don't really want me to fight you/you don't want those bullets to bite you... You don't really want your little sister to spite you..."

Afta spit his verse with himself. He was listening to the last track Rich produced for him, a solo called *Sorrow*. It was hot!

It was a message for Major, but he just couldn't kill Anna's brother. He didn't want to hurt him, yet Major had tried to kill him—just started busting shots at him. At first Afta thought, "He had better respect me enough to try to kill me."

Then he thought, "What are you really trying to kill me for Major? What did I really do? I fucked your little sister who's legal age. I did get her pregnant, but I love her!"

How can I explain my feelings to Major without getting killed? I can't think of another way to communicate with him besides when he's a corpse, Afta finalized within. He tried to kill me! He can't get away with that. I can't let that slip by me.

At the time, Rich was just about to tell him to do that, but during the argument Leaya had interjected. They had completely forgotten about her existence in the room with them. This was one hour after the Alamo reenactment on the ave when Major just rolled up igniting at Afta.

Leaya had said, "Rich. I don't ask you for much, do I?"

Diamond Dynasty

Rich didn't expect her to even speak on the issue. Who knew she had a vote? She didn't wait for Rich to answer. It was more of a statement. "I see the way Afta looks at Anna. He loves her. So, regardless of what happened," she spoke, looking disappointed at Afta, "nothing was deserving of what Major did. Now a baby is involved, Rich. He can't get away with this."

Rich chose a side just because Leaya did. What better reason?

Afta was breathing easy now. He knew how close Major and Richard were. He didn't know what to expect. He was getting a little paranoid. As far as he was concerned during that shootout, it was a conspiracy. Rich could have been down with it.

Leaya favored Afta over Major. Filthy Rich blackballed Major. Prime Time did the same, though more reluctantly than the others. Germany would always follow Afta and Rich, but Afta found his relationship with the German lacking. Now he had Anna, and the life growing inside her—their son. He was having another boy. He just knew it. He was too gangsta to make girls.

He turned down the volume then called Rich's cell phone. Pick up Filthy bitch, he thought smiling. "Yo, Rich..." he said when Rich answered. "I've been bad mouthing you all day. I even told your lady you pussy." Afta laughed.

"I hear that in the background," Rich said listening to *Sorrow* thump on the other side of his cell.

"I hear that engine humming. The Porsche is ridiculous. Who has something like that?" Afta asked him seriously.

"Probably Jay-Z, he might have two. Or Baby from Cash Money, how many stunners he got?" Rich digressed, "What's with Red?"

Brandon McCalla

“Who cares? I don’t. He always has the right money, and all his workers are gully. What else is there to know?”

“Humor me,” Rich said a little pissed, “Act like you give a fuck.”

“I don’t. I grow weary,” Afta said yawning.

“Is it Anna?”

“Yeah,” Afta said sounding even more serious. “You were right. She’s a lot to handle. She’s so spoiled. And to make matters worse, Destiny’s been stalking me. She’s bound to find out where I live now.”

“You mean where Anna lives now. I thought you were going to be scarce,” Rich said a bit disappointed in Afta.

“I can’t help it. Anna always needs something or she wants to fuck all the time. She always wants strawberry cheesecake from Junior’s.” He laughed. “How could I be away from her?” Afta changed subjects abruptly. “What about the promotional tour? One of us has to go with Prime since Shantel isn’t.”

“I thought Germany and Antics could represent with Prime. Jennifer and Susan can play road managers.” Rich smirked at his phone, “That way you can see your daughter born.”

“You keep listening to Anna and Leaya. I’m too gangsta to make females.”

“Right,” Rich responded in disbelief.

“How close are you?”

“Two hours away. Why?”

“I’ll meet you on the highway. Call me when you hit Manhattan. I’ll be in the vicinity.”

“Good. I got my woman something spectacular. I’ll show it to you,” Rich added.

“You got her a pony? That’s the only thing I don’t see her having,” Afta joked.

Diamond Dynasty

“I heard Anna’s living room is Molteni & C.”
That’s all Rich had to say to shut him the fuck up.

*

Shantel didn’t stay at the lounge Leaya and Germany left her in for very long. She had her red H2 parked right out front, and on her way out had hit the doorman off with a hundred for babysitting it.

The one who masquerades as Toya expected some type of response from Rich, but not a threat of murder! She was even more surprised when the threat was delivered by the white bitch. She wasn’t even sure if she should take the threat seriously, but she wasn’t stupid. She learned so many things that night at Diamonds. The night it opened, the same night it closed.

Willie told me to stay real close to Rich when the shit hit the fan. In other words, get caught in Holla’s crossfire and die right beside Rich.

The Colombian warned me before he set it off, she thought. She started the Hummer up. Willie made a few errors that night. He should have told Holla not to tell me anything. I think that saved my life on Leaya’s birthday, but it didn’t save Monique.

I knew Willie hated, I just never knew the exact extent of the hatred. If I did, I would have risked telling Rich and ruined the opportunity of having him. What could I do with a deceased Rich? If I told him I would have probably got myself killed anyway, Shantel situated.

She was heading home. She had so many things to take care of. Shantel was the president of Dynasty Records. They had Prime Time’s first album all shrink-wrapped and ready to get distributed. *Prime Time Slot*, the album was bound to get platinum at least.

Willie never showed up at Jiggles again. That led Shantel to assume Willie thought she had told Rich

Brandon McCalla

something, but she hadn't. Now Sparkles was with Major, and that Dominican bitch Baby was the pimp's new bottom ho. Baby barely spoke of anything. She was always business and every time Shantel would bring up Willie, Baby would simply walk away from her.

Shantel knew she could run Jiggles without the pimp. She could put an advertisement in *The Village Voice* for more strippers, or hire from an escort service. Under any other circumstance she would have done just that.

Now she knew Rich's woman as Willie's little sister. That alone to her was enough to keep some form of connection with Willie. The whole soap opera aspect mixed up with these people intrigued her. These people were the new specimen in her laboratory. It was scientifically impossible for her to sever any link with them now. Signing Prime placed her in the cast and kept her in heavy rotation. Her relationship with Leaya kept her syndicated within Rich's thoughts and that was exactly where she wanted to be, on his mind, constantly.

Things weren't the way they'd been in the beginning, back when Rich found her interesting. Back when she was the mysterious bitch with the fat ass up in the spot. She reminisced about Afta drooling as he eyed her, waiting for his dog Rich to arrive. Now she was probably more of an annoyance, she presumed.

He didn't even thank me for the Porsche I bought him! But he kept the gift and Leaya had once told her that Rich rarely accepted anything. So Shantel figured that meant something, what she didn't know, but it was something.

Shantel thought about the night Rich drove her 600 to Bronxville. They had almost fucked. The way Afta brilliantly situated their escape so Leaya and Anna wouldn't see Rich with her, the way Major and Prime arrived at her home with Rich's Lex—that went so smooth. She had to constantly remind herself of how resourceful

Diamond Dynasty

they were and not let what Willie had accomplished during Diamonds' grand opening make her take them lightly—they were nothing to make light of.

“Maybe playing Toya is taking things too far?” she said to herself as she drove home. Maybe doing this is more dangerous than I originally anticipated. Maybe I need to finally have another confrontation with Rich to explain myself and stop playing games.

“This whole thing began on games; I'm not sure if it will end without one being played out,” she spoke as she drove. “I'm not too sure about anything right now; except for my lust for Rich and my ever growing animosity for his bitch!” That rhymed, Shantel structured before she laughed.

*

The rain had finally subsided. It was about three o'clock in the morning, the very next day. Red October was on the ave. He was wearing a dark blue Rocawear jean jacket with a hoodie under it and the jeans to match the jacket.

Construction timbs had him trudging toward the spot's front gate. They were unlaced and clumped as he moved on the wet sidewalk. He glanced behind him and eyed a green Ford Taurus on the street rolling by real slow. He gave the indiscrete vehicle the finger as it drove past him. “Fuck you coppers!” he yelled at it. “I'll waltz right up in the spot like fuck you. You niggas already know what time it is.”

He laughed at them. The vehicle kept moving. It didn't even slow down. The detectives rarely did, but on those rare occasions when they did, they hopped out. They were ruthless when somebody was getting arrested. Red October middle fingering them was a testament to his ignorance and stupidity. At least that's what Rich and Afta figured as they eyed him from inside Afta's black Cadillac truck. Red probably felt it was gangsta.

Brandon McCalla

Rich looked at the vehicle as it rolled past the truck. One of the DT's inside glanced at the Escalade, recognizing it for what it was, Afta's. The tint was dark, the neighborhood empty. The unexpected rain the meteorologists failed to predict kept even the fiends indoors. Nothing was popping off. They had no reason to harass anybody, so they rolled off. Soon after, Rich spoke.

"That little nigga is a terrible replacement for Major," he said to Afta.

"Red never tried to kill one of us," Afta said with a small laugh, glancing at his ace in the passenger seat.

"None of us had ever fucked his little sister," Rich commented.

"Funny." Then Afta said sarcastically, "Spoke to Toya lately?"

"Actually I haven't," Rich snapped. "I need to speak to her though. How do you think I should go about that?"

"Just call the bitch up," Afta spoke annoyed. "Dammit, Filthy! She sucked your dick, nigga. Bought you a Porsche 911 drop-top...is stalking your woman." Afta then turned the key, igniting the engine.

He drove away from the area they anointed October with before he spoke more. "*How do you think I should go about it?*" he said, mimicking Rich. "Just dial her number. If I was you, I'd fuck the shit out of her. Or kill her. She deserves one or the other for doing what she's doing."

Rich went over his ace's words mentally as the Caddie moved. "But which one...?"

"I'd put a dick in her, correction, not just any dick, my dick. Shantel is one hot piece of ass. I don't know how many times I gotta tell you that," Afta yapped. "This game she's playing might have earned her a dagger. Whatever you plunge in her should be erect and painful. So either one will do..." Afta was long-winded. "She gave you a

Diamond Dynasty

Porsche as a signing bonus. I would keep her around. At least until we drop our own albums.”

“Albums?” Rich mused, glancing at Afta with half a grin. “How long do you expect her to remain breathing?” He laughed. “Maybe we should drop a double album on some Wu Tang shit.”

“Maybe.” Afta laughed also before saying, “Whoa!” He took one hand off the steering wheel and pointed at the white Benz 320 ML in front of them. “That’s Destiny!”

The white Mercedes slowed down abruptly then made a sharp turn. Afta narrowly maneuvered away from a direct collision. He had to slam on the brakes once the quick moment of shock was over. He looked at the vehicle that almost hit him. The person driving was already out the ML banging on his driver’s side window.

“Got you, nigga!” Destiny yelled. She was on some Eve shit. Her hair was short and dyed honey blonde. Afta’s baby’s moms was no taller than five foot three inches. She always wore Michael Kors because she could afford to. Today she was draped in Kors’ blue denim jacket and button-fly jeans; her top was a throwback #23 Bulls vintage jersey.

Destiny had a pistol in her left hand. She was a southpaw and pissed. “You can’t hide forever!” she yelled, placing the gun on the rolled up window, aiming at Afta’s head. “The world is only so big!”

Afta backed his truck up, flooring the Escalade in reverse. His tires were burning. Soon he was up on the sidewalk.

Rich heard a few shots lick off. “Oh, my—” he mumbled to himself.

Afta hit a garbage can rear first and hard, it went flying into a parked Toyota’s windshield. Afta turned his whip the other way and got lead-footed.

Brandon McCalla

Twenty minutes later after the Escalade had dipped in and out blocks; they eventually rolled up in the darkness of a miscellaneous alley.

Afta was just looking at Rich, who was laughing at him hysterically.

“Destiny still appears to be crazy in love with you,” he said between snickering; tears were almost coming out his eyes. “She’s taking this far better than Major is. Be glad they both got lousy aim.”

“I’m glad,” Afta growled, “real glad that the two of them never paid a visit to the firing range!”

“You wish you had a Toya right now instead of a Destiny, right?” Rich asked, still snickering.

“I wish I had that ring Frodo had. That ring that turned that midget invisible,” he said with a menacing glare at his ace.

“Hobbit,” Rich corrected. “Let’s not besmirch one of Leaya’s favorite books.”

*

Now that Major wasn’t a part of the family that Rich, Afta, and he had constructed, life for him was a tad bit different. Back then he would start his days off driving his Q45 to the ave, set up shop real early, and hit Prime with the product to administer to his employees—those workers that kept the fiends who thirsted for dope, drinking.

Rich would eventually roll up in his whip. A fat L would already be lit, as if by magic. They would spend the better half of their morning inhaling chocolate or haze or broccoli.

Now his eyes would open and Sparkles would be staring down at him, almost like a fawn in the headlights of a redneck’s truck. Scared, yet ever so compelled to look

Diamond Dynasty

into his beautiful hazel orbs, waiting for that deadly impact, the smack that was yet to come.

Major dreamed of Monique living and breathing, because living eyes had no sight for the dead. He always had a pistol tucked away on his person for Afta or Red October, if it came to that. Who knew what it would come to? Things weren't the same now.

When he wasn't crashing with Sparkles at her Lower East Side apartment, he was in Cypress Hills making shit difficult for Red and his boys.

Both Major and Red October were born and raised in Cypress Hills, Brooklyn. Once upon a time, Mr. October and Major had been able to coexist in the same hood. Those times they once had were now buried.

Major appeared to be playing low-key since the shootout with Afta, but it was a mirage. He had his own campaign percolating and it was only a couple of blocks away from the spot. He still had his ties knotted in his hood. Not even Rich could change that. So Red had his hands full keeping his eyes on the ave and holding his gangsta down in Cypress. Major made sure of that.

Major would sit up on the rooftop adjacent to the storefront he reminisced about more than he felt comfortable admitting. And he would watch.

He saw October enter the spot Monday morning, saw Afta's Escalade smoke off and knew Rich was inside the truck with him. He felt real uneasy every time he witnessed his former aces, but he couldn't do anything about it. So whenever Rich dialed him, he just listened.

I'm not as shook as Rich probably surmises, he was thinking as the black truck moved farther down the avenue. If I act too frisky, he structured in his mind, they might get more aggressive. "I don't want that," Major said to himself on the roof. "I don't want you knowing that I'm the one who's been tipping Destiny off with information about Afta and Anna."

Brandon McCalla

That shit would only get back to Anna and make her hate Major more than she did now, if that was possible. Major hadn't heard from her in months. She had moved in with Afta. Who knew where he was resting at now that he no longer stayed with his baby's moms?

Major hoped Destiny would keep her aggression concentrated on her baby's daddy. Major knew what she was, a gangstress! Destiny was libel to bust a cap just as quick as a nigga; if not quicker!

Major was feeling more and more like Willie each day and he didn't like the feeling. He knew pressing Afta only endangered his sister, he knew this. What other alternative did he have though? Was another option or route available for him to take that would function soundly in his existence? Who knew?

Everyone involved knew nothing short of murder could rectify things now. Whenever Major felt the love he had for Filthy, his sister Anna, or for Afta for that matter, whenever those emotions started to surface during those times he spied on them or thought about them, like when he called his baby sister's cell phone just to listen to her hang up or when he listened to an old demo Rich produced with Afta's voice on it; he would almost crack. His anger would almost evaporate.

Then the sun would go down and he would eventually have to sleep. Monique always paid a visit when he slept. She always gave him a few good reasons to rekindle the hatred. Then the sun would resurface and the hate that had evaporated the night before would reappear.

Diamond Dynasty

CHAPTER TWO

Destiny didn't want to kill Afta. She loved him. She just wanted him to understand things and felt violence was the best way to administer understanding. That's all she knew. She was smart enough to know right from wrong, but she was a street bitch.

Destiny grew up harsh. Everyone who knew her or of her wouldn't let her tiny frame and cute face deceive them. She could get real gully. She wasn't as lousy an aim as Rich figured. She just didn't want to put holes in the Caddie. She was with Afta when he went to the dealership to purchase it. She was the one who gave the sales representative the cash. Afta was her baby's daddy, whatever that meant.

Her gripe was really with Anna; whoever that bitch was. Major had given Destiny a lot of info on the broad, but never enough for her to make contact. Yet it was more than enough info to make her more pissed. The gangstress was curious as to what this bitch looked like.

Is she as fly as me? she thought as her Mercedes ML rolled up in front of the spot.

Destiny was on the ave just as much as Red October. She wasn't stupid either; she knew how much Red corresponded with Afta. She figured if she stayed around he would stop being pussy and face her, let her know why some hazel-eyed broad had his semen nestled in her uterus.

Mr. October watched Destiny as she stepped out the SUV. Her vintage Nike Air Jordan's, the black and red ones with the net mesh, was what really interested him at the moment.

Rich dialed Red on his cell and told him about their altercation with the gangstress as she walked toward Red.

Brandon McCalla

“She got on a pair of Jordan’s made by Nike,” Red said to Rich. “How do you get a pair of those? She’s not wearing the retro jump offs, those are Nike Jordan’s. She has a pair on from ‘89. You don’t see that...”

Rich interrupted him in mid sentence. “Did I mention that she just shot at us? She let off a few as Afta backed the truck up. She was on some Dukes of Hazzard shit, trying to ram us and run us off the road. She loves Afta so be cautious with her. Imagine what she’ll do to someone she doesn’t give a fuck about,” Rich told him and then severed the connection. Someone like Anna, Rich mused, somebody like her.

Afta never informed Rich about how overzealous his baby’s moms was getting, but why? Was it so insignificant to him that it wasn’t noteworthy or was he ashamed? Did he think that he could handle the situation before it came to Rich’s notice? Those bullets flying at the Escalade made Rich notice!

Rich was back in his Porsche heading home. He had so many thoughts floating around his processor and was having some time processing them. His life was full of unexpectedness and surprise. Now he was plotting, setting his enemies up with unexpectedness and situating surprises. Rich was in the early stages of getting Willie. That was his main concern at the moment, not Destiny.

Yet he decided to pay Afta’s baby’s mother a visit—go to her abode and try to calm the hooker down. Literally smack some sense into her. Filthy didn’t like getting bullets thrown his way. He decided to let Destiny know exactly how much he hated that. He also decided to tell her exactly who Anna was.

He knew Afta well. Destiny was probably in the dark and didn’t know what was going on—just that he had gotten somebody pregnant. Who knew if Afta was still slipping up in Destiny? Not Rich. Rich was real curious

Diamond Dynasty

about that. He wanted that information for the record. Leaya would find that information interesting as well.

*

“Remember who I be and ya won’t get hurt/situate on the low and lurk/things could burst/hot lead projected/meant to hurt/remind yourself that you pussy/look under ya skirt/what we had wasn’t meant to linger/what we had wasn’t meant to exist like my dick up in ya/don’t act like you a beginner...”

Afta was home reciting a verse he was still creating. Anna was sitting right next to him looking at the words on his Mead notepad as he wrote them. The yellow paper with the graffiti scratch was the start of a new song.

“What inspired you to write this, Lawrence?” she asked. Anna refused to wear maternity clothing. She started buying her regular expensive fashion extra sizes larger than her regular. Her regular was a petite six; so the Prada sweatpants and shirt were a size eight, and baggy to mask her physical situation.

Afta thought about being honest, answering her question without his usual runaround. Then he thought otherwise and decided to stay within character.

“Nothing in particular has inspired this. I’m in a fuck baby mama mood.”

She gave him a queer look so he lowered his grill and added, “Present company excluded,” he snickered. “You’re a different type of baby mama.”

One who doesn’t shoot at your kid’s father, he was thinking as he continued in thought. Anna, for some reason I’m content with you in my life. This is something no other woman has been able to make me, content. But this relationship and cohabitation is still a fetus, I still got some time to ruin this just like I do everything I touch.

Brandon McCalla

Anna's pregnancy did nothing to ruin her beauty. She was still alluring and always wet and horny, so Afta touched. He began kissing her neck and soon had his tongue exploring the inside of her mouth. Those clothes that hid her expanding stomach and thighs were getting peeled off by him, slowly. He was going to give his unborn son his first shampoo.

*

Prime knocked on the apartment door. Nastasja yelled, "It's open!" So he just walked in.

"Prime?"

When he said yeah, the German yelled, "I got a bottle of Alizé in the fridge, open it for us."

Prime knew she was in the bathroom; he heard the shower spraying water.

"You must have bionic ears," he yelled back at her from the kitchen. "How could you hear me knock on the door from in the shower?"

He observed the German as she walked out the bathroom. Nastasja had a towel wrapped around her personals. Prime wasn't sure whether or not the towel was wrapped really tight or if it was really small. Either way, he enjoyed the scenery. The German was a sexy white bitch, and she knew it.

She never put a blow dryer to her dirty blonde hair. It was dripping. The water made it look even darker as it matted around her neck and down her back. Her body dripped also. A small puddle was forming where she was standing. What man didn't love a wet woman?

She gazed at Prime with her penetrating green orbs and smiled at him. "Want what's under this?" she teased.

The German started doing a little dance for him using the towel then unknotting it for emphasis, exposing more of her cleavage while doing so.

Diamond Dynasty

“I might,” he articulated, smirking as she danced. Prime unstopped the cognac and took a sip straight from the bottle.

“How tacky, Jason,” she chastised, approaching him. “I have crystal!” Prime reacted as soon as she approached. He reached out with a quick hand, snatching the towel from around her fuckable form.

“I figured you’d come closer if I did that,” he told her.

He doused some Alizé on her body, pouring it down her slender neck and then began licking it off her. The alcohol spilled all the way down to her toes. Prime’s tongue didn’t waste a single drop of it. After that, he had her on the couch with his dick inside her.

Germany wrapped her legs around his lower back. She was trying so hard to make this just fucking, but she knew once he put himself in her, she had feelings. Things had changed and she was changing with them.

She spent most of her time with Prime, helping him craft a dope album. He needed no creative help, Prime Time was hot! But she appreciated the fact that he valued what she thought of his work. Who knew what was left of her and Afta? She didn’t know.

She climaxed all on Prime’s penis—moaning and secreting liquid from her vagina. Then she started screaming, commanding Prime to cum in her. “I’m on the pill!” she shouted at him during her climax. “Just do it!” The German kept coaxing him as he pumped. “Just cum in me. Just do it!”

How could he refuse that? She was like a Nike commercial.

When it was over, Prime rolled an L. Nastasja grabbed a Zippo from off the living room table, which was right on the side of the couch. She opened the lighter then flicked it aflame.

Brandon McCalla

The narcotic within the cigar wrapping began to emit the smoke and smell they loved so much. Germany was grinning at him, observing the circles he made with the weed exhaust. She felt his semen dripping down, leaving her vagina and inching down her thigh. He passed her the drug. The German took the longest pull of her life, almost choked like she was smoking for the very first time.

Prime grabbed her entertainment unit's remote from off the floor and pressed the CD play button. Some new Styles P shit arrived in ear range. Both Time and the German found themselves nodding to it.

"What song is this?" Prime asked. "It's banging!"

"I got this off a DJ Envy mix CD." She started thinking and then said, "I think it's called *What, Where, When* or something like that. You like it?"

"Didn't I say it's banging?" He looked at her. "You had that blunt a little bit too long." He snatched it from her.

*

"Pick up the phone, Richard!" Shantel said sharply at her Nokia, talking into the headset. It was about 11:30 a.m. and swiftly approaching noon. She knew Rich was an early bird. It was kind of odd for him not to answer his cell. She figured she wasn't on the caller ID, but even if she was, would it matter? She continued typing on her laptop. Rich had Leaya trained well, to the point where even if she did answer his phone she wouldn't get the urge to look and see who was calling.

Even if she did take a peep she would see Shantel not Toya, Shantel situated in her mind. She had bought a cellular specifically for Rich's woman. Only to be used for her Toya campaign and only Leaya called that phone because Leaya was the only one with the number.

Diamond Dynasty

Shantel let the phone ring for nearly twenty five beeps before she began to show signs of frustration. She was a moment away from hitting the end call command when Rich finally picked up.

“What?”

Her heart skipped one. “What were you doing, fucking? Or did you just watch your cellular LCD, contemplating upon whether or not to take a call from me, huh?” she angrily urged her inquiries at him.

“Who are you today, Toya or Shantel?”

“Whoever you want me to be. Who shall I be today Rich? The choice is yours.”

“You can be dead,” he worded seriously. He left it at that, waiting for her to hang up or respond. She did neither. Shantel just kept breathing on the other side of the fiber optics, probably confused, he mused.

“I know I can be. You know why I’m acting this way. You know how to make me stop.”

“You won’t like the method I’ll use to stop you.” Rich laughed at the end of his sentence.

Leaya was out grocery shopping and Rich was in the living room taking a breather from composing melodies on his Triton. The call from Shantel was rather unexpected since they had no verbal or physical contact since the day Toya popped up at Ghetto Sounds as Leaya’s new buddy. That was about six months ago.

This phone call was unexpected, but very convenient since he planned on calling her anyway. She had even given him the Porsche via Afta; he decided to thank her for it now. “Thanks,” he mumbled into the cell.

“For the specially modified 911?... Do you like it?”

“Why wouldn’t I? Who wouldn’t like that?”

“You’re so picky, Rich. Leaya is always talking about how hard it is to shop for you,” she said in her cell, smiling.

Brandon McCalla

“Don’t push this,” Rich spoke. “Meet me at that Japanese restaurant you conducted Prime’s preliminary signing at with Afta.”

“So you can kill me?” she questioned him with a snicker.

“Maybe,” was all he said.

*

Willie got a call from Dante. The pimp was home and Baby was with him. She was watching television, her favorite pastime. William’s ho had *8 Mile* in the DVD player. She had never gone to see it while it was in the theaters. Willie had a copy in his vast collection of DVDs.

“Watch that fucking movie, because I’m going to throw the shit out. *8 Mile* is garbage!” he said to her between listening to Dante whine about Rich while taking pulls on a Cuban cigar.

“He was about to murk me!” Dante cried. “He drove all the way to West Virginia! To my mother’s house,” Dante blabbered to the pimp. “Who told him where my mother lives? Why would he drive all that far just to warn me? Why not just do it in New York?”

“Don’t think you’re that special, motherfucker,” Willie slicked in his phone. “That was a message for me. Rest assured my friend, you’re as good as dead now.” Then the pimp said, “Unless you kill Rich first. Bring it to that nigga. He might not expect a pussy like you to hit him hard.” Willie was snickering now. “He wanted me to know now it’s anything goes, through any length. This is exactly the way I like it!” Willie finalized with feeling. “I find the way he punked you cute, like Hello Kitty. The next time you see him, you tell him that.”

“Why don’t you tell him, Willie?” Dante said sounding aggravated in his cell. “This ain’t no joke, Willie! He threatened my mother!”

Diamond Dynasty

“That wasn’t any threat,” Willie said sounding serious now. “That was a promise, rest assured. Or don’t rest at all, I advise you to be restless. Put your murder Major campaign on halt for the moment and concentrate on Filthy. That or set some arrangements for ya mom’s plot.”

“Willie,” Dante meekly muttered to the pimp. “I don’t...”

Willie struck, “He threatened to murk your mother, nigga! Pistol whipped you right up on her front lawn!” Willie severed the cell phone connection then broke out in hysterical laughter.

Baby just looked at Willie as he laughed. She had the History channel on. Some show was on about the origin of the musket. The Dominican stripper loved guns. “What’s so funny?” she asked with a Spanish accent.

Willie looked at the Dominican. She was wearing green silk panties. Nothing else covered her except some Body Shop fragranced lotion. He reached out for her ass. She moved closer so that the pimp could get a better feel of her rump.

“I’m surrounded by a bunch of pussy,” he told her still laughing. “Make me happy,” he commanded. Baby sucked a mean dick and William was always angry. So he felt that if she gave him head, it would be appropriate.

*

Prime eventually left the German. It was one o’clock p.m. As he drove his Range Rover he listened to a track on his album. The beat was crazy. Rich always made sure Prime had the ultimate bangers.

His album was really hot, they all knew it. Everyone was real excited, but they all were playing like ice, real cool about shit. Nonchalant about the big jump off that was about to commence.

Brandon McCalla

It was Prime Time's debut and it was about to go down. Sometimes Prime wasn't sure if he was truly prepared. He wasn't one of those kids who did hip hop just for money purposes. He respected the culture. He listened to Ultra Magnetic on a daily basis, and knew the whole history of the rap game, so at times he was a bit apprehensive about his launch off. He wanted it beyond perfect, and exactly the way he envisioned it since before his first verse was ever written.

Some cats appeared to be doing it just to do it. Spitting real weak rhymes just to compete with some style that was marketable in the 2000; the game wasn't the way it used to be.

Back in the '90s A Tribe Called Quest went gold with *The Low End Theory* (a damn near perfect album). Now some real wack nigga or group could drop one single that bounced with a known emcee on it, literally the crutch for them, and go platinum.

Prime Time stayed true to the culture of hip hop. He wasn't some typical rapper with a few cameos and Neptune production. He was also a real criminal in an industry full of pseudo thugs; niggas who claimed to be real, spitting about their criminal activities and saying 'we don't love them hoes' one minute then the next you heard an R&B influenced joint on the radio and they're on some Otis Redding shit. The industry was really confusing now. Someone like Prime could get entangled in the political aspects and murder an executive.

What does some old Jew know about hip hop? What does some emcee actor playing thug know about what's real when no one is remotely creative anymore? Or politically conscious, like Public Enemy and the way NWA and Ice Cube used to be.

Prime took a moment to think about what he'd done with the German. The other day he told Afta that she

Diamond Dynasty

sucked him off, but he was just joking. Maybe he was a little jealous of him or annoyed, but now what?

He thought, I fucked Germany.

Prime called Extra P (Large Professor). Rich suggested that he get some other producers to make melodies for him, make a few remixes. Prime knew the strength in versatility, so once Rich gave Prime the OK, he called Extra P. Prime loved Main Source when they were a group, *Looking at the Front Door*, *Live at the Bar B Q...*

Large Professor was one of the nicest hip hop producers on the low, Rich had always praised him. “A lot of people slumber on Paul,” Rich would always say, calling Large Professor by his government. “If you get the opportunity to work with Large, don’t hesitate.” So Prime Time didn’t.

“Good, nigga,” Prime said to Paul on his cell. “Tomorrow; meet us at Ghetto Sounds.” Large Professor said something and then Prime replied, “Just bring disks; Rich has every sampler drum machine, keyboard workstation or whatever. And if we don’t have it,” he said before disconnecting, “we’ll buy it. Peace.” Large Professor and Prime never really had to say much when they communicated; it was a Queensborough thing. They were almost telepathic.

It was 2:45 p.m.; Prime was heading toward the avenue. He wanted to check up on Red October and make sure he wasn’t getting into any trouble.

Red was such a loose cannon at times, but they needed the likes of him right now. He was about the only nigga in Cypress who wasn’t scared of Major. If Afta was in, around, or near the spot, and Major decided to get frisky, Red would reinforce shit, just in case Afta caught feelings and held back for whatever reason.

Red October wouldn’t hold back shit. They all knew that Prime loved Major, but no one was sure about how Major felt about him still. They hadn’t spoken to each

Brandon McCalla

other in such a long time. Major was on the B side of his first single though. Shit was really ill.

*

Rich and Shantel met at the promenade at about 3:30 p.m. Just like with Afta, Shantel arrived at the restaurant fashionably early, dolled out in something Missoni.

As usual, Shantel could care less about a ticket. She parked her H2 right in front of a hydrant. Rich saw the red Hummer and knew she was extremely early, since he was early himself.

You're ill, Rich mused as he walked into the restaurant.

When he sat at the table, the Asian waitress was taking away the skillet that had contained the chicken teriyaki the owner of Dynasty Records had consumed.

He smirked at that then sat down and observed another waitress approaching the table with a menu for him. She had steaming towels for him to wash the streets from off his hands. "Thanks, but I'm not hungry," he said to the Asian.

"I already ate," he said to Shantel with that patented smirk on his face.

"Already ate?" Shantel questioned.

Rich was thinking, didn't you just do the same thing, bitch? But he said, "I had Leaya. I'm full, couldn't eat a single bite of anything else."

Rich arched himself toward her from across the table. She moved her face toward his. They kissed. "Is this Leaya I taste?" she teased.

"Let's make this purely business; end this just as quickly as it just started." Rich was direct and to the point as usual, but he was fooling himself.

Diamond Dynasty

Shantel had gotten a kiss from him. She knew he couldn't resist her in the flesh. Shantel knew why he was always avoiding her.

This is why I don't want to be around you bitch, Rich was thinking. I can't control myself. I just want to fuck you and you know it. You want me to fuck you. That's what makes this so hard. That and thinking about when your mouth was on my dick, Rich smirked.

"I want to feel how powerful your Porsche is," she purred at Richard. Shantel just couldn't stop looking at him. Why does he make me feel like this; he doesn't do much. He can get so much from me and I want to give him more.

Rich waved at the waitress for Shantel's check. He paid for her meal and they bounced. Shantel refused to move her jeep away from the hydrant. "What's a ticket or two for people as rich as us?" she said laughing.

You mean as rich as yourself, Rich surmised as he opened the customized coupe for her. After he shut the passenger side door he jumped right in over on the driver's side.

The engine to the Porsche ignited before he even placed the ignition key in. Shantel was watching him enjoy the gift she had given him.

The candy red Porsche peeled off, looking smooth and sounding ferocious.

*

Desert Flower deeply inhaled the Newport she smoked. She wished she had some coke to sniff.

Willie was practically tossing powder down her nostrils when he placed her in his stable, in the beginning. Now he wanted her to stay focused on the task he gave her. Now she had to sneak lines up her nose, and even then he always knew when she was vacuuming the shit up. Willie would smack the shit out of her when he speculated such.

Brandon McCalla

“I need you on point, bitch! Coke fiends make terrible spies!” Willie had barked, chastising her once. “All niggas would have to do is give you something to snort, and you would rat me out!”

Now that Sparkles had defected, he relied on Desert Flower and Baby more. Baby still worked at Jiggles. Shantel knew her personally, but Shantel had never met Flower’s acquaintance. So now Flower was his eyes when it came to Shantel, she kept track of her for the pimp.

Desert drove a simple green 4-door Honda Civic. Willie bought it for her right off the showroom floor at the Honda dealer. “Keep those factory rims on this shit,” the pimp slicked to her. “You must always be less visible as possible, now Rich and company will be on point like acupuncture.”

Desert knew her Honda wouldn’t be able to keep up with that red coupe. She also knew Rich would know if he was being tailed or followed. Willie had many stories about how crafty and perceptive his nemesis was.

Desert Flower wasn’t just a good looking coke head. She took the assignment Willie gave her very seriously.

She met Prime Time one day. He was coming out of Ghetto Sounds studio and had parked up the block. She was that fly looking bitch in the green Civic who needed a parking space.

Desert knew she didn’t have to do much, so it wouldn’t seem obvious that she planned the meeting. All she had to do was smile with her striking lips and bat her eyes at him then lean out her car window and ask him about himself, tell him his Range Rover was hot. Soon Prime had her with him, somewhere in Queens, rolling a blunt in the back of his vehicle.

Desert was five foot six inches tall and 130 pounds with 34, 26, 37 measurements. She was half white, half black with a cute round face that had one dimple on the left

Diamond Dynasty

cheek. She had freckles. Something real nice for Mr. Time, Willie always supplied the best looking spies.

She watched the red Porsche diminish as it distanced itself with speed for a minute or two then she dialed Mr. Time. She hadn't spoken to him in a few days. Desert Flower knew how separation made the dick grow stiffer. She also knew that he had a studio session tomorrow with the Large Professor and for some reason that was a big thing. She just had to be a part of that. Willie was Prime Time's number one fan now. He wanted to be well informed on how Prime's music career progressed.

"Haven't spoken to you in a few days Desert, what's poppin'?" Prime spoke in his cell.

"You're poppin' me tonight, that's what's happening Mr. Time. I want to roll with you tomorrow. So we might as well start now. You're so busy now with your record about to drop. When are you going to D.C. to do *Tha Bassment*?"

"Next month," he answered. "Where are you?"

"Somewhere," she replied vaguely. That's one of the things Prime loved about her. She kept herself at a distance and only said what was necessary. That and she never held back her pussy.

"I'm in Brooklyn," Prime told her. "You know where. Meet me." That being said Prime hung his cell up. Red October was in the blue Range with him. They were just about to spark a blunt. It was another day on the ave for October, and a special occasion since Prime was present.

Filthy, Afta, and Prime were rarely seen in the area. It was even rarer catching one of them alone. Red October had his own peeps nestled in the hood with him. Two were in the spot and more were in a vehicle just down the block.

Red had a few soldiers with him. *There's a war going on outside no man's safe from* (to quote a line from

Brandon McCalla

Prodigy), Red was always prepared for the drama. He told Prime he was almost 100 percent certain Major was involved in this new war brewing. “He’s got hustlers in Cypress projects selling shit and that’s my area,” Red told Prime. “Just because I work with you guys now he thinks he can muscle in on my old real estate.”

Prime told him that that really didn’t sound like Major. But it did sound like him. It was only a matter of time before this escalated into something that would draw blood or leave a body outlined on the pavement.

Prime wasn’t going to let this shit spoil his night though. He would have Desert Flower in a few, and pussy got no better than that. She would keep his mind off the German. Prime knew that well enough. Afta always said the only thing that could successfully divert a man’s mind off a woman was another woman.

*

It’s weird sometimes the way things turnout, the owner of Dynasty Records spoke within. When you think you know a person sometimes they remind you of how complex humans really are. Shantel pushed her thin golden frames back upon the bridge of her nose and smiled at Rich. He would occasionally sneak glances at her as he sped his red coupe down the highway. They were heading toward Bronxville. This was something that Shantel didn’t expect from him.

Rich didn’t expect this from himself; Leaya was the furthest thing from his mind right now. The second he stepped in that Japanese restaurant in Brooklyn Heights, those old feelings rekindled again. He wasn’t even aware of them.

Why does she make me want to do shit? Why her of all bitches?

Diamond Dynasty

Rich had to keep reminding himself of what Afta would say every time Shantel would spawn up in a conversation, “She’s the hottest bitch I’ve ever looked at nigga, and I have witnessed many bitches.” Rich was beginning to believe him.

But then, Afta always would say that he wished he met Leaya before Rich did, and that she was the hottest piece of ass also.

I know my woman is blazing, Rich reassured himself. Shantel must have something more than looks for me. It has to be more than her ass. I can’t jeopardize Leaya for just a big butt.

“You said something, cutie?” Shantel blurted to Rich.

“No. You must be hearing things.”

“No. I must be able to read minds. In my mind I just heard you say you wanted to fuck me,” she said smiling at him. She then placed a hand on his knee and inched her fingers up till they reached his zipper. “But maybe where we’re headed was the telepathy. Why are we heading toward Bronxville, hmm?”

“So I can fuck you, why else, huh?” Rich smirked. If you would have just remained quiet, he thought. You just fucked up my high with that comment. Leaya’s face got tangled up in my images of you bent over with me inside of you.

Rich quickly situated an alternative. “I have friends in Bronxville. Remember the white bitches in charge of the street promotions?” Rich asked as he glanced at her. Shantel had that look of disappointment, but it was only present for a second.

“Those broads from NYU Prime has interning at Dynasty Records? I wonder why I give you niggas so much power sometimes,” Shantel said to Rich frowning.

“Other times you’re ecstatic, and so happy you found us.” I will never forget how we were officially

Brandon McCalla

introduced to each other—that unexpected visit you gave me that morning at the spot, Rich mused.

“You guys sure do love white broads,” she said to Rich as her fingers zipped down his pants. “You would think that the German bitch was enough.”

“You can never have enough white bitches. Just unbuckle the belt, that zipper might scar my dick when you take it out.”

They both laughed. Shantel took his advice and unbuckled the belt. Then she opened the button on his jeans. Soon his penis was out, and she was massaging it for him as he drove. “What are you going to do with Jennifer and Susan?”

“I’m going to do the promotions that you neglected to give us funding for,” Rich answered with his trademark smirk.

“All the money I give you niggas! Those two videos that cost about \$500,000 a piece...”

“Simmer down!” Rich barked. Shantel piped down. Rich reached out to her beautiful face and stroked her cheek while she stroked his dick. “I was just joking. We want the buzz in New York beyond Elvis in Memphis. Everybody needs to know who Prime is.”

“Rich, do you know how many people call the office about your production? Or request cameo’s from Prime, Afta, and even Major? It’s all popping the way we all expected it would.” Even you and me, Shantel situated in her think-tank, even that.

Rich supposed she was right. But a couple of hundred thousand extra bucks could only improve the odds on them going triple, or better. That’s exactly what they wanted. Ridiculous record sales and exposure galore; this was the way it had to be.

Rich went into the glove compartment and pulled out a fat blunt. Shantel grinned at him, displaying a lighter.

Diamond Dynasty

She lit the narcotic for him. He inhaled, took a few pulls then passed it to her.

They smoked in silence. Shantel continued to jerk him off until the WELCOME TO BRONXVILLE sign appeared. Then she put his member back inside his pants. “Buckle my belt back,” he said to her.

“No,” Shantel spoke. She pushed her spectacles back upon her pretty little nose. “I want you to step out your car still thinking about my hands as you buckle it up yourself.”

“Your lips could give me more of a reminder,” Rich said.

“I thought my lips already did,” Shantel said, laughing at him. “Most men can’t recover as quickly as you did after my lips were wrapped around them.”

Brandon McCalla

CHAPTER THREE

It was the very next day. Afta was in the vocal booth. He did the verse he dropped in one jump off. He already had the headphones off and passed a lit L to Prime as he exited the booth.

The Large Professor was in Ghetto Sounds today, so it was a special occasion. They had Mo, various bottles of cognac, and enough weed for Bob and Biggie if they were still breathing.

Prime was up next. They were making a remix strictly for mixtapes and radio play. Large Professor used Rich's Triton and the SP 1200, which was why the drum patterns on this particular track were so raw. Prime was very happy with the end results.

Jennifer eyed the bitch that arrived with Prime, the Oreo cookie named Desert Flower. Jennifer figured she was just a hit and run for Prime. Susan seemed content with her environment, Jen thought as she observed her. Now that Major was out of the picture she had her eyes set on Rich.

Susan kept giving Rich *I wanna fuck you* glances, but he didn't seem to notice them today. The president of Dynasty Records had accompanied him and his eyes were on her. Why wouldn't they be? Jennifer figured. She's incredible. Shantel always wore the hottest shit and had a heart-shaped ass that would make any man lust after her. She was entertaining and made everybody feel comfortable.

They treated the Large Professor like he was Jimmy Hendrix. Rich told everyone that he was Jimmy before he arrived. "I will always take a step back for someone I consider that nigga when it comes to producing. So don't be surprised when I get in the back seat today. Extra P is that nigga. He's just underrated," Rich told them before the receptionist buzzed the Professor in. When he arrived, they

Diamond Dynasty

went right to work; he was strictly business like EPMD's album. He pulled out a couple of Zip drive disks and told Rich which machines he would use and they went right to work.

"I got a love for this/won't speak about guzzling chrys/each verse I was compelled to spit/was overwhelmed by this/since Criminal Minded/adapted the style I possess/left you blinded/you lost the culture/succumb to the vultures/now we got white kids keeping it true/you real wack by yourself why you leaving your crew/you make no cents, but you make dollars/be happy, you got white kids your fan base and following/I strike with the hollows in/ain't no dodging them/when we cameo I clean up/no one can follow him/broke the mold like pottery/hip hop pumping through my arteries/it's a part of me nigga/I wont be a donor/you can't transplant this/I'm still rockin Stan Smith's..."

Flower was listening to Prime from the speakers in the main area that held the big mixing console. All the weed she consumed mixed in with Prime's ill verses and all the blinking lights had her dizzy.

She eyed the way the white bitch was looking at her, but didn't give a fuck. Prime told her he hit it a couple of times and that he had no real interest. He was too involved in his music to concentrate on one particular bitch.

Flower respected that. She knew she was just a spy anyway. She fucked Prime, but she had no real interest in him. He was cute and cool as shit, but he was just her assignment. The pimp told her to do whatever it took to stay around him. Flower knew pussy would keep her just that way, around him and Rich.

Rich was that dude. He never said anything of importance around outsiders, neither did Prime. This made the situation she was in really frustrating. Sometimes she felt like she was fucking him for nothing. Willie always told her "Just wait, buy time and eventually something will

Brandon McCalla

give.” Everybody slipped up and everybody included Rich and his squad.

The last time Rich slipped, he took two bullets, but Colombian Holla got executed that night. Willie didn’t take Holla’s death as a lost or casualty. Desert Flower wondered what she would be if Rich and his crew found out what she really was, just another version of Sparkles.

*

It was crazy the way they situated themselves after the session with Large Professor. Prime bounced with Desert Flower; that bothered Jennifer. She knew her place when it came to Prime, but this was the first time he actually posted up with another broad in her presence. This was something she didn’t want to get used to.

Susan asked Rich for a ride to the NYU dorms, but Rich just drove her to the nearest train station a few blocks up from the studio. Susan wasn’t accustomed to being dissed. She found the sensation it gave her rather interesting.

Shantel had her Hummer right downstairs parked in front of a hydrant. It had two tickets on the window. Rich promised her that he would contact her in the near future, but only if she ended her little stalking game with Leaya. Shantel didn’t agree. She told him that she wouldn’t be satisfied with some near future shit. But she did promise to keep away from his girl, for a while at least, she thought to herself.

Afta did something rather unexpected. He drove his Escalade straight home so he could indulge in his pregnant lady. Rich was shocked! He hoped Afta would have accompanied him. Rich was going to Jiggles. “I have my reasons,” was all he said when Afta questioned him.

The way Rich said that had Afta thinking very deeply during his drive home. It wasn’t what he had said,

Diamond Dynasty

but the way he had said it. Rich had something on his mind, and he knew it had something to do with Shantel. Why else would he go back to Jiggles?

When Afta arrived home he was greeted by his woman and her big belly. As he hugged her, he told her about how he felt in the car, thinking about the way Rich had said those words.

“I have my reasons,” Anna said, repeating those same words. “That could mean anything, Lawrence. Lover, if you think Rich might be in some sort of trouble or danger, you should go to Jiggles.” Sheesh, Anna thought to herself, I’m encouraging you to go to a strip joint.

“Maybe it’s nothing, but Rich only uses that tone when it’s a Willie situation.” Afta kissed Anna on the lips then walked toward the front door again.

“But what does Shantel have to do with Willie?” he said to Anna as she watched him walk through the door. The door closed.

“Be careful. Don’t get in any trouble!” she yelled at the closed door. “Just hold Rich down and come back home.”

*

Rich played coy. Prime had that bitch Flower with him on a few occasions. She never did anything suspicious or out of the ordinary; nothing strange nor peculiar, but they were waging war now. It was some *Art of War* shit, chapter thirteen, the divine manipulation of the treads. What Sun Tzu called the most important part of war play; the use of spies. So just to be on the safe side, Rich decided he would start following the green Civic.

Prime didn’t even know Rich was skulking around. Filthy just waited until Prime was finished with the bitch one night, and when she left the Range Rover and hopped in her Honda, Rich tailed her. The bitch drove straight to Jiggles.

Brandon McCalla

She didn't drive directly in front of the club, or even leave her vehicle to go inside. Rich saw somebody walk out the club, walk down three long New York City blocks and hop into the Civic.

It was another bitch. A brown skinned Hispanic. Rich didn't think this was a coincidence. Jiggles had been the catalyst to all the ill situations that had transpired, leading up to the destruction of Diamonds and Monique's murder. Sparkles and her association with Willie, and Shantel, and who really knew where she fit in? Did she have anything to do with Willie? Does Desert Flower and that brown skinned bitch have anything to do with Willie?

Rich wasn't going to make any more mistakes. Any assumption he had would be examined and anyone even remotely associated with Willie would be shut down, permanently. Somebody had to die for Monique. Rich was having a difficult time restraining himself from lashing out about that. The severed umbilical cord that had him and Major apart wasn't an easy thing to deal with either.

They had lost so much in the past few months and it all sent him back to Jiggles; some little fucking strip joint. One of Shantel's little business ventures. Does she have anything to do with my misery? Rich structured. Is she the cause of all this? What if she is, what do I do about it? Rich pondered. Murder her like that hoodlum iced Monique? Should I just put a gat in her mouth and gag all my suspicions out of her?

No, I'll just play *The Art of War* and work with what I have; or what Prime has, he smirked.

Rich played the spy again. It had been three hours since all of them had left the studio. Rich followed Prime's blue Range all the way to Ozone Park, Queens, where Prime now resided since the big record deal they sucked out of Shantel. He bought a two family right off Liberty Ave. Rich watched Desert Flower from a half block down as she left Prime and entered her green Civic. She ignited

Diamond Dynasty

the engine, Rich did likewise. She maneuvered out of the parking space and drove off. Rich smirked, but didn't pull off in pursuit quite yet. He knew where she was headed.

She told Prime she lived in Brooklyn somewhere, but she was taking the Civic across the Brooklyn Bridge toward Manhattan, so Rich made his red aerodynamic steed go in the same direction.

His Porsche was always reluctant to drive slowly, but Rich wasn't in any hurry nor did he have to keep an eye on the car he tailed.

He steered his coupe and split a Dutch Master cigar then filled it full of purple haze at the same time. When he finished rolling the weed up, he sparked it while it was still moist. He took a few pulls then answered his cell phone on the second ring.

"I'm proud of you, Lawrence. Heading straight home to be with your little wifey," Rich said to him with a grin on the other side of the fiber optics.

"Home, nigga? I'm just a few blocks away from Jiggles. I don't see the Porsche nowhere. Where are you parked?"

"A few blocks from Jiggles? I thought you were going home?" Rich said.

"I did go home. Then I was like fuck it; the tone in your voice made me think it was something serious. So now I'm here. Where might you be, nigga?"

"Close. Look for the green Civic," Rich said.

"Green Civic? That Flower bitch's whip?"

"Exactly," Rich told him. "I think she's another Sparkles on the low."

"Does Prime know?" Afta spoke intrigued.

"Nope. Why disturb the hip hop prince with the little things. Let him concentrate on going triple."

Then Afta said in his cell phone, "I see that Civic, it's suspect. She's farther away from the entrance of Jiggles than I am. Rich go home and enjoy Leaya. Let me

Brandon McCalla

handle this one. Why should you soil your palms with remedial work?"

Rich laughed. "I'm practically in the area already." Rich thought about something. "Good, Afta. I have to keep reminding myself I can't do one thousand things at once."

"I'll keep you informed," Afta said before he severed communication.

Rich continued driving down the FDR highway. He decided to pay the German a visit before he went home to sex his woman up. He had a job for her, and he had a job for the other white bitches as well.

*

*Hooker/ho/stunt/slut/crab/cunt/Caucasian
vagina/you can't analyze her/my voice highlights tracks
like eyeliner/when I cameo on symphonies the co-
signer/you best go sign her/now that I exist/in this industry
and spit with a lisp/situating the gift... Trust this/it comes
from bicuspid/one shot muskets/we mingle like particles
and dust get/Legacy/potent like Hennessy/invoking the
melody/sound harp heavenly/spark in the dark like
weaponry...*

Damn, Afta was thinking as he turned down Germany's music, pressing the volume control on his steering wheel. She's getting better.

Everybody was feeding off Prime Time's newly spawned career and was rising to the occasion.

Rich is giving you hot tracks, white bitch. Now he's beginning to grasp why I invested so much time cultivating you. "So is Prime," Afta said amusingly, he chuckled. "Now he knows how good you suck dick."

Afta didn't want to even admit to himself how this was affecting him emotionally, because he only had a few emotions left and they all were centered on his woman.

Diamond Dynasty

“Which one?” he said humoring himself as he thought about what Prime said the other day.

Destiny was on his mind and why wouldn't she be after busting a few shots at him. She had been withholding little Lawrence from him, but at least she still took the little man over to his mother's. Afta felt it was in his best interest to lay low. Destiny was really off the chain. Why rile the bitch up any further, he mused.

The green Civic waited with the motor still humming for twenty minutes at least before some Hispanic broad popped out of Jiggles. She walked down to the Civic, hopped in it, and then the Civic peeled off. Afta waited a few then followed the green Honda.

Desert Flower and the brown-hair Hispanic went straight uptown. He thought they were going to the heart, Harlem, 125th, but they didn't go that far up. They just went up to 102nd street and Central Park West. This was practically Harlem anyway, he was thinking.

He pulled from out of the glove compartment a pair of binoculars that Anna had ordered for him from a Sharper Image catalog. He observed the two broads entering a building from two blocks away. It was dark out, but the binoculars were infrared. It was amazing. The things you could purchase from Sharper Image. Anna was telling her man just the other day about some waterproof cordless phone she bought her mother.

After a few moments, Afta ran up the block and slunk back in the shadows as he waited and watched. He stood patiently outside, away from any potential glaring out building windows or from the rooftop. An unleashed dog came out the front door and the Hispanic bitch walked out following it. The dog was a Doxen. It was real feisty. Afta realized how hot looking the spick bitch was—that fat ass she had and those strong legs. Probably from working the pole, he surmised, smiling. Then it hit the nigga, the dog, the green vehicle.

Brandon McCalla

Afta was giddy like a little girl in a school yard. He went into his pocket and clutched his cell phone. He scrolled for Richard's number then pressed the little green button on his phone.

Rich had already paid that visit to the German. She was with him in his Porsche now. They were heading back to his abode. She had swallowed a Valium pill before they bounced. She was moist between her legs and struggling with wanting to ask Leaya's man to fuck her. She also had those feelings for Prime, somewhere.

"What?" Rich said to his ace.

"Say nothing, money," Afta said excitedly. "Listen, nigga. I won't even go into great detail, nor talk to you any further until we meet in person."

Afta let it linger, he knew Rich was patient, so he kept the silence for a complete sixty seconds, with no drumroll then he said it, "I think I just found out where Willie resides." Afta hung the phone up.

"What are you smiling about, Rich?" Germany asked him. "Who just called you?"

Rich just looked at her sitting right next to him in the passenger side. He did something the German would have never expected. Something she dreamed about on countless occasions, especially when she popped one of her pills. Rich leaned in close when the next light turned red and kissed her passionately on the lips. The German opened her mouth to allow her tongue to slip between those lips of his, but he ended the kiss before that occurred.

"Make love to me, Rich," Germany said with a whisper.

"I already bust a nut," Rich said ecstatic. "Willie is as good as dead now. I feel like I made it to the Super Bowl."

*

When Rich arrived home with the German, he wasn't surprised when he found Afta in his living room

Diamond Dynasty

fiddling around with his studio instruments. He had the Triton on and was listening to some track loaded up from the zip drive, which Rich had constructed. Rich just looked at him. He didn't even have to use the language they formed. Afta was just as excited as he was, but they had to keep it contained until they were alone, or away from Leaya.

Leaya gave Rich the biggest hug. He kissed his broad passionately. Rich was overwhelmed with joy. How many years had they been looking for some form of dent in Willie's armor? And all it took was tailing some bitch who latched herself onto Prime. It was like they weren't safe. Every dame they dealt with appeared to be some form of agent for Willie Green.

Rich gave Afta that 'lets go downstairs and smoke a blunt' look, but he was really giving that look for Leaya so she would assume that's what they were going to do. He hated using tactics like that on her, but at this point, what she didn't know truly wouldn't hurt her. Rich knew that once he killed her brother it would affect her emotionally. Regardless of the fact that she had given him the OK to murder him if need be, and even after Diamonds' historical grand opening. Things had not been the same since then.

Germany was a great addition to the team. She already had Rich's woman distracted, grabbing her by the hand and leading her to the bedroom. The German had a Louie overnight bag filled with new clothes she had purchased. That was a perfect way to occupy his woman so Afta could give him the low.

So Filthy Richard and Afta hopped in the Escalade and Afta pulled a blunt out the glove compartment that was already rolled, and sparked it.

"Whoa," Rich blurted. "You never smoke in the truck."

Brandon McCalla

“This is a fucking special occasion my nigga,” Afta began. “I’m not 100 percent certain that that building was harboring Willie, but...”

Rich cut him off. “It does harbor him. I know we got Willie now. I’ve felt this shit since I laid eyes on that bitch.”

“Well you were definitely right about being suspicious of Desert Flower,” Afta spoke to Rich between a few puffs before passing the L.

“I wasn’t talking about Desert Flower, Lawrence. I was referring to Shantel.” Afta gave Rich a real queer look; arching an eyebrow up the way the Rock does. “This all began with her.”

Afta said to Rich bluntly, “This all began with that bullet hitting Leaya and giving her the miscarriage.”

“You’re right!” Rich barked. “But think about all this recent concentrated drama. Shantel is the catalyst. I know this,” Rich said sounding frustrated. “But I don’t think she’s really down with Willie. I think he’s setting her up, maybe to hide something or someone else.”

“Maybe you just want her to not really be down with Willie. I think you got feelings for her.”

Rich was about to say something, but Afta severed that with a finger. “She has feelings for you also, nigga. I know Willie wouldn’t purchase you a ride like that just to set you up. Why sign Prime to Dynasty Records? Why would she fuck up her career and life for a bum like Willie? I don’t think the deal we cut with her was some type of trap so that we would let our guard down.”

“I agree,” Rich said with a low tone. “Let’s not tell Prime any of this, he might worry. He needs no distractions. We will let Desert Flower continue to rock with him.”

“Will he be safe?” Afta asked, sounding concerned with a touch of the melodrama.

Diamond Dynasty

“Sure. I got him a couple of bodyguards,” Rich said with his patented smirk. “Leaya is reading some book called the *Dragon Reborn*, or something like that. Anyway, this guy called Rand has a bunch of female bodyguards. Some broads who are all dressed up like Arab ninjas. They carry short javelins.” Then Rich laughed, “Robert Jordan is my lady’s favorite author, so the white broads will be Prime’s aiel.”

“Aiel?” Anna’s man questioned.

“That’s what those Arab ninja women call themselves.” Rich passed the blunt to Afta. “Leaya reads those books to me at night. This is why I won’t fuck Shantel.”

“I know you love Leaya. I would fuck Shantel no matter what feelings I have for any woman; or any Arab broads who bodyguard reborn dragons. I admire your strength,” Afta told Rich.

They both started laughing.

“So what do we do now?” Afta questioned after they stopped laughing. Rich knew exactly what he was going to do.

“I’m going upstairs to comfort my woman.” Rich grinned then said, “Germany is going to listen to me blaze Leaya all night long from the living room. Then in the morning I’m taking her to Jennifer and Susan. Prime is going to have a brigade of white broads to simmer Desert Flower down. During that time my friend, you and I will plot. But for now I’m just fucking my lady.”

“Smart man, I think I’m going to go home and do the same thing.” Afta then grinned and said, “Get the fuck out my truck!”

*

When Rich got back upstairs, he was surprised to see Leaya and the German in the living room playing with

Brandon McCalla

his studio equipment. His woman was on the Triton workstation. She had a real cute beat thumping and was nodding her head. It consisted of a few strings and a gritty bass line. She sampled nothing. Everything was strictly from the keyboard and sequenced with the delicate touch of a lady who knew the fundamentals of music and hip hop. He was impressed. Rich looked his gorgeous woman in the eyes and she smirked mumbling, “Holla...”

Germany was already at the AKG microphone posted up near a partition he had angled up in a corner with soundproofing foam. Rich glanced at his watch and wondered how long Afta and he had been down in the truck. He realized only an hour had passed. His woman and the white broad must’ve been doing this project behind his back, he mused, looking at them work. They just couldn’t have made this up that quick.

Not even Rich or Kanye West could have sequenced such a complicated tune in such a short length of time.

Germany winked at Rich as she put the studio headphones upon her head. Leaya motioned for him with her free hand to enter the living room. The other hand was on the board, muting the outside acoustics so only sound emitted from the headphones she and Germany had on. Rich picked up a pair of headphones himself and began tapping a few buttons on the console for his woman. She just didn’t realize how wonderfully sexy she was to him at the moment and every other moment they shared since he had met her.

As the track made its motion at a mere 82 beats per minute, and as the measures clocked, Nastasja spit a real simplistic verse that went extremely well with the melody Rich’s girl constructed.

“This totem pole that I straddle and climb/couch proposals and battling rhymes/handling mine/transcending my peers while I’m standing in time/waiting patiently/this

Diamond Dynasty

industry ain't making me/it's Legacy that occupies the vacancy/you need more/a fly bitch who don't be a whore/spit the words that I wrote wicked and raw/completed/the manuscript you eat it/bite me/hot tracks entice me/dope rhymes hype me/I'm what you might be/if you wrote just like me... My attitude/is just like the niggas I run with/you think they must be magicians/since they conditioned/a white bitch to rap/now you listen..."

"Very interesting," Rich said to them once Germany finished her verse. "Very interesting things go down here while I'm not around. How long have you two been doing this?"

"You should stay home more," Leaya said while taking her headphones off. He kissed her, he had to. She was just too fucking cute right now. Just like the track she had composed. He wanted some of her.

"We practically made a whole album, and it's all on ADAT...ha, ha," Leaya laughed. "Now you know where all your ADAT tapes disappeared to."

Rich didn't say anything else. His woman knew how to read the expressions his eyes gave off. She gave him a big smile. They worked together and the German had the song completed within the hour. Then after a light mix down, they shut shit down.

Germany knew the routine. Rich and Leaya gave her full dominion over the house, so she raided their always bountiful fridge for grub. Rich scooped his wifey up and carried her through their bedroom's threshold like they had just jumped over the broom.

He sat at the foot of their bed and began rolling the next blunt. Leaya got on her knees and started unlacing his construction timbs. "Sheesh!" she said, waving her hands at her nose to indicate smelly feet; they both laughed. "Want to undress me?" she proposed.

"Maybe," her man said as he reached for her shirt. The immaculately rolled blunt was leaning out the side of

Brandon McCalla

his mouth. Once her Nicole Miller shirt was off, she grabbed a book of matches from off the chest of drawers and lit the spliff he had in his mouth. She got on top of him on the bed, straddling him. Now his head would be in a perfect position to munch on her breasts.

Rich unclamped her bra and his toys popped out.

“Want to suck one?” she whispered. “Want mommy to feed you?” she said giving Rich one of her breasts. Rich began licking a nipple, doing circular motions with his tongue.

Leaya had the blunt in her mouth while he had his mouth on one tit; his other hand massaged her scalp. She loved that. She took off her man’s Sean John tee shirt. Afta had Rich hooked on Puffy’s gear now, so Leaya purchased the whole spring line for him.

She gave her man the blunt then began kissing and licking his neck while he smoked. She unbuckled his belt. He stopped her before she pulled out her toy and said, “Let’s finish smoking first.”

“What makes you think that I can’t smoke that?” Leaya asked while gazing at his dick. Rich answered her by leaning back and allowing her to take tokes on his penis. He wasn’t going to debate the issue. He decided to just assume that she was capable of smoking his dick. She had done so in the past, why would the present be any different?

*

Sparkles heard the key to her front door enter the lock then she heard the doorknob turn and Major enter. She was in her living room watching television. It seemed like this was the only thing she did now, after that fated incident at Diamonds—the night she shot the Colombian, the last time she heard from Willie. Willie still placed money in her bank account even though he initiated no real

Diamond Dynasty

communication with her. His plan worked out well, as bizarre as it was. Killing Holla did save her own life and placed her closer to Rich since Rich usually kept his enemies close, if Willie's words were true.

Was Major an enemy or still a friend of Rich's now? Why was she still on Willie's payroll?

What does the pimp expect from me, she thought, as Major flopped down on the love seat right next to her. He said nothing, just gave her a little grin. His hazel eyes had her looking within them.

I'm gonna murder Red October, Major was thinking while looking at the lovely yet deadly Sparkles. "You murdered before, bitch," Major said snapping at Sparkles. "How does it feel?"

"Horrible!" she said to him emotional. "I don't ever want to do it again. Willie has made me do some crazy things, but he never obligated me to actually kill anyone till Holla," Sparkles lied to Major, thinking about the drive-by—that failed attempt to ice Rich.

"But it was your life or Holla's," Major said to her seriously. "Honestly, when Willie and Holla did that drive-by and Holla shot Leaya instead of Rich..."

Sparkles interrupted him. "I don't want to talk about it." She turned her face away from Major's, saying, "That's why the Colombian isn't breathing now."

It's the same reason why I'm not breathing. Is this the punishment I get for shooting Leaya instead of Rich that day? It was a mistake. I'm no marksman. Willie only looked at me afterward, as we drove away, frowning. That was all he did. After that we rarely spoke of it, Sparkles situated, diverting her eyes from Major.

"Don't ever interrupt me again," Major told her way too calmly. It unnerved her. He was always riled up. "Let me start over. When Willie and Holla did that drive-by and Holla shot Leaya instead of Rich, what did Willie do after that?"

Brandon McCalla

“Nothing,” Sparkles said. “Willie always waits then strikes when you least expect it. He doesn’t forget nor forgive anything.” Then the sexy slut said, “Why are you always asking me things pertaining to Willie’s disposition? Do you feel like him now?” She waited for the smack that usually came when she spoke out like that. He didn’t strike her this time.

He just looked at her, saying, “I do feel like him. I’m ready to end this shit with Lawrence. I need to have my sister back in my life.” Sparkles heard him and her face showed surprise. Then she heard him say, “I’m about to become an uncle. When Holla did that drive-by and caught Leaya instead of Filthy—that gave her the miscarriage. I don’t want to make a mistake like that fucked up nigga.”

Sparkles was beginning to feel something for this guy. She actually wanted to tell him it was her mistake not Holla’s, but she wasn’t that stupid yet. She also figured if Major did end his beef with Afta, it would sever whatever she had with him. Rich and Co. would never let her in, and Sparkles knew that’s exactly what Willie was banking on when he made her murder the Colombian.

She also knew Major constantly fought in his mind over the situation, the way Willie did in the beginning when the beef was still a fetus, but the pimp didn’t have a ghost to persuade him at night. Sparkles knew Monique was still present, if only spiritually, to help her keep this hazel-eyed man of hers within her grasp. Sparkles would do anything to keep him this way. “I heard one of Prime’s songs on Hot 97, you were on it. What’s up with that?” she sassed then waited for the smack. But it never came.

“Still we have love on so many levels, Sparkles. Rich knows where you live, where I rest my head at. Think about why we’re still breathing. The only reason why you didn’t die was because of me. I told him to keep you breathing.” She knew those words were true. She just wasn’t exactly sure as to why he did keep her around. “You

Diamond Dynasty

saved Rich that night. You had to live. We are not like Willie.” Major was trying to reassure himself, but she saw that look on his face and knew he wasn’t convincing himself.

Sparkles knew she had to keep the beef between Major and Afta brewing. But would doing this be more beneficial for her or Willie? Maybe it was time for Sparkles to communicate with the pimp. She knew that if she confided in him he would figure something out, but could she still trust him?