

“D L ” Thug Passion IV

SWEET REVENGE

By: Cedric D. Butler

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Three shots at Jameer.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Three shots at Q.

My hands were trembling so much that I dropped the gun after the last shot. I just stood there and waited for the smoke to clear. How lucky could these niggas get? I didn't really have the nerve to kill anyone but I scared the hell out of both of them. They both lay on the floor looking like they were dead. When they realized that they weren't shot Jameer was the first one to his feet. As he got up I reached down and grabbed the gun. He must not have known much about guns because he was still scared and I was out of bullets.

"Please chill Ced! It's not what you think." He said.

"What the fuck do you mean it's not what I think? I think you just had your little ass dick in my niggas ass. Are you trying to tell me that's not what I saw?" As I said this I cocked the gun and pointed it at his dick.

"Yo chill. We didn't plan on this shit happening. We were just talking about old times and things got out of control."

Just then Terrelle came running out of the room.

"What the fuck is going on out here?"

"These two assholes were out here having a fuck session with each other and things got a little out of control they said."

Terrelle looked at Jameer like he had just stabbed him.

"Is this true Jameer?" he asked.

All Jameer could do was look down at his feet.

"Nigga I told you that if you ever cheated on me I was out of here. Fuck you Jameer and don't ever call me again. You bitch ass nigga. Ya dick ain't no good anyway!"

Terrelle left the room to get dressed. He came back shortly with both of our clothes.

"Yo Ced I can give you a ride home unless you want to ride with your cheating ass nigga."

"Yeah T I will ride home with you. Well since my business is done here I think there is only one more thing to do."

I took the keys to Q's house off of my key ring and threw them at his feet. I then began to walk out of the door when I remembered something. I walked back up to Q.

"You said that you would always be my nigga and always be there for me. I trusted you even when I had bad feelings about you and Jameer. I guess things must have changed sometime along the way. I wish I could say that I didn't love you anymore but I still do. I can say that I don't want to be your best friend or your lover anymore. Just to let you know that I am serious here is your fucking ring. I hope that you and Jameer have a nice life together."

I walked out of the door and closed it. Jameer walked up to the door to lock it. From outside I could see his shadow and as he reached the door I opened it and knocked his bitch ass out cold.

"I know you didn't think I would let your pussy ass off that easily did you?"

I spit on his ass and walked out the door. As I took one look back at Q, I got mad. He didn't try to stop me or talk to me. He just sat there looking stupid.

I felt like my world was falling apart. How the fuck could Q do this foul ass shit to me? I had been honest and faithful to him for our entire relationship. As Terrelle drove I could tell that he was upset. Being older I tried to hold myself together but I soon found myself crying like a little bitch. Yeah I cried like my mom had just whooped my ass for the first time. Shit I was hurting in my mind, body and soul. I couldn't help but think it was something I had done.

Was this all my fault?

Was it something I had done?

Why would Q do this to me?

I didn't realize that I was thinking out loud and T interrupted my thoughts.

"Yo nigga, the shit that went down was not your fault! You didn't do shit except become a victim. They chose to do what they did because they wanted to. This is not the first time Jameer has cheated on me. His bitch ass probably seduced Quentin. You have to decide whether or not you still want to be with Q or let his ass go. As for me I am done with Jameer. What you and Q have is different. I'm not saying that it was right for him to cheat on you, but your love is still mad deep. Before you just call things quits you should see how bad he wants to get back with you. If he is truly sorry he will apologize and then give you space to make your decision.

"So why should I give Q second chances while you just get rid of Jameer?"

"It's simple. You and Q love each other. You have put time and effort into your relationship. I have been dealing with Jameer because it is so hard to find a nigga to get down with. At one time I tried to make it work but that nigga can't keep his dick in his pants."

"Well I don't know. I do still love Q but maybe we are too young to be so serious. I can't let him have his fun and not see what things are like for myself."

"What are you saying Ced?" Terrelle asked me.

"I mean if he is gonna give up the ass to Jameer then I am gonna give up the dick to some lucky nigga."

"Well if you are serious I know this nigga that has parties with nothing but niggas."

"I don't know. I never really thought about hanging around that kind of crowd. I told you before that I don't like for my business to be in the street like that."

"Listen nigga. I wouldn't even take you to no shit like that let alone go myself. All these niggas are on the low. That is the only way you can get access to the party. These are some of the finest, sexiest and on the low niggas you can find. As a matter of fact that is where me and Jameer actually hooked up at." Terrelle stated as we pulled up in front of my house.

"Well if you put it like that then I am down."

"Cool. I will pick you up Friday night at 9pm."

"I'll see you in school unless we chill tomorrow or something. Thanks for the ride and thanks for the words of encouragement."

For the first time since we were little I actually felt like I cared for Terrelle again. I had always loved him because we were family but I had not liked him as a person because of the things he tried to do to me when we were younger. Now here we were years later and he seemed to be about to take the place of my best friend. I decided then that no matter what happened between Q and I that Terrelle would play more of a part in my life from now on.

School felt so awkward. I hung out with Terrelle and Q hung out alone. It was noticeable to the entire school that there was some sort of drama between us. When we passed in the hall Q looked at me as if he had lost his best friend (which he had). Jameer looked like he wanted to kill me. I did want to kill Jameer. Seeing Q and not speaking to him was killing me. I knew that I still loved him. After all I had known no other lover in my short lifetime. I was still determined to be strong and not let Q know how I felt. I prayed that we would be together again but not before I did to him what he did to me. I also noticed that Q and Jameer were never seen together. I thought this was to keep the tension down between the

three of us but little did I know that other things happened on that night only a short week ago.

Friday night came so fast that I almost had second thoughts about going to the party. T called me around 7pm to make sure that I was still going. I wasn't sure at first but after some coaxing from T, I decided that I would go and attempt to have a good time. So I showered and got dressed. At 8:30 T and I were on our way to the party. The party was at this spot called The Attic. That is just what it was. A banging ass party in the attic of some sexy ass nigga. When we first got to the party there were only a few people there. T introduced me to this nigga named Darius who threw the parties. This nigga was fine as hell. Darius was about 6 foot even, 190 pounds, slight muscular build, caramel complexion, hazel brown eyes, short faded cut, stache/goatee and what looked like a body full of tattoos. He was looking me up and down which made me feel very uncomfortable. He looked like he wanted to take me in his room and dick me down something terrible. (Q was the only nigga who ever has or ever will tap this booty.) He came over and shook my hand and gave me the usual thug hug but he held me tight enough to see what my body was like.

"It's nice to finally meet you Ced. Your cousin has told me a lot about you and I am very happy that you came. I look forward to getting a chance to know you a little better." He said with the whitest teeth I had seen besides Q's.

"It's nice to meet you to but I haven't had the pleasure of hearing much about you." I said while glaring at T for putting me in this uncomfortable situation. T just looked at me and laughed.

"Well T and I are about to grab a bite to eat but we will stop back through when we are done." T stared at me because this was not something we had planned to do.

"Terrelle make sure that you bring this fine young man back to see me."

"No doubt Darius. We will be back in about an hour."

Once we got outside I let T know how I felt.

"Yo T why didn't you let me know that you were trying to hook me up with this nigga? I will admit that the nigga is fine but I don't know a thing about him and you are telling this nigga my business."

"Calm down Ced. Darius is a good nigga. He has a nice job, his own house and car, major cash and he is loyal to whomever he is with."

"That's all well and good but I don't know about this. The way he looks at me gives me the creeps. I feel like he wants to fuck me and that is never gonna happen."

T started to laugh. "Believe me when I tell you that the last thing Darius wants to do is fuck you. He doesn't want your butt. He wants you all up in those guts. Just give the nigga a chance."

I pictured Darius in my head with that fine ass body. I could see myself drilling deep into that ass. "Alright then. Let's just wait a while before we go back in there."

We stayed outside and chilled for about thirty minutes. Some of the finest niggas I had ever seen had started to arrive at the party. Some of them stared at me but I put on the mean face because I was still not comfortable being here. We finally decided to go back inside the house. It was like a thug's paradise in there. Sexy ass thug niggas bustin the sag with fat asses only being hidden by their boxers. Niggas were dancing, talking and a few were even smoking weed. Some sexy ass nigga grabbed my dick when I walked by and I told him that he must not want to keep that hand. He just smiled at me and I had to smile back. We grabbed some drinks and found a wall to hold up. This big booty ass nigga came over to us and asked Terrelle if he wanted to dance. Terrelle asked me if I was cool and I said yes. I was real nervous standing there by myself so I had a couple more drinks and silently prayed that none of these niggas would ask me to dance. I had a good little buzz on when I noticed Darius looking at me from across the room. When he started to make his way towards me I felt like running the fuck out of there but my feet would not move. He came over to me and he was smoking a blunt. He offered me some but at first I declined. Q and I had always sworn that we would never get involved with drugs of any kind.

"You look like you are nervous and this will take some of the edge off."

I was a little hesitant but something in his eyes made me feel like I could trust him. I hit the blunt and felt like I was about to cough my lungs out. The next hit was a little less harsh and Darius showed me how to get the full effect by holding the smoke in. About three hits later I was in a world I had never been in before. Darius asked me if I felt better and I told him I had never felt so good in my life.

"We will see about that later." Darius said to me as he pulled me out on the dance floor. He signaled to the D.J. and he put on a slow song by Jodeci. He pulled me in close and we started to dance. He looked into my eyes as we spun around the dance floor and I knew that I could fall in love with this nigga. I could feel this nigga getting hard as our dicks were mashed together. This caused the same reaction in my pants. When my dick was fully erect Darius reached down to see what I was working with.

"Oh my god nigga. Terrelle told me you had a big dick but I never thought it would be this big!"

"Well that's because Terrelle hasn't really known how big it was since we were about 10 years old." I said angry that T even mentioned he had seen his cousin's dick. Darius just laughed like I was making a joke.

"Well I just hope that I will get a chance to sample some of that thug meat."

Thug meat? What the fuck was this nigga talking about? For the first time I realized that people had began to look at me different. I never thought I'd be considered a thug.

"That just might be possible if you play your cards right." The words were out of my mouth before I realized what I said. It was all good though because as I felt on his ass I knew that I wanted him just as bad as he wanted me. His ass was so fat and yet so solid. I don't know if it was the weed, the drinks or just being without Q for a week but at that moment I realized how horny I really was. I wanted this nigga right now. Under normal circumstances I would never act on my hormones but Darius made it very hard not too.

Before I knew what was happening Darius was pressing his lips on mine. At first I was going to resist but I gave in and kissed him back. He forced his tongue in my mouth and we stood there in the middle of the dance floor kissing like we were a

couple. When we parted I realized how many niggas were looking at us with hunger in their eyes.

"Do you have somewhere a little more private we can go?" I asked.

"Just follow me." I was being led more than following because Darius was pulling me by my hand and we were almost running downstairs to his room. We entered his room and we were back at it before the door closed. Darius was all over me. The mixture of drugs and alcohol had my body on fire. As we continued to kiss Darius began to undress me. Before I knew it I was standing there in my birthday suit. Darius marveled at the condition of my body.

"Ced you have one of the most beautiful bodies I have ever seen. That big ass dick of yours is a perfect fit to the tone of your body."

"Well don't keep me in suspense nigga. Let me see what you got under those clothes." I said to him.

As Darius peeled away his clothes it felt like I was having a flashback. Except for his face I could have sworn that this was Q standing in front of me. I let the thought flow from my mind and admired the well-toned body that stood in front of me. Darius again kissed me and began to lick down my body. That shit felt so good. His tongue felt like a warm washcloth and I had to close my eyes and enjoy the attention that he was giving me. When he reached my dick he slowly swallowed the entire thing and I felt like I could cum right then. I was so turned on that I started to moan and say things I didn't even realize I was saying. Then I noticed that Darius had stopped and was saying something to me.

"Well my name is not Quentin but if you give me some of this big ass dick you can call me whatever you want." He joked.

"Darius what are you talking about?" I asked.

"You called me Quentin three times."

At that moment I seemed to sober up. The seriousness of what I was doing suddenly hit me. Even though Q had cheated on me I was not about to play myself anymore than I had. My mom always told me "you may only find love in life once if

at all". All at once this just didn't seem right. I was still in love with Q. Here I was about to have sex with this fine ass nigga and all I could think about was Quentin. Darius seemed to sense the change in me.

"Is everything alright Ced?"

"To tell the truth everything is wrong. It is wrong for me to be here with you and it is wrong for us to be doing this. You see I am in love with someone and even though we broke up I still truly want to be with him. I really didn't mean to lead you on but I guess the drinks and the weed kind of got to me. You seem like a cool ass nigga and if I weren't in this situation I would try to get with you. I hope that you are not mad at me but I have to follow my heart."

"To tell the truth I respect you for telling me that. I know a little about your prior relationship and I thought you were over him. Since you are not, go get your nigga and be happy. If you ever find yourself single though give me a holler."

"Thanks for understanding Darius but Q will be my nigga for life."

As we started out of the room I noticed Q standing at the top of the stairs. He was talking to Terrelle so I assumed he was looking for me. For a brief second this made me happy. When Q looked up and saw me coming out of the room with Darius I saw a look of murder in his eyes. Without saying a word he went downstairs and left. I started to run after him but decided not to. After all he cheated on me first and he didn't know if I had even done anything.

Terrelle walked over to me with a look of concern on his face.

"Ced we need to have a talk." T stated.

"Well Ced, I will talk to you later. If things don't work out for you then remember what I said." Darius commented.

"I will never forget what you said and thanks again for understanding."

When Darius went upstairs T pulled me to the side. "What was that all about? Do you mean to tell me that you were in the room with that nigga and you didn't do anything?"

"Well actually I didn't tell you anything and I'm not going to. Could you tell me what Q wanted?"

A funny look came across T's face when I asked the question.

"Ced do you remember when I told you that Jameer had probably seduced Q? Well in a way that is sort of what happened. That night after you and I had gone to bed Jameer slipped Q some of that date rape drug we have been hearing about. They continued to talk and when the drug started to take effect Jameer took advantage of Q. He came here tonight to tell you. Rumor is that Jameer got the drug from Big D. He says he waited so long to tell you because he was embarrassed. He said that you were so mad at the time you wouldn't have believed him anyway. Then when you came out of the room with Darius he said you must already be over him and left."

"I can't believe this shit! Yo Terrelle you have to take me to my car. I have to find Q but I have a stop to make first."

"Ced you have to promise me that you won't go and do something stupid."

"I can't promise you anything but if something happens to me you have to tell Q that nothing happened between me and Darius."

"You know I will do that for you. Are you sure you want to do whatever it is you are gonna do alone?"

"I don't want you to get involved in this. I just want to let you know that I appreciate all that you have done for me and I am glad that we are on good terms again."

"I feel you cousin. Just be careful. Give me a call if you need me for anything."

When T dropped me off, I ran into the house and grabbed my gun. I knew that the football team was having a party at Jameer's house tonight and that was my destination. I was going to make this nigga pay for what he had done. As I pulled up to Jameer's house I thought about what I was doing. I could not throw my future away by killing that nigga. I realized that if I got out of the car with the gun that

this time I wouldn't just be trying to scare him. I decided that I didn't want a homicide case but I still felt the need to confront this nigga. So I got out of the car and headed toward the house.

I could hear the music playing from outside the house. In my blind rage I didn't realize that all of his friends would be there. When I got to the front door I turned the knob and found that the door was open. I walked inside and people were everywhere but I only saw Jameer. I ran up to him and started beating him for all he had done to Q and me. The first punch I landed knocked him off of his feet and I was on him immediately. I tried to punch a hole in this niggas face. The next thing I knew I was being kicked and punched from everywhere. Big D and his crew were at the party and I had put myself in a bad situation. I fought them all. I think there were about 12 of them and I hit them all. Soon the numbers worked against me and they had me where they wanted me. At one point everyone backed off of me except for Big D and Jameer. They continued to kick and punch me. I knew I couldn't last too much longer. I secretly prayed to God to let this be over soon and I guess he heard my prayers.

Just when I thought that I was going to pass out I heard a gun shot. Most of the people in the house ran out and by the time I was able to focus I saw Terrelle, Q, Chaz and Chad. I forced my way to my feet. I didn't quite make it and as I began to fall Quentin caught me. I started to tell him that I was sorry but he said we would talk about it later. On the other side stood Big D, Big Papa, Jameer and two niggas from their crew. Chaz, Chad and Terrelle all had guns.

"Nobody has to die here." Q said. "I just want Jameer to be a man and give me a fair one. We don't have to go into why we are gonna fight. We both know.

"It's on then!" said Jameer.

"You played yourself nigga and now I'm bout to beat your ass!"

Jameer was thinking ahead of Q. Before he finished his statement Jameer had hit him. All he did was make Q mad. Quentin smiled at Jameer and with one punch the fight was over. Jameer fell to the floor with blood dripping from his mouth. Big D and his boys just stood there and looked at Jameer.

"Our beef ain't with you niggas". T said to Big D and his friends.

"Actually it is. This nigga Big D owes me a fair one." I said.

"For what nigga?"

"You and your boys had to jump me. If I am correct you haven't beat me head up."

(I know this sounds corny but it happened in the days when you could still get a fair one)

Q walked over to me. "Nigga you ain't in any shape to fight this nigga."

I just laughed. "I got this."

"Just remember you asked for this little nigga." Big D thought I was hurt enough that he could take me out. I was actually better off than they all thought. I am a child abuse victim. That shit was nothing.

As we squared up, I faked the soreness in my body. It seemed that I could barely raise my arms. My plan worked. Big D got big headed and rushed me. I side stepped his ass and hit him in the jaw. I hit that nigga a few times in his gut and he fell to the ground. At this point I must have been out of my mind cause I head butted that nigga. He fell to the floor and I could tell by the way he was breathing that I had broken his nose.

Big Papa ran towards me but was cut off by Terrelle. "Let the shit go." T said as he tapped his pistol. Big Papa backed off and picked his brother up off the floor and put him on the couch.

"As far as we are concerned all this shit ends here." Q said. "We are all even."

With that we all walked out of Jameer's house. Everyone seemed happy. Our little clique was together again and things looked like they would go back to normal. We decided to go grab something to eat. As we ate we talked and laughed. Q and I kept looking at each other but never talked directly. After eating we all decided to go home. Chad and Chaz got into the car with Terrelle. Q started to get in the passenger seat.

"One of you niggas can ride with me." I said looking Q in the eyes.

"I'll ride with you." Q stated.

At first we rode in silence. I could tell Q wanted to talk but couldn't get it out. I decided to break the ice.

"Listen Q, I am very sorry about the way I acted. It just hurt me to see you with Jameer. The thought that he might have drugged you never even crossed my mind. I thought that you were cheating on me while I was in the other room. From the jump I was jealous of Jameer and I thought you secretly wanted to be with him.

"I have told you a million times that you are the only nigga for me. I love you to death but I would have reacted the same way if the shoe were on the other foot. The only difference is that I would have shot Jameer. That's why I didn't have a gun when we came looking for you. I knew I would have shot him dead. You are crazy for going there alone but I guess love makes you do crazy things. I am just glad that I know you so well because as soon as T came and told me what was up I knew where you were going. I should have told you from the beginning but I had trouble believing it myself. Just know that I love you and always will. I hope that you are happy with your new boyfriend but just remember that I will always be your boy."

At first I wasn't going to tell Q the whole truth but after all we had been through I was honest with him. I told him the situation with Darius without leaving anything out. Fear raced through my body because I thought he was going to say that he was done with me. As usual his response surprised me.

"So you mean to tell me that you couldn't have sex with this nigga because of me and all of this happened before you knew the truth about me and Jameer?"

"Yeah nigga you got me sprung." I said laughing.

"Well it has been a week since I had some of that big ass dick and I want to see just how sprung you really are."

"Fuck this shit. I want you now. I can't wait to get all the way home."

" I know. I feel the same way. You wanna go to the cool out?"

"No I want to go to the football field."

Q looked at me like I was crazy. We were near our school and I was in a freaky mood. Tonight I wanted to fuck outside. We decided to park on a side street and walk to the football field. It was kind of late and there was no one around. We walked over and sat on the bleachers. For the longest we said nothing. We just sat gazing into each other's eyes. I thought about the past week and realized how close I came to losing my nigga once again. What if I would have shot him?

Q pulled me out of my thoughts by brushing his hand across my cheek. For some reason the touch of his hand sent shivers through my body. It was like he touched me for the first time. He then leaned in to kiss me and his mouth tasted sweet like a bag of skittles. We kissed as though we were apologizing to each other with our tongues.

Q's hand grabbed my dick and it felt like he started an earthquake in my loins. We were almost oblivious to where we were. I began to undress Q planting kisses to each spot his clothing disappeared from. Soon he stood before me butt ass naked. I just wanted to make a mold of my niggas body. Q pushed me back and I sat down. He slowly undressed me making sure his dick and ass made contact with my skin. Next he pulled off my pants and boxers. I started to stand up but he pushed me back down. He looked at my semi hard dick and licked those fat, juicy, pink lips. Someone must have yelled attention because my dick stood straight up. Q bent down in front of me and I kissed him long and hard. He broke the kiss and leaned down and took a long deep sniff of my dick. He then looked me in the eyes and said, "Look daddy no hands" as he deep throated my dick. Secretly in my mind I wanted to break up and make up with Q over and over.

Each time he touched me it sent chills through my body. Q made love to me with his mouth. His hands scanned my body as he deep throated my dick in slow strong strokes. I couldn't help but fuck him in the mouth. I grabbed my nigga by the back of the head and pushed my dick in and out of his mouth. I could feel my dick expand each time my dick slipped past his tonsils and down his throat.

"Damn nigga! You suckin the shit out of my dick!"

"No I'm suckin the shit out of my dick. Don't ever forget that nigga!"

Q began to suck my dick real hard. He had a nigga going crazy. This nigga was going to make me bust a quickie. I tried to push Q off of me but he wouldn't release his grip. When I thought I was about to bust he slowed his pace and pulled my dick out of his mouth. He stood up and turned to show me his fat ass.

"You want some of this nigga?" he asked me.

"Hell yeah nigga. Come give me some of that."

Q walked into my arms and we kissed for a long time. Even his kisses had my body going crazy. My dick was so hard by now it hurt. I broke the kiss and began to lick him on his neck and ears. I grabbed his fat ass in my hands and squeezed that fat booty. Q again pushed me back on the bleachers. He spit in his hand for lube and slid his hand up and down my dick until it was nice and wet. He then got his ass all slippery and turned his back to me and lowered himself on my dick. He rotated his hips as my dick slipped deeper into his ass. When my dick was all the way in Q began to bounce and ride my dick like a mad man.

"This is my dick nigga". Q stated over and over.

"Yeah baby" was my only response. He was holding his ass cheeks apart and bouncing up and down on my dick. When my dick swole to its fullest Q turned around to face me.

He rode me even harder as we kissed like we were starving for each other. We both moaned in unison as we had the best sex of our young lives. Each time it felt as if I was about to bust, Q would stop and change positions. He began to talk shit as we were fucking.

"Yeah nigga, every time you think about giving this dick away you will think about me. No other nigga is going to be able to make you feel like this.

His stroke, his words and his touch all seemed intoxicating to me. It felt that all my nerves were being soothed. Q nibbled and sucked on me. He rode me hard and deep as his hands explored my body.

I was starting to realize this was about the incident with Darius. I had told Q that I couldn't go through the situation with Darius because of him and he was trying to

make sure I always felt like that. Well I was done letting him have control. I pushed him off of me and stood up. I kissed him again and bit his lips. (Damn those lips!!!!!!) I turned him around and he got in the doggy style position. We had already been fucking rough so I just rammed my dick in him.

"OOOHHHH SHIITTTT!" yelled Q. "Do that shit again nigga!"

Like I said I was in control. He said do it again, so instead I did it twice. Bam. Bam. Q yelled as he backed up on my dick. I grabbed him by the waist and began to fuck that nigga like a jackhammer. We fucked long and hard for another fifteen minutes. It felt like my balls were in my nigga. We stood up and Q placed his foot on the seat of the bleachers. Now I had all access to that ass. Deeper and deeper. Faster and faster. Niggas was drenched in sweat. I reached around and grabbed Q's dick. As soon as I touched him he bust off. Touchdown!! That shit seemed to fly 50 Yards. As he shot his ass muscles clamped down on my dick. After a few more strokes I was coming all up in those guts. If I had been wearing a condom it might have got lost up in my boy. Q fell onto the bleachers with me on top of him. We realized we should get out of there so we washed up in the bathroom, (the football team had rigged the lock so they could always open it) and walked back to the car. I wanted to hold my boy close as we walked but I just settled for looking at him. We kissed once more before we got in the car. I think that was the only night we ever showed any sex related affection for each other in public.

"I love you Ced."

"I love you back Q."

I tossed Q my keys and we got in the car. It was kind of late and traffic was real light. An idea came to my head.

"Hey Q. Do you remember the day when we found about T getting down?" I asked smiling.

"Yeah what about it?"

I then reached over and began to unfasten Q's pants. He looked at me and smiled.

"You're a bad boy Ced."

"I know. It's just the thug in me."

We made it home that night but we almost crashed twice. After another hour of that good young sex and we were falling asleep in each other's arms. Together once again. Ready to face the future conflicts and keep our love strong. Things were good for now but our trials and tribulations were far from over.