

"dl" Thug Passion V

FALLEN ANGEL

By: Cedric D. Butler

As I stood and looked in the mirror life seemed great. A young nigga was doing his thing in school. I had a job and a ride. Nigga is looking type right if I may say so myself. On top of all that I had the love of my young life Q. I walked over to the bathroom door and looked at my nigga. In the past couple years this nigga had become my best friend and lover. He's lying in my bed looking all good and shit. Damn! I have to be the luckiest nigga in the world. Here I was young and experiencing real love. I walked over to my bed and admired my boy's body. Fine as wine. I could make a statue of this nigga to keep in my room. My dick was getting hard just looking at him.

Sweet caramel skin.

Tight toned body with the killer six-pack.

Long silky braids hanging past his shoulders.

The fullest, softest, sexiest lips.

And that ass! This nigga had an ass that would make the straightest man drool. By now your boy had that morning wood, so this nigga had to get up. I leaned over Q, drew my hand back and...POW!! I slapped that nigga on his ass and backed up.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?" Q screamed as he jumped up.

I am just standing there laughing my ass off, brick hard.

"You are laughing like that shit was funny!"

The madder he looked the harder I laughed. By now he was steaming hot and he charged me. That nigga gave me two quick love taps to the jaw. You know I got serious then.

"Oh what's wrong?" Q asked. "You didn't think that was funny huh?"

"You will pay for that punk!"

Smack! Smack! Smack!

"I got your punk nigga."

Now I stepped up and we started to slap box. That nigga got the faster hands so he got the best of me as usual. But once we locked up it was all me. (#1 WWF fan at the time.)

We start wrestling and trying to slam each other. He is strong but my little brother and I use to practice the moves we saw on TV all the time. I reached down and grabbed his dick and he let me go. I picked his ass up in a bear hug.

"How you like me now?" I said kissing his cheek.

Before he could hit me, I spun his ass around. I started grinding my dick on his ass.

"You like that don't you punk?"

His ears started turning red. The more he struggled the harder my dick got. I picked him up and slammed him on the bed. I allowed him to

turn over while under me.

"Get off me nigga!" Q yelled.

"What if I don't?" I said teasing him.

"Then when I get up I'm gonna beat....."

Before he could finish I had my tongue down his throat.

"Yeah I love the nigga enough to deal with morning breath."

Q's hands traveled up and down my back sending tingles through my spine. Q pulled my head down and started to lick and suck on my neck.

Damn! That shit felt soooooooo good. He moved down to my ears. That shit drives me crazy. He had me where he wanted me. Q gave me a light tap in the nuts with his knee and flipped me over so that he was now on top of me.

"Awwe damn nigga!" I yelled at him. "That shit hurt!"

He pent my arms down with his knees.

"Shut up nigga!" Smack! Smack! This time he slapped me on the lips with his dick.

"Oh it's on now nigga!" I threatened.

"Yeah. It's on your face!" Q laughed as he continued to assault me with his dick.

The masculine aroma of Q's body had my shit on swole. My shit was

hurting it was so hard. He started moving his ass back and forth so that his dick was sliding across my lips. He started playing with his nipples and moaning. I was doing all I could to get from under this nigga. A small amount of pre-cum leaked from the head of Q's dick. He reached down and wiped it off with his finger and placed his finger in front of my face.

"Want some?" He asked.

I laughed and attempted to lick his finger but he drew it back.

"Bad boys don't get any of this. They have to take it." Q teased as he licked his finger clean.

I was so horny and frustrated by now. He had my upper body on lock. I rocked my body and brought my legs upwards. I wrapped them around his upper body and used my leg strength to pull him off of me. Once free, I jumped on top of Q. I grabbed that nigga by the neck and got real close in his face.

"I love you more than life nigga." I whispered in his ear as I began to nibble on it.

I was all over my nigga. Kissing and licking his neck and ears. I slowly licked down to his nipples. I squeezed one and then the other. I licked all over his chest. I soon reached his beautiful abs. I licked up and over each little mound all the way to his navel. He has one of those belly buttons that poke out, so I flickered my tongue back and forth across it. Q moaned with pleasure as his hips began to gyrate. His dick was grinding into my chest and the smell of his manhood (or boyhood lol) was drawing me closer. I licked just over his pubic hairs from one side to the next. I grabbed his dick in my hand and sniffed it. (I can smell that nigga to this day. I swear.) His shit was already hard but when I

blew on it, that shit got so hard it seemed to be screaming, "Help me".

So you know what I did. Yeah, I had to help a brotha out. I gave one of his nuts a light lick. Then the other. I placed them in my mouth and slowly massaged his dick with my hand. I used the index finger of my other hand to finger his ass. Ass is so fat your arm could get lost in it. It could put some females to shame. I then put Q's dick in my mouth. I slowly swallowed his dick and felt a slight convulsion as it slid past my tonsils and down my throat.

"Awweeee" was all Q could say. With each stroke of my mouth, I stroked his ass with my finger. He was so hard in my throat that I had to breathe through my nose. He started fucking my mouth and the dick tasted damn good. My shit was leaking bad. Before long Q was begging me to stop. He stood up and turned around. He wiggled his fat ass at me.

"Ready for some of this baby?" Q asked.

"I was born ready my nigga. But don't worry because I'm going to take it."

He positioned himself over me and I pulled him down on my dick. I loved to see my shit disappear in his ass. Q started to ride my dick like he had an agenda. We matched each other stroke for stroke. I jacked Q off as he attacked my dick. The sound of his skin hitting mine was all you could hear besides our moans. I could tell that Q was close to a nut so, I slowed down jacking his dick and he sped up riding mine.

So much for taking it lol.

"Awwe shit nigga I'm about to bust!" I told him as he rode my shit harder and harder.

"Me too baby!" Q said. "I'm cummmmmming nigga!"

We both came at the same time and just fell out on the bed. We lay like that for about 20 minutes all cuddled up. Finally I leaned over to see what time it was.

"Oh shit nigga! We are about to be late for school." I yelled.

We ran into the bathroom and grabbed a quick shower. As Q dried my body off, my dick sprung up ready for round two. But there was no time now. We each got dressed and ran out and jumped in our cars and raced to school. We rode separately because we both had to work after school. We made it to school, parked and were walking through the front door as the bell rung for our first class to start. We got a dirty look from the teacher as we strode into class about 5 minutes later. I looked around the room to see if T had made it to school. He wasn't sitting in his normal seat. Instead he was closer to the front sitting and staring at some new kid that was in class. And for good reason. The kid was phoine!!

"Attention class!" Our teacher announced. "We have a new student so could we please give him our undivided attention so that he can introduce himself. Ok Michael, introduce yourself, tell us where you're from and tell us about some of your hobbies."

Dude stood up and he was tall. He had to stand every bit of 6'10. He looked to weigh around 200-225 pounds but at his height he was slim. This nigga looked like a model. He had that honey brown complexion. His eyes were almond shaped like he had Asian in him. He had long, straight, jet-black hair that he wore in a giant ponytail. When he opened his mouth to talk I noticed that most of his teeth were covered in gold.

"Well as you heard Mrs. Sandoval say my name is Michael. Michael Lee Townsend to be exact. My friends call me Mike. I just moved here from Miami, Florida where I have lived my entire life. I like to repair cars and I love to draw."

Some people laughed as he spoke because he had one of those deep southern accents. Most of my family was from the south so it was nothing new to me. Most of my kin folk (lol) sound just like him.

"Damn the Miami you are from must be in another country because I can't understand what the hell you are talking about sound." Said Big D.

"Well if you don't like the way I sound then don't listen nigga. Plus if you really must know, I don't care for the sound of your voice at all." Mike answered staring Big D down.

Big D shut his mouth as usual. I liked Mike already.

"Well like I was saying, back home I was the state wrestling champion. I am the only child and my parents moved here for career choices. So I guess for the time being Rochester is my new home."

As was customary we each had to stand up and make intros to Mike. When Terrelle's turn came he was nervous and stuttering. It wasn't hard to tell he was feeling Mike.

When class was over Q, Terrelle and I met up in the hallway.

"Yo Ced did you see how bitchy your cousin was acting in there?" Q laughed.

"Fuck you Quentin!" T said chasing Q.

"Yeah Q, you touched a nerve because he called you Quentin."

The only time T called us by our first names is when he was angry, nervous or excited.

"Don't be mad T." I said. "We know that you just want some of that country love."

"You niggas need to stop playing. I just think the dude is attractive. There's no need to overreact about it."

"Whatever." Q stated. "If that nigga got down you'd be trying to get with him right now."

"You niggas know shit ain't that serious."

For most of the morning we picked on T. I never saw him act the way he was today.

After lunch we were in the hallway headed to our next class. Q must have gotten the bubble guts from lunch, because he said he'd meet me in class and ran toward the bathroom. A few seconds before the bell rang, Q walked into class. He looked relieved but worried. He didn't say much during class. I couldn't wait for the bell to find out what was on his mind.

They say curiosity killed the cat. Well I was dying. Each second seemed like an hour. I wish this teacher would shut up and let us go. When the bell finally rang, I was the first one out the door.

"What's going on nigga? You've been looking funny since you came back from the bathroom. Did you shit on yourself or something?" I said

laughing.

"No. I was just in the bathroom and Big D was trying to suck up to the new nigga Mike. He said that he was sorry for what he said in class. He was trying to get the nigga to join GAP. (Gangstaz and Pimpz for those who are just joining in.) He was glorifying the shit. He made it seem like it was a group of friends that just hang together. He told the nigga that we were bad news and not to get caught up in our shit."

"So what did he say to Big D?" I asked.

"He said he didn't want part of any gang and he would judge us for himself."

"Nigga you had me all hyped up over that shit? Big D is always trying to recruit niggas so what's so special about Mike?"

A few months ago I would have been mad and jealous but I trusted my nigga 100%.

"The nigga is new around here. I just don't want to see him get caught up in that shit. Besides that's a big nigga to have as an enemy."

I must admit I felt the same way.

Even though Mike looked like he could take care of himself, he had the demeanor that made you want to be his friend.

"Ok, so what are we supposed to do?"

"We just need to make friends with the nigga. Let him see why we ain't in a gang."

"That's cool. Terrelle would like having the nigga around anyway." We laughed as we walked down the hallway.

As we neared our lockers, Q nudged me. I looked to see Mike standing with T by his locker talking.

"Looks like T was thinking ahead of us." Q said.

"Yeah but for different reasons." I laughed as we approached them.

"Damn that boy moves fast." Q giggled.

We walked up to them and interrupted their conversation. T gave us the LOOK. You know the one that says "I know you niggas got something better to do right now!" It took all my might to keep from falling on the floor laughing.

"What's up T?" said Q disregarding the look.

"Nothing much. Just talking to Mike here. Mike you remember my cousin Ced and his best friend Q?"

"Yeah, what's up fellas?" Mike said smiling and blinding a nigga with his gold.

"What's up?" We both said.

"I was just asking Mike if he wanted to hang out sometimes. Maybe we can show him around and shit like that." T stated.

"Sounds like a plan." I said. "Welcome to the Roc Mike. I'll have to get with you youngins later because I have to get to work."

After giving out some daps, I jumped in my car and headed for work. It was a normal evening. I played basketball and pool with the kids at the center. When I got home I ate some dinner and watched a little TV. I then headed to my room to do my homework and listen to some music. My mom worked nights so I could do whatever I wanted. Once I finished my assignment, I lay on the bed and started to think of Q. He was out having dinner with his parents. My thoughts flowed to this morning. Damn I wish he were here right now. My shit started to get hard. I unfastened my pants and put my hand inside my boxers. I was thinking of how it looked when my dick was sliding in and out of Q. I pulled my dick out and started jacking it slow. I wish he were here so that I could...

A knock at my door snapped me from my thoughts. It was my little sister. As usual she came in without knocking and as usual I had forgotten to lock the door. I quickly rolled on my stomach and played as if I was sleep.

"You little crack baby!" I yelled. "Knock on my fucking door before you come in my room!"

"I did knock stupid!"

"Well wait for me to answer next time ho!"

"Whatever. Terrelle stupid behind is here for you."

"Tell him to come in here." By now I just wanted her out because my dick was hurting.

"You ain't my daddy and I don't have to listen to you. I ain't yo maid nigga. Go get him yourself." She said rolling her eyes and walking out of my room.

I jumped up and fixed my clothes. I grabbed one of my little plastic basketballs and ran up and hit her in the head with it.

"I hate you bastard! I'm telling mommy when she gets home!" she yelled while slamming her door.

I walked downstairs to the living room to get T. He was in there wrestling with my little brother. At first I was hot! I remembered the days when we'd play like that and he would end up feeling on me. I just stood in the cut and watched to see what would happen. They locked up and T was trying to slam my brother. He bit off more than he could chew and my brother scoop slammed his ass.

"Damn little nigga your skills are getting better." T commented.

"Thanks Terrelle." he said helping T off the floor.

T tried to catch him off guard and slam him but instead found himself locked up with him. I realized times had changed and that the stuff T did in the past was kiddy shit. So I walked up behind them niggas, picking them both up and slammed them on the couch.

"You niggas better remember that this is my yard!" I said quoting my favorite wrestler The Undertaker.

We all laughed and I told my little brother it was time for bed. I invited T to my room. I had started to set up the video game when I noticed he had a black eye.

"Damn nigga! What the fuck happened to you?" I said ready to fight.

T laughed it off. "You wouldn't believe me if I told you."

"Well you better tell me who hit you and why!"

"Ok! Calm down nigga. Well it's like this. When you and Q left for work, I decided to chill with Mike. We rode around and I showed him the sights. Later I invited him back to my house."

"Oh god! I can already see where this is headed." I interrupted. "My bad. Go ahead."

"Anyway, we got to my place and no one was home as usual. (Our mothers worked together. They tried to work the same shifts because they liked to gossip about people from work. You know how women do.) So I asked him if he wanted something to drink."

"Got any Hennessey?' he asked me.

"Yeah, my mom always keeps that in stock." I told him.

"I showed him where my room was and went to make the drinks. When I get back to my room, Mike pulls out some weed and asks if I smoke. I told him no but I would try it."

So we sat drinking, smoking and playing video games for like 2 hours. At some point I must have fallen out because I woke up and Mike was lying next to me asleep. He was looking all good and shit. I tried to ignore him and something told me to get up and away from him but I couldn't make myself move. I just sat and watched him sleep for awhile."

"The more I watched, the more I wanted him. That's when I got bold. I eased my hand over and placed it on his dick. He didn't move so I started rubbing his shit through his pants. He started getting hard so I kept on rubbing. Just as I worked up the nerve to undo his zipper,

this nigga jumps up and hits me in the eye. Now I am ready to fight but all I can see are stars."

"Mike grabs me and pulls me within inches of his face. He says "You gotta ask permission before you stick your hand in the cookie jar. He then pulls me into him and kisses me."

"What!? Get the fuck out of here. Nigga you know you are lying." I said even though I believed him.

"I swear on grandma's grave I'm telling the truth."

"Ok then. What else happened?" I inquired.

"Well at first it felt odd. I felt like a little kid in that big niggas arms. After awhile I got used to it though and it just felt right. It felt like it was meant to be."

"Yeah I know what you mean." I said smiling and thinking about my first encounter with Q.

"That nigga Mike looks rough but he kissed me like he was in love with me. He was kissing me all over and shit. No nigga has ever made me shiver from just a kiss. Then he asked me to strip for him and I did. Before I was done that big ass thug had my shit down his throat."

"He gave you head first?" I said sounding like a little kid.

"Sure did. And he knew what he was doing too. He didn't suck the head. Hell no. That nigga sucked the shit out of my dick. He wouldn't let me touch him or anything. He just sucked my dick until I came."

"Wow. That's some crazy shit. Did he say anything to you afterwards?"

I asked.

"Um, yeah that's what's so strange. He said "Don't tell your cousin and his boyfriend about me just yet."

"What? Stop fucking playing!" I said.

"Yeah. I asked him what he was talking about."

He said, "I can just tell about them. I've only been around one day but I can feel love flowing from them niggas. I could tell from the way they look at each other when they talk. I can usually sense out other people who get down. That's why I came home with you. But their secret is safe with me."

"Why don't you want me to tell them then?" T asked.

"Well you are cool and everything but I still don't you yet. I know that sounds funny after giving you head but being your nigga is a lot deeper. I like your style and really want to get to know you. But in case things never develop between us, no one needs to know for now."

"Ok. That's cool." T said. "I don't have a problem with that."

You know I had to put Q on as soon as I talked to him.

A few months have passed since that night. Of course Mike had become one of the niggas. We had started calling him "Magic Mike" because he was a ride or die Orlando Magic fan even though he was from Miami. In time T and Mike got real tight. Well we all did but I mean on a sexual level. Come to find out Mike's grandfather had passed away and left him a large sum of money. Some niggas from around his way had been plotting to rob him. Somehow his dad found out and they

were packed and on their way north two days later.

Mike and T started dating. I never saw T happier. They eventually put us on to their situation. Well at least that's what Mike thought.

It was a Saturday night. We decided to get something to eat and then go to the movies. We grabbed a light meal to save room for popcorn and candy. We got to the movies about 30 minutes early. The four of us decided to hang out in the parking lot for 20 minutes. We just stood out there and shot the shit. Mike pulled out a blunt and all of us except Q hit it.

"When the fuck did you start smoking?" he asked me.

I opened my mouth to tell him when my first time was. Then I realized that the first time I hit a blunt was with Darius.

"Just now fool. It's a special occasion for T and Magic Mike." I lied.
"Plus this movie is suppose to be mad funny."

I don't know why I chose to lie. I just didn't want to spoil the mood. Q let it go but I would get caught in that lie in the future. He even joined in and hit the blunt a few times. By the time we reached the concession stand, we were floating. We all ordered popcorn, candy and soda. As we were searching for our theater, some nigga was walking backwards talking to this girl. The nigga ran right into Mike and some of his soda spilled on this dude.

"Nigga, watch where the fuck you going!" he said before he actually saw how big Mike was.

The nigga swallowed hard and looked shook until Mike apologized.

"Yo man my bad." Mike said.

"Nigga I know that it's your bad. Look what the fuck you did to my shirt."

"Well you bumped into me and I still apologized. What else do you want?" Now Mike was getting serious.

"Muthafucka, I want you to pay for my damn shirt."

"Look man. The situation is over." T stepped in.

"It doesn't matter because I'm not paying for anything." Mike said flatly.

Dude turned around to face Mike.

"What you say nigga?"

Mike bent down and looked him in the eyes.

"I am not paying for your ugly ass, out of style, homo thug shirt nigga!"

"Yo look man. We don't want any trouble." T stated.

"Well then tonight is not your night because trouble just found you."
He said as he turned and walked away.

I could tell by the red bandana in his back pocket that he belonged to this gang called LOD (Legion Of Doom). See back then the gangs were

having turf wars. North Side vs. South Side. East Side vs. West Side and so on. We were from the West side. It didn't matter that we weren't a gang. We were from different sides so to these niggas we were expendable.

"I'm getting a bad feeling." Q said. "Maybe we should catch the movie another time. I'm sure that nigga isn't here alone. There are not enough of us to take on his crew."

"I hear what you saying Q but we came to have a good time. That nigga ain't running me out of here."

"Ok. Fuck it then. Let's go." Q said.

So we went and watched our movie. We were laughing at shit that wasn't even funny. The weed had us all in a mellow mood but it was short lived. About halfway through the movie, the doors opened and you could hear mad niggas talking.

"Spread out and find them niggas. One of them is the nigga Quentin that plays for East High. If we find him we'll find the big nigga."

The voice was coming from the same nigga we had the confrontation with earlier. These niggas appeared to be like 50 strong. It looked like we were fucked. They had split up and were coming down each aisle.

"Oh shit!" said T. "What are we gonna do?"

We all tried to come up with a plan. Mike was the first one with an idea.

"Listen it's real simple. On the count of three you niggas follow close behind me. We will be moving fast so keep up."

"What are you gonna do Magic?" T asked.

"Just do what I say and we will be out of here in no time." Mike assured T with a squeeze of his hand.

The countdown began.

"1...2...3!"

Mike was up and moving like a bullet. T was right on his heels. I grabbed Q's shoulders and rode his back like a cape. Mike was bulldozing through niggas. Q later said that if the football coach would have seen Mike in action he would have been on the team immediately. Before you knew it we were in the lobby and headed for the front door. We raced to the parking lot to find our cars. Instead of Mike driving his car, he threw the keys to Terrelle. We sped away from there in a hurry. T and Mike led and Q and I followed.

After driving for a few minutes, T suddenly pulls to the side of the street.

"What the fuck is he doing?" I yell. "Those niggas could be following us."

T jumped out of the car and started motioning for us to pull over. So we did. We got out of the car and ran over to see what the problem was.

"Something's wrong with Mike!" T screamed.

I ran to the passenger door and opened it. Blood was flowing from Mike's mouth. When he breathed there was a funny sound coming from him. I was scared as hell.

"Oh my god!" I yelled.

I noticed that he had his hand clutched to his stomach. With a slight hesitation, I moved his hand to try to see how bad it was. I immediately had to run to the curb and vomit.

One of those niggas must have stabbed Mike. When I moved his hands his guts were hanging out in plain sight.

"Awwe fuck!" Q and T yelled at the same time.

"We have to get him to a hospital right now!" Q screamed.

"Yo T come here." Mike said barely audible.

"Mike we gotta get you to a hospital." T stated with tears falling from his eyes.

"I wish I could make it to a hospital T. Our time together has been so short."

"Don't say shit like that Mike. We'll get you to the hospital. Don't worry." T cried.

"I'm glad I got to meet you T. At least for a short time I got a glimpse of what love would feel like."

T started to interrupt but Mike hushed him.

"Shut up nigga." Mike said almost whispering. "I'm trying to tell you that...."

"Mike!" We all screamed.

"That I love you." He managed to finish.

"I love you too Magic Mike." T said fully crying now.

Mike forced a smile and then we heard him breathe his last breath.

"Nooooooooooooo!" T screamed. "Dear god. Please! No!"

We were all crying now. T was devastated. You would have thought we knew Mike our whole lives. As I said earlier though, he just had that demeanor.

The next week was pure hell. We had to sit through police interviews and sit through numerous line-ups. It was all pretty useless. Like I said there were like 50 niggas. They questioned a few of them but never found out who the killer was. Mike was taken home and buried in Miami. Mike's parents had a small service for him here and then flew him back to Miami where he was laid to rest. I felt so sorry for his parents. They tried to get him away from danger but that's some shit you can't run from.

On the day of Mike's funeral T, Q and I got together. We didn't really talk that much. We shed a few tears and Q and I consoled T. Then we all bought some weed and burned a few for our boy Magic Mike.

We were blessed to meet you. For the short the short time you were in our lives we were all like glue. You were a giant that didn't block out the light; you made the sun shine bright. Dark, tall and damn sexy yawl. But it's his giant heart I'll miss most of all. We were better people because we got to know you, but on the inside we're a little bitter too. I won't

let losing you throw me off track. Plus now you're lucky, because now GODS got your back. So smile my friend and show your gold. Because a spot in our hearts, you shall always hold.

Terrelle Tyshawn Butler

This chapter is dedicated to:

R.I.P.

Michael Lee Townsend aka Magic Mike

6/10/79 - 4/18/96

"See you when I get there my nigga. Hold it down."

1one luv 4 ever Ced