

"d!" Thug Passion VI
THE BIRTH OF SCARFACE

By: Cedric D. Butler

I wake up and my body is covered in sweat. I can feel my heart racing. I just sit there for a while and find my bearings. I look over at the clock and it reads 2:30 am. It has been exactly two months since the death of my friend "Magic Mike". For the last 60 days I have relived his murder every night. It always starts and ends the same.

The altercation in the lobby.

50 gangbangers were searching for us.

Our narrow escape.

The getaway.

Realizing that Mike is wounded.

Seeing Mike's inside.

Now it's not Mike anymore.

I am staring into my own dying eyes.

Finally there's the scream. The scream that sends chills through my body as I speak.

"Nooooooooooooo! Dear God! Please! No!"

At that I point I wake up.

Today, like all others, tears fall from my eyes. After sobbing for a while, I regain my composure. I know that staying here alone will end in a restless night. I decide

to go to my boy Q's house. I got dressed and headed to the living room to find my keys. Just as I found them, I heard someone unlocking the front door. At first I thought that it was my mom coming home early from work. To my surprise it was Q. He looked just as tired and miserable as I felt.

"I was just on my way to your house." I said hugging him.

" I was having trouble sleeping."

"Are you still having the dreams?" I asked.

"Yeah, pretty much the same dream every night. How about you?"

"Same thing here. Except I see my face on Mike's body."

"It'll get greater later." He says quoting his father.

"I hope so. I feel so tired all the time."

"I know what you mean. Plus we go back to school soon. I won't be able to make it through class, not to mention football and basketball practice." Q complained.

"I know how you feel. I was supposed to start tutoring again but I don't have the strength."

We went into the kitchen to get something to drink. We sat, caught up in our own thoughts, for about fifteen minutes. Finally I suggested that we try to get some sleep. We headed to my room and got undressed. We lay down and all you could hear was the sound of our breathing.

"I'm worried about T." Q said breaking the silence. " He's been drinking like crazy and he looks like shit."

I had to agree. Terrelle was taking Magic Mike's death real bad. When he got drunk T often said it wasn't fair that I had Q but he lost Mike. He would say that I was the favorite even to God. He would yell, scream and say he hated us. When he's sober T says he doesn't remember saying any of that. I'm sure deep down he meant it. I was taught, "A drunk mind speaks a sober tongue".

Terrelle had started to look older. He didn't care how he dressed anymore. We rarely saw him at school. When he did show up he was high or drunk. Girls would often stop me and ask if he was ok. Terrelle like Q was your classic pretty boy. He is 5'10, 178 lbs, tight, ripped slim frame, coca brown complexion, light brown eyes, pencil thin mustache sitting over some nice pink lips. T is packin 9 inches and a fat ass for a skinny nigga. Lately though he looked twice his age. His eyes were always red. It smelled like he used beer and liquor as his cologne. On top of all that his personality had gone a complete 180 degrees. He carried his gun at all times now. If anyone wanted trouble with us, he was the first to make a move. Before he was more of the peacemaker. T is my cousin and one of my best friends so I didn't want to see him get caught up.

"I know." I finally responded. "I try to talk to him but he won't listen. He says he just needs his space."

"What the nigga needs is some closure." Q said.

"I think closure would do us all some good." I mumbled.

We let the thought linger in the air. Q and I were thinking the same thing. The only closure any of us wanted was revenge. All of our hearts were hardened with the loss of Mike. To be honest, we were never the same again.

As we lay down and fell asleep, T was at the park where we had our farewell toast to Magic Mike. He sat in the wet dewy grass, drinking and sulking in his sadness.

"Niggas think this shit is over?" He slurred into the night. "It's far from over. They are gonna learn not to fuck with us."

T staggers to his feet and curses as he realizes his bottle is empty. He throws the bottle to the ground and heads towards his car. As he waits to cross the street, a car pulls up to him.

"Hey Terrelle. What's up sexy?"

The voice belonged to Latisha Davis. She was a cheerleader at our school. She was a senior and all the boys wanted her. She was drop dead gorgeous. At the time she was the only girl who had ever made my dick hard. She stood about 5'6 or so. I'm

not sure how much she weighed, but the girl was put together right. I mean she had that body females will starve themselves to have. She had nice big titties and a Beyonce type ass. She was real black but it only added to her beauty. Facial wise she resembles Omar Epps girl from "Love and Basketball". We liked her because she wasn't stuck up like most of the other cheerleaders. She spent most school days having lunch with us.

"What's up Tisha? Where are you coming from this time of night girl?"

"Oh you wanna be all up in my business like you are my man. I've been trying to get with you for two years."

"Girl you ain't ready for this. I'll have you following me all over school."

They both laughed.

"Seriously though Terrelle, are you ok? You and your boys just don't seem the same. All of you seem so dark and gloomy lately."

Nobody at school had any idea how close Mike was to us. People knew that we hung out at school but they didn't really know that he was one of our best friends.

"You gotta play the hand that life deals you Tisha. But we'll be alright."

"What is that supposed to mean Terrelle?"

"Nothing girl. Now take your sexy ass home."

"Will I see you in school soon? It's not the same without you there."

"We'll see Tisha."

"Ok then T. Hope to see you soon."

T watched as she drove off. He decided that he was too drunk to drive. He walked about five blocks to his house. He sighed as he entered the house. Unfortunately, Terrelle had to face his night terrors alone.

The week passed without much change. It was my mom's birthday. I was glad because I needed something to keep my mind busy. I took my little sister and brother to the mall so we could get gifts for her. It's hard to shop for my mom because she is so picky. Sometimes I wish she were like that with her men. I ended up getting her some roses and a card. Afterwards, we returned home and prepared her a nice dinner. Mom was out getting spiffed up for her night. We set everything up real proper like. I left her a note stating that I'd be staying at Q's tonight. After dropping my sister and brother off at their grandmothers, I headed to work.

I loved my job. Most days at work were fun. At the time I thought working with kids was my future. You see, since I never really had a childhood, I was nothing more than a big kid myself. I never tried to play the adult with them, (I wasn't really one yet anyway) but I demanded their respect. After some time I came to love them and they came to love me. One of them loved me a little too much though. His name was Jayson Michaels but we called him Lil Bit. He was my age but he so short he looked to be about 12. He was a sexy little dude. This nigga was about 5'8, 140, nice build, and dark brown skin, mid level brown eyes. He already had a full mustache and goatee. At the time I didn't know what he was working with. I would later find out that big things do come in small packages.

I was the only staff member who could keep him in line. Whenever he had a problem he would be brought straight to me. Today was no exception. One of the other staff members paged me to the gym. When I arrived, Lil Bit and one of the other kids had just finished fighting. I didn't even have to say anything. Once he saw me he just got up and walked over.

"Yo Ced man. I didn't even do nothin." He said.

"You promised me that you were going to stay out of trouble. I vouched for you and once again you played me."

"But he pushed me and tried to hit me in the face with the basketball."

I called him out into the hallway so we couldn't be heard. I can't lie I had feelings for this nigga. Just not in the sexual sense. More like a little brother or cousin.

"I keep telling you to get control over yourself. If you can't other people will. That nigga controlled you like a puppet. Open your eyes. Fighting doesn't change how people feel about you. You're not some little kid on the playground."

"Whatever nigga. I know if you and your boys find out who killed Mike there is gonna be problems."

I almost slapped the shit out of him. I had to take my own advice.

"Listen you can't even compare the two. You can't base your life on what I do. You need to be your own man. You have your own life to live. Now you wait out here and let me see how they want to handle this."

I already knew the outcome. Lil Bit was banned from the center for a month. He had too many altercations. I knew he was going to be upset but he brought it on himself. Since it was time for me to go home, I decided to give him a ride home.

"So what's the damage?" he asked after a while.

"They banned you from the center for a month."

"Damn! A whole month?"

"It could have been worse. You've caused your share of problems for everybody there. You're lucky I got your back or you'd be out forever."

"Fuck them then. I never really liked that place anyway. Shit I only come to the center to see you."

I thought I had heard him wrong but when I looked over he was staring straight into my eyes.

"What you mean you only come there to see me?"

"Look Ced. I ain't gonna lie to you. I have had a crush on you since before you worked at the center. I ain't sayin you mess with dudes but I just like you." He said.

"So are you telling me that you are gay?"

"I don't know. I've never even messed with a dude before but I have always been attracted to them."

"So why are you telling me this? What makes you think I won't pull this car over and beat your ass?" I asked.

"I don't. I just had to tell someone. Since you always act like you care, I decided to tell you. Plus you never treat the gay kids at the center any different like the rest of the staff do."

I didn't know what to say. He had caught me totally off guard. I decided to answer him without answering him.

"Look Jayson. I got mad love for you. What or whom you like makes no difference to me. You are a good person and that's all that matters to me. Live your life and be happy but don't get in so much fucking trouble."

"Ok. I got all that. Now what about the part about me liking you?"

I guess that didn't work the way I planned.

"I am in a relationship right now and I'm very happy. I'm flattered that you like me but I'm taken."

"I guess I figured that. What I don't understand is why didn't you just say that you were straight?" he asked.

Look at this dude trying to run the psychology game on me. I just played along to see how far he would go.

"Why does it matter? I told you I'm involved. That's the end of the discussion."

"I know but most straight niggas would have at least said that they don't fuck with dudes." He said.

"Yeah that's true. Most straight niggas would have beat your ass too. Listen, I'm not most dudes. I'm just Ced and that's all I want to be."

He sat and was quiet for some time. I laughed thinking I had made him give up. Lil Bit was persistent though.

"Would you fuck a man for a million dollars?" he asked.

"Boy I'd fuck my daddy for a million dollars." I laughed.

"Would you suck a dick for a million dollars?"

"Clean or dirty?" I joked.

"Umm, clean I guess." He wasn't expecting that one.

"I'd fuck my dad and suck his dad's dick at the same time for a million dollars." I said laughing my ass off.

"That's so nasty." He laughed. "Would you suck your boy Q's dick for five thousand dollars."

I stopped laughing. Did this nigga know about us? I didn't give a fuck at this point. I looked the nigga in the eyes and made sure I had his attention.

"No, I wouldn't nigga."

"Why not? He's your friend and would never tell anybody."

"See! That's exactly what I'm talking about. You're playing a game that you don't know the rules too. Niggas will actually kill you about this gay shit. Get your mind right before you get fucked up!" I said as I pulled up to his house.

"Ok nigga! Calm down. I'll see you niggas at the park since I can't come to the center."

"All right cool. Stay out of trouble or I'm gonna beat your ass." I said giving him some dap.

He got out and closed the door. I got ready to pull off when he turned and came back to the car.

"Oh yeah. I almost forgot. My step-brother Darius told me to ask if you're coming to anymore of his parties." He gave me a funny look and started to walk towards his house again.

I had to just sit there for a while. He had been playing with me the whole time. He looked back and winked as he unlocked the door. I gave him the finger and pulled off.

Q and I met at his house and he could tell instantly that I had something on my mind.

"Hey Ced? What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing really. Just daydreaming."

I always lied to him when I had a thought or situation that involved Darius.

"You look like someone just stole something from you."

"Nigga didn't I say that nothing was wrong?" I said throwing a pillow at him. "I was just wondering whether or not to show you my new pet."

"For real? What did you get?"

"Come over here and let me show you." I said.

"What you got? A spider or something?"

"Nothing like that. I got this right here." I said pulling out my dick.

"Is sex all you ever think about?" He said never taking his eyes off my joint.

"You and me both I guess."

Actually we had only had sex a few times since Mike's death. We were usually at it at least twice a day. But in the recent weeks we were just too tired.

"Ok, so what is that thing supposed to be?"

"It's called an African Grow Worm. The scientific name for it is *Bigoledickusmaximus*. It's very rare around these parts." I told him.

"Oh really? Sounds kind of interesting."

"It really is. The only catch is that it requires saliva and warmth applied at the same time to grow."

"So spit on it and put it in the microwave and let's see what happens."

We both laughed.

"Well you actually have to put it in your mouth." I told him.

"A worm? In my mouth? That's so nasty."

"Actually I heard that it tastes quite good." I laughed rubbing my stomach. "I hear that worms are a good source of protein."

"Well do you know if it bites?"

"It won't bite you. Rumor has it that if you wet and warm him in the right way, he'll secrete a sweet nectar for you."

"Maybe I should try it. Is that as big as they come though?" he joked.

"See how big it gets before you talk stupid."

Q grabbed the worm and gave it a little taste.

"Not too bad. Tastes a lot like chicken." We laughed again.

"Well I want to see that thing grow."

Q put the whole worm in his mouth. I think it had found it's new home.

"Look it's starting to grow Q. Keep going. It really works."

He stroked the worm and just like a sponge, it swole up.

"Damn, Ced this worm has turned into a snake." Q said. "It looks like a black Python now."

"It looks like your worm grows on it's own." I said pointing at the fat buldge in his pants. "But I'll still wet it for you."

We both stood up and stripped off our clothes. Once undressed we embraced in a long kiss. Before we could go any further, the doorbell rang. Q was going to ignore it at first. Whoever was at the door wasn't going away.

"Hold that thought. I'll be right back."

He threw on his sweats and left to answer the door. I just lay on the bed and thought about what we were about to do.

It would be better than I could ever imagine.

Q returned looking slightly pissed.

"Yo that little knuckle-head from the center is at the door. He says he really needs to talk to you. I guess it's important."

"Shit. This nigga better be about to die or something. I can't believe he came here looking for me. I'll be right back baby." I said kissing him.

"Well let me give you a reason to hurry." He said turning around and pulling his sweats down to show me what I wanted most.

"I'll be back in a heartbeat." I looked at his ass again. "Make that half a heart beat."

I walked upstairs to the living room and Jayson was standing there looking younger than he ever had. He looked like his world had been shattered.

"Yo Ced, I really need your help. I got into it with my mom and she kicked me out. I don't have anywhere to go. Can I stay at your place tonight?"

"Well I wasn't planning on going home. I was just gonna crash here tonight." I said smiling at him.

"Well can you ask Q if I can stay here? I'll do anything." He looked me in the eyes and grabbed my dick.

"Yo nigga are you fucking crazy?"

"Yeah! That little nigga must be. And in my fucking house too!"

I jumped like I had got caught doing something wrong. I turned and Q was standing in the doorway, red with rage.

"Oh shit!" was all I could say.

Jayson looked like he was about to take flight out of the house.

Q started across the room. I was prepared to stop him because he would have smashed the kid. Just as he reached him he stopped.

"Fuck it. You're a little cool nigga. I'll act like that shit didn't happen. I'm only doing it because your bitch ass would be on the streets tonight. Now let's go downstairs before my parents come home."

I walked towards the basement but Jayson stood still. He was scared to death.

"Come on Jayson. If I was going to do something to you I would have done it already." Q said.

He thought about it for a few seconds. Finally, he followed us downstairs. Q walked with his arm around him like they were best friends. I knew something was up.

We went to the basement and played video games. After awhile we got bored and just started talking. I was wondering how we were going to work out this sleeping arrangement. After all that happened upstairs, we still hadn't said anything about being gay. I hadn't told Q about Jayson mentioning Darius. Quentin cleared things up.

"So what's your story Jayson? Are you gay or something?"

He looked at me but didn't answer the question.

"Speak up nigga! We know you're not shy. You up in here grabbing dicks. So talk." Q was screaming at him.

"So what if I am nigga? What you gonna do? Beat my ass?"

"Shut up fool! I just wanted to see how much heart you got. You're still a punk though. I think I'll call you Lil Bitch."

I looked at Q. He had mischief in his eyes.

"Do what you have to do. But you ain't gonna be calling me out my name."

Q looked at him and smiled.

"That's what I'm talking about. Grow some balls nigga. Now since you've got some heart, finish what you started upstairs."

Lil Bit looked at Q like he was crazy. My jaw was touching the floor.

"If it's cool with you then it's cool with me." Jayson said walking towards Q.

I still didn't know what was going on. I was just sitting there staring at them.

"I said finish what you started upstairs nigga." Q said pointing to me.

Lil bit smiled at Q and he smiled right back. You could tell he had wanted to do this for a while. The look on his face was priceless. I found myself wondering if that's

how I looked when I got with Q. Jayson looked at me and licked his lips. My dick went hard immediately. He bent down like he was going to kiss me.

"None of that homeboy." Q said. "You only have a limited pass at this buffet."

With a look of disappointment Lil Bit climbed on the bed and got between my legs. He reached down and helped me take off my shirt. He started to kiss my chest and lick my nipples. Q stood behind him. He reached around and unfastened Jayson's belt and pants. He slid them off and admired Jayson's ass.

"Damn boy. You've got a little fat one back here." He said slapping it.

"And he got a fat one up here." I said. His dick looked to be too big for his body. It was like 9 inches long and fat as hell.

"Too bad he won't get to use it tonight." Q said.

By now Jayson was licking my belly button and loosening my pants. Q leaned in again and pulled off my pants and boxers, while I relieved Lil Bit of his shirt. We were all naked and it was a beautiful sight.

"Come on and taste some of this chocolate." I told Jayson.

He grabbed my dick and licked the head.

"I wanted to do this for a long time."

I will tell you this. Never, in my life, has my dick been in a mouth like that. The nigga swallowed my dick whole while staring me in the eyes. Q grabbed some lube and put it on his finger. As he slid it in, Jayson rested his lips on my pubic hairs.

"Oh shitttt!" I moaned. This nigga didn't have any tonsils.

"That shit feel good to you baby?" Q asked me.

"Hell yeahhh." I moaned.

When Jayson was use to Q's finger, he began to give me the best head I had ever experienced. No ass, mouth, pussy or hand could ever feel that good. Q had loosened him up, so he added a second finger. The harder Q pushed that finger, the more intense Lil Bit sucked my dick. A third finger was added.

"Ummmm." Jayson moaned. He raised up off his elbows unto his hands. I stood in the bed in front of him.

"Ummmm" he said again as Q slammed fingers in him. He grabbed my joint again and spit shined that shit. Q had him open. He was popping his hips and throwing his ass back. He was loving it. Shit, so were we. Q pulled his fingers out and grabbed a condom. I smiled because I wanted to see Q tear it up.

"Get ready for a workout nigga." Q said.

Q lined his dick up and started to push his way in. Jayson started shaking like a leaf.

"Ohhhh Shitttt." He said.

He was trembling but his eyes said he was on cloud nine. Q went all the way in and stopped so Jayson could adjust.

"Don't stop Q." Jayson said. "Just keep going."

Q smiled and started a nice little stroke. I grabbed Lil Bit's head and slid my dick back in his mouth. I was hitting the throat and Q was tapping that ass. Jayson could barely moan. All you could hear was our heavy breathing.

"Suck that dick nigga." I told him just as Q slapped his ass.

"Ummmm." He started sucking my shit so hard I had to catch my balance. Q was hitting it hard now.

'Ummmmmmmm." Jayson started shaking again. Before we knew it, he just started to cum. Gush after gush flowed from his dick. The more he came, the more we gave him. When he was done there was a puddle in the bed.

When his convulsion was over, I looked at Q. We both thought the same thing...

"Switch!" we both yelled.

We cleaned up a little bit and resumed our session. I threw on a rubber and went for broke. I knew he was loose so I just pushed my shit in.

"Ohhhh shittttt" Lil bit said melting on the bed.

"Come on nigga. Get up. This is what you wanted right?"

"Hell yeah." he said as he pushed himself back up.

"Dig that back out baby." Q said as he shoved his dick down the boy's throat.

His ass seemed to swallow my shit. I bit my lip and rolled my eyes. His ass was so warm and tight that I almost melted. I shook it off and went to work. Since he seemed to like dick I just gave it to him. I was deep in this nigga. My nuts were slapping his. Q was fucking his face with no remorse. When Jayson started shaking again, I went into overdrive. He was cumming and shaking. Shaking and cumming.

"I'm about to nutt!" Q yelled. He pulled out his dick and came all over Lil Bit's face. It was shooting so hard it looked like it hurt. That did it for me. I pushed all the way in and released my seed.

"Shittttt" I'm surprised the condom didn't explode. I pulled out and we all collapsed on the bed. After a few minutes, I got up and grabbed Q's hand.

"Let's go take a shower." I told him. He got up and started to follow me.

"Change those sheets nigga." Q told Jayson.

As we entered the bathroom he turned back around.

"I'm just fucking with you nigga. Come on."

Jayson smiled and hobbled after us into the bathroom...

Saturday night was here at last. A friend from school had invited us to a party. It was supposed to be the bash of the summer. Terrelle was in a rare good mood. He claimed he was done with dudes and was looking forward to seeing Latisha. He had cleaned up and looked like new money. His image should have been stuck to the mirror. He was standing there all night. We had all met up at my house. Everyone was laughing and joking.

The twins Chaz and Chad were there along with T, Lil Bit, Q and myself. The twins are straight and don't know our little secret. They are just our boys 100%. So of course the topic was girls. We were all boasting about how many numbers and how much pussy we were gonna get. It all seems funny now.

"Me and my brother are gonna get all the cuties." Chad said. I could tell them apart because Chad was a little thinner. "We are twice as sexy as you niggas."

"Please boy." Said T. "I'm stacking all the hoes and sending their niggas home lonely."

We all laughed. It was time to make moves, so we headed for the cars. The twins rode together as usual. Jayson jumped in the car with T. I rode shotgun with Q. We arrived at the party and it was jumping. We had to park about a block away and walk back. This was the rich part of the city. Our friend Christine was throwing the party. She was a white girl but she was real cool. She really thought she was black. She carried herself like she was born in the hood. Actually she came from a rich family and this was her way of rebelling.

It was dark in suburbia tonight. I mean real dark. Everywhere you looked you saw crowds of black teenagers.

"Someone will call the police soon," I thought. We bypassed the line at the door and headed around the side of the house. There were people everywhere. The entire yard was full of couples and people just hanging out.

Latisha spotted us immediately. She strutted over to us, looking good enough to eat. (Not like that).

"Hey everybody. I'm glad you guys could make it." She said only looking at T.

The rest of us laughed. She forced her way between Lil Bit and T. She put her arms through theirs.

"Let's go and have some fun fellas." She said.

We made our way through the crowd. The music was on point. All the usual things were going on.

People were dancing. Some were drinking and getting high. Others were sneaking off to have sex. We made our way to the dance floor. We all snatched up a girl and danced the night away. We were having so much fun that time just flew by.

After about two hours, T tapped me on the shoulder.

"Yo, I'm going to find the bathroom."

"Hold up T. I have to use it too." I said.

I told the girl I was dancing with that I'd be back. We entered the house for the first time tonight. It was huge. It looked like something out of "Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous".

The crowd was a little whiter in here but not too much. I noticed that there were no whites dancing with whites. They all wanted dark meat tonight.

The downstairs bathroom was packed. We went to look upstairs. There was a long hallway at the top of the stairs. There were rooms on both sides. All the doors were open. In some rooms they were getting high, white folks style. You know. All those crazy ass drugs that blacks don't mess with. In a few of the others there were people fucking. In one room, we saw our hostess, Christine, trying to suck the biggest black dick I had ever seen.

"Damn!" T and I yelled at the same time. The nigga just looked at us and smiled.

We continued our search for the bathroom. It was at the end of the hall. It looked like a bathroom from school or something. Five stalls lined one wall. We took the two empty toilets and handled our business. We finished up and were washing our hands. I look in the mirror and saw a face from the not too distant past. It was the same nigga that bumped into Mike at the movies. My heart began to race. I turned to get T's attention but there was no need. He was staring a hole through the nigga. His face transformed from a handsome young man into pure evil and hatred.

"Ain't this about a bitch." T said aloud. "Look what the cat dragged in."

The dude, (Hakim we later found out), stopped in his tracks. He looked scared but his expression soon changed. He gave a nod of his head and his boys came to stand behind him. It was four against two. T didn't care though. I don't even think he saw the other niggas. His focus was on Hakim. Revenge was only five feet away.

"Look what we have here." Hakim said. "The little bitches from the movies. How is your boy? What was his name? Oh yeah, Mike."

He didn't know he was playing with fire. Terrelle was on him before anyone could blink. T hit that nigga with everything he had. I ran over and hit one of the other niggas. He was out with one hit. The other two were a problem though. For every punch I landed, I got hit with two. There was no pain though. I was too pumped up. Visions from my dream began to flash through my head. I was fighting out of pure rage. I suddenly felt twice as strong. It was like Mike's spirit was fighting through me. One of the guys charged me. I ducked his blow and scooped him up. I slammed him as hard as I could. His head hit the floor and he didn't move.

"Just one more" I thought. I turned to deal with him, only to catch a fiery mist to the face. I knew he was gonna hit me, so I reached out and grabbed him. I locked him in a bear hug and tried to squeeze his life out. Somehow I fell on top of him. I felt his hands grab the back of my head. I felt his breath brush my left cheek. I had no idea what he was doing. Then I felt a sharp pain in my face. I was too hype to really notice.

I felt myself being lifted up and pushed aside. I heard a lot of commotion and tried to clear my eyes. When I could finally see a little, Q and Jayson were beating the hell out of dude. He fell to the floor and they stomped him until he didn't move. I turned to look for T. He was standing over Hakim, who was a bloody mess. T

reached into his pants and pulled out his gun. Despite the situation, there was an eerie calm in the room. We didn't even try to stop T. He pointed the gun at Hakim and pulled the hammer back. He stood there for a while just looking with a sick grin on his face. Finally he uncocked the gun.

"You know what? Mike wouldn't even want me to kill you. But I'm sure he wouldn't mind if I beat your ass some more."

T turned his gun around and hit the nigga in the face. He hit him again and again. The sound the blows made had me feeling sick to my stomach. I ran over and tried to grab T. He shoved me aside and hit Hakim once more. I grabbed him again. He turned pointing the gun right at my head. He looked me in the face and his mouth dropped open.

"Oh my God!" T screamed. "What the fuck happened to your face!"

"One of those niggas hit me with some pepper spray." I still didn't know what he was talking about.

I realized something was wrong. T kept repeating "Oh My God" and Q was crying.

"Ced we have to get you to a hospital!" Q screamed.

"Look what they did to his face!" T yelled.

I reached up to touch my face. I felt the right side and found nothing. I went to touch my left cheek but my finger touched my teeth. I pulled my finger away and it was covered in blood. I ran to the mirror and realized that a piece of my face was missing. I could see my teeth and gums. Then I just fainted...

The police and ambulance were called. Hakim and I were taken to the hospital. The guy that bit me was arrested. Q made Latisha take T home. T wanted to go to the hospital but Jayson reminded him about Hakim.

"Ok. Just keep me posted." T said. "I'll see you niggas later."

Hakim suffered slight brain damage. He was in a coma. The doctors said he'd never be the same if he came to. He was placed in the Intensive Care Unit. His family and

a few friends were crammed in a waiting room. The doors open and this guy walks in. He makes his way over to Hakim's friends. Two of them were from the party.

"What the fuck happened?" he asked.

"We got jumped by some Westside niggas. They were the same ones who boy got killed at the movies. The one that beat Hakim is named Terrelle. He hangs with that nigga Q from the East High football team."

"Terrelle Bender! Yeah, I know him. I know him well. I'm gonna get that nigga for what he did to my god-brother."

Damn! I told Hakim this shit would catch up with him." He said as he prepared to leave.

"Is there anything you want us to do?" one of them asked.

"You bitch ass niggas have done enough. Just stay the fuck out of my way." He said as the elevator doors closed.

He reached the ground level and walked to a row of phone booths. He pulled out his wallet and found the number he was looking for. He made his call. On another floor, a doctor was consulting me.

"Mr. Bender it appears that you were bitten in the face."

"No shit Doc." I said.

"Well a piece of flesh was torn from your face. It was about the size of a half-dollar. You received 19 stitches. You must do a follow up with our plastic surgeon."

"Can I looked in the mirror now?"

"Yes. Here's your prescription. If you have any questions feel free to call this number." He said handing me a card.

"Damn." I said. "It looks nasty."

"Just remember that it's not as bad as it seems. Once the swelling goes down, we'll fix you up good as new."

"Ok Doc. Thanks." I looked in the mirror again as he left. I dropped my head and started to cry.

"Hey Ced. Are you ok baby?" Q asked.

"Look what they did to me Q! I'm Ugly!" I said starting to scream.

"Calm down. You heard the doctor. Don't jump to conclusions. You'll be your old self in no time."

"My old self! Are you fucking kidding me? Look at me nigga!"

"Listen. I don't care what you look like. You're my nigga for life remember?"

"I just want to be alone for awhile Q."

"But Ced..." He started.

"Please Q. If you really love me, then give me some time alone."

He started to object again but knew it would be useless. Tears fell from his eyes as he turned to leave. He opened the door and spoke without facing me.

I don't care what the outcome is. I'll always be by your side. You are my other half. Without you I'm not whole. Don't let this be a reason to push me away. I love you Ced."

"I love you too Q." I said turning back to the mirror. "But from now on don't call me Ced. Call me Scarface."

On the other side of town, Terrelle lay in the bed with Tisha. They had sex for the first time. T had feelings for Tisha, but having sex with her wasn't right for him. He knew it would never work. He was trying to decide how to tell her when the phone rang.

"Hello. What's up Q?"

Q filled him in on everything. They agreed that T should stay away from the hospital.

"Well, tell Ced I'll see him when he gets home. Tell him to keep his head up." He thought for a second. "Oh yeah. Tell him that I really am happy that he has you."

"Ok I will. How do you feel now T?"

"Well I don't know. But I get the feeling I'll have a restful sleep tonight."

"Yeah I'm sure you will playboy. Alright later."

"Later Q" T said and hung up.

The phone rang again.

"Hello." T said.

"Can I speak to Terrelle?" The voice asked.

"This is him. Who's speaking?"

"Yo this is James. You might remember me as Baby J. We met a while ago at Darius's party. You were with your cousin that night."

"Oh yeah. I remember now. What's going on with you?"

"Nothing much. I just wanted to see if we could chill this weekend."

"No doubt. You have my number. Just call and let me know."

"Ok. I'll do that. So I'll talk to you later then?"

"Of course. I've been thinking about your sexy ass."

"Ok then. Later."

"Later nigga." T said hanging up.

Baby J hung up the phone on his end. He smiled knowing his plan was in action. He was going to send a message to everyone. He planned to use us as his pawns.

"After this nobody will ever want to fuck with Bad Rep.," He said to himself. He began to plot his revenge as he walked out into the warm night.

TO BE CONTINUED...