



## Justify My Thug (Thug Series)

By Wahida Clark

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Justify My Thug continues the scintillating drama of Wahida Clark's bestselling Thug series. Following the action of Thug Lovin', the story rejoins the saga's favorite couple, Tasha and Trae, as they try to overcome their troubles and make their marriage work. Meanwhile, Jaz is facing drama of her own. In the torrid world of sex, drugs, and crime, Wahida Clark continues her definitive Hip-Hop soap opera that fans have come to love.

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## **Justify My Thug (Thug Series) By Wahida Clark Bibliography**

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## **Editorial Review**

### About the Author

Wahida Clark was born and raised in Trenton, New Jersey. She is no stranger to the hard work and sacrifices that breed success. This Trenton native owned and operated L.M. Clark Printers & Publishers Inc., a printing and publishing company in Trenton. She decided to write fiction while incarcerated at a women's federal prison camp in Lexington, Kentucky. She has been crowned the Queen of Thug Love Fiction by Nikki Turner, the Queen of Hip Hop Fiction. Wahida's style of writing is the 'template' for urban literature. When you read her novels, they are so real you are convinced of one of three things: you know the characters, you want to know the characters, or you a character. Her Essence Best Selling Novels include: Thugs and the Women Who Love Them and Every Thug Needs a Lady, Payback Is A Mutha and her latest blockbuster is the highly anticipated Thug Matrimony. All published by Kensington/Dafina Books. In June Wahida was released from the federal prison camp in Alderson, West Virginia.

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Justify My Thug

## **ONE**

### **TASHA**

I desperately wanted to scream, click my heels together and make myself disappear. I felt him. I could always feel his presence and I tried to tell Trina's ass that he was coming.

"Girl, chill and let me get this dick," she whined.

Well I listened to her and now look what the fuck chillin' got me. When I saw Trae I wanted to shit on myself. Thanks to her I'm now in a standoff between my husband and my possible baby daddy. Things were about to go from bad to some CSI shit. If Kaylin wouldn't have slammed the door and locked it I'm positive that Trae would have started blasting. I couldn't prepare my mind to get into argument mode because my missing niece Aisha called. I was hoping that it was some kind of a sick joke, but deep down inside I knew it wasn't. That was definitely Aisha calling her Auntie Tasha. She knew my cell number by heart because she used to always call to ask if she could come over to spend the night. I dialed the number back and somebody answered the phone and then immediately hung up. I called again but it went straight to voicemail.

That's when I panicked, rushed to the door and snatched it open. Trae was pacing back and forth, looking like a pit bull, but I didn't give a shit. I said, "Trae, I just got a call from Aisha. She wants me to come and get her. When I asked her where her mother was she said she thinks she's dead." He looked at me as if he didn't know who I was.

"Trae, did you hear what I just said to you? Our neice Aisha was just on the phone. I called the number back and the first time someone answered and hung up. The last time it went straight to voicemail. Call from your phone to see if you can get through. Maybe Marvin will talk to you. Something isn't right, Trae." I held up my cell phone displaying the number that Aisha had just called me from. What I had just told him must have finally registered. He snatched the cell phone from me and came into the apartment. Before he could hit the redial button on the phone, he looked up at Kyron. Everybody got quiet and we all held our breath as Trae

and Kyron stared each other down. They stood not even ten feet from one another. The tension between them was suffocating. The silence had grown loud and I exhaled a sigh of relief when Kaylin spoke.

“Kyron, let me holla at you in the back,” he said.

“Kay, not now,” Kyron snapped, never taking his eyes off of Trae.

Kaylin, just like me, knew exactly what was about to happen. Somebody was getting ready to die.

“Nigga, I said, let me talk to you in the back for a minute.” Kaylin gritted.

“Naw, baby boy. I ain’t tryna talk right now. I got a plane to catch. Kendrick, let’s bounce, son!” Kyron said, nixing his brother off.

Kendrick went and grabbed his belongings out of Trina’s bedroom and then walked over to Kyron. They both headed for the door. When they got close to Trae, Trae swung and hit Kyron in the face. I thought I heard Kyron’s jaw crack. Trae followed up with another punch but this time Kyron weaved out of the way. He countered with a few punches of his own and the next thing I knew, they were all over the apartment tearing shit up. Kay and Kendrick struggled to break the two of them apart. Since Trina was screaming at the top of her lungs about them fucking up her apartment, I didn’t hear my phone ringing. I happened to glance at the caller ID and I saw that same 859 number. It had to be Aisha again and thanks to these niggas fighting over pussy I missed her call. At that moment I was like, “Fuck both of them niggas,” and I lost it.

“Stop it! Stop it!” I screamed, “Kyron you get the fuck out!” I went over to him and pushed him towards the door. “Get out Kyron!” I then pushed him out the door and Trina got rid of Kendrick. My niece and sister are missing and y’all acting like bitches.” I then turned to Trae. “Trae, I need you to call Marvin and get me some answers.” By that time I was so mad I started crying. Thankfully the phone rang again and thank God it was Aisha.

## **ANGEL**

Leave it to the Queen of Drama and my best friend since the seventh grade, Tasha Macklin, to wreak havoc on everyone’s lives, especially her own. I usually don’t mind her antics because, they keep me entertained and rarely does she do shit on a small scale. Now don’t get me wrong, I love my girl to death and it’s one thing when it’s her and Trae’s bullshit, but when it starts to spill over to me and my husband Kaylin, I’ll be damned if I’ll let her fuck up me and mines.

My circle is real small. It’s just me and my three girls, Tasha, Kyra and Jaz all from Jersey. Each of us ended up with hustlers, Kyra with Marvin and Jaz with Faheem. Kaylin and Trae, who are like brothers, are from New York. They wasn’t no block niggas either. They hustled hard, moved up the food chain, got money, and went legit. Me and Kaylin remained in New York while for the last few years Tasha and Trae have been living in California. I didn’t want Trae to drag her clean across the country, that’s where all this damn drama stemmed from. If they would have kept their asses in New York with me and Kaylin, they wouldn’t be ready for Divorce Court. From what I was able to piece together, Trae allegedly got caught cheating with some Asian bitch named Charli Li. When Tasha found out, being the Queen of Drama that she is, she went ballistic and obviously went for revenge. But this bitch didn’t go for subtle revenge. You know, sleep with another nigga and keep the shit to herself and move on with her life, type revenge. She didn’t just fuck with some random nigga, she kept it close to the family and hooked up with Kyron, Kaylin’s brother. Then to add insult to injury she gets pregnant. *Drama.*

I had no idea Tasha was going to sleep with Kyron. But you can't convince Kaylin of that since he knows that Tasha and me have always been thick as thieves and we tell each other everything. *Newsflash*. The ho ain't tell me shit and now my man is threatening divorce because he has it in his big ass head that I kept this from him. I'm like what ... the ... fuck? And then the next thing I know Trae leaves Cali and shows up at our home in New York to fill Kaylin in on their drama. Oh, the plot thickens. While he was here, he somehow found out that Kyron had just left for Cali and before I know it, him and Kaylin are off on the first thing smoking to catch up with Kyron and to do God knows what.

## **KAYLIN**

Shit was crazy. I still can't believe it. Hearing from Trae about Kyron and Tasha creeping was one thing, but to actually catch them together was a beast of a different kind. It was like watching the *Animal Kingdom* on TV and knowing that the gazelle was not supposed to hang out with the lions.

I still asked myself, *how did this shit happen right under my nose? And why didn't I see it coming?* Even though I asked the questions, deep down inside I already knew the answers.

I knew all about the problems Trae and Tasha were having. They were the same problems that many married couples go through. So when Tasha told me that she needed a little space and wanted to crash at my spot for a little while, I had no problem with that. Shit, after all, we are family. Having my brother Kyron, who had recently come home from Upstate, in my house as well, I never thought it would be a potential disaster waiting to happen.

Kyron knew that Tasha was taken. I told him that she was Trae's wife the day we picked her up from the airport. It never crossed my mind that he would disrespect the game and not treat her as if she was off limits. And I damn sure didn't expect Tasha to cross that line. I thought he'd be content with Mari, the lawyer chick he bagged while Upstate. We all know talked about how she did the last seven years of his bid with him. I never thought that he'd shit on Mari and Trae like that. All I know now is that I really don't know my brother anymore. Years in the bing done put Kyron on some real grimy shit.

Kyron would always tell us to never shit where you eat and family first. If somebody would've asked me about a month ago, what were the odds of Tasha and Kyron fucking, I would have said a million to one. And I'm glad that no one ever asked and I never put money on those odds because I'd be a broke muthafucka right about now. I feel totally disrespected.

The whole situation is a bitch slap in the face to me. Why? Because it appears that I had a hand in it but I didn't. But wait a minute. Now that I think about it, that shit may have been brewing at my record label's anniversary party. Hell yeah. I had Kyron escort my artist Lil' E to the event. I didn't want to do it but I did. The first time she saw him she started drooling at the mouth, so I made it happen. Especially since she kept sweatin' me about him. I told her she couldn't handle Kyron, but she didn't want to listen. Her snow white ass is no doubt a nigga lover.

I had the event at this major spot, Cipriani's on 42nd street, New York. When we do it, we do it big. Just call me the black Donald Trump. Niggas ain't used to doing things of this caliber. Shit, show me a man with money as long as mine and I'll buy his out. Tonight was about making a statement and as soon as niggas stepped through the door, that statement was made.

I had my girls Tasha and Trina with me and since there had been so much drama going on, it was good to see Tasha smiling again. From time to time I had noticed Kyron checking Tasha out but I ain't sweat it, plus Lil'

E wasn't letting that nigga out her sight.

## **KYRON**

Fuck all the bullshit, let me tell y'all how it really went down. My brother wanted me to escort his artist Lil' E to the label's anniversary party. He told me that she wanted to meet me. I was like, meet me? A white bitch of her caliber can only suck my dick. Her money wasn't long enough for me. So I wasn't trying to hear that shit, I was too busy chasing behind Shorty. So when Kendrick told me that Shorty and her sister would be at the party, I said, "Bet I can kill two birds with one stone," especially since me and Shorty had to sneak around anyways. So fuck it, I got dressed and went and picked up Lil' E.

I pulled up to her condo around nine and had to admit that she was official for a white chick. She had ass, hips and lips. The ass and hips she had squeezed into some little black dress and her tiny pedicured toes were sitting in a pair of fuck-me stilettos. I was feelin' her outfit. We smoked a blunt and made no conversation as we rode in back of the limo to the spot.

We pulled up on 42nd and I was like damn, "Lil' Bro doin' it up." When I stepped inside the Italian Renaissance my thoughts immediately drifted to the dons. I had some work to do for them that I needed to get ready within the next couple of days.

Lil' E squeezed my hand, bringing me back to the here and now. I scanned the room and saw that everybody who was anybody was up in here. When I finally spotted my brother he was standing on the red carpet and surrounded by flashing lights and the press. He had on a white Saratoria Domenico Caraceni white suit with a Cuban cigar dangling from his mouth. The media was eatin' that shit up. And here this nigga made everyone else wear black and he had on white.

"Hey brother in law," Angel said as she came over and gave me a hug. "Look at you Miss Lily. Girl, you better watch him."

"Oh I plan to." Lil' E responded and then I watched as the two of them exchanged some phony air kisses and E went to the bathroom.

"You must going to be lookin' up."

"Yeah, I'ma be lookin' up and using no hands."

"Well damn. It's like that?" Angel interrupted.

"Girl, let me go to the ladies room before I get myself in trouble."

I laughed and as soon as she stepped off I said to Angel, "You lookin' good tonight. Does my brother know how lucky he was that he saw you first?"

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"You know what it means."

"No, I don't. Why don't you explain yourself?"

I was getting ready to but then I saw *her*. Tasha came through the door, looking good enough to eat, hanging on the arm of some nigga. When I saw some of the press move towards them it dawned on me that dude was one of the artists on Kaylin's label.

"Damn, my brother pimpin' everybody out tonight. What's up with that?"

"Kaylin pimps everybody out every night and every day," Angel said. "He's not going to be satisfied until he owns New York. I just hope that he doesn't kill himself in the process. The nigga is going crazy with it."

"Damn it's like that?"

"I'm his attorney and his wife. Trust me when I say, yes, it is like that."

Just then my brother motioned for his wife to come over to where he was.

"Excuse me Kaylin, God is calling me," Angel said and walked off.

Shorty had my undivided attention. She was wearing the shit out of this long black Tom Ford dress that I bought her. Her abs, arms and back were out. Her breasts were damn near exposed. Son had his hand resting on her ass as they posed for the camera. My dick tried to get hard as I fantasized about me sucking on her nipples until she came and then yanking the dress up over that phat ass and hittin' it doggy style ... raw dog.

Lil' E eased up next to me and slid her hand into mine. "That's Explosive," she told me, apparently she thought I was looking at the rap nigga, but she had me fucked up. I was looking at Shorty and was wondering why Kay sent her with this fuckin' clown. I shrugged it off because E was pulling me towards the ballroom. When we stepped into the VIP area all I could say was, "Damn, I need to be robbin' all of these niggas up in here."

I recognized DJ Khalid's voice before I saw him. Niggas were on the dance floor and they had waiters passing out drinks. My brother had officially brought the hood to the burbs. Lil' E grabbed us both a drink and we went to our table and sat down. I took a sip and immediately started looking around for Tasha. I swear I couldn't get her off of my mind, even with E's hand resting on my thigh.

I leaned over to whisper in Lil' Mama's ear and my brother came walking over and was trailed by two bodyguards. He grabbed a seat next to me and his security guards stood behind us. He began to fill me in on tonight's agenda and then that's when Shorty and that rapper muthafucka came walking towards the table. He was all over Shorty as if he owned her.

Explosive came over to Kaylin and started running his mouth, but like me, my brother didn't hear shit. All we saw was this niggas hands all over Tasha.

"Muthafucka, you must be tired of livin'," Kaylin gritted.

"What? What I do?" Explosive slurred.

"I told you who you had on your arm and I told you how to act."

"C'mon boss man. I'm just a squirrel trying to bust a nut." Explosive smiled through a platinum grill as he held Tasha even tighter, obviously forgetting all about the instructions. "That's what escorts are for, right?"

Explozive was drunk as shit.

“Tasha, come over her and sit next to Kyron,” Kaylin ordered.

As she tried to walk away, Explozive grabbed her around the waist.

“Tone, get this nigga,” my brother said as if he was reading my mind.

His bodyguard grabbed drunken-ass Explozive and put him in a chokehold. We watched as a stunned Explozive looked over at our table and started pleading his case.

“C’mon, Boss man. I thought we was here to have a good time?”

“Nigga, I told you that she was family and that she was only eye candy for tonight. You said you understood. But obviously you didn’t. Either that or you just didn’t give a fuck. So I’ll see you when I see you.”

I couldn’t see the look on Tasha’s face and I couldn’t help but smile. It was saying, “Damn, Kaylin it was only an ass rub! You just fucked up my paper. That nigga had my purse a couple of Gs richer. I was planning on rapping his pockets and sending him home with a hard dick and a wet dream. Then to add injury to insult you going to sit me down like a child next to the nigga who has been giving me fever and this little white girl that apparently was planning on having him in her mouth before the night was over.”

She shot us a few daggers as she plopped down in the seat next to me. But lady luck was in the muthafuckin’ house. Kay sent Lil’ E to sign some autographs and then when Slim and Baby of Cash Money came over he got up and they walked away.

“What’s so funny?” Tasha asked me with a slight attitude. “And why is Kaylin trippin’? I’m grown.”

I wasted no time moving closer to her, not caring about my brother or anyone else. “You wear my money well,” I said referring to her dress that was showing off her beautiful legs. I couldn’t help but think if I had my way, right now I would be bending her over one of these chairs and she would be yelling out my name.

I sat there looking at Shorty. “Damn, you look good enough to eat,” I told her as I continued to take her all in.

“You look good ... enough,” she teased.

I grabbed her hand and pulled her to me, “Let’s get out of here.”

“And go where? I thought you are here to assist your brother. As a matter of fact, why aren’t you entertaining your little snow bunny?”

“Because I would rather entertain you.”

“Whatever. You don’t want to entertain me because you too scared of your little brother.”

I chuckled, “Shorty, you be talking a lot of shit.”

“And I can do that. Why? Because I can *back* up every word.”



“Well, I got something for you to back up into.”

Tasha looked at me and smiled. I could see her cheeks getting a little flush. I was getting ready to make my next move when Lil' E emerged from signing autographs. “You ready Kyron? I have something I *want to show* you.”

I looked up at lil' Mama, then back at Shorty, and for the first time a brotha was stuck. I was grateful for Angel, who came rushing over to where we were.

“Tasha, come here Kaylin wants you to be in these pictures. We gonna be on the cover of Black Enterprise.”

As she pulled Tasha to her feet she looked back at me and said, “I hope you save some.” I looked at Angel to see if she had heard what Shorty had just said. Shorty had just raised the stakes to our dangerous game. Angel didn't appear to have heard her because she yanked Tasha away from me.

“Save some of what?” Lil' E asked playfully.

I stood up and took lil' Mama by the hand, “Don't even worry about it. Come show me that no hands thing.” Sheeit chasing Shorty had me all worked up. I was now good and ready to get a nut off my back.

She looked at me with a big ass Kool-Aid smile and said, “Follow me. I found the perfect spot.”

When I emerged from a small room in the back I could see the party was getting livelier by the minute. I looked down at lil' Mama who was apparently disappointed that she couldn't get me to slide up in that, but shit I can only give a bitch of her caliber what she asks for and nothing more. My philosophy is, when a bitch tells you she wants to suck your dick you let her, and then you make her pay for the rest. Plus, the only pussy I was trying to slide up into was Shorty's.

I scanned the room and saw that a small line of cats wanting to holla at my brother was beginning to form, then I found Tasha talking to Angel at the bar. I quickly dismissed lil' Mama and headed over to where they were. Fate had to be on my side because just as I approached them, one of the staff members came over to Angel and needed her assistance giving me another opportunity to snatch up Shorty.

I slid up behind her, positioning myself up against her soft ass and whispered in her ear, “I saved the best part for you.”

She quickly turned around and we were face-to-face and I wasn't backing down. “What are you doing?” She tried to look around me to see if anybody was watching us.

“What? You scared of my little brother?” I said with a smirk on my face.

“No ... like I said, 'I'm a grown ass woman.' I can do whatever and whoever I want.” She answered me as she looked me up and down. “I was just making sure your little girlfriend didn't catch you all up in my face. I don't want to have to fuck her up.”

“Aiiight then, since you so grown, you can leave with me right now.”

“And go where?”

“Don’t worry about it.” On instinct my hand went to her nipple. And since lil’ Mama had just taken care of the foreplay, I was ready for the main course.

“Nigga, we ain’t fuckin’, I already told you that.”

“You said we can play. I’m ready to play.” She gently grabbed my hand to move it from her nipple. I held on to it and took it down to my dick. When she squeezed it I knew I had her.

“You ain’t ready to play,” she told me as her fingers glided across the head. “I’m disappointed, you ain’t even hard.”

“Look in the dictionary under play and my picture is right there. I just need you to fill in the definition on what you consider as *play*.”

She smiled and squeezed my dick again. “I already told you my definition. A nigga who eats and swallows everything on the menu. That’s it, that’s all. No strings attached.”

“And I already told you. I can handle that. The dick ain’t got to be hard to eat and swallow.”

“It’s the principle, Kyron, you not being rock hard tells me that I ain’t doing my job.”

“Trust me. You doin’ your job. A nigga just has a little more control than what you used to.”

She smiled at me. “Let’s go then.”

Me and Shorty headed for the nearest exit.

## **KAYLIN**

I remember wondering why both of them niggas were ghost for the rest of the evening. Now I know.

And even though Trae never said it, I know that in the back of his mind he thinks that I know. But what’s in the back of mine is my wife *had* to know about this shit. She and Tasha go back to Reeboks, shit they like Oprah and Gail. Ain’t no way in hell Angel didn’t know anything.

When Trae came to my house and told me what was going on it was like a hand grenade being tossed in my lap. When he told me that Tasha was pregnant and didn’t know if the baby was his or Kyron’s ... *BOOM!* ... that grenade exploded in my face.

Brother or no brother, hands down, Kyron was in violation. And I planned to tell him that as soon as I saw him. I *wanted* answers and Trae *needed* answers.

So, he ended up talking me into flying to California with him to confirm everything that he had just told me. And when I walked into Trina’s apartment and Kyron came walking out of the bathroom, I knew right then that it was all true. I also knew that shit was about to go from bad to worse in zero to 60 seconds flat.

Glancing over my shoulder, I saw that Trae was still standing in the doorway. The look on his face was one that I had seen many times. It was the look that signaled he was ready to kill.

## **KYRON**

When I was Upstate on lock, I read a book by some D.C. cat called *The Ultimate Sacrifice*. In the book, the main character went home from prison and fucked his man's woman. I remember thinking to myself that son was crazy foul for crossing the line like that. I also can remember an old timer telling me that sometimes art imitated life. I knew that, but it had nothing to do with me. I wasn't imitating shit, as far as I was concerned I'm always gonna do me and be me. But then I became like the main character of that novel and I crossed those same lines. But fuck it, I'm a thug and thugs ain't gotta justify themselves to no one.

From the moment I saw Shorty at the airport, I knew I had to have her. I knew Tasha was Trae's wife, Kay told me that the moment he saw the spark in my eye...

*"That's Trae's wife, nigga."*

*"Kaylin, all I said was shorty is fine."*

*"You heard what I said," my brother warned me.*

And he was right. I did hear what he said, but after doing all those years Up Top, my urges wasn't tryna hear that shit. At first, I was able to control myself around her, but once I talked myself up on that first kiss, it was on. I decided right then and there that I wanted Shorty and I wasn't taking no for an answer. My inner voice said, "You foul for this." But my outer voice said, "Fall back son, I got this." Shorty said that she and Trae was getting a divorce, so she's fair game."

Tasha is such a bad bitch, that in a few days she made me forget Mari doing the last of my bid with me. I knew that eventually I'd have to deal with Trae and my brother, and that almost changed my mind about the moves I was making. But I was so caught up in the moment that I went bare back and once I got that gushy, that shit went out the door. Her pussy was so warm and tight that I came so hard that day I swear I heard fireworks going off inside my head. It was some shit that ain't never happen to a nigga before.

When I heard that Tasha was supposed to be pregnant, there was no doubt in my mind that she was carrying my seed. I wanted to see her and talk with her. A nigga needed to find out where her head was at. So me and my cousin Kendrick shot out to Cali.

I came prepared, pregnancy test in hand. Shorty was scared to take it but I made it known that she didn't have any choice in the matter. When she went into the bathroom, I can't front, those few minutes felt like hours. When she came out stone faced I knew what it was. So I went into the bathroom and confirmed what I already knew, that it was positive. I came out ready to celebrate, looked up and my brother Kay was walking into the apartment and Trae was standing in the doorway. I knew what they were there for, but I wasn't trying to hear that shit. The positive test was me and Shorty's moment. I wasn't being denied that for nobody. To keep it 100, I knew I should have left when Tasha had asked me to leave. Hell, she begged me to leave. But Shorty and her pussy is like a drug. I had to get high. So now I was busted, but fuck it. Me being in Cali already told whoever was paying attention that I didn't give a fuck. I had made up my mind and stuck to my guns, so the next move was Trae's.

## **TRAE**

So many years in the drug game and killing field had taught me to always trust my gut instincts. So when I

heard that Kyron's bitch ass was out of town, my instincts told me that he was on his way to the west coast to see *my* wife. And like always they were right.

"Yo, Trae, you buggin', son," Kay said when I told him what my gut was telling me.

"Bullshit," I replied. When he saw that look I get when I'm ready to body something it took no further convincing and we were on the plane to Cali.

Everybody, including my own mama, knows that Mama Santos is like a second mother to me. We family and when she heard what her bitch ass son did she began praying in Spanish for her son's safety. I love her to death, and for her I am going to give this nigga a pass. If he was anybody else she would be picking out a tombstone and a suit. I'm lying to myself; she may still have to depending on how this pussy nigga acts.

This punk came straight home and disrespected me. Him and everybody else know that I done killed niggas for lesser shit. That's how I know he did the shit on purpose. I just have yet to figure out why. He knew that Tasha was my wife. Shit, all of New York knew it. The nigga still said fuck me. It's obvious that he don't really know how much weight I carry. My name alone put the fear of God in niggas. He knows better than anybody that I ain't none of them fake ass gangstas he was locked up with. Again, so why? What did I do to this nigga?

Tasha was too blinded by my betrayal and hers to see that the nigga was just using her. While I can't forgive her, I'll be damned if I just step aside and let the next man have what's mine. I don't care who he is. It's the principle of the thing.

From the doorway of Trina's apartment, I saw Kyron coming out the bathroom holding a pregnancy test. My hand went immediately to the .45 Glock in the waist of my jeans.

Knowing me like he did, Kaylin turned around and barked, "Remember whose brother he is. Plus, you told me that you'd let me talk to him first." He slammed the door to the apartment in my face and locked it.

I paced back and forth in the small hallway like an animal trapped in a cage. My temper was trying to get the best of me as I tried to decide who I was gonna body first and how I was gonna clean up the mess. Then all of a sudden I got mad at Tasha all over again. What the fuck was she thinking? Why does she always have to go to the extreme? Always trying to prove some shit to me. Look at the position she done put everybody in.

Raised voices inside the apartment broke my reverie. Tasha was saying something to Kyron. I wanted to bust the door down and let everybody know how I was feeling, but then I remembered that I had too much to lose by getting loud and emotional. After all, I'm a bad boy and bad boys move in silence with violence. Justify My Thug

## **TWO**

### **JAZ**

I'm Jasmine Mujahid. I married the love of my life, Faheem. Faheem is considered the big daddy of the crew. You know, the level headed one, the one who keeps everyone on point. For example, when we lived in Jersey, everybody would call him for advice. Now don't get me wrong, we had our share of drama. Everyone recalls and still talks about how I wouldn't get with Faheem for the longest time. And I wouldn't. Hell, no.

Not as long as he was in the game. So he eventually gets out and then he later discovers that I, Miss ‘don’t want to fuck with a drug dealer’ Jaz, had my hands dirty cooking meth for the white boys. Man! You would have thought that I murdered the president! His family was mad and he was that much madder, more like ... mad amplified by ten. I was called every hypocrite in the book. But to me I wasn’t in the game ... well not like he was. I wasn’t flippin’ birds or nothing like that. I would cook, get paid and keep it moving. Them white boys loved me. But then it all came tumbling down. Faheem would have never found out if I hadn’t gotten busted in a meth lab, and he had to get me a lawyer, bail me out, make a witness disappear, the whole nine. All the shit you see in the movies. And to this day, I don’t know what was worst—getting busted by the Feds or by Faheem. Thanks to Faheem, except for a couple of days in a holding facility, my ass walked.

To keep some of the heat off me, I had to remind him that he was no angel either. It wasn’t as if he just quit hustling in one day. Hell no. That nigga hustled and stacked and hustled and stacked until he was *ready* to get out. It just so happened that I waited for him. I did my best not to give him that impression, but hell yeah, I waited. I wanted to be with him.

Anyways, that was then and we got through that and Faheem is still the love of my life. We’ve been happily married for almost five years and we have a seven year old daughter named Kaeerah Aaliyah. I was the first one in the crew to get pregnant. Then it was Kyra, Tasha and finally Angel. Me and Faheem relocated to Georgia where I enrolled at Spelman. School is kicking my ass as usual, but Faheem keeps pushing me, and seems more determined than me that I finish. I think he just likes me out of the house so he can milk the stay-at-home dad role. Yes, he takes the daddy role very seriously. He has Kaeerah on a rigid schedule. She goes to dance class, takes piano lessons and is on her school’s soccer team. He makes sure she stays involved in something all year round. I’m not surprised though, as bad as he wanted me to get pregnant, I knew that he would be a good father.

But our shit took a turn for the worse on the Saturday morning that Faheem wanted to go to ghetto-ass South DeKalb Mall to check out his boy Jabree. Jabree just recently opened up a clothing store. He’s from Jersey and also relocated to the ATL. We were chillin’, strolling through the mall, mostly window shopping. I was munching on an almond pretzel from Auntie Anne’s, and Kaeerah was begging her daddy to buy her everything she saw, when this little boy runs right pass us almost knocking Kaeerah over. I was getting ready to snatch his ass up but Faheem beat me to it.

## **FAHEEM**

“Daddy, that little boy kicked me,” Kaeerah whined.

“Lil’ man. You gotta slow down. You can’t be running and stepping on the ladies.” Lil’ man didn’t say anything. *Why was he by himself?* I wondered. I looked around to see if someone may have been looking for him but there was no one in sight. So I walked over to him and kneeled down in front of him. The more I looked at him the more he reminded me of someone.

“I’m sorry,” he finally said as he looked at Kaeerah and apologized.

“It’s cool. Are you lost?” I asked him.

“Yes, I don’t see my mommy,” he responded with a low voice. I guess he knew that mama was going to beat that ass when she found him.

Then I heard a woman yelling out, “Faheem. Oh my God where is he? Faheem.” I rose to my feet, turned

around, and was face to face with Oni ... my ex. And from the look on her face you would have thought that she saw a ghost. She reached out and grabbed lil' man's hand and put him behind her which said it all.

"So you named your son after me?" I asked with a smug grin.

She returned the same grin and then said with sarcasm dripping from her voice. "No I named *your son* Faheem." She then turned to walk away. I reached out and grabbed her by her shoulder, stopping her dead in her tracks.

"Come again. Did you say *my son*?" I was confused and was sure that this bitch was fuckin' with me.

Oni turned around and said, "Yes, Faheem. If you weren't being such a fucked up, self-centered person maybe you would have tried to find out." This bitch had the audacity to knock my hand off her shoulder.

"Fuck you mean, 'find out'? You was supposed to tell me!"

"Faheem, why don't you do what you do best, leave."

## **JAZ**

Faheem? Faheem is not a common name. I looked at the little boy and my mouth hit the floor. And recognizing Oni it was obvious that I was seeing exactly what Faheem was seeing.

And before I knew it Faheem had his hands around her neck and was trying to choke her to death. Thank God we were in the hood, because instead of getting a whole bunch of white people screaming, the hood niggas simply gathered around and enjoyed the spectacle. The security guards came and managed to pull Faheem off of her. Little Faheem was crying while Kaerah was holding on to me for dear life. She didn't know what was going on. I was only praying that the mall cops wouldn't try to play 'captain save a ho' because Faheem was seeing fire and I knew that he was packin' a burner.

"Nigga, if you don't get your fuckin' hands off of me," Faheem threatened the rent-a-cop.

Thank God the rent-a-cop was a little shook. He let Faheem go and turned his attention to Oni, "Ma'am, are you okay? Do you want to press charges?" The mall cop asked as two other ones ran over.

Faheem was towering over her yelling, "Oni, how could you fuckin' do this? What the fuck is the matter with you?" he spat.

Like a bitch with some sense, she got the fuck away from a crazed Faheem and came over to where I was. "Here." She handed me her business card. Then she looked at Faheem and said, "When you calm down, call me."

"Call you? Bitch ... call you? Calm ... down?" Faheem was starting to stutter, which meant that shit was getting ready to get ugly ... again.

Sure enough, no sooner than I thought it, he lunged for her ass again. She ducked, grabbed little Faheem and the bitch took off running. We both stood there looking at the little replica of Faheem. The same little boy who was the spittin' image of our daughter. I was at a loss for words.

## FAHEEM

I took off my NY fitted and wiped the sweat off my forehead. A big nigga like me was actually feeling dizzy. Niggas were gathered around me as if I was a circus animal or some shit. I started walking and the people parted as if I was Moses and they were the Red Sea. There was no doubt in my mind that lil' man was my seed. *My son*. And here this bitch done robbed me of the most important years of his life. The years that I, the father, was supposed to do the molding and shaping. I should have snapped that bitch's neck right there on the spot.

Oni and I kicked it off and on back in Jersey. Mostly when me and Jaz were fighting. Those other broads were too jealous and would come at me with all the bullshit that a real hustler didn't have the time or the patience for. They couldn't grasp that I just needed a jump-off for the moment. Oni understood and accepted that Jaz was wifey and a dog would always find his way home. That's the only reason I would always fuck with her. She knew her position and played it well.

From looking at my son ... damn did I just say that? *My son*? He looks to be the same age as Kaeerah. This shit is crazy. That means that her and Jaz must have gotten pregnant at the same time. But why would she keep it from me? Most chicks would use that as leverage. But she just ups and disappears. Oh, this bitch *is* going to pay for this shit.

## ONI

I first spotted *him* and Jaz strolling through the food court. At first I was telling myself, *that couldn't be*. I kept staring and following behind them. I was so focused on them that little Faheem took off running. When I finally realized that he was out of my sight, that's when I slipped up and called out his name and I knew, right then and there I was busted.

"Girl, what is the matter with you? Why are you crying? What happened? Are you and Faheem okay?" My mother Marie was obviously ready to call the police.

"No, Ma. I mean, we are fine." I made a feeble attempt to calm her down.

"Then why are you crying?"

"I just saw *him*."

"Saw who?"

"Faheem's father."

My mother was quiet. But I knew she was trying to find the right way to say, *I told you so!* So, I waited patiently.

"Oni, I tried to tell you that one day whether it would be five, ten, fifteen years from now, a child always finds the way to their parents soul."

*Here she goes with that tribal shit.* I thought to myself.

“I told you that Georgia, Tennessee, Chicago ... it didn’t matter where you went, he was going to find out about his son because you was dead wrong. Wrong for not allowing him to be a part of that boy’s life. You didn’t even give the man a choice. The choice to be a man. So now what? There’s nothing I can tell you. I knew this day was coming. What did he say?”

“He didn’t say anything, mama. I gave him my number and left.”

“What do you mean he didn’t say *anything*? You didn’t introduce him to his son?”

“Mom, no. I left. I gotta go. Bye.” I hung up on her.

I wasn’t expecting my mom to be sympathetic, so I don’t even know why I called her. She has always been Faheem’s number one cheerleader. I called four other people before I called her, but just my luck she was the only one who answered their phone.

## **JAZ**

I didn’t want to believe this shit. This bitch had a son? I had to admit, I was a little jealous. She gave *my man* a son. Faheem has been trying to get me to give him a son ever since Kaeerah was a year old. But I wasn’t trying to have no more babies, especially not while I’m in school. Now look. And he looks just like his dad. I’m dying to know why she kept it from him. And of course Faheem is so angry he can’t even talk. So much for making it to the grand opening of his boy’s store. We came straight home and he’s been sitting in the backyard smoking blunts for hours. After I put Kaeerah to bed I went outside to join him.

I sat down on his lap. “Are you ready to talk about this?”

“Get her on the phone.”

“What?” I was not expecting that response.

“Get her on the phone.” He glared at me as if I wasn’t moving fast enough.

I stood up, looked at my husband and went in the house to go get the business card that I had tucked under my jewelry box. I lifted the jewelry box up and studied the business card. She was CEO of some hotel chain. Oni Mason. This was the chick who would always be there for Faheem when we would break up. I never understood that shit. The bitch would sit and wait patiently. It seemed to me that having his baby would have been the trump card she needed. But instead she got ghost. I was not looking forward to seeing how this plot would unravel.

I dialed the number that was scribbled on the back of the card and it went straight to voicemail. “Oni, this is Jaz. Faheem is trying to reach you. Call *us* back at this number.” I ended the call. She must have had the phone in her hand because she called right back.

She said, “Hello. Jaz? Wait! Don’t give Faheem the phone. Take down my address, tell him to come by tomorrow. I can’t do this with him over the phone.”

She gave me the address and I jotted it down. But I couldn’t resist. I had to make sure me and this sneaky bitch was on the same page. So I said, “I don’t know what type of slick shit or trick shit you on, but I’m letting you know up front, in case you even think about trying to fuck Faheem and bring us any drama. You



don't want to try me.”

She must have thought about what I said because she was quiet for a while. “Jaz, you got him. You are the victorious one. Don't allow little ole me make you feel insecure. I only gave birth to his son. You married him.”

I had to laugh at that one. *No this bitch didn't go there.* “Insecure? I'm not the one who sat around waiting for another bitch's scraps to fall off the table. I'm not the one who went into hiding because you obviously thought he was going to reject you. Oh yeah, now that was real secure,” I said with as much sarcasm as I could muster, and then I hung up. When I turned around Faheem was standing in the doorway.

“What was that all about? I just asked you to get her on the phone. Not to add more drama to this shit then there already is.”

“Well, if you didn't want any more drama then you should have called her yourself,” I snapped.

“Who the fuck you think you talking to, Jaz?” He glared at me and I shut the fuck up.

I handed him her address. “She said come by tomorrow.”

He glanced at the address. “Fuck that. I'm going by there tonight.” He was already headed downstairs for the kitchen.

“Bullshit,” I spat. He looked at me as if I was crazy but I didn't care. “If you're going tonight I'm going with you,” I told him.

“No you're not. Wait up for me and I'll see you when I get back.” He snatched his keys off the counter and I followed behind him.

“Why can't I go Faheem?” I spoke to his back.

He stopped dead in his tracks and turned around. “Tell me why you want to go, Jaz? What do you think is going to happen?” When he saw that I was at a loss for words he said, “Now who's the one acting insecure? I said I'll talk to you when I get back.”

I followed him to the front door, speechless as I watched him jump into his Escalade and drive off to go do God knows what. I went and peeked at our daughter sleeping and then went into my bedroom. I needed to talk to my girls.

The first person I decided to call was Kyra. The house phone kept ringing. I looked at my watch and wondered where in the hell could this girl be? I then dialed her cell and it said it was no longer in service. *Damn.* It hasn't been that long since I spoke to her. Or has it? She could have at least called and gave me the new number. I dialed Tasha's home number and cell. No answer. *Those bitches must be out running the streets together.*

I dialed Angel at home and she picked up on the first ring. “Hello.”

She sounded like shit. Like she needed someone to talk to. “It's me, Jaz. What's the matter with you?”

"I know who it is. What's up? Why you sounding like you lost your best friend?"

"Well the shit must be contagious because you sound like you just lost yours. So spill your drama first. What's going on? You and Kaylin alright?" I asked her.

"Girl, I don't know where to start. Have you spoken to Tasha yet?"

"Oh God. Don't tell me this has something to do with her." Tasha's ass stayed into something.

"You don't know the half of it," Angel let out a huge sigh. The kind that says I don't even want to talk about it right now. I was like damn, but I still needed to get my venting off because I was about to blow. "Well, I got hit with a bombshell today."

"What? What happened? Everybody okay?" Angel asked me.

"You remember Faheem's jump-off? That chick named Oni?"

Angel snickered, "You mean your competition?"

"Whatever. Well, we saw her today."

"Oh really? Where? In Georgia? Who she know down there? What she say to y'all? That girl knows she was crazy over her some Faheem."

"Well, she got her own little Faheem."

"You mean a nigga that look like Fa? Damn, she still ain't over him, is she?" Angel apparently thought that was cute.

"No, Angel. She got a little son named Faheem."

You could hear a pin drop. She must have been trying to digest what I had just told her.

"I know you are not saying what I think you're saying."

"You're supposed to be the smart lawyer. What do you think I am saying?"

"She got a son by Faheem? Faheem was creeping with that bitch? He brought her to Georgia? What?" From her short breaths I could tell that Angel was up and pacing back and forth. "Don't have me guessing. What the fuck is up?"

"Apparently she didn't want Faheem to know she was pregnant, so she relocated down here, getting away. I thought the ho knew that we were already down here, but I think she was down here before us."

"Oh shit! She got a son and didn't tell him?"

"Nope."

"A son, Jaz? What did he do? What did he say?"

“Nothing. He just tried to strangle her to death right there in the mall. Security had to pull him up off of her.”

“Oh my God! Where is he now? What else happened?”

“He just left to go see her.”

“This time of night? That’s some bullshit, Jaz. You should have gone with him.”

“Angel, you are not helping. I’m trying to be mature about this whole ... situation.” I honestly didn’t know what to call it. But I did know that since I had wanted to go and Faheem stopped me, Angel’s last comment got under my skin. It was time to focus on her drama. “So what about you? Why are you so agitated?” I wanted to know what or who was crawling up her ass, hoping her drama wasn’t worse than mine.

“Man, me and Kaylin is getting ready to go to war if we don’t come to an understanding.”

“Well, damn. What happened? And how is Tasha involved?” This was going to be good. Tasha never let us down. “No, wait. Let’s get her on three way.” I wanted to be thoroughly entertained.

“I just called up there. No one’s answering. Not even Kaylin.”

“Kaylin? What is he doing in Cali?”

“That’s what I was trying to tell you. Major drama. Since Tasha found out that Trae fucked that Asian bitch, she decided she’s gonna get some get-back by fucking Kyron. And guess what?”

“Tasha fucked somebody else? She cheated on Trae?” I gasped and grabbed at my heart. “Angel, you lyin’. Tell me you’re lying. Kyron. Kyron? Why does that name sound familiar? Who is that?”

“You heard us mention Kyron. Kyron is Kaylin’s brother. The one who was locked up.”

“Oh snap.” I needed some popcorn and a drink right about now. Angel was not lying when she said, ‘major drama’. “So how does everyone seem to know that she fucked Kyron? How did she let her business get in the streets?”

“Kaylin’s sister caught them.”

“Shit, the one who don’t like her because she snagged Trae?”

“Exactly.”

This plot was definitely thickening.

“And that ain’t all,” Angel continued.

But at this point you could have stuck a fork in me because I was done. So I decided to crack a joke. “What else could there be? She pregnant?” I found myself laughing at my own joke. But Angel wasn’t. I almost choked on my own spit. “Angel? Don’t fuckin’ play like that. Tell me you’re lying.”

“I wish I could.”

At that moment, I saw that my own situation wasn't half as bad. "Angel, please don't tell me that Tasha is pregnant by some other nigga." My heart sank to my feet. I had so many questions. I didn't know where to start. What has my girl gotten herself into? "What is Trae saying? How did this happen? Kaylin let this go on? What the fuck was Tasha thinking?" I wouldn't let Angel get a word in. But I needed to hear the answers to my questions from the horse's mouth. "Let me see if I can get Tasha on a three way call," I told her and started dialing Tasha's cell before Angel could respond. As soon as it started ringing, I clicked Angel in.

"H-e-llo." The amount of strain in her voice made me know that shit was ugly, but what she told me floored me for the second time tonight.

"Tasha, it's me. I got Angel on the other line. We are worried about you. What the hell is going on? You or Kyra never answer the phone. Where y'all at? And why haven't I heard from either one of y'all?"

"I just got a call from Aisha. She said something about Kyra being dead." Tasha told us.

"What?" Me and Angel shrieked at the same time.

"Tasha what the fuck are you talking about?" Angel was on it. She and Kyra are first cousins.

Tasha started crying. "I kind of believe it because I haven't heard from Kyra in a while and that ain't like her. Marvin has been layin' low so we figured he and Kyra ran off some—"

"Tasha, Kyra would have told us if she was going away," Angel screamed at Tasha, cutting her off. "Why don't you know where she is? Especially if you hadn't heard from her in awhile, that didn't raise a red flag? And why didn't you call me?"

"Angel, I'm not in the mood for your bullshit. You could have just as easily picked up the phone and called me. Just like you, I had no control over the girl calling. And you know I've been back and forth to New York dealing with my own drama. The number Aisha called from, we called back but no one is answering. Trae has been trying to get through on his phone. He has numbers of folks that Marvin was running with. I'm telling y'all, it's some shiesty shit going on, we just don't know what. Marvin was back getting high, so it ain't no telling. I just know that Aisha told me that she thinks her mom is dead and for me to come and get her. Then somebody took the phone from her."

## ONI

I put little Faheem to bed, went to my den and poured me a shot of Henny. I was both restless and tired. Hearing Jaz's voice over the phone was like déjà vu. I hated how she always reminded me of how I wished that I was in her shoes. I hated that she was the one that he always went home to. And this time would be no different. Well, there would be a difference. If he wants to be a part of his son's life then he would *have* to be a part of mine.

Seeing Faheem released so many suppressed emotions. Emotions that I had buried away very deep and never planned on digging up. I know I was wrong for not telling him about his son. But I knew that one day he would find him and it would hurt him. And I wanted him to hurt, too. I looked forward to the day when he would feel the same hurt that he left me with over and over. I poured another shot.

My doorbell rang and I decided to ignore it. It most likely was one of my brothers, but I was not in the mood for any company. I simply reclined back onto my favorite easy chair and closed my eyes. The bell rang again

but I didn't care. I allowed the Hennessy to make me feel warm and fuzzy. The bell rang again and again and then my phone rang. I glanced over at the caller ID. It was *them*. When Jaz called me earlier I didn't know if it was from her cell phone, *their* house phone or *his* phone. I didn't want to know. What do they want this time? I answered it and she didn't even give me a chance to say hello.

"Faheem is at your front door. He said you won't open it."

I almost shit on myself. "He's at my door?"

"That's what I just said."

*Oh Shit.* I ended the call and looked around the room as if Faheem could see me. I literally couldn't move. The bell rang again and this time I jumped up. I ran to my purse, put on some lip gloss and dabbed on some Heat by Beyoncé. The Henny hit me hard. Somehow I made it to the mirror and fingered my hair. The bell rang again. My heart was pounding a mile a minute. I tightened up the belt to my robe and headed for the front door. He was now pounding on the window.

"Okay. Okay," I yelled before snatching the door open. "I told you tomorrow Faheem."

He looked at me as if to say, *bitch please* and brushed right past me.

"Come in, please." I was being sarcastic and I didn't mean to say that, but that's what came out.

"Who else is here with you?"

"Just me and your son." I stood there playing with the sash on my robe as he stared me down. I think he was waiting on me to say something. But I couldn't. All of those old feelings came back and the next thing you know, I stepped up to him and my lips found his. Justify My Thug

## **THREE**

### **KAYLIN**

We were finally able to separate Trae and Kyron. It took a whole lot of begging from me and Tasha to get Trae to realize killing my brother was not something I could swallow. I left Tasha tending to Trae as I slipped out the door with my brother and cousin in tow. These two muthafuckas were partners in crime and the shit was eating me up. I was hoping to get to the bottom of the situation and put a stop to it before somebody got killed.

As soon as we got into the parking lot, Kyron got on some bullshit. "Yo, that nigga swung on me first, Kay. So don't start talking that bullshit to me, you saw that I was tryna bounce. You should have let us fight."

"Let you fight? Nigga, where you think you at? In a cell? In the day room up North? Nigga's ain't fighting no more, Ky, they killing."

"That nigga ain't the only one that kill—"

"That nigga? That nigga? Nigga, is you stupid? Because you actin' like a real bitch right now. You act like

Trae ain't family, nigga. I don't believe this shit. That nigga, as you say, was the same nigga that touched two of your witnesses after you blew trial. That nigga, made sure that I was straight so that I could keep your books straight. All that fly shit you like to wear, all them fuck books and flicks, that nigga was in on that shit. Them bad dime bitches that hiked up North in the snow, nigga, he sent some of them too, remember? That nigga always loved you, and this is how you repay the man? C'mon Kyron, you fuckin' kidding me right? You fuckin' the man's wife, now he catches you with her and all you can say is, 'Yo, he swung on me first?'" I couldn't believe the stupid shit he was saying.

I walked up on my brother, put my finger in his face and said, "Him swinging on you was the least he could do. Be thankful that you still breathing."

"Thankful?"

"Yeah, nigga. Thankful. You know Trae, just like I know him. If it wasn't for ma, and Kyra's daughter calling Tasha's cell phone, you'd be dead, fool."

Kyron laughed. "Get the fuck outta here with that bullshit. Yeah, the nigga did some shit for me, but he ain't the only one. Shit, what I'm supposed to do? Suck his dick? Fuck that nigga! I don't owe him shit. I put y'all niggas on. He owes me and I'll take his bitch as a down payment. What the fuck is wrong with you? Got me out here explaining myself in the middle of the night."

"You fuckin' up, Kyron."

"Don't worry about me, Kay. Let me do me. And because I love you I'm gonna tell you one more time to mind your fuckin' business."

"Nigga, this family *is* my business." I looked him dead in the eye. "And watch your mouth."

Kyron hawked and spit out a wad of blood. He came up on me as we stood nose to nose. Clenching his teeth he said, "This family may be your business, but I'm home now. So don't forget I'm in *charge* of this fuckin' family!" He pounded on his chest. "How the hell you gonna stand here and go against me? Trae is like family, no doubt. But that's Santos blood running in your veins. You never cross your blood. Don't you ever cross me, muthafucka. You know how I get when a muthafucka crosses me."

"Oh, you threatening me now?"

"C'mon y'all," Kendrick pleaded.

Here we were, eye to eye, neither one backing down. All I could think was *did this nigga, my brother, my own flesh and blood just threaten me?* Then he turned and walked away.

I yelled out, "You know what? You on your own nigga. When you get so deep that you can't get out, don't say that I didn't try to intervene. You playin' with fire nigga. And another man's wife *is* that fire."

## **KYRON**

I left my brother standing there. Why? Because there wasn't shit left to say. I fucked Tasha, yes. But did I regret it? Hell no. I already knew I was playing with fire but I didn't give a shit. I do what the fuck I want. I stopped walking and turned around to look at my brother. I warned him again, "This ain't got nothin' to do

with you.”

He was just standing there looking at me and shaking his head. “Walk away now. If you don’t, shit is going to get real ugly.”

Kendrick hit the horn and I turned away from Kay. Kendrick was already in our rental and had it revved up. I knew that my cousin was heated and was going to be talking shit. He was deep in pussy all night, and was dog tired and all of this bullshit got him up out of his sleep. He was planning on laying up with Trina for another day. But now, thanks to me, his trip was cut short.

I jumped in the ride and took out my cell. I called Tasha and she picked up on the first ring. “Nigga, are you crazy?” She gritted on me.

“You were crying when I left. I need to know that you are alright. Go somewhere where you can talk. Or do you want me to come back?”

She was quiet. I guess she was weighing her options. She then had the nerve to hang up on me. I called her ass right back. “Tasha, talk to me. That test said positive.”

“You don’t have to remind me of that, Kyron. But now is not the time. I’m hanging up.”

“Shoot back to the city as soon as you can,” I told her. She hung up on me again. “Turn the car around Kendrick.”

“What?” He looked over at me.

“Turn the car back around. I got something I need to do.”

“Nigga, come on. I think you need to chalk up your loss and keep it movin’ for right now. Your brother back there trippin’, Trae back there itchin’ to blow you the fuck away and you talkin’ about turn the car back around.”

“Nigga turn the car back around or let me out here.” Yeah. I said it. All the while thinking, *Damn. Good pussy will get you hemmed up every time.*

## **TASHA**

I had to control my shaking. When my cell rang and I saw that it was Kyron I’m sure the color drained from my skin. How was this nigga going to call me at a time when I got grenades blowing up all around me? Lucky for me Trae was so caught up with getting a hold to Marvin that he was not focused on me. So I eased down the hallway and picked up the pregnancy test off the floor. I was holding it when Kyron called. When he mentioned coming back, I panicked and hung up on him. The second time he called, Trae was coming down the hallway. I hung up and went to give my phone to Trina. She was in her bedroom. I then went back to deal with Trae. I turned around to face him. “What did you find out? Did you talk to him or Aisha?”

“Sit down Tasha.”

“What? Sit down? No Trae. Just tell me.” This had to be bad. My head was spinning. “Just tell me, don’t sugarcoat it. Where is Kyra?”

He led me to the extra bedroom and sat me down on the bed. His phone rang. He looked at the caller ID and answered it. He stepped out the room and closed the door. I jumped up and followed behind him. "Trae, no. I need to know what's going on." He went into the bathroom, shut the door and locked it. I stood by the bathroom door and tried to listen but he was talking low. He finally came out and brushed past me. I followed him into the living room. Kaylin was back, Trina had let him in and he was sitting on the couch. "Talk to me Trae."

He sat next to Kaylin. "Yo." Trae ran both hands across his face. "I don't know how all this went down without me knowing about it."

"What?" Me and Kaylin asked at the same time. I sat in the chair across from Trae.

"Apparently, Marv jacked some nigga for his dope and cash some years ago. That same nigga recruits Marv's own cousin to jack Marv back and them niggas start bustin' right there on the block. Word is, Kyra was with them and so was Rick." He looked at his watch. "I'm supposed to meet with one of Marvin's cousins in about an hour. I hope to get more answers along with some addresses."

I was still stuck on the Rick part. "Rick?" I said.

"Yeah. Marv is the one who supposedly took him out. He was mad that him and Kyra was creepin' around." He let his words hang in the air as he glared at me as if his shit didn't stink. Then he got up to leave.

"So where is Kyra and Aisha? Where is Marvin? You talked to him?" I knew Trae and I knew where he was going. I called myself steering away from the 'creepin' around' subject. He wasn't going for it because he got up and came over to where I was.

He stood over me as I looked up at him and sneered, "What? Y'all bitches signed a pact? Y'all runnin' around here fuckin' all our friends and shit. Who is Angel fuckin'?" He turned to Kaylin. "And what about Jaz she got some side dick too?"

I couldn't believe he said that shit. "What the fuck ever, Trae. Mr. Dirty Dick ass nigga. All I want to know is about Aisha and Kyra. You mighty quick to point the finger. What about that rice eating bitch Charli Li? Isn't she pregnant because you fucked her? Instead of worrying about my fuckin' womb you need to make sure that baby she carrying don't come out twisted up. Only God knows what that rotten pussy bitch has. Didn't I tell you what I would do if I caught you cheating? But you thought that I was bluffing! I thought you knew me better than that, Trae. I told you what I would do!" I yelled. I couldn't help but let the tears flow. He made me so sick, and the sad part was, in spite of everything, I still loved him.

I wiped my tears away, "Look, I ain't tryna go through this shit with you right now. I'm trying to find out what's up with Kyra and my niece. Then I will set you free to fuck all the egg roll hos you want. I will even send you your fuckin' divorce papers. Just sign them muthafuckas as soon as they come and let's go our separate ways."

I was talking mad shit and spoke more bravely than I felt. With Kaylin sitting over there, somehow I felt safe. I saw Trae's nostrils flare up and I knew that he was beyond furious.

"Are you finished? You need to go ahead with all that drama bullshit. Sign the papers huh? Why? So that you can be with that nigga, have his baby and think that y'all just gonna live happily ever after with my sons as the step-brothers? Where you think you and that nigga gonna rest at but in a grave? Nah, I ain't going out



like that. I don't give a fuck how you try to justify that bullshit you pulled fucking close to home. Tasha, I suggest that you stop while you're ahead. Kay, talk some sense into her, if you can."

He turned around, gave Kaylin some dap, and left. All I could do was cry.

## **KAYLIN**

Shit had definitely turned ugly. I actually felt defeated. Usually I would be the voice of reason. Everybody would listen and then everything would go back to normal. There was no chance in hell that was going to be the case ... not this time. In order to reason you have to talk. I couldn't even visualize Trae and Kyron talking. And him and Tasha were verbally fighting.

I looked over at Tasha and asked, "Why? I expected so much more out of you."

She stared at me for a while before she stood up, still crying. She came over to me, laid her head on my shoulder and cried long and hard. I let her get that off her chest as my thoughts drifted to my own issues. I heard Trae ask if they had a pact to each fuck a friend. That question now replaced the top issue on my list. Did Red know that Tasha and Kyron was creepin' around? If she did, she was getting her walking papers. If I couldn't trust her, then she had to go.

"Tasha, what were you thinking?" She wouldn't stop that crying shit. "Aight then. Well tell me this, did Angel know?"

"I told you already. No. You need to believe and trust your wife."

"Well, Trae said he wasn't in a relationship with that Chinese chick. It was business. Nothing personal. Why don't you believe and trust your husband?"

"I did. But it's too late now. I'm pregnant, Kaylin."

"It's not too late. Get rid of the baby. I'ma tell you, just like I told my brother, somebody's going to get hurt. Did Kyron tell you about his girl, Mari?" She looked up at me, got up and stormed to the bathroom. I got the effect that I was looking for. When she came back she had regained her composure.

"Who is Mari?"

"His woman. She was doin' his last seven years holdin' him down. He never mentioned her to you?"

"No. He didn't."

"Well he should have. They've been together for years. She travels around the country a lot. You need to know that shit. You need to stop fuckin' with him and fix your marriage."

She turned around and headed for the kitchen. I heard her slamming shit around.

Trina appeared from the back. "Is she alright?"

I looked at this thirsty bitch and frowned. "Why you ain't have your sister's back? If you had her best interest in mind you wouldn't have let her fuck up her marriage like this. What was in it for you?" This bitch

started pacing back and forth. Then she stopped in front of me.

“Shit was fine as long as it was Trae who was the one fuckin’ up. All y’all hypocritical niggas is the same.”

“I’m not talking about Trae or other niggas. I’m talking about you having your sister’s back.”

“Listen to me Kay, what started out innocent, spiraled out of control. At first Tasha was trying to hook *me* up with Kyron. But Kyron wasn’t feelin’ me like that. He was feelin’ her. So he hooked me up with Kendrick. I didn’t pay them much mind because I was sure that nothing was going to come out of it. I never thought that she would fuck him, Kay, and I damn sure ain’t tell her to.”

I could only shake my head in disbelief. I didn’t know what the fuck was on Kyron’s mind. “Well, if Tasha and Trae aren’t able to get their shit back on track, you need to know that you played a big role in fuckin’ up their family. I’m out.” I got up and left.

## **TRINA**

“Good riddance,” I said as I slammed the door after Kaylin. Gonna come up in my house and look at me as if I was a piece of shit. Like I told him, I didn’t know shit would get serious between Kyron and Tasha. Tasha is a grown ass woman and she had already told me that she wanted a divorce and was done with Trae. I didn’t believe her until she started fucking Kyron. And that shit happened so fast, just like he didn’t see it coming, neither did I. I was so caught up with getting to know Kendrick that when I looked up, Trae and Kaylin were at my front door. Well, that last part ain’t totally true. Kyron did call and tell me he and Kendrick were coming.

Thinking about Kendrick made me want to get a pulse on how serious shit was, so I grabbed my cell to call him when Tasha came rushing out of the kitchen like a maniac. She was peeking around, I guess to make sure that everyone was gone, then she started rippin’ me a new asshole.

“Bitch, you know most of this shit is all your fault, don’t you? If you wasn’t so busy being sneaky, this shit would not have happened. You could have told me that Kyron and Kendrick were coming over. All of this here could have been avoided. Now look. How could you do this, to me, Trina? Next time mind your fucking business. Let me handle my own shit. Stay the fuck out of mine! I should put my foot in your ass!”

There was nothing I could say. I definitely wasn’t about to tell her that Kyron gave me five hundred dollars to keep quiet and to make sure I kept her over at my apartment. She was getting ready to cuss me out some more, or like she said, whip my ass, when there was a knock at the door. She stood frozen in place. I was not moving to answer it. I simply sat back and did like she told me ... mind my own fuckin’ business.

## **TASHA**

I was itchin’ for Trina to say the wrong thing so that I could light that ass up. But when someone knocked on the door I panicked because the first person I thought of was Kyron. I made my way to the door and put the chain on it. I put my eye to the keyhole and didn’t see anyone. I asked, or more like snapped, “Who is it?” When no one responded I cracked the door. When I saw it was Kyron I went to close it but he stopped the door with his foot.

“Tasha, wait.” He grabbed my hand. “I just needed to know that you’re alright. You were crying when I left.

Did he put his hands on you?" He grabbed my chin and was trying to look over my face through the crack in the door.

"Now is not the time Kyron and don't come here anymore."

"Tasha, come on now. Bullshit aside. You carryin' my seed." He then had the nerve to tell me, "We in this shit together. So I think we need to talk. Come back to the city with me."

I almost lost it. All of this drama *I've* been through in the last forty eight hours and he's talking about we in this together? He got me twisted. "Kyron, I am not fucking with you like that anymore. As a matter of fact, go talk to Mari because me and you don't have shit to talk about."

"I don't mess with Mari anymore and we *do* have shit to talk about. You are carrying *my* seed, Tasha. Since we can't undo what went down between us we need to map things out. I'm not going to let you go through this alone. So, you either let me in and we talk now or pack your shit and come back with me."

I turned around and started towards the bedroom. I was not having this conversation with him. And then I heard *BOOM!* I turned around and this nigga had kicked the front door in. That little cheap ass chain didn't have a chance. Trina had the nerve to be sitting there on the couch trying not to laugh. I swear I was two seconds away from knocking out her front teeth.

"Tasha! Come here!" Kyron yelled as if he was my father. I closed the bedroom door and locked it.

"Kyron, get the fuck out of here. I am not opening the door." I rested my back against it and grabbed my head. I wanted to pull my hair out.

"You want me to kick it down?"

*Damn.* I thought about the front door and I snatched this one open. "Kyron, please. Not now. Trae could come back any minute."

"Then stop fuckin' around, get your shit and let's go."

"I can't Kyron. Not now." My heart rate was on speed dial. I had to get him out of there before Trae Macklin came back. But this nigga had the nerve to sit down on the bed and look as if he was going to get comfortable. "Kyron, please. Okay. I'll come to the city, but not today."

"Then when?"

"Give me a day or two."

He looked at me as if he didn't believe me.

"I need a little more time to sort some things out, Kyron." I grabbed his hand. "C'mon you need to go. I'll see you in a day or two."

He pulled me to him and gave me a hug. "I just need to be sure that you are going to be alright and don't do nothing stupid."

“What do you mean stupid?” I pulled back.

“Like get an abortion stupid.”

I simply looked at him. I had already figured out that’s the reason he was sweating me so hard. He wanted this baby. But at this moment I honestly had no idea what I was going to do. Hell, this shit happened so fast, I didn’t have the chance to think about anything. “I need a day or two. We can talk then.”

He took the bait and left.

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