

Chapter 1: *Introductions*

New York City

“Damn, baby, you keep fuckin’ me like this, you might just see a grown-ass man cry.”

She slowly licked the underside of my shaft, kissed me at the very tip of my manhood, and put just enough tongue on it to make me shiver like a wet damn dog.

“So, you’d cry for me, Antoine? I didn’t think men like you cried for much.”

She was right. Even though I’d only spent three days with this woman, I couldn’t stop myself from acting like a goddamn fool whenever she was around me. *What the fuck is wrong with you, man? Show her why they call you the ‘Rock Hound’.*

I’d come too far and I wasn’t about to become a bitch now, not when I was so close. I was Antoine ‘Rock Hound’ Davis and it was time that she knew this, too.

“Perhaps *cry* is too strong a word. See, you got me wearing this damn blindfold and I’m not really feeling it right now because I can’t see shit. But I do know that if my dick is anywhere near your mouth, you can’t take what I say seriously.”

She wrapped her hands around my dick like a singer with a microphone, and softly whispered into it, her warm breath making me shiver again.

Valentine

“You mean like this?”

I cringed but there wasn't a damn thing I could do about it, she had me trapped. “Stop doing that shit! If you're just going to tease me, then you got to go.”

“What are you willing to do for *me*?” she asked, before licking the tip a second time.

“What the hell do you mean, what else am I willing to do?”

I pulled against my arm and leg restraints. I was securely tied to both ends of the bed, helpless and vulnerable. “You think I would let some *other* chick do this shit?”

She laughed and I loved it when she did. “I think I've made you wait long enough. It's time for Daddy to cum,” she whispered.

She made her way up to me and softly slid her clit across the tip of my nose before asking, “Can you smell it, baby?”

“I can smell it.”

“Does it smell good to you?”

I loved the way both she and her pussy smelled. I didn't care if other men had been here before me; all that mattered was that she was with me now. “I wanna taste it. Can I taste it, Ma?”

“I want you to taste it, Daddy.”

I could feel her heat above my face, calling me. I wanted nothing more than to grab her and press her against my face, but with the handcuffs still restraining me, it was a losing battle. I cursed her several times for doing this to me, but as soon as she pressed her clit against my lips, I ate greedily, lapping at her like a starving man.

She softly rocked her hips, sliding across my face; my tongue followed her every motion. Several times I pushed my tongue inside of her, but as I felt her clit growing against my tongue, I began to suck on it.

“Don't do that,” she begged. “Not yet.” But as she clamped her legs against the side of my head, I knew I was near and needed to finish her off.

I continued to suck on her until she yelled out my name and spilled her essence over my lips and inside my mouth.

When her body relaxed and stopped trembling, she stood up and quietly stepped off my bed.

“I know you not gone leave me hangin' like this, right?” I heard her moving around, but when she didn't answer, I tugged at the restraints again. “*Right?*” I yelled angrily.

Valentine

“Don’t get so mad, baby. I just had to get something.” She straddled my thighs and I became a little more agitated when I felt her slide the condom on.

“What the fuck is this?”

“You know what? I don’t have time for this shit. I’m gone.” She climbed down again and walked away from the bed. I could hear her footsteps heading toward the door.

Still chained to the bed, I wasn’t about to let her leave so somebody else could catch me like this. “Whoa, you need to just chill the fuck out. I just thought that since this was the third date and all—that we could get past this goddamn jacket thing.”

“You know I can’t do that.”

Even though I couldn’t see her, she sounded upset.

“Look, I said if anything like that ever happened that I’d take care of you, didn’t I? Hell, I told you I’d take care of you after the first night, so why you trippin’? I got you, Ma. Whatever you want, I got you. Don’t take that lightly.”

I could hear walking back toward the bed where my erection was still waiting for her.

“The condom stays on.”

“All right, but after this is all done, I really wanna talk to you.”

Before I had a chance to say anything else, she grabbed hold of me and slid me inside of her. I gasped, trying to prepare myself for how good she felt, but she’d moved too quickly for me to prepare. As she rode me, her body grinding against me, her warmth permeating the condom, I tried desperately to stave off my orgasm—but I couldn’t. We were only thirty seconds in and I could feel my body giving way. I hated how she did this to me, but I loved the way she did it.

I didn’t know whether she saw my toes curling or because I allowed an extra ‘fuck’ to escape my mouth, but she quickly switched from grinding to riding. With our flesh slapping against each another, I felt more like I was in Madison Square receiving applause than in my bedroom getting my brains screwed out.

“Talk to me, Ma. Tell me you love this dick.”

She dug her nails into my chest before reaching up and grabbing my throat. With one hand on my chest and the other firmly clutching the front of my neck, she began to squeeze.

“What—the—fuck—are you—doing?” I asked, barely able to get it out past her choking fingers.

“I’m almost there, baby. You got me there.”

Valentine

With her so close, I didn't want to say anything, but even in complete darkness, I was beginning to black out. "Get it—Ma. Please...fuckin' get it," I yelled, hoping that she got hers before I passed out.

"I love your dick, Daddy. I love it. You love this pussy, right?" she whispered, her smoky voice exactly what I needed to push me over the edge.

"Fuck you," I wheezed, her hand still tightly squeezing my neck. "*Fuck you!*"

"I'm coming, baby," she said, and that was all it took.

We both came, but that didn't stop me from cursing this woman and what she'd done to me. As soon as I began to relax, she pulled me out of her, removed the condom, and sucked up any remaining seed. As several shockwaves rippled through my body, a single tear began to form in my eye and I thanked God that I still had on a blindfold. Crying like a bitch wouldn't do anything for my image.

When she finished, she left me alone in the room. My neck hurt like hell and I wanted to choke the hell out of her ass, but I simply yelled, "Yo' ass better be coming back!"

With her gone, I was forced to listen to the sounds of my own breathing and inhale the wonderful scent that she'd left on my nose and tongue.

Damn, she even tastes like strawberries. *How the hell did I get so damn lucky?*

That woman was so fucking perfect that it hurt not to be around her. I'd just met her three days ago, through Angelica's service, and already I was ready to give up all this shit for her. Hell, I was afraid she was white for the first couple of days, but she always swore she wasn't; told me she was Creole. Shit, it wouldn't have even mattered. Creole, Italian, Irish—I didn't give a shit if she was all three; the things we'd done in the last few days, coupled with how fine she was, made me want to put a ring on her finger. Not really a wedding ring, shit, I was still 'Rock Hound', but definitely a promise ring.

She was light as hell and I knew I was gonna catch hell from my momma, but I got butterflies in my stomach as I thought about them meeting her. Her hazel eyes were so clear that I felt like I could see her soul and because she was also built like a sister, I really didn't give a damn what my family was gonna say. Truthfully, she was everything that I'd ever wanted in a wife:

smart, sexy, well toned, and the pussy was so damn good she could keep my wallet.

This wasn't the first time I'd used Angelica's Escorting service, but she had certainly gone out of her way this time. Shit, for the grand an hour I was paying, the service should've *always* been this good.

There were two problems I had, though. The first was that she didn't know what I did, almost no one did, and if she found out, how long would she stick around? I mean, I made good money, but then traffickers always do.

From drugs to stolen cars, I could have anything shipped anywhere in the world, but for the last few months, I'd been trafficking kids. Goddamn *kids* from other countries were being shipped in to me and suddenly, I found myself up to my ass in Slovaks and Eastern Europeans. It made me sick to my stomach, but I just needed this last deal to pay out and I'd be set for life. I'd just have to eat another bottle of antacids for the next few days.

That brought me to my second problem: my *wife*. She didn't know what I did either, but I suspected she didn't care. We weren't together out of love, at least not anymore; we were together because we had to be. She was a well-known marriage guru and when we were married, I was legit. Now that I'm not as legal as I used to be, a divorce would be very bad for her lucrative business and even worse for me.

Shit, if it wasn't for her terrible business sense, buying all this shit that we don't need, flying all around the damn country trying to promote her fuckin' book, I wouldn't have even had to get on the hustle.

I had to take a deep breath to keep from myself from thinking about how pissed she made me. I exhaled and once my wife was out of my head, I smiled.

That was the past and this fine strawberry tasting woman that just screwed my brains out was certainly my future.

"I'm back."

The sound of her sexy Southern drawl brought me out of my daydream and back to the present.

"What took you so long and when can I get these damn chains off? My shit is starting to hurt. It's not fun anymore." I tried to keep the bitchy whine out of my voice.

"I still have a surprise for you," she crooned.

Valentine

“And what kind of surprise is it? You came, I came—you wouldn’t happen to have a friend with you, would you? Because I think I can squeeze out one more if you brought a friend.”

“I had to make a call, and it doesn’t seem as if my friend will be coming.”

“That sounds fucked up, but I still need to be untied. This shit is really starting to hurt my rotator cuff.”

“You never answered my question,” she asked as she stroked my flaccid dick and ran something extremely cold down the center of my chest.

She brought ice. This bitch is freak-y! I think I’m in love!

“And what question is that?”

“What are you willing to do for me?”

I pulled hard against my restraints, hoping that she would let me go. This was getting tiresome. “I answered that already, but if you want to know more, then fine. Look, I’m really digging you, Val.”

“I’m digging you too, Antoine, but I need to know something. Would you *die* for me?” When she said the word die, she ran a fingernail down my chest, making me shiver.

“Die for you? Hell naw! I mean, I don’t even know the real you. What’s your *real* name? I know it can’t be Valentine, right? That’s just your trickin’ name, right? I mean who the fuck names their kid after a holiday?” When she didn’t answer, I stopped joking. She was obviously serious and wanted an answer, so I took in a deep breath and continued. “I mean look...I see a future for us. I know you don’t wanna be an escort for the rest of your life and I wanna be able to take care of you. That’s real shit.”

Suddenly there was only silence in the room and her hands were still. “That’s so sad to hear.”

“What do you mean? Why is it sad to hear? It’s still a future, right?” And that’s when I began to smell something strange.

“You cookin’?”

“No,” she replied. “Well, not really.”

“Because I smell something funny? Do you smell smoke?”

“You know something? I do. See, baby, I had this gun in my hand and I was just going to shoot you; you know, make it quick, but I can’t do that anymore. After the phone call I just made, my benefactor decided that you should suffer just a little bit more.”

Benefactor? Suffer? What the hell was going on? If this was another game, like tying my ass up, I wasn’t down with it. “What the fuck did you do?” I yelled, struggling to break free of the

Valentine

bonds she'd placed me in, but they wouldn't let up. "Val, let me go. This shit ain't funny."

"To answer your question, yes, my name is Valentine and the sad thing is that this is goodbye, Antoine. I'll always remember—your *tongue*."

She gently placed tape over my mouth as I flailed around my bed, trying to break free.

"It's time for me to go, but I just wanted you to know that your house is on fire. Maybe we can hook up next lifetime—if there is such a thing as reincarnation, but in this one, you shouldn't have crossed someone you know. Didn't you know selling kids was a *no-no*? Had I known about what you were really into, I would've poured gasoline on you myself, but I guess this will have to do."

I heard her heels clicking against the bedroom's wooden floor as she walked away from me, then suddenly she stopped.

"Just so you know, you weren't that great of a fuck, *Rock Hound*. Maybe next time around, you'll get a bigger dick. And uh, your last ride was compliments of the soon to be widowed *Mrs. Davis*."

Fuck you! I wanted to scream out, but the tape was pressed so hard against my face that all she could hear was gurgling. I tried to push my tongue against the tape and scream for help, but it wasn't moving. I wriggled around my bed for what seemed like an eternity, but no matter how hard I fought, I knew this was about to be my tomb.

For the next few minutes, I panicked. I screamed, I wrestled, I cried, I cursed, and fought against the handcuffs she'd put on my hands and feet and felt the steel cutting into my skin. Even though I couldn't see the fire, I smelled the charred remains of my house and I could feel the heat from the flames moving closer to me. I fiercely pulled against my restraints one last time and I could hear the headboard cracking, but I was already too weak. I had inhaled too much smoke and the world was slowly darkening.

I was going to die.

As I felt the unbearable heat from the flames licking around me, the last thought going through my mind was a satisfying scene with me choking the life out of both my wife and that fucking Valentine.

Valentine

Chapter 2: *A Separate Life*

Houston

Sassia

I turned the key in the lock and walked into my cool, quiet apartment. It felt good to finally be home. Even though I felt like a hot walking mess, instead of immediately taking a long, hot shower, I sat down on my plush leather sofa and turned the TV on to a random national news station.

After about fifteen minutes of political fluff and weather reporting, I finally saw it. A picture of the recently deceased Antoine Davis and the grieving Lynette Davis filled the screen. The reporter described Antoine's death as a ritual killing, most likely from the result of his past gang affiliations, but the tearful Mrs. Davis swore that that part of his life was behind him.

Damn, she is good. Damn if I wasn't better.

I smiled at the screen before standing up; pulling away the clothes I'd been wearing for the last two days and letting them fall to the floor. Ordinarily, I liked a clean apartment, but the payday for this job was the biggest I've ever had and I deserved a little time to celebrate.

As I walked toward the shower, my satellite phone, which I dubbed 'the hotline', began ringing.

Valentine

“What the hell do you want now?” I mumbled. Because it was the hotline, I had to answer. I’d just gotten home, but there might be another job to do. I hoped it would be closer to home.

I picked up the phone and heard a series of beeps before I spoke. “What is it, CT?”

“One sec, okay—the line is secure. I just wanted to say that you did a good job, Val. You have them looking everywhere but where they’re supposed to. How about I come over and we celebrate?”

“How’s about you kiss my ass.”

“I can do that, too.”

I’d known CT since I’d gotten into the business—barely a year ago. I’d never actually met him, we’d met through a mutual acquaintance, but he was kind of like my agent. He’d get the CFT’s, or contracts for termination, and he’d get them to me. In the year we’d known each other, I didn’t have many notches under my belt, but I was still good at what I did. And getting better.

CT always swore I didn’t get many contracts because of all the other professional killers he had under his umbrella. He always tried to make it seem like there were dozens under him, which I doubted, but I didn’t care as long as I got a job every so often. Because he was always trying to get in my pants, I figured he’d still push the best scores in my direction, like the Davis job. It was almost too easy for the thirty-five thousand I stood to make.

“I’ll tell you what. Give me your real name and I may let you have a taste.”

“My real name is CT.”

“No it’s not, liar! I gave you that nickname! How can I ever be with someone who can’t tell the truth?” I whined. One thing I did know about him was that he was a terrible liar. I’d given him the name CT because of all his off the wall conspiracy theories. Before that, he was just ‘Dispatch’.

“Shit, you know I can’t give that information out, so I don’t know why you ask. It’s called covering your ass. Your name ain’t Valentine so I don’t know why it’s so important that you know mine.”

“Because I like to know the names of the men I fuck.”

“Is that what you told Antoine before you baked his ass? I don’t get you. You’ll screw a bad guy like Antoine Davis, a goddamn modern day slave trader, but not me?” He asked like a man who’d been snubbed before.

Valentine

“What makes you think you’re any less of a bad man than him? You arrange deaths. Doesn’t that make you bad, too?”

“So what you’re saying is, I have a chance?” He lowered his voice an octave, trying to be sexy.

I answered back just as seductively. “If you do get that chance, don’t be mad if I have to kill you afterward.”

“I’d risk it.”

“You could try. Speaking of trying,” I quickly changed the subject, “have you found the man I asked you to find?”

“Not yet, but I’ll let you know when I do. He can’t hide forever, especially not from me. Anyway, you know you owe me for this. I’ll take my payment in the form of a massage...a *personal* hand massage.”

“Good night, CT.”

He laughed. “The second half of the payment is in your account. Have a good night...Valentine.”

I hung up the hotline and stepped into the shower. Before I even turned on the faucet, I could hear the screams of pleasure emanating from the next apartment. With such thin walls, I listened to my next-door neighbors, Charlie and her fiancé Steve, screaming like banshees.

Hmmm, now that’s some of what I really needed.

And I might just get it, but after two days on the bus traveling from New York City back to Houston, I needed this hot shower more than I needed a good lay—but not by much. Even though I hated how slow the bus lines were, for me, it was a matter of anonymity. Airports have too many cameras, too much security, and the last thing any professional killer needs is more exposure. With a baseball cap and a made up ID provided by CT, I bought bus tickets to eight different cities before I finally boarded the one to Houston.

As the water poured down over me, I teased my clit with my fingers while I thought about the last thing Antoine had said to me. I wondered if he had really wanted to take care of me or if was he just another Omar.

Omar.

Remembering him made my skin crawl, but it didn’t matter now, he was dead. Both of them were and the world was better off for it. Because of what I’d been through, taking out people who deserved it seemed like justice, but it was a little harder with Antoine’s last confession.

“Let me take care of you.”

Valentine

I shook it off and lathered my body, letting the hot water caress me. I'd heard that line many times before and I'd probably hear it a million times more. He loved what I gave him, they all did, and I'd be lying if I said I didn't enjoy any good fuck. Besides, letting him live would be breaking the first rule.

As I continued listening to my neighbors, I smirked. The way Steve was crying out her name I guessed that Charlie knew what a good lay could do, too. I was certainly going to have to make another trip next door sooner rather than later.

I stepped out of the shower feeling like a new woman, the smells of sex, smoke, and death down the drain. After flexing several times and admiring myself in the mirror, I stepped out of the bathroom to the sound of my personal phone's jazzy ringtone. Because it was almost midnight and I didn't have any friends besides the two screwing next door, I knew who it was.

"Hello?" I answered as innocently as I could.

"Sassia, don't give me that goddamn nice hello BS! Where the hell have you been? I've been calling your ass all week and you haven't been picking up. Most of your fan club is mad as hell that they have to go somewhere else. What excuse do you have now? Sick? Relative died? What? Tell me *something!*"

That was Lady Zara. She ran the most lucrative escort service on this side of the Mississippi. Because I was one of her best attractions, she'd always treated me like a beloved member of her family, but every now and then my other job would conflict with Lady Zara's. That's when I really became family—the type of family that catches the ass-whooping.

"Sorry, Lady Z, but I had some family business to take care of back home." That's all she was getting this time because I didn't feel like concocting another crazy ass story. She'd already heard so many.

"Look, Sassia, if you don't want to work here I have plenty of girls who would love to escort your clients."

"I'm sure they would too, but no one does it better than *me*, LZ. You know that as well as I do."

"Fine, but I'm not going through this shit again, you hear me? For the rest of this month, your commission is down to fifty percent and I don't wanna hear another word about it. Get your ass in early tomorrow. You have a lot of time to make up for!"

I knew she had to flex her muscles in front of the other girls because she didn't want to appear soft on me, but I wasn't about to lay down either. "Sixty percent."

"You're fired."

Valentine

“Fine, dammit, fifty percent and I’ll be in early tomorrow!” I had to start getting on her good side again. I didn’t live extravagantly, but I needed my escort money for the cushy retirement I had planned. It was a good thing that I’d just finished that job for thirty-five grand.

I threw on some jogging shorts and a loose t-shirt, then sat down on my bed to read a few pages from *Sleeping with Strangers* before falling asleep on top of the covers.

My last thoughts before sleep took me were about the book’s main character. That crazy Gideon, I need me a man like him. I cut off the light, closed my eyes and let my head rest on the pillows.

It was time to put Valentine back in her box; a few hours of sleep would help me do it. I was home now and here in Houston I was Sassia Santinos, *escort extraordinaire*.

“I will ask you again. Do you seek vengeance?”

“Who the hell are you? Are you the police? Get me the hell out of here, please!” I cried.

“The offer is only valid for five seconds. Do you seek vengeance for what was done to you?”

“Yes, dammit,” I yelled desperately. “Get me the fuck outta here and I’ll give you whatever you want!”

She stood up from the bed and began to walk away.

“You don’t want vengeance, you want freedom. Sorry, Valentine, I don’t do freedom, only vengeance.”

“Don’t leave me, dammit! If you don’t let me go, they—they won’t stop! They’ll keep raping me until I’m dead! Please, help me god dammit!” I screamed, choking so hard I woke myself up.

I jumped out of bed, knelt beside the mattress, and pulled the shiny black Beretta from under my pillow, wildly pointing it at the darkness. I didn’t utter a word, just listened intently for creaking floorboards, whispering, or even an exhale. For several minutes I didn’t move a muscle and aimed the gun at my bedroom doorway as my eyes adjusted. When I didn’t hear anything, I turned on all the lights and walked around the apartment just to be sure.

I sighed and shook my head when I didn’t find anything wrong; I peeked in all the places where I stashed weapons. Everything was as it should be, but that still didn’t bring me any comfort.

“It was the damn dream again,” I mumbled, returning to my bed. I didn’t dare cut off a single light though. If I hadn’t been so agitated, I would’ve laughed. I mean, whoever heard of a

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professional killer who was afraid of the dark? But after what I'd gone through, it wasn't totally implausible.

I grew up in the heart of New Orleans' fourth ward. We had our gangs and rivalries against the other wards in the parish; murder was an almost daily occurrence and the city stayed dirty, but even still, there was no better place in the world. There was soul and passion in the fourth ward like no other place I'd ever been.

My mama was Creole, born and raised in the city. She always told me that she considered herself black, but her hair was as blond as any white lady I'd ever met. She'd always called me her little mixed blessing and according to her, everything good I got from her: my hazel eyes, light complexion—the beauty I'd traded on my whole life. For as long as I could remember, people tended to trust a pretty face like mine and I always banked on their naïveté.

She also said that the only good thing I got from my father, who was Guyanese, was my dark hair. He came by every so often to see me and give Mama a check, but as I grew older I stopped caring when he didn't show. Mama was different. Every day she would ramble on about how no good he was, until he died. He wasn't ever really around, so I didn't miss him much, but Mama cried for him every night.

My mama used to make a mean shrimp etouffee, but after my daddy died, she stopped cooking and grew a little colder and more distant each day. We didn't have many friends, so I just went to school and came home to her, but when she got sick, I didn't go to school at all anymore. The doctors said there wasn't anything medically wrong with her, but even I knew what a broken heart looked like. Daddy died when I was eleven, and Mama died shortly after I turned twelve. At that age I became a skinny orphan surrounded by the heartbeat of the French Quarter.

After her death, I became property of the state and I hated that. Everyone reminded me of how pretty I was, especially when I started filling out, but the only people that wanted me ended up being perverts. After the last man tried to touch me, I ran away for good. I lived in the streets and alleys for about a month, scraping together a living by helping an old lady sell fresh fruit and shrimp the French Quarter. With the smell of shrimp always on her smock, she reminded me a lot of how my mama used to smell. I liked working with her, but one day she just stopped showing up and never came back. I was alone again, this time without anywhere to go and barely any change in my pocket. .

That's when I met Omar.

Valentine

He was a light-skinned, round faced, overweight man who wasn't at all handsome—just another ordinary street hustler. I met him on a corner and was ready to wash his shiny dark blue Caprice Classic when he asked, "Hey, you wanna make some *real* money?"

I vehemently nodded and he opened the back door. "Get in, sugar."

His car was as nice inside as it was outside. The seats were covered with white fur and the whole dash board looked like it was made out of real wood. This man had money and he was asking me if I needed some? I grew suspicious. I was going to scratch his eyes out and run for my life if he wanted me to trick. I would never do that—not for anyone.

He saw the skeptical way I was looking at him and smiled. "It ain't what you think, kid. I'm not that kind of pervert. I need you to be a lookout for my...operation. You look like you need some food and I need some eyes on the street. Can you do that for me?"

He seemed like a nice guy, so I nodded again.

"What's your name?" When I didn't answer, he smiled again, this time showing all of his gold teeth. "Okay then, how old are you?"

"I'm twelve." I answered, barely moving my lips.

"How about I call you Twelve then?"

I shrugged. Didn't matter to me, just as long as he didn't try to touch me like those adoption perverts.

For almost six years, he called me Twelve. He asked me my name several times, but because my mama and I shared the same name, I never told him. I never wanted him to know her name because if he did, I might die of a broken heart like she did. During that time, I sold a few drugs and played lookout for Omar. He didn't pay me a lot, but he gave me enough to buy things I needed and he let me live with him in a rundown house in the middle of the fifth ward. After being in crappy foster homes and on the street, it seemed like a castle to me.

On my eighteenth birthday, everything changed between Omar and me. I'd cared about him for years, had come to depend on him for my very life, and even though I'd finally offered him my body out of gratitude, he'd never accepted. He always treated me with respect, which made me admire him even more. On my eighteenth birthday, I gave my virginity to Omar. It hurt like hell, he was a big man in every way, but I believed that I loved Omar more than I loved my own life. He knew that I would do anything

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for him, and I ended up doing everything for him, too. To make him happy, a little pain between my legs was nothing.

We had been together for almost a month and we'd just finished making love when he turned toward me and said, "Twelve, I gotta give you a different name. You can't be helping me run my shit with a name like that! Is there a name you want me to give you? Like maybe you can finally tell me the name you were born with?"

I was still sweating from the workout he'd given me and I rested my head on his hairy chest. Even though he was the only man I'd ever been with, I didn't care much for the sex. It was something I did to make him happy. I still loved him though, and if we were going to be together, then he should know. I smiled and told him.

"I don't really like that name for you. You're too good for such a plain name. How about I call you *Valentine*?"

"Why Valentine and not my *real* name?" I asked as I fondled him under the covers.

"Because yo' li'l pussy is so damn good that every time we get down, I wanna fall in love with the shit." I smiled at what sounded like a compliment, but he wasn't finished. "Look...Valentine, I'm going to need you to do something for me."

"Anything, baby."

"I need you to help out the girls. They money ain't right and I might need you to drum in more business. The way I see it," he lifted one of my breasts to his lips and softly kissed the tip of my brown nipple, "you got this pretty-ass hair that's halfway down your back, these big-ass titties, and that nice ass you totin'. Oh yeah, you gone make Omar a lot of grip."

I felt uneasy about what I knew he was asking, but we loved each other. He wouldn't ask unless he really needed it, right? Besides, I'd lived with him for all these years and it was time for me to start pulling my weight.

"Whatever you need."

"Good, good." He picked up the phone off the nightstand and called his friend Cali. "Yo, Cal, get Honey, Temp, and Dixie asses up here. They're gonna show my new girl Valentine the ropes." After he hung up, he kissed me. "But them bitches ain't got nothin' on you. You will always be number one. You never forget that."

It took a while, but the name grew on me and for two years I honed my craft, which made Omar a very rich man. I made a living turning both men and women out. Local judges,

Valentine

politicians, and men who invested in Omar's illegal businesses were typically treated to a night with Val. After it was all done, I had the kind of power over them that even Omar couldn't dream of. I didn't think much of the power I yielded, but it always made the sex more enjoyable when I knew did. Omar would always tell me that I had the GP, the *Golden Pussy* he called it. Because of the prestige I had, there would be regular feuds between me, Honey Sugarpot, Temptress Jones, and Dixie Wrecked. Due to my fair complexion and hazel eyes, they always called me the "white bitch" and in turn I'd call them what they were: old pussy.

Life was great for me until I met Boogie. Then it got complicated. I didn't want to betray Omar, but love is a fickle thing and after the first time Boogie and I got together, I was whipped. In Omar's world, it didn't matter how many men I fucked for money, but for me to love another man meant I was betraying him. I'd signed my own death warrant by loving Charles 'Boogie' Jackson.

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