



Enjoy this **FREE**
SAMPLE from book #2
in the “Mask Off”
series... and stay
tuned for the
OFFICIAL RELEASE in
Spring 2025!

***The story continues from book #1, “Mask Off: Two Faces”...
(click [HERE](#) to purchase)***

As Zion pulled into Saint’s driveway, he texted her to let her know he was outside.

“Mom, I will be back later. I’m going out with Monae for a while. Do you need anything?” Saint asked.

“No, chile. I’m fine. Merridith is coming over to stay with me for a while,” her mother replied. (Merridith is her mother’s twin sister.)

“Oh! Okay. That’s good. You won’t be alone. I’m not sure when I will be back. Well, have fun! I will call to check on you before it gets too late. Love you!”

“Love you, too, baby girl!”

Saint grabbed her purse and keys. “Come on, Monae.” At that, they both rushed out the door.

Zion was leaning against his 2007 Black Lincoln Navigator, wearing a black Sean John sweatsuit. His dreads flowed just past his shoulders—nice, neat, and curly.

“Oh, my God! Girl, you’re stupid if you don’t give him some tonight!” Monae joked. They both let out a girlish giggle.

“You are so crazy, Mo! I’ll call you in the morning.”

“I bet you will!” Monae said as she walked towards her car. “Hi, Zion! Bye, Zion!” He smiled and waved at her.

“Hey, you! Don’t you look nice?” Zion said to Saint. He thought to himself, ‘Little Saint ain’t so little anymore.’ Saint smiled and blushed at the compliment. “Oh! See? I got a smile outta you,” he said seductively as he pulled her close.

Saint sucked her teeth in a don't-f**k-with-me kind of way before burying her head in his chest. She embraced his warm body and inhaled the soft fragrance he wore. She knew she couldn't keep her defensive walls up with Zion because she was letting him in... slowly but surely. After all, she always had strong feelings for him.

"Are you okay, Saint?"

"Yes. I'm fine. I'm just really hungry right now."

"That's what I'm talking about! Let's get something to eat. What do you feel like eating?" Zion asked.

"Hmm... I don't know. What do you feel like having?"

Zion licked his lips, looking at Saint provocatively. "Hmm... Let me think," he replied, giving her a gentle nibble on her cheek. After deciding on dinner at Deuxave—a classy French restaurant in downtown Boston, they hopped into the Navigator and took off. After dinner, Zion asked, "Do you want to go home or to the hotel with me to chill?" Saint wasn't ready for the night to end, so she chose to go to the hotel with him.

When they arrived and entered the suite, Saint was blown away by the scenery. "Wow! This is so beautiful! You can see the entire city from here!"

"Tell me about it. I agree: It's beautiful. Too bad there's so much drama out there." There was a hint of sadness in Zion's voice. "Did you have a nice time tonight?"

"I did! Thank you," Saint replied.

"What are you thinking about right now?" Zion asked.

"I don't know. A lot of things. Nothing in particular. I mean, I have so many questions, but I don't know where to begin. This has been an amazingly calm night for me, and being with you just makes me feel so at ease. I don't want to spoil the evening with all the questions I have."

"Then don't," he replied, pulling her close and kissing her passionately. He then laid her on the bed and began kissing her neck. He paused long enough to whisper in her ear, "Tell me when enough is enough."

“Keep going,” Saint whispered back weakly. She wanted to resist but couldn’t find the strength. She had decided long ago that she would save herself for her true love, only giving her virginity to that special one. That night, though, Zion was “it.” He was “that special one.”

They made love the whole night. Zion made sure he was gentle with Saint from the start, as she was his precious gem. After they made love, Saint fell asleep in Zion’s arms like a newborn baby. For over an hour, Zion watched her as she slept peacefully. “So beautiful. So innocent,” he whispered as he ran his fingers through her hair. He now knew he would do whatever was necessary to make things right.

Zion kissed Saint gently on her forehead, eased out of the bed, and grabbed his cell to call his Boston connects. “Yo, what’s good?”

“It’s all good over here,” the voice said on the other end. “We’re still on for tomorrow, right?”

“Yeah, but listen. I need to know where Ricardo and his boys are going to be. We’re going to start with his crew. Ricardo will be last because I want to see his face when I show up on the scene.”

“You got that, Z. I heard from a source that his crew will definitely be at the club tomorrow night. However, Ricardo never goes with them. He’s too shook to mess around with the Feds watching him and whatnot.”

“Wow!” Zion exclaimed. “They really got dude shook like THAT?”

“Z, I’m telling you: They’re on him hard!”

“Well, they’re about to be on him ever harder!” Zion replied menacingly.

THE END OF THE FREE SAMPLE

**LIKE
AND
FOLLOW**



FOR DETAILS

WWW.REDEMPTIONS-STORY.COM

[FB / REDEMPTION'S STORY PUBLISHING](#)