**YOU SO NASTY**

by

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**CHAPTER 2**

**Sacramento, California**

“What’s up, bro? You alright?” Spike asked, snapping Pedro out of a brief daze as he showed him around his lab. “Dude, we can finish this up tomorrow if you like.”

“Nah, I’m alright. As a matter of fact, we don’t even have to finish. I believe in you and I trust that your products is as good as you say. Now, you said if I spend a hundred Gs, you’ll give it to me for a dollar a pill?”

“Exactly. One hundred thousand dollars, one hundred thousand pills.”

“Hmmm,” Pedro released, biting down on his lip while rubbing his chin. The look on his face was serious as he was caught in deep contemplation. Spike expected that it was the deal he was thinking about, but Pedro’s thoughts were entirely somewhere else: *“Pedro,” his father had explained, with his fingers crossed as they sat in the living room of his stunning Miami mansion. “By being found not guilty, I’ve just dodged what could’ve been a devastating blow to many important people. My brother—your uncle—is done with the cocaine business in the United States. He will send no more. It’s over! You’ve made plenty of money in the last two years. Invest some of it. Start a legitimate business. It’s time to leave the drug business alone for good! Do you understand?”*

Pedro’s father was Dominican, yet he was raised by his mother who was black. And not just regular black, but greasy-fried-chicken-eating, smothered-pork-chop-cooking, born-deep-in-the-South, but migrated-up-north black.

Originating from the Dominican Republic, Pedro’s uncle shipped regular loads of high-quality cocaine to Pedro’s father in the United States. Pedro’s father supplied a significant portion of Florida, as well as Pedro in Connecticut. Although his father’s federal drug trafficking trial ended with a good result, his uncle pulled the plug on the whole operation. Pedro was stifled by the decision as sudden as it occurred. After supplying Hartford dealers with kilos and being the man for the last two years, he didn’t know how to accept letting that status come to a screeching halt, especially with his father demanding he leave the drug game alone, altogether. Pedro loved his dad and respected all that he had done for him. Therefore, he took his advice. Well, at least partially . . .

“Is that figure too much for you to spend at one time?” Spike asked.

“Nah,” Pedro responded, as he snapped back to reality. “That’s cool. I can get with that. As a matter of fact, I’m gonna have my people drop the money off tomorrow morning, if you’ll be ready.”

“Sure I will. I already have half of the order done. I’ll just—”

“Pardon me for a second,” Pedro interrupted. He then took a few steps back as he answered his ringing cellphone. “Hello.”

“Pedro, whaddup?” Blaze greeted him.

“Nothing much. I’m with White Boy, getting things right as we speak.”

“Word? That’s peace. I hope all goes well. I knocked that chick Ronda off last night, and I found out them kats on the Ave are playing monkey-see, monkey-do. But I just put a little work in to let them know we ain’t going for it!”

“Alright, that’s cool. But don’t get yourself in trouble, because White Boy is official and everything is all good. Them shits we was getting from New York are crap compared to what he got going on out here. Plus, the price is bananas!”

“Word?” Blaze grinned. “Ah’ight. I’ll see you when you get home.”

“Ah’ight, later.”

Blaze was light-skinned with a low-cut Caesar, four years older than Pedro at twenty-eight, and one of his closest friends. After doing an eight-year stint for gun and drug charges, Blaze hadn’t been home for a complete two months yet. On his first day of release, Pedro picked him up from prison, had a fully furnished apartment waiting for him, gave him one of his trucks to drive, a safe filled with $20,000 in cash, and put him down with a new hustle that he just started, selling ecstasy pills. Blaze was grateful for all these things and willing to do anything for Pedro, including risking both his freedom and life:

“What’s good, fellas?” Blaze had questioned as he walked up on three guys, including one who was confined to a wheelchair. They were posted up in front of a liquor store on Albany Avenue.

“What the fuck you mean ‘what’s good’, nigga? You know somebody over here or something?” the man in the wheelchair sneered.

“Nah, but since you talking shit, fuck it! I’ma come right out and say what I got to say . . . You motherfuckas ain’t gonna be selling no more ecstasy around here! None of you clown-ass niggaz thought about pushing X until y’all saw my peoples getting money off of it. Now all of a sudden, y’all wanna play follow the leader. It ain’t happening!”

“What?” one of the guys let out, while digging into the lining of his coat pocket. Then he looked at his two friends, “Yo, none of y’all don’t know this kat fo’real?”

“Hell no, we don’t know that nigga!”

“Yo money, get the fuck out of here,” the guy demanded, now holding a .40 automatic fully brandished.

“Alright,” Blaze pleaded, raising his hands as he surrendered. “I’m gone,” he explained, while slowly backing up.

“Yeah, that’s what the fuck I thought,” the man said as he tucked the gun back inside of his coat.

*SNAP! SNAP! SNAP!* Loud gunshots erupted in broad daylight, sending a flock of pigeons off into the air. People became hysterical, running for cover as Blaze took advantage after watching the guy let his guard down.

Two bullets pierced the man’s groin as the third ripped through his stomach. He staggered back, reaching for his weapon while struggling to stay on his feet.

*SNAP! SNAP! SNAP!* Car alarms blared as bullets wildly zipped past Blaze, shattering glass and puncturing tires. The man’s aim was off considerably. He was desperately trying to defend himself in an attempt to escape without being shot any further.

While Blaze returned a flurry of shots in his direction, the man in the wheelchair and the other guy had long ago made it to safety. Their friend was lucky enough to have made it around the corner that the liquor store was on without any new holes in his body. However, the three he already suffered were enough.

“Damn!” he cursed, running down the street while looking at all the blood on his hand as he removed it from his stomach. “I gotta get to a hospital.”

After reaching a brown house just off Albany Avenue, he hurried through the gate and raced up the porch steps. He banged on the door with relentless vigor until a young man about his age, twenty-one/twenty-two, opened up.

“I just got hit!” he exclaimed while busting through the door. “I need the phone. Get me the phone!” he ordered, as he stumbled down into a chair at the kitchen table.

His friend retrieved the cordless phone from the wall with panic. “Who the fuck shot you? What happened, Dez?”

“I’ll tell you in a minute,” he explained, holding his stomach while pressing buttons.

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“I can’t come and get you right now, Dez. I have a client in my chair!”

“Ronda, I need you to drive me to a hospital out of town. I’m shot the fuck up and you gotta get here, fast!”

“Well, why didn’t you say something?” she retorted, with instant fear washing over her. “I’m on my way!” *Click*. “Honey Child, can you finish my client’s hair for me? I’ll pay you for it.”

“Emm hm,” Honey Child responded sarcastically, twisting his lip while adding, “Run along, little missy. Run along.”

“Thank you,” Ronda expressed. “Oh, Angie, Honey Child is gonna finish your hair. You don’t have to pay for it though. It’s on me. I’m sorry, but I have an emergency.”

“That’s fine with me,” Angie responded with genuine satisfaction. “Go on ahead, girl. Handle your business.”

“Ummm, we *are* still going to the club tonight, right, Ronda?” Sage asked while implying a fake attitude.

“I don’t know. I think I might be tied—”

“Ahn-ahn,” Kim intervened. “You told my girl Sage we was going out tonight. So, you better stick to your word.”

“Alright, alright,” Ronda conceded, as she swung the door open to leave the shop. “I’ll call y’all later.”

Just as Ronda exited, Marcus, who was Kim’s boyfriend, and Vivian, Sage’s mother, were entering.

“Hi, Marcus. Whassup, Ma?” Sage spoke.

“Hi, Ms. Vivian,” Kim followed, not even acknowledging her man until a little while after. “What are you doing here? Ain’t you supposed to be at work?” she inquired.

“I am, but I came to see my favorite girl,” Marcus professed, as he approached Kim with his hands behind his back and gave her a kiss on the cheek.

“Yeah, well, your favorite girl has a lot of heads to do.”

“Oh, I know,” he replied. “That’s why I only have one question to ask you.”

Marcus dropped down on one knee with his arms coming from around his back as he flipped the ring box open. All of the women in the shop, including those getting their hair done, were taken by surprise. They experienced butterflies in their stomachs and smiled lightly while holding their warmed hearts as they marveled at his sweet gesture.

“Kimberly Erica West, will you marry me?”

The whole salon was happy for her. Even people who didn’t know her were tearing up as they were swept off their feet by what was taking place. Kim didn’t believe what she was seeing. As she stared at Marcus in front of her down on one knee, she couldn’t help but release a big smile.

“Boy! Get up off the floor. You gotta be kidding me, right?”

“I’m dead serious,” Marcus declared with confidence as he remained on one knee.

“Oh no, you not. Not with that little piece of pebble, anyway. Plus, I ain’t trying to get married to somebody who’s just regular.”

All at once the salon became flooded with gasps of shock. The many females who were just so happy for her were totally appalled and stunned by what they were hearing.

“*Un*grateful little bitch,” Honey Child murmured, just enough for the girl in her chair to hear.

“What was that, Raymond?” Kim spat, suspecting that Honey Child had said something behind her back. “If you got something to say about me, I suggest you say it to my face, like a man . . . or like the woman you’re trying to be. You little faggot!”

“Oh, hell no! I bites my tongue for no one!” Honey Child chimed, waving his curling iron at Kim with his eyebrows raised while swaying his neck from side to side. “Un . . . grateful . . . liddooo . . . *bitch*! Now, there. Did you catch that clear enough?”

“Yo, don’t be calling my girl a bitch, yo.”

“Be quiet, Marcus. I can hold my own!” Kim snarled, advancing toward Honey Child while removing her earrings. She may have been pretty, a diva, and stuck-up even, but one thing she wasn’t, was scared to scrap.

“No, let me go! Let me go, Sage!” Kim demanded, huffing and puffing as her friend grabbed her from behind. Sage was struggling to hold her back.

“Chill, boo. Calm down,” her boyfriend added.

“Marcus, shut up and just leave!”

“But I’m saying, I wanna talk to you, first.”

“Marcus, *please!*” she yelled. “Just go home and we’ll talk later.”

“Alright,” he reluctantly agreed, leaving behind a salon full of females who were startled by how he so easily obeyed her rude commands.

“Let me go, Sage. Just let me go!” Kim repeated, coming down from her anger, but still irritated. “I ain’t gonna do nothing. It ain’t even worth it. But I’ll tell you this—Raymond, Honey Child, or whatever your name is, what goes on between me and my man, is *my* business! So keep your damn opinions to yourself. Because the next time you get it fucked up, it’s going down!”

“Whatever’s clever, honey. Cause I ain’t *never* scared!”