

“You know Traci is gonna have a fuckin’ fit when she find out right?”
He asked me.

“Why you say that?”

“I’m sayin’, you tryin’ to hit one of her friends. This ain’t just some new bitch you met off the streets, you met her through her. Shorty water gonna be *hot* when she find out.”

“She’ll get over it!” I said. “All the dirty shit that bitch done did to me. Fuck her feelings man.”

“Yeah aight, she gonna say fuck yo face with her fists when she find out,” he laughed.

I tried not to humor him by laughing, but hilariously enough, it was true. Traci knew that I wouldn’t hit her back, so she took advantage and served me up a good sucker punch every time I did something she didn’t like. The only reason she got away with it was because she always made up for it with her mouth.

“On some serious shit though Tone,” he sat back down and rubbed the palms of his hands on his jeans. He took a deep breath before speaking in a low tone. “You wanna go to this party with me and Marco tonight?”

“What party?”

“My frat brothers are throwin’ a hooker’s ball tonight.”

“A hooker’s ball?” I asked with a smirk. “What kinda shit is that?”

“Well, it’s actually called ‘The Freakfest’ but we call it the hooker’s ball cuz that’s how them hoes be actin’ up in there. Hoes tend to get real loose at our parties.”

“It’s a frat party?” He had my attention. I’d always heard stories about the things that go on at college parties and couldn’t wait for the day that I’d get to see firsthand. “Where at?”

“At the Union Hall boy,” he said excitedly. “What’s good? Call yo guys, I can get *all y’all* little niggas in!”

“Word?” Not only had I not been to many parties since my silent engagement to Ms. Benson, I was only 17 so I’d only dreamed of attending a 21 and up event. “Hell yeah!”

SEVEN HOURS LATER...

Manny and I sat outside of Cortez’s house in my car. Mario, his best friend DeMarco, and a dude I’d heard them call Cutlass were parked behind us smoking blunt number three. I’d always found humor in the fact that DeMarco and DeMario were best friends. My brother was born DeMario Antoine Smith but all his life he’d been called Mario for short. Personally, I

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thought it was retarded but considering the fact that the woman who came up with it, had also given birth to me, I never said too much about it.

Although I'd called him ten minutes before we'd arrived, we had been waiting for Cortez for over twenty minutes. Instead of telling him we were en route, I just told him that we were already there but it still didn't do any good. That man took longer than a female to get dressed for shit, and for all he knew we'd been waiting 30 minutes. That nigga pissed me off with that shit!

"Hey, so you talkin' to Dionna now, or what bro?" Manny was asking me.

"Yeah, somethin' like that."

"Do Tray-B know?"

"Nope," I smiled at the thought of her reaction. "Not yet."

"She gonna fuck *somebody* up when she find out!" Manny shook his head. "You know that right?"

"Man fuck that bitch," I laughed. "She'll get over it."

It had been only a week since I'd gotten Dionna's number, and we'd been talking every day since then. I liked her, a lot. But at the same time, in the back of my mind, there was always the possibility of me and Traci eventually getting back together so even though I was in dire need of feminine attention I tried my best to keep Dionna at a safe distance.

At the same time though, Dionna felt a certain type of way about me. She confessed to me one night that she'd had a crush on me since the first time she saw me boop, my sophomore year, and how she had butterflies in her stomach the day I asked for her number.

She did little subtle but cute shit at school like drop counseling passes that had already been signed by the Dean in my locker but she left the date and time slots blank. Thanks to Dionna, me and my guys had unlimited "Get out of class free" cards.

Meanwhile, she was torn and I say that for the most obvious reason imaginable: Traci. The whole school knew what type of bitch Traci was so this was a card best held to both of our chests.

Don't get me wrong, I do realize that fuckin' Traci's friend was a low blow. But I had caught that bitch up in so many lies and heard rumors about her fuckin' so many different niggas that my pride would no longer let me play the fool. I loved her and I know for a fact she loved me too. But if she thought she could ride every dick in town and expect for me to sit around twiddling my goddamned thumbs, I had a trick for that ass.

Cortez came rapping on the car window. He was wearing some black Polo pants with a white shirt and some all-white Converse shoes. I unlocked the door and let him in.

THE SILENT TREATMENT

“It’s about muthafuckin’ time bro!” Manny griped.
“My bad, I told y’all to call me when y’all got a few blocks away!” he said as he slammed the rear passenger door shut.
“We did!” Manny and I said in unison.
“No you didn’t, you called me when you got outside.”
“Nigga, I called you ten minutes before we was even here!”
“Damn, my bad bro!” he patted my shoulder. “Let’s go find you a new girlfriend, preferably one whose pussy walls are still intact!”
“Wow!” Manny laughed.
“You stupid!” I shook my head and started the car.

At 11pm we arrived at the Union Hall, a red brick warehouse that had been converted into a nightclub. The Union Hall had become such a success that the owners had purchased the three vacant lots beside it and converted them into parking lots.

DeMarco told us to leave our coats in the car so that we wouldn’t have to pay for coat check. It was mid-December but it wasn’t exactly freezing outside so we survived the half a mile trot.

I was dressed in my favorite all-white 2-piece velvet Gucci track suit with some brand new all white Air Force Ones. Mario had just trimmed my moustache and goatee, lined me up and let me use his Curve cologne. My pretty boy game was on point!

A few minutes later we found ourselves standing at the entrance to the club. I’d spent the whole ride there wondering what would happen if we couldn’t get in. But it all worked out. My brother and his guys were members of the Omega Psi Phi fraternity so the 6 foot 8 damn near 300-pound bouncer didn’t ask any questions. He shook their hands, spoke to me, Manny and Cortez and opened the door. As we walked in, for free, I heard him ask the guy behind us for \$25 and his I.D.

We walked into the rawest party I had ever been to! It was dark, and the only lighting was from a disco ball and strobe lights. The ratio of males to females was about 2:7, no exaggeration. I looked back at Cortez. He seemed to be feeling the party, or at least the song: "Make ‘em say uhhh" by Master P. We walked to the far end of the club and took a seat at a table.

“Y’all want something to drink?” DeMarco asked. I looked at Cortez and chuckled as I recalled the last time I’d seen him drunk.

“Yeah me and Manny do but bring *this* nigga a juice box!”

They came back a few minutes later with two pitchers filled with what tasted like lemonade but obviously had a lot of alcohol in it and a stack of Styrofoam cups.

“Have fun little niggas!” Mario smiled devilishly as he poured himself a

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drink and disappeared into the crowd.

I stood up and took in my surroundings. There I stood, surrounded by a sea of thick ass college girls.

“Make em say uhhhh!” Manny sang as we shook hands.

“Na na na naaah!” I smiled and walked off to find Traci’s replacement.

Somewhere between my 4th cup and all hell breaking loose, I found myself seated at the back of the club getting what felt like a professional lap dance from a girl I didn’t even know.

“You good, lil’ bro?” Mario stumbled up to me and slurred.

“Un-huh...”

He pulled up a chair next to me and sat down. He smelled like a lit cigarette and his eyes were barely open. “It’s gonna get even better though, they got some strippers finna come out.”

I heard him but I didn’t respond. I had a lot going on in front of me. Shorty was grinding on my dick like it was in her.

“Whassup Ki Ki!” Mario said to the girl who was dancing on me.

She sat up and smiled.

“Heeyyyy Mario!” she leaned over and hugged him.

“I see you found my little twin,” he smiled at her.

“Your twin?” I protested. “Nigga, I’m—”

She put one arm back around my neck and rubbed my chest with the other. “Yeah, I might have to rape him, he sexy as fuck.” She wrapped both arms around my neck, bit my ear and then said to Mario: “He a younger, cuter version of you before you became a fuckin’ scumbag!”

They both laughed.

“So,” I shook my head. “You only fuckin’ with me because I look like *this* clown?”

“Nigga don’t be bitter, be bitches!” Mario smirked then giggled. “I mean—don’t get bitter, get bitches!”

“Nigga, you *fucked* up!” I laughed at him. “You can’t ev—”

“Bye Mario!” Shorty cut me off. “Go find you somebody’s girlfriend to do!”

“Man, fuck y’all,” Mario stood up. “I’ve been put out of better places!”

He walked away and started talking to some girl a few feet away. Shorty on my lap smoothly redirected my attention back to her.

“So where yo girl at, little daddy?” She smelled like Victoria’s Secret and whiskey.

“I ain’t got one.” I put my hands under her shirt. “Where yo man at?”

She giggled. “I ain’t got one of those baby, I’m tryin’ to see what’s good with you though.”

“Aw yeah?”

THE SILENT TREATMENT

She had told me earlier on that she was 19 and would be 20 in a few months. She had my hormones at full attention! I wish I could remember what she looked like.

I glanced in the direction of the front door and what I thought I saw made my heart jump into my throat. *Bullshit!* I was drunk though, so I forgot about it just as quickly as it had happened.

“Yeah...so what’s good?” Shorty was saying.

“I don’t know, you tell me.”

She giggled and started grinding on me even harder. I had the 3-pack box of condoms that Traci made me buy the day before we broke up, in my pocket. There was one left. I had wasted one trying to fuck Dionna but she told me my dick was too big and the other I had given to Mario before we got to the club.

“Answer my question,” Shorty whispered in my ear while grinding on me. “Damn boy, that thang feel like it’s kinda big.”

“Yeah,” I chuckled. “Something like that.”

“Something like that?” she moaned in my ear. “Ummm, and how old you say you was again?”

“Finna be eighteen,” in 8 months, I added silently.

“Damn boy,” She scooted back with one arm still around my neck and the other inside of my pants. “For real?”

“Yeah,” I smiled. “For real.”

“Man,” she said. “What’s good?”

“This dick.”

“You think so?”

“I know so.”

“Come on,” She bit her bottom lip. “Let’s go upstairs.”

She took my hand and led me across the dance floor toward a carpeted flight of stairs. Just as we reached the steps a hand touched my chest, stopping me in my tracks.

“Where you goin’?” Traci demanded. A horrid feeling washed over my body. *DAMN! Not now!* I thought.

“Upstairs.” I attempted to keep walking but she stepped between me and the girl, unlinking our hands.

“No you ain’t.” She said to me as she turned to the girl. “Sorry bitch, not this one.”

“Bitch?” The girl turned around and walked up to her. “I’ll show you a—”

Before she could finish, Traci’s best friend Krystal appeared out of nowhere and hit her in the face. She went blow for blow with Krystal for a moment before Traci jumped in and started hitting her, then Riana jumped in. The next thing anyone knew she was on the floor with the three stooges kicking and punching her feverishly. *Ain’t this a bitch*, I thought. I stood

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there drunk and stuck, with my mouth open. I do believe I was literally in shock.

Satisfied, Traci stepped out of the big cloud of fists and weave, pulled me close to her and started kissing on me while her disciples finished her dirty work. A cheering crowd formed a circle around the heist.

“So that’s where we at, Tone?” She asked.

Some dude I didn’t know was trying to break up the fight but he got punched in the eye and quickly retreated.

I was too out of it and too flabbergasted simultaneously to do or say anything. I wanted tie Traci, Krystal and Riana's weave together, like a rope; and lasso all three of them bitches across the room! I...was...pissed!

“What you mean man?” I pulled away from her. “What the fuck you on?”

“I’m sayin’, we been apart for a week and already you fuckin’ other bitches?”

“Man...” I exhaled and rolled my eyes. Did I already mention that I was pissed?

Traci and her posse had practically started a riot. The music had stopped and there were at least two other fights going on in addition to security attempting to rescue Ki Ki without getting their asses kicked too.

“Man, yo ass—” she cut me off with a kiss. I was drunk and Ki Ki had worked my hormones to their maximum capacity so kissing her back was a natural reflex. She stopped and grabbed my dick.

“Oh, so that bitch got you hard huh?” She looked me in my half-closed eyes.

“Man...”

“What I tell you about that, Tone?” She said. I could tell by her lack of enunciation that she too had had one drink less than too many.

“I know man, but we—”

“I don’t give a fuck, baby,” she rubbed my chest. “This my shit and I don’t want nobody else touchin’ that. You understand me?”

I don’t remember what happened after that. The rest of that night is a blur in my mind. All I know is that I woke up the next morning in Traci’s bed, with her laying on my chest with her left leg over mine. As rowdy as she was, I was love with that crazy ass girl. So all she had to do was whisper sweet nothings in my ear while riding my dick to make me forget everything that had happened between us. And once again, all was as if nothing had even happened...