

I took a deep breath and closed my eyes for a second before hopping out the burgundy Ford Expedition we rented just for this occasion, and stared at my reflection in the passenger window. I looked like a true Diva, in my tight fitting Seven jeans, and black low cut shirt that exposed my perfect 36C breasts. Luckily for me my mother had passed down her shapely figure.

As Mya and I walked toward the front of the hotel, I concealed the .380 automatic in my brand new Chanel bag, compliments of our last score. The one good thing about my new lifestyle was the frequent trips to Lennox Square Mall. I watched as Mya walked confidently in the tight mini-dress she wore that looked like it was painted on. You would've thought she was headed to a business meeting with a Fortune 500 company the way she strutted in her four inch stilettos. Mya loved attention, and she always expressed that through her skimpy outfits.

When we entered the plush Art Deco lobby it was nice and desolate just how we liked it. The last thing we needed were a bunch of witnesses who could point us out in a lineup. Even the two hotel clerks behind the front desk were so busy talking, they didn't notice us as we walked by. I wanted to go to the bar to get a drink so I could calm my nerves, but I knew that was out of the question. Mya was a drill sergeant when it came to being on time. Her philosophy was in and out, so distractions were never apart of the equation.

Mya stopped right before we reached the elevators and put her hand on my shoulder. "I hope you're ready now because there's no turning back."

I sighed and nodded my head, "Yeah, I'm ready. Just make sure you keep looking at the time."

"Don't worry I got you. Now go up there and do your thing. Make momma proud," Mya responded with a smile that made her eyes squint.

I made my way to the elevator, stepped inside and pressed the number five on the panel. Before the doors closed, I glanced at my best friend, who looked like a proud parent sending her child

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to their first day of kindergarten.

When the elevator stopped on the fifth floor, I stepped out and slowly walked toward room 507. I was still nervous, but I knew we needed to get this money. Besides, I had my eye on a heart shape pendant that was iced out in princess cut diamonds. However, I needed to get it with the target's money, not mine.

On the way to the hotel, Mya had schooled me about our next victim. His name was Sky and he was from Philly. Apparently, he loved Atlanta and its women with a passion. Mya had met him at a club the week before, and sized him up the same night. She said he was a loud mouth who constantly flashed his money, which was a complete mistake on his part because he had caught the attention from the wrong person. Mya lied and told him that she was a Madam, who would be happy to send him a girl to his hotel, and officially welcome him to ATL, but little did he know he was about to be welcomed the hood way.

I reached his room and knocked softly, so the other guests wouldn't hear anything. As I waited for him to answer, I stood in a sexy posture, and tossed my long sandy colored hair over my shoulder.

Suddenly, the door opened, and my eyes widened. Sky stood in front of me looking sexy as hell with his beautiful smile and a body that was cut to perfection. *Damn, Mya didn't tell me he was fine*, I thought as I admired his muscles in the tight wife beater he wore. Even all the tattoos that covered every inch of his skin was a turn on. I had to keep reminding myself that I was here to do a job.

"Damn girl. You look good enough to eat!" he shouted. "Precious didn't tell me you were gonna be this bad!"

I laughed to myself at the thought of Mya telling him her name was Precious. She was far from that. "Sssh, be quiet baby, are you trying to wake up the whole floor," I said, gently pressing my finger against his lips.

He followed my order and moved aside so I could enter. I felt him staring at my ass as I walked into his suite. As soon as I

heard the door shut behind me, Sky didn't waste any time putting his hands all over my body. He instantly pulled me into his arms and started fondling my breasts and ass.

"Damn, Precious hooked me up. I've been thinking about this pussy all week. I can't wait to fuck the shit outta you," he said, licking his lips. "You feel my dick growing?"

He was pressed against me so tight; I could definitely feel his hard bulge against my ass.

"Are we alone, baby?" I asked seductively.

"Yeah, we alone," he replied. He put his lips against my neck and started sucking on my neck like a fuckin' vampire.

"Ouch, that hurt. Did you just bite me?" I barked, pulling away from him.

"Yeah, I like it rough and want my woman to be the same way," he stated.

"Your woman? You're moving a little too fast aren't you? Besides, I don't want any fuckin' marks on me... I don't play that shit," I said sternly.

He looked at me and flashed his sexy smile. "C'mon, baby, how much is it gonna cost to get it on like Ike and Tina Turner up in this mutha-fucka?" he asked.

"Niggah, I just told you I don't play that," I said with an attitude.

My reply must've pissed him off because he looked at me and frowned. "Well, I do," he returned.

*Is this niggah crazy?* "Listen, I came here to have a good time with you, not to be a fuckin' punching bag for your enjoyment."

"Look bitch, tonight, you up in my suite and I call the fuckin' shots. If you expect to get paid, then you're gonna have to obey me. You ain't leaving here till I fuckin' say so," he scolded.

His whole demeanor had done a three sixty on me. Obviously, Mya had underestimated this fool. *So much for being harmless*, I thought. My plan was to be in and out, but I guess Sky had other plans. He walked up to me and pulled me toward him, snatching my purse out of my hand and tossing it across the room.

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Instantly, I knew I had fucked up. I had let him get too close which was my first mistake. Now I couldn't even get to my gun.

"We gonna play my games tonight, you dirty whore," he said, slapping the shit out of me.

My face felt like I had just gotten stung by a bee. "Niggah are you crazy!" I asked holding my face.

"Bitch, shut the fuck up!" he shouted, and then slapped me again.

I instantly punched Sky on his chin with a hard right, but it didn't faze him much.

"Oh, shit, that's what I'm talking about. You a feisty bitch, but I like that," he said, smiling at me wickedly. He punched me back, causing me to stumble and fall against the wall. "Yeah, bitch, let's do this," he snapped.

Shocked, I looked up at him like he was the devil himself. I quickly jumped up and tried to throw a few more punches to his face, but he grabbed my arms.

"I told you, bitch...we're playing my games tonight," he responded, tossing me onto the sofa. "Yeah, you got me horny now, you whore. I'm gonna put my big long dick up that tight little ass of yours," he said, walking toward me.

I couldn't believe what was happening. Even though I was scared to death, I had to get myself together. In my mind, I could hear Mya telling me to stay calm and think of a plan. I needed to get to my purse, but it was on the other side of the room. He grabbed me by my legs and began pulling me off the sofa. I could feel the hot friction on my back as he dragged me across the carpet.

"Please, stop...let's just do it right," I begged, trying to distract him from doing any further damage. I needed time to get my gun.

"What did you say, whore? You came up here to fuck, right? C'mon, you know you love it. You should love a niggah from up north to work that ass out because all y'all country bitches are some freaks." He picked me up and tossed me onto the bed.

“Yeah, baby, I’m gonna definitely fuck you up tonight,” he said, standing over me.

I knew I had put myself in a bad predicament. I needed my gat badly. As Sky reached down to grab me, there was a knock at the door.

He paused for a moment, looking at the door, then back at me. “You came alone right?” he asked.

“No, I invited my girlfriend too,” I informed him.

“Oh word, does that bitch look as good as you do?”

I gave a slight smile. “Yeah, she loves to fuck. I knew you probably needed to handle two girls like me, so I told her to meet me up here just for you, baby. I didn’t want to handle that dick alone,” I replied, stroking his ego.

Niggahs think with their dicks, especially when you bring up a threesome with two beautiful women, so I knew he would fall for it. Men were stupid like that.

I knew it was Mya at the door. We had a system, if I didn’t come back within twenty minutes, then she would come looking for me. And when Mya came looking with the 9mm she carried, trouble would soon follow. Mya didn’t give a fuck, so she didn’t have any problems with killing someone. She was always known around the hood as a pitbull in a skirt.

The knocks at the door continued. At first, Sky looked reluctant, but then I’m sure he thought about the threesome, and decided to change his mind.

“Don’t move,” he ordered.

“I promise, I’ll be right here,” I replied, trying to look helpless.

His dick seemed extra hard as he turned around and headed toward the door. As I watched him walk away, I slowly maneuvered myself toward my purse.

“Yo, who is it?” he shouted.

“I came with my home girl,” I heard Mya shout from the hallway. “Are you gonna let me in?”