

Platinum Dust

Part One

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Platinum Dust

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Dedication.

I want to take a moment to thank a few special people who both inspired and motivated me to complete the mission. I would like to thank my family Elijah, Monay, Allana and Roberto for listening to me go over the story again and again. For also giving me advice and helping me craft the best characters and storyline ever. A special thanks goes to a friend Ashley Anderson who was the best guinea pig ever.

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Another special thanks goes out to all of the fans of the Urban Fiction genre. Keep reading and I will keep producing.

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Chapter One: The Playa's Playground

Raheim Starz

It's one thing to talk a lot of smack but it's completely different to live it. See I'm that dude who keeps the ladies wet at night make em fall out calling on Jesus to bring em water because I'm so hot. My name is Raheim Starz and yes that's my real name. Tonight I'm lying in bed with my Tuesday night and although it's Friday she called me begging. Her name is Kelly and she's a red bone tall, thin, small tits but an ass like a donkey so that's why I came on through. Everybody has a preference, which usually includes the light skinned honeys at the top of the list, but my preference is the chocolate sistahs or the honey colored chicks with the thick hips. Kelly ain't a dime but my motto goes "Pussy don't have a face only a smell and a taste" so I don't discriminate.

I could hear the water running in the bathroom next to the bedroom door so I knew she was giving herself a quick wash down something she should have done before I got here. I don't claim to be God's great gift but I'm never pressed. My looks have carried me since I was in diapers.

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My 6'4 frame is appreciated by both men and women alike, and my light brown complexion looks like I have a 365-day tan. My jet-black hair is thick and curly but I like to keep it in cornrows that I have done for free on an every three-day basis. I'm not one to hit the gym but for dramatic effect I do 300 sit-ups and 300 pushups a day to keep my body tight. My best feature is my green eyes. Yeah I'm pretty but don't let my looks fool you. I'm quick to grip a niggas ass up. Especially if he thinks I'm soft.

“Yo Kelly, I'm about to bounce” She was going to interfere with my original Friday and that ain't about to happen. See Friday belongs to Felicia her fine ass is as dark as night. Her hair is naturally long and black with auburn tint. Her smile is enough to get my wood excited. She has a body that God created only to show off with a small waist, thick legs and tits that set it all off. Felicia topped everybody. I could sit and pretend she was wifey not press her for sex and treat her like everybody treats me. Spoiled!!!! What I like most about her is that she is funny as hell and she doesn't sweat me like these other chicks do.

Kelly swung the bedroom door open wearing a pink tank top and white boy shorts, the ones I love, that show the bottom of her ass.

“You ain't going nowhere,” she said, “I ain't tell you? I'm keeping you for the night” I decided not to correct her until after I got what I came here for. She straddled me and it was times like this that made me wish she had tits. Her hips started gyrating to a silent tune while she unbuckled my belt.

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“You real happy to see me huh?” I leaned my back against the wall because she didn’t have a headboard so I could get a better look.

“I missed you baby. I get crazy when I don’t see my man” Her man? I couldn’t help but laugh she was trying to claim a nigga after I already told her we’re only friends with benefits and since I only see her once a week its more benefits than friendship.

“Your man? When did I become your man?” I asked with a smile still on my face.

“When you started coming over here to fuck me.” She stopped moving and gave me a death stare. I didn’t need this shit tonight especially when I came to play. I put my arms around her waist and started kissing her on her neck. Her body as stiff as a board waiting for me to confirm that I was hers. I did what I do best and dodged the bullet.

“Listen baby right now I want to enjoy you ok? We’re gonna talk about that later” She didn’t move for a minute until I started kissing her neck.

“Ok but don’t fuck with me Raheim” or what? I thought. Tonight is the last night I’m coming over here. The mistake most men make is to lie and say they belong to somebody. I tell everybody I mess with that I don’t have a girlfriend and don’t want one. Relationships are too much drama and rules that I don’t have the patience to follow. She started getting real hype bouncing up and down and I ain’t have my pants off yet. I stood up knowing I looked good in my fresh white button down and dark blue Roca Wear jeans.

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She started taking my shirt off while I reached for the condoms in my pants pocket.

“You don’t need a condom tonight. I’m on the pill” she talked through kisses on my stomach.

“That’s cool babe, but I never go out in the rain without my umbrella” She stopped again this time eyes on fire

“What? You don’t trust me?”

“Hell NO!” I was dead serious I’ve been down here before every girl and their mama tryna have my baby. I had one girl say she had condoms only to find out that she poked 16 holes in the tip. Calling me six o’clock in the morning crying, talking about “I’m pregnant” like she ain’t plan the shit. I was at her door acting like a mad man. I gripped her ass up and dragged her to the nearest clinic. I don’t believe in abortions or at least I didn’t until I realized that I would have to deal with Tanisha’s trifling ass for a life time and besides I couldn’t love a kid knowing their mom set me up.

“Then why are you here if you don’t trust me?”

“Because you called me.”

I started buckling my belt I just didn’t have the energy.

“Where you going?” she snapped

“I’m gone, it’s obvious you on some other shit tonight, I didn’t come here to be aggravated” I put my Timbs back on tucking my strings in. She started to panic

“You don’t need to leave I’m sorry”

“It’s cool, some other time” She ran over to her bedroom door trying to block it.

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“Kelly move, I’ll be back next week when you’ve taken your medicine”

“Don’t do that”

“Do what?”

“Try to play me Raheim; I said I was sorry damn. You can wear the condom I don’t care”

“See that’s the thing baby girl you turned me off so watch yourself” I lifted her by the waist and moved her from in front of the door. She started following me out of the apartment complex talking loud.

“Please stay, I said I was sorry,” I didn’t answer nor did I stop which, made her act crazier.

“Don’t come back then nigga, you leave now I don’t want you coming back” She tried to raise her voice so I stopped for a moment catching the look of satisfaction on her face.

“Alright then” I kept going and she started crying.

“Why you acting all serious? You know I’m only playing” I walked to my black Expedition with the iced out rims and sped off. I saved myself a shower. I checked my cell phone to see how many calls I missed. Most of them from my Monday and Thursday girls. They both acted desperate too and that’s why I’m about to cut them off. I pressed # 1 to speed dial Felicia, she answered on the third ring anybody else and I wouldn’t have heard the phone ring.

“Hello?”

“Hey, do you mind if I come over now?” I tried not to sound hype.

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“Well right now my girls are here. They want to go out tonight.” I felt jealous but I wasn’t saying nothing.

“Oh alright, maybe I’ll check you later then”

“We’ll be at club Six-Nine; if you want you can meet me there”

“Tell his fine ass to be there,” one of her girlfriends shouted in the background.

“You already know I don’t do the club thing, especially Six-Nine. You too good to be going to that cheap ass place.” I didn’t mean to sound frustrated but I wanted to see her.

“I know, and why you sounding all jealous? Last time I checked we didn’t have any strings and anyway my girl Beverly is getting married”

“So yall go to a club?” I knew she’d appreciate my sarcasm. She said

“Exactly.” Before starting to laugh.

“I have to go but I want to see you” This drove me crazy. I hated being surrounded by a bunch of suckas who started hating as soon as my foot hit the door. Some of them tried to test me by spilling drinks on my clothes so they could catch me out there. But I didn’t have anything else to do and I really did want to see her.

“A’ight, about what time?” She told me to be there around eleven. I glanced at my platinum and diamond Cartier watch. I had to wait three hours. I made a quick decision to check out my aunt. She raised me and my baby brother. My mom’s crazy ass is locked up for life she killed my dad when I was eleven after she found him laid up with an Italian broad. I was done with her ass the year before

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when she kicked me out for looking like my pops. You heard me right eleven years old with nothing but my busted bobos and superman t-shirt. I cried for a long time out on the concrete steps of our apartment building before I remembered my dad's sister. I walked half the day to get to Yeadon before I reached her suburban house going purely off of memory. When I told my aunt what happened she started crying and dialed my mom on the phone calling her every bitch in the book. She had custody over me and my brother a year later.

I didn't need to use my key because she never locked her door.

"Anybody home?" I stepped into the living room. The TV was on in the kitchen. I bought her a 52' flat screen for her birthday last year and she still chose to record and watch her trash shows on the outdated 13' in the kitchen.

"I'm in here." I gave her a kiss on her forehead before sitting at the table across from her.

"What you watching?"

"Maury, I swear I don't understand you young people. Why in the hell would anybody want to have nine men take a DNA test?"

"It's all about publicity, you don't know that?" I asked sarcastically.

"Your brother was here yesterday" Her eyes never left the screen.

"Janet sent him a letter last week. She wants him to come visit," She continued.

“His crazy ass can if he want to. Excuse my language but she’ll see me on judgment day when God show her how she did me” My aunt knew how I felt about my mom and she never forced me to change my mind.

“I understand, Amir said he gonna check with you first” I stood up looking around the pots she had sitting on top of the stove changing the subject abruptly. “What’s cooking?”

“I knew your greedy ass didn’t come here to see me, get you a bowl out of the cabinet and get some of that spaghetti.”

“How old is it?” I joked with her.

“About as old as your mouth” she swatted me on the back with her hand.

“Seriously though, she ain’t been tryna to talk to us and all of a sudden 15 years later and you want a heart” I ate the spaghetti as fast as I put it in the bowl. The one thing I could say about my aunt is that Sadie can cook.

The phone rang on the kitchen wall. I grabbed it before she could.

“Hello? Who’s calling?”

“It’s Valerie, who’s this Amir?”

“No it’s Raheim and for that Ms. Val my moms can’t talk to you” Ms. Val was my aunt’s best friend and she helped my aunt and uncle look after us whenever she could when we were growing up.

“Boy if you don’t give me my damn phone” She snatched the phone out my hand

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“I know he done gone and went crazy” She laughed into the receiver while I took the chance to take a nap in my old room. I took the spiral staircase in the kitchen. Nothing changed. My real, dark wood bed frame still looked new except for the heart with my initials and my first love Cassandra Norman’s carved into the bedpost. The posters of bikini-clad chic’s posing on motorcycles were still plastered all over the walls. My dresser holding my trophies from track needed to be dusted. My Uncle Billy pulled me to the side one day and said getting the local honeys was cool but I needed to step up my game and join a sport. I told him track because I’d need to run from all of the ladies. At the time I didn’t know how true that really was.

Janet Starz

Sitting in my cell waiting for the overweight C.O to do a head count I contemplated my next move. I need to win over Raheim or I would be here for another ten years.

“Janet Starz?” The C.O yelled out.

“I’m still here” I liked being sarcastic.

“A simple here is sufficient Mrs. Starz” She always said Mrs. When I irritated her trying to remind me of why I’m here. I don’t need a reminder; every day in this hellhole reminds me that Carlos’ ass wasn’t worth it.

“Carla Wilson?”

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“Here” my roommate shouted from her bed. The C.O moved on, keys hitting her wide hips.

“You finished your plan yet?” I knew she thought I was crazy and that’s why I carefully gave her only half of my business.

“Carla don’t start no shit with me today ok?”

“I’m only saying your old ass needs to get used to the idea of being here is all” Carla teased.

“I don’t have to get use to shit, he’s gonna come around” I barked back.

I lie down on my thin cot staring at the top of her bunk. 15 years is a long time to think about your life. I understood Raheim and what I remember most is that he was a stubborn bastard just like his father. Right when my eyes began to close I could feel Carla slide into the spot beside me covering my tits with her hand. She always knew when to make me feel better. The room felt less cold when her soft mouth cupped my nipple. I closed my eyes and remembered Carlos.

Raheim Starz

The music in the club was so loud it made the floor jump. Right away I noticed the thick cloud of smoke hanging over everybody’s head like a bad news cloud. All of the wanna be ballers stood around the bar watching all the ladies on the dance floor. A tall dark skinned brotha was

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already eyeing me hard from the corner. “And the shit begins” I thought. I didn’t see Felicia or any of her girls so I took the first available seat at a table full of honeys all rockin’ knock off Gucci bags.

“Can I sit here?” I yelled over the music and not waiting for an answer I slid into the booth.

“Damn Papi, can I get your name and number?” The girl sitting directly in front of me asked. I gave her a quick once over. Her white tube top was to low and showed about sixty stretch marks crawling up her saggy tits. She had on about six \$2.00 colorful plastic bangle bracelets and enough foundation to cover a small elephant. However, I’m not one to disrespect.

“I’ll tell you my name if you tell me yours. “ All eyes were on me all but one of her girls who was giving her the evil eye.

“My name is Simone and you can have my home #, cell number # and my mama’s # if you want that too” She started giggling and her girls followed.

“Well Ms. Simone my name is Vic” I gave one of my aliases no need having her telling everybody she knows me.

“Vic? I like that.”

“What yall drinking?” I asked. I didn’t have a problem paying for one round of drinks. Simone quickly spoke up

“Rum and coke” I gave her a fifty-dollar bill and told her and two of her girls to get five rum and cokes leaving me at the table with the finest of the four. The one with the evil eye.

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