

**SOME THINGS ARE BETTER
LEFT UNTOLD**

**By
Jason Hooper**

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I apologies to anyone offended by the views expressed in the story. My intentions were to shed some light on a dark subject matter.

DEDICATION

To all family and friends that supported me unconditionally. Especially to my momma Lola, and my seven brothers and sisters, Lashannon, Lamar, Rachel, Michael, Brittany, Chastity, and Christina, thank you for giving me a push, when my life seemed motionless. Through all my hardships, it was God that I held faith in. To my friends Baby Doll (a.k.a. Kamina Allen, RIP) and M.D. (a.k.a. Marcus Dixon, RIP). The unforgettable memories will always keep me inspired and motivated.

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CHAPTER 1 - IN THE EYES OF THE BEHOLDER

Chauncey Wilson's dorm room at the university had the tang of sex in the air. Eighteen-year-old Sherise Fanari laid her beautiful, pecan-blushed casing across the bed running her mouth. Chauncey was delighted when he scooped his fine ass woman up from Rochester; it had been an eighty-mile drive, but it was well worth it. Right now, he was at a doctor's appointment, so the room had been hers all afternoon. Sherise was on the phone heckling one of her boyfriends as usual. "I can't believe you playin' me for that geechy, fat broad. You should be ashamed of yourself."

Darnell asked, "Who you talking about? Tasha?"

"Yeah Darnell, don't play stupid. You know you like Tasha. We both know you wanna ask her fat ass to make you some fried chicken! Y'all gonna have two fat kids. Watch."

"Yeah right, quit playing girl,"

Sherise ribbed, "Quit frontin' nigga!"

Darnell laughed bashfully, knowing that he only had eyes for the woman that was on the phone. He pleaded from

the bottom of his heart. “Yeah right, you my one and only, and as far as looks, Boo, she ain’t got nothing on you. Don’t play like that.”

She didn’t respond to his compliment. She went on teasingly. “Nope. Don’t even play yourself Darnell. You know you wanna hook up with big momma.”

Darnell’s voice firmed. “I wouldn’t do a thing like that. We were just talking. She’s your friend. She’s real cool though. Besides, I like her better than Fatima. That friend of yours acts like a dude.”

“Yo, don’t be talking bout my girl Fatima. That’s my bitch.” Darnell laughed again. “I miss you Boo. When am I going to see you?” Sherise just sucked her teeth and replied sarcastically. “Yeah, whatever punk, I got my eye on you. I invite you over my house and you try to hook up with my friend. That’s how you get down?”

After she spoke, she exploded in sardonic laughter.

“Okay, okay quit playin’, Boo,” Darnell uttered quietly.

He knew she was just teasing, but it bothered him. She began bargaining with more seriousness in her voice. “Okay, I won’t fuck with you about your fat, funny-talking girlfriend, but you gotta promise to take me shopping tomorrow, punk.”

He didn’t think twice before he answered. “Yeah, okay. Cool, Boo, tomorrow for sure. I ain’t a punk either.”

Sherise heard keys jingle outside of the dorm room. She cut their conversation off quickly, almost whispering. “Okay, thanks baby. I’ll call you back. I gotta get back to work.”

She left Darnell talking to a dead phone and hung up her cell quickly. Chauncey, her Syracuse sex toy, came gimping back inside his dorm room. His eyes shot directly toward the sweat-misted girl lying across his bed in a thong and a bra. He asked sharply, “Did that nigga Vince come in here?”

She glared at his long, skeletal face and huskily replied, “Not that I know of, I just woke up. Why you be checkin’ on that nigga every time I’m here?”

Chauncey ran his long tongue across his thin lips. Shaking his head, he exclaimed, “Yeah, I notice every time I got you over here, that nigga spends more time in the damn room! He’s not even an athlete, so I don’t know why he’s on campus so early.”

Sherise laughed and replied, “It’s his room too, ya know.”

Chauncey didn’t respond. He sat down on the edge of the bed to rest his busted knee. Sherise snickered at the thin beanpole of a man. He was the man she would have tried settling down with. At least she hoped she would, as soon as he got that pro basketball deal he was hoping for. But now the man was hopeless. Not too long ago, he had surgery for some knee injury. Now, his future in basketball seemed bleak, even though he swore he could make some great comeback.

Sherise jeered, “Doc take care of that old-man leg?” Chauncey’s jaws tightened. He remained silent, but he was cursing the smart-mouth bitch out in his skull. He took his injury issues personally, and his feelings were hurt easily whenever anyone reminded him of his setback. He became even angrier when Vince came whistling through the door. The brown-skinned man strolled in, smiling coolly. He grabbed a set of keys from the floor under his bed. He swept his dreamy eyes over Sherise as he turned back around to leave. The funny thing was that, while he was exiting the room, he and Sherise both burst out laughing like they knew something Chauncey didn’t. Chauncey’s pulsing eyes raced from the door and back to Sherise.

He sat dumbfounded, wondering what she and his roomie were laughing about. He would have never guessed that his roommate had just fucked the girl while he was at his doctor’s appointment. He frowned at Sherise as the door shut.

“What the hell is so funny?” he asked heatedly.

Sherise pursed her lips. “Your ass, that’s what, crippled boy.” She stood, and her incredible body shimmered in the light. Chauncey reached his long fingers out as she passed.

She glanced back at him with a grin and then rushed into the bathroom. She had to hurry, before he got curious and wanted to taste it.

* * * *

Love is a beautiful thing. Darnell daydreamed while gracefully positioning the latest portrait of him and Sherise on his oak nightstand. He and his girlfriend had taken the pictures at her crib during a cookout she had weeks ago. Since then, he had been waiting impatiently for the pictures to be developed. He adored the one of them staring into each other's eyes and holding hands. After he picked up the photos and looked at all of them on his way home from the photo center, he decided that was his favorite one.

He took a step back and eyed all of the portraits on his nightstand; he cherished them to death. A heavenly smile worked its way across his ill-favored face as he thought about all the joy he felt whenever he was with the lively girl. As far as Darnell was concerned, his girl was beautiful and bright. She loved him as much as he loved her, and he truly loved her.

He heard his mother shouting up the stairs. "Darnell, you gonna miss the bus!"

He hollered back through his closed bedroom door. "Okay ma, I know!"

He harbored his thought blissfully, believing the girl was all he needed in life. At times, he'd fantasize about starting a family with the pretty, butter-pecan-shaded girl while he worked hard busting down piles of dishes at Jimmy's diner. During his reveries, he would always envisage weddings. So, for the last seven months, Darnell had been working overtime to make up for his lousy hourly wage. His mind constantly dwelled on the ten thousand dollar wedding ring she always raved about while they shopped at the mall. Hopes of one day buying the ring for the girl kept him motivated through his hellish shifts.

He snapped out of his stupor, and glanced down at his plastic wristwatch. The time winked 1:57 PM.

Renae shouted again, “You gonna be late Darnell!”

Darnell grimaced wearily at the thought of his shift starting soon. He carefully lifted one of the framed portraits of Sherise and planted a gentle kiss on it. With three minutes to spare, he staggered down the stairs and out of his mother’s two-bedroom apartment. Blinded by his chimeric love, his childlike visions would keep him content through fourteen hours of a dreadful dead-end job.

He watched the number one Lake Avenue bus approach him; his sprint slowed to a trot. The bus stopped in front of Darnell, making a high-pitched squealing noise that never failed to irritate him. With a grit of his small, ridged set of teeth, he stepped on and prepared his mind for a long night. While relaxing on the bus ride, he reassured himself that he could do it. It was just 3:00 PM to 5:00 AM; he could do it.

* * * *

Hours later, inside of Cory’s Jewelry at the mall, Sherise stood with a cocky, bow-legged stance and idly twirled her micro braids. Her Apple Bottom jeans were so tight they looked like they would split at the seams if she moved the wrong way. Her skin-tight shirt showed a perfect outline of her firm humps. She had just cursed out Chauncey. She told him to lose her number after he dropped her off at her car, which was parked in the mall’s lot in Rochester. Chauncey had accused her of having sex with his roommate, but she denied it strongly and got pissed off at him even mentioning it. She needed a motive to cut him off anyway, so she figured the timing was perfect. Chauncey practically cried the entire time during his long ride back to campus.

Since then, she had gone home, showered, and changed. Now, she was back at the mall shopping. Sherise stared in admiration at the jewels glistening inside of the glass display case. She really didn’t have plans on buying anything in the

high-priced store, but as she was leaving The Lingerie Palace, directly across from Cory's, she couldn't resist the urge. She just had to take a peep at the glittery eye candy. She knew without a doubt that she would really have to get on her grind to afford any of this shit. She studied a white gold and diamond bracelet briefly before lifting her gaze from the display case to peer around the lengthy jewelry shop.

She zoomed in on the drop-dead gorgeous guy that would always be attending the place when she stopped in to window shop. Brandon Augustine, the assistant jeweler of Cory's, stood across from Sherise, behind the counter; he was deep in his own thoughts.

He hadn't even acknowledged Sherise coming into the place, let alone scoped the attractive vixen undressing him with her eyes. His distraction was a calculator that he was vigorously punching figures into.

For what seemed like days in her mind, Sherise glared at the tall, bronze-colored man intently. Then, realizing she had been staring too long, she dropped her keen eyes back upon the display case. Suddenly, she heard rings of laughter behind her. She wheeled around and saw Deana and Keanu, two animated girls that she knew from school. The two dainty, coffee-skinned girls noticed Reesie before they passed and stopped to say hello.

She cursed under her breath. "Ahhh, here we go, these two dumb bitches."

Keanu, the shorter of the two shouted shrilly. "What's good, Reesie?"

Sherise snorted back, "Damn, what up Keanu. I'm right here in front of you, why you gotta yell?"

Keanu blushed at Sherise's words. "Damn, my bad. You ain't gotta get all aggressive. What's up?" Deana smiled and lifted her eyebrows at the girl that she had been walking with. She knew that Keanu's big mouth would get her screamed on.

Deana flung back her long, black hair. "So, what did you cop? I know you got some hot shit for school, Reesie.

What's in the bag? Ke-Ke and I got a few of the same outfits. But I think I look better in them though. ”

Deana didn't bother to disguise her competitive tone. Sherise gaped at all the bags the girls were carrying and came up with a lie. “Yo, I bought my shit from the city. I dropped like five G's on outfits and shoes. I'm 'bout to cop some jewels now.”

The two annoying girls laughed at the same time, more out of habit than anything else. “Cory's is mad expensive. You sure you wanna buy jewels from out of there Sherise? Maybe you should check Benzer's out. I heard they got a sale on all Jewelry,” Deana suggested.

“Wow, Deana, I ain't a poor bitch. I do make money!” Sherise stressed looking at both women as if they were diseased pest. “Naw, I'm just sayin' girl,” Deana replied as her smile dissolved. Keanu cut in. “Ya'll know the mall 'bout to close right?”

Sherise ignored the remark. Deana nodded in the jeweler's direction. “Looks like Brandon 'bouts to close down right now.”

Sherise snapped, “Well, damn, let me get in here before he closes. I'll see y'all when school start back.” She grumbled something else, but the two girls ignored the rude remark. They almost replied jointly when they said, “Alright, see you later girl.” Both chicks strode off bubbly.

Sherise turned and took a glimpse over her shoulder before she attempted leaving Cory's Jewelry. Her irritation disappeared as she realized that she and the pretty boy were the only two in the place. She was glad that Deana and Keanu didn't come in and fuck up her game. She had been trying all summer long but could never get time with the man; there was always some chicken-head one step ahead of her, all up in his face.

She figured she might as well take the opportunity while it presented itself. She meandered sensually toward Brandon. He was squatting and fiddling with a stack of receipts from the day's sales. She moved with a deep sway. Her well-rounded hips and plentiful ass moved in on the

target. Her conniving mind went into overdrive thinking of angles to spark conversation. Sherise arrived boldly near the counter without Brandon noticing.

Her words spilled out in a nasally tone. “Hello sir, how are you doing today?”

Not giving the man a chance to answer her first question, she followed up with another. “Do y’all have layaway in this store?”

Brandon, thin and lofty, peered up sharply, startled by the girl. He recovered from his crouch and managed a mild smile. “Oh, my bad Miss, I gotta lot going on right now. I’m closing down in ten minutes, but what can I help you with this evening?”

Sherise smiled seductively at the pretty-faced man and repeated herself without giving her usual attitude for having to do so.

Brandon answered her inquiry silkily. “Well. Yeah. Actually, we do have layaway, just started last year around Christmas time. Did you wanna put something on? I can show you a few things that just might spark your interest.”

He followed up his approach up with a salesman’s grin. Sherise wasn’t paying much attention to what he was saying as her lustful mind worked. Her dark brown, alluring eyes took inventory of the six-foot, slender, but sturdy frame that stood in front of her. She stole a quick glance at his crotch and was distracted by an eminent bulge. She thought sarcastically, *He’s wearing very tight pants or he’s huge.*

Snapping back to reality, she rhapsodically replied, “No not today, but I was going shopping for some bling real soon, maybe a bracelet. I really don’t know yet.”

“Nice. Let me know when your ready to buy something. I can hook you up,” he replied for the hell of it. Brandon had learned from years of assisting his uncle Cory that when someone talked like that, that’s usually all they were ever going to do. He apprehended the situation, but reasoned that he may be missing out on some cash if his radar was off.

Considering the possibility of getting a sale, he began to rummage through what looked like a stack of catalogs. He found what he was looking for and handed one of them to Sherise and said, "Here, take one of our catalogs so you can see everything that we have in stock; we don't keep everything on display. You understand how that goes right?"

She stared curiously and asked, "Yeah, what's this?" She realized that it was a catalog and mechanically said, "Okay, thanks." With a smile, she retrieved it and began turning the pages of the catalog slowly. One of the items vaguely drew her attention. It was a diamond watch, and it made her ten karat shit look cheap. Then it all hit her at once; she realized that all the jewelry Darnell had bought her was only ten karat stuff. It was just starter-kit jewelry compared to the merchandise that was in this catalog. *Expensive things just looked better*, she thought.

Brandon watched Sherise impatiently. He noticed the girl was stalling. He rolled his eyes coldly at the young girl, upset that she was holding him up.

He was hoping to get a quick sell before going home, not some lame bitch trying to game him. Brandon interrupted her thoughts without covering up the sting in his words. "Excuse me. Are you aware that the mall closes in about two minutes? If you see anything you like, let me know, and we can handle this when you're ready."

Sherise almost snapped back, but she ignored his bitter tone and went into player mode. "Yeah, I'm feeling a few things in here. But I'm feeling something on display even more."

Their eyes met fleetingly. Sherise now wore a mask of achievement. She placed her hand on a hip and rapidly spoke before Brandon could reply.

"You know, I've been seeing you the whole summer throughout the mall. My name is Sherise. You can call me Reesie. What's yours?"

Brandon told her his name. She shook his hand, and he began to lighten up with her hungrily staring him up and down.

This little bitch is bold, he thought. He could figure out her next lines, but Sherise continued her audacious confession.

“I was just wondering if you wanted to exchange numbers. That’s if you don’t have a girl or anything.”

He chuckled. It was just as he figured. He was used to all the attention he received from the women who stopped in the place. He figured that some of them had a genuine interest in him. He believed that others, such as the female in front of him, were only interested in discount jewelry or a good time in bed, if not both.

He pegged Sherise immediately and pretended to be surprised. “Naw, I don’t have a girl. We can exchange numbers.” He continued on, lying for no good reason. “Yeah, I’ve been seeing you around too, but I’m usually busy as hell with work. You know how that goes, right?”

He had never seen Sherise up until now. He lied just to see if he could get the girl to blush more or something.

She was glad he didn’t reject her, not that it ever happened before, but just the word rejection made Sherise’s stomach turn.

Brandon read his number off. She stored it in her list of contacts. He also took her number. All of a sudden, he began locking the display cases that were closer to the two of them. Sherise decide she wasn’t going to take up any more of the man’s time. She could tell Brandon was anxious to leave. “Brandon, I hope you’re not mean all the time. I’ll let it slide for now, ‘cause you seem like you’re in a rush to get out of here,” said Sherise jokingly.

“I am in a rush. I’m sorry if I came off rude, but I really have a busy night ahead,” replied Brandon. He glanced at his watch, throwing her a hint that it was past closing. She got the picture. “Okay, Brandon, I’ll call you some time.”

“Yeah, do that.”

They both laughed lightly. Sherise turned on her heel and walked away, swaying her hips deeply. Making her way toward the exit, she bent over like she was brushing something from her foot, giving him a bold view of her

voluptuous ass. *He wasn't feeling her so much right now, but once he got a taste of her sweet egg bread, he would have a change of heart*, she thought.

She was thrilled that she got a one-on-one with the man. Now, it even crossed her mind that she might come up on some of that high-priced shit. She exited Cory's Jewelry with a feeling of accomplishment.

Brandon passively watched her tease show as she left. It didn't really excite him today. His mind was elsewhere. Usually, a man would enjoy a beautiful woman coming on as strong to him as Sherise had done.

The only problem was that ladies weren't Brandon's first choice. He had tried his damndest to be attracted to females. But after a year of a relationship with a mirror image, he finally accepted the fact that he was attracted to men. However, women were fun too, sometimes.

He imagined himself pummeling the slut once or twice and sliding off. Just like he did with the last female he fucked. Instinctively, he harbored a hatred for women, despising his own mother for giving birth to a faggot. That was who he was, and he angrily accepted it. He closed the jewelry shop down expertly in ten minutes flat, locked up, and bounced out the rear of the mall.

CHAPTER 2 - LOVE IS BLIND

The next morning was hot and humid. The temperature had all ready reached 87 degrees in the city. Darnell tossed and turned in his sleep as his clock radio speakers bellowed the sounds of old-school rhythm and blues.

Musical genius Stevie Wonder delivered the bridge on “Superstition” over the jazzy, blaring horns that jarred Darnell from his much-needed sleep. Sweat beaded on his face, and he recoiled from the drenched pillow that he’d been hugging tightly. He pushed himself up on one elbow and grunted, still dreary eyed. “It’s too early to wake up and too late to be asleep.” He scanned the digital numbers that glowed 10:27AM.

“Damn it’s sticky in here!” he exclaimed, rising from his bed.

He started toward the bathroom. Once inside, he turned on the cold water and began splashing his face heavily. Then he patted it dry with one of the towels from the rack behind him. He grabbed his toothbrush and the toothpaste and brushed his teeth, which were worn from constant grinding. He couldn’t stand the sight of his small, grooved teeth.

Darnell stared into the mirror over the bathroom sink long enough to take in the image that peered back. His self-esteem gasped for air. His dark, beady eyes under bushy, mysterious brows were enough to make a person leery of the man. His bright yellow skin was pitted with acne that looked worse because of his complexion. The man's nose looked as if it was jacked from a bull, and his nostrils flared dramatically. He swore this was some sort of curse. He thought his face was clear evidence that God didn't love him. He always got teased in school for being short and unattractive. At the age of twenty-two, Darnell stood only five foot five, and for a short man, he had a huge head that looked like it could have been screwed on. He dreaded his awful features, and he rarely thought of his positive qualities that outweighed lack of physical beauty.

Darnell was a gentleman most of the time. He possessed a huge heart, and he knew how to treat a woman. He was a homebody, so he found plenty of time to exercise. He had muscles on top of muscles and was strong as an ox. He worked out and jogged as if he was training for the fight of his life.

Darnell's mother had taught him how to save at a young age. Since his first job, he'd been dedicated to the skill she'd instilled in him. For the past seven years, he had saved just around fifteen thousand dollars. He hadn't realized that after he met Sherise, his savings began to dwindle. He had spent thousands of dollars on his precious supposed wife-to-be throughout the two year's they'd been dating, mainly on jewelry and clothing. From time to time he would even pay her car note, and the irony of that was that he hardly ever rode in it. While he was catching the city bus under the sweltering sun, she was joyriding in her 2004 Honda Accord, enjoying the cool breeze from the air conditioner.

He snarled at his own reflection as he clicked off the bathroom light. He strolled past his mother's room, grumbling under his breath about his misfortune. He glanced in quickly to see that she wasn't inside. She was probably downstairs sleeping or working until noon today, he guessed,

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