

REBEL'S ANGEL

Written By: Anne Reed & Kevin Pharaoh

1A

I can't decide what I'm actually feeling in the early moments of this "one last job." Fear and excitement sit in the stomach remarkably the same similar to the way extreme cold feels like a hot burn to the touch. This is all new to me. Crime in the upper middle class only exists on ten o'clock TV but behind these Bette Davis eyes lies the perfect accomplice. I am a church going girl armed with the perfect alibi, a last name that says I can do what I want. With a promise and a kiss he sends me in. His lovely little Trojan horse painted white.

1B

Should I be proud of what I've done caused a good girl to turn bad she deserves a ring but I taught her how to pull her hair back and put on a ski mask my twisted angel the hickeys on her neck might as well be the mark of the beast she stepped into the world of the rebels because she was bored with those

goody two shoes games then ended up fallin' in love and said "baby you need to smarten up you've seen gangsta movies everybody acts tough but somebody always snitches to get outta the cuffs so teach me how it's done" and all my tricks I taught her every one you see makeup and stilettos but she's really a wolf in sheep's clothing armed with a loaded gun - K Pharaoh

2A

I watch her go in first I've already cut the security cameras and the alarm system has been handled she hears my voice through Bluetooth sayin' "babe when you get to the teller make sure nobody moves give me a headcount and I'll be right behind you make sure your gun is off safety we'll be out in 80 after this I promise I'll give you everything you've ever wanted a house and a baby" she gives me the signal and I charge in makin' my way to the safe every dollar I try to take fillin' bags until I know we can't carry more weight everything goes smooth I'm callin' it a clean slate laughin' and discussin' a weddin' date happy that we got away countin' money at our secret spot we hear a beep find the source and say this can't be I ask my angel why are stacks of money in her coat

she replies "the teller opened the register then begged saying she has kids at home I thought you would smile if I added to the pile" before we're able to evacuate a helicopter is on the scene then we hear "come out with your hands up you're surrounded and can't run" - K Pharaoh

2B

My confidence is up when I see the cameras are down. Those little red eyes never even saw me coming. I whisper "six" smiling at the sweet nothings I then hear as I click click clack forward. With a flip of the wig he knows it's time and just like last night I'm hyper aware of his every powerful movement. It's exciting, seeing people submit. I understand now why he likes to be boss. Three...two..one. He steps out of the back, time to get out. I catch my reflection as the doors swing open. It's true what they say blondes really do have more fun. Panic sets in as the beeping begins and I see him slump with each word of my recount. A woman made a movement but I whipped out my piece, steadily shutting her down. He runs his fingers lovingly through my dark hair before stepping out to face the noise. "No no no" vision

blurred, hands up. The last thing I see is the flash of his Grandma's ring as they tighten my cuffs.

3A

This is my fault tears runnin' down her face because we got caught before I'm pushed into a squad car she reads my lips I tell her stay calm she knows the game plan so in the interrogation we make them believe I forced her hand it all falls on me and my angel is set free I love you letters sent to and from prison are coded with our next scheme conjugal visits were granted because we tied the knot right after I was sentenced so I'll make use of that I refuse to die under these conditions my cellmate is a trustee he has access to a few things all I have to do is get a little green to his family and I'll have what I need to make sure this plan succeeds - K Pharaoh

3B

Silence has become my best friend. It never fails me because people always see what they want to see in silence. My Mother sees an opportunity for the attention and sympathy of society ladies, while Daddy sees the innocence of his traumatized little girl. Everyone fills in the gaps of the story I do not tell and they are all satisfied with how each of their versions end. Even in the station after a few initial tears I kept silent letting Daddy and the shady man in the sharp Gucci suit tie up loose ends. Now behind closed doors I calmly and assertively prepare to take back our future, the latest victim of the same system that failed my man in his youth.

4A

I'm enjoyin' every minute of this visit inhalin' her perfume while our bodies intertwine grabbin' her hips as she bends over beggin' me to sink in oh how I've missed the sensation of her kiss after the climax we lie back to reminisce about the first time we met my angel played hard to get but eventually she bit the fruit and traded in her goody two shoes as mornin' turns to noon we discuss the plan to get me off this land everything is set in motion my angel made sure my cellmate's family received a couple grand we already have passports with

different names hidden we'll be leavin' the country once I'm a free man this

first visit just maps out the premises now that she knows how everything flows

the next step is gettin' the female guard's clothes - K Pharaoh

4b

He was a friend of a friend of Beth's and Beth could NOT resist a bad boy. However, I knew day one it was me he wanted, but I was Ivy bound and sick of the game. Then there was the night I found his leather bound book filled with loving words for a green eyed girl. He wrote of laying his angel on a bed of paper sheets and creating poetry where their two bodies meet. He always told me he is weak for my emerald eyes. I instantly knew....all his beautiful words were mine. The next time he stepped close to me I met his penetrating gaze and pressed him against the wall instead of backing away. In the moment black touched white I knew the rest of my life would be spent in a delicious shade of grey. I hold tight to that first kiss and his tender words. They give me courage as I enter a bar across from the police station with the intent of picking up a woman for the very first time.

5A

*When you know somebody who's servin' life they really have nothin' to lose
luckily I have history with a gang leader and he remembers that I have in my
possession an I owe you so I told him the plan and he let his crew know what
to do everything has to fall into place no screws can be loose we have a time
limit here's what we have to do get the guard off of her toes and make a quick
swap but that won't be hard because she makes her rounds solo on our cellblock
there'll be no resistance because my cellmate made sure from the kitchen some
knives are missin' my angel has come to visit on the same day inmates are
transported to and from prison now that she looks official we'll need a
transporter to explain why outta the blue have I been chosen to relocate but no
words are exchanged he just flashes paperwork that's fake puttin' the plan into
play because we know his wife and kids by name - K Pharaoh*

5B

I wasn't even nervous emerging from the stairwell that lies just out of the camera's reach. Everything is calculated down to the second. At my command he turns backwards, sliding his wrists through the bars where I tighten the cuffs and slide a tiny key into his open hand. I

lead him down the hall to where I hand him off to a guy that looks at us with both fear and disgust. And then I make my seven minute exit. Now here I sit at their first scheduled stop in an old car with new plates waiting for the moment when he jumps and we ride off into the sunset together. I feel pride over the perfect performance and I can't help but giggle at the irony of seeing lady cop handcuffed to the bed of the cell next to his. Careful what you wish for.

6A

If I were a magician this would go down as a great escape he gives me 60 seconds before alertin' that I'm no longer in chains my angel gets stopped at a roadblock my ego loves the fame all of this for me good thing they don't check the trunk her sweet voice plays them like a drum now we're on a private plane havin' crooked connections in high places pays our old lives are down the drain but that thought comes with no pain her embrace is more than worth it this dark angel I've created has more power than Adam and Eve's serpent lookin' back on the plan we can't hold back the laughs because we've made it to our destination safe but before we clear the runway the pilot lets us know for his silence we have to pay I reach into a bag and before money could exchange hands he says "that won't be enough the life of a retired cop is tough I'll give you 3

*days to keep that pretty face of hers safe” after a grin I reply “now I know
why you’re called a pig” – K Pharaoh*

6B

It’s gotten old, people trying to push in-between me and what’s mine. First the idiot cop fooled by tears “Please sir, my sister is sick and there isn’t much time.” Now this ego with a rusted badge see’n just a pretty face, well he’s wrong. I am smart, I am strong, and though soft spoken I wield a powerful set of claws. He is lucky, as a lion I don’t concern myself over the opinions of sheep. Better fix these red lips Looks like the King and I are headed back to the street

7A

*I try to control my temper as we go over plans the worry in her eyes says
what her mouth doesn't speak but I'll die before lettin' someone threaten the
safety of my Queen breakin' tension the phone rings we barely checked in so I
already know who it will be that cooked cop says “remember days you only have
3 did you really think you would get away with threatening the family of
someone with a badge” then he laughs but still has more to say he let me know
this isn't his first trip to Bahrain and if I don't pay the bill my Angel's body
will as he adds more detail a look grows on my face that could kill I swear if it's*

*the last thing I do I'm gonna make this pig squeal he knows we can't be
extradited so if I blow off my part of the deal he lets it be known my angel
will be sold into the sex traffickin' field treadin' light I say "name the price" he
quickly replies "I know you have a lot of money in those bags but that's just
paper so if you can have there are a few things in the National Museum I want
you to grab" - K Pharaoh*

7B

Yesterday I was invincible, Oh the difference a day can make. But today I'm terrified; a positive test has upped the stakes. I know he sees the fear in my eyes though he would never guess why we've only been together twice since becoming husband and wife. The cop has to die or he will never let us be. For now I will keep it secret, the threat is against a family of three.

8A

*Roundin' up supplies we'll need took up the first day the second is a
walkthrough of the museum and I explain how everything has to go to make sure
we get away this is gonna be a big job gamblin' in Vegas has better odds I tell*

*my angel she'll stay on the roof because if anything goes wrong inside she can
fade into the shadows and only my neck will be in a noose she kisses me and
says "I love you and that I'm about to prove I know when you're lying so tell
me what you're really gonna do" I smile for bein' called out and give her the
truth I let her know since we're not in a movie pullin' somethin' off of this
magnitude on such short notice two people can't do so while she slept I was
gonna make replicas of everything he wants us to boost stage a fake entrance to
the museum then check into a different hotel in case he has people watchin' our
room meet the pig alone and show him who sits on the throne she's quiet for a
few seconds then says "you can't do it alone on you I'll never bail I wanna help
because I know I wouldn't have been the first this will be for all the women
going through hell" - K Pharaoh*

8B

We have to draw him out away from his crew whatever the count they're sure to be greater than two. Outgunned and outnumbered the cards are stacked but we're smart with experience from both sides of the tracks. We pay two junkies to stay in our room through slightly cracked drapes they're made to look like us from a view. We slip quietly out back in disguises of

our own, then, I call the bastard from a disposable phone. "How about a side deal between just me and you, I'm eager to please and riches are split easily in two." Of course we have him with the opportunity of taking it all. My body...the money... behold, pride goeth before the fall.

9A

Knife in my back I stumble out of the bar, he forces me down on the front seat of the car. One hand up my skirt the other reaches for his pants til a click from the back stops him dead in his tracks. "Ya better move your damn hand; I'll make you pay for that. Do as I say if you wanna stay alive. Start talkin', now get up and drive." The truth comes out, they know we'll never succeed. They wanna take the money, shoot him, auction me. "I owe the mob big the cash alone won't suffice, but an American girl will fetch a heavy price." These are the words that trigger blind rage as a man of his word he keeps the promise he made. The cop's body is battered, eyes swollen closed I touch his arm "Enough, put down the hose. We need him alive. Our future depends on tonight and when it's all over I have a surprise."

9B

Greed took his vision he couldn't see the setup now with duct tape over his mouth in an abandoned buildin' he's wishin' I would let up enjoyin' his pain in a sadistic rage my angel snaps me out of it right before his life slips away we jump into his car and head to his squad's meet-up spot windows tinted so they think it's him in the parkin' lot I flash the high beams and 3 cars follow after that 1 by 1 they enter the buildin' unaware of the trap my angel gets outta the car and that draws them outta theirs she hits the switch on the wall that turns the lights off they hear my voice speak "let them see the leader of their team" he appears in front of them wrapped in fake TNT but they can't tell the difference so their guns are dropped with ease novelty store items make them bow to royalty - K Pharaoh

10A

After collectin' all of their guns I say to the misguided group "look what selfishness has done we haven't even been here a week but already we've found the weak link are there any last words someone would like to speak" as I aim at a face my angel says "wait how about a trade we could let them live if they

*show us where the secret location is” with panic in his throat one of them
replies with the opposite of no with that I’m ok but the pig has reached the
end of the rope I let off one shot and savor the moment as his body drops
then I unzip the bogus bomb vest that they still take as a threat and say “I’m
bringin’ this along for the ride who wants to drive”*

- K Pharaoh

10B

The second in charge ties the rest of them up then at gunpoint we tell them get into the trunk. Hands on the wheel a man with a scar on his face is ordered to drive he turns east towards the bay. A crew at the gate of the shipping yard let us in without stopping they recognize the car. We drive to the back just out of their sight then open a crate to see what is inside. A girl lay lifeless attached to an IV on the wall; they keep her sedated so for help she can’t call. I choke back a cry when I look down the line and see one by one men slipping inside. Evil exists and with my eyes now open wide I swear every last one will pay with his life.

11A

In the dead of night while security isn't so tight I sneak back on premises while my angel watches with thermal binoculars from a distance alertin' me of the things I can't see as I make my way through the maze every guard is taken by surprise hand to hand combat with a blade because the sound of a gun would blow our cover and seal my fate finally I make it to the crates one after another I free women from their restraints and to take them somewhere safe I begin loadin' their bodies into the back of a truck fear is in the eyes of some but a language barrier isn't lettin' me get the message across that a threat I am not one at least not to them they'll think I'm a hero even though I have dead men in a trunk since I'm alone this task is takin' time so meds have worn off and as I head back to the crates I feel somethin' enter my back near the spine a few seconds of quiet then my angel's favorite song starts to play and my vision slowly fades - K Pharaoh

11B

I whisper commands while pressed close to the ground, he follows them in but only he walks out. We start at the back and move towards the front taking them out one by one. The men at the entrance both have guns, worthless against a threat neither see coming. When it is over he gathers the women up, carrying them carefully to the back of a truck. I dust myself off while gathering supplies, and turn towards their direction my eye catches the glint of a knife. "Stop" I scream, they step back at the sound, my voice catches in my chest as his body hit the ground. A split second ago I was dreaming

La Vie en Rose and now I'm in a nightmare where motion is slow. I'm running hard but my legs are numb I already see the blood premed intentions won't be enough.

12A

Physically I'm gone but I remain in her head the stress of havin' to bury caused my angel to miscarry I have no control over dreams they never end sweet often she wakes up in tears after a scream reality is gettin' hazy am I really still with her maybe but most people would say she has snapped gone crazy - K Pharaoh

12B

I still see his face though they told me he's gone. He was dead on arrival too much blood was lost. His voice is it just in my head it's so real, and what of these marks on my skin his touch I still feel. Sometimes I blackout and it's different than sleeping, the one's just time lost the other I wake screaming. Just now I came round to find his tattoo on my wrist plus a note in my diary no mistaking his pen. "There are those that will atone for the mistakes that they made. We have unfinished business time to head back to The States."

13A

Finally I'm back in control alcohol must've taken memories because I don't remember movin' my notes no hangover just empty space after the last thing I wrote readin' it back sparks a laugh the words place pictures of a throat in my hands to get to the man I pack my bags and make my way to the airport hangers because I know of a dead ex-cop who has a plane there but I don't know

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

