

Someone's gotta be on
top.

1

Shemar

Call me conceited, overconfident, but there's nothing more that turns me on than hearing a woman scream and moan pleasurable sounds. As I was making love to Crystal, I held her hip as I was going in and out of her, as her legs were wrapped around my waist. I gently picked her up and started giving it to her from the back as we switched positions. The doorbell rang, and we both ignored it.

As Crystal lay flat on her stomach, I immediately picked her up and started giving it her from the back again. Giving it to her again and again. The doorbell rang again. "Oooh, babe, go see who it is?"

"After I get this last nut." I said going fast and faster then, we both collapsed on the bed, smiling at one another.

"Now will you go get the door?" Crystal said.

As I put on my boxers and I went to open the door, I observed it was Kevin, who then barged into the apartment before I could say anything or invite him in. Kevin then began to rumble and talk badly about his current girlfriend, and then settled his way into the crib.

"Kevin, don't you know how to call first before you come storming in here?" I asked Kevin.

"You just don't understand, man."

"Understand what?"

Kevin then began yelling. "This bitch Keisha is crazy! "Man, I think she's thinking she's my boss, I'm going to end up catching a case, son!"

"Then why, the fuck are you still with Keisha?"

"That's why I said you just don't understand, man, you ain't never been in love."

"Excuse me! Then what do you call what Crystal and I have?"

“Man, you’ve known Crystal for what three months, and already you’re in love? That’s what I’m talking about, it isn’t real. That’s why I said you wouldn’t understand.”

Kevin was right about one thing, Crystal and I did fall in love fast, but it happens. We met at a party, Kevin, and I went to around West 4th St. I knew Crystal was a sexy lady by the way she danced. I

made sure that night to get Crystal’s number after I gave her my number and told her to call. She called

, immediately told me to call her anytime. That’s the good thing about caller ID, and after a few dates, Crystal and I became a couple. We were both looking for the same thing. She wanted a man to love, and respect her. I wanted a woman, who could give me the same thing. I could give her in return, which was love. Crystal was exactly what I wanted, but according to Kevin, she wasn’t what I needed. “Real talk, Kevin, you need to give Crystal more credit.”

“Give Crystal credit for what?” Crystal stated as she came walking into the living room, and she kissed me on my lips.

“It’s nothing, baby! I was just explaining to Kevin how special you are to me.” I said, looking back at Kevin.

“And I don’t want you to forget it, boo!” She said as she kissed me goodbye and just looked at Kevin, and left.

Seeing Kevin act like this was nothing new; he even went and sat on the couch.

“Shemar, you can’t get mad at a brother for looking out for his boy.”

“I never said, I was mad at you. All I said was you need to give her more credit.”

“Give her credit for what? I mean, how well do you really know Krystal? Did you even meet her family?”

“Her family’s in Trinidad. Yes, I know, Krystal, as a matter of fact, she’s on her way to her second job now.”

“And do you even know where her second job is?

As Kevin continued to talk, I cut Kevin off. “Son, what is it you got against my lady? It’s like you got something against me being a faithful man to Krystal.”

“Look, Shemar, as I said before, you shouldn’t put all your cards in when you only have one hand to play.”

Kevin and I were still in our early twenties, so we should get as much experience as we could, with all types of women that was willing to give it up. My father passed away when I was eight due to a heart attack, so my mother and uncle raised me to be the man I am today. I have had my share of women before Krystal, and I met each of them.

“Look, Kevin, I’m not about to mess up my relationship with Krystal for a chick that’s just a one-night stand.

“All right, all right, let’s, at least, go hang out at a club and have a few drinks.”

Kevin was my boy, and we haven’t hung out in a while, so I agreed. He smiled, but I wanted him to understand and accept the relationship that which Krystal and I have because it’s serious.

2

Kevin

All I was trying to say to Shemar is that women in this era are selfish and at least 85% aren't faithful to their men. So he shouldn't go putting all his into this relationship, with Krystal so fast.

We had just pulled up in front of Half Court Sports Bar on Washington Street.

Shemar smiled and quickly changed his facial expression. I couldn't understand why Shemar was upset. Hey Shemar, I'm sorry, man. I meant no disrespect toward you and Crystal's relationship. I just don't want you going through what Keisha and I went through."

"I appreciate you, looking out for me, but you've got to remember everyone's different. Now let's enjoy our night."

I felt relieved to hear that we were jamming to Rick Ross's "Magnificent" from his album Deeper than Rap. I was not surprised at all that just about everyone knew the lyrics to it.

When the Reggae music came on it really got crazy.

There were three chicks that were in front of us two. Two of them bent over and started winning on us; the other lady was dancing behind me. I turned my head, looking at Shemar. "Now isn't this funny, dude?" Shemar just threw his thumb up. I could tell he was having a good time. Fifteen minutes later, after three more Reggae songs had played. Shemar and I were at the bar having a Cîroc Peach. "Now isn't this a good thing? Shemar, you can't tell me you're not enjoying yourself."

Shemar couldn't keep his eyes off the woman he was dancing with both of her friends came over.

"Can I buy you, ladies, a drink?"

“We’ll have what you’re having, straight then we’re out of here.”

“Girl his dick isn’t going nowhere unless you want it too? So stop being in a rush to get home!” “Forget you, Annette.” After I brought both their drinks, I asked their name. “I’m Brenda, and this is Annette. Brenda said.

Brenda was a short light skin woman, and Annette was brown skin and a little taller and a little thicker just the way I like it. My cell phone rang, but I

didn’t answer it. I didn’t feel like hearing Keisha cry or her trying to apologize. Keisha and I had been dating for three years. We had been together since our freshmen year of college. I’d be lying if I said we were the perfect couple not that there is one. But this is why I was trying to get through to Shemar.

The women of this era are totally different! A lot of them want you to pay for sex and us as men do it. We pay to take them out to dinner or buy drinks, and some dudes still don’t get the ass. Keisha was one of those women. I called her a go-getter. One night she came by my place unannounced, and we got into something I wish I could take back. My brother Nate came by and brought these two chicks by and the moment they walked inside; I knew what time it was. Nate told me their names Destiny and Fantasy. I took Destiny in my bedroom and put my rubbers on, but she held out her hand. “I don’t pay for no pussy.” I shouted loud enough to realize I wasn’t paying for shit.

Look my rent needs to be paid so if you want the best head, you’ve ever gotten I suggest you give up, at least, \$30.” She said as her pants came off and she unbuckled mine. I laughed, but destiny started sucking my dick and laid me down. Damn woman, I knew you were something when, I first saw you umm, do your thing girl.” By the time Destiny was done. I was ready to fuck but, I didn’t have any condoms. I was so used to not using any with Keisha. Destiny told me not to worry because she had condoms. She guided my dick inside her pussy, and we fucked for almost (forty-five) minutes. We switched positions almost three times. Destiny was a woman with experience she got on top of me I could sense she was ready to cum because she started going extremely fast.

I told her, she earned her money’s worth, even though, I don’t believe in paying for pussy. I gave her a double of what she was asking. I heard her yelling, and it sounded like Keisha. I told Destiny to get dressed immediately. I had totally forgotten that morning I gave Keisha a duplicate key to my house. I opened the door just a little, and I could hear Keisha scream.

“Nate, you couldn’t afford a fucking hotel? And where the fuck is Kevin?”

I turned around looking at Destiny she walked up to me and turned out the lights and got on her knees and went down on me again, I stopped her. “This had to stop, and I mean now.”

It was too late because Keisha stormed in the bed room and turned on the lights. Keisha had seen everything she needed to see. I watched a tear come down her face Keisha immediately slapped me

across my face. I quickly boiled my fist but didn't do a thing because for that moment it had felt like time stopped. Keisha and I looked at one another. I suddenly started remembering everything I could lose. I had just asked her to move in plus gave her the keys.

A flashback, I remembered, was when we went on our first date together, it was the first time we made love, and I do mean love. We took our time with one another.

"Keisha don't go crazy. This isn't what it seems." I said. "Yeah Keisha this was all my doing, I'm the one who brought these women in here. Kev had no idea until I brought them." And I'm supposed to just believe that shit and be happy? These bitches were in my house fucking my man?! I'm done? I don't need this shit fuck you, Nate. And Kevin, hell is calling your dumb ass." Keisha said storming out the room.

Present Day

I cracked a smile over my face. "Why the big smile? Brenda asked?"

"Oh, I was just remembering something." I could never forget how Keisha's face was looking.

"Baby please just chill look, I'll leave, and you can stay just don't give up on our love."

You should have thought of that before you went fucking these stink hoes. Now, take your brother out of here. The bitch you were fucking stays." "Why? Keisha don't do anything stupid."

"Nigga just leave me and this bitch alone. We gone have a woman to woman talk."

Two weeks had passed, and Keisha and I hadn't spoken with one another I was staying at Shemar's he kept trying to convince, me too just go and talk to Keisha and one day I finally did. As I came into my apartment, I couldn't believe what I was seeing. Destiny was eating Keisha out on my leaving room floor, and my brother was fucking Destiny from the back blindfolded.

Nate was looking like he was having a good time pumping into Destiny like there was no tomorrow. I

didn't care that he was fucking Destiny shit I did the same thing, but what I did care about was Keisha was butt ass naked. "Nate!" I shouted out.

Nate pulled out and turned around, taking off his blindfold, and I looked down and seen he didn't even use protection. My face was filled with rage.

"What the fuck's going on here?" I shouted out.

"Kev!" Don't Kev me, nigga! I asked a question what the fucks going on here? I want answers now."

Both Nate and Destiny were looking nervous.

Keisha walked up to me naked. "What the fuck it looks like dumb ass?" Keisha said.

"This is what the fuck you been doing in my crib?

Nate, please tell me you didn't fuck Keisha?"

"Look, Kevin, Destiny invited me here. I didn't know what these two had planned. I been blindfolded since I got out the car shit just happened baby bro."

I looked at Keisha. "So this was your way of getting back at me Keisha? You don't know you just made yourself look 100 times the fool!" Both Nat and Destiny went to the bedroom Keisha just looked at me and rolled her eyes.

"Just say what you gotta say, Kevin." She said she began getting dressed. "Fine then you fucking whore. My own brother, Keisha how could you?"

She raised her hand, at me ready to slap me but I quickly grabbed her by the risk. "You know I'll fight you like a dude but, I love you too much to do that. Keisha, we can still make this work."

After that stunt, you pulled you got some nerve telling me you love me. Look I'm just doing the same thing men do out here."

"So you get off on having threesome's now?" "And it was great feeling Nate's big dick inside me and Destiny eating my pussy and the way she took care of my body. Damn, that girl really knows what she's doing." As my brother and Destiny came out with their clothes back on them. "Is everything alright bro?" Nate asked. Wham! I punched my brother in the face and left.

Present Day

Call it a sucker punch or whatever you want, but there's nothing that gets to a man than a woman challenging his manhood. I remember it well Nate turned his head and turned to look at me. Did you just hit me? Little brother, you already know I can kick your ass, plus have you locked up."

“Oh, so now you gone throw that police shit in my face now?” I shouted out. I could never forget Destiny’s facial expression.

“You’re a fucking cop? Sorry boo! I don’t do Police Officers.” Nate just looked at me with his boiled up, and there was nothing he could do as Destiny French kissed Keisha in front of both of us and stormed out the door.

“Well, Kevin this is what’s going on in the world today. Men competing with women for women.” Nate said.

“Oh yeah! Well, I’m about to change the rules back the way they were. Watch me get Keisha back God created Adam and Eve, not Adam and Steve.”

Present Day

Those were the last words, I said to my brother, and that was three months ago. The problem now was how I was going to tell him the bomb! Keisha dropped the bomb on me earlier, telling me she was pregnant and one of us was the father!! Damn! Life’s a bitch.

3

Natasha

We were having a great time tonight. Both Annette and Brenda were ready to leave. However, as we were dancing, with came up to me. We were leaving the club, I noticed the guy I was

“Hey, I am sorry I never got your name.” “You never asked.” I said as I was putting my coat on. “Well, I’m asking now, right. So, can I have your number? So let me introduce myself, my name’s Shemar, and I’m...” Before Shemar could finish his sentence, Brenda came over to me. “Come on, Natasha, let’s get out of here.”

“Thanks a lot, Brenda.”

Shemar just smiled at me look. “Shemar, you’re a handsome guy, but my girls and I are leaving now.” “Yeah! Besides, we don’t pick up dudes from the club.” Brenda said.

“Do you even have a man that’s willing to put up with you?” Shemar said. “Nigga, please, dudes can’t wait to feel on these double D’s and this fat ass.”

“And if that’s all you have to offer, they are going to treat you like the female version of Scooby- doo. You do remember Scobby -Dee, right?”

Brenda was ready to swing on Shemar, but I stopped her, telling her it’s time to go. “Look, Shemar, it was nice meeting you, but me my girls and I are leaving now.”

Wait, at the least take my number, and you can call anytime.” “Fine!” “Natasha!” Brenda shouted out. “What, Brenda, just chill.” I said, rolling my eyes at her as if we were still in high school. Sometimes Brenda can be one annoying bitch, but I understand her trying to protect me.

As we were driving in Brenda’s BMW X5, “Natasha had to. I had to let her know how I feel. You know, Brenda, one of these days you’re going to say the wrong thing to the wrong person.” I said.

Brenda kept silent as she kept driving. Normally, I would have let what Brenda did slide, but I really like Shemar, and I wanted to get to know him. I stored his number in my phone.

‘She’s right, Brenda, just because you use men for their money, doesn’t mean we gotta be hustlers and gold diggers like you.’ Annette said in her West Indian accent.

“Bitch did you just call me a gold digger? Let’s get something straight, ladies, I’m not a gold digger, I’m not a hoe. I don’t need nigga’s money, it’s not my fault if they want to give me their dough.”

“Then what are you, girl?” Annette said. I’m a woman, a businesswoman. What I do is a business straight business. It’s paying for my college books and tuition. And if I choose to have something on the side, oh well.”

“You know we’re not knocking you, girl. We’re just trying to protect you.” I said.

“Yeah, girl, we’re just trying to let you know there are other ways to make money.”

“I hear both of you, but the way you’ll make money isn’t enough to pay for my books and my tuition, and rent.

Twenty minutes later, after dropping Annette off in Park Slope. Brenda smiled at me.

“I’m just happy that’s all.” “Happy about what Brenda?” “Our friendship, I mean me, you and Annette, we will be graduating with our Bachelor’s degree next year, girl, regardless of our upbringings.”

“I’m happy for us too.” I said I sent a text to Shemar saying... “It was nice meeting you, but if you want to get to know me, you’re going to have to keep it real with me.”

Brenda was right about one thing, though we all had different upbringings. Brenda had it the worst.

Brenda’s mom, Ms. Michelle Johnson, died when she was 14. Then her Aunt put her out when she was 16, accusing her of sleeping with her man. My parents were nice enough to let Brenda stay with us until she graduated from High School and the College semester started. Once we started college, Brenda and I were roommates, but even that didn’t last long. Not that we couldn’t get along, that wasn’t the case at all; we both just needed our own space.

As we were pulling up in front of my building, both Brenda and I saw a familiar face. “OH!!! God, not now!” I said to myself.

“Natasha isn’t that Darrin? You need me to come out there and help you deal with this loser?”

I love Brenda like a true sister, but in this situation, I was going to handle myself. Darrin and I met during my freshman year. We broke up about a month ago.

It wasn't a clean breakup at all. I was really angry and hurt, not to mention upset with Darrin.

Everything was fine at first; we'd go out to eat, clubbing see movies together. And after eight months into the relationship, I did the ultimate thing people shouldn't do. I went through his phone and found naked pictures of his women. I went with my gut and found the evidence I was looking for.

Because three weeks before that, Darrin kept accusing me of sleeping with other men. He kept trying to explain to me that those women meant nothing to him, but one of the bitches called, and I told him to pack his shit and get the fuck out of my life.

Now here we are the present. "Natasha, can we please talk?" "Go ahead, say whatever you've got to say."

"Look!! Natasha, I know my actions have caused you pain. I'm sorry about that. I just want you to know, I truly love you and care about you. Natasha, you're a winner, a trophy for me... I just want another chance to show you how amazing we can be together."

I'd be lying if I said what Darrin said didn't have an effect on me. Darrin walked up close to me, and my heart started beating so fast I could feel myself getting wet and horny. "Come on, baby, just give me one more chance. It's very unusual for me wanting a woman back in my life. I'm not an expert at this; all I'm asking for is another chance." Darrin whispered in my ear. "One more chance, baby. I really miss the way we kiss each other. The way we feel each other, baby, I love you."

"Yes!" "What? Baby, you, believe me, right?" Yes, Darrin, I do. Let's see where this goes." Darrin immediately put his lips to mine, and our tongues started exploring one another's. He picked me up, carrying me upstairs, but I told him to put me down so we could walk inside as a couple.

As we got on the elevator, I headed to my door. I couldn't believe it. I accepted Darrin back in my life, and I was smiling because I was ready for that dick, and as I opened my door, I couldn't believe it. Her arms were folded, and she was sitting on my couch.

"So this is the reason why you didn't answer my phone calls?"

