WHO DO YOU KNOW
THAT CAN PLAY JAZZ

Rayshawn Smith

Instinctively, Jenna remained low as bullets whizzed overhead. Far from the battlefields of Iraq or Afghanistan, this was Philadelphia. She waited for a slight pause in gunfire, pushing away from a big blue trash bin. Though ineffective against bullets, it offered some comfort.

She ducked down the alley, bullets raining mayhem around her. She placed explosive charges on the surfaces she passed by while playing a game of dodge-a-bullet with mango goons. Their guns came back to life after a quick reload. Revenge fueled their pursuit, but Jenna's plan was foolproof.

She turned and fired a quick burst from a M-11, aiming down the alleyway. This gave her more time to place charges. The biggest drug dealer in Philadelphia, Mango , was given an ultimatum: stop selling drugs on the streets or die. He chose the latter, laying dead with a bullet to each eye socket, a precise, deliberate shot.

Jenna's first bullet was a killshot, the second for insurance. Mango died in his Bentley, purchased two days before. His blood stained the white leather seat. The party he was on his way to he would never make it.

Jenna made it to the end of the alley and quickly turned left towards her car, pulling her hoodie over her blonde hair. Her ears tuned to the man pushing and cussing down the alley, topping over trash. The crunch of glass made her smile; they wouldn't reach the alley's mouth in seconds. The whole block would be leveled, Jenna, who despised scum, didn't care.

Wilder Street belonged to Mango in some way or another every house . He turned them into trap houses or stash houses selling drugs like pills, dope, crack, weed, fentanyl, lean, and more. Jenna hustled to the corner as the first man stepped out. She pushed the detonator, and several bombs went off, ripping through the night and causing car alarms to ring.

There hadn't been an explosion in Philly since the police bombed the JOHN Africa compound in the mid-80s, killing him and many movement members. The government officials tonight weren't doing the mayor's bidding. Jenna, a pissed-off white woman, had done a favor to the people of South Philly. She attempted to cleaned up the drugs and crime that plagued the community.

She had only lived here for 18 months, but she knew enough. The reality was, it wouldn’t stop. The residents knew the real scoop. Another mango would set up before the fires were put out.

This was just a blip in the supply train. Running her yoga studio and teaching the kids, the art of Yin, and creating a drug-free community was a stretch for parts of America like Philly. She walked guilt-free to her Subaru parked on Broad Street, sirens and fire trucks vibrating the streets below. Her dog barked to life as he smelled her approaching who was trained to wait patiently along with other things . that dog, a service dog named Jumping Jack, was previously owned and trained by shane lucas the trio belonged to secret government unit called the U8 the u8 was a higher-ranking unit than the SEALs, only a few government officials knew of its existence.

The unit was decommissioned 20 months ago for unknown reasons. Shane couldn’t handle civilian life after being transformed into a killing machine. Shane killed himelf in a Wendy’s parking lot after eating a five dollar biggie bag Jumping Jack had been with Jenna every since they formed a bond. Jenna missed Shane, and her now best friend licked her face in excitement. she gave the dog a treat out of the glove box ahead felt daunting After tonight’s event, Jenna needed to run to New York City, Brooklyn, to be exact her squad leader, Ali Wilcox, also known as Money Man had a operation going on She drove towards the I-95 heading north, “a horse with no name “played on the radio The lyrics reflected the confusion and loss soldiers felt upon returning home.

Tears streamed down Jenna’s face as she drove into the dark towards the city known as the Apple.

Chapter 2

Rotation turned his Ford Mustang Mach One onto Kingston Avenue off of Atlantic Avenue. He felt specially driving the last pony car to be built at the Methuen assembly plant in 1970. The car is a one-of-one according to the elite Marti report. So the 80s spoke to purchase and have the car shipped to Brooklyn all the way from Hattiesburg, Mississippi.

He felt it was worth it. The car added it to his game. He referred to it as an accessory, pimping at the level he pimped on these were the toys to have and was a reflection of some good game. Even though blessed to have a head start in the game, he took full advantage most pimp started from the bottom, then rose.

Rotation got an accelerated bump from his father passing away. The old man was a train engineer who invested well in the stock market and real estate instead of following his pops' footsteps and becoming a landlord. He opted to sell off three tenements that his father cherished. Some Jewish developer paid $10 million for all three.

Selling this property was an easy decision. At 10, Rotation witnessed his mother cheating on his dad. He remembered coming home from seeing a movie when he and his father returned early. His mother was getting drilled on the couch.

This crushed his father. A short time later, his mother left, never to return. This began his hatred for women. Fast forward life with a few heartbreaks.

No matter what role you play, hate builds. One night after watching pimps up hose down a documentary into the life of pimping, he convinced himself he could do it. He checked his hair in the mirror, gloating at the waves in his head. His jet-smooth black skin was a perfect match.

A flurry of weed smoke couldn't wait to escape as he let the window down.

" Say baby, I brought this ride out just for you," he smoothly spoke to a girl standing on the corner.

"Tonight has to be lucky for you. You just gotta choose to make it better." He continued the young lady flash a smile showing off every tooth in her mouth, her smile was so wide the a express A train and C local train could drive drown her mouth picking up passengers along the way "what makes you say that"she asked shyly at this point rotation made a judgment that he was about to come up with a new girl for his stable.

He just knew he had to play hard and play hard he would do.

"What the lucky night" he started "the choice to make it better or this ride just for you. "He wasn't looking for a verbal response. His grin said it all the illusion and confusion was the approach. He settled on. He knew his game plan like a Nick Saban or a Bill Belichick despite your opponents, defense or offense you just plan better.

You wake up prepared and locked in “look get in. I’ll show you what I’m talking about instead of you standing there stupidly trying to figure it out. ”He coaxed in a way that his insult was missed She flashed another smile and eagerly walked in front of the car. She marveled at the car. It looks so expensive she thought, an one of one Car tends to have that effect on the streets of Brooklyn.

She paused to examine the grill she read the letters on theplate P.u.h.d rotation used the pauses to take in the beauty in front of his ride. Her ass was stuffed into a pair of gray sweatpants. Her ass cheeks was fighting the other for space in her pants. On top of the ass was a slim waist line that smooth right up to a tiny pair of breast.

She can’t have it all he thought to himself he studied the stains on her tank top brightened by the headlights he trained his eyes to look for these things where most men just keep their focus on ass and titties focus in rotation’s line of work is important she hopped into the lavish ride. The seats were Louis Vuitton leather. The aroma of Weed punched her nose as she shut The door rotation could smell the stench of the streets on her. He pulled into traffic making a mental note of her first impression “whatyou smoking on that smell so good”she inquired” some grape Kush “he answered.

Handing her a ounce of weed in a baggie.

“Roll you some the cigars are in the glove department “he pointed, “so what’s your name cutie “she quizzed “so you think I’m “cute rotation blushed “oh if you was dog shit, ugly, I would have told you”ha ha “my name is rotation well known across the nation he boasted the best of my generation and many more to come. ”This caused her to laugh asking “what are you some type of pimp””a pimp I’m quite better than that. I helped the world go around nothing better than that”. He avoided answering the question directly. He focused back on the road, looking out the corner of his eye as she rolled the blunt.

She definitely was showing some skills.

It took her a total of two minutes to have it fired up “so what you doing out this time of night?” he asked “I was about to go to my aunt house.””ok” he responded gripping the wheel “where your aunt live at?””in Brownsville”she answered “you was a while away how far have you been walking?

“He questioned he really wanted to say you smell like you’ve been running instead of walking.

“I don’t mind it at all for real”she testified “Where were you coming from home”he pushed forward with questions “my friend house in Marcy projects she wanted me to do her hair” she spoke, spreading her legs in the process getting comfortable.

“You never told me your name.” He stated not taking his eyes off the road “Jasmine, but everybody called me jazz “she responded blowing out a thick cloud of smoke.

“No, that’s all you. ”he waved the blunt away as she attempted to pass it . ”I’ve been known to give women new names, but I like jazz “he said with a grin “so you were jazzy little thing huh”he asked rhetorically “I tell you what I don’t know you but I can offer you the world. ”he leaned over and spoke smoothly His words caused her to glow all over and feel warm. He continue to tell her promise after promise being a 15 year old runaway and longing for stability.

Judging by the car he was driving nothing seem far-fetched jazz long for a promise to be filled by someone she came back from fantasyland as rotation was parking the car in front of country kitchen on Fulton Avenue country kitchen is a 24 hour diner a classic hole in the wall ran by Arabs a hood celebrity spot a place to be seen if you was getting five dollars over lunch money you might even catch local Brooklyn rappers grabbing a bite.

“Go in there and order me a grilled chicken sandwich”rotation started “and get whatever you want”jazz held out her hand knowing she didn’t have a penny “oh I forgot.

Tell them it’s for rotation”He paused for dramatic effect.

“I told you it’s my world and I’ll give it to you.

“I hear that hot shit. ”She quickly shot back. •Go get my food so I could look at my ass”rotation came back. she giggled, blushed and proceeded to get out of the car. She attempted to put more sash in her walk which really wasn’t needed. Jazzy always looked older for her age .She knew she didn’t want to let this man know her age. His promise felt too good and too real rotation, licked his lips and rubbed his hands together.

He seen $ signs first and fun second he retrieves his cell phone and sent a text of proper instructions is what he like to call it. The response came back a short time later he knew his plan would be ran to the letter he drummed on the wheel pairing into the diner jazz bounced on her feet waiting at the counter. She finally collected the food “what you

ordered the whole menu “rotation joked” just a bacon cheeseburger and a chicken salad cause yours look good.””It’s all good.

It’s all about you. ”He responded Cooley “that funky ass Arab kept trying to talk to me”she said expressing disgust .

“I’m rotation, baby. Everybody want what I got he cajoled these niggas even want my drawers. I might sell them on eBay. ”Jazz cracked up, laughing all his jokes landed everything about him fit the moment in her young mind She picked up right away that this man was different. She never been around anyone like this.

She liked his style she made up her mingle in that moment she needed to make this last jazz opened the platter. The aroma of food filled the car she Gormandized the food so fast it made rotation wonder if she took a breath in between jazz, gulped the Sprite halfway down rotation studied this behavior, like a eagle study, its prey “look like somebody was hungry.

You should’ve got two burgers”he cracked she laughed in embarrassment as she wiped her face with a napkin she put the platter back in the bag thinking twice about eating the salad, even with a shrinking stomach from not eating she had room to eat it.

“Let’s see how fast you eat your food.””I’m not gonna eat fast like that “rotation proclaim “shit I was looking around to see if you had help “”huh you funny”jazz couldn’t help but laugh rotation slowed the car down in front of a nightclub with several patrons standing out front. Jasmine looked up at the neon sign that read Rockwells a grubby looking old man in about his mid 50s made his way over to the car “hey rotation he began nice ride let me clean those windows for you””flood. I’d rather have an elephant shit on my window and lick it clean no disrespect”rotation responded then fumbled in his pocket rotation pulled out a lot of bills and gave the old man a fresh hundred dollar bill rotation had a great deal of respect for flood, a former pimp who had aa rep that rep went from his woman’s ass to the Coke man. rotation, always vowed not to fall victim to those vices”hey P stay down until you come up Sun up to Sun fuck sleep play the street”rotation fought the urge to tell the older man to take his own advice. Jazmine studied the whole scene intently.

Something about this world felt energetic rotation punched the number in his phone and told someone on the other end he was out front. he placed his hands on Jasmine’s warm thighs. She didn’t object a few moments later a high yellow woman walked out of

the club, wearing just a slingshot style thong and a pair of stilettos. She hustle over to where rotation was parked. The show was about to begin.

He purposely didn't roll the window down right away as his hand lingered on jazz leg the woman did the chili Shuffle on the other side of the car even though the Brooklyn air was a comfy 70° standing outside with your ass out was a bit much.

She sucked her teeth as she bent at the waist to get a look at jazz"problem? "rotation asked as he got the window down, "not at all not at all"she responded.

"It's jumping in here tonight. I made a thousand dollars already"she was lying through her teeth. Maya one of rotation several hoes in rotation stable was playing out what rotation texted her a short time ago the truth was rotation hated Maya with a passion. He referred to her money as funky money to him.

The bitch was lazy. Never wanted to walk the track. she preferred doing in and out calls nevertheless he kept her around. Maya couldn't keep a regular JOHN if all her hoeing depended on it. Maya dug in her pocketbook and handed him a lot of cash.

She was instructed to go to the bar and get changed for 100 all in ones and to put a $20 bill on top. He took the money out of her hand wishing it was that thousand he actually had little faith she even had made $100 up into this point "when I'm gonna see you"Maya asked"you see me now but I'm always in rotation"he stated "besides, I made this fine thing a promise to make her life better "he finish as he motioned towards jazz Maya sucked her teeth and spun off man standing on the curve made cat calls rotation pulled off with two goals in my make it to his condo and come up on a new woman to bring the game and run his game

Chapter 3

Jenna reached Brooklyn at 5:28 in the morning. She drove down St. John Street until the GPS announced that her destination was on the right she parked across from the old to familiar fruit stand she been here several times in the past she exited the vehicle with jumping jack close on her heels she decided to walk the dog around the block on the corner of Utica. St.

John’s a white couple was being harassed by a group of black teens. The couple kept walking while taking on insults.

Jenna stopped and took notice and decided to make her own trouble.

“I guess nobody taught you punks no man ners jenna said stepping in front of the four men “bitch you must’ve lost your mind”The smallest to the group spoke up stepping out front. Jenna assessed the threat level as the group formed a circle around her. The tallest was about 65 330. He didn’t look like he skipped a meal since birth.

The second tallest was rail thin with a scar on his jawline. The next thug wasn’t much taller than the shortest, mouthy guy.

All of them wore red bandannas on different body parts or hung from pockets.

“Sit rest easy. ”Jenna ordered the dog.

He followed her command and laid flat on his belly.

“Somebody should’ve taught you to mind your business”Shorty barked again. not sensing the danger he was in. He took one step too many for Jenna‘s comfort she chopped the teen in the throat with a force you couldn’t assimilate if you tried, he clutched at his neck while his body was being used as a launching point for a kick to the face of two of his cronies. The biggest guy backed off and turned into a full on sprint, not wanting any parts of the action she picked the small guy up by his under arms. She applied a squeeze to the area radiating pain down to his toes.

His two buddies were coming to after being kicked in the face”I believe this is a neighborhood for all”Jenna Stated still applying pressure to the area.

“I hope you understand””yes ma’am”the boys song in chorus giving them a cowardly cadence. All the toug h guy was gone.jenna Let him go and kicked him in the ass “now get the fuck out of here and leave people alone”the teen took off running in the direction of their First friend. Jenna was called every name under the sun from a safe distance. She smiled and tapped her leg two times jumping jack hopped to life like a player being called into a game.

He followed close behind her as she made her way to the fruit stand. Jenna passed the counter and made her way towards the back door of the establishment.” ju- no- bringa no dog”the Asian woman protested. Jenna ignored the lady and continued, stepping into a

dimly lit room. The room was littered with boxes of fruit and other supplies at the back of the supply room was a door with a bell off to the side jenna pressed the button twice several seconds later the door was buzzed open.

This was the first line of security. She walked through the door open to a dim walkway. Jenna walked in the only direction she could go.

A door was being buzzed open as she approached it, she walked through leading to a flight of stairs when she got to the top of poorly black man set on a bar stool, his ass hiding in the majority of it, the main roads, taking up most of the space in the area jenna was surprised that the man smelled so good whatever he was wearing was pleasant.

“I’m here to see Ali””yeah I know”the man cut her off opening up the door behind him and stepping out of the way “thank you”she stepped past him into a spacious room. The room was a makeshift casino table games and slot machines filled the space flatscreen TVs hung on walls like posters, naked women dancing inside suspended cages. A massive bar ran the expansion of the right side of the room. The room was massive and elaborate on the left side of the room was the kitchen no windows just like most if not all casinos just below the casino with the c-town supermarket jenna made her way to the right side of the bar to a door being guarded by two burly menacing black men one of the men opened the door and waved her in.

She stepped into a large office TV monitors adorned the walls. Ali her squad leader rose from his desk. He scratched his arms as he walked around the desk. Jenna was engulfed by the old man, his Muslim oil tinged her nose a smell all too familiar.

The killer Jenna was today. Ali was responsible for he recruited her right out of high school literally out of six period class The decision was easy on Jen’s part there was no resistance Ali visited Frederick Douglas high school for career day. Jenna at the Time was walking in crutches. She was shot in a leg for defending her parents Jenna parents who both at the time had HIV and were full-blown junkies, they live with no care in the world no care for Jenna no care from running up tabs with drug dealers on one of those occasion a dealer came to their home demanding money Jenny got into a fight with the guy who took a loss Jenna took a bullet after the fight a bullet to the thigh along with too many failed the attempts to get her parents clean when Ali came to knocking a month later she was training across the globe.

The U8 was a two year long intense program. The old man pulled himself back from the embrace Jenna Could see more grey to his hair and beard .

It made her think to herself the last time she seen him in person about 18 months ago “hey troublemaker good to see you”he spoke in the fatherly tone.

“I’m not a troublemaker pops. ”Ali waved his hand at the air, walking back to his desk, he picked up the remote after sitting CNN broadcast on the screen after a click. A news reporter was reporting from a corner with burning buildings in the background “care to elaborate”Ali said, throwing his hands up in exasperation “or should I assume that the unidentified white woman is now sitting in my office?””That doesn’t make me a troublemaker””yeah OK””whatever Ali”Jenner defended”it wasn’t my fault.””Let me guess.

You took exception to some drug dealing””yes the same way our country take exceptions to towel heads bomb making in caves” she compared “don’t give me that crap.””No difference to me pleasure to see you pops””likewise so you are the unidentified white woman”Jenna smiled.

“It was some good work how you figured me,?””your anger, your skills you live in Philly” Ali anger began to build,”and the AP has been blowing my phone up. The AP ran the u 8 squad from within the government. Ali was the squad leader in the field. The unit was allowed to plunder and kill America enemies when it was a war or some dip shit that needed removal U8was sent in Iraq alone.

The booty total $60 million that they were able to steal with no oversight Ali being in control of the assets funneled most of it through his casino.

He also invested in other lucrative investments “now the cat is out the bag I need to set up out here. ”Jenna spoke on her current situation “I tell you what give me a few days. ”He started to explain, tossing her set of keys two blocks north building 1402 apartment 4C.

“There’s plenty of white people on that block quiet and gentrified. ”Ali cracked”makes me feel safe white people I’ll be able to defend myself.

If trouble comes “”you’re gonna keep your white ass out of trouble”Ali barked the office door opened an elderly black woman walked in carrying a tray of hot wings, carrots and celery.

“Thank you so much, Miss Jenkins”ali spoke receiving the tray of food, placing it on the table Jenna reached and retrieve the wings “how rude Ali you should’ve said you was having a lady friend by”spoke Miss Jenkins. ”If I had a heads up, I would’ve done just that”he responded sarcastically, “honey can I get you anything?””No, I’m fine. ”Jenna responded then grabbing one of ali’s wings then reaching down giving the dog the remains”any update on your granddaughter”Ali ask the elder woman “no I don’t know about these chilling now of days.””I have my people put up flyers””thank you ali you’re a godsend angel. ”The lady stated making her exit angel Jenna chuckle on the inside she witnessed first hand, Ali torturing men and women until they gave up information. People would rather give up their mama than be under the hands of ali Jenna helped herself to another wing”hurry up Ali you know I get bored””well there’s a bunch of single men in the area take up dating”he cracked “fuck you funny guy very funny””what I love to walk you down the aisle one day”the two chatted for about two more hours before Jenna made her way to the apartment.

Chapter 4

stretched out on the couch. Jazmine flicked through channels on the TV. She been staying at rotation’s condo for the last week. He only spent the first full day with her, then just disappeared when he left he told her to help herself to the food and weed in the house it seemed like she could survive another month many days consisted of playing dress up with the skimpy girl clothing in his closet.

She even sported some of the wigs hanging in the closet. Today she wore a green straight wig that touched her booty. She desperately wanted to leave mainly out of boredom. She wondered when he would return she got as far as writing a letter explaining she’ll come back the thought of walking the streets of Brooklyn and getting picked up by older creepy man to smoke and eat, made her stay put.

She would entice the older men to get what she wanted then say she had her period when they wanted her to put out the cute younger ones were different she would always put out for the first night rotation didn’t want sex. He put her in the tub and bathed her. She told him she was 19 years old lost custody of her child who was staying with her

aunt. She said her and her aunt got into a fight then she was put out she was afraid to tell the truth that she was 15 with a baby.

She was tired of being a teen mom. She ran away, leaving the baby with her grandmother. Jasmine had no way of knowing who the baby father was. The only boy tested was her boyfriend at the time after the boy came back negative.

His mother made him move down south Jasmine at this young age had multiple partners already. Jazzy jumped up from the couch as she heard the door opening. She rushed down the hallway to see two women walking into the apartment “hey you must be Jasmine. ”The taller of the two spoke First “rotation said you might be here””where is rotation! ”Jasmine asked “he’s been locked up for a week”.

The other girl answered “they just giving him a phone call today”” oh my God what happened”jazz asked Voice full of concern”they trying to railroad him. ”The woman responded introducing herself.

“I’m pinky.

This is Blondie. ”The girl named Blondie raised her hand “we trying to get the ball up right now. ”Pinky spoke with urgency.

“Well how much is it? ”jazz asked “75,000”Blondie Chipped in “75,000”jazz repeated incredulously “like I said they trying to railroad him” Blondie confessed, “and I’m not letting my daddy go down like that””that’s your daddy”jazz appeared shocked “This is my wife in law”pinky.

Explained “he both our daddies””what’s a Wife in law “Jazz asked Puzzled “jazz we hoes”pinky stated proudly with her hands on her hip.

“I use what my mama gave me for money”” happy hoeing around here” Blondie backed pinky.

“I’m confused rotation is too sweet to be a pimp”jazz admitted innocently “mean pimps is some TV.

Shit.

“Blondie responded laughing dismissively “tv give pimps bad rep. Let’s not forget, they make hoes look crazy and smoked out on TV” pinky elaborate “do I look like an

average hoe “Jasmine admitted the two were decked out pinky sported a Gucci bag and shades to match Blondie bag was Fendi along with her bodysuit everything they wore was knocked off bullshit clothing you can buy from Canal Street to the untrained like jazz it all appeared real nevertheless, the woman wore it well to the men who purchased women on the street they could give two shits about designer clothing most men prefer you naked, exposing everything pimping and hoeing is about Image the better you look the better the pay “well we’re about to go do what we do. We just had to let you out”pinky cut right to it “rotation is my man and my business so I got to go handle that”with hesitantly Jasmine asked “how can I help “pinky smile inside “this isn’t for everybody”pinky spoke being the bottom woman was to implement rotations plan a bottom is a pimp’s main girl the girl who know how her pimp like things ran and Will trained other girls she was truly down for rotation. She been with him going on five years now she watched Jasmines come and go. her and rotation had A running joke bitches are replaceable and recyclable one week one day with you next week they with another pimp “I’ve sold pussya few times “jazz admitted embarrassingly “I want to help get him out””girl.

I’m a full-blown hoe and I’ve never sold no pussy. You gotta explain this one to me. ”Blondie spoke bluntly “you ever buy a pair of sneakers from the store.? ”Blondie questioned jazz responded with a shake of the head “you ever buy a burger “Blondie followed up again jazz just nodded “so anytime you buy something you own it. ”Blondie explained “nobody owns this pussy and get to walk away with it. Nobody buys pussy jazz they rent Time”Pinky elaborated “some bitches sell it for half zips of weed some sell it for chips, burgers, and fries now how much were you selling your time for”Blondie pressed “well well” Jasmine stuttered, “well the most money was $50”” $50. I wouldn’t even spit on a motherfucker for that”.

Blondie admitted “girl I’m gonna teach your pretty ass to get the big bucks come let’s get you all dolled up and I’ll show you everything. ”Pinky said holding out her hand for Jasmine. Jazz took her hand and was lead to the walk-in closet. The two women took pictures of her in different revealing clothing. They coached her how to appear sexy in the photos.

They explained that this part of the game was called posting posting was were your pictures was shown to different man on and off the Internet…..downstairs and across the street rotation set in his Maserati gran Turismo coupe all black with midnight tent that hid

his presence from anyone passing. You could be right up on the car and couldn’t see inside rotation set up in his seat and forged a smile as the three women were making their exit if rotation plan didn’t work pinky and Blondie were instructed to send Jasmine out by herself. Blondie quota just got a $200 increase. She bet the girl would not fall for rotations con if Jasmine had come out alone, rotation had a speech to give her game saved game played pimp always getting paid.

He said to himself firing up the engine. He drove past the woman at a creep pace, rotation paired out the window as they loaded into a Dodge Challenger Blondie pause to stare at the passing car rotation drove ,he fought the urge to honk the horn and Boast to him that would be tasteless and he wasn’t partaking in that nonsense.

Chapter 5

Jenna woke up. Stretching her body as she got out of bed. The place ali provided was a nice size one bedroom flat. The only furniture was a bed in the room with a TV.

The living room was empty. The kitchen had a table and a chair. Jenna walked into the kitchen and put on a pot of coffee jumping jack licked at her leg as she stared at the action going on outside the window people hustled up and down the block attending to unknown business. The pot beeped indicating it was ready the last three days Jenna took the time to explore the neighborhood, her definition of mundane at its finest Jenna got right to the coffee.

Black is how she preferred it this was to get her perked up. She walked into the living room, placing a cup on the floor after several body stretches. She jumped into a routine of push-ups squat, situps and several core exercises, one hour gone she laid on the floor dripping with sweat. She headed to the shower the hot water splashed down her body soothing the tightness jumping jack began to bark, putting her on high alert.

She turned the water off and listened intently. the barking stopped as she turned off the water. She opened the bathroom door and paired down at an envelope shoved under the door the obvious reason for the barking she picked the mail up and opened it stop by at 13:00 hundred hours a note obviously from Ali she looked at her watch, revealing two

hours to burn. She quickly got dressed in a pair of yoga pants and a tank top and running sneakers. The hassle came from tying up her hair.

She used the mirror as a Guide she managed to get it just right after several minutes her Glock 19 stuck out from the fanny pack hanging on the bedroom door she lifted it up and fixed it all in one motion . She swung the accessory over her shoulder and made her way to the door jumping jack quickly rose and followed out in the hallway a couple could be heard arguing on a lower floor. She locked the door and made her descent down the stairs. She passed the culprits of the commotion.

She forced a smile as she walked past the peer the humidity hit her body right away. The city was experiencing a three day heat wave sweat formed instantly that she wiped away, sticky, brutal. she attempted to ignore the Sun but it beamed overhead like hello she made a quick stop into the corner store jumping Jack waited out front. She grabbed a gallon of water from the cooler and paid .

She requested two bags to clean up after the dog when he did his business.

“Put that dog on a leash you white bitch” a woman’s driver screamed out of a vehicle as it passed by jenna who was now on the sidewalk she didn’t take no offense actually it was a reminder carrying a pistol in the streets of Brooklyn. She didn’t need any unwanted attention, especially in a over policed neighborhood like Crown Heights.

It would be dumb to be stopped and questioned about a leash and get a collar happy rookie going above and beyond to put spice on the cake there was no you get out magic u8 badge to flash to get her off.

“damn white girl got ass “said a men hanging in front of a building with friends Jenna shot the man a look of disgust one of the men stepped towards jenna obviously the leader of the group “my name is Ty nitty. ”He extended his hand.

Jenna left it hanging.

“did your parents name you ty Netty?””not at all that’s my street name. ”He replied.

“Oh “jenna said sarcastically” I don’t do nicknames”this cause Ty nitty friends to snicker “well I would love to get to know you and show you around”jenna Peaked over the man shoulder to see his friends gawking at the the two talking. She admitted to herself that the guy was cute.

She put a smile on her face.

“I’m sure ill see you around”his friends gathered in laughter and jokes as Ty nitty was let down. The group laughed and cracked as Jenna scrolled off. She could hear the man talking about what they’ll do to her body. The noise faded when she turned the corner when she turned onto St.

John’s. It was bustling with activity street vendors lined the streets talking, they scene put her in the mind state of being in Iraq. The action of St. John’s was comparable the threat level of Iraq didn’t compare to like no place in the world at the height of the war .

She made it to the fruit stand with five minutes to spare, the Asian lady was much friendlier today, nodding her head as Jenna walked by. The casino was jumping with people like a Vegas casino. Jenna looked at her watch to make sure it was two in the afternoon. It definitely was.

She didn’t realize it was the first of the month and local residence were trying to double their government issue checks the same two guards stood guard maybe they were 24 hour on duty guards Jenna thought one of the guards let her into the office and returned to his post. ali was standing up barking into the phone. He formed a smile on his face as he recognized Jenna he put up a finger Letting Jenna know to hold on the elderly Cook stood pouring coffee out of a carafe, “hi sugar. Can I get you something from the kitchen? ”She asked as she finished pouring “what do you have?” jenna questioned “ child whatever you could think of I can make”she assured jenna of her capabilities do you have mambo sauce? Jenna inquired mambo sauce was a sweet, slight hot sauce originated in Washington DC.

Jenna was surprised to learn that the woman had it.

“I’ll take wings with mambo sauce, jalapeño poppers, and a slice of cheesecake” she requested putting the woman to test and task.

The elderly woman left the room jenna tracked her along the camera feed on the screen an exterior camera picked up a heavy rain that began Ali finished the phone call by telling someone they better have his fucking money.

“I see someone still has an appetite’s”ali started off.

“I’m surprised you heard that with all the Ranting and raving. ”Ali let out a hearty laugh.

“Some things never change soldier I like things done correctly and these knuckleheads”he cut himself short “thanks for calling me up I was going crazy in that apartment. ”Jenna stated “yeah I know I reached out to my realtor.

He has a coffee shop for rent. ”ali enlightened “ A coffee shop “jenna repeated.

“Let me guess you think it’s a great transition from battlefield to shooting out shots of espresso””yes along with grenade muffins and bagels”he joked back” great a neighborhood barista”she chirped back “with or without the apron””makes me no Never mind this is just something for you to lay low.

Keep your nose clean”you don’t think I can keep my nose, clean, pop,? ”jenna teased in her kiddy Voice.

“No he fired back.

We got endless money to do whatever with and you choose to play superhero” so says the illegal casino Mogul”jenna attempted to compare.

“Hey this is a respectable service we provide look Jenna.

I could just give you a big bag of money and be done. ”He got up from his chair and sat on the edge of the table.

“You’re like the daughter I never had that just irks her dad for no good reason”he complained “the yoga studio was a great idea””yeah and then I wanted to make a difference in the lives of the people around me. ”She cut him off “blah blah Blah.” ali responded to that statement “When you recruited me that was your sale pitch sorry for continuing the message”she insisted “yeah that’s some foreign so you crap Jenna back home. We turn it off and we live.””I’m sorry I don’t know how to do that”. She admitted the two instinctively stopped talking and focused their attention on the door as the elderly walked into the room rolling a cart of food the smell of chicken was inviting The lady placed a basket of wings and poppers in front of Jenna mambo sauce was in monkey dishes. The woman placed down a saucer plate with the most tempting cheesecake.

Topped with strawberries.

“I hope 7-Up is fine. We didn’t have Sprite.”” Thank you ma’am. This is just fine. ”The woman turned and left. Her job was done.

Jenna jumped right into the plate. The chicken was piping hot.

She bit around that ali let her eat in peace until he seen enough.

“I think you would love this coffee shop. It’s right across from the police station.” Jenna just nodded her head focusing on the food.

It’s about 600 square ft.” he explained “the previous owners left the equipment” jenna licked the sauce from her fingers before asking why the previous owners leave.

“Hell if I know”clearly agitated “don’t get snippy. I just wanted to know””well I set it up where you can check it out at 16:00 the two went back-and-forth discussing details. Jen cut into the cheesecake which taste like heaven on a plate. She made a mental note to ask for One every time she visited.

Chapter 6

for the past two weeks jazz has been prostituting inside of an office building on E. 23rd St. in Manhattan. The establishment was on the 14th floor of the building the escort service focused heavy on the Wall Street crowd. When stepping off the elevator you would be greeted by a receptionist on each side of the woman were two doors up above was a club sign that red shadow to gain entry.

You were asked a question.

“Where does it happen? ”The correct response is nothing happens unless it is allowed to happen after that you went through the left door and the right door was an exit upon walking in you were greeted by naked women in masquerade mask the customer was given a choice a minimum. Of 30 girls most customers had their regular girls. If not, they would pick a random this type of environment bread competition among the the women jazz been pulling 24 hours shifts along with Blondie jazz became a natural she quickly learned the trade , becoming a girl regularly picked while most girls flocked to the Johns as they entered the establishment. Jazz would sit on the couch, sliding the dildo in and out

of her shaved Cunt tonight was no different as she worked the tool along her body, two men walkedin to the lounge and were greeted by a crowd of women.

Jazz sat on the back of the sofa finger popping herself she took her fingers out Becking the shorter of the two men his eyes were locked on her show, his body floated in her direction in a trance jazz opened her legs wider as he grew closer she shoved two fingers back into her love nest. She leaned forward whispering in his ear seductively" I bet you like young pussy"the man didn't respond only grinned like a school boy on a playground, "you might want to pick another girl.

I've been known to fuck men until their heart stopped. "She said, playfully, reaching down to grab his crotch.

"No baby I know I want you"the man responded unable to contain his excitement.

"You want the shower package or a short stay"jazz questioned "explain it to me I'm just here with my coworker. For the first time"he answered "your coworker didn't give you the rundown"not exactly"the man admitted he really had no idea "well. The shower package is 500 a short stay is half that""well" he didn't get to finish as jazz interjected" you'll take the shower package.I'll scrub your balls, drain them and make your knees weak"This caused the man to feel giddy all over before he could respond . He was being lead by his hand towards the payment station a makeshift payment station which consisted of a see-through concession stand with bath baskets on the shelves and a register "hey jazz, what would your guest be having tonight" a heavyset Italian woman named Rosa asked "the shower pack"jazz troll the lead " that would be 500 sir"Rosa informed the client jazz moved aside so that the man could step up and pay.

The man did just that. and was given a shower basket. The contents were three condoms, baby oil, lubricant soap and bath sponges. Jazzy walked behind a curtain, and the guy quickly followed.behind the curtain was a dim lit hallway with several rooms and cubicles with curtains covering their entrance moaning could be heard coming from behind the curtains. Jazzy stopped at a door that read bathroom number 4 the two stepped into the bathroom that contained a toilet sink four showerheads jutted out of the wall also in the room was a bench to hold your clothing jazz wasting no time she turned on the water as the guy began to undressed jazz remove the oil from the shower basket, then stepped under the water.

She drizzled the oil down her tight body as the water cascaded down, giving her body a silky look she massaged the oil into her breast, then worked her way down her young body. She walked over to the now , timid John and said “relax. I only bite when asked. ”He allowed her to take his hand and lead him to the water. Jazzy squeezed some oil into her hand and began caressing the John’s body shivers shot through his body as he became fully erect she grabbed his man tool and stroked it with velocity right as the man was about to explode, An alarm sounded both of them became doe eyed jazz hustled out into the hallway to find women and John’s running frantically man tried to put on articles of clothing women rushing to get to the dressing room to get dressed.

Jazz was warned of this happening. She closed the door and told the John to get dressed and find a way to get out tonight. They will only be one way out and that was out in a pair of handcuffs and a trip to the bookings after being booked and fingerprinted at the police station. Jazz was transported to Manhattan criminal court along with the other working girls 46 in total.

The woman were separated in groups. Jazz was split up from Blondie. Blondie was placed on a whole different floor. The cell that jazz was in.

Had three benches one toilet and a sink. The toilet was clogged. Women fought for real estate on the benches others settled for the floor for their wasn’t enough seats available. Jazz stood against the wall with her arms crossed over her chest.

She was pissed off at this point the stench of the bull pen was nauseating an elderly white woman who was already there when they arrived, stood up and walked over to the front of the cell and violently rattled the bars “get me the fuck out of here I’m Dopesick. ”She screamed down the hallway a female officer could be heard, saying “Tuff shit. ”The woman began to puke in the middle of the floor. Women began to scamper out the way of vomit some weren’t so lucky “hey you stupid dope fiend, bitch”a woman spoke up in protest some of that Got on me jazz looked on at the spectacle. The woman who spoke up, looked like she meant business as she approached the elderly drug addict.

The room grew silent as the woman grew closer without any further delay or talk the woman proceeded to smack the lady, the addict went right back at her, with vengeance of her own the two started to get in to it in the middle of the cell exchanging claws blows, and cussing Several guards came running down the hall as the ruckus broke out.

“Hey, break that shit up”a male officer ordered. He looked to mean business. The woman didn’t obey and continued to claw away. The fight came to an end as the two women slipped into the vomit that started this whole fiasco in the first place.

Jazz let out a hysterical fit of laughter.

This caused a sharp stare from the big guard that gave the order.

“I don’t see what’s so fucking funny young lady. This is your future. ”jazz kissed her teeth and gave him a dartful look “get some porters down here to clean this shit up and move these witches to another cell”the man ordered two of his coworkers who hustled off to comply. After the woman were lead to another cell jazz rushed to get a seat on one of the benches. Rosa was able to get a seat next to jazz, which garnered her several stares for her sitting down, took up like 2 1/2 spot.

She ignored the glares and began to talk to jazz.

“so your man going to get you out if they set bell” Rosa asked “what man?

I don’t got no man””rotation”rosa responded “rotation locked up” jazzy explained “I was attempting to get up his bail Money””girl ain’t nobody rotation locked up.” Rosa countered back.

“I personally take the money downstairs to the pimps myself.””What the hell are you talking about? ”Jazzy asked confused “you, Blondie, Missy, and seduction all work for rotation the money you make at shadow get placed in a envelope every morning,i take that envelope downstairs and give it to rotation. ”jazzy didn’t know to be shocked or mad all she can muster up was “bitch you lying”.

Rosa waved over to another of the woman caught in the raid.

“What pimp do you work for” Rosa asked a white girl named Carly “trouble why you ask” Carly spoke broken English “how do you pay trouble?

The Money”Rosa asked “i don’t pay him no money you pay him in the morning.””That’s all thank you” The woman turned to go back to her seat, but a black woman had already jumped in her grave.

“See I wish one of your wife in-laws were in here to tell you what I’m talking about. ”Jasmine went back-and-forth with Rosa growing more frustrated she got even more

pissed off as she felt her period coming down. An officer appeared at the gate and called several women names to the gate you ladies get ready you got court in two minutes. I'll be back to get you. Jazz closed her eyes and leaned on Rosa shoulder for she wasn't one of the lucky ones being called.

She thought about her child at home and thought raising him isn't as bad as this at this moment she desperately wanted to be home…….. rotation got the word that shadow escort service was raided . He jumped out of bed and grabbed a few thousand out of the safe in case he needed bail money then made his way to the Manhattan court. He drove across the Manhattan Bridge to lower Manhattan. He directed his car in the direction of criminal court when he arrived he parked and made his way into the building with only a first name to work with it would be difficult finding what court jazz would be seen at.

He cleared the metal detector and walked over to a bank of elevators positioned on the walls was a court docket with several names. This was gonna be a hard task because the docket show last names and just the first initial rotation worked his fingers down the list of names. He grew frustrated going down the list of hundreds of names. He cursed himself out for not getting jazz full name.

He didn't give two shits about Blondie who he knew would find her way back to the stable at that moment he realize like some of the great pimps before him would say it's not good to pimp a lie he continued to work the names when the elevator opened several people made their exit, including jazz, wearing a mini skirt and a sleeveless T-shirt the two locked eyes at the same time jazz walked over to where he was standing his facial expression read that he was caught red-handed he began to speak she cut him off by saying "really nigga I'm hungry and I got tissue stuck up in my pussy that I'm bleeding on. "She explained as she walked away from him in the direction of the metal detectors.

"Well, hello to you also"he said picking up his pace to catch her.

"I miss you little mama.""miss me.!!Why don't you miss me with your bullshit"She turned and shouted, causing several people to gawk in their direction.

"what are you talking about"rotation feign confusion "oh you know what I'm talking about"she shot back with her hands on her hips "the fact that you were not locked up and collecting money from Rosa every morning""oh that well I could tell you why i did it.""Yeah, cause you're an asshole who could've just asked me"she began but no I get locked up thinking I'm helping you get free". "Why don't we go get something to eat and

talk?””oh we going fo that anyway”jazz knocked his hand away as he attempted to place it on her shoulder.

“I’m fucking mad at you rotation””I know little mama I’ll explain it all””yeah you better”” I do notice you were down for me and that means more than anything,”he redirected “so here I am down here, ready to spend an arm and leg to make sure you free”he finish as he pulled out a lot of money for dramatic effect.

He could tell that jazzy began to soften He flashed her his golden smile that he felt can melt the most solid bitch.

“I told you I’m fucking hungry and bleeding”jazz barked “and you standing here grinning like you just won the lotto”rotation grinned harder it took jazz one booking trip to turn into what rotation liked to call a well season hoe.