

BABY BOI

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1 MY FIRST CHOICE

The choices I had made, that's all I could think about, the choices I had made to find myself in the position I was in, on my back with the last bit of my manhood being torn away with every thrust of the man who was raping me. I stared out into the darkness of the night, looking up at the ceiling listening to the springs on the bed creaking with each thrust that invaded my body. In the distance someone yelled.

“Get it Momo, get it.”

Edging my cellmate on as he raped me after I had arrived at the jail earlier the day before. In the midst of the experience, I could only think back on my life and the journey that led me here, and the choices I had made along the way.

My grandmother said I came into the world screaming, as if I knew all the hardship and hate I would have to endure in my life. She would know since she was there and saw the whole thing; my mother gave birth on a Sunday morning while my grandmother was making breakfast. It was a story my grandmother would delight in telling.

“Lord, by the time she dropped that baby all the grits was burnt, never did eat till dinner”, she would say to anyone that would listen.

My Grandmother named me Dominion, Dominion Grace after my Grandfather. It is a tradition in our family that the first-born son has always been named Dominion

since we were slaves. It was a way of dedicating each generation to God and to remind us that God would always have dominion over us, because we lived in his grace. My middle name was David. Granny picked it out of the bible saying that long before he slew Goliath, God had a plan for him. There was a story behind my name. According to our family history or as much of it as you could believe, my great, great, great grandfather was the first Dominion, and he was a slave who was able to buy his freedom and later became the owner of his own plantation. Granny said this made us a proud and strong family; we had a history.

That did not matter much to me while I was growing up since we lived in the projects and life was hard, too hard to be proud about someone that was not even alive anymore. I was born and grew-up in a twelve-block radius in Miami's Liberty City. I was born in the Scott's Housing Project, the Pork and Beans. My mother did not know who my father was, only that she met him one night coming home from work on the bus. She laughed whenever she was drunk at how he had fucked her in an abandoned building...

"Lord dat niggah ran up in me like a freight train all night...I hardly made it home, and nine months later I was still feeling him." She would say.

It did not matter who was around, that was always her favorite story to tell. My mother was somewhat of a whore. I never had a father to speak of, but there were plenty of men around. My mother kept her a man, or a piece of a man as Granny styled it. Some of them were good men; they just could not deal with my mother and her ways. So they would just come for church.

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I remember walking into her room on a few occasions to find her legs up in the air or on some man's shoulders. My grandmother use to call it going to church when she had company because she said it was the closest she got to going to church. She cried out Jesus so many times you would think she was getting slain in the spirit instead of getting slain at the end of some man's manhood; sometimes she was in church all night.

My mother cared very little for me or about me; I was an occasional distraction to the life she wanted. She believed that had she not gotten pregnant with me that she would have been a celebrity. That was funny because she had no talent to speak of, well none that would make her a celebrity. As it happened, she could not afford the abortion so here I am.

If it was not for my grandmother, I don't think I would have survived. She was always there to make sure I ate, took a bath, and tell me stories of about the family. She always said that where you start out does not determine where you will end up. She would say "we were slaves once baby, until the first Dominion wanted more...you have to want more too".

My grandmother had moved to Miami when she met my grandfather Barrington Grace; he was a Longshoreman she met when he was visiting his cousin back in Valdosta where my grandmother grew up. My grandmother was nothing like her daughter, she had married the first man she gave herself to and stayed with him until he died. I don't think my mother could recall with whom her first time was with.

I had a praying grandmother; she went to church four times a week. Tuesday was bible study; Thursday was choir rehearsal and usher board meeting; Saturday was the

youth ministry, and of course there was Sunday when she was in church all day. First service was at 9, so Granny got up at 6 to get there, the second service was at 11, and then she went with the ladies of the church to visit the shut-ins. Shut-ins were people who were sick or not doing well and could not make it to church. On occasion she would take me with her; she said she did not want me to see what went on at home while she was not there.

I spent more time in church growing up than I did at home. Although we did not have much, you would not have known it when you met my grandmother or Granny as I affectionately called her. People called her Miss B, short for Beatrice. Beatrice Edna Grace was known around the neighborhood for two things, her stylish hats and her cooking. When she stepped out, she stepped out. She drove a 1975 Cadillac that had belonged to my grandfather, and she kept it up and in good shape. My mother use to say that she loved the car more than she did her; the funny thing is Granny never denied it. She would always respond, "You never lied about that." She said that because it was true.

Granny said "I never got anything but pain and heartache from that girl, but my car has brought me nothing but joy."

I loved talking to her, and listening to her stories. She would tell me about when she was a girl growing up in Georgia and what it was like to be black back then. We would sit on the porch together and talk even as a child, she in her chair and me sitting on the floor at her feet.

"We were poor, but we had more than others, my daddy and his daddy were free men, they wasn't no slave, they had land. That's where we get our color from; my daddy said that his daddy was the son of a white landowner who

had fallen in love with my great great grandmother. It was not something ugly, wasn't no rape, he wanted her and she gave herself to him, that's how my daddy got here. They were not married because back then you could not mix, but my great great grandfather took care of her, and when she gave birth to my great great grandfather, he gave her land, and our family has lived there ever since." She said.

Granny said when she met my grandfather; it was love at first sight. She got emotional when she spoke about my grandfather and their life together.

"Barrington Grace was a sexy man, Lord the women in the church would go crazy on Sunday when he walked in, always dressed to the nine! Too bad I had to shoot him; you high yellow niggahs have never been any good. Not right for a man to be so damn pretty." She would always start off.

Granny was not joking when she said that she had shot my grandfather, she did. See, my grandfather was something of a player long before players were in style. Granny said that is where my mother got her whoring ways from, her daddy. She had loved the same man she gave herself to, but he had not done the same. Ole granddad had many women.

The story, as Granny tells it, is that he was a longshoreman, working on the docks when they met, and she fell in love and ran back to Miami with him and they got married. Granddad had other women before he got married and little changed after they were married. When she was pregnant with momma, he started to not come home some nights. It was on one of those occasions, she said she went down to the longshoreman's hall to find him. As the story goes as she was walking up the street she saw him getting into a car with a woman, a white

woman. So she ran out into the street in front of the car, and when they stopped she walked over to the car and asked him where he had been. He explained that he had slept on the docks and was going with the lodge secretary, the white woman, to get the money for the payroll. Well Granny said she believed him and went home. But something about it did not sit well with her.

She said, "I had a dream that night that woke me out of my sleep. I saw your granddaddy in the dream riding a white donkey."

Granny had always claimed to have the gift of visions and could see things before they happened. A few days later she said she was doing the laundry and she found a worker pass from Miami Beach. Back in those days, you needed a pass to go to Miami Beach if you were black; and it had an address on it. She picked up my grandfather's gun and put it in her purse and took the bus over to the beach. She found the address that was on the pass and walked up to the house. When she knocked on the door, the same white woman came to the door. Granny said she pushed past her into the house and found granddad sitting in the living room buck naked, so she shot him.

"I shot him right in his ass! I never went to jail because them white folk did not want it to come out that he was fucking that white woman. I didn't kill him though, I wasn't a good enough shot for that, but the cancer got him eventually. But that's what that pretty yellow niggah got from me; a bullet in his ass, and he never stepped out on me until he died. Lord knows I loved him and I miss him right now because we need a man in this house." She would sit there with tears running down her cheeks every time she told that story.

I grew up in a house with two women; before I could walk I knew more about feminine hygiene products than I did about anything else. It was nothing for momma to call me into the bathroom to bring her a tampon from her room. I would sit and listen to their intimate conversations about how they felt about life and how men treated them. Granny was not bitter, looking back; I think she was just lonely. Momma, on the other hand, had too many men. I don't know if she just could not make up her mind about just one, or the fact that there were so many, she just wanted to have them all. Needless to say, she had her fair share of men for her and for Granny as well. I did not start to realize that my life was not normal until I got older and other children would ask me about my daddy. To me, I was happy with just me, Granny and Momma in the house after seeing how some of my friends' daddies treated them and their mommas.

As I grew up, I learned to deal with my life the best way I could. Granny cared for me more than Momma did because she had to, there were times when she would just get up and go. We would not see her or hear from her for days or months at a time, those were the times that I was happiest, because Granny lavished all her attention on me. When Momma was around Granny focused on her and what she was or was not doing with her life and with me.

Then there were the arguments that would last for days. It seemed that Momma could do nothing right where Granny was concerned. These arguments all ended in the same way, Momma storming out of the house under the watchful eyes of the neighbors who would gather on their front porch to listen to the goings on at the Grace house. Granny said they tuned in as if it was a soap opera on television.

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Momma brought out the worst in Granny. I can recall my second grade graduation when Momma showed up late. It was not that she showed up late that mattered, but that she showed up drunk and smelled like she had slept in the sewer. I had a speech to give and Granny was as proud as anything on that day. She had taken me downtown to get a suit and a hair cut just for the ceremony. She had the Cadillac washed and we got dressed and headed down to the school. She held her head high as we walked in and were welcomed by other parents and teachers. Granny sat down in the front row as I took my place on stage. When my name was called, she stood up and clapped and yelled “that is my baby”, as the other parents looked on and congratulated her.

Granny and Momma had gotten into a fight the day before, and she had not come home that night. Granny said she did not think she knew enough to know that it was an important day for me, so she did not think she would come, but she was wrong, she did. As I stood there on the stage reciting my lines, Momma staggered down the aisle and took the empty seat next to Granny. I knew something was wrong by the way the woman sitting next to her fanned her handkerchief in the air and then held it over her mouth. As I continued to say my lines looking at Granny smiling up at me from the front row, Momma jumped up and yelled “go ahead baby....that’s my baby”. Granny grabbed her by the arm and pulled her back into her seat, and then it all started.

Momma yelled out, “Bitch don’t be pulling on me like that”, as she fell back into the seat. Granny did not respond, but the gasps from those around her in response to what momma said were enough. Granny did not wait to soak up the moment after the ceremony or stay for the cookies and punch. As the ceremony ended, she grabbed me by the arm and headed outside to the car. I looked out

the window at momma as she stumbled out of the building and sat down on the steps as we pulled away. Through the years as I was growing up, there would be many days like that.

Even though I heard it all the time while growing up, I never thought I was handsome or even good-looking, but everyone seemed to think that I was. Momma said that if it were not for my light skin and good hair, she would have left me in the hospital. She said because I would have been just another nigger if I did not have those things going for me.

I was teased a lot for being so light skinned; I never really cared too much about what they called me or said. My Granny said I was the spirit of my grandfather that had come back to torment her because I had his light skin. I kept to myself mostly because of it, you know how children can be, and for the most part I was always a target. When I did get the odd chance to be included in a dodge ball game or two, it was always a treat for me.

Growing up in a house with two women made me more comfortable around girls, so I mostly paid attention to what they did. I liked playing house when the kids got together. I was always the baker, it was my special skill as a child, and I could make a mean mud pie. I remember that was how I got my first kiss. Jenny Mitchell from up the block was playing Miss Jones and she needed a pie but did not have any money for it, so she had to kiss me to get the pie. Then Brandon from next door who played the postman wanted a pie and did not have any money, so he kissed me too. Thinking back, I never really thought anything about kissing a boy, we were just kids playing a game. It seemed like every time we played, Brandon did not have the money for his pie so he had to kiss me to get it. After awhile, I just gave it to him.

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When I was not playing with the neighborhood kids, I stayed in the house most of the time, and tried to stay from underfoot as Granny use to say. My mother and Granny were not big on affection, so I did not get a lot of attention from them, especially when I needed it. I did have a lot of uncles, at least that is what my mother called her boyfriends that she brought by the house, and there were a lot of them.

The one that would change my life was Uncle Ernest. I was nine years old when he started coming around. I remember because he brought me a birthday present. It was a little plastic car and it was the first time that anyone outside of Granny or Momma had given me anything. He stayed around longer than any of my mother's other boyfriends, at least that I could remember. He was the first to call me Baby Boi, soon Granny and Momma picked it up as well.

Ernest was a big man, over six feet tall and then some, it seemed like he took up the whole room when he walked through the door. He had big muscular arms and legs, with a baldhead and he spoke funny. He had a thick accent that Granny said was because he was from New Orleans.

He liked to pick me up and fly me around the room, it was fun and I enjoyed it, but it always ended up with me being thrown on the sofa headfirst. He would always say, "You better not cry...only girls and punks cry...suck it up."

He worked in construction and always came by dusty and covered in cement. Despite his size, he respected my grandmother and helped with the bills and did little things around the house that she needed to be done. He fixed the broken window that had been shot out when the police arrested the man next door for killing his mother.

Granny said it was good to have a man around the house, as long as he was doing something with himself.

Ernest was not a lazy man, not by far; he worked even on the weekends when he could find work. He would always bring home garlic crabs every Friday. We sat on the front porch and ate them while he told us about his day at work or about the neighborhood gossip. That was the good side of him, but every man has his faults Granny said and his was on Saturdays when he started drinking. If he was not working, he would start around noon and by the time the sun had gone down, he was good and drunk. That was when Granny said you could see his demons. He always did things on Saturday that he would try the rest of the week to make-up for. Granny use to say that she loved the crabs on Friday, but she knew what Saturdays brought.

When he was drunk he would complain about what the white man had done to him, he was bitter Granny said from being in prison for being black. From what I could remember, Granny said he was on his way home from work when the police got him and said he had raped a white woman a few blocks away. When that woman saw him she swore to Jesus that he was the one that raped her. "Truth be told, that woman probably would have claimed that Jesus was the one if he was black", Granny would say.

Ernest spent five years in jail for being in the wrong place at the wrong time, and she said that is where he got the demons that came out on Saturdays.

One day Granny came home from choir practice and announced that she was going to Atlanta with her church to sing in a competition. She told my mother and Ernest that she was going to be gone all weekend. My mother at the time worked as a waitress at a restaurant, her only

concern had to do with who was going to be looking after me while Granny was away.

“Well you going off to Atlanta, who is going watch Baby Boi, I have to work?” She asked as she followed behind Granny as she pulled her suitcase down from the top shelf of the closet.

“Now I will only be gone for a few days, Ernest will be off, He can help out with Baby, he is like a daddy to the boy anyway” Granny said as she placed one of her hats on her head and stood in the mirror admiring it. “Yes, this one will do just fine”, she said.

“Well he is not his daddy.” Momma said as she turned and walked past me as I stood in the doorway.

“How do you know, how do you know he not the boy daddy? You have never been able to say who was the daddy, but you sure know who isn’t. That man is more of a daddy to that boy than any of them other men you have been laying up with. At least he helps with the bills, all any of them other so called men did is fuck you and leave you knocked up, then I had to worry about getting you the money to get rid of it.” Granny said as she stood in the doorway of her room.

“So you let that man take care of the boy, because I'm going to Atlanta”, Granny yelled at her. Later, Ernest came home and Granny told him that she was going to Atlanta and momma was going to be working so he would have to take care of me on Saturday. “No problem Ms. Grace, me and the boy will be ok, just us men” he said.

Granny was right, he was the closest thing that I had to a father, in fact some of the kids already thought that he was. Whenever they saw him coming they would always say “there goes your daddy”, I never bothered to correct

them. That night even though it was only Friday, Granny cooked a Sunday dinner and we all sat at the table and ate. After dinner I got washed up and climbed into bed as Granny finished ironing her choir robe and hung it up behind the door. That was the last thing I remembered until I woke up the next morning.

It was early when I woke up, but Granny was already up and dressed. I watched as she pulled her suitcase out the door all the while yelling for momma to get her robe from the door. “Girl get that robe and don’t drop it, I was up all night ironing it”, she yelled. Momma came running in and pulled the robe from the door. I followed behind them to the front door and looked out at the big bus that had pulled up outside full of people. They were just singing and carrying on; I stood on the porch as momma hugged her at the gate. “Go and sing them under the bus”, she yelled as the bus pulled off.

She walked back up on the porch and walked past me and plopped down on the sofa. I walked in and sat down beside her. “Go get some cereal, because I am not cooking anything, and when you finish wash the bowl out and then go play somewhere”, she yelled at me.

I did what she told me; I sat in the kitchen and ate, I was already missing Granny. When I was finished I went out onto the porch and watched the kids across the street as they played in their yard. I stayed there until momma called me in for lunch. She had not moved from the sofa; she told me to go and make a bologna sandwich and drink some milk. I sat in the kitchen by myself and ate, and when I was finished I went back to my spot on the porch. The kids were on the sidewalk now, so I moved down to the gate and listened as they played their games.

Eventually they started a game of dodge ball and I joined in. As I waited my turn, one of the kids yelled out, “here comes your daddy”, and I looked up the street to see Ernest coming. I ran into the yard and sat down on the edge of the porch. “Hey boy, you ready for these crabs, I know you been waiting”, he said as he put the bucket down and picked me up over his head and ran into the house. Momma started yelling. “Wait wait!” I was hoping she was going to tell him not to throw me on the sofa, but she did not. “Let me move before you throw him” she said.

Some how he missed judged his throw, because I missed the sofa just a bit and hit the wall. I jumped up in pain, wailing at the top of my lungs. “Shut your punk ass up, suck it up, niggah, suck it up”, he yelled at me.

I ran over to my momma, and he followed behind me. “Bring your pussy ass here, niggah, where u going? I said stop that crying, it is nothing but a little pain, suck it up.” He said.

He ran behind me yelling as I circled my mother trying to get away from him. Momma started moving out of the way and I grabbed her legs as he grabbed at me. “Ok Ernest leave him alone”, she said.

“What you trying to do, make him a punk, like he a little girl”, he said looking at my mother.

“Just let him be I said.” Momma pushed past him and walked into the kitchen.

He put me down and picked up the newspaper from the sofa and walked out onto the porch, the screen door slamming behind him. “You all right?” momma asked looking at me. “He is just trying to make you a man”, she said as she turned and walked out onto the porch. I got up

off the floor and walked over to the door, and watched them as they sat there eating crabs and drinking beer.

Momma called out, “Baby Boi come get some of these crabs because I am not cooking.” I slowly pushed the door open and walked out onto the porch.

“Nah, he can’t have none of my crabs, can’t no pussy get none of my crabs.” Ernest said.

Momma ignored him and picked up some crabs from the bucket and placed them in a bowl, “stop playing”, she said as she handed me the bowl.

I took the bowl into the kitchen and sat by myself and ate the crabs. Later Ernest and momma came into the house laughing. “Lord Granny is gone, we going to get buck wild up in here”, Ernest said as he picked up momma and carried her into her room.

“Hold on baby, you finish eating those crabs and get washed up.” momma said.

“Yeah, you got the whole house smelling, like pussy” Ernest added. With that he carried her into the room and kicked the door shut.

I got up and put the crabs in the garbage and then went into the bathroom to wash my hands and wiped my face like Granny always told me to do. I went back into our room and climbed onto the bed, it was much bigger with Granny not being there. I laid there looking up at the ceiling and listening to Ernest and momma laughing, after a little while I had fallen asleep.

I woke up to the familiar sound of momma yelling out “Jesus...Jesus.” I could also hear Ernest yelling out as well. “Yes baby girl, give it to me.”

I climbed down from the bed and went to the doorway and walked over to my momma's bedroom door.

"Take it baby, take it", I could hear Ernest yelling. Momma just kept calling on "Jesus".

I pushed the door just a little and got down on the floor and looked in. The room was dark, except for the small lamp on the dresser; that had something covering over it that gave the room a red glow. I could see Momma and Ernest on the bed, Momma was lying on her stomach and Ernest was on her back, and they were both naked. I sat there looking through the crack in the door as Ernest pulled her up off her stomach. She was lying with her hips in the air and Ernest was behind her. They were like that for a while. "Come get this milk baby", Ernest said, and Momma turned around and put his thing into her mouth. Her head was bobbed up and down as she held his manhood in her hand and went up and down on it. Ernest held her by her hair while she did it, and then he looked over in my direction, I stepped back from the door so that he could not see me.

"Come on baby, let me get up in them guts like I like to", Ernest said, as I heard momma squeal.

I looked back as I walked back to the door and looked in, momma was on her back now with her legs spread in the air, and Ernest was between her legs. I could see his behind as it went up and down.

"That's it bitch take this dick, take it, take it", he said as he jumped up and down on her. His big feet hanging off the edge of the bed, as he bounced on top of her.

"Whose pussy is this...who's is it?" he asked her.

"It's yours, damn it's yours", Momma cried out.

“That’s what I’m talking bout, take all this dick, I’m going to get a baby out you, take it he said.”

I could see the size of his manhood as he pulled it all the way out and then pushed it into her. She grabbed her legs and held them in the air as Ernest bounced on top of her. He pushed her legs back, holding them at her knees and was doing pushups on her, like he did every morning before he left for work. I could see his manhood clearly as he put it in her and pulled it all the way out. He was going faster now, and momma was yelling.

“God damn you hurting me ...damn”, she protested.

“You know how I do bitch, shut up and take this dick”, he responded as he continued to drive in and out of her.

As I stood there looking through the crack in the doorway, I remember holding my own manhood at the time, it had gotten hard, it was nowhere near the size of Ernest’s, but it was there. I heard a yell, this time it was not momma, but Ernest, and “I’m cumin... I’m cumin”, he yelled and then dropped down on top of momma. As he lay there, my eyes focused in the light and I could see he was looking right at me. I jumped back from the door and walked quickly back to the room and jumped in bed.

As I laid there a light came on in the kitchen and I got up and walked to the door to see who it was. I stood there looking to see who it was, and then I saw Ernest walk out from the kitchen, he was naked, and his manhood hung between his legs and flopped back and forth as he walked. He stopped right before he got to momma’s room and looked over and saw me standing there.

“What you doing up?” He said as he walked back towards me.

My eyes were focused on his manhood; it was smaller than it was before, but still big.

“What you doing up I said?” He repeated as he stood in front of me.

“Nothing”, I said as I stood staring at him standing there naked, my eyes glued to his manhood, which was now right in front of me.

“Then go back to bed then”, he said as he turned and walked back into the kitchen.

I climbed back up in the bed as the light in the kitchen went off and I heard the door to my Momma’s room close. I laid there holding myself until I fell off to sleep.

The next morning I woke up and climbed out of bed and walked into the living room. The television was on, and Ernest was stretched out on the sofa. Momma was just walking out of her room and grabbing her handbag from the table. “Ok Baby Boi, you behave, Ernest going to look after you until I get home, ok?” Momma said as she patted me on my head and walked over to Ernest on the sofa. He patted her on her behind and she walked out the door. I walked over to the door and watched as she walked up the sidewalk to the bus stop.

Ernest stayed on the sofa all that day, except for when he had gotten up to go to the bathroom or fixed us a sandwich for lunch. He had not bothered to get dressed; he was still in his underwear and nothing else. I sat on the floor next to him on the sofa. A few times when he got excited about something on television and jumped up, his manhood would poke out the little hole in the front of his shorts. Around three o’clock the phone rang and he got up to answer it. “What...come on now, you know its Saturday, tell that white man you have a crumb snatcher and a man at home you need to cook dinner for them.” He yelled into the phone before slamming it down. “Your momma isn’t going to be home till three in the damn

morning, somebody got fired and she said she need to stay”, he said as he walked past me into the kitchen.

He opened the door to the refrigerator and stood in front of it looking inside. “There isn’t anything in here to eat”, he said then slammed the door. “I guess we have to head out to McDonalds”, he said as he walked into the room.

He came out a few moments later fully dressed pulling a T-shirt over his head. “Well lil punk, you coming or what?” He asked as he walked out the door, slamming the screen door behind him. I walked out behind him, closing the door and locking it with the key that I carried around my neck. He was already half way up the block so I had to run to catch up with him.

We walked to McDonalds where he got me a Happy Meal and two Big Macs for himself. We ate there and on the way back home, he stopped at the liquor store where I waited outside as he went in and got something to drink.

When we got back home we sat in the living room and watched wrestling on TV. It was not long before he was drunk, and yelling at the television.

“That shit is not real; a niggah would die if you hit him like that with a chair” he got up yelling at the TV.

He walked over to the bathroom and stood in front of the toilet, he left the door open and I could see as he pulled his manhood out of his pants. I tried to focus on the television as I heard the water dropping into the bowl. I could not help but take a few glances over at him a few times, as he finished pissing and put his manhood back in his pants. As he walked back over to the sofa, I remember thinking, he did not even washed his hands. I

looked at him out of the corner of my eyes scared to make eye contact.

“What are you looking at?” He asked as he caught me looking at him. I shook my head nodding nothing and stared at the TV. I sat there on the floor for the rest of the evening, while he drank and cursed at everything on the TV, even the commercials.

I must have dozed off because the next thing I remembered was him waking me up and telling me to take my little ass to bed. I got up from the floor without saying anything to him and walked to the room. I started to get undressed and pulled out some underwear from my drawer and walked out across the living room to the bathroom to take a bath. I kept my eyes straight, trying not to look in his direction. I hated when he was drunk, he was ok otherwise, but he was different when he was drunk. Usually Momma or Granny was here to tell him he had had enough, but there was only me so he sat there and drank the whole bottle.

I walked in the bathroom and started to close the door, as I did I noticed him staring at me. I got in the tub and turned on the shower and sat on the toilet stool, watching the water as it fell. I stood up and pulled down my briefs, and looked down at my small manhood and wondering if it would get as big as his when I got older. I got in the shower and stood under the water, wondering what Granny was doing. I grabbed the rag and soap and started to soap myself up when I heard the door open.

I looked out from the corner of the shower as Ernest walked in stumbling over my clothes on the floor. He pulled out his manhood and stood in front of the toilet, I watched as the stream sprang from it into the bowl. He started to fall forward and placed an arm out to brace

himself against the wall, as he did he looked over at me. “What you looking at pussy” he asked as he used his other hand to put his manhood back in his pants. I quickly closed the shower curtain as he stumbled back out the door; again I thought to myself, he did not wash his hands again.

I showered and put on my briefs and picked up my clothes from the floor and walked out into the living room. I kept my head straight as I walked back to the bedroom.

“Did you wash everywhere?” Ernest blurted out as I walked past him.

“Yes.” I replied nervously trying not to show any reaction to his question.

“Come here let me check that booty”, he said.

I did not stop; I walked into the room and closed the door. I jumped up on the bed and laid there listening to him cursing at the television.

I don't remember how long it took me to fall asleep, but I woke up when I felt someone get in the bed with me. I thought maybe momma had come home and had come in to check if I was ok, or maybe Granny had gotten back early. Before I could turn over to see who it was, I felt someone on top of me, they were heavy and I started trashing around and yelling. I felt a hand over my mouth.

“Shhhhh, be quiet.” It was Ernest. He removed his hand from my mouth, and started kissing me, on the cheek, and then on my lips. I could smell the alcohol on his breath.

“Sup lil pussy, you going to let me check your booty to see if you washed everywhere like a good little pussy?” He asked as his hands started pulling at my briefs.

I did not know what to do or to think, I remember thinking that I should have just let him check. Momma and Granny would check me sometime and tell me to go back because I had not washed well enough. Soon he had pulled my briefs off and continued to kiss me. He was putting his tongue deep in my mouth; and I could taste the alcohol he had been drinking. His hands ran over my body as I lay there, not saying anything. He started licking on my neck, it tickled and I started to giggle.

“Oh you like that baby” he asked as I looked up at him. He went back to licking on my neck and then I felt his hands grabbing my bottom. His hands were rough and it hurt as he squeezed by bottom and I started to push him off me. Before I knew it, he had flipped me over onto my stomach and climbed on top of me. He was heavy, so heavy that I felt like he was going to crush the breath out of me and now his hands were digging into my bottom. I could feel him placing a finger in my booty and I started to pull away. His weight was too much for me and I could hardly move.

“Where are you going lil pussy, shhhhh just stay still “ he said as he got up off me.

I felt relieved that he had gotten up, and I took a deep breath, as he pulled my legs apart. I felt a warm wet feeling on my bottom and I turned my head to the side, trying to see what it was. His hands pulled my bottom apart and I felt that wet feeling again. I looked back and saw that he had his head in my bottom. I did not know what he was doing, but I knew that it was not ok. “Stop” I said and tried to get up. He pulled me back towards him,

and now I could tell what he was licking my bottom, I could feel his tongue, it tickled a little bit and the hair from his face was scratching me.

“Stop it Uncle Ernest, you are hurting me.” I said louder. He got up from the bed and I realized that he was naked. His manhood was big, just as big as it was when he was making Momma call on Jesus. I was scared now because I knew that whatever he was going to do was wrong and I needed to get away. As I jumped off the bed and ran out the door into the living room he ran behind me. He grabbed my around my waist and carried me back into the room. I yelled out for him to stop and I screamed for him to stop as he threw me down on the bed. He threw me down so hard that I bounced in the air and before I could get up, he was on top of me again.

“Stop it Uncle Ernest, I am going to tell momma,” I threatened looking up at him. Before I could say another word his huge hand collided with the side of my face. “Shut up” he yelled as he flipped me over onto my stomach and climbed on top of me.

“Shhhhhh baby, its ok, open your mouth” he whispered in my ear.

I did as he asked and he placed his finger in my mouth. “Suck on that.” he told me. It was salty, and all I could think about is that he had not washed his hands when he used the bathroom. He kept his finger in my mouth as he kissed my back, and then he was licking my booty again. I wanted to move or even to run and try and get away, but I was so afraid of him hitting me again, my face was still burning from him slapping me. I lay there listening to him moaning as he licked on my bottom, hoping that if I stayed still he would stop. After a while he climbed on top of me and I could feel his finger trying to get into my

booty and I started to scoot up trying to get away from him, but he held me down.

“Come on now baby, it’s ok,” he whispered in my ear. My bottom began to hurt so much, I began to cry, the tears streamed down my face. I could not understand why he was putting his hand in my bottom like that, and then I realized that it could not be his hand, because now he had both hands on my shoulders. I realized that he had his manhood in my bottom. I tried to get away, but the more I tried the harder he held me. I kicked my legs trying to get away as I started to cry.

“Stop Uncle Ernest, please stop.”

“It’s ok baby, it is ok,” he said as he pushed my head deeper into the bed.

I must have passed out, because the next thing I remember was looking up at him. I was on my back and I was wondering why my feet were flipping around like that on his shoulder. My booty still hurt, but not as much as before. My eyes were burning, as the sweat from his face was falling into my eyes. I turned my head and look at the mirror on the dresser. I could see it all, I could see him on top of me, and I could see his manhood going into me. I could see it all, and all I could do is just lie there.

“That’s it baby, I knew you would like it, that’s it, you like it?” He asked as he started kissing me on the cheek.

I could feel the sweat on my face and smelled the alcohol on his breath. I just kept looking in the mirror. Soon he started to breathe faster and he started kissing my face.

“I’m cumin baby, I’m gonna cum in this booty.” He said as he held me close and started to shake.

When he was finished, he rolled off me. I got up and ran out the room into the bathroom and locked the door. I did not know what happened, but I knew that it was wrong.

“Baby”...boy open this damn door, I need to get to the toilet.” It was momma. I got up off the floor and walked over to the door and opened it, she pushed me out of the way and closed the door behind her. I stood there still naked looking at the door.

“Baby Boi”, come here.” I turned around and saw Ernest standing there... I could not move. He walked over to me and knelt down in front of me.

“Now listen, don’t you go telling your momma our little secret now you hear, this between us men, don’t be a pussy.”

I looked at him as if I could see his soul, and I could. He leaned forward and kissed me, just as momma flushed the toilet and he got up and walked back into their room. The door to the bathroom opened and momma came out.

“Why you still standing here, you have the shits or something, go put on some damn clothes.” She said as she walked past me into the room. I walked back into my room and climbed up on the bed. My bottom was on fire every time I moved, as I started to fall asleep, I could remember hearing momma yelling “JESUS...”.

The next morning I woke to find Granny standing over me. “Baby Boi, get up baby, we need to change these sheets, looks like you had an accident.” I looked down on the sheets and saw the doo doo all over the bed. “What happened, Ernest gave you too much crabs to eat?”

Granny asked as I climbed off the bed and she pulled the sheets off the bed.

“Go take a shower.” She said as she walked past me. I went to the bathroom and turned on the shower. I stood there as the water ran down my body and my bottom was hurting. I was afraid to wash back there because of the pain. I was wondering if what had happened had really happened. It had to have. I finished up and came out the shower and walked back into the bedroom. I got some clothes from the drawer and put them on and walked out into the living room. I could smell bacon cooking, ;I walked into the kitchen and momma was in mid sentence.

“I don’t know why you let him eat all them crabs, you know they give you the shits, why you think they would not give him the shits.” She was saying to Ernest who was sitting at the table across from her. I sat down next to her.

“When I got home he was locked up in the bathroom, I asked him if he had the shits, did not mean he had to go shit all over the damn bed, he too old for that.” She said looking at me.

“Leave the lil man alone, shit happens.” Ernest said looking at me. “Shit happens... shit happens!” Momma repeated as she laughed out loud and banging on the table.

“Well it happened so its no use talking about it, just have to clean it up.” Granny said as she sat a plate of eggs and bacon in front of me and kissed me on the top of my head. I guess looking back that was the first time that I had to make a choice and I did not, I could have said something to someone, but I didn’t. After that day, I got use to being home alone with Uncle Ernest, after awhile I even looked forward to it.

After that, things between Uncle Ernest and I changed, he had changed. I was no longer a little pussy. I was his little man. He taught me to play football; basketball and even took me to a couple of games. He became the father that I wanted and needed. He was my protector and my teacher. He taught me what I needed to know as a man growing up in the projects, the hustle that would keep me alive he said. Respect was important he would say. "If a man does not respect you, you ain't shit", he would always tell me. He was hard on me with everything, the only time he was gentle was the stolen moments when we shared our secret time, which was not always when he was drunk. We shared a secret, a bond. Some how even at that age, I knew that it was wrong, but he showed me love in a different way.

Soon it was not unusual for me to sleep in Momma's bed when she had to work and Granny was at church or at one of her lodge meetings. That was me and Uncle Ernest's time to be together. He was very gentle with me, and I loved the way that he made me feel. I longed for those special times and the way he held me. Even when he was not holding me, I could feel his arms around me, holding me close.

In the evenings I would sit on the porch and wait for him to come home. I would see him coming up the block and I would jump down off the porch and run into his arms. He would pick me up and swing me around before putting me down and patting me on my bottom as we walked holding hands all the way to the house.

Some nights, I would fall asleep laying on his chest watching the game on the television and he would always carry me to my bed with such care. I would still listen out at night for Momma when she came home. I would lay there in my bed and hear her giggling and laughing and

eventually she would start to call on Jesus and I knew that he was holding her the way he held me. I would put the pillow over my head so that I could not hear her sometimes when she got too loud.

I was always mad at him after that because I guess even at that age, I was jealous of him being with my mother. He knew that and would always do something special or bring me something special the day after.

Ernest was troubled; he blamed the white man for everything that had gone wrong in his life. When he got drunk, he would talk about how they had stolen his life and had made him nothing more than just a slave. There were nights when he would sit on the porch and cry. Those were the times that Granny said he was trying to cope with his demons. When he got like that, I would go and sit with him and put my head on his shoulder, he seemed to like when I did that.

I don't remember when it was, but one day he just did not come home. I remember sitting on the porch until the streetlights came on, waiting for him. Granny sat with me, momma did not seem to be too concerned. I went to sleep that night wondering if he was ok. The next morning I bounded out of bed to see if he was home, but he was not.

"That niggah probably laid up drunk somewhere with some bitch." Momma said as she watched me standing at the door each day looking up the street waiting for him to come home.

"I hope he is ok, you know how the police can be around here, no telling where he could be." Granny would say as she came and stood with me beside the door, holding my hand. A few days went by and then a few

weeks and still no word. I don't know who missed him more, Momma or me. She called around and walked around looking for him, sometimes I went with her. Looking back I use to laugh sometimes, at how we were both looking for our man, because he was as much my man as he was hers.

It was sometime later we found out through street gossip that he had been picked up for a parole violation and had gone back to prison. The official news came in a letter, addressed to me. It was the first letter I had ever gotten. Granny read the letter as me and momma sat around the table and listened. I don't remember most of the letter, except the part where he said "little man, be a man, don't let anyone make choices for you, remember respect begins with you respecting your momma and Granny, cause they will always be more than you will ever need." Momma cried, and so did I, but I think we were both crying for different reasons, and somehow, in some way we did for the same reason. Life after that was not the same.

2 LIFE IS FULL OF CHOICES

By the time I got to High School, there had been a never ending stream of men in my mother's life after Ernest. Some of them were good; most were just there to take what little we had. Some of them made their mark on me as well as Momma too. Outside of Ernest, I did not get close to any of the others, all except for Twingey. He was Jamaican and had his hair in dreads. We would sit around and talk about Haile Selassie, who was the King of the Rasta people. Twingey was very spiritual and very

respectful to Granny. Whenever she was around, he called her “Madda” and stood up whenever she entered and left the room.

I enjoyed my conversations with Twingey because he would talk to me like I was his son. I asked him one day why he locked his hair and he explained that it was his strength. He said it symbolized the contrast between blacks and whites and represented what God had intended for his children, the tribe of Judah. I liked to listen to him and Granny talk about the bible. They did not agree on everything, but for the most part they believed in God.

I got up one morning and decided that I would stop cutting and combing my hair. Granny was not happy with that idea in the beginning, but she allowed it after Twingey explained that the children of Israel wore their hair this way. Looking back, I did not think that it had anything to do with the children of Israel why Granny let me lock my hair; I think it had more to do with Twingey being there. Momma did not mind because then she would not need to braid my hair every Sunday.

One Sunday he came by and said that today was bredrine day and that we were going to spend the day together fishing and providing for the family. We drove down to this great big park that was close to where they had these great big ships. The park was filled with white folk lying around on sheets on the ground, eating and playing games. We went in the back of the park beside a great big bridge and he took out two fishing poles and a bucket with small fish he explained was bait. He taught me how to put the bait on the hook and how to throw it out. I was so happy when I caught my first fish, I ran up and down the park with it showing it to the other people who were fishing.

I caught six fish that day, and Twingey caught 10. We packed up the fishing gear, put the bucket of fish in the trunk and headed home. We ate well that night and Granny was very happy with Twingey.

Well like every other man in Momma's life, one day Twingey just stopped coming around. By now I had learned not to ask where they had gone or if they were coming back. I took from each of them what little they could teach me about being a man and used it. Twingey left me with something that would distinguish me from everyone else as I grew up. I would always be remembered for two things, my eyes and my hair.

Over the years, I found myself longing for the touch and warmth that I had gotten use to with Ernest. After that first time, we had gotten very close. I was no longer the little pussy; in fact there were times when he would protect me from the wrath of my mother. Granny said that he had come to love me like a son. As I got older, I kept the feelings that I had about men to myself; I pushed them far down inside me so that only I would know they were there. I would often find myself fantasizing about the boys around me. I had a few secret crushes growing up. They always seemed to be with boys or men that were a little thuggish or rugged, but that was all they were, just fantasies. I kept my feelings to myself not really being the outgoing type.

Even though I fantasized about boys, I still liked girls. There had been a few times that I had been with a girl. Like when I would occasionally play house with Sheneeka across the street. Whenever we played I was always the daddy or the mailman and she would kiss me. There was that one time that we were playing house in the back yard and she told me it was time to make a baby. She took me into the shed and told me to take down my pants. I stood

there while she sucked on my dick until she got tired. We did that every time we played house. It was much later that I found out that it was called a blowjob and I grew to like it.

I was in junior high school when I lost my virginity, at least to a girl. Her name was Laura; we met when I was in the seventh grade. We had a few classes together and her brother and I walked home together after school. They did not live in the projects. They lived just a few blocks away. I liked her because she had long hair; she liked me because as she put it I was light skinned, and my hair was different, and that she said it made me fine.

We became boyfriend and girlfriend and spent our weekends sitting in her living room watching television. One Saturday her mother had to go to work and she was home alone so she invited me over. We started off kissing at first, and later I showed her what Sheneeka liked to do to me. She was not as good as Sheneeka, but she did her best. Later on she said that her neck and jaws were hurting and that she would rather just sit on it. So she got up and took her panties off and climbed on. I don't think it was her first time, but it sure was mine. I had her legs up in the air when her brother walked in and yelled "oooooooo I'm gonna tell momma", as he ran out the door. I quickly got dressed and ran all the way home.

When I got there momma and granny were sitting on the porch talking. As I walked by, momma said, "boy, you been playing with some fish, come back here". I came back and stood at the door. "No, that isn't fish you smelling" Granny said as she waved her handkerchief in front of her face. "Boi go jump in the shower, coming back here smelling like pussy, I guess you a man now", Momma said.

Laura's brother must have never told her mother because it seemed that she had to work every Saturday, and we sat on the sofa until her brother went outside to play. Once he went outside, we explored each other. I loved the way she called out my name when I was inside her and how she pulled my hair. The one thing that I did not like was the way it smelled. Afterwards I would always have to sneak into the house to avoid Momma or Granny getting a whiff of me. Eventually Laura and I broke up after she met this guy named Gregory. I really missed her, well to be honest, not really her, just the way she made me feel. Seeing how Momma's relationships were growing up, I never expected anything to last, people came and they went. Gregory seemed like a nice enough guy, he always had a smile on his face, and I knew why.

For the most part, I grew up in a house with two women, and I shared their lives, their conversations and their secrets. I learned more about women than I knew about men. I understood women from just dealing with Momma and Granny. I knew how they felt about everything, the only thing however is that it was always from a woman's point of view. I knew when my mother's period was on as well as Granny's and I learned how to deal with the both of them during that time. I was comfortable seeing Momma naked because she was comfortable with me seeing her naked.

What I did know about men was what I had experienced, saw and heard from the men in Momma's life. Granny never had any men friends the whole time I was growing up, and if she had any, she did a fine job at hiding it. She had a lot of women friends, the ladies from the church where she attended, her lodge and women from where she worked. As I got older I developed a fascination with

men; I thought about them all the time. It was my secret that I did not share with anyone, not even God.

I often wondered if other boys had the same thoughts that I had. I would sometimes catch other boys or men looking at me. It made me feel funny and a little nervous. I would wonder if they could tell what I was thinking. Could they look at me and tell that I longed for their touch, for the touch of another man that would make me feel whole.

For the most part, growing up was uneventful. I started school late because I did not have my vaccinations done on the first day of school. I was always a bright student and my best subject was math. I guess you could say that nothing really happened in my life until I got to High School.

High School was where everything changed. I had not made a lot of friends in middle school so Granny said this was my time to go out and start making this world mine. On the first day a teacher told us that we were young men and women. The thought of being a man was new to me. At home they still called me baby boy.

My hair was a lot longer now and it made me stand out from the other kids. I didn't have to start a conversation with anyone; they always seemed to start one with me, especially the girls. Between classes everyone passed each other in the halls on our way to our next class. At lunchtime we poured into the cafeteria for lunch and we had physical education where we had to change our clothes.

I was still a little shy about doing that, but it was the first time since Ernest that I had gotten to see someone else's penis other than mine. I was fascinated with looking at the

other boys and comparing their bodies to mine. I was slender, like a stick, but some of the other guys my age had muscles that made them look so good. Sometimes I would have to stay outside and wait for them to finish dressing because I would get excited looking at them.

I had started to make a few friends, and among them was Anthony Garland, everyone called him Tony. Tony was one of those boys who seemed over developed for his age. He was tall and already had muscles and hair under his arms that he showed off in the locker room to the other guys. Tony called me sunshine because every time he saw me coming he would say “here comes daybreak, boy you so bright it’s like the sun coming up in the morning”.

Tony was a little older than I was, about a year but he was still in the 10th grade, he spent more time in detention than he did in class. Tony was the typical thug, and very popular with the girls. He lived with his aunt, Miss Liza next door to us. He said his mother lived in Jacksonville, but Granny said that his mother was in prison for killing some girl that was sleeping with her man. She and momma use to be good friends back in the day, they went to high school together.

Tony was not like me; he was the exact opposite in many ways. He had very dark skin, blue black as Granny would put it, and very tall. He was about 6 feet tall and lanky, and his feet seemed to be too big for his body. Granny would say “that boy growing into his feet, he only sixteen but his feet already grown”. My Momma use to say “Big feet big hands, I wonder what else is big on that boy”...I never knew what she meant...but eventually I would come to understand what she meant.

Tony and I became fast friends by just living next door to each other, not because we had anything in common. I

kept to myself mostly, and any excitement I had came from hanging out with him. He could find trouble without even looking for it, and I was always willing to go along for the opportunity to do something different. He was the excitement that I needed and we were down like two peas in a pod joined at the hip.

Tony hung out with a much older group of boys when we were not together. I was little for my age, at 16 I was just 5'4", and they did not always want me hanging out with them. I became sort of the tag along, always a few yards away but always in sight. Tony knew I followed them, but he did not mind. When they were hanging out playing craps or just drinking and smoking, he would always look over to where I was to make sure I was close by. When his friends were not around, he would show me how to do all the things they did. He taught me how to shoot craps, shoot pool and shoot hoops. When I tried out for the football team, he was right there at every practice on the bleachers edging me on, and when I did not make it, he was there to let me know it was cool.

We hung out on the roof of my house listening to the radio and talking about who had the best rap or what rapper we would most like to be. Tony wanted to be Tupac because of his gangster image, I liked LL, but Tony would always tease me that with my hair I looked more like Bob Marley. When he would let me have my pick, he would say LL was a pretty boy rapper and would not last. The first time I ever saw Tony cry was when MC Trouble died. The way it affected him, you would have thought they knew each other.

We shared a lot together, the things that most boys talked about and shared with each other. We talked about girls, not that I had anything to talk about, but I listened to him and his stories about girls from school or right here

on the block who had kissed him or let him go a little further than most. Tony was like the big brother that I needed someone that I could talk to about things, but still not everything. I still kept my secret feelings inside, which included that over the years I had developed a crush on him and he was often the subject of my fantasies.

In school Tony made sure I was ok, even though I did not hang with him and his boys in their group, everyone knew that I was like an honorary member. Wherever I was Tony and his peeps were close by. Tony's aunt did not like his friends; she would tell him that those "niggahs aint up to no good", but Tony did not hear what she had to say. She had very strict rules he had to live by. He had to be home by seven or he had to sleep wherever he was. When he did not make it home in time, he would come over to my house. Granny would let him sleep on the sofa so that he was not out in the streets. On those nights when he took refuge on our sofa, I would go into the living room at night and watch him sleep and listen to him breathe. There were a few times he would wake up and catch me looking at him, he would just smile at me and say "you keeping watch?" I just liked to look at him.

Tony was able to get me to do things that I did not want to do, just by calling me "Baby Boi". Besides my mother and grandmother, he was the only other person who called me that. There was just something about the way it fell off his tongue when he said it. When I had gotten too old to be called baby, everyone called me Dominion or just "D". He had a way of saying it when he wanted something, like when he needed me to let him in the back door at the skating ring on Saturdays or the movie theater. He had a way of looking at me too sometimes that made me feel funny. I loved the way he looked when he laughed or when he was eating his favorite thing, watermelon. The

contrast of his dark skin again his white teeth were appealing to me in every way.

There was a side to him that others did not get to see. In school and around others he had this rough thuggish face that he showed to everyone. But when it was just us, he was different, it was like he was an actor that was playing a role in front of the cameras and became himself when the cameras and the lights were off. His aunt did not think that he wanted anything out of life, but that was not true. Tony wanted a lot, he liked watching Law and Order and thought that maybe he would like to be an attorney. We talked about how it would be to get out of the projects and live someplace else. But all we knew were the projects and what was here. When we talked, he talked about how hopeless things seemed to him. “Man “D”, a niggah not going to get out of here, this is where they want us and this is where we are going to be, we just have to find a way to get over”, he would say.

Tony started hanging out more and more and soon he was on our sofa more than he was in his own bed. Even on those occasions when he had arrived home in time to get into his own house, he seemed to prefer sleeping on our sofa. Granny said it was because he just wanted peace of mind, since his aunt nagged him all the time about everything from school to the way he dressed and everything in between.

It was on one of those nights that he did not make it home that something happened that would change our friendship forever. Tony had eaten dinner with Granny and I after which we all sat around in the living room and watched television until we were all ready to go to bed. He had gotten comfortable on the sofa and had gone to sleep. It was late and I got up in the middle of the night to check on him, or as he said it, I went out to keep watch, but he

was gone. I looked out the window to see if he was outside on the porch smoking. Granny had gotten on him about smoking, so she had soon settled for him not smoking in the house, even though Momma did, but he was not out there.

As I walked back to my room, well the room I shared with Granny, I heard my mother in church. I had gone to sleep before she got home, so I did not know she had company. As I walked past the door that was slightly open just a crack, my curiosity got the better of me and I looked in. My stomach tightened at what I saw. There was my mother with her face buried in the pillow and her ass in the air, and there was Tony, behind her. I could not believe what I was seeing; my best friend was fucking my mother. I was burning up with rage but that was not what I was mad about. I could not explain it, but my gut hurt, and a lump grew in my throat. With everything that I was seeing and feeling, I could not take my eyes away from the scene in front of me, I was drawn in.

I was fixated on Tony and his muscled ass moving as he moved in and out of her. I watched as her ass bounced and quivered with each thrust. His body glistened with sweat as he drove into her. His manhood was massive, he pulled so far out before trusting back into her, with each trust she would yell Jesus.... she was in church and Tony was the preacher. I soon noticed the aching in my stomach was now a little lower and as I reached down, I felt my own manhood and it was rock hard. I stood there watching and soon started stroking it as I watched Tony's ass moving up and down. It was poetry in motion. I eased out of sight when he flipped her on her back and lifted her legs on his shoulders. I could see as he penetrated her with each thrust, she loved it, I could tell from the look on her face. For a moment, I wished it was me, I actually wished it was me.

I stood there in the darkness watching my best friend fucking my mother and wishing it was me, not me fucking her, but me that he was fucking. What was I thinking, for a moment I was dazed, I had taken her place and was there at the end of his manhood. I was feeling his manhood sliding through me, and then I was drawn back to reality at the sound of groaning. It was not my mother, it was Tony and he got louder as his pace increased, and as my eyes adjusted to the light. I could see my mothers face, she was looking right at me, I could not move. As Tony slammed into her and she yelled out Jesus and held her legs up, I could see them shaking, she continued to stare right at me, and then Tony turned around, and there I was with my dick in my hand. Our eyes made contact and I turned and walked away.

I walked into my room and closed the door, as I got into my bed, I heard Granny say “Amen”. “What, did you say something grandma?” I asked. “Just saying amen baby, church over, I guess we can all get some rest now”. She was wrong because there would be no sleep for me tonight. I thought about Tony, I could not sleep; I got up and went to see if he was still with my mother, but as I walked out I could hear him snoring on the sofa. I walked over to the sofa and stood there staring at him. I did not know why, but here I was standing watch, and I knew that I hated him for what I had seen. Past that, deep down was a feeling that I could not explain, a longing, I just wanted to hold him. I sat on the floor next to the sofa with my back to him, listening to him snore; I was lost in the moment.

“Baby Boi get up, you are going to be late for school.” Granny was standing there looking at me curled up on the floor. I jumped up looking around, “if you looking for

Tony, he went home to change, he said he would be right back”, she said.

“Did you see who that girl had in church last night, must have left like a thief? Well I guess he wasn’t, can’t take something that you been given I guess”, she said as she walked away into the kitchen. “Now go get ready for school”, she added as she pulled the big skillet down from the cupboard.

I walked by my mother’s room, she was laid out across the bed naked; I pulled the door closed and walked into the bathroom. I stood there looking at myself in the mirror. I washed my face and brushed my teeth. As I walked back to my room I could hear my Granny singing in the kitchen. She sang every morning; it was her favorite time of the day. I listened to her from my room while I got dressed.

As I walked out into the kitchen, Tony sat at the table eating. My anger grew as I sat across from him. I looked at him as he wolfed down the food as if he had not eaten in days. As I looked at him, he looked up at me and winked at me, I could not help it I had to smile back at him. Under the table he slowly kicked my leg from side to side, for some reason it was soothing to me, and just for a moment, I had forgotten the anger that I felt for him.

We finished eating and placed our plates in the sink; I kissed Granny on the cheek and told her I loved her. She walked over and kissed Tony on the cheek and told him to have a good day. He stood there for a minute looking at her with his hand on his cheek. “Come on Baby Boi, we going to be late”, he said as he walked past me and out the door.

The walk to school was a short one, it was just a few blocks away, but it felt like a walk across the dessert with a broken down camel. I did not say anything as we walked; I kept my hand in my pockets and my eyes on the ground.

“Niggah look where you going before you fall over yourself”, he said as he pulled me out of the way of the pole I was about to walk into.

“What’s wrong with you, what you mad at me?” He asked looking at me with a puzzled look on his face.

Inside I told myself, this man is crazy if he thinks I would not be mad, I know he saw me, I just looked at him; he had a smirk on his face and a look of worry. I just kept looking at him.

“What you mad cause I put it on your mama?” He asked. I could not believe what he was saying.

“Well is that it?” He asked. I just stared at him.

“Man I was just doing what them boys said I needed to do to be man, and your momma asked me if she could see it so I showed it to her. Why you mad?” He asked looking as if he was innocent of any wrongdoing.

I just looked at him as we kept walking. We were walking past the row of abandoned houses that I often wondered if this is where I was conceived.

Tony grabbed me by the arm and pulled me over to the building and we went inside. “Now tell me what’s up with you, you mad at me then say so.” He pushed me up against the wall and stood in front of me.

“I am not mad at you, just don’t know why it had to be my momma you had to become a man with that’s all”, I said looking down at the floor.

“It just happened like that man, not like I had planned that it happen like that”, he said as he put his hand on my shoulder.

At that instant, I felt my stomach stirring, and my dick started to get hard.

“Come on Baby Boi, You know you my boy, we been through a lot together, I would never do anything to hurt you”, he said as he placed both his hand on my shoulder.

“So tell me you not mad at me”, he said looking into my eyes like he was about to cry.

“We cool”, I said.

He pulled me off of the wall and hugged me. As he wrapped his arms around me I could smell his hair, and feel his breathe on my neck. I was paying attention to things I had never done before. It lasted only a moment, and as he pulled away, I wanted it to last forever. I wanted him to hold me because it made me feel safe. “Man lets go, we going to be late”, he said as he walked out the door. I had a big smile on my face as we walked the rest of the way to school.

BABY BOI