

It's February 1980. The song "Bad Girls" by Donna Summer played softly in the background of the office as Richie Smooth was awakened to a loud banging on the iron gated front door, "BAM, BAM, BAM, BAM, BAM!" It was a quarter after 3am and he had just closed his eyes to take a quick nap. Groggily, he faltered towards the front of the office.

With a .38 tucked in his back waistband, he grabbed the sawed-off shotgun from the back-office desk and proceeded to the door. He yelled from the back room of the once three-bedroom home, now home to Buck's Bail Bond Agency.

"Who is it!?"

"It's fuckin cold out here let me in, I need to get somebody out of jail," was the response from a female, with the shrill of a back-east Boston accent.

Smooth hollered back, "Did you call!?"

The female lashed out again with more vulgarities.

"Yeah, shit, my name is Crystal!"

Smooth checked the telephone log and verified she was legit. As he neared the front door, he shouted out in reply.

"Who you wit!?" as he finished buttoning up the white dress shirt that he had on earlier.

"No fuckin body...shit!"

Smooth wasn't taking any chances on a slick bitch or some hood jacker<sup>1</sup> setting him up for a robbery. Smooth's favorite line was, "I'm bout the most cautious nigga you'll ever meet."

When Smooth opened the iron gated front door to let her in, everything about this chocolate brown-skinned vixen said two things, money and San Quentin in a single breath. She was the finest, most seductive, specimen of a female, to ever step inside this fortress of an office. She could have been a librarian or Sunday school teacher, if she hadn't been defiled by quick money capers and wild nights of partying, fueled by Hollywood dreams that often end with a one-way trip to the city morgue.