

WILD

CHERRY

Prologue

“Tricks are for kids and I ain’t the damn rabbit. Now if you want me to go coo-coo all over your fat Cocoa Puff ass, keep callin’ me out my name,” Cherry said before returning to her thoughts.

Crazy Craig pointed a finger in Cherry’s direction. “See, it’s-it’s black bitches like you,” he sat at the head of the rectangular antique wood table fingering the large diamond studded cross that dangled from his huge neck, “that cause good pimpin’ to turn ugly.”

Cherry was in her own world thinking back to her teenage years when she was forced to watch her father get beaten to death by the men who had raped and drugged her. Men that sounded and acted like the fat, sadistic pimp that was now running his mouth.

“See what I’m sayin’?” he crossed his arms resting them on top of his huge belly. “Now, I’m trynna tell you some good shit and yo’ ignorant ass all zombie-eyed and shit.”

He gave her a second to respond and when she didn’t, he continued, “Okay,” he nodded, “You one of them new school ho’s. A bitch with a brain. Well Bitch, I’m an old school pimp. A pimp with a heavy hand that will beat your brains in. You understand me bitch?”

Cherry heard every word. The more the shirtless, freckle-faced, butter colored man spoke, the more Cherry became enraged. When he was alive her father had taught her to never let your enemy see you sweat, and never let them know you’re angry. She couldn’t help but think of how proud her father and grandfather Daddy Cool would be if they could see her now. In an attempt to keep her cool she tried to focus on anything but the fat man berating her.

Slowly, she turned and refocused her eyes on the diamond-

like glitter that stuck to the red polish on her nails. Without looking up at Crazy Craig she said, “I done told you about that word.”

“Bitch! Bitch! Bitch! Bitch! Black ass bitch!” he shouted.

As if they had cue cards, the three beautiful young girls at the table and the one behind Craig laughed at their boss’s attempt at humor.

She crossed her smooth, shiny, dark legs before pointing, “I’m not gon’ be too many more bitches.”

“I ain’t asked you to be too many more bitches.” He braced both hands on the large oak kitchen table and leaned forward, “Just be that last bitch. Bitch,” he laughed.

Craig was truly crazy, but Cherry had graduated from crazy years ago, and had gone on to being anointed by the state as criminally insane. No one in Craig’s two-story Victorian home knew of her past. And no one, not even her

new friend the barely legal aged Dina knew that she was a fugitive, having escaped from a medium-security mental institution a little over two weeks ago.

The aroma of weed permeated the cloudy living room air as the girl to the right of Cherry, clad only in peach-colored panties passed her the blunt. Cherry took a long drag on the weed filled cigar. She looked past the shirtless pimp, to the life-sized black and white velvet picture that took up most of the wall behind him. Al Pacino wore a black and white tux holding a machine gun. The words under the picture read, *The World Is Mine*, and that's exactly the way Cherry felt as she took another pull on the Purple Haze.

“Damn, bitch, you gon’ pass the dro, or what?” Craig said while Dina nervously massaged his shoulders.

Slowly, a thick fog of smoke came out of Cherry’s mouth. She uncrossed her legs. “I done already told you one

time too many about that word,” she said passing the blunt to Chocolate, one of the four women in Craig’s stable.

“Get your hands off me, bitch,” Craig said to Dina, without turning around.

“Yes, sir, Mr. Craig.” She quickly obeyed, knowing all too well what would happen if she didn’t immediately acknowledge his command.

Tears of hate caused Dina’s eyes to swell as she remembered. It had happened over a month ago, but that night would forever be branded on her body, and worse, in her mind. Dina had been jumped on by pimps in the past, but nothing like what had happened the night she walked through the creaky front door of the house they all shared now. She’d been exhausted from doing five guys and a woman at a bachelor party when Craig summoned. *What, Craig?* Was her response. Without warning he got up and with one punch to the head knocked her out.

When she awoke she was on the living room floor. Her legs were wishboned apart, and tied to cement cinder blocks with grey duct tape. The shower rod secured to the two cinderblocks is what prevented Dina from closing her legs. She twisted turned and screamed. “What did I do, Daddy?” she pleaded as she heard Craig’s labored breathing as he approached. She almost passed out when he came into view. It was a combination of the grotesque smile he wore as he came at her with the bright red tip of the broken coat hanger that had her begging for God to take her life before Craig touched her.

“I am *Mr.* Craig, and don’t you ever say *what* to me,” was all she remembered before passing out from the pain. Dina still walked wide-legged from Craig branding *Mr. C* on her vagina.

They’d all been victims of his wrath at one time or another. That’s why Cherry couldn’t understand why they

just didn't leave his big ass, or better yet, do something to him while he slept.

All of them except for Cherry jumped as Craig bounced his large frame out of the high back, throne-like red velvet chair. "Bitch! Bitch! Bitch!" he shook his head, "Bitch! Bitch! Bitch! Bitch!" he shouted like a mad man.

Cherry had been in the five bedroom broken down house with this nut and the four mentally and physically abused young women for two days. In the calmest of tones, Cherry replied, "Is that the mouth you used to suck your daddy's dick?"

Whenever he laughed as he did now, the girls knew that that meant trouble. They couldn't get up and run to a corner near the living room entrance fast enough.

Dina began to panic, she knew that now it was time for Craig to use his ghettofied tactics of word play intimidation while he thought of sick ways to beat and

humiliate her friend. “Mr. Uhm, Mr. Craig,” Dina pleaded, standing in a corner near the hole in the wall by the living room entrance, “Please, she didn’t mean it. Cherry’s on some type of medication.”

“Dina! You went through my shit?” Cherry asked with a look of disbelief on her face as she turned toward the young girl cowering in a corner with the others.

“No, girl.” Dina shook her head. “I would never do nothing like that.”

“How the—”

“It wasn’t me, I swear,” Dina pleaded.

Dina and Cherry had met at the truckers trick stop a couple weeks back. The Motel 6 on Fulton Industrial was referred to as the truckers trick stop because it was a cheap

motel in the heart of Atlanta's busiest truckers pick up and drop off thoroughfare. Most truck drivers were lonely men away from home with deep pockets, making them easy targets for the finest hookers in the ATL.

So, a couple weeks back, Dina had caught the trick that Cherry had been plotting on. Right before the two went into a motel room, Cherry caught up to them.

She offered to join them, free of charge. Hungrily eyeballing the dark-skinned version of a young Toni Braxton, with Beyonce's build, the burly iced-out dope boy accepted without question.

Thirty minutes later the dope boy looked like a silver mummy lying in the motel's bathtub with a mountain of duct tap wrapped around his body. The girls took their time, leaving with his money and clothes.

That's when Dina knew Cherry was crazy. Nobody robs a dope boy like Big Rod if they didn't have a death wish

or are just plain nuts. Either way, the beautiful woman walking by her side represented hope and revenge. Dina had just prayed that she could convince Cherry to come home with her and do something much worse to her pimp Crazy Craig.

Crazy Craig stood at the head of the table, took off his purple velvet robe and cracked his knuckles before pointing a finger at Cherry, who was still sitting on the worn and stained, paisley, high-back chair with her legs crossed. “I’m from the Ike Turner school of Beat a Bitch.”

She looked at him wondering how anyone could be brainwashed by this fat, black, hairy, lame-line tossing buddah. “I don’t see how?” Cherry replied.

“How what?” he asked.

“How you’re from any school other than the University of baby dicks and big mouths. Shit,” she took another pull on the blunt before putting it out on the antique, dark wood chipped table, “negro my pussy lips,” she coughed, “are bigger than that thing dangling from them elephant thighs of yours.”

Craig looked at the girls who were snickering in the corner. “Who the fuck ya’ll laughin’ at?”

“Nigga, you know who they laughin at.” Cherry said.

His heart started beating fast. Barely holding onto his cool, he looked over at the four girls. “You bitches breathe a word to anyone about what y’all ‘bout to see, you’ll meet the same fate,” he turned back to Cherry, “as this black ass bitch.”

Cherry kicked off her heels before sliding the chair back from the table. She turned the chair so that it was facing the three-hundred plus pound naked madman.

“Damn, your fat ass know how to turn a woman on,” she said in labored breaths while sliding her red mini up exposing a thin mustache around her pinkish brown womanhood. “Tell Momma what your fat mini-dick ass gon’ do.”

The room was silent. Shock registered on the five faces that stared as Cherry began using one hand to massage her clit.

Craig turned back towards Dina. “You bring this nutty-buttty bitch into my home? Whore, you just done earned yo’ self a boss ass-whippin after I finish with this bitch.”

While Craig’s attention was focused on Dina, Cherry slipped something from under her skirt.

“Ooh, ooh shit, you gon’ fuck me up, weasel dick?” Cherry asked, getting Craig to turn his attentions back toward her.

“Nah, bitch,” he shook his head, “I’m gon’ send you to hell,” he said cracking his knuckles again. “And after you stop breathin’, I’m gon’ bust a boss nut in your cold, dead pussy.” Craig covered the distance that separated the two in the blink of an eye. With catlike agility, Cherry dove between his legs.

While spinning around, he shouted, “Bitch, I’m gon’—”

At the same time, the girls screamed. Craig looked down to where their eyes were focused. “You...You...” He began hyperventilating. “You bitch.”

Blood dripped from the surgeon’s scalpel that Cherry held in her left hand. She stood in front of Craig, wearing a see-what-happens-when-you-fuck-with-me look on her face.

Craig fell to the floor, and crawled. Right as he grabbed her ankle, Cherry kicked his hand away.

“You cut off my...”

“Dick,” she finished the sentence while the others
girls stared in shock.

