

Chapter 1

INSANITY

"I can't believe I'm going out with this fat, ugly-ass muthafucka," I mumbled to myself, hopping into Jarrod's car. *Damn, I've faked it before, but if I pull this one off, I'll deserve an Oscar.* I frowned and shook my head. Fuck it, I gotta do what I gotta do because my looks sure won't pay the bills. The more I stared at him, the more I thought about my rent being due in two days.

"Yo, Mika, what you wanna eat?" Jarrod asked.

I looked over at his fat ass and smiled. "Whatever, I'm not picky. Let's go to City Island."

I was gonna make him spend mega bucks for being so offensively gruesome. I really didn't care where I ate as long as there was a bar nearby, because I needed a drink badly. I planned on gettin' ripped, so that I wouldn't remember anything in the morning. I'd been out with ugly men before, but nothing could describe how ugly Jarrod was. The more I thought about his tar colored skin, big pink lips, and all the pimples that covered his face, the angrier I became. That's what I get for listening to my girl, Asia, who talked me into going out with him in the first place. I only agreed because she said Jarrod liked to spend money. So for now, I was gonna make sure I got more than just a lobster dinner and a bad view of his fucked up face.

"Why are you so quiet?" he grunted.

"I just got a lot on my mind."

The last thing I wanted to do was to hold a conversation

with him, so my plan was to talk to myself until we got to our destination. After several minutes of driving in silence, we finally pulled up to the restaurant. As we got out the car and walked toward the entrance, I noticed that he had on some corny ass played out Stacy Adams shoes, and they had the nerve to be multicolored and turned over. *What in the hell did I get myself into?* I couldn't wait to talk to Asia so I could curse her ass out for setting me up with this clown. Too bad I needed the money.

My night got even worse because as soon as we sat down at the restaurant, he started making cheap passes. The conversation was garbage and I couldn't wait to get the night over with. He kept saying, "So what's up with me and you?" and "I'll give you anything you want." I wanted to tell him, just give me a bag to put over your head, but I didn't want that to ruin my chances of gettin' some paper. It's nothin' wrong with a man who's not cute, if he had style, good conversation, or if he made me laugh, but this cat was straight dead. Besides, I loved an ugly man with finesse, 'cuz they normally treated you better than pretty boys, and they also made you feel like a queen. I was mad as hell at Jarrod for not havin' any game.

All throughout dinner, he continued to talk, but most of the time I just ignored him, hoping he would get the hint. When my food came, I made sure that I took several large bites, so I could finish quickly. The thought of being with him made me even sicker.

"Can we get a room? I just wanna spend some private time with you," he said, wiping his mouth with the cloth napkin.

"Sure, but time is money," I snapped.

He flashed a smile that still didn't make him look any better, "I got you."

After paying the bill, we headed straight to the Marriott hotel on 57th St. in Manhattan. I almost drank a whole bottle of Cristal on the way there, so I wouldn't be in my right frame of mind. The last thing I wanted was to remember

fuckin' an over-groomed rat. The only thing about him that I liked was his brand new C Class Benz. Hell, I would rather make love to his car.

When we got the hotel, I sat down in the lobby and immediately covered my face. I didn't even want the hotel clerk to see me with this monster. The entire time he was at the front desk, I kept diggin' in my purse, like I was lookin' for something, and then I would put my head on the chair like I was exhausted. The clerk looked at me a few times, but I acted like I didn't feel well. I even played it off by rubbing my stomach a few times.

"Are you ready to go upstairs, baby?" Jarrod asked with a huge smile.

The sound of him calling me baby, instantly made me bite my lip. I didn't want to be called any fuckin' pet names. "Sure," I responded.

As soon as we got to the room, I was ready to make it happen, so I could bounce. I didn't want to waste any time on phony foreplay. I plopped down on the bed and instantly started taking off my clothes. When I glanced at him, he was staring at me and already breathing hard. I swear it looked like he was humping the bed the way he bounced up and down. Then, I almost passed out when he started licking his dry-ass lips. I thought, *damn, put your tongue back in your mouth, I'm not a piece of steak, you fat muthafucka.*

Several seconds later, he unzipped his pants and pulled out his dick. He must've thought I was gonna suck it, but he was sadly mistaken.

"Take your pants all the way off," I ordered. "And put this condom on while you're at it."

He tried his best to get me to put it on, but I wasn't trying to look at his dick, or even touch it for that matter. There was no way that thing wasn't gonna be covered up before going inside my treasure. I tried to make myself believe that I wasn't really gonna do it to him, but to the condom instead. Sadly, it didn't work.

I shook my head as he got butt-naked and exposed his ashy, flabby skin. His black ass was so flaky that I wanted to give him a bath in baby oil. It didn't make any sense that I was goin' out like this, but money is money and I had to have it. I didn't want him to get on top and give me a flake shower, so I stood up, pushed him on one of the full size beds, and jumped on top of his stiff dick.

Two minutes later he was sweating like a faucet. It was beyond disgusting. This was a hard one to fake. I just wanted him to hurry up and cum. He started putting me into different positions, and before I knew it, we were doing it doggy-style. All I heard was, "Ughhh...Damn, this pussy is good. Do you like that, baby?"

Between his dry ass skin that seemed to be fallin' off his body and the sweat that dripped on my back, I screamed to myself, "Hell no!" But before I could say anything, he gave one last moan and his body jerked continuously. *Damn, I'm glad he came.*

He finally pulled himself out and got up. I immediately jumped up as well and dashed to the bathroom with my clothes in hand, and got in the shower. I had to wash everything about him off my body. Twenty minutes later, I put my clothes back on and came out ready to make an excuse about having to leave. However, before I got a chance to speak, he was already dressed and said something that surprised the shit outta me.

"Yo baby, I got some business to take care of out of town, so take a cab home and I'll call you tomorrow. I wanna take you to a party my man is havin' in Virginia."

He kissed my cheek, dropped some money on the bed, and started walking toward the door. I was speechless. I never expected him to beat me to the door. "Hold up. You gonna make me take a cab all the way back to Jersey? Englewood is gonna be like fifty dollars."

He peeled off a few more bills from his stack and handed it to me. "Call me baby. I told you, I would take good care of you." He looked at me and smiled before he turned