



*A story of Chances,
Stealing & Love*

Sylvia Hubbard
Cliffhanger Queen

Diamond In The Rough: Heart of Detroit Series

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Author's Note: I should warn you that this book is in parts instead of chapters. Originally the intention was going to be a cell phone novel, but as the story evolved I became more interested in being the cliffhanger queen rather than writing for the genre itself. I should also let you know there are relatable characters in the stories that appear in my other books, which can be found in my bookstore on my website. <http://sylviahubbard.com/books>

Part One

It had been three days since he had seen her last. Rob had a schedule he stuck to and she was apart of it.

Five-thirty a.m.: get off work. By six, he was getting breakfast and coffee and then at six-thirty he was turning down his street where he had seen her at the bus stop on her way to work. He could tell by the way she was dressed she was on her way to work. She didn't wear a uniform, but she was dressed in business attire. Except on Fridays, she usually wore some jeans or a nice blue jean skirt that accentuate her muscular calves, her thick thighs and her nice grippable hips.

There was a time or two he had been tempted to stop and talk to her but for some reason he had a feeling she was above his station. It wasn't that he was intimidated by her. He just felt she most likely was taken or she was one of those 21st century busy women who had no time for anything.

A certain respect came to mind when he saw her and seeing her at the bus stop gave him assurance there was A God and He still made beautiful things man could enjoy looking at.

Part Two

On the third day in a row when he didn't see her, he began to worry yet it seemed futile. He found himself unable to go about his regular day as normal, curious to her whereabouts. As he was getting off work the next morning he was oblivious to anyone as he clocked out and hurried to his car. He was way ahead of schedule by the time he reached the gas station which wasn't that far her bus stop. He looked down the street before going in to pay for gas, but did not see her. So occupied in getting back outside, he disregarded getting the cheap coffee.

Coming back to his car, he pumped his gas, but kept his eyes glued on the bus stop. Just as he was replacing the lid on his tank, she walked across the street and stood there.

Rob's heart raced in excitement just seeing that today was a Friday and she wore the delicious blue jean skirt. Jumping in his car, he almost burned rubber driving out of the station. He forced himself to slow his roll as he neared his street to turn down.

Damn!

A car had stopped in front her, blocking Rob's view.

She was shaking her head with a plaintive expression on her face and desperately looking down the street as if just her eyes could make the bus come faster.

Part Three

Disappointed that he was going to miss the opportunity to see her fully, he turned down the street just as a large dude from the car blocking Rob's view got out of the car and came around to her.

As an afterthought, Rob looked in his rear view mirror to see her backing away and still shaking her head at the large man.

Immediately, Rob turned the car around and drove up to the corner where he was only a few steps away from the bus stop.

By this time the large dude had her pinned against the fence that was behind the bus stop. Although their bodies weren't touching, the large dude was pretty close.

She looked his way with a desperate expression on her face.

Unsure if he should get involved, Rob only stood out of his car on the driver's side. "Hey, I'm sorry to bother you guys, but I need to know where La Salle Boulevard is? I got mixed up--"

"Fuck off and find your own way 'round!" the large dude barked.

The woman moved closer to Rob with a look of relief. "Um what street?" she asked moving to Rob's car.

Her voice was soft with a proper accent. She certainly couldn't be from the hood. With her blue jean skirt she wore a matching vest and underneath a light pink baby doll shirt with matching pink heels and bag.

"La Salle," Rob repeated as she came closer to the car. All the times he'd seen her he'd never noticed how flawless her warm nutmeg skin was and how silky her dark brown hair looked. He was mesmerized as even more details about her including her ample low neckline because of her full breast, which were more than a handful and the hazel doe eyes that sensual sparkled all on their own.

"I think it's down the street two blocks away." she was speaking slow looking out of the corner of her eyes.

The large guy stood there for a minute, but then got in his car and drove off burning serious rubber to show how pissed he was Rob had stolen his dime piece.

She sighed in relief. "Thank you," she said. "Stupid oaf couldn't understand no means no."

Rob couldn't believe he was having a conversation with her. A normal conversation. "If it wouldn't make you feel uncomfortable I could stay right here until your bus came," he offered.

She looked a little bit wary by this offer and only shrugged her shoulder. "It should be here at any moment, and La Salle is really right down the street."

He chuckled. "Ma'am, I was never looking for that street. I was just cock blocking. "

She wasn't that naive and quickly put everything together. "Well thank you for that," she said gratefully, coming closer to the car so she could lean on it to reach over and extend her hand. "I'm Diamond Peterson, but most people call me Michelle."

"Rob Nixon," he said, treasuring the handshake not believing he was actually touching her silky warm skin. She was like a drug and just a little made one want more.

Before more could be said, the bus was coming. She pulled her hand away gently, waved goodbye gratefully and got on her bus.

Rob's heart did a back flip at her perfect smile she graced him with before disappearing on the bus.

Part Four

All fucking night long, Rob's mind was a million miles away. Even when his co-workers ragged him about his past, he didn't flinch. He was too occupied with how he was going to strike up another conversation with Diamond.

He tested her name out on his lips since he'd driven away.

Even though others called her Michelle, he liked the name Diamond. He'd never owned one and the idea of making her his, incited feelings he hadn't felt in a long time.

This was more than just physical for him and he knew meeting her couldn't be a onetime thing.

But the past. . .

That thought lingered with him in the back of his mind, but that still didn't stop him from thinking of possibilities with her.

With Saturday arriving, he knew there was no possibility of seeing her, yet still found himself looking at the corner where her bus stop was as he arrived home Saturday morning.

After getting a couple of hours of sleep, he showered and dressed to go into his appointment he had every Saturday. For the first time in a long time, he didn't feel uncomfortable or confined as he sat in the lobby with everyone else who most likely was either like him or even worse.

Nick greeted him as he walked in the office and frowned. "You look different Rob," he noted. "Are you feeling well?" Nick was a tall slim white man. As always he was dressed casual and looking as if he had just finished watching a football game.

As long as Rob had known Nick, he'd never seen the man get upset about anything and he hoped to have Nick's casual calm that seemed to come too easy.

Being calm had never been Rob's forte in the past.

To answer Nick's questions, Rob could only shrug his shoulders. Nick couldn't possibly know about the things going on in his head. "I'm fine."

"How's the job? The guys still bothering you since they found out about your past?"

Again he shrugged nonchalantly, "It's fine, plus they didn't find out about everything. Just the last shit I was sent up for and not even the whole explanation. I just let them believe what they wanted to believe. I don't have to explain myself to anyone."

"Now I'm worried," Nick said seriously. "You're never fine with anyone even speaking to you about the past. You even have problems talking about everything that happened. Sit down and tell me what's happened?"

Rob didn't mind telling Nick at all how his week had gone, but he did worry about what Nick would say about Diamond. In a way, Diamond had become Rob's private joy and although sharing his first memory with Nick about Diamond, Rob felt really protective of her.

As if Nick was the parent and could take Rob's new coveted toy away if he chose to and Rob couldn't do anything about it.

After he finished, Nick drunk his coffee and raised a brow for a moment. Rob didn't speak, but watched Nick's facial nuances.

Nick's deep blue eyes were real pensive for a long minute and he pushed his long fingers through his thick dirty blonde hair before speaking again. "This is the first time in a couple of years I've ever heard you speak about a girl."

Rob corrected him. "She's a woman."

Nick wrote something down in his file. "Did you feel you could protect her from this big guy, Rob?"

"I wasn't thinking about what that guy could do to me. But I didn't think I was angry enough to hurt anyone. Not like..." He drifted off in what he was going to say because speaking of the past was still difficult. A sour taste always came into his mouth and he felt like someone was squeezing his heart real tight.

Nick wrote some more notes down in the file. "Are you taking your medicine?"

Now Rob felt a little uncomfortable. "Yes, I've been taking them."

"On schedule?" Nick verified.

Trying to suppress his irritation, Rob shifted his weight uncomfortably. “Yes, I have Nick. I know it’s a part of my probation and I wouldn’t mess that up. I’m not going to do anything to go back to jail.”

Part Five

To his disappointment she wasn't at the bus stop Monday morning. Maybe this was good for him because even he had started to worry about how much time his mind was giving to her. So much so, Nick had promised to make a midweek appointment when he called to check on him Sunday.

As he was getting out his car and looking forlornly down the street, the car with the large guy pulled up in front of his house.

Too shocked that this man knew where he lived, Rob was lost for words as the large man walked up to him.

Before words were said, the big guy punched Rob in the gut. Heaving over, ready to throw up from the blow, he dropped to his knees knowing his eyes were about to pop out of his face.

Looking up perplexed, the big guy rubbed his knuckles as if Rob had hurt him.

"You keep your ass away from Michelle. She was mine from the get go and I'm not going to let some dumb punk like you get in the way of getting her again. Next time you get in my way, you better hope I don't have to come by here again or you'll be real sorry."

Rob was still on his knees as the guy got back in his car and drove away with a cynical smirk on his dark lips.

Punk Bitch!

Forcing himself to get up to his feet, he took several deep breaths to recover his equilibrium and wobbled into the house. His head was swirling.

A long drink of water helped, but he was still feeling dizzy. Lying down, he wondered who the hell this woman was. And why did the giant feel the need to protect her or why there was a need to rip Rob wide open to make him stay away from her?

Part Six

Once he could see straight again, he went to a library and decided to use current technology to see what he could find on her. Putting her whole name on the Google Search bar, nothing came up except a company called Diamonds Exclusive, but it was out of New York. Rob decided to look for Michelle Peterson and a nearby address came up.

Quickly printing out all the information, he went to the address, which was five blocks away from him. The house was one of the large styled mansions that were in the Boston Edison District of Detroit. Back in the city's heyday, the wealthy crowded over in this area in five to ten room homes. Some of them even possessed carriage houses for the servants or guests. Nowadays most of these homes had been turned into two or four family flats because no one family could afford to live in them anymore.

The house address he was going to still looked like a one family unit. The front looked like it had not been attended to in years properly, except cutting the grass and there was a large porch in the front. On both sides of the large home were vacant lots. Unlike other lots like this where homes used be the grass was six feet in height, these lots were cut down.

Touching his stomach only a little worried of the repercussion if this was her, Rob knocked on the door and waited for someone to answer. After the third knock and the fourth ringing of the doorbell, he decided to give up and call himself crazy.

What would be the purpose?

He certainly wasn't going to cry over her crazy man attacking him. That's just a punk move on his part, yet somehow he needed to warn her that this guy was causing trouble on her behalf. She didn't look like the type who wanted trouble like that.

You of all people should know looks are always deceiving.

Pushing this thought to himself, he walked off the porch to head back to his car.

Maybe he was as crazy as his family thought him to be. This woman had him obsessed with her and he didn't even know anything about her, except her name. Just as he was about to get into his car a beautiful black BMW that looked as if it had just rolled off the assembly line backed in the driveway. The windows were up and darkly tinted so all he could make out was a woman sitting inside alone.

He waited with baited breath as the driver's door opened. A long slender leg came out of the car slowly in four inch Patton leather pumps. Its twin came beside the first as the woman stood out of the car dressed as if she had just stepped off of New York's fashion week runway, complete with the large black sun hat atop her head and black gloves. The black dress fit like a glove on her full body and his eyes could barely tear away to look up at the face the hat had hidden when she'd first stepped out. Yet as his eyes rose to her face his mouth dropped open.

No words came out because for the second time in the day he was hit visually speechless by what he saw.

It was his Diamond!

Part Seven

She hesitated before approaching him, but after a moment, warily stepped to him until she was arms length away.

He couldn't believe it was her and at the same time, he found his body in the grips of confusion. He closed his fist deliberately digging his fingernails in his palm, needing the pain in order to stay focus. She smelled so good he could almost taste her.

"Bob?" she asked unsure.

"Rob," he corrected her.

She looked up and down the street as if that would answer the curiosity in her eyes. "What are you doing here and how did you find me?"

"It's kind of a long story. And after you hear what I have to say, you'll understand why I feel uncomfortable standing out here with you."

Her lip twitched a bit before she said, "Follow me."

He wanted to do more than follow her.

They walked into the house after she used her keys and turned off the security systems.

The front rooms were dimly lit filled with old furniture, yet exceptionally clean. She moved over to a wall mirror over the mantle and removed her hat, but her eyes stayed on him the whole time.

Her hair which was usually pulled back and tucked under when she was at the bus stop, now flowed to her shoulders dark and silky. Everything beckoned for him to touch her, but he resisted the urge turning away trying to focus on things. His vision seemed suddenly blurred and yearning to look back at her.

Rob dug his fingernails harder in his palms and mentally reprimanded himself for not taking another extra dose of medication before coming over.

Yet, Rob really had no idea that he would get this kind of chance to be alone with her.

"Would you care for something to drink?" she offered.

"I need to know why your boyfriend feels the need to hunt me down and punch me out in order to keep me away from you?"

Her look of confusion increased. "What are you talking about?"

"The guy you were with at the bus stop pulls in front of my house, gets out his car, plants a steel fist in my gut and tells me to stay the hell away from you or expect a lot more next time. Says you used to be his woman and he's not going to let anyone get in the way."

She rolled her hazel brown eyes and reached in her purse to pull out a cell phone. After dialing, she started to pace anxiously as she waited for someone to answer the phone. "Hello Armando? I know why Rube didn't make the funeral. He was out beating up strange men... I told you he's crazy and until we find them he's going to get worse... I won't calm down." She suddenly disconnected the call and faced Rob again. "I'm sorry for the trouble my brother's caused."

WTF!

Part Eight

It was almost as if he'd gotten hit in the stomach again. "Your what?"

She blushed as if caught in an embarrassing situation. "He's my step-brother. We... Ah, dated before our parents met and decided to get married. I was only 13 and that just ended it for me, but not for him. He didn't care that our parents were married. He still wanted to have relations."

"When you say relations, you actually mean you were sexually intimate with him at thirteen?"

Her blush became worse. "I'm not professing to be Mother Teresa. And I wouldn't call a girl of thirteen and a boy of fifteen knowing anything about being sexually intimate. I believe at those ages we can only call it fucking." She walked up to him never taking those sensuous hazel eyes off of him. "Don't you agree, Rob?"

"Don't I, what?" Hell, he could barely think straight hoping she didn't see the semi hard on in his pants. Good thing he had a jacket on.

"People that young don't know anything about being sexually intimate."

How the hell had they started on this subject again? He only shrugged.

She smiled mischievously. "So how old were you before some gorgeous young babysitter seduced you?"

"Old enough not to know better," he asked trying to sound offended. Rob guarded his expression and reaction to her proximity well, pretending as if she didn't smell so damn good.

She continued, "By the orders and respect for his father, Rube kept his distance until Friday."

"What was so significant about Friday?" Rob asked.

"Rube's father died Thursday night. I'd been going back and forth to Canada trying to wrap my entire Mother's estate, while his father was in the hospital. And now Rube's super pissed because he knows everything now belongs to me. He's father claimed no assets when he married my mother and made sure I got everything back before he died."

"Why'd he leave his son out of everything? The man had to have something."

"Rube's father had just gotten out of jail when he'd met my mother. He'd served a stretch at Rikers for Robbery. Soon as he got out, he came here to Detroit. Rube's real mother was dying in the hospital the same day my father was dying at the same hospital."

"Interesting love story."

She smiled tenderly. "My mother liked to think so too. But honestly Rube isn't after me to start a relationship again." Reaching over to him, she used his broad shoulder to steady herself and step out of her heels.

She motioned him to follow her to the kitchen, not even looking back to see if he was following her as she talked. "I broke it off with Rube the day our parents went on their first date, but it took until the time they were walking down the aisle and his father made him swear on everything holy not to bother me anymore. Rube always thought it wouldn't last, but he didn't know my mother. She loved to be married. And his father really loved and appreciated my mother." Solemnly, she admitted, "On his death bed, he told me he probably wouldn't have appreciated her if he hadn't gone through all he had gone through. He said a man's got to go through the worst storm in order to see the rainbow." She poured them both a glass of lemonade. "That how I know there's nothing for Rube because he's never been through his own storm. He's living on his father's rainbows." She passed him the glass of lemonade.

Rob took it amazed how she seemed so comfortable with him. "My stomach muscles say differently."

"I don't think Rube attacked you just because of me." She walked past him to get out of the kitchen.

Rob clearly noticed she had to brush him and quickly pushed his thoughts to dark places he had not dared to venture in over a decade. To take his mind off, he drunk down his lemonade quickly before following her to the dining room. She was getting a thick dusty scrapbook off of a shelf that hadn't been touched in a while.

Rob stood next to her trying not to notice how good she smelled.

Focus!

"You never told me how you found me," she said as she looked through the book.

Part Nine

“The Internet has a load of information about everything; Including the name Diamond Michelle Peterson in Detroit.”

She frowned. “You don’t look like a man who would use the Internet.”

Just to see what she thought of him, he asked, “And what type of man do you think I am?”

“Do you want the honest version or the make me feel good version?”

“I’m a big boy. I think I can take your honesty.”

Her eyes assessed him from top to bottom. He liked how she only reached his chest without her heels standing next to his sturdy six foot frame. It was so tempting to pull her into his arms and feel her body melt on his would be almost too easy. She wasn’t intimidated by his size, not in the least.

“I thought you were some dumb thug most likely without a valid driver’s license or registered to vote. I’m suspecting about three baby momma’s and six kids? Living either in a relative’s basement or in an apartment with other thugs coming and going.”

“What about my job?” he questioned crossing his arms over his chest.

“Hustling and stealing, of course.”

“Of course.” He pulled out his wallet and placed his voter’s registration and driver’s license on the table.

Skeptically she leaned over and verified the validity. “Thirty five?”

“Would you like to see the work I.D.?”

“What do you do?” she inquired.

“Nothing as glorious as stealing and hustling.” Reaching down and taking his hands, she rubbed her fingers over his knuckles. Obviously she had no idea what her touch was doing to him and he was so glad that she was looking down at his hands because did not see him close his eyes and lick his lips.

“You’re a very hard working man Rob,” she said genuinely impressed.

“Thanks. It pays the bill and keeps me out of trouble. Just hard labor at a factory.”

She looked up at him and smiled. “But you’re paying for something much higher than what money can pay for, aren’t you?”

“Everyone’s got secrets. Everyone’s got a past, right?”

She turned to the table letting go his hands. “Speaking of the past, Rube’s father had his own.” She pointed down to some articles in the scrap book. “He was supposedly involved in a diamond heist in New York twenty-five years ago but the take was never recovered.”

“How much was the take?” he questioned.

“Over thirty million dollars,” she answered.

He looked at her seriously. “And were you the only one at his death bed?”

“Yes. Rube had disconnected from his father a long time ago. He was just waiting for him to die”

“So you were there when he took his last breath?” he questioned.

“Yes,” she insisted.

“And not once did this man confess any of his secrets or more to the point where those diamonds were?”

She narrowed her eyes warily and walked away from him towards where she had placed her purse.

He followed her thinking she wanted him to.

Suddenly she turned around, pulling out a .357 magnum and aiming the gun like an expert marksman right to his chest.

Immediately freezing, holding his arms up, Rob hope this was not his day to die.

Part Ten

“You’re crazy, woman,” Rob said.

“In my line of work you have to be,” she snarled. “Sit over there.” briefly pointing the gun to the couch, Rob reluctantly obeyed and sat down still with his hands raised.

“I’m not trying to hurt anyone, woman,” he growled. “Put the gun down.”

“Not until you answer my questions,” she ordered, standing in front of him. “Who sent you?”

“No one! I see you at the bus stop when I’m coming home from work. I just thought I’d come by and find out why your brother is harassing me.”

“And no one told you how to find me?”

“I told you-”

“That library story is shit?” she sneered kneeling his thigh agitated. “You probably barely read!”

“Then let me prove it,” he said.

Warily, she nodded giving him permission.

“I gotta put my hand in my pocket for a sheet of paper.”

“No you don’t, I’ll do it. Which one?”

Rob pointed to his left jean pocket and slid down a little so she could dig her hand in there giving him a nice view down her shirt. His manhood had a mind of its own, standing to almost full attention descending on his thigh like a snake.

She gasped just as she yanked the paper out, but glaring down at his leg as if she really did see a deadly viper.

“What the hell is that?” she asked, pointing the gun down at his crotch.

Now he was getting pissed off. “It’s my dick.”

“Take off your pants!” she ordered.

“What?!” he incredulously.

Cocking the gun still aimed at his crotch, she said in a deadly serious tone. “Take off your pants and give them to me or I’ll blow whatever is in your pants to kingdom come!”

He stood up in a hurry as she stepped back to give him room, keeping her aim steady between his legs. Cursing under his breath, he opened his belt and took off his pants, too angry to be embarrassed about showing this witch his hard on.

“All of it!” she ordered, snatching the pants from him and feeling them for anything like a weapon.

“I don’t have-“

“ALL OF IT!”

He cursed some more under his breath about the trifle-ness of paranoid women as he pushed his boxers down to his knees. His manhood was still semi-hard going down just a little because of his irritation.

Her eyes widened in shock and if he weren’t so pissed off, he’d felt proud at the reaction she receive looking at him, but that gun was still trained on his crotch and he wasn’t sure if she had an itchy trigger finger.

She bit the bottom of her soft sensual lip and then licked them as she took a sharp deep breath as her eyes locked on his nice size phallus.

Part Eleven

“Are you satisfied?” he growled between clenched teeth.

She only blushed her answer.

“Can I pull up my underwear?”

Reluctantly, she nodded

Once he did that, he asked still enraged, “Now could you point that damn gun somewhere else? Fuck!”

She moved the gun’s barrel to his chest and opened the paper stealing a glance at his crotch even though he was covered. Her eyes sparkled wickedly.

The library watermark was on the paper and the entire screen had printed out.

“That’s fifty cents worth of information,” he said proudly. “And I can read just fine. I’ve got a Bachelor’s Degree to prove it. I just can’t use the bitch because of my record.”

She looked a little amused and a little embarrassed. “Umm,” she said handing him back his pants and the paper after she lowered the gun. “Then I might owe you an apology.”

“Might?”

“Let me make it up to you and cook dinner. You can straighten yourself up while I change my clothes.” She put her gun back into her purse and started to walk out of the room.

Son of a bitch! She just endangered his life and she was walking away from him as if nothing had just happened.

Did she expect all to be forgiven so easily?!

Still agitated, he asked as she was walking away, “I didn’t hear you say sorry. Aren’t you going to apologize for what you just did to me?” He’d only bothered to pull up his underwear. “You threatened my life! You were going to shoot me-“

She turned to him suddenly moved quickly into his body, flung her arms around his neck and kissed him.

Part Twelve

Everything told him to stop, but he literally couldn't stop himself. The taste of those sweet soft lips was more than he had ever imagined and he wanted more.

Moving one arm around her waist, while the other cupped the perfect apple bottom rear, she moaned her acquiesce as she tilted her head and parted her lips to give him exactly what he wanted. She smelled even more delicious and her hot mouth seared his gut. Hungrily, he kissed her as if she was his breath of life and she met his passion with a hunger of her own.

He felt her arms draw away from his neck and he was sure she was going to push him away.

Yes, he'd stop but only if she gave him an indication to do so. This was wrong. He knew it, but his body wouldn't obey.

Her hands moved down to his chest, but instead of pressing on them she playfully tweaked his nipple and descended to his underwear. She easily pushed past the elastic of his boxers, and then the front of his pants, all the while still passionately kissing him.

His hands had a mind of their own as well as he found the top of her dress zipper and began to pull down slowly. He carefully waited for her to tell him to stop, but suddenly his hearing was cut off as she reached inside his pants and grasped the base of his penis.

The warm palm which circumferenced his phallus elicited a groan from him and he found himself easily hiking her up. He liked how her legs easily locked around his waist as he maneuvered her over to the couch and laid her down while laying on top of her.

Rob hoped at any moment she would stop him, because he knew he would not be able to stop himself, unless...

Damn! Damn! Damn!

He could feel his manhood instantly decrease knowing he wouldn't be able to perform.

She noticed his flaccidness as well and now pushed him away. "What's wrong?" she questioned.

Part Thirteen

Rob moved away suddenly and looked down at himself as if he'd lost something. This had been the first time he had tried to do anything since starting the medication.

Damn!

How could he explain it?

Would he explain it?

The thought of her knowing his secret started to create too much shame inside of him.

"What's wrong?" she questioned again concerned.

"I have to go." He looked hurriedly around for his pants.

She stood up a little bit alarmed. "What's happened?"

"Nothing, lady." He couldn't even make eye contact.

All Rob knew was that he would have to go before his dick started thinking for him again.

He saw her looked just a little embarrassed as she turned away to fix her dress. Without thinking about it, he walked up behind her and zipped up her dress.

The bare part of her neck exposed was too tempting and he found himself pressing his lips tenderly in the area. Her legs went weak and automatically he moved his arm around her waist to hold her up loving her small height against his six foot frame.

Whispering, he said, "It's not you, Diamond. Please understand."

He moved away and walked to her door.

"Are you going to tell me?" she asked.

"I can't." Ashamed he hurried out the door and walked to his car. Reaching in his pants to get his keys he was so intent on getting in his car, he didn't hear someone come behind him, but he did feel someone's hand dig down on his shoulder to turn him around.

He definitely felt the blow to the side of his face that almost knocked him senseless.

Part Fourteen

Diamond Mitchell Peterson wasn't thinking straight when she got out of her car. Everything in her head told her to not to get out of the car. This strange man was there from the bus stop and he shouldn't have been.

Yet, she wanted to see him. She wanted to see a lot more of him, but was too shy to even ask. Lately men had not been at the top priority of her lists due to her work life and when she finally had time to explore her personal life, she had pushed too much off the table to even try to get back into the ease of finding someone to be with.

Since meeting him the other day and seeing how he'd bravely come to her rescue without causing much of a scene, she had thought of nothing but him.

The worry of how the stranger found her was brief. Yet, after a small moment of distrust, Diamond had no doubt at all she wanted this guy.

Yet as he walked out of the door, cutting what could have been a very nice afternoon of sexual delight for Diamond, she was speechless as to how to stop him from leaving. That was until she heard the fight outside.

Running out of the door, forgetting her purse she came upon Rob and Rube going at it. To her surprise, Rob was winning!

Rube must have caught him off guard initially but one punch too many was enough to charge Rob's rage that she'd never seen in a man.

Somehow Rob had gotten Rube to his knees and punched him in the face. Rube was sent down on his back in the middle of the street out cold.

As a courtesy, Rob dragged Rube out of the car's path to the apron of the driveway.

She ran up to Rob. "Are you okay?"

He only put a hand up to halt her from, taking anymore steps closer to him as if in warning.

"Look, woman, as much as I want to carry your fine ass back in that house and fuck you, I can't." He was heaving hard and rubbed his knuckles for comfort. "I got my own shit keeping me back. So just leave it be and tell your boy when he finally wakes up to stay the hell away from me." He slammed in his car and drove away burning rubber.

Diamond huffed and wanted to kick Rube, but she'd wait until he woke before he did that after she got Rob's address from him.

Police sirens could be heard in the distance. Most likely the neighbors had decided to call.

Going back inside, Diamond made sure the gun was securely in her purse and then found her shoes.

There wasn't much time left for her in this house, but she felt Rob could certainly make this whole trip beneficial in more ways than one.

Part Fifteen

Rob got home and decided to take a cold shower. Most likely that ass Rube would file charges and the police would pick him up by the night's end.

If that happened, the chance for a shower would be hard to come by for while. Plus he needed something to tamp down all the lust trying to run through his veins. His medication was not working well enough but it wasn't a cure all, just a control method to keep him from going overboard. The doctor had explained that the job to stay away from temptation would be all up to Rob.

How could he fight temptation when his manhood was still hard and the cold water was not doing anything? As the chilled water hit his solid brown skin, he could only imagine her touching him. Closing his eyes letting more water flow over him, Rob reached down and held his manhood at the base, just as she had done.

She'd moved her hands up and down the shaft, paying extra attention to the tip.

Rob mimicked her movements imagining her there doing him now.

He groaned as more lust quickly enveloped him and he had to use his free hand to hold himself up.

He repeated the memory of her luscious mouth and warm hands repeatedly.

Mouth, hands mouth, hands... more... clearer...hotter... harder... more... damn... damn DAMN!

Rob griped the showerhead because his legs had gone weak as he expended himself and his world started to spin.

He relished the cool water all over his body as he washed and rinsed off.

By the time he was done, he resolved he would keep his distance from Diamond. Going into his bedroom with just a towel around his waist his eyes landed on the bottle of medication.

Reluctantly, he picked up the bottle and took the prescribed pill.

At the same time the doorbell rang. He assumed this most likely was the police and didn't bother to put clothes on as he went to answer the door.

Worse came to worse they'd lock him back up and he'd hear Nick preach, "I told you so," for an hour.

Yet, Rube had it coming to him after that blow he delivered initially and Rob wasn't about to let this asshole get away with it twice.

Yes, Rob should have covered his ass after the first time, but this was the hood and a real man didn't go running to the police like no bitch. He fought back like a real nigga had to do in order to survive.

The streets of Detroit would either eat one up or make one stronger and the mentality here was worse than prison.

He fought back like any die-hard nigga of the street and he wasn't going to go down. Rube had started shit Rob had meant to end it, which he'd done by leaving his ass right there on the street to make that bitch remember where that beating came from.

Flinging open the door expecting to see the cops pointing a gun in his face, he was pleasantly surprised and shocked to see Diamond standing there with her arms full of groceries.

Part Sixteen

He looked over her still expecting to see the cops behind her despite the fact that she stood there looking and smelling good.

"Are you going to invite me in or at least help me with these bags?" she asked.

"What the hell are you doing here?" he questioned perplexed as to why the cops weren't with her.

"I promised you dinner and I do mean to do so. Now let me in before your neighbors start to think I'm some crazy lady."

"You are," he said but as he spoke, he took all the bags from her and took them to his kitchen.

She followed him having the courtesy to close and lock the doors behind her. He could see her looking around his place. First critically and then calmly.

"What?" he asked, wondering what was going through her mind.

"I take it you don't have the eight roommates and living like all you want a woman around is for sex and maid service."

He shrugged a thick shoulder. "I didn't want to call you wrong. It looked like you wanted to be very right about what you thought of me."

"And you don't live in your mother's basement?" she questioned.

"My parents are both dead. My father abandoned my mother before I was born and he's dead now, but my mother died in childbirth and I was basically raised in foster homes all over the city, but not without carrying around what I inherited from my father." He followed her eyes to the towel he was still wearing and had kind of slid down to show his hips. Most likely she hadn't heard a word he had said. "I'd better put on something more appropriate."

"I'll get to cooking," she said a little breathlessly.

He quickly went into his room and put on some jogging pants and a t-shirt. By the time he returned she had just put something in the oven and was bending down looking in his cabinets over his pots and pants.

"Looking for something?" he questioned.

"A large pot." She reached in the cabinet and pulled out a pot and put it on the stove.

He leaned against the doorway watching her cook and it was a nice feeling seeing her there.

"Does this have to do with your father?" she inquired.

"Yes and no. Let's just say the apple doesn't fall too far from the tree," he stated in disappointment.

"Funny. I thought the apple fell to get away from the tree."

"Nice analogy, and in a way that's true. I'm glad my old man didn't stick around considering the person he turned out to be."

She looked through a couple of cabinets before turning to him. "Where's your wine?"

"I don't drink wine, but there's some apple juice--"

She cut him off. "You don't drink at all?" she asked in disbelief.

"No," he said flatly, but then decided to explain. "That led to some tendencies, which led to my second time in jail. I'm determined not to go back."

"I take it that it also has something to do with your father."

"A little bit," he said with a nonchalant shrug.

She went to her bags she had brought and pulled out a bottle of wine.

He cringed. "If you don't mind, I won't."

"Just like you won't finish what you started?" she asked in frustration.

Assuming she was speaking about Rube, he said, "I did finish the fight. Your brother--"

"I wasn't talking about my brother. I was speaking about myself and the fact that I'm still horny for you!"

Her directness made him shift his weight to hide the bulge that was slowly returning.

With no underwear on it was hard to hide his arousal from her words.

"I didn't mean to start anything like that, Diamond," he said sincerely. "You and I both know it was wrong."

She sighed in frustration. "I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable. I'm so used to getting what I want in business and I try not to carry my ways over into my personal life. My mouth often gets me in trouble. When I'm unsatisfied I tend to seem pissed off." She looked down at this crotch and licked her lips. "So is it diseased?"

"Hell no!" he snapped defensively.

She raised her skeptical brow again.

"Trust me," he assured her. "I don't go around trying to increase notches in my bedpost without a cap on. And shouldn't I be asking you the same question?"

She blushed slightly. "I'm as clean as brand new pipes if you must know and I haven't had a man in two years."

"Years?" he questioned.

Biting her lip in embarrassment, she admitted, "I have to say it's my mouth again. People say I have a tendency to be brutal." her tone of voice became sarcastic. "Who knew that was a turn off to men? Plus in the line of work I'm in I have to be. Not a lot of women are in imports/exports."

"Funny, you were all soft and warm to me."

She smiled briefly but quickly bit her lip as if trying to hide her happiness "I'm not usually so applicable."

Damn if he wasn't tempted to try to fuck her, but he wouldn't. "Are you admitting there's something about me that could be special and unique to you?"

"I'm just not used to someone being something I think they could never be. I'm used to disappointment." She set the bottle down on the counter and walked up to him. "So how would one go about finishing what you stated, Rob?"

Rob knew he had to be honest with her. "That's where the problem lays, Diamond. I can't."

Part Seventeen

“You can’t what?”

“I can’t perform. I’m on medication to make sure of that.”

She narrowed her eyes with that skeptic look again. “And does that mean you won’t be able to finish what you started? Because a real man –“

He grabbed her arm and yanked her body against his. “Are you issuing a challenge?”

She smiled wickedly. “Only a real man would accept-“

Kissing her to stop her from talking, he didn’t expect her to respond so erotically. Rob took control feeling how his hands seem to drive her crazy and kissing on her neck even took her farther. She was used to being in control, but there was something about him, she seemed to not be able to resist him. He loved this power over her.

Guiding her over to the counter all the while turning off the stove and oven on the way, he lifted her up and firmly sat her down so he wouldn’t have to be encumbered by her weight, although this didn’t bother him.

He was definitely going to rise to her challenge and make her eat her harsh words. Her dress moved out of his way as he hungrily kissed her skin and made his way down her neck. As soon as he unhooked her bra, he ravenously sucked each nipple deeply into her mouth. Her dark brown tip aureoles tasted like hot buttery chocolate. His fingers clearly frustrated her more as they pushed past her silk underwear, to a richer, softer wet haven. Her temperature was rising and he loved that it was he that had done this blissful damage to her senses.

Her hands massaged, clawed and even pounded at his back as her breath continued to catch in her throat. He had her wildly revved up until he could understand her body. At that moment, he slowly brought her to fruition, enjoying how she seemed to pulse and vibrate all over. A tear rolled down her cheek as her nails dug into his shoulders. He didn’t even mind the pain. It was something he hadn’t felt in a long while and he knew he had given her something she would never forget.

She raised his face to hers and gratefully kissed his lips repeatedly taking a small nibble here and there to tease him.

His manhood was so damn hard; he thought if he tried to get himself off, he would end up ripping himself off. Yet this was the true price he paid for the sins of his father and his own past. Closing his eyes relishing in her warmth of her mouth, he groaned knowing his fulfillment would never be met unless he turned away from the medication he had been ordered to take.

Whispering to her trying to disguise his pain, he asked, "Did I finish what I started enough?"

She giggled. "Enough," she concurred moving her arms around his neck and locking her legs around his waist. "But don't think I don't feel your own need."

Rubbing her back in comfort, he said, "I have to suffer for the sins of my past, Diamond and there is nothing else to say about that."

She looked clearly disappointed. "But if I insist."

"It'll only cause me more frustration. I warned you."

Nodding, she said, "I'll let it go for now, Rob."

She allowed him to step away and he did so but gently set her down on the ground.

"I'll watch the food while you straighten up. The bathroom is the last door down the hall," he said.

She left the kitchen as he turned back on the stove and oven. Washing his hands and face to try to cool himself off before she returned really didn’t do much for him.

Part Eighteen

With the minute alone, he had time to get his equilibrium returned, but yet still knew when she re-entered the kitchen.

“Are you going to tell me?” she questioned.

Facing her as he dried his hands, he asked, “Tell you what?”

“About the past?”

Sighing, he put the towel down, trying to find a way to formulate his words where he wouldn't have a lot of explaining to do. To Rob it had been never when he had to explain himself to anyone. Hardly anyone in his life now knew the truth of what he had done to deserve this punishment.

Yet the truth of what he did was always on the crest of his tongue. This was why he took the punishment as it was, because in every sense of the world, he deserved what he was suffering now.

“You aren't going to-“

“Shut up,” he snapped facing her.

She looked a little put out, but she did as he ordered.

Part Nineteen

After taking another deep breath and seeing her walk over to the stove to attend to the food, he said, "I hurt some people a long time ago."

"Intentionally?" she asked.

"Some. Others I would have to say, I might have had no control over what I was doing."

"You deliberately wanted some people to be hurt?" she asked again with skepticism.

"Yes. I deliberately tried to almost kill some people and hurt others if you want to know the exact truth."

"And that's why you have to take the medication?"

"Yes," he answered. "To tamper down my temper and other things that tends to take over and rule my control."

"Other things?"

"My sex drive."

She frowned and had the nerve to look down at his crotch as if he still stood naked. Looking back up at him, she asked, "And what if you don't take the medication?"

"Things could happen that could get out of hand."

"But as well as other things."

"If you mean fucking you, yes."

She only bit her lip slightly to react to his acidity. "What other things could happen if you don't take them?"

"I could go to jail."

"How long do you have to take them?"

"Most likely until I die or the judge feels I have some control. Right now this is all I have to make sure I don't go back to the way of life."

"It's not all though."

"Well, I've had to give up my past and my way of life from the past and the people I know. If that's what you mean."

"So no one around you now knows of your past?"

"No."

"Only me right now?"

"Yes."

"What does that mean?"

Part Twenty

Rob paused deeply before speaking carefully, “It means, Diamond, I just want to be totally honest with you and let you make a judgment of what you want. I don’t want you to think something is going to happen when nothing will.”

“And the judge controls you now?”

“My parole officer speaks for him and what I should be doing to stay on the straight and narrow paths.”

“And no matter what I do, I couldn’t make you stop?”

He moved to her slowly deliberately keeping eye contact to let her understand he was now the prey. Allowing just a little bit of the monster in him to come out, he saw her shiver and he could smell her fear. It was still intoxicating to feel other people’s fear, but he wanted more from her. He wanted to feel her vibrate under him with his shaft buried deep inside and have her look up into his eyes with ...

“No one can,” he answered in a deadly serious voice.

She turned away. Most likely to get herself together, but he knew he had scared her just a little. Rob had no doubt that she would most likely never want to see him again after this.

He gave her an out to leave. “I do appreciate you doing this, but I can finish everything up if you have something to do.”

“Nonsense,” she said as if that was just silly. “Can you fix the table for us?”

He knew it was just a ploy to get him away so she could gather her wits, so he didn’t protest. His father had taught him very well how to pull the fear out of people with just a look or a move that could fully disarm and make the other person wary.

Fear and power over people was like a drug, when he wasn’t in control. The more he had, the more he wanted and if it had not been for this last incarceration, he wouldn’t have stopped.

By the time the table was set and he had put lemonade out on the table, she was setting the stuffed chicken on the table along with buttered garlic noodles. The Hawaiian rolls didn’t need to be warmed and she made a can of corn in the microwave. He hadn’t had a home cooked meal in decades and didn’t even know where to start.

“Thank you,” he said from the side of the table.

Instead of her sitting at the end of the table where he had placed her dishes, she had moved over to where he was sitting. To make her feel comfortable, he pulled her chair out, waited for her to sit down with wariness all over her face, and then he sat down.

“Do you say grace?”

“I have faith, but I haven’t said grace in a long time, Diamond.” He admitted. “But I will respect if you want to go ahead.”

Part Twenty-One

What was worse, dealing with Rube, who she knew most of her life or this man, she just met? Diamond lowered her head in grace being very alert to his movements and even his breathing.

Had he really wanted to scare her or was that his nature? Evoking fear in her seemed like a natural occurrence for him. Too natural and Diamond had a feeling this had to do with his past and why he was now the way he was – a deceptively normal human being.

These were questions she wanted to ask.

“Is this all an act?” she questioned as she watched him fix her plate.

After she had finished grace he had taken the initiative to put the food on her plate.

“What do you mean?” he questioned.

“The normalcy you show the majority of the time. Is it all an act?”

Before answering her, he laid a napkin on his lap. “In a way, yes, it is.” He picked up the fork and gripped hard to the point she thought he was going to break the metal in half. “It’s difficult to not show who I really am or what I really think?”

Leaning over, she asked, “And what do you think most of the time?”

“I think there are people out there that are full of shit and everyone wants to hurt someone.” “No one is perfect,” she said. “But I don’t agree that everyone has evil them.”

He put the fork down and leaned just as much as she had into her. “You’re full of shit then. You’ve never wanted to hurt anyone?”

“I never said I was not one of those people,” she admitted. “There have been many a times, I’ve wanted to hurt people, but I’ve never gotten done the action. Why did you do it? Why did you hurt them?”

“Because they needed to be. Because in a way it felt good.”

Diamond loved his honesty despite the horrible person he seemed to hide himself to be. “I think there are other things you could do that would feel better.”

“You aren’t scared of me?” he questioned.

“I’d be lying if I said no. I am.”

He turned slightly and moved her chair so it faced him. In one swoop, he scooped her up and placed her into his lap so that her thighs straddled him. “I can feel your fear even though you try to hide what you’re feeling.”

Yes, she was terrified, because this man had so much power – physically and mentally – and not knowing what he was really capable of really scared the mess out of her.

Yet, there was something else that drew her sexually to him and being this close to him, brought out her temptress. Squeezing her thighs into him and moving her arms around his neck to bring her face closer to him, she asked, “What else to you feel?”

He didn’t flinch as he answered, “You want to fuck me.”

She loved his bluntness and didn’t try to be coy as she leaned down and kissed him. He stiffened as if to push her away, but then relaxed into the kiss; tilt his head to the side to deepen the kiss.

She murmured her pleasure and this increased the intensity he showed. The man’s arms tightened and his mouth was so damn warm, she could languished her tongue all day with his.

Feeling hot all over, Diamond scraped her nails along his thick neck and broad shoulders while grinding her pelvis against his own. His manhood went down his thigh and the idea that the medicine most likely didn’t make him fully hard, excited her to know he was most likely bigger.

How much teasing would he make her suffer or she would allow herself to endure?

The food was forgotten as their kisses became mindless passion filled breathless pleasures that wanted more and more. She felt him move to his knees out of the chair, taking her with him and then she felt the floor on her back and him on top of her. He was careful not to put his whole weight on her. His body was wide and rippled with muscles on every inch. Her arousal grew at the sight of this dark Adonis knowing what was to come.

Part Twenty-Two

She fought the urge to lead and the more she gave the more he took. His power of her senses was overwhelming and she shuddered hard as he grinded his body against her. Somehow they removed her dress again and his lips sunk to suckle deeply each tip into his mouth while his hand reached down to rip off her panties.

Diamond gasped, groaned and grinded with him coming to small pinnacles with the help of his own massage against her body, but she still wanted more. His voraciousness infected her and now she clawed at his back wanting ... needing more from him.

There was something animalistic that came to him the more she scratched and he suddenly rose up and tore off the shirt.

His body was sculptured and she sat up and took a tip of his dark nipple in between her teeth and flicked her tongue against there. Her hands couldn't stop touching the rest of his chest loving how his flesh pulsed with the rapid beat of his heart.

When he couldn't take her hands anymore, he grabbed her wrist and pushed them above her head to hold them down with just one hand. His mouth attacked hers again, nibbled on her neck while his other hand moved down to his pants.

Diamond gulped knowing what could happen, but afraid something would stop him and then she would die in this unquenched bliss she was burning from.

He reached in his back pocket and pulled out a condom. Tearing it open with his teeth, Diamond smiled.

Rob was about to quench her sexual thirst.

Part Twenty-Three

The kiss he bestowed upon her in that instance was deliberately long and slow. Whether it was to calm her down or heat her up, either way she found her body fully responding to him. He began to ignite her passion different like kindle to flames. The more he kissed her the more she wanted him and Diamond's body felt light as air, but heavy with lust.

She gripped her knees closer to him and tried to use her body to show her need, since he refused to release her arms.

His other hand was still down between his leg and lying flat on her back she couldn't see his width at all, plus he kept kissing her to distract her from her visual curiosity of how he looked down there.

He'd manage to get the condom on and she knew this when his other arm came up to her head with the empty package, which he quickly flicked across the room and then she felt the tip of him pressing against her entrance. So ready to feel him inside of her, she was slightly oblivious to the worried look on his face; until she became aware he was still just at the tip of her.

Yet that wasn't what made her freeze up completely and force herself to look down between her legs.

What she thought she saw she couldn't believe because unless humans were now capable of growing a third leg, that's exactly what her eyes thought they were looking at.

"Fuck!" she hissed as she felt him easily push another inch in.

"Am I hurting you?" he asked concerned.

"Only my arms," she said.

He released them immediately. "That's it?"

With determination, she tightened her legs around his waist and moved several more inches into him. He groaned because although she was tight, her body seemed ready to take on the challenge of feeling him deep into her.

"Don't stop," she begged.

He clutched her buttocks in each hand as she leaned back and brought her with him. Resting his rear on his heels, he easily moved her into a sitting position in his lap and this gave her even more inches onto him.

They were both panting and she loved the mutually controlling position. With gravity, his hands and her thighs, they started a gentle motion bringing him even deeper into her.

Their eyes were locked, obviously to the world around them as they released their success.

"W-Wait," he said worriedly, holding her from moving further.

Even looking down there was still about five inches her body had not covered.

"N-no one's been this far," he strained, barely able to talk while another layer of sweat broke out all over his body.

She nibbled on his neck, gyrating her body since he would not let he push more onto him.

"Diamond," he said still worried. "Don't."

"Please," she whispered in his ear before attacking the lobe with her tongue. "Please Rob. You won't hurt me."

She wasn't sure if she was in pain or pleasure. Everything felt so damn good. He began to gyrate with her, moving in a sexual tango, rubbing his large body against the most sensitive area. The double culmination made her whole body vibrate against his. Her weight and movement slid her body fully down on his, touching places on his shaft that had never been touched before.

He couldn't hold himself back anymore overwhelmed by knowing his body was ready and loving every second of the pleasure he was giving her.

Diamond felt him spasm so hard, he rocked her pelvic up and she had to hold on to stay with him as he continuously bucked into her body more severe than the prior stroke.

He cursed and thanked her at the same time all the while rubbing her back and being careful not to lay his entire weight on top of her.

She was endeared by his tenderness considering that he could likely be a cold-blooded killer.

That idea made her shiver and become excited at the same time. He had his own weakness and either it was her or sex. Diamond wasn't about to build machinations on what could possibly be. She was a different kind of woman - a realist when it came to sex and most times guys wanted to be with her because they wanted something from her and it wasn't just her body.

Yet, Rob barely knew about her true value and that made this moment even more special for Diamond but not something she should involve emotion into.

"Take a deep breath," he softly whispered.

Frowning, she asked, "Why?"

He grinded hard against her still expose clitoris making her gasped. At the same moment he withdrew from her, she yelped in delirious pleasure trying to breath in and out at the same time.

"You could have ... warned me," she grumbled feeling her body tremble some more as she became used to a whole lot of him not being there.

"It would have taken much longer and aroused me some more," he said with a wink and a kiss to her forehead as he quickly cleaned himself up grabbing a napkin from the table.

The food had been forgotten completely due to their hunger in other parts of their body.

Even now, she only adjusted her clothes and stretched out on the floor like a sated cat content for now and he moved beside her again lying on his side using his hand to hold himself up as he propped on his elbow.

She could look up at him and she smiled.

"What is that for?" he asked rubbing her bottom lip.

"What? My smile?" she questioned.

He nodded.

"It's a long time coming, Rob. You just satisfied a two year drought."

"I didn't hurt you, did I?" He asked worriedly.

"No, although I might feel something in the morning and wonder why I can't walk straight."

The worried frown increased.

She tenderly rubbed his brow to make the frown go away. "Stop that. I'm a big girl and I'm feeling really good right now. Are you going to tell me why or who made you worried?"

"Do you really want to know?"

She nodded. "You might as well tell me now while I'm feeling so good."

"I was charged with raping someone."

Part Twenty-Four

It took only a few seconds for her to wrap her head around what he had just revealed. Rob had just admitted raping someone. Something she had never known any man to admit even when they had factual proof they had done it.

“That’s why you went to jail?” she asked.

“The first time,” he said tenderly stroking over her stomach as if it brought more comfort to him than it did her.

“How many times had you been in jail?”

“Twice. The second time was my temper when I beat her brother almost to death.”

She took his hand and kissed the palm. “And that’s why you’re so worried over hurting some one again?”

He nodded and added, “Or losing control. That’s even worse.”

“And did you know this person you raped or was it a random act.”

“It was my first time. I got over excited and I didn’t stop when I should have stopped. Hell, I couldn’t even hear straight until it was over and there was blood and she had... “ He looked remorseful. “She never forgave me and when I got out of jail, her brother made sure I didn’t forget what I did to his sister until I just couldn’t take it anymore. I got mad and told him in uncertain terms to please stop bothering me.”

“And you served again?”

“Yes, but not as long as I did before, but only because she found Jesus and wanted my freedom, but at a price.”

“The medicine?” she assumed.

He nodded and moved his hands down to her stomach again. “I was one of the first medically altered men in the country to accept the program to allow chemicals to change my behavior.”

“You don’t need medicine to change.”

“You don’t know me Diamond. You’re only feeling things-“

She cut him off, “I don’t easily succumb to my emotions, Rob. I just know you’re stronger than you know and you need to realize that about yourself.”

“Enough about me, Diamond. I’ve heard the speeches. I’ve heard the talks and right now I don’t want to think about it.” He slightly squeezed her hand to inertly tell her not to go on. “Just as you’re touchy about the last night with your uncle.”

Defensively, she said, “I’m not touchy.”

It was his turn to look at her skeptically. “Oh really? So your stiff upper lip and demeanor isn’t touchy?”

“There’s nothing to speak about, Rob.”

“Oh really? You really expect me to believe that when one day you’re catching the bus and the next day you’re driving around in a seventy thousand dollar car. You don’t think your half brother will think something too?”

“I don’t care what Rufus thinks and that car was my mother’s. I told you my step father asked me to come home to claim all she owned so Rufus wouldn’t get his dirty hands on her assets. Plus I catch public transportation all the time in New York and it was futile to rent a car here when I had to be unimpressive to get some work done here in the city for my step father.”

“Some work.”

“Before he died, he asked me to do some things for him. Deliver some items to some people. Arrange some mail to be delivered he was trying to finish before he entered the hospital and settle some things with his lawyer.”

“Like what?”

She went over to her purse and pulled out a wrinkled sheet of paper. He looked down at the list and surmised that none of the things she had been asked to do would lead to anything of her step-father's past.

Most of the errands consisted of running around Downtown Detroit handling legal business and property situations.

Rob handed the paper back to her. "And that's all you were asked to do?"

"I told you, Rob, he never said anything about any diamonds. Only –" A knock interrupted what she was about to finish saying.

They looked in the direction as if the door was about to burst open.

"You expecting company?" she asked.

"Only the police for beating the shit out of your brother."

Wiggling under his body to prompt him to move, she corrected him with frustration, "Step brother."

He let her get up already missing her closeness under him and wanting more.

She quickly found her clothing and shoes that had somehow disappeared from her body.

"Clean up and I'll handle this," he ordered.

When she was safely ensconced in the bathroom as he straightened himself up, Rob went over to answer the door.

Nick's annoyed look greeted him and Rob wanted to curse because he knew this visit was not going to go right at all.

Part Twenty-Five

Nick checked him visually from head to toe before saying, "You don't look surprised to see me. Were you expecting me?"

"Why would I be expecting you?" Rob questioned.

The probation officer narrowed his eyes because Rob knew nothing he said could be trusted.

Nick knew Rob had passed many a polygraph tests without so much as a blip on the sheet. The blood that ran through Rob was a blessing and a curse at times. Right now, with Nick here, his past was a definite curse and he knew this whole visit would not go well for him and Diamond.

"Let me in Rob," Nick ordered.

Rob moved out of the way without hesitating to let Nick inside and looked past him to see if there were other cop cars behind him. When he saw nothing except Nick's car parked across the street, he closed the door and faced his probation officer.

"What do I have the honor of this visit?" Rob asked.

"You're too damn smug, Rob," Nick accused him. "What don't I know?"

"You tell me? You're the one that felt the need to pay me a visit."

"That's the second time you answered a question with a question. I know you don't want me to know that you could have been a part of sending some corn fed bread negro to the hospital with over one hundred and seven stitches to his face, a broken jaw and a cracked rib. Someone asked me did I have some Rob as one of my charges."

Rob kept his face stone solid making sure he didn't react to anything Nick was saying. "And what did you tell them?"

"What could I tell them? I have no charge named Rob, do I?" Nick crossed his hands over his chest giving Rob a look from head to toe. "Last time I checked I had a charge named Deamon Chance with a middle name of Roberto."

Looking away, Rob had to hide his expression of relief. "Are you here to arrest me?"

"No, I'm not, but I want to know what the hell did this woman make you do to this guy?"

Turning back to Nick, Rob said defensively forgetting he wasn't trying to admit to anything, "That son of a bitch came at me first. He walked on my property and punched the hell out of my stomach and then attacked me when I went over to her house to let her know about what he had done."

"Dammit, Rob, with your record, do you know what could have happened if you end up in front of the judge again? You have only months to go and you're willing to fuck it over for some bitch? Do you know how serious the charges could be against you? Do you know what time you could serve? Are you thinking with the right damn brain when dealing with this woman?"

"He started all the shit! Why should I get in trouble because of him?"

"Because he doesn't have a raging temper that have nearly killed people and he doesn't have to cover his ass for shit like this! You need to stay away from –"

Diamond found that moment to appear at the doorway. "Was I interrupting something?"

Nick looked from him to Diamond and cursed.

"Yes, you were," Rob answered irritated. "Didn't I tell you to go in the bathroom?"

"I did," she said flippantly.

"I must have forgotten to tell you to stay."

Diamond only smiled mischievously and walked up to Nick, outstretching her hand. "Hello, I'm Diamond."

"I'm Nick, Deamon Chance's probation officer."

"Demon Chance?" she questioned.

Rob immediately corrected her knowing she most likely heard Nick wrong. "It's pronounced De-a-mon. I don't usually go by my father's name since he was notoriously ruthless and evil."

"With a name like that, I understand," Diamond agreed.

Nick cleared his throat. "You don't seem surprised I'm his probation officer."

“What man in Detroit, doesn’t have one?” Diamond asked seriously, but then giggled. “Rob has made me aware of past problems he’s had with the law.”

“So he told you in detail he brutally raped a woman and beat a man almost to death with his fists? Has he told you that his temper has gotten him in so much trouble the majority of his life, he’s been ordered to a psychiatric facility as young as six years old? Has he told you about how he was implicated in the death of his pregnant mother and three siblings, and then tried to kill his father-“

“I think that’s enough,” Rob said seeing how shook up Diamond had begun to look.

“No it’s not, Rob. She needs to know the truth,” Nick stated.

“The truth, not what the motherfucking prosecuting attorney wanted everyone to believe, Nick. You of all people should be on my side. I wasn’t implicated ever, just accused.”

“I’m sure your father had the same story.”

Rob felt the surge of anger overcome him. Tightening up his fists, he prepared to beat the living shit out of Nick.

Part Twenty-Six

Angered, Rob started to charge at Nick ready to do some serious physical damage to him, but Diamond jumped in his way and placed her hands on his chest looking up in his face.

“Don’t,” she said with a whispered plea in her voice.

The demons in his brain screamed at him to punch the fuck out of Nick, but her touch... warm against his skin, made his heartbeat surge and blood rush hard through every part of his body clouding out what he wanted to think. There was a power she was developing over him.

Calming down, he turned away to push away the desire to kiss her.

Rob knew Nick had tried to pick a fight on purpose and he was glad Diamond had stopped him because Rob was not sure if he would have been able to stop himself. There was no doubt in his mind that his anger was hereditary from his father and Rob never denied the truth that he could kill someone with his bare hands if he wanted to.

“Maybe you should be on your way, ma’am,” Nick suggested. “And my advice would be to keep your distance away from him as far as possible if you value your life and your sanity. He’s been known to drive people to insanity.”

“I didn’t ask your advice,” Diamond snapped.

Turning around to face both of them, Rob gave Diamond an assuring wink. “I think my probation officer and I have things to speak about, Diamond. I’m sorry about dinner. Can I call you later?”

Diamond looked a bit hesitant but only for a moment before she nodded and gathered her coat and purse. Briefly she looked back at him as she was walking out the door.

Rob gave Nick his full attention once they were alone.

“Did you fuck her?” Nick demanded to know.

“What I do that’s not a crime is none of your damn business!” Rob sneered.

“You know that’s a fucking lie. All I have to do is tell a judge what I suspect and whether she says you raped her or not, you’ll be eating fucking baloney sandwiches by the end of the fucking night. So answer my motherfucking questions, right now with a straightforward honest ass answer, Rob.”

“Yes Dammit and I didn’t hurt her like that other bitch said I did, now would you get off my fucking case?!”

“I’ll get off when you’re not on probation anymore. I’m warning you now, Rob. Stay the fuck away from her. She’s trouble and you’ll be digging yourself deeper in trouble if you decide to keep going around her.”

“I can handle myself.”

“I’m sure you’ve said that before.”

“I’m not my father, Nick. I’ll never be him.”

“But you fail to understand that you have him inside of you, Rob and a woman like that is not someone you can handle.”

“Or I’m not worthy to be around?”

“That too.”

Rob sat down on the couch. “You made your point. Are you here to arrest me or take me down for questioning.”

“Just give me your word you’ll keep your nose clean, Rob.”

“Of course. No doubt.” Rob was glad he hadn’t been asked to promise to stay away from Diamond.

Nick took a deep breath as if he had conquered Mount Everest in a single bound. “I am on your side, Rob. I just don’t want to see you behind bars again. You’re almost there and I would sure hate to see you fuck everything up.”

“Or make a liar out of you, right? You wouldn’t want anyone to know you’ve failed like everyone said you would with me, right?”

Nick narrowed his eyes only, but Rob didn't need the bastard to admit the truth because he already knew. Nick had essentially put his ass and mouth on the line and hated to lose.

"Just keep your nose clean," Nick said calming down a little.

"Yeah. Thanks."

Nick went to the door. "I'll see you next week."

"Yeah." Rob was just biding his time waiting for Nick to get out of there.

Nick looked back warily as if he wanted to say something else, but then finally walked out and closed the door behind him.

Going to the window, Rob patiently waited until Nick got into the car and drove off. Moving away from the window, he determined if he wrapped up the food and got over to her home, they could still enjoy dinner.

He decided first to jump in the shower.

Part Twenty-Seven

Getting in her car, Diamond collapsed her forehead against the steering wheel flushed with embarrassment. She couldn't believe her wantonness with a perfect dangerous stranger, even though she had wanted to be with him very much.

'Didn't you just tell yourself you didn't want drama in your life? Isn't that why you eagerly left New York?'

Fantasies were fantasies, but this man was more than a reality.

Driving home, she toiled over in her mind the lovemaking and the words from his probation officer.

"Stay away from him!"

Getting her cell phone, she decided to call her Uncle Reichard Peterson, who was a district commander in the Chicago Police precinct.

"Long time no hear from, niece. How's life treating you in Detroit?" Reichard asked, his voice deep with concern. "I heard about the funeral and I'm so sorry I couldn't make it. Everything seemed rather rushed."

"His death was pending, but he asked that his funeral take place a day right after his death. That was his wishes. I'm fine though."

Reichard asked, "Was he still insistent upon you selling the house and everything?"

"To his dying breath. He said to sell everything including all the furniture, except Momma's chest. He made me promise to keep all her things in that chest."

"Well that's understandable. It belonged to your great grandmother originally. I can see why. But I don't think that's the nature of your call, Diamond."

Diamond took a deep breath to gather her thoughts and push away her embarrassment. Reichard Peterson had always been able to gauge people very fast. She was convinced this was a family trait, because she was able to do this as well.

"No it isn't, Uncle Reichard. It seems I've gotten myself entangled with a guy."

"Not just any guy because the last permanent boyfriend you had in was college, wasn't it?"

"What about Leonard?" she questioned.

"That knuckle head in New York? There's a difference between a boyfriend and an obsessive pain in the ass."

"I didn't completely swear off men," she grumbled.

"But you have busied yourself so much a serious relationship is like a blue moon in your life."

He was right, but she didn't want to agree with him "Well this one is rather unique and ... how shall I say, thuggish?"

He sighed disappointed. "I blame your mother for the attraction you have with dangerous men, Diamond."

"Uncle, Please."

"Okay, I won't get into it. Is he as bad as that idiot half brother?"

"Worse, I believe. He has a real criminal record. Served time twice, according too him."

"He actually told you his record."

"At the time I felt he was being very honest with me."

"Most men wouldn't admit they were incarcerated twice. How long have you known him?"

"Only a couple of days."

"And how far has this relationship progressed?"

Her silence told him the answer and he didn't keep her holding any longer to give him an answer. After a moment, he ordered, "Give me his name."

She gave him Rob's full name and was glad the probation officer had forced her to know it.

"I'll see what I can pull up on my end, but if it's nothing really serious I won't get a good hit," Reichard let her know.

"I have a feeling it's serious, Uncle."

"And your guesses are never wrong. Can you give me about thirty minutes? I'll put a rush on this for you."

"Thanks. Uncle Reichard," Diamond said relieved. "By the way, I know how you felt about my mother marrying a criminal and everything, which is why you have always kept your distance, but do you really think he knew where those diamonds were?"

Part Twenty-Eight

There was a moment of silence on the other end before he said, "When your mother was alive I really believed that he knew where the diamonds could be. Thirty million dollars is a lot to ignore; Especially since he insisted on living like a pauper and allowed your mother to make the majority of their income. In my belief, he wasn't saying anything because he loved your mother, so very much. He didn't want to let her see that her man was a big thief and he didn't want to put her life in jeopardy as long as his cohorts were alive. The man adored her and worshipped the ground she walked on. That's why I was never worried about my sister's life because I knew she had a man who could protect her; Even if he was a thug."

Diamond smiled remembering all the many times she would see her step father sneaking kisses to her mother's neck, holding her for no reason at all and performing romantic gestures just because. Those memories were something she desired for herself and could see why she was single now because she wanted a bad boy like her stepfather, but also a man who could be only tender with her.

Reichard continued. "My doubt of his guiltiness started to wane after all his cohorts died and then your mother..." He paused sadly. "I started to feel a man wouldn't wait that long to cash in on something so valuable, would he?"

"No, it wouldn't make sense at all," she agreed.

"So I'll look this name up and give you a call back as soon as I can."

"Thanks Uncle Reichard." Once she was off the phone with him, she could actually think clearly enough. Getting home, she jumped into a long shower.

Her conscious was still on Rob, even as she took her shower and thought about his lips and hands and body and...

She missed him and wanted more.

"No, you don't." She told herself as she stepped out the shower and turned the water off.

Drying, she faintly heard her phone ring and rushed to it almost hoping it was Rob on the other end.

To her surprise, it was her uncle calling back. "Hey, Uncle Reichard. Is everything okay?"

"Are you sitting down?" his voice was full of dread.

Even though she already was, she shifted her weight to prepare for what she just knew was bad news.

Part Twenty-Nine

“I found some state psychiatric reports in the system when he was six, eight and ten. They never had a need to keep him. He was only eleven when police picked him up for taking a two by four and pounding a school counselor over the head on school property in the parking lot. According to the statement made by security, he waited in the parking lot for the counselor to come out and proceeded to try to beat him from behind before seven security officers pulled him away.”

Her heart sunk in her stomach and there was tightening in her chest so much she had to loosen the towel around her.

“Was there a why?” she asked with hope in her voice.

“Well, witnesses report the counselor had made a snide remark earlier in the day about how Daemon would be just like his father.”

“Does it get worse?” she asked not wanting to hear more.

“That’s preschool crime compared to the rap sheet that popped up. He spent the majority of his teen life in juvie homes for felonious assault infractions and even some time in a mental facility in his juvie life and his adult life. They would have erased his juvie records if he had not been suspected in helping another patient trying to kill themselves.”

“Oh my, he was helping them?”

“Yes, she was a suicide watch and according to the report he broke into the pharmacy, stole drugs and smuggled them to a Charisse Sheridan.”

Diamond gripped her chest feeling her heartbeat too hard. “I don’t think I want to know anything else.”

“But it gets worse. He was convicted of rape and he accused of almost beating the girl’s brother within an inch of his life right after he got out of jail for the rape conviction.”

Diamond groaned and her arm moved down to her stomach because her gut was starting to hurt from the stress. *‘You slept with this man! You gave yourself to this evil man and you can’t take it back.’*

“What gets me about this boy is he tested high on almost every intelligent and academic test put to him and he received two bachelors during his prison term in accelerated study programs easily. What also brought on red flags were two things. During his first stint where he served at the same time, Rube served in the same prison, but for only three days for that stupid carjacking Rube tried to pull off.”

She now felt her head start to hurt. At this rate her whole body would be convulsing in pain. “So it could be possible they could have talked?”

“Could or something else. I wouldn’t be sure about that.” His tone changed to deep dread. “I have a feeling you aren’t going to like anything else I tell you about him.”

“It can’t get any worse,” she cried. “He’s assaulted people, he’s possibly insane, raped people and hurt people with Rube. He could be working to find some damn diamonds that I don’t think exist in the first place. How could it possibly get worse?”

“Unfortunately, it does. I couldn’t understand really why this boy was like he was until I realized who his father was. Everything just bothered me to the core about this boy, except when I found out that he was held in police custody and released the following day for self-defense against his own father.”

“His father tried to kill him?”

Uncle Reichard responded, “Right after his father successfully killed his pregnant mother.”

“That does seem like a legitimate excuse to want to kill your father,” she deduced, but couldn’t believe that came out of her mouth.

“I think if I had a father like Daemon Heart, I’d want to kill him too.”

Part Thirty

“Who is Daemon Heart?”

“The baddest son of bitch this side of the Mississippi and any blood of his is bad blood all together. Before his death by his own nephew, he thought it was his mission to take out the entire Heart family starting with his brothers and their wives and then he started on any woman who had a child by him. What made all the crimes so spectacular was that they were all listed as accidents or suicides. His genius insanity was so contagious, his youngest child decided to help her father in his quest to kill everyone by first going after all babies in the family despite the fact that her father had killed her mother. Blaque Heart who is listed as one of the highest paid mercenaries in the world, poisoned her own cousin, Onyx Heart and killed the baby she was carrying. Onyx barely survived, but this is the reason why Blaque never sets foot in the country because of the retribution Onyx swore she would pay if she ever saw Blaque. The second thing, Blaque was suspected of doing was that she killed Onyx’s baby brother when he was only a few years old. It was believed Blaque’s older brother distracted the family with his bull shit, while Blaque stole the baby to murder it.”

“And who killed Daemon?”

“Onyx’s older brother, Lethal. One hard blow to the man’s nasal cavity and a knife to the heart following finally took him down.”

“I can’t see this guy again,” she said adamantly.

“You’re damn right about that,” he agreed. “Your gut instinct on that couldn’t be more right.”

“But that is so confusing, Uncle Reichard. I usually have great instincts about people. Why wasn’t I alarmed before wantonly giving myself to this man?” she asked quite perplexed.

“I’m familiar with the Heart Family that reside in Chicago. They have a way of deceiving even the best of the best. Here, there is King Heart who runs two very popular clubs but we know he’s ripe in underground dealings especially in the loan shark department, but we can’t get anything to stick to him. And then there’s his sister Queen who we believe runs more than an escort service, plus she assists her brother with his business as well. They are both from Daemon’s seed and wicked as all get out, but too damn smart like their father to get caught in their criminal dealings. I need you to be very careful with this boy, Diamond,” he warned. “Get yourself back to New York. That probation officer knew exactly what he was talking about.”

“Wait a minute. One more thing, he said he’s on medication. From what I assume it’s court ordered.”

“According to his exit psych evaluation he’s listed as having a sex addiction and has tendencies to jump into physically violent rages. In order to stay on the outside, he had to agreed to chemical castration.”

“What?!”

“It’s more or less a downer with a traceable placebo to make him think the medication is helping him. It’s not condoned by human rights groups so the patient has to agree to experimental treatments and he’s tested weekly to make sure he’s taking it by taking a urine sample he had to give for the rest of his probation.”

“Which is how long?”

“According to this, with good behavior he could get off in the next couple of months.”

“But how was he able to... well, you know do it with me.”

“From what I know about it, he can still become aroused, but it takes just a little longer for release and once aroused it can be frustrating to the patient to come to full fruition. I know so much about it because I had a stint in the special victims unit here in Chicago for a while.”

“And the girl he raped?” she asked.

Part Thirty-One

“What about her?” Uncle Reichard asked nonchalantly. “At the time, not only was she the Dean’s daughter, but her mother was an aide to a top city council official. In my opinion it was a bad deal and misunderstanding.”

“So that meant they all believed the apple didn’t fall too far away from the tree,” she said sarcastically.

“You can’t help people from believing that, Diamond, given his past and his bloodline. Plus according to the police report there was heavy internal scarring and some stitches needed about the perineum. I’m even looking at some faint bruising on the wrists, where he most likely held her down.”

“Is that all?”

“Is that all?!” he exclaimed. “That’s enough to give the man five years in prison with the majority spent in solitary confinement.”

Diamond looked at her wrist and saw some slight pressure marks still on her skin where Rob had gripped her. He had lost his mind for a minute, but at no time did she feel she was being raped or even terrified for her life in any way. The man she knew and the man that was on paper seemed like two different people.

She could almost understand from the size of him down there how someone could have bruised and torn. Her own self was still quite sore and thankfully she had been overzealously aroused by the time he had pushed inside of her.

The thought of that made her aroused and she had to literally shake her head to get the illicit thoughts out of them.

“*Stop trying to be logical!*” she ordered herself.

In his most serious tone, Uncle Reichard asked, “How far did you really go, Diamond, honestly, with this boy?”

Without the least embarrassment, she admitted, “All the way, Uncle Reichard, but please don’t worry. We used protection and I’m going to get the first flight out of Detroit right away.” She went over to her laptop and began to book her flight. Her stomach, head and chest hurt still, but there was still confusion in her heart. “I just can’t understand why I didn’t see it.”

“A lot of people who are dead now were wrong about this Heart’s bloodline. I’m shipping this information Fedex to you to your New York Office.”

“One more thing, Uncle, I’ve overworked you too much.”

“Sure luv, anything for you.”

She smiled lovingly. “What was the name again of the person they think he tried to help assist in the mental home?”

It took him a moment and she heard some rattling of paper. “Oh here it is. Her name was Charisse Sheridan. She was about the same age as he.”

“She was? So she’s dead?”

“It doesn’t say. Want me to look that up?”

“No,” she said thoughtfully. “I’m cool with all you’ve given me, Uncle Reichard. I’ve just booked the flight and I’ll be in New York this time tomorrow.”

“That makes me feel better, Diamond. Call me when you get there.”

When she hung up, there seemed to be a fog in her brain. She was overwhelmed by the information she had received and her head, stomach and chest seemed to hurt more with each passing minute.

It was just a little relief when she heard the doorbell ring. The distraction lessened the flow of blood in her temples. Dazed she walked over and without thinking flung the door wide open.

She had to look up in those dark ominous eyes that greeted her. Though terror filled her, her chest didn’t feel so tight, her headache instantly disappeared and the tightening in her stomach was quickly replaced by butterflies aching to burst out.

“Why are you here, Rob?” she demanded to know.

Part Thirty-Two

Diamond continued before letting him answer, “I know that probation officer clearly told you to stay away from me.”

“If I listened to everything that probation officer told me or anyone else, I’d have killed myself a long time ago. Are you going to let me in, Diamond?”

“And I’m supposed to ignore what he said to me?” she questioned.

“I could give a fuck what you decide to do after tonight, but I do plan on finishing dinner with you.” He held his arms up to show he was carrying a large pan of food wrapped over with aluminum foil.

She hadn’t noticed he was holding anything. Her senses were just being overwhelmed by his proximity, the smell of him and the memory of the taste of him. He was like a drug and she knew her body was definitely addicted to him.

“I’m not hungry,” she lied.

Her damn stomach chose that time to ripple out the loudest groan ever. She put both her arms over her stomach, but that seemed to make the sound worse.

“Your belly says differently,” he smirked. “Now quit being obstinate and let me in.”

Diamond stiffly stepped back and allowed him entrance into her home. He went straight to the kitchen and put the food in the oven on medium heat.

After locking the door, she joined him there just as he was finding two glasses and pouring some pineapple juice he had found in the refrigerator. He certainly knew how to make himself at home. He didn’t look her way, but she knew he was very aware of her presence.

“I know I shouldn’t ignore my probation officer, Diamond. You don’t have to beat me over the head with the facts. I know he controls whether I get off on good behavior or not.” He handed her a glass of juice, but she was still wary to touch him.

She watched every move he made, even jumping when he help out the glass to her.

He frowned and set both glasses down. “Why are you acting like that?”

“Acting like what?” she feigned confusion.

“Acting like the police after they would arrest me because they thought I might try to kill them too.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” she said trying to sound innocent.

“But your body does. That shudder wasn’t meant for sexual excitement. You’re terrified all of a sudden and I want to know why,” he demanded, slamming his fist on the counter.

“My uncle ran your rap sheet.”

He gripped the counter and she felt this cold aura come over him.

Diamond continued, “It was pretty much some of the stuff the probation officer said. I just don’t want you to get in trouble Rob.”

“Is that what you really want?” he questioned stepping forward. His dark eyes pierced her clear to her soul and every fiber of her being was aware and frightened of him. “Because I don’t want you to tell me what they want for me. I want to know what you want, Diamond.”

Part Thirty-Three

Diamond wasn't afraid to admit what she wanted from Rob; she was afraid to admit what she wanted to herself.

"Do you want me to leave right now? I will if that's what YOU want. All you have to say is the words, Diamond," he said.

"You would?" she asked hesitantly. "You would leave if I say leave?"

"And I will never bother you again." He took another step towards her, almost within arms reach of her.

She could have backed away if she desired, but she didn't want to. Her body wasn't scared of him and defied her mind. All those things Uncle Reichard had revealed to her seemed to become a fog in her thoughts as she began to remember how she felt when Rob kissed her and touched her.

"I don't want that," she admitted out loud. "I don't want you to never bother me again and I don't want you to go right now."

He stepped forward again and this time was able to easily reach down and tilt her head up to look at him. "You want me to be here?"

"Yes," she admitted.

"But you're still scared," he said reading her thoughts.

She trembled in response, but she was sure it wasn't in fear, as his palm fully cupped her face.

"Tell me, why you are scared, Diamond," he ordered gently.

"You did hurt that girl, didn't you?"

"I was rambunctious and over sensitive. Without the drug, I become numb to only what pleases me. I ignored her cries. I ignore what should have been a pleasurable experience," he owned up. "I paid the price for that and I swore I would never allow that to happen again. I wouldn't lose control like that with a woman again."

"That's why you agreed to the drugs?"

"Yes," he answered. "I didn't want to be like my father."

"Are you worried that you might hurt someone as badly as he hurt someone?"

"No, because I'm not him. Have I hurt you?"

She stepped towards him. "I'm a little sore."

He frowned. "Where?"

Blushing, she looked away. "It's nothing I can't recover."

He started to open her robe, but she put her hands on his to stop him and backed away until she was pressed on the refrigerator. He'd followed her still trying to open her robe.

"Rob, I'm fine," she insisted.

Pushing her hands away gently, he continued to open the robe. "I want to make sure you're fine."

"It's more internal than anything."

"I want to make sure," he said adamantly, dropping to his knees and at the same time, lifting her leg over his shoulder.

Before she could protest more, his face pressed down into her warm feminine hive and began to hungrily suckle her honey. His thick tongue circled her clit inciting passionate moans instead of protests from her lips. Her nectar not only flowed down her soft thighs, which he quickly lapped up and then pressed deeper to lave the flat of his tongue from her perineum to return to her clit.

Diamond was grateful for the refrigerator as she clutched the doors at the top desperately trying to support her weight as her legs had become useless. He alleviated her frustrations by maneuvering her other thigh over his shoulders and she smiled realizing forever more she would love a man with very broad shoulders.

It was hard to linger on this thought when Rob's mouth was reverently bringing her to repeated apogees. Diamond couldn't think straight and didn't want to as she succumbed to the pleasure he brought her too.

She screamed, cried and worshipped his mouth loving every oral delectation he offered. Rob didn't let one ounce of her sweet essence go to waste, loving the succulent taste of her knowing he could definitely get used to her.

He knew he was driving her crazy, but he wanted her to be insane for just a moment. When he finally gave her a reprieve by moving away and standing up, she almost collapsed to the floor if it had not been for his quick reflexes and strong arms.

Scooping her up, he carried her into the living room as she hungrily attacked his mouth, kissing her sweetness away licking his mouth thoroughly with her tongue.

Taking control, he cupped her face, slowed the kiss down and then moved down her neck to her breast. Her robe was gone, but he knew she probably didn't care.

Rob took his time. If this was all wrong and Nick found out, he wanted to at least say he got a chance to explore this delicious brown sugar body and all the sweet treasures on display with his mouth, hands and eventually his body again. He had been dreaming about being with her for so long and those many days and nights he had fantasize about having her, he was definitely not going to let this moment go to waste.

What fully aroused him was that, she didn't mind him playing with her body. She begged for release, but loved giving the foreplay just as much as he enjoyed doling it out. When she made an attempt to try to take his clothes off, he pushed her hands away several times. He wasn't done tasting her and he knew it might be hours before the medication allowed him to perform physically.

The funny thing was that Rob didn't mind this like the many other times he would just give up and forget about the whole act. He was like a hunter waiting for the prey to come to him and he knew with his hands and mouth, he could wait for hours.

He just hoped she didn't go mad as he took his time exploring every inch of her body.

Part Thirty-Four

“Diamond,” Rob said as he caressed a hand lightly over her thigh.

She trembled and groaned as her only way to protest being awakened from a deep almost coma sleep.

“Are you still hungry?” he questioned.

The thought of the food burning brought her quickly to reality and she looked up at him. Rob was still fully dressed and she was not. Although this presented an awkward situation, she remembered what her uncle said about the pills Rob was taking. This was really quite new for her to be with a man and having herself pleased more than he was pleased, but if the pills were helping Rob keep a straight head then she wouldn't pressure him to get rid of them. In time, maybe he would see they were just a placebo.

Diamond knew telling him the pills were not needed wouldn't make him stop and it wouldn't help him become a better person.

“Isn't it burned?” she questioned.

He shook his head. “I turned off the oven.”

“When?”

“Before it was fully warm.”

“I don't remember.”

“You weren't supposed to.”

She blushed and sat partially up. “I'm starving.”

He left the room to go to the kitchen.

She smiled relaxed fully and quite sated. Pulling the robe over her, she closed her eyes for a moment. In the back of her mind, her conscious wanted to curse her for allowing this man to turn her emotionally and spiritually inside out, but at that moment, she was feeling so good, she didn't care.

A few minutes later, he returned with a plate of food and despite being warmed repeatedly, everything still tasted quite good.

“Did you want me to get you anything to wear?” he questioned.

“You're being too nice, Rob,” she said. “What are you after?”

“Nothing.” He held up his right hand. “I swear, but I do want to know why you had a change of heart about me, knowing everything you know about me.”

She bit her lip and knew eventually that question would have to come up. His foreplay could make a woman lose her mind willingly, but Diamond was always grounded in reality all her life. There was no way to get around that he was a bad man, yet her gut wasn't telling her this and her gut had never been wrong. “Simply because you're not the same man on paper.”

He frowned and then leaned over to kiss her lightly. “No ones ever told me that. Why do you believe so?”

Intrigue as to why she had been rewarded with a kiss for no reason, she answered his question, “From what you show me. My mother always taught me to believe action speaks louder than words.”

This time when he kissed her there was more passion involved and this time the kiss lasted longer.

“If I'd known I could get delicious kisses like this I'd have said this a long time ago.”

He tenderly kissed her neck and she giggled some more. “I just like what you said.”

“A simple thank you would have sufficed,” she teased.

He was about to lean in for more, but she knew she would definitely get distracted again if he started kissing on her again.

“Wait!” she insisted. “Personally, you are not my problem, Rob. It's just that, during your time you served in prison with Rube.”

He frowned deeply. “And you're suspicious that Rube and I could know each other?”

“It could be possible.”

“It could,” he said with a skeptic brow raised. “But most times I was in solitary confinement. Rube wouldn't have the balls to come on my side of the prison if he was there. The more I know about him, the more I believe he wouldn't have the constitution to last in jail.”

“So you aren't going to dispute it nor are you confessing,” she pointed out.

“I won’t. You know my rap sheet. Whatever I say it’s never believed. I let everyone come to their own conclusions. Do you really think I’m in cohorts with Rube?”

She took the last bite of food and said, “I’m just asking you and I would like a yes or no answer.”

Part Thirty-Five

“Would it really matter?” he questioned. “Honestly, Diamond. In my history, people have believed what they wanted to believe about me and now I’m here in front of you showing you me and you’re asking me to answer something like that?”

She thought about for a moment. “Yes, I would.”

“So the real question is would I have feigned all of this to get closer to you to get thirty-five million worth of diamonds, which you’re convinced you know nothing about.”

“Ah-ha!” she said. “You think I know something.”

“Of course you do. Your old man calls you home on his death bed. He hates his son and he has a secret he doesn’t want to die with.”

“Seriously, Rob. He told me nothing about diamonds on his deathbed. I swear.”

“So I should just leave if I’m here for the diamonds right.”

“Yes, you should,” she said adamantly not at all liking the way he could just illicit fear from her so quickly and the more she showed him, the more he looked as if he were getting some type of enjoyment out of it.

He leaned in and kiss her more. This time the kiss was filled with something else and Diamond could feel herself being uplifted in passion, but full of dread at the same time.

When he broke it off to leave her breathless, he said, “So if I’m not here for the sex, I would have left by now, right?”

“Unless you think I’m hiding something.”

“But you’re not.”

“How do you know?”

“You’re too scared to lie, right now.”

Damn he was good and scary at the same time. This fear didn’t stop her from putting her plate down, putting her arms around his neck and draw him down into another kiss. This one he didn’t scare her, but allowed her to take control. She found herself lost in more passion than anything and soon they were hurriedly trying to get his clothes off. Diamond was almost too impatient as he put on the condom before he entered her. She wasn’t as aroused as before and he started to pull away, but she wanted him inside of her and bucked her hips to throw off his balance, which drove him deeper into her. He swore loudly and her groan was all that she needed to become wetter.

Her senses were reeling from just being with someone so dangerous and feeling his largeness fill her brought her to fruition before him, but feeling him pulse, stroke and hold her close, took her to a peak once again with him. He collapsed in her next and let go a whimpering moan as he tried to recover, but she was very aware of everything even after her second orgasm.

“Am I hurting you?” he asked.

“Stop asking that,” she reprimanded.

He rose up slightly so he could look down at her. “I have to ask.”

“If you were hurting me I would have told you so?”

Narrowing those ominous charcoal eyes down at her, exemplifying his swarthy, he asked, “And what makes you think I would stop?”

Diamond snorted. “You wouldn’t have to asked that question if you didn’t care or wanted to do me harm, Rob.” She giggled nervously.

He moved off of the couch to straighten himself up, while she put on her robe and sat up completely.

Looking down at the couch, she saw they had made a mess and she blushed. “I guess I’ll throw this out instead of selling it.”

He sat down beside her. “What do you mean instead of selling it? You’re selling all of this?”

“The house yes and everything in it. It was my stepfather’s wish on his deathbed to sell my mother’s house.” Diamond felt this was the best time to let him know her own plans while she had his full attention regarding her stepfather’s last words. “He demanded that I get all the affairs in order for him and then sell

everything in the house and the house itself. I just met with Taylor Bellini who is orchestrating the estate sell, so I can fly to New York tomorrow.”

Part Thirty-Six

Rob looked away for a moment to gather himself at the news that she wouldn't be around much longer. Before he looked back at her, he pushed the anger out of his eyes. "And just like that you're gone."

"Yes, just like that. I have so much going on in New York that I can't afford to be away another day. I've put too much on hold already."

He wouldn't dare ask her to stay. He was a thug, a convicted rapist, a mad man on paper. How could he ask this innocent angel to uproot her life and just stay here with him. To get his mind off the subject, he jumped back to the original subject. "So you're not even going to keep any of your mother's furniture or keep sakes?"

"Well, all my mother's things that I would want to take and hold on to are all packed away inside of a large chest that has been passed down to the women in my mother's family. He made sure of that. Everything else, they acquired together. Before my mother married my step-father, she really couldn't hold a coin to her name. He made her a better person personally and financially." Diamond didn't know if she should be hurt by the fact that he didn't respond to her leaving or if she should just be glad he didn't.

"Did your stepfather leave anything to his biological children?" he questioned.

"Rube was his only child; A clear disappointment to him, but his only child. My stepfather left his son nothing. He deliberately sold everything he owned solely, including his clothes and any personal items before I even arrived to make sure that Rube could say nothing in the house was his. My stepfather only asked that he be buried with his wedding ring. Even all his jewelry and any mementos were gone. All I really had was that scrapbook, but that was my mother's. The night of his death though, Rube came through and trashed the house. I put things semi right, but Ms. Bellini will take care of the rest. Anything of mine was gone when I left to go to college and haven't been back because of Rube and all his harassment. Selling these things off won't mean anything to even Rube or me. Rube's stuff was thrown out long before now by his father personally shortly after my mother died and Rube started to nag his father about the diamonds."

"So Rube's searched the house and now he's just pissed."

"Mostly. I'm sorry about him. I'm sorry you got mixed up in all of this or that I accused you of anything, Rob."

"No need to apologize. Assholes like Rube, do whatever they want without regret," he sneered. "But I think Rube has a good understanding to leave me the hell alone." He stood up and looked at his watch. "I should go then. You have a lot of packing to do."

"I have to finish asking you about your past," she said quickly in an attempt to make him stay.

"I'll tell you anything you want to know, Diamond," he said earnestly.

"Who's Charisse Sheridan? Did you help kill her?"

He stiffened dramatically as if someone had stabbed him, twitched his lips and then suddenly relaxed. "Okay, how about I tell you everything, except about her?"

She shook her head. "You said anything, right?"

Rob sighed disappointedly. "She's a person in my life I have yet to understand. First person to ever stump me about human nature and how a person's mind can be so trapped by what others have done to them, they really don't see what life really is."

Diamond felt he was speaking more to himself than her, but she didn't question or interrupt him as he continued.

"Let's just say Charisse Sheridan had her own demons and she didn't want to face them anymore. She tricked me into promising to help her kill herself. She heard about how my father could concoct an untraceable substance out of some drugs. She was assured I knew the recipe to these drugs."

"Did you?"

Reluctantly, Rob admitted, "Yes. He'd taught me how to mix it so I stole a needed drugs out of the pharmacy and prepared it for her. I even loaded the syringe for her."

Diamond shivered in fear. "You helped her commit suicide?"

Sternly, he said, "A promise is a promise." There was this wicked look in his cold eyes.

"So she died, right? Was it painful?"

He gave her this weird look and then his eyes glistened in amusement. "It hurt like hell going in."

Diamond gasped appalled.

"And it probably hurt like hell coming out too," Rob said with twitch on his lips.

Looking baffled, she asked, "After she was dead?"

He shook his head. "Charisse Sheridan must've had an angel watching over her. She should've died or maybe I mistakenly mixed the chemicals wrong." He shrugged nonchalantly. "She threw up for two day straight. I got a thirty day confinement to her forty-five days."

"But you helped her! Didn't someone feel you'd help almost commit murder?"

"They couldn't prove anything. Charisse made sure there was no trace of anything anywhere and they couldn't convict under suspicions."

"What if she had died?"

"I don't make promises with my mouth I can't keep, Diamond. I had to try to help her, which is what I promised. And like I said, she had an angel watching over her, who clearly let her know it was not her turn to die."

She knew that was the end of the subject and just knew there was no physical relationship with the Charisse Sheridan by the way he only referred to her as a person or her name. "Is she still there? In the hospital?"

Disappointedly again, he shrugged. "I think she was released to her family, but it's fuked up because they're the ones that messed her up in the first place." He paused. "I really should let you go."

She stood up as if that was going to make him stop from leaving as he started to head to the door. Her movement didn't stop him, so she called out, "Wait, Rob."

He stopped and turned to look at her waiting for her to say something.

Nervously, Diamond rung her fingers unsure what to say to get him to stay. "I have to ask you a favor."

He didn't say anything, but still gave her his full attention waiting for her to keep talking.

"I need a ride to the airport."

"That nice BMW says differently," he disagreed.

"That's going into the estate auction as well. She'll be picking that up tomorrow."

He rubbed his neck uncomfortably. "What time?"

"My flight leaves at eight, so I need to be up there by seven at least."

"Fine, I'll be by to get you by six-thirty."

"Good, because I'll need help with the chest my stepfather demanded I take..." her voice drifted off for a moment.

"What?" he asked.

"I don't know," she said unsurely. "But I just thought of a reason why my stepfather would want to keep the chest."

"Why?"

She smiled wickedly. "I think I know where the diamonds could be."

Part Thirty-Seven

Rob turned all the way to her and jammed his now sweaty palms in his pants to hide his excitement. Her last sentence repeated in his head loudly. "*I know where the diamonds are!*" Oh Hell YEAH!

"You suddenly do?" he asked warily carefully guarding his anticipation.

"I think," she said. "It just popped in my head, but funny I think it was there all along." She motioned him to follow her to a back bedroom where she led him around a large bed to a corner where a very large old chest sat. "It's my mother's chest," she said kneeling down.

He knelt beside her as she opened the chest. "So where do you think the diamonds are?"

"In here," she said. "Help me take everything out."

Without hesitation, he helped her carefully take out scrapbooks, pictures, books and journals, along with other miscellaneous items such as figurines, small trophies and plaques. A thick blanket covered the bottom and once they lifted that out together, there was nothing left in the chest.

They looked at each other for answers and then confusion when neither one said anything.

"And this was the only thing he said to keep?"

"Yes," she said positively.

Rob stood up and looked down at the items they'd they pulled out. "Did your stepfather have any hobbies?"

"Nothing that I know of except making my mother happy. He worked at a construction company most of his life as far as I knew. With his record, he could only get money under the table, but some people would boast he was a master resurfacers."

"Resurfacers?" Rob questioned.

She nodded. "Instead of throwing out countertops or floors, he could redesign them or finish them. He also could put on wall paper really well. Did the majority of this house like that?"

Rob looked at the walls around him and then looked back at the chest.

Disappointedly, she sat on the bed. "It was just a notion. I thought just maybe..."

"Maybe what?" he questioned.

"Well, when my uncle and I were talking he said he didn't think my stepfather would have those diamonds anymore because after my mother and his cohorts died, there was nothing to hide them from. But I got to thinking for a moment and realized that there was someone he needed to protect from what he did."

"You," he guessed.

She nodded. "As long as he was alive, he couldn't confess to having the diamonds because of me. Now I don't know whether it would be because of the cohorts family or even his own family, or just because he loved me very much and valued what I thought of him while he was alive or the fact that the discovery could jeopardize my business in New York."

"What business?"

"I own a store in the Diamond Exchange District in New York City."

Part Thirty-Eight

His eyebrows raised rather impressed by what she did. “And a close intermediate family member with stolen diamonds would not bode well for you.”

“Just to get a license to open business I had to go through a strenuous background check, but now I had intentions of selling the business to the highest bidder anyway.” She looked at the mess they made and sighed again. “I guess we should just put everything back and you can load the chest in your car while I actually get cleaned up and packed for tomorrow morning. We could watch a movie, fall asleep and wake up to go to the airport tomorrow.”

He nodded and helped her put everything back in the chest. After she locked the chest up, she moved out of his way so he could lift the chest. When he pulled the chest up, he noticed the back wasn't as dusty as the front and there was a resurfaced layer of wood over the design of the chest.

As he was lifting the chest, Diamond assessed that some work had been done on the back of the chest, but decided not to make reference to that before she was sure about her assumption.

“Let's just leave the chest at the door for now and I'll take a shower,” she said. “Please don't go.”

He only nodded and she went into her bathroom to wash up again.

The shower gave her time to think about the chest, what she would do if she really found the diamonds and what to do about Rob. When she came out the shower, dressed in a two piece light salmon pajamas and her hair twisted up in a tight bun, she found him in the kitchen straightening up.

As she put the kettle on to boil some water, she said, “You know men who help with housework get more sex.”

The side of his face twitched and she figured that was his way of showing his own amusement. “And women who watch me do housework?”

“Get horny,” she admitted.

Again the side of his face twitched.

“Would you like some tea?” she questioned.

He nodded and turned away to put away some dishes he had just washed.

“Have you always taken life seriously, Rob?”

“Being where I come from, I've had to take life seriously, even as a child.” He faced her. “Why do you ask?”

“It's a valid question.”

“Diamond, I'm a realist and I know you are too. You're leaving tomorrow. Most likely you'll never set foot in this city again with a trying to be psychotic step brother you want to avoid at all cost. Why would you care about me and my past?”

“Just answer the questions, Rob. Humor me. Humor someone for once instead of trying to scare them.”

He put the cloth down neatly and folded his thick arms over his chest. “There are more questions?”

“Yes, like if I found the diamonds and decided to give you half the money, what exactly would you do with it?”

“I don't deal with fantasies.”

She groaned in frustration. “Humor me.”

He sighed in his own aggravation. Picking up the cloth again, he started to wring the fabric around his hand so tight, she could hear the threads straining. “I don't know... I'd pay off debts, soup up my car, you know, the usual shit a negro does.”

Moving up to him, Diamond tried hard not to show how disappointed she was in him for the way he answered her question. “Can you hand me two large coffee cups on the third shelf?” she said.

Easily he reached up and found two coffee cups, but he didn't immediately hand the dish to her. Instead, he cupped her face and frowned down at her. “I'd also put some away, you know to make sure I lived okay for the rest of my life and maybe even donate some money to people like me.”

“What do you mean, people like you?”

He ground his teeth together before he answered. "People who had to go through shit, because of their parents and couldn't afford the money for a good attorney."

"But how do you know those people aren't out there lying or being truthful?"

"I know, because I've been so close to evil, I can smell bull shit."

She smiled as he handed her the coffee cups. "Thank you." She wasn't really being grateful for what he had done, but what he had said.

He moved the sugar and a spoon beside her on the counter as she retrieved the tea out of a canister and placed a bag in each cup.

"You have other family," she noted. "Why haven't you tried to contact them?"

"My mother had no other family."

"But your father."

"I don't try to claim his side or even deal with his side of the family. At least not until my parole is over with."

"Because of who your father was?"

"A little. In a way, I don't know what I'd do if I saw that anyone of them acted him."

"What might you do?"

Without hesitation, he answered, "Kill them."

Part Thirty-Nine

A shiver ran through her and she knew he meant those words without a doubt. Changing the subject wasn't hard for her. He readily gave her information about where he grew up, the lonely existence he went through because of his father and how people always feared him even when he didn't show them how evil he could be.

His mother had been cremated and her ashes spread in the Detroit River when she had died. For one, because the body had been literally massacred and also, she always spoke about how she would love to buy a boat and sail on the water one day.

"I'd also like to buy a boat too," he said offhandedly.

By now, they were snuggled up in the guest room's queen size bed. Diamond did not feel comfortable sleeping in her parents' room. She kept her suspicions about the chest to herself and he did not bring up the diamonds again.

This solidified her decision if the diamonds were ever found what exactly she was going to do with them.

As they talked into the middle of the night, soon words turned to kisses and touches turned to strokes. He truly was not the man on paper when they made love so hard and deep. He was a man who made her feel as if the world evolved around her and they were the only people alive in this world that mattered.

As the morning approached, she awoke before him and took a shower. All her ducks were in a row in Detroit with her step father's wishes and signed papers that the Bellini Enterprises needed so they could start the selling process of everything in the house and the car.

While she packed, he awoke.

"What time is your flight?" he asked after stretching out the night's stiffness.

She smiled wickedly. "My flight leaves in a couple of hours."

He sighed disappointedly and went to the bathroom. While he was in there, she quickly went through his pants and looked at his address to memorize where she needed to contact him at. She also was able to see his workplace from a recent pay stub and the entire name of his probation officer.

By the time he came out with a towel just wrapped around his waist, she had put everything back in its proper place and closing up the last suitcase to be taken to the car. Turning away to hide her nervousness at being caught, she said, "I'm all ready. I'll go fix us a quick breakfast."

He went over to his clothes and stopped before touching them. In the mirror, she saw him look over at her with a deep frown, but she pretended to arrange some miscellaneous items on the dresser.

How did he know she touched them when she was so careful about putting them exactly how he left them?

"Yeah, sure," he said quietly.

With relief, she rushed out of there to get away from the tension.

Half an hour later, they had eaten, packed the car and was locking up the house to leave out when the doorbell rang.

Part Forty

He looked at her warily and she shrugged already reading his thoughts.

"I wasn't expecting company this early in the morning," she said going to the window to see who was out there. After assessing what her eyes held, she said, "It's Rube's car."

He frowned moving her away from the door that she'd started to open. "That's impossible for him to be there. I cracked his jaw. He can't walk for the next couple of months."

Soon as Rob opened the door all the way, she watched as he dragged who was standing out of the eye piece into the house, while shoving his fist almost down their throat. Before she had a chance to scream that someone was behind him, Rob did a back kick to the other guy coming in the door.

Who the hell was this man?! And why was she sexually excited and terrified at the same time?

Two more large black men came inside holding guns at Rob to make him freeze. One of them, the larger of the two, said, "Get your ass outside and die like a man, bitch."

Diamond started to reach inside her purse, but Rob's eyes clearly told her not to do so. Why would he stop her?

"Fine, but don't hurt the girl," Rob said.

"We don't give a fuck about Rube's girl, but motherfucker, you gonna pay for the shit you did to my boy! You messed with the wrong nigga." The one in charge pressed the gun harder against Rob's temple.

She looked scared, but for some reason she wasn't worried for her life. These were Rube's guys and for some reason, her stepbrother was still pheening on her, so she knew as always, Rube wasn't sending anyone for her.

Yet, her stepbrother felt he was some kind of gangster and these were his henchmen who felt it was their duty to take care of Rob.

"You don't have to do this," she said.

"Shut up, bitch. Rube will deal with your ass when he gets out the hospital."

Rob let them shove him outside and she followed keeping a distance so as not to distract them from her. It was still pretty dark outside and no one was around.

They made Rob stop right at the bottom of the stairs.

"You don't want to do this," Rob warned in a low growl sending even shivers down Diamond's back.

"You gonna say sorry to my man before I shoot your head off," the one in charge ordered bringing out his phone.

Rob had his back to Diamond and his arms raised, but she had a feeling already there was a plan.

The leader pressed speaker on the phone when a weakened voice answered. "Yeah, Rube. I got the son of a bitch. He was inside fucking your girl all night, but he's going to be sorry when we get through with him. I'm going to put a bullet between his eyes, I swear to you, right after he apologizes for the shit--"

With fast as lightning speed reflexes, Rob knocked the guy's gun on the phone away and at the same time, kicked the other guy in between the legs and then knocked that gun away. Before the leader had a chance to recover from how fast Rob was moving, Rob charged down at him with a blow to the nose and then used his elbow to the other guys neck.

Rube's henchmen fell on the ground groaning in pain as Rob kicked the guns far out of the way before picking up the phone.

Diamond knew he said something on the phone to her stepbrother, but she was too far away to hear the words he spoke before he hung up and then started calling another number.

"Who are you calling?" she asked coming up to him.

He pulled out his keys and handed them to her. "Get out of here. Go catch your plane. I'll pick up my car at the airport," he promised.

"But--" Her protest was cut off as he kissed her long and hard.

When he broke off the kiss, he growled, "Get the fuck out of here Diamond, while I call the police."

She took the keys reluctantly and went to his car as he finished telling the 911 operator what address to come to.

“Will I see you again if I ever decide to come back to Detroit?” she questioned.

“That’s up to you, but don’t you worry about me,” he said assuredly. “I can handle shit. It’s you I probably can’t.”

Diamond smiled and drove away, sad she probably would never see him again.

Part Forty-One

Rob slowed down a little as he started to turn the corner to his street. It had been three months since Diamond had drove away. He missed not seeing her on that bus stop and he missed everything else about her.

After the fiasco and small jail time because of who he was, he was home again and able to retrieve his car from the airport. Somehow he hadn't been fired from his job and he hadn't been bothered by Rube or his boys.

After his life had gone back to normal, he had too much time in the day to think about her and began to find other things to do to occupy his time. Going to the library, he was able to look up some information about his father and all the rest of his family.

With his probation going away and never having to see Nick again, all he had to do was go in every six months for a drug test, but even that annoyed the shit out of him.

He knew the drugs were all voluntary and now that he was off of probation he had the option of leaving the program, but stepping away from them and living his life "normally" was foreign to him.

The idea of getting a boat made him go down and start doing some volunteer work at the marina in the city. Nick was good about referring some people to trust him to keep up their boats and docks, do some repairs and to use his free time to even go out on the water even by himself.

Soon he started to utilize the library to study boats, their dimensions and the way they were built. He started to design better boat designs and wished he could open his own company.

Stepping out of the shower after a long night of work, he prepared to take a nap before getting on with his day.

His doorbell rung.

Taking a deep breath, he braced himself wondering who the hell was at his door, since he still kept to himself. When he looked through the peep hole all he saw was black, even though it was daylight.

As the door opened, Rob could say he never saw a guy as wide as the doorway at almost six and a half feet with waist length black dreadlocks. Dressed in black snake boots, black jeans, black shirt, with a long black mackintosh, this big black guy with narrowed portentous black eyes glaring menacing, looked as if Rob had gotten on his last nerve.

"Can I help you?" Rob asked annoyed when the guy didn't immediately introduce himself.

"No you can't," the big dark stranger growl and stood up straight to reveal he was holding a brown leather pouch, but his mackintosh opened a little to reveal he was packing a gold plated .357. "I'm here to help you," he said and handed him the package and then an envelope. "But I don't expect to stand in this doorway the whole fucking time."

Rob took the items and then moved to the side to let the brick wall enter. "What's your name? And who sent these?"

The huge guy looked around the place in disapproval before he answered, "Lethal Heart is the name and I was sent here by Diamond Peterson."

Part Forty-Two

The name of the man shook him and then who sent him really confused Rob.

“You’re my cousin.”

“Yes, I am,” Lethal said crossing his thick arms over his wide chest. “I’m also the man that killed your crazy ass father when you failed to do the job.”

“Should I thank you.”

Lethal took off his Stetson and shook his head.

“Diamond sent you to come looking for me?”

“Actually she paid me and insisted that I help you if you needed anything else, within reason.”

“Help me?”

“Read the fucking letter first,” Lethal growled impatiently.

He opened the envelope and immediately scanned down to see who signed the letter. Diamond’s name was at the bottom and his eyes quickly scanned up to the top to start reading.

Dear Rob,

The fact that you’re reading this not behind a jail cell makes me happy. Do not think I haven’t been thinking about you all of this time.

I have. I have longed to come back to Detroit, find you and just feel your arms around me, but I couldn’t. My business here in New York has taken longer than necessary for my return and I find myself impatient, which is why I took the initiative to find your cousin, Lethal Heart.

Now I know the history all too well and I apologize in advance if I have overstepped my bounds putting you in an uncomfortable situation, but believe me when I say Mr. Heart was the only one who could handle what will be a life changing moment for you as you read this letter.

I found what we were looking for. The chest had more than what was expected and I realized after I arrived in New York we were looking in the wrong place.

Mr. Heart can tell you more, but I instructed him clearly on what he was to do with what was discovered and all credit goes to you. Please don’t think I want anything that you’ve earned because without you, I wouldn’t have had the gumption to even look.

Thank you for all you’ve given me and shown me. Yes, you’re bad on paper, but remember to me you’re good in life. You are truly my diamond in the rough.

Kisses, Diamond Peterson

He read the letter again for a second time before he looked up at the ominous cousin who looked like he was even more perturbed than before.

“You’re done?” Lethal questioned.

“Reading the letter, yes. Trying to figure out what the hell she meant in it, no.”

“Now open the package, dip shit,” Lethal growled.

He looked down at the package as if someone had just placed it in his hands. Peeling open the package there was hundred dollars packed tightly inside of nine thousand dollars.

“What is this?” he asked.

“What does it look like?”

Exasperated at this man’s constant agitated disposition, Rob sneered, “Would you just explain everything, because she seemed rather evasive in the letter?”

“For good damn measure, idiot.” He pulled out a newspaper clipping from the New York Times dated a month ago.

In the article, Lethal Heart of Hearts Security & Investigation had found the missing thirty-five million dollar diamonds buried in a Albany Cemetery, which was two miles where Diamond’s stepfather had been picked up. According to Lethal’s report, the diamonds had been buried near his mother’s headstone and carefully concealed over time. Due to the fact her stepfather was dead, along with the rest of the cohorts, no charges could be brought up.

Furthermore, there was no comments from any living relatives.

“How?” Rob asked still confused.

“Don’t ask how,” Lethal growled. “I’m not here to explain shit. Just know, the finder’s fee was seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. I took my portion and this is a bank account in your name for the rest of the money, but with conditions.” He held up a bank card. “If you choose to accept the conditions, you can have the money in the bank, but if you would rather not then you can take what you’re holding and never have to worry about what the money will be used for, but know that Diamond will make sure it’s taken care of.”

Warily, Rob questioned, “What are the conditions?”

“Seven scholarship funds have been set up around the country at different universities for children coming from certain types of families. Poverty the most prevalent, but children whose parents have come from violent homes. There is some degree of academic standards, but in some cases even a C average can guarantee them a four year paid college scholarship. Also, a national fund was set up to help abused women with children trying to leave dangerous situations. Two other large funds were set up to help other legitimate organizations who help people as well get off the radar. One was nationally and the other was internationally. That will leave you two hundred thousand dollars, but with that, one hundred thousand is set aside in an account to pay off all debts and for you to live on given a stipend just from the interest, while the other will be used for anything else you like.”

“You’ll control my money?”

“Hell no!” Lethal snarled. “Armando Bellini is a trust lawyer. You accept this card and he’ll be on your doorstep in three days. Now which is it? I just got back from the Carolina’s and I’m tired as hell.”

Rob looked down at the money again and then back at the bank card. Which would it be?

Part Forty-Three

Setting the money on the table between them, he held out his hand. "Give me the bank card," he ordered.

Lethal looked almost astonished.

"What's that look for?" Rob asked.

"You've surprised me, Daemon. I thought for sure you'd take what's in the hand. Diamond must really know you better than I thought she did."

"I'm not my father."

"You better not be or I'll put a bullet between your motherfucking eyes before you even knew I knew," Lethal threatened. "I have no remorse for taking your father's life and like I said, I'm a little pissed that your black ass couldn't finish the job."

"I was just a kid."

"That's no excuse."

Rob knew the Heart's blood could be cold as ice and Lethal was no exception to the rule.

Lethal handed him the card at the same time scooping up the money.

"Is that it?" Rob wanted to know.

"That's all the business we have to do together. As for the family, I expect you at my address Sunday to meet the rest of them, dip shit." He handed Rob a business card. "Don't stare at Mandingo's face and don't shake hands with Onyx or she's likely to floor you for touching her. And if that shitty family in Chicago tries to contact you."

Rob said incredulously, "But he's my half-brother, Lethal."

"Be ready to choose sides and be ready for a war because I plan to kill King Heart if he steps foot in Detroit. Then I'll kill you for helping him."

With that, Lethal Heart strode out, slamming the door hard to finalize he was gone.

Rob looked down at the card and felt the side of his mouth twitch.

Part Forty-Four

FOUR MONTHS LATER

Rob paced nervously at the arrival gate. The plane was taking forever to unload and if there was one more hold up he was going to just break anyone's neck that came arms reach near him.

The last four months had been a whirlwind for him. First receiving the bank card and sitting at home in shock for three days. He realized a lot of things after thinking them over.

For one, he knew Diamond couldn't take that money, which is why she had facilitated this complex way to utilize the money. Another thing he was positive about was that he loved her and wanted to be with her, yet with his life in the state it was, Rob wasn't worthy to be with her. He needed to make major changes and the bank card he held in his hands for three straight days must have been his ticket to do so.

Just as Lethal had promised the lawyer from Chicago, Armando Bellini appeared on Rob's doorstep with a lot of paperwork to sign.

Armando assured Rob everything was in good hands and his law firm would handle all the business of each trust and fund set up. Rob would have to attend at least fifteen to twenty meetings a year, present at three to five award ceremonies and do some press here and there, but otherwise, he was free man to do anything he desired with the funds that were currently sitting in a bank account just for him with the monthly stipend.

Armando saw the design of the yacht Rob had put on the wall and was intrigue. Three days later, Rob was meeting with Alejandro Bellini who ran a cruise ship line and getting advance to design liners for their new Great Lakes Line.

He had his business started just like that because his designs were so unique he had calls coming in from all over the world.

In his dealings with the Bellinis, he met Abigail McPherson, who worked with him on the interior designs. She was so cool to work with, although he realized why they got along, once he met her mean tempered husband, William Stone.

As for his own family, he found so many damn evil dispositional people that he had come to actually like to be around. They accepted him immediately and he felt almost complete knowing he had real family. Most of them had suffered just a little because what Daemon Heart had done, but they did not hold Daemon's sins against Rob.

"Rob," her voice called softly over the crowd.

He turned to see her coming to him. She was dressed in a medium blue, pinstripe suit with four inch blue heels and a cloak over her shoulders.

Everything inside of him wanted to run to her, scoop her up and kiss her, but he couldn't help that it was ingrained in him to stand there until she stood within arm's reach of him.

Diamond smiled flushed. "Hi," she said.

He pulled her in his arms and held her. "Thank you."

She didn't speak as she enjoyed the hug. He could feel her body relax against his and he knew forever this woman would be his.

Tilting her head up, he kissed her deep and long to show just how thankful he was for all she had done for him.

Breathless when he finally pulled away, she asked, "Can we find a bed so you really show me how thankful you are and how much you really missed me?"

Forgetting everything, Rob chuckled feeling his world was complete, "Most definitely Diamond. Most definitely."

The End

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Author's Addendum's

Heart Family Tree http://sylviahubbard.com/?attachment_id=560 (Before Rob was added)

Characters in this book can also be found in other books by this author.

Character List with stand alone stories:

Lethal Heart
Charisse Sheridan
Armando Bellini

Reichard Peterson can be found in books related to his son, Alejandro Bellini and some of the other Bellini Family Members. (Family Chart coming soon).

Currently, there are four other books in the Heart of Detroit Series:

[Red Heart](#)
[Silent Lynx](#)
[Cabin Fever](#)
[Baby Doll](#)

Throughout these books you'll meet other cousins and see how the story line you've read connects to all of them.

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