

THE
CARTTEL

5

La Bella Mafia

FROM THE MINDS OF

ASHLEY & JAQUAVIS

NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHORS

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2006

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Dedication to the Fans

Thank you to all of you who have watched us grow both individually and as a couple through our writing. You have turned two kids from Flint, MI into New York Times best selling authors. We love y'all for that and are forever grateful for your support. As you pick up this next chapter of *The Cartel* we hope you enjoy. It doesn't end with this book. As we move into the next phase of our careers we plan to bring you *Cartel 6*, a fresh spin-off called *Zyir: son of the Cartel*, and who knows maybe even a book called, *Ethic*, if you're lucky. You guys have held us down from the very beginning and it is because of you that we are inspired to continue this journey. We are fortunate to be able to live our dream every day. We are blessed to have literary fans like you! There is no limit to what the future holds for our readers and us. Much love.

Mr. and Mrs. Coleman

Previously in: The Cartel 4

Final Chapters

“No Guns. No Goons. Just me and you.”

—Carter

Carter looked in his rearview mirror and noticed that the same two cars had been following him for blocks. At that moment, he knew that the Feds were on him. The white boys who were driving the cars that were tailing him were a dead giveaway. Carter immediately put the pedal to the metal and bent a couple corners to shake them. With his foreign car and world-class speed, there was no competition. Carter checked his rearview mirrors after a couple corners and brief stretches and just as he expected, he was in the clear. He headed toward the hospital for Zyir. It was a must that they shook out of town until things died down. The heat from the authorities was too much to bear. As Carter made his way toward the hospital, his phone began to ring. He looked down at his caller ID and noticed that it the call originated from Los Angeles, California. He picked it up, only to hear another person breathing on the phone.

“Hello,” he said again and still received no answer. He then knew that the call was coming from Polo. It was a discreet way of telling Carter that the Feds were about to move in on him. Carter hung up his phone and shook his head in frustration. He knew that if he stayed around, it was only a matter of time before he went down. First and foremost, he had to get his li'l man out of the city too. Zyir was his right-hand man from day one and he refused to flee the city and leave Zyir hanging out to dry.

Carter arrived at the hospital and immediately knew that he would be walking into a trap. He could spot unmarked cars from a mile away and the entrances were swarmed with them.

“Fuck!” he said as he hit his steering wheel with force and aggression. He picked up his phone and called Zyir.

“Hello,” Zyir answered in a low, raspy tone.

“Listen, who is in there with you?” Carter asked, cutting straight to the point.

“Just me and Fly Boogie,” Zyir said as he slowly sat up in the bed while grimacing.

“Listen closely, because we don’t have a lot of time. The Feds are coming in. Do me a favor. Tell Boogie to look outside the door and see if there are any agents outside your door,” Carter said as he pulled off and looked at the cop cars filing into the hospital through his rearview mirror. Zyir immediately told Fly Boogie to check and he poked his head outside of the door and came back.

“It looks clear. Just a couple of nurses,” he said as he stood there wide-eyed trying to figure out what was about to go down.

“Shit looks normal,” Zyir said to Carter.

“Okay good, good. That means that they are on their way to you right now. Listen, you have to get the fuck out of there, Zyir. Like right now,” Carter said.

“Damn. Okay cool. Where are you at?” Zyir answered.

“Meet me at the take-off spot. You already know what it is,” Carter said, not wanting to tip off anyone, just in case he had wiretaps on his phone.

“On my way,” Zyir said as he began to snatch the wires off of him that were monitoring his heart rate.

“Yo, Zyir,” Carter said as his tone dropped.

“What up, big homie?” Zyir replied.

“I’m not leaving without you, so make sure you get there,” Carter said with all sincerity in his voice.

“I’ll be there,” Zyir confirmed just before he hung up the phone.

Carter headed in the direction of Monroe’s condominium. He had unfinished business with his brother that needed to be handled. Carter made sure that there wasn’t anyone trailing him before he turned into Monroe’s place. Carter took his gun from his waist and exited the car. He threw the gun in the seat, not wanting to even have it on him when approaching Monroe. He didn’t want to go that route with Monroe. Carter just had to tie up loose ends. He walked to the doorstep and knocked. He didn’t know what to expect on the opposite end but he was prepared for whatever God had in store for him. As Carter waited for someone to answer, he got a bad feeling in the pit of his stomach. He took a deep breath and then exhaled trying to calm his nerves.

The sounds of locks being unclicked sounded and Carter stood strong as he waited for the face of his brother to appear. Once the door was open he realized that it wasn’t a face that he was staring at, but it was the barrel of a double pump shotgun that Monroe was holding about five inches from his nose.

“I come in peace,” Carter said as he put both his hands up. Carter walked toward the gun, pressing his chest against the barrel and slowly walking Monroe backward. “I don’t want no smoke, bro. Just want to talk,” Carter pleaded as he spoke softly, slowly, and collected. There was no hostility showing in his voice or mannerisms. He knew that he was playing Russian roulette at that point but he knew it had to be resolved.

“You come to my house after you sent ya li’l mans to get me? You must be out of your mind,” Monroe said as he stopped and dug the barrel into Carter’s chest even deeper.

“You’re right. But if I recall right, you sent Buttons’ niggas to kill me in Rio. Remember that? Look, we both have been at each other, but this shit has to stop,” Carter said with no malice in his heart. Monroe was at a loss for words.

“I’m tired of the killings. I just want this shit to end. Honestly, I would prefer if you get this gun out of my chest. If you want, I’ll shoot you a fair one and we can handle it like men,” Carter said, referring to a one-on-one fight. “No guns, no goons. Just me and you,” Carter suggested.

Monroe paused as if he was in deep contemplation and released a small smile, gladly wanting to take Carter up on his offer. Monroe slowly lowered the gun and then tossed it on his couch. Carter stepped completely in the house and closed the door behind him. He then took off his shirt, exposing his chiseled body and ripped abs.

“I thought you would never ask, playboy,” Monroe said as he snatched off his shirt

and put up his hands. They were both the direct bloodline of the most fearless man who ever walked the earth: Carter Diamond. So there was no fear in either one of their hearts.

Carter also put his hands up and the men began to circle each other in the middle of Monroe's living room.

"This ass whooping has been a long time coming," Carter said as he began to inch closer to his brother. Monroe threw the first punch. Carter side-stepped to the left, just barely missing get hit by Monroe's punch. Almost simultaneously, Carter snapped a quick jab to Monroe's kidney.

"Too slow, li'l nigga," Carter said as he smiled and swiped his nose taunting him. This enraged Monroe. Monroe began to throw haymakers at Carter, trying to knock his head off. Carter caught a couple of them but the majority of them he dodged artistically. Carter saw that Monroe was getting tired and he knew it was time for him to put in work. He went after Monroe relentlessly. Left hook, right hook, jab . . . sending Monroe flying onto his back. Carter then pounced on Monroe, straddling him while wrapping both hands around his neck, trying to choke the life out of him. Monroe fought for air as Carter gripped his neck tightly. Monroe felt that Carter was much stronger than him and knew that he needed help getting Carter off of him. He reached for the lamp and grabbed it. He then smashed it against Carter's head, making the lamp shatter into pieces and temporarily got Carter off of him. Carter flew to the ground as the world began to spin. He temporarily saw stars and tried to get up, but couldn't keep his balance. Monroe on the other hand was panting on the ground trying to catch his breath. Blood leaked from Monroe's swollen lip and Carter had a huge gash on the right side of his head. It was an awkward moment of silence as both of them leaned their backs against the wall and tried to regain their composure.

"We could have been a dynasty. We . . . could . . ." Monroe tried to say in between breaths as he steadily held his throbbing neck.

"That was the plan," Carter said as he sweated profusely and sucked air trying to get his wind.

"You let that nigga Zyir take my place," Monroe admitted as he expressed his true feelings. He was envious of the place that Zyir held in his brother's life. They were close and Monroe felt as if he had missed out by being away from life for so long.

"Zyir is my nigga. He's been there with me from the start. He wasn't taking anyone place because he always had a place of his own. So this what this is all about, huh?"

"I just believe in blood over everything. I was raised in this drug game and what I learned is that anybody will cross you for the right price. But family, family doesn't have a price. Family is forever. Diamonds are forever."

"Diamonds are forever. We have to end this, Money. We have to," Carter said as he looked over at Monroe. Neither of them wanted the beef to go any further. It was as if them saying that Diamonds were forever released the tension out of the room. "I've lost everybody from this game. This game has no love for anyone. I don't want to lose the only brother I have left behind this," Carter admitted.

"I want this shit to be over too, bro. I swear to God I do. It seems like it's at a point of no return," Monroe replied.

"It's never too late, my nigga. All we have to do is let it end here," Carter said as he slowly stood up, sneering at his aching headache. He reached down his hand to

Monroe and looked at his brother in the eyes. Monroe paused and took a long, hard thought about what he was about to do. He took a deep breath and reached out his hand, letting his older brother help him up. They embraced and rocked back and forth, both of their souls being cleansed in the process.

“Now we have to go. The Feds are coming,” Carter said, as he went to the window and looked down over the street cautiously. “We have to go. They will be here any minute.”

“What?” Monroe asked, trying to grasp what was going on.

“They’re on to Estes, which means they’re on to all of us. Just come on! I don’t have time to explain, but I have a jet waiting to take us to Bermuda. All we have to do is make it to the airstrip. We have to go!” Carter said as he fled out of the door. Monroe followed closely behind and just like that they were gone out of the door.

Zyir looked at the dashboard and saw Fly Boogie pushing over 120 miles per hour. Zyir then looked in his rearview mirror and saw the trail of police cars and flashing lights. They were on a high-speed chase and Zyir knew that it wasn’t looking good. He looked at Fly Boogie and noticed a grin on his face. He was actually enjoying the high-stakes car chase. A helicopter was hovering above them, keeping up with their every move. Zyir shook his head and had no choice but to smile. He gripped his wounded stomach and felt his phone vibrate. It was Carter.

“I’m on my way. But I have a couple friends with me,” Zyir said, knowing that it didn’t look good for him.

“I’m waiting for you, homie. You have to get here. I am not leaving without you, Zyir. Make a way,” Carter said confidently. He heard the sirens in the background and knew that Zyir wasn’t looking too good. Carter hung up the phone and took a deep breath. He and Monroe were sitting on the jet waiting to go. Carter looked at his watch and took a deep breath. “He’ll be here,” he assured Monroe as he looked out of the window. “Come on, Zy,” he whispered to himself.

Fly Boogie jumped off the highway, pushing almost 150 miles per hour. He had created about a thirty-second lead on the cops and he had an idea. He saw a tunnel and knew that that was their only chance. With the helicopter still on their tail, Fly Boogie raced into the tunnel and stopped about halfway through it.

“Look, big homie. You go that way and I’m going to shoot out this way, taking all them Feds away from you.”

“Damn, Boogie. I’m not going to let you go out like that. Fuck it. I’m rolling with you. Let’s get it,” Zyir said bravely as he steadily clutched his stomach and frowned.

“Naw, I got you, big homie. They want you not me. I have zero strikes and they have nothing on me. This shit going to make me a legend in the hood,” Fly Boogie said as he kept a childish grin on his face. Zyir shook his head and returned the smile.

“You a crazy li’l nigga. You know that?” Zyir said as he held out his hand and gave Boogie a pound.

“And you know this!” he said playfully as he dapped up his mentor. Zyir got out the car and began to walk the opposite way. Fly Boogie put the pedal to the metal and shot out of the tunnel like a bat out of hell. He shot out of the tunnel and the helicopter got right back on his tail. The federal agent in the helicopter called in Fly Boogie’s

location and a mile down the road the cops were back on him; this time it was double the amount of marked cars chasing him. Fly Boogie was about to go down like a G.

Zyir casually walked into a gas station that was nearby and used the payphone to call a cab. Within thirty minutes he was pulling up at the jet strip where Carter was waiting for him. Carter helped him into the jet and Zyir was startled when he reached the door and saw a hand reaching to help him in . . . It was Monroe. Zyir got onto the aircraft and Carter immediately shut the door. “okay, let’s go!” he yelled to the pilot as they took off. Carter looked at Zyir and then Monroe. He was determined to bring his family back together and he was not taking no for an answer. Before they would kill each other, Carter would kill them both. He wanted the war to end for good. They had other problems ahead of them, problems that they could have never foreseen. The three biggest gangsters in history were on their ass: The F B I.

The jet lifted into the air and disappeared into the clouds as three of the realest niggas in Miami flew off into the sunset. Carter directed the pilot to head directly toward the Bermuda triangle; a no-fly zone where many aircrafts have vanished in American history. He instructed Zyir and Monroe to sit back and relax until they reached their destination. He had a plan . . . a master plan.

Carter sat back in the luxury chair and stared out of the window. Just before they entered the Bermuda triangle, he smiled and whispered, “Diamonds are forever.”

Weeks Later

Leena lay in bed, holding her son to her chest as she cried her eyes out over Monroe. She had lost him once before and now she was reliving the horror of his death all over again. *How can a plane just fall out of the sky without anyone noticing? God please keep them. Bless their souls,* she prayed silently. The minutes on the clock ticked by, torturously slow as she waited for the sun to break through the dark sky. She needed to speak with Breeze and Miamor. They were all that she had left. Leena felt more vulnerable than ever and they were the only women in the world who could relate to her pain. Widows of The Cartel they had more in common now than they ever had before. Through circumstance they had been made sisters and everything that their men had left behind was now in their hands. Power, paper, prestige . . . an entire empire now lay at their feet. Leena kissed her son’s head, grabbed her cell phone off the nightstand, and rose from the bed. Putting on her silk kimono robe she walked out onto the balcony that overlooked the entire estate. Monroe had her living in the lap of luxury. Their mansion rested on a ten-acre compound on the outskirts of the city limits. He provided her with the best of everything. From labels to diamonds she was afforded her heart’s desires, but the material things seemed so pointless now. None of it mattered. She would burn the multi-million dollar walls she dwelled in to the ground if it meant Money could live again. What she wanted most was time; time with the man she loved. It seemed as though life always tore them apart and for a second time she was mourning his loss. Her mind was so full and her heart so heavy that she could barely breathe. She felt weighted with emotion and she needed to get some of it off her chest. Leena dialed Miamor’s number. Full of tension she didn’t even realize that she was holding her breath.

“Leena, why are you awake? It’s so late,” Miamor answered.

Leena exhaled loudly and chuckled slightly. “I could ask you the same thing. Doesn’t sound like you’re getting much sleep either.”

“The baby is restless. To be honest so am I. I miss him. I can’t believe he’s gone,” Miamor admitted. “He was all I had left. So what the hell do I do now?”

Leena’s heart went out to Miamor. To see Carter and her together was to see true love. Leena knew that not even her own relationship with Monroe could rival the one she witnessed whenever she was around them. “Have you spoken to Breeze?” Leena asked.

The sound of sirens broke through the silent night and Leena looked around in confusion and then she looked at her security cameras.

“The police are here,” Leena announced. Unmarked black cars were pulling onto her property. “They must’ve found the plane,” Leena whispered as she rushed back into the house, tightening the belt on her kimono as she raced through the massive mansion. “I’ll call you back,” Leena said.

“Lee . . . wait . . .” Miamor began to protest, but Leena ended the call. Her feet slapped the cold tile floor as she headed toward the front door, frantically, as hope began to rise in her broken heart. She flung open the door and ran out into the yard, meeting the officers in front of her home before they even got out of their vehicles. She was taken aback when she saw how many had come. By the time she realized something was wrong it was too late. Twenty federal agents exited their vehicles swiftly with automatic weapons aimed toward her face. Red beams appeared all over her upper torso and as Leena looked down she realized that all it took was an itchy trigger finger to end her life.

“Let me see your hands! On the ground now!”

Leena went deaf as the thunderous hum of a helicopter roared above her head. The windstorm that it created as it circled above her, shining a bright spotlight on her, caused her hair to blow wildly.

“What? What is going on?” she shouted frantically.

“Hands up! On the ground now!”

Leena was manhandled to the cement as she resisted their demands. She watched as the Feds swarmed her home. “Wait! My son is inside! My son is in the house!” she screamed as she tried to stand.

One of the men put a forceful knee in her back causing her to grimace in pain as he cuffed her wrists tightly. The metal bit into her skin and her wrist snapped from the agent’s brute force. They held no sympathy for her as they made their arrest.

“You can’t do this! I’ve done nothing wrong! My son! If you touch one hair on his head I will have your fucking head!” she screamed as she resisted arrest. She lunged, kicking and screaming as she tried to break free. All she could think of was her son. Leena had no idea why she was even under arrest, but the Feds had come at her so heavy that she could only assume the worst.

Leena’s heart broke in half as they forced her into the car. She looked out of the rearview window and saw her son crying hysterically in the arms of one of the men. She broke down instantly. She had no clue of what would become of her and her child.

“Please, just tell me what is going on? What will happen to my son?” she asked, as snot and tears wrecked her pretty face. There was no keeping her composure. Leena

was distraught. She knew that the tides of life were changing. With the death of the men the Feds had grown balls of steel. They would have never come at The Cartel with such arrogance and disrespect otherwise.

“Your son will be placed in temporary custody of the state,” one of the Feds said as he drove away from her home.

“No, please! You can’t,” she said with a gasp.

“We can and we will, unless you can tell us something that will make us change our minds and set you free. Your cooperation will make all of this go away. So do yourself a favor and tell us what you know about the murders, the cocaine, the dirty money laundering that The Cartel is involved in. It’s in your best interest to start talking.”

“I’m not telling you anything,” Breeze stated as she sat with her hands behind her back, handcuffed to the hard chair.

“We have evidence against you and everyone affiliated with The Cartel. We’ve got you for drug trafficking, running a criminal enterprise, fraud, tax evasion, the list goes on and on.”

Breeze kept her eyes on the wall in front of her, barely blinking as she blocked out the voice of the federal agent. The olive-skinned man leaned in menacingly over Breeze, using intimidation tactics to get her to break. Zyir had trained her well. Breeze knew better than to volunteer any information. They couldn’t even get her prints on a coffee cup, she was so seasoned. Growing up in the folds of the largest organization in the South had prepared her for this moment. “We found pieces of an aircraft, scattered throughout the Atlantic Ocean, about 150 miles off the coast of Bermuda. Too bad the cowards left their ladies to take the fall for their bad deeds.”

Breeze’s eyes turned dark at the insult and her heart wrenched.

“You don’t have anything on me,” Breeze said.

“We have everything on you. You recognize this face?” The agent tossed a photo of Estes onto the table in front of her and Breeze turned green as her stomach turned.

“Let’s just say family doesn’t mean much these days. He’s singing like a canary and has implicated not only your husband and brothers, but you and over a hundred other mid- and low-level dealers across the state,” the agent said. He noticed that Breeze’s demeanor had changed.

“Not so cocky now huh, princess?” he mocked. “We picked up over thirty people directly affiliated with The Cartel. You’re standing tall, but do you honestly think all of them will too? Now the way this works is who ever talks first gets the deal. There is only one way out of this.”

“Magdalena!” Miamor yelled in urgency as she quickly dressed. The Spanish housekeeper appeared in the doorway. “I need you to watch the baby. Do not let anyone into this house under any circumstances. I don’t care if God himself knocks on the door, you don’t let anyone in. *Comprende?*”

“Sí, sí,” Magdalena replied.

Miamor placed a call to Carter’s attorney and within minutes she was headed to the federal building. She knew the game and now that the Feds felt The Cartel was weakened, they were coming in for the kill. There was no way that Miamor was letting

all that Carter had built be destroyed. She had watched him closely, studied the way that he reigned and just as she had in life, she would now hold him down in death. She already knew that Leena had been arrested and when she couldn't reach Breeze she had a gut feeling that she was being held too. Surely they had intended to come for her next, but Miamor moved to her own beat. She wasn't being taken into custody without representation.

She rode in the back of the plush interior of the Maybach as her driver guided through the city's streets. Miamor's chest heaved as anxiety crept into her bones. Today her worst fear was coming true. She was about to go up against the law. Most who did it had no wins, but with the team of sharks that Carter had left her with she was confident that she could come out of things unscathed. The car arrived at her destination and Miamor saw that Carter's legal team was waiting at the top of the steps. Steve Rosenberg, the best esquire in the city, was already on retainer. Standing confident and dapper as ever in a Brooks Brothers suit, he waited with a briefcase in hand. Miamor waited for her driver to open her door, then she emerged from the vehicle.

"Ms. Matthews, I'm glad you were smart enough to call me," he said as she shook his hand.

"Thank you for coming, Mr. Rosenberg," she replied anxiously.

"Looks like they're reaching a bit. They do have extensive evidence on Carter, Zyr, and Monroe, but seeing as though they are now deceased that pigeonholes their investigation. They're using scare tactics to try and get an informant out of you ladies. The Cartel has been responsible for drugs and crime in this city. They need a kingpin to tie it to, but in this case they are willing to settle for a queen pin. Since they can't get your men, they now are gunning for the three of you."

"They have Leena and Breeze. Have they turned them?" Miamor asked, as she bit her inner jaw, hoping that the ladies could stand tall under pressure.

"Not yet, but let's go get them out of there before one of them do. The DEA has been known to flip the most hardened of criminals."

Just seeing the face of such a prestigious defense attorney turned the tables in the girls' favor. Within an hour Breeze and Leena were released, but the struggle was far from over.

"They'll keep coming for you. As long as they have Estes's cooperation, it's only a matter of time before they bring indictments down on anyone he's naming. I'll do more research in the morning to find out what we're up against. I'll be in touch," Rosenberg said.

"What about my son?" Leena asked urgently.

"I've already made arrangements to have him returned to you. As soon as they process the paperwork a caseworker will drop him off to your home. Shouldn't take more than a few hours."

He bid adieu to the ladies and they each watched him pull away.

"They found the plane," Breeze informed sadly as tears flooded her eyes. "It crashed in the middle of the ocean. Divers are still looking for their bodies."

"What are we going to do? Everything is falling apart," Leena whispered. The three women formed a small circle and put their arms around one another, creating a circle of power . . . street royalty. They were the queens who would inherit the throne.

“We do what we have to do. We take over The Cartel,” Miamor replied. “And the first thing on the agenda is to clear our names.” She turned sympathetically toward Breeze. “I know that Estes is your grandfather, but—”

Breeze put her hand up and interrupted. “Do what needs to be done. If he’s talking it’ll be well deserved anyway. I’m numb to the death around me by now. It doesn’t even matter.”

“Do you guys know what this means? We can’t just step in their shoes. I just sat back and spent the money. I’m not in the streets. I don’t know the first thing about running anything . . . I can’t do this,” Leena protested.

“You can and you will. For years we’ve sat back and watched the throne. It’s time we inherited it. It is our time now, ladies, and we either do this together or watch the entire Cartel fall. The vultures will pick everything our men established apart until there’s nothing left if we don’t assume our roles,” Miamor schooled. She knew the streets. She had come up in the trenches and her murder game was official. There was nothing in her that was scared of this opportunity. She was reveling at the chance to continue Carter’s legacy.

“We have no muscle,” Breeze said.

“Some will stay loyal, others will test us. Niggas gonna learn a hard lesson when they buck, but they not knocking us off,” Miamor assured.

“First we memorialize our men. Give them a home going that the streets will never forget,” Leena whispered.

Breeze nodded and added, “Then the takeover begins.”

The Cartel 5

By Ashley & JaQuavis

Prologue

“There is a price to pay for breaking my heart. I’m going to ruin you nigga.”

—Miamor

“Dig deeper,” Miamor stated coldly as she stood over the two burly men that were unearthing the desert soil. Their shovels clanged loudly against the earth as their grunts filled the air. “It can’t be shallow. We don’t want any mangy coyotes coming along and digging the body up.” Miamor was livid and her heart pumped pure ice as it violently beat in her chest. Her emotions went haywire and her mind was everywhere at once. Any chance of her turning back now and stopping this madness went out the window every time she thought of how she had been betrayed. Reason was non-existent at the moment, she was acting off of raw rage. Her Cavalli sunglasses masked her watery eyes as she thought of the motivation behind her actions. She had murdered many times before. Fuck it. It was nothing for her to go boom on a nigga. She was in the business of extinction, but when business became personal it always played a tug of war with her mental.

Her judgment hadn’t been this clouded since she had lost her sister at the hands of Mecca. She had promised herself that she would never let her emotions get so tangled again, but yet here she was years later . . . devastated. . . heartbroken . . . confused all over again. She should have been taking her aggression out on the root of the problem. Her man. Carter ‘muthafuckin’ Jones. He was the perpetrator of the crimes that had been committed against her heart. It was he who deserved to be buried in this shallow grave but instead it was his pretty little mistress who was in her crosshairs. Miamor saw red when the blacked out SUV pulled up a few yards away, because she knew who was hidden inside. They were in the middle of nowhere . . . thirty miles into the Mojave on uncharted land to be exact. No one came out this far unless they were looking to add to the secrets of the land. It was an unofficial graveyard. Many a mobster had held court in these deserted deserts. There was no telling how many bones were buried beneath the hot sands. Miamor was about to host a funeral and the guest of honor was a Persian bitch named Yasmine.

The most dangerous thing in the world was a woman scorned, but a Miamor scorned was deadly. No one had seen the kind of damage that Miamor could do. She hadn’t had to deal with groupies in Miami. Carter had always walked a straight line. Their love story had been so complicated that he hadn’t found the time to entertain anyone but her. Even during her absence from his life he had remained true, but Yasmine . . . Yasmine had distracted him. She had seduced Miamor’s man and there

was a price to pay for that. *The bitch clearly doesn't know who she's fucking with*, Miamor thought, her temperature rising as she stalked across the desert. She was heated . . . not from the sun that blazed down on her, but from the hatred that burned in her heart. As an unsuspecting Yasmine climbed from the backseat of the car, Miamor approached.

“What the hell is the meaning of this?” Yasmine asked as she held up a note. “Where’s Carter? I’m supposed to be meeting him here? He sent this car for me.”

Miamor was as feminine as ever in designer clothes and five-inch heels. She hadn’t anticipated getting too dirty. She had men who followed orders at her discretion now. She barely had to lift a glass to her lips these days because her men waited on her hand and foot. They were young wolves and she was the leader of the pack. They attacked at her command. So there was truly no reason for her to break a sweat today. When she wanted someone to bleed, it never dripped on her shoes now. But this bitch Yasmine was a bit too pretty for her tastes. The way Carter’s name dripped off of Yasmine’s lips made Miamor shake with disgust. The smug, entitled, expression she wore irked Miamor to the point where she couldn’t stop herself from slapping the taste out of her mouth. Miamor struck her violently.

“Agh!” Yasmine yelled as Miamor muscled her to the ground. Miamor’s vice grip on Yasmine’s jet black hair caused the girl to scream in alarm as she tried to pry Miamor’s hand from her scalp. Sweat started to form on Miamor’s forehead as she spoke through gritted teeth. “I sent a hearse for your bitch. There are plenty of men in Vegas. You should have chosen somebody else’s,” she said. She didn’t even care about getting her hands dirty anymore. When her temper flared it took nothing less than murder to calm her down. She was on ten, it was too late to be rational now. She pulled Yasmine through the desert, destroying along the way, the all white dress that the girl wore.

“No!!” she screamed as she clawed at Miamor’s wrist while kicking her legs violently as she tried to break free.

Miamor mustered strength that she didn’t even know she had and she didn’t stop until she had pulled her from the car to the hole that was now complete. Her men stood around, unflinching as they watched revenge be served. Fuck cold, Miamor was serving revenge frozen. She hadn’t even let it thaw out first.

As soon as Yasmine laid eyes on the ditch, terror filled her. She turned to Miamor, scrambling on her knees. “Do you know who I am? You can not get away with this!”

Miamor smirked as she shook her head incredulously. “I know exactly who you are. You’re nobody. You live off of your daddy’s name to get by. You think because you’re a pampered little bitch from Saudi Arabia that you can do whatever you want, but you made one mistake. You didn’t know who you were offending. You didn’t check my resume. You see me in the casino in my fancy clothes, prancing around as Carter’s arm accessory and you got me confused. You thought I was just a wife . . . just a mother perhaps? You didn’t do your homework. Should have checked my background mama.”

“Please! You can have Carter . . .” the girl began to plead.

“Bitch I *already* have Carter. There ain’t a woman alive that can take Carter away from me. I own that nigga. That’s my dick, my houses, my cars, my everything. Everything dope about him belongs to me. You’re just a whim, but one that annoys the fuck out of me.”

“Okay, okay. I won’t even look at him. I swear to you,” Yasmine stated as she held her hands out in front of her. “Just let me go. This isn’t necessary.”

“You fucked my nigga. This is very necessary. I hope it was good. Was it to die for?” Miamor asked. Suddenly she snatched one of the shovels from her bodyguard’s hands and swung it full force, hitting Yasmine in the side of the face. She fell to the ground as blood poured from her ear. Miamor’s rampage exploded as she hit her repeatedly, again and again. The sound of metal cracking human bone wasn’t enough to make her stop. She showed no mercy as she took her frustrations out. She didn’t care that she was literally beating the life out of the girl. Yasmine’s efforts to block the blows were futile. There was no protecting herself from this ruthless assault and as the excruciating beating continued she could do nothing but pray. Miamor’s chest heaved as she felt her clothes begin to stick to her skin. She held the shovel high above her head as she prepared to bring it down once more, but the sniffling, bloody, mess of a woman before her was no longer worth the effort. This beating wasn’t making her feel any better. It didn’t dull the pain that plagued her. She was still aching inside. The unbearable emotion haunted her, making it hard for her to breathe. Tears clouded her vision as she tossed the shovel to the ground. “Should have never crossed me,” she said. She turned to her men. “Put the bitch in a box and bury her while she’s still breathing. Leave a little air hole for her. I want it to be slow. Let her feel every single moment of what’s left of her miserable life.” Miamor left two of her men behind to clean up her mess as she headed back to the car with her driver. She had a meeting to attend. Yasmine was only the first to be punished. Carter would feel her wrath as well. As she climbed into the back of the car she knew that no matter what fate she delivered to him . . . she would always suffer behind his betrayal. Nothing she could do to him would ever make this right because even when she hated him . . . she loved him.

Carter was a man of little patience and as he checked the presidential that occupied his wrist he had to contain his anger. Tardiness was a sign of disrespect and Carter clenched his jaw as he folded his hands, placing them on the conference table in front of him. He was all business as he sat with a stern expression. The tailored Tom Ford suit he wore proved that he had graduated from the streets. He was no longer chasing hood fame; he was chasing them M’s . . . the legal way. Owner of The Davinci, Las Vegas’ newest resort and casino, he was a man with little free time. He had no hours in the day to waste. Miamor knew that. She had been by his side for so long that he already knew that her late arrival to their meeting was intentional. She was purposefully showing him that no matter how large he became, she would always run the show. He had given her the throne beside his. She was his queen and because of that he was on her time, like it or not. Carter leaned into the attorney that sat to his right. “We need to wrap this up.”

Einstein looked across the table at the opposing counsel. “Mr. Levie, if your client doesn’t show up in the next five minutes, we will have to reschedule this mediation session,” he spoke. “Clearly she isn’t taking this situation very seriously. Mr. Jones has asked her numerous times what she wants. We have yet to receive a response and today she doesn’t even show up . . .”

Davison Levie drummed his fingers on the oak table as he leaned back in his chair with one hand placed underneath his chin. “She will be here”

“I am here.”

Miamor’s voice caused all three men to turn their attention toward the door. Standing in a Carolina Herrera bodycon slip dress and five-inch heels, each of them were mesmerized by her beauty. Her hair fell in an asymmetrical bob around her face. Beautiful wasn’t quite the right word to describe Miamor. She was dangerous, enticing, and alluring. Miamor was simply a bad bitch. The curves of her body were so sharp that they were deadly. Even with her battle scars her face was still so pretty that it was deceptive. She was like a black widow. It was easy to get caught up in her web and very few escaped it. She took a seat beside her lawyer, sitting directly across from Carter. Her heart thundered in her chest. Seeing him made her blood boil, but oddly she loved him so much all at the same time. She could not believe that she was sitting across from him, when her place had been next to him for so long. Once lovers, they were now adversaries and it was still so hard for Miamor to believe. As she sat silently, soul bleeding, love dying, she wished that she could turn back the hands of time. Her eyes were cold, dark, and distant as she sat stiffly, trying to remain strong. There was no way she would give Carter the satisfaction of seeing her break, not over him, not over his infidelity and lies. She had thought he was so different. Carter had promised her a unique love, but in the end he had turned out to be just another nigga. He had broken her heart and now there was no turning back. They had survived many things, but his one mistake had brought their love to a screeching halt. Now they sat, at the divorce table, enemies as they each watched their love slip away.

“Glad you could make it,” Carter said sarcastically.

Miamor nodded her head but didn’t respond with words. She had nothing to say to him. She knew that if she opened her mouth to speak that nothing but tears and sobs would fall out. No, it was best if she remained composed and let her attorney do the speaking. She and Carter were beyond words at this point. She leaned into her lawyer and whispered, “Lay out my demands.”

Levie cleared his throat. “Mrs. Jones wants everything. She wants to keep the fifty percent stake that they currently share in ownership of The Davinci Resort and Casino, she wants the house in Summerlin, and she wants the \$10,000,000 that is in the joint savings. According to our records, Mr. Jones has another savings account that he opened last year. In that account is \$50,000,000 that he had hidden from Mrs. Jones. She wants that as well. She wants to keep all vehicles that are currently parked at the home in Summerlin. She also wants all stocks and bonds that they have purchased since being married. The estate in Miami, he can have and the home in Flint, MI she has no interest in.” Miamor didn’t even need to mention the real money . . . the street money held more worth than all of their legal assets combined. It was hidden in safety deposit boxes across the country. She had already cleared out half of them and he didn’t even know it.

Carter scoffed as if he had just heard a joke.

“This should not be amusing Mr. Jones. Mrs. Jones is very serious about her demands. Considering that there was no prenuptial agreement . . .”

“She’s not getting my casino,” Carter interrupted coolly, with a calm but serious tone.

“That is my casino,” Miamor said. “While your ass was hiding out from a Fed case in Saudi, I was here with Breeze, with Leena, establishing The Davinci.”

Carter stood to his feet and Einstein followed his cue. “Let us know when you have a serious offer. Mr. Jones is willing to offer a generous settlement. He has no intention of putting Mrs. Jones out in the streets. He wants to ensure that she is comfortable. But these demands are ludicrous. No judge will grant them,” Einstein stated.

“A judge won’t have to,” Miamor replied. “I’ve got more than enough dirt on you Carter. It’s in your best interest to give me what I want.” Miamor spoke these words because she knew that if her attorney ever came out the mouth at Carter in such a way it would be the beginning of his end.

“Mr. Jones because you are felon, you don’t have any real ownership at the Da Vinci,” Levie informed.

“We signed a separate agreement,” Carter spoke. “A private agreement.”

Levie pulled the contract out of a briefcase and placed it on the table. “Of which I am aware, but this won’t hold up in a court of law. The Casino is rightfully Mrs. Jones’.”

“You’re being ridiculous,” Carter stated directly to Miamor. “You can have this fit at home ma. You’re not going nowhere so let’s stop racking up the billing hours and send the suits home.” He could see the hurt in her eyes. No matter how hard of a front Miamor put on, Carter knew her. He could feel the disappointment and resentment radiating from her heart. He turned to Einstein. “Take Levie and step out of the room.”

Levie objected. “I don’t advise my client to speak with you without me.”

Carter’s eyes turned dark as he turned his attention to Miamor’s attorney. “Leave the room,” he demanded, his shoulders squared in authority as his baritone banished both men from the room.

He turned toward Miamor when they were alone. It was the first time he had seen her in weeks. She had accepted no phone calls from him and hadn’t been home since she had found him cheating. Carter had no idea where she was even staying. “Can we talk?” he asked.

“No,” she replied, stubbornly.

“It’s not what it looks like. If you let me explain . . .” Carter started.

“I caught a bitch half naked in your bed, it’s exactly what it looks like. There’s nothing more to say,” Miamor spat. Her words were so sharp that they cut Carter to the core. He could hear the contempt lacing her words. She was scorned, dejected, and scarred by all of the promises that he had broken. So many apologies sat on the edge of his tongue, waiting to leap out of his mouth, but he held them back. She was too full of anger to hear anything that he had to say at the moment and he wasn’t into wasting time.

“I want it all,” she continued. “Every dollar, every business, every asset.”

“You’re pushing me Miamor,” Carter warned. “I’m trying to be patient with you because I know that I hurt you. I fucked up,” he said through gritted teeth. “But don’t take that as weakness ma. You out of everybody know what it is. You *know* exactly what I’m capable of.”

Miamor cut her eyes low in disgust. “Yes I do know Carter, but clearly you have forgotten what I’m capable of. You’ll soon find out. There is a price to pay for breaking my heart. I’m going to ruin you nigga.”