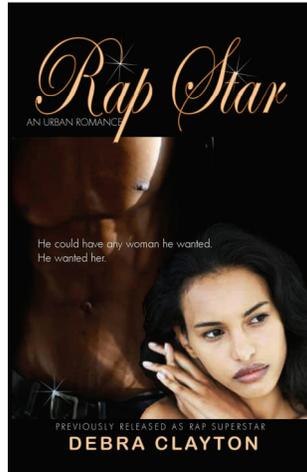


Rap Star

(Previously released as Rap Superstar by Urban Books)



He could have any woman he wanted. He wanted her.

Chapter 1

“Richmond, Virginia, where the hell are you?” twenty-four year old rap star, Animalistic yelled as he strutted across the stage. “If you’re in the house, make some fucking noise!” His eyes scanned the massive crowd that filled the coliseum. Giant waves of bodies moved simultaneously to the music blasting from the huge speakers. The crowd roared.

“I can’t hear you! If you’re loving this shit, make some fucking noise!” He ran across the stage to another section of the audience. The crowd roared again. He walked over to the edge of the platform and looked down into the thousands of hands that frantically reached up for him.

This is the shit, he thought as a huge smile danced across his pretty-boy baby face. Although he collapsed into bed almost every night from exhaustion, the fans, the money, and the endless array of available pussy made it all worthwhile.

He ripped off his T-shirt and revealed the hard, ripped muscles of his chest and abs. His sweat-drenched body glistened. The crowd went crazy. He threw the shirt into the mob of fans chanting his name. Audience members dove over each other and fought to possess the coveted souvenir.

He hurried over to the left side of the stage. As he stood at the edge, he

shouted, "Farmville Virginia, where the fuck are you? Let me hear you make some noise!"

Screams filled the air. He laughed when a girl in the front row lifted up her T-shirt and exposed her breasts to him. This was nothing new. He would probably fuck her before the night was over if she was clever enough to get backstage. If she wasn't, another young lady would be the recipient of his savage lovemaking.

"Let's get fucking crazy!" He screamed into the microphone then walked over to a table, picked up a bottle of Evian water and guzzled it. He poured the rest over his body to cool himself down.

The music changed. Two scantily clad female dancers raced onto the stage and took their positions. The crowd went wild when they recognized the music of his current number one single. Right on cue, the dancers gyrated to the beat that pounded through the arena. He licked his lips and darted back and forth across the stage as he spit out the lyrics to his multi-platinum single.

*And you and me, and me and you,
Rolling on twenty-inch dubs,
Hitting all the hottest clubs.
You riding in my limousine,
You checking my bling-bling.
Your nigga likes to roam.
Like McCauley, he left you home alone.
Yeah, your nigga ain't shit.
He's so fucking lazy.
That's why I got your legs up in the air,
Fucking you like crazy.*

He strutted over to one of his dancers and grabbed her from behind. Arrogance danced across his face as his hand slithered over her full, round breasts then crept down between her thick, man-eating thighs. He molded his body against hers as they gyrated to the nasty beat of the music. After he dragged his tongue up her neck, he bent her over, gave her three quick thrusts from his hips, then abandoned her as he raced back to the front of the stage. The men hooted and hollered while the women screamed.

*I'm Animalistic,
Don't go ballistic.
Never seen a nigga rhyme,
So damn futuristic.*

*Niggas don't know,
How I flow so sweet.
Damn, spread your legs, baby.
I think it's time to eat.*

The audience went crazy. He stood at the edge of the stage as his whole body bounced to the beat. His 6-foot 8-inch frame was drenched with sweat. His baggy jeans hung low on his waist, exposing his cotton boxers. Bursts of fire shot up from the stage and illuminated the dark arena. He continued to spit out lyrics as he gave his hyped fans what they wanted. He would be performing again for another sold-out crowd in two days.

Ten hours later, Animalistic rolled over in his bed. He looked at the naked woman asleep next to him. Her silky black curls spilled all over her pillow, and although he couldn't see her face, he remembered her. Carla, he thought as he recalled her name. She was a good fuck and gave good head too. She was a freak. He smiled as he thought about the night before. Some of things he had done to her were considered illegal in many states.

He glanced over at the clock. It was 6:00 in the morning. He didn't have time to hit it again. The bus would be pulling out for Greensboro, North Carolina in less than two hours. He reached over and gave one of her buttocks a quick squeeze before he slid out of bed. A nice, swollen ass was one of his biggest weaknesses; Carla had the kind that made a brother want to sleep in it all night.

He grabbed the empty condom wrappers off the nightstand and tossed them into the trash as he made his way to the bathroom. After a quick shower, he awakened the sleeping beauty. He thanked her for a good time, gave her a kiss on the forehead, and sent her on her way.

Twenty-one year old Randi glanced at her watch. It was 10:05 at night. She had another fifty-five minutes before she could leave work. It was a long night. Her feet ached from the black stiletto heels that she wore. Her tiny black leather skirt and white tuxedo shirt were not as neat and tucked in as they were three hours ago. Strands of her jet-black satin curls, once pinned up nicely, fell gently around her face. Her back ached from the large, round trays that she carried high above her head.

Although a few of the customers were extremely pleasant and the tips were more than respectable, the feeling of going nowhere fast plagued her. After working at Alexander Deveraux's, an upscale restaurant and bar, for the past two years, she had slowly begun to let go of her dream of becoming a writer. *A raisin in the sun*, she thought as she remembered the Langston Hughes' poem, "A Dream Deferred." Back in high school, it was just a reading assignment. Recently, the poem had become a painful reminder of her own shortcomings.

Three years had passed since she had graduated high school with hopes of going to college and obtaining a career as a writer and filmmaker. Due to her family's economic situation, they couldn't afford to finance literary desires. Finances, along with the problems she had with her ex-fiancé, Eric, were enough to stall the pursuit of her dreams.

Eric was very controlling and overbearing. They had been high school sweet-

hearts and he was her first and only lover. She had given herself to him completely, so when he had demanded that she forget about college and just be his wife, she succumbed to his wishes, and they were engaged. He gave her very little room for her friends and family, and she couldn't even look at another guy. Her family continuously warned her about him, but she was too consumed by him to listen. She convinced herself that the only reason he wanted to control her was because he loved her so much and didn't want to lose her. It wasn't until after she found out he was cheating on her that she saw him for what he really was. It was then that she tried to walk away from him. And it was that same night that he changed her life forever.

"It's not that bad," Mike, a co-worker said as he handed her the plate of food.

Realizing that she must have gone back to her dark place again, Randi quickly forced a smile as she grabbed the plate. "No, it's not," she said then hurried out of the kitchen to wait on more customers.

As she buzzed around their tables, she did her best not to reveal her emptiness. She wore her pleasant but manufactured smile, which she kept readily available for days like this.

"Do you need any change?" she asked her customer as she picked up the money for the bill.

"No, sweetie," the elderly lady answered. "You keep the change. You have been an absolute pleasure."

"Thank you." Randi smiled. "You have a good evening."

"You too, darling."

Randi hurried back into the kitchen to turn in her money. Soon after, her best friend Kathy burst through the double doors.

"You're not going to believe this."

"What's wrong?" Randi was concerned. Maybe Mr. Allen had threatened to fire her again. Kathy was always getting into trouble at work.

"Guess who's here. You're never gonna guess who's here." Barely able to contain her excitement, she resembled a 3-year-old who had to go potty.

"Oh." Randi lost interest. "Who?" she asked dryly as she continued to count her money.

"No. Guess," Kathy insisted.

Randi sighed as she looked at her friend. Kathy was about to come undone. *Poor child*, Randi thought. Although Kathy got hysterical whenever a celebrity dropped by, Randi never paid them much attention. She wasn't gaga over Hollywood the way Kathy was. She thought the rich and famous were a bunch of spoiled brats who expected people to baby-sit their every need. She wasn't impressed with their status or their egos. She also knew that part of her resentment toward them was because they had achieved their dreams and she was just about to give up on hers.

"Kathy, I'm tired and I want to go home. I don't feel like guessing." She shifted her weight from one foot to the other in an attempt to relieve the throbbing pain.

"Come on," Kathy begged.

Randi sighed again. She knew that it was someone big by the way Kathy was acting. "Um. . ." She feigned interest.

"Animalistic!" Kathy blurted out. "Animalistic is here!"

Randi looked at her in disbelief. "Yeah, right. And of all the fancy places he

could have chosen to eat at, he somehow ended up here where I just happen to work.” She was his biggest fan and Kathy knew this. Randi knew that Kathy was a notorious prankster, and this was just another opportunity to stick it to her. She wasn’t going to fall for it this time. Although she gave Kathy’s words no validity, she smiled inwardly as she turned and placed the money in the register. She wouldn’t mind seeing his pretty bad-boy face tonight.

“Well, tonight’s your lucky night, girl. He wants to meet you.”

Randi laughed. “You know, I’ve got those papers on the Golden Gate Bridge if you’re interested.”

“No shit, Randi. He’s really waiting to meet you,” Kathy tried to convince her.

Bull, Randi said to herself but decided to play along with Kathy’s game. “Okay, Kathy, I’ll bite. What does Animalistic, the future father of all my children, want with me?”

“Hell, I don’t know, girl,” she said as she grabbed Randi’s arm and tried to pull her along. “But you sure as hell better not let him leave without meeting him.” She tugged harder.

“All right, all right.” Randi gave in as she pushed Kathy off of her. “I’ll go, but you better not be playing with me.”

“I promise you I’m not.”

Randi narrowed her eyes as she stared at Kathy for another second or two. What if she was telling the truth? What if her future babies’ daddy was out there waiting to meet her? Okay, she decided, being at the restaurant was believable, but him wanting to meet her was impossible.

“What the hell are you waiting on?” Kathy asked. “Come on.” She grabbed her wrist and started pulling again. “You don’t want to make him wait too long.”

Randi followed as Kathy dragged her through the crowded restaurant. They navigated through the tables until they reached his.

At first glance, Randi couldn’t see him because he was surrounded by his entourage and a group of autograph seekers. When one of his boys saw Randi and Kathy, he nudged Animalistic. He quickly looked up, made eye contact with Randi then turned his attention back to his fans.

“Oh my God,” Randi whispered when she saw him. “It’s him, it’s him.” She thought she might pass out. She looked at Kathy in disbelief. “It’s him, Kathy, it’s, it’s—”

“See, I told you, girl. I wouldn’t bullshit you over anything like this.” She smiled excitedly.

After signing a few more autographs, Animalistic rose to his feet. Randi looked up at him in amazement as he towered over them. When Kathy realized that her friend was in shock, she leaned over and whispered in her ear, “Breathe, Randi.”

Randi nodded and repeated, “Breathe, Randi,” never taking her eyes off the man of her dreams.

He smiled broadly, revealing all thirty-two of his perfect, professionally whitened teeth. He extended his hand. When Randi extended hers, he took it and brought it to his baby-soft lips. His eyes stayed on her face as they smiled mischievously down at her. “Animalistic.” He introduced himself.

“I’m, um, I’m...” “She tried to think of her name.

“You’re Randi.” Kathy assisted.

“Yeah, I’m Randi.” Her voice cracked out of anxiousness. She cleared her throat and tried again. “Randi Jacobs.” She tried to remain calm, but inside she was doing cartwheels. She wanted to turn tail and run. How could she be meeting Mr. Animalistic while looking like a tired, run-down mess? She was embarrassed by her appearance.

He tried to make eye contact, but her shyness forced her to look away. This gave him the opportunity to size up the merchandise. His eyes roamed her body as they openly took inventory of her assets. One corner of his mouth curled into an approving smile.

“Randi Jacobs.” He repeated her name. “You are fine as hell little mama.” He looked at her like she was the Last Supper and he hadn’t eaten in days.

Randi forced a smile as she tried to ignore his roving eyes. “I’m a big fan of yours,” she managed to get out.

“Really? I guess you’ll be checking us out tomorrow night.” He gestured for her to have a seat.

“I can’t,” she said to the invitation to sit down. She wished that she could because her legs were beginning to buckle.

“What about the show? You gonna be there?”

“I’m um, I’m working tomorrow night.” She stumbled over her words. “I tried, I um, I had to work, I—”

“What time do you get off?” He looked at one his boys and gestured for paper and pen.

“Um, I—,” she looked around nervously as if she was searching for someone who knew the answer to her question.

“Eleven,” Kathy piped in and rescued her friend. “She gets off at eleven.”

“Peep this. We’re having a small party in my hotel room after the show. You could stop by and have a little fun.”

“A party?” she asked as she tried to focus on what he was saying. Kathy nudged her excitedly.

“Let me give you the hotel name and the room number and I’ll put your name on the list.” One of his boys passed him the paper and pen. He scribbled the information and handed it to her. “You are gonna check us out, right?” he asked.

“Um, yeah.” She nodded. Although she tried to relax, her body betrayed her. When she reached for the slip of paper, her hand was trembling.

Noticing that her friend was quietly losing it, Kathy stepped in and took the hotel information. “I’ll hold onto this.” She smiled then pretended to whisper, “I think she’s in a little bit of shock right now.”

“I see.” He chuckled. “Can I count on you to make sure she stops by?”

“Oh, she’ll be there.” Kathy nodded confidently.

“Thanks.”

“Oh shit,” Kathy said as she grabbed Randi by the arm. “Here comes mister asshole. We’ve got to get back to work.”

“I’ll see you tomorrow night,” he called after Randi as she was dragged away.

Randi stared back over her shoulder at him as Kathy pulled her. She couldn’t believe she had just met her future babies’ daddy.

His eyes followed her. He studied the way her hips swayed. She didn’t possess

the full, voluptuous ass and thighs of the women he was accustomed to fucking, but he was sure that she could handle him.

“Nice piece of ass,” one of the guys from the entourage said.

Nice, he thought. *Very nice*. His smile broadened. He would be knee-deep in that tomorrow night.