

Hey! How you doing. My name is Tropical Sky Deniro and I m about to tell you how I became the president of the United States of America by the age of 45. I sucked they dicks! Yep! I aint really give up no pussy but I sucked aloooooottta dicks to get this job! I even ate pussy. I don't know which I did the most, eating pussy or sucking dick. Sometimes both at the same damn time. You know rich people freaks! & I am too baby. I bet you I got they votes. I choose to be a Republican because it's what I pledge my allegiance too. One Republic. Big period after that. One, numero uno. & knowing is half the battle. I starting selling pussy at 13. After growing up fucking all my momma boyfriends getting her rent paid. I stopped and thought about that shit. Maybe I should pay my own rent. I moved out at 13 with a grown ass man. I told him as long as you pay my momma rent, you aint got to worry about the hazards. Thats how good I suck dick. Had a condo on South beach at 13. Miami rent is high baby and so is the price of my pussy. He had a wife and three kids. He paid her rent my rent and my momma rent. Sometimes me and my momma both sucked his dick. Take it how you wanna take it. Shit im rich bitch. At least she taught me the power of pussy. She said look Tropic, you might as well give it up and get paid cause they gone take it for free. Girls always getting raped, crying and shit, traumatised and broke. Anybody give a fuck?? Nope! Once you understand you aint never gone be seen as nothing bout a quick blow job

regardless of what you accomplish the faster you'll get what you want. You need to understand how things work around here . I mean I ain't even chill with that guy long at all. He was so scared of going to jail if somebody found out we was fucking. He comes over at weird times, impatient. Ready to get straight to the sucking. He ain't want no foreplay. No strip tease. Just suck my dick while i nut in your mouth. He cum so fast, musta been from the antisapation of it all. Just one rule though. Can't nobody else come over. Not even my girlfriends. I took Uber's to school every morning. Yes! Bitch I kept going to school. Don't be no dumb hoe. I started fucking the principal once i got to the 8th grade. Straight skipped that shit and went straight to college! Yea! An accounting and political science major! Dual enrolled on them haters. I can't tell you my sponsors name cuz It's how i got my jobssss. It's how i never did an interview, hell sometimes i aint even do an application. Just met them some where, sucked they dick and started work the next day. Yep! Oh boy paid my way through college like I was a tax donation wright off. I fucked my way threw so many final examines and projects its pathetic. But do i regret it? Hell NO!

I look like the perfect little angel. Secretly a slut. Once I graduated from college at 18 with not one but two bachelors degree. I feel the need for new levels of success. Shit I conquered Florida... Onto California. Let

me see if i can get into UCLA Law. Shit at this rate I'll be an attorney by 22. Hell yea! As I got there I hit the strip club. Shit I can finally get away from oh boy and his no one can come over rules...so I thought. Just take my mouth and move to California huh??? Wrong! Here he comes with I can pay for your condo in LA as well. Me, thinking I'm grown. Feeling my self. No, I got it! Shit i was making 3 bands a week just dancing at a typical downtown LA strip club called Angel's at night. I was feeling myself. I made way more money sucking dick in the privacy of my own home. That lil 3 bands wasn't shit. Just for nosey hoe purposes. I had to have a reason for how me and my momma got two separate condos. I got a fucking Porsche truck at 19. My moms is pushing a nice lil GWagon.

So im in the club sliding down the pole. I look up and guess who sitting directly in front of me. Oh buddy from Miami that you know paid my tuition and rents as I was growing up. I played it off and danced for him. He grabbed me by the arm and whispered don't embarrass me bitch, lets go! Mind you I just got to work. I couldn't even change clothes or get my shit out of my locker in general. Buddy just walked me out the club butt ass naked in a g-string. His Mazaratti was in front of the door , so It wasn't a long walk off shame. Definitely aint go to my house. He was driving so fast and he just kept jumping at me with his fist. He slapped me a little light. Like he knew how to not leave

a bruise. Bitch all I do for you is all he kept saying switching lanes on the highway. I did the only thing I knew to do in this situation. I started sucking his dick. Really wet but not sloppy. I gagged putting his whole dick in my mouth. I let him push my head down past the limit I could take without choking. I had a few shots of tequila. I felt it coming and I let it out. I threw up on his dick. That drunk stomach suction involuntary body jerk type of throw up. I was so dramatic about it. You couldn't tell me I wasn't saving my life and his. He swerved and threw the car in car in park he nutted so bad. Then we sat their in a long thirty minute pause of silence. Of course I keep sucking while he was fuming. We were just jerking like we had taret's syndrome at this point. I got throw up all on my titties and around my mouth. He got throw up all on his dick, dripping of his white leather seats onto a plastic covered car rug. Cars riding by fast as hell. It's 3 in the morning. I ain't gone flex. I'm trying to get dropped off. Back at the club. I don't want to kick it with him.. We ain't been kicking it and we an't bout to start. I don't even have my cellphone. I need to get thE the fuck away from him. Bing I'm sick. I start acting real sick. I get him to drop me off at The hospital. Im acting like im dying because I'm tired of dealing with him. He is the reason I moved all the way to California. You know how men with money are...Controlling as fuck. We pull up to the hospital, I ran through the front doors acting like I had gun shot wound

and went straight to the back on his ass. I know he was out there waiting on me to come back to the front. I'm like damn where his wife at? I'm about to call her tyype of vibes. I'm thinking how can I get my cab to pull up and his psycho ass don't see it. Of course i got drivers. Thank God somebody raise me right to memorize their numbers. Bing I call speedy and tell him to pick me up on the other side of the hospital. He says he's otw. Bing! Now all i gotta do is sneak out the back emergency room entrance and walk to the other side of the hospital. Mind you im in a hospital gown and a fucking g-string with some got damn stilletos. This shit is crazy! I call my mom and let her know what's going on. She said don't go back to the club. Come where Im at. Im bout to take care of this whole situation.

Long story short my momma don't play! The police arrested that nigga at the hospital. I thought she was gone be on some shhhhh be quite type of of shit. My Aunt Trina said she lost her fucking mind when security called her and said some dude walked me out the club Butt ass naked. Man I had stop her from shooting the nigga so many times. & that is why I love my mom. I take care of her. She takes care of me. It's always been that way. So I'm sitting at the table with mom duke's and she explained to me I recorded him. Thats why i keep these tapes. For if he ever try to hold us hostage, I got enough evidence to put his ass away for the rest of his life. You think I would

let somebody harm you. We in this shit together Tropic. I'm not going to release it. I'm giving him a warning. He better stay away from us or im releasing all this shit. I never thought about it cuz I never was worried about it. Just always making sure we had money and we had a roof over our heads. I never once questioned her loyalty. I never once questioned her instructions or her advice. Just saw how other people was struggling and notice we wasn't. Sleazy... but at least we aint picking cotton. One thing about my mother, she wasn't a junkie. She ain't smoke weed. Extremely business oriented, and made sure I ain't make the mistakes she did. My grandfather got her pregnant at 11. She could have easily gotten an abortion but she didn't. She started selling ass and thugged that shit out. My mom is 11 years older than me. Yea, im 19 and she 30. My mom told me how to go to college.. filled out my financial aid forms and all. Mind you we immigrants. Barely got a fucking Visa in this bitch. But we got each other. We got each other forever. My aunt Trina is only two years older than my mom. Her and my mom is best friends. Of course I hang with a slew of sluts. From back home all the way down to broads I just met. I'm talking days ago. Some of them like me, some of them don't. I keep them bitches close because I know they're scheming on my tricks and my money. This lifestyle attracts haters of all sorts. I throw big ass parties, just to watch whose watching me and my empire. I rarely sleep. I

just keep getting money. Was it my goal from the beginning to be President? Man hell no! I swear to God I ain't have no plan. I thought I was gone be an accountant or some shit. I started dancing for this dude name Tommy Fredico. I ain't know he was the mayor. He wanted a pretty young thang and I was it. He had his own jet. He was married and I ain't give a fuck and neither did he. We wasn't even hiding. Some shit about his wife fucking the pool guy, chauffeur or something was already in the tabloids. SOoo I guess I was his get back. She even called me had me to come met with her. I told my mom about it and she was like go. We need to know what she got to say. See what they got goin on. So I met Tommy's wife, Sarafina at Josephine's Cabanna club. Bitch took me on a private yacht with all her rich ass friends. Told me she got more money than him and she the reason he's the fucking mayor. This bitch was in the mob. This lady can have my ass killed. I ain't know how to feel about the situation. If she mad throwing her money around? Do she want to kill me, him or us? What the fuck did I get into. Said she had a Law firm and I was her new intern. Damn. Now I got to work for this bitch. If it ain't one thing it's another. I don't know how to ask this bitch is she gone pay me let alone how much. I aint working for her for free cause she having dog problems. So I told her just like that. Look I can just stop fucking your husband. I'm a stripper. It's not personal, its just money. She said she didn't care if i continued to

fuck him or not, that's my choice. Bullshit! So then why are we here. She said because I'm around her money. Some dumb shit bitches say when they man embarrass they ass by cheating. So now I definitely got to talk to my aunt and my mom about this awkward situation of getting money from the both of them. My mom said not to work for her and cut him off. Give that bitch back her man. You're famous now. Brand yourself. And I was! My followers went up to a million fucking with Tommy. I started doing videos for different artists. Not like ghetto rapper videos. But like ballerina shit for like pop stars. Like mini movie type of ordeals. I got into acting and started landing main character roles. I started fucking film producers. Shit I wanted to be Oprah! I mean I figured I be like Angel basset, or Megan Good. Shit I was in a Regina King type of vibe. Once I graduated from college. They gave me a court show. Like i thought you had to be a judge to get some shit like that. I got a civil suit small claims role as a reality star attorney called She's my Lawyer. I didn't know what i wanted to do with my life. I was just having fun! Enjoying my VIP lifestyle. The producer of the show ask me if i know anything about politics. I lied and said yea. Rambled off some current events from instagram. He invited me to a town hall meeting. Mind you Tommy was still the Mayor. Yet, he wasn't at the meeting. Some of them looked at me in anger some of them were happy to meet me. They had their phones on camera with the flash

on before they finish even asking to take a picture with me. Of course, I said yes! I took like 100 pictures with like 40 different officials. I had overdressed for the occasion thinking I was going to be out of place. They dressed how I dress shockingly. They were even more dramatic than I was. You would think my movie screen friends would be like this. I kind of fit in with them. We didn't even have a meeting or discuss anything we kept taking pre-posed pictures. Amy Grocer the Secretary of State was like do you wanna be your county representative. I said yes and it was like I joined a secret society. Lights weren't even red anymore. All of sudden I felt like the Queen of England. With all my success you wouldn't believe this volunteer community gig was the highlight of it all with the best perks and benefits. I started getting front row tickets to operas and NBA games. I dated plenty of celebrities, rode on plenty of private jets and yachts but this shit was like walking around metal detectors with a mac 10. I guess it's called Diplomatic Immunity. I would drive 90mh in the school zone and cops just turned their heads. To what did I owe this pleasure? How the fuck did I get here?

chapter 2

Of course with this type of treatment comes sacrifice. Here's where shit got real. I was at a private party for an up coming commissioner election. I was sucking his dick in a back room and Bradley, the campaign coordinator just leaned forward and shot Marcilla in the face. Marcilla was Tommy's personal assistant. She was recording me toping the commissioner off. I was under the impression she was fucking off with me. I can't lie I was slipping. I should have never trusted her or anyone else in this political rat race shit. I never suspected she didn't like me. We fucked plenty of state officials together. I just went to Dubai with this bitch on a private jet last week . Sucked dick and freaked off the whole flight. This bitch probably was recording me the whole time. It was probably 5 of us in the room all together. Me, Marcilla, Bradley, the commissioner and one of his security guards. Her blood was on my face and my hands. They just start yelling. Help me pick this bitch up. She was recording me, so of course I helped. Fuck that bitch. I was mad, I wasn't scared. My adrenalin was racing because the shot was so loud in my ear. Shit I thought I got shot for a minute by this nigga wife of sumin. She was downstairs. I was glad it was Marcilla and not me. We throwed that bitch out the window strate into the lake on Gawd. Wrapped her ass up in trashbag with

bathroom decor and cleaning agents from under the bathroom sink to weigh the body down. I swear Bradley broke her phone into a million pieces. He lifted the toilet seat and straight cracked that shit. I ain't even know peroxide take blood off yo clothes like that. He just kept throwing peroxide on everybody and everywhere. I can't lie. I froze. I never killed anybody. I suck dick. I don't know about this murder shit. I already have enough problems with my lifestyle. They told me to just leave. Don't give no excuse, go get in your car and drive off. Of course because of what we was doing, no one creeped up to the room together. We was doing something wrong that nobody was suppose to know about anyway. So we ain't look suspicious leaving separately. Bradley was like all you know is she said she ain't feel too good. Too many glasses of Champaign. Don't tell anybody, not even your mom Tropic. Keep your mouth closed and say what I told you to say and nothing will happen to you. I swore to Gawd I wasn't going to fold and dipped out. Woke up to so many text and Facebook alerts. I don't know what the fuck was going on cause it damn sure wasn't what happen. People just keep texting me have you seen Marcilla. One thing my momma taught me, don't volunteer no unasked for information. I wasn't even saying what Bradley told me to say. Shit I hit em with the hood classic, I don't know. One thing I learned in them Miami streets, I ain't see shit, I don't know shit. Oh God girl let me see! What happen?

Unuh i don't recall that. Foreal....Daaamn was my response to every question. Somebody made it look like Marcilla wrote a suicide note on her facebook page. The cops was looking for her because she had been of the Facebook post. I was just as shocked as everyone else. But like I said I wasn't scared. I was glad her ass was dead. I was relieved she ain't get to expose me the way she wanted to. I'm usually good at peeping shit like that. I ain't saying I'm right for how I live, but what I will say is God must not be that judgemental because he always saved me from situations like this. I ain't perfect but im not bad. Maybe this was God telling me I'm too comfortable and that I need to tighten up. Go back to how I used to be. Putting micro cameras in bitches houses and cars. Spoofing phones and mirrioring phone calls. I have gotten a little lazy, fuck exposed! I could have gotten merched just like that POW! They could have been tossing my dick sucking ass in a lake. Let's re-evaluate my surroundings and adjust accordingly. I got on the internet and got to ordering shit. Tracking devices, cameras, computer spyware. Im about to wire the shit out of these political tricks. I'm about to get back on my bullshit. My bouji stuck up jawbreaker shit. I had a meeting with my team once all the shit I ordered arrived. I already had an email alert security system. Basically if somebody open my door and they aint have my face for camera recognition, the camera starts recording and sends a live recording video to my

email. I told my girls I needed extra security because i ain't feel safe. Of course they understood, we a team. We all had boss bread. I told my right hand Georgia I need her to watch these videos. Yep! I put my security alert email camera software on government computers. Mind you I was just the representative" so it wasn't like I had my own office but I was sucking dick in they offices. Hell yea. Told my homegirls to watch the videos. See who and all comes where and does what. They was a little to much of an expert in hiding that body. Shit I thought to myself, I need to be around these mother fuckers a little more. I need a office but I definitely don't want Marcilla job. Shit look too obvious. HMMMMm... 🤔 I thought to myself, what position is convenient to my lifestyle, the fundraising manager. Shit they got a body on they hands, I can steal fundraising money and they can't even say shit. Then I can put my bitches on. They can be my fundraising team. That way I'm Not alone, we can watch these crooked ass clowns and get paid. I told Tommy wife this bogus ass shit. Finessed it up, already had million dollar donors because of my acting career. Her greedy ass jumped on board so fast, mind you this bitch is in the mob. So now I got mob security. I turned into a crime boss overnight literally. You either thrive or fold under pressure. Like I said I've had my own house since I was 14. Shit ain't nobody bout to fuck my money up. Two bachelors degrees. With all that tv shit i got lazy and aint take the bar exam. My moms had been

getting in my ass about that shit. Man I finally broke down and scheduled myself for the next test. Hell fucking with them I ain't have to study for that shit. I'm bringing their organization so much money, I was basically handed a California Attorney license. Those were the perks of being affiliated. I had gotten lost taking trips, going shopping and being their little personal whore. I didn't really have goals for what I was gonna do with my educational accolades. They were just door openers to rich tricks. I made \$500 thousand dollars a year selling pussy. Hell i forgot I had a JD. Luckily I remembered in time to take the bar exam. I had stopped stripping. Ma ain't never wanna buy a business because everybody we know that were owners of clubs got robbed and killed. When I saw they do the same thing in the corporate world, that shit changed me. Refocused my career goals. I ain't gone lie, after that bitch recorded me, I ain't wanna suck dick no more. Maybe it was the eye opener I needed to get out this shit. Get me and my family out this shit. I sat down with my mom and aunt for a more private formal meeting about future business complications. By now they had done found oh girl in that lake. But peep game she wasn't in them grocery bags. They said the bitch shot herself and feel in the lake. I fucked around and seen the extreme of just how much power these mob ass fake ass councilmen had. I ain't say shit to my mom or my aunt about what happened . They just assumed the shit shuck me up in

general and was supportive of my business plan. I told my mom I paid to take the bar exam and that it was scheduled in 6 weeks and I needed her to help me study for it. She was excited. I told her we I was going into intellectual property law. Doing patents and shit for inventors and that I had started a nonprofit fundraising organization that I wanted her and Aunt Trina to be the chairpersons of. She was hesitant as hell. I don't know about that Tropic. That shit just seems offbeat. Im with you on the law firm most defiantly but, fundraising what if the Feds come? Then we gone fuck em! Her and Auntie laughed so hard they laid on the floor. I was like what ? Shit that's what we been doing. Hell, it's been working. We laughed and the next day we went building hunting. Since it was a non-profit, I had the keys to the city. Hell if the building was state owned I didnt even have to pay rent because it was for state resource benefits. Shit I created a new face book page, instagram page, and linked in for this shit. I was humanitarian of the year before I even started. I literally had the keys to every fucking commercial building in the city. My mom, Aunt Trina, and I literally rode around the city in a Black suburban with pitch black tinted windows, with a Chauffer and personal real estate agent sippin Don Pareon dressed in Taylor's suits from Neman Marcus. At this time I was 25 about to be 26. We did this shit for a whole week. I wanted the perfect building for fundraising because it was for my mom. I wanted her at the top with

me not as my mom in the pictures but I wanted her and my aunt to be a boss. I wanted her to know I loved them both and we were a legacy not a team. The Deniro family. Some hoes that turn into CEO's .

chapter 3

After a long relaxing tour of every fucking high scale commercial building in Los Angeles County. My Aunt picked this lavish loft on the 23rd floor in the most lucrative building downtown LA. The Palace. They had door man, of course key fobs. You can't even get in the building let alone use the elevator without a key fobe! The bosses of bosses worked in this building. My Aunt Trina is the whore of whores. Knows every rich country club, who's who business investors, Wall Street gurus, long story short. She loves big bosses. She felt like this was the perfect opportunity to get Michael Druloni on our time. Michael Druloni owns Goldmine Pharmacuticles. A 32 billion dollar net worth company. & where does Mr. Druloni work... in the fucking Palace of course. She called him her retirement plan. He was recently divorced only has two kids. Huge trick! Loves coffee! What a great opportunity to bump into him on the elevator every morning. Aunt Trina is beautiful. Chocolate Latina. Sexy legs. Loves kitten heels. With surgical Titties from heavin. She had something most melanated women dont hav..green eyes. My mom says

she's caused thousands of divorces with those eyes. One elevator ride with Trina and Druloni's in the bag. Of course being a hoe involves a little stalking. Plus I need to get to know my new neighbors. His secretary who he's already fucking by the way loved me, im a fucking celebrity. And what do people want to do with celebrities..hang out. How hard is it to take this bitch to an exclusive club and give her the VIP access of her life. Majority of these bitches are as easy as an Instagram mention. Of course I got Brittany drunk and cyphed company secrets out of her. I call it company research. By the time we left the club she was throwing up information literally. All I have to do is make sure she gets to work on time tomorrow with no hang over. I spent the night at this bitches house. Even cooked her breakfast in the morning. Now we're officially what you call BFFs..best friends forever. I tell Aunt Trina he's out of town at the moment and will be back Thursday. He has this huge meeting with Blue cross blue shield about new prescription guidelines. He should be in the parking garage around 10:45 AM and on the employees only elevator at 11:05 AM. Getting a new john is like a DOO7 movie scene for a hoe. The preperation is that infatuating. The outfit, the hair, the shoes, all is a huge turn on. Especially if he's sexy and rich. It's the dress and the shoes for me. Always were a sexy thong and little skirt if your about be a little slutty. Make sure the shoes match. Jewelry and hair always make spontaneous sex worth

wild. Professional Bob or French roll. I suggested the french roll so her pins could fall out. Giving an excuse to bend over. Men love dizzy whores that need help. Especially rich men. They like porn movie scenes. Every man wants to fuck a random in a mirrored elevator right before work. Men like porn scene sex. Blondes are fun and nasty! I suggested a nice blue swing back tight titted Gri'Delio dress with a Moschino Blazer. Valentino Necklace and bangle. Cute diamond vvs studs from Tiffany's. Soft and delicate not ratchet and getto. Corporate slut is the goal. My mom said I had the gift of style. I love styling girls for catching a new victim. French mani pedis as always. Being a whore is very expensive. Very tailored. Extremely Sophisticated & sexy. The best part is getting dressed. I got her diamond pins from Chanel. I put the signature c's at the core of the french roll so when it falls out her hair gracefully unrolls down her back. I love doing hair. A good hair due is the epitome of a steaming new affair. I curled my aunts hair and then rolled it with cans so she can feel sexy. We used beer cans for a good laugh. Even did a photo shoot. Perky tits come with silk wireless bras. And silk thongs with flower embroideries , not cheap screen prints. I picked out a green silk panty set with a an orange orchid embroideries down the vagina. Green for th money, gold for the honey. Aunt Trina has little sexy tattoos scattered around her body. A pooh bear eating honey out of a honey pot on her inner thigh right

next to her pearl. She has hearts on her back that look like a bouquet of balloons bursting from the side of her dairyaire. Very sexy 32 year old with the face of a 12 year old. My aunt taught me the importance of a weekly spa facial. Always pamper yourself with dollars, she says to me during a \$300 spa sessions. I always wanted toes like my auntie. We have to live in a tropical state because she refuses to wear sneakers. Always has her claws out. She probably wears a 6 ½ but her toe nails put her at a 7 ½. Drives men crazy. No make up needed. Men hate make-up. They love natural faces. I took her hot rollers out around 9:45 am Thursday morning. And rolled her the cutest french roll with her baby hairs drizzling naturally around the edges. I plucked a few pieces out in the front and with a tiny curling iron , then put a couple of Shirley temple curled hairs over her swoop in the front. She loves when I dress her and do her hair. I delicately place large hair pins with huge diamond ends in her bun with the signature c Chanel hair pin in the top for a dramatic clusters of diamonds falling effect. I slipped her silk panties over her thighs and hooked her bra in the back. Shimmed her into her Gri Delio dress and slide her diamond tipped toes into her favorite kitten heel. A sheer master piece of perfection. I fastened her double breasted military general styled blazer and draped her chain strapped chanel purse over her shoulder. She looked like the nanny Fran. I love that show. Told her she was off to met her Mr.Shelffield.

We exchanged mob laughs as I closed her lamborghini door. I got in my Mercedes and followed behind her. Mob rules. Always have someone follow behind you. Take your family everywhere. I parked two rows across from Druloni's company parking space. Aunt Trina parked two levels above. I call her as soon as she pulls in and let her know to be by the elevator. She has a couple of loose papers in her hand. A typical air head. Like clock work Druloni pulls in at 10:45. He even parks like a rich asshole. Speeds pass his park in his Mazareti and backs in fast with an abrupt stop before hitting the wall. Richly his parking space is right next to the elevator. He gets out. Pops his trunk. Organises the papers in his brief case. His secretary really told me all of this and it's like to the T exactly what he does. I tell Aunt Trina he's getting on the elevator so she can catch him on the way up. Now the most important job is my moms. She makes sure no one get's on the elevator so it just be Druloni and Aunt Trina. My mom is a pro at distractions. A complete natural. She should have been an actress. She spills her cofee. The custodian is in love with her. She's had him putting wet floor signs and closing elevators for an hour now. I swear it's a gift from God being related to these two. Now the moment she's been waiting for. The elevator ride. Druloni gets on at the 4th floor. Aunt Trina makes her grand entrance on the 6th floor. The elevator stops. She walks on loose papers in hand. The key to this is eye contact.

You don't want to look thirsty so don't make eye contact as soon as you come in contact with your victim. Trust me he's looking. You want to ignore that he's looking. It makes him make it obvious that he's looking. You still ignore him. I put the hair pins in so that they all fall out when she looks down. Mind you the elevator is still going to the top. We're probably on the 9th floor and like magic the head tilt is phenomenal . Big diamonds just falling everywhere bouncing off the shiny gold filter elevator floor. The first thing he's going to do is bend down to pick them up. Aunt Trina presses the stop button on the elevator so it doesn't continue to go up. In the process of bending down to pick up her pins, like destiny they bump heads and all her little papers fall to the floor chapstick. The whore spin always works. She spins and puts her thonged pantied ass in his face while he's trying to make eye contact and hand her her pins. Now his nose is up her ass. So like a slut she steps back. To kind of give the hint of licking it. In the process of moving his head he now has to grab her by the thighs so neither one of them fall. In turning around she falls up against him to see if his dick is hard. And it is. That's the eye contact we want. As she grouping his hard dick and looking him in the eyes. You want that sexual attraction. The hint of lets say unzipping his pants and sucking his dick right then and there. Skip the small talk. Men love sluts. She unzips his pants with fresh hot curled hair rolling down his face and squats down and begins

sucking him off. He grabs her hair and this is how my aunt catches all other victims. She looks up at him with her irresistible green eyes and gets up quickly. Like she did something wrong. She turns to press the button for the elevator to come back on. He moves her hand and bends her over. Pulls her panties to the side and places his hand around her neck. While the both look at their reflections in the elevator mirrors as he makes her scream while thrusting his penis in her warm wet pussy. The thrill of getting caught is so sexually arousing it makes him cum fast but instead of pulling out he pulls her closer because he likes the way her hair falls on his wrist while strangling her. It's those green eyes he has become lured too. Once he's finished she pulls her skirt down and gets off on the next floor. The very next floor is the 11th floor. Druloni works on the 15th floor. You don't want him to know your name or where you work because now he has to find you. This causes a sexual seductive attraction. A cat and mouse game. Rich men love shit like this. It seems easy but it's a bit of a chase. How long it takes for him to find you lets you know how much pull and connections he has. Also lets you know how interested he is. Aunt goes down the stairs instead of up. Back to her car. All the elevators are closed. This is the fun part. How is he going to find the slutty blonde he just fucked in the elevator. He can't focus on his meeting because he's looking for you. Which parking spot is yours? How'd you get in the building? What

do you do for a living? So sexy and slutty. A nice victim to catch.

Chapter 4

Finding Lutrina Deniro

By now my mom , aunt Trina and I, were having lunch at Fuega Donna's, an upscale Italian restaurant down town LA. Laughing historically while Aunt Trina re-inacted her sexual encounter with Mr. Druloni. She keeps scooting backwards in her seat making pouty lip faces going uh uh ouuu! Bitch you don't have any kids, your ass is gonna be pregos next month, my mom said while slapping her on the ass. You jealous of my retirement plan Ameana. Did you let him fuck yo with no condom Luey? My mom called my aunt Luetrina Luey whenever they did something devilish to make fun of church. And if she did, she simply replied Amen because my moms name is Ameana. They called themselves Haliluey and Amen when they used to strip together. Getting the both of them was like a tricks prayers being answered. Yep I sure did! I let him skeet this good wet chocolate pussy up and if I get pregnant Ima sue his ass for child support. 🤔😏 Shit I'm retiring early. Did you see his wife's divorce settlement? This bitch gets 200k a fucking month. Ladies and gentlemen we's having a little Druloni. 200 fucking thousand a month! Shit i mite meet his ass next in that elevator. You gone have to share that





dick bitch! We tossed our glasses in the air to being rich baby mommas.

Sooo, the next morning there were white orchids all over my loft. I called my aunt so fast. Oh my god Auntie, you good coochie having ass bitch. Girl them green eyes be working. When aunt Trina pulled into her parking space there were white petals on ground scattered. She blushed as she walked up to the elevator. When the doors open there was a single white rose on the floor. Rich sex is so intriguing. It's what my Tete loved. She's a hopeless romantic and knows how to get this treatment out of any man. What can I say, I learned from the best. Every one was smiling when she walked to the front desk in the plaza lobby to check our company mailbox. Bing there it is ...our first donations. A check for \$500,000 thousand dollars made out to my foundation Graceful Hands of California. I knew this fundraising shit was a good idea. My aunt did the one tear drop cry shit and blushed gracefully as common bystanders looked in awww. She should have been in beauty pageants with that type of grace and talent. What a walk of shame back to the elevator. She also had a brown long envelope she opened on the ride up. Inside of it she found all of her hair pins and her papers she had dropped on the elevator floor. A little Side note...dont be that hard to find. The papers he dropped in the elevator had small details of our company and location. As soon as

she walked into the office the phone rang. It was his secretary brittany extending an offer for dinner after work. Now here's the part about rich men. You gotta share him. Brittany came up shortly after my aunt excepted the offer in tears because like I said she's fucking Druloni too. So what I do. I took her under my wing. Don't bite the hand that feeds you. I made \$500,000 with this bitch in 72 hours. Brittany was a beautiful blonde haired blue eyed mid twenties doll. Easy to work with. I told her lets grab lunch and took her to the Dolce & Gabbanna store instead. We drank champagne and tried on clothes. We bought everything we tried on. Shit came out to \$67,000. Then i gave her an envelope with \$50,000 in it. No more tears Chica. I asked her religious back ground. She's southern baptist from a small town in North Carolina. Moved to the big city at 21 right after graduating from college started fucking some married billionaire. Here's what im getting too...are you into girls. Rich men love 3 some, 4 some, 5 some they like to feel like a king with a bunch women sucking their dick at one time. But for now we'll give Druloni the nasty work fantasy he's been craving. I explained to her that maybe she should join in. Looked around at the back seat of my Benz and told her it's enough to go around. You take care of me & I will definitely take care of you. I taught her love is for losers, this is a money world. You do what you gotta do to get the money. Lovers loose. That's why Cupid shoots people in

the hear on Valintine's Day. Yeah, it sounds mean but so is the world. Get it how you live doll. I told her that's good you drive a nice convertible mustang. It's paid for but with me it's mansions and Ferraris. She smiled. So here's how we'll solve this small dilemma. On Monday my aunt will be in Druloni's office around 1:30 pm. That's when he's available right. She says right. Well she's gonna come in his office and you know choke on his banana a little bit. She'll leave the door unlocked for you if you want in. You can just walk in and join in....if you want too. You ok with that ..or is it too much for a small town church girl like yourself? I looked at the envelope full of money I gave her bulging out of her purse and told her there's way more where that came from. She was a little shy. I told her to come up to my office around 12pm and will pre game a little bit to loosen you up. I can't lie I was a little attracted to Brittany's shyness. Most of my friends were like me so it kind of turned me on that I had to coach her. Her meekness was sexy because it was natural. I could tell she liked me but grew up being told being gay is wrong. She agreed because she likes hanging out with me. I'm not the debutante type, or am I?

Back to my usual. I dropped Brittany back off at work. My Aunt Trina is blowing me up to grab her something to wear for her dinner date later on that evening. Who do I call? Mercy Mike top booster in LA. Yes, I have boosters on

payroll that bring me top quality merchandise. Can't pay full price for everything. Mercy Mike has shit that isn't even in the stores yet. He's a queen  of course. Gets shit from Paris  and Japan ! How he does it?? No one knows, just know aint no mercy with Mercee ok! I have him come up to my loft on the 23d floor. He loves grand entrances like this. I no it seems like I'm bragging and I am! I love my fucking team!  It's the way he comes in with those racks of name brands. Yea it's flashy but it wouldn't be Tropical Deniro if it was plane Jane.

Everybody knows my name and they know I'm a stripper turned politician. So it's nothing unusual in these LA streets. The doormen are holding the door assisting mercy in loading his merchandise on the elevator. You have to announce a stylist of this type of fortune. The spa doors open and doorman Announces "Ladies & Gentlemen Stylist to the GODS Mercy Mike." I laughed and tipped him a big face bill. I love this already. The staff is so Hollywood. I mean they love me around here. Mike is rolling racks in so of course I invited the other women in the building up to my penthouse. Gotta feed the fam! It's called marketing! I hope you didn't think all I sold was pussy. One thing about corporate bitches... they hoes! Hoes of a feather flock together. I can supply these rich sluts with exclusive designer merchandise and have them eating out of the palm of my hands. Girls love a good trying on clothes session. Especially when the fabrics are

expensive. A bunch of naked girls sliding in and out of couture dresses. This job I created is pure heavin or maybe he'll 🍑. So in this mix I got to know the other businesses in the building. Always know your neighbors. Conversation rules the nation and I am a social Gawd. Girls are always catty but clothes keep them close. At the end of this function I was invited to every corporate social function within the next 12 months. They were fighting over sitting beside me. But the best part was people wasn't look at my mom & aunt like two sluts. They were top bosses that everyone wanted to know. I was glad to give my mommy another life. Yea we still were in the game but at least we were on another level. I'll tell you a secret you probably think is insane. Offices love work gossip. So if you tell each co-worker individually the latest gossip, you'll always be in the loop. Gossipers always return the favor. So secretly my aunt tells each woman individually she is buying a dress to date Druloni tonite. I got info from Brittany to start her off..but with a billionaire like Michael Druloni you need a team of informants that love to spill tea. They will keep you on your toes. By the end of our little shopping party we had his entire background. Like the fact that Brittany is his 5th secretary in 2 years. He fucks all is secretaries. Typical rich guy. He loves escorts, a real life trick. He's fucked damn near everyone in the building. He's knownd as the mortgage king. About to

foreclose...Druloni will pay for it. The average billionaire is a trick.

Aunt Trina bought a very elegant slim fit short v cut Terani gown. Oriental Blue colored, lots of diamonds, Azul as well. Complimented with a blue channel Pearl earring. To add pleasure to beauty she also bought a blue diamond tear drop Cartier necklace with the matching bracelet... all purchased with Druloni's company card of course. She looked so regal. Yes, be a slut to get him but an absolute Goddess to keep him. My mom and I both had the same look of joy. I wanted my aunt to marry rich and live like a modern queen. I wanted her to be a big boss of bosses because that's what she raised me to be. Druloni invited her to an opera dinner that was a fundraiser for kids with heart disease. A corporate red carpet roll out. Lots of cameras when you first enter the theater. I did her hair in a Boufant and put the channel diamond hair pins around it. She deserved the Disney princess ending. It ain't always been smooth sailing. We stuck together and grind hard to get to this part. A lot of sleepless nights. Open toed swing back Christian Louis Boutons with a cute baby blue mesh bow on top to match the blow bow on the back of her mermaid dress. Baby Luey is what my mom called her when she dressed like this. Lined With a deep v cut to accent her slender back. You can see the cute butterflies flying up her back she had tattooed. A complete

sweetheart. Perfect eye candy for such an occasion, a conversation starter I would say. She carried a cute small dolce & Gabbanna navy clutch with a ice diamond tip to go in between her ring finger and middle finger. An angel in the flesh. Cameras flashing everywhere as he gripped Trina's waist making sure she didn't trip or fall as they walked the red carpet into the theater. She was the highlight of the evening as she walked up the theater grand staircase. The opera was sexy. The atmosphere was a private balcony seating Druloni donated \$50,000 for. Druloni was a total humanartian. He let her walk maybe 10 steps and then picked her up and carried her up the stair case. Rich men love attention. & Aunt Trina knew how to handle a big crowd. The pause at the top of the stairs as she kissed him was fairytale like. A Perfect couple. People were already giving her baby fairy dust and it's only been 4 days. She never had to speak a day in her life. She could live off of facial expressions alone. Lights dimmed and everyone was quiet. You know they didn't watch a piece of the show. They keep taking turns giving each other falacial massages for 4 hours. By the end of it all he didn't even want to talk to his big deal friends to show her off. Couldn't wait to get her home. You should see this fellas house looks like an apartment complex. I'm not going to lie, I've dealt with wealthy men but Druloni had more than money. He had what money couldn't buy , generational wealth. You enter a gate and drive two miles before you even get

to his house. This man has valet parking at his front door. A butler comes out dressed like the butler from Batman. Opens your car door and escorts you up the stairs. Then parks the Bentley. It's what Aunt Trina was accustomed to. Mom said she wouldn't date anything less if her life depended on it. Fortunately for Aunty his kids were with their Mom. so they had the mansion to themselves aside from the maids, security guards, and oh yeah..his parents. Every rich man has an annoying ass mother whose ass you gotta kiss no matter what! Mom can put your ass out and the old hag is always right. You already know this old bitch was awake. She couldn't wait to annoy my aunt. But like I said Aunt Trina should have been in beauty pageants. The lady told her her perfume smells like trash as soon as she met her. Said it was giving her an asthma attack. What does aunt Trina do. It must be my dress. Oh dear let me take it off. Just takes her whole dress off in front of the old witch. Standing in the middle of the man living room in Versace thongs and lace bra. Then goes to the kitchen and starts washing of her perfume. The man's mom would have died if she was having a real asthma attack cause he left her ass in the living room to help my aunt wash off her perfume. Maybe I should shower in a separate room. I think that would be best. So what did this lead to. Steamy hot shower sex. Not 1 shower nosel sex but 360 water jets shooting water from every angle with a remote control. You could even change the temperature

on the different jets and the lighting color. She laid across his a built is hemalayan salt rock bench on her back. Perfect for seductive arousal. She got in the shower room with her bra and panties on just so he could take them off. He sat down on the bench and she sat up on top of him with her feet on top of the bench. A nice slow wet grind for an hour. She lend back into a back bend with her hair and hands to hiding the ground while he grasps her thighs and joined her rhythmic slow grind turning into a sensational orgasmic climax. Afterwards they laid in his double king sized bed in each other arms until the sun rose. He gave her the keys to a Porsche and told her to drive herself home and that she be directed where to park once she scanned the key fobs at the parking garage. Talk about a sexy rondevue.

Chapter 5 Brittanys first Minaj jaitwa

Lutrina drove up to her new parking space on the fourth floor. surprisingly it was right beside his mazerati. He got out of his car and opened her door. Down on one knee and slide her panties to the side for a quick organism before work. Lutrina wasn't one to turn down sex, most certainly not early morning head in a Porsche! She wiped his mouth when he was done and placed a piece o f gum in his mouth. They kissed and got on the elevator together. See you at 1 pm she giggled as he got off the elevator and

went to his office meeting. Arriving to the 23rd floor was a braceful alarm to a calming morning! My phone was always ringing. People just wanted to be seen coming out of the building and I wanted to let them be seen. A- list celebrities all begging me to plan their fundraising event! I love this job. I get paid to make more more by having a snooty upscale party. \$25,000 a plate. Im planning this one for Oprah! Oh my gawd total photo dump. I'm telling my aunt all this as she is walking into the office! Invite your new boyfriend. I'm sure he has nothing to do with alllllll these investors. I had my girls answering the phones of course. Look at me running a little call center and shit. You like it Aunt Trina?? Mommy? I did good??? Talk to me people ...let me know something! Don't get comfortable Tropic! When things are like this u need too... Tropic interrupts..I know I know increase security. So check this out! I've wired the whole building! We'll look at your dog right now, he's getting his dick sucked from Brittany. You looked so shocked Aunt Trina! And not from the blow job mite I add. Men huh... I learned from the best! But what we really need to watch is this meeting on the 8th floor..Druloni should have been invited to but wasn't! An hour before his actual meeting with the exact same co-workers. I wonder why Brittany's sucking him off soooo good. So background check on Brittany just came in this morning. Only rich people know other rich people! Fact Checker Alert! Brittany's dad is chairman of Soutman's

pharmicals, Visa credit cards and a couple of gold mines. One those racist ass southern KKK ass honkeys. Mom: & Brittany does whatever daddy says to keep the family wealth in the family? Tropic: You know it! Trina: So don't trust her? MOM & Tropical: Helll Nah! But we gone keep that bitch close! We gone watch her very closely... so when she turns on us we'll be prepared! Your job is to keep Druloni in his power position, you know them people dont want 3 women on the board let alone 3 coffee complected whores living in the penthouse at the top of the building! Mom: yea well we gone stay at the top! Damn sure aint living at the bottom but well be around. I called my people too! Druloni and your high school sugar daddy work Together. Coninsidence ... I think not! So Lutrina you need to break their friendship up before he brings it up! Alright group meeting yall know the deal! Photos with these hoes incase we gotta expose him! Don't make me tell your wife! You'sa a trick, like she don't already know! Just dont want nobody else to know! Tropical: right aint shit changed. Can't trust these niggas cuz when they think they got you head over heels and comfortable they fuck you! Just to kill your vibe. So you be quiet and not tell due to embarrassment! All right Aunt Trina! We are watching in case this bitch tries to play you! Is this bitch trying to tell on you or is she going to join in like we planned? Trina: only one way to find out! Alrighty! You look perfect. Lutrina gets on the elevator and heads down to Druloni's office on the

16th floor. Greets Brittany as she steps off the elevator. Is
um your boss in office by any chance? Brittany: yea, go on
back or do you want me to show you which office is his.
You can show me, I don't want to get lost. It's so
big!Brittany: Good I need a break anyway. So this our spa
room. Lutrina: Spa Room? Brittany: Yea, in case we
become overwhelmed and overworked. Want t o go
inside? Lutrina: Yea Brittany opens door with her key fob.
Lutrina; Thinkng to herself this looks like Brittany: A whore
house huh?? Facial expressions say a thousand words
Mrs. Deniro. Lutrina: Trina.. call me Trina. You read my
mind. so like you can come in here whenever you want?
For free? Get the fuck outta here? Only people who work
here or anybody in the building? Brittany: I don't know,
showing Lutrina back out the front Door of the spa that just
so happens to be right next to Druloni's office door. Well
here's Mr. Druloni's office knocking on the door. Druloni:
who is it? Brittany; its Mrs. Deniro from Loving Hands
fundraisers. Druloni: come in the door opened remotely.
Brittany: have a great day Mizz .Deniro. Lutrina: You do
the same love. Hi baby I was just stopping by to check up
on you and See how your day is going. While sitting on top
of his desk in front of him with her legs crossed. Druloni:
my meeting was weird. They ask me to sign over some of
my percentage share holdings to Mr. Baker. Trina: How do
you feel about that? Druloni: he's asking but really he
doesn't have too. My dad died last year, the first year i get

his shareholders authority until voting time which is now where they outnumber me. And can sincerely just take my authority. Hmmm I work for the mayor. I can arrange for that not to happen if you want. I mean I don't wanna be controlling and get involved with. Your personal business unless you want me too. Druloni: I was wondering how you got on the 23rd floor. You must be a partner. Lutrina: Something like that.. kissing druloni's neck. We can't have you getting demoted right after forming such a dynamic partnership, now can we. Let me take care of that for you. You take care of me.. I take care of you! Druloni: pausing while Trina unzips his pants. Stand up, put your dick in my mouth while you think about it. Druloni: stands and allows Trina to continue sucking his dick with his pants and boxers around his ankles. His knees keep bending, don't sit down she mumbled with his dick still in her mouth. Stand on business. Brittany walked in and closed the door. Druloni opens his eyes alarmingly because of the noise of the shutting door. Trina kept sucking. It's like Brittany came in right when he was about to cum. Just to see if he would stop or keep going. She walked over and put her face up against Lutrina's and started kissing her inside her mouth with her tongue. So they could both have Druloni's dick in their mouths at the same time. It made him cum quick. Like a adrenaline rushed burst forcing him to sit down. They kept sucking! He kept nutting. He leaned his office seat back so Brittany sat on his dick while Lutrina sat on

his face. she turned and started kissing Brittany. Brittany seemed to be enjoying the orgasim. SO aunt Trina laid Brittany across the desk and started licking Brittany's pussy while still sitting on Druloni's face. He then lowered her body to his dick and fucked her aggrissively while she ate Brittany's pussy. Brittany must have never experienced that type of Pleasure because she didn't want aunt Trina to stop. Druloni tried to pull Trina away. It look like he was a little jealous but brittany held her head in between her legs and squirted in aunt Trina's mouth. Aunt Trina loves to eat pussy especially if your enjoying it. She looked up at brittany who had her eyes closed tight and then she licked the center of her cliterois so she could watch her cum and push her head away. But Aunt Trina was nestled comfortably in between Brittany's legs. The more she pushed aunt Trina away the more she sucked her pussy until she let out a loud scream. Then aunt Trina got up and left. Just like that . No look in the mirrior. No fixing of the hair. Just walks out without looking back. Gets on the elevator.. with plenty of mirrors for self adjusting. Stops at the 23rd floor so we can watch the tape. Yes my aunt likes watching herself fuck people. Aunt Trina is a freak. She likes to watch herself make people cum and play with her pussy. Mom: where is your Aunty? Tropic: In her office... Mom: Makin. A fingering motion to her Vigina..watching her movie? Tropical: u know it! Mom: busts in on aunt Trina playing with her pussy..Lutrina Deniro. Laughing

historically. You not suppose to enjoy it you freak. Aunt Trina: Pushes the button to remotely close her door! Excessively while her sisters forces it back open laughing. Trina Everybody gets to cum except me! I can never bust a nut. Fuck you Luna! Mom: Come back to earth slut! Help me find a boyfriend so I can stop fucking tricks! Hahahaha! Lutrina: Your moms a dyke! Hates to let anyone dick her down. Mom: yep and im bout to cash out on this old wrinkly bitch whos dying for me to lick that box with a slobbery tongue flicker. I love eating old women's pussy. I get a old bitch. I lick. Myself right into her will. HHahahaha Trina: good fuck somebody and stop bothering me witcho lonely tricked out ass! I love them! I love their relationship. I was an only child and only niece. I wish I had a twin sister, but whatever. So did you see my Oprah invite. You bringing Druloni. Lutrina: yea but I need to bring your boss's wife. I need you to butter her up a little bit so I can take care of the problem we discussed earlier. I need the majority vote to be a tiebreaker vote for Druloni's shareholder percentage. His annual review is coming up. Tropical: well i think he's getting all smiley faces. I can arrange it. Invite your high school trick daddy anonymously so I can go ahead and get rid of his ass. Tropic: ouuu tell me more??? Lutrina: I can't tell u 2 bitches all my tricks. Tropical: Can you believe she is really fucking that old lady from Mr. Baker's office. Mom:

I'm the little sister that's bigger than the big sister! Ain't nobody putting us out.

Chapter 6 Party Planning

Stepping out my Jeep 8 am in the morning with an arm full of coffee mashing my hair out of my face with the inside corner pocket of my elbow, then boo! Mrs. Deniro can I speak with you? I dropped all the coffee on Detective Rove's black combat boots, it splattered all over his black pants. From the feet up he look like the guy in the Scream costume. I mean look at my line of work. Being kidnapped is a daily fear. I was kind of relieved it was a detective. Here is the run down on the hazards. Real quick, short, and to the point... they just wanna fuck. But not detective Rove's. This guy must be on the downlow or some shit. His mom must have made him lick her cat a little too much because he hates women! I start trying to clean up my mess, the coffee on his shoes and on the parking garage ground. He reved back his foot to kick me in my face but make it look accidental. So just as his boot is connected with my face. I was being yanked from the ground by the back of my shirt. Talk about a double scare. I peed a tiny little bit... I kid u not. I was so glad I peed before I left the house... type of a trinkle. I must have had a small scratch by the corner of my eye because the guy who snatched

me up was Mike... Mike Druloni! Caressing my face at 8 am. While asking detective Rove's did you kick her? Rove's begin to stutter and lie all at once. No nnnno no! Is all I could seem to understand. Druloni was pissed! You're on camera pal! Stop harassing my establishment! Detective Rove's: I was just trying to get the coffee off my boot. Druloni: not what I saw! I saw you trying to kick her in the face. Are you ok Mrs. Deniro?

Tropical: yes sir I'm fine.

Druloni: ok well you stand here and I'm going to have some one come clean this up. Gather your self as you were doing. Detective Rove's what do u need from Mrs.Deniro?

Detective Rove: I just need to ask her some questions.

Druloni: some questions about what?

Detective Rove: Marcilla Hunter. She was with Mrs. Deniro before she was found dead.

Druloni: ok the professional way to handle this matter would be to get on the elevator. Ride up to the 24th floor and schedule an appointment with Mrs. Deniro's receptionist. Did you try calling to schedule such appointment?

Detective Rove: yes no...

Quickly interrupted by Druloni: no you did not. I'm not allowing this type of harassment at my establishment. She's a young woman and this is a dark parking garage. Detective Rove you don't wait for a 25 year old young lady in parking garage and then jump out at her unexpectedly to just be a victim of coffee messed clothes. Leave my establishment and don't come back. And yes I'm calling the police and showing them the entire video of you waiting for Mrs. Deniro and then trying to assault her. No trespassing charges will be rendered in your favor. Leave the premises and do not return. Mrs. Hunter committed suicide. There's nothing to discuss with Mrs. Deniro. Turns and looks at Tropical oh here is the cleaning staff now. Are you ok Mrs. Deniro?

Tropical: yes just a little startled. Druloni turned back and looked at detective Rove in a very disapproving manner until he turned and began walking back to wherever he came from. He then was startled when security jumped out on him.

Druloni: see how that feels unsafe. Please escort detective Rove back to the second floor of the parking garage where he walked all the way up here from. Then Druloni adjusted his tie turned and walked to get on the elevator.

I never had a dad like ever. Secretly I did want one though. Sometimes I pretended and imagined what it would be like if I had a dad growing up. Druloni might be a trick but he wasn't a creep. He didn't give slime ball vibes. I saw why everybody at the office liked him. I even understood why Aunt Trina wanted him to father her first born. I've had guys take up for me, like beat somebody's ass for getting out of line. Usually my mom and aunt handle situations like these. But wow! This must be what it's like to have a dad. I was just gonna have to take a boot to the face and eat one for the team. But like my Aunt has Mike's back I guess he has our backs too. I was glad someone was up on one not just rich and lazy with servants. Running an empire requires that you never get to sleep. You gotta watch your own back first hand. Most importantly, getting to know the new people. Can I trust you? Are just here to get what you can get? Are you the police? Are you trying to set me up? This is the life of the rich and famous. You can't have that much success and be a carefree idiot.

Now I trust Druloni. I trust that I don't have to tell him anything, he knows. Not only does he know but he understands the life I live is similar to his. Always somebody waiting behind a wall to take everything you worked for. I needed that stress removed from my life! But

just like he has my back I definitely have his now and I can call Sarafina! Yea I can call a woman who can take care of this as well. So that's what I did. I helped Lola and China (the cleaning staff) clean up the coffee because I want them to know we're on the same team. You don't work for me, you work with me. We got on the elevator together and went up to MY PENTHOUSE. That I worked hard for. So now they know in between work you can just come and chill. I turned the t.v. on and poured them a glass of Don Perion. Then went into my office. As women we should always stick together.

I called Sarafina and told her I needed to talk. Sarafina is who I work for. I'm already fucking Tommy but Sarafina is the head hunchos.

A little more background on Sarafina Domingo... married name Fredicko. She married Tommy for his family name. But the Domingos are well known in Italy, EUROPE and Switzerland. They own Rozell Swiss watches. The police raped sarafinas' great grandmother right after the slaves were freed and stole all of the watches. The Domingos went on a killing spree and began killing police officers. I don't know if they ever stopped but nobody fucks with Sarafina. In Some countries, they treat women like peasants, only fit to breed babies. The Domingo family absolutely does not tolerate disrespect directed towards

the women of their family. Majority of their establishments are managed by a female. Softly spoken Sarafina don't play that shit. I asked her to come over. She's very cocky and likes to make a big fuss especially in this type of situation so I'll take advantage of it and stroke her ego. That's how I got this penthouse on the top floor... all because I work for Sarafina Domingo.

I'm have this huge fundraiser party for Oprah and I just want it to go "professionally" the police love running in and hand cuffing us in our best moments. So let's be proactive and behead this donkey. I don't want the embarrassment of it all. The shade room, world star, cnn, local news never tell the truth. By law they are obligated to report what the police said which is always a lie. Just your mugshot, videos of you in handcuffs, and whatever you are being accused of! You did it! You know you did! You are guilty until proven innocent! The world is viewing this impression!

What would you do to protect your reputation... it is important but not worth dying for, More like living for!

Sarafina said she'd be over immediately. She needs to check on things and you know "make sure I'm doing My Job". Yea hoeing ain't easy but it comes with a lot of percs. Of course I met her in the parking garage and yes I kiss her ass because you would want to kiss her ass too if you

knew what I knew. I opened her door and greeted her with a bottle of water. I'm giving her a tour from the 1st floor up. In the corporate world Sarafina is considered a big deal. You might want to introduce your big deal so they can meet & merge into other major deal. That's my job to expand the company with like minded individuals. Of course everyone wanted to meet her and totally thinks it's funny I fucked her husband. Now we're seen in pictures together and I'm her fundraising executive. Yea so Hollywood! Tell me about it! It's funny how much I fit in here. Everyone wanted to talk to her and take pictures. She had on a 3 billion dollar Victorian crested diamond watch. It was thin and delicate and just very pretty. So of course that conversation piece led to my next fundraiser that her family wants to sponsor with their watches. She wants to do an auction. This leads to small talk about my fundraiser party for Oprah and now Sarafinna wants to flex and throw her family name around. Which of course works for me because now I don't have a budget and as always can do whatever the fuck I want. That's why I kiss Sarafinna's ass! I fucked her husband now this lady treats me like one of her kids and let's me spend their money however the fuck I want. I could tell you exactly what happened and you still wouldn't be able to do what I did. Finally we're on the floor Druloni works on and he just got out of a meeting and magically has time to talk to Sarafina. I do my introduction and mention nothing about this morning. He

says I'll take over from here. Perfect because that is exactly what I wanted to hear! Now I can go plan my first party! A get money boganzaa! Yeeessssssss! Money! Money! Money! I love my life!

Chapter 7 Charge it!

Here's the thing about this job, I make so much money on the back end. I mean its not stealing, im paying myself. You'd be stupid to make someone a billionaire, or even keep a Billie a Billie and be a bummy! I wish i would short change myself, all the dicks im sucking. I gotta get paid. Welcome to America baby! Prices go up every 30 seconds...keep up. Here's were i got all my sponsors to become president. I raised the most money in American history in 2 hours. I don't know how i did it. Shit all i know is selling ass. Paying high bills and maintains my lifestyle. Thats not enough skill to run a whole fucking country.

This so wrong! Or is it? You know there are no right or wrong answers. Just survival my love. My ancestors came to this country as immigrants. They were slaves. Hypnotised dogs with no human instincts. They didn't

speak English. They didn't speak Spanish. They speak dog. To be where I am with that type of a start is a miracle to you. Not to me. I was born to succeed in any environment. Made to prevail. I never asked any questions. I just did as I was told. I was told it was worse than this. Heard a few stories with strong annotation of me not going back to that.

Hard work and I always overdo my part. In 25 years I never thought I would hold the position I hold. I know my people got my back. I know we'll always make it work. These corporate people honestly aren't that bad. I always pictured them as lazy and given. Like they never had to work for anything, just handed everything on a platter. I like my corporate friends. They never fold. They never switch up. I'm just shocked. I never expected them to love me. Like yea but love is different. I mean I fucked that lady's husband and now I have unlimited access to her credit card. Yea I could fuck Sarafina. Really swipe all her money, black mail her, all kinds of shit. However, I wasn't raised like that. I can flip this money a couple ways pay her double, pay me, my staff, and donate to the organizations. I never mentally processed what exactly I was doing. I never slowed down to be amazed by my own accomplishments. Shit I never had time. I always felt like I was in a marathon and needed to be ready for the Paton pass. I just never wanted to be the reason we became

broke or lost it all. I didn't realise what i was doing at 25....people had no idea to do at 65 and older. I was running an empire. The crazy part is i just created myself a job after being an accomplice to a murder. When they came to question me, i didn't have to go to questioning. I can now focus on my job. Thats the kind of power money carries. The money is more important because its. Feeding so many mouths. If you don't feed them they'll eat you. They will eat you alive. Like i said i sell pussy! How we gone raise 10 billion dollars in two hours. Well its elementary my dear. Well have a swingers party with my girls. Rich sex is the best! After long hours of running several multi-million dollar businesses what do CEO's crave.... A magical relaxing nut. The most sessional squirting relief. High sex drive fundraising became my thing. I get these Richie's, they feel lot a card of their rich fantasy and then i book an island, or a mansion, or an underground Igloo and bring they're sex dream To reality, then i film it and sell it to them. It's a sick addiction. My tickets were \$10,000. 175 people are coming. That is \$175000. This is really my consultation. For \$10,000 we have dinner at an upscale LA restataurant such as California dreams, or where ever my lovely donor would like to dine. We go to a back secluded room. We order what our hearts desire and you tell me your freaky fantasy. Now you've already made a \$10,000 deposit. They tell me exactly how they want to feel and how they want it. I give

them an estimated total. They make the donation at the event. And my friend now we are professional money launders. I didn't know what the hell i was doing, shit i had some badass bitches on my team, and we like niiiicccce shit, Ashton martins, Bentley condos, private island trips. All from sucking dick. My motto, keep sucking bitch! I'm meeting with a 175 CEOs for the next 30 days, planning their sexual dreams. I love this fucking job. I even incorporated the girls, had them doing fashion shows at the meetings. Like a fucking beauty pageant. They wear numbers. Got call backs for second interviews. Bring 10 outfits. Sell yourself. After while i just started doing the consultations at the penthouse. Everybody wanted to be seen coming in and out of the Pegasus! I mean the funnest part is being booked to capacity. Celebrities started calling me. I was like i can't sell anymore tickets for Ophora's big event but i am doing The Domingos' watch party next. Shit i could up the price on sarafina's shit. I mean how could this be real. I mean they wasn't even complaining about the grand total. They was like robots just handing me company cards. Damn this better than raining 100's at a strip club. All this fucking money. Of course we going to have to kill some people. I just can't be a perfect world huh?

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