

DALLAS BROOKS

CAUGHT
UP

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A woman can make or break a kingdom, hold up or tear down a house, make love or make war. What is your definition of love? You have divine love, carnal love, the all of love, manifestation is the king of love and the queen called truth. The two become one, one's thoughts must be harmony. This love is not found between the legs. It is found in the head, your dome of purity, where your heart is kept in a temple. One has to be cautious of self, and learn to be self-checked, for most people's worse enemy is the self.

CHAPTER ONE

“All Rise! The jury has reached its verdict.” Horace could feel his fate at hand. “Count one, guilty. Count two, guilty.” Right before his eyes, his whole life flashed before him. 10 to 30 years for First Degree Home Invasion and Domestic Violence. As they led Horace out of the courtroom, cuffed in a waist chain and leg irons, it was a feeling that words couldn’t describe. Before the L.A. County Deputies led him out of the court room and put him on the elevator, he locked eyes with her. His life flashed before him. He thought back a little over a year ago, on the first night he met her.

February 8th. A popular downtown club was rocking. Horace Robinson had turned 22. He, his brother, and his cousin were in the VIP, living life, as fate would have it. On this day, his life as he knew, would never be the same.

In the VIP, the music, the women, the drinks, it was jumping like Lebron James in his prime. While the music was rocking, Horace saw her. She was honey brown like an expensive Godiva, and her eyes were light green. She was 5’7, 145 pounds. Her body was flawless and her face was a picture of beauty.

Horace excused himself from his brother and cousin’s booth and walked over to her. Zaria was enjoying her drink and the scenery of the club. She had been in California almost three years. She was from New York.

Exoterically, she looked good, but esoterically, she was a monster – a beast within. Zaria suffered from a multiple personality disorder. She was bipolar, schizophrenic and paranoid. She also had that Rockefeller money, the looks that could kill a man, and the body to match.

Horace walked over to her. The music was so loud that he had to seductively whisper into her ear. After shooting his shot, it was on and popping. It was last call for alcohol. The hunter had not only marked his prey, but he was going in for the kill. Every man has a weakness, temptations and a breaking point. Men can be controlled by two things – one is pussy, and the other is money. The pursuit of it or the urge for it is too much for the mortal mind can comprehend. As Horace and Zaria walked to the parking lot as she led the way. Horace was mesmerized by her seductive walk and the way she was throwing that ass. He was so caught up in his carnal desires as she stopped in front of the wine-colored Range Rover, he bumped right into the back of her. “Oh, my bad, baby.” Horace said.

She just laughed. She knew that fat ass of hers and that killer walk blew his mind. As she drove to her sky loft, her mind was on putting that killer pussy on the young handsome man on the passenger side. She prayed that she didn’t let this one go, or she didn’t run him away. Horace was fucked up from the endless Ace of Spades champagne. All he could think about was this bad muthafucka he just knocked off. He was “Drunk in Love” like Beyonce and Jay-Z.

Zaria opened the door to her sky loft. Horace was blown away. The living room ceiling was to the sky, with porcelain wrap-around stairs. There was Picasso looking paintings on the wall and hand cut Italian Carrera marble floors. The 90-inch TV on the wall was trimmed in hand sewn alligator skin. Horace was standing there in a trance. “Make yourself comfortable,” Zaria interrupted snapping him out of his trance. Slow R&B music flowed through the surround sound system. Horace set down on the Gucci sofa in deep thought. His young ass wasn’t used to this type of shit. Boy, was he in for one hell of a ride.

Zaria went up to her bedroom. She slipped out of her clothes, freshened up, and what she put on, Victoria couldn’t keep a secret. She looked in the mirror at the beast within.

Horace was listening to the smooth sensual music, then he looked up and Zaria was standing before him – eye candy body was flawless. She walked up to Horace, but his young mind wasn’t ready for this woman. Zaria looked him in his eyes and asked him, “Have you ever been stung by a bee?” Horace’s dick was so hard it could break through a brick wall like Juggernaut. He wasn’t hearing shit she said or asked him. He was so caught up in the rapture, and his mind was deep in the abyss. But that question would cost him down the line. One doesn’t get the picture until one sees the flash.

Lust is one thing. Lust, in and of itself, is not confusing. But love is the most confusing emotion. Horace had opened Pandora’s Box. Zaria saw the length

and width of that anaconda in front of her. Like Reynolds, it was a wrap. She got down on her knees and took him into her hot mouth. Zaria was like a magician with her hot mouth and tongue, as if she could perform magic. She sucked Horace slow at a skill like no other, and deep throated him without gagging. She was a master at her craft, and she knew when one was about to climax.

Zaria's head game had so much sustenance, he wasn't even intoxicated anymore. She brought him back to life. His toes were curling so bad he thought he broke them. As he sat back on the couch from getting the best vicious oral of his life, his eyes rolled to the back of his head as Zaria went crazy on him. He stroked her long silky brownish hair. His mind was all over the place. Just as he was about to blow, she stopped and looked up at him like a deer caught in the headlights. Horace opened his eyes and looked at Zaria. He was in pure ecstasy. Zaria got up off her knees, took off her negligee, then stood in front of him.

Horace couldn't believe what was before him, live in the flesh. Zaria's pussy was so fat and swollen; the very sight of it took him by storm. Horace had never eaten pussy before. But he was so caught up in his carnal desires and passions. He locked eyes with her as she led him over to the fireplace. Then she laid down on the Persian rug. Horace put his face between her legs and sucked on her nice and slow, with her juices flowing and running like water with the taste of honey. He was so caught up he didn't notice Zaria shaking and climaxing like a waterfall. Then he sucked on her nipples, they were the size of

knuckles. He licked all around the areola and Zaria just moaned in pure bliss. She couldn't take it anymore. She pushed him back, opened those big lips between her legs and told him to enter.

Horace was caught up in the rapture. He never went raw-dog, but this time he went in. She was so hot, wet, and tight. He worked her slow from the front with the death strokes. She wrapped her legs around his waist and held on for dear life as he put that pound game on her. It was so good, even after climaxing two times.

Horace told her to get on all fours. Zaria turned around facing the fireplace. He was hypnotized at the sight of her body and how she made both ass cheeks clap and jump. He entered her hot lava and gave her the pounding of her life. The after fact: some good sex, plus the drink in his system, he was down for the count.

She laid next to him and watched him sleep. She prayed that she didn't ruin this one with her sickness. The delusionary state of duality – this state is pure mental corruption and its self-imposed psychological double vision at its best. Victims of duality don't even know of their abusive mental condition because the mind has tricks being played on them. Illusions cause the real to appear unreal and the unreal to seem real.

Horace woke up in front of the fireplace, butt ass naked, wondering... "What the fuck...?" He was trying to recall last night.

"Are you hungry?" Zaria asked.

He looked at the beauty before him, remembering her from the club. “Yeah,” he told her.

Zaria already had turkey bacon, scrambled eggs, buttermilk biscuits and hash browns, along with some orange juice. He couldn’t believe the elegance displayed before him. He wasn’t used to this. Zaria watched him eat. She studied him. She knew he was young and not used to the lavish life.

“So, do you have a woman?” She asked. Horace almost choked on his food from that question, but he was quick on his feet.

“Nah, I’m single,” he told her.

She knew she had to hook him, for the sex was too good. He had her gone. Do you know what it’s like to be under the complete control of something or someone? It could be a drug of choice, a man or a woman; some call it “jonesing!”

After another round of sex in the shower, Horace told Zaria to take him home. As Zaria pulled in front of Horace and his brother’s home, she saw the classic old school Pontiac Grand Prix.

“Is that your car?” She asked.

“Yeah, but it doesn’t work... I need a brand new motor.”

Zaria saw her shot as Horace was about to exit the Range Rover. “Excuse me, do you want my number?”

“Yeah, but I don’t have a cell phone.” His mental was doing a million and one, thinking about that good sex.

“I’ll be back to get you in a couple of hours,” she told him.

When she came back, the first thing she did was take Horace to get an iPhone. As she was paying for his phone, he saw she had that black Visa card. She pulled it out of her green crocodile Birkin bag. He looked at her in her Christian Louboutin heels and her Gucci dress. He didn’t know how to work his hand. Zaria turned around and caught him looking at her from head to toe. She knew he was gone. Sometimes two people could look at the same picture and see different images. Position determines perspective.

Zaria then took Horace to a luxury mall. She cashed out on him. As they were walking past the jewelry store, Horace looked at the watches with the diamonds bezels – made by Piaget, Cartier, Rolex, and Breitling. He was like a kid in a candy store. Zaria came up behind him and asked, “Baby, what do you want?” He couldn’t believe it. He grabbed a Rolex big face with the matching pinky ring. Things were good, so he thought. But all that glitter isn’t always gold.

CHAPTER TWO

After four and a half months of full carnal passion and lustful sexual erotic escapades, Zaria had not taken any of her psych medication, and she stopped seeing her psychologist. That blind love, carnal love, had her so gone, she couldn't see shit or hear anything. Zaria was in her mirror applying her Cover Girl foundation to her face. She thought about taking Horace to meet her family in New York that weekend. She was going to surprise him.

Horace was cruising downtown in his new black Dodge Charger, sitting on 22-inch rims, with that thunder in the trunk blasting through the sound system. He came to a red light when his phone started vibrating. He looked down at it and saw it was Zaria. He let it ring. She had got too clingy lately. The pussy and head was A-1 indeed, but he was only twenty two and there were way too many fish in the sea. What he didn't understand was, when you're involved with someone on a mental, emotional, and physical level, you are completely responsible for that person's happiness – point blank.

Zaria sat at home wondering what was up with Horace. She had a fifth of Remy Martin VSOP, drinking and listening to music. She called his phone over and over. The more she drank the more her multiple personalities kicked in. She had turned into Karen, her alter-ego. Karen was a drunken nutcase. As Zaria walked over to her floor length wall to wall mirror, she looked at Karen. "I know the last time I saw you I got you in a lot of legal trouble,

but this time I think he is the one.” Zaria looked at herself for about a minute or two, then spoke again. “I know he is young, but I think he is the one.” Zaria called Horace’s phone again. Now Karen came out and left a fucked up message.

Horace and his oldest brother were at the club, drinking and building. That’s when his brother dropped the hammer on him. “Man, she bought you a brand-new Charger off the lot, put some \$20,000 rims on it, jewelry, and clothes? What’s up with that, lil bro?”

Horace was feeling himself. This was too much for his young mind to fathom. He was caught up on the material possessions – money, cars, clothes – that Zaria was giving him. He was blinded by his passion and fury. “Man I got this big bro.”

Horace consumed so much alcohol, he left the club early. As he got in his car, he checked his phone and he had twenty missed calls from Zaria, including one message. He got an erection behind it. He had to have a shot of that mean head and sex game. As Horace swerved in and out from lane to lane, it was almost two in the morning and he wondered what that message was about. The message would cost him dearly. She was in a drunken rage telling him about her psychological disorder and rambling on about his four-day disappearing act.

Zaria was a hot drunken mess, on her second bottle of Cognac. But to the blind eye, one wouldn’t know it. She was in her Karen mode – her alter ego. Just as she

was about to pour another drink, she heard her door being opened.

Horace staggered in completely intoxicated. He looked down the long hallway then saw her. He staggered towards her. "Come here, baby. I missed you."

Zaria, sitting on the Gucci couch was looking at Horace as if he was a ghost full of liquor. Everything was in a dream state, and she just looked at him in rage. Horace was in front of her now. "Zaria... Zaria, baby I missed you." He slurred and he looked down at the table. Then he saw two bottles of Remy Martin VSOP. One was empty and the other halfway. Then he saw a bottle of medication for her depression and anxiety. He just observed, but never did he read it.

She finally spoke. "Why haven't you answered your phone, Horace?" He was thrown off by her questioning him. Before he could answer she fired more at him. "Did you even listen to the message? And where have you been the last four days?"

Sometimes position determines perspective, for this was all new to Horace. Everything happened so fast. Within a blink of an eye, he went from shit to sugar, but this was a side of Zaria he didn't see. Horace was heavily intoxicated and he looked at Zaria in her eyes and spoke from the carnal desires within. "Baby, it has been a lot going on with me and my brother." He paused to see if she was giving in. "I know I should have called you. Zaria."

She interrupted him. “It’s Karen to you, mister.”

That went over Horace’s head. It went from one ear to the other. He got up from the couch to take a piss from all of the liquor in his bladder and liver. He made a big mistake by leaving his car keys and iPhone on the table. That’s because she knew the passcode to his phone.

As Horace was relieving his bladder, Zaria was going through his phone, looking at numerous naked pics of different females. She also looked at the names in his contacts – Kristal, Tameka, Lameka, Tiffany, Ebony, Lisa, Tonya, Summer and Tasha. It was too many to go through. This made her even more furious.

Horace walked up behind her and started kissing on her ear and neck. Zaria stopped him, looking at him dead in the eyes. “Horace, do you remember when I asked you have you ever been stung by a bee?”

He was completely lost by her questioning. He looked into her face and was wondering why she was crying. “Zaria, I...”

“It’s Karen, I told you that.”

Horace was lost.

You have the all of Love, manifesting the king called Love and the queen called Truth. The two become one when ones’ thoughts are in harmony. This Love is not found between the legs, it is found in the head – your dome of purity.

Zaria was calm and collective with both arms crossed. Horace tried to wipe her tears away. Carnal love can't see shit or hear anything. Horace got on his knees and began sucking on that hot, juicy wet box. He sucked in and out of her hot lava slowly, nibbling seductively on her hot twat. All the while, Zaria's alter ego – Karen – was in beast mode. What she had in store for Horace was a price to be paid that he was going to have nothing but time to think this over. The delusionary state of duality – this state is pure mental corruption and is self-imposed psychological double vision at its best. Victims of duality don't even know of their abusive mental condition because the mind has tricks being played on them. Illusions cause the real to appear unreal, and the unreal to seem real.

After climaxing several times, Zaria looked at Horace in his eyes again and asked him, "Remember I asked you have you ever been stung by a bee?" Horace was as hard as freezer meat. He wasn't trying to hear what was detrimental to his ears. "Well, Karen is mad now. All I have done for you Horace. I loved you and now you about to feel that sting."

Horace, now led by his passions, couldn't hear what she was saying to his intoxicated mind. He was blinded by his carnal desires. He grabbed her up and slid off into that hot, deep, immeasurable depth, bottomless pit. He stroked her deep, slow and hard, as he put the death stroke on her. Karen was putting that poisonous, venomous plot together. After an hour of numerous sexual positions, Horace was dehydrated and got up to get

some water. Unknown to him, this situation was about to turn real sticky.

Horace was butt naked, just as he came into this world. He went to the refrigerator and grabbed a bottle of water. After drinking the water, he then walked over to the table, picked up the bottle of Remy, and took a long gulp. When he turned around for round two, Zaria was gone.

She had slipped upstairs to call 911. She reported that her male friend was heavily intoxicated and that he kicked her door down and raped her repeatedly. She asked the dispatcher to please send help. The dispatcher could hear loud commotion as she begged for help.

Horace was wondering where she vanished to. He went to the porcelain wrap around stairs, then he walked up and began to holler out, “Zaria! Zaria! Come on baby, don’t tease me!” He walked to the bathroom door and tried to open it but it was locked. He was so drunk and not in his right mind. He hollered out her name again. She told the 911 dispatcher he was coming. She then deliberately sat the phone down and opened the door, and all hell was about to break loose.

Horace tried to pry the door open, then finally it opened. He didn’t see the butcher knife in Zaria’s hand. “Baby, where have you been?” He tried to grab her. Karen, the alter ego, was in beast mode. “Get out of my house Horace! I told you to get out!” She screamed at the top of her lungs. Horace was in total disbelief and as he got closer, he could see the butcher knife.

He rushed towards her. They scuffled. He tried to grab the knife. Zaria got loose and ran past him. The whole time, the 911 dispatcher was still on the receiver listening and recording. "You done lost your damn mind. I'm out this bitch. You are nuts." Horace walked back down the stairs to retrieve his clothes and phone.

Zaria grabbed another butcher knife as she walked from the kitchen to the living room. She saw Horace putting his clothes on. After putting his clothes on and looking for his phone, he turned around and saw her. "Do you remember I asked you have you ever been stung by a bee?" He was confused by her question, so he just looked at her. Karen, her alter ego, was in beast mode. She played the message she left for him and he couldn't believe it. Now it all came to him as he was soaking it all up like a sponge. Karen saw her opportunity and rushed towards him and stabbed him in his neck, striking his jugular.

The police arrived to find Horace unresponsive and Zaria with her hair all over the place. The officer looked her over. He noted her busted lip and black eye, although it was really self-inflicted. The officer called for an emergency ambulance. Detective Meghan Aguilar arrived at the same time as the ambulance. Soon as the detective looked at Zaria, she knew it was something puzzling about her. She was too calm for a woman to have been raped and beaten up. She told Zaria she had to detain her for questioning. CSI took pictures of the scene and recovered the two knives.

The EMT team had to revive Horace on the scene. The neck wound was so serious, they kept losing him. Once they got him on the back of the ambulance, they had to revive him again. As the emergency medical technician put the defibrillator to Horace's chest, she screamed, "One, two!" The shock went through Horace's body and his eyes opened. She hollered again, "Okay, come on young man!" The EMT driver was running lights to get Horace to the nearest hospital.

As Zaria sat in Detective Aguilar's office, waiting on her to return, she was reading everything on the walls and on the desk. She was contemplating her mental fortitude. Detective Aguilar just got the call from the officers who were on the scene. They told her that Horace was going to make it. They lost him three times but he was in surgery now. He had suffered a bad wound to the jugular vein. After talking with the crime scene technician and from the rape kit that came back, rape was eliminated. But as for the First Degree Home Invasion and Domestic Violence, the detective was going to leave that for the jury to decide. Until then, she was about to check Zaria's mental state.

Detective Aguilar walked back into her office. She sat down, grabbed one of her Newport cigarettes and asked Zaria if she would like one. She replied, "No thank you detective. That's cancer waiting to happen." After an hour or two of listening to her explain what happened, the detective had no reason to hold her.

Two weeks after getting out of ICU and going through the flux, Horace was being charged with First Degree Home Invasion and Domestic Violence. As he sat in the ten man cell, his mind was wondering what he did to cause this nightmare. The county deputy came to Horace. "Inmate 275236, you have an attorney visit."

Running from the wolf to the fox, all of this legal stuff was new to Horace. He heard the rape charge was dropped. And unfortunately, he hadn't heard from his court appointed attorney the entire two months he was in jail. Now, he came to tell him his trial was in two days.

*****TRIAL DAY*****

After the cross examining from Horace's attorney to the prosecutor, Horace just knew he had this thing beat. He couldn't believe how they tried to make him sound like a complete animal. As he got back to his table, the prosecutor wanted to bring him back to the stand one more time. "So, Mr. Robinson, the night of May 7, 2025, when you went over to Zaria Monroe's residence, you don't remember how you entered her residence?"

Horace's attorney objected, but the judge overruled it. Horace couldn't remember that night. "Umm, umm, sir, I really..."

“You can’t remember because you had a 0.31 blood alcohol level and you never had a key to her residence, right?”

Horace was so confused he just gave up. “Yes sir.” He felt like it was nothing else to say.

It was time for Zaria to be cross examined. She should have won an Oscar for her performance. After the jury heard the 911 dispatch of Horace hollering Zaria’s name like a mad man, and trying to open the bathroom door, and that she lied and said that was the front door, he knew his goose was cooked. All it was to do now was stick a fork in him and turn him over, because he knew he was done. The prosecutor showed pictures of Zaria’s busted lip and black eye to the jury. The jury went to deliberate. Horace knew his fate was sealed, but he prayed to the Higher Power that be. The verdict was in. Through emotional tears and smeared make up, Zaria played a hell of a role.

“All rise! The jury has reached its verdict.” There were outbursts from Horace’s friends and family. The judge banged the gavel. “Order in the court so the verdict can be read!”

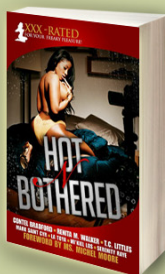
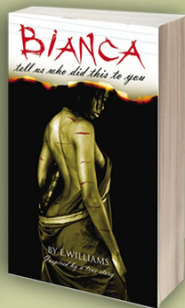
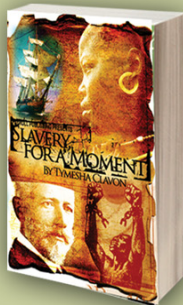
Horace closed his eyes. It was like his life was flashing right before him. He could feel his fate at hand. The jury spoke. “We the jury, find the defendant Horace Robinson, on count one... guilty. On count two... guilty”

Zaria acted like she took it the hardest. Then, she brought her face up laughing. Horace was being led out of

the court room. He had just got 10 to 30 years handed to him like it was candy. What started out being a game of pleasure, turned into him losing a decade of his life for nothing. As Horace was being led out, he locked eyes with Zaria. “Have you ever been stung by a bee?” It finally hit him. His whole life flashed before his very eyes.

When Zaria got up to walk out of the court room, she reached into her purse to grab a cigarette. At that moment, Detective Aguilar realized an innocent man was just convicted. Detective Aguilar was lost. Everything all added up now. The moment she went to Zaria’s residence, and how she acted in her office. Aguilar was stuck in a purple haze. She got up and ran out of the court room to look for Zaria. She watched her pull out a Newport, light it, and then she thought back, *“No thank you detective, that’s cancer waiting to happen.”* Detective Aguilar couldn’t believe it. Zaria looked at the detective and winked as she inhaled the cancer stick. But there was nothing the detective could do. Horace just got... **CAUGHT UP.**

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