

THE HOTTEST SUMMER EVER
KNOWN

by

VALENCIA R. WILLIAMS
FIRST EDITION

The Hottest Summer Ever Known

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*In Loving Memory of my Brother,
Darryl Mitchell Williams*

&

*My Daughter's Father,
Markel K. Jackson*

About the Author

Valencia R. Williams was born January 29th in Detroit, Michigan to Margie and Gilbert Williams. She was the youngest of two older brothers, which led to a rather protected childhood. When she found her confidence and esteem, it was through her love for basketball. Standing at 6 feet 2 inches tall, she was one of the highest ranked high school women basketball players.

Although she had opportunities to receive a higher education and a career as a ballplayer, she made other choices. ...Instead, prison was where she found change and education.

Within four years of incarceration, Valencia became the author of several novels. *The Hottest Summer Ever Known* is the first to be published, thus far.

Valencia is also a well-known and accomplished singer in the Metro-Detroit area, showcasing her talent by performing in various locations. Although she enjoys music, her aspirations are to continue publishing her novels.

Valencia's proudest accomplishment and greatest joy is being the mother of two beautiful children.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Change and Choices. I've experienced both. Prison played a big role in helping me develop positive change in my life. I've learned to make more honest choices and I've learned some extremely valuable behaviors. Prison opened doors to a new woman; one that once had no respect for freedom. Spiritually, I'm still growing, but now I can see my blessings raining down on me. Four years of incarceration plus change, choices, and determination equal seven complete novels. ...Thank you Jesus!

To one of my most loyal friends, Samuel M. Curry (Baby Daddy), you've been there for me through the struggle, the pain, and the drama! No matter what, you never left my side. Unconditional Love is all you had to offer. You will never understand how complete my life is with you in it. ...I Love You...

To my angels, Beonka A. Williams and SamQuavis M. Curry; Mommy left you for four years, now it's time to catch up! All of this is for you! Only God can keep me from you. Mommy Loves You...

Mom, I know the pain you're enduring at this time is hard on you, but I need you to hold on for me. I love you and I promise I will make your life as comfortable as I can. Hang in there, it won't be long...

Dad, you have always given me the world, no matter what the cost, you were there for your Baby-girl. Thank you for all you've done. Now it's time for me to give to you. I Love You. Stay strong...

To my siblings Gilbert Jr. and Danny Williams, I know I got on ya'lls nerve growing up, and probably still do. But, either way, our love is strong, and that's all the better. Love Sis.

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I have so many people to give mad Love to! To those of you I forgot! See ya' on the next one...

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F. Alan Young. I thank you! You're artistic skills and creative style will bring a lot of attention to this book. Are you ready for the next one?

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To All My Friends, hand picked Like a Four-Leaf Clover:

Kimberly Williams, I love all you've done for the book, my children (your God kids), and me. Thankss Friend; Robin L. Sims, words can't explain my love and respect for you, Thanks friend; Donelda Wilson, you are a soldier and I got mad Luv 4 you, baby-girl; Victoria Swain, I'ma hold the 'D' down till you come home, Boo; Cassandra Jones-*Hi Samantha!* Love you girl; my sista/bestfriend, Tracy Reid-Turner, I Love You; To My Goddaughter, Rasheena, I Love you; Welcome Home Jesse James! *Street Lordz*, Mad Luv; Ms.Letasa Hairston, you are something kinda' special; To my boy Robert Elsberry, thanks for the love Baby; Tammy Hale; Carmeleta; The Coggins family; Lynn (my girl); Minnie, Kelli, and Marcus Davis; Moe Betta, Lil Moe, Ivorie, Ivan, Diona and Francine Hitchcock; Barbara, thanks for your loving support; Diez, ya came thru Bruh!; Ted-Dog (where ya at?!); Charlotte Long, a very special someone; To Dwright, stay sweet and loving friend; Annetta Billings aka Big Twiggy, Kenyetta, Trawan, Darnesha and ShaDon; Michelle and Dierick; My little Shorty'z, Samiah Curry, Markel Jr., Destiny and Kelsea, love ya'll; True love to Sam (Man), Raheen, and Laron; Articia Clark, keep rap alive Boo; Justin and Dawan (thanks for listening); Brittany, Chanel, Betty, Chyeata and the rest of the Sims and Pitts Family; Nicole, *Platinum Records*, Thank You Love; *Damon Records*; Crystal *Drama* Byrdsong, good lookin' Boo; Rebekah

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Let me give a shout out to my people on the move:

Kathy at *Strickly Sportswear*, I love you BooBoo; CoCo (*WJLB*) Love you Baby; Foolish (*WJLB*), I hear you Boy; Lester (*WJLB*), I didn't 4-get u luv.

Michael Squire, *Directions Salon* (Mad Luv); David James & Billy Joe's *Salon*, Love ya'll; Silvia Moy, stay beautiful; Demetrius aka Meet, Good luck on your salon, We love you; Gold & *Diamond Castle*, Rose and George; *Upper Kuts*, Keidy thanks for your Chicago Love; *One Stop Collision*; and Teresa Braxton of *WDIV Channel 4*.

- My Love To You All!

Method Man, I did it baby; Xzhibit, what's up Boo!; Nikki Turner, stay creative; Wahida Clark, stay strong in the struggle.

To my LA players, Andrea and Jewel, I had to handle my business. Thank you for being encouraging.

Oh! I can't forget the most important. ...Federal Agent Robert Carter, locking me up paid off. ...Good Lookin

THE HOTTEST SUMMER EVER KNOWN.....

The first official report on AIDS, appeared in June 1981. Since its outbreak of over twenty years ago, HIV has infected more than 60 million people, and AIDS has caused the death of more than 20 million people worldwide.

The estimated number of AIDS cases through 2002, in the United States alone was 886,575, and 9,300 AIDS cases were estimated in children under age 13.

In Africa, 5,000 babies are born HIV positive every month. One for every two babies, that means *half*, will die of AIDS.

AIDS is Real. There are a lot of people who *don't know* they are infected because they have no symptoms. Anyone, no matter how healthy they appear to be, could be infected. It comes with no name or social status attached.

This is why you **MUST** protect yourself.

*For a more detailed outline on how AIDS is dominating our environment, see the reference section in the back of this book.

PROLOGUE

A PREDATORY WOMAN

SUMMER

Some might call me scandalous. Others might consider me a ho. ...Ask me do I care.

My family claims my attitude is what's wrong with me. Hey, this is me, the one they love to hate.

I know I got it honest. ...Growing up in a violent, drug infested neighborhood, the crack-heads and thugs ruled. It was ruthless in Detroit's most dangerous area, the low-down dirty East Side, where living was day to day.

And my peeps were the most embarrassing. I couldn't go nowhere with them dope fiends, shooting up that shit, making *me* look bad.

Even under my own roof, it was all about survival. I can't remember when I didn't live in fear. ...Fear from the terrifying life of drug addict parents. All breeds of bums stepping in and out of our space in the wee hours of the night led to a bad case of insomnia. It was all an ongoing nightmare.

Unfortunately, I wasn't the only one suffering in that hell-hole. ...There was my sister, Treasure. The name Treasure speaks for itself, she was once all I had. ...My only hope in surviving the struggle, but things are different, nowadays; she's become more like a thorn in my side. After Pops was brutally killed, and Moms followed close behind him, dying from AIDS, our relationship changed. She just doesn't exist in my eyes.

I mainly fault the next of kin for that. They spoiled her, treated her like she was the only one that existed. Even now they worship the ground she walks on, with her little piece of paper and fancy suits! Miss Big-shot attorney!

Hell, I graduated from high school! But that wasn't good enough for Grams. She couldn't understand that I wasn't feelin' the college thang. ...A waste of time and too much damn energy to be standing in the back of some unemployment line.

Aunt Kim schooled me a little on the game, but overall, I taught myself. I found other ways to make that paper. ... spend others! Damn working for it! I don't have time for no nigga ballin' backwards! These cats out here have to pay to play, and that's the bottom line.

So, while Treasure's pulling the wool over their eyes, I'm not hiding shit! I'll let them believe the front that Treasure puts up, but I got to do me no matter what the cost. They're so busy watching me, expecting me to fail, I just tell them, "Don't watch me, watch my move." I'm gon' do the damn thang. ...Make it one of these days. I might not become an attorney or a neurosurgeon, but I bet whatever big fish I catch will be ballin' out of control.

TREASURE

When I chose to become a defense attorney, it was for all the wrong reasons.

Let me get straight to the point. I despise drug dealers! I consider them a threat to the population. They killed my parents, selling that poison to their souls.

It was easy finding a law office to carry out my plan. I teamed up with the most prestigious firm in the city. They secretly had the same objective as I did; we handle nothing but drug cases. We shake their hands, take their money, and then send them up the river without a paddle! It would be easier if I could just click my heels and wish them all gone, but that would be too simple. I wouldn't want to miss out on all the excitement of watching their reaction when the Judge says, "I now sentence you to *LIFE*". They have no idea that I am the one that makes that all possible. Hey, my clients trust me. They give their freedom to me. Why wouldn't they? I mean, I am their attorney, after all. That's the least I can do for my loss, as well as for the children enduring now, what I had to then.

No one could begin to understand the affect my parents' death had on me. From that day forward I made a commitment to lock up every drug lord and bring down every drug organization that crosses my path. Truly, I didn't believe it would be this easy. ...The way I manipulate these desperate criminals keeps me motivated

At one time business slowed up for a moment, due to our firm losing too many cases. So, we created a plan to win a few high profile cases to rebuild our reputation. Now, our cases are on overload.

I receive this natural high every time I receive a case of a young man responsible for distributing large quantities of drugs to our communities. I can't explain the feeling. I look into his eyes, silently crying out for help; and a vision of my Mom appears, laying on her deathbed, gasping for air, taking her last breath.

I only want one thing, your freedom, I say to myself, staring back into his eyes, half listening to him plead his innocence. My anger intensifies and I become vile. I begin to fill him with promises I have no intention to fulfill, and tell him all the things he want to hear.

A prosecutor once asked me, “Ms. Lewis, why didn’t you become a prosecutor? It’s obvious that your desire is to lock criminals up.”

I knew he was patronizing me, but I wasn’t offended at all by his approach. I knew I was doing the right thing. You see, a prosecutor's motive is blatant, but I wore a disguise. I thrive off my client's trust. Someone like him wouldn’t understand. This is personal.

This is the dark side of Treasure. I know that it seems cruel, but it’s my way of dealing with my pain. Not only am I fighting the pain of losing my parents, but I also have to wake up everyday knowing that I will not hear the sound of my sister’s voice, because Summer hates me. She can’t let go of mistakes from the past, while I’ve grown past our differences. I wish she would do the same, but that would be something only she could change. She just doesn’t know that I’m here for her. I’m not perfect like everyone seems to think I am, and I’m certainly not striving for perfection. I just want us to be a family. My life has been so incomplete without her. I worry deeply about, Summer.

I guess to keep a lot of this stress off my mind I hide behind my work. I’m hurting so bad, the pain sometimes seems hard to bear.

I can remember a quote I read somewhere that went something like, “*Hurting people, hurt people...*” Wow, now that’s deep.

ONE

THE NIGHTMARE

SUMMER

People say death comes in threes'. First, my Dad, then Mom, and now me...

Here I am lying in bed with my sister's husband, preparing to do the most vindictive, spiteful thing I've ever done! This is all her fault! None of this would have happen if she wasn't so damn perfect! Now they both have to pay, in more ways than one...

It was the first day of summer and I was hot as hell. I could barely breathe in this stuffy room that my sister called her solitude, but I was able to tolerate the heated situation. ...Especially, if it meant destroying the bitch!

"Mmm," I moaned.

I like that.

The sensation I'm feeling from him right now is kind of hard to describe. He had my arms pinned over my head, caressing all my weak spots. Hubby knows what to do when it comes to pleasing a sista..

"You're a freak," I teased, watching him.

"Humph, I know," he crooned.

He was gentle in every way. I love a man that practices gentleness with my sensitive spots, especially my tits.

"There," I whispered, guiding him into the right direction. "Let me see what you can do with this," I whispered, leading him down to my hot lava. He was leaving a trail of moisture from my neck...to my navel...to my...

Sss...Mmmm... That's it Boy...right there...

He knew exactly what to do.

I was having too much fun for the moment. I needed to focus and get down to business, because Treasure should be making her way home in another hour or so.

Time is of the essence Baby Boy.

My hands pressed into his smooth bald head, pulling him deeper inside to the hive of my bitter honey, smothering him, wishing death could come and take him easily. His suffering was truly not what I wanted to happen behind my scheme. He was an innocent bystander.

Wrong place, wrong girl, Player.

He seemed so sweet for my sister. Well, that was until he met me of course. ...No man married, gay, rich or famous can resist me. I had acquired skills in Seduction 101, earning an A+. My man, your man, whichever one wants to play. I don't hold them up; I get down to business. It's a heartless game, one that I play very well. I could give a fuck about the next bitch. I'm strictly out to get mines.

The Hubby was a little difficult at first. I suppose he had to weigh the risk and consequences of giving in to me. Yet, here I am laying here naked, ready to take his life within a few strokes from his raw flesh.

You ready ta die Baby-Boy?

I stared into the crown of his head, watching him have me for lunch.

"Take me," I demanded.

"You can't handle this girl," he said rising up on his knees exposing his erectness.

Damn...

No wonder my sister complained about stomachaches! On the other hand, he doesn't intimidate me. I've had bigger, but it's probably going to take more energy than I anticipated to pull this thing off; I'm just anxious to get this whole thing over with. It already took a lot of work to get to this point. Now's my chance to

give my sister an invitation to death. ...Thanks to her hubby, with his no-good-ass.

How foolish could he have been, to fall for the big butt and the smile? Humph, like most men, they trust the beauty and allow their flesh to make a decision that could ultimately cost them their life.

So I say, FUCK the world! ...And everybody in it, including Treasure.

That's right, Boo. You and Hubby are goin' with me.

"Hold on baby girl. Let me grab something." He reached over me to his wallet on the nightstand.

"What do you need baby? Let me get it for you," I said.

"I'm tight...I got this."

To my surprise, he pulled a condom from his wallet. Before I could react, he started tearing it open with his teeth, grinning at me, anxious to move on to the next level. I had to think fast! The condom idea was out of the question!

"Baby," I said, caressing his hardness. "How are you supposed to get a good feeling with that piece of rubber between your flesh and mine?" I stared seductively into his eyes.

"Humph," he chuckled. "Trust and believe, your boy is going to get his baby." He pulled the moist rubber from the package.

"But I don't want it," I whined, lubricating my finger, and then rubbing his nipple and his hardness simultaneously.

"Convince me how bad you want me inside you without it," he slurred, losing focus. I watched his head fall back, arms fall to his sides, and condom hit the floor. It was over. I won! I now own his soul. I led him to another position, me on top this time.

...My control spot.

"What if you get pregnant?"

"Shhhhhhhhhh..." I placed my finger across his lips.

My warmth was sitting on top of his flesh, straddling. *Death* waits patiently for him.

Sorry boo...

I stared into his eyes.

“You win,” he said surrendering.

It was time for the kill, but before I could guide him into the deep path of destruction, the door swung open!

“WHAT THE!!” He looked around me to a face that was far too familiar to the both of us.

“POP! POP! POP!!” Stray bullets scattered the room and I took cover, diving to the floor, not realizing I was hit.

I could feel something burning, something fighting its way through my flesh! “NOOO!” Were the only screams I could utter. ...The last screams to be heard. I was alone in my puddle of blood, fighting for my life.

PLEASE GOD! DON'T LET ME GO OUT LIKE THIS!!!

I fought for prayer, for a response! Silence, only silence, no one heard me. God turned his back on me. I was balled up in a fetal position, trying to alleviate the pain. Blood found its way through my air passage and I couldn't breathe! My vision became blurry. My hands and legs felt so cold.

All is lost...

Suddenly, I felt the presence of someone standing over me. This person is screaming, crying, holding her hand over her mouth.

“*HELP ME!*” My eyes cried out to her.

Tears plunged down the sides of my face, I couldn't move. My heart rate was rapidly rising and falling. ...The pressure from the pain forced me to ball my hands so tight that my nails punctured through the flesh of my palms.

Darkness started to settle in. The unknown cries, started to fade, and I knew the game was over. I could no longer breathe. My body would soon rest under the earth. My eyes were no longer under my control, rolling up into the back of my head; I felt pressure in my brain. I wanted to yell. I wanted to live. I wanted another chance! The only thing promised in life, finally caught up with me;

DEATH...

Then I woke up...

Sweat covered my body, as I exhaled harshly; I threw the damp sheet away from me, jumped out of the bed, and raced toward the bathroom! My hands covered my naked frame, rapidly searching for wounds!

AIN'T THIS A BITCH! A FREAKIN' NIGHTMARE!!

I laughed nervously. I was still unsure whether there was something real about what I had just encountered. I stared in the mirror, glancing over my body, and continued checking for wounds. I needed reassurance. I turned the faucet on, water splashed everywhere from the pressure. I pulled a hand full of water up on my face, making sure I was awake.

"A nightmare," I sighed and sat down on the edge of the tub.

This dream was too real; the reality of it was too close for comfort.

And why the hell would I be dreaming of screwing a husband that doesn't exist? Treasure probably will never get married. Men like freaks, humph, not geeks! Her face was blurry; I couldn't see her. I wonder what that meant.

I had a disease of some kind, something deadly I assume. I didn't want to die alone. That scares me. As bad as I want to ignore this, it might be in my best interest to see a doctor. I guess...I don't know, maybe. Doctors make me uncomfortable. They give bad news. I'm not ready for bad news.

TWO

TIMBER MONTGOMERY

TREASURE

Timberland Montgomery is one of my clients. Mr. Montgomery is being charged with “possession and attempt to distribute narcotics.” I first took on this case having no idea what he had been through, until I met his child, Timber.

I’ll never forget that day his wife came into my office to retain me. I started not to take the case. Her husband didn’t meet my criteria. He was small fish, I didn’t carry poles small enough to reel him in, but seeing his wife, accompanied by this beautiful little girl gave me a change of heart.

I was so amazed at how much this beautiful child reminded me of Summer. It took me back to the good ‘ole days. Thoughts of the loving memories we once shared touched me deeply, so I invited Mrs. Montgomery into my office to at least hear her out.

“I’m sorry for the chaos here. Make your self comfortable,” I offered.

“Thank you,” she said anxiously taking a seat, sitting her child on her lap.

I made myself comfortable across from them. "I’m sorry, your name again?" I had a lot on my mind as I rattled through papers.

“Kenya, Kenya Montgomery.”

“Mrs. Montgomery, how can I help you?”

Then the child spoke, “And my name is Timber Lee Montgomery!” She flashed a warm welcome smile.