

Drama . from: Back Street
By: Keith



Danika smiled at her husband, Darnell, as he held her in a warm husbandly embrace, as they slow danced in the middle of the floor of their livingroom. Darnell had just finished snapping some photos of his wife wearing different lingerie outfits he'd bought her earlier in the week. He had been doing photography as a pastime, plus he enjoyed taking pictures. Danika's photo's filled their house.

Darnell had gotten smart early in life and left the hustle of the street behind but not totally. He'd led the charge many times of multimillion-dollar hostile takeovers of under performing companies, sold them and turned a good profit. Through his efforts, he had become a sound and solid financial institution himself. He was a young multimillionaire on his way to becoming a billionaire before the age of thirty.

Darnell owned and controlled many businesses unimaginable to those who knew him and the handful who knows him. His social circle had changed drastically.

He no longer associated with those who helped him come up. Nor did he associate with the famous, though he knows many famous people. If you had money, you got his attention but if you had fame, he stayed clear of you. He never wanted the spotlight to filter in his favor.

Darnell's real estate empire of luxury buildings stretched from New York to London. He held majority interest stakes in shipping, railways, airports, supermarkets diamonds and electronics.

Much to Danika's displeasure, the house phone rang and she suddenly became nervous. Darnell was so low-key that not even his own family knew he was rich. He was the black sheep of his family and most of them told him he would not amount to anything. He drove a second hand car, wore less-than clothes and his friends did not know they were eating at one of his restaurants, when they went out to eat, watched a movie at one of his theaters or bought a book from one of his many stores. He was proud that his wife was not high-maintenance and stayed low-key like him.

Danika knew the only time that phone rang was when the only person her husband gave the number to made it do so and one of Darnell's family members had been killed. This person was the official contact between Darnell and his family, by way of financial assistance and this person was not to speak of where the funds were coming from; only to leave an envelope in his mothers mailbox and watch, in hiding, as she picked it up.

Danika worried for her husband. She pulled out of his embrace and looked into his eyes before hugging him tight and whispering in his ear.

"I love you baby. Please don't leave me."

The last time Darnell received a call, he was on the line for less than a minute but was gone from the house for two whole days. His fifteen-year old sister had gotten mixed up with a dealer in the streets, one of the guys Darnell used to run with. She ripped him off and he broke her jaw.

Darnell waited in the guys apartment for two days, waited for him to wash the street off of his body then stepped to him just when he was about to enjoy some loving from a sweet sexy young girl he had in his bed, Darnell had saw the back of her naked body when he hid in the closet but not her face.

He pulled the hood from his head, looked the guy in the eye, told him he disrespected his family then shot him in the head then in his genitals.

When the girl came running out of the room, Darnell was shocked, pissed. It was his thirteen-year old little sister. He asked if she was a prostitute. She shook her head. He smiled then walked out of the apartment.

Danika wouldn't know what to do without her husband and was there for his every need, to keep him from going back in the streets but when the phone rang, she knew she had lost the battle. He went over and picked up the phone.

"Yeah. I'm listening."

"Did you see that shit?" the voice on the other end was excited, filled with emotion. Darnell was still smiling at his wife, trying to keep her at ease but knew his smile was not working this time. She knew something was amiss.

Darnell pulled the phone away from his face and looked at it. For the first time in the five-year's Darnell had his custom home built, a stranger dialed his number, not his designated caller, that, Darnell was sure of. His designated caller would have given him the code before carrying on a conversation. He would pay his contact down at the phone company a visit to ensure this never happens again.

He dropped the phone down in its cradle then went to cradle his wife again. Danika smiled at the way Darnell shined, loved his swagger, fell in love with him all over and over again.

Darnell was still a little upset about the phone call but did not want his beautiful wife to know it. He stared down at her full breast; her naked body then licked his lips. He leaned in to kiss her but before he could do so, his body jerked heavily then plunked down on the carpet. He caught a bullet through his left temple. His blood splattered his wife's face.

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