

Under The Breeze

# Under The Breeze

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A story I started writing a while ago just for fun, and decided to share now...This only the first chapter.



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## **Table of Contents**

Under The Breeze Chapter 1

Under The Breeze - Chapter #2

## Under The Breeze : Chapter 1

The winter breeze blew across my bare legs as I hitched down my skirt and walked down the deserted street. He told me to meet him at the corner of Hayves Ave. in Roalstown. I hate Roalstown it's where I grew up...my mother died in Roalstown. My father had prostitutes walking up and down Trintiy Hwy. for his money in Roalstown. I more than just hate Roalstown, I abhor Roalstown...I have too much buried shit here from my past...I lost my virginty in Roalstwon to, "Mason Hollister" he had goals and everything was going good for him. He wanted to be a doctor in Connecticut. He busted his ass day and night for his scholarships. But he fell for a younger girl she was only 13. Fucking around with her young ass got him fucked up. He was my first and last love. He died because he didnt know how to choose his friends, or his lovers. It's a shame because I gave him everything a man could've wanted...It couldn't have been everything though because he still cheated on me. Roalstown comes with a lot of emotional baggage about my younger days. And he knows that..Oh so WHY??!! Would Chuck tell me to meet him here? Damn! Where is he I wondered while looking about and bending my neck around the corner. I considered waiting for him in my car acorss the street.½ I fuckin' hate Roalstown!! That was it I was getting in my car it's too cold for this shit. "SAVVY!!!" A familiar voice screamed from afar, before I could pull my keys from my purse. I rolled my eyes and stomped my red bottom heels down hard. Fuck!! It's been so long since I've seen him! What if he thinks I've aged badly?? I chuckled (aged badly??!!) hehe. Everyone knew Savannah Heathe, who is me by the way, still got it going on!! Besides I'm only 23! That was a funny joke...really cracked me up. But back to the seriousness of the situation. I spun around and plastered a fake smile across my face "CHUCKIE!!" I exclaimed. He stopped dead in his tracks. "Savvy! Don't call me that...Chuckie is what my mother and sisters call me..Don't Call Me That SAVVY" He groaned impatiently. I gave him an innocent look and fumbled my hands together while crossing my legs and biting my lip.. "I'm sorry Mr. King Hewes but I just can't help it..I'll stop calling you that once you cut that Savvy shit out." i replied. He took one step closer, and leaned in to where his face was close enough to my face to kiss me and whispered, "Then I guess we just wont call eachother by our names, this isn't a personal visit anyways, I've got what you want and you just wont get it until I get what I want" He turned around and took his keys out of his pocket and unlocked the red volvo parked on the corner, then he began walking away towards his car. "I advise you to get in this car before I start it and drive away without you Ms.Heathe because I wont be making any second trips to this hell of a town" he said. The nerve of this man! Making me wait for 2 hours on the corner for him and then threatening to leave me! "I HAVE A CAR!" I yelled, "WHAT DO YOU EXPECT ME TO DO WITH IT? MY MERCEDES IS PARKED RIGHT OVER THERE, I CAN'T LEAVE IT ALONE IN GHETTO ASS ROALSTOWN!!" He shook his head and opened his car door "Then I guess you don't want what I've got as much as you claim you do, what a waste of my time and gas." I rolled my eyes locked my car twice with the button on my keys and raced to get into the Car with King as fast as possible. I couldn't believe that out of all the people in the world, he just HAD to be the one with the very thing that determined my future. I sat down on the soft seats, felt the heater hit me and i felt revived. I kicked off my high heels and turned to him, he had a smirk on his wild face. I grew up with King Hewes he always thought he was better than someone else because his momma named him King. Naturally for me, anybody½ better than somebody was the somebody for me and we dated. Problem was, he fell in love, and I didn't. We've been bitter friends ever since. King had a strong face with a square jaw his eyes had a softness to them though, they were a piercing light-blue almost, King had a caramel skin tone and it looked like he'd been working out recently because his muscles were ripped. and you could see it through the blue t-shirt he was wearing. His hair was short cut but it curled,he was a good looking motherfucker. "Why?" I asked. He lookedat me bewilderment stamped across his beautiful face. "What Are you talking about Ms.Heathe?" I sucked my teeth and rolled my eyes "Man! Just call me Savannah and cut that formal shit out because you know you don't really talk like that!" i exclaimed while lighting a cigarette. "I'm asking you why of all the places on God's green planet would you choose for us to meet in Roalstown??!! It's 200 miles from the both us!" He chuckled, rolled down his window so he wouldn't suffocate in the cigarette smoke and took my cigarette and threw it out. "First off Savannah we don't smoke i;n King's car. That is a No No. I invited you to meet in Roalstown because I knew it would hurt you. Probably not as much as you hurt me but I knew

## Under The Breeze

it would hurt all the same." We kept quiet all 4 hours back to Ft.Lauderdale. All I coulddo was worry about whether or not my car was stolen and sold by now while im 200 or so miles away from ghettos ass Roalstown.

## Chapter 2: Under The Breeze - Chapter #2

After getting off the highway onto the exit Into Ft. Lauderdale we both seemed to let our guards down a bit. "Turn left when you hit 15th" I told him. He didn't answer me he just stared ahead with a look of determination on his face. I rolled my eyes I wasn't in the mood for his bullshit. We'd been driving four hours straight with no cigarette breaks, no bathroom breaks, and no stops for food. He was actually lucky he didn't get slick with me...that would have resulted in a car crash. My entire body was shaking, and I don't know if it was from lack of nicotine or lack of food, and possibly lack of sleep. King turned on fifteenth and drove a little ways. "Turn right on 3rd, you hear?" I told him. He just nodded his head. We arrived at my place pretty quick. And I hopped out of his car, threw up in the grass, and stumbled my way towards the front door. My house was 2 stories tall, white, with aquamarine trim. You had to climb up a few steps to get to the porch. I felt really nauseous and dizzy and was about to trip over the first step when King caught me. He helped me up the steps and to the front door. I fumbled around for the key in my purse when the door swung wide open. The welcoming smell of apples and cinnamon drafted out towards me. "Savannah!!" James exclaimed, scooping me up into his arms and giving King an icy glare. He carried me to the couch and set me down. "What did you do to her?!" he bellowed. King looked from me to him confused. "James calm down love, this is who I told you about, King Hewes. He hasn't done anything to me. It's just just I haven't eaten since I got off the plane yesterday, or slept." I explained wearily. James lowered his fighting stance just slightly. He returned to his usual self but he still had his guard up. "I didn't know you were bringing him here..." James said coldly. James was my fiancÃ©. I can't say that I loved him but I knew he loved me. He was very protective of my well being and was an extremely awesome guy. I liked him alot. King restored his confidence and reached out his hand in an attempt to shake hands with James. "Nice to meet you sir" he sad with a cocky hint to his voice and a smirk on his face. James looked at his hand as if there was a rare skin disease crawling all over it and ignored the gesture. He walked past King and entered the kitchen. King looked at me "how are you feeling?" he asked, touching my forehead as my body shook slightly. "I swear I didn't know you hadn't slept or eaten I would've stopped somewhere." James came from the kitchen with 3 hot pockets on a plate. By the smell of them they were ham and cheese flavor. "Here you go princess" sad James. I took the plate, set it down, and made my way to the bathroom because I'd been holding it for much too long.

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