

# Deuce and Italy She fell in love with a thug : Book 3 &4 (The Alton Family 5)

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Chapter 1

Deuce

Knowing when to hold them knowing, when to fold them, and knowing when to blow them a way was knowledge. At 23, I wouldn't call myself a wise man, but trust I was wise enough to know it was three types of people in this world. The worker, the user, and the boss. Lately I'd been feeling like it was too many bosses and not enough works and the game was out of sync. That was the reason why I was sitting in the hospital waiting to see if my brother was going to make it.

"Deuce, how is Jay?" Italy asked as she walked into the hospital. She had Tre in her hands and my parents were in tow. I fell backwards into the chair behind me and cupped my head. The real stress was starting to kick in.

"Who shot him?" my pops asked, knowing the answer before he even asked the question. I looked at my mother, and you could see the bags under her eyes. I know the stress she was under couldn't be good for the baby she was carrying.

"I don't know pops, he just showed up at my door and passed out." Of course, I lied to my pops. Like I said I'm the boss my father's time was over. Italy stood behind me and rubbed my shoulders. My babe always knew just what to do to relax me. I grabbed her hand and pulled her around to my lap.

"Where is Tre?" I asked her.

"Your mom has him," she said, pointing three chairs down.

"Santana, Jayson," the doctor called out and my father gritted his teeth before stepping up. He looked back at me then a doctor we had seen too many times. "Jayson is looking good, but again only time will tell." My pops took a deep breath and nodded his head.

I really didn't care to hear all the medical talk, just hearing Jay was gonna` be good was fine with me. I walked back over to my seat just as Money walked through the door. He had well over a six-man crew behind him. His stride was cocky, like he was running shit. As if this nigga could be king. Not in this lifetime. I didn't think. I just reacted and jumped to my feet. I stepped into Money's space daring the nigga to try me.

"Nigga, why are you here?" I asked, looking Money and his crew over. I stepped back when I caught Tasha and Lyssa standing next to some whack niggas. My mind was beyond blown. I walked over to Lyssa and grabbed her arm.

"What the fuck Lyssa? Momma been going through hell looking for you," I yelled at my baby sister.

"Fuck you, Sacario," she said, pulling away and I noticed track marks on her arm. I knew Alyssa was going through things, but to get high off what we supplied was a fool's game.

My father stood up and pulled Lyssa from my hands and into his arms. He looked her over before he embraced her.

"What up Killa?" Money asked with a smirk on his face. I rushed and grabbed my pops as he

pushed Lyssa behind him and stepped into Money's face. This was not the time nor the place for a fight.

"Yo' Money, what you doing here?" I asked, sucking my teeth.

"I'm here to see my son," Money said, sending my pop over the edge. He pushed past me and stood face to face with Money. I nodded to my father, reminding him that Lyssa should be his priority. He looked to my baby sister then he pulled her back into his arms.

"Stop dad, let me go!" Lyssa yelled out, pushing my father away.

"What the hell are you doing? You are killing your mother," my pops fired back, shaking my sister like a snow globe.

"You mean Lanya, cause she's not my mother!" Lyssa said with venom dripping from her voice.

I turned and looked at my mom holding her stomach while tears cascaded down her cheeks. I grabbed my sister's arm and stepped into her space. I was pissed she was acting like a spoiled brat. Our mother did nothing to her. In fact, she had no idea what my father had done. So, for Alyssa to punish our mother was beyond cruel.

"Lyssa, go see momma!" I ordered, looking at her stomach to see it was now flat. Her body was very thin. Lyssa had never been thin and here she was no bigger than a flea.

"Awe Big Killa can't keep his family together?" Money mocked, reaching out for Alyssa. I wasn't at all shocked when she ran over to Money. She looked like a sad puppy. Then she wrapped her arms around his waist. When she stood on the tips of her toes and kissed his lips, I was floored. I damn near lost my cool.

"Alyssa," my mother yelled out, walking towards them.

"Nya!" my dad yelled, grabbing my mother.

"I'll take care of it!" my father said, and I knew it was time for me to take charge before the hospital became the O K corral. I walked over to my wife and handed her some of the baby's things.

"Italy, grab Tre. We're leaving?" I told her and stood her to her feet. Italy looked at me with a confused look on her face. She followed directions and grabbed the baby. "Ma', let's go," I could see that my father had revenge on his mind. "Pops fuck this nigga let's be out."

I didn't want to leave Jay there for them to finish off. I definitely didn't want to leave Lyssa for them to continue to fuck over her. I knew I had no choice. I grabbed Italy by the hand and guided her to the car and gave her my car keys.

"Look babe, take Tre to a hotel. Y'all check in, and don't let nobody into the room. Text me where you at then get rid of that damn phone. I'll bring you a new phone and some food." I told her while helping her put everything into the car.

"Do you have enough milk for Tre?" I asked, looking at my son while he slept.

"Yes, babe," she answered, sweetly.

"I love you, now go." She pulled me close and licked my lips. She then pulled my tongue into her mouth. Damn; She had a nigga rock hard I thought to myself. As I pulled away.

My pops walked towards me and I knew what he was gonna say. Truthfully, I didn't want to hear it, but I knew it was coming.

"Take care of your brother. I need to go holla at O," he said, catching me off guard.

My father was a little too cool about the whole Lyssa situation. I just nodded my head and walked back in the hospital as I was told.

## Chapter 2

### Jayson

I woke up to find my brother sleep beside my bed. How he could forgive me after I had walked out on our family. I would never understand. I positioned my body, but my arms felt weak. My face felt like it had been run over with sandpaper. My head hurt like you would never believe. On top of that my throat hurt and it was really hard to speak.

"Bro," I groaned, and Deuce looked up and smirked.

"Nigga, I thought yo' ass was gone sleep forever," he said as he sat up and wiped his face.

I waited for him to pull the big brother card and tell me what a fuck up I was. Instead, he crossed his arms over his chest and looked at me. I grabbed my throat hoping to deal the pain of speaking.

"I know, I know you don't have to say it, I fucked up!"

"Nigga nobody blaming you," he said as he held up his hand to cut me off.

"So, pops been here?" I asked.

"Um hum Pops. Mom, and Lyssa."

"Lyssa?" I questioned with one eyebrow raised.

I sat up in my bed thinking about the last time I had seen Lyssa. I laid back on my bed and replayed it over in my head like a DVD.

I was lying in my bed when Lyssa walked in. I hadn't seen her since the night Big Dre got merked. That was over a month ago. She looked so different, her body was thin, her face was flushed, and her light brown eyes were wide and dark. She sat on the bed beside me. Instantly, I could see she was upset. I pulled her close trying not to get mad that she should be at least five months pregnant with my seed. Her stomach was flat as fuck.

"You eating?" I asked with concern Alyssa shook her head no and turned her face into my chest. Her tears ran down my bare chest and I held her tighter.

"I'm tired Jay," she cried, her body shaking as if she were cold.

"Tired of what, babe?" I asked, kissing her forehead.

"I messed up, baby: I was just so mad at you for loving her and not me. I missed you Jay and I needed you," she cried out

"I know, babe. I'm so sorry, baby," I told her as I rocked her.

"Lyssa, I love you, ma'. What happened? Where did you go that night?"

"Yo' dad, he asked me about my dad's operation. I was so upset and hurt that I told him. I thought maybe Money loved me. I slept with him, Jay. He told me he loved me. So, I did what he said." Lyssa started to rub my dick, and then she pulled herself up and kissed my lips. Her body was still shaking so I grabbed her hands.

"Lyssa, what happened to our daughter?" She climbed on top of me and covered my lips with hers again.

"Jay, I just need a taste, please? Money say if I don't do no more hits he can't give me anymore, but I need it," she whined, sounding like a fiend in the street.

"Lyssa focus. Our daughter, what happened to her?"

As usual I didn't tell Lyssa what she wanted to hear, so she got mad and stormed out of my bedroom. I followed behind her, walking into my father.

"Dad, what happened to Lyssa?" I don't even know how my gun got in my hand. However, I held it firmly in my hand and pressed it into his stomach.

"Aww son, you think this hoe worth dying for?"

"My daughter! You lilled my daughter. I'm taking her to Killa."

I turned my back thinking nothing of it when his niggas Lamont and Nino grabbed me. I held them off as much as I could, but they pounded into me like I was just some nigga on the street.

"Jayson!" Lyssa's voice filled my ears.

"Baby, I'm good," I assured her. I could still hear her crying, but the more I yelled out the harder she cried. I wasn't even sure that the words were coming out as blood filled my mouth and my eyes got heavy.

"Jayson, you're a Santana!" I heard Money say.

I shook my head no and suddenly a light flashed in my eye and I could feel a fiery feeling rip through both of my legs. My head hit the ground and everything went dark.

"Nigga what happened?" I knew the question was coming and although it played over and over in my head. I still couldn't say the words.

"I don't know nigga, I just woke up here." I hated lying to my brother, worse I hated he knew I was lying. D sucked his teeth and sat back in the chair beside my bed. We sat in silence, both knowing that it was more to the story.

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It had been two weeks since I was released from the hospital. I was laying low at my real pop's house. My family was good to me, but I couldn't help but feel like they didn't trust me. Why would they when I had betrayed them?

"Jayson, you eat baby?" moms asked, rubbing her big ass stomach while eating chips.

"Naw, Ma'. I'm good." I laughed because I don't think I had ever seen anyone get that big while pregnant.

"Boy, what are you laughing at?" she smiled as she ate two chips at a time.

"Nothing ma, Pops home?"

"Yes, but I think he packing to head out of town."

I pulled myself off the sofa and kissed my momma's face. I ran up the stairs to see pops.

"Hey dad," I yelled, plopping down on his huge king size bed.

"Whats up?" he asked with a raised eyebrow.

"I know you making a move, I want in," I said, blankly.

"Naw, not this one Jay. It's too personal," he said as he looked from me to his suitcase.

"I know you think that I can't handle it, but he killed my seed, doped up my girl, and ..." I had to pause. My lips still wouldn't let me say what Money had done to me. "Dad, I'm ready."

"Humm, you think? What about when the nigga you been looking at as a father step to you, you gonna be able to pull the trigger?" he asked and I didn't even hesitate.

"Hell yeah, I'll blow his fuckin head off," I shouted.

"That's why yo' ass not going nowhere."

"Pops."

"Yo' nose wide open. You only thinking about the kill. Get yo' shit together and then I'll put you back in the game," my father yelled and I looked away feeling hurt.

“Jay, I see that pity party you want to have for yo’ self. Lyssa made her choice, just like you made yours. Y’all both are my kids and I will go through hell to help any of y’all, but I’m not rushing in a fire and only to get burned when no one is in the building.”

I laid back on the bed letting what my pops said register.

## Chapter 3

### Italy

I stood over the stove making my man a hearty meal. It was seafood pasta with a salad, garlic bread, and for dessert my homemade New York Cheesecake with fresh fruit.

“Baby,” I yelled. I walked into the living room and snatched the joystick from Deuce’s hand. He grabbed my hand and pulled me onto his lap. He then slipped his hands down my jeans. He unsnapped my jeans and rubbed my belly. “I want another baby, IT.”

“Oh, God, here you go again with this shit?” I rolled my eyes and tried to stand up when Deuce grabbed me and pulled me back down.

“Jay, stop!” Oh fuck; I thought to myself. I covered my mouth when Jay’s name flew out. I tried to ease my way up from Deuce’s lap. I could see the displeased look in his eyes.

“Jay, aye?” He let me go and stood up to fix his jeans. “For real you screaming other nigga’s names?”

He walked in the kitchen and grabbed a beer out the refrigerator. I really didn’t know if I should reply or retreat when he walked back in the living room with his eye fixed on me. He stood me to my feet and grabbed me by my jaw.

“I’m not the bitch niggas you use to Italy, understand I’m that nigga.”

He released my face and pushed me down onto the couch. He took a swig of his beer while looking me over with an ice stare. He sat the bottle on the floor, grabbed both my legs, and pulled me to the edge of the couch. He pulled my jeans down and ripped my panties off like they were nothing. Deuce was mad as hell and I could see it in his eyes as he pulled his dick out and let his ball shorts hit the floor.

“Bae, I’m sorry,” I cried out

“Naw not yet, but you will be,” he said venom in his tone. While he slid into me, a smirk laced his face. He started off nice and easy causing my pussy to get wet.

“Um, baby that’s nice,” I moaned, rubbing my hands over his back. He moved my hands and went deeper inside me. I could feel his pipe in my stomach. He stroked fast and hard while bending down and sliding his tongue in my mouth. He picked me up and walked me over to the wall and went deeper.

Deuce found my spot and stroked it. He had never fucked me so good. My mouth was dry as he grinded inside of me and leaned over in my ear. He slipped my ear into his mouth, and then he went down to my neck bringing me to my third maybe fourth orgasm.

“Baby!”

“Ah, Ah!” he said, lifting me higher. “Baby!”

“Deuce, Deuce, baby please,” I yelled, unable to catch my breathe. “Sacario, God.”

“Yeah, that’s about right,” he said as he smirked and pumped harder inside of me. His pace slowed and he bit down on my neck. As he gripped my ass, he suddenly exploded inside of me.

“Go clean up, so we can eat,” he yelled. He placed me back on my feet and walked over to the couch to grab his ball shorts. My legs felt like noodles. I did as he said and went to shower.

When I was done showering, my body was still felt weak and I was still feeling like shit having called Deuce, Jay. I was relieved he didn’t beat my ass.

“Baby, you ready to eat?” I yelled as I walked into the living room. I don’t know why I was shocked that he was gone. I didn’t want to sit and pout, but my heart was hurt. I laid across the bed trying to fight the tears when I noticed that his dresser was open. I walked over to see that his clothes were gone. Just as I started to cry, Tre began to cry. I wiped my tears and walked into my son’s room and picked him up.

## Chapter 4

Deuce

“Aye, my fuckin wife called me my brother’s name.”

Every time I try to be faithful to a bitch, the hoe started to show. I was sick of being the fuckin’ nice guy. I grabbed my bag and a few things before I kissed my son and walked out the door. I had so much shit I needed to handle, but all I could think about was IT. I hopped in my Rover and pulled out the driveway.

Fuck I always do this! Man, this girl stays in my head. Parking in front of the house, I got out the car and walked back inside.

"IT!" I walked through the house to find her in the room with our son and rocking him. "Lay him down, we need to talk."

She looked up at me and rolled her eyes like I was giving her a choice. I walked out of my son's room and into ours, undressing down to my boxers. She stepped in the room and I walked over and slammed the door.

"Jesus, Deuce! The baby!"

"You're my wife, Italy, I'm not gonna stress that no damn more. We're not fuckin' kids and you not some jump off. That shit right there belong to me." I reached between her legs, moved her panties to the side, and slid two fingers inside her. "Say it."

She turned her head and I shoved a third finger inside her.

"IT, say the words!"

She reached out and pulled me close.

"I'm yours, Sacario," she said with tears in her eyes.

"I know." I pulled my fingers from her dripping wet pussy and kissed her lips. I laid in the bed with my wife thinking of my next move. IT always be having me off my fuckin square.

I knew that I needed to be on point for when me and pops handled this shit. I hit Hassan up reminding him that we had a meeting in a few hours. I rolled out the bed and kissed my babes.

"Where you going?" Italy whined, pulling me back on top of her.

"I got ish to do ma', but I'll be home before I have to go out of town."

"Out of town, when?" she whined. I kissed her lips and I fell back on the bed pulling Italy on my lap.

"You think about what we talked about?" she sighed and climbed down. I got up with a mean mug on my face. I grabbed my Rolex off the dresser, my jeans and shirt from the floor, and slipped on my Jordan's. I didn't even look back at my girl as I walked out the door.

It had been a minute since I'd hit the block, but the streets were my kingdom and someone else was sitting on my throne. I sat back in my seat and watched that nigga Money's right-hand man Tay. I couldn't believe that yet another nigga in my crew crossed me. I sucked my teeth and watched a nigga I thought the game help another nigga reign. A nigga who had no love for anyone, but himself.

"Yo Sean, I need you on this shit," I yelled into the phone at my little cousin My`Sean. He had stepped up and became my point man. I hated putting my family out there, but who else could I trust. I caressed my gun and thought about just going to murk that nigga myself. I reached for my door when Tay's car door opened, and Lyssa stepped out.

She was holding a baby carrier. She walked into the house with Tay's arm draped around her

neck. I couldn't wait for Sean. I pulled out my phone and called Jay.

"Y..."

I quickly cut him off.

"Jay, how far long was Lyssa?"

He breathed into the phone and I could tell he was pissed.

"She was six months last time I saw her..." he paused. "Nigga, why what's up?"

"Nothing nigga, I just wanted to know."

I ended the call and tossed my phone to the seat of the car. Before I could open the door, my phone rung. I reached over and grabbed it, seeing IT's picture on the screen. She knew better than to call me when I was working.

## Chapter 5

### Lyssa

God if any time you want to prove you exist, now is the time. I thought to myself as I walked into the house with Tay. Tay was cool as shit. He made the pain go away when Money watched me suffer. I just wanted to go back to when me and Jayson were good. When he looked at me like I was special. Now I couldn't even call him.

I needed Jay and I knew if I called him Money, would kill me. He already killed our child, and now I was pregnant again and I didn't know who the father was. I had been with Money, Tay, and even Jay. I was so stoned that I couldn't remember who else I had been wit. That wasn't the worse of things I did. I stood in a fuckin trap house holding my nephew.

I should have just let Money kill me because what Deuce was gonna do to me, death would have been far easier.

"Lyssa, come here!" Tay yelled as he pulled me close to him and kissed my lips.

"Look ma', you didn't have no choice, neither one of us did. Money would have killed everyone including Jayson. That nigga doesn't care that you saw what he did to yo baby."

I rested my head on Tay's shoulder while he held me tight and wished he was Jayson. The door opened and Tay shoved me to the ground. We watched as Money walked in the door.

"Where is he?" he asked, flatly looking at me. I stood up and dusted myself off. He pulled me over and kissed my lips.

"Proud of you baby, you proved yo' self."

He rolled my sleeves up and checked for track marks. It had been two weeks since my last fix, but I had been popping pills to ease the pain. I had a terminal disease. I basically stayed doped up anyway. Heroin was light weight compared to the 11 Oxi's I was used to taking. The baby started to cry, and I walked over to the carrier and picked him up. The door swung open again. In marched Janet smiling like she was a Cheshire cat.

"Jayce, it's pay day," she said, looking from Money to us. She kissed Jayce's lips like I wasn't standing there.

"Fuck wrong with you?" he yelled and pushed her backwards. She got her footing back and stood over me and smirked. "So, this is Sacario's grandson? Hmmm, he doesn't look that special to me." She reached out to take him from me and I pulled back.

"What do you want with him?" I asked. Janet ripped Tre from my arms and Jayce backhanded me. He then pulled me close, wrapped his arms around me, and rubbed my stomach.

"Lyssa, get the kid's shit, give it to her, and go home."

I really didn't want to leave Tre there, but I had no choice. God I was raked with guilt. My nephew was with this bitch, but if I didn't deliver her to Money, he would kill Tre like he had done my daughter. Tears ran down my face just thinking that anyone could be that evil.

## Chapter 6

### Italy

Blood was running down my face, but I was still breathing. Deuce was gonna kill me. I didn't fight hard enough. I pulled myself off the floor and dialed Deuce for the fifth time. The door slammed and I heard footsteps and ran my hand under the bed looking for Deuce's gun when the door flew open.

"IT, where you at?" he said, but all I could hear was the thumping from my heart. He picked me up from the floor and looked me over before he took his shirt off and wiped my face with it. "Babe, what happened? Are you good?"

"Tre! They took Tre?"

"Fuck you mean they took Tre?"

"I heard someone in Tre's room. I thought it was you. I got up and they started to hit me, and I ran

in our room..." I paused, looking at the disappointment in his face.

"Baby, I'm sorry. I fought baby. I swear to God I did." He pulled me into his arms, walked me over to the bed, and rocked me back and forth.

"It's alright babe. I'm gone handle this," he assured me. However, all I could do was cry because my child was gone. I let someone take my son.

"Look IT, I don't have time for yo' pity party. I need you to get dressed and pack a few things. It's not safe here. I will get Tre, but I can't do shit knowing my girl out here where anyone can lay hands on her." I did as Deuce said, but it was hard to pack and not look in my son's room.

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Sitting in the car with Deuce, my mind ran wild. I turned the radio on not to think about all that was going on.

"Sit still," Deuce yelled, looking over me. He caused me to draw back. I could feel the hot tears turn cold on my face. He reached over and wiped my face with his hand and grabbed my hand into his.

"I'm not mad at you, baby. I just need to think. Every time I think I know what I'm doing the streets call me out." I looked away just watching the sights out the window.

"Baby, look at me! I need you to do as I say, I know you gonna want to do something."

"I'm not..." I protested, but Deuce cut me short.

"Venice, trust I know you. There is nothing you can do. As much as you want to run up in a trap or wherever they were holding him. You can't. I will get our son back, but I need you to trust me. Do you trust me baby?"

It would be easy to say yes because I did. I just felt like I needed to do something. I felt like less than woman not being able to protect my child. Deuce repeated himself before grabbing my chin to look at him.

"Yes Sacario, you know I do, but he is my—" Deuce slammed the brakes not caring who was behind us. He looked to the right then pulled the car over to the curb. Placing the car in park, he turned towards me and ran his hands through my hair. He then looked me in my eyes letting me know that he was not to be questioned.

"I know he's yours Venice, no one is taking that from you. Understand like he yours, both of y'all are mine. I will kill anyone that fuck with my family! Do you understand me?"

I nodded my head yes and looked down at my hands as I tried not to cry anymore. Deuce pulled his phone out and called a number before he pulled back onto the road. He pulled up in a driveway of a house with a huge steel gate that was covered in bob wire.

"Get out," he ordered, grabbing my bag from the backseat and walking to the door.

"Where..."

He gave me a side-eye letting me know this was not the time. He unlocked the door and walked in.

Soon as we walked in, it was a huge television, but the only thing on the screen was different views of the house. I looked in the monitor at Deuce's car, then at the gate that sat in front of it. The gate was filled with six very large dogs that I could now hear barking at Deuce's truck.

"What up Cuzo?" A chick walked out. She was high yellow with long brown hair and green eyes. She reminded me of Lanya, but lighter.

"What's up Sy? This is my wife Venice. Venice you remember Syair, MySean and ZySean's baby sister."

"Not really, but how you doing?" She sucked her teeth and looked me up and down then looked back at Deuce.

"Naw, I'm just playing it's nice to meet you, Venice." She held her hand out to shake mine. "Yo Cuzo no disrespect to yo wife, but thought her name was Italy?" Deuce laughed and kissed Syair's cheek

"It's Venice. I just call her Italy cuz she mines."

"Oh, so what I call her?"

"You can call me Ven, that's what most people call me."

"Oh ok cool, cool"

The more I was around Syair she seemed cool, but I noticed that she repeated herself a lot.

"So, where the fuck is JaySean and fuck why the hell I'm the only one without Sean in my name?" Deuce joked, cutting some of the tension that was in the room.

"Jay with his dad, so he not coming, but Zy on his way."

"Fuck you mean JaySean not coming. I said this was all hands on fuckin deck."

I watched as Deuce paced the floor with his phone in his hands. His fingers ran over the keyboard like they were on fire.

"Alright ma, come here let me show you some shit." Deuce said, pulling me by my hand. He took me to the back of the house where it was a huge bedroom complete with a King size bed, 60' inch flat screen, and a sitting area.

"Look Ma', this is yo safe house." He looked me square in the eyes. The only people know about this house is my family period. He walked me over to the closet and closed the door. "Push this button." He pointed to a huge red button on the wall. I did as he said and the alarm sounded as a steel door dropped down.

"No way in or out unless you push this button, or know the override code. I am the only one with that code. You have meds, refrigerator, bed and even a gun in here ma'. Do not shoot that gun in here because the only one who will die is you! Yo cell phone will not work in here, but it is a built in

phone in the wall.

The lines can't be cut nor are they connected to the house. This monitor will show you everything going on in the house and who is outside the door. Once you push this button, I get a page to my phone, so if you're hurt too bad, I can still get to you. You feel off or hear anything, get in this room, IT. Give whoever in the house a couple of minutes to get back here with you, but if they take too long ma hit that fuckin button. You understand me?" he asked.

I had never seen him look so serious in my life. I nodded yes and ran my hands through his soft curly hair. I was shaking and I just wanted him to make me feel better. He wrapped his hands around my waist and kissed my neck.

"Damn, I wish I could make love to you." He kissed my neck then pressed the unlock button. "I'm gone bring him home Venice, You know that right?" he asked. He looked down at his buzzing phone, and then kissed my forehead and ran out the door.

## Chapter 7

### Deuce

This shit was crazy as hell. I sat and watched them niggas carry my child into that fuckin traphouse. My fuckin sister. How was I gonna tell my parents tha, they baby was bout to get two to the fuckin dome? I didn't give a fuck about the fact that she was my baby, she had touched my seed and my wife.

There were lines and Lyssa had crossed them in a major way. I knew I should have stormed that bitch when they first walked in, but when I saw Money pull up and leave his two goons outside, I just called MySean to sit on the house, but If I had known that was my son, I would have went in blazing.

I had been calling my pops for the last hour, but I just kept going to voicemail. I didn't want to call

my uncle O over him, but it was looking like I had no choice. I needed backup, because motherfuckas was about to die and I wanted to make sure I wasn't one of them. My uncle answered on the first ring. He was laughing like a little school girl.

"Yo Unc, you heard from pops?"

"Yeah, we at the hospital. Yo' moms had the baby"

"Shit,,girl or boy?" I asked, truly not caring. I was missing my son and not in the mood for small talk.

I made a U-turn and headed back towards the hospital. Within twenty minutes, I was parking at the hospital. I lit a blunt dreading to go inside and tell my family what had just happened. After a couple of pulls, I walked in and over to the nurse's station. I knew that I could have cut out the middle man, but so much was running through my mind. I walked into my mother's room to see my pops and all three of my uncles standing around. My mom was sleep and the baby was in a tiny bed covered in pink. I assumed it was a girl.

"What's up, Kid?" my uncle Saint said, pulling me so close I could smell the weed fresh on him. "Do yo' pops know?"

I shook my head no and knew that Syair's big mouth ass had to have said something. I walked over to my mom and planted a kiss on her face and tried to sneak off when she grabbed me.

"Where is, Tre?" She asked out the blue.

I looked at her, kissed her again, and walked over to the chair by her bed still wondering what my mom knew.

"Sacario Jr., where is my grandson?" she asked again. She was calling me by a name she only called me when she was pissed at me or my pops. I sighed and looked at my dad.

"Pops, can I holla at you in the hall?" My uncle Lee gave me a fucked up look then my uncle O cut his eyes.

"Naw lil nigga we all family. Say that shit here!" My uncle Dinero ordered. I sucked my teeth and looked at pops.

"So, who got him Money? Ali asked with a smug look on his face.

"Got who?" my mom asked as she tried getting out of bed and my uncle pushed her down.

"Yeah, I think so. I don't know, they jacked my house after I left. Don't know how they found It. I moved three times and I only told three people besides my wife." I looked around the room and to see Jayson was nowhere in sight. "Pops, where Jay?"

"He got a phone call and said he would meet us here," my father answered and Dinero rubbed his chin like he was thinking something was up.

"When was that?" He looked at my pops like a fool.

"Y'all can't think Jayson would have anything to do with it." my mother said, protecting her child.

"I don't know what to think ma'. All I know is that my girl got beat, my son was taken and my brother can't be found. Oh and I saw Lyssa." My momma sat up on the bed and looked at me. "She was with Money's crew and she had a baby carrier."

"So, what are you saying, Sacario? You can't think your sister would ever..."

I shot my mother a look then looked down in the small baby bed beside her bed.

"What's her name?"

"Kymberly Amaya Alton," my mom said, beaming with pride.

"That right there is my sister that other chick is dead!" I said, blankly. I kissed my mother and walked out of her room before she could react.

"Deuce!" My father ran behind me. I stopped, allowing him to catch up. He crossed his hands over his chest and just looked at me.

"So, Lyssa has your son?"

"Pops I don't know, but Jay missing and..." I paused when my brother walked in.

"Aye bro!" Jay said coming from behind me with a huge teddy bear.

"Nigga, where you been?" I snapped on Jay and hemmed him up against the wall. He took a step back and crossed his arms over his chest.

"Nigga, who is you walking up on?" He asked like he could whoop my ass.

"Nigga ,my son is missing! You in on that shit wit yo bitch ass daddy. That nigga just marked his grave right along with yo bitch ass ex girl."

"Nigga, what is you saying, I took my nephew?" he said as he dropped the bear to the floor and shoved me backwards.

"Nigga, I was trying to find Lyssa. One of my niggas told me they had seen her in the hood and..."

"Naw nigga, fuck you looking for that bitch for?"

"Nigga she yo sister..." je paused and dropped his head and let a tear fall.

"She my girl D, I just want to find her. I know if I told y'all, pops would just say he got this. What you saying about little man being missing? Why you think Lyssa got him?"

I sighed wondering if I could trust my brother. I was still feeling iffy. My brother was still looking at his feet.

"Nigga, is you crying?" I asked and he looked away.

"D, I'm yo fuckin brother. Why would I hurt my nephew?" I pulled my baby brother close and hugged him.

“Alright that’s sweet, but we need to figure out how to get Tre back,” my pops said

## Chapter 8

### Money

Sitting here looking at this child, my grandson, I could see V when she was a baby. I won’t lie, a part of me felt envious that I missed out on my daughter’s life. However, what Janet wanted was an instant family; me, her, her 3 kids, and plus my son. I couldn’t do it. I wasn’t ready to love anyone after Nikki. Jayson’s mom was my everything.

I was sure that was how that nigga Killa came to find out that Jay was his. The thought of that nigga taking my son made me want to kill that bitch. Were it not for my child, I would have. That was also a reason I knew that if I wanted to do dirt and take Killa down, she was the person to help. At this point in my life, I could use all the help that I could get.

Having shot my son over a woman that I know I had no business with. My objective was to get her strung out on heroin and send her home. However, that girl did something to me. I told myself that it was just the pussy, but I found myself wanting to see her every day.

Make love to her every night and the sad part was that I knew that Jayson was in love with her. If my son knew that I was so jealous that the child she gave birth to wasn’t mine, I killed it. I had been cheated out of that once and walked away from the second. This child with Lyssa will not only piss Killa’s bitch ass off, but it will also be the start of my future. I will mold our son into something. Jay had become too weak to still be even called my son. I laid my grandson in his bed feeling a

sense of regret of what I had missed.

“Yo’ Money, she dead!” Tay said as I walked into the kitchen.

“Nigga, who’s dead? I pulled a beer from the refrigerator. I shot this nigga an ice stare as he looked at me with a loss for words.

“Nigga, they say she O’ded.”

“Nigga, who? I asked you once, I don’t like sounding like a fuckin owl.”

“Man they killed baby girl behind this shit! My mans Mace told me that her brother shot her with pure Opium.”

“I looked at him to see how serious he was. In that second, my heart felt that pain of loss all over again. I took a deep breath and pulled a bag of weed out of my pocket.

“Nigga, toss me a swisher,” I called out to Tay, not letting him see that the news had affected me.

“You say lil nigga Deuce killed her?”

“Yeah they say Jay so fucked up right now. Doctor told him she was pregnant and he went ham. They said that they had to knock that nigga out. Doctors was even saying they was gonna put him in the fuckin nut house; the nigga flipped.”

“Damn that’s fucked up, bet my little nigga be ready to bring his dumb ass home foe sure now.” I said in a low whisper. However, I secretly wished that my son would come home. Those people weren’t his family; I was. I had given everything for this nigga. Now, the nigga that wouldn’t spit on him if he were on fire, is who he calls pops? Fuck outta here.

“So, boss what you gonna do?” Tay asked and it left my head all over the place.

“I got this shit nigga.” I grabbed a bottle for my grandson, lit my blunt, and walked back in my room. This shit was beyond crazy; I thought as I paced my room. I couldn’t let this shit slide once again. I had fallen for a woman and she had fallen prey to this fucked up game.

“Money, Money, where you at nigga?” I heard Janet’s annoying voice walking through the door. Another reason I refused to make it work with her, she was always too ghetto. She put the word digger in gold digger. Now that crack had gotten hold to her and the once attractive face she had was sunken in and crusty and those teeth and hands— it was safe to say Jan was busted.

“Did you hear?” she blurted out like a small child, with no chill.

“Shut the fuck up bitch! You’re gonna wake the damn baby!”

“They killed my daughter and you worried about that little bastard!” she shrieked like she ever gave two fucks about any of her fuckin kids. Shit Alyssa was a fuckin pay day, and Tasha and Venice were carbon copies of her. She was raising them to trick on niggas at an early age.

“Damn bitch, that bastard is your grandchild!” I quickly reminded her. Knowing that Janet was no help, I had to pull this plan off on my own. Janet started to laugh like something was funny. She looked at me, sucked her teeth, and rolled her cloudy eyes.

"Naw, his mother is a fuckin snake. Hoe she can die with her man. She loves that nigga dirty draws. She turns on the only people who have ever loved her. Hell the bitch love that nigga so much she walked away from her own child to please that nigga!" I looked at Janet rant and paused. Did she say Venice had given up her child?

"Bitch, shut the fuck up! I need to think!" I said, running my hand over my face. My mind was spinning, but everything was falling into place. Janet didn't know it, but she had just answered all my prayers. Who needed a God, when you had a crack head? "Yo Tay, this shit about to be epic. Niggas not gonna know what the fuck hit them."

I snatched Janet up and had her explain the whole situation to me. By the end of the night, I would have my daughter, my son and anything else Killa valued.

After dealing with that hoe and a few phone calls later, I was back on top.

## Chapter 9

### Deuce

"Nigga please pass the blunt." I looked over at MySean as he stood outside my parent's house.

"So, nigga what you gonna tell yo moms? You know Aunt Nya is no joke when she find out her baby dead, she gonna die."

"Nigga, you don't think I know that. I'm on my second blunt. My hands still shaking. Y'all don't know Lyssa was my baby. Shit killed me watching her like that. I mean it was nothing I wouldn't do for her. On the other hand, what kind of nigga would I be if I went home to my wife and tell her nothing has been done to bring our only child home." I took a deep breath and passed the blunt back to my cousin. I had to man up and break my mother's heart.

I could hear my pops talking shit as I walked in the door. I prayed all my uncles were there that way this shit would only have to be done once.

"Pops, where y'all at?" I walked into the living room and straight to the bar pouring me a glass of 1800, also known in my house as liquid courage.

"Damn little nigga, was you thirsty or you fucked up?" My uncle O asked with his glass held out and a raised eyebrow.

I poured him a drink then pulled the Louie out and poured my pops a glass. I looked over at My uncle Lee who was nodding off, so I just passed my pops his drink.

"So, where is mom at?" I asked trying to work a nerve up.

"I'm behind you," my mother said as she hugged me and I turned to face her.

"Hey mommy."

"Oh, God Mommy? What's wrong now Sacario?" She walked over to my father and sat on his lap.

"Damn fat girl," my pops joked, followed by my mother biting his cheek. "You play too much." I watched them as they played around and for just a minute, I pretended I belonged to a normal family.

"Man D, say what's on yo mind. I cant watch this shit no longer," my uncle Lee joked as I beat around the bush. The sound of the door slamming caused everyone to look at the door.

"Yo Jay, nigga Jay chill!" MySean yelled trying to hold Jayson back. I stood to my feet to see Jay and MySean hit the corner. In that second, I knew everything was about to blow up.

"Yo Jay, what's up nephew?" My uncle O asked as he stood by my side.

"I'm good nigga. My, on all I love, I'm straight. I just find it fucked up, y'all niggas here laughing and joking around, when..."

"Yo Jay chill," I cut him off before he could finish.

"Bitch, fuck you! How you just gonna leave her there like she wasn't family, like a fuckin nobody."

"Jay chill." I walked towards my brother and tried to pull him out the house before he blurted out what I had been avoiding. I grabbed Jayson by his arm when his fist connected with my chin followed by him shoving me. I stumbled backwards trying to gain my footing when he popped me in my eye.

"Nigga, you don't care about anybody, but you!" My pops pulled him off me and I stood tall.

"Jayson, what's wrong baby?" Moms said. She pulled Jay into her arms and hugged him like he was a baby.

"He just left Lyssa there"

"Who did? Left Lyssa where, baby?" she asked and I felt weak.

"Nigga, she don't know! Shut the fuck up!" I yelled, ready to kill this nigga. The only thing preventing me was my phone. It was vibrating, and had been for the last ten minutes.

"No what? What are you all hiding?" My mother asked as she pulled back from him.

"Ma' Lyssa is dead and Deuce just left her there like she was nothing."

My mother released Jayson to catch her own breath. She then looked from Jayson to myself then over to my father. She lifted her head and let out an insane laugh. It caused everyone to look at my mother. She calmly walked over to my father. She raised her hand and my uncle Lee caught her mid swing and pulled her into his chest.

"Nigga, told you about yo hands on my wife. I got her." my pops yelled out, ripping my mother out of my uncle's arms. He pulled her into his own. She looked up at him and smacked him while tears streamed down her face. He grabbed her hands and kissed them and then lifted her into his arms.

"Ma', I'm sorry," he told her as he brushed the tears from her cheek..

"Dumb-ass! Now, who only care about they fuckin self? Look at momma, all she did was love us and that's how you repay her! That's how you let her find out?" I asked Jayson. I knew he was hurt, but damn he was acting like he didn't know our mother's past. It was never easy to give her bad news.

He dropped his head and I pulled him over to me. I hugged my baby brother, because I couldn't begin to understand his pain. If anything ever happened to Ven, let's just say the Devil would know who his firstborn was. I pulled my phone from my pocket and looked at my missed calls as I walked over to the couch and sat down.

I called IT back after looking at the twelve missed calls from her. When she doesn't answer, I lost my breath.

"Yo Jay, I got to go. IT not answering and she at a safe house." I told my brother as I dialed Syair's number. I searched my pockets for my keys as I stood to my feet.

"Yo Sy, where the hell is IT? She not answering her phone." I yelled in the phone not giving my cousin a chance to answer.

"Dude, that is girl gone. She got mad at me and told me not to fuckin follow her."

"Fuck you mean? Why in the hell wouldn't you fuckin call me? What car is she in? Why the fuck you let her leave?" I yelled, feeling annoyed as fuck. I trust this bitch with all I got and she fuck this up "FUCK!"

"She didn't drive that's why I thought you had came and got her."

"Did you say think? Bitch I didn't pay yo' ass to think! Dumb-ass can't do shit right." I looked to my cousin MySean and shook my fuckin head. "Yo My let's roll! Yo dumb-ass sister fucked up."

Jay jumped up and grabbed his keys. "Nigga, I'm going."

My first thought was to tell him to chill, but I knew he needed to stay busy, so I nodded my head as I walked out the door.

## Chapter 10

### Italy

Damn I know I'm cute, but I know that Syair really didn't think that I would give up my 6'4 mocha king for well, pussy. I couldn't believe that this chick would even step to me. She knew I was Deuce's, not to mention all that I was going through. So many thoughts ran through my head as I answered my phone. It was a 2-4-8 number, one that I had never seen, so of course I was hesitant to answer.

"Hello," I said, trying to sound as professional as possible.

"V, is that you?" I sucked my teeth and rolled my eyes. Only a small few called me V, a small few that I didn't care to deal with.

"Who the fuck is this?" I asked, my whole demeanor had changed.

"Lil momma, that mouth is something deadly."

"So, my husband tells me. He also told me if a nigga don't say what he need to within a minute, end the call. What do you know, it's been well over two minutes. Goodbye."

I ended the call and laid across the bed thinking about my son, my daughter, and my man. My life was beyond crazy. I hadn't seen Tre in almost a week and all I wanted to do was hold TaCari, but I couldn't. How could I tell Deuce that I wanted to go get our daughter that I never told him about? I hated to have to keep her in hiding. I only got to see my baby on the weekends and her birthday because I was too ashamed to tell Deuce we had a beautiful little girl.

My phone rang again, pulling me from my thoughts. It was the same number as before. I thought about ignoring it, but I was intrigued with the fact that they had a number to a phone I was sure only one man had.

"Hello!" I shouted in an annoyed tone.

"Hang up again and I will not call back!" the deep familiar voice said.

"Oh, I'm shaking," I joked.

"As you should be. Tre misses his mommy and poor TaCarri just don't know what to feel."

I sat up in my bed and grabbed the sheets. "Tre?" I questioned him. I wanted to know how he not only knew about my son, but my daughter, as well.

"They're fine, but they miss their mommy".

Tears poured down my face. Not only did this monster have my son, but my daughter, as well. I couldn't breathe.

"What do you want? Tell me! My husband and I will pay anything." I stood to my feet and paced the room. I worried what I would tell Deuce. If I should just ask Nya for the money. God I was about to lose it.

"I want you alone. Meet me on Grand River and 7 mile in 15 minutes." Panic set in because there was no way I could get there in time.

"I can't. My husband took my car keys, please just..." I cried out, my heart racing. "I don't have a way. Please just let me call him." I dropped to my knees to beg this man whom I had no clue who he was as if he could see my plea over the phone.

"Don't call him! Leave the house you are at and walk six blocks, and then call me. I will meet you once you assure me that you are alone. If your husband comes with you I will..." he paused and I got nervous.

"What? You will what?"

"Well you'll never see your babies again." The phone went silent and so did my heart. I could feel the walls close in on me and Deuce's orders to stay put ran through my head. I had already gone a week without my son and TaCarri was living without me for so long that I was going insane. I felt as if I hid it well, however, I was dying inside.

Truthfully, I was starting to hate Deuce for not looking for him the way I wanted him to. I mean, I know that Sacario was hitting the streets up, but dang. I needed him to... I didn't even know what I needed him to do. I just knew I wanted my son back. I grabbed my keys, slipped into my gym shoes, and I walked into the living room.

"Hey It."

"Eww, don't call me that," I vented my anger out on Syair.

"Um, I'm sorry about that little kiss. I thought..." I cut her off by shoving my hand into her face.

"Look, I need to get out the house! Do not follow me!" I ordered as I walked out the door. I

walked the six blocks and dialed the number back. My skin was itching and I kept looking behind me to make sure that dumb bitch hadn't followed me.

"I'm here," I said into the phone. I hurriedly ended the call and then called Deuce. It was the twelfth time I had gotten his voicemail today. I was starting to be grateful that I had taken it upon myself to just go. I stood outside rubbing my arms as goose bumps covered my arms. I was so nervous.

It was twenty minutes before I saw another car, but when I saw one, it was a brand new six hundred. The windows were tinted, but they drove slow so I tried to peek in. The car stopped and the window slid down low. It didn't shock me to see Money behind the wheel, however, I missed my babies so much. I walked over to the car and grabbed the handle.

"Toss that phone and get in," he ordered. I looked from my phone to Money. I took a deep breath and tossed the phone. I took one last look at my phone and climbed in the car.

The doors locked and Money sped off soon as I got in the car. I turned to look at him and out my side eye. I could see a car seat in the back. I gasped and look at Money. I climbed over the seat into the back. He grabbed my leg as I made it to the back.

"The child locks are on. Try anything and I will blow you both away," he barked, but hell I wasn't going anywhere. I still hadn't seen TaCarri Tears were running down my face again. I was emotional as hell lately, clearly I had a reason. However, I refused to let this man see I was weak.

"Money, what do you want? Look, let me call Deuce and he will pay whatever you want please? Please Money, have a fuckin heart?"

He pulled up to a house and despite all the begging I was doing, it was like he had turned on a deaf ear. He exited the car and then he reached over and opened the back door. He placed a gun to my side and yanked me by my arm. We walked up to the house and we were met by another man. He was about 5'9, with dark brown eyes and a very flattering face.

"What's up boss? Hey, Italy." My head turned hearing him call me by the nick name Deuce had given me. I rolled my eyes and walked past him like I didn't hear him.

"Momma," I heard a sweet voice and I placed the carrier to the floor and lifted my baby girl into my arms. I hugged TaCarri like it was our first meeting. My princess was almost four years old and this was the first time I had really looked at her.

Money walked me to a bedroom. It was rather large with a bathroom and even a small refrigerator. There was a large bed, a crib, and a small twin bed. I guess my children and I were expected to live there.

"All of Tre's milk is in here. It's plenty of food and a microwave all in here. No windows, no phones, and no one will hear you scream. If you learn how to be a good girl you can come out."

"Are you gonna kill us?"

He sighed and pulled me close. "No V, I don't plan on killing you, but my grandchildren will suffer if you try anything." He pushed me backwards and closed the door. I stood in that same spot trying to digest what he had said.

Could Jayce Money Santana be my father? My mother had always told me stories about my father. Mainly that he was Italian and that's why she was so attracted to him. He reminded her of a happier place in her life. My life really wouldn't make sense if Jayce was my father. It would be a complete lie; I thought to myself realizing the same lies my mother had told I was now telling my children.

## Chapter 11

### Deuce

"Hey, baby, I need you to fuckin call me. It's been two days IT. If you pissed fine, but I need to be out looking for our son, but I can't do shit worried about you." Fuck. I slammed my phone down and walked into the bathroom splashing water over my face. I hadn't slept in days. Nothing seemed to be in my control. The worse of it all was that I had begun to doubt myself. Maybe I wasn't the man I thought I was.

"Yo nigga, you good?" JaySean asked. I stormed out the bathroom giving him a smug ass look.

"Nigga, do I look ok? My sister is dead! My son kidnapped and my wife and unborn are MIA. So, do I fuckin look ok?" I walked over to the bed and laid down. I wanted to close my eyes for like a second, but the thought of my son and my wife out there and God knows what happening, sleep was out of the question. I looked over at my phone ringing then up at JaySean.

"What?" I yelled into the phone.

"Hey Sacario, its me," Venice's voice echoed through my ear and I felt my heart beat faster.

"IT fuck. Where the fuck are you? Are you ok? Baby come home?" I said in one breath.

"I'm fine. I decided that I couldn't stay in that house anymore. Also I can't stay with you. Our son is missing and you have done nothing. Look I just need to be alone."

"Fuck you mean I been bustin my ass to fine my seed," I yelled. You need to be alone? My nose flared as a tear ran down my face and I didn't bother to stop it. Even my wife had lost faith in me.

"So you carrying my seed, wearing my ring, and now you want out. Man IT fuck that, baby I will bring Tre home on my life, but I can't breathe without you."

"Sacario, just move on. You are not a man and you couldn't protect us so, why would I be your wife?"

"IT you just hurt right now..."

"No, Sacario hear me! We fuckin over. I don't want nor do I love you," she said cutting me off.

"IT, he moved Tre babe or I would have him. Don't do what you know you will regret! This not you talkin! It cant be," I yelled, feeling my stomach flip flop.

"Sacario, we are over. I don't want you. Understand that and don't look for me." She ended the call and my body became cold as ice.

"Fam, what's up? You good?"

"Nigga, do I look good?" I pushed JaySean back and walked toward the closet. I stripped down to my ball shorts then slipped in a pair of Trues and a hoody. I slipped on my Timbs and grabbed my keys and phone off the bed. I looked at the number that Italy had just called from. I wanted to respect her wishes, but fuck that, she was my soul and I wasn't buying that shit. I called the number back and sat on the bed. It rang twice then someone answered and no one said anything?

"IT, I just want to know you good baby?"

"I'm good Deuce."

"Bae, if you need me, tell me. If you in trouble, just say yes." \*

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&#x22;Stop&#x22; This is the box set for She fell in love with a Thug books 3 &4...

Deuce and Italy have been on and off so long even they don't know if they're coming or going. Love can be a crazy thing especially when you've known whom God created you for since you were 13 years old. While Knowledge is power every woman has a breaking point. Italy may have just reached hers. Love and Loyalty are Deuce requirements from his soul mate. So, when he refuses to return just what he's asked for Italy can't sit still. That alone can drive any woman away. Deuce may have really dug himself into a hole. Add in the fact that his family doubts that he can fill his father's shoes. His brother doesn't know what side he&#x2019;s on. To make matters worse the only woman he has ever loved is sick of his, lies and bad boy ways. Italy

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