



Heaven's Fury (G UNIT)

By Meta Smith, 50 Cent

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Editorial Review

About the Author

Meta Smith is the author of the novels *Queen of Miami* and *The Rolxxx Club*; she is also a contributor to the fiction anthology *These Are My Confessions*. She lives in Chicago with her son.

50 Cent is a record-breaking rap recording artist, entrepreneur, music producer, and actor. His debut album, *Get Rich or Die Tryin'*, sold more than 12 million units worldwide, is certified eight times platinum, and was the basis for the semi-autobiographical film of the same title, in which he starred. He is the first artist to have four songs in the top ten of Billboard's Hot 100 since the Beatles in 1964, and in 2012 he released his fifth studio album. He published his memoir, the *New York Times* bestseller *From Pieces to Weight*, which was hailed as "cool, hard, and vivid, a minor classic of gangster rap noir" (*The New York Times*). Under the G-Unit brand, his business empire includes a record label, apparel and footwear ventures, vitamin water, and more. He also created the nonprofit organization The G-Unity Foundation, which aims to better the life of urban youth. Learn more at 50cent.com.

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Chapter 1 THE LIFE

April 2007, Chicago

As the sun rose above the icy waters of Lake Michigan and sunlight began to stream through the blinds of a luxury high-rise apartment, Ricardo Diaz rolled over in the large silk-sheeted bed he occupied and grabbed a handful of his bedmate's ample bosom. He squeezed the firm golden mounds, tweaking the hardening dark nipples until the woman lying next to him stirred and moaned. Ricardo's hands began to travel down her abdomen until he reached her box and opened it. His fingers moved expertly, flicking her pleasure button until her juices began to flow. Without saying a word, Ricardo inserted his rock-hard manhood into the woman and began to thrust slowly in and out of her wet sweetness.

"Ay, Papi," the woman moaned, thrusting her hips against him in perfect harmony.

"That's right, girl," Ricardo said, encouraging his lover, pumping faster.

He fondled the woman's breasts and played with her engorged clitoris until he could feel her walls contract around his hardness and she shuddered and shivered with delight. Ricardo loved the way it felt when a woman came for him. There was nothing on earth like it, the high was incomparable, except for the high he got when he was making money. New pussy and new money were things that made life sweet for a baller like Ricardo Diaz and he had plenty of both.

Engulfed in the warm and throbbing sexy *mami* he was piping, Ricardo felt like a king. He always felt like a king when he was with her. She was his fly bitch, his *mami chula*, and not only was she fine but she was a freak.

"You like that?" Ricardo asked as he felt his lover climax again. "Come for me, Chula."

"Ooh, I'm coming for you, Papi," the woman squealed with pleasure.

Once he was convinced that his lover was satisfied, Ricardo went for his, grabbing a handful of the woman's hair and pounding her so hard that the sound of their skin slapping against each other echoed through the room like claps of thunder. Ricardo grunted and with a few final thrusts he climaxed deep within the woman, who sighed happily. Spent, Ricardo removed himself from the woman and rolled over onto his back, breathing heavily.

"Go fix me some breakfast, Gloria," Ricardo commanded, and his lady friend did as she was told. Minutes later, she returned with a cup of freshly squeezed orange juice and a cup of coffee.

"Will Belgian waffles be okay?" she asked.

"Yeah. Lots of butter, syrup, and powdered sugar."

"I'll fix them just the way you like them, Papi," she replied and went to prepare the meal.

Ricardo stretched lazily and propped his hands behind his head after clicking on the forty-two-inch plasma-screen television mounted on the bedroom wall. He went over all the things he had to do that day in his mind. After he left his Chula, he'd head to his business and make a few stacks, then he'd roll through the streets and check a couple of traps. Somewhere along the way he'd put in a call to his wife; maybe he'd take her out later to dinner and a show. But not before he got breakfast in bed and some head from his side lady, who'd returned to the bedroom with a tray of steaming-hot food. But the food would have to wait. As if she'd read his mind, Ricardo's *mami chula* climbed back into the bed and snuggled beneath the sheets, taking his manhood into her mouth and having a little breakfast of her own.

This is the life, Ricardo thought to himself as he received the blow job of a lifetime.

Heaven Diaz rolled over in bed to find her husband's side empty. Again. It was the second time in a week that her husband hadn't made it home. Her intuition told her that he was unfaithful, but she willed herself to believe the excuses he fed her. *Ricardo loves me and he's working hard to build and maintain the wonderful life I have*, she often told herself.

She got out of bed and went down the stairs of her five-thousand-square-foot home and into the kitchen. She couldn't help but marvel at the kitchen fit for a chef with its stainless-steel appliances and copper pots. Heaven had every gadget and gizmo known to the culinary world, and prepared meals fit for royalty every night of the week, but her husband was rarely home to enjoy them. When she first got married she thought that there would be candlelight and champagne every night, but her childhood fantasy was quickly marred by reality. Ricardo was a workaholic and put in long hours on the job as the owner of an exotic car sales, rental, and driver service.

But Heaven definitely reaped the rewards of her husband's labor. The fabulous kitchen where she whipped up meals was inside a tight, custom-built crib nestled near the shores of Lake Michigan in the Hyde Park section of Chicago. There were six bedrooms, seven and a half baths, and an indoor swimming pool in the four-story manse. Ricardo had given Heaven *carte blanche* when meeting with the architect who designed the home. They spared no expense when deciding what fixtures the home would have, and it was even featured in the real estate sections of the major Chicago newspapers and in home and architecture magazines.

Heaven also had the wardrobe of a queen; every garment in her closet sported a designer label. She had more shoes than Carrie Bradshaw and Imelda Marcos combined, and she had more bling than a diamond mine in Sierra Leone. Heaven drove the exotic car of her choice and switched whips whenever the whim hit. Over the past year she'd pushed a Rover, a Lambo, a Ferrari, and a Maserati. And on the rare occasions she didn't

feel like driving, she had a fleet of drivers at her disposal.

She had everything that any woman could want and then some. She had everything but her husband's time, but without sacrifice one can't attain one's goals, or at least that was Heaven's rationale. One day soon, her husband would have the time to spend with her that she craved, and maybe they could even start a family. But until then, she'd have to be resigned to living in the satisfying lap of luxury, even if it was a lonely position.

Aside from perpetual loneliness, Heaven suffered from another nagging problem. She had her doubts as to where all the material things her husband lavished on her came from. Her gut told her that something was amiss. She knew that her husband made a good living and worked extremely hard; in fact, she'd helped her husband attain much of the success that he had. Heaven made a million phone calls and put in countless hours of legwork helping her husband get his business off the ground and over the years the company flourished. But Heaven had her suspicions because little by little certain things weren't adding up.

For starters, there were the late nights, no-shows, and suspicious phone calls that Rico got all hours of the night when he did find his way home. He'd have brief, stilted conversations with whoever was on the other end. Heaven would ask her husband about those things, but his excuses always left her with far more questions than answers. Then there was the abundance of cash he always seemed to have. Most men never had more than a few hundred bucks on them, but Rico traveled with wads and wads of dough that made Heaven fear that he'd be the target of a robbery sooner or later. She told him that most businessmen used credit and that he should do the same and simply pay the bills on time, but Ricardo assured her that he knew what he was doing.

There was also the fact that they lived a lifestyle more suited to an athlete or some other celebrity and not a business man; businessmen were usually far more understated. Ricardo and Heaven's assets were worth millions of dollars. And Ricardo never seemed to care about how much anything cost; he just bought what he wanted when he wanted. An entrepreneur usually had to be a bit more frugal and cost-conscious. But when Heaven suggested that they stack more money for a rainy day Rico balked. He told her that they had more money than they could ever spend in one lifetime and that the future held no financial worries, but his cavalier attitude only made Heaven worry more. She was concerned that perhaps her husband had been tempted by the lure of the streets.

Heaven was sweet but she wasn't stupid. She'd seen more than her share of hustlers and dope boys growing up in the tough Logan Square neighborhood of Chicago. And plenty of them had tried to win her affection but she wanted no part of that kind of life. She enjoyed glitz and glamour but was wise enough to know that material things could never be the measure of a man. And she believed that drugs were poison that were killing the masses and making the world a worse place while a select few profited. But Heaven knew that such temptations weren't always easy for a man to walk away from, and she shuddered at the mere thought that her husband could be involved in illegal activity and prayed that he wasn't so stupid or greedy. She'd been bold enough to confront Ricardo a time or two about her feelings, but he always had an explanation that made sense and Heaven had been raised to trust her husband. After all, if she couldn't trust him, what was the point of being married?

Heaven tried not to sweat her suspicions. After all, she was a child of God, and He would always look after her. And Heaven firmly believed that what was done in the dark would always come to light and the truth -- if it was anything other than what her husband told her -- would be revealed in due time. Heaven sighed as she prepared to begin her day. *Flaws, worries, and all this is my life*, Heaven said to herself.

Gloria Cruz sucked Ricardo's cock for what felt like an hour. Her jaw had a cramp and her mouth was becoming dry but that didn't curb her enthusiasm. She slurped and sucked loudly, moaning and groaning and looking up at Ricardo like he was the don of all dons. She flickered her tongue over the head of his penis and blew lightly over it before deep throating the length. Ricardo grabbed her by the hair and grunted before spurted inside of her mouth, and Gloria hungrily devoured every drop.

"I love you, Papi," she sa...

Users Review

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