



HIS GRACE,
His Blood,
HIS MERCY!

AN URBAN NOVEL

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One

Gabrielle Grace Cartier is the name...

Summers almost over and with all the fun I'm having, still can't wait to get back to school. All the rage is about how eighth grade is the best, to me, it's only just saying goodbye little girl, and hello womanhood! So far thirteen hasn't been that bad, matter of fact; it's all to the good, it would be better if my mother wasn't always on my case. It's hard being the daughter of Victoria Bouviér, but you might know her as Diamond.

I have so much to live up to. The pressure is unbelievable. Everyone expects me to be this great whatever, but I'm just a regular teenager, wanting to live a regular life. Well, one thing that has worked in my favor is that I happen to have the body of a woman twice my age, and for what it's worth, it has me thinking about things other thirteen year olds just might not be thinking about yet. Right now, I stand approximately sixty-one inches, just a little under my mother. Oh, and I happen to have the skin shade of honey chestnut co-co puffs, which only illuminate my piercing light brown eyes. My hair, yes, its whipped, all the time, thanks to the Chi, and let's not forget the good genes, yes you know I'm part Creole, so to say that, my hair it's about as straight as straight can get. No chemicals, all mine! My body is getting out of control, my breasts are a lot larger than most girls my age; a 34-B! I was nine when Aunt Flo paid me her first visit, and since then, three things have been on my mind, boys, sex, and sex.

Like any other day, today it's on my mind constantly, and with only one week of summer vacation left, it's got to happen. I refuse to go back to school the only girl still holding the "V" card. I'm sooo over telling lie after lie, about what it's like, how it felt, did I like it, you know all that crazy talk, and on that note, it's about time. In order for this to happen it'll mean I'll have to finally prove to my first love Drew, who just so happens to be six-four, twenty-three years old, skin as smooth as Hershey's chocolate, you know the dark and creamy kind. Yes, it's my mission, to show him what I'm made of. Oh, did I forget? He's the owner of Club Etcetera in Midtown. Every girl I know would jump at the chance to get with him, but he's checking for me. I have to show him I'm worth it. Many times I've chickened out, but not this time. Let another girl have him, NOT! You must not know who I am... I'm Gabrielle Grace Cartier, pronounced (car-tee-yah) don't get it twisted.

For a hot minute, I log onto Facebook, seven more friend requests. One is from a dude that goes to my school; not interested! Ignore! My BFF Quinn keeps telling me it's the "older, more mature" guys I should be interested in. She says, "If you got to ask the parents for the car, then later for you." More than likely, his Momma's car has a curfew, and it's probably two hours before his. That's Chapter 3 in the Rule Book. Chapter one, rule #1 you must have your own car, because he who walks, walks alone. #2 you must have your own money, because if you can't feed me, you don't need me, and #3 you must have your gear correct, because if I'm fly, you gots to be fly, not Ole National Flea Market fly, Lenox Mall fly. See, it's a straight violation to be caught with someone that's rocking last year's kicks, by doing that, you can get five tickets from the fashion police, and I just can't let that happen.

Umm, got a message, it's Drew. Haven't talked to him in a while, tried calling him a couple of times but he doesn't answer, hopefully this time he'll tell me what's really up.

Andrew Harrison

July 16 at 9:52 AM

Got your calls couldn't get back. What up, can you get out later?

Don't be playn, ain't with them games.

Seeing his name just does something to me, maybe it's because it's been a week since I've seen him. Before I left, he was tight with me, pissed. I told him it wasn't my idea; it was

my Dad's. Tried to let him know I had no plans of kicking it with anyone else, but he didn't believe me, he just said he'll see me when I get back.

Gabrielle Prettyeyes Cartier

July 16 at 9:54 AM

Yeah I can. Where should I be?

I'm so hoping Quinn is over her grandma's.

"What's up girl?"

"Nothing."

"Need a favor. Can you take me to the mall?"

"Why? Don't tell me, you talked to Drew."

"Yeah, sort of, more like a message, he wants me to get out."

"Bout what time?"

"Don't know yet."

"Check right quick, I'll tell Grams I need to borrow the car."

"K. Hold on."

Andrew Harrison

July 16 at 10:08 AM

Phipps, by Versace round 6. Don't have me waitn. If you ain't putting it down don't even come.

Yes! It's going down. Getting chill bumps just thinking about it.

"Quinn, what about 5:15?"

"You know at eight, lights out for Grams, so it should be all good."

"Thanks. Now I just have to—"

"You gon' do it this time?"

"Well yeah, especially because when I left he was heated, so maybe if I show him I'm serious he'll believe that I wasn't messing around while I was gone."

"We'll see. You said that last time."

"Anyway... see you later."

I did say that, and I know he wants to, and so do I. Tonight... I'm losing it.

Oh yeah, it's Tuesday, and both parents have late meetings, so all I have to do is tell my Mom I'm going to Quinn's, but it all depends what mood she's in. Since we got back, she's changed, doesn't help my Dad, Marcel, is away all the time.

First things first, what do I wear? He's made it clear he loves me in the True Religions, but for what I'm trying to pull off, I need something a little- —I need a dress. Got it! The yellow ruffled peasant dress, with the multicolored-ankle wraps floral espadrilles. I know he'll like this one, its itty-bitty and cute! This must happen, and not to mention, he is a *real* man, and not a lit-tle boy.

Its five thirty, don't think I forgot anything. All of my chores are done, even a little extra so that Mommy Dearest won't have anything to complain about. Her going off on me because I didn't clean my room is the last thing I need. Between her and my dad, restriction is no joke! As long as she thinks I'm with Quinn, I'm straight.

So my make-up is on point, thanks to my Uncle Lucy. It's because of him I have priority at the MAC counter! Though I do notice I'm going to have to double up on the Proactiv, lately the zits have been in full effect.

Soon as I hit the car, Quinn makes the joke that he'll smell me before he sees me; could this be a good thing or a bad thing? Guessing too much perfume, oh well, I'm sure he'll like it. Suddenly the car gets quiet, and I already know what she's about to say.

I beat her to it, "I know what I'm doing, I got this."

"Don't doubt that, you're a smart girl, but I still want you to make sure he has—"

"Yeah, I know—condoms."

"That too."

"Well then what?"

We both burst out laughing at the same time.

"You know, brushed his teeth."

"Girl, you know it's nothing like a brotha kissing on you with yesterday's breath," she says.

Still laughing, I say, "I would hope so, but if not I have the Doublemint on standby."

She cracks up, because as the Rule Book states Doublemint is a "*real woman's*" gum, and because of this I read her mind. And just like most dudes, he thinks Big Red is what's up. Ewww.

We're here. We get a spot near Twist; oh how I wish I was old enough to get in. Already tried... The fake ID's gave us away. But it's cool, I have no problems getting into Etcetera, and just as sure as I'm profiling on Drew's side, there will be no need for the fake stuff, straight VIP access.

Seems like I've been sitting forever, I look up and here he is, looking so good. Come to think of it, that's the first thing I noticed about him, his swag. Every time I see him, he has on a fresh pair of Jordans. Don't think he's ever worn the same shoes twice. So I won't seem overly anxious, slowly I stand up and give him a hug, and as soon as I do, the insides of my stomach feels like somebody's doing cartwheels ninety miles a minute.

"What's up shawty?" he asks.

Blushing, I say, "You."

In that smooth tone, he replies, "Well that's what's up then."

Somehow, I was hoping he would show me more affection.

"You ready to go?" he asks.

I nod, "Yes, where are we going?"

"You said you was ready, right?"

Hesitating, I respond, "Yes, but you do have—"

"I got that, but we might go by my boys spot first."

I stop for a minute. "So we're not going to a hotel?"

He doesn't answer. We just head to the car.

Wow, I'm finally about to be inducted in what we call the "real" woman's society.

Just in time for school. Now I'll really be the baddest chick on campus; not that I have any worries or anything. The only thing I'm tripping over now is that I just wished Momma would let me shop in Victoria's Secret like everybody else. She acts like I'm still a lil' girl. Little does she know, I'm wearing the PINK panties and bra set Quinn bought for me.

He wastes no time switching the station from HOT 107.9, to August Alsina. Now that's what I'm talking about, and really, did he put on my song "*I Luv This Shit?*" Wow, it's a lot different from riding with you know who. Anything beats listening to "Lord, Lord, Lord, you shol' been good to me", and ugh, if I hear one more holy-rolly song I'm going to scream. I swear the station stays on 102.5! If she had any idea he was in my iPod on heavy rotation, she would all but kill me. It's like she is so into the church it's not funny; scriptures for everything. The only thing she listens to is Gospel. I'm beginning to think she knows Marvin Sapp personally. Her theme song is "*My Testimony*" I can hear her now singing "...so glad I made it." Track 9, I know it by memory! What am I thinking? I'm supposed to be focusing on one thing, giving it up. I sneak a peek at him, and I promise this dude is looking sooo hot right about now. Just at this moment, I get a text from Quinn.

7/16/14 Tue

Quinn: Handle ur biz

6:04 PM

7/16/14 Tue

Me: Lol

6:05 PM

7/16/14 PM

Quinn: I'm 4 real. Don't 4get what I told u!

6:06 PM

7/16/14 Tue

Me: k. I'm str8t!!

6:07 PM

Drew asks who am I texting so much. What?!! Hold on Mr.! The way he sounds as if he has a jealous streak. I knew it! He is so into me. This only makes me more ready to let him know just how much I care for him. Right now I feel like I'm on top of the world.

Forty-five minutes later, we manage to get through traffic on Lenox Road. We eventually wind up on Piedmont at what looks to be a hole in the wall. A sign is blinking \$29.00. Are you kidding me?!! He must not know who I am! Is he crazy? I'm sorry, but I never pictured my first time being at some sleazy MOTEL! I always thought of it being more five star-ish. As much as I hate some of the things momma tells me, there are still some things she's taught me that will never change, such as anything under four star is not even worth my time, and this here looks to be more around two, so... that would be a NO!

Whew! He was just testing me. He had to be. Driving a 750i, I know he can afford a better room than that. After minutes of going back and forth, he caves in and we end up at the Wingate. Now this is more like it.

It takes him a while to come back to the car. I was just about to start getting nervous. I've been playing this over in my head for some time, and I'm not about to let anything mess it up. A few minutes later I'm standing in room 104.

I'm starting to feel really comfortable, as if this is our own private suite. I sit on the king bed, look around and take it all in. First, he adjusts the temperature, and then turns on the tv. Thank you, I didn't want to say anything but it's like super cold in here. He takes off his shirt, puts it on the back of the chair, and after that, he plops across the bed. He lets on he wants me to lie across the bed with him, and without giving it a second thought, I do. Moments pass, and next thing I know he's rubbing my thighs. I don't stop him. It really feels good. My heart begins to beat a bit faster, but I don't worry. This is why I'm here, right? I lean over to kiss him; he returns the gesture. Umm a little wet, but it's okay. Quinn says, the wetter the lips, the better the kiss, and yes, he does have Big Red breath! I'm so tripping, because he asks if I want a piece. That would be a no. Before I know it, I'm touching his penis, that's now hard as a rock. I think to myself, oh my goodness. A cold feeling goes through me. He says, "Oh, that ain't nothing."

I take a deep breath, because I get a flashback about the dude Quinn told me about, that was soooo big even she wanted to cry, but I don't flinch.

"May I see it?" I ask.

Did I just say that?

Immediately he gets up, unbuttons his pants, mmm, mmm, mmm, Calvin Klein boxers. He looks good in just underwear. The more he undresses, it's sinking in, this is really about to happen. He pulls me up from the bed, pulls me closer to him. We kiss even harder. By this time, I'm beginning to feel something I've never felt before. Sorta feels as though my "private area" as momma calls it, is throbbing; a lot, a whole lot. Quinn didn't say anything about this, but anyway, I like it, and I'm still doing this. He reaches around to take off my bra; he slowly looks me up and down, like he just hit the mega million jackpot. He kisses my breast! Now there's a wet feeling in my panties. I do remember Quinn talking about this, she says, when this happens, it's a good thing, because it will be a lot easier once he goes inside. It's not supposed to hurt that bad, she says.

"You ready?" he asks.

Breathing hard I say, "Yes."

Just as we pull back the sheets, a memory of the last time I was in a hotel crosses my mind. Ironically, it was with my mother, she was in one bed and I was in the other, the feeling wasn't quite like this though. My heart is pounding.

After several rounds of the touchy kissy, I look him directly in his eyes, and for some reason they seem distant. It's like I can see straight through him, and for a moment there is a weird feeling, like I'm the only one into what's about to go down. Holding himself above me, he pushes my leg apart to make more room, and then he takes the other leg and does the same thing. Placing his weight on top of me, he begins to kiss me on my neck so hard that I am sure it will leave a mark the size of a plum. I can feel his hardness pressing up against me, ooh he smells so good, he begins to moan saying, "Damn you taste good." I melt. Then all of a sudden, I get an overwhelming feeling that this is not how I wanted this to be. Before I know it I am no longer moist, I'm as dry as the Grand Canyon.

"Please stop." I say.

"Stop!" "What?!"

He's getting so upset. This is not the same person from earlier.

He continues, "Oh hell no, you 'bout to give this up. You got me out here like this, and

all you can say is stop! Oh, you 'bout to come correct. Girl you must be crazy!”

It’s not long that tears begin to swell in my eyes, and he’s still propped above me waiting for me to get myself together, just so we can finish what we’ve started.

“Drew, this is not how I want to do this.”

Angrily he says, “Well how do you want to do it then? Right now you have two choices, slow or fast, you make the decision.”

“Before we go any further, can I ask you a question?”

He looks at me with pure disgust. “What is it?”

“Do you love me?”

He pauses, and looks at me like I’m crazy for real, but to my surprise he answers, “Yeah I do, so now what?”

The more he’s on top of me, the harder I cry. I continue to ask him to get up. He doesn’t move. I look over towards the mirror, and I get a glimpse of my naked body under this man, and I don’t like what I see.

He keeps pushing. “Look, Ima ask you one more time. What’s up? You gon’ do this or what? I told you don’t come with no lil’ girl games. You said you was ready, but now you want to bag out like some lil’ girl in middle school.”

Right here I realize that lying doesn’t always work in your favor. In hopes that this will make him move, I blurt out, “I’m in middle school.”

“What! You—”

Pleading I say, “I thought you knew that by now, you said you knew everything about me, you said you really cared, and that you loved me.”

“Chick, I was going by your profile. It said you was born in 1994. Man, how old are you for real?”

Still crying, I say, “I’m thirteen, about to turn fourteen.”

“Thirteen!! Girl you 'bout to get me put in jail! Get up, get yo shit.”

I’ve never seen him this angry. While he is putting his underwear on, I notice, he wasn’t wearing a condom.

I ask, “Were you going to have sex with me without a condom?”

The look in his eyes is so frightening, he responds, “What you think, if you was a real woman that wouldn’t even matter to you. I don’t have to cover myself to prove a point. I don’t even like rubbers.”

I remember what daddy said, “If he doesn’t respect himself, he won’t respect you.”

He grabs his keys to the car, looks over at me, and says, “You better call your girl to come get you. You ain’t worth me taking you nowhere.”

No he didn’t. I know he’s not going to leave me here like this? I was wrong. He did! But not before letting me know he wanted his money back for the room. I can’t stop crying. I get my things together. I feel horrible.

So what am I to do now? My mother would go straight Brooklyn if she knew I was even here, my only choice is to call Quinn. But wait, where is my cell phone?