

DUMPER DIARY 2

'TILL I CAME AND GOTCHU'



THE BLOOD STILL WARM

Chapter 1: Blicky's POV

Pain didn't scare me. I'd been shot, cut, and beaten half to death before. Pain was an old friend, and in some sick way, it reminded me I was still here. Still breathing. Still dangerous. What scared me wasn't the pain. It was the peace I'd promised myself I'd keep. The promise I made to God, to Kelly, to myself—that I'd never turn into that man again. Yet here I was. Tubes in my arm, stitches holding my body together, Kelly clutching my hand like her prayers could keep me alive. She didn't know the truth. I wasn't praying for life. I was praying for vengeance.

I could hear her whispering, her voice trembling: "Blick, don't leave me. Please... don't." Her words cut deeper than the bullets. She thought I was fighting to stay for myself. I wasn't. I was fighting to stay for her, because I knew what was coming. And when I got out of this bed, the city was going to remember my name.

I closed my eyes, and the past came crawling back. L.A. streets. Gun smoke thick in the air. I was twelve years old the first time I watched a man get his face peeled back for talking slick. Fifteen when I had my first pistol in my palm, nerves jumping until I pulled that trigger and realized nerves don't matter once the other man stops moving. By eighteen, I was a ghost. By twenty-one, I was the boogeyman your big homies warned you about. They called me Blicky because my hands were steady and my aim was scripture.

I retired young. I buried that version of me before Kelly ever came around. But tonight? Tonight, they dug him back up.

Kelly pressed her forehead against my arm. I felt her tears wetting my skin, and for a second I wanted to be the man she believed in—her protector, her peace. But peace doesn't live here anymore. I whispered inside my head, not to her but to the Father I kept disappointing: Forgive me for what I'm about to do. Forgive me for the nightmares I'm about to bring back to these streets.

They thought the shooting at the bar was chaos? That was just the opening act. My fingers twitched, weak now, but they wouldn't be for long. I pictured the faces of the men who came for me, for us. I saw their kids. I saw their mothers. I saw everything they loved. And I made a list. Because when Blicky comes back, he doesn't just kill you. He erases your bloodline.

Kelly didn't know it yet, but she wasn't going to stay the same after this either. She loved me too much. And if you love me, you have to walk through fire with me. I knew her. She was stronger than she thought. The crash, the betrayal, the music flop—all that was training ground. She just didn't see it yet. But soon? She would. Soon, Kelly Parker was going to be more than my girl. She was going to be my shadow. My equal. My Bonnie. And me? I'd be her Clyde.

Chapter 2: The New Language

Kelisha Parker

The hospital clock lied. Days bled into nights like somebody spilled coffee and didn't bother wiping. I stopped trusting calendars in that place. Time was whatever the machines decided it was.

Blicky slept more than he spoke those first days. When he was awake, he watched the room like it was a chessboard and every nurse a pawn. He kept his mouth shut and his eyes working. Quiet. Precise. That's when I noticed the plotting—not because he told me, but because he never stopped moving even when his body said rest.

I sat in the corner chair and watched him study people. He catalogued with glances, little ticks—a name, a face, a gait—then put them on invisible shelves in his head. Once, I caught him with a notebook under the pillow, scribbling in some code I couldn't read. He lied like breathing.

At first, I wanted to scream, to pull the sheets off and smack the life out of him until he promised me peace again. But the anger tasted sour and weak next to the way my chest would tighten when he smiled like nothing happened—like the apocalypse was a private joke and me being there was the punchline.

“Kelly,” he said one night, his voice thin from pain meds but steady as a metronome.

“I’m just watching you survive,” I said, my throat dry.

“Same thing,” he said. “Different lens.”

He’d limp through little lessons. He asked me about names—who I trusted, who came to the house last week, who Mei hung out with right before she left. I answered because I had to. I wanted to know why the questions mattered, but I kept my mouth shut when the answers slid across his face like change.

One afternoon, the doctor said he could go home with a walker and some stitches. The doctor’s clipboard had no idea what it was signing. Medicine measures bone time. Revenge measures market time. The two are not the same.

When we rolled him out of that sterile room, the sun outside hit my face and I felt like someone had peeled a veil off my eyes. The city looked the same—cars, people, lights—but everything in me rang different. I watched Blicky as he walked down the hallway, each step a silent edit. Hospital gowns couldn’t mask the way he had always worn menace like a custom suit.

Back at my place—which used to feel like a victory I’d bought and not earned—the house smelled different. Money and weed and the new kind of quiet that comes when the music stops and people start paying attention. I sat on the couch and watched him sit in my studio chair like he owned the room twice over: once in muscle memory,

once in fear memory. He moved around my speakers, touched the boards like they were instruments to be tuned for something darker than a beat.

I watched him and felt a pull in my ribs that wasn't just love. It was hunger. For power. For control. For the warm, dangerous something I'd seen in his eyes the night of the shooting—the man who could make you disappear and make the city whisper his name.

Every lesson landed like a seed. At first, the seeds sprouted guilt. I'd hide in the shower and think about Mei stealing my money and leaving me like a joke. I'd think about my family in that wrecked car, about the sound of metal when everything broke, and I'd picture the men who shot at Blicky and feel a cold breeze that started low in my belly. I hated myself a little for the satisfaction I felt picturing them paying. Hate and want had started sharing the same bed in me.

Then the sick part: I liked the way people lit up when I walked with him. Heads turned. Men lowered their voices. Women smiled the way a warning sounds when it's pretty. I tasted something there, a new kind of clean. I liked being feared for him, but I liked even more when fear started to look at me like respect should. Every time I covered for him, I felt the rope tighten around me in a way that was both terrifying and intoxicating.

Blicky watched me do all that. He watched like a sculptor examining a piece coming to life. He didn't push me into anything I wasn't willing to try. He nudged. He tested. He let me taste the heat and decide if I wanted to burn. When I burned a little—a secret text deleted, a camera blinked off—he nodded like a man approving the first cut on wood.

“Good,” he said once, and it felt like a promotion.

By the time his stitches had faded and the walker was a memory, something had changed in my reflection. I kept catching glimpses of a woman whose eyes had sharpened, whose laugh had learned how to hide teeth.

Chapter 2.5: The Music Flop

Flashback Entry — June 12th, 2025

Kelly Parker

The music industry's a graveyard. I know that now. Mei, my best friend, she used to tell me it was all about the hustle. We came up together, two kids from the Westside with nothing but a dream and a beat machine. My family was... gone. The car crash took them all—my mom, my dad, my little sister. It was a drunk driver, a rich kid who got off with a slap on the wrist. I'd put all that pain, all that fury, into my rhymes.

Mei was the one who kept me grounded. She was my business partner, my manager, my sister. After the crash, she was all I had left. The music was my way of coping, my way of making sense of the senseless. I called myself Kelly P back then. My rhymes were raw, unfiltered, full of the kind of rage that could burn a city down. Mei kept telling me to find my peace. She'd say, "Kel, you can't get your family back, but you can build a new one. Don't let the hate consume you."

We were so close to a major deal. A big-name label was interested. We had a meeting set up, a showcase. We needed to get there with enough of a buzz to land it. The label execs were looking for the next big thing, and my sound—that mix of conscious rap and raw, unfiltered anger—was it. Mei put all her savings in, I put everything I had. It was for promotion, for studio time, for everything we needed to get that deal.

Mei handled the money. She was the smart one, the organized one. She promised me she'd get the cash to the right people, the promoters, the radio stations. We just needed a few weeks of heavy promotion to get the streams up, to get the buzz where it needed to be.

The money was gone. And Mei... she was gone too. She didn't answer my calls, my texts. Nothing. I was left with a failed career, and a betrayal that felt like a bullet to the heart.

I remember sitting in my studio, surrounded by equipment and feeling the music inside me die. The rage from the car crash, from the years of trying to make it, all of it just turned into a bitter, cold emptiness. I didn't know how to be a rapper anymore. I didn't know how to be anything. I was just a girl who had lost everything twice. He found me at a low point, broken, lost. I was a ghost haunting my own life. He saw the pain, the anger, and he didn't try to heal me. He just sat with me. He listened to my old songs, the ones filled with fury, and he said, "You always had it in you, Kel. The fire. The rage. You just didn't know how to use it."

He was my protector. My peace. The man who made me believe in something again. But now? Now the fire I thought had died was being stoked, and the rage I thought I had buried was coming back to life.

And this time, it was different. This time, I had a teacher.

Chapter 3: The First Lesson

The streets smelled like gasoline, dust, and broken promises when Blicky pulled up in his black truck. His chest was stitched up, but the way he moved, like he owned the night, made me shiver. He didn't speak—didn't need to. The way he looked at me, eyes burning under the streetlights, said more than words ever could.

We rolled into a warehouse in Inglewood. Rusted gates, a flickering neon sign. Inside smelled like money, sweat, and something darker. Three men sat at a long metal table, bricks stacked in front of them.

Blicky stepped out, calm, slow. One hand on the bag, the other tapping his diamond ring. "You boys talk too much," he said. His voice was smooth and dangerous. "I'm giving you something free tonight. Kilos. I want information. Names. Moves. Who set up the bar?"

The tallest one leaned forward, eyes darting between Blicky and the bag. "We don't know nothing—just movin' product, man. You know how it is."

Blicky smirked, tilting his head. “I know how fear talks. I know how loyalty whispers. You’re gonna tell me, or this stays yours forever.” He set the bag down. The bricks gleamed under the flickering lights. I felt my stomach flip. Part of me wanted to run. Part of me... wanted him. The danger, the control—it hit me like a rush I couldn’t fight.

The shortest one swallowed hard. “Okay... okay. Look, the kid that hit the bar? He’s been talking to his cousin, some street shit in South Gate. Family’s tight. That’s all we know.”

Blicky’s grin widened, his teeth catching the light. “Family, huh? I like family. Makes it easier.” He leaned back, his hand running through my hair, tilting my chin to look at him. “You like this, don’t lie. The thrill, the risk... you can feel it, can’t you?”

I swallowed. Yeah. I could. My heart raced, blood burned, fear and something else—something darker, hotter—curled in my stomach. Blicky chuckled low, his hand moving to smother my chest gently under the hoodie, just enough to tease, just enough to remind me who was in control. “Shh... calm, baby girl. Watch and learn. This is my world. You’re learning to play in it.”

Then he moved. Quiet, precise. Gloves on, pulling masks from the dash. We drove through back alleys, shadows swallowing us. Blicky’s eyes scanned every corner, every window, every loose door. Every detail mattered: car tags, movement, the way lights flickered in empty apartments. I wanted to speak, wanted to ask questions, but I didn’t. I just watched him, memorizing every movement. The city bent for him. It always did.

By the time we reached the cousin’s house, Blicky’s calm was frightening. He whispered, “Observe, learn. Danger is an art.” Inside, the cousin walked past, unaware. Blicky’s hand glided to his gun, a silencer pressed to perfection. One shot. Quiet. Clean. The cousin dropped like he weighed nothing.

I felt something stir inside me—fear, lust, adrenaline, excitement. My hands shook, but my pulse screamed.

Blicky turned to me, his eyes hard, his smirk soft. “See that? You’re gonna get used to it. And you’re gonna love it.”

Back at the truck, he pulled out his phone, scrolling fast. Names, addresses, numbers, notes. He tapped a contact, whispered into it, “I want eyes on the shooters’ moms and sisters. Don’t miss a thing.” He hung up, and I felt the weight of his reach. Every corner of the city seemed like his.

We drove past alleys he remembered from childhood, stopping briefly to talk to smaller players, handing out a few bricks of product for loyalty, smiles exchanged but tense. Blicky made them sweat, made them want his approval. One kid tried to play smart; Blicky leaned close, his voice silk over steel: “Play me, you’re gonna disappear. Simple.”

He paused at one corner, leaning against the hood. Two new buyers approached, whispering in coded slang. Blicky’s eyes never left me. “You’re gonna watch how this chess move works?” he said, his lips brushing my ear. My breath hitched. The energy, the control, the danger—it made me feel alive in ways I hadn’t admitted yet. The buyers explained supply chains, tips, and intel. Blicky nodded, calculated, and handed them a bag each as a reward. “Loyalty costs nothing. Disloyalty costs everything,” he said, his tone soft but deadly. They nodded, gratitude and fear tangled in their expressions.

I pressed close to him, my heart pounding, my chest tight. His fingers slid under my hoodie again, teasing, smothering. He leaned close, whispering, “Every thrill, every move, you’re gonna love it. Me, the game, the chaos—it’s yours too if you’re ready.”

By the time we reached the last stop—a small-time dealer with intel on the shooters’ neighborhood—Blicky already ran the conversation like a king. He tilted his head, cracked a smile, then held out a hand for the man’s phone. “I want everything. Who talks, when, what. Don’t leave a trace, don’t lie. You feel me?” The dealer stammered, spilling every detail. Blicky nodded once, sharp, satisfied, then handed the man a brick with a calm smirk. Power exchanged like currency. I felt it thrum through me, my pulse racing, a burning wetness.

When we finally got home, my body trembled, my head spinning, my heart pounding. I wanted to collapse into him, feel safe, feel danger, feel... everything.

And then I walked in. Mei. Sitting like she owned my couch. Calm. Smiling. Dangerous.

“Miss me, Kel?”

Chapter 4: That Stupid Bitch

I walked in, and there she was. Mei, perched on my couch like she owned the place, smiling like everything was fine. My chest tightened, my blood boiling. I didn’t even pause—my fists were already up, ready to throw down.

The old me would’ve screamed, yelled, maybe cowered first. This new me? This me had seen what Blicky did, survived with him, learned to move, to fight, to take control. I was ready to hit her on sight. Every muscle in me tensed, my heart hammering. I could feel the heat in my veins, adrenaline mixing with something darker—something sharp and alive, a current of power that made my skin tingle.

“You got some nerve showing up here!” I snapped, stepping toward her, my voice tight, cutting the air.

Blicky’s hand shot out and grabbed my wrist before I could swing. Calm. Strong. Grounding.

“I told her to come,” he said, his tone smooth, unshakable, the kind of calm that makes the room itself quiet down.

I froze. My eyes darted to him, betrayal flashing across my face.

“You told her to come? Blicky... you let her—”

“I did,” he interrupted, his voice firm but not loud. “And it’s not what you think. Just hear her out.”

Mei shifted, her hands up like she was surrendering, her knees slightly drawn in. Her eyes darted to mine, nervous but honest, shimmering with a vulnerability that made my stomach knot.

“Kel... I didn’t run off. I didn’t take your money for me.”

I stared at her, my chest heaving. Every instinct in me wanted to strike, but my fists hung midair. My eyes, though, stayed locked on her, scanning, judging every twitch, every hesitation, every micro-expression.

“Then why the hell did it look like you did? You disappeared, Mei. No texts, no calls—no signs at all.”

“They threatened me,” Mei blurted, her voice cracking with fear and urgency. “Some guys—when I went to find promoters for your song, after the label deal flopped and they had me broke—they said they’d kill me if I didn’t hand it over. I took it to keep myself alive, thinking I could get it back before you found out. I wanted to surprise you with the promotion, Kel. Radio play, everything. But they robbed me, took the cash, left me stranded. I didn’t want you thinking I ran.”

I felt the anger twist, curl into confusion, a bitter knot of adrenaline and worry. Blicky’s hand stayed firm on my arm, grounding me. His presence was a wall between me and chaos.

“It’s true,” he said. “I checked her story. Same guys who shot at me in the bar. I verified every piece. We’re three moves ahead now.”

“Three moves?” I asked, my voice sharp, a pulse of tension threading through every word. “Explain that.”

Blicky’s smirk was faint but confident, the kind that promised danger and mastery all at once.

“You think chaos is random? Nah. These streets, these people, they follow patterns. I moved keys, I watched, I listened. Every threat has a trail. Mei didn’t just stumble into danger—she was baited. I followed. I mapped. I made sure she was alive to tell the story.”

I blinked, rage and relief warring inside me.

“So she wasn’t lying... and I wasn’t imagining it?”

“No,” Mei said, her voice shaking, a tremor of fear undercut by something stronger—a spark of defiance. “I was scared. I wanted to survive. I tried to protect you, Kel. I didn’t want you running blind after me.” She swallowed, her eyes flicking toward Blicky, a mixture of fear, hope, and trust. “And I didn’t know if you’d even trust me again.”

I glanced at him, studying his expression. Calm, controlled, dangerous—the way he always was, like a predator calculating the room.

“And you let her come here knowing all this?”

“Had to,” he said firmly. “Needed her story verified. Needed her alive. Couldn’t risk anything else. We move smart. Always.”

I took a deep breath, letting tension slip slowly, letting the adrenaline morph into focus. “So... all this time, the money, the threats, the chase—it wasn’t just about me? It’s bigger?”

“Much bigger,” Blicky said. “And we’re in it now. Every piece, every move matters. Every wrong step costs blood.”

I exhaled, feeling the room hum with tension, every shadow seeming sharper, every breath heavier. Mei looked at me, her eyes pleading, vulnerability and loyalty etched across her face.

“Kel... I never wanted to hurt you. I thought I was helping. I swear.”

“You didn’t think straight,” I said firmly, my voice steady, power simmering under my skin. “But now we all know. We move smart. Together. No mistakes.”

Blicky’s hand found mine, gripping, warmth and strength grounding me. “Exactly. Together. Every piece, every player, every move—we control it. Kel... you’re my shadow now. My equal. My Bonnie.”

I nodded slowly. The anger melted into adrenaline, fear, and something darker. Lust. Desire. Power. I felt it coil inside me, awareness hitting me like a punch. I'd changed. And this was only the beginning.

Blicky's gaze swept the room, assessing, calculating. "One chance to clean this mess up. Everyone has to be sharp. Mei, tell us exactly what you saw, heard, who followed you—step by step. Every detail matters. Nothing too small."

Mei nodded, fear lending clarity to her words, her voice gaining strength. "I went to three promoters. Two ignored me, walked away. One guy... he followed me out. I noticed the car at every turn, same plates, same guys inside. They tracked the money, making sure I couldn't recover it. I had to move carefully, hide, double back... It felt like the city itself was against me."

I leaned back, rubbing my jaw, feeling the tension in the room press in like static electricity.

"And the cash?" Blicky's smirk deepened, a slow curl that made my pulse spike.

"Gone for now. But it's a tool. They think they won. Wrong. This is just the opening."

The tension pulsed. Danger, fire, lust, adrenaline. One thing was certain: I wasn't afraid anymore. Not of them. Not of anything. Not even the darkness inside me.

Chapter 5: Morning Fire

The morning sun was barely peeking through the blinds when I heard Mei's laugh outside the door. She had stayed the night after our tense reconciliation, and now she was heading to her car. I opened the door and stepped onto the porch, feeling the crisp air bite at my skin.

"Drive safe," I said softly, walking her to her car.

"I... love you."

She smiled, leaning in for a hug. "Love you too, Kel. Thanks for trusting me again."

I let go, my hand lingering on hers. "Be careful. Seriously."

She nodded, just as she reached for the car door.

Then everything split—the quiet, the morning, my heart—into a deafening, jagged scream.

Shots. Automatic. Precise. Bullets ripped through the calm, through the air, through everything I thought I knew about safety. The glass shattered around us. Mei screamed.

"MEI!" I yelled, lunging toward her, my heart hammering like a drum of panic. Her body jolted violently as bullets tore into her. A bullet grazed the side of her head, leaving a bloody trail. Another hit her shoulder, making her arm go limp. The final shots hit her in the chest and side, sending her stumbling.

I grabbed her, dragging her down behind the car. The metallic tang of blood mixed with gunpowder, an acrid stench I couldn't ignore. My hands were sticky, red, shaking.

Blicky was already at the door, eyes wide, unblinking, scanning, calculating.

“Stay down!” he barked, his voice ice-cold, cutting through the chaos.

I shook, panic clawing at my chest, but my instincts froze me in place—helpless, terrified, yet alert.

Then he moved. Lightning-fast. A shadow. A predator. Every step, every motion precise, honed from years in a world most people never saw. The shooters didn’t see him coming. Gunfire met the hiss of his suppressed rifle. One by one, they went down. A shoulder. A thigh. Blicky’s fury was meticulous, surgical—punishment measured with terrifying precision. Every movement was a lesson in fear, every moment a pulse in the game of survival.

I stayed low with Mei, pressing cloths to her wounds, trying to keep her conscious.

“Kel... he’s... he’s going to get them,” she whispered, her voice weak, barely holding on.

“Stay with me!” I yelled, panic gnawing at me, adrenaline surging through every vein.

Blicky circled, methodical, unrelenting, leaving nothing to chance. I could hear the chaos—gunfire, screams, the thuds of bodies—and feel it in my chest like a drumbeat of power.

Then, silence. Only Mei’s labored breaths and the pounding of my heart filled the morning.

Blicky returned, wiping blood off his rifle, his expression calm but unreadable.

“She’s stable... barely,” he said, kneeling beside us. “We need to move. Now.”

I grabbed Mei tighter, pressing cloths to her wounds as she coughed weakly, the warm blood soaking my hands.

“You’re okay... you’re okay,” I whispered, though my fear refused to quiet.

Blicky’s hand rested briefly on my shoulder. Grounding. Reassuring.

“I got them. Nobody plays with me. Nobody. But we move fast or we lose her.”

I nodded, letting my fear and rage simmer, turning into something sharp and focused. Blicky's wrath had made a statement—they should have never played with us.

I had no heart for those who tried to take us out. I will get my get-back. That's on my momma.

Chapter 5 Part 2 : The Aftermath

Entry — August 4th, 2025

Kelly Parker

The hospital was a different kind of hell this time. Mei, hooked up to a tangle of tubes, her body stitched and bandaged. Blicky, a silent guard at the door, watching everyone who came near. We hadn't slept. The air was thick with the smell of antiseptic and unspoken promises.

I sat by her bed, her hand limp in mine. I couldn't stop looking at her. The bandages on her head, the cast on her arm, the way the machines beeped in a steady, monotonous rhythm. Every beep was a reminder that she was alive, but every bandage was a reminder of what had happened. My best friend. My sister. Almost gone.

A deep, cold well of hate was growing inside me. It wasn't a hot, blinding rage like before. It was a cold, quiet, focused hatred. The kind of hatred that doesn't burn out. The kind of hatred that waits.

Blicky knew. He didn't say anything. He just watched me, his eyes dark with a similar kind of fury. We were two different people, but we were two mirrors, reflecting the same dark truth. We were built for this. We were made for vengeance.

He'd talk on the phone, his voice a low, commanding rumble. He'd get updates on the shooters, on their families. The police were no help. They were looking for a street fight, a turf war. They didn't see the meticulous plan behind the chaos. They didn't understand the game.

I'd just sit and listen. And watch. I watched how he moved, how he talked. I learned to read the silence, the subtle shifts in his posture that told me everything I needed to know. The way his jaw would tighten when he heard a name. The way his eyes would go cold and calculating when he talked about a location.

He'd bring me food, a coffee, a blanket. He'd sit with me in the small chair, and we'd just be. A silent pact of two people who had nothing left but each other and a city that owed them blood.

One night, I asked him about the list. "You said you made a list," I whispered, my voice hoarse from lack of use.

He looked at me, his eyes dark. "I did. Every person involved. Every family member. Every connection."

"What are we going to do?"

He didn't answer. He just pulled out a notebook, a small black one with a worn leather cover. He flipped to a page with a series of names and addresses. He circled one of them. The name was in a neat, careful script. "This one... he's next. He was at the bar, but he wasn't a shooter. He was the one who pointed me out."

I looked at the name, and something in me hardened. It wasn't just a name on a page. It was a person. A person who had taken so much from me, from us.

I felt a cold, exhilarating rush. The hatred had found a target. It had a name. It had a face.

And I wasn't afraid anymore.

Chapter 5 Part 3 : The Cold War

Blicky's POV

The city was a snake shedding its skin. Every news report, every hushed conversation on a corner, every siren wailing in the distance was part of the metamorphosis. After the fire, a cold war began. I was moving slow, but with purpose. The peaceful man I tried to be was a ghost I couldn't exorcise, but I made sure he couldn't get in my way. He was a memory of a different life, one I no longer had the luxury of living.

I'd catch glimpses of him in the mirror—in the way my jaw would soften for a second before hardening, in the brief flicker of regret in my eyes before I looked away. He was still there, but he was losing the war. He was a weakness I couldn't afford. The men I was hunting, the men who came for us, they didn't operate on peace or forgiveness. They operated on blood and fear. And I had to speak their language.

Mei was the reason I had to go harder. She was a living testament to their violence. Every beep of the machine that kept her alive was a tick of a clock, reminding me I couldn't afford to be soft. They had taken so much from Kelly, and they had just tried to take the last thing she had left. I wouldn't allow that. I had to show them there were consequences for their actions. I had to prove that the blood on their hands was just a down payment on what was to come.

I spent the days in my lair, a secure, soundproof room I'd had built long ago. It was a ghost from my old life, a sanctuary I had never thought I'd need again. It was here that I studied them. Javier, Lenny, Rico. They weren't just names on a list; they were a web of power, manipulation, and old grudges. I remembered Javier from my past in the Midwest—a man who ran his empire with his daughter as a shield, a man who saw no difference between a business deal and a murder. His overconfidence was his blind spot. Lenny, the politician, was a master of appearances. He was a chameleon, changing colors to hide his true nature. Rico was a new player, a young gun with a big mouth and an even bigger ego. He was hungry, and he was careless.

The bar shooting? That was Rico's arrogance. He had been a low-level dealer for Javier, but he wanted more. He thought he could make a name for himself by taking out a legend. He had used Lenny's intel to find me, and his own greed to justify the attack. They had underestimated me. They had woken up a ghost.

And now, the ghost was back. And he was hunting.

Chapter 6: The Streets Teach

Diary Entry: August 6th, 2025 – 6:45 AM | Calabasas, CA

The day started with Blicky teaching me how to shoot. I wasn't just handed a gun and expected to be perfect—he drilled me on stance, grip, sight alignment, breathing, recoil control. "Kel," he said, his voice low, eyes sharp, "precision first. Everything else comes after. You want control, you earn it."

I nodded, gripping the weapon, feeling the cold steel against my skin. The first few rounds hit the paper, then the steel targets. Every shot I fired, he corrected, nudged, taught. I could feel myself adapting, my instinct sharpening. By the time we left the shooting range, I could sense the difference: I was no longer random. I could move like him—calculating, patient, lethal.

The streets were waking up as we moved toward the next set of targets. Blicky's eyes were sharp, scanning corners, watching alleys. I felt a pulse of excitement coil in my chest. Today, I wasn't just shadowing him—I was acting, thinking, deciding.

"Kel," Blicky said low, "eyes on your exits, always. You move first only if the window opens. Control it."

I nodded, gripping my gun, feeling the cold metal steady my pulse. We crouched behind a dumpster, watching a man step out of a car—one of the shooters' brothers. Blicky raised his rifle but froze for a second, distracted. That was my opening.

I shifted forward, my body low, my finger steady. The first shot hit clean, a headshot. The sound was muffled, but the impact—wet, heavy—thrummed in my chest. I didn't hesitate. I stepped closer, a second shot, a double tap. Blood splattered across the concrete, dark and hot. I felt it on my gloves, smelled it, tasted it in the adrenaline. For a split second, a shard of pure terror pierced me, a quick, chilling gasp of what I had just done. But then Blicky's eyes flicked at me—brief, approving, sharp—and the feeling was replaced with a cold, solid sense of power.

“Good,” he said quietly. “Precision. Control. Don't get sloppy.”

I smirked, letting the thrill surge. “I see the gaps like you do,” I whispered, almost to myself. “I feel the rhythm.”

We moved again, shadows melting into the streets. Each house, each corner, each family member became a test, a puzzle. Blicky guided me—teaching angles, stances, and patience. But the moment the target exposed a vulnerability, I acted. Close range. Up close. Headshots, double taps. The warmth of blood, the adrenaline, the chaos controlled in my hands.

One shooter's cousin bolted across the street, panic in his eyes. Blicky raised his rifle, but I stepped in, smooth, measured. I pressed the sights, my breath steady. Head. Double tap. He crumpled, his body twitching. I felt alive, dangerous, untouchable. Blicky leaned close, his voice silk over steel. “You're fast, Kel. Watching, calculating, acting. That's instinct, honed over time. You got it now.”

“I learned from the master,” I said, my eyes gleaming. “I've been taking notes. I see everything you see.”

The adrenaline surged again. We moved toward a small apartment where another target's sister was exiting. Blicky's rifle stayed raised, but I noticed his misstep—slight, distracted. An opportunity. I stepped forward, pressed the sights, and fired.

The headshot echoed, wet and heavy. I stepped closer—a double tap. She crumpled to the pavement, lifeless, and the thrill hit me full force.

“Hot damn,” Blicky muttered, impressed. “Kel, that was... clinical.”

I smirked. “I’m learning from the best.”

As we continued, I could feel the city bending around us. Every shadow, every movement, every flicker of light was part of the game. We were methodical. Precise. Ruthless.

Between targets, Blicky gave updates from his phone—hospital updates on Mei pinging in every few minutes. She was still critical, recovering from multiple surgeries. Her head wound was stabilized, her chest still bruised and sore from bullet trauma, body shots repaired. Blood loss was massive—multiple transfusions—but doctors were cautiously optimistic. I swallowed hard, feeling the weight of her survival pressing on me. Every kill we made, every target eliminated, was for her. Every move sharpened by fear, adrenaline, and love.

Another target appeared, stepping out of a car in a quiet cul-de-sac. Blicky hesitated, distracted by something in his phone. I saw it—the opening. I stepped forward. Close range. Headshot. Blood blossomed across his hoodie. I stepped in. Double tap. Warmth coating my gloves. I breathed it in—the smell of gunpowder, fear, life ending. Blicky glanced at me, his eyes wide for a moment, then a faint grin. “That’s my girl. You move like a shadow, like a ghost. You act when I hesitate. That’s instinct. That’s control.”

I felt a thrill coil in my stomach, a rush of power and lust for the chaos. “I’ve been waiting for this,” I admitted quietly. “To finally move. To finally strike. To finally... feel it.”

He nodded, approving, dangerous. “Good. But remember—precision first. Thrill second. Control always.”

We moved into the alley behind the last house for the day. Another shooter’s cousin exited, trying to make a phone call. Blicky raised his rifle, paused. I stepped in,

moving silently. Close. Precise. Headshot, double tap. The body went limp. My pulse roared, blood pumping through me. I looked at Blicky. He didn't speak. He didn't need to. He just watched, evaluating, impressed.

Every kill had been calculated, every shot deliberate, every double tap ritualized. I could feel the power, the thrill, the life-and-death control running through my veins. Fear had disappeared. Hesitation dissolved. What remained was precision, adrenaline, and a hunger I hadn't known existed. And Blicky? My shadow. My teacher. My mirror. And maybe, in some dark way... my equal.

By the time we returned to the truck, the city seemed smaller, quieter, subdued. Targets eliminated. Streets ours. And Mei... alive, just barely, her life hanging in the balance. ICU. Surgeries. Bullet holes. Blood loss. Recovery uncertain. Every step we'd taken, every kill I'd made, had been for her, and I felt the weight of that responsibility coiling with the thrill in my chest.

I wiped my gloves, blood warming my skin, my heart racing. Sitting in the truck, Blicky looked at me, letting the silence settle.

"You feel it, huh?" he asked softly.

I nodded, my voice low. "Yeah. I feel it. The control... the power... the thrill. I'm ready for more."

He smirked, dark and approving. "Good. Because this... this is just the beginning. You and me, Kel. Shadow and master. We move together now."

I leaned back, letting the adrenaline fade into a burning awareness. Mei's life, the city, the chaos... everything was a chessboard. And now, I was playing.

Chapter 7: Forged in Fire

The drive back was quiet, the city stretching past us in muted sunlight. Every shadow, every alley, every street corner we'd passed still pulsed in my mind. I could feel the weight of blood, gunpowder, and adrenaline still clinging to my skin, sticky and warm. Blicky's hands were steady on the wheel, his jaw tight, eyes scanning the road, but I could feel him relaxing just slightly.

I glanced down at my gloves, still red-streaked, the smell of blood mixing with the leather interior. "We... we did it," I whispered, my voice husky. "All of them... the families... gone."

Blicky didn't say anything, just let a slow exhale escape. "You did it, Kel. You moved like I taught you. You adapted. You acted. That was all you."

I swallowed, my chest tight. "I saw the gaps, the way you moved... I just... I just had to take the chance."

He glanced at me, the faintest smirk tugging at his lips. "And you did. I'm proud of you."

I let a shiver pass through me, still riding the rush of the kills, the control, the power. But we both knew the big targets—Javier, Lenny, Rico—were still out there. Today had been a taste, a lesson. Their families were just the first moves. The kingpins are next, and the city still had teeth to show us.

Blicky's eyes softened for a second. "Kel... we hit their families first for a reason. Make them bleed, make them scared. But the main players? That's coming. And when we do... you're ready."

I felt a thrill pulse through me, my chest tightening at the thought. The danger, the power, the chaos—it called to me. "I'm ready," I said, my voice firm, almost shaking with excitement. "I can move like you now. I've been watching, learning... I can do it."

He smirked, one corner of his mouth lifting. “Good. You’ll need that. Because when we get to them... there’s no room for mistakes. No hesitation.”

The tension that had been coiled since the first shot began to unravel. My heartbeat slowed, but the heat in my body didn’t. We pulled up to my house. Blicky killed the engine, and silence fell between us, heavy and charged.

“Kel...” he said low, stepping close, his eyes dark, dangerous, burning. “You need to let it out. All of it. The fear, the thrill, the heat... you earned it.”

I felt myself shiver, the rush of the kills, the control, and the intimacy of surviving together crashing into me. I stepped closer, my heart hammering, my pulse roaring. His hand slid to my waist, his fingers warm and grounding, pulling me against him. “I... I’ve been holding back,” he whispered, his lips brushing my temple.

I pressed against him, letting myself melt into the warmth, into the raw, into the release of the tension that had been stretching tight for hours. My hands moved over his chest, memorizing the strength, the control, the presence I’d followed all day.

He caught my lips with his, slow, deliberate, tasting, claiming. My knees buckled slightly, but he held me, strong, steady. The taste of gunpowder, sweat, and adrenaline lingered between us—intoxicating, addictive.

“Been a while,” I breathed against him. “Since... last time.”

He pulled me closer, a low chuckle vibrating through me. “Yeah. But tonight... we fix that. We let it go, all of it. You, me... now.”

The next moments blurred. Clothes peeled away, hands exploring, skin pressed to skin. The tension of fear, adrenaline, and survival melted into raw, unrestrained passion. Every kiss, every touch, every gasp carried the weight of the day’s chaos, the thrill of the kills, and the dangerous bond between us.

I pressed against him, my fingers tangling in his hair, feeling the power and tenderness he gave so freely. His hands roamed, grounding me, guiding me, claiming me. We moved together, syncopated and urgent, each kiss and touch a release of adrenaline, desire, and trust. I felt his presence take over completely, a raw, dominant

force that both broke me down and put me back together. The heat, the power, the release—it was a fire that consumed all the fear and doubt I’d ever known.

Afterwards, we lay tangled, bodies slick with sweat, the sun spilling across the floorboards, warm against our skin. My pulse finally slowed, but the adrenaline still hummed faintly under my skin. He kissed my forehead, his voice soft but low: “You did today what most never could, Kel. And you did it with me. That bond... that’s ours. Unbreakable.”

I nodded, resting my head on his chest, feeling the thrum of his heartbeat beneath my ear. “We’re... unstoppable,” I whispered. “Together.”

He chuckled, pulling me close, whispering against my hair, “Yeah. Together. And this...? This is just the start. The big ones are still out there—Javier, Lenny, Rico. Their families were just the first move. When we take them... it’s going to be different. Blood, fear, chaos. And you? You’re ready for it.”

The world outside was quiet, but inside, everything was raw, alive, and ours. The kills, the chaos, the fire between us—it wasn’t just survival anymore. It was a connection forged in blood, adrenaline, and power. And the real game—the kingpins—was just beginning.

Chapter 8: Till I Came and Gotchu

Entry: August 8th, 2025 – 6:45 AM | Calabasas, CA

I woke still feeling him inside me—a raw force of heat and dominance, the way he had taken me last night. My body throbbed, my skin tingled, my chest was tight with every memory. The way he moved, the way he owned me... it wasn't just sex. It was control, danger, and trust all wrapped into one. I shivered, my hands tracing my stomach, still feeling the aftermath.

Even now, the memory made my pulse spike. Fear and desire, adrenaline and lust—it was all the same rush, the same fire that had kept me alive all these weeks. I could still feel the imprint of his hands, the pressure, the dominance, the calm power that made the world tilt around us.

And yet, even as my body ached with want, my mind sharpened. Every move he made last night wasn't just pleasure—it was teaching, showing me how to let control and precision guide my body. I remembered every glance, every brush of his fingers, every whisper that made my breath hitch.

I got up, moving quietly, my muscles still tight from the morning's stretching, still charged from last night. Blicky was downstairs, already alert, coffee in hand, scanning intel on his phone. He looked up, his eyes dark, a smirk low on his face, knowing exactly what I'd been thinking.

"You're awake early," he said, his voice smooth. "Or just reliving last night?"

I smirked, letting a little heat leak into my tone. "A little of both. But... ready to move."

He chuckled, leaning back, calm and dangerous. "Good. We've got Lenny and Rico's families in play today. Families first, kings later. You've been watching, taking notes... now it's time to put that into motion."

I nodded, letting my pulse steady. I'd seen him handle every threat, every gun, every calculated movement. I had watched, memorized, learned. Now it was time to take what he'd taught me—on the street, on the move, on my own terms if the opportunity came.

We loaded the car, double-checked our weapons, and ran through the plans again. Blicky went over security patterns, exit strategies, and contingencies. "Observation first, patience second, reaction last," he said. "Kel... you trust your instincts. Use them. Don't get ahead of me... unless the moment's right."

I felt that same rush—the dangerous thrill, the anticipation, the hunger. I was ready. Last night's memory had done more than remind me of his dominance—it had sharpened me, made me hungry for control, for precision, for the power that came from taking life when it had to be taken.

The car rolled out silently into the pre-dawn streets, shadows bending to Blicky's movements, the city already awake with danger and opportunity. And I grinned under my hoodie. I completely forgot I was a rapper. I was a queen of these streets, forged in fire.

Chapter 9: The Graduation Assassination

Before I even hit the graduation, Blicky gave me the rundown on Javier. The man wasn't just a player in the streets—he was calculating, ruthless, and cunning. Mid-40s, slicked-back hair, always in crisp suits when he wanted to look untouchable. He ran a network of small-time hustlers, extortion, and underground clubs, all while keeping a clean public face.

His real leverage? Family. He loved his daughter like a trophy, always flaunting her achievements, using her as a shield and bait for anyone who dared step in his territory. Javier's temper was legendary. He had a history with Blicky—back in the Midwest, they'd crossed paths, rivaled each other, and both survived a few near-death

situations. Blicky had studied Javier's moves for months, knew his patterns, his arrogance, his blind spots. That arrogance—that blind pride in his daughter—was what Kelly and Blicky were going to exploit.

The graduation was chaos in slow motion. The sun dipped lower, golden on the bleachers, the crowd buzzing with excitement. Caps flew in the air, moms cried, dads snapped photos. I hugged the shadows, every step silent, every breath calculated. My chest throbbed—not from fear, but anticipation. I felt Blicky's training in my bones, every lesson we'd drilled over the past months: timing, patience, rhythm, patience, movement.

Javier was there, standing tall, his sunglasses reflecting the chaos, scanning the crowd like he owned it. His presence radiated arrogance, that signature overconfidence that made him blind to his own vulnerability. He had no idea that his world was about to collapse in a single heartbeat. I spotted his daughter heading to the stage, her friends flanking her, proud smiles and excitement lighting up her face.

Through the earpiece, Blicky's voice whispered, calm as death: "Kel... remember, rhythm and patience. You're the shadow. Move when he can't anticipate."

I slid forward, crouched, hugged the bleacher edges, and raised my gun. The metallic tang of anticipation filled my senses. Every heartbeat felt like thunder, every breath measured. I focused on the target, not the chaos, not the screaming parents, not the terrified students scattering in every direction.

Two shots—controlled, precise—chaos erupted instantly. The sharp crack of the gun seemed to echo in slow motion. Screams cut through the air as bodies ducked and dove. Her body fell, lifeless, the single heartbeat of her future snuffed out in an instant. I stepped closer for the double-tap, methodical and clinical, just like Blicky had drilled into me. I felt the rush—the mix of adrenaline, power, and control coursing through me. The metallic stench of blood burned in my nose, clinging to my senses. My pulse hammered like a war drum.

I took a moment, crouched low, my eyes scanning the crowd for reaction. Every instinct, every movement, mirrored Blicky's precision. No hesitation. No second-

guessing. Every kill needed to be clean, sharp, and silent in memory, even as the chaos erupted around me.

Blicky's voice returned, firm and calm: "Good. Clean. That's how you move. Lenny's son is next. Eyes sharp, Kel."

I swallowed, feeling my throat dry. My mind flicked to the next target, the next move, the next layer of the plan. Blicky's training had taught me more than shooting—he had taught me strategy, patience, reading patterns, moving like a predator. I wasn't just following him anymore; I was becoming him, shadowing him, learning to anticipate the moves he always made look effortless.

The graduation bleachers swayed with pandemonium. Parents were screaming, some frozen in disbelief, some running with their kids. I crouched behind the stage, my hands steady, my gun hot in my grip. Every flash of movement was a calculation. I noted angles, exit routes, blind spots, patterns. This was more than a kill—it was an orchestration, a symphony of chaos conducted by fear and precision.

As I exhaled, Blicky's voice whispered again, a razor-edge calm: "Next, Lenny's son. Eyes sharp. Rhythm."

I nodded to myself, adrenaline still thrumming, and moved deeper into the shadows, already seeing the world in calculated sequences, every breath, every step, every heartbeat a variable in the deadly equation we were orchestrating together.

Chapter 10: Self Struggle

I moved from the chaos of the bleachers to the quiet of the side streets. The screams still echoed in my ears. I knew what I had just done. A young woman, just like me, her life snuffed out in an instant. I felt the adrenaline, the power, but a sickening twist of nausea coiled in my stomach. The smell of blood and cordite clung to my clothes, a constant reminder. This is what you wanted, a voice in my head whispered. This is the price of power.

I was walking, but it felt like my legs were moving through mud. My mind replayed the moment—the sight of her body hitting the ground, the sound of her friends' screams. I had to focus. Blicky was waiting. I needed to be a shadow, a ghost. But I felt so exposed. I wasn't a killer. Not yet. I was just a girl who had a gun in her hand and a promise in her heart.

I saw a mother holding her daughter close, tears streaming down her face. A pang of pure, unadulterated guilt hit me. Was that the price? It had to be. Vengeance was a blood sport, and the innocent were just collateral damage. Blicky had told me that. I just hadn't believed it until I saw it for myself.

I ducked into an alley, my body trembling. I had to get it together. I had to be strong. But for a moment, I let myself feel it all—the fear, the disgust, the chilling satisfaction. It was a terrifying cocktail, a mix of hate and power. I closed my eyes and whispered a prayer I knew wasn't going to be answered: Forgive me.

I felt a sudden shift, a change in the atmosphere. The alley was quiet, but I could feel it. The city was alive with the news, with the fear. Every TV screen, every radio station was talking about “the graduation shooter.” A chill ran down my spine. We weren't just a part of the city's chaos; we were the source of it. And this was only the beginning.

I could feel a new kind of terror, a new kind of power. We had just made an entire city remember our names. We were the boogeymen now. And for a split second, I didn't know if I could handle it. But then I remembered Mei's face, bruised and bloodied, and the fear turned into ice.

They started it, I told myself, clutching my gun. They dug up Blicky. They woke up a ghost. Now they have to deal with what they created.

I took a deep breath, and the trembling stopped. The fear was gone, replaced by a cold, sharp determination. I was his shadow. His Bonnie. And I wasn't going to fail him. Not now. Not ever.

I stepped out of the alley, my head held high. I was ready.

Chapter 11: Lenny Jr.

Blicky's POV

The air was thick with the scent of cheap beer and celebratory barbecue smoke, a deceptive calm blanketing the high school stadium. It was the kind of evening that was supposed to be a memory of triumph, of new beginnings. But as I watched the crowd, I saw it for what it was—a chessboard in a game I was about to end. Kel moved through the bleachers, a ghost in a hoodie, her presence a silent promise of what was to come. My pride wasn't a factor yet; focus was everything. Tonight, it was my turn. Lenny's son was next. Sixteen, fast, street-smart, but naïve enough to think he could hide from me.

I thought about Lenny—Len Dawg, as the streets called him. Politician on the surface, all suit-and-tie charm for the cameras. But underneath? A cold-blooded kingpin masked as a civic hero. He'd climbed the ladder from a corner hustler to a council member, blending corruption with influence. The boy I was taking tonight was just another tool, a pawn in Len Dawg's carefully constructed empire. I'd studied him, mapped the family, knew every weakness. He had a younger sister, Mia, a bright girl

with a scholarship to Yale. Lenny doted on her, believing she was his ticket to a legitimate life. The boy I was targeting, Lenny Jr., was a different story. A star athlete, a good kid, but too much like his father—cocky, arrogant, and blind to the real danger he was in. He thought his father's money and power made him untouchable.

I crouched behind a rusted dumpster, the rifle feeling like an extension of my arm. The kid was hanging with friends near the basketball court, laughing, oblivious. Their voices were a distant hum, a sound I had trained my mind to ignore. I was an executioner at a celebration of life. I moved like a whisper, a phantom. The world narrowed to the scope of my sight. I settled the crosshairs on his leg, my finger steady on the trigger.

One shot.

The sharp crack of the rifle was a single, violent tear in the fabric of the evening. It wasn't the thunder of a gunshot; it was the sound of a promise being kept. A mother's scream split the air, high-pitched and raw, a sound that would haunt this field long after the last body was gone. Just like that, the laughter died. The kid's body convulsed as he went down, a look of bewilderment on his face. The sounds of joy twisted into a chorus of panic as the crowd scattered. The roar of the graduation celebration became a panicked stampede, but my world remained silent. I put a second round into his chest. His body went slack.

Step closer. I didn't give a damn about his age. My gun was a simple tool, and this was a simple job. I double-tapped, then double-tapped again for good measure. The kid's blood wasn't just on the ground; it was on my gloves, a sticky, coppery slick that told me the job was done. The air now carried the acrid stench of cordite, mingling with the sweet smell of the night, a new, permanent perfume for this place. I found no joy in this, only a grim satisfaction. I hadn't forgotten the peaceful man I'd tried to be. He was still in there somewhere, a ghost in my periphery, watching this all with a silent disgust. But I was the one who was truly here, and I was the one who was winning.

I told them I was coming.

No hesitation. Blood never phased me—mistakes did.

I exhaled, my gaze sweeping the area for witnesses. The kid's body was quiet now, final. Lenny's legacy had a crack, and I'd widened it. I slipped out of the area using a series of shortcuts, merging back into the chaos. In the distance, I could see the flashing red and blue of police lights, a futile effort to put the pieces back together. They were chasing a storm they couldn't possibly understand.

Meeting Kel at the car, I let a faint smile slip. "Good. You moved like me tonight. Every step, every hesitation... I watched you. You're learning fast. You understand the rhythm now."

She took a shuddering breath, her fingers trembling as she ran a hand over her own arm. "It was so... quiet," she whispered, "after the screams. Just that sound, the echo. It felt like a silence that was always supposed to be there."

I put a hand on her cheek, my thumb brushing away a stray tear I hadn't even seen. "That's the rhythm," I said, my voice barely a whisper. "The chaos is just noise. The silence that follows? That's the music."

I ran a hand through my hair, my voice low, my smirk tight. "This is chess, Kel. Every piece matters. Every move counts. Lenny's empire? A corrupt politician, a ruthless kingpin, a master manipulator. Next, we go for Lenny, then Javier, then Rico. Timing, patience, precision. That's how we finish it."

The city hummed behind us, a living thing unaware of the blood we had spilled. We drove into the night, two shadows forged in the same fire, two mirrors reflecting the same brutal truth. The streets were quiet behind us, but only for now. Every second counted. Every move mattered. The final pieces were next. And when we struck, the city wouldn't see it coming.

Chapter 12: The Knock

A sharp, insistent knock on the front door shattered the quiet of the morning. Blicky's head snapped up from his laptop, his eyes meeting mine in a silent command. He didn't say a word as he closed the screen, his movements fluid and precise. A pistol appeared from a hidden compartment under the counter, its black metal cold against the warmth of his palm.

"Stay back," he murmured, his gaze never leaving the door. He slid the gun into the back of his jeans before unlatching the lock and pulling the door open a crack.

A man and a woman stood on the porch. The man, older with a neatly trimmed gray beard, held a badge up to the glass. "FBI. We'd like to speak with you and Ms. Parker."

The woman, younger with a stern expression and eyes that seemed to miss nothing, held up her hands slightly, palms out. "We're not here to cause a scene, Mr. Blick. We have a few questions about the bar shooting. And a couple other things."

Blicky leaned against the doorframe, his posture relaxed, a slow smile spreading across his face. "I'm a man who protects his woman, detective. I told you she was at home, safe and sound. Didn't lie about anything. Maybe your witness is mistaken."

The woman's eyes hardened. "Maybe. But our witness saw Ms. Parker with you. And we've reviewed Ring camera footage from a nearby home. It didn't catch the shooting, but it did catch the aftermath. It got you. And it got Ms. Parker, leaving the scene with you." She paused for a beat. "We also have a couple of other incidents we're looking into. The high school shooting. The graduation."

My breath hitched. The Feds weren't just looking for chaos. They were looking for a pattern.

Blicky's smile never faded. "Interrogation, you mean." He opened the door wider, a silent invitation. "I've been to a few. I know the drill. Kelly," he glanced at me, his eyes a dark, unreadable depth. "Go get a jacket, babe. It's chilly out."

I moved like a robot, my hands shaking as I grabbed a hoodie. Outside, I heard the man speak again. "You should know, Mr. Blick, we're not the local PD. This isn't about a turf war. The meticulous nature of these crimes—the family ties, the precision of the attacks—this falls under our jurisdiction. We see a professional at work. And we're going to put a stop to it."

I returned to the sight of them leading us to an unmarked car. Blicky didn't look at me, but as he put a hand on the car door, his fingers brushed against mine. It was a brief, deliberate touch that said everything: Don't speak. I've got this.

The car ride was a silent, suffocating hell. I sat in the back, staring out the window, every passing building a reminder of a life that felt a million miles away. I stole a glance at Blicky. He was staring straight ahead, his face a mask of stone, his mind a fortress I couldn't breach. He wasn't a man. He was a weapon. The calm, effortless power he had always exuded was now a terrifying wall between us. I wanted to scream, to ask him what to do, what to say, but the fear of breaking his unshakeable calm kept me silent.

At the station, they led us down a long, sterile hallway. The walls were a sickening off-white, the fluorescent lights humming a dull, monotonous song. It was the antithesis of the dark, chaotic world we'd been living in. I felt small, exposed, and vulnerable. The "Bonnie" persona—the fearless, ruthless shadow—felt like a child's game in this place. The world was governed by rules and procedure, not by bullets and retribution. The detectives led us to a junction, and for the first time since the knock on the door, Blicky turned to face me. Our eyes met. His were cold and hard as stone, a silent promise. They separated us.

I was led to a small, sterile room. The air was cold, smelling of stale coffee and disinfectant. The woman detective sat across from me, a file on the table between us. She didn't open with a question. She just stared, her gaze searching, as if she could peel back my skin and see what was beneath.

“Kelly Parker,” she said finally, her voice flat. “Let’s talk about your music career. A promising future, all that fire and rage. And then it just... disappeared.”

I was caught off guard. “I don’t know anything about this,” I stammered, my heart a frantic drumbeat against my ribs. “I’m a rapper.”

She leaned forward, her voice dropping to a near-whisper. “A rapper who lost everything. Your money, your best friend’s loyalty, your family in a car wreck. You have a motive, Kelly. We see the pain, the rage. We see how it was channeled into something else. You told us you were home the night of the bar shooting. You lied. We know about the string of retaliatory murders. The graduation shooter, the high school shooting. Three people, Ms. Parker. All with ties to the men who shot at Blicky that night.”

The cold, hard reality of what we had done crashed over me. The blood, the chaos, the power—it all felt so different now, under the cold, sterile gaze of the law. A phantom smell of cordite filled my senses. I saw the graduation stage again, the single-minded focus, the rush of adrenaline. But now I saw it from a different angle: the terrified parents, the raw scream of a mother, the sight of a young girl’s body hitting the ground. The thrill was gone, replaced by a sickening twist of nausea and fear. I was a criminal. A murderer. The label felt alien and terrifying, and for the first time, the “Bonnie” persona cracked.

Meanwhile, Blicky was in another room, facing the gray-bearded man.

*****(Blicky's Pov)**

My eyes scanned the room, a sterile box of cinder block walls and a single, humming fluorescent light. The gray-bearded detective sat across from me, his presence a quiet, patient menace. He slid a small photograph across the metal table. It was a picture of Javier's daughter, her smile frozen in time, a graduation cap on her head. I kept my face blank.

"We have a file on you, Blick," he said, his voice a low rumble. "From your time in the Midwest. We know about the people you've made disappear."

Old ghosts. He thinks he can rattle me with old ghosts. I maintained my mask. "My past is my past. I'm a retired man."

He leaned forward. "Are you?" The question was a challenge, a subtle prod. "We know about the graduation. We know you and your girl were there. We know you're the one who pulled the trigger. We have witnesses who saw you and your girl leave in a black truck." He allowed a humorless smile to touch his lips. "A lot of people drive black trucks, you're right. But not many of them have a hit list we're trying to get our hands on."

My smirk finally faded. He saw the pattern. Not just the chaos, but the deliberate, calculated trail I had left. The game was no longer a street war. It was a checkmate. I looked at him, my eyes cold and hard as stone. "You don't understand," I said, my voice barely audible. "I didn't bring the war. I'm going to end it."

The detective nodded slowly, his expression unchanging. "You'll have a hard time doing that from a prison cell, Blick. We're going to put you and your little friend away for the rest of your lives. And we've already got your list. We know who's next."

My eyes narrowed. The Feds were not just a problem to be handled. They were a threat that had to be neutralized. The rules had changed, and my mind, always a chessboard, was already calculating the next move. They had a queen and a rook on the board. I only had my king and a bishop. I had to get us out of here and quick.

Chapter 13: End Game

My stomach was in knots, the sterile air of the interrogation room doing nothing to calm my frantic heart. The detective kept talking, her voice a relentless drone laying out the details of our crimes, making everything we'd done sound so cold and pathetic. The thrill of the kill, the rush of the chase—it was all gone, replaced by a cold, numbing fear. I was starting to believe her, to believe that I was just a murderer.

A sharp rapping on the door cut her off. A uniformed officer stepped inside. He spoke to the detective in a low voice, his eyes darting to me with a mixture of curiosity and disdain. The detective's face, which had been a mask of professional calm, twisted into a scowl of pure frustration. She slammed her file shut, the sound echoing in the silent room.

"Get up, Ms. Parker. You're done here."

I was led out of the interrogation room and into a hallway where Blicky was already standing, his expression unreadable. Beside him was a man I'd never seen before, dressed in a tailored three-piece suit that probably cost more than my entire apartment. He was older, with an impeccably groomed salt-and-pepper beard and eyes that held the sharp intelligence of a predator. He radiated confidence, a silent force that made the FBI agents flanking him seem small.

The older detective from Blicky's Interrogation room stormed over. "What is this, Mr. Sterling? You can't just walk in here and pull them out."

The man in the suit, Sterling, didn't even look at the detective. He addressed a different agent, his voice smooth and calm, a subtle Southern drawl wrapping around every word. "I believe I can, Agent. My client, Mr. Blick, has a right to legal counsel. And my client, Ms. Parker, has not been charged with a crime and is free to go." He glanced at Blicky and me, a flicker of something close to a smile in his eyes. "Unless, of course, you've decided to charge her?"

The detectives exchanged a look of pure defeat. They didn't have enough on me, not without Blicky's testimony, and they weren't going to get that. I was just the girl who left the scene with him. He was the one with a past, with a motive. He was the professional they were after.

Sterling turned to me, his gaze softening slightly. "You're free to go, Ms. Parker. Do not talk to anyone about this. Do not make any statements. Simply walk out and do not look back."

He led me past the fuming detectives. I looked at Blicky, a desperate question in my eyes. He gave me a slow, almost imperceptible nod. A silent promise that everything would be okay. Then, a police officer gripped his arm, and he was led away in the opposite direction, toward a holding cell.

The air outside tasted like freedom, cold and fresh, but it was tainted with the metallic sting of fear. I got into a black sedan, and Sterling handed me a burner phone. The weight of it felt alien in my hand, a cold and foreign object that represented not a connection, but a new burden. He didn't get in with me.

"They will be watching you, Ms. Parker. Every move you make, every person you meet—they'll be documenting it. They're building a case against him, and you are the only leverage they have." He paused, his gaze hardening. "This is a new game, and the rules are different. You can't be a ghost anymore. Now, you have to be a mirage. They're going to think they know what you're doing, but they won't. You have to move smarter. Your life is a spotlight now. You can't just disappear."

As the car pulled away, I looked back at the precinct. The detectives were still standing outside, their faces a mix of rage and frustration. The man's jaw was clenched so tight I could see the muscle ripple. The woman shot me a final look, a cold, hard glare that promised our paths would cross again. They hadn't won. Not yet. They had Blicky, but I was free. I held the cold burner phone in my hand, the weight of the new reality settling in. The war had just entered a new, far more dangerous phase. I was no longer fighting with Blicky; I was fighting for him, and I was all alone.

*****(Blicky's Pov)**

A police officer's hand on my arm. My face a mask, but my mind a chessboard. I felt Kelly's desperate stare on my back as they led me away. I couldn't speak, couldn't give her a single word they could twist into a confession. The nod was all I could offer. A promise. Sterling had done his part, now it was my turn.

I knew they'd separate us, but I also knew they wouldn't have enough to hold her. The FBI were good, but I was better. They had the evidence for me, the professional. They had me on the hook for the past. But they didn't have her. And as I was led down the sterile hallway to the holding cell, my jaw unclenched, just for a moment. This wasn't a defeat. This was a chess move. I was the king, and I was in check, but the game wasn't over. They had me in a cage, but they let my queen free. I had to assume they would monitor my communications. I knew my legal team would be the first line of defense. My bail would be set and my first orders would be given through my lawyers. It wasn't over. It had just begun.

Epilogue: Down But Not Out

The cell's cold, but I don't feel it. Concrete walls, iron bars, the hum of fluorescent lights—they're just props in a game I've played before. The Feds think they've caged me, think they've clipped my wings. They don't know I'm a ghost, and ghosts don't stay locked up. They slip through cracks, haunt the edges, and come for what's theirs when the world's not looking.

I sit on the cot, hands folded, eyes on the ceiling like it's a map of the streets. My mind's a chessboard, pieces still moving, even here. Javier's out there, breathing my

air, thinking he's won. Lenny's playing politician, hiding behind his suit and his lies. Rico's running his mouth, young and dumb, believing he's untouchable. They don't see it yet—the shadow I left behind. Kel. My queen. My Bonnie. She's free, and that's their funeral.

I taught her everything: how to move, how to watch, how to kill clean. She's got my rhythm now, my precision. I saw it in her eyes that last day, when she looked back at me as they dragged me away. Not fear. Not doubt. Fire. Cold, sharp, and hungry. She's not just my shadow anymore—she's my blade, and she's out there, cutting through their world while I sit here playing bait.

Sterling's working the legal side, pulling strings, bending rules. The Feds got evidence, sure, but evidence is just paper if you know how to burn it right. They think they've got my list, my plans, my moves. They don't. That notebook they're waving around? It's a decoy, a distraction. The real list lives in my head, and now in Kel's. Every name, every address, every weakness—etched deep, like scripture.

I lean back, smirking at the thought. The city's still mine, even from this cage. They woke me up, dug up the boogeyman they thought was buried. Now they'll learn what happens when you cross a ghost. Kel's out there, moving silent, moving smart. She's got my lessons, my fire, and something I never had—her own kind of rage, forged in loss, sharpened by betrayal. She's not just finishing my war. She's starting her own.

The guard's boots echo down the hall. I don't look up. I don't need to. Time's a tool, not a chain. They can lock me up, watch me, dissect me, but they can't stop what's coming. The streets talk, and they're whispering my name again. Blicky. The man who doesn't just kill you—he erases you. And Kel? She's carrying that torch now, lighting up the dark corners I left behind.

I close my eyes, seeing her out there, hoodie up, gun steady, eyes like ice. Javier's daughter was just the opening move. Lenny's son was the warning. Rico's next, then the rest. One by one, they'll fall, and the city will know: you don't touch what's mine and walk away.

The peaceful man I tried to be? He's dead, buried under blood and gunpowder. I don't mourn him. I don't regret him. I'm what they made me—a ghost, a king, a nightmare. And Kel? She's my legacy, my equal, my endgame.

The guard stops at my cell, his shadow falling across me. I don't move. I don't speak. I just smirk, because I know something he doesn't: this cage isn't the end. It's just a pause. The war's still on, and my queen's out there, moving the pieces.

When I get out—and I will—the streets won't just remember my name. They'll scream it.

And the blood? It's still warm.

A Note from the Author to the Real Ones

You made it. You watched her turn the page, step into that ride, and leave the past in the rearview. You felt that electric moment when a hard-won victory tastes sweeter than any revenge. You thought this was the end of the road.

But we both know that's not how our story works.

If the epilogue showed you anything, it's that every new beginning comes with its own set of ghosts. The same streets that saw her rise are whispering new secrets. The same people who cheered her on... well, let's just say some of them have their own agenda.

They say you can outrun your past, but can you outwit it?

You saw her get what's hers. Now, the real question is: can she keep it?

Dumper Diary 3 is where the rules change. The glow of the golden hour is fading, and the real darkness is about to set in. This isn't just a story of triumph; it's a saga of survival. Loyalty will be tested. Alliances will crumble. And the one thing you thought was unbreakable might be the one thing that can destroy everything.

Thank you for riding with me. Your fire keeps these pages turning.

Now, let's get ready for the storm.

— Fatty Tae

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