

You're Mine: Trent & Tonya

By: T. Shandriel

Copyright © 2026 T. Shandriel Publishing

All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, scanning, or otherwise without written permission from the publisher. It is illegal to copy this book, post it to a website, or distribute it by any other means without permission.

This is a work of fiction, the names, characters and incidents portrayed, are the work of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual people, living or dead, events or localities is entirely coincidental. T. Shandriel asserts the moral right to be identified as the author of this work.

Designations used by companies to distinguish their products are often claimed as trademarks. The publisher and the book are not associated with any product or vendor mentioned in this story. None of the companies referenced within this book have endorsed it.

READER ADVISORY

This story is intended for mature readers ages 18 and older.

It may contain themes, language, situations, and content intended for an adult audience. Reader discretion is advised.

Thank you for downloading and supporting this independent author.



Chapter One

Tonya

When I was a young girl, I'd pray to God that he wouldn't let me grow up to be with someone like my stepfather. But boy did I run into a psycho, when I met... Let's just call him Trent. I was nineteen, and he was thirty-two. Yeah, I know, here's a young lady who most likely suffered from daddy issues right? But during that time, I didn't see it like that.

Me and Trent met at a club, he didn't look thirty-two, he could easily pass as twenty-one! Our seconds filled with eyeing one another, quickly disappeared when I was pulled onto the dance floor by one of my friends. We danced the night away, and Trent was out of my mind. That is until the end of the club, we bumped into one another. Well, he bumped into me, on purpose.

I didn't know it then, but I'm thinking about it now. When Trent looked into my eyes, he knew he had me. Without being fully aware, he was most definitely a predator, and I was his prey. He grinned in my face with a confident smirk, and took my hand in his, offering to walk me and my friend to her car.

Trent was decked out in designer wear, from head to toe. He was tall, muscular, and quite handsome. And there I was, completely oblivious of what and who was standing in front of me.

That night, we laughed and talked nonstop. When he picked me up and placed me on the hood of my friend's car. I giggled and bashfully stared off into the distance.

"Look at me." He voiced while placing my hair behind my left ear. Staring into his eyes, he lifted my chin. "You're going to be mine; you know that?" Not responding back, he placed both of

his hands on my hips and gently pulled me toward him. “I’m serious, you’re going to be mine, you just don’t know it yet.”

Long story short, I gave Trent my phone number that night. He would call, and text back to back. Sometimes, he would even come up to the college and have lunch with me, or drop me off, and wait on me.

If you ever seen the movie “Fear” starring Mark Wahlberg and Reese Witherspoon. The scene where he comes to pick her up from school for the first time made me feel like that. Trent was just leaning on the hood of his car, gazing ahead. He was eye candy, and I was just happy that this cool older guy was into me.

I still remember when I invited Trent over to meet my mother, after he left, she quoted. “You need to stop seeing him.” Surprised, I had stopped washing the dishes and stared at her.

“Mama... You don’t like him? He is a nice guy.”

“He is way older than you, and I see something in him. Please believe me, he is no good...”

Voicing a “yes mam,” I knew if my mother felt something was off about him, then dating him was not going to be a cake walk. I liked Trent, but... I wanted my mom to like him too!

Every time I spoke with Trent, I had my mother’s voice in the back of my head. “Believe me, he’s no good.”

I was prepared to call it off, I needed to focus on school anyway. When I told him that we could no longer see each other. He respected my decision, but he would continue to contact me. So, “he’s no good” went out the window, I started back spending time with Trent. I just didn’t tell my mom or bring him around the house. Plus, Trent was sweet, nice, and harmless right?

Everything started off well, I just didn't like the fact that I was lying to my mother. But Trent was cool, until one day, he picked me up from my home. My mother and younger brother were out for the night. Even though it was nighttime, the Texas summer heat was brutal. So, I settled on a pair of shorts, and a T-shirt, with flip flops. We were going to one of his friends' fish fry gatherings. When I opened the door, he looked me up and down and slammed the door behind him.

"What the hell are you wearing!?" Jumping at the sound of his voice, I glanced down at my outfit.

"Shorts..." I voiced in a confused tone.

"Well, I don't want you wearing them... Go put on some jeans or something. And hurry up, because I don't wanna be late."

Laughing, I grabbed my purse, and house key, then shook my head. "It's like 90 degrees outside, I'm not going to change, let alone put on a pair of jeans."

As I was walking away from him, Trent grabbed my left wrist and firmly pressed me against the wall.

"Don't you ever turn your back on me, are you crazy? And if I tell you to go do something, then you go do it, you understand me?!" He yells while tightly holding my wrist.

Caught off guard, I told him, I was sorry. "I'll go change..." I whisper while staring into his eyes. As Trent let go of my wrist, I rubbed it, while looking away, and he kissed me on my cheek. "I'm sorry for yelling babe, I just wanted you to listen to me, I apologize for grabbing you like that too. It won't happen again, okay..."

Giving him a slight grin, I nodded my head and quickly walked back to my room. Opening my dresser drawer, to grab a pair of baggy jeans, I glance at myself in the mirror.

“He’s no good, believe me,” I heard in my head. Shaking my head, I replaced the shorts with the pair of jeans. I didn’t wanna hear it, Trent’s different, he had to be...

“That’s better, isn’t it?” Quickly turning around, he was standing in my doorway with that smirk on his face. Nodding my head up and down, I give him another weak smile. He slowly walks toward me and kisses me on my cheek. As he grabs my hand, we head for the front door.

Maybe I should have called it quits or told him to leave. But he didn’t hit me, and he obviously cared about what I wore. So, everything was okay, right?

Wrong....

Chapter Two

The Club

Trent and I, were growing strong, well... It was a weird definition of strong. But we weren't arguing, I tried never to argue back with him anyway. Sometimes, I'd just get so frustrated, because I couldn't speak my peace. Without thinking he would snap. But he always ended up apologizing, so I'd look past it.

My mom had finally found out that we were dating. I really couldn't hide it anymore, because someone in my family told her. I thought maybe she would be really upset and try to make me stop seeing him. Of course, in her eyes, he was no good. But she loved me and didn't want me feeling like I couldn't come to her with things that bothered me

So, though I still didn't invite him over if my mom was home, the cat was out of the bag...

You would think, since we were no longer hiding that we were dating, Trent would lighten up. He did, just a tad... I was able to wear what I wanted at a club one night, without him giving me the third degree. I enjoyed dancing, and though Trent didn't mind hitting the floor for a dance or two, dancing really wasn't his thing. So I mingled and danced with some of my cousins who were in town. As I smiled, I made my way to the bar to grab a cranberry juice.

Ordering my juice, I glanced to my left, and saw a past classmate of mine, who graduated with me in High School. We hugged one another and conversed over what college life was like. I can't remember what we were laughing about, but Trent quickly approached us with a smile on his face.

“What’s so funny?” He asked, staring at my classmate. He had extended his hand out to shake Trent’s, but he looked at it and snarled his nose up.

“You won’t tell me what the hell is so funny, and you up in my lady’s face, then you want me to shake your fucking hand!”

Putting my drink down, and looking around, people at the bar started to stare. “It’s nothing like that bro, chill out, we are just classmates.” The guy responds back with his hands up. At that moment, one of my cousins approached us.

“Hey... Everything okay?” Trent grins and nods his head. “Everything is fine, why don’t you go grab your brother, I’m going to buy us some shots.”

That night, my classmate didn’t look at me the rest of the night. I shook my head, telling Trent how rude he was. He just grinned and ignored me. I didn’t know what his problem was. But I didn’t want to put up with his foolishness, or have him take me home, since he was drinking like crazy. I told him that I was going to head to the ladies’ room, then, I would be riding back with my cousins.

Not bothering to respond back to me, while bobbing his head to the music. I shake my head once more, then made my way to the ladies’ room, unaware he was not too far behind.

After relieving myself, I headed to the sink to wash my hands. Glancing up in the mirror, Trent was standing behind me, grinning.

“Did I tell you how beautiful you look tonight? And I’m sorry about being rude to your classmate.”

“Thank you,” I said while washing my hands, “but I’m still leaving with my cousins, and you’re not supposed to be in here.”

There were three ladies standing beside me, I'm assuming they all were friends. Each one was trying to get a glance in the mirror, while one eyed Trent, with a smile on her face. He stood behind me in silence, with his arms folded across his chest.

The ladies were headed out before me, after drying my hands, I followed behind, but Trent grabbed my arm.

“So you leaving me now?!” He yells, snatching my purse away from me and throwing it across the bathroom floor. He had his back pressed against the door, so no one could come in. Trying not to let any fear show, I stared at him.

“What is wrong with you? I just want to leave with my family, and you're blocking the door, someone is going to get security if you don't move.”

Picking up my purse, I stood back, watching him place that smirk across his face. He glanced at himself in the mirror and nodded his head.

“I'm going to let you leave with your family, but this is a pass, only because of our current destination.”

Waiting for him to move, while looking at the ground. As he stood there with the door open, I walked past him.

Throughout the days, I wasn't answering Trent's phone calls, he wasn't coming by my house, because he knew my mom didn't like him. When I finally caved, I knew I had messed up, my mom's voice was back in my head, “*he's no good.*”

Chapter Three

I Spy

It didn't take much to cave, an apology, some flowers, and a "*I just care for you so much.*" Talk about young, and naive! After going through what I called minor ups and downs. The two of us went on with our happy relationship. Things were looking up, until he started acting psychotic.

One time, Trent said he was out of town. I was prepared to spend the night with a friend from school named Kara at her apartment. We planned on just ordering take out and watching movies. But a friend contacted her regarding inviting us to a party. She didn't want to drive, so the friend, who is a guy, came to pick us up. Long story short, Kara's guy friend dropped us off out front at the party, then went to park his car. But slowly replacing his vehicle, was Trent's, he rolled his window down.

"Cat got your tongue?"

"Well, hey Trent." Kara voiced in a surprised tone. Keeping his eyes on me, he speaks to her, then tells me to get in the car. Telling Kara, I'll meet her inside, she nods her head and stands by the entryway to wait for her friend. As soon as I get in the car and close my door. Trent rolls his window up, drives off, and goes off.

"So you sneaking around and lying now?!"

"What...? No."

"You cheating on me with one of them young ass college thugs!?"

“No!” I yell while watching him speed past people. Cars honked, and pedestrians hurried out of the street. “Trent slow down; you’re going to hit someone!”

“You don’t tell me what to do, I tell you what to do. And you better lower your fucking voice when you speak to me!”

Halfway down the road, he makes a sharp turn, and smashes on the brakes. I put my hands out in front of me, to prevent myself from hitting my head on the dashboard. Glancing around, he had stopped in front of an old rundown building. My fight or flight stress response was activated, so I tried to flee.

I quickly opened the door, and Trent being the guy he was. Intentionally pulled my shirt strings that were tied around my neck. Jerking back, I pushed forward, while he pulled a string again. It had now come undone.

“I don’t have on a bra, Trent stop!” I yelled while jumping out of the car.

Staggering in my heels, my top was now sliding off. And he was already out of the car coming toward me. I held my bare breasts in my hands, while glancing up at him. There went my attempt to flee, I froze. He grabs my wrists and shakes his head.

“What the hell is wrong with you, trying to run off like you won’t get snatched up? Someone will kidnap you and rape your ass. Fix your shirt and get back in the car!” He yells, letting me go.

Trying to tie my shirt back up, and looking around, I quickly got back in the car. After closing my door, He madly walks back to the driver’s side, and gets in.

“You must be guilty, since you wanna jump out of the car like you’re crazy. You said you and Kara were having a girl’s

sleepover. You're not dressed for bed, that wasn't Kara's apartment, and who the fuck was that dude back there!?"

"Why are you spying on me, and acting like this?" I respond back with a tremble in my voice.

"I'm the one asking the questions here. Who's the man in the relationship, you or me?!"

"You..." I whisper.

"Well then, respect me, and answer my fucking questions."

Swallowing hard, after answering all his questions, he grins. "See, that wasn't so hard, was it? I don't wanna catch you going out without me again, okay? And don't wear that shirt again either."

Nodding my head up and down, while glancing out the window. He placed his hand into mine. "I'm sorry for yelling and cursing, I just don't want anything happening to you. You are young, you don't know how it is out here in this world."

That night, I had viewed a whole new version of Trent. I couldn't stay at the college party with Kara either. He ended up driving us to a friend's house he was anxious to go to. I eyed his every move, he went from being on edge, to disappearing. Glancing around, I was nervous, and ready to leave. When he reappeared, he was glassy eyed.

Sitting down beside me, Trent pops open a can of 7up, takes a drink, and runs his hand over his face. The way he looked, I believe that was the first time I had seen what my mom saw in him. I wanted to pull my phone out to call Kara. But I didn't want him to see me using it. When I found the courage to get up, he grabbed my arm and pulled me on his lap.

“Where are you going?” He asks, whispering in my ear, and putting his hand on my thigh. Tensing up, and staring ahead, as he moves my hair from my neck with his nose. When I don’t answer him, he tightens his grip. “You hear me talking to you?”

“The bathroom, where is it?” I quickly respond back. After voicing to me where the restroom is, and kissing my neck, he slowly removes his arms. When I stood up, I stared back at him. He had his head leaned back against the couch, with his eyes closed. It was my chance to try to flee again, but it wasn’t going to be easy, because he was testing me.

On my way out of the house, I saw his friend talking to a lady, I don’t know if they seen me. But I quickly yet carefully jogged down the steps. Pulling out my cell to call Kara, and walking to the end of the road, I wanted to see what street we were on. After no responses back from Kara, and some texts, I glance around.

Thinking about what Trent said and getting frustrated. I was up and down if I should continue walking or call my mom to pick me up. But then it was the thought of putting my family in this crazy mess. Removing my heels and running my hands through my hair. I was trying to get my thoughts together, but slowly coming my way were headlights. Squinting my eyes with my heart beating fast, I stand near a tree, Trent pulls up in front of me. He doesn’t turn the car off, but gets out, with a grin on his face.

“This is not the bathroom.”

“I just wanted some fresh air...”

Nodding his head, and rubbing his nose, he walks toward me. Backing up against the tree, he placed his right hand over my head. “Who have you been talking to?” He asks, pointing to my phone.

“I just tried to call Kara, to see if she was home, my stuff is at her place.”

“Are you trying to leave?”

“No... I just wanted some fresh air.” Placing his left hand in my hair, he turns my face toward him. “Look at me... Don’t lie to me, were you trying to leave?”

“I promise, I wasn’t trying to leave Trent, it was just really hot in there!” I yell while holding back tears. Hearing my voice crack, he grins again. And kisses me on my forehead, cheek, then lips. Stepping back, he smiled, as if a bright idea entered his mind. “Let me fix your top” he says untying the strings.

Whatever he consumed in that house, had him calm. But staring into his eyes, made me frozen, and frightened.

Breaking eye contact with me, and admiring my breasts, he grips one with his left hand hard, then lifts my chin with the other. “Whose are you?” Closing my eyes, I shook my head from side to side. “I wasn’t trying to leave Trent...!” Ignoring me, he asks again. “Whose are you?”

“Yours....” I whisper.

“I didn’t hear you.”

“I’m yours!” I respond back grimacing. He removes his hand, then kisses my lips, while running his hand between my thighs.

“Don’t you ever forget that shit either! Next time, think twice before sneaking off like that again. How many times have I gotta tell you? Shit happens when you dress like that, and don’t listen. Now fix your shirt and get in the car.”

As Trent turns his back, I rub my chest, tie my shirt, and pick up my shoes. Exhaling, with my hands on my knees, I think I may have been holding my breath. Quickly wiping away some tears, the thought of thinking I could change him was gone. Fear was now automatically activated, and he knew it.

Chapter Four

I'm Sorry

I know you're probably thinking, the night Trent went bipolar on me, was when I called it quits. I didn't... So, what did I do...?

I went home with him!

Waking up, I turned to my left to see Trent asleep. I knew I needed to go home, because I told my mother I'd be back today. And I had class Monday morning, but after what happened the previous night, I wasn't going to try to sneak away. I also didn't know how he would feel, so I didn't wanna wake him.

Slowly getting out of bed, grabbing my cell, and bag out of the living room, I head to the bathroom. Checking my phone, I had a couple missed calls from my mom, and Kara. I sent Kara a quick text message, then called my mother to voice to her, I was still at Kara's. After taking care of my morning hygiene, as soon as I opened the door, Trent was standing in the doorway.

Glancing up at him, as if last night didn't happen, he casually kissed me on my forehead and said good morning. Then walks past me, to use the restroom. I wanna say, I don't know why he waited for me, when he has two bathrooms. But I knew he was probably standing by the door, listening to me on the phone.

In my own thoughts, I replay last night over in my head. If I would have just told him that me and Kara were going out, maybe he wouldn't have been so upset with me. Then it was the way he was acting at his friend's house that frightened me. I wonder what he was doing outside for so long. And when he drove me by Kara's to get my things, he followed me upstairs. To make

sure I wasn't going to do anything sneaky. I wanted to question him about everything but didn't want him to get upset again.

Minutes later, Trent interrupts my train of thought.

“Everything cool with your mom's?”

Nodding my head up and down, I was in the process of making his bed. Stopping, and staring up at him, he had taken off his white muscle shirt. My eyes roamed to his abs, they were perfect, and his shoulders were broad.

Grinning at me, checking him out, made me unintentionally blush. I should be mad at him but just watching him stand there calmly staring at me with a smile on his face wouldn't allow me to be.

I had all of Trent's smiles, and grins down, this grin was one that was gentle. One that made me feel safe, it wasn't the grin that meant he had some mischievous, twisted, thoughts in his brain.

“Come here...” He voices in a soft tone.

Sitting a pillow down on his bed, I slowly walked over and stared up at him. He placed his left hand on my butt, and his right in my hair, then kissed me passionately. I can taste the mint flavored mouthwash. Wrapping both of my arms around his neck and standing on my tippy toes. I closed my eyes, as Trent brought his lips to my neck.

“I have to go home today, my mama thinks I'm still at Kara's, and I have class tomorrow.” Stopping, he stares at me, and nods his head, while wrapping his arms around my waist.

“You mad at me for not letting you go to that college party last night?”

“Not because of the party, but because you don’t trust me. You acted like I cheated on you or something.”

Picking me up and sitting me on his lap on the bed. He stares me in the eyes, “I trust you, it’s them no good ass dudes out in the world that I don’t trust. That’s why I don’t want you going out without me, I just wanna keep you safe.”

“I understand.... And I’m sorry for not telling you we were going out.” Smiling, and hearing my stomach growl. He laughs, “you hungry?” Laughing, and nodding my head up and down. Trent kisses me on my cheek, “I’m going to cook breakfast for you.” Getting off his lap, he lightly palms my butt and makes his way to the kitchen.

After Trent made us both breakfast, we ate well and laughed over good conversation. Times like this reminded me that it was good in him, the fear was whisked away, with charm, and calmness. Afterwards, he spent his morning mostly on the phone. I wasn’t jealous or anything, because he never gave me a reason to be.

I was about to make my way back to the bathroom to shower but stopped midway. Peeping through the door like a curious child. Trent was in his other bedroom sitting on the bed, with a magazine and some other items on his lap. I opened the door wider, and he quickly put the things in the bedside dresser. But kept whatever else he had on the magazine. When I walked closer, I saw that it was a blunt. Glancing at me with a smile on his face. He places it to his lips.

“Look at you, sneaking up on me, you ain’t slick...”

“I wanna try...” I respond back, while sitting on the bed on my knees like an eager little girl.

Grinning, he lights it, takes a puff, then laughs. “I bet you do... But I don’t need you on this shit.”

“It’s just weed, you on it, so why can’t I try it?”

“Because... You can’t do what I do. You a good girl, stay in yo lane.”

“Stop treating me like a little girl Trent, bet I can handle it, if you let me.”

Staring at me, he takes a long puff while pulling me close. As he blows out smoke, on the opposite side of me, he pinches my right nipple. “I know you not a little girl, you a young lady. So, I don’t want you doing nothing that I don’t approve of, you understand that?”

Before I could respond back, his phone rang. Answering it, he tries to place his hand under my shirt. But I quickly moved and extended my arm out to reach for his blunt. He wasn’t giving in, he shook his head no. Rolling my eyes, and getting up, I made my way back to the bathroom.

After turning the shower on and waiting for it to warm up. I began singing Alicia Keys, while removing my T-shirt and panties. When I looked up, Trent opened the door. Watching him laugh and shake his head, I suck through my teeth. I don’t know why he enjoyed sneaking up on me all the time.

Motioning for me to get in the shower, he sits on the toilet lid nodding his head as if the person on the other line can see him. Touching the water to make sure it was warm enough, I stepped in. And was about to close the shower curtain, but Trent stopped me, telling me to leave it open, he admired my naked body. Then yells at the person on the phone. “Man, I hear you! As a matter of fact, I’m going to have to chop it up with you later!” Hanging up in their face and placing his blunt in the ashtray in his hand, he places

it on the sink, then stands up. After removing his pajama bottoms, and boxers. I watched him brush his teeth and stare at me with lust in his eyes.

Why couldn't I just stay mad at him, and walk away? But I wanted to work it out, and he obviously cared about me, right?

Stepping into the shower with me and closing the curtain. He stands underneath the shower head to allow the water to run over him. Then switch places with me, to make sure I get my hair wet.

“Tilt yo head back...” He says grabbing his shampoo.

“That’s your shampoo, I’m going to be smelling like you.” I laugh while staring up at him and massaging my body wash into my skin.

“So.... What’s wrong with that?”

Slowly tilting my head back, I allow him to shampoo and condition my hair. As Trent stood behind me, kissing my neck and back, I closed my eyes. When I feel his hand go between my legs, I breathe heavily, while holding on to the shower wall. Pulling me closer to him, and feeling all of his manhood behind me, made my heart race. With urgency, I placed my right foot on the tub and pressed my hand against his. When I let out a moan, he cups my left breast in his hand. Then, placed his lips to my ear.

“I love you.” He whispers.

That was all it took, for me not to think about the night before. His spying, or what he had hid in the other bedroom dresser drawer. He said he loved me, I was hooked, and I wasn't going anywhere. All I needed to do was stay in my lane, be the good girl, and everything would be okay.

Easier said than done....

Chapter Five

All That

Being on cloud nine over Trent didn't last. I was supposed to be staying in my lane. But yeah, that wasn't working for me, I found out he was on cocaine. I started re-evaluating how he'd act. A lot of stuff was going on, and I was now what they call being *put on game*.

So, I cut off communication with him and didn't see or speak with Trent for almost a month. I needed to forget about him; it was for the best. But that didn't last either, one night, I was in a lounge, and there he was.

Trent approached our table, gave me a hug, a kiss, then conversed with my brother. I didn't even stay long, before voicing to my brother that I wanted to leave. I had met up with him and a lady he was dating at the time, to try to get out of the house. He didn't know what was going on, and I wanted to keep it that way. After giving him a hug, he nodded toward Trent, and I made my way outside, of course you know who was not too far behind.

“Can we talk?” He asks, lightly touching my stomach.

“Thank you for walking me to my car, but we don't have anything to discuss.”

“I've been giving you space, but I miss you. I'm stressed the fuck out; a lot of shit been happening.”

“What's been going on Trent?” I responded back massaging my temples.

“I know you mad at me, but can you follow me back to my place, so we can talk about everything? After that, if you don’t ever wanna see me again, that’s cool, I just need a friend right now.”

Glancing up at him in silence for a moment, I told him that it was just to talk. I know, I know, I should have just driven the other way. But he didn’t argue with me, so I followed him home. Once inside his place, he offered me a drink, I declined, and he made his way to the back room. Sitting on the couch waiting for what seemed like forever. When Trent finally reappeared, he was smoking a blunt. He grabbed the remote, sat next to me, and placed his hand on my thigh. Staring at him sniffing his nose, I pushed his hand away, then stood up.

“You really been back there doing that stuff!?” Laughing, he shakes his head. “I don’t know what you talking about, sit back down.”

“I’m done Trent... I don’t even wanna know what you have going on, but I hope you get the help you need.”

“You done with me, because you probably got one of them young ass college dudes in yo ear!”

“No, I’m done with you, because you on that shit, and I don’t mean weed!”

Sitting up on the couch, he rests his arms on his knees, and stares at the TV. “Tonya... Calm yo little ass down and watch how you speak to me.”

“Why? Because I’m messing up your high? And since when is it funny to be a base head?!”

“I don’t know who you been allowing to pump yo head up. But you lost yo damn mind talking to me like you crazy.”

“Well... That’s what you call someone drugged out on cocaine, a base head!”

When he stood up fast, I thought he was going to try to hit me. I threw my hands up in the air and stepped forward. “What Trent... that powder has your mind so screwed up, that you go start beating on me now?!”

The only sound that was heard was the television. The silence between us felt like minutes, but it was seconds. Trent takes a puff of his blunt, then places it in the ashtray. I had surprised myself, and him, but maybe I shouldn’t have challenged him.

“What guy have you been cheating on me with, that has you feeling like you about that life?”

“This has nothing to do with another guy, and you know it!”

“So I guess you think you the shit now huh?”

Ignoring him, I was about to grab my purse off the table, and leave, but he stepped in front of me. Backing up, I fold my arms across my chest, while he looks me up and down.

“Oh... you think you big and bad now!?” He asks quickly unbuckling his belt.

“What the hell Trent?!” I yelled rushing to my left and trying to slam the bedroom door. But he was faster than me, he pushed it open.

Swallowing hard, with my chest rising up and down, I held my hands up. “I don’t think I’m all that!”

“Yes, you do, you think you the shit.” He says again, sliding his belt off, and throwing it on the floor. When he unbuckled his pants, I tried to apologize. But he grabs me by the

waist. “I got something for you since you think you about that life now!”

“No, I don’t, Trent I don’t!!”

“Where is that fly ass mouth now huh?! Since I’m a base head, I’m go do base head shit!” He yells pinning me to the bed.

“You are not a base head; I shouldn’t have said that!”

Kissing me on my cheek and neck, he quickly slides his right hand inside my shorts, and panties. “I can’t hear you.” He whispers in my ear.

“I’m sorry, you are not a base head!”

I didn’t put up a fight; I had already got out of line with him. He wanted me to be vulnerable, and in order to get out of the situation, I had to be a part of his toxic game.

“You still my baby?” He asks lifting my shirt up.

“Yes, I’m still yours.”

After kissing me on the lips, he stares into my eyes. “This is still mine too huh...?” He says forcing his hands between my thighs. Closing my eyes, I nodded my head up and down.

“Open yo eyes and let me hear that shit then...”

“It’s still yours, Trent...”

Damn, there it is, he sees the fear, because he smiles at me. But he is satisfied, Trent removes his hand and rises to his feet. Quickly sitting up in bed, I watch him unzip his pants and pull them down.

“I’m sorry Trent...!”

Turning around, grinning, he lifts my chin. “I’m not going to hurt you; I’m just getting comfortable. I love you but take this as a lesson learned. I told you to stay in yo lane, so whatever I have going on, is none of your business okay?” Nodding my head, I gave him a weak smile.

“I need to go to the bathroom.” I responded back, pulling my shirt down. Stepping back to allow me to stand up, he motioned for me to kiss him. After kissing him on the cheek and slowly walking to the bathroom. When the door was closed, I slid to the floor and hit my fist on my thigh. Guess that’s what I get for trying to be bold. Or in Trent’s words, thinking I’m *all that!*

Did I cry? No... He already smelled my fear like a lion; I wasn’t going to give up any tears.

How the hell did I end up in this twisted ass trap!?

Chapter Six

I'm Leaving

“Ain’t go do that shit no more, I just did a little bit, last week, I was stressed out.” Trent whispered in my ear, I was lying beside him pretending like I was asleep. Closing my eyes, as my back was facing him, I continued to wait for him to drift off to sleep, so I could leave. But as if he read my mind, he says...

“I’m not going to sleep; I’m waiting for you to get up so we can talk.”

Not responding back, and continuing to keep my eyes closed, he eases closer behind me, kissing me on my cheek and neck. “I’m sorry baby, I fucked up...” He starts rustling around in bed, figuring he is about to get up to go to the restroom, I open my eyes. But he was just removing his boxers, quickly rising up, he grabbed my waist, to pull me closer to him.

“Where are you going?”

“I just can’t do this anymore...”

“All I did was roll up back there Tonya, I swear... Don’t leave me.” He mumbles, kissing me on the neck again. As he slowly removes my shirt, I glance away. But he gently grabs my chin, to face him, and gives me a tongue kiss that makes me want to stay. Lightly kissing me on my right shoulder, while smoothly unclamping my bra, I was in a daze.

“You go leave me?” He whispers while bringing his mouth to my left breast. “Trent stoppp...” I whispered back with my eyes closed. Moving to my right breast, he glides his hand between my legs. “I promise ain’t go do none of that shit no more...” He voices

gently moving his thumb around my clit. With each slow friction, my breathing got heavier, and I tried to fight the intense feeling that was going through my body. But as Trent sucked, and licked on my left nipple, the feeling between my legs matched the sound and rhythm of his hand and my moans. And that's exactly where he wanted me to be, so he stops.

Looking at his left hand, he grins, wipes his hand off with his shirt, then throws it on the floor and kisses me on the neck. As he slowly tries to ease inside me, I close my eyes, and gasp, feeling Trent's face close to mine. I knew he was staring at me without even opening my eyes. He kisses me on the lips and cheek, then whispers in my ear. "Take a deep breath, and relax baby..."

Taking a deep breath, and trying to relax, as Trent pressed deep inside of me, I grimaced with pain. "Fuck...!" He whispers loudly in my ear, wrapping my arms around his neck. I felt a wave of emotions throughout my body, that obviously prevented me from stopping him.

"I'm not go let you leave me..." He whispers in my ear.

"I'm not going to leave you Trent..." I whispered back through my own moans.

"Say you mine..."

"I'm yoursssss..."

I know... Whatever happened to me leaving right? But Trent was so gentle with me, he also said he would no longer do cocaine. I mean... He promised, you can't break a promise, and he said he was just stressed out. He wasn't beating me, nor did he force me to have sex with him, so... I wanted to work things out.

All I had to do was continue to be the good girl, listen to him, and everything would be okay.

Thank you for reading Trent &
Tonya short story!

CONTINUE READING
FOR AN EXCLUSIVE SNEAK
PEEK OF
(UNLIMITED SECRETS)

By T. Shandriel

Available September 1, 2026



Unlimited Secrets Blurp

I've always been my daddy's baby girl and could not imagine lying to him or my mother. He used to say, "*secrets are lies, and we don't lie in this family.*"

Secrets are formed and constructed for prevention and protection, at least that's my definition of them. If I told the truth, it would hurt the people I love most and may even kill them.

Things used to be so simple, fun, and easy going. Now, it's chaotic, fearful, and resentful. I should have listened, I should have said no, if I could go back, I'd change everything. But the world was my oyster, and I was so eager to see what, and who it had to offer me.

I thought I was ready, I thought I could handle it, I thought I was grown, but I was wrong. The reality is, people are people, and everyone has something to hide, I just hope and pray, that I survive.

-Shunna Wallace

Unlimited Secrets

Roy is the main club manager, he said he worked two jobs with zero support from family or friends. Saved all his money up, and lived out of his car for seven years, just to buy this place and fix it up. Congratulating him on his resilience and success, he thanked me, then guided me toward a table where he kindly pulls my chair out for me. Thanking him, and smiling, when he was about to be seated, he asked. “So how old are you Ms. Shunna?”

“Seventeen, but I’ll be eighteen in a couple of months!” Roy gasps, pushes his chair in, and shakes his head.

“Damn! Why in the hell does Whitney keep sending me these girls fresh outta high school!? I already have twins here, who will be eighteen next month. They hired on to deep clean the club on the weekend. They come in early in the morning, so there is no staff here.”

“Well, I will do that Roy! If you want me to clean up on the weekend for you, I will! When school officially starts, I will have classes three days out of the week anyway. I just didn’t want to work at a fast-food restaurant, but I’m a good cleaner!”

Roy tells me to stand up, slowly standing up, I thought he was about to kick me out. But he takes my left hand in his, his eyes slowly gazed from my booty, breasts, and face. Feeling uneasy, I quickly removed my hand from his. “Roy! If you think I’m going to sleep with you just to be a janitor, you’re outta your mind! I’ll take my chances at a fast-food restaurant.”

Bursting into complete laughter, Roy was so tickled, he had tears in his eyes. Staring at him in silence, he laughs again, then pats his face with a handkerchief.

“Ms. Sunna, though you are a beautiful young lady. Believe me, you ain’t gotta worry about feeling uneasy

around me. I'm a businessman, but the reason I am giving you the eye, because YOU'RE BEYOND GORGEOUS! The twins will be starting next month, they are pretty, but they are not you. If you can promise not to go running around my club, and the community, concerning me going ahead to hire you at seventeen, then you can work here. I love all my employees, and they love me, because they know they can trust me."

Smiling, I cannot believe my day! As me and Roy continue to laugh, talk, and get to know each other. I can see myself being more comfortable around him. He gives me the rundown on his rules, and states that if I have any problems, just let him know. Hugging Roy, and telling him I promise not to say anything, he places a serious look on his face.

"I know you are not going to say anything, because I'll deny it, and fire you. And I'm going to need your ID, so I can make a copy, as well as confirm your birthday. Oh yeah, Ms. Shunna... High school is over! The cops don't raid my place like a SWAT TEAM! But they do stop by to make sure I am up to code on everything. Just be prepared and ready for what this club, and world has to offer you. So, make sure you take care of yourself baby girl."

Quickly pulling out my ID, while nodding my head with a smile, my father's words popped in my head. "*Respect your body baby girl.*" Watching Roy go to his office to make copies, maybe I should have told him, no thank you, and just focus on school. But curiosity flooded my brain, like a never-ending thunderstorm, there was no turning back. A couple seconds later, my father's words on respecting my body were no longer in my head.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

T. Shandriel is a new cross-genre author. With two voices, but one storyteller's heart. Under "T. Shandriel," she writes raw urban fiction, interracial stories, and romance, for readers eighteen and up. Under "Shandriel," she captivates those who love coming-of-age tales, centered on reflection, growth, adventure, and light fantasy, for readers fourteen and up. She finds joy in traveling, as well as crafting poetry centered around mental health.

Website: <https://tshandriel.com/>

Linktree: <https://linktr.ee/ItbeTash>