



**BAILEY KELLER**

WRITTEN BY MD

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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Critics have arguably compared MD to Vladimir Nabokov, James Baldwin, Salman Rushdie and Richard Wright. His literary content has been considered highly controversial, with extreme levels of graphic violence and sexual provocation.

So...what makes MD different from your favorite writers of the past, and the present? What makes him so valuable to us?

MD takes you further than you ever thought you could go. He doesn't compromise the violent and provocative content. Or, his unique way of telling us the story. He challenges and provokes the reader — to feel emotionally affected — by the souls of each character; and the danger and the pleasure they encounter. He gives the reader what they have yearned for in a writer, for thousands and thousands of years; a story that will turn a woman into a powerful Queen.

— WRITTEN BY CATHERINE C. TOWNSEND

# BAILEY KELLER

BASED ON CHARACTERS FROM THE DAUGHTERS OF HUSTLE SERIES

WRITTEN BY MD | DREAM MAKERS EMPIRE

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TAMPA | LONDON | PARIS

“THE FURY OF A DEMON INSTANTLY POSSESSED ME. I KNEW MYSELF NO LONGER.  
MY ORIGINAL SOUL SEEMED, AT ONCE, TO TAKE ITS FLIGHT FROM MY BODY;  
AND A MORE THAN FIENDISH MALEVOLENCE, GIN-NURTURED,  
THRILLED EVERY FIBRE OF MY FRAME.”

— EDGAR ALLAN POE

## PROLOGUE

CHARLOTTE CORDAY HIGH SCHOOL  
SPRING, 2010

The large framed picture of Charlotte Corday, hung proudly, on the outside of the Senior Class Study room. The violent sounds, of splattered blood and submissive crying, eased slowly into the quiet hallway. There was a slight pause. And then the door opened slowly.

Roxanne "Roxy" Hoffman, stepped quietly into the hallway. She was wearing a black leather jacket, with a yellow T-shirt underneath, and a pair of blue denim jeans. She closed the door softly, and then quickly noticed, the small traces of blood on her black sneakers. A sinister smile, emerged across her white face, as she remembered what had just happened. And how the violence, brought unexpected chills, throughout her young, seventeen-year old body. She glanced down the hallway, and noticed a young Spanish girl, leaning against the wall. They acknowledged each other with a simple nod. And then the girl walked away. And Roxy moved quickly down the hallway, in the opposite direction.

The girl's bathroom door, opened quickly; and Roxy stepped inside. She turned around, and then locked the door immediately. She looked forward, and noticed a young, white girl, standing next to the large window. She was wearing a blue blouse, with a matching skirt. Her name was Bailey Keller.

Roxy quickly moved towards the bathroom sink. She took off her black jacket, and placed it on top of the large trash can. She glanced at the blood on her hands, and then she placed the bloody brass knuckles, onto the sink. She turned on the water and used the soap to wash her hands. She glanced through the mirror, and looked directly at Bailey. "You don't have to worry about Steven Jacobs and Les Johnson anymore. So wipe those fuckin' tears."

Bailey wiped away the remaining tears. "What happened to them?"

Roxy continued washing her hands. "Don't worry about what happened to them." She looked back into the mirror. "Sometimes, bullies, have to be reminded that---"

Bailey interrupted her. "Did they get suspended? Are they---"

Roxy quickly interjected. "Look Bailey, the only thing you need to think about right now is being my tutor, okay?" She exhaled slowly and continued to wash her hands. "There is no *fuckin'* way...I can fail Chemistry again. No *fuckin'* way!"

The boy's blood, continued to flow down the drain.

## END OF PREVIEW

For more information on The Daughters Of Hustle series  
<https://www.iamdoh.com/>