

**Book 1:**

# Mikaela's Story

**Mikaela's Story**

**All's Well That Doesn't End**

"Rayvon, your girlfriend is a lesbian."

"No she's not, she's just a little confused."

"She came on to me."

"She told you that you're pretty."

"She kissed me."

"You kissed her back."

"I was drunk, besides it was my first ever experience. I'm sure she's no stranger to eatin' the oochie coo."

"If you say so."

Rayvon took a large bowl of grapes from the refrigerator and walked over to the sofa with me following behind him. We sat side-by-side facing one another.

I popped a grape in my mouth and carried on with our conversation. "Accept it, it's a fact bro!"

"So, does this mean that you're a lesbian now?"

"Nope. She's a good kisser though."

"No bullshit." Rayvon and I slapped palms and snapped our fingers away. "But you kissed a woman and sooo..."

"So I had a once in a lifetime drunken gay kiss, that's all. Don't change nothin'. I'm still strictly dickly."

"Is that riiight?"

"Yes, that's riiight."

I turned my attention to the movie that was beginning on Rayvon's big screen television. I curled up in the corner and yawned and ran my fingers through my hair. Hell, I was tired. I'd been working too hard lately. Actually I'd been busting my behind for years and all that energy I was putting into not having to go back to work for anyone other than the Lord and myself was taking a toll on me. I needed a vacation like nobody's business.

The problem wasn't that I couldn't afford it, these days money was the least of my concerns. I just didn't know how to vacation. Six months ago I made arrangements for a week's vacation in Jamaica. After two days

of doing nothing I felt useless and spent the next five days in paradise on my laptop working my butt off.

You don't know me so let me back up and give you a little history on myself. Ms. Mikaela Johnson a.k.a That Pretty Bitch or PRTYBCH as the license plate on my Navigator says (that could be mistaken as Party Bitch but either way it suits me). Yea, I'm a little vain, what the hell. I look good, so what would be the point of being insecure? Almost tall, golden skin, bright brown eyes and long beautiful thick brown hair, what is there to be ashamed of?

But besides beauty I do have intelligence. I double majored in Business and English, combined that expensive education with my own creativity and self published my first novel when I was twenty-three, a year after I graduated from college. Long story short, I'm working on my eighth best seller and making a mint. Who the hell needs publishing agencies?

Life has been good to me. It hadn't always been but I really don't like to speak on my past. I'd just purchased a five-bedroom, six-bathroom home on the waterfront in Miami Beach. I'm sure my neighbors are going to be pissed when they see my black ass step out on the deck. And I finally had a relationship that was going somewhere. I'd met the love of my life Jibari Owens at *Club Goddess* almost four months ago and we were very happy. Jibari is in the music industry and works tightly with a couple high demand artists and so he travels quite often.

But I wasn't too lonely in my oversized home. My baby sister Janelle was going through a bitter divorce and she and my two nieces, three-year-old Kya and one-year-old Brianne, were staying with me until things settled down some. And then there were my own babies Farrah (my cat), Mischka (my kitten), and Langston my "vicious" Terrier.

But a house full of stinky diapers and litter boxes was no substitute for the company of a warm, stiff dick. My lack of sex was contributing to my tension and exhaustion. I don't know about anybody else but I slept much better at night after my pussy got pleasure, that's real. And with my Jibari on business in London, I was spending many a nights with Big Booty Hoes in the DVD player and my fingers on my G-spot. That's why I kissed Rayvon's girlfriend. Dammit I was drunk and horny as hell. Normally if she would've looked like she wanted try something with me I would have popped her upside her head. But under the circumstances it didn't bother me when Lena wrapped her arms around me, pinned me to the bar and slipped her tongue in my mouth. Damn, I really gotta stop drinking...really.

Despite the fact that I pretty much cheated with his girlfriend, Rayvon is my heart, I love him dearly. He was the first person I met when I settled down in Florida. I'd roomed with him in this very condo for nearly two and a half years back when we first met. He'd been a wonderful friend from the beginning but he wasn't my only close friend. Since high school I kept in close contact with my childhood friends Anne and Richard. Annie has been like a sister to me, my Italian sister. We've been tight since Freshman year back in my hometown of Chicago. I've tried my best to convince her to settle down here after she dropped out of UIC but she got a job working for her lawyer uncle Carlisle and is very happy with her life as it is.

And then there was Richard, "Ricky" Lear. Oh my damn, lemme tell ya about him! Twelve years I've known fine ass Ricky and quiet as kept wanted him. What kept me from getting with him? A pact Annie and I made back in the day was that neither of us would get involved with him in the interest of maintaining our friendship. But I must admit it's impossible not to be attracted to his tall pretty brown skinned self! Hmpf, now he's in Minnesota and in a so-called engagement to some chic he went to UIC with named Jewel Nihalani. I've never met her but I'm sure Rick and Jewel are not going to go through with it. They've planned a wedding every year since they've been together and he's been trying to get with me just as long.

A key turned in the lock and Menisa walked through the front door with a large black bag on her shoulder. Her beautiful curly auburn hair was pulled back into a raggedy ponytail and she appeared to be out of breath. She was wearing no makeup and one of her earrings was missing. She looked like a broke-down Cuban Angelina Jolie. She leaned against the door jamb and stared at the ceiling leaving Rayvon and me wondering what the hell was wrong with her. She was such the drama queen.

"Menisa," I spoke.

"Huh?"

"What the hell happened to you?"

"Oh, just a rough night at work. Just glad to be home."

"Hmpf." I rolled my eyes and returned my attention to the movie. Menisa was my girl. I was the reason that she and Rayvon were roommates, I'd introduced them. I loved her dearly but she was too over dramatic and too damned stubborn. I was doing very well for myself and offered her a job as my personal assistant but she refused to accept it. Something about me being too difficult to work with. Hmpf. She would rather continue answering other people's phones and waitressing part-time on weekends to put herself through law school apparently than assist me. Whatever.

My Motorola sang the tune of the Mexican Hat Dance. I snapped it open and read the message from Jibari saying that he'd come home early. My nipples were instantly hard and my coochie throbbed. I licked my lips as I read the message requesting a private meeting in my bedroom in an hour. I jumped from the sofa and grabbed my sneakers from against the wall. I snatched my purse from the coffee table and ran to the door with my hair flying in the wind.

"Jibari?" Rayvon asked paying me no mind.

"You know. Love ya," I called back and I was out!

\*

Janelle rolled her eyes at me as she passed me in the hallway when she saw me letting Jibari into the house during booty call hours. I shrugged it off and welcomed him with a big hug and wet kiss. My coochie muscles contracted as his tongue did a soft sensual dance around the inside of my mouth and his hands gently trailed downward to settle on my round and firm backside. I rubbed his shiny baldhead and felt chills as his stiffening penis pressed against me.

"I missed you baby," he whispered when he finally came up for air.

"I missed you," I told him.

I stepped aside and locked my door before taking his hand in mine and leading him up the stairs and to my master bedroom. I was naked and oiled beneath my soft pink silk robe. No sooner did my door close behind us did Jibari slipped my robe open and begin to nibble my shoulders. I gasped as his tongue traced the side of my neck while his large hands massaged my C-cup breasts and his thumbs swept across my erect nipples. Jibari pushed the robe completely to the floor and stepped back to admire my nakedness. He licked his full lips as he looked me over. I relished in his appreciation of my body. I worked hard on it and was thrilled to know that he enjoyed it.

"Lay down," he whispered. I obliged. Jibari leaned over my body and softly pressed his lips against mine. He wrapped his mouth around my breast and took turns teasing each one. I moaned and exhaled as his warm breath enveloped my flesh. I tensed in anticipation as that powerful tongue made its way down my stomach

and to the center of my love. I gripped the sheets at first touch and moaned and called to the heavens as he caressed it and sucked it, tickled it and shoved his tongue inside and out. My lower body gyrated when he finally hit my spot while simultaneously stroking my hard throbbing nipples.

"Oh sh...! Oh-oh! Oh my God!" I called out. The more intensity I felt the more effort he put into it. My body jerked violently as the reward for his actions consumed me. I begged for him to stop but he refused to comply, he continued until fluid broke forward and leaked from my body and I collapsed flat onto my back.

I sensed his pride and expressed vanity as he stood from his position between my shaky thighs. My eyes were closed tight as my legs jerked. I didn't see Jibari remove his clothes but I felt him when he slowly stuffed his stiff latex-covered penis inside my sensitive "virginia". I clawed his back as he thrust in and out. He shoved himself deep inside of me, as though he were searching for something.

"Oh shit gurl you feel so good," he mumbled as he worked himself to orgasm. "Ooh shit, I'm about to cum! Oh...oh! Oh shit baby, damn!"

He collapsed his hot, sweaty body on top of me. I rubbed his back softly, until he rolled away and pulled his baby filled condom off. He lay on his back with his eyes closed. I turned on my side and watched him lie peacefully.

\*

Over the past couple years a lot of guys had come in and out of my world. Used to be a time that I was open to most any type of man that interested me but then I began to realize that what I was really doing was settling. I had made my mark on the world and there wasn't anything any guy could buy me that I couldn't myself afford. I needed to narrow the margin some kind of way.

So I decided to only date men that had something to offer me. If I dated a lawyer I'd get free legal advice. If I dated an athlete, free tickets to see the Heat or the Dolphins play. And if I dated an A&R like Jibari, I'd get to meet and mingle with some of the big names in the music industry. Hell I'd already sent autographed books to Jay Z, Eric Sermon, Erykah Badu, and Andre 3000, per their request, just to drop a few names. This was why there was no way that I could get with Corey but unfortunately Janelle couldn't seem to comprehend that.

So now the question that is forming inside your mind is "Who the hell is Corey?" The first year and a half that I lived in Florida I worked part time answering phones for a large credit card company to supplement my then meager income from writing, which by the way is where I met Menisa and Corey amongst others. I will admit, Corey is a very handsome man and back in the day I was attracted to him buuut he had a woman at home so I got over it.

Fashion designer Amori Allen is a mutual friend of ours and Janelle and Corey met for the first time at one of her runway parties. Well J got this mistaken notion that he and I were meant to be. Yes, I was crushin' big time back in the day but these days Corey and I do not get along. Yet Janelle finds every possible excuse to have his crabby tail up in my crib. Besides that, since I left the company the highest he's climbed up the corporate ladder was as a team leader, wow. What could he do for me but tell me my balance and have one of his subordinates dispute a charge for me?

Janelle had some crazy idea that I have a fear of commitment. I wasn't really afraid to commit. I just didn't want to commit to Corey and I really doubted that these days Corey gave a second thought to committing to me. And besides, whether she approved or not, it was my belief that Jibari was the man for me.

\*

I caressed the side of Jibari's face and whispered his name, "Jibari, baby can we talk...about something?"

"Yea, Kae wassup?"

"I was umm, thinking about us. And uh, well, I know you're spending all that money renting that house out here aaand...well, it's kinda a waste of money when you could stay here. I mean, even with my family here I have a lot of space. You could even turn the spare bedroom into a studio and we could share the office."

"Whoa." Jibari huffed and breathed a number of ways making me regret opening my big mouth. He was quiet and though we were still laying side by side he suddenly felt distant.

"Y'know, I'm jumping the gun here. I'm sorry JB, never mind. I was just...I uh..."

"Naw, naw, it's cool. I'll think about it."

"You sure?" I asked trying to hide the excitement in my voice.

"Why not?" he answered with much less enthusiasm than I'd had. I leaned in to kiss him but he turned and slid from the bed before my lips could land. "I'm about to take a shower, alright?"

"Yea, okay."

I laid naked and sticky in my king-sized bed feeling like just as big an idiot. I wasn't even sure why I'd allowed myself to make such a fool of myself like that. Now Jibari was intimidated. He'd think that I was rushing things...trying to put pressure on him.

Jibari stopped naked in the bathroom doorway. He turned to face me. "Ay baby, you wanna jump in here with me?"

"Yea," I spoke in my innocent girl voice. I slipped from the bed with a sly sexy smile on my face and walked up to my man. He wrapped his arm around my waist and pulled me against his body. We kissed before disappearing behind the bathroom door to make sweet love in the shower.

## Copyrighted Material

**Disclaimer:** The following story is a fictitious erotic tale. It is Rated **R** for strong graphic sexual situations, language, and violence. Read at your own risk.

**Book 3:**

# Charitable Taboo

**Charitable Taboo**

**Prelude**

*"Today's top breaking story. A man was discovered early this morning shot dead in his Oakland Park home. The identity has not yet been released as his family has not been notified..." The news anchors voice droned on in the background...*

I pay no attention to the morning's heartbreaking revelation. I've never been into the news, too much pain and suffering being advertised way too early in the a.m. Actually, there was but one reason I even indulged the dry personality and painted on facades of the media - company. Hearing voices, any voices, diminished the feeling of being solo.

Truth be told I was not actually solo, I never was. David, my gorgeous fiancé, is occupying my bed for the third night in a row. Presently we are in the process of deciding whose home to sell. Believe you me, it's a battle but well worth it if I get to spend the rest of my life with this man.

David. Whew, he is the sexiest man I have met to date and trust when I say I have met a lot of men. He's a woman's dream. Tall, dark, powerful, compassionate - and not to mention, well hung! I swear I can screw him and suck him all at the same time. My, my, my, big dick is a beautiful thing and so is my man but wow, marriage. I never saw myself wearing that hat.

It's a pleasure to meet you, I'm Ima Anne Phelps and that's pronounced E-mah, get it straight. It's German as is my maternal grandmother. How would I describe myself? Well...I'd say beautiful. Five feet, six inches of gorgeous, delectable and delightful candy sweet caramel. My almond shaped brown eyes sparkle in the sun and my pouty lips are one of my best features.

Ok, well have a seat while I get ready for work and let me tell you a little more about who I am. I am dressed in a floral silk blouse and black Renata pants, stylish yet conservative. My brown hair which left untouched hangs well past my shoulders, is swept together neatly in a bun. I am professional when I walk through the doors of one of the largest credit card companies in the US where I am employed as a Business Analyst. Come. Let me tell David bye and then I will tell you why I invited you here.

I pick up the remote and point it at the television, flexing my power to stop Sharron Melton in mid-speak. I sit softly on the edge of the bed leaning forward allowing my warm breath to envelope David's flesh. I part my lips and my tongue traces the outline of David's earlobe. His body shifts and I become more aggressive,

nibbling his ear while allowing my hand to find it's way to his happy place. David squirms and moans softly. Mmm, I see you like to watch, huh? Getting that anxious feeling? Well you ain't seen nothing yet.

"Mmm baby, stop teasing me," says David in a cracked husky tone.

"What makes you think I'm teasing this time?" I ask, mischief apparent in my words.

"Ima, now if Mr. Happy starts to smile you're gonna be late for work."

"Alright, alright," I kiss him on the cheek and stand from the bed, pausing to take one last look at the television screen where the news team only moments earlier sat invading the sanctity of my boudoir per my invitation.

It was a morning much like this when a simple news story gone ignored changed my life profoundly. That is why I have invited you here, to share my experience with you in hopes that it can help someone, somehow. I must first, however provide you with my verbal disclaimer:

There is no clear moral to my tale, it is just my experience. I am far from a saint. If you are easily intimidated by such worldly "sins" as sex, profanity, drug and alcohol usage, if you're homophobic or a Jehovah's Witness, under 18, or if you simply have the inability to distinguish fantasy from reality then **STOP**, this just ain't the tale for you.

But for you that are a might bit curious and don't mind opening up yourself to something new nor the possibility of touching yourself when no one's watching, then I am going to back up to only a few weeks ago, to the morning when my world was rocked. A traumatic experience, a wonderful experience, a life altering experience.

Welcome to Charitable Taboo...

## Charitable Taboo

### 1 Missed Messages

*"We have a developing story this morning out of South Miami Beach. A man has been discovered brutally murdered and castrated blocks from a hotel where he'd been a guest only hours earlier. Police have not released the identity of the man as his family has not yet been notified..."*

I paid no attention to the morning's negative revelations. I instead fussed with the stubborn bun, which I was struggling to roll on top of my head. Finally getting it pinned just right I did my final beauty inspection in the master bathroom's full-length mirror. I smoothed the white twill knee-length Lida Baday skirt and jacket and turned side-to-side to catch my view from different angles. I captured a glimpse of movement beneath the gold satin sheet on my bed and turned off the bathroom light before walking in that direction.

I took a seat on the edge of the bed and lustfully eyed the nude silhouette. I leaned forward and gently nibbled the side of Peta-Gaye's neck. I could feel her body shift slightly. Feeling the moment, I grazed my tongue slowly across her neck taking in its sweet nectar. I allowed my tongue to create a trail to her ear and nibbled her lobe softly while my hand massaged her firm round rear. Peta-Gaye squirmed beneath my advances, an easy moan escaped her parted lips.

"Stop f'king with me Ima," she spoke plainly in her accented voice, fighting against the urge to whip her size B tits out and stuff one in my mouth.

"You know you like it," I whispered in a husky yet sensual tone while my tongue played hide and seek with her eardrum.

"You do this shit to me every morning. Leave me here alone with a wet pussy while you run off and play mama to those over-grown imbeciles."

"I've told you about talking bad about my employees." I playfully bit harder on Peta-Gaye's ear before pushing off the bed and heading out the door.

Peta-Gaye and I had been a live-in couple for near two years. I loved her and always will however commitment was a clear issue for me. She was aware that I'd slept with men throughout our relationship but her desire for me forced her to accept that. As long as I never made love to another woman, in my eyes, I was not cheating. I was well aware that a single lustful act as that would be considered outright disrespect by Peta-Gaye and she would certainly leave me if it ever happened.

But even though she was accepting of men being in my life, still I never shared my sexual escapades with her and she never asked. However there was no doubt that she was aware when I was returning from one, especially when it was with Jonathan my White family man suga-daddy, but you will meet him later.

It was an interesting love that she and I shared. My Jamaican queen matched me in height and beauty with bittersweet cocoa brown skin and the sexiest-bitchiest attitude one could stand. With us there was no such thing as the proverbial "man of the relationship" as we both played that part when it applied.

\*

I strolled proudly into my department, which outside of the distant spaced out whispers of the few employees who were paid to plug in early, was quite empty. I'd barely had an opportunity to log into my computer before Garcelle and Armando, my partners in crime, were over my shoulder nagging me about details of the previous evening.

"Soo, just how big was he?" Armando whispered in excitement.

"Is that all you care about?" I inquired knowing full well the answer was 'hell yes!' Armando simply gave me the 'now you know' look. "Baby he was hung," I proudly announced. I was amused at Garcelle and Armando's obvious envy. I laughed aloud hardly able to contain myself any longer. "Hung like an ant, I tell you it was embarrassing. I was embarrassed for him!"

"Ooh, uh-uhn, you are so wrong," Garcelle said.

Armando asked, "Was he White?"

"No, that's what's so sad, he was a brother."

"Whose brother?"

"A brother, brother."

"Oh, uh-uhn, now that is just sorry." Armando snapped sharply.

"Ok fine, so the thingies teeny-weeny. What about the tongue?" Garcelle questioned.

I only rolled my eyes and shook my head. "It felt like somebody was rubbing a Brillo pad against my clit."

"Ow. And on that note, I'm going to start my day."

"Yes, gurl. Hey, we still on for tonight?" Armando asked.

"As usual." I finger waved my friends good-bye and started my workday.

Garcelle and Armando were great friends who understood me like no one else in my life. Garcelle Washington I've known for ten years, she and I attended college together. Gorgeous Dominicana. There was a time when all I wanted to do was be tangled between the sheets with her while she whispered, 'Te amo', 'Le deseo (I want you)', 'béseme todo encima (kiss me all over)' in my ear. Yea, well she was involved and in love at the time. But during that time she and I became wonderful friends and although she desires more than friendship from me now, I refuse to stray from the righteous path.

Armando is a little different. He was welcomed into our world three years ago but we don't know much about him. He has always been very hush about his past, it was too traumatic I suppose. I have become more familiar with 'Sasha'. By day Armando is a straight-laced, tie-wearing professional but by night he's a flaming homosexual and a shit load of fun.

\*

Tension was thicker than Florida's humidity when I arrived home from work. I could hear the voices of my baby sister Natasha and Peta-Gaye before I'd even neared the door.

"Damn the bullshit, you don't need to be flaunting your nasty coochie in front of my man all the time!" Natasha yelled.

"Cho! -mi nuh wa yuh likkle fenke fenke bruk packit man," Peta-Gaye responded.

"Oh, hell no! Don't start that shit!"

"Hey, hey dammit, what's the problem now?" I asked slamming my keys on the kitchen counter frustrated.

"Yu a hear mi, you likkle poil sista wa smadi kick ar bombo rass clate from time to time," Peta-Gay grumbled in her native Patois before sashaying in tank top and thong to our bedroom.

"English, bitch, English," Natasha said to which Peta-Gaye's only response was her middle finger.

"Natasha stop it, please," I tried to reason.

"Ima, no. I'm sick and tired of every time I bring Dre over your damn carpet munching ass bitch is flaunting her stank ass around naked."

"Girl, you betta bite back!" I snapped ready to go off on her junior ass.

"Ima, it's disgusting."

"Natasha, my patience is wearing thin. That's my woman you're talking about. I don't disrespect Dre and thus expect that you won't disrespect Peta-Gaye."

Natasha glanced me over with a vacant, distant look in her eyes. "Like I said, it's disgusting."

My sister and I stood toe to toe, our eyes shooting daggers. Natasha found every possible opportunity to remind me just how trifling she thought my having a physical relationship with a woman was. She backed down when I reminded her that I wouldn't hesitate to put her ass out if she crossed too far over her boundaries. I bumped her shoulder intentionally as I walked past toward my bedroom where a furious Peta-Gaye and some harsh choice words were awaiting me.

\*

The line was practically around the corner when Garcelle, 'Sasha' and I arrived at The Whole, a nightclub for hetero's and homo's which we patronized at least three nights a week. My hips moved seductively from side to side as I strolled, licking my lips, toward the head of the line. I was dressed to kill as I always was. Fashion

is of high importance to me, something that you cannot put a price on. I wore a David Meister silk satin strapless beaded dress and Vera Wang crystal and silver leather t-strap sandals (heels).

On these occasions I am 'Charity', a single, insatiable creature of the night. On these occasions anything goes and I am guaranteed a good time if not a great one. I am free to be whomever I desire. No one here knows me, not the real me anyway. They do not know the power hungry, German and African ancestry, Catholic prude who is Ima Anne. I do not desire for them to know me intimately. I only desire for them to extinguish the smoldering embers within me. No exchange of numbers, no promise to hook up later. I only love you tonight, by morning light I don't remember your name.

Warren, the built chocolate bouncer from Trinidad, held no shame as he undressed me with his eyes. Surely he was reminiscing about the one and only time that he and I shared together. Romantic? Hardly. I was drunk and frustrated with the evening's selection and thus allowed myself to be hoisted onto his thick long island dick and pressed against a graffiti stained wall while he thrust in and out of my body. Sweat poured from the top of his bald head as my nails gathered up the day's dirt and grime as they dug into his smooth flesh. It was good for me but can never happen again otherwise he may become disoriented and confuse our lustful romps for a relationship.

"Damn girl you look good. Them titties need their own zip code!" he said as I approached the head of the line. The question of when would he be able to bury his face in between them again was obvious yet unspoken.

A small group of females hissed and glared as my trio eased past. I slowly moved my eyes from them and landed them on Warren's handsome brown face, a sly smirk on my glossy lips. I pressed my hand against his cheek and gently moved his lips toward mine. I could sense his little soldiers lining up and preparing to attack as I sensually kissed and nibbled his lips.

"Is my table ready?" I whispered.

Warren's voice was cracked and high pitched when he spoke, "Of course." He cleared his throat and was redeemed as masculine. "Of course."

I pat his cheek and looked back at the bitches to the rear. I looked them up and down before giving Garcelle and 'Sasha' their cue to make our appearance.

\*

Cam'ron's "Oh Boy" was bumping in the background. The waitress Sindelle brought to our table a complimentary bottle of Moet and three champagne glasses. It's true that to the general public we aren't important enough to deem such treatment but for all the business we generated helping to get this club off the ground, we deserved to be treated with Mariah status.

'Sasha' lit up the laced joint that he rolled while sitting at our table. He took his hit before handing it off to me. I put the drug to my lips and inhaled deeply. I held the smoke in my lungs while my eyes scanned the crowd hoping that someone would catch my attention. Finding nothing, I twisted my lips sideways and blew the smoke into the air. I took a second hit before passing it on to Garcelle. I'd barely finished off my first glass of Mo' when a club buddy dressed in drag, 'Maccartney', rushed our table.

"Hi babies," Maccartney spoke as 'she' took a seat beside me whilst blowing kisses to each of us. We all answered with our respective smooches. "Charity, you look absolutely fab as usual girl, ravishing."

"Thank you but look at you! Is that Chetta B?" I asked of the long satin red wrap gown Maccartney wore. She was always much too overdressed for the evening but that did not dismiss the fact that she was always stunning.

"Of course darling, you know how I do, O-K?" she snapped sharply in the air. "Anyway there's somebody that I would like for you to meet."

"Oh Maccartney honey, you know I do not do blind dates."

"Bitch please, the picking's is slim tonight and besides this muthaf'ka is fine, y'hear me. Garcelle, darling? You think I can relieve you of babysitting duties?" Garcelle rolled her eyes at Maccartney and passed the joint her way.

"So why don't you screw him?" I asked.

"Bitch stop. Don't play me like this Charity, you know I would not give you no rag dolls to play with. He's straight unfortunately but he's nice though." Maccartney took a healthy puff and passed the remainder of the joint to Sasha.

"Greedy bitch," Sasha grumbled about the minimal remains of the weed he'd invested in.

"Learn to share. Anyway, come. Now."

"Play nice, ladies," I chimed in.

I allowed Maccartney to take my hand and guide me across the floor to a table in the back. I was relieved to see a scrumptious black man sitting behind it. He laughed with friends and craters formed in his cheeks. He was dark with strikingly white teeth, possibly bleached. His style was on point and my coochie contracted. I looked on in lust for a full thirty seconds before Maccartney cleared her throat and got the men's attention.

"Rude. Anyway Steven this is Charity, she's the one I was telling you about." Maccartney reveled in matchmaking heaven as Steven stood and extended his hand in my direction. I turned my attention away from the sexy Negro that I was lusting after and turned to offer a polite 'how are you?' to the attractive European-American Maccartney was determined to connect me with. "Isn't he just scrumptious darling? Well you two go on and play."

I smiled a sweet and courteous smile. The beat for Tweet's "Oops (Oh My)" dropped in and my lace thong began to stick to the sweet sap forming. "It's a pleasure however may I have a moment with this naughty boy over here? My, it's been how long since we've seen each other?"

Picking up on my cue black Adonis chimed in, "Oh damn, I thought that was you. Wow, six maybe seven months. We've really got to catch up."

"Oh yes, let's."

He rose from his chair and must have stood a full foot above me. I felt Maccartney's icy glare on the back of my head but I didn't give her the satisfaction of looking back and acknowledging it. John, as he'd soon introduce himself, clearly impressed by me, led me to a table where we could be alone and talk. The conversation hadn't gone too far before I gave him the go ahead to suggest that we go someplace quiet to get to know each other better.

\*

Garcelle, Armando and I had a die-hard rule for our own protection. Anytime we disappeared with anyone we would leave a message with our whereabouts on each other's voice mail. Tonight would be no different.

While John waited to be assigned a room by the desk clerk I flipped open my cell and made two phone calls and left two messages. When he was done he took my hand in his and I followed him to our room.

Our tongues had intertwined before we even reached the room. John managed to insert the key card and with his back to the door and his hand firmly gripping my ass, pushed it open. We stumbled backward until the bed became a fortunate obstacle stopping us suddenly. Our breathing was heavy, so anxious to start but being unsure as to where we should begin. John paused and held my face in his hands while staring into my eyes. He scanned my face and slowly down to my breasts, which were spilling forward from the strapless.

John's hands cupped my size D breasts which he massaged while biting the side of my neck. I tossed my head back and went limp in his arms. My own hand touched my thigh and slid up and down slowly while 'oohs' and 'aahs' traveled from my lips. I raised my hand higher and higher until I was touching my own moisture and caressed my swollen lips back and forward becoming more and more aroused.

John stopped suddenly and backed away. There was a sinister look in his eyes. "Take your clothes off," he demanded and I obliged. I slowly slid my dress from over my breasts and allowed it to fall to the carpeted floor below. I stood in my strapless push up bra and lace thong and moved my body in a sexy slow rhythmic motion. I reached back and undid the clasp then pulled the material away from my body revealing perfect round tits. I tossed the bra and it smacked him in the face. I then turned my body away from him and arching my back pushed my ass higher while I slid my thong from my waist. I'd barely stepped out of them before John was up and on me again.

He wrapped his arm around my waist and his mouth around my neck and walked me swiftly to the wall. I stood with my back to him and my hands pressed against the wallpaper with golden glints. John stooped down and pulled my ass to his face. His tongue darted in and out as he searched for something dear to him. I gasped when he found it and caressed and nibbled. I growled and banged my fist against the wall while shaking my head wildly from side to side.

When he was full of my juices, John stood and turned me to face him. He immediately took my breasts into his palms and took turns nursing on each of them. I reached for the crotch of his jeans and unsnapped and unzipped them. I slid my manicured nails from the waistline down until they discovered the opening of his boxers. I reached inside and nearly exploded when I felt the thickness of his hard shaft. I took my hand to my mouth and licked it, gathering as much of my saliva as possible before taking him in my hand and moving it up and down with slow yet strong movements.

A jewel was awarded to me in the form a small pool of pre-cum at the tip of John's dick. Instinctively I licked my lips slowly and eased away from him. His hands were still positioned as if he were holding something dear and hadn't yet come to terms with the fact that it had been taken away. I dropped to my knees before him and licked the love juice from his head. My tongue circled it slowly as my hand moved up and down. I bit down but not hard. John was thick so I had to prepare myself before taking him inside of my mouth. I moved partway south, bobbing my head up and down while rotating my tongue in a counter clockwise direction.

John moaned and his body tightened. He panted and mumbled compliments on my oral expertise. His knees nearly buckled when I moved my mouth down to the patch of hair at the base of his dick. I held my composure and sucked strong and with more ferocity. John squealed like a girl and grabbed my hair guiding at his desired pace. He throbbed in my mouth and his power became stronger. I eased away so that he would not cum before I had the chance to feel him inside of me.

John lifted me into the air and swiftly placed me on my back on the bed. He removed his clothing quickly and I wished I had a camera, as no one would believe how perfect his body was. He pried my legs open and placed his body above mine. Before he reached my opening I pushed him back gently and felt for my small

purse. Inside were at least three different varieties of condoms, a travel sized vibrator and a small tube of Astro Glide. John grabbed a Magnum and rolled it on quickly, then slowly pushed himself inside of me. He took my legs and placed them high upon his shoulders, I could feel that he was deep. He moved back and forth slowly at first and then faster and harder.

I banged on the bed and called out to the Father and Son and anyone else who cared to listen in pleasurable agony grateful for this sexy man whose solid chest was clear of all but a tattoo of a snake around a dagger, whose abs one could bounce a quarter off and whose dick was somewhat of a trophy! I grunted and panted and fondled my body determined to show this man that I could hold my own.

John pulled out and taking me by my waist flipped me over onto my stomach. He pressed down on the small of my back and positioned my rear for a perfect entrance. No holding back as he rammed in and out and I held a tight grip on the blanket. He was getting close and I would not miss out. I reached back with one hand and rubbed vigorously against my clit and moaned and called as he pulled my waist to him repeatedly.

"Oh shit! Oh shit!" I whispered as I began to reach my climax. John beat faster and faster and reaching the culmination of all his efforts, collapsed on top of me.

It was after two more rounds of *getting to know each other better*, that I freshened up and headed out the door without so much as offering a thank you peck on the cheek while John, naked and sweaty, slept like a baby...