

Chapter One

The OxyContin in his system had finally worn off enough to allow Kyree Dahli Singh to awake from his nap, but he still winced from the pain in his left shoulder and neck as he opened his eyes. He adjusted the sling holding his arm in place and gently rubbed the soft bandage covering the scabbing bullet wound; neither did much to stop the pain. He cleared the haze from his eyes just in time to see the road sign reading that he was just one mile away from his new home, and his new life, as his girlfriend Marla Marie Johnson zoomed past it.

Kyree watched Marla with heavy eyes as she focused on the road. The fading sun had cast a ray of light across her nose causing her to squint slightly and he smiled despite his discomfort, appreciating her beauty. Attractive women had always been an obsession of his. People that knew him best would even call it his one weakness, though he never saw it that way. What he couldn't deny though was through all the years, and all of the women, he'd never been as attracted to any woman as he was to Marla.

Physically, Marla exceeded all of Kyree's standards; tall, with a mocha-brown, flawless complexion, and a fit body that plumped out in only the most seductive places. Her most alluring feature to him was her hair though. She wore it short and natural, never with a weave that he couldn't touch or pull on if he wanted to. In Kyree's life there was always the fake hair that came with the pretty face or the muffin-top belly that came with the big boobs and phat ass, but not with Marla. In his eyes she was damn near perfect.

Marla's physical appearance isn't what separated her from the random girls Kyree was use to bedding though. His addiction to women had led him to countless experiences where angel faces and goddess bodies were the norm, and having money and renowned status made it easy for him to have and discard as many of them as he wanted. He expected Marla to be another name and face that would fade from his memory too, but she had different plans.

Marla quickly convinced Kyree that she wasn't like other women. She proved that she wasn't after his money by paying for their first date herself, taking him to see Kevin Hart's comedy show at the Liacouras Center in North Philadelphia. On the dates that followed she showed him that she wasn't impressed by the power his reverence gained him around the city by choosing to go on walks in the parks or the piers at Penn's Landing instead of sitting in the VIP sections of the hottest nightclubs.

Although impressed, Kyree was also hip to the games women played to prove they were different from others. He didn't take Marla's show of independence too seriously at first, and he didn't believe her when she said that she wanted to get to know him before they had sex. He heard that line from every woman he encountered, but they would all end up reneging and giving him what he wanted, when he wanted it. He loved that he could control a woman's mind, and subsequently her body in that manner. He actually enjoyed the game more than the sex. Marla stuck to her word though. They talked for months, went on dates, and learned a lot about each other before she'd ever set foot inside his apartment.

Kyree had never worked so hard for a woman's affection. He put the time in with Marla, kissing and sucking her juicy lips after each date and fantasizing about when the time would come for him to have her the way he wanted. Eventually, all of the time spent and fantasies turned Kyree's lust and infatuation into genuine care. He prided himself on being able to read people, not just on the surface, but also what they hid beneath it, and he was accustomed to reading sneaky, greedy, hidden agendas in the women he dealt with.

The ease and predictability of those other women was ultimately what separated Marla. Kyree began ditching his "string-less" pieces of ass to spend all of his time with Marla doing nothing at all. Their relationship grew, and so did the change in him. He fought the new feelings off for as long as he could, but after they had sex for the first time, three months into the relationship, Kyree was hooked. He gave Marla the keys to his heart, and his life, and he trusted her more than anyone else in the world.

Kyree didn't have a relationship with his family since leaving home at just sixteen-years-old. His parents were renowned surgeons, and his two older sisters had followed in their footsteps, enrolling into John Hopkins Medical School, but Kyree was introduced to a completely alternative lifestyle while spending summers in Philly with his uncle as a young boy. Kyree's father Alim immigrated from India and put himself through school by working as a cab driver and pizza deliveryman before becoming the region's top cardiologist. His mother Sasha was from a housing project in South Philly called Tasker Homes, and she escaped her own meager upbringing by focusing on education as opposed to the streets.

She graduated from Hopkins with honors and became a neurologist, and her education was funded entirely by her older brother Vincent. For most of her childhood Vincent sold Heroin throughout Philadelphia and made millions of dollars. Sasha was just two weeks away from graduating when Vincent was arrested and sentenced to fifteen years in prison. Alim and Sasha were married and having children a short while later and Kyree was nine when Vincent came home. Against Alim's protests, Sasha wasted no time in having the two men in her family get to know one another. Despite his reputation, she still adored her big brother.

Kyree took to Vincent instantly and before they knew it, he was under his uncle's guidance more than theirs. He became obsessed with Vincent's life, and with his natural intelligence, and his uncle's muscle, he quickly became the biggest thing on the Philly drug scene. Kyree ran his business, drawing as much admiration as he did hate, without a hiccup for ten years, up until the masked men barged into his house. Now, everything was different.

Marla rode over a bump in the road causing the luxurious Range Rover to bounce and trigger the pain in Kyree's shoulder. The pain subsequently triggered the memories of that day. He could still see the spark from the muzzle of the pistol when he thought about the attack. The image was still clear and it was the most horrifying time in his 26 years, but the fear that followed that night was ten times worse.

While he recovered from being shot Kyree became paranoid of the people around him. His friends and associates surrounded him, wishing him well and telling him how happy they were that he was still alive, but he wasn't sure who to trust. There were only a few people in the world that knew him well

enough to put those men in a position to get him, so that night left Kyree with a lot of questions.

A smart man is able to spot the moves against him coming from a mile away.

The words bounced around his head as he lay in the hospital. It was one of the lessons he'd learned from Vincent during their time in the streets together. Kyree had lived his entire life by the man's advice.

Don't trust anyone in this business, because everyone in this business has the same mentality.

He'd been able to apply those lessons over the years, but his one slip-up had him questioning everything he thought he knew. As the pain, depression, and paranoia began to spiral out of control, there was just one thing that kept Kyree from completely losing it. Marla's love for him had grown and it was something that he'd never felt before. She cried at his bedside and her emotions were the only ones that felt genuine. She told him that she wasn't crying for what had happened to him, but instead what would happen to him if he didn't make a change in his life.

Marla and Kyree were from the same environment. She'd spent just as much time in the game and she knew what would result from Kyree's search for revenge. Kyree never questioned his lifestyle before then. He could never even imagine himself doing anything besides selling drugs and sleeping with different women, but after that night he knew he'd have trouble going back to his old life. Feeling the love Marla had for him, a love that he'd finally accepted and returned, only added to his second-guessing.

He'd already made more than enough money to retire on, and Marla's pressing was relentless. A life for the two of them outside of the ghetto became more appealing the closer he got to leaving the hospital. He'd already distanced himself from the people and places of his old life and he had his uncle take full control of their business. Marla had met with realtors on houses in the suburbs before Kyree was released. She put his condo on the market and sold his cars and jewelry, and she used a friend's business to make the money look legit. She took care of everything, and all Kyree had to do when he came home was sign the papers on the new house.

Having her take care of him while he was down, and seeing how she had conducted business the same way he would have not only made him love her more, but it also made him realize how lucky he was to have her. Marla became the most important thing in his life, and making her happy became his highest priority. He hadn't even seen the five-bedroom house in Alpine New Jersey yet, but he figured if she was happy with it then he would be too. He reminded himself of that happiness whenever questions about his lifestyle change crept into his mind. Marla was happy, and they would be a lot safer in the new neighborhood, but every now and then Kyree missed his fast life.

"You're up just in time babe. We'll be there in about five minutes." Marla said smiling.

"Where's my pills?"

"Damn, you just took one. You still in pain?"

"What you think?"

“I think you just tryna get high.” Marla teased.

The lovebirds shared a laugh as Marla pulled into a gated community with large houses, large front lawns and two-car garages. The road turned into cobblestones and winded around the properties. The sun was just setting, turning the sky royal blue, and Kyree stared out the window at the children being called in for dinner as they passed them. A flashback of his childhood came to mind. Even though he was far removed from it the memory made him smile.

Marla pulled up in front of a green house with large windows and a huge oak tree in the front yard. One of the garage doors was open and the moving men had stacked boxes against the rear wall inside it. Kyree rubbed the thick mane he kept pulled into a ponytail, the most glaring sign of his mixed heritage, as he gingerly slid from the car. He took in his new neighborhood. It was quiet and peaceful, the exact opposite of what he'd become accustomed to over the past ten years. The new homeowners walked up the driveway and entered through the garage. The moving men were finishing setting up their maple wood and crystal dining set, cleaning their mess and preparing to leave.

“Everything has been set up the way you requested mam.” The man said through a thick Latino accent.

He smiled and tried to focus on Marla's eyes instead of the parts of her body that protruded in her spandex outfit. Kyree lumbered in behind her, shifting the man's eyes from Marla's sex appeal to his injuries. He wondered what had caused them, but made sure not to stare at them too long too. Marla dug into her pocketbook and took out three hundred-dollar bills and handed them to the head mover.

“Thank you so much for all of your help.” She said sweetly, increasing the man’s fantasies of her. He took the money and rounded up his crew as Kyree slowly took a tour around the inside of the house.

After leaving the dining room he entered the large den on the right. The room was empty, with high ceilings and empty bookshelves. Kyree silently designated it his personal space away from Marla when he needed it. He moved into the kitchen with Marla quietly following behind him. She watched him survey every inch of the room. He admired his reflection in the stainless-steel fixtures. He walked around the island stove, dishwasher and sink and he opened the hidden refrigerator and admired how spacious it was. He closed it and took another glance around the room.

“So... do you like it?” Marla asked anxiously.

She knew how particular Kyree was about having things exactly the way he wanted them and she desperately wanted to make him happy. Kyree looked at his girl, with her wide smile and beautiful eyes. She batted them in anticipation of his response, trying to use her girlish charms to persuade him. He always knew when she was trying it, just like he knew when she was trying to use her womanly charms to get her way, but knowing never stopped him from falling for her tricks. He smiled at her.

“Do you like it?” He asked.

“I do.” She replied excitedly.

“Well then I love it.”

Kyree limped over to the entrance of the kitchen where Marla leaned against the arched entryway. He leaned in and gave her a kiss. Even kissing a woman on the lips had never been a practice of his until he met Marla. Her lips were as soft as pillows and as sweet as fruit though, and he loved tasting them. When he tasted her passion fruit lip-gloss his sweet, loving peck turned into him sucking her bottom lip into his mouth and tickling it with his tongue.

It was Marla's favorite move of his and always made her ready for sex. She moaned and Kyree slid closer, sliding his good arm around her waist and pulling her closer to him. Marla wrapped her arms around his neck and sucked his top lip the same way he did her bottom. When Kyree felt his dick rise he slid his hand down and squeezed Marla's ass, pulling her even closer and pressing his wood against her leg. She smiled while Kyree still had her lip in his mouth.

"Now see, you better not start somethin' you can't finish." She said against his face, making him smile and release her lip.

"Just cause I'm high don't mean I can't do what I do." He shot back. The smell of her lip-gloss on his breath made Marla kiss him again. She stuck her tongue in his mouth and made it dance with his, pulling back slowly and creating a loud sucking sound off his lips.

"So you ready to break in the new bedroom already?" She teased. The sound of her sexy voice made Kyree's dick harder.

"Naw, let's break in the kitchen first and work our way up to the bedroom." He replied.

He slid his hand inside the back of Marla's tights, squeezing her ass again and separating the cheeks to slide the tip of his finger inside her warm pussy. He tickled the opening until the moisture made noises loud enough for them to hear. They laughed at the sound, but Marla's laughter had to fight against the sounds of pleasure escaping her. The pleasure won out and she let out a long moan before digging her nails into Kyree's bushy hair and kissing him again.

"Well I guess I better jump on the counter myself, since I know you can't put me up there." Marla teased.

"Oh you got jokes? Get ya ass up there and I'ma make you pay for makin' fun of me." Kyree shot back.

By the look in his eyes Marla knew Kyree would do just that. Their sex life was always hot and fun, but she knew that challenging him in any way would only make things hotter. She knew exactly how to get to him. Marla stood on her tippy-toes and Kyree's finger slid out of her. She strutted over to the island as Kyree watched her, admiring the way her ass stuck out and her waist sunk in, and both swayed in perfect unison.

Marla hopped up on the counter and pulled her tights down over her ass while Kyree undid his belt and walked over to her. She leaned back on her elbows, crossed her ankles and pointed her toes to the ceiling, exposing her wet slit through the tiny space she'd pulled down her pants. Kyree marveled at the shimmering hairs on it before standing on his tippy-toes and kissing the lips with his tip. Marla gasped and readied herself for the plunge, and then the doorbell rang.

"Who the fuck is that?" Kyree blasted. "We don't even know nobody out this bitch yet."

Marla laughed and inched her hips off the edge of the counter, trying to slide the wood in herself. She rocked back and forth on the head and that slight penetration was enough to make her forget all about the front door. Kyree hadn't completely gotten over his paranoia yet though.

"They'll go away baby." She moaned.

"You damn right they'll go away. They'll really go away if I send a bullet through the front door."

His paranoia had to fight through the soft, hot, wetness wrapped around his dick, but it somehow managed to win out. He backed up, sliding out of Marla and officially ending their romp. She rolled her eyes and blew her breath out in a sigh.

"Them pills really got you trippin' babe." She said as she hopped down and pulled her tights back over her ass.

"Just go get rid of them and bring ya ass back in here."

Kyree stroked his dick as he watched Marla's ass shake away from him, trying to maintain his hard-on. He knew he didn't have to though. She'd have no problem getting him back up if he went down. Marla hurried towards the front of the house eager to return, and she crept back into the kitchen a moment later.

"Baby, I think it's our new neighbors." She whispered as if they could hear her.

"Well, did you get rid of them?"

“No I didn’t get rid of them. We can’t be mean to people our first night here. Now put that thing away and come be nice.” Marla said before heading to the door again.

She took one more glance at her man’s dick and continued to the door before she could second-guess her own advice. Kyree slowly pulled up his pants, fastened them, and followed behind his girl. Marla stopped at the front door to check herself in the mirrors in the foyer. She turned back to Kyree to make sure he didn’t look like they were just about to have sex too.

“Baby, take off your sling.” She whispered before opening the door.

It was smart to keep his injury from the people in their new life, especially the cause of it. Kyree smiled as he achingly slid the strap over his head and tossed the sling into the closet, realizing that his girl was always thinking along the same lines as him. She cracked the door open and smiled at the pair of faces smiling back at her.

“Hello. We’re your neighbors from across the road. I hope we didn’t catch you all at a bad time.” The woman at the door said. She had blonde hair and a bright face.

“No, not at all.” Marla replied as she pushed the door open.

“I’m Noel and this is my husband Dan. We just wanted to welcome you all to the neighborhood and let you know if you needed anything please feel free to ask.” Noel showed a friendly smile while Dan displayed a manlier it.

“That’s sweet, and we really appreciate it.” Marla replied.
“Would you like to come in?”

She stepped aside allowing their new neighbors to enter. Kyree wasn't too happy about the spur-of-the-moment meet and greet, and Dan's involvement seemed to be just as forced as his, but both men gritted their teeth and conceded to their woman's needs to be neighborly.

"Dan."

"Kyree." The two men shook hands before they all entered the living room full of boxes.

"Sorry we don't have anywhere for you to sit." Marla said. "All of our furniture hasn't arrived yet."

Kyree had every intention on being the type of neighbors that stayed to themselves, but he was curious about the people in the neighborhood. He and Marla weren't the typical residents and he knew that the Dan and Noel welcoming committee was just a ploy to get a close up look at the young, dark-skinned new neighbors. He smirked at the idea of what their first impressions were.

"It's no problem." Noel replied. "We were just stopping by to see how you were liking the neighborhood."

"We love it." Marla blurted.

In those first few minutes Kyree had already completed his first impressions of them. Noel controlled the conversation and more than likely controlled their relationship. She'd dragged Dan over to meet them against his will. Kyree couldn't be made to do anything that he didn't want to do. He felt a sense of power in Noel's presence. He'd always been attracted to strong women, but he couldn't imagine allowing one to run his life.

“Yeah, is everybody around here so nice?” Kyree asked sarcastically.

“I think you’ll find that everybody looks out for one another around here.” Noel answered sincerely.

“Cool.” Kyree shot back.

Despite the age difference Kyree could already see Marla and Noel hanging out together easily and he was happy that she’d have a friend in the new neighborhood. He could also see her trying to get him to do the same with Dan, but he couldn’t say that would be as easy. He couldn’t imagine them having one thing in common.

The two couples stood silent for a moment, taking in each other’s appearance. Dan eyed Marla from head to toe and smiled to erase the lustful look in his eyes. Kyree gave Noel a good look too. She was short and petite, but seductively curvy. Kyree liked women with a little more meat on them, but he couldn’t deny Noel’s sex appeal. He’d given up on sampling different women since being with Marla, but that didn’t stop him from appreciating the beauty he’d left behind.

“So, any kids, or is it just the two of you?” Dan blurted to break the silence.

“No, no kids yet.” Marla said with a hinting smile. Kyree grinned back at her.

“Of course they don’t have any kids.” Noel added. “They both still look like kids themselves. If you don’t mind me asking, I mean you two must be barely in your twenties.”

Marla smiled as if she was flattered, but Kyree gritted his teeth. He hated being questioned, especially by strangers.

“Well, I’m twenty-four, and my fiancé here is twenty-six.” Marla replied.

“Wow, you guys are pretty young.” Dan said eyeing the both of them once more. Another silence fell over the room, but Kyree assumed for different reasons this time. He imagined what Dan’s assumptions were for how the young, black family came to afford a house in his neighborhood.

“So what about you guys?” Kyree asked, masking his irritation. His friendly new neighbors chuckled.

“Trust me my friend, the last thing you want to ask this woman about is her age.” Dan joked, causing Noel to slap him playfully on the arm.

“No, I meant do you have any kids?” Kyree corrected.

“Well I have a daughter, Julie, who I’m sure you’ll meet soon enough.” Noel answered. “But we have yet to make one of our own.”

Noel lovingly looked up at her man and smiled. The topic was one they’d discussed at length as of late. She knew how much Dan wanted a family of his own, and he felt lucky that she wanted to give it to him. He looked down at her with the same loving eyes and she leaned against his body from beneath his arm.

“But we plan on changing that really soon.” Dan said, expressing his love with a kiss.

“That’s great.” Marla gushed. Dan came back from his moment of bliss, turning back to Kyree and Marla with a big smile.

“So, just twenty-six, huh? It’s usually old fogies and retirees moving in around here. If you don’t mind me asking, what do you do for a living Kyree?”

Again silence took over the room and Kyree bit down so hard that his teeth ached. He’d anticipated someone asking him that question at some point, but he wasn’t prepared to answer it so soon in his arrival. He gave a cold stare to Marla for allowing the sudden meeting to take place and she stared back at him in silence, knowing exactly what the look meant.

“I own a few small businesses in the city, and my parents left me a trust fund when they passed away.” Kyree said through gritted teeth.

“I’m sorry to hear about your parents.” Dan replied quickly.

“It was a long time ago.”

“So what about you? What do you do?” Marla asked to change the subject.

“Well, I was a day trader on Wall Street for about fifteen years, and then I lucked up and got into some Internet start-ups on the ground floor. They took off for me, so now I’m mostly the guy that sits around the house trying to figure out a new hobby to involve myself with.” Dan said.

Everyone laughed, but the hairs on the back of Kyree’s neck stood up. The only thing that peaked his interest more than women was money.

“That sounds like the life to me.” He said in a little friendlier tone.

“Oh boy, it looks like we have two American, male, capitalist on our hands.” Noel quipped. “What are the odds?”

“Very funny.” Dan replied. “By the way Marla, you don’t complain about Kyree’s drive for success until he buys you something new and shiny do you?” Dan quipped. “Wow, what are the odds?”

“Oh really?” Noel laughed. “I see we’re going to have to finish this conversation at home. Let’s go.”

“Great.” Dan joked. “Well, it was nice to meet you all, and we’ll be seeing you around.

“Nice meeting you too, and thanks for everything.” Marla said as she walked her new neighbors to the door.

“What a couple of weirdos.” Kyree said as he watched Marla lock the door behind them.

“Stop.” She replied with a laugh.

When she turned and viewed her man she instantly remembered the tingles he was setting off in her in the kitchen. The thoughts made her ready for action again and she sucked in her bottom lip as she strutted towards him. Kyree waited patiently. He knew the look in her eyes, and he knew what she wanted. The sex they had was wild and fun, but just like the look in her eyes it had become predictable to him.

In that moment Kyree pictured the eyes he'd just met. They were deep and dark-green, exotic and mysterious. Kyree naturally began to imagine how they'd look under the influence of his dick. Marla walked up and wrapped her arms around his neck and sucked his bottom lip into her mouth. When she pulled away, she made the loud sucking sound.

“Forget about them baby; let's pick up where we left off.”

Two years earlier

Chapter Two

The raindrops pounding the pavement on 13th and Walnut Street looked like they were the size of golf balls as Natalie Porter watched them fall from beneath the bus stop booth on the corner. A middle-aged man in a tan overcoat and thin-framed glasses rushed beneath the shield just as a cab rolled by and splashed a huge puddle up to his knees.

“Son of a bitch!” The man screamed before he noticed Natalie tucked in the corner. He worked his eyes over her body slowly and was stunned into silence.

He tossed the soaked newspaper he’d been holding over his head on the bench and he kept his eyes glued on her. First he stared at her long, flowing black hair. He’d never known a black woman to have such fine hair, but the honey-brown woman in front of him was so pretty that he thought the hair could actually be real. Then he moved his eyes down her long, smooth legs.

Even in the pouring rain her legs were exposed as far up as the eye could see, with only a black, thigh-length rain jacket covering them. Natalie could see the lust the man felt for her in her overcoat, and she grinned at the thought of him seeing what she wore beneath it. The man’s eyes finally reached her feet. The black pumps made her legs look extra long, and extra sexy.

The man ran his tongue around his lips as his eyes made their way back up Natalie's body. When he reached her face he realized she'd been watching him the whole time. He quickly turned back to the pouring rain. He removed his glasses to wipe away the water in them and he took a clear-eyed view of the beauty standing with him.

"You know what time the next one come?" He asked in an attempt to appear a little less creepy.

"I'm not sure."

Natalie spoke in her natural voice, but to him every word from her lips sounded extraordinarily seductive. He turned back to the rain unsure of what to say next. He usually wasn't so hapless around women, but something about that one made him nervous. Natalie was used to having that effect on men though. In fact, the man's nervous staring amused her more than it creeped her out. She smirked at his fidgeting.

Not only was Natalie aware of how she affected men, but she also knew just how to use that influence to get what she wanted from them. She could spot a sucker, and she could tell how much effort she'd need to get what she wanted from them with one glance. One look at the nerdy man at the bus stop and she knew that she could have his paychecks with little more than a kiss on his cheek. Her radar didn't blip for 9 to 5 salaries though. Natalie sought a particular type of man, for a particular type of reason.

She'd dealt with a lot of men in her twenty-two years, and she'd found several traits common in them all. Natalie came to know men so well that she became able to predict their actions in most instances. On her own since the age of fifteen, she

survived in the streets of Philly with those skills, preying on gangsters and drug dealers around the city. Natalie took what she did very seriously. She was a pro and it was her sole source of livelihood.

She peeked from beneath the booth and stared up at the skyscraper across the street. The rain still poured and she turned up the collar on her jacket before stepping back into the corner. Contrary to what the old man assumed, that wasn't Natalie's real hair. It was a weave she'd just paid 800 dollars to have sewn in and even though she knew the encounter awaiting her in the building would be hotter if she showed up soaking wet, she wasn't quite ready to ruin the hairdo.

Maybe I'll let him wet my hair on the beach in Jamaica. She thought to herself. The idea made her grin and her wicked smile made the old man blush.

Natalie's ruthless ambition and growing reputation had made it more difficult to catch "new fish" in the circles she was used to operating, but fortunately for her she'd recently taken a leap up from the limitations of a criminal's finances to the limitlessness of a CEO's bankroll. Ever since landing her "big fish" she hadn't needed a "new fish" any more.

Natalie met David Horsham in a bar in Old City a few months before their rainy rendezvous. The bartender was a friend of hers and she told Natalie that a lot of the rich guys that worked in Center City stopped there after work. Although it wasn't what she was used to, all men were basically the same to her anyway, easy money. David and his colleagues were celebrating a deal that netted them another seven-figure payday when Natalie spotted him.

The men were rowdy and Natalie could hear the money in their conversation. She noticed all the praise being given to David. Powerful men turned her on and David was clearly the most powerful among the powerful. She knew with one glance that he was worth her time, and that she would have him. She'd never been with a white man before, but she believed that most of them secretly lusted for black women anyway. Even if this one didn't, she was no ordinary black woman, so she'd still have little trouble seducing him. Once there was a "new fish" on her line there wasn't much anyone could do to stop her.

Natalie left the bar and headed to the bathroom, and on the way she gave David a seductive glance and a sexy smile. A mere moment, but she was sure that it was enough to get his attention. She knew that confident, powerful men loved being in control, so she allowed David to do just that. When she returned she and David made eye contact, long and deep, causing David's friends to grow envious of him. She could hear their excited whispers about her and she knew that it was only a matter of time. David sent her a glass of champagne with a note:

Such a beautiful woman deserves only the best.

She sent David a "sex on the beach" and a note of her own:

Call me when you're free. 215-271-5597

They hooked up the next day and had been fucking whenever and wherever they could ever since. Natalie was right; David did have an appetite for black women. He lusted for her mysterious nature and exotic features, and she fed that lust easily. Most girls that played this game for a living only gave

their men what they wanted. What made Natalie special was that she gave David what he needed instead.

David was married with a teen-aged daughter. Natalie could only imagine what that meant for his sex life. She figured that he would need something different, something exciting, so that's what she provided. When they snuck away to the Lowes Hotel on Broad Street she'd go down on him in the elevator until the doors would pop open.

One night they met up on the subway and fucked at the end of the train. David came fast and he blamed it on the unbelievable feelings Natalie brought out of him. He couldn't believe it, but it was all a part of Natalie's plan. Before he knew it David was taking more risks and providing Natalie with more things just to be with her.

He went on a business trip to Maui and instead of taking his wife and daughter with him, he took Natalie. He didn't care about his partners finding out about his affair or about them teasing him for being pussy-whipped; all he cared about was seeing Natalie in a bikini and how freaky she'd get in such beautiful and extravagant surroundings. Natalie had him in the palm of her hand.

Of all the spots they'd had sex though, their favorite was inside of his office on the 35th floor. David loved to stare out at the city while he pounded Natalie from the back and Natalie loved to stare at the picture of David's family on his desk while he ate her pussy. The rain continued to fall and the light-gray sky turned dark-blue. The number 13 bus pulled up to the curb and the man stepped aside to allow Natalie first entrance.

"I'm not getting on sweetie."

“You sure? You gon’ catch a death of cold dressed like that in this rain.” Natalie smiled, curving her lips in a way that made the man’s dick grow hard.

“I’ll be fine.”

The man took one more head to toe look at her and hopped on the bus. The bus driver pulled away and Natalie peeked up at the building again. The raindrops were bigger and they weren’t about to let up. Her hair would have to get wet, but she grinned at the thought of making David pay ten times what it was worth anyway.

She stepped out from the booth and started across the street, and the huge raindrops soaked her instantly. She strutted right through them as if they weren’t there. Her hair fell on her shoulders and she shook it off as she pulled open the heavy, glass door to David’s building. She walked up to the front desk and watched the chubby, dark-skinned guard’s jaw drop.

“Sure is a mess out there.” He blurted as she stopped in front of him. Natalie’s wetness stunned the man as much as it turned him on and she smiled at the look on his face. She signed the check-in log with a fake name, fake appointment, and fake floor to visit before looking up at him again.

“Nothin’ wrong with gettin’ a lil wet.” She teased, winking and licking her lips too. By the time she’d hopped on the elevator the poor guard nearly came in his pants.

Natalie checked herself in the reflection of the elevator doors on the ride up to the 35th floor. Her eyeliner had gotten darker in the rain and the circles around her eyes made her look devilishly dangerous. The doors opened and the entire office

was empty. Natalie walked to the end of the hall and straight through the doors to the “Horsham Developers Group.” She made her way to David’s office and prepared herself for another hot session. She burst through his door and caught him laughing into the phone. She stood at the door as it closed behind her and David’s lustful eyes took her in. She could hear the man on the other end of the phone talking as David’s mouth silently hung open.

“I’m gonna have to call you back.” He said hanging up without waiting for a response. “Baby, you look so damn good right now.”

David stood up behind his desk and panted like a dog. Natalie smirked and untied the strap on her jacket. She opened it, revealing her black bra, black panties, and her shimmering wet cocoa skin.

“Good enough to eat?” She teased.

David didn’t waste another second with words. He jumped around his desk and walked up to Natalie, grabbing her shoulders and pushing her jacket to the floor before scooping her up and wrapping her legs around his waist. He kissed and sucked her lips as he carried her to his desk.

He sat her down on top of it and sucked her lips again. He savored the taste of them. Then he reached down and grabbed the sides of her thongs with both hands. The heat building in him wouldn’t allow him to take them off gently. He yanked them and the threads tore and he tossed them to the floor. Natalie lay back on the desk. It was so big that her head didn’t hang off the edge.

She looked over to the left and smirked at the happy faces in the photo just as David sucked her clit up between his tongue and upper lip. He licked up and down her walls and drilled his tongue inside her as deeply as he could, rubbing his nose back and forth across her clit. He pushed her legs open and tilted his head to get his tongue in deeper. Natalie's juices drenched his face and she grabbed the back of his head to push his face in even farther.

Her body began trembling and David's tongue kept drilling. He worked it around every surface inside her, up and down, left to right, and she pushed his face in so deep that he had to hold his breath. His tongue moved so fast that Natalie nearly lost her breath. She rocked her hips up and down and rubbed her pussy up and down his face. She could hear him gasping for air, but his tongue felt too good for her to stop moving, and even though he couldn't breathe Natalie tasted too sweet for David to stop eating.

He flicked his tongue and moved his face around faster than she could move her hips. When Natalie could feel herself about to cum in his mouth she grabbed his hair with both hands and tried to pull his tongue out of her. David wouldn't allow it though. He grabbed her thighs and held her in position, propping her legs up on his shoulders and pushing her back down on the desk.

He plunged his tongue in again and the sensation became too much for her to bear. The flood raged and Natalie's body shook uncontrollably. Her back shot up from the desk and she tried to get away from David's motorized mouthpiece again. He still wasn't letting her go anywhere though. Every time she pulled away he pulled her back, and every time she came back his tongue slid inside her.

She wrapped her legs around his neck and knocked her pumps to the floor. She'd cum so hard, and all she could do now was shake with the tingles firing off in her body. David finally came up for air and he pushed her legs open again. His face was glazed and the sight of it turned Natalie on even more. She grabbed his tie and pulled him down for a hot, sticky kiss.

As they kissed David slid his dick into Natalie's throbbing walls. The gasp that escaped her broke their locked lips. David dived inside her, pushing until he found her bottom, making Natalie spring up again and claw at his back. She wrapped her arms and legs around him and squeezed as his strokes came quicker and harder. David wanted to pace himself. He always intended on playing inside Natalie for as long as he could, but once he felt her warm, wet soft spot he just couldn't control himself.

He pumped faster and faster, until he could feel the tingle of climax running through his body and rushing to the tip of his dick. Natalie could feel it coming too. She could feel it in his movements and see it in his eyes. She pushed him back and hopped off the desk. She was on her knees with his dick in her hand before he knew what was happening. She curved her sexy lips around the tip and tugged once. David's body shook like an earthquake had hit it.

His legs went limp and he could barely stand. He stumbled and tried to get away from the unbearable pleasure Natalie was sending through him, but she wasn't letting him go anywhere. She kept her mouth on his tip, sucking it like a straw and pulling it towards her. Once she had every drop she made a loud sucking sound off the head and stood up. David fell back into the cushy chair in front of his desk and Natalie smiled at him with a completely clean and cum-free mouth.

“You’re so fucking amazing baby.” He said still trying to catch up to his breath.

“So are you.” Natalie sat in David’s chair and propped her feet up on his desk. “You know I ruined my hair comin’ to see you, right?”

“Don’t worry about that baby, I’ll take care of it.”

“You’re so sweet.” Natalie teased.

Finally with enough strength back in his legs, David stood up and fixed his clothes. Natalie glanced at the photo on his desk again. Despite the fact that he cheated on her every chance he got, she still saw David’s wife as a lucky woman. She had a man to provide her every wish and where Natalie came from men like that had a pass to have women on the side. It didn’t look to her like the woman in the photo would agree though.

Natalie used to imagine what it would be like to have a man like David, not having to scheme and sleep with different men and truly being in love with just one. She never allowed herself to fantasize too long though. It wasn’t in her nature to think outside of reality, and her reality was that no matter how well she fucked David, she’d never be his wife. She knew her part in the game too well to fool herself, but she still had to stop the fantasies when they came, unable to stop them from coming.

“So...when will I get to see you again?” She asked sweetly, rushing the blood back to David’s lower half.

“As soon as humanly possibly baby.” He replied. “But first I have to take my wife away for the weekend.”

Chapter Three

Lidia Horsham stood in the window of her den and watched the rain beat down on the seal. She found herself at that window on most nights awaiting her husband's arrival home. Even though she felt silly standing there as if her presence would make him appear, she couldn't help but wait on him. David was her life and he had been ever since they met. She could remember the first time she laid eyes on him like it was yesterday.

They were both students at Rutgers University, her for Psychology and David for business. She saw him around campus and he was always the center of attention of everyone around him. When David spoke, everyone listened, and Lidia began to admire him even before she became physically attracted to him. The physical attraction didn't take long though. David also played for the rugby team and his short, muscular frame had a good number of the women on campus throwing themselves at him.

Lidia wasn't nearly as open with her infatuation. She could only imagine the two of them dating and she did a lot of that. Then one day they crossed paths literally by accident. They were both attending a free concert on campus and throughout the huge mass of people; Lidia found David and his friends. His friend Lenny had been drinking and he danced right into Lidia, knocking her to the ground. David rushed over to help her up and apologize for his friend's stupidity, and when the two of them locked eyes Lidia fell in love with him right then and there.

Lidia had a list of psychological traits that her ideal mate would have and David possessed every one of them. He was smart and driven, determined to be successful, but also kind and caring, and he loved family. As time passed David proved more and more to be the man of Lidia's dreams. Before they graduated he closed a deal on a vacant lot that would be developed into a mini-mall. He even donated a portion of his commission to the homeless in the city. Lidia was head over heels in love, so when she got pregnant at the start of her senior year she had no reservations about leaving school to become a devoted wife and mother.

She gave birth to their daughter Morgan and put all of her energy into taking care of her family, and supporting David. She'd considered going back and getting her degree, but David's career, and their life together took off so fast that it eventually didn't seem necessary. They were always busy celebrating one of his deals or jetting off to someplace for vacation. Lidia didn't mind giving up her dreams for her family though. She was happy and she loved her life.

She used to know that David was happy and that he loved the life they'd created together too, but things had been feeling different lately. David began to work late most nights and when he was home he didn't pay Lidia a bit of attention. He didn't even bother to involve himself with Morgan anymore. He was just so distant, and his spur of the moment trips started being taken without them.

Lidia may have been blinded by her love for David, but she was no fool. She could see the signs, but she couldn't allow herself to believe them. She knew all of the statistics on men that cheated, from who they were, to what they did, to the excuses they used to cover their tracks. She heard the whispers and got

unsolicited advice from her close friends on how to handle David's rumored infidelity, but she still didn't listen.

David was a happily married man and she was a happily married woman, and only hardcore proof to the contrary would change that fact. The headlights spinning into the driveway came across the window and lit up Lidia's face. She took the handkerchief from the desk next to her and dabbed the wetness in her eyes.

"Mom." Morgan's soft voice called at her back from the doorway. Lidia took a moment before turning, but it didn't help.

"Are you all right?"

Lidia forced a smile onto her face and shook her head, but her eyes welled up again. Although she tried, she didn't have to hide her pain from her daughter. Morgan was already 16-years-old and on top of being a bright girl in the information age, she heard the same rumors about her father that her mother did.

The rumors left Morgan torn. She still loved her father, but she hated him for the pain he caused her mother. She wished that her mother had the power to leave him, but she knew that she didn't. Lidia stared at Morgan's young face, praying that she'd never feel the same pain. Morgan was the most beautiful person, inside and out, in the world to Lidia. She was tall and thin, with a pretty face and an already seductive body, and she knew that boys would be knocking down her door.

She wanted to teach her the true ways of men; behind the masks they wore in public and the lies they told. These lessons had come at a steep price for Lidia and she didn't want Morgan to pay them too. She wanted to instill in her that she should never live for a man at the cost of living for herself. She wanted to tell her to enjoy her life before it was too late. She wanted to tell her all of these things and more, but the two women just sat in the house alone, as they did every night, pretending that everything was okay instead. The front door opened and the sound of wet shoes squeaked on the hardwood in the foyer.

"Dad's home." Morgan said. Her mother didn't answer so she left the den before her depression rubbed off on her. She was halfway up the stairs when her father reached them.

"Hey honey."

"Hey." Morgan said blankly. Lidia came to the front of the house just as she was slamming her bedroom door upstairs. David started up the stairs, barely stopping to glance at his wife.

"Hello dear."

"Hey." He said, continuing up the stairs without another word.

Lidia had hoped that everything would go back to the way they were, that David's cold disposition towards her would change, but the truth was that it was only getting worse. An empty feeling filled her gut when she thought about the reasons. She followed David into their bedroom and watched him pull the wet clothes from his body. He still had the same ripped muscles that he had in college and even after all the years she was still turned on just by looking at him.

“We’re all packed for the trip.” She said excitedly. She was never really fond of David’s business trips, but she understood the need for appearances with investors, plus she thought the time away would be good for them.

“That’s great, thanks a lot.” David said flatly.

“It should be fun, we haven’t been away in so long.” Lidia moved from the doorway and sat on the edge of their bed.

David sighed, though he tried not to expose his impatience. He didn’t want to sit through one of his wife’s fits of yapping. They’d become increasingly frequent as of late and the more he heard them the more annoyed he became. David would’ve just as well not talked to Lidia at all. In his mind he’d given her the best years of his life and provided everything she could ever want and need. She had no right to complain and every word out her mouth felt whiny to him. He was convinced that her constant nagging was the biggest reason for his cheating.

Just as that belief crossed his mind he remembered the steamy session with his mistress. He dropped his underwear to the floor and wrapped himself in a towel, and he ran his tongue around his lips and remembered the taste of his chocolate goddess. With the thoughts in his head his dick started to grow and poke through the towel.

Lidia watched him closely. She was feeling the tingles of arousal too. The sight of David’s wet muscles made her heart race. She stood up from the bed and walked over to him. When he tried to pass her she stepped in front of him. He stopped and stared in her eyes. The look in his turned from lustful to irritated.

“Do you mind if I use the shower?” Lidia pressed her body against his and wrapped her arms around his neck.

“No, not at all, but first you have to pay the toll.” She smiled at the man that she fell in love with and still loved the same way.

“I have to pay? You don’t think I pay for enough around here?” David quipped snidely.

Lidia could sense the annoyance in his voice. She knew that David hadn’t been feeling very affectionate lately, but she could still remember the days when he couldn’t keep his hands off of her. She didn’t want to upset him. She just wanted those old feelings back. Most of all, she wanted to feel her husband’s hands, and his dick, connected to her body again. She couldn’t remember the last time she’d felt them and she wasn’t going to let him ruin the mood this time.

“All you have to do is kiss your wife, whom you love and adore.” She teased.

David looked into his wife’s loving eyes and blew his breath out in a huff. He wasn’t in the mood for games and after the draining he took earlier he certainly wasn’t in the mood to have sex. If all she wanted was a kiss to let him go about his business though, he figured he might as well get it over with.

David leaned down and pecked Lidia on the lips. As soon as she felt his lips she sucked them into her mouth. She gently let them slide out before sucking them in again. David didn’t kiss back, but he didn’t stop her either. It wasn’t that he didn’t want to kiss her back; he was just stunned by her passion. He couldn’t remember the last time she’d turned him on that way.

Lidia finally stopped sucking David's lips and she opened her eyes. She could see that he wanted her bad. He pressed his hard dick against her leg and he looked at her in a way that she'd been praying for, but she just backed out of his way. David was just as stunned by her sudden change of heart as he was by her passion, but he didn't question it. He stepped past Lidia and headed to the bathroom. He stopped in the doorway and took another look at her, thinking to himself:

Whatever your problem is, you just blew your only chance.

He smirked as he left the room and Lidia stood alone with a hollow feeling inside her. She'd hoped the kiss would be the spark to set off a wild and steamy sex session with her husband, but all it did was make her feel empty instead. The rumors about her husband swirled in her head. She denied them all, but she couldn't deny the taste of his lips when she kissed them.