

Chapter 1

The round-trip airline ticket is finally confirmed and I conclude my online transaction without incident. The confirmation hits my email inbox within the next minute. I look it over to ensure its accuracy.

Thank you: **TATIANA KIMBALL**
Address: 6484 Pinewood Trail Orlando FL 32819

Your first-class, roundtrip flight is confirmed

Depart: Orlando, FL Friday, February 14
9:10 AM, Flight #4915
Depart: Atlanta, GA Monday, February 17
4:30PM, Flight #5395

Confirm #: XSRP-1EXBF-FFSP-NBC

I'm glad that's out of the way. Now I can concentrate on tying up loose ends during the next few days before my trip. I'm looking forward to my annual Atlanta trip with my cousin, Marie. This is a trip we look forward to every year during the weekend right after Valentine's Day; this year is no different. The plan is; we book our airline, stay in the same hotel and see which way the wind blows and what trouble we can stir up once we get there. Last year's trip was fun, uneventful and relaxing, but still fun. This year we want to light things up a little and see what catches!

Marie, a marketing coordinator for a mid-sized media firm, lives in Richmond, Virginia. She's my younger cousin by 10 years, but she's my home girl and my travel buddy. More importantly, she's my confidante and my voice of reason. We usually take several trips together each year. She's single, no kids and loving life. Marie's beautiful home is located in the suburbs. She spends quite a bit of time and energy on the decorating details of each room, a passion of hers; she is very active in her community and stays on top of what's going on in local politics. She's got interesting friends and a "boy toy" who she keeps at arm's length. She's one of the few women with whom I'd ever consider traveling. She always brings the best outfits and accessories which she lets me borrow whenever I need. Marie is also the only friend who's ever dealt with my shit head-on; she tells me when I need to suck it up and when I need to back off. She doesn't sugar-coat but is very loving, supportive, and considerate of my feelings. Marie is my best friend, my cousin and my travel buddy and I'm blessed to have her in my life.

I send her a quick text to let her know I finally confirmed my transportation. Next I turn my attention to the list of things I need to get done in the next week before traveling. The house is clean, the fridge is cleaned out, and everything I need for the trip is purchased and laying on the

bed in the spare room. Now I just need to concentrate on work for the next few days. My lesson plans are completed and I've taken care of touching base with the substitute teacher for Friday's and Monday's lessons. Everything is in order. My high school students are going to love having a vacation from me for a couple of days! I'll miss their crazy drama but I need some "me" time. I've been running on empty for a while now and just need to relax and rejuvenate for a few days.

With so many things to get done I set to work to finish grading last Friday's tests. Next on the list is to prepare for tomorrow's field trip. I put off packing until Thursday after work just in case I need to do a little last minute shopping trip. With a few days to go before this trip I realize I have a few phone calls to make. I contact a couple of friends in Georgia, giving them my itinerary then I call my children, although, they've known about this trip for the last several weeks. I'm glad they're grown and on their own now. I've enjoyed the freedom to travel over the last couple of years since my baby left for college. One girl in college, one in grad school and a third working overseas makes me a proud mamma of her girls.

Friday is Valentine's Day; travel day. I've traveled on the actual holiday before without incident and I hope this year will be the same. Time to finish grading papers. I turn on the laptop to update grades and to log in to my social networks. I quickly get the grades in and my plan is to spend the rest of the evening talking to my online friends. I am an active member of several social networking groups, most of them are closed or private adult groups. I'm proud of my personal online blog where I keep my random thoughts to amuse and entertain mostly myself and a small, but growing group of loyal readers. I enjoy spending time in the adult groups online and many "friends" that I stay in touch with regularly but have not met in person.

Opening up my favorite group, Sweet Nothings, I scan the new posts and respond to those needing my attention. I open the other three groups, The Sandbox, Chocolate Village and Ectasee and check to see what's going on there. The largest group is "the box" or the SB as most folks refer to it and it's always popping with drama; tonight is no different but I'm not in the mood for it so I check out which of my friends is online and start bothering them instead. I've spoken with many of these fun people in the groups but my closest friends and I chat constantly in the inbox. Several friends see my online status and send me messages instantly. Most of my online friends are men but I am close friends with a couple of women. My male friends are what my girl, Cherion, refers to as *my guilty pleasures*. Most of these men are alpha personalities and have a heightened sense of sexuality. Our sexy virtual escapades are frequent and fun. These steamy interactions can be very sensual depending on the person. The core members of each group keep things running smoothly and try to keep the conversations interesting while involving as many others as possible. My sexual encounters are a mutual exchange of role play and word play because I'm not into the video chatting like several of these folks. A few of the group members have hooked up in person and many have participated in meet and greet activities. I've done neither but I have developed a number of real friendships. We have real conversations, tease, laugh, yell, cry, and support each other as real friends. We just haven't met each other, face-to-face.

Cherion and I spend fifteen minutes chatting before I get an incoming message from Marie who wants to vent about her boy toy. I sign off with Cheri before Marie and I get into her man's latest indiscretions. She's upset because he posted pictures of himself and another woman spending an elegant evening on the town. I check out the link she sends me and notice the woman on his arm is very pretty and her gown is gorgeous. I also see that she is pencil slim, no hips and no boobs. Really? Ugh.

"Marie, who is this chic?" I enter in the inbox, totally perplexed over his choice of a date.

She responds at once, "Someone he's been spending a lot of time with lately, according to his posts and other pictures."

"She's a bit on the androgynous scale of womanliness, don't you think?" I ask looking again at her curve-less physique.

"Yeah, she's got a body like a boy, if that's what you're referring to," she says irritably. "What I don't understand is what the hell is he doing with her if he's so into my curves?"

Neither Marie nor I are not your average, size 10 women. We are both amply-curved, thick women and proud of it too! She is in her late-thirties with chocolate-toned, beautifully clear skin. She wears her medium-length; natural hair in beautifully coiffed styles and has an excellent sense of style. Her five-foot two-inch frame and dry sense of humor are not the only things that attract the men; they love her full figure and her edgy demeanor.

In contrast to Marie, my skin tone is caramel and I wear my locks long and straight. My five-foot seven-inch frame sports long legs. My curves are incredibly pronounced due to the time I spend doing squats and lunges. I get my share of appreciation from the fellas about my thighs and butt. I'm trying to get my belly more toned but that is a constant battle for me. It feels like I go two steps forward and one step back but I'm determined to keep working on it. My triple D's are another thing I don't particularly care for; however, I'm sure the gentlemen would disagree. I've been lugging these twins around for far too long. I've added getting a surgical reduction to a single D-cup size to my bucket list, but that's a long-term goal.

"That's exactly what I mean! Marie, she's practically a bone. What the hell is going on here? And how long has this been happening?" I try to match her level of irritation.

"Know what? Forget it! I want to enjoy our weekend away and put this drama on a back burner for now. I want to go out there and just have fun. What time is your flight landing?"

I take a deep breath and quickly regroup from what I thought was going to be an all-out gripe session before saying, "I get in around 10 am. I'm going to get a ride to the hotel or I'll take a taxi."

"Sounds good. I'll see you sometime in the afternoon. Have a safe flight. Love you cuz."

* * * *

The next couple of days fly by and it's soon Thursday. I get in from work earlier than usual because traffic is light today. I finish packing before I make my last minute phone calls to my friends in Atlanta to make sure they have my flight information and to my daughters as well. I have time to go pick up take-out for dinner and while I wait for the order I text Marie one last time. My flight leaves Orlando at 9 A.M.; Marie's flight departs Richmond at noon. I head home after picking up a bottle of wine and a magazine at the grocery store next to the Chinese restaurant. I spend the rest of my evening enjoying my meal and mindless television.

* * * *

I take a taxi to the airport in the morning, leaving plenty of time for the security check points I know I'll have to endure. I easily move from one to the next and finally board the plane to take my seat in first class; my treat to myself for these seasonal mini vacations. My flight is only one hour; just enough time to read my magazine while listening to some relaxing music and sipping on a mimosa or two before hustling through the airport at The A-T-L.

My seat neighbor is a flamboyant young man who spends most of the flight making fish faces in his cell phone camera, trying to get the perfect selfie. I'm grateful he doesn't want to talk. I put my headphones on as soon as I sit to avoid conversation. Upon landing I get several incoming texts. I scan them just in case any of them is from Marie. No texts from her so I scroll through and save them for later. I grab my suitcase from the overhead storage; I try to avoid having to check my bag as often as possible. I take my time enjoying the long walk to the exit to catch a ride to the hotel.

I'm waiting in line for a cab when a voice from behind me whispers in my ear, "I hope you're ready for me to work that ass off... ma'am." I smile but don't turn around right away. I know that voice. I'd recognize it anywhere. The signature laugh that follows gives him away.

I turn around and I'm staring at the 6 foot, 1 inch hulking mass of my good friend and personal fitness trainer, Rashonn. We've been friends since middle school. Every year I make this trip he "surprises" me by picking me up and taking me to the hotel. Nice guy, brutal fitness trainer. He really is going to kick my ass in the gym later today and tomorrow. By tomorrow night I probably won't be able to walk! It's the same thing every year. We both look forward to this visit, it's the only time we get to see each other and he usually spoils me the entire weekend. He calls me his little sister and of course, I call him my big brother. Just like Forest Gump says, "we're like peas and carrots."

This has been a particularly important year for his business. I can't wait to see the changes he's gone through in his company and his personal life. The plan is always the same; I spend the entire trip working out with him Friday then we go out for lunch. On Saturday we repeat followed

with dancing that night at the club where he's been moonlighting as a bouncer for the last several years.

“Hey Shonn! How are you hun?”

“Tati, I'm good, boo, now that your plane is on the ground. Let's go.” He wraps his massive arms around me and we hug for a minute before he grabs my suitcase in one hand, offers me his other arm, and leads me to his car parked illegally at the curb. He's already animatedly telling me stories about his latest clients and updates on his programs. He's worked so hard to get this far and has had such a rough time of things that his achievements make me so proud of him. I couldn't be happier for him if he was my brother by blood, and he knows it. I make sure he knows how much he means to me and he makes sure I know how much I mean to him as well. Yep, just like I said, we're like “peas and carrots.”

We bombard each other with questions and comments during the short trip to the hotel. After checking in; we head on up to my room where we immediately plop down on the bed and get to the real conversations. After two hours of deep talk and catching up I change into my work out gear and we head out to tackle the day. First stop is his gym where he declares that it's *leg day*. Here we go!

He pushes a protein shake on me halfway through our “enjoyable” time together and after two hours all I want to do is die, but only after killing his smiling, smug ass! He's a sadist. Naturally, I'm dripping with sweat but he looks fresh and relaxed since I did all the work! He chuckles as I gingerly walk back to his truck after the workout; my muscles are on the verge of going on strike. We head back to the hotel where I shower and change while he flips through the TV dial. We're like a couple of teenage girls with the laughing and constant chatter. We never seem to run out of things to talk about as he patiently waits for me to bathe and beautify. We head out to grab some lunch as I check the time noting that Marie should be arriving to the hotel any time but has plans of her own. She and I will catch up later.

Shonn and I go to our favorite little “hole in the wall” jerk chicken place where we both get the lunch-size chicken and a large bottle of water. Still talking, catching up, teasing, laughing and having a good time; we're siblings by choice, who haven't seen each other in the past year. He shares how hard the last year has been in his marriage and how's it's affected him. My heart breaks for him as I see sadness in his eyes. He speaks of being an honorable husband and a good provider. In the same breath he tells me of the neglect he's been subjected to and I wrap my arms around him and we share a moment of quiet understanding. He confidently shares his new business goals and plans for how it will roll out. “I'm behind you all the way, Shonn. If there's a way I can help, I wanna know it.”

“I was hoping you'd say that, sis,” he responds. He tells me his idea for a client blog. It's intriguing, to say the least. As we make our way back to the hotel, we talk about how I could set

up an online blog recounting my journey to better fitness and weight loss. He wants me to include my successes and my challenges.

Back at the hotel we find Marie and a couple of her friends in the hotel bar. The after-work crowd is starting to fill up the bar and we join them for drinks. We spend an hour at the bar before leaving to go back up to the room while Marie and her friends go shopping. I go freshen up and ask Shonn to open a bottle of wine while he waits. I change out of my jeans and sweater into a pair of yoga pants and matching hoodie. My plan is to soak in the jetted tub later after Shonn leaves. I pull a high pony tail and put on fresh lip gloss before rejoining Shonn on the bed. He's got the video channel on the TV and the volume is turned up high. I crank up the heat and take a sip of my wine. Yum. I love red wine. This one is a sweet red and it's one of my favorites. It's Shonn's practice to bring a few bottles of red wine for Marie and me to enjoy during our trip in town. He always spoils me.

I've got to admit though, as far as men go, Shonn is one hella fine man! If there was one second where I knew I was his type I'd let him put a hurtin' on me for several hours between the sheets instead of the gym, that's for sure! But we're definitely not suited for each other in that regard. We're just really good friends and that means the world to me. I just wish I could see him smile more and be genuinely happy.

After killing that bottle of wine we go for a walk. Good thing I'm wearing my sneakers because the leisurely stroll I thought we are going to take ends up being a power walk! Leave it to him to get me to work out twice since getting off the plane. He drops me off in the lobby when we return. He hugs me good night; we make plans on meeting back in the lobby tomorrow morning so he can take me to the gym to get our work out in early.

I grab a bottle of water from the fridge before running the Jacuzzi tub. I add a generous drop of wild honeysuckle bath oil to the hot water and I play a little relaxing R&B and slip into the warm, luxuriously scented water. I turn on the jets and let out a sigh of contentment. Very nice, indeed; I spend time relaxing in the tub before slipping on my red satin top and shorts; after all, it's Valentine's Day. My workout clothes are ready for tomorrow. I set my alarm, text Marie that we're having breakfast in the hotel restaurant in the morning; then I quickly fall asleep.

Chapter 2

It's Saturday and Marie is up and dressed before me in the morning. I wake refreshed but sore. It doesn't take long for me to get ready. We go downstairs talking excitedly about our evening plans for going dancing tonight. It is great to spend time with her alone and get caught up on what's been going on in her life. Even though we talk to each other all the time, being together is so much better. Breakfast flies by and before I know it Rashonn is back in the lobby to pick me up for our day at the gym. My cousin's plans include more shopping, visiting friends and a movie date with an ex-boyfriend. We firm up our return time to get ready for tonight's fun before Shonn whisks me off to Muscle Planet for another grueling session.

After spending two punishing hours in the gym and 30 minutes in the sauna, we don't have time to do our usual lunch and gripe session afterwards. Shonn drops me back off at the hotel at 2PM and heads on his way to tackle the rest of his day before getting ready for the evening's festivities. He's taking Marie and me out for dinner, drinks and whatever other trouble we can find. Marie is still out when I get back to the hotel room. I strip and jump in the shower, thoroughly enjoying the hot, steamy water. I crank up the volume on my playlist as loud as possible. My muscles are like noodles; I completed my workout in *beast mode* today. I finish up my shower and go through my after-shower ritual. I smooth perfumed lotion over my skin and run a quick comb through my hair. As an afterthought I tie my hair up to keep it fresh for tonight.

I throw on a pretty black satin thong and matching, low back bustier then I grab my salad with grilled chicken strips from the fridge and a bottle of water. I waste no time; I quickly eat the salad and swallow four ibuprofen tablets with water before crawling between the sheets of my luxurious Egyptian-sheeted sleep number bed for a quick afternoon nap. Just like after last night's workouts, sleep comes swiftly.

I hear Marie come in the room around 5:30 with one of her friends. Laughing and lugging several shopping bags from their afternoon activities. They are excited and animated as they tell me of the celebrities and the fine men they saw. I'm excited for them! I slide out of the bed and go to the fridge for a bottle of wine. Marie's friend takes a second to admire my lingerie and the contents as I bend down towards the fridge. I give my cousin a knowing look and let *whatshername* know that's strictly out of the question before pouring three generous glasses of wine.

After giggling and drinking two bottles of wine it's time to start getting ready so we say goodbye to *whatshername* and begin the beautification ritual. Make-up, hair, and perfume are all I have left on my agenda while Marie hits the shower. Shonnn will pick us up at 8PM in his amazing ride, a brand new, 2013, black on black, Challenger. Oh that car is beautiful! And if I want to be noticed in it, I'm going to have to bring my A-game! I've worked my ass off for the last two days with Shonn and I intend on flaunting it, dammit! My dress is mid-thigh (cause I'm just not a hoe), but it's a body hugger; dark blue, nearly black, satin, long sleeves, boat neck in front and backless to a decadently low scoop in the back. My heels are to die for and I'm wearing

my hair up so my back is exposed. I'm wearing small, simple drop earrings and no other jewelry in an attempt to go for the understated look. Marie is equally stunning in a white sweater dress, white ankle-high booties that I *must* borrow one of these days and gold chunky jewelry. Yep, we look hot!

It is 7:59 and I hear a knock at the door. I know it's Shonn; always the punctual one. Well, we're ready. I open the door and he's leaning against the door frame in a James Bond pose, looking drop dead fine as hell in his Armani black on black! I lick my lips and say, "Get your crazy ass in here, 007!" Marie is staring with her mouth open. Ha! I check him out, head to toe while he does a slow spin, showing off his swag. "Looking fly Shonn, but then you always do," I say as I walk over to the bed to pick up my purse and wrap.

"Thank you. Damn boo! Stunning!" Shonn says to me as he's looking me over. He takes me by the hand and twirls me around leisurely checking out the total package.

"Thank you darlin'." I reply.

"I wasn't talking about you, I meant my handiwork!" He laughs but gives me a quick hug.

"See, you're just stupid, that's all." I throw back at him. I walk past Marie and pinch her arm to bring her back to her senses. "Let's go," I say shaking my head and laughing at him for his craziness and at her because she has yet to speak.

We head out to Shonn's sexy-ass car where he holds the door open and helps us carefully into the car with our high heels and tight dresses. Damn, this car is beautiful and the three of us look great tonight. Shonn's head is going to be too big to get in the car though, escorting two fine ass women around in this ride! "Where are we going tonight?" I ask him.

He names the restaurant and club. Since I am not local, I have no idea what he's talking about but Marie sharply inhales and finally finding her voice says, "Wow, this is going to be great! I've never been, but I've heard amazing things. Thanks Shonn!"

Doesn't matter to me where we go as long as it's fun! On the way to dinner Marie gets a call from her friends asking where we're heading. She gives them the name of the club hoping we can all meet up there. While she's chatting with her people I turn to Shonn and ask, "Are you going to dance with me tonight suga?" I've been trying to get him to dance with me every year without any success.

He smiles and pats my hand, "As good as you look in that dress, boo; I may have to take a number!" Smart-ass, evasive answer. *Yeah, yeah, that's okay, as long as we have fun, and as long as he dances with someone*, I think to myself.

The restaurant is amazing. I order seafood and veggies, my favorites, and both Marie and Shonn get the chicken. More wine, naturally. As we talk and laugh throughout the meal we make

a striking trio as several eyes turn our way while we enjoy dining, drinking and talking. We waste no time after our meal is through because we're excited about getting to the club.

The place is beautiful with beautiful people based on the view from the front entrance. When we drive up, the valet runs right out. Marie and I busy ourselves with getting out of the car as gracefully as possible while Shonn gives the little valet dude the evil eye. His evil eye is quite intimidating and lets you know what you're in for if you don't do right. Shonn draws himself up to his full 6'1", 230 pounds of solid steel. In his 007 swag and with a deeply menacing voice he says, "Dude, don't let me come back out here and see a fuckin' thing wrong with this car or I *will* hurt you." Not waiting for a response he walks over to our side of the car where we are waiting patiently for him to finish throwing his weight around with the hired help. Then holding out both elbows and smiling sweetly at us, Shonn escorts us into the club.

"Babe, why'd you have make the little dude nearly wet himself?" I ask and the three of us double over laughing the rest of the way inside the club.

Once inside, both Marie and I are like kids in a candy shop. The place is spectacularly elegant. And we look good too! Mmm. This chica is going to dance her ass off tonight!! Shonn has fully comped us for the night! *How does he do these things?* I think to myself. Then, as an afterthought, *Wow, this place looks so exciting!* The crowd is in the 40+ age range, the music is old school, the drinks are top shelf and everyone is dressed to impress. Marie runs into her friends and says she'll catch up with me later.

Shonn and I make our way over to the bar where he instantly places a drink in my hand. I don't even ask what's in it or how he came by it so quickly. He's got his usual bottle of water. I sit on the bar stool and he leans his back against the bar checking out the crowd and constantly checking his left and right. I see he looks a bit on edge. He checks his watch a couple of times. I lean over and ask, "Who is she and what time will she be here?"

He smiles and says, "Is it that obvious?"

"Uh, yeah, you're all but sweating" I tease him. Even though he's married, I know it's still a strained situation and that he has his women on the side. I'm not judging him nor am I going to lecture him. He's entitled to at least a little pleasure.

"Someone new and any minute," he finally answers as I sip my drink. Mmmm Jack Daniels, neat. I smile. He remembered. So like him.

I look at him and shake my head, "Well don't be standing around here with me! Go find her! I'll be fine. Go." I get a smile and a quick kiss on the cheek. He reminds me to keep checking in with him through texts then he heads into the crowd in search of his girl. He's just too funny. Threatening and menacing one minute and a nervous lump of putty the next. Ha, men!

I am thoroughly enjoying this place and the music is on point. I see Marie and her friends dancing on the floor and they wave at me. I nod and smile back. The bar I'm sitting at is rectangular in shape and huge. There are four bartenders working this particular bar. The dance floor is set on a lower level and is rather spacious. Shonn had mentioned they have several bars and dance floors as well as several private and semi-private rooms throughout the club. I decide to go exploring.

The other two bars are similar in set up with a separate dance floor but different types of music at each location. One is playing Latin and Caribbean mix and the other is a more techno, club remix flavor. Along the perimeter of the dance floors are the rooms Shonn mentioned. A few rooms have medium-sized groups; a couple of rooms are set aside for swing activities. A few rooms are large enough to hold parties. There are also rooms for gambling, lap dances, and one room where a movie is being filmed. It's all somewhat interesting. *This place is a small city*, I think to myself. I keep moving.

I wander into one of the larger rooms where a party is in full swing. There are several people dancing, laughing and just having a good time. I note the name of the room and I shoot Shonn a quick text with the room name to let him know where I am. I gradually make my way to the bar and gaze at the beautiful people in here. I finally find an open spot and catch the bartender's attention. I order a drink, showing my comp key that Shonn had given me, I take a seat in one of the leather bar stools and I scope out the action in the room. This bar is smaller than the first one in the main room. There is dancing and R&B music here and a large number of military uniformed and civilian men and women scattered throughout the room dancing, laughing, drinking and having a good time. I'm enjoying watching these people interact with each other.

"Excuse me, ma'am, would you like to dance?" a uniformed man, hold-up; let me correct that, a hell-a-fine, chocolate, Air Force captain, asks me.

I look at this man from his shoes to the top of his head and almost pass out from forgetting to breathe on my trip up the length of his lanky, uniformed body. Whew. "Yes! I'd love to!" I almost scream from excitement. Dayum! I knew I loved Atlanta, these men are incredibly hot!!!

The captain leads me to the dance floor where a sultry, old school, R&B ballad is playing. Other dancers are swaying and grinding to the rhythm with no regard to anyone else around them. Once in the middle of the dance floor he turns to face me, still holding my hand and steps right up to the full length of my body. He places his hand in the small of my bare back; I feel the warmth of his hand against my skin and causing shivers run up and down my spine. He expertly leads me in a very sensually, erotic, almost grinding, dance. He presses his pelvis into mine and pulls me closer when he wants me to follow toward him. His movements are languid and very, very suggestive. It feels good to be in this man's arms and to feel his arousal in his movements. I can feel his muscles move beneath the layers of uniform he's wearing. Yum. This man has me getting warm and tingly! Mmm, yes, it's a very pleasant feeling. I find my thoughts wandering, thinking about what it would be like to undo all these buttons! Ha! Very interesting thoughts, for sure.

I feel the pressure of his hand on my back release and he presses forward on my right hand pushing me away from him. Then he slowly spins me around, looking at my body as I turn. I can almost feel the heat of his eyes on me like a heat lamp. When I come back around to face him, he pulls me towards him, places his left leg behind my right leg. Oh my! He's not going to.... yes, he is! Wrapping his right arm around my waist he slowly dips me. Holding me in this position for what seems like a full ten seconds he stares into my eyes, then slowly pulls me up to my feet again. Whew! This officer is a smooth playa!!!

The song ends and he leads me to a bistro table along one of the walls in the room and holds the chair for me to sit. It's a very comfortable, high backed bar stool; I lean back and cross my legs which automatically hikes up my dress slightly. Oops, my bad. Heh, heh, heh. My captain swallows hard and asks, "What are you drinking, ma'am?"

"Jack Daniels," I answer. While he heads to the bar to order the drinks, I quickly check my makeup and decide I'm good. Then I check my cell and respond to Shonn's text that I'm good, still in the same room and I ask about his girl. My captain is on his way back with the drinks and is smiling. I fluff my hair and smile brightly. "Thank you, captain," I say demurely.

"You're welcome. Well, it looks like a lot of people have left early, the crowd is thinning out." He replies nervously.

"Yes, I noticed. By the way, you are a great dancer!" I say, leaning towards him slightly.

"Thank you. Vance. My name is Vance," he introduces himself extending his hand.

I laugh nervously and explain, "I must know about four men with the same name. It just strikes me as funny that I would meet someone else with the same name."

He replies, "Yes, and it's not a very common name," he fills in with his own small talk.

Continuing to laugh I tell him, "the last Vance I met was online, he's also in the Air Force, and coincidentally he lives here in Georgia," my voice trails off as I add, "and he's also a captain." I stare at Vance for several seconds. I notice that he has not responded to my last statement. I blink several times as I take in his full appearance in the darkened room. The captain is looking at me very intently and I notice a twinkle in his eye that I hadn't noticed before and the corners of his mouth are twitching as if he is trying to keep from smiling or to keep from speaking, I can't tell which.

Bells are ringing somewhere in the distance and they seem to be getting louder. The bells are in my own head. Suddenly, full recognition dawns on me and I instantly know who this man is. Remembering my manners, since I haven't spoken in several seconds, I say what only my virtual lovers would know as my signature statement, "Calling me ma'am only gets you one result, suga; you get to lose an article of clothing. By-the-way, pleased to meet you in person, Vance, I'm Tatiana, *your* Tati."

Chapter 3

My vision is blurry and a haze is covering everything I see. I wake slowly, mmm ... He wakes me with that slow, sexy, mid-western drawl, "I didn't mean to wake you," as he places kisses across my stomach.

I silently think to myself *Oh, yes you did, and really, as long as you keep doing what you're doing, I don't mind at all, Captain.* His voice alone can make my mind take a trip with him. He leads my imagination down a path that is filled with sensuality. The way he says certain words throughout his good morning greeting, almost like he's deliberately dragging out the sound in a suggestive manner, has a way of derailing my thoughts. I force myself to listen to the content of his message and not merely the sound of his voice. My ADD has kicked in already!

He repeats, "Baby, what are your plans for the day?" I'm glad he thinks that my befuddled brain is because I'm still waking from a restful sleep. I smile and stretch against his warm skin, ah, that first morning stretch, it's a great feeling. "Mmm... I love the way you feel so early in the morning," he whispers softly in my ear.

My body betrays me in my efforts to stay focused on trying to wake up by the feel of his warm breath on my skin. He leans down and runs soft kisses on my neck and shoulder. Damn, this feels so good. How does this man have the ability to make me melt so quickly? He cups my breast with one hand and gently squeezes and kneads my soft skin, pulling the nipple between his thumb and forefinger. Every sensation seems to be magnified which intensifies my body's response to him. His motions are excruciatingly slow and deliberate and his eyes never leave mine. I know he is basing his movements on my reactions.

"Will you write some today, boo?" he drags out that incredibly thick drawl, "or maybe you'll go to the gym?" Does this man not have any idea what is happening to my mind and my body because of his voice and the way he's touching me? I guess I'm looking at him quizzically, because he raises his eyebrows and his next words are slow, deep, and incredibly erotic, "Oh, I know exactly, what I'm doing to you, babe. You feel so good to me right now, like this."

As he says those most surprising words, his hand leaves my breast and travels downward, stopping between my legs where his fingers are met, at first touch, with the hottest, silkiest, gush of juices spurting forth. As my body arches and a deep throated, guttural moan escapes my body he lies on top of me and slowly slides inside me, at which point the moan is silenced and automatically reversed to an inward gasp as I clutch his back with my arms and legs simultaneously.

He looks at me in a strange way as if he's just seeing me for the first time. "Tati? Wait a minute, Tatiana Kimball?" he asks me, breaking me free from my moment of fantasy.

I blink. An instant haze covers my vision. I blink again. I'm sitting in a bar with him staring at me. Well damn! How long was I in *that* dream sequence? And why did it have to end right there? Ha! And more importantly, did I say or do anything embarrassing? Unbelievable! I've just met one of my most treasured virtual lovers, we've barely said a handful of words to each other and he's already made me cum?