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I fell in love with his hands. Fuck that eyes shit. Windows to the soul and all that garbage. The hands. That's the real way to know a person, to understand him. And the right set of hands could turn me into butter.

Although I don't consider myself a stalker, I'd been watching this man for several days. Okay, it was more like a few weeks.

What's a single girl to do during the summer down in Virginia Beach? The bar scene bored me. Not much into gawking at tourists. After a while they all start to blend in together into a mess of polyester, plastic flip-flops and cheap sunglasses. Besides, I like to focus my attention on one thing.

I wasn't stalking him. Not really. It wasn't like I had followed the guy home or anything. I have morals. I have standards.

I felt more like a potential buyer checking out a prime piece of real estate.

Most buyers would drive by a piece of property they wanted at different hours of the day to gauge the activity around it. How many kids were in the neighborhood? Did police cars cruise the area a little too frequently and if so, did they have to make many stops? What was the nightlife like around the home?

This man, the one I watched, I knew he was in the diner by the time I arrived a little after midnight. I often wondered what he did before I knocked off at the hospital each night. Was he just getting to the diner right before me or had he been sitting at the bar for hours, nursing the one cup of coffee he had in front of him and picking over the pie of the day?

Or, as I had imagined on more than one occasion, maybe he

had just finished making love to a woman. Perhaps he used those large hands of his to make her come over and over and over again. He would use them to stroke her body and make it hum.

I love a man who uses his roughness in a gentle way, like a bear paw trying to hold an egg without cracking it.

Or maybe he was the rough-and-tumble type wanting to grab a handful of a woman's hair while he pressed her against the wall when he fucked her. The thought alone was making my clit throb so much I had to cross my legs.

Probably full of guilt after screwing some chick, he decided to come to this place as a way to punish himself. Had to be guilt. If he felt proud of his accomplishment, of his conquest, he would have gone to a bar, danced with a woman or two, maybe even gotten a couple of phone numbers.

Maybe a real estate buyer comparison didn't really fit. As I stared at him intermittently while I sipped on my tepid, bitter coffee, I felt more like one of those desperate women who went to strip clubs, dangling their dollars at a sweaty, piece-of-meat man while he gyrated his hips and semi-hard asset in their faces. Look but don't touch.

Nah. I wanted to touch. I wanted to touch his hair, his back and those hands. Man, those hands.

The object of my visual affection had worn jeans every time I'd seen him and tonight was no exception. But he didn't look like he toiled with his hands to earn a living. Something about how clean his jeans were and how the t-shirts he wore never had holes in them like my father's had from all of the years he worked for the electric utility company tipped me off to the possible extent of his working background.

After the failed tryst with Dr. Wooster, I didn't trust any man whose hands were too soft, too delicate. I don't even

remember how that whole thing started, whether I picked him up or he went after me. That's what happened when there were too many men to remember. I started to lose track. Too bad I couldn't forget the few times I had been with Wooster.

I think with us, it started off with a flirtation with the eyes. He looked at me a certain way and knowing me, I probably smiled back, a bad habit my mother taught me.

"Ain't nothing wrong with smiling at a man," Mama would say.

It was when the guy wanted something in return. You can never get something for nothing. Learned that a long time ago. Wooster punctuated that fact to me, too.

One night when I was knocking off and The Good Doctor was about to leave, he caught me in the elevator. The car had been empty but I believe that even if there was a whole audience in it, he still would have jumped on me the way that he had.

His hungry mouth kissed me but from him it felt like a means to an end instead of an erotic gesture. His tongue darted in and out of my mouth until I wanted to gag just to get him to stop. I thank Mother Nature for my full lips. It cushioned the harsh blow dealt by Wooster's thin lips crushing against mine.

He slithered his hand under my blue scrub top without warning, too. As soon as his hand touched my breast, I jumped, not because his touch surprised me but because his hand was so soft.

It felt like a woman's hand, like my having my breast examined by my primary care physician. It didn't matter that his hand matched the size of a defibrillator paddle. When I closed my eyes, I had a lesbian moment. I felt like I was being pawed by another woman.

Not that I have a problem being handled by another woman. Although I've never gone that route, my body wasn't expecting

that type of contact. So whatever happened beyond that didn't interest me.

But I had to hand it to Wooster. Not one to give up so easily, instead of taking me in the elevator, he pulled me into an empty exam room. He didn't lock the door. Guess he was trying to heighten the sexual excitement.

An antiseptic stench filled the air so that now every time I smell rubbing alcohol or iodine, I think of Wooster. That wasn't something I could admit to him and have it sound like a compliment.

I couldn't even get wet, and that's never a problem for me. I'd been known to soak through my panties on a good episode of 'Survivor'. Something about a man eating rice like a Neanderthal and seeking immunity turned me on every time.

And Wooster fit the profile of a fairly good-looking man. In his late forties or early fifties, his gray hair had specks of black in it to give him that salt-and-pepper look, deep, soulful brown eyes, and great tanned skin. I think he got the tan from a tanning salon but he would never admit it.

Pressed up against the wall, he did without much foreplay and pulled down my pants.

"Take off your shoes," was the only thing I remembered him saying.

I remember kicking off my clogs. As soon as I had them removed, he pulled my legs through my downed pants and panties. Then he lifted my naked legs and wrapped them around his hips. I guess fighting ex-wives for alimony payments and dodging paternity suits made him so strong.

He plunged deep inside of me. Without being prepared with a welcoming and needed slickness, his entry made me wince in pain. He didn't stop. I like it rough like the next woman but I like it rough and good, not rough and shitty.

No kissing. No talking. Just all heavy breathing. The darkened room cloaked our expressions. Thank goodness. I yawned and he must have thought it was a moan. He went faster.

The shelf beside us shook, knocking over a few vials. The clinking glass containers rolled on the metal shelves until eventually a few dropped to the floor. He didn't stop. Just to give him a taste of his own rough medicine, I grabbed a handful of his hair and jerked his head back. He didn't stop.

For a dude with soft hands, he did fuck like a machine. His thick dick had a time of it sliding in and out of me but he kept his rhythm consistent, stroking the inner walls of my cunt until I eventually constricted around his shaft.

The friction eventually made me damp. And to be tucked away in an empty room at the hospital where anyone could walk in on us did accelerate my heart, although I had to pinch my nipples to stimulate them. A girl's gotta do what a girl's gotta do.

When Wooster came he let out a growl that sounded more like he'd been shot and not a sound like he'd just shot a load. He slowed down until he eventually stopped. For a moment, he leaned his head on my shoulder. Even then, after he'd fucked me like a mad man, he still didn't kiss me. Considering I didn't get mine in this rough exchange, I would have thought the guy would have given me some sort of consolation.

That was okay. I didn't want those thin lips touching me again. It was bad enough he'd kissed me in the elevator.

He set my feet down on the floor and backed away from me. Now that I think about it, he did say something else to me right when he pulled up his pants.

"Don't be late for work tomorrow," he'd said.

Fucker.

I wasn't late but I didn't stay in his unit long after that either.

I transferred to the burn unit just so I wouldn't have to see his face.

Now the guy at the diner, I could stare at him all night. The man's eyes were a muddy green, almost like a mossy color. I noticed them the one time I walked by him and he glanced at me, offered me a smile and even nodded a hello.

To think of that moment still makes my stomach jump, like I was some goddamn thirteen-year-old going after some goofy boy. And his hair was a dirt brown color that hung down over his face when he bent his head.

He reminded me of the Louisiana bayous where I spent many a childhood vacation. He was a walking, talking moss-covered stump that sat next to open waters and had weeping willows with their green, leafy tears dripping down. Made me wonder what he would smell like.

I purposely chose a booth that faced the boardwalk. People-gazing seemed to be my thing. Through the thick glass, I heard the loud conversations, laughter and a few squeals of delight. Maybe some guy had gotten bold and pinched a girl's ass. She'd pretend to hate it but would be giggling the whole time. I hated that shit. Be real with your feelings. Let the rest be bullshit.

I found that if I sat still, ignored the clinking of spoons touching the insides of coffee mugs as diners twirled them in their cups, the sounds of the crashing ocean permeated through the walls. I heard the waves clearly when I filtered all of the other noises out and concentrated. But then again, that's how I found my guy. I filtered out the other jerks and losers swarming around me to find him.

After pushing my coffee cup away, I reached into my purse and retrieved a couple of dollars for the tab. My fingers brushed against a business card I had found a week or so ago. I'm not sure when I'd found it but I didn't want to let it go. Not just yet.

It read, 'Celeste Milagro—Grief Counselor' with an office somewhere in Virginia Beach. I wondered if Celeste had come into the diner after attempting to talk someone through a particularly hard session and drowned her sorrows in coffee and pie.

Perhaps the person she'd given the card to came here instead and decided that wallowing in his grief felt better than resolving it. I held the card between my index and middle fingers while flicking the bottom half with my thumb.

Flip. Flip. Flip.

The sound must have gotten my man's attention. He turned to me and flashed a persuasive smile. A smile like that could have gotten him one of those lap dances that I had sworn I would never succumb to doing for any man, whether I loved him or not.

This time I smiled back. My mother would have liked that. "You didn't sneer this time, dear," she would have said. A statement like that would have made me sneer.

I decided I had watched him long enough. I hadn't noticed a ring on his left hand ring finger unless he was one of those guys who didn't believe in symbols, just what was in his heart. Bullshit. That was usually code for 'I still want to live the single life and have a wife at home.'

I finished off my now cold coffee because I could hear my mother shouting in my ear not to waste anything, then I stood. Securing my purse on my shoulder and smoothing my hands down my sundress I had changed into after work, I sauntered to the counter, purposely standing next to my mystery man.

"Check, please," I said.

I turned to him before he looked at me. I inhaled, taking in his scent. He smelled like soap, very clean with no hint of a cologne aroma. The simplicity of him appealed to me. Let me know he wasn't trying to be a player. Enough of those in my

lifetime made me turn off to guys like that completely.

I placed the money in the waitress's hand just as he turned to me. Timing meant everything.

"Good night for a walk, don't you think?" he said.

His voice wasn't what I imagined either. I expected something tame, safe. Instead his voice rumbled like he'd gargled rocks for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Hearing him opened the tap between my legs that caused a small trickle to flow, slowly soaking my panties.

"I love these summer nights," I began, ignoring the dampness as I concentrated on his eyes. "Especially down at the beach." I did the coy thing. I looked down then back at him. "Ocean breezes feel great on these hot nights."

Nights like tonight, I would change out of my nurse's scrubs and wear a light sundress without panties. The cool air coming from the ocean would whip through my legs like a horny teenager and swoop up my dress, sometimes raising it above my waist exposing my nudity like a lover.

Although I had changed into the dress, I didn't think I would get this close to him tonight. I didn't think I would even need to go without panties. Damn me for thinking.

"Want to take a walk with me?" I asked. My brazenness didn't surprise me.

He blinked.

Up close I got a good look at his face. Honest. Strong jaw. Sleek nose but with flared nostrils. His skin had a tint to it but it didn't look like a tan. His olive skin tone was the stuff that artists wanted to paint.

"You're not afraid to take a walk in the middle of the night with a man you don't really know?" he asked.

"Yes, I am."

With my pat response he smiled. "I'm Carl." He held out

his hand.

I shook it, surprised to feel calluses on his palm and fingers. I shivered when I felt the roughness. I fantasized what hands like these would feel like stroking the sensitive skin inside my thighs. More water works gushed.

My nipples hardened, evident not only because I felt how tight the tips had become but also from the way his gaze cut down then back up to meet mine.

Then I wanted to ask him if Carl was short for something else like Carlos or Carlito. Instead I made up my own persona. Or rather adopted one. Okay, I stole it. In the hip-hop community, they would call it sampling.

"Call me Celeste."

I would have said my last name was Milagro but I didn't think a black woman like myself could carry off the ethnic sounding name without some elaborate tale of marriage or adoption.

I was no Nikki Giovanni. But then again, this guy was no Einstein. I could have told him I caught Hussein and he probably would have believed me.

I dropped the business card in the goldfish bowl that sat on top of the counter, letting it swim around with the other business cards of people vying for a free meal. Maybe the real Celeste would get a piece of pie or a plate of meatloaf and mashed potatoes out of my warped generosity.

Carl's gaze fell on the card and a smile hitched up on the side of his luscious mouth. Now his was a mouth I wanted to kiss. His lips were full but not too big that they looked awkward on his face.

Without a word he paid his bill and walked outside with me, holding the door open for me as I walked through. A gentleman. Southern perhaps.

What the hell did I know? I'm not worldly. Having an ex-boyfriend from California and fucking a guy who came from South Africa didn't make me Miss Cosmopolitan, just a woman with varied tastes in men.

As I suspected, the night air felt inviting, wrapping itself around me like a lover's arm until I didn't realize that that was exactly what had happened. Carl had wrapped his long arm around my shoulders as we strolled down the boardwalk.

I should have balked, refused the connection. But I liked the feeling. I felt protected and wanted. My heart didn't race with excitement. Instead it offered a steady but strong beat.

Wind tore through my legs, cooling down my heated sex. In the salty night air, I felt childlike, like I needed to confess and be free. Or maybe I just wanted to beat him to the punch just in case I hadn't been as smooth as I thought.

"I've been watching you for a while." I crossed my arms over my chest. Underneath my arms, I let my fingers play with my still-hardened nipples. My mind played tricks on me, letting me think that my thumb was really the tip of his tongue teasing me.

"What's a while?" he asked.

Guess I had been in stealth mode.

"Long enough to know you take two sugars in your coffee and you like cherry pie more than apple."

His arm grew tighter around my shoulders until I could feel his fingers digging into my arm. He didn't deny my claim or assumption. But from his reaction I couldn't tell if he was turned on or angry. Did he mind being watched?

"So what do you do, Carl?"

"I work in law enforcement." After he answered, he rubbed his hand up and down my bare arm.

My knotted stomach relaxed. The touch thrilled my senses.

Each pass of his hand over my pecan-colored flesh sent waves upon waves of rapture. The friction warmed my skin until I felt as hot as the July night.

"Are you a cop?" I asked just to take my mind off of his hand, my pebbled nipples and my soaked panties.

"Why? Are you breaking the law?" He chuckled but I didn't share in his humor.

We stopped in front of a closed souvenir shop. I looked in the glass at all of the cheesy items for sale. T-shirts, visors, mugs, key chains. 'Virginia is for Lovers'. Got that right.

In the reflective glass I caught Carl's image. He stood behind me staring at me in wonder. Standing at least a half of a foot over me, he looked imposing. If he were a cop, I wouldn't have crossed him no matter how compassionate his eyes appeared.

A group of people walked behind us. One woman walking alone stopped for a moment to stare at us but kept going.

Perhaps in these liberal times, even in Virginia Beach, a big Navy town, the sight of an interracial couple was still a little jarring. Or maybe I was putting too much stock into just one look. Maybe the woman was jealous of the fact that I had this good-looking guy taking notice of me, watching me, wanting me. Take a number, sister. This one is mine...at least for tonight.

I allowed my gaze to follow her down the street while Carl took notice of the items for sale inside. To my surprise, the woman turned back to me and winked. A smile curled at the corner of her mouth.

Must have been a full moon out tonight. Or maybe the heat brought out the sexual energies in people. I was certainly lit up like a Christmas tree. But heat or not, I had no interest in pursuing her when I had this delicious man behind me wanting

me.

"Let's go down to the beach," I said. "I'm feeling hot." I batted my eyelashes but not in a cutesy way, yet I still hated myself for the gesture. "I just want to run my feet through the water."

He grinned like an approving father and I let him. Damn, what was wrong with me? Used to be that condescending-type of look would have sent me into full sista-mode, complete with finger-waving and head-bobbing. But how could I fault him? I just batted my damn eyelashes like some carnival kewpie doll.

Putting one hand on his shoulder for support, I removed one sandal, then repeated the process for the other. He offered to hold my shoes.

Shoe fetish maybe? Nah, I was still willing to lean toward the idea that he was a Southern gentleman all the way.

I walked on the beach. My feet sank into the warm sand, giving me an awkward gait going toward the water. But I still looked cool.

When I gazed back at him, I could tell he was checking out my ass. White guys just loved a sistagirl's bootie, another reason this guy turned me on.

He looked at me like I was supposed to be his Nubian Sex Goddess sent to rescue his boring sex life. He might even be the type of guy who would come as soon as his hand touch my breast or something. I'd been with guys like that. They would be all eager like puppies and before I could even work up a good climax, they would come, sometimes as soon as they hit the skins and sometimes just when they touched me.

Fuck, I needed to find a better class of men, one that could finish what he started. I was just looking for a good orgasm, not to save some guy's soul, sexual or otherwise.

Feeling playful, I stepped on the wet sand and waited for the

waves to come toward me. When it did, I shrieked and backed away. I did this a couple of times, running then retreating. For the first time, I felt like a kid again. Being honest with Carl helped but a lot had to do with the night. Heat made a person say and do strange things.

Then I heard Carl say, "I thought you wanted to go into the water."

Guess playtime was over. I walked into the water. The coolness shocked me, taking my breath away until I could acclimate my body to accept the surprisingly frigid ocean water.

Then I took another step in and another and another until I was knee-deep in the ocean. Holding up the hem of my dress, I peered down at the murky water around me. It would take nothing for me to squat down and cool off my flaming pussy.

When I brought my gaze to the beach, I found Carl sitting on a mound of sand. Now it was my turn to be watched. He stared at me playing in the water, running back and forth and twirling. Knowing that he watched me made my skin prickle.

I tried controlling my breathing, which was ridiculous. I could have controlled the pounding waves easier than my ragged breath.

The cool water slipped through my thighs until it reminded me of a caress from a lover's hands more than the wind had earlier that evening. I took that moment to direct my gaze up to the beach. Carl waved his hand at me, summoning me to come out of the water.

I obliged.

Seawater slid down my legs as I jogged on the beach. When I reached Carl, I turned and plopped myself down next to him, allowing my dress to ride up to my upper thighs nearly exposing my wet panties that didn't get that way from the ocean. The salty sea air replaced his clean, soapy scent.

"You should have kicked off your shoes and joined me out there," I said, nearly breathless. "The water felt great."

"Let me see." And he put his hand on my leg.

I didn't have to imagine his touch on my leg. Here he was doing it as I sat there, excited and stunned by it all. His hand lay flat on my shin as his fingers coiled around the muscle in my calf. His long, thick thumb smoothed over my flesh.

"You're right," he began. "The water does feel really, really good."

"The water or my leg?"

He didn't stop stroking me. "Both."

"So what is it that you do exactly?"

He removed his hand. "Why were you watching me?"

I swallowed. "I liked the way you looked."

"And how's that?"

"Like a guy who needs to be fucked." Again, my frankness didn't shock me. As a matter of fact, I liked being this open to men. It puts them off-guard so that they forget their smooth lines.

"And what makes you think that?" he asked. "I just need to know so I can keep looking that way wherever I go. I could rack up in pity sex."

I laughed. Smooth—and it wasn't a line either.

"Hard to explain really. You just had this look about you. Maybe it was the way you hung your head or drank your coffee."

Or maybe it was the way I'd seen him press his hand down the front of his pants when the waitress behind the counter bent over to pick up a utensil she'd dropped.

"If I looked that desperate and hard-up, why did you wait until now to say something?"

"Maybe I wasn't ready for you."

"And you're ready for me now, Celeste?"

I didn't like him using that name now. I felt like a fucking poser and I wasn't. What I was feeling was real, honest, deep. Although he didn't need to know that I grew up poor in the projects in Norfolk, Virginia and had to get a student loan that still wasn't paid off in order to go to nursing school, I did want him to get that I dug him and wanted to feel him inside of me, deep inside of me.

"Let's keep walking, Carl." I stood.

I brushed off my backside as he got to his feet and brushed off his jeans. But then he moved over to me and helped me with my sand dilemma. His large hand stroked the back of my dress and over my ass. I didn't stop him. As a matter of fact, I curved my ass out even more to give him better access.

"Thanks," I said. I flashed him a smile as payment.

He seemed happy with the exchange.

I rinsed off my bare legs in the nearest fountain then took my shoes back from him. He'd hung onto them faithfully but I couldn't have him trotting around Atlantic Avenue holding my sandals.

When we got far enough down the street where there wasn't a soul around, I turned to Carl. "What would you do if I broke the law?"

He maintained a mischievous smile as he stared at me.

"Depends on what you did."

I took slow steps backwards, staring at him the whole time until he followed me. I led him to the darkened side of the shop and pressed my back against the wall. Like a bloodhound he found me, sniffed me out.

He put his hands against the wall on either side of my head. The closer he moved to me the more the darkness cloaked us. Once his lips touched mine, we were covered in the shadowy night.

Ever so slowly, he lowered his head down and pressed his lips against mine. The connection ignited a burst of light inside my eyes like it was the Fourth of July all over again. I held onto his shoulders to keep from shaking so much. This wasn't my first time. What the hell was wrong with me?

The ocean waves crashed against the beach just as he dove his tongue into my mouth. I tasted coffee on his palate but no sweetness from his pie. My hands slid down his arms. Then I eased them back until I touched his hands that were against the wall.

I moved one of his hands down to my breast. He stopped kissing me and took notice of his hand, how it handled me, massaged my breast and caressed my nipple. Amazing how strangers become so familiar when sex is involved.

I shrugged my shoulder inward to allow my dress strap to fall. He picked up on the deliberate action, removed his hand so that the dress exposed one breast. His hand captured my bare tit, making it his own like I knew he would.

"I've always wanted to do this, Celeste," he growled.

This time I didn't care if he used the name I'd stolen. I didn't want him to stop touching me.

I closed my eyes and tilted my head back. My blood rushed through my body like hot mercury in a thermometer. But I craved more. I needed him, his hands. Taking his other that still rested against the wall, I brought it down and nestled it between my legs.

"Your panties are soaked. I don't want you to ever wear panties, Celeste."

His head nuzzled my neck as his fingers expertly maneuvered through the lace fortress guarding my vagina and found my pleasure center. He explored. The sounds of my wetness mixed with the crashing waves of the ocean until I felt a

part of the earth with my bayou man as the still, calming pool, and me the raging waters, washing over him.

Standing on the balls of my feet in my sandals, I let out a moan. My stomach tightened and I had to hold onto his back, digging my fingernails into his flesh to keep steady.

His steady rhythm inside my moist cunt stoked the fires of my smoldering flame. I felt the throat of my pussy contracting around his thick digit. With the crashing of the waves I released a howl that seemed to spread through my pores. My legs trembled until I didn't think I could stand for much longer. His hands gave me the pleasure I knew they could.

Now I wanted to give him pleasure. Still with my back against the wall, I slid down in front of him. I gazed up but could only see a shadow and not his face. But I imagined he liked the view of me on my knees in front of him.

He braced his hands against the wall. I undid his jeans and pulled them down over his ass. While my hands were there, I squeezed his cheeks. Firm. Nice.

His cock pleased me too. Long, hard, thick. Just the right size to please a woman, to please me. I wrapped my fingers around his base and cradled his tight balls.

I closed my eyes and licked my tongue around his bulbous tip. He sucked air between his gritted teeth, evident even above the sounds of the ocean. I also heard his fingers clawing the walls. I loved it when I could get a man to react that way.

I covered his tip with my mouth and held him there, his shaft midway in my mouth. It was torturous teasing but I enjoyed the power I held over him in this position.

As soon as I felt him grinding his hips forward to push his rigid flesh into my mouth, I obliged him by moving my mouth down to the hilt and holding him there again.

He cursed.

When I brought my head back, I let my tongue swirl around his veiny dick until I reached the tip. Then I pressed my tongue against it, extracting his salty juices that hid behind the slender slit.

As I stroked his base with one hand and massaged his sac with the other, my mouth worked the tip until I felt him shaking. My heart pounded in my ears. Between feeling him working up to an orgasm and my pulsating clit, I was ready to have my own kitty stroked.

I licked the length of him along the underside of his throbbing shaft. This time he moaned. Along with his vocal appreciation for my oral skills, he pumped his hips back and forth, fucking my mouth.

The sides of my lips became sore from the tightened position. But I wouldn't stop.

"So close," I heard him say.

Did he want me to stop or keep going? With some guys, they were hard to read. So I kept going, increasing my speed until the sounds of my sucking filled my ears.

Unexpectedly, Carl pulled back, removing himself from my mouth and my hand. Grabbing me by my shoulders, he lifted me to my feet. After a quick kiss, he spun me around.

With force and like he must have done on criminals, he placed my hands against the wall then pulled my hips back. Once he got my dress over my ass, I turned my head.

I wasn't afraid of what he would do to me. But I wanted to watch him.

"Is this what you want, Celeste?" he asked in a gritty tone.

I nodded as a way of answering.

He pulled my panties down. When they hit the ground, I stepped out of them. Then he kicked my feet apart like a cop would. With his hand on my hip, he slid his plum tip from my

hard clit up to my asshole.

My body tensed. This time it was his turn to tease me. He eased the tip inside of my hungry pussy lips. I felt myself tightening around him already. I pushed back to gather more of him inside of me but he held my hip and kept me still.

So anxious was I to have him pounding inside of me that I felt my skin crawling. My fingernails scratched the same wall he had when I'd teased him only moments ago.

Without warning, he slammed his full length inside of me. All at once, my body stiffened as he held himself inside of me. Then he retracted himself, sliding almost all the way out, leaving his head inside of me. Then again, he slammed his cock in me just as my cunt started to relax. I loved it.

I curved one leg around his ankle as though I could bring him closer. Then I felt his chest resting against my back. Our breathing matched, both coming out in harried pants.

He kissed the side of my face.

"Oohh, this feels so good. So tight and wet."

His hand cupped my breast. He squeezed it, then combed my nipple through his fingers. His other hand pressed against mine on the wall. I felt surrounded but the feeling didn't scare me.

When he increased his thrusts, I nearly fell to my knees. I couldn't hold out much longer and he must have anticipated my desire.

He nibbled my earlobe and whispered, "Come."

And I did. I screamed so loud that I didn't care if anyone heard me. I felt my insides grip him and hold him, not wanting to let him go until eventually I felt his hot come shooting inside of me, bathing my womb until it felt like gasoline being poured on a blazing fire.

I nipped the skin on his arm with my teeth as a way to

pacify myself but the feeling made me feel like my heart was exploding.

He slowed down until he eventually stopped moving but remained inside of me.

"Did you like that, Carl?"

The foreign voice forced me to turn my attention. I barely recognized the woman standing on the other side of the short chain link fence we stood behind. But then I remembered. She'd walked by us as we gazed into the souvenir shop.

Although a warm night, she wore slacks, a button-up blouse and a cardigan that she'd wrapped around her body. When the wind blew, she teetered like she was going to fall over from the force.

The sweat that covered my body cooled with the blast of air that swept through the alleyway where we stood. I had to push Carl back to remove him from my satisfied pussy, feeling self-conscious about the woman who had seen our display.

I turned my back to her and adjusted my dress over my breasts. The panties I left on the ground. The small shred of dignity I had going into the alley had disappeared as soon as we'd gotten busted. Carl lifted his jeans and did the same quick adjustment to get himself back into a presentable form.

From behind him, I gazed at the woman. Seeing her look so frail made me feel sorry for her. I wasn't sure who she was to Carl, but it was obvious she was hurt by our actions. Or maybe she wasn't hurt. Maybe she was intrigued. Curious. Excited.

"I need more, Celeste," he began to this woman. "You're a counselor and you don't even understand your own husband."

"I understand," she nodded but the gesture looked creepy to me.

She looked like the type that would shoot a hole in a woman for fucking her man right in front of her. I took a step back,

putting some distance between me and her husband. I didn't know what this woman would do but I needed an escape route.

I'd been had, duped by my Bayou Man. I never saw a tan line for a wedding band. She couldn't hold me accountable for what I did. But then again, she'd seen us outside of the souvenir shop. Why didn't she say something then? Why didn't she grab her husband and ask him what the fuck he was doing with another woman? Why the fuck had she smiled at me?

What I didn't expect was a jubilant expression, a grin so big you would have thought she'd won the lottery.

"I understand that you wanted me to watch you have sex with another woman to spice up our marriage. And you know what?"

I swallowed hard waiting for the rest of her speech.

"I loved it." She beamed showing off all of her teeth.

Carl abandoned me against the wall as he rushed to her. "Oh, Celeste!"

He cradled her tiny face in his large hands and gave her the same type of kiss he'd given me earlier in the evening. Made me wonder if he would make her come the same way he'd made me come with his hands. Would he even fuck her the same way he'd fucked me?

I stood by the wall, alone, realizing that my false identity had become real before my eyes. The warmth that once flooded the apex between my legs felt cold now.

Carl wrapped his arm around his wife's shoulders.

"Thank you for saving our marriage," the real Celeste said. "It's only the first step. But it's a significant one."

I had to bite the inside of my cheek to keep from laughing. Did she think I fucked Carl to win some humanitarian award? But then again, this whole night stopped being about me the minute Carl had seen me with his wife's business card.

"You may not understand this," Carl began, "but you truly are an angel."

An angel? This time I had to blink. I scanned their faces. Genuine sincerity radiated from their expressions.

Damn, I *had* really helped them. As strange as it seemed. Here I was only looking for a good fuck and I got so much more in return. Not a story to rush home and call Mama about but it made me feel good.

"You're welcome."

I tried to sound as honest as I could but the response sounded silly. I'm for damn sure Hallmark doesn't sell a card for fucking another woman's man: 'I heard your marriage is in the dump, so I grabbed your husband and gave him a hump. Happy Swingers Day!'

I kicked my discarded panties further into the darkened alley. It hit me then that it would be a while before I could go back to that diner. I wouldn't know if he would be there or not, trolling for other quasi-psychiatrists willing to blow him for the sake of his marriage. Or maybe she would show and want to join in.

I'm not the type of woman down for a repeat performance. But it sure felt good to finally get an orgasm for once.

Hell, what was I saying? I would definitely do Carl again in a heartbeat. The man used his hands and body like a finely-tuned instrument and he played me. Boy, did he play me.

I watched them walking down the street, hand-in-fucking-hand. He leaned over and whispered something in her ear. She jabbed him in his side. They looked like teenagers and it was all because of me. I had to smile at that.

Forget the greeting card. The business card worked so well for me that maybe I needed to invest in some and use it to attract men. 'Have walls. Will fuck.'

About the Author

Don't let the 1940's-sounding name fool you! Though she may sound sweet, Bridget Midway writes what everyone else fantasizes about. An avid writer for all things fun, unusual and passionate, she enjoys making her readers laugh as much as she likes seeing them fan themselves down after reading a hot, sexy scene. She writes long contemporary romance, single-title romance, some light paranormal romances, science fiction, historicals and erotica, all with multi-racial characters and/or with interracial romances (because when you have a box of chocolates, you have to taste each one and enjoy the differences).

For more excerpts, author news, and contests, please go to www.BridgetMidway.com. To share your thoughts about her writing, drop her a line at Bridget@BridgetMidway.com