



Ocean's Mist Press

# *Truth Be Known*

*Essence*

**SPLASH**

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**DEDICATION/ACKNOWLEDGEMENT**

To all those who had crushes and were afraid to pursue them.

**TRUTH BE KNOWN****Essence****CHAPTER ONE**

“You want me to do *what*? I don’t think so, man.” Tammy shook her head, making her wispy bangs fall across her forehead as she pointed a French manicured fingernail at her latest lover, Mauricio.

“Come on, baby, you always said you wanted to beat my ass.” Mauricio’s black brows shined against his olive complexion as they twitched up and down, leering. “I thought you loved me? Why you gotta act all uptight about this?”

Before her stood six feet three inches of beautiful male flesh claiming he needed her to wear the leather bustier and spiked heels. He also held a whip in his grasp, which he swung back and forth as if to show her what it could do. And he wanted her to hit him with that same whip!

Shaking her head, she mused about the dangers of falling in love, or what she’d thought was love. Choosing to be truthful with herself she knew it was really lust. Now she was facing her doubts straight ahead. These doubts were numerous, Tamara “Tammy” Conway knew by now. In her almost thirty two years, she’d seen and heard too many excuses, lines, and out right lies, all in the name of love. Well, in the name of getting laid as was the example this evening.

“I am no prude, but this shit is too kinky for my butt.” Tammy shuddered, reached down for her shoes and proceeded to slip them back on. Gathering her jacket and her bag, she headed for the door. “Don’t expect to see me again either, see ya.”

She sashayed out of the apartment without a backward glance. She recollected how she’d been having second thoughts about seeing Mauricio for a while now and his trip into kinky world proved her instincts correct.

Walking toward her sedan, Tammy climbed in, gunned the engine and peeled away from the curb. She paused at the red light and felt the engine rev then sputter. She knew she was in trouble. Stepping on the gas didn’t move the damned car an inch.

Who was she going to call? No way was she going to go back to Mauricio’s place and ask for help. Then she remembered her brother’s friend, Roberto Lebron. He drove a tow truck. Grabbing her cell phone, she called him. He answered on the second ring.

“Roberto?” Tammy breathed into the phone as she looked around the dark and deserted street that now seemed ominous. It made her nervous to sit out here in the middle of the road with it being almost midnight.

“Yes, Tammy.” She heard his too damn sexy voice come across the line, making her juices pool between her thighs. “What’s up?”

*Focus, girl, focus!* She told herself.

“My car stalled,” she responded, as she ran a hand over her face as she felt fatigue begin to creep its way into her brain. Too much excitement for one night.

“Where at?” he asked without bitching about having to go out at this hour. She told him where she was and disconnected the call soon after.

Tammy looked at her watch and began counting the minutes as they ticked by. Just when she was about to give up, she heard the rumbling sound of a truck's engine approaching.

Rescued! Her heart accelerated at the truck's arrival or was it because she would get to see scrumptious Roberto's fine ass again. She kept trying to focus her attention on other men. She didn't want to have these hot, freaky feelings toward Roberto. Really, she didn't want to. *Yeah, whatever helps with the pain.* She heard her little voice whisper.

She knew the man's appeal first hand. Six feet one of lean muscle, that included a flat six pack and thick thighs, along with his beautiful dark brown eyes and bronze complexion. The man appealed to many ladies, as she'd seen throughout the years and that included herself.

Roberto and her brother had been friends since high school. She recalled how all those years ago, Tammy teased and taunted him, trying to rile him up. He hadn't taken the bait until she reached her twenty-first birthday. That was a memory best left on the back burner for now. Recalling that kiss still caused her heart rate to pick up.

"Finally!" Tammy stepped out of her car and waved him down.

He sped up and screeched to a halt a few inches away from where she was standing. The freakin' man almost ran her over! She backed away quickly before he could run over her toes; soft leather boots her only defense.

Crossing her arms over her chest, Tammy tapped her booted foot against the asphalt. Apparently, he was in rare form this evening. She heard the driver side door open, then slam shut

Watching him approach made her stomach twirl and tumble. His thin jacket revealed a white tank top tucked into his jeans...his *tight* jeans. Roberto looked as if he'd thrown on cloths and rushed to lend her a hand. He scanned her from head to toe, causing her heart to shift into fifth gear.

"Jeez, you almost drove over me." Tammy's annoyance vibrated throughout her body as she scoped him down.

"I saw you standing there, Tammy," Roberto's dispassionate voice stated without looking at her. He just went to the car, shifted it into neutral, and proceeded to hook it up so he could get it on the tow truck's flat bed.

"Could'a fooled me." She help muttering under her breath as she watched him do his thing. He really did move with such fluid, perfect motion. She watched his strong hands wrestle the chains around the wheels and pictured those same hands doing all sorts of wicked things to her body.

With quick movements, Roberto soon had the car nice and secure. Opening the passenger side door of the truck he waited for her to approach. Tammy wanted to say something more, but realizing the late hour she clamped her lips tightly shut. She crept up into the cab and when she looked over her shoulder she could swear she peeped him staring at her ass. Shaking her head, she sat on her seat and buckled her seat belt without giving it any further thought.

In no time they were in front of her apartment building. Roberto hopped down to remove her car. Before he climbed on the bed of the truck he said, "Go up stairs, I'll bring the keys to you as soon as I'm done here."



Tammy looked at him and wondered about his attitude. It seemed like something was bothering him, but with him having to take care of her car, she didn't press for an answer right now.

"I'll leave the front door unlocked. Just come in with the keys once you're done," Tammy stated, as she began to move toward the stairs leading into her apartment building.

"Uh hm," he muttered, as he set the chains loose, she heard the soft whir of the motor as the flatbed began to lower the car.

\* \* \*

Tammy set her bag and shoes near the foyer and turned on the light switch. The soft glow of the light gave her enough light to move around the room. Moving to the kitchen, Tammy fixed herself a cool drink while she waited for Roberto to drop off her keys. Once he was done and gone, she'd hop into the shower and head for her bed to relax.

This evening's events left her feeling ultra stressed and discovering a few things about herself as well. Though she envisioned herself as a free spirited, progressive thinking woman, this thing with Mauricio shook her. All she wanted was someone to make love to her until she felt hot, sexy and cherished.

*Why don't you give Roberto a try?* She heard that wicked voice whisper in her head. If she was going to be real with herself, she'd recognize that he presented the utmost in temptation and had for a long time. Funny, he'd come running to her assistance without one word of complaint. And, if recollection served her, there were other occasions that he'd responded the same way.

The time she went all the way to New Jersey on a wild goose chase for a car she was interested in buying; then on another occasion she lost her house keys and she asked him to go to her brother's to get the spare. Even now when it was almost midnight and she needed bailing out, he was there for her like a knight in shining armor. She should've listened when her brother, Tony, said that she had Roberto wrapped around her finger.

Five years before, at a party celebrating her twenty-first birthday, he'd given her such a passionate kiss that even now her lips tingled and her juices flowed remembering how his mouth and hands had made her feel after that brief encounter.

An idea hit her like as if a light bulb had lit up over her head as she'd seen on t.v. Racing to the window, she peeked out and saw he still was at work getting the car into an empty spot. Tammy raced to the bathroom, turned on the shower and discarded her clothes in no time. Jumping under the hot spraying water, rubbed soap all over and was done. She'd bet she took the quickest shower in history. Stepping out of the shower, Tammy wrapped a huge towel around her slim form. She paused, wondering what she should do next when another thought struck. She needed her moisturizer!

She'd get the cream and sit on her couch. A smile escaped and burst onto her face at the idea forming and floating around her head, making her pulse pick up. She paused for a moment and listened to the scraping sound of his booted feet climbing the stairs. Springing into action, she grabbed the bottle of cream, poured some onto the palm of her hand and started rubbing some into her legs.

She heard a soft knock on the door and called him to enter. Whistling to herself, she continued to rub the moisturizer into her café con leche toned skin, when she heard the door creak open and his foot steps as he entered her apartment. The area from the

door to the living room wasn't very long. With her peripheral vision she saw him standing at the entrance of the living room. She watched him stop in his tracks when he set his eyes on her.

She veered her eyes away from the area where she knew he had to be standing, making believe that she hadn't seen him there. Tammy ran a slow hand up her leg stopping at her thigh, with deliberate slowness to make sure she captured his attention. She then moved to her other leg, shifting her right leg over her left, making certain he caught a glimpse of her thighs as she swung her legs open just so. She heard him sigh heavily, and that made her look his way.

"Oh, Berto, didn't realize you were there," she lied cheekily.

"Yeah, right." She watched him run a hand over his curly hair. "What are you doing?"

"What do you mean?" She looked down at herself then said, "This? Moisturizing, I just got out of the shower."

Tammy tried to look as innocent as possible, while she continued rubbing in the cream.

"Don't push me, girl, unless you're ready to take it there with me, Tammy?" He warned as his brows bunched up over his dark brown eyes.

She saw something in those eyes that spurred her on, clear, visible lust that he couldn't hide from her any longer. She stood up, clutching the towel secure around her chest, not ready to let it go just yet. Tammy moved close to him, leaving only a hair's breath between them.

“Am I teasing you, Berto? I thought I was sending you a message that read loud and clear that I’m ready.” Tammy dared him to look away.

“And what message would that be?” Roberto countered, arching a brow as he waited for her answer.

“Honey, if you don’t know what I’m saying, there’s no sense in my bothering to explain,” Tammy quipped back, putting enough of a challenge in her words. With a coquettish smile, she released the towel.

**CHAPTER TWO**

Roberto knew the shock was visible on his face. When Tammy called earlier asking for help he wouldn't have guessed this was what she had in mind. Never in a million years would he have imagined Tammy doing something like this. For sure, he didn't doubt that there was a definite attraction between them, but this? This was much more than he'd ever expected.

*You want it man, don't deny yourself.* He heard his inner voice whisper in his ear. He'd have to be a eunuch not to want the beautiful and sexy Tamara. His eyes ran over her cool light cocoa skin, from the top of her shoulder length hair to down to her silky smooth legs. He could easily see those long legs wrapped around his waist as he plunged in and out of her to completion.

The temptation was too great for him not to let his gaze fall to her dark nipples that were now tight little buds. They reminded him of little chocolate kisses and damn it if he wasn't ready to have a taste.

Wrapping an arm around her slim waist, Roberto pulled her close to him getting a feel of her entire body pressed against his. With his loose hand, he shed his jacket and returned his attention to her. His mouth claimed hers' in a fiery, breathtaking kiss. When his tongue touched hers it felt like a bolt of lightening pierced his skin. Their tongues twined as he reached for her breast, took the nipple between his thumb and forefinger, giving it a slight pinch.

He felt her wrap a leg around his and began to rub her groin against his thigh and hip. His cock pulsed against the fly of his jeans, wanting out. They were on the same page because he felt her hands undoing his jeans.

From the outside of his pants, she caressed his cock with her nimble fingers, then slipped her heat seeking fingers into his underwear. Holding her prize, she rubbed her thumb over the tip, then slowly pushed his under shorts down his hips. She rubbed his cock against her clit as she pumped him back and forth. When he felt her legs start to wobble, Robert firmly grabbed her buttocks and moved them toward the couch.

He gently laid her down, coming to rest above her. Claiming her lips, he rotated his tongue around hers and followed suit with his cock over her clit. She responded by pushing her hips up to meet his thrusting movements. He broke the kiss to look into her dark chocolate eyes.

“You tell me now if you want me to stop, because I can’t go much longer,” Berto gazed steadily into her eyes looking for any sign of doubt. The relief he felt when he saw her lustful expression sent sharp warning signals in his head. He sure as hell didn’t want to become another one of her boy toys. He needed to show her that he was a keeper not someone to pass the time with.

Holding on to his hips, she shook her head and ground her pussy on his cock. The heat between them could combust into a huge fire. As he felt her slick juices cover his cock, all thoughts fled his mind save the one to fill her, possess her.

“I’m not asking you to go anywhere but here,” she flexed her hips, pushing herself against his rigid cock.

That’s all he needed. Her breasts moved against his skin, scalding him. Moving his mouth down her body, he took a tight nipple into his mouth and suckled. Every time he swirled his tongue around the tip, she mewled softly.

Her hands came around his head and pressed him closer to her breast. Her legs widened and wrapped around his waist inviting him in.

He held his cock in his hand, positioning the head near her entrance. Pushing forth, marveling at the feeling of her tight, slick walls enveloping him. Slowly, with great care, he embedded himself fully inside Tammy.

“Don’t move, Tammy, give me a minute or this will end before it’s started,” Roberto managed to say in a low voice, straining to keep control.

“I won’t move, you let me know when you’re ready,” Tammy giggled against his chest and placed soft kisses near his left nipple. Roberto counted to ten then breathed in. He now felt he could continue without disgracing himself.

Moving one leg over his shoulder, he leaned into Tammy to reclaim her nipple. She pressed her chest closer to him, silently begging for more. Roberto moved faster, giving her what she wanted.

“Yes, dammit, do exactly that, Berto,” Tammy ranted as she thrashed her head from side to side and her walls squeezed into a tight grip around his cock. “You’ve reached my spot.”

Then he felt her shivering and her pussy convulsing around him sending him over the edge as well.

“I’m flying too, babe, you feel that,” Roberto moved his hips. One, two, then three more strokes before he collapsed over her.

Roberto knew his body was sweaty and slick, but he really liked feeling her pressed against him like this. Tammy was the utmost in female beauty. From their first meeting when Roberto and her brother met in high school, he’d been drawn to her, but he

or she always managed to miss each other. Finally, their time had come and he was going to take this opportunity to explore their feelings for each other.

He looked at her face and discovered she'd fallen asleep. Well, now wasn't the time to discuss *them* he guessed since she'd fallen out cold. He scooted over on the couch and hooked his arm under her head. Then he too joined her in sleep.

\* \* \*

Tammy opened her eyelids because she felt something heavy, hairy thrown over her leg. Turning her head, she saw Roberto fast asleep by her side and everything that happened the night before came crashing back in her mind. She still tingled from their encounter. He'd been more than what she'd anticipated and she sure hoped they'd see more of each other in the future.

She tried to slip from the couch and take care of potty business when she felt his arm wrap around her waist.

"Where you off to?" he asked in a sexy, groggy voice.

"Nature calls, sweetie," she smiled before standing up and moving toward the bathroom.

A few minutes later when she got back to the living room, he wasn't on the couch where she expected to find him. Then she heard some noise coming from her kitchen and that told her where her guest had gone off to.

She walked in and found he'd put on his under shorts and now held the glass coffee pot in his hand. He held all the items he needed to get a pot of coffee on the counter near the coffee machine. He ran the water, rinsed off the glass coffee pot before filling it up with fresh water.



“You look busy,” Tammy called from where she stood near the entrance to the kitchen.

He turned around, a smooth smile on his lips, “I wanted some java and figured you’d like some too.”

“I’m game.” Tammy moved into the kitchen and sat at the table. “Come here, sit for a minute, we need to talk.”

He set the coffee pot in its place and did as she asked.

“How are you this morning?” Tammy asked, trying to lead into what she really wanted to know.

“I’m great, how about you,” he responded, looking her dead in the eye as if looking for her every reaction.

“Good, very good. I’m great too,” Tammy repeated his words, while tracing an invisible pattern on the table. “I had a wonderful time last night. And thank you for picking me up.”

He remained quiet, looking her over before he said, “What did you want to say, Tammy? Are you brushing me off? Shall I leave now?”

Alarm bells filled her head. She didn’t want him to leave, no way. “No, not at all. On the contrary, I wanted to ask if we can continue seeing each other.”

“You sure?” Was all he managed to squeak out from between stiff lips.

“Why are you answering my question with a question? I wouldn’t ask that if I wasn’t sure,” Tammy frowned, her forehead creasing deeply.

“In that case, yes, definitely. I’d really want to explore this thing between us,” he told her point blank, while searching her face. “It’s taken some years since each of us has

been involved with other people, now that we're finally free of other attachments we can do that."

Tammy was surprised that he'd given them a lot of thought as it seemed by his explanation. She had to agree that he intrigued her. Since they'd met she'd been drawn to him, now the timing seemed correct. Now their chance presented itself and she was all for giving them a shot.

"I agree, the stars seem to have aligned themselves in our favor and here we are." Tammy walked to him and sat on his lap. "So what do you want to do today?"

"Anything you'd like, babe," he said, while nuzzling her neck.

"Well I have this huge king size bed I'd like you to see," Tammy coyly said.

"Lead the way." Roberto's lustful gaze focused on her nipples as she stood in front of him holding out her hand to him.

"Truth be known, I love the way *you* lead," Tammy countered as she led him toward her bedroom.

**THE END**