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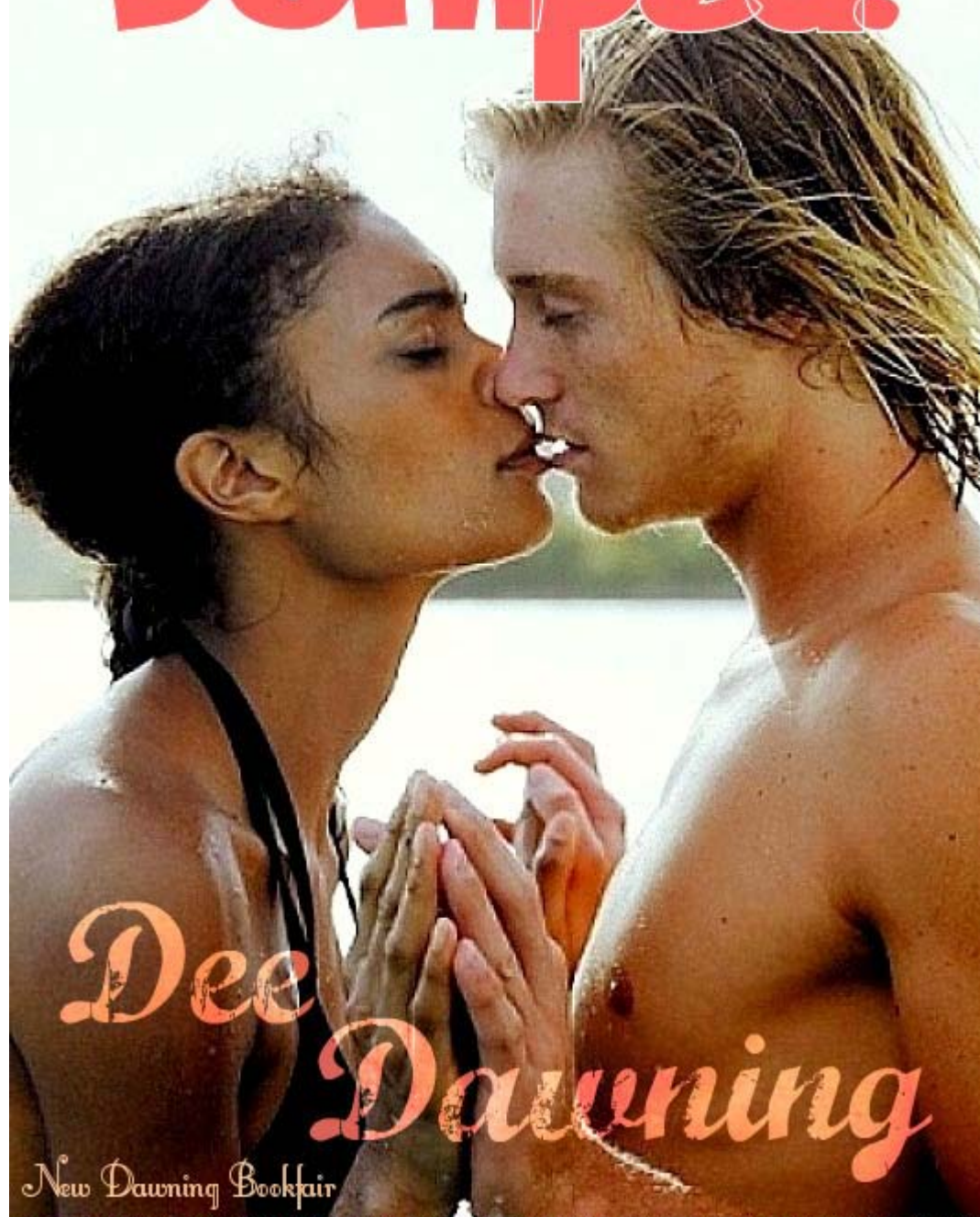
An Erotic Romance

By

Dee Dawning

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# Dumped!



*Dee  
Dawning*

New Dawning Bookfair

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# Dumped!



**A Letta Storm Novella**

## **Dedication**

*Dumped!* is dedicated to the proposition that *Love* knows no boundaries.

That said, I hope my readers, old and new, have as much fun reading *Dumped!* as I did writing it.

## Chapter One - Dumped

"Good afternoon, Hollywood Cosmetic Treatment Center, The Stars Best Secret."

"Hi Bernine. This is Lila. Is my hubby there?"

"Hello, Mrs. Patterson. He's not here. He left for lunch about noon, like he always does."

"Really? That's odd. I'm here waiting for him at the country club. We were supposed to meet here for lunch forty-five minutes ago, but he called me a half hour ago and..."

*Whoa! You better watch what you say to the receptionist.*

"Oh well, I'm sure he'll be along shortly. Thank's Bernine."

"You're welcome."

If he left an hour ago, why'd he call and tell me he'd be a half hour late, because his appointments ran over. *Hmm. Something fishy is going on here.*

"Waiter?"

The handsome, young waiter came over with a smile. "Yes ma'am. Are you ready to order?"

"Not yet. Would you take this wine? I think I'd like something stronger. Bring me a naked lady."

He smiled and saluted. "Yes ma'am. One naked lady coming up for the pretty lady."

I smiled as he walked away. Nice ass, too.

*Lila!*

Sorry.

I didn't know whether to be worried or mad when Lamar failed to show. After waiting an hour and a half at the country club, I gave up and headed home in my Cadillac Escalade. When I got home, my day went from lousy to *ghastly*. Lamar was standing outside with our friend and lawyer Daniel, directing movers as they loaded furniture, boxes and clothes — *my clothes* — into a moving van.

He'd kept me waiting for almost two hours while he did God knows what and I was pissed! I revved the engine and drove the car, up over the curb across the sidewalk onto the lawn, screeching to a halt a couple yards from my husband and Daniel.

I should'a ran the 'son of a bitch' over, but I didn't know that yet. Daniel saw me coming out of the side of his eye and leapt a couple feet vertically and horizontally, however, Lamar, apparently unperturbed, ignored me and acted as if I wasn't there. I jumped out of the car, slammed the door and stormed up to Lamar, screeching, "What the fuck is going on?"

"Hi Lila," Daniel said.

My husband turned to Daniel and growled, "Do it!"

An, aw-shucks, embarrassed look formed on Daniel's face as he turned to face me. He reached inside his coat pocket and pulled out some papers. "Lila, you and Lamar are both friends of mine, but as Lamar's attorney, I have to do this."

I frowned and glared strangely at him. "Do what?"

His hand held the papers out to me. "Serve this divorce petition to you."

\* \* \* \*

Lila crumpled to the ground like a marionette, whose strings had been severed. I glanced at Lamar. "I told you." I knelt down beside her. "You're the doctor. Aren't you going to do something?"

He raised his arms out and collapsed them back against his sides. "She fainted."

I pressed my fingers and thumb to the inside and outside of her wrist. Thank God she had a pulse. I gazed up at Lamar.

"Well?" he asked.

"She has a pulse."

"She'll be all right."

I pursed my lips to the side of my face. "No thanks to you."

"Since you're so concerned for her wellbeing, keep an eye on her, will you? I have to go."

I nodded. "What you did was cruel, humiliating and unnecessary. I could have had her come into my office and explained everything."

"I wanted her to know the break was irrevocable. It's done and I gotta go. Caviar is expecting me."

I watched as he turned and walked to his shiny white Hummer. It was obvious Lamar's newfound fame as cosmetic surgery to the stars had gone to his head. This was not the same man who was my friend in college.

\* \* \* \*

To my surprise I woke up on the living room divan while Daniel held a cold, wet compress to my head. "Are you all right?"

I forced my eyes to focus on Dan's smiling face. "I'm too stunned to know."

He scratched his head. "Lila, you are my friend and I want you to know that serving you with a divorce petition was the worse thing I could think of. Unfortunately, Lamar is my client. I had to give you that petition. It was my job."

"Don't remind me," I snarled as I felt my face gnarl, "Where *is* the snake."

"He went to see his girlfriend."

I jerked upright. "Girlfriend? Is that what this is about? He torpedoed my life, I faint and he marches off to see a girlfriend."

I recognized empathy in his eyes. "Apparently."

My nostrils flared in reaction to my emotive state. "I busted ass for five years to put that snake through medical school and this is how he repays me." I shook my head. "I guess I really never knew him."

"He's changed. Success has made his head swell. I know this is tough, but you're better off without him. The three of us go clear back to college, but I always knew you were the nicer person."

"Thanks Dan." I hugged him, but felt dizzy, so I lay back against the armrest. "I'll bet you'd never do anything as seedy as that?"

Dan's baby blue eyes looked conflicted, he opened his mouth like he wanted to say something, but didn't.

I pursed my lips. "Humph, I should have married you."

Dan's eyes widened. He fidgeted and once again acted as if he would speak, but he remained silent.

My voice sounded whiny as I bemoaned my situation, "What am I going to do? I have no money, no job, no place to live."

Dan's hand softly stroked my forehead. "You have your old condo."

"It's rented, out."

"Not anymore. Lamar wouldn't renew the lease and kicked the tenants out. That's where your things are being delivered."

I raised my hands and flared my fingers to emphasize what I was about to impart, "That's fine, but I still have no job, or money."

"You'll get money too. Don't worry."

"When? How much?"

"I'll explain it all to you. Tell me. Not that you could have kept working at the medical office now, but how come you stopped working there?"

I rolled my eyes. "That was Lamar's idea. He decided, about six months ago, since the practice was doing so well, I should stay at home and join charities. That it looked bad to have the wife working there as if we were barely making..." I paused while an epiphany took shape in my mind. "Hey! You don't suppose he

wanted me out of there so his philandering ass could fool around with impunity, do you?"

Dan shrugged. "I wouldn't doubt it. He met his girlfriend three months ago."

"What an asshole. And since I stay home now I was planning on trying to have a baby."

"Thank your stars, you didn't."

I shook my head. "Getting pregnant would have been a project. We were down to having sex once every two or three weeks. How come you're here, anyway? Won't your asshole client get mad at you for comforting the enemy?"

"He asked me to make sure you were all right. Besides I wanted to. You always have been one of my favorite people."

"Aw, that's sweet." I sat up and embraced him and when I did, my pulse sped up. I always liked Dan's looks—dreamy light blue eyes, long handsome face and long sandy brown hair with sun bleached highlights. He even asked me out when we first met. I wanted to do it, but it seemed so risqué back then, going out with a white man, and in the end, I chickened out. Not that there's anything wrong with dating people of other races. It's more of a matter of expectations. An overweight, guy might ogle a hot looking slender chick, but he knows it's not likely they would ever get together, so he doesn't bother. Besides, nine years ago when I first met Dan, mixed couples weren't nearly as prevalent as today.

*What are you talking about? He just handed you a divorce petition. He's your future ex-husband's smarmy lawyer. He's the friggen enemy.*

No, he's not. He's Daniel, my friend. True he introduced me to asshole, but I asked him to. "What now?"

"I'd like to talk to you."

"We're talking now."



He glanced around. "In a more comfortable setting. Why don't we go the condo? You could tell the movers where you want everything and then we could talk."

"All right. Do you remember where it is?"

"Ah-huh. Karen and I used to hang..." Dan blanched. "I'll meet you there."

When I got there, the three movers were leaving. They'd set the furniture in acceptable locations. But a dozen or so boxes needed to be unpacked and my clothes were thrown in a heap on the queen sized bed. I hung the clothes up in the closet, set the rest of my clothes in the dresser and began to unpack boxes. It was hard to swallow, but while I settled in to the home Lamar and I had lived in for five years after marrying, he was off to see his girlfriend – most likely fucking like bunnies. There had to have been signs. *How did I miss them?*

Dan showed up to help and we finished by five-thirty. I was tired, but on edge. Dan said he was hungry and offered to buy me dinner. After what happened to me that day, food was the last thing I thought of, but I did feel like having a drink or two or five or ten.

He took me to Gringo's Cantina – a popular restaurant and lounge near the condo, which was in Pasadena. Lamar and I, usually in the company of Daniel and his ex-fiancé, Karen, used to visit Gringo's almost weekly.

Daniel asked to be seated in the bar and we were given a booth. Before Dan could open his mouth, I said, "I'll have a naked lady."

His brow furrowed. "You don't want a margarita? You always ordered a frozen margarita when we came here."

"I know, but I had a few naked ladies at my aborted lunch with Lamar this afternoon, so I don't want to switch."

He ordered a naked lady for me, a margarita on the rocks for himself and nachos for both of us. When the waiter left, he turned to me and took my hand in

both of his. "Since Lamar is my client, I have to be careful what I say and do, but I think what Lamar did, sucks."

"You're sweet." I leaned over and kissed his cheek.

When the drinks and nachos arrived, Daniel ordered fajitas. When he looked for me to order, I set the empty martini glass down. "I'm not that hungry, but I'll have another naked lady."

He arched his eyebrows. "Are you sure? You're not very big and those are strong drinks on an empty stomach."

"Please, I'll have a bite of yours and some nachos."

When the waiter left to place Dan's order and get my drink, I asked, "I understand why you couldn't tell me, but how long have you known about Lamar and this *other* woman?"

To my surprise and pleasure, Dan rested his arm around my shoulders. "Lamar came to see me to ask me to prepare this divorce petition on Monday, four days ago. That was the first I heard of her and I swear, I was every bit as shocked as you were."

"What's her name? What does she look like? Where did he meet her? What does she do?" I waved my hands across each other mimicking the football time out signal. "Never mind, I don't even want to know."

By the time the nachos arrived, I was ready for naked lady *número tres*. "I'll have another."

Daniel flashed a cross look, but acquiesced. "Bring the lady another...naked lady."

I dabbled on the nachos and had a tiny bit of Dan's fajitas, but I just didn't have an appetite. However, after Dan told me how Lamar planned to take care of me by paying off the condo, giving me a cash settlement of a measly two hundred fifty thousand dollars and paltry alimony of two thousand dollars a month, I needed another naked lady. While naked lady *número cuatro*, was on its way, Daniel went on. "Lamar is doing a reasonably good job of compensating

you for seven years of marriage and hopes you won't get an attorney of your own. Nevertheless, as a friend, I advise you to seek competent counsel."

I looked at him with my empty glass in my hand. "Can I have just one more? Please."

"I know you don't drink a lot, aren't you getting the least little bit tipsy?"

By getting tipsy, if he meant seeing double and slurring my speech, I was there. "Yeah, a little, but you have to admit dis has been an extra-aordina-ary day in the life of Lila Patterso-on, soon to be Lila Landers again."

He laughed. "All right, one more, but that's it. At least you don't have to drive home."

I pursed my lips to the side. "Dat's right. I have my white knight to drive me home and...tuck me...in."

Daniel gazed at me and arched his eyebrows.

When naked lady *número de cinco* arrived, I blurted out, "Have you seen this bish?"

He nodded. "Lamar showed me a picture."

I frowned. "And?"

"She's young and pretty, but no prettier than you and at twenty-eight, you're not exactly a has been."

That made me feel good. I reached out and cupped his chin with my fingers and thumb. "Baby, do you still think I'm the best looking black woman, this side of heaven."

"Lila, even though it's been almost nine years since I said that, you have taken care of yourself, watched what you ate and have grown even more beautiful. I think Lamar is making the mistake of his life."

My eyes teared up and I felt that pain you feel across the bridge of your nose when you try to fight off tears. "Then why?"

He shrugged and stuck his hands out, palms up. "Trying to recapture lost youth. Stupidity, I don't know."

Despite my near inebriation, when his hand landed high on my thigh, a pilot light ignited in my center.

"I don't s'pose you know what dis home-wrecker does?"

Instead of answering me, he looked away and took a long sip of his margarita.

When he didn't answer me, I prodded, "Do ya?"

His face revolved to me. "She's a stripper. But he's going to make her quit."

I must have been a sight, the way my eyes expanded to the size of silver dollars and mouth formed a perfect circle.

"She's going to UCLA. She's studying pre-med."

"I got ta see this. Whatz her name? Where duz she work?"

He scratched his head. "I'd rather not say."

To make sure he knew how serious I was, I rotated part way toward him, took hold of his displaced hand and lifted it to the table. Holding his hand, our caramel and white fingers entwined, I stressed my wishes, "Well, as my friend, I'd *rather* you told me."

Daniel took a deep breath. "Her name is Cybil, but she goes by Caviar. She performs at The Hot Spot!"

"Tank you. That wasn't so hard wassit?"

He sighed. "I guess not."

"When duz she work?"

Probably wondering if he said too much already, he pursed his lips. "Nights, six 'til two."

"Silly me, I guess she'd haf to work nights, if she goes ta school during the day. And I'll bet, since this is Friday she's working right now."

He shrugged. "Probably."

I nudged his arm with my elbow. "Could you let me out, pleeze?"

His brow furrowed. "Where are you going?"

My smile was as innocent as I could make it under the circumstances. "The laadeez room."

He eased out and I slipped past him.

After freshening my appearance, I returned and grasped his hand. "C'mon."

He jerked it away. "What?"

I grabbed his hand again. "We're going zu The Hot Spot."

He pulled it away, again. "I can't Lamar might be there and he'd see us together."

Seeming to sober up, I stomped my foot and crossed my arms. "Fine, I'll catch a cab." I retrieved the phone from my handbag and dialed information. "Yellow Cab, please."

As the number began to ring, Daniel rose and after taking the phone from my fingers canceled the call. "I'll take you, but we have to be careful. If Lamar is there we can't let him see us."

## Chapter Two – The Hot Spot

It took fifteen minutes driving to the industrial part of town to reach, The Hot Spot. Daniel turned into a driveway alongside a well-lit building, which featured a neon sign with large, animated letters that blinked and flashed, “The Hot Spot.” In smaller letters below, the sign read ‘All Nude Cabaret.’

Shifting in my seat, somewhat surprised, I inquired, “The Hot Spot is all nude?”

“Apparently.”

The parking lot sat in back and appeared to be packed, so Daniel headed to the valet. A young man handed Daniel a ticket before hopping in his car and peeling out. We headed straight ahead toward the entrance. A sign on the door read, “Amateur Strip Contest Tonight. Win \$1,000.”

Daniel quipped, as he held the door open for me “Don’t get any ideas.”

I laughed in falsetto. “Very funny.”

Inside, it seemed dark. I had never been in a topless, let alone a nude club before. For me the atmosphere was decadent and decidedly chauvinistic. The main stage was located opposite the entrance, at the back of the room. A good sized runway jutted into the room from the middle of the stage. Small tables and lush petite armchairs scattered around the stage and runway. A single row of chairs lined the perimeter of the runway, which at the moment had two lissome nude ladies prancing in front of a cadre of roosters. From appearances, this was where the rowdy hard-core partiers hung out.

To our right was a cashier. Above the cashier was a sign. *Membership for Men, Twenty Dollars. Membership for Ladies, free. All drinks free for Ladies.*

Daniel pulled out a hundred dollar bill out of his wallet and handed it to the cashier. Along with eighty bucks change he received a card to fill out.

"What's the card for?"

"To Join. We're a private club, otherwise you could only get non-alcoholic drinks."

Dan filled out the short application and signed. "There, what can I get now?"

The man shrugged. "Anything you want."

I glanced around in search of a vacant table or booth, but Daniel suddenly grasped my hand. "Let's go. A couple is leaving that booth over there."

When we got there, the woman scooted out and came toward us, while the man slid back in. As the mildly attractive dark haired woman edged by us, the red headed man stared at us. "Yes," he asked, "Can I help you?"

Daniel tilted his head to the left and stuck his hands out to the side. "Sorry, we mistakenly thought you were leaving."

"Oh, I got you." The red headed man took a swig of his beer and waved a hand toward the vacant part of the booth. "My girlfriend had to leave because she's next. You can sit with us, if you like. There's plenty of room."

Dan nodded. "Thanks, we'll do that." Then nudged me toward the seat.

I slid in.

Dan slipped in beside me as the man, who was attractive, offered his hand. "My name is Chris, but my friends call me Deuce."

"I'm Lila and my friend is Danny." I'd never called him that before. I liked it.

Deuce waved at Dan. "Good to meet you both. Are you here for the contest, too?"

I felt my eyebrows rise. "Contest?"

"Yes, the amateur nude contest."

I smiled as I recalled the sign on the door. I waved my hands about and explained, "No, I'm just here to see what one of these places is like."

"Phew! Glad to hear it. You're pretty hot and my Terri doesn't need the competition."

A long fingered hand with stiletto tipped nails set a cocktail napkin down in front of me, as a child-like voice, asked, "Hi, I'm *Caviar*. What can I get y'all?"

I gulped. *Caviar*? The home wrecker? Slowly my head turned toward the source of the question. This was no child. *Caviar* was a buxom, 'Barbie Doll' type with long blonde hair, and wearing a miniscule string bikini.

Obviously, impressed Deuce quipped, "I'd tell you but you'd probably slap my face."

She laughed. "I hear it all the time, but you're kinda cute."

"And you're hotter than hot. You're bitchen'."

She smiled then looked at me. Ma'am.

"I'll have a naked lady."

Her laugh sounded like a shriek. "For a lap dance? There sure are plenty of them around here. Which one caught your fancy?"

*She's going to med school huh? Good luck asshole.* "No, the drink, naked lady. It's a type of martini."

Her dull eyes opened wide as did her mouth. "I neva heard that one before. Sorry."

As Danny ordered a draft beer a tall, black man strolled our way. It was Lamar, the snake. I ducked back hoping Deuce could block his view of me.

Fortunately, he only had eyes for his woman-child, because he never looked at us and when he passed beside her, I heard the sound of a crisp slap striking her behind.

Screaming, "Ow," she jumped and turned around, rubbing her well rounded ass." With half a smile on her face she demanded, "What'd you do that for?"

His laugh was playful. "Baby, you had that sweet ass jutting out, blocking half the aisle."

My jaw tensed, as a slow burn coursed through me.



She wagged her forefinger at him. "You just wait. I'll get even later on."

If I'da had a gun, Lamar would have gotten his brain air-conditioned.

He laughed. Continuing on, he quipped over his shoulder. "Looks like she'll be wearing out my tongue tonight."

"Damn straight!" she spun back to us. "Sorry, that's my boyfriend. We're engaged. We're getting married as soon as he gets rid of the roaring bitch he's married to."

*Roaring bitch?* I grit my teeth and tried to ignore that ignoramus, but like a masochist my traitorous ears, wouldn't stop listening. There was murder in my heart. If I could have put a contract out on the pair of them, right then, I would have paid up to a million dollars. On credit of course.

"He's a big time plastic surgeon. That's how I met him. At his office. Well, actually I met him here when I was on stage, but that's a long story."

No, no, a thousand times no. I don't want to hear it. But my turncoat ears did and they convinced my traitorous mouth to say, "I'd like to hear it."

Her eyes brightened. "You would? It's pretty naughty."

I forced a smile. "Now, you really have me curious."

"All right. We make most of our money from tips, so when I'm up on the stage I spread my legs for the gash hounds. Men get very generous when they see pussy. In the days when I had sex for fun, I would give it away and get nothing except pleasure for it, but I wised up. My pussy is a commodity. No one sees between my legs without big bills.

"I'm not supposed to let customers touch me, but I make exceptions. Under a ten, I just smile. For a saw buck, I cup my breasts, stoop down and spread my legs for a clear view of my puss. For a double saw buck, I do the same thing, but take the mystery out of Caviar by parting the folds with my fingers.

For a fifty I go even further. I sit down right at the edge of the stage, knees bent and legs spread. I make eye contact, roll my tongue over my lips and hitch

my head down toward my twat. I splay the folds and he gets to lick my snatch and clit."

My turncoat mouth wouldn't shut up, "Is that what your fiancé did?"

"Close. He held up a Ben Franklin, folded it several times until it was the size of a quarter and holding it between two fingers shoved it deep up into me. I placed my hand over his to hide what went on and let him move his fingers around inside me for a few seconds. After enjoying about a half minute of being fingered, I pulled his fingers out, put them in my mouth and sucked my juices off."

Deuce piped in, "I'd like to do that baby."

She ran her long fingers across Deuce's cheek and smiled at him. "You come back when my boyfriend's not here and I'll give you a lap dance you'll neva forget."

I cleared my throat, "A'hem. You were saying?"

"Oh yeah, My fiancé, Lamar is his name, did that three nights in a row, but on the fourth night he slipped a note inside me. It said, 'The bearer of this note is entitled to a free breast implant. Doctor Lamar Patterson.' So I went in for a free breast implant. Of course he got to fuck me several times in his office, so it wasn't entirely free, but I dug it and I dig him. And I really dig my new breasts."

Caviar or Cybil or whatever her name was, pulled her bikini top off and the eyes of the men on both sides of me bugged out.

Deuce reached out and started kneading her right breast.

"What do you think?"

Deuce mumbled, "Fanfuckingtastic."

My traitorous mouth lied. "Very nice." Actually, they reminded me of two balloons that were blown up so much they were on the verge of popping.

"Thank you. You're very nice."

*For a roaring bitch.*

"You might want to go see Lamar. You look like you could use a little boost topside."

I ignored her little dig.

Danny leaned over and whispered. "Did you see the rock on her finger?"

My gaze shifted from her boobs to her left hand. The diamond on her ring must have been six carats. My disloyal hand reached down and lifted her hand up for better viewing so my treacherous mouth could ask, "Is this from your fiancé?"

Her smile was as wide as the runway on which she plied her trade. "Yes, it was wrapped in yesterday's Ben Franklin."

I'd seen and heard about all I could stand. The betrayal of my husband was total and unconscionable, but before I stood up to leave, I heard a bit more of the outlook, my future ex was about to endure at the hands of this bimbo.

"Lamar wants me to quit here but I don't know. I just love the way the roosters ogle my curves and the way their eyes glaze over when I spread my legs and show off the goodies."

"Deuce cooed, "Yeah baby, spread them long hot legs."

She ran her fingers through his red hair, "You are so cute. You come back next week when it's slow and I'll give you a very special all nude lap dance."

I elbowed Danny. "I've seen enough. I'm ready to go."

Deuce whined "Oh, your leaving. Terri will be up shortly."

"Yes, I'm sorry, but I have to go. I just remembered I forgot to feed the goldfish."

Caviar's eyes rounded. "Oooh! Poor little goldfish. I just adore animals. You better get going. It was nice talking to you. Do you still want me to order your naked lady?"

"What do you think?"

She shrugged. "That's why I'm asking?"

"Think about it. If I'm not here, who's going to pay for it?"

"It's free for lady's"

"Then who's going to drink it?"

"Oh."

As the valet pulled up in Danny's BMW, I palmed a ten and handed it to him before Danny could. I figured Danny had spent enough on me tonight. As he pulled out onto the street, I asked Danny point blank. "What did you think of Cybil's boobs?"

"They looked like if I had a pin I could have popped them."

"Then why did you stare at them so?"

"I was surprised, she pulled them out right there."

*Good answer.* We drove to my condo in silence. I have no idea what Danny was thinking, but I was absorbing what I found out. Going to 'The Hot Spot' accomplished two things. One, Caviar confirmed my suspicions that Lamar had lost his mind. That pleased me, but the other thing I found out, I wasn't so sure about. I found myself brimming with need. The casual attitude about nudity and sex, the bawdy atmosphere, the description of at least Cybil's genitals—it all had a titillating if not arousing effect on me.

It was like the law of unintended consequences. For the last six months Lamar had been rationing sex out to me once every two or three weeks. Obviously, while he was parceling out the sex to me, he wasn't going without. Nevertheless, the denial of sex and the flamboyant display of sex in the overtly prurient, carnal atmosphere of 'The Hot Spot,' had every erogenous nerve in my body on edge. Though the air conditioning was on high, I was warm all over. My pulse rate soared and my panties were soaked. My pussy felt inflamed hungering for penetration and my clit clambered for deliverance.

I turned my gaze to Danny. I'd always found him charming, attractive and almost irresistible. He really was beautiful, yet I resisted his youthful advances merely because he was of another race. Obviously, things have changed since

then. Interracial couples are no longer a curiosity. Since my husband of seven years is joining the interracial revolution with a blonde bimbo, is there any reason I should continue to deny feelings that have lain dormant for years. Clearly, my outlook had evolved since getting dumped and then seeing what I had been dumped for. To deny from myself, what I plainly have been interested in for so long was silly.

I studied his long lean body. When my gaze reached the bulge in the crotch of his pants, my stomach seemed like it had leaped into my throat. I licked my lips and pictured the cause of the bulge, between my legs. Mmm, it felt so good and then I recognized why. Without realizing, my hand had slipped down between my legs, comforting my nether regions.

"What are you thinking?"

*Oh my God! Did he see me?*

Though I thought it earlier, it wasn't what I thought right then. "How I'd like to blow up Lamar's car with him in it."

"Yeah, I thought we were done for when he came by our booth."

"I know, Caviar's 'sweet ass' saved us. Danny, can I ask you a question?"

He smiled at me. "Ah so now I'm Danny, am I?"

"Ah-huh."

"What do you want to know?"

"It's been six months since you and Karen called off your wedding and broke up, I wonder if you've started dating again."

He looked over and scrutinized me. "I've been out a few times, but I haven't seen anything that caught my interest, until tonight."

"Tonight? One of the strippers?"

He laughed. "No, you." He pulled into my driveway and turned the motor off. "Would you go out with me, now that you are separated?"

"I'd hoped you feel that way. Now, I have a question for you."

While I built up my nerve to ask my very forward question, he waited patiently.

"I'm very mixed up right now and don't want to be alone. Would you spend the night with me?"

This apparently caught him off guard. His mouth dropped open a couple inches and he loosened his collar. "I don't know if that's a good idea. Like you said, you're mixed up right now and you probably think sleeping with me will even the score a little with Lamar."

"That it would, but I'm not interested in evening the score. I'm interested in rekindling the passion I had for you and denied myself nine years ago."

He shook his head. "Maybe if we'd gone out a time or two, but this just isn't right."

He wasn't going to deny me. I wanted him and his tented pants said he wanted me. "You know, it didn't start out that way, but tonight sure seemed like a date."

His warm Danny smile appeared. "It did, didn't it?"

I pulled the keys out of his ignition and held them out of his reach. When he leaned over the console and reached for his keys, I kissed him. As my tongue traced the thin line between his lips, his tongue darted past his lips and intercepted mine. For a dozen seconds they danced around each other as if suspended in air, between our lips.

As my right hand held the keys away from him, my left hand grabbed his engorged masculinity through the cloth of his trousers. He jerked and in an instant, his mouth was all over mine crushing our lips together as his tongue stormed my opening, swirling everywhere against the soft, fleshy inner walls of my mouth. We had kissed once, nine years ago with such passion and it scarred me. I wasn't going to let our passion scare me again.

I opened the door and slipped out of the car. Danny fell across the console and looked confused as he glanced my way.

I lifted his keys up where we both could see and jingled them. "I just felt your hardness. If you could feel me you'd know I want you as much as you want me. We don't have to make love if you're against it. I just want you to hold me."

I ran to the door of my condo. Unlocking it, I stepped inside. I turned, waved for him to come and yelled, "Are you coming?"

\* \* \* \*

All of a sudden, staid and proper Lila was acting suspiciously like the playful and vivacious nineteen year old co-ed that had captured my imagination some nine years ago. I skedaddled out of my car and ran up to her door. I peeked in, but didn't see her. I stepped in and turned three sixty. I still didn't see her. "Lila?"

No response. "Lila, where are you?" Again, no answer. "Are we playing hide and seek?"

I walked into her bedroom and didn't see her. I opened the closet doors and there was only clothes. I looked in the bathroom, the shower and it was empty. Scratching my head I went back into the living area and that's when I saw her. Apparently passed out, she rested half on and half off the couch. Concerned, I ran to her. She breathed and had a strong pulse. Five plus naked ladies had taken their toll.

I marveled at her lightness, when I slipped my arms under her and lifted her up to carry her into the bedroom. Still a hundred and fifteen pound bundle of energy, I imagined.

She stirred when I laid her down. Her speech was slurred. "What'r you doin'?"

"I'm putting you to bed. I'm going to take your dress and shoes off. Is that all right?"

"Yes, don't leave me."

"I won't."

"I need you. Make love to me, please?"

"You're not up to it, tonight."

"Tomorrow then?"

"Tomorrow."

Her eyes cleared for a second and her gaze bored into mine. "Promise?"

Her lovely sepia eyes with amber speckles stared at me with intensity. How could I say no? "I promise."

With that, her eyelids closed and her heart shaped head lolled to the side in sleep. Even in sleep she was beautiful, with her high regal forehead, pointed nose and medium full red lips. I kissed those lips as I set her down.

She stretched her thin arms. "Ummm."

I removed both of her lofty high heels. Being only five-five she'd always felt a need to elevate herself, when she could, with her shoes. Next, I rolled her on her side so I could unzip her dress and gently pulled the sleeve over her shoulder and lifted her arm free. Then after rolling her onto her back, I carefully removed her other arm and then the dress itself. Before pulling the bed coverings over her, I paused and studied her. She was a beautiful, uncomplicated woman. What an ass Lamar turned out to be. He traded a diamond for a rhinestone. I scanned down her gorgeous, caramel colored body. I hadn't seen her looking this close to naked since she wore that skimpy bathing suit when I took her and her friend Cami, to our family cabin on Lake Gregory, nine years ago.

That's when I asked her out and pleaded my case over and over only to be rebuffed. My, how things have changed, having just promised to make love to my dream girl...tomorrow!



## Chapter Three – Making Hay

I woke with a start. I recalled Danny, setting me on the bed last night, but I wasn't in bed. Rubbing my cramped neck, I studied my surroundings. I was moving speedily, past cars, trees and buildings, zipping along a freeway. Relief soared through me when I glanced over and saw Danny driving.

"Where are we going?"

Momentarily, his gaze shifted to me. "Lake Gregory. My family still has a cabin there and I want you all to myself for both days this weekend. Is that all right?"

Remembering the fun I had with Cami and Danny there nine years ago, I smiled. "Sounds like fun. How did you get me dressed and in the car without waking me."

He laughed. I loved that warm friendly laugh. "I wanted to leave early, but sweet Lila wouldn't cooperate. At least you didn't want to stay awake. You woke several times as I dressed and carried you to the car, but you kept falling back asleep. I packed your travel satchel too."

My gaze shifted down to my clothes. Cut offs, a pink tee shirt and tennies. I looked at him. A red polo shirt, jeans and topsiders. We were certainly dressed for a casual weekend. "How far are we from the lake?"

"We've been driving about an hour, so I'd guess another thirty miles. If you're hungry, we could stop off somewhere for a bite to eat?"

"Thanks, I'd like that."

About ten minutes later we turned off the freeway onto State Highway 18, heading toward the imposing San Bernardino Mountains. When we came to a

shopping plaza, Danny pulled sharply into the mostly empty parking lot and parked in front of a small coffee shop, among several other vehicles. "If I remember right, they have fairly good food here."

I looked at my watch. It was only eight-forty-five.

Danny hopped out of the car, and came around to open my door. He took my hand as I got out and led me to the cafe entrance. The fact that the coffee shop was packed, seemed to confirm what Danny had said about the food.

We got lucky and caught a booth just as an elderly couple got up to leave. A waitress with the name tag, Molly, brought us menus and water. "Can I get you anything to drink?"

Needing a boost, I ordered, "Coffee."

"Me too."

When she left, Danny moved closer, "Are you still the ardent swimmer you were in college?"

I nodded. "I haven't competed in a swim competition since college, but I try to swim every day. It helps keep me trim."

"I'll say, you still look like a Sports Illustrated swimsuit model."

A flush of heat passed through me. I was already embarrassed enough at how desperate I acted last night. I gulped. "Thank you."

The Dolly brought our coffees and took our order. Danny opened and poured a container of cream into his coffee. He took a sip and raised an eyebrow. "So what did you think of Caviar?"

I watched my hand as I stirred the cream in my cup with a spoon. "About what you said, young and pretty. Not much upstairs though."

"I noticed. Some men like that though. They can take charge easier when the woman isn't that bright."

I pursed my lips. "We'll see. It sounded like she was determined to continue showing her attributes to the world."

He smiled. "Yes it did. Are you sorry you went to The Hot Spot?"

"You know, other than I wished I had a Colt Forty-five to put a hole between Lamar's beady eyes, I had fun last night."

He laughed. "I can see where it might cross your mind, but the satisfaction wouldn't be worth the murder charge."

Molly set down Danny's ham and eggs, then my poached egg on toast and half cantaloupe. As I squeezed the juice from the requested lemon wedge on the cantaloupe, I sensed a coy smile cross my lips. "I remember something else from last night."

He took a bite of ham. "Oh?"

"Yes, a certain promise that was made after you laid me in my bed."

Chewing the ham, he managed to mumble, "I remember."

I swallowed a bite of my cantaloupe. "Are you going to honor that promise?"

Danny flashed a winsome, wall to wall smile. "We're here aren't we?"

Danny pulled up to the cabin about an hour later. It was a wood framed structure with a full length front porch and horizontal tongue and groove siding. It set on somewhat sloping terrain among tall ponderosa pines. I grew excited thinking of the fun I had with him last time I was here. This time we were alone and I was ready to do what I should have done then.

Jumping out of the car, I reached in the back seat for my overnight bag and strode up the stairs onto the porch. Danny retrieved a piece of luggage from the trunk and walked leisurely across the distance.

I bounced up and down on the balls of my feet. "Hurry up slowpoke."

His smile said it all. "Hold your horses. We have two lovely days ahead of us. He set down his suitcase, unlocked the door and then swung it open.

I started to step in, but he tugged me back into his arms. He lifted me off the ground and carried me into the bedroom. I watched the passing scenery and grinned. A girl could sure get used to this.

Like last night, he set me on the bed. After retrieving his suitcase he locked the front door and joined me on the bed. Lying on his side, resting his head on the palm of his left hand, he stroked my bare thigh with the index finger of his right hand. "Would you like to go swimming?"

Facing him, with my head also propped up by my hand, I eased closer. "Yes...but not until you keep your promise."

He stared at me. "You're sure? You're still married."

I licked my lips. "Baby, I have thought of nothing else since we left that coffee shop, an hour ago. Besides, Lamar's still married and it doesn't stop him."

He nodded. "Okay, I only want to make you happy."

I reached out and rubbed his fair cheek and waggled my brow. "I'll bet you could make me real happy. Did you bring protection?"

"Ah-huh." He reached in his jean pocket and pulled out a three pack of condoms and tossed it on the bed between us.

I raised an eyebrow. "Is that going to be enough?"

He chuckled. "I have more."

"Good. I don't know if you've been celibate since Karen, but it's moot because hubby hasn't behaved himself." I opened the pack, took one out and giggled. "I can't wait to see what the tool this goes on looks like."

He laughed, then took hold of my hand and brought it to his lips. The feel of his soft lips kissing the inside of the wrist curled my toes, but he didn't stop there. Languorously, his lips peppered the sensitive inside of the arm until he reached the sleeve of my tee shirt.

"Take it off," he ordered gently. I rose up and pulled the shirt over my head.

He touched my bra. "This too."

I unfastened the bra, slipped the straps over my arms and Danny took over, pulling the bra straps down my arms until I was topless. The fresh air pebbled my areolas and hardened the nipples.

Danny stared at my breasts as he sat up. "I always knew your breasts would be beautiful." He extended a finger and tenderly circled a nipple, igniting an ember of lust deep in my womb.

I closed my eyes, concentrating on the tingly erotic sensations that coursed through me, only to re-open them when his hand cupped a breast and his tongue swirled over the jutting nub. Tingly erotic feelings now terminated in my fast warming pussy.

Brazenly, I eased toward him pushing my chest out, serving my hard nipples to his soft lips. I gasped when his lips surrounded my lucky nipple. The smoldering ember in my womb burst into a flame and the walls of my pussy began to bleed crème. I bunched fingers around the bottom of Danny's shirt, raising it several inches before he broke away from my breast and removed the unwanted garment. Now that he was also topless, I admired his muscular, well toned, lightly haired chest.

Cutting short my admiration, he unzipped my cut-offs and urged me, "Take these off."

I raised my bottom enough to slide them over my ass, then lowered it back to the bed and pushed the cut offs down my legs and over my feet.

He pulled the elastic band of my lacy panties away from my shaved mound and let it snap back. "These too."

He gasped when I grabbed the bulge in his pants and squeezed. "You too." Nodding, he kicked off his topsiders. Then he unzipped and removed his pants, revealing the top of the object, I'd been curious about for nine years—the head of his hard cock poked above the band of his briefs.

With our eyes fixated on the location of each others genitals, we pushed down our underpants.

My heart stopped and my stomach seemingly leapt into my throat when I saw the wonder of his pulsating flesh colored shaft with its mauve and plum colored crown. In reality, it was no bigger than Lamar's, but unlike his upward

curving cock, Danny's was straight and...*white*. When the realization hit me—I was about to make love with a white man—I took a deep breath and shook off the chill. *You want this! Deep down you always wanted Danny!*

Danny's cock acted like a magnet to my hand. Never taking my eyes from it, I sat up, reached down and languidly stroked him. The tiny little "ah" he uttered with each stroke pushed me on. I liked exciting him and I wanted to please him. I cupped his scrotum with my other hand and gently squeezed.

He groaned, "Oh baby, that feels so good."

His cock was rigid, so hard I could feel it throbbing in my hand, I squeezed it and it pushed back. The little noises he'd uttered with each stroke had become an almost steady moan. When I glanced back, Danny'd closed his eyes and his head rocked back and forth. All this while his fingers wrapped tightly around the vertical bars of the headboard.

"Jesus, baby! You have no idea what you're doing to me!"

I loved turning Danny on. "I'm just getting started." The urge to take Danny in my mouth overwhelmed me. I slid down the bed and got on my knees between his legs. His monument looked impressive from my new position. His musky masculine aroma warmed my pussy and made my pulse race. Holding the sides of his cock between fingers and thumb, I languorously licked the underside of his shaft from stern to stem, giving special attention to the soft, tender area under the crown. Laving the underside of his cock, it drew a moan and when I tongued the sweet soft spot, he squiggled.

Danny whimpered. "My God, Lila! I can't stand it."

"Well baby, it's about to get more intense. Don't come, all right? Because I want to feel you inside me."

"I'll try."

I wrapped my fingers around his shaft and studied it. It was thick enough that even with my long finger nails, my fingers and thumb wouldn't close. Lengthwise, I guessed it was between seven and eight inches—closer to eight—

so Danny was what I would consider hung. I ran my tongue up his tasty specimen one more time and this time when I reached the top, I licked the precum which had collected in the depression around the opening to his cock. Except for a pleasant salinity, the clear fluid with a creamy texture was tasteless.

I smiled to myself as he fidgeted and shifted around, his moans growing louder, apparently in reaction to the anticipation of my warm mouth wrapping around his cock. As my lips slipped over his crown, he quavered and gasped. His fingers dug through my tightly curled hair into my scalp as his silky appendage glided across my tongue deeper and deeper into my mouth.

"Oh yeah! That's it baby! That's it."

When it entered my esophagus and I started to gag, I pulled back until the feeling was gone. That was my limit and I remembered that place as I continued to run my mouth and fist around and down his manly pride.

I glanced up and our eyes met. He seemed to be watching me as I impaled my mouth on his shaft over and over. He moved his hand down from my hair and placed it over the hand that stroked him.

"God yes, baby! That feels so fucking good."

It seemed like he couldn't take his eyes off me as my mouth slid up and down his cock. He slipped his hand to my lips through which his member pummeled my tonsils and touched his staff as it slid in and out of my mouth.

His jewels puckered and I could tell he was about to cum. Having Danny's cock in my mouth made me feel good. I wanted to make him come this way, but I knew if he did, he would likely be unable to continue for awhile, and my pussy didn't want that. Continuing to stroke his shaft, I pulled my mouth away from him and rose.

I snickered when he sighed. "What...what are you doing? I was so close."

"I know. That was nice, sweetheart, but I want to feel you inside of me."

"Yes. Let's do it, hurry!"

"Stay just like that. I'll get on top."

I picked up the condom I'd taken from the pack and unwrapped it. Then lifting my legs over his legs and straddling them, I rolled the condom down his rigid staff. I wrapped my fingers around and lifted his cock upright until I felt the head at the rim of my womanly lair. In chorus, we gasped as I lowered myself carefully upon him until he disappeared within my warm wet retreat.

*Ah. He's in me.*

We seemed to be a perfect fit. The fact that his long, creamy colored cock had punched deep into my warm, sopping wet pussy for the first time made me deliriously lustful and I began to tremble. His cock filled and stretched me soothing the sweet torment that had materialized there. I began to move a little and enjoy the feeling of Danny inside me. As a bonus, my nascent lover reached up and cupping my breasts, rolled my jutting nipples with his thumbs.

Slowly, I rose a few inches and sank back down. I did it an inch or two higher and continued, steadily building up momentum. The friction of his cock within the walls of my pussy soothed the sweet anguish that had built there. Every nerve rattling intrusion called a sound from within and soon I moaned on every thrust. Danny's, inability to follow my up and down movements with his hands on my breasts, forced me to use a more forward and backward motion, not unlike riding a horse. That worked better and the increased contact of my clit against his pubic bone showered my mind and body with carnal sensations.

I leaned down to kiss my lover. As his tongue dipped through my lips and danced with my tongue, the movement of my pussy around his cock slowed in seeming time with the actions of his tongue. Though we'd barely started, I felt sublime. Tingly electric-like sensations filtered through me with every movement of my pussy as Danny's hands on my breasts caused waves of pleasure to spiral through me. With each stroke of Danny's cock in my passion moistened chamber, I could feel the thumping of my heart clear in my ears.

Suddenly deciding I wanted Danny's hefty member pounding me, in and out, I directed, "Roll me over, I'm ready for you to fuck me into oblivion."



Danny obliged and in seconds I laid under him as his hefty cock pulverized my scalding hot pussy. I writhed and wriggled as his silky projectile drove relentlessly into my, smooth core. His hands gripped my hips, and he pulled me into each penile thrust with a groan. Harder and faster, he rode me, his balls bouncing off my anus. On the brink, I wrapped my legs around him and brought him home to pussy.

I pulled his mouth to mine and his warm tongue dove right in whipsawing about my mouth in a frenzied tongue fuck. Spasms of pleasure careened through my body and coalesced at my core as the impending orgasm was ready to explode!

Suddenly, just as I was about to let it fly, Danny's mouth left mine. "Oh Jesus, baby I'm coming!" He pushed his cock all the way to my womb and held it there while his hilt moved in circles around my clit. Danny's lips began sucking on my nipple and my orgasm crashed in on the heels of his. The muscles of my pussy gripped his cock, milking him and holding him tight as I rode out wave upon wave of erotic sensations that permeated my whole existence for my very own rite of ecstasy.

When Danny had spent the last of his seed, within me, into the latex sheath, he collapsed beside me. After my pleasure shudders faded, I realized that while sex with Lamar had certainly been enjoyable, it had never reached this lofty pinnacle. *This is gonna be the funnest weekend ever!*

## Chapter Four – Making a Sundae

After experiencing my first orgasm with a woman in months, my legs and arms felt like Jell-o. I rolled off Lila and stared at the ceiling. I was totally spent. “Phew, that wore me out.”

“Me too, a little, but I’m not ready to stop.”

Glancing at her sweet face, my heart swelled at the realization that I’d just made love to Lila, the girl who beguiled me when I met her nine years ago at UCLA. She was everything I expected and then some. “I don’t want to stop, but I do want to savor what we did.” I glanced at the digital clock on the nightstand. “It’s almost lunch time. What’dya say we throw on our bathing suits, go for a quick swim and then grab a bite?”

“I am hungry.” She slipped out of bed. “I’ll put my suit and cover-up on.” She lifted the bag I brought to the bed and sifted through it.

I lifted my suitcase to the bed, and dragged my suit out. After slipping into my suit, a tee shirt and flip flops, I glanced over to Lila.

Her brow furrowed as she rifled through the things I packed for her.

Her voice sounded frustrated, “That’s funny I can’t seem to find a bathing suit.”

The palm of my hand and my forehead met as I realized I’d forgotten to pack her suit. “Oh, Christ, honey. I’m sorry, I forgot to pack it.” I devoured her beautiful nakedness. To me she looked just fine for swimming, but I knew she couldn’t go nude in a family setting like Lake Gregory.

She raised an eyebrow. “So much for that idea.”

“I have some large bandages. We could put them over your nipples.”

She giggled. "I'm sure."

I edged up beside her. Reaching in her bag, I pulled out her hot red thong. "And I did pack a thong. You could wear this on your bottom."

Shaking her head, she laughed. "In your dreams."

Now, I laughed. "In my dreams, you'd go like that."

Her glance lowered and she scoured her body. When her fabulous eyes returned to mine, she said "Not in this lifetime." She grabbed the thong from my hand and threw it in my face, where it fell to the floor. "Maybe at midnight with no one around, but never in broad daylight."

I reached out and pulled her into an embrace. "All right. I'm sure there are stores that sell bathing suits. I'll take you to lunch at a great Mexican restaurant and then I'll buy you a new bikini."

\* \* \* \*

The weather was sunny with temperatures in the seventies, so I asked Danny if we could sit outside. They seated us at a table for two on the balcony, which had a lovely view of Lake Gregory. When the waiter came with chips and salsa, Danny ordered a pitcher of frozen margaritas. I dipped a chip in the salsa and took a bite. "Mmm. Good chips and salsa."

He did the same and nodded. "Yes they have good food. They weren't here when I brought you here nine years ago."

When the waiter returned with our margaritas, Danny ordered a chimichanga with beans and I ordered a taco salad. Danny filled our salt rimmed glasses up then proposed a toast. "To the most glamorous, beautiful and now I find out, the sexiest woman I know."

His toast made me laugh, but it also soothed the sting of what Lamar had done. I took his hand and held it. "Now, I wish we were back in bed."

He chuckled. "I never stop wishing that. Don't worry we'll be back soon enough making hot passionate love."

I raised his hand to my lips and kissed his knuckles. "Umm, I can't wait."

“Do you remember when you were here before? There wasn’t nary a boat in the water and you swam across the lake and back four times. I was amazed.”

I laughed. “Sure I remember. It wasn’t that far across. I doubt if I swam even a mile.” I kissed his knuckles again. “You did good. You kept up with me for two times across and back.”

“Well, I measured the distance. It was seven hundred feet across, and seven hundred feet times eight is fifty-six hundred feet. Over a mile. Could you do it again?”

“I doubt it. Don’t forget I was on the swim team and in training. We used to swim a mile every day back then. Besides, I don’t want to squander my strength on unimportant things when so much fun awaits me in the bedroom of your cabin.”

He smiled. “Good point.”

When our food arrived, I enjoyed some of the best Mexican food I ever had.

A block away from the cantina, at the swimming area, I found a bathing suit in the Beach Shop. We went into the water and played around, splashing and dunking each other, but the water was uncomfortably cool so we got out and warmed up in the sun. Danny wanted me to swim across the lake, so I did one time – across and back. I could have swum more, but I was saving my energy for lascivious pursuits.

After stopping at the local market to pick up some things for dinner etc, we finally went back to the cabin. This time carrying two paper bags full of groceries, I got to look over the cabin. It looked exactly like it did when I was there nine years previous. Even the early American furniture looked the same. Obviously, the cabin did not receive heavy use.

Entering the front door took you into a large open living area with an open kitchen at one end. A rectangular dining room table divided the living room from the kitchen. In the rear, the master bedroom and two other bedrooms were located, along with the master bath, one other bath and storage.

After we put the groceries away, I led Danny into the bedroom. Standing beside the bed, I lifted the hem of his tee shirt up a few inches. He got the idea and pulled the shirt over his head while I loosened his swimming trunks and dragged them to the floor and off his feet. Knees bent, resting on the balls of my feet, I stared at Danny's flaccid cock. Again, I felt compelled to take the sexy thing in my mouth. I wondered how long it would take me to get him from soft to hard. My fingers reached around him at the base and my mouth eased toward the head of his shaft.

To my surprise, Danny reached under my arms and raised me up until I stood before him.

I'm sure the confusion in my eyes prompted him to lift my chin with the side of his finger and thumb and explain, "It's my turn to dine on you." He slid the swimming suit cover-up off my shoulders and pulled it off. Next, he undid the bikini top and flung it to the side. All that was left for me to be as naked as Danny was my bikini bottom and within seconds it joined my top and cover-up on a chair beside the bed.

Picturing Danny's handsome face between my legs, I quivered with anticipation as he lifted and set me on the edge of the bed. Knowing what he intended, a hunger spread through me and coated my pussy in slick, wet juices. Tweaking a nipple between his thumb and fingers, he leaned down and pressed his lips to mine. As I gazed up at him longingly through long, blinking lashes, his tongue slipped between my closed lips and with a sigh, they parted for him. My fingers raked through his mane as his moist tongue traced my bottom, then top lip before splitting my ivory defenses and commingling with my tongue. Desire overtook me, tasting, exploring, reveling in excitement his tongue promised.

Pulling away, his hand pushing on my shoulder urged me down. "Lie back."

After reclining onto my back, he placed my feet on the edge of the bed and spread my legs. "Don't move, I want to get something."

I rose up on my elbows as I waited for him. He returned seconds later with a smile and a spout topped container of chocolate syrup. "This could get a little messy. I hope you don't mind. I like a little flavoring with my pussy."

I giggled. "It's your sheets."

He shrugged and chuckled. "It's your pussy."

I raised an eyebrow. "Do I get to put chocolate syrup on you?"

"Sure, blueberry if you prefer."

I rubbed my tummy. "Mmm, a blueberry chocolate cocksicle over vanilla ice cream."

He reclined beside me and poured syrup on my far nipple. It felt cool. I could feel the nipple harden, but when his lips smothered the nipple and sucked on my nub like a vacuum cleaner, it really got hard. I'd barely recovered from the erotic sensations when he repeated the procedure on my other nipple. I gasped and my heart quickened as I could feel the pulling of his mouth in my clit and all the way down to my toes.

With both nipples now hard from evaporating moisture, he squeezed a meandering trail of liquid chocolate from between my breasts, like the switchbacks on the drive up here, down to my mound. I shivered at the thought of his silky tongue lapping the path of Hershey's over my ribs, belly button and abdomen clear down to my heated wet pussy. My head flopped down onto the bed and I closed my eyes as his damp tongue left a trail of chocolate and saliva from my breasts to my cleft. My pulse raced and my breathing became a series of short gasps as his tongue drew closer to his target – my pussy.

As he paused and lowered himself, changing his position from beside to between my legs at the nexus of my sex, I rose up on my elbows to watch. I sensed him spreading the syrup over my clitoral hood, my inner folds and even into my well. Everything he did turned me on. I could feel my heart thumping in my chest and the blood rushing through my clitoris. My breathing had become intermittent and labored.

Danny grinned and wiggled his glistening oral organ above my clit. My arousal was so complete, I swallowed, wondering whether, the minute his marvelous tongue touched my sensitive bundle of nerves, I would explode.

But he didn't start with my bud. Instead, his hands spread my sex, his fingers peeling away the folds for better access, and like cooling salve, his wet tongue dove deeply into my needy recess. Tremors cascaded through me, with each divine lick of his slick, crème coated tongue. "Oh God," I gasped and squirmed as wave upon wave of pleasure strands careened through me to the sentinels of my mind.

"I love chocolate flavored cunt."

His use of the word cunt threw me, but sounded sexy. "Have you eaten chocolate flavored *cunt* before?"

"Only yours, but I love it."

*Good.*

After reaming the walls of my channel, his clever tongue laved its way up the short distance to my throbbing love button. Each nerve rattling lick, called forth a tiny noise from deep within my throat. When he'd apparently ingested all the chocolate, his lips wrapped around my clitoral hood, sucking on it and tonguing my super sensitive nub. Shaking like a California earthquake, I groaned as sinful pleasure pulses shot out to the extremities of my body. As he drove me crazy sucking on my pearly bud, I looped my legs around his back and crossed my ankles. Then I reeled his mouth in tight, firmer against my pulsating clit.

Every nerve in my body was edged, primed for a glorious orgasm, and when Danny shoved fingers in me—I don't know how many— it came. "Oh God, Danny. That feels so good. Oh Jesus. Here I come, oh sweets. It's a fucking volcanic eruption."

Indescribable sensations rippled through my body, and I rapidly lost control as the intensity built within me. My entire body quaked as my sex convulsed around his tongue, and a surge of unrelenting pulses slammed

through me. Reaching down, I grabbed clumps of his long blond mane, pulling him closer, directing him, as the waves of ecstasy lapped against my mind like the immutable tide. Shivering and shaking, I hoisted my hips and arched my back to get every tiny bit of erotic oral pleasure I could.

He continued to oralize me until the last tremor had deserted and I'd calmed. "How was it?"

My hand found his, then tugged at him. "Wonderful. Come up and hug me."

He slid up beside me and kissed me. His tongue tasted of chocolate and pussy juices, and I liked it. He leaned a couple pillows against the headboard in order to sit up against one.

He patted the mattress for me to join him. "Come up here. I want to talk to you about something."

I sat up next to him as close as I could, and took his hand in mine.

His eyes and face suddenly grew serious. He rotated the hand I held and soon my hand was in his. He rubbed my palm with his thumb. "Baby, remember this name. Letta Storm. Look her up in the phone book. I want you to go see her when we get back."

My brows dipped. "Who's she?"

"If you're smart, she'll be your divorce lawyer. She only takes women and she's part piranha. If Lamar has the least little vulnerability, she'll skin him to the bone. I have a hunch she'd love to sink her teeth into the plastic surgeon of the stars. She's expensive, but she's worth every nickel. She works strictly by referral, so please don't tell her you got her name from me. Make something up. Representing your husband, I could get in trouble for giving you her name."



## Chapter Five – Settling In

First thing Monday morning, I looked for Letta Storm in the phone book, but couldn't find her. I thought about calling Danny, but decided to try information first. To my surprise the phone company computerized voice read off a number and said, "I will connect you now."

The phone rang six times then I received a recording. "Hello, this is Letta Storm, Attorney at Law. Even though this phone is supposedly secure, I do not return phone calls from it. Please leave your name, reason for calling, an email address and I will respond within twenty-four hours."

What a strange way to run a law firm. When the recording signaled, I left my name, reason for calling and email address. Following my recent routine, I fixed a cup of coffee and ate a bowl of Go Lean with berries, while reading the morning LA Times. Afterward, I threw on the new bikini and cover-up my dreamboat lover had bought me, grabbed a towel, paperback along with a thermos of iced tea, and headed to the community center pool.

At home, I'd swum fifty laps every morning then relaxed on a chaise lounge and read. Since this pool was a hundred feet long versus forty feet, I swam twenty laps, before relaxing. I finished the book around lunch time and headed back to my condo. I fixed myself a BLT sandwich and turned on my laptop while I ate, on the chance the mysterious Letta Storm returned my email. After clicking on my email, I was surprised to see Letta had indeed returned my email.

*Mrs. Lila Patterson,*

*Before I agree to represent you I must perform a preliminary check on you.*

*Please furnish your full name, date of birth and social security number, last school you attended and the grade you attained. If you will, I also would like the same information on your estranged husband plus his title/occupation and the name of the attorney representing him.*

*Thank you, upon receipt of this information, if I am interested in representing you, you will hear from me within forty-eight hours. If you do not hear from me within that time, I suggest you look for another attorney.*

*Regards, L*

I typed the information on a return email and sent it off, wondering if I'd ever hear from the enigmatic attorney again. Scrolling down my emails I saw Danny had sent me one about an hour before Letta's. I opened it immediately.

*Hi gorgeous,*

*It's only been sixteen hours since I saw you last and already I miss you. I hope our weekend together was as memorable to you as it was for me. I will cherish our time together forever.*

*I'm just sick that I had previous plans that I can't reschedule and can't see you tonight, but at least I'll get to see you tomorrow night, when you cook dinner for me. I'll bet you're a great little cook.*

*You may find it interesting that Lamar called me today inquiring as to your health and state of mind. I'll tell you all about it tomorrow night.*

*With great affection, Danny*

*PS. Don't forget to call Letta Storm. ☺*

I leaned back and closed my eyes, savoring every minute of our time together and cursing my stupidity for wasting nine precious years on a philanderer, who used me to get through medical school. Yes, I thought I loved Lamar, but he'd made it so easy to turn that love into hate—if I ever loved him at all. Was Lamar my rebound? After my rejection of Danny, to go out and find a so-called acceptable mate. Someone black, my parents would accept?

My cell phone rang. It was Cami. "Hello Cami."

"Finally, you answer your phone."

"What do you mean?"

"I called you all weekend. Didn't you get the messages I left."

I winced. I hadn't checked my messages since Friday. "No sorry, I was up in the mountains all weekend. I guess my phone can't get a signal up there and I forgot to check my messages."

"Up in the mountains? What were you doing... never mind. The reason I was so intent on reaching you, was I wanted you to confirm a rumor that's floating around."

"Which is?"

"That you moved out of your home in Los Feliz."

I wondered where she'd heard that. "It's true. What are you doing tonight?"

"Nothing, why?"

"I feel like company and Chinese take-out. If you pick some up and come over to my old condo, I'll tell you everything."

"You got yourself a deal sista. Give me an hour."

When Cami walked in, her hands were full, so I hugged her and took the bag that smelled delicious. "Mmm. Smells divine." Heading to the kitchen I asked, "What's in the other bag, hon?"

She followed me. "Oh a couple bottles of smooshed grapes. I couldn't decide whether red or white goes better with Chinese, so I grabbed one of each."

I opened the bag and removed a quart of lemon chicken, chicken with broccoli, house fried rice, pork foo yung and two pints of steamed rice. After placing the white wine in an ice bucket and setting the dining room table, including two wine flutes, we each fixed a plate and took a seat at the table.

Cami poured the red Bolla Bardolino in both our glasses. "All I need now is an ashtray and I'm all set."

"I'll get you an ashtray after we finish eating. I wish you would quit."

"Doll, we've been over this a hundred times. The minute I stop smoking I eat everything in sight. Even my cat's tasty treats aren't safe. You want me to weigh three hundred pounds?"

"Of course not. Forget I mentioned it."

We were quiet while we ate, but as soon as Cami finished, she lit a cigarette and I got her an ashtray, so she wouldn't use her dinner plate. "Okay, I want to hear everything."

I filled my wine glass and took a sip. "I will, but first tell me what you heard."

She rolled the wine around the glass and took a sip. "Just that some movers loaded some furniture, boxes and some women's clothing into a small moving van from your house and before they left you pulled up on the front lawn in your oversized SUV and caused a scene."

I cocked my head to the side and shrugged. "That's pretty close to what happened."

Cami's eyes widened. "Was it really? Tell me more."

I rucked my mouth and snarled, "It seems Lamar is dumping me for a blonde bimbo, nude dancer, named Caviar."

Cami's mouth opened wider. "Oh, this is worse than I thought. I'm so sorry."

I decided to try the white, Pinot Grigio wine. "Don't write my obituary yet. I think I'm going to land on my feet."

Cami tilted her head and raised a solo eyebrow. "Oh? Is that what the weekend in the mountains was all about?"

"Yes. Do you remember my friend Daniel Westbrook?"

Recognition flashed in her eyes and she snapped her fingers. "The dreamy white boy from college."

"That's him."

She arched her brow. "You spent all weekend alone with him, up at that lake we went to years ago?"

I wagged my eyebrows. "Two very sexy days."

She pursed her lips. "Well that'll cushion your fall all right. I remember he had a big crush on you, but you wouldn't go out with him." She looked straight at me, a devious grin on her face. "So how was he?"

Tight lipped, I lifted my chin up and narrowed my eyes. "Better than I imagined possible." I giggled, "Oh, Cami, I could kick myself for refusing to go out with him and wasting nine years. I think I love him."

Her forehead wrinkled from raising her brow so high. "You love him?"

I nodded emphatically. "Ah-huh. I want to be with him all the time and be the best lover he's ever had – the only lover he'll ever need."

"I thought I loved Mr. pretentious, but now I realize I loved Danny all along. That's probably why we remained close friends."

Cami shook her head. "Girl, this all happened so fast it's making my head spin. How did you happen to hook up with Mr. Wonderful so fast?"

I laughed. "That's the funny part. He's Lamar's lawyer. He served me the divorce petition."

"That's funny. So, what's next for Lila Patterson?"

"Lila Landers. I'll be taking my original name back. Danny says he wants to spend every available moment with me, but we really can't be seen together until the divorce is final, since he's Lamar's lawyer. So I guess we'll be spending a lot of time here and in the cabin.

"I need to find a job. I'll start looking tomorrow and I'm trying to retain a lawyer to represent me. I want to get this over as soon as possible."

"Six months is the quickest from what I hear."

I cringed. "That long?"

Cami nodded. "That's what I hear."

"Well, I can't wait to start my life anew."

## Chapter Six – Letta Storm

Tuesday morning, my charging cell phone jangled my nerves at seven-forty-five. I disconnected the wire and answered, "Hello."

An electronically altered voice asked, "Lila Patterson?"

"Yes. Who's this?"

"Your attorney. Meet me at the Jack in the Box on Colorado and Hill across the street from Pasadena City College at eight-thirty."

"How will I know..." I realized the line was dead and disconnected. "You?" Knowing I was to meet her twenty-five minutes away in forty minutes, I jumped out of bed and padded into the kitchen to make coffee. While the coffee brewed, I brushed my teeth and washed my face. Rushed for time, I skipped make-up except for lip gloss. I pulled off my night-shirt and threw on jeans 'n blouse. I pinned my hair back and headed to the kitchen. There I poured my coffee into a travel mug and headed out the door.

I pulled into the Jack in the Box parking lot at eight-thirty-one. I eased into the closest available space to the entrance when my passenger door opened and a bizarre, corpulent, rather poorly dressed sister with bright red hair slid in.

As I turned to see who my intruder might be, her Cheshire cat grin beamed at me. "You really ought to keep your doors locked. You neva know who might pop in."

Meekly, I squeaked, "Letta Storm?"

She offered her hand. "The original. You were expecting maybe Sarah Palin?"

I shook the offered hand and tittered. "No, I just expected you to be inside."

"Sorry for all the cloak and dagger crap, but when you take millions from wealthy, influential scumbags and give it to their spouses, you tend to make enemies. Why don't you start your big fancy car and drive before you draw attention to us."

I started the car and backed out.

"I wasn't going to take you at first, you know?"

I headed north on Hill Avenue. "No?"

"No, you are too pretty and young. It's tough for awhile, but women like you end up all right. Nevertheless, your case interests me. Why is your husband dumping a woman like you?"

"He has a girlfriend."

"The bimbo, nude dancer? There's that, but there must be something else. It'll cost you, but when I find out, it'll cost him. I'm never wrong."

"How did you find out about her?"

"I ran a preliminary check on you and him."

"You found that out in a preliminary check?"

"Ah-huh. There were others too. Going back six years, but something has pushed him into action, now."

"He's been running around for six years? Christ, we've only been married seven."

"The wife's always the last to know. Who referred me to you by the way?"

"A friend."

"Was it Daniel Westbrook, the man you spent the weekend with? He could get in deep trouble if your hubby finds out, you know."

I pulled over to the curb. I was so stunned, I was dizzy. "How could you possibly know?"

"Research. I may not look like much, but I'm resourceful, intuitive and smart. That's why you're going to write me a check for ten thousand dollars as a retainer."



I coughed and choked. "I'm sorry."

She pulled down the visor and looked in the mirror. "Don't worry about it. It's not the first time it's happened at the mention of my retainer. It may sound high, but most of that money will go toward investigating your husband. Where I make my money is the ten percent I take of the settlement you get."

"But what if you get me no more than he's offering?"

She pulled a tube of lipstick out of her purse and staring in the mirror applied it. "Then I work for nothing."

"I don't have that much money to give you."

Dropping her lipstick back in her bag, she gazed at me with a tight-lipped smile. "Just give me what you have for now. We'll worry about the rest later."

I wrote a check for four thousand of the five thousand I had in my account and handed it to her.

She smiled pleasantly. "Good. I'll make up an agreement and email it to you. I want you to scan the petition the plaintiff served you and whatever tax returns you have, then email them to me.

"I'll be checking out your lover, Westbrook, too. I want to make sure he's sincere and not looking for a little action on the side."

"If he wasn't sincere, why would he send me to you?"

"I do-no. Maybe he knows something about his client, he can't disclose and he's hoping I find it."

"You're pretty cynical. I've known Danny for nine years. We're good friends and he loves me."

"Hmm. Sounds like you married the wrong man."

"It does, doesn't it? You get me out of this mess and I'll rectify the situation."

"There ya go girl. I wish you love, wealth and happiness. You can take me back to J.I.B. now?"

"J.I.B.?"

"Jack in the Box."

When I got back home, I scanned the divorce papers into my computer, then sent them off to Letta. While I was on the computer, I checked the various help wanted sites for employment opportunities. The most promising thing I found was emergency room nurse at a local hospital, so I made an appointment with the human resources department for that afternoon. Afterward, I changed into my swimsuit and picked up my normal routine.

\* \* \* \*

I picked up the handset and pushed the flashing intercom button. "Yes Marilyn."

"There's a Ms Storm on line one."

"Thank you." I pushed line one. "Hello. This is Daniel Westbrook."

"Good morning sir. My name is Letta Storm and I have been retained by Lila Patterson, the wife of one of your clients, one Lamar Patterson."

"Yes, Ms Storm. What can I do for you?"

"Call me Letta, please."

"And you may call me Daniel."

"Thank you. I just wanted you to know I represent her and that we will be declining the paltry sum, your client offered as settlement for seven loyal years of marriage several of which were spent putting him through college."

I smiled. *Way to go Letta.* "Thank you Letta. Is there anything else?"

"You bet. While your client remains in the couple's four million dollar home, he moved her into a two hundred thousand dollar condo. Hardly equitable."

"It was a matter of convenience."

"I see. It must be convenient to offer the princely sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for her fifty percent of net assets which in my estimation exceed ten million dollars, and to give her a two thousand dollar monthly

stipend when the good doctor pays three thousand a month on maid and janitorial service alone."

"That is the amount she took from the medical practice when she worked there. Let's not forget her housing and utilities are totally taken care of."

"Last year, Hollywood Cosmetic Treatment Center, grossed six point two million dollars. The year before it was four point eight million. That's a growth of one point four million in a bad economy. If your client wants to get her out of that cash cow, he's going to pay big time or my client will hold onto her half."

"I will pass this on to the good doctor."

My smile grew with everything she said, until. "Good. Oh, by the way, thanks for the referral."

"She told you?"

"No, I figured it out from things I already knew and what she told me, but you don't have to worry, I'm treating this as lawyer/client privilege."

I breathed a sigh of relief. "I will pass on what told me to my client. I think I can get the alimony raised, but I warn you, if Mrs. Patterson receives a larger settlement we will ask that alimony be waved."

"Understandable. You speak with your client and I'll begin my investigation."

"Investigation. Begin? It seems from the things you said you have conducted an investigation."

"That was only preliminary. Your client has a history of infidelity so it's odd that he would seek 'dissolution of marriage' now. Something is up and I aim to find out what."

"How do I get in touch with you?"

"For reasons I won't explain, I don't accept phone calls. You can email me anytime. [Perfectstorm@lstorm.com](mailto:Perfectstorm@lstorm.com). Let me know what your boy says about the alimony. Tata."

After hanging up, I punched my fist into the air. "Yes!" I shouted. Letta Storm was everything I'd heard.

My secretary, Marilyn barged in and glanced around. "Is everything all right? I thought I heard you yell."

"Sorry. Everything is *perfect*."

\* \* \* \*

The job interview went okay, but the position was part time, twelve hours, midnight to noon, two days a week. I said I would think about it.

When I got home it was four o'clock—time to start dinner. I went into the kitchen and checked the pork roast, I'd taken from the freezer earlier. It was almost defrosted. *Close enough*. I turned the oven on and set the temperature for three-fifty. After placing the roast in the oven, I lifted the cover of my laptop and checked my emails.

There was one from from Letta Storm. I opened it.

*Dear Lila,*

*Please find our contract and a receipt for your retainer attached. Print the contract and if everything is agreeable sign it.*

*Mail it to L. Storm esq. at PO Box 681, Capri, CA*

*I talked with your Daniel Westbrook today. You'll be glad to know my intuition tells me he's a good guy. I'm seldom wrong, but we'll see. That being said, I would be remiss if I didn't point out how dangerous it is for you to be seen with Daniel.*

*You're not going to like this and I'm sure you'll ignore me, but my advice is to stop seeing Daniel until your divorce is finalized. Continuing to see him could jeopardize the whole divorce proceedings. If you cannot live*

*without seeing each other, try to hold it to weekly liaisons and do it in private at your condo or wherever he lives. Do not, I repeat, do not go out in public. Also do not let your personal vehicles be seen by neighbors. Other locations such as the homes of relatives or close friends may be propitious as well, but please run them by me, first.*

*Meanwhile, I've requested increased monthly payments. With a little luck we'll get three to five thousand a month. For now, I'm going forward with my investigation.*

*I'll keep you informed*

*Regards, L*

After perusing the remainder of my emails and downloading the items from Letta, it was time to check on the roast and start the rest of dinner. When dinner was under control, I went into the bedroom to change into a dress and make pretty.

At five minutes to seven the doorbell rang. *He's early. He couldn't wait to see me.* You'd think I hadn't seen him for a month, I was so nervous. I opened the door and...arms akimbo, set my fists on my hips "What the *fuck* do you want, *asshole?*"

## Chapter Seven – Dinner with Danny

Lamar raised his eyebrows. "You look very nice, Lila. Is that anyway to talk to your husband?"

Oh my, what am I going to do? *Danny is going to be here in five...make it four minutes.* "After what you did to me that's the most courteous tone you deserve. You want to hear what I'd really like to say?"

He laughed and raised his hands as if he was surrendering. "No, no. Your courteous tone is fine. May I come in?"

"That depends on your answer to my question."

"Question?"

*Three minutes. I'm down to three minutes. Think of something you idiot.* "I asked, what the fuck do you want, asshole? Remember?"

He nodded. "Oh yes, sorry. I came here to sort of apologize for the way you were treated, last Friday. I was nervous, and I felt a little guilty. I guess I wanted to get it over with. In hindsight I acted like an ass."

"Hole."

"What?"

*Two minutes. Two stinking minutes until Danny-o shows.* "Hole. You acted like an asshole!"

"Oh." I guess I did and I want to make up for it. Bare with me for a second, I have something for you." He reached in his jacket pocket and drew out what appeared to be a cushioned ring case.

Just then my phone, which sat on the kitchen counter, rang. "Excuse me." Thankful for the break, I jogged into the kitchen. "Hello?"

"Baby. I'm around the corner. Tell me that isn't Lamar standing at your door."

"Hi Cami, so nice of you to call."

"What does that mean?"

"Oh Cami, you know I'd like to hear all about it, but Lamar just dropped in."

"So it is Lamar. He's there because I told him what your attorney demanded."

"Uh-huh. He wanted to apologize for his boorish behavior and admitted he was an asshole. That's why I can't talk. He's about to give me a guilt gift of some sort."

"Don't take any gifts. Tell him it's money you need and a job. I'm gonna leave. Call me when the coast is clear."

"Okay Cami. Good luck. I'll call back when I get time."

"I love you."

I frowned and looked at my phone. *I wonder if he means it.* "I love you too, Cami."

Ending the call, I headed back to the snake.

"That was Cami."

"I heard." He handed the jewelry box to me.

"I can't accept a present from you when there are so many questions about the insufficiency of your settlement offer.

"I know and I'm here to talk about that too. Here, at least look at it. It's that ring you always admired at the Diamond Palace."

Like a curious cat, I took the box and peeked inside. It was the ten thousand dollar ring I adored. The one I could never bring myself to buy, even when we could afford it. I handed it back. "It's very nice and thank you for the thought, but my attorney would have a cow if I accepted this from you."

He took the ring and stuck it back in his pocket. "All right, but I still want to talk with you. May I come in?"

I pursed my lips and stepped aside. "I guess."

He stepped in and sniffed the air. "Mmm. Something smells good. Are you having someone over for dinner?"

I may be dark skinned but I'm still light enough for a blush to show.

Lamar's face contorted. "Are you?"

"I wish. I'm roasting a pork roast that will go bad if I don't cook it. Which reminds me, I better turn everything down so it don't burn. Have a seat, I'll be right back."

I hustled into the kitchen and turned down the oven and the burner under the boiling potatoes and cauliflower.

Lamar sat in the middle of the couch when I returned, so I sat in the occasional chair my knees modestly twined. "What did you want to talk about?"

He shifted in the seat as if he wasn't comfortable.

I'm sure my stare didn't help.

"I don't suppose you have anything to drink."

"I have some leftover wine from last night, when Cami brought Chinese take-out over."

"That sounds good. May I have some?"

I rose. "I have a little red and a half bottle of white left. Which would you prefer?"

"Red."

I poured a glass of red for the snake and a glass of white for myself. After handing the red to him I returned to the occasional chair. Crossing my legs this time, my stare returned to him. "You were about to say?"

"Yes, I wanted to tell you there were some errors on the document we gave you Friday and I will have Daniel prepare a revised document in the morning."

My expression remained neutral, but my stare was intense. "Oh, such as?"



He fidgeted again. "I don't suppose I could talk you into sharing that roast with me?"

My stare became icy. "No."

He broke our locked gazes and looked away. "Yes, well, I'm afraid I deserve the low opinion you have on me, but I hope you'll see it differently when you realize this is better for both of us. Our marriage was stagnant and going nowhere."

*Was it now?*

"Now we will both have an opportunity for happiness, which we wouldn't have, had we remained married."

I changed the subject. "Please state what you want and leave. I'm sure your girlfriend is waiting for you."

That seemed to rattle him. He finished his wine in one gulp and looked at me. "As you wish. Somehow a zero got lost on the settlement papers. The total amount was supposed to read two point five million."

I felt my eyebrows rise in reaction to the adjusted figure. "That's certainly an improvement. I'll pass it on to my attorney."

"There's more."

I uncrossed my legs and straightened up, suddenly interested in what he had to say.

"If you sign the settlement agreement by the end of the week, I'll raise the alimony to a thousand a week to be adjusted should you find employment."

I wondered what incentive I had to seek employment when I had fifty-two grand in hand for doing nothing.

"Obviously, that's a disincentive for working, so if you decide to work, and I have a good job lined up for you, you'd still get the original two grand a month."

"What's the job?"

He elevated his hands for emphasis. "It's for a CRNA, for which you are eminently qualified, at the Ramos Clinic in Santa Monica. "

I whistled. "Should be good pay."

He nodded. "At least a hundred grand."

I leaned back in the chair again and crossed my legs. "I'll see what my attorney thinks."

Lamar tried to carry on a conversation, but gave up around five minutes later. Having been there a little over thirty minutes, he left at half past seven.

I rushed into the kitchen. Thankfully nothing had burned. I was pleased. A single phone call from Letta to Daniel had grossed me two and a quarter million dollars more and twenty-six thousand a year more in alimony. I picked up the phone to call Danny, when the doorbell rung. On the way to the door, I noticed the ring box set on the coffee table where Lamar had sat.

*Lamar must've come back for the ring.* I picked up the ring and continued to the door. Expecting Lamar, I was surprised to find two dozen red and white roses inches from my face. In self-defense I grabbed them and sure 'nuf Danny's smiling face lurked behind the mass of blooms and leaves. He stepped in and gave me one of those 'I wanna stick my cock in yer pussy' kisses that make your pulse race and curl your toes.

After my breath normalized, I looked the flowers over. "Thank you baby. They're beautiful." I noticed he had a fifth of red wine in his hand.

He handed the wine to me. "Here this is for you, too."

He surveyed the room. "He's not coming back is he?"

I shrugged. "He could." I raised the ring box and lifted the cover.

His eyes widened. "Wow that's gorgeous. What'd it set him back?"

Cynically I answered, "Two boob jobs. Let's go into the kitchen so I can put these flowers in a vase."

I opened a cupboard door and pointed to the top shelf. "Can you reach up there and grab that vase for me?"

He pulled the vase down and handed it to me. "Do you think you should call him and make sure he won't come back for it?"

I shook my head. "Unless you parked in a location where he'd see your car, I wouldn't worry about it. If he came back you could hide in my bedroom and believe me there's no way he's ever getting in my bedroom again." I smiled and gave him a peck on the lips. "On the other hand, you better never let me tie you up in there because I might keep you as my love slave and never let you go."

Sidling up to me, he wrapped an arm around my waist. Then he peppered my chest, neck and ear with moist kisses, and every part of my body that hadn't lit up with his initial kiss in the living room, now hummed with need.

We both knew and wanted what he was there for, but I put a damper on it. "I love your kisses, baby, but we need to eat right now and I have some things to discuss with you as well."

His bottom lip stuck out. "All right, as long as I get to eat and stuff that gorgeous pussy of yours tonight."

I snickered. "You will, I promise. Why don't you set the table and open the wine."

He saluted and said, "At your service," before grabbing a handful of silverware and disappearing into the dining room."

When I joined Danny at the table, I sat around the corner from him. He raised his wine glass and proposed a toast. "To love. May it grow and flourish"

We clinked glasses and said, "To love."

Not to be outdone, I proposed a toast of my own. "To sex. May it bind us together like handcuffs to a headboard."

We clinked glasses and said, "To sex."

"Hmm." He raised a solo eyebrow. "That's the second time you've mentioned bondage. Is that a secret fantasy of yours?"

"Maybe." I shrugged. "I never thought about it before."

The smile on his face was sinful. "Would you like to try it?"

"On who?"

"Each of us."

A shiver slithered down my spine. "All right. After dinner."

The meat was dry, but since I made gravy, it was edible when coated with gravy. Everything else was good and Danny, undeservedly so, raved about my cooking. I tried to talk about what Letta and asshole had said, but visions of Danny eating and fucking my pussy, while we ate, kept borrowing my train of thought.

I started a couple times and after a word or two, would take a bite of my meal.

Finally, Danny said, "You started to say something about Letta?"

Picturing myself straddling a tied up Danny, I balanced myself as I sat on his face by holding the headboard. I tried to answer, "Yes, she sent me an email..."

He swallowed the morsel in his mouth and took a sip of wine. "Yes, Letta sent you an email...?"

I forced my mind to clear itself of the salacious images. "She said we shouldn't see each other until I was divorced."

He nodded. "I'm afraid she's right, we shouldn't. Did she say anything else?"

"She said she knew we wouldn't."

Apparently finished, Danny set his napkin beside his plate. "Did she happen to make any suggestions?"

"Ah-huh." I set my napkin on the table and rose. "Why don't I just show you the email."

He started to get up, but I stopped him. "Just wait here, I'll bring the computer here. I should probably respond to her email and tell her what Lamar offered."

Danny jerked around. "What?"

"I tell you as I write the email. I'll be right back." I picked up our plates and silverware and headed for the kitchen. Setting the plates in the sink, I unplugged and grabbed my laptop. Returning to my seat, I booted the computer up and after finding Letta's email, slid the laptop in front of him.

Danny's brow furrowed. "She says we should see each other no more than once a week until you're divorced. Could you do that?"

"I wouldn't want to, but if I had to I could. What about just spending weekends together – at your cabin, San Diego, Santa Barbara and other out of the way places?"

"Yeah. Out of town makes sense. When you write her back ask her. What were the things Lamar proposed?"

It seems like my obsession with the bedroom had taken a break so I outlined it quickly, lest my compulsion return. "He said a zero was left off for the total settlement amount. That it should have been two and a half million and –"

"That's bullshit. He said a quarter of a million and I wrote it down that way."

"I believe you. Let me finish before you make me come again."

His confusion was laughable. His brow dipped so low, I could barely see his eyes and his grin was clown-like.

"I'll explain that later. Let me type my email to Letta and you can read it and if you want me to add anything, I can."

"Okay, do it."

*Dear Letta,*

*I have a lot to tell you. I told Danny what you said about seeing each other no more than once a week. We decided we could do it if we did it over weekends and go out of town so we wouldn't be seen. What do you think?*

*Also, Lamar dropped in around seven o'clock and tried to give me a ring. I refused it, but even though I saw him put it in his pocket, it was on my coffee table when he left. He claimed his original settlement offer was supposed to be two point five million and would have it changed. He also said he would give me a thousand a week alimony, but should I find work it would revert to the original two thousand a month, but only if I sign this week.*

*Lastly he said he knew of an opening for a CRNA nurse at the Ramos Clinic in Santa Monica. What do you think of that?*

*Best wishes, Lila*

I slid the computer over so Danny could read it. "He told you about a job too?"

"Ah-huh. What would be a very good job, similar to what I did at our clinic, except I would get paid this time."

Danny shook his head and sighed. "Boy, it sure seems like he's after something. Are you going to look into the job?"

I nodded. "If Letta says it's okay, I will."

He slid the laptop back in front of me. "Looks okay to me. Go ahead and send it."

"There it's sent."

He waggled his eyebrows and leaned into me for a short kiss. "Must be bedtime."

I nodded.

"Do you still want to be tied up, while I eat your pussy for dessert?"

I nodded again, emphatically.

## Chapter Eight – Blindfolded, Bound and Banged

Standing beside the bed kissing, while our hands fondled and slowly undressed each other, I went wild with anticipation. When we were totally naked, Danny pulled away. "I don't suppose you have cuffs or neckties?"

"No, but I have scarves." Followed by Danny, I rushed to my dresser, grabbed the first four scarves I came across and handed them to him.

With a devious smile on his lips, he reached in the drawer and retrieved a fifth scarf.

When I looked questioningly at him, he chuckled. "To blindfold you."

"But I like to watch your pretty blonde hair bobbing between my legs."

"You've seen it, you can imagine it. Being blindfolded will force you to concentrate on your emotions and the sensations you experience." He swatted me on the butt. "Go over and lay on the bed."

Recumbent on the queen sized bed, Danny tied scarf number one around the left post and then my wrist. Then he came around the bed and did the same with my wrist and the right post. After securing my ankles to the foot of the bed he placed the remaining scarf around my eyes.

From that point on I couldn't see as he moved about me, but surprisingly my increased sense of touch and hearing made up for a large portion of my loss of vision.

He spread my legs and lay prone between them. His warm breath on the insides of my thighs told me his head was inches from my core. His hands rested on the skin beside the hollow between my exterior labia and his thumbs splayed

my moist inner-folds. I could sense his face hovering over my mound and pictured his smoldering gaze working its way up my curves.

"You are magnificent. I can't wait to stick my tongue into your hot pink pussy."

Visualizing what he said, had my heart racing and crème pouring out of the walls of my well. Then when his tongue languidly licked my entire sex, I gasped, bringing my breathing to a standstill, while shudders of desire coursed to every outpost on my body. I wanted to grab his beautiful head, but of course, my hands were secured.

"Did you like that?"

I nodded. "Uh-huh."

"Would you like to come like that?"

Anticipation was killing me. I wanted his silky tongue buried deep into my boiling snatch...and more. "I would love it."

To my relief, his warm tongue returned to my sex. His luscious mouth dipped into the vale between my warm, humid folds and his smooth tongue glided into my overheated pussy. I moaned from the erotic sensations that spread through my body as his tongue reamed the soft, fleshy walls of my aching pussy, lapping up my vaginal juices. "I love your crème, I'm going to suck all of it from you."

With my slit awash in pussy juices, his mouth slurped as his tongue probed deeply into my slick recess. Buy now, I was mad with lust, craving fulfillment.

"Now, I'm going to suck on your cute little love button. Oh my, it's gotten bigger." He snickered. I sucked a deep breath as his mouth and tongue edged up to my clit while his fingers slid into my slick recess. Thrusting the longest into my wet, summery heat, my pussy muscles quivered and clutched, and an achy sweetness spread through me.

Trembling, I arched my back even though my ankles had been secured. I pressed my swollen nub into his lips as if I could get more of what he offered by



pushing just a little harder. Blissful sensations slammed through me. Unsuccessfully pulling on the restraints while his lips surrounded and sucked on my clit, my head and body thrashed back and forth as if saying no, while my mouth screamed, "Ah, yes, Baby. Ah, oh, yeah, please don't stop! Yes, oh, yes, that's it!"

His arms encircled my thighs. His right hand edged across my hairless pubis to my clit, massaging and tapping it with his middle finger. Meanwhile his left hand slid across my abdomen and ribs and closed in on my breasts. Alternating between them, he caressed my hard, distended nipples, massaging, plunking, and pinching them as his tongue slipped down to and reamed the walls of my pussy. I gasped, slowly exhaling then my breathing quickened to short gasps. Consumed, a feeling developed between my thighs—an obscure sensation that slowly built in intensity preceding the impending eruption.

To my ear-spitting joy, an extra powerful orgasm slammed through me. Squirming spastically in multiple directions, I screamed my elation as a tsunami of blissful sensations swept through my body. I may have been blindfolded, but a kaleidoscope of color rained through my brain. My hands seeking traction on the headboard, wrapped around the posts that bound them.

Danny continued to suck on my clit and ream my channel until the last tremor from the last aftershock passed. I expected him to stick his cock in my more than ready cavern, but he had other plans for this helpless damsel. Mercilessly keeping me off balance, his fingers remained active within me and on my clit, as he slithered his way up beside me. He kissed my nipples, chest, neck and elsewhere, moving about urgently, leaving evaporating patches of moisture to chill me and thrill me everywhere.

I had no idea what he would do next and it excited me. Then his lips clashed with mine and his silky tongue invaded my receptive mouth, swirling and whipsawing every inch of my oral cavity, leaving me breathless. Then he pulled his tongue out and I sensed him raise up. His knees straddled my

shoulders and I wondered what he was doing, until...the crown of his hefty cock pried my lips and teeth apart. I pictured, tasted and smelled as well as felt his cock as it glided into my mouth. I could sense the plum colored ridges on the rim of his crown on my lips and tongue as his cock languorously slid in and out of my mouth. It seemed so sexy, fucking my stationary mouth. I wanted to help him. I wished to hold him, to stroke him with my hand as he thrust his shaft my mouth. I wanted to squeeze his taut buns. I wanted to help him fuck my mouth in so many ways, but I couldn't. I was tied up, frustrated and so massively aroused, I whimpered my torment.

"uck ee," I begged on a withdrawal. His cock plunged in again, clear to my esophagus and when he pulled back again, I repeated, "uck ee, eese!"

He paused. "What?"

"uck me lease. I eed it!"

He pulled out. "I'll get a condom."

I wanted to say, "No, now, fuck me, now," but waited the eternity of fifteen seconds until blessed relief came when his shaft glided into my womanly retreat. Finally, the sweet anguish dissipated from the friction of his good sized white cock provided. "That's it baby fuck me hard. Don't stop. Ooh, you feel so good, better than anyone ever felt."

He stopped.

Frustrated, I practically screamed, "What are you doing?"

"You mean it?"

"Yes. Better than anyone, now get back to fucking my brains out."

It was true, sex had never been like this for me and his thrusts began again, increasing in both speed and intensity, I could feel myself getting wetter, feel my juices coat his cock as he slid in and out.

As he continued to pummel me he uttered, "You too. You make me feel better than anyone ever has."

I smiled in my mind, even as I groaned from the feeling of total intrusion. Even though I was tied up, I arched my back, and elevated my hips for greater access. He thrust his cock to the bottom of my well and ground his pubis into my clit, repeatedly.

"I love how your pussy sucks at my cock like a vacuum, how it feels as it tightens around me."

And I liked the way his cock enlarged and filled my ultra wet pussy.

Within a couple minutes, Danny had every nerve of my body sensitized and primed for a delicious climatic experience.

"Oh, God, baby. I'm coming!" The sensations floated through my mind like debris in a cyclone. A series of undulating waves of tickly, shivery pleasure pulses followed. Building in my loins, the feeling spread outward, increasing in intensity, overpowering me. Rocking from side to side as much as I could, I screamed the ecstasy of my mind blowing orgasm.

Through my release, Danny kept pumping away and suddenly, his breathing sounded different. I perceived a change in the way he moved. Then he began jerking around inside of me and out. "Fuck baby, I'm coming too." He fell on top of me sucking on my nipple and grinding his cock so hard it squished my bud and bruised my mound.

After a few seconds he relaxed and though he's not heavy by any standard, I felt his weight fully on me. Again, I wanted to hold him, embrace him, but was thwarted by my bonds.

He rolled off me, undid my blindfold and pulled it away.

I turned my head to look at him.

He smiled that naughty little boy smile at me. "What did you think?"

I rolled my eyes. "Some portions of it turned me on like nothing else, while other aspects frustrated me out of my mind."

He laughed and rolled out of bed. As he started to untie my bonds, he suggested, "Next time. If you'd like, I'll let you tie me up."

"I just might do that."

"What would you like to do now?"

"I'd like to feel something warm and long in my mouth."

He chuckled. "And I'd like suck on something warm and supple. Turn on your side and rest your foot on your knee."

I did as he asked. "Now what?"

"Mmm, you look hot." He climbed on the bed and crawled until his mouth was at the entrance to my pussy. I gasped as his tongue laved the entrance to my core, then reamed my side walls."

I laughed. "You are so nasty."

"And you love it." He scooted around on his side until his partially hard cock was there for the taking. "Here's something for you to gnaw on while I steal some more of your tasty crème."

Danny bent his knee and set his foot on his other knee like I had, even though he didn't need to. As he delved his tongue into my pussy and fingered my clit, I laid on my side stroking and sucking on his vanilla good humor bar.

Unable to view the wondrous things that Danny did between my legs, I concentrated on making him feel good. I enjoyed sucking on Danny's semi-hard manhood and making it rigid. It gave me a sense of power that I could arouse him with my mouth. I liked having Danny in my mouth and I liked his mouth on me. Though I couldn't see what he did, I sensed it and I began to get worked up all over again. His fingers pounding in and out of my wet well as his lips and tongue made love to my swollen bud. It was fabulously luscious.

Like he had earlier, Danny moved his shaft in and out of my mouth rather than I moving my mouth over him. Soon, I felt his shaft pulsating in my mouth and a minute or two later he began moving erratically. Seconds later the initial spurts of come hit the back of my mouth. He pushed his cock into the back of my mouth and even with my fist around the base of his cock, I almost gagged.

Nevertheless, the idea of his semen running down my throat brought on my own climatic release.

After having my third climax that night, I was exhausted. Danny scooted around and we kissed. The last thing I remembered how neat it was for him to taste himself in my mouth, while I tasted myself on his tongue.

## Chapter Nine - Letta Storm

Wednesday morning my cell phone rattled my nerves. I glanced at the alarm clock and frowned. *Who the hell?* The digital clock read 7:15. Unfortunately, my phone rested on the far nightstand and Danny lay in between. I placed my left hand on the other side of lover boy and reached with my right hand as far as I could.

He stirred. "What're you doing?"

"Sorry to bother you. I'm trying to reach my ringing phone."

Danny's hand darted out and retrieved the phone for me.

"Thanks."

He rolled over and looked at me. "You're welcome. Who could it be?"

"I'm about to find out." I pushed the green button and spoke, "Hello."

An electronically altered voice asked, "Lila?"

"Yes. Letta?"

"Shoosh! I have some questions and we need to talk. Meet me at the Denny's on Colorado Boulevard and Vinedo Avenue at eight. It's just east of the Jack in the Box we met at Wednesday."

"Ah...I have a certain person with me."

She hesitated, then asked, "You trust him right?"

"With my life."

"Then bring him."

I ended the call and shook Danny.

"What'dya want?"

"That was Letta. She wants to see me and you're coming along."

He sat up and with an incredulous look on his face pointed at his bare chest.  
“Me? I’m coming along?”

“Ah-huh. We have to hurry. We’re supposed to meet her at eight oclock.”

We pulled in the Denny’s parking lot at eight-oh-two. Letta didn’t try to jump in the car this time, so I locked the car and we both went in. Sitting in a booth, Letta waved when we came in. I pointed her out to Danny and we headed her way. She nodded and smiled as we approached and when we sat down, I introduced Danny. Letta this is my boyfriend Daniel Westbrook, my husband’s lawyer.”

She laughed as she shook Danny’s hand. “This reminds me of the saying that ‘politics breeds strange bedfellows.’

Danny nodded. “I guess we fit that scenario.”

Letta leaned forward. “Daniel. I’m sorry, may I call you Daniel.”

“Of course.”

“Good and please call me Letta. Daniel, I’ve been investigating your client and I have some questions for Lila, but I also did a little investigating on you as well.”

Letta paused when the waitress showed up.

She set down three waters “Hi, I’m your waitress, Dolly. Can I start you with some Denny’s coffee?”

Letta said, “Yes thank you and that’s really all I want.”

Dolly nodded and hitched her chin at me. “You ma’am?”

“I’ll have coffee and a toasted bagel with cream cheese.”

Danny handed his menu to Dolly and said, Yeah that sounds good. I’ll have the same.”

She turned our cups over and poured them full from the carafe she’d brought along.

Letta poured cream in her coffee and continued. "As I said, because of my clients interest in you, I conducted a mini investigation on you. I found nothing untoward, but I am curious about something."

"What's that?" Danny asked as he stirred the cream he poured in his coffee with a spoon.

"You were engaged to be married eighteen months ago and from what I could tell, your fiancée, Karen Roberts called engagement off about two weeks before the wedding."

"Yeah, so?"

"Do you know the reason she called it off?"

"Of course."

"Could you tell me/us?"

I'd always been curious about this myself. I noticed Danny seemed to be stressing a little, so I held his hand.

"If you insist."

"I do."

"Karen and I used to socialize with Lila and Lamar, often going out to dinner every week or two."

Danny paused, ostensibly to take a drink his coffee, but Letta prompted him. "Go on."

"Simply put, Karen decided I was in love with Lila and I couldn't convince her otherwise."

"Were you?"

He shook his head. "I think Karen confused affection for love."

"So you were fond of Lila?"

"Yes, I've always been very fond of her. We've been good friends for nine years."

"All right. I'm satisfied. Thank you Daniel." Her gaze switched to me.

"Now, I have some questions for you Lila."



“Go on.”

“Are you familiar with a procedure, your husband developed, called pre-operative regenerative therapy IV? Apparently, he gives the patient an intravenous drip of a solution containing certain vitamins and nutrients, which inhibit the bruising and pain associated with many cosmetic surgery procedures.”

“Yes, I’m familiar. It was my idea. I talked him into it and I helped him develop the program.”

Letta seemed to grow excited. “It was your idea and you helped him develop it?”

“Yes, what about it?”

“Ooh, this is even better than I’d hoped. We have your client by the gonads, that’s what? Have you ever heard of Progressive Technologies LTD?”

Confused as to what this was all about, I shook my head.

“You should. By community property, you are half owner, unless you husband manages to screw you out of it. What a prince he is. It’s going to be fun bringing this...”

“Asshole!” I filled in the blank.

“Yes, asshole. It’s going to be fun bring this asshole down to Earth.”

“What is Progressive Technologies?”

She looked at Danny. “Do you want to explain it to her?”

Defensively, he raised his hands. “Hey, I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“He does, but that’s all right, I’ll explain. Your husband formed Progressive Technologies LTD about six months ago and filed for a patent on pre-operative regenerative therapy intravenous drip. On the strength of that filing and a dozen patient references, he managed to get a venture capitalist to invest fifty million dollars for half interest in the company. However, even though the deal is settled, the paperwork hasn’t been signed and won’t be until the divorce is

finalized. Once the divorce is granted and the patent is issued they plan to go public with a fifty million share stock offering at ten dollars a share."

Shocked, I interrupted, *"That's a half billion dollars!"*

"That's right! And if you were still married you would be entitled to half of his half, of a half billion dollar business, which has the potential to make billions."

"What can we do about it?"

"Right now. Even though you knew nothing of Progressive Technologies LTD, by virtue of your community property rights you are entitled to half of that company. Naturally, he has the company in someone else's name, but we can prove it's his. Therefore it's half yours."

"Okay, I understand that, but what can we do?"

"We play hard ball. We tell him what we know and demand half. Otherwise, we contest the divorce, which his time line won't allow."

"But I don't want half of his company. I don't want anything to do with him."

"I know. I don't want a tenth of half of his company either, but he doesn't have to know that."

Danny waved a hand. "May I jump in?"

"Sure, I want you to. That's why I asked Lila to bring you."

"Have you responded to the petition yet?"

She shook her head. "Not yet. I'd rather know where we're going before responding. That's one of the reasons I wanted to have this meeting."

"Up to now, Lamar hasn't listed his assets for discovery. I think Lila, should list all her assets, both personal and communal. Then submit the list to me through you and ask for a corresponding list from her husband."

"Gotcha, He doesn't dare not show everything and yet he doesn't dare not show everything."

"Bingo. He'll try to come to a settlement without listing his assets."

"Exactly."

"Okay, Lila, here's what you do. Go home and make a list of everything you own, which could be considered an asset including joint property and when it's complete we'll ask your husband to do the same.

"Now, in regards to your seeing each other every weekend out of town, I don't like it, but it could work. As for communicating with each other. I suggest you both buy new prepaid phones with as little record of yourselves as possible. No real names, no social security numbers. Also sign up for alternate email addresses, again with as little information as possible. Use the new email and phones for any communication other than business. If you get lonely or horny use the new phone or email.

"I don't understand. How do emails help if I get horny?"

Letta laughed. "It's not the emails themselves that will help. It's what you say in those emails that can give you relief."

I flushed.

Danny laughed, but went on to further explain. "It's called cyber-sex. You and I would say titillating things to each other over instant messaging while massaging our erogenous areas."

I flushed again. "Could you do that?"

He reached over and took my hand. "You turn me on so much I could easily do that."

"Letta laughed. "You could do it, too, honey. Now, let's move on. We've already stayed here longer than I like. This ring your husband left. I'm sure he left it there as an excuse to drop in on you anytime he wants. Do you like the ring?"

"I love it. It's why he bought it."

"Call him up. Ask him why he left it there and ask if he wants you to mail it back. If he says no, do what you want with it, the ring is yours. If he does want it

back, do not invite him back to your place to pick it up. Instead send it to him via a courier."

I nodded.

Letta put her elbows on the table and leaned forward. "Last thing is this job possibility. Are you familiar with the Ramos Clinic?"

"Yes, we worked together sometimes. While we theoretically did the same thing, our specialties were different, so we'd sometime refer patients to them and vice versa."

"Well, I don't see what it would hurt to apply. If they want to hire you, make sure your husband isn't subsidizing any part of your salary."

"How?"

Letta slid out of the booth and winked. "Ask. If there isn't anything else. I have to go." Easing over to our side of the booth she offered her hand to Danny. "Daniel, it was pleasure to meet you and I hope to get to know you better. You and Lila make a lovely couple." She raised a single eyebrow. "Are there any plans?"

Danny took her plump hand and shook it. "Thank you Letta. We haven't discussed marriage, but it's in the back of my mind."

That surprised me. It also pleased me. Lila Westbrook. I liked it.

## Chapter Ten - Phone Sex

After Letta left, we talked for a little while longer.

"Really, you have thought of marriage?"

"Ah-huh. Does that bother you?"

"Heavens no. Frankly I thought about it up at Lake Gregory, but pushed it to the back of my mind because it was so soon."

"It's not too soon for me."

I gasped his hand. "You're so good to me. Can I ask you a question?"

"You can ask anything."

"Could you really do that phone or cyber thing with me?"

"Absolutely, I think it would be sexy, fun and very personal."

"Then I'd like to try it. After all I didn't think I'd like being a tied up love slave either."

Danny and I talked a little longer, making plans for the weekend and getting pre-paid cell phones. We decided to visit Vegas over the weekend since what happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas. I suggested if we didn't want anything tying the new cell phones back to us, we get a third party to sign up for and buy them for us. I suggested my friend Cami and Danny thought that was a great idea.

Danny had to get into the office so on the way back, I dropped him at his car, which he'd parked at my condominium community center parking lot. When I got home, I called Cami.

"Hi darlin' how's the new boyfriend working out?"

"Better than the old husband."

She laughed.

"Sweetheart, Danny and I were wondering if you could do us a big favor."

"Sure, what d'ya need?"

"A couple prepaid phones. My lawyer doesn't want us talking back and forth on our existing phones for obvious reasons. She suggested the prepaid phone route."

"Sure baby. I was just about to leave for the mall. Is there anything special you want?"

"No, just your basic no-frills phones and a half dozen prepaid minute cards."

"Hmm. Sounds like you're going to do a lot of talking. What are you going to talk about? No, don't tell me. Phone sex."

I gasped.

"Was I right?"

I didn't answer.

"I was right wasn't I?"

"Maybe."

"Ah-huh! I knew it. If you can't be together, do it over the airwaves."

I had to ask, "Have you ever had phone sex?"

"Is Rudolf's nose red?"

"Do you like it?"

"Are the Simpsons yellow?"

I shook my head. "Will you stop your silly comparisons and be serious."

"What's not to like. You get to play with the goodies while in your case somebody you're crazy about whispers sweet nothings in you ear. Grrr. I'm getting horny thinking about it."

"Okay. I get the point."

"I'll pick up the phones while I'm out and drop them by your condo by three."

"Perfect, but could you drop Danny's off at his office."

"Sure. Where is it?"

"Sixteen sixty-three West Santa Monica Blvd. suite 216."

"Consider it done."

When I got off the phone with Cami, I sat down at my computer and listed my assets along with the values. I emailed the finished product to Letta, then signed up for a new, cyber sex, email address: [luckylady28@comcast.com](mailto:luckylady28@comcast.com).

Cami brought my new phone to me around three, and I was all set. First thing I called Danny.

"Is that you, Lila?"

"It is. I have my new phone and a brand new email address. Baby, I think I've built up enough nerve to try the phone sex thing."

"Wonderful. I just got the list of assets from your attorney and was about to call your husband. Can it wait a little? I'll tell you what. Grab a glass of wine, then take your new phone in the bathroom and get undressed. Pour some bubble bath in your tub, step in, lay back and relax. I'll leave here right after I get though with Lamar and call you from home."

A bubble bath did sound nice and calming. "All right but make it fast."

\* \* \* \*

"Doctor Patterson, can I help you."

"Lamar, it's Dan. We, or rather you, have a problem."

"Oh. What's that?"

"I just got an email from Lila's attorney and it included the list of Lila's assets which will be included in her discovery declaration."

"So."

I took a deep breath. "She asked, in strong terms, that you provide a list of your assets, so there's a full picture of what needs to be apportioned at discovery."

"That's reasonable. What's the problem?"

"The problem is you're going to have to show 'Progressive Technologies' as an asset. A big asset."

"Why? You know I have the company and the patent application in my uncle's name."

I sensed my eyebrows dip. The man was obtuse. "C'mon Lamar, what did you say your uncle does?"

"He's a professor of Black History at George Washington University."

I shook my head. "And what are his credentials for developing the 'pre-operative regenerative therapy intravenous drip.'"

Lamar stuttered, "Well...h, he's...a, a p-pro-ofessor."

"And what's his medical background?"

"Nothing, he's just a smart man. What are you getting at?"

"That it's obvious your uncle is a straw owner. Even if the judge didn't pick up on it, a good lawyer would tear your ruse apart and Letta Storm is the best."

"What would happen if you made up the list for me and forgot to put it down?"

"Lamar, I drew up the limited corporation papers and the filed the patent application for you. I'm aware of these things and I'm not going to stick my neck out for you. You're going to have to come clean or negotiate a fair and acceptable settlement in lieu of your financial statement."

"Hmm. What would happen if I made the list up and forgot to put the corporation down?"

"If you made the list up and certified it was accurate, when they found out and Letta Storm would find out, it would be the equivalent of perjury and you could face criminal charges. I could get in trouble, too. Maybe even disbarred."

"No, we don't want that. How about if I refused her request?"

"You can't. It's part of discovery. The longer you take to provide the required information the longer it would take to get the divorce finalized. In the



meantime if you stalled, it would be a signal to Letta you're hiding something and if she didn't already know about Progressive Technologies she'd find out."

"You think she already knows about PT?"

"Yes and that's why she's hurrying to discovery. Lamar after the company goes public you're going to be a rich man. I know this was your baby and Lila wasn't involved in the development of the procedure, but what's wrong with giving her fifty million or so? You'd still have more."

"Actually, the concept was Lila's and she did most of the development too, but I'm the man. Dan, you know I don't have fifty million. At least not until the stock sells and that's after the divorce. Do you think they'd accept ten million?"

"We can only ask, but if you're not careful, she could end up as chairwoman of the board."

"Yuck! Let's find out. Fish around. See what you can find out."

\* \* \* \*

The bubble bath was a fabulous idea. My libido was still on edge, but oddly, the bath had relaxed me. Now, if lover boy would only call.

As if a genie fulfilled my wish, the phone rang. Danny and Cami were the only one's who had the number. I answered in a sultry voice, "Hell-o-o!"

"It's me."

"What did asshole have to say?"

"I'll tell you later. Right now, I'm getting undressed. What are you doing?"

I swallowed the sip of wine I took and set the glass down. "I'm relaxing in my tub, running pleasure circles around my right nipple with my left hand waiting to engage in some hot phone sex with you."

He snickered. "Are you embarrassed?"

"I thought I'd be, but I'm not. I'm raring to go. Baby, I'm going to turn the speaker feature on so my hands are free for more important things.

"Good idea. I'm going to do the same. I'm in bed now leaning back against the headboard. Can you hear me all right?"

As my mind drifted back to last night, when I was Danny's love slave, my pussy warmed. I snickered. "I hear you fine baby."

"Good. What's so funny?"

Still tweaking my nipple, I slipped my free hand between my legs and swirled my forefinger around my love bud. I closed my eyes and spoke breathily into the mic, "Don't laugh. I'm being naughty already."

"I won't laugh. We're supposed to be naughty. I'm being wickedly, naughty stroking my cock, while I think about how you asked me to roll you over and fuck your brains out. What are you being naughty about?"

"I'm playing with my clit, remembering last night, when you blindfolded, tied me to the bed and ate my pussy. It was so sexy, I can't stand it."

"Mmm. Yes, that was fun. I love eating your pussy." He chuckled. "With or without syrup, I dig your pussy."

Blood rushed through my clit as I pictured him scarfing chocolate syrup out of my recess. My breathing sped up. I stuck two fingers in my deep channel as my thumb began to strum my clit as if I was playing a guitar.

Danny's deep sexy voice continued, "From its sweet, musky aroma, to the waxed mons, to your wishbone shaped clitoral sheath, I love your pussy. From the glistening, flower-petal-like inner labia, that seems to grow and open as I lick and finger you, I love your cunt."

Danny did all the talking, but it was just as well. Beyond worked up, I floated in a surreal fog, visualizing him slurping on my private parts, I'd become so aroused, my skin seemed electrified and a carnal purr droned through me.

Danny continued describing my pussy, "I can still picture the, dewy, elongated, vertical, depression, between and near the bottom of your sexy humid folds. The image of it makes my mouth water."

I yelped as the initial wave hit, "Uh-ahh!"

"Now, what are you doing?" He asked.

I didn't want to yell in his ear as orgasmic sensations careened through my body, so I bit my lip as I squirmed and pushed my fingers deeper into my slit.

"What's going on? Lila?"

Hardly able to speak, I murmured breathily, "I'm coming baby. You did it."

He chuckled, "Well all right. I meant every word I said, I love your pussy and you!"

Still barely able to speak, I answered, "And I love your cock and you."

Danny remained quiet while I panted and groaned the release out of my system. When I'd calmed, I ventured, "That was fun, but I'm shriveling up like a prune. Hold on while I get out and dry off."

"All right."

I dried myself off, then got in bed. "There, I'm in bed. Are you ready for me to make you come?"

"Sure am. Shoot your best shot, baby."

"Are you still jacking off?"

"You bet, just for you and I'm as hard as a two by four."

"Umm, I wish I could watch. I get worked up even thinking about you fucking your fist. What are you thinking about?"

"When I came in your mouth and you swallowed it."

"Really?" I reached into my nightstand and pulled out my lifelike vibrating dildo. It was about the same size as Danny, but at the time I bought it, I wasn't into white guys, so it was medium brown, the color of Lamar. "You know what I'm doing?"

"No telling."

"When I'm not talking to you, I'm sucking on a lifelike vibrating dildo, pretending it's your sexy cock."

"I like that. If I close my eyes, I can almost feel it."

"Yeah and I can almost picture this cock being your cock, except for one thing." I giggled.

“What’s so funny?”

“The lifelike dildo I’m sucking on is chocolate colored.”

He chuckled, “That’s funny. Maybe until I can be with you on a regular basis, I ought to buy you a pink dildo.”

“If you want to. It’s still your dick I picture in my mouth. Mmm, I’m swallowing the whole thing. It’s shaped just like you, except you taste better. I love your taste.”

“That time I came in your mouth and you swallowed my load. That was so sexy, I can almost feel it.”

“Baby, I want you so bad, I actually feel your cock inside my mouth and pussy at the same time.” You’re fucking me, but I feel you pounding my tonsils too.”

“Your mouth and pussy both feel fantastic, they both drive me crazy. Put the dildo in your pussy. Let the dildo fuck you for me.”

“Okay, that’s it sweetheart, slam my hot pussy. My cunt craves your hot, thick prick.” He’d been moaning when I spoke my naughtiness into the phone and I loved it.

“Oh, baby, I can feel it. I’m getting so close.”

It was time to really lay it on. “I can taste your sweet cock and feel it in my pussy, do it baby, come in my mouth again. I want your thick milk, please come. I want to roll it around in my —”

“Jesus, I’m shooting my load. Oh God, it feels good.” He continued to make noises at the other end for a dozen seconds, but didn’t talk again until his release was over. “That was spectacular. Let’s see if I can make you come again.”

He did make me come again and I made him come again.

Once again, I really liked something I’d been dubious about. I wondered if I was becoming a sexaholic.

I was almost euphoric from what we’d shared, but Danny brought me back to reality. “Okay, I had this conversation with Lamar about coming up with a

financial statement, but as we expected, he doesn't want to declare his full worth. Instead he wants me to fish around to see if you'd take ten million. Could you get with Letta, tell her what I told you and see how she wants to proceed?

I laughed. "You sure know how to kill a good mood."

## Chapter Eleven – Two Days Later

Suddenly, I didn't have to worry about Lamar anymore.

I fished my ringing cell phone from my slacks. "Hello."

"Dan. It's Lamar."

"Hi Lamar, what can I do for you?"

"Did you find out about the ten million yet?"

"No, but it's only been a little over a day."

"Good. It's off the table. I want you to know, I consulted with another lawyer."

"Oh, really. Anyone I know?"

"Maybe. His name is Herbert Effington. You may have seen his ads between the local and national news on channel eleven."

"Of course. And what did the esteemed Mr. Effington have to say?"

"He said your viewpoint of the case is a little conservative and we needed to think outside the box."

I scratched my head. *Am I being fired?* "Outside the box, huh!"

"Yes. He feels confident, he could make the original settlement proposal fly."

"Fly? Where to? You personally offered Lila two and a half million and a thousand a week alimony."

"Yes, but that wasn't in writing. He feels confident the judge would see the generosity of the original proposal and force Lila to accept it. He's resubmitting the original settlement agreement to Lila's Attorney today."

"Does that mean he's taking over for me?"

"Yes, but just for this case. You'll still be my lawyer for everything else. I feel like your long term friendship with Lila may be shading your judgment here."

No sooner had I hung up from Lamar than my phone rang again. "Hello?"

"Your client has lost his mind."

"Hi Letta, I know – Herbert Effington."

"He's the joke of LA. The only case he ever won was when his client's opponent fell over dead in the courtroom. Effington is clueless and Doctor Patterson is defenseless. He's like the emperor standing naked, wearing imaginary clothes, in the intersection of Hollywood and Vine. Are you off the case?"

"Yes."

"Good, I didn't want to hurt you because it's going to be bloody and painful – *very painful*."

I gulped. "What are you going to do?"

"What would you do?"

I hadn't thought about it. "I guess, in your shoes, I'd submit my response immediately, citing the settlement proposal as woefully inadequate and ask for discovery as soon as possible."

"Bingo! I just had my response couriered to the judge and sent a copy to Herbert Effington esq. by email before I called you."

"Does this mean I no longer have to sneak around with Lila?"

"What do you think?"

"No, we need to keep up appearances for a couple more months, and then gradually reveal our relationship."

"Give that man a kewpie doll."

\* \* \* \*

When I found out what'd happened and that the judge had set discovery for the following week, I asked Letta if we could have another meeting. And this

time, not in a restaurant. Begrudgingly, she agreed to meet me at my condo the following Monday at one p.m., and I insisted Danny be there as well.

We had returned from a weekend in Vegas the night before and Danny spent the night. Phone sex was great as a filler, but it palls compared to the real thing. Since Danny was already there when I woke, we took a sex filled shower together, after which I fixed breakfast. Then we went back to bed for more sex, another sex filled shower and finally lunch.

Letta arrived on time and while Danny and Letta got comfortable in the living room, I served coffee cake and fresh coffee from a pot I'd just made.

I joined Danny on the couch while Letta sat on the matching love seat. We all looked at each other and smiled.

I decided to speak first, "Letta, I know and appreciate what you are trying to do. The idea of getting a hundred million dollars worth of Progressive Technology stock, which I could sell or hold for even more potential value is mind boggling."

I paused and sipped my coffee before saying what I had to say. "It's very tempting, but frankly it scares me. My father used to say a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. I really want nothing to do with Lamar, including owning stock in his company. I cringe at the thought that I was, married to such a shallow person for seven years, let alone having been intimate with him."

I slid over the few feet that separated Danny and I and took hold of his hand. "Letta, I'm in love with this man." I raised his hand up and smiled at him. He smiled back and kissed the back of my hand. I continued, "And I want to start my new life married to him with as few complications as possible."

Letta, who'd just taken a bite of her cake, swallowed and washed it down with a sip of her coffee. "What is it you want then?"

"Cash and liquid assets. As much as you can squeeze out of the asshole."



Danny spoke, "Before he hired Effington, he wanted me to see if you'd accept ten million."

"I'm bitter, but not greedy. If he can come up with that amount in cash and liquid assets, I'd be satisfied with that for our sham of a marriage. I'm sorry Letta. I know you were looking for a big payday."

She waved my concern away. "Ah, don't worry about it, if we can get ten million, I'd be tickled with a million. After all, it's been less than two weeks." She waggled her eyebrows and snickered. "My first million took two years to make."

"It's settled then."

Letta nodded and rose. "It is." She edged over and hugged me and then Danny. "It looks like I have my work cut out for me, trying to get Lamar to raise his old quarter of a million dollar offer back to ten million."

After walking Letta to the door, Danny decided it was time to leave, too, but not before setting up a date Wednesday night to experiment with cyber sex.

## Chapter Twelve – Discovery

Following Herbert Effington's astute recommendation, Lamar refused to budge on his original settlement proposal. So it was off to discovery in the chambers of Judge Diane Clemons that Letta and I were forced to attend that Friday. We arrived first, followed by Lamar and his lapdog, Herbert Effington.

Letta stood and introduced herself to Lamar and Effington, then turned to me. "And this is my client, Lila Patterson.

Effington, who was also black offered his hand. "Mrs. Patterson, it's a pleasure."

As I rose to shake his hand his eyes scanned me curiously as if he wondered what Lamar found so objectionable about me. Obviously, he hadn't figured out it was a business decision. Shaking his hand, I dipped my head and uttered, "Likewise, I'm sure."

I didn't like him. His handshake was weak and damp and he was smarmy like my husband. We all sat down. There was six glasses at the table and couple pitchers of ice water. Lamar poured his glass full as did Letta who also filled mine.

When the judge entered, what appeared to be a court reporter accompanied her. Judge Clemons was a middle aged, not unattractive white woman with blue eyes and brunette hair. She gave me a quick glance and a subtle smile, as she sat.

For a second I wondered if I should feel fortunate the judge was a woman.

She looked at each of us. "I see we're all here."

Everyone nodded or grunted something like "Yeah."

"For the record, please say your name and position here today."

Herbert Effington spoke first.

"I would like to make a motion."

The judge looked annoyed. "We are not in court. What is it you want?"

"I suggest you recluse yourself due to an unfortunate, but obvious conflict of interest."

The judge's brow furrowed. "What conflict of interest?" She glanced at her notes. "Mr....Effington, is it?"

He nodded. "You are a woman and thus would exhibit a degree of partiality toward the defendant."

Even Lamar joined us, staring incredulously at Effington.

The judge bounced the erasure end of her wooden pencil off her pad, impatiently. "Let me get this straight. Are you saying I would be partial to the female defendant, but a male judge would be impartial to the male plaintiff?"

Judge Clemons paused to take a sip of water, which the court reporter had poured. Before she continued, "In all due respect that is insulting and utter nonsense. I'll give you one minute to withdraw your absurd request."

"Or what?"

Before answering, the Judge scanned her notes and notes and documents. "I see the petition was originally filed by a Daniel Westbrook. Where is he?"

Effington answered, "He was replaced, by me, due to incompetence."

I held back a snicker when the Judge rolled her eyes, but Letta didn't hold anything back. "Your Honor, this is ridiculous. Can we move on?"

Lamar leaned over and whispered in his attorney's ear.

When he'd finished, Herbert smiled at the Judge. "Correction. I replaced Mr. Westbrook because my client felt that, being a longtime friend of the defendant, his heart wasn't in handling this particular case."

Lamar whispered in his ear again.

Lamar's Attorney looked up. "And for the sake of expediency, I will wave my motion."

“Fine. I’ll return to my original request. Name and position?”

After everyone gave their name and position, the Judge asked, “Have both attorneys tried to come to terms on a settlement?”

Letta spoke. “We have your honor. We are looking at a present net worth of twelve million dollars and a future net worth of almost two hundred sixty-three million dollars. Yet, even though we agreed to settle for the ten million dollars, he offered through the former attorney, Mr. Westbrook, the plaintiff has steadfastly refused to increase their nonsensical offer of two hundred-fifty thousand dollars.”

Judge Clemons stared at Lamar. “Is that right, Dr Patterson? Did you offer ten million through your former attorney?”

“No, your honor.”

She frowned and turned to Letta, who preempted the question. “I can get him on the phone if you like.”

The Judge set her elbow on the table and rested her chin on her fist. “Please do.”

Clearly worried, Lamar jumped in. “I did authorize him to feel them out, but it was never a formal offer.”

Judge Clemons turned her gaze to him “When was this?”

“About a week ago.”

Her eyes roved the ceiling. This is very confusing. A week ago you were willing give your wife ten million, but now you’re sticking to your guns for what seems like, even to me, an inadequate offer.”

Letta spoke up, “It’s more than inadequate. It’s an insult. While he was going to medical school, she supported him and went to school as well. To add insult to injury, Dr. Patterson stands to reap upwards of two hundred million dollars, from what was basically his disposable wife’s idea and mostly her research. You have the data your honor. We seem to be wasting our and your time here. If the good doctor can’t see his way to paying a reasonable settlement

to his loyal wife of seven years, we will ask for a hundred and fifty million dollars and request a jury trial. It's that simple. May we be excused?"

"Not so fast. If you don't mind, I'd like to speak with the plaintiff and his attorney in private. Could you and your client step into the waiting room for ten minutes?"

"Sure, we'll give you ten more minutes."

We stepped out into the antechamber with six chairs. Not more than two minutes later, the court reporter asked us back in the chamber.

When we were seated at our former seats at the table the judge turned to us. "The plaintiff has made a new proposal. He feels that the absolute maximum he could come up with in cash and liquid assets would be seven-point-five million, so he's made a new proposal. His new offer is twelve-point-five million of which five million will be the assignment of five hundred thousand shares of Progressive Technologies stock, with an initial value of ten dollars a share."

Letta leaned over apparently to confer with me, but before she could say a word, I preempted her rather loudly, "We accept."

The judge looked pleased. "Good. Have your counselor draw the paperwork up. Then after the required time, I will sign the Dissolution of Marriage document she prepared and you and your husband can go your separate ways."

## Epilogue

I married Danny Westbrook six weeks after my divorce was final. From what Cami told me, Lamar didn't even wait that long to marry Cybil.

Nine and a half months later, the turnabout in my life was complete when a blessing named Amanda Lila Westbrook was added to our household.

Three years and two months after Danny altered my life by handing the divorce petition to me, we had a big second birthday party for little Mandy in the back yard of our new home in Los Feliz.

I heard the doorbell ring and since Danny was preoccupied, playing with the eleven young guests and our birthday girl, I rushed to the front door and opened it. "Cami!" I hugged my friend whom I hadn't seen in ages. After embracing her, I turned my attention to Jonny, her darling three year old, who stood beside Cami, his little fingers clasping the fabric of her dress. I stooped and welcomed him, "Hi Jonny. Thanks for coming to Mandy's party.

He didn't say a word, but handed me a wrapped present.

"Why thank you Jonny. Mandy will be thrilled. Everyone's in the back yard. Shall we go there?"

He nodded.

Mama picked the little cutie up and we walked to and through the rear French doors. When Jonny saw the coven of kids, he squirmed until Cami set him down.

As he ran off to join the party, Cami said, "Sorry I'm late. I forgot you moved back into your old house and went to your condo first. How did you swing getting your old house back, anyway?"

"It's kind of a long story?"

"You know me. I always have to know everything."

I smiled at my friend. "Okay, grab a seat at the table while I get us both some lemonade."

Noticing Cami lit a cigarette as I went to fetch some lemonade, I grabbed an ashtray on the way back. "Okay here's your lemonade and here's an ashtray."

Cami looked at me funny and smirked. "Well, aren't you going to say it?"

I frowned. "What?"

In her best imitation of me, but in a whiney voice, she held her arms akimbo and mocked me, "You really ought to quit smoking those things!"

I laughed and so did she.

"No, I gave up."

"Good. Now how did you manage to get your house back?"

"Well, it was my lawyer's idea."

"Danny's?"

"No, Letta Storm's. But I think it was a matter of economics for Lamar as well. After the patent office wouldn't grant him the patent for the pre-operative regenerative therapy IV, because of some obscure patent that had been granted in Luxembourg in 1968, his stock offering fell apart. They will grant the patent in 2018 after the Luxembourg patent expires, but until then, since Lamar gave all his liquid assets to me, he's in a deep financial hole. So the idea of living in the free and clear condo versus living here where the payment and upkeep are over ten thousand a month may have sounded appealing when Letta suggested it."

Cami laughed and raised her glass. "I'll drink to that. It couldn't have happened to a bigger snake."

I snickered and raised my glass while Cami continued, "To the snake. May his misfortunes continue."

I laughed and clinked my glass to hers. "I'll drink to that," I said, and did. "You know Cami. I used to hate him, but I don't anymore."

Cami's beautiful brown eyes narrowed. "No?"

"No. It's strange. I'm happier than I've ever been. I love Danny so much, my heart swells when I look at him and get this. My mother is holding out, but my father likes Danny. Is that unbelievable?" Then there's Mandy and Danny –"

"Whoa, wait a minute. You already mentioned Danny?"

"I meant Danny Junior." I rubbed my abdomen. "I'm, four months pregnant."

Cami rose, embraced me and purred in my ear, "Congratulations girl. I'll be throwing you a baby shower. It's a boy for sure?"

After she broke the embrace and sat down, I answered her, "Oh thank you. Yes, the doctor says he's ninety percent sure it's a boy."

"Well, I hope he's as pretty as Amanda. She's a future Miss America."

"Thanks again. You're going to make me blush. Getting back to my point, if Lamar hadn't dumped me, I would still be married to him in what he correctly surmised was a stagnant marriage. I actually feel kindly toward him now. Even though he is an asshole, he did me a big favor, by forcing me to realize I loved Danny."

"You're right. He did you a favor. You ended up with Danny, Amanda, Danny Junior and all his money and he gets to raise someone else's kid."

I sensed my brow furrow. "What are you talking about?"

"You knew Cybil gave birth to a baby boy a few months after your divorce became final, didn't you?"

"Yes. I'd heard as much."

"Well, when I went to the condo by mistake today. Cybil Patterson opened the door. She looked to be pregnant with her third child, held her second, a darling mixed race girl in one arm and held the hand of a cute freckle faced red headed boy in her other hand. I would say there is zero chance, Christopher is Lamar's son.



My mind flashed back to our visit to The Hot Spot, the day Danny gave me the divorce papers. *"My name is Chris, but my friends call me Deuce."*

Then I remembered Caviar was taken with Deuce. *"You are so cute. You come back next week when it's slow and I'll give you a very special all nude lap dance."*

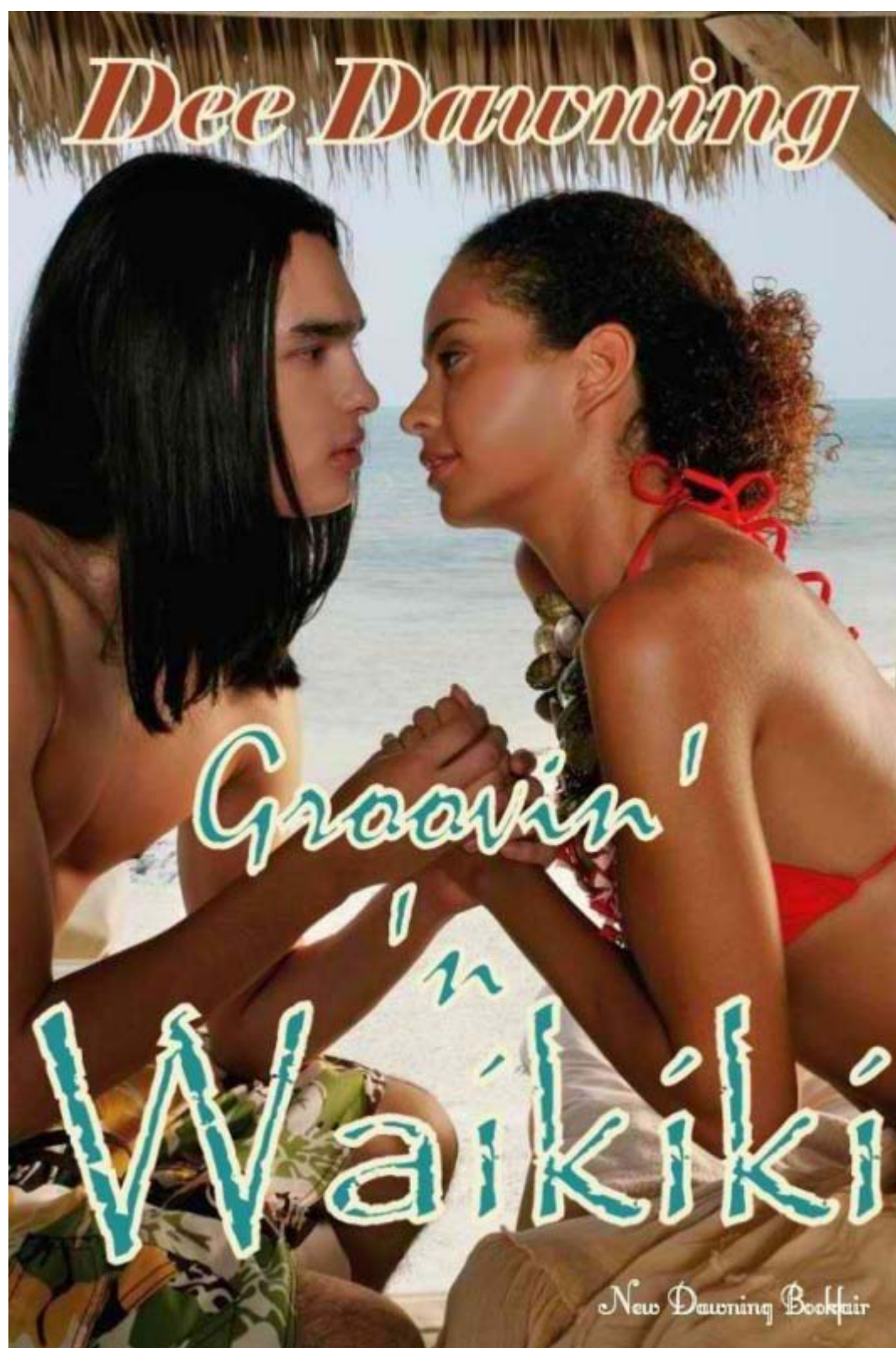
"Cami. I think I know who the father is and if I'm right. I was there when the seduction took place."

Cami's Eyes grew wide. "Really. You have to tell me all about it."

Danny waved for us to come as he started lighting the candles on Mandy's three decker birthday cake. "I will, but right now I have to sing Happy Birthday to my daughter."

**The End**

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*Dee Darrowing*

*Groovin'*  
*in*  
*Waikiki*

*New Darrowing Bookfair*

## Chapter One - We have a Winner

Gloria's cell phone rang. It was her sister Jessica's number. "Hi Jess. What's up?"

"Hello baby sister. Guess what?"

"Ahh...I don't know, you won the lottery."

"Better. I called up the radio station for one of those contests they have and I won."

"That's fantastic, Jess. What did you win?"

"Are you sitting down? I won an all expenses paid Hawaiian vacation for two."

"That is wonderful, but I hardly think it's better than winning the lottery."

"Picky, picky. Glory, why are you trying to burst my bubble? Especially when me and Darnell split and I have no one to take, except you."

She suddenly pictured herself in a bikini, resting under a palm tree on a long sandy beach and grew excited. "Me? You're gonna take me?"

"Yep. If you can make the arrangements and if you wouldn't be embarrassed being seen with your fat-assed big sister. And I mean *big*."

"Aw c'mon, Jessica. What are you, one-sixty?"

"One-sixty-five, but it wasn't that long ago I was a sexy size eight like you."

"Six."

"Whatever. So can you break away from your show for a week?"

"In a week I can. The show goes dark while they do some remodeling."

"My, my. My little sister—a dancer. I'm so proud of you. I just wish you didn't have to do that topless stuff."

"Ya, well, this is Vegas. Vegas is sex and fluff. I'm just glad I have nice breasts to show."

She heard Jess sigh. "Let's talk about somethin' else."

"Sounds like we'll have plenty of time to catch up in a week. How we getting there?"

"You'll fly here and we'll leave from LAX. I'll call you back after I make arrangements."

\* \* \* \*

After setting down in the Honolulu International Airport at eight forty at night, the sisters caught a shuttle bus for the Waikiki Outrigger Hotel.

"Look, Jessie. Don't it look pretty?"

"Yes, but it's getting too dang dark to see."

Arriving at the hotel, they checked in and headed to their rooms.

"We coulda got by with one room you know," Gloria mentioned.

"I know no such thing. What if I find me a live one? You think I'm going to share? Besides, your snoring keeps me up."

Gloria's jaw tightened and eyes narrowed in indignation.

"What're you talking about? I don't snore."

"Do too."

"No I don't."

"Do too. You just don't know it 'cause you're asleep."

She opened the door to her room. "Aw heck with you. I'm too tired to argue with you. See you in the morning."

"All right, baby. I'm beat, too. It's almost midnight in LA, anyway."

\* \* \* \*

At five thirty in the morning, that nutcase known as her big sister snuck into her room and began tickling her. "What the eff? What're ya doing?"

"C'mon, baby sis. It's time to get up and see Waikiki."

She rubbed her eyes. "Are you crazy? The sun is barely up."

"I know. Ain't it great? The sun is shining and my throat isn't sore. No smog, no earthquakes, no fires, and beautiful weather as far as the eye can see."

"I believe you, but there's no hurry. It'll still be there when I wake at seven. That's plenty early."

"Suit yourself. I'm going to head for the gym and work out. Then go for a walk."

"Good. I'll be here when you get back."

"Smart ass. There's a Seattle's Best coffeehouse in the hotel. Would you like me to bring a cup back for you?"

"Sure."

\* \* \* \*

“Damn, girl, life’s going to pass you by. You’ve been in that bed eleven hours now. Your limbs are going to take root in the mattress pretty soon.”

“All right, all right. Did you bring coffee?”

Jess stuck the brown and green cardboard container in her face.

“I said I would. Didn’t I?”

She took the cup and lifted it to her lips for a sip. “A simple yes or no would’ve worked. What are we going to do today?”

“We’re signed up for the island tour, which leaves in an hour and fifteen minutes, so if you want breakfast, you better get crackin’.”

Her stomach growled, seemingly at the word *breakfast*. She was starving! “I’ll be ready before you can say Barack Obama.” She jumped up, ran into the bathroom, brushed her teeth, threw on some cutoffs and a tee shirt.

“I’m ready.”

They exited the elevator and headed right to the Hula Grill. It was almost empty and they got right in and served within fifteen minutes. “Where do we go for the tour bus?”

“Right across the street.”

The tour, which lasted until dinnertime, was nice, but everybody except sis, the driver and she were elderly. She nudged sis. “Have you noticed that half the passengers are falling asleep and the other half just woke up?”

Jess pursed her lips. “Well, at least we’re getting some awesome photos.”

As she exited the bus, Jess jolted her elbow. "How did you like the tour?"

"It was nice."

"They have other tours, would you like to try another?"

"No thanks, I think those tours are more for fat, elderly people...like you."

Jessie tried to keep from smiling and she almost did. "Why, you little stinker. Girl, you're cruisin' for a bruisin'."

Gloria skipped away from her. "Truth hurts, huh?"

Shaking her head, she feigned as if she were going to chase her. "Truth my ass. Damn you. I shoulda dropped you on your head when I was changing your diaper, girl. You know I'm only eight years older than you. Wait 'til I get you alone, you impudent little...ingrate."

She tilted her head and flashed a silly grin. "Don't let me stop you. You go ahead and have somebody chauffeur you around to see the sights like you're some kind of couch potato."

She waved her hand as if to say go on. "You're just trying to bait me like you used to when you were twelve. Well, since you know where all the sights are, I'll rent a car tomorrow and you can tell me where to go."

"Not me, sis. I saw a new book by Dee Dawning, in the gift shop. I'm gonna buy it and read it tomorrow as I relax by the pool."

"Huh, and you call me a couch potato. You're a chaise potato."

"Damn right, and proud of it."

\* \* \* \*

"I swear, Glor, do you think it's possible to find a swimsuit that leaves less to the imagination than those three tiny triangles of fabric you're wearing?"

For all that talk about another tour, who should end up beside her at the pool, but Jessie? "I'm sure if you looked hard enough you could. I'm blessed with the type of figure needed to wear this suit, so I do."

Jessie shook her head. "Yeah, you do look good. I guess I'm a little jealous."

She gazed at Jessie and lifted her sunglasses. "You'll get it back. I still remember the homecoming queen I was in awe of when I was nine. Tell me, sis, when did you take to wearing a one-piece?"

She swore Jessie snorted. "When my stomach started looking like a waterfall hanging over my suit bottom."

"Oooh. Well, did you work out this morning?"

Jess nodded. "Yes. For ninety grueling minutes, then I walked on the beach."

"Good for you. You keep that up, along with the diet, and I'll bet you'll weigh ten pounds less when we go home."

"That would be nice. I'm getting hot; I'm going to take a dip."

A few minutes later, Jessie returned and lay back down on her lounge.

"Hey, sis? Thought you were gonna rent a car so we could go somewhere?"



"I did, but I don't know where to go."

"Did you ask the concierge? You wait here and dry off. I'll go ask."

"In that tiny bikini?"

She threw her cover-up over her shoulders. "Is that better?"

"Barely."

\* \* \* \*

Sometime later, she returned to her chaise lounge. "All right, the concierge made a list of about a dozen places we could walk or drive to in less than twenty minutes." She handed the list to Jess. "Here you go."

"Thanks." She took it.

A mischievous smile formed on Gloria's face. "By the way, he mentioned the tour we went on yesterday."

"Oh really, what did he say?"

Her smile became a smirk. "He said if we were older, he'd recommend the bus tour. When I asked how much older he said, 'About thirty years.'"

"Oh go on, you're making that up."

"No, I'm not. Go ask him."

"I will not!" Jessie almost shouted.

She rose to a sitting position on the chaise lounge. "Suit yourself. You know I feel real antsy. I'm going to go down to the beach. You want to tag along?"

Jessie stood and stretched. "Sure. Give me your purse. I'll give them to the cabana bartender to hold behind the bar for us."

"Good idea. Here."

"You go ahead. I'll catch up."

Gloria strolled down the beach and passed a plethora of sun worshipers. About a hundred yards down, she passed a small group of surfers. Five white guys and a brother. A cute brother, from what she could see. He stared at her and she stared at him. He smiled and she smiled. He held up a can of Coors.

"Hey, pretty lady, can I offer you a beer?"

They were surfers, her age, so she said, "Why not." She strolled over and he handed her the beer. It was warm, and open. He was holding another can. She felt it, it was cool. "What's in here?"

"Nothing, just beer."

"Show me, take a swig." She tried to hand it back to him, but he backed away.

She looked at the other five. "Any of you brave souls want to take a swig?"

One of them spoke up. "I swear to God, it really is beer. It's just recycled." They all started laughing.

She lowered the can to waste level and rapidly moved it back and forth, dousing them in their own urine. When the can was empty, she threw it at the brother. "I'm disappointed in you."

She noticed him wince out of the corner of her eye as she walked away.

Someone said, "She's a fiery one. Let's get her."

But the brother said, "No, leave her alone."

Shortly after that, big sister caught up to her. "Hey, Glory, wait up."

Having a natural tan, she was not too big on lying in the sun, so they waded into the surf and played around. It definitely cooled her off, but after thirty minutes in the ocean, she was bored. "Let's do something else."

They started walking back when they passed the surfer boys again. The brother smiled and gave her a salute. Gloria assumed it was a sign of respect.

Jess elbowed her. "Did ya see that brother eyeing you?"

"Yeah, we had a little disagreement earlier. No harm." She bobbed her head in acknowledgment as they passed.

When they were almost back, Jessie suggested, "We need to get our purses anyway, so while we're at the cabana bar, let's get something to drink. I'm thirsty—hungry, too. I'll bet we could order some appetizers there."

"I'd like that. That sounds like fun and I'm getting hot again."

They sauntered the short walk to the open cabana and sat at a table near the beautiful palm trees that divided the pool area from the beach. Jessie came back with our handbags. Jessie handed hers to her, and as she sat, said under her breath, "That bartender is really something."

Gloria turned halfway to see if she could see what 'really something' looked like. "I don't see him."

"He's stepped away now. Too bad. He was a doll."

"Hmmm. He'll be back. It's not very crowded," she noted.

"Well it is summer, and most of the guests cluster around the pool or spread out on the beach."

"I don't see a server anywhere." She scooted her chair back and rose. "I'll get something from the bar. What do you want?"

"Iced tea and an appetizer menu."

The Hawaiian bartender was definitely cute. It must have been him Jess talked about. He was taking the order of a rail-thin elderly man in a white linen suit. After a few seconds, he left to make the man's drink and flashed an endearing smile at her as he passed by.

"I'll be right with you, ma'am."

She smiled and nodded.

In a shaky voice resembling a witch's cackle, the sickly looking customer said, "You are very pretty."

She should have ignored him but turned toward him. "Thank you."

"Could I buy you a drink?"

She didn't want to be bothered, but was polite. "No, thank you, I'm here with my sister."

"Yes, I saw her. She's pretty also. I'd like to buy you both a drink."

Before she could decline, the bartender returned and set a drink in front of him. "Joe Crow margarita on the rocks. That'll be seven and a quarter."

The man pulled out a thick wad of bills and peeled off two Abe Lincolns. "Keep the change," he said in his creepy voice.

"Thank you, sir."

The customer spun his forefinger in a circle. "And I want to pay for whatever these ladies order."

She shook her head. "That's all right. We'll charge it to our room, and our husbands will take care of it."

The bartender frowned and looked at her empty ring finger before turning to the cash register. He opened it, inserted the ten dollars in the bill tray, retrieved the two-seventy-five change and dropped it in an old-fashioned *tips* glass. He turned to her. "What can I get for you?" Once again, he scanned her left hand.

*He's interested.* His nametag read KINO. She winked at Kino and tilted her head toward the old man.

He smiled and nodded. She looked at him—really looked at him. The most obvious thing was his bright white Donny Osmond-style smile. The second thing was how perfect, except for a little crook in his nose, his features were. He had long jet-black hair, eyes like pools of liquid gold and a square-ish face. The man was a hottie. *Probably married.*

"Miss? Can I get you anything?"

She snapped out of her reverie. "Ah, yes. My sister and I would like something to drink and maybe some appetizers, but there's no one to wait on us."

He glanced in the direction of Jessie, then back. "I'm sorry. We're short a waiter today and the remaining two servers are very busy with the patrons at the pool and along the beach. I guess you're stuck with me."

*Oh, that's too bad.*

Just then, a couple took a seat at the bar. Kino glanced at them. "As soon as I finish with them. Go sit at your table. I'll be with you shortly."

She nodded and headed back to their table. Jessie looked at her and waited for an explanation as she sat. "The bartender will serve us. They're short a server today."

"Okay. Tell me, what did you think of the bartender?"

"He seemed pleasant."

Jessie raised her brow. "Is that all?"

She leaned forward, clapping her hands together. "Yes, why?"

"Because, I watched you. The only times your eyes weren't following him was when you turned your back to come back here."

All of a sudden, the subject of our conversation showed up, handing them appetizer menus. Her pulse quickened when he asked, "Do you need a few minutes or do you *know* what...you want?"

Jessie opened her menu. "There aren't a lot of choices. I think we're ready. I'd like the crab & mac nut wontons, the wild shrimp cocktail and iced tea."

"Very good, ma'am."

He Turned to Gloria. "And you, ma'am?"

"Her name is Gloria," Big sis chirped.

Gloria could have crawled under the table. She looked at Jessie with what she hoped were daggers in her eyes. "I'm sure Kino...I mean, the bartender, could care less what my name is."

Jessie wagged her eyebrows up and down and mouthed, "I'm doing this for you."

Kino smiled. "Actually, it is nice to know the customer's name. Let me help you, Gloria." He pointed his pen at the opened menu. "My favorite is this one right here. It is fit for a queen, or ladies as pretty as you and your sister."

She leaned back and slid lower in her seat.

Jessie continued her little game. "Why, thank you, Kino. I think my sister is curious, but too shy to ask, are you're involved?"

Gloria interrupted her buttinski sister. "Yes, thank you, Kino. I will take your advice. The coconut shrimp sounds delicious. I'll have lemonade to drink. Please hurry, I'm starved, so the sooner you get that order in, it may save my...life."

He smiled. "As you wish. Do you know you are beautiful when you're agitated?" Before she could say a word in return, he turned and walked away.

“Why didn’t you let him answer?” Jessie stared past her left ear.  
“Oh my God. Check out his ass.”

She turned and looked, and felt the flutter of imaginary butterfly wings in her stomach.

“Glor, baby. No wonder you couldn’t take your eyes off him. He is seriously beautiful. And he likes...” she pointed right at her, “you, girl, I can tell.”

A short time later, Kino returned with their drinks. “Here you are. Iced tea for you.” He set the glass down in front of Jessica. “And lemonade for you. Your appetizers will be ready in ten minutes. Is there anything else I can do for you?”

Jessie raised her hand to her face. “There is one thing.”

Gloria rolled her eyes, wondering what would be coming next.

“Gloria and I are looking forward to going out tonight. Would you know of any clubs where we could go?”

“Of course, what are your interests?”

“Well, I’m separated and theoretically getting a divorce, so I’m just tagging along with my sister, Gloria.”

*Here it comes.*

“But, I know she is interested in meeting men.”

*This is mortifying.*

His beautiful brown eyes stared into mine. “Ahh, you are looking for love?”

Gloria shook her head exaggeratedly. “Not hardly. More like fun.”



He nodded as if he agreed. "All the big hotels have clubs or club-like bars, but before my last girlfriend moved to the mainland, we liked to go to a club in town called Rumours. It would be my pleasure to show you."

Jessie's eyes widened perceptively. "You mean take us there? That would be fabulous."

Gloria squeezed her lips together, tightly. "Let me think about it."

"Fine, I'll see if your order is ready."

As Kino walked away, Jessie confronted her. "Are you crazy? What's there to think about? The best-looking guy in Hawaii, who also seems nice, wants to take you clubbing and you put him off."

"There's plenty of time to accept his offer. I don't want to seem too anxious."

"Games. Why must people play games? You know men get tired of games after a while."

"Darnell didn't."

Jessie's jaw dropped. "That wasn't a game. I was seriously confused, but it did work out, didn't it?" She winked.

"Then why'd he move out?"

"It's none of your business."

Kino opened a tray stand beside them and set a tray down. Then he hung something purple and white around Jessie's neck.

It was a lei of orchids. "Oh, that's beautiful, Jessie."

She lifted the bottom, examined it, and watched as Kino placed a similar lei around Gloria's neck, except her flowers were pink instead of purple. "Thank you, Kino. These are lovely."

"As are you two." Then he retrieved two dishes from the tray and set one in front of Jessie. "Crab & mac nut wontons." Then he announced, "Wild shrimp cocktail," as he set another beside the first plate. "Enjoy."

Next, he set the coconut shrimp in front of her. "You will love it. I guarantee it."

Jessie took a bite from one of her wontons. "Umm, yummy. Tell me, Kino. If we went with you to Rumours, would we love it?"

She couldn't help but notice the mischievous smirk that formed on our waiter's face. "Of course, you can count on it."

"Then we accept. Right, Gloria?"

She'd just taken a bite of shrimp and swallowed. "This is fabulous. Try this, Jessie." She handed a giant shrimp to Jessie and smiled at Kino. "We'll be looking forward to it."

"Great, I'll pick you ladies up at eight."

"Where?" Jessie asked.

"Is the lobby all right?"

They nodded.

\* \* \* \*

Returning to the bar, Keno snuck more than a few surreptitious glances at the pretty African American sisters. He was especially interested in the younger one, Gloria. God she was pretty and sexy in

her minimal bikini. Five-five, with captivating warm brown eyes, full sensuous lips, a regal pointed nose, she was a tempting, vivacious morsel of womanhood.

He headed back to their table carrying the iced tea and lemonade pitchers. "More iced tea?"

Jessie looked up smiled. "Thank you."

After filling sister's glass, he addressed Gloria, "More lemonade."

Smiling warmly, she picked her glass up and raised it to be filled. "For a bartender, you're a pretty good waiter."

Gloria. He even reveled in her name. "I'm glad you think so. Is there anything else I can get you?"

"No, I think we're all set."

God, that microscopic bikini she wore showed almost everything. Kino smiled. With her shapely lean figure, he could almost picture her naked in his bed. "I'll bring your check then."

Back behind the bar he realized he'd gotten hard. Not surprising considering the effect Gloria seemed to have on him. And it wasn't just the idea of fucking her. Only Karen, his former girlfriend had ever affected him that way.

Trying to hide his erection, he donned a bar apron before dropping their check off. "Here you go. Thanks for stopping by. I'm looking forward to tonight. I'll see you ladies at eight."

\* \* \* \*

After finishing their tasty meal, they walked arm in arm into the hotel proper. There was a lilt in Gloria's gait, and for the first time since Joel moved away, she felt everything was going to work out for the best. Then as they walked through the rear sliding doors, she paused. "Oh my God."

Concern etched into Jessica's pretty face. "What?"

"I'm going to be with 'Adonis' and I don't have anything to wear."

Jessie arranged a wayward strand of her hair in place. "Don't worry, sweetheart. We can always buy something."

Panic edged her voice. "I don't even know what they wear at Rumours. We should have asked Kino how we should dress."

"We could always play it safe and dress middle-of-the-road. I'll tell you what. Go up to your room, take a shower, then dress in a casual outfit for shopping. I'll go back and ask Kino what the dress code is."

"Oh thank you." She kissed Jessie on the cheek and ran for the elevator.

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