

## ~Chapter 1~

*What lie can I use this time? Stupid-ass secretary told her I was out of court early. That was my excuse. She's jealous because I'm not fucking her with her ugly ass. I know ... I'll just use my ole famous excuse. It never fails.*

Leroy Bordeaux picked up the phone and began dialing his wife, Kacela.

Kacela Dubois Bordeaux was a book-smart girl—minus street sense. She graduated from Xavier University School of Pharmacy, but decided she wanted to sell real estate instead. Having worked as a realtor for three years, she was currently taking classes for her broker's license. Naïve Kacela didn't see—or want to see—the hints of infidelity which other women would automatically catch.

Kacela and Leroy were married only six months ago, and she was already having problems with him working late and never being home. Ever since they had become engaged and had moved in together, she has seen him less and less.

*Riiing. Riing.*

“Hello?”

“Hey, beau! I'm gonna be running late again today. I need to get with some of the partners to see where we are on the upcoming cases, so don't wait up, OK?”

“You've been late every night this week, Leroy. We're newlyweds—or have you forgotten that?”

“Baby, I know you're mad, and I'll try my best to make it in before midnight, but

I have to get these briefs taken care of.”

Kacela exhaled loudly.

“You married a lawyer, remember? You knew there would be nights when I had to work late, so don’t be mad.”

“I know who and what I married. Shoot me for wanting to spend time with my new husband. We’ve been married six months now, and I *never* see you. Can’t you just come home tonight and work late tomorrow? I can wear that sexy red lingerie that you like so much. Come on home. Mommy misses Big Daddy.”

“Baby, I would but the others have already cancelled their plans in order to meet me tonight. Now that would be very unprofessional if I cancelled on them when *I’m* the one who requested the meeting, don’t you think?”

“OK, but you better not work late tomorrow. I’m planning an exciting night for us.”

“OK, deal. Look at you compromising, baby. I know how to pick them, don’t I?”

“Whatever! I’ll see you later. Wake me up when you get in, OK?”

“OK, baby. Love ya.”

“Love you too.”

Leroy hung up the phone with the satisfaction of having won yet another battle. He knew she would buy the “I’m a lawyer” lie—she always did. His profession came in handy in manipulating women.

Shortly afterwards, Leroy arrived at the company-owned condo used for out-of-

town guests and clients. He always kept the keys and used it to play house with his frequent mistresses. But this mistress of the month was special.

Shelia Wilson worked as an accountant in the building adjacent to Leroy's. Despite her attempts to rebuff him, Shelia could not fight off Leroy's many advances towards her. He always went out of his way to make her feel extra special. One night when they bumped into each other while leaving the office, Leroy proposed that they grab dinner together at a nearby restaurant. Afterwards, they went to her place and one thing led to another and they ended up making passionate love together, and they have been ever since.

Shelia was unfaithful. Although she was engaged and getting ready to be married in six months, she began spending all her extra time with Leroy rather than with her fiancé.

Leroy walked up to the door of the condo and went inside. He immediately called Shelia to find out where she was.

"Where you at?" asked Leroy.

"I'm ten minutes away. I had to stop and get something special for ya."

"Ohh! I can't wait. OK, I'll see you shortly."

"OK, bye."

Leroy hung up his cell and turned the ring tone off. He proceeded to put his bottle of Chablis on ice and ran a hot bubble bath for Shelia. He hated to have sex with a woman who was not fresh and clean. Just as he closed the door to the bathroom, he heard a knock.

Curious, he opened the door and Shelia walked in, dressed to entice, wearing a crimson business suit, stiletto heels, a Prada briefcase in one hand, and a small gift bag in the other. She placed her belongings on the nearest couch, and then ran to greet her lover.

“Why didn’t you use your key?” asked Leroy.

“Oh, I don’t know,” she responded.

Leroy picked her up while he continued to kiss her and placed her gently on the neatly made bed, then he slowly undressed her, his eyes drinking in her beauty. He then picked her up, carried her to the warm bubble bath, and washed her entire body, from her silky black hair weave to her recently manicured toes, all the while desire building to near climax within him.

Finished, he left Shelia to relax in the tub while he went to set the mood in the other room.

He dimmed all the lights, lit a few candles, and poured two glasses of chilled Chablis. Shelia exited the bathroom in the nude and walked over to retrieve the gift bag she had brought with her. She returned to the bathroom to fix herself up and came out five minutes later, dressed in a pale pink teddy with matching thong and clear stilettos. Her hair was tied back with a thin pink ribbon, and she smelled like a bed of roses.

Leroy was in awe as the beautiful playgirl strutted towards him. He took her into his strong arms and lifted her off the floor. They embraced each other for what seemed like an eternity. Then she wrapped her legs around his large, slender frame and kissed him on his plump lips. As their desire escalated, their bodies became one.

Before climbing on top of Leroy, Shelia pushed him back onto the bed. Then she

walked over to the stereo and pressed play, sashaying her voluptuous, creamy-mocha body to the Nina Simone CD they kept there. Her hips seductively moved to the jazz as she performed a sensuous dance.

Leroy lay back on the bed, enjoying the show as his loins began to heat up.

After the track ended, Sheila crawled in bed with him and kissed him passionately. "I wanted this all day long," she whispered breathlessly in his ear.

Like a tigress in heat, she quickly removed his shirt and tailored pants. Leroy kissed her lips softly, playfully. As she opened her mouth, their tongues danced a tango. Gradually he moved his lips down her neck where he could smell the sweet fragrance of roses as he inhaled her scent. At the same time, Shelia kissed and inhaled him. He loved this about her.

She moved his hands to her erect, firm breasts, as she wanted him to discover every inch of her body. He took her breasts into his mouth and devoured them one by one, giving them each the equal attention, they deserved, then he brought them together in the middle to savor both at once. From those supple breasts, Leroy moved south. He kissed his way down to her belly and slowly worked his way between her thighs, spreading them open. Dropping to his knees at the end of the California king-size bed, Leroy pulled her to the edge. His eyes filled with pure lust, he wanted to look at her pink center before going in for his feast, so he ran two fingers along her neatly trimmed hairs and played with her large soft walls. He couldn't help but enjoy the sensation as he massaged her stimulated clitoris, causing his lover to erupt in moans.

As Shelia moaned longer and harder, he gently placed two fingers inside of her

wetness, wiggled them around, then pulled his fingers out only to tease his taste buds with the flavor he was about to devour. It was his hors d'oeuvre. At that point, Leroy placed his lips on hers in her southernmost region and found a rhythm with his tongue. It wasn't long before he felt her body tensing and an oozing sensation coming from her pink cave.

He loved the taste of oral sex. His wife, Kacela, didn't. She thought it was obscene. However, Leroy found it erotic and enjoyed pleasing other women with his skilled tongue.

Wanting to reciprocate the feeling, Shelia sat up and began to pull down Leroy's satin boxers. As they dropped to the carpeted floor, his erect penis brushed against her. Shelia admired his manhood for a few moments, taking notice of a single vein along the side of his enlarged trophy that curved to the right.

After they switched positions, Shelia grabbed him like a pro and began to stimulate him with her tongue. She wanted to feel him inside her mouth, so she held his penis with her right hand while simultaneously rubbing her tongue against the shaft of his dick and caressing his testicles with her left hand. She took him out of her mouth briefly, only to put his manhood back in. Then she massaged the tip with her tongue until she felt the veins in his penis swell. She felt his time had come and she couldn't wait to taste his milky substance. As Leroy lay on the sheets and moaned in ecstasy, she pulled, sucked, and rubbed in unison. At the last minute, Leroy pulled out and came on her beautiful, full lips. His body was electrified; he wanted more.

This was not his first capping, but it had been awhile since he had one that pleasant. He was like a virgin becoming de-virginized—and loving every minute of it.

Leroy was eager to feel her tight pink insides receiving and embracing his large penis. He instructed her to climb on the bed and to get down on all fours. Intrigued by his in-charge attitude, Shelia followed his command. She turned and kneeled on all fours, indicating she was ready for whatever. Then she placed her head into one of the many pillows on the bed and Leroy took hold of her round buttocks, inserting his shaft into her pink anus opened up for him. Putting the head in first, he pushed inch by inch until all nine and a half inches were buried inside her. He then poked her insides with his instrument as she begged him to go faster and harder.

“Don’t stop, baby, go deeper, deeper,” Shelia demanded while gasping for air and grabbing as many satin pillows as she could within her reach.

Leroy was enjoying every bit of his ride. He loved connecting with his partners while having sex. After going for nearly thirty minutes, Shelia wanted to take control of this aerobic exercise. As they switched positions, she climbed aboard his pogo stick. He took her plump chocolate breasts into his mouth as she rode him hard. Like a pro, Shelia contracted her uterus with every upward stroke and released with every downward one.

“Oh, yes, baby! Yes, yesss!” cried Leroy, spinning out of control. Right before climaxing, he grabbed her tightly and held on, then he erupted like a geyser with all his might. Leroy did not want to come down from the throes of ecstasy consuming him.

Then reality kicked in. He looked at the clock. It read fifteen minutes after midnight. Jumping out of bed, he picked up his scattered clothes and ran to take a quick shower to wash away the strong musky scent of sex before driving home.

When he came out of the bathroom, Shelia was sleeping peacefully. He woke her

since he never left her in the apartment alone. He didn't trust women. He knew she would snoop around, looking for clues of other women, and didn't want to take any chances even though he knew the company had a hired maid come in on a weekly basis.

Before leaving, he left his usual twenty dollars on the nightstand for the maid's tip.