

{ DELPHINE PUBLICATIONS PRESENTS }

# ILLEST

## *Na&Na*

TAMIKA NEWHOUSE  
& ANNA BLACK

SEASON ONE CHAPTER 1

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SMASHWORDS EDITION

PUBLISHED BY: Delphine Publications on Smashwords

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# **The Illest Na Na**

## Prologue

Brianna, young sexy and vibrant, can't keep her hands off of Vince her man Vic's brother. Although she thinks she holds the cards, she has no idea that Vic has a few tricks of his own up his sleeve. Nate and Natalie should be in marital bliss, but four years after they've exchanged vows, their marriage is rocky and they both have exes that keep coming out of nowhere to cause havoc on their marriage.

Gary, who is suck on Natalie, knows he should leave well enough alone, he has an addiction and that addition is someone else's wife.

Vince, single sexy and free is stuck on the wrong woman, and ignores Christina who is right there and ready, but his heart belongs to Brianna. Brianna is his brother's finance. His best friend Nate tries to be there for him, but when his ex-jump off Claire comes to town, he is put back into the same situation he had prior to her leaving.

All could be well in Tamar's world, but a little interruption in her plans changes things. The Illest Na Na, is not about pussy, it's about the power of the pussy and what can happen when it is misused. Stay tune and see who is left standing in the end!

## The Illest Na Na

The first ever drama series for your eReader was created by Tamika Newhouse simply to give readers what they always want, for the story to never end. Follow the fun on twitter @TamikaNewhouse or #TheIllestNaNa to find out when each episode will premiere

## Chapter 1

Brianna

I checked my watch again and wondered what was keeping Vince. He was twenty minutes late and I was starting to get antsy. It wasn't often that I had the chance to meet with him, so I wondered why he hadn't made it on time. "Okay, Vince," I said, peering at the clock, "we have forty minutes left. I have to be home on time today."

I stood and went over to my window and undid my jacket. Even though I couldn't make out the faces of the men on the street walking by my building, I peered out in hopes I'd catch a glimpse of him walking in. "Calm down, Bre," I said to myself. "You're not dick-deprived." I laughed. I wasn't aching for sex, because I had it on a regular with Vic, Vince's younger brother. But he wasn't Vince, and he didn't come close to putting it on me the way Vince put it on me. I was hot and ready for Vince to do my body right.

Yes, I was caught up on another man. Yes, that other man was my man's brother, but from the moment I met him, I wanted him. I tried to ignore his advances—and trust, I wanted to resist his charming ways—but I quickly gave in.

It was wrong, but it was my balance. Yes, my balance, my scale. Vic was successful, hardworking, and family-oriented. Vince was a freelance writer who dabbled in music and had no long-term goals, with a magic tongue and a mouthwatering dick. He colored outside of the lines, and that was the passion that Vic lacked.

Vic made sure the mortgage was paid and the monthly expenses were taken care of, but he didn't have that sexiness or that swagger Vince had, and I hated I was in love with him. I hated I wanted to call out Vince's name when I did have a decent night of sex with Vic, and I hated Vic wasn't enough to make me an honest gal.

“Brianna, your four o’clock is here.” My receptionist interrupted my thoughts.

I went over to my desk and hit the speaker button on the phone. “I’m ready, please send him in.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

Seconds later, he walked in. “You’re late,” I said and then sat on my desk.

“Baby, I’m sorry. I had a client and she was a bit long-winded.”

“Really? Were you two talking or fucking, Vince?” I shot.

“Bre, baby... Why would you ask me something like that?”

I unbuttoned my blouse. “Because I know you.”

He locked my office door. “You think you know me, but I see after all this time, you don’t.”

“I do, and I know I’m not the only woman you are fucking.”

He walked over to me and caressed my face before he replied. He looked me in my eyes and I wanted him to say the words you are, but I knew that would be too much like Brianna’s way.

“I’m fucking because you’re fucking. If you tell him and leave, I’ll stop fucking other women.”

I shook my head. “Vince, you know I’m not where I wanna be.”

He kissed my neck and undid my bra. He pushed my suit jacket and blouse down from my shoulders and removed my bra before he replied. “That is what your mouth says, Brianna, but I know you love the best of both worlds.”

He was wrong, and I disputed it. I didn’t like being with Vic, I just wish Vince had what his younger brother had. “I don’t. I can’t hurt him, and you know you are not ready to pick up the responsibility of taking care of me.”

“I am, but things won’t be the same. If you love me the way you say you do, you’d walk away. And be happy with what I

can offer you.”

I sighed and looked down. “I wanted to fuck, not talk.”

“Are you ready to walk away? I can deal with Vic because I love you Bre. I’m only going along with this bullshit because of you. I want to tell him.”

“No!” I said quickly. “I will soon,” I lied. “Just fuck me, baby. I don’t want to talk about this anymore. I just want to feel your dick deep inside of my pussy.”

“Oh, I’m going to fuck you, baby, no doubt,” he said and undressed. He relaxed on the sofa and I got on my knees in front of him. I teased his head like he liked it and then gave him a deep throat session. I tried to suck him until he came, but he wanted to return the favor.

After he lay back onto the sofa, I straddled his face and he licked my clit and sucked on my pussy until my body released its orgasmic pool of juices. I moved slowly from his mouth, rubbing my wetness down his chest and stomach until I reached his erection. It slid easily inside of my soaking wet core.

I rode him, bouncing up and down on his dick, and he slapped my ass cheeks. After a pleasure ride, he flipped me over, I spread my legs wide for him, and he pushed inside.

“Awwwww, Vince, baby, your dick is so good,” I moaned. I licked my fingers and rubbed my clit in a circular motion while he pumped my pussy to another explosion. When I came, he pulled out and moved up over me and I welcomed him back into my mouth. He groaned and moaned and played with my hair until he squirted his hot essence on my tits. I rubbed it in like I normally did, and we both collapsed on the sofa. I lay in his arms and closed my eyes.

Breaking the silence, he said, “Baby, we need to tell him.”

I lifted my head from his chest. “We can’t.” I held up my thumb and forefinger, leaving a small space between them. “Baby, I am this close to becoming partner, and I can’t leave him until then.”



“I know, Bre, and that is all the more reason we should tell him now. I mean, Vic and I haven’t always seen eye-to-eye, but it’s been two years since I’ve been messing with you. I’m tired of hiding our relationship. I’m tired of the sneaking around.”

“Baby, I know.” I sat up. “Do you think I enjoy this? Do you think I like fucking you in my office, or looking over my shoulder when I come to your place? The fact we can’t do shit out in the open is fucking killing me. I love you, baby, but it’s not the right time. I’m begging you to give me more time,” I pleaded.

I could see the frustration on his face and the hurt in his eyes. I didn’t want to be the dictator of our affair, but I had things to do and goals to accomplish, and I needed Vic to handle my lavish lifestyle until I could do it on my own. I loved Vince, I did. He was the man of my dreams, but his bank account didn’t run close to his sexiness.

Being over six feet tall and honey-complexioned with sexy brown eyes was just the tip of his fineness. His shoulders and chest were perfection and his abs were sculpted like a god. Simply seeing him naked made me cream. I just wished he had the finances Vic had.

Victor, known as Vic, was a self-made millionaire. He started his own landscaping company at a very young age and now, at twenty-eight, could retire. He was tall, yes, and he favored Vince in a lot of ways, but he was nowhere near fit. He wasn’t flabby at all, but I didn’t enjoy seeing him naked. The sex was okay and sometimes even good, but I wasn’t into him. I was at the point where I was rolling my eyes in the dark or I had to be loaded with vodka to participate.

I gave him head because it usually got me a special gift like a handbag, shoes, or a spa day, but it was never because I truly wanted to. Vic didn’t repulse me, but I loved Vince, so it didn’t matter what Vic did, he just didn’t turn me on.

Vince was that take-me-away kind of guy. The bite-my-nipples kind of guy, but he didn’t have that paper. Yes, that almighty

dollar. He was the beau you'd love to show up to a restaurant or club with, but you had to make sure you had your bank card, because he wasn't paying.

He didn't borrow, nor did he ask for anything, but he never offered up shit either.

Two years ago, when our affair started, I had no idea we'd fall this deep. When Vic introduced us, I smiled, shook his hand, and then noticed him watching me for the rest of the evening. Somehow, he was waiting for the bathroom when I was coming out and he pushed me back in.

"If I'm out of line, just leave and pretend this never happened," he said.

I stood there, nervous but attracted. "What about Vic?" was all I could say.

He hoisted me onto the vanity. "I won't tell," he said and kissed me.

I let him. I opened my legs and let him play with my pussy. Just as he made his way to my tank and pushed my straps down, someone knocked.

"I'll be awhile," Vince yelled.

"Bro, is that you?" Vic's voice asked.

"Yeah, and Aunt Wanda's beans are brutal."

"I'll use the one downstairs," Vic said.

Vince waited ten seconds or so and then went to my tits. My heart was pumping out of my chest.

"We should go," I whispered.

"Don't be afraid."

"This is not the time or place."

"Okay, can you come and see me tonight?"

"Tonight?"

"Yes, tonight," he said.

I pulled up my tank straps. "Yes," I agreed. He gave me a final kiss and told me to hurry out first. Later, he slipped me his number. After I lied and told Vic I was going to meet my girl Tamar for a couple drinks, I headed to my car.

I called and he gave me his address. When I arrived, we got right to it. That one night turned me into a two-timer, and I've been two-timing my man with his brother ever since.

"I know you don't enjoy sneaking around, Brianna, but if I mean anything to you, you'd give up some of the luxuries you have with him and be with me." Vince got up and began to dress.

I was speechless. I wished I was able to say okay, but I had a fetish for nice things.

"Vince, baby, please, don't leave angry."

"I'm not angry, Bre, I'm tired."

I said nothing else as I watched him dress. I lay there naked and he leaned in and gave me a soft kiss on my head.

"I love you, baby," he said.

"I love you too," I replied.

"I will see you later," he said and exited my office.

I sat up and took a couple deep breaths before getting up. I had dried-up semen on my breast and stomach, so I went into my little powder room in my office and took a quick ho's bath. I freshened up my makeup, combed my hair, dressed, and headed home.

When I walked in, I was shocked when all of our friends yelled, "Surprise!" My birthday was two days prior, so I was blown away by my surprise party. When I laid eyes on Vince, he smiled. I wanted to give him the finger for not alerting me. Before the party ended, Vic decided to reveal my gift in front of all our guests.

When he pulled out a five-carat ring and went down on one knee, everyone applauded.

“Will you marry me?” he asked.

I wanted to run, but the word yes jumped out of my mouth instead. He slid the ring on my finger and picked me up in a hug and I saw Vince, the love of my life, exit the room.

Damn! What the fuck did I just do?

## Chapter 2

Natalie

Call me crazy, impatient, and a little too farfetched if you want to, but don't underestimate a boss when you see one. I recited the words to myself over and over again until I felt convinced enough to walk into Zumba class and try this shit again. I had not been back since the incident. That's what I call it. The incident. Everyone noticed it before I did, and it wasn't too flattering, if you ask me. Not for a twenty-eight-year-old rising attorney at Jefferson and Towns Law Firm.

I pointed my chin upward and pushed open the door. I blew out a sigh of relief when I noticed that the group of ladies there all seemed to be new. No one was here from the incident. Okay, karma wasn't a bitch after all.

I walked to the back of the class and set my bag and water bottle down. I felt a sense of urgency come over me, as if the pressure in the room was creating its massive attack on my lungs when I heard, "Natalie, you came back."

I hadn't been face to face with Gary in two weeks. Then again, the last time I saw him, we weren't face to face. Just as I opened my mouth to speak, he leaned in, wrapping his arms around my waist. I embraced him back, eyeing the other ladies in the room to see if they noticed that the instructor was far too comfortable with me.

"Gary, hey... I meant to call, but ... you know."

He nodded that he understood, grabbing my right hand and kissing the back of it. I quickly pulled it back, but not so much that it was obvious.

"You look beautiful," he whispered.

Suddenly shy, my eyes trailed downward. I couldn't look him in the eyes. Gary was hypnotizing. He was taller than tall; his six-foot-three, perfectly chiseled frame was wrapped around the darkest chocolate skin God could create. He had the cutest big brown eyes that created a pool of lust in your

panties. My pussy jumped each time he looked at me and smiled. His smile... Ugh, I can't even begin to explain that you could not look at his smile and not return one.

He was more than perfect, he was heaven. Heaven with the perfect tongue to match.

"Thanks." My eyes left the floor and travelled up his legs, stopping to focus on his dick.

It was poking through, and call me crazy, but it looked as if it held great potential for mind-blowing fuck sessions.

"Two weeks, huh?" he quizzed.

I confirmed, "Yes, two weeks."

I suddenly felt a level of desire that made me the frontrunner for Horny Bitch of the Century. I readjusted my stance to bring my legs closer together.

When class started, I sat on the floor of the workout room. I and more than twenty other women stared on as Gary instructed us on how to move and when to do it. All I could imagine was him moving inside of me. The music changed, speeding up. Trying to keep up with the beat, I slipped and fell, twisting my ankle. I was so focused on my injury, I didn't notice that I'd torn the crotch of my tight workout pants and my pussy lips were hanging out. My genius ass hadn't put on any panties.

There was some whispering and snickering, and Gary ran over to me. I thought it was to help nurse my ankle, but he grabbed my thighs and pushed them together.

"Class, we're going to cut it short today, okay?"

When I tried to move, he continued to hold my legs and whispered, "Stay put. I want to talk to you after everyone leaves."

I didn't question him, mainly because I needed him to stop touching me. It wasn't good for my ... Well, you know. My clit was swollen by now.

In a matter of minutes, we were alone. I eyed him. “Why did you ask me to stay?”

Walking over, he leaned down over me. Smiling slightly, I examined his features. He had to be maybe thirty-twoish, he wasn't married, and he smelled like he had just freshly showered even though we had been working out for the past thirty minutes.

Placing his hands back on my thighs, he knelt down, using my body as a leaning post.

“You should be very careful with that.” His eyes trailed from my face to my neck to my breasts, down my belly, and finally stopped on my legs.

Confused, I frowned and flinched from the erotic stare Gary gave.

What in the world is he looking at?

I followed his focus and saw where my pants were torn. I gasped in shock and shut my legs so quickly Gary fell backwards.

“Oh shit, I'm sorry,” I called out, embarrassed. I got to my knees to help pull him back upward. Grabbing his wrist, he pulled me back into him.

Lust steamed from his pupils. My eyes became his and his eyes became mine. We became one soul, our hearts beating to the same rhythm.

“Gary.” I whispered his name.

He continued to rise, but leaned towards me. We didn't speak any words. I became his submissive student and followed his lead, sitting back down on the floor.

Placing one of his hands on each of my thighs, he pushed them open and I fell helplessly onto my back. My pants tore further, and I felt a cool breeze from the air conditioner on my hairless lips. My body quivered in anticipation as I watched his body lower towards mine.

Gary moaned. His deep, husky tone sent electric jolts through my veins. I allowed my legs to fall to the side and his head found its way to my pussy. I felt my desire ooze down to the gym's floors as he puckered up and gently kissed my nether lips.

I arched my back, pushing myself into his mouth, and felt him pull my lips apart. Without warning, he dove in, eating my pussy like it was made of chocolate-covered honey. I couldn't hold in my cries as he took over my body with just the motions of his mouth.

I called out his name, not as a request for him to stop, but as a plea for him to keep going. I wanted him to bury his face so deep within me that it would look as if I was giving birth.

"I have wanted to taste you for so long." He growled in between panting and sucking and licking and squeezing.

I screamed out as my orgasm built up and burst all over his face.

He moaned. "You're a squirter." He leaned in and began to slurp up all of my juices and I just about passed out from being turned on to the ultimate power.

I felt him rise after he'd drank each drop. He stood up and licked his lips, wiping his chin with one hand.

I closed my legs and stared at him. "This wasn't planned," I whispered.

"Oh, but it was for me." He smiled.

I stared blankly and waited for him to continue speaking, but he didn't. He held up a finger and asked me to wait one minute. But I didn't. As soon as I saw him pass through the back room door, I ran for my gym bag and darted out the front door. Running away from the most passionate connection I had ever encountered felt like I was running for my life.



I threw the keys on the kitchen counter of my loft and walked into the living area. Nate sat at the edge of the couch, his eyes focused on the television. He was watching ESPN. I knew that I couldn't bother him for at least two more hours.

Nate was my husband of three years. We were supposed to be still living out the newlywed period of our union, but that shit faded after year one. This was my boring life now. Being his maid and his cook and getting the occasional fuck every now and then.

It was still early, but before I could even think about cooking him breakfast, I needed to clean myself up. I went to the master bathroom, turned the shower on hot, slipped out of my ripped pants, and threw them in the bottom of the hamper. Nate never did laundry, so I knew he wouldn't see them. I stepped into the shower and washed away Gary's saliva from my thighs and inner walls. I squeezed my pelvis tight as the memory of him sucking and licking took over my thoughts.

I stayed away for two weeks.

That was until today.

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Gary casually slid his hand up and down my arm. "You took too long to come back, Natalie."

"I wasn't planning on it, Gary."

"But you're here now?"

"Yes, I am."

He gave a quiet chuckle and licked his lips. His eyes trailed up and down my body lustfully, and I nervously looked around to see if anyone had noticed our exchange. "You shouldn't be so obvious."

He stared at me and smiled. “Natalie, I allowed you to marry Nate three years ago. I stood on the sidelines and watched the woman I should be with say ‘I do’ to another man. Do you think I give a fuck who sees me undressing you with my eyes?”

I opened my mouth to speak, but nothing came out. I had always wondered what my life would have been like if I had chosen Gary instead of Nate, but Nate was the faithful type and Gary had broken my heart too many times. He had sworn that he was a changed man and insisted on us being friends. Gave me a free membership to the gym he taught classes at three times a week. And now, here I stood again, fighting the temptation of the man I let go.

“Meet me later tonight.”

Without waiting for a reply, he walked to the front of the class and began the workout session. It dawned on me that he hadn’t asked me, he’d told me. I bit my bottom lip and switched my weight from one side to the other, fighting a one-man battle in my head.

I decided to stop playing back and forth with my emotions, shrugged, and dropped my gym bag. I took my position in class and kept my attention on Gary. After all, if I was here, I needed to be fully here—mind, body, and spirit.

And soon enough, in Gary’s bed.

## Chapter 3

Brianna

I sat at my desk staring at my ring. It was undeniably flawless. I wished Vince would have been the one to lace my finger with this exquisite piece of art, but that wasn't the case. I cared for Vic, but why couldn't I love him or yearn for him the way I did for Vince? Why didn't I get a throbbing sensation in my panties when he touched me the way I did with Vince?

I wanted to be in love with the man with money, but my stupid heart was stuck on the freelancing, in-between-jobs nigga, and I hated it. I wanted to wave a wand and make Vince the wealthy one and Vic the runner-up.

My phone buzzed. "Meeting time," my assistant announced.

I got up and gathered my files and headed to the conference room. I was so tired of these pointless meetings to bring the senior partners up to date on the cases we had. What was worse was that I was in competition with my friend, Natalie, for partner. She was my girl from law school. We had started at Jefferson and Towns around the same time, and since there was only a one-month gap between our hire dates, we were both up for the slot.

She was just as sharp as I was, but I wanted it more and planned to get it. I secretly prayed that I'd be the victor in this competition and I hoped there would be no hard feelings after.

When I walked into the room, the only empty seat available was next to my girl Nat, and I quickly took it.

The meeting got underway and I was happy when boring-ass Bob shut his monotone mouth. He was a middle-aged white man who sounded like he was afraid to share his real thoughts. He seemed to always say what the seniors wanted to hear.

When the meeting came to an end, Nat and I stood and gathered our folders. As soon as she stepped out of the office, she called out my name.

I turned to her. "What's up, girl?"

She rolled her eyes at Bob as he walked past smiling and then turned back to me. "We need to meet for lunch. I really need to talk to you," she said. I recognized the uneasy look on her face.

"Sure, I have court at ten for an arraignment, but it shouldn't take long."

"Okay, great."

"Is everything okay?"

"One word."

"What?" I asked, waiting impatiently for her to spill.

"Gary," she whispered.

"No, Nat, no! You promised."

"Like you promised to tell Vic the truth, but now you're wearing a ring?"

"This isn't about me."

"I know, Bre, and I just need to talk it out. I didn't mean to, but you know how boring it is at home, and Gary... He just... You know, he wakes up my pussy."

I thought she said it pretty loud. "Shhhhh. We will talk at lunch. This is not the time."

"I know. Meet me at noon."

"Okay, I will." I headed back to my office. I thought of her and Gary and shook my head. He was the one, she and I both knew that, but she chose to be with Nate. Why? Hell, I don't know. He was the safe guy, I guess, and Gary was the one she'd have to follow, cuss bitches out about, and keep him under her thumb. He was fine as hell and once tried me. He thought he'd charm me out of my panties, but when I shot

him down cold, he made me promise to keep quiet. I did, of course, because I knew Nat had it bad for him. He broke her heart one too many times and she started to date Nate to make him straighten up and act right, but it backfired, because he got worse.

Pissed because she hooked up with Nate, he didn't fold, he just became more of a dog. And since Nate was one of the good ones, Nat settled. A year after they were married, all I got were complaints of how lazy he was and how his ambition had fallen to the sideline. She had vowed she'd leave him after she made partner if he hadn't taken his business to a respectable level by then.

Six months after they married, he left his position as COO of his family's security company to pursue his dreams in the real estate industry. Instead of him trying to start at an established realty company, he took their money—well the money Nat gave him access to—and started his own company.

Nat, at that time, thanked God she had a secret fund in a hidden account so she would always be okay.

Back in my office, I got my things and headed for the courthouse. After a quick court session, I was good and everything was fine until my phone vibrated. I looked at it and saw a text message from Vince. When I opened it, it was a picture. I hit download and opened it. It was a picture of Vince holding his dick in his hand and a message.

I NEED YOU TO COME OVER NOW.

I swallowed hard and licked my lips. It looked so delicious my pussy wanted me to get in the car and head straight to his place, but I had promised Natalie I'd meet her for lunch.

BABY I CAN'T.

I JUST NEED 20 MINS, he responded.

Instead of heading back to the firm, I headed toward his house. I called Natalie to see if we could push our lunch back.

"Hey, girl," she answered.

“Listen, I got something I have to take care of. Can we make it one?”

“Only if you tell me that this something doesn’t involve Vince.”

“If I did, I’d be a liar.”

“You are a liar, boo. You are lying to Vic.”

“Yes, but not to you. Come on now, Nat. We don’t get much time.”

“I know. Handle your business and I’ll meet you at Vino Volo at one.”

“Thanks, girl. See you soon.” I hung up.

When I parked, I pulled out my body spray and did a couple squirts. I fluffed my hair, reapplied my lipstick, and then headed for his door. I walked in to soft music and the aroma of jasmine in the air from lit candles.

“Vince,” I called.

He came into the living room naked, carrying two glasses of white wine. “I am glad you came.”

I put my purse down and took the glass. I took a sip and he began to undress me. When I was down to my thigh-highs and heels, I swallowed the last of my wine. I put the glass down and stroked his shaft while he ravished my nipples. He found his way to my pussy and I lifted a leg onto the coffee table so he could have more access.

“Awwww, Vince, baby. You are too much, baby. Eat my pussy for me, Daddy.”

He went down on his knees and put his face in the place. His tongue felt so damn good against my clit. I began to grind my body against his mouth. I moved my hands up to my tits and rubbed and pinched my own nipples as I enjoyed the sensation he gave my clit. He pushed his tongue into my center and then sucked on my swollen bulb and my pussy contracted. I didn’t hold back my moans, and when he came

up, he took a short detour to my nipples before he pushed his tongue into my mouth.

He lifted me up by my ass, and when he slid inside of me, I wrapped my legs around his waist. He bounced me up and down on his dick until he exploded inside of me. It was a bit quicker than usual, but it was damn sure good.

“Baby, that was so good,” he said, panting.

I smiled. “It was, babe, and I want more, but I have to meet Natalie at one.”

“Nat.” He laughed.

“What’s funny?”

“Nothing,” he said and went over and grabbed his glass.

“You laughed for a reason, Vince, now spill.”

“It’s nothing, baby, I promise. All I have to say is…” He paused and took another sip. “I’m dying to see if she remains your girl after you make partner.”

“Vince, Nat isn’t going to trip. She knows that one of us may get it, and when it’s me, she’ll be cool.”

“If you say so.” He came over and gave me a quick kiss. “We shall see.”

I stood to head to the bathroom. I had to do a quick wash before heading out.

When I was dressed and ready to go, I kissed him. “I’ll call you later.”

“Later when, Bre?”

“Come on, baby, don’t start this shit.”

“I just asked a question.”

“Later before I head home.”

“To your fiancé. I still can’t believe you said yes.”

“We talked about this, Vince. Once I make partner, he will get the ring back. Now please, I gotta go. I can’t go back and forth

with you right now.” I headed for the door.

“I’m ready to tell him.”

I stopped in my tracks. “Vince!” I yelled. “Why can’t you just be patient?”

“Because I’m tired of waiting on you to be mine, Bre. I’m tired of fucking other women. I want to be with you. Christina is beautiful, and she wants a commitment. She loves me for what I have and what I don’t. But I’m still sitting here, holding out for you.”

“Vince...” I paused and swallowed hard. I wasn’t going to be bullied. Things had to be on my terms. “If that bitch, Christina, is all that, you do that. But if you tell Vic and fuck things up for me before I make partner, I promise you, you will see a side of me that you’ll regret.”

“Really?”

“Really,” I snapped and made my exit. How dare that motherfucker throw some bitch in face. I pressed the elevator button a million times and tried not to cry. As tough as I was, I was in love, and him telling Vic wouldn’t come close to hurting me as much as him committing to Christina would.

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When I got to the restaurant, I tried to pull myself together. I certainly didn’t want Natalie to know Vince and I were having problems. I spotted her, and when she saw me, she waved me over.

“Girl, I’m so sorry I’m late. Traffic was a bitch.”

Natalie took a sip of her ice tea. “No problem, girl. I ordered your Cosmo, and if you are not in the mood for chicken, I’ll call for the waiter.”

“Chicken is fine.” I smiled. “So tell me, what’s going on? I thought Gary was officially black history.”

The server came over with my drink before she could reply. I asked for another and when she left, Nat told me what was



going on.

## Chapter 4

Natalie

What kind of woman would I be if I didn't stand by my man when he wanted to follow his dreams for once? I walked into my house and called out Nate's name. I was exhausted. It was well after seven in the evening, and the house smelled stale and seemed empty.

Like, what the fuck? No dinner?

I threw the large stack of papers and manila folders down on the kitchen table. It was just too much to carry up to my office. I searched the house and then walked down to the manmade basement. No one was there.

The house was empty. I grabbed my cell and texted Nate, asking where was dinner. No 'Hello.' No 'How are you doing?' Not even a 'Where are you at the moment?' I didn't care to ask any of those questions. But my food, now that was another subject.

I set the phone down and went to grab a bottle of water out of the fridge while I waited for his answer. I walked upstairs with my papers and shoes in tow, and there still wasn't a reply. I walked into my office, put the papers down, and tried to tackle my frustrations by downing the remains of my water. I threw the empty bottle in the nearby trashcan as if it had offended me.

I went down the hall to my bedroom, the one I sometimes shared with Nate. He spent most of his time in his man-cave in the basement and that was fine by me. Falling back onto my bed, I stared at the ceiling. When I heard the growling of my stomach, I grew more annoyed.

I glanced at my phone one last time and confirmed there were no new notifications, so I got up and marched towards my closet. I found a peach sundress I had bought at Forever

21, slipped out of my suit and put it on. Grabbing my sandals and my phone, I went down the stairs, taking two at a time. I grabbed my purse and keys and headed to get myself something to eat, pissed the whole way there.

\* \* \*

I arrived at Roomie's during peak dinner hours. It was my favorite restaurant. They served the best clam chowder and my taste buds were dying for some.

"I'll sit at the bar," I told the host.

She led me to the end of the bar, where I ordered a mango martini and some Spanish meatballs for starters.

"You still order that?"

I turned to identify the invading tone, and a smile lifted the corners of my mouth. "Gary!"

"Here on a Thursday night ... alone?" His voice held a hint of sarcasm. One I wasn't interested in humoring at the moment.

I gave him a head to toe assessment. "Just now leaving the gym? No late night fondling with your clients, I see."

He smirked and took a seat next to me. I tuned him out as the bartender set a glass of brown liquor in front of him. I winced in disgust. "I hate brown liquor."

He laughed. "You look tired, babe. Everything okay?"

"Is that your way of telling me that I look like shit?"

Gary took a sip of his drink and took a few seconds to reply. I hated when he did that. "Can we have a decent conversation? I'm glad you returned to my class, by the way."

I looked away, not wanting to get sucked into his orgasmic stare. This man had the power to make me want to nut in my

sundress just from staring at him. I blew out a sigh of annoyance. “I was getting a little lazy, needed to get back into exercising.”

“Sure.” He laughed.

I rolled my neck and stared at him. “You sure are giddy tonight. What’s the occasion?”

Gary looked at me and then turned to search the room, “Calm down, Natalie. I mean, what’s wrong? Why all of this hostility? I did nothing wrong the other day. Is that what your current attitude is about? The other day?”

I didn’t justify his question with an answer. Instead, I took another bite of my meatballs and ordered my clam chowder. “I’m good.”

Gary laughed. “Those words are like assault to a man’s ears. You are not alright. You are not fine. Talk to me. What happened to that?”

“It was the end the day I married Nate.”

“You know I hate it when you mention his name, right?”

“Oh, do you hate Nate’s name?” I asked teasingly.

“Are you going to talk to me or what?”

I paused, taking a sip of my martini and contemplating the irony of it all. My husband was MIA and hadn’t fixed me a damn thing to eat, I was horny as hell, and the love of my life was sitting here asking me to tell him what was wrong. I laughed to myself and turned my attention back to him. “I’m up for partner. Against Brianna.”

He gave me a sentimental stare and placed his hand on top of mine. “Competing against your best friend?”

I nodded. “We’re going to be good, though. No matter who makes it.”

Gary asked the bartender to order us lobster and steak. “Make it tender for my lady here.” I eyed him and studied his demeanor. He had the most charming smile I had ever seen.

He was, without a doubt, perfection when it came to looks, but a complete failure when it came to matters of the heart.

“I don’t feel like working tonight either. Especially since you’re going to have me leaving here looking like a fat pig.”

“Pigs are already fat.” He laughed. I laughed too and hit him. My hand bounced off his muscular arm. He eyed me and smirked.

“That didn’t hurt, my lady.” I rolled my eyes and ordered another drink. “How many drinks is that for you, Natalie?” he quizzed.

“It’s just my second one. Why?” I knew why he was asking.

“That’s your last one, got it? Order an ice tea next. Babe, you have cases tomorrow, let’s not forget.”

I eyed him and hated that he knew me so well. He was a former lawyer himself. Now a business investor and physical trainer, he often worked with clients at the gym I was a member of. It was required of him to host a few classes as well. That’s how he ended up working his tongue on my clit in the middle of my Zumba class.

“You can talk to me, you know.” Gary’s voice was low and warming. I smiled at him this time. A genuine smile. I knew he meant it, and I hated that about him. He knew just what to say to get back in. Other than the slipup a couple weeks ago, when my clit ended up in his mouth, he hadn’t had me. He hadn’t tasted me; he hadn’t touched me like that in years. I missed him. Ugh. I hated to admit that.

“I can talk to you?” My voice was barely above a whisper as well. He nodded.

I smiled. “Can you order me a cheesecake after we eat too? And then you’d better be all ears.”

He laughed and gave my hand a tight squeeze. “You got it, Natalie. Whatever you need.”

## Chapter 5

Vic

“Hold on, baby, you are going to make me bust one if you keep deep-throating me like that.” I watched her beautiful mouth please my dick.

“Cum for me, Daddy,” she moaned. “You know that’s what I want.”

“Oh, I’m going to cum for you, but I want you to get up here and ride my dick first.” She changed positions. “No, turn your back to me, baby,” I ordered. “I wanna watch that ass clap,” My dick was rock hard and when she slid down it, the sensation made my toes curl. “Awww shit, baby, that’s it. Ride that dick.” I slapped her high yellow ass cheek. Her waist was slim and her ass was fat, and even though I had Brianna at home, who is definitely a ten, she wasn’t a freak like the woman on my dick right then.

I loved my fiancée and was proud to have her on my arm because she was a dime, but the sex was boring as fuck. She was a ten, but she wasn’t a freak. She never wanted to give me head, but after I’d beg for a few days, she’d finally give me a little. When she was tipsy, she’d do me right, but that wasn’t often enough.

“Yes, baby, that’s it. Ride that dick. Work that pussy for me.”

“Yeah, Daddy. Oh yeah, Daddy. Oooh ... yes,” she moaned. Her ass cheeks clapped together and slapped against my skin. That shit was sexy.

After a few more moments, I was ready to nut, so I pulled out and told her to get on her knees. I bent her over the bed and slid back in, and after a few strokes, I pulled out and squirted my hot liquid on her cheeks. I smeared it with my dick and tapped her ass a couple times until I was completely empty. “Shit, girl, your pussy is good as fuck!”

She went down onto the bed and I fell down next to her. "Was it good baby?" she purred.

"You know it was," I said, breathing like I had just ran a marathon. "You always do Daddy right."

Getting up, she asked, "Can I get you anything?"

"A beer would be perfect right now," I answered. She hurried off to the kitchen and came back with an ice cold Heineken. I took a swig. "Thanks, baby."

"So have you thought about my invitation."

"Yes, and I can't." She was always trying to get me to do something with her that required us to be out in the open and she knew that was a no-no.

"Babe, its New York. No one there knows you are Brianna's sponsor."

"Why in the fuck do you keep doing this shit? I'm not her sponsor, okay. She and I are engaged to be married, and I need you to stop getting brand new on me."

"You know what, whatever," she snapped, twisting her neck. "I got to shower. I'm meeting Brianna and the girls for cocktails and I'm not in a begging mood."

She went in to shower, and when she came out, I was chilling in her bed. I watched her prance around getting all sexy for the evening, and I had to admit she was gorgeous. She could have been the one, but she had a bad habit of being unemployed. It was always some bitch ass niggah in the office who was hitting on her or who was mad jealous that got her fired. She was always in school, but after all the years of knowing her, she still hadn't gotten her damn degree.

She leaned in to kiss me bye. "Make sure you lock up. I'll see you later."

"No doubt. I'll be meeting up with the fellas in about an hour."

"Okay." She headed towards the door.

"And Tamar," I called out.

She turned back to me. "What Vic?"

"I'll hit you up with the money for your rent tomorrow, so you can enjoy your night."

She smiled. "Seriously, Vic? Because if I spend over fifty bucks tonight, I won't make my rent."

"I got you. You take care of me, so I'll take care of you."

She ran back over and gave me another kiss. She left her studio glowing and I laid back and relaxed a little longer. Later, I got up to shower. Her studio was super tiny and I hated her little-ass shower, but I had to wash the essence of her pussy off, before heading out to meet the guys.

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When I got to Buffalo Billiards, the guys already had a table and a couple pitchers of beer. As usual, there was a spread of wings and celery with ranch and blue cheese dressing on our table.

"What's up fellas?" I yelled.

"Vic, man, where you been? Yo' ass late again," Nate yelled.

"I'm a busy man," I replied.

"And we're not?" he said and took a drink of the beer he had in his hand.

"Well, maybe Gary and I are, but you and Vince, y'all niggas don't never work. Y'all ain't got no jobs."

"Hey, man, save the shit talking for the table," Vince said and took his shot.

"No doubt. What's up, Gary? Long time, no see. I thought you forgot about our boy's night out. The last two weeks, you've been MIA."



“Man, I had to stand in for this other instructor. She had issues with her back, so I filled in for her.”

“Now, did you cause these issues with her back?” Vince joked.

“Naw, man, nothing like that. She’s married and she is cool people.”

“Ha, when has marriage ever stopped you from hitting?” Nate belted out and we all laughed.

“It depends on whose wife it is. Her husband is a cop, and I’ll be damned if D.C.’s finest will have my ass coming up missing.”

I gave him a pound. “I know that’s real.” I went over and poured me a cup of beer. I grabbed a little plate and grabbed up a few wings. After Vince and Nate finished their game, we partnered up. After Gary and I lost two games, we all decided to head up to the rooftop bar to chill.

“Yo’, Vic,” Gary called out. I turned to him. “Can I holla at you for a sec?”

Vince and Nate took a seat and we went over to the bar.

“What’s going on?” I asked.

“Natalie,” he said.

“Oh no, no, no! Do not tell me you hooked up with her again. You and Nate are still boys.”

“And Nate knew going in that she and I had a history.”

“Yes, a history, Gary. Haven’t you done enough damage to women? I mean come on, dawg. Nate would go ballistic if he found out.”

“I know man, damn. I feel bad enough. I just love her man.”

“Oh, now you love her. Gary, listen to yourself. Before she and Nate got together, you had her. But what’d you do? Broke her heart. She finally moves on, and now you are at it again. Just leave Natalie alone, man.”

“Nate isn’t the one for her. She isn’t happy with him. Nate is a joke and I know Natalie deserves more. She is smart, ambitious, and she wants to go places that he can’t take her.”

“Like where, Gary, to the fucking moon? You can’t get her there either. Whatever issues she has going on with Nate, that is between them. For once, stop being your selfish-ass self and leave Nat alone. I’m telling you, Gary, you are going to cause major issues for her.”

“No, you’re wrong Vic, and while you’re on my case, are you still tapping Tamar’s ass?”

“Now, our thing is different. Tamar knows it’s all about Bre, and I’m not making no promises to her or telling her I love her or that she and I are going to be together. Tamar knows the rules. She knows it’s only sex. I hit her off on a few bills and a gift or two, and she fucks me like a porn star. That is the only reason I cheat on Bre. I love Bre, but the things Tamar does to my dick...” I smiled just thinking about it.

“And you’re better than me, right? At least my motive is love. Yours is all about the ass.”

“Yes, and that’s the advantage. If and when I stop fucking with Tamar, I walk away clean. No harm, no foul.”

“And what about Bre, what if she finds out?”

“Well, the only way she will is if you or Tamar tells her. Tamar loves what I do for her, so I know she won’t, and you are my boy, so I know you won’t.”

“Yeah, okay.” He turned and ordered a drink and asked the bartender to have a waitress bring over a pitcher of beer for the table.

We sat down to questions. “So what was so urgent that you lovebirds had to step away to talk?” Nate asked.

“Nothing big, just some financial business,” Gary answered quickly.

“So you guys can’t talk business around us?”

I said, "Vince, come on, bro, it's nothing like that."

"Whatever," he said and I laughed. My brother was a pain in my ass. He was older, and even though he tried to pretend, I knew he was jealous of what I had accomplished. I had my own thriving business, a beautiful home, a couple of nice rides, and a fiancée who I know they all wanted. He always had something negative to say, but he didn't know I caught him checking Brianna out on several occasions.

"Vince, dude, come on," I said. "The night is young. I barely got a buzz and I just wanna chill tonight, so don't start this bullshit."

"A'ight nigga, damn. Don't get all emotional and shit. This is the fellas' night out. If you gon' bitch and moan, go hang with the girls." He laughed and they laughed with him.

Vince was good for that. Starting shit and then acting as if he hadn't done anything.

"A'ight now, let's get it in!" I waved for the server. I ordered us a round of Tequila shots. Nate tried to get out of taking any, but we dogged him so bad for being a bitch that he gave into the pressure.

We all got lit and had to cab it home. When I got in, Brianna was already in bed sleeping. I stripped down, got into bed, and was shocked to find her naked. She must have come home tipsy, because she rarely went to bed naked anymore. As fucked up as I was, my dick stiffened and I wanted her. I played around with her tits until she finally lifted her leg and let me slide in. She pushed her plump ass back into me and I wanted to get in deeper. We were on our sides, so I came up on my elbow and lifted her thigh and held onto it tight as I pumped harder and faster.

I dropped her thigh, grabbed hold of her right breast and exploded. I don't think I even pulled out before I passed out.

## Chapter 6

Tamar

My baby sis went on and on about this new nigga she was feeling. I didn't care, but I listened anyway. She was in love again. Always talking about the next guy who put it on her so bad that now he was all she wanted. I kind of hated to admit that I loved that about her. She had a free spirit and wasn't afraid to find love. I, on the other hand, have been dibbing and dabbling with my best friend's fiancé just to make ends meet. I was tired of this.

I nodded my head as if I was listening, but I wasn't. "So he's cool, huh?" I asked.

She grinned from ear to ear. I got up from my couch and walked into the kitchen. It only took about three steps to get there, so I wasn't far from the mouth marathon she was running.

Lana looked at me. "Still unhappy? I mean, all you have done for the past thirty minutes is nod your head routinely. You are barely listening."

"I am listening, Lana. I just have a lot on my mind. Do you mind watching this gumbo? It's about done."

I walked out onto my balcony and pulled out my cell phone. No missed calls. I had grown weary of the unknown. Tired of the, if he will or if he won't. I had agreed to just be a fuck, but Vic was in for a rude awakening, because this baby was about to change everything.

I was almost certain he felt I would play this role for a lifetime because Brianna and I were friends. And indeed we were friends. I loved her, but I knew that she and Vic didn't love each other like I loved him. I was the one who should be living in that big house, reaping his dick and his money, but it was her. She was the better option for his arm piece, I guess.

I texted him. And waited.

“How’s the food coming?” I called out to Lana.

“It’s about done. I’ll fix you a plate in a minute.”

I looked back at my phone when I saw a message alert flash across the screen. I opened it up and it read one word.

WHAT!

I asked him when was I going to see him again, but silence was the answer. I told myself he was busy and that he would get back to me later. I marched back into the house with Lana, who had made me a bowl of gumbo, and I sat next to her.

“You ok, sis?” She asked.

“Vic!” I replied. I had not been able to tell anyone about my affair with Vic but Lana. She didn’t approve of it, but she didn’t judge me either. She loved me in spite of and told me to figure it out and to do so quickly.

“It’s some shit in the game when it comes to Vic and his dick. And his money, hell.” Lana added. I just nodded. “You’ve been back and forth over this situation forever and a day now. When are you going to tell him?”

“Tell him? Lana, why would I tell him. That’s just crazy. It would still change nothing.”

“It would change everything. Nothing is easy and nothing is going to stay the same after this. Brianna is your friend, right?”

“She is.”

“Well, make a choice, because if you have this baby, Tamar, things are going to definitely change.”

“Do you think after I tell Vic that Brianna would even have anything to do with me?”

Lana stared at me and I had a feeling that she almost wanted to laugh. Call it crazy, but I still hoped to keep my circle of

friends once everything was revealed. Brianna really didn't love Vic, but I did. I didn't think she would care.

"Brianna probably wouldn't care." I said out loud.

"Now, who are you trying to convince of that bullshit, Tamar? You know good and well that fucking her man, regardless of how she feels, is not right. You could be with anyone, you know."

"Just anyone isn't Vic. Vic's pockets are deep."

"Is that it?"

"Well, no, I want his dick too."

Lana shook her head and laughed. "Am I to feel sorry for this man named Vic? It seems no one really loves him, but they love what he has. Damn shame. What's wrong with ole' dude?"

I shrugged. "I guess after our creeping, I would expect him to do the very same thing to me, so why get caught up?"

"True."

"I will tell him when the time is right, you know. Maybe once I start showing." I took the remote in my hand and pressed the volume button.

"Okay, Mama Tamar. I got your back, whatever you decide."

I smiled at Lana and we continued to eat our food and laugh the night away. I had to laugh now, because, soon enough, life would be nothing but pure hell.

## Chapter 7

Natalie

"Listen, don't wait up, okay? I'm meeting up with the girls," I told Nate.

"Again, Nat? This is the fourth night this week."

"Well, you know Bre is all wedding talk, and Tamar is trying to convince me to give her that open assistant position at the firm. I want to help her out, because I know she needs the income and benefits, but I don't know about bringing her on. I mean, working with friends could be a bad thing, you know?"

"I know, but I couldn't give a damn about your friends and what they got going on, Nat. I've been trying to spend time with you."

"Nate, don't start this shit. When I get home, you're in your own world, the house is a mess, and even though you work at home on your so-called business, you don't even bother to cook."

"My real estate agency is off to a slow start, I know, Nat, but what happened to you having faith in me?"

"I have faith in you," I lied. "I just want you to start bringing in some steady income. You know I don't mind holding it down, but it's been almost two years, Nate, and I'm starting to get a little concerned. And if things don't change, I-I-I- just don't know."

"Look, baby, just be patient, and you are going to make partner soon."

"Hey, Nate, don't think when I make partner you can slack. I want my man to be just as successful, and not only that, do what you said you'd do."

"What do you mean?"

“You promised to take care of me forever when we exchanged vows, and after the honeymoon phase was over, you up and left your dad’s company.”

“You know I didn’t want to be there anymore.”

“And I don’t want to be broke,” I spat. “Look, I gotta go. Claire is here and we are headed out.”

“Claire? Claire is in town?” he asked.

“Yes, she got in this morning. She is thinking of moving back.”

“Really? Where is Jerome?”

“They are separated and she is back for a while to look around for a job.”

“Where is she staying?”

“Why?”

“I’m just curious. Did you invite her to stay here?”

“No, we haven’t talked about it, Nate. I’m sure she has a room somewhere.”

“Okay, enjoy your night out. But we need to finish this.”

“We will. Love you.” I rushed off.

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I dialed Vince in a hurry. “Pick up, pick up, pick up.” I paced until he finally answered.

“What up, Nate?”

“Guess who the fuck is in town?”

“I don’t know, who?”

“Claire.”



“Claire as in the Claire you fucked a night before your wedding? Claire as in Claire who tried to convince you not to marry Natalie?”

“Yes, nigga, that fucking Claire.”

“How do you know, did she call you?”

“Hell no. She just met Nat at her office. She is going out for drinks with her and the girls.”

“I thought she married some dude.”

“She did, but Nat said they are separated and she’s thinking of moving back. You know that is not the move.” I panicked. “What if she is back to get even? What if she tells Nat we had a thing up until we got married?”

“Why, after all this time, would she do that?”

“I don’t know Vince. To get even or to make my marriage break up because hers went to shit. Hell, I don’t know, but if Nat finds out, she is going to leave me. I swore to her face that Claire and I were only friends.”

“Well, we both know that’s a lie.”

“Thank you, Vince. Let’s not forget you’re fucking your brother’s fiancée.”

“Don’t be throwing punches at my face because your side ass has returned. I’m sure she isn’t here to cause any trouble.”

“Let’s hope not,” I replied. We chatted a little longer and then hung up.

I was so nervous I had to have a drink. I went to the liquor cabinet and drank until I heard the door. I knew it was Natalie, but then I heard giggling. I couldn’t believe Nat walked through the door with Claire in tow.

That was the last thing I needed since I had lied to Natalie about our true relationship.

Natalie had caught us having drinks one night when I was supposed to have been working late. I convinced her that she

and I were just coming from work and her man, who was a doctor, had just left because he got a page. I introduced them, they started talking, and before I knew it, they were best buds.

That made Claire more attracted to me, and the more she got to know Natalie, the more competitive she became. She'd try to outdo everything my wife did. Natalie would change her hair, she'd change her hair. Nat got a new handbag, she'd show up with one similar. I enjoyed her and the sex was outstanding, but Natalie had my heart.

"Hey, Nate!" Claire yelled with excitement. She dropped her suitcase and ran up on me and gave me a big hug. "It's so good to see you."

I tried to keep a straight face. I didn't want to show how nervous I was. "Claire, look at you. Chicago has been good to you. How is Jerome?" I asked, bringing up her husband as if Natalie hadn't told me they separated.

"Jerome is Jerome," she said and smiled.

"Is he here too?"

"Nope, he is back in Chicago and I don't wanna talk about him."

"I'm going to go up and shower," Natalie said. "Claire, the guestroom is made up and you know where it is. I have an early day, so I'm going to turn in."

"Can I at least get a kiss."

"I'm sorry, baby." She came over and gave me a quick peck. I was hoping she'd show some love, so Claire could see we were good.

"Goodnight," she said and hurried up the stairs.

"So I see y'all are happy." Claire headed over to the liquor bottle I had on the table. "Or not," she said and added more to my glass. She took a sip and then sat. She looked good, I had to admit, and I had a quick thought of how things would have been if I had left Nat at the altar.

“We are fine.” She laughed. “We are,” I said and sat.

“Whatever.”

“Why are you here, Claire? And more than that, why did you come to our home?”

“I was invited?”

“And you should have said no.”

“I did, but you know Natalie. She insisted, so here I am.”

“Be honest, are you here to start trouble?”

“Nope, but I’ll tell you this,” she said and got up. She came behind the sofa and bent over next to my ear. “I wanna have some fun, so if you want me to keep my mouth shut about our little secret, you will give me what I want.”

“Claire, I will not cheat on Nat. The night before the wedding was stupid and I take responsibility for my actions, but I’m not going there with you, so don’t.” I stood. She began to unbutton her dress. “What the fuck are you doing?” I nervously eyed the staircase.

“As soon as she is asleep, I expect for you to ease into my bed. If not, I’ll serve Nat more than breakfast in the morning.” She let her dress drop to the floor. She was sexy as fuck in her matching undies and I watched her ass sway as she headed toward the guest room after picking up her luggage.

As nervous as I was, I crept down at two a.m. when Nat was snoring. All she did was suck my dick. I was surprised that she told me to leave after I nudded in her mouth.

“Claire, you won’t say anything?”

“Maybe or maybe not. Goodnight.” I knew she was toying with me.

I turned to leave. “Goodnight,” I whispered and slowly opened the door. I crept back up to my bed and my heart stopped racing when I saw Nat, still sound asleep.

## Chapter 8

Gary

I hadn't expected much from this date that I was on. She had asked me out and I had said yes. Something about women asking you out is what kind of bothered me. I didn't see a future with a woman who did that. Don't ask me why. The woman was gorgeous, smart, and funny, but I was bored. I found myself looking at the time on my cell phone often to see just how much longer I had to sit here. I don't know why she didn't get the hint.

I noticed the pink jewel in her necklace and focused in on it. "A birthstone?" I asked. She smiled, grabbing the jewel between her thumb and index finger.

"It was a gift from my granddaddy after graduating." I smiled as she went back to whatever the hell it was that she was talking about.

I raised my hand to get the server's attention. "Bring me a Crown and Coke please."

"Are you okay?" my companion asked.

I smiled and switched my attention to a table behind her. A lonely diner ate slowly, a stack of folders next to her plate. She had taken her work to dinner with her again.

I held up a finger, asking my date to give me a minute. I could sense her about to say something, but I got up and walked away.

I stopped at the table I had been watching. "You brought your work to dinner with you to dinner again?"

Natalie looked up. "Gary? What are you doing here?"

"I had work to do and I didn't want Nat bothering me. Or Claire, for that matter, with her marriage woes."

I sat down in the empty seat across from her. “Claire is in town?”

She leaned back in her seat and laughed. “You know your date just walked off, right?”

I jerked around in my seat at the reminder about my date. I stood up to call her name, but was stuck. Damn, what’s her name again?”

Natalie laughed out loud. “You don’t even know her name. That’s a damn shame, Gary.”

I sat back down and shrugged. “I guess I don’t. I mean, whatever. So, what’s up with you?”

She stared at me, giving me the Are you serious? look, and smirked. “I am good, working on a few cases. Staying on top of my game and attempting to stay sane. I mean, I could be saner if I wasn’t always thrown into your presence.”

I rubbed my hands across my chest and laughed. “I am all that, huh?” She waved her hand and took her attention back to the papers stacked in front of her.

“You’re not going to give me all of your attention, Nat? Like, really?” I dropped my hand on top of the page that she was reading.

She looked up at me and rolled her eyes. “You sat down at my table, you left your date, and for what?”

I paused, studying her face. This woman was, without a doubt, one of the most beautiful women I had ever set my eyes on. Her face glowed, seeming to offer up its own light. I knew she was this beautiful before, but in that very moment, I felt her beauty had heightened. I felt like she had my heart in the palm of her hands.

I needed to get back in with her. But how could I do such a thing when I allowed her to marry Nate? I hated the sound of his name. He lay next to the woman I loved every night. He had been given the opportunity to build something so much greater with her. A life.

“I am drawn to you, Natalie, you know that. You know that when I see you, I see nothing else. When I hear your voice, I hear nothing else. I just needed to be near you.”

“Men tickle me with these lines. You want me now because you can’t have me. You spent many nights making sure my eyes were filled with tears, my heart was heavy with pain, and my smile was covered in pain. But now you want to be near me. Now you want to be the man that I always wanted you to be. That’s some bullshit, Gary, and you know it.”

“It may sound like bullshit, but it’s not.” I waited for her next shot, but she just sat there quietly. “Tell me about the case. You were frowning when I first saw you. Tell me what’s bothering you.”

“You want to know about my case?”

I nodded as she took a sip of her tea. “I am struggling with the alibi on a potential suspect. If I can prove it, then my client can raise reasonable doubt.”

I nodded again to show that I was following, and she continued. In the midst of our talking, the server noticed my table change. I motioned for her to send the check and another round of appetizers over.

I had to admit I didn’t know why I was never interested in Natalie telling me about her work before, because I was actually enjoying it. I could sense her uncertainty at taking my listening to her seriously. But when I began to ask questions, she settled into our conversation and her passion for the law took over. We talked it out and I actually helped her map out some options to tackle the big issue of the alibi. I shocked myself with that one. And I was even more shocked when one in the morning rolled around and the restaurant had to ask us to leave. We did. Together.

\* \* \*

I clicked on the light over the bar I had created in the lower level of my home. "You want something?" I asked Natalie as she made herself comfortable. She sat on the loveseat and curled up into a ball.

"No, but if you have a blanket, that would be great."

I went to the linen closet and brought her one. "With Claire in town, you don't need to rush home?" I quizzed as I handed it to her.

She shook her head. "No, she's actually spending time with her sisters today and planned to sleep there tonight. She'll be back tomorrow, though."

"And Nate, what about him?"

"What about him?"

"You're not home, Natalie, that's what. Do you need to call him?"

She waved me off and laughed. "I sent him a text that I'm working late. He'll be okay."

I sat on the couch across from her and set the drink I had made on the table in front of us. I picked up the remote and pressed the button to power on the stereo. Jill Scott's voice floated from the speakers. "You can relax, then, Natalie. You have a busy day tomorrow."

"I'm just going to stretch out here, okay?"

I signaled for her to join me on the sofa. I wanted some of that blanket, but I couldn't lie I wanted to be next to her as well. She did so, bringing her body to spoon with mine, her ass pressed against my groin. I buried my face in her neck.

I knew this moment couldn't be right. I knew this moment meant something else. But I wasn't going to ask questions. I was just going to let it be.

We fell asleep in each other's arms. Something I hadn't had a chance to experience in years.



## Chapter 9

Brianna

“Oh no,” I said out loud.

I was close to sealing the deal on this case, but my assistant had just called me and said the plaintiff wanted to submit new evidence. New evidence meant more delays, and I was ready to put this baby to bed. My career depended on this case. This was the biggest case I'd ever had and it was so high profile that it was in the news daily. I was lead counsel and I had to walk away with a victory. If I lost this case, Natalie would make partner, and as much as I loved her, I wasn't going to hand my partnership to her on a silver platter.

It was a ticket to be with Vince. Making partner would give me the clout and finances to live with Vince's freelance ass, because I knew he couldn't afford to lavish me with all the things that Vic could. Partner meant more money, more high profile cases, recognition, and the list goes on. I worked too hard to get this far to let Natalie beat me.

Our win-lose average was about the same. This case would put me one up on her, but losing it meant staying with Vic another year. Meaning I'd really have to go through with planning this bullshit wedding. He had been pressing me every day to set a date, and I was dying to give him his ring back. Vince was on my nerves, begging for more time, and the two-timing was driving me insane. I had to think of Vince when Vic and I fucked in order to have an orgasm. I just wanted it all to be over.

My phone buzzed and I hit the speaker. “Yes?” I said.

“Tamar is here to see you,” my assistant sang.

“Great, send her in,” I said, dying to chat with her. Lately, we hadn't spent much time together. She was always busy, and when we had our girl's night, we couldn't chat one-on-one.

“Hey, girl,” I said, getting up from my desk. I went over to hug her. “Oh my goodness, look at you. You look radiant. Do I detect new man?” She seemed to be glowing. Her face was clear as a bell and her makeup was flawless. She looked as if she had gained a couple pounds, but it was working, because I always thought she was too skinny.

“I’m good, love, and I have been taking a little extra care of myself lately. You know, gotta keep the body healthy.” We sat down.

“I know that’s real. I’m been meaning to sign up with Gary’s Zumba class, but I get enough of a workout running from the office to the courthouse.”

“I know that’s real, Miss Attorney at Law. You are a beast in the courtroom, and I know that partner position is as good as yours.”

“I hope so, Tamar. I mean, this case is the one to make me or break me, and I can’t lose to Nat. I gotta get this.” I got up and went over to my liquor counter. “Would you like one?” I asked.

“Nah, I’m good.”

“What? You’re turning down a drink? Are you ill?”

“No, I’m just on this cleansing program, and that means no liquor.”

“Child, please, you look amazing.”

“Thanks, but I’ll pass.”

“Suit yourself.” I poured me one. We talked a bit and then I asked what she really wanted. “Listen, I gotta head out soon. I’m meeting Vince before I go home,” I confessed.

“So how long are you going to do this to Vic, Bre?”

“Do what?” I asked, looking at her with a brow raised. She knew I had been in love with Vince since forever. She knew of our history and our affair was no secret to her.

“Mess around with Vince. Vic loves you.”

“I know, Tay. Where is this coming from? You know the story. You know how I feel about Vince.”

“I know. But Vic... He’s a good guy.”

“I know that, Tay. Damn, what’s with this Team Vic?”

“Nothing. Listen, the reason why I really came by is because I really need you to talk to Nat. She has an assistant position open and she said she’d interview me. I’ve been calling her, but I can’t reach her, and I really need this job.”

“Tamar, you know you have to have an associate’s to get that position, right?”

“I know, Bre, but I’m like two courses away. Please talk to her,” she pleaded. “I really, really need this job and the benefits. You ladies are my friends and I need this.” It looked like her eyes welled.

“Tamar, I will talk to her. I didn’t know this was that important. I mean, what gives? Before this, you were this free spirit who didn’t give a damn about a degree or a career or even benefits, but now you look as if you’re going to cry.”

“Well, things change. I really need this favor, Bre. I have never asked you for anything, and I need this.”

“Okay, I will holla at Natalie, but you have to be prepared to work. Nat is hardcore and she requires a lot, so don’t think it’s going to be a walk-in-the-park type of gig. Our assistants work.”

“I know, Bre. I just have to get a job that pays well and I desperately need benefits.”

“Why now? Are you dying?”

“Hell no!” she yelled and then brought her tone down. “No, Bre, I’m fine. I just need to make some changes, and getting a real job and finishing school is what I need to do right now, for me and my ba— I mean future.”

I scratched my head. “Were you about to say ‘boyfriend’?”

“No, silly. I’m just ready to get my life on track. Maybe get a bigger place. Things are just different.”

I didn’t press it. I had to get to court. “Okay, love, fine. It’s done. I’ll talk to Natalie soon. I’ve got to get to court.” I stood. She got up and we walked out together.

When I got home, I wondered where Vic was. The house was quiet, so I decided to take a long bath. I texted Vic first and he didn’t reply. As soon as I was relaxed in my bubbles with a glass of red, my phone vibrated. It was Vince.

WHAT ARE YOU DOIN?

I replied, TAKING A BUBBLE BATH.

WHERE IS VIC?

OUT!

I’M AROUND THE CORNER

AND?

I WANTED 2 STOP BY. WANTED 2 HOLLA AT VIC, BUT SINCE UR ALONE, I CAN EAT UR PUSSY!

NICE TRY, BUT NO! I replied.

B THERE IN 5 MINS

I grabbed the sponge and washed. I hurried out of the tub and called Vic. When he didn’t answer, I dialed again and again, back to back. I had to know his location. I was horny and I wanted to fuck Vince, but I’d never gone there in my house. Finally, he answered.

“Baby, where are you?”

“I’m at Gary’s. We are having a couple beers.”

“What time are you coming home?”

“In a couple hours. We are watching the fight I missed on Saturday night.”

“Okay, baby, I was just checking. I’ll see you later.”

As soon as I hung up, I heard the door. Vince had a key.

“Brianna,” I heard him call out.

I walked down the steps in my tee and panties.

“Did you talk to Vic?”

“Yeah, he’s at Gary’s.”

“So are you going to let me fuck that pussy or what?”

“Yes. But not in the house.”

“Why not?”

“I can’t, Vince. Let’s go outside by the pool,” I suggested.

He followed me out, and as soon as he shut the sliding door behind him, his face was between my thighs, sucking on my clit. My heart was pounding, but I was too into the pleasure to give any thought to Vic catching us. Normally, when he hung out with Gary, he came home late. So I was confident Vince and I had time to do what we had to do.

“Eat that pussy, baby,” I moaned. He pulled my body closer to his mouth. He was licking it so good that I screamed out loud when I came. The neighbor’s dog began to bark and I laughed. “Let me suck your dick, baby,” I begged, grabbing at his jeans.

Before long, he was completely naked and I was taking all of his dick inside of my mouth. My heart was pounding with excitement. My pussy was wet and I wanted him to fuck me hard. I wanted to cum hard and I secretly wanted to be caught. I pulled away and opened my legs wide. He slid in and I moaned loudly.

Yes, I wanted the lies to be out in the open and behind me so Vince and I could have our happily ever after. I wanted Vic to be in the cut, watching to see how it should be done. How to please my pussy like Vince did.

“Oh, baby, I’m there. I’m going to cum all over your dick,” I panted.

He quickly pulled out, put his face back in the place, and made full circles around my clit and sucked. I exploded. He sucked every drop of my juices and then slid back in. When he

groaned and said he was ready, I did the exact same thing. I pulled away quickly and took him inside of my mouth. I jerked his shaft and let him explode in my mouth. I swallowed it all and he shook from the pleasure and excitement. We relaxed and put in another round before he departed.

I knew he wanted to be caught just as bad as I did, because he wanted me to himself. I knew he didn't care if Vic walked in on us. He gave me a long goodbye kiss at the door before he proceeded to his car. Deep down, we both knew we were wrong and crossing lines, but we wanted each other just that bad that we skated on thin ice that night. Vic could have caught us, and we giggled because he had not and we promised to do it again soon.

## Chapter 10

Vic

“Suck that dick, baby,” I said after I hung up with Brianna.

I went by Tamar’s to take her some cash for groceries, but she cornered me with the head. I told her I had to get back before Brianna got in, but she begged to give me an oral favor, so I let her. As soon as I unzipped my fly, Brianna began to text me, but I was too occupied to text back. By the time I was naked and deep in that pussy, Brianna called, so I paused to tell her not to wait up.

Yes, I lied and said I was at Gary’s, but you don’t know the way Tamar turned on the heat. She fucks like a porn star and she has toys, oils, and gadgets that have me screaming like a bitch. Yes, she was the first bitch to play with my asshole and the first bitch to ride me in her ass, and I was just caught up on the sex.

She was sexy, good God Tamar was sexy, but I didn’t want her like I wanted Brianna. “Awwww yes, baby, you know what Daddy like,” I moaned and then pulled my dick out. I was close to coming, and I wasn’t ready to explode yet. “Lay down,” I instructed and she did. I climbed on top and began to bang her to our favorite beat. She moaned and screamed and rubbed my back like she normally did. I pulled out and went down and licked her a bit to get it wet like it was when we started, and she came. I pushed back in and went for her nipples to get mine, but she screamed in pain.

“Not so hard,” she said. I frowned. I always sucked her bullets firmly, but she was jumping every time I sucked hard.

“What’s wrong, baby?” I panted, trying not to break my rhythm. The pussy was good and wet, and sucking on her hard nipples helped me to explode.

“Just not so hard,” she whimpered.

I went back to do what I do, and she squealed in pain. I ignored her pleas to take it easy and sucked hard as I squeezed her tit in my hand. My soldiers raced to the head of my dick and I pulled out and squirted all over her stomach and tits. I was more than satisfied, and she looked as if I had stabbed her.

“What the fuck, Tamar? What, baby? Why are you crying?”

“I told you to ease up,” she cried and turned over.

“Ease up. I always suck your titties like that. What’s wrong with you?” I said, still breathing hard.

“My tits are sore, alright, and that shit hurt.”

“Come on, why in the fuck are your tits sore? I asked confused. What’s up?”

“They just are, alright.” She pulled the covers over herself.

“Hey, hey, hey. I’m sorry, okay? Baby, I’m sorry. You’ve never complained before about me being too rough or sucking too hard. Hell, you’re usually begging me to bite them. I’m sorry.” I lay down next to her and held her, wondering what the hell was going on with her.

“It’s fine, Vic, okay. Just listen to me if I say it hurts.”

“Alright. Damn, baby, okay.” We lay there in silence for a moment.

“Vic, I need a bigger place,” she said out of the blue.

“What?”

“I’d like to get a bigger place.”

“For what?”

“Because I’m outgrowing this little box.” She got up. I watched her naked ass go over to the fridge. She grabbed the juice and poured some in a glass.

“A bigger place is more money, Tamar, and I’m helping you more than a little bit now because the pussy is good. A bigger place is out of the question.”



“So you can put Bre in a five-bedroom house, but I can’t even get a one-bedroom even though I’m fucking you like I’m your woman?”

“Awwww, here we go again with the sermon on how you are fucking me better. Let me say this again, Tamar. I love Brianna. She is the woman I am marrying. You are my side piece. I care about you, I do. I’d be lying if I said I didn’t. But you can’t put no demands on me or make me do anything. I pay your rent because I choose to. I put money on your nightstand just to show you that you mean a little more to me than some jump-off, so if you’re not content with what we have going on now, tell me and I’ll be out for good.”

“No, no, no, Vic. Damn. That’s not what I want. I want you. I want you to stop and take a look at what I offer you and what Brianna offers you. So what, she is smart and all that bullshit, but you keep running back to my bed!” she yelled.

I jumped up. I didn’t want to talk anymore. I wanted to fuck and then head home. I grabbed her face and put my tongue in her mouth. She tried to push me away and fight me off, but I kept going. I lifted her off the floor and put her onto the counter and pushed my dick back in. She tried to push me away, but before long, she was moaning and begging me to go deeper. I went back to her nipples and sucked hard. I didn’t let her squeals stop me from doing what I wanted to do. I nutted inside of her, something I did every now and then. I thanked God that after two years of fucking her, she was still taking her pills. Before I headed home to Brianna, I put ten crisp one-hundred-dollar bills on the nightstand for her rent and kissed her on the forehead.

When I made it home, as I suspected, Brianna was in a deep sleep with files from her case all over the bed. I woke her and helped gather her files to put them in her briefcase. I showered then cuddled close to her and held her. I wished my dick was in love with her as much as my heart was. Even though I wanted to remain faithful, she wasn’t sexual enough for me. The shit I got to do with Tamar would never fly with Brianna. I told myself that I’d eventually learn to do without

Tamar's sexual bliss, to one day be satisfied with the boring sex I had with Brianna. At least she was smart and didn't need me for my money.

## Chapter 11

Nate

I managed to make it out the door again with Natalie. Since Claire had been our visitor from hell, I made it a point to stay away from the house when Natalie was gone. When my wife went to bed, I went up with her. She asked was I okay a couple nights when I climbed into bed with her instead of hanging downstairs half the night. My excuse was I had to get up early to try to connect with some new clients. She didn't question it, and I didn't question how she didn't come home the other night. I took her at her word that she was at the office all night, because it wasn't uncommon for her to pull an all-nighter for a high profile case. And since her becoming partner was on the line, I knew she would put all of her energy into winning.

I just hated the nights alone with Claire. We were back to having an affair, something I didn't want then and definitely didn't want now. Things with her sort of just happened. We were both spending a lot of nights working at my dad's security company. Since Natalie and I were both so busy with work, we barely got any time in.

Natalie had just passed the bar and got on at Jefferson and Towns and she was trying to slam dunk every case she could, so I did most of the cooking and the cleaning when I wasn't sharing a late evening with Claire. It started off innocently, with us grabbing a bite after our shift or having a drink or two. One night, before I headed home, I called Natalie and, of course, she was still at the office. At that moment, I didn't want to be alone. I knew Claire was feeling me, but she had a man, and she knew Natalie and I were engaged.

"She's working late again?" she asked.

I sighed. "Yeah, she is."

“Jerome is visiting his parents in Baltimore,” she said.

I looked at her, not sure what to say.

“You’re welcome to come over for a while,” she offered.  
“That’s if you want to.”

Like a fool, I went. She offered me a drink, and after three drinks, she offered me head. Well, she didn’t actually open her mouth to ask if I wanted it. After we kissed, she took the liberty of undoing my jeans and taking my shaft into her mouth. It felt good and I missed the sensation of being orally stimulated. It had been more than three weeks since Natalie and I had sex and even longer since I had my dick sucked.

After she pleased me orally, she went for a condom, and I idiotically put it on. As I stroked Claire’s slippery opening, I thought of Natalie and wanted to stop, but I had already cheated. It was ten minutes too late to turn back from my fuck meeting with Claire. That night, we both agreed that would be the first and last time, but another night alone at work had my dick inside of her again. I had fallen into a routine of sex with Claire because with Natalie’s heavy case load, she was always busy. Closer to our wedding day, I went cold turkey and cut it off with Claire.

Natalie had been at the firm more than a year by then, and we began to behave like the couple we were supposed to be. She was home more and we were back to fucking every night. The late nights at work ceased and I was back to being the faithful man I was supposed to be.

Claire didn’t like it, but she had no choice. And I did the right thing and stuck to the rules until the night before my wedding. She convinced me to let her share that last moment with me, before I exchanged vows, and I did it. I knew it wasn’t a smart thing to do, since she had tried to convince me to leave Natalie and be with her. In a way, I felt sorry for her and felt like I used her, so fucking her that night was basically out of pity, not because I truly wanted to.

Now, I was ducking and dodging her, hoping she'd get out of our house soon. I didn't want to be cornered every time Natalie was gone. Having sex with Claire in our home was killing me and I was terrified we'd get caught. She didn't seem to mind at all and would comment on the changes she'd make to the place once Natalie was gone, and all I could do was shake my head.

The happiest day of my life was when she moved to Chicago with Jerome. I felt free and relieved, but now I was back to being on pins and needles, thinking at any moment I'd be found out. I was afraid to be in my own home when Natalie wasn't home because Claire behaved like she was the lady of the house when Natalie was away.

She'd call me baby, wanted kisses, and would prance around in little cute undies until she'd hear Natalie at the door. Then she'd quickly stop whatever she was doing and hurry to her room to act as if she and I hadn't been up to no good. Shit was intense and I didn't know how much longer I could take her living in our home.

She was definitely an unwanted guest from hell and I couldn't wait until she got her own place.

## Chapter 12

Vince

I walked into my crib, threw myself onto my couch, and blew out a big sigh. I was drained. I was angry. I was annoyed.

“Babe, are you okay?” Christina walked in out of nowhere.

I jumped up. “Hey, you scared me. I didn’t know you would be here.”

“I’m sorry, babe. I used the emergency key over the doorframe and decided to wait on you. I made you some pasta salad. It’s in the fridge.”

Christina was one of the few a man like me would call his wife. She was smart, beautiful, young, vibrant, and she filled the void I had when it came to Brianna. But she wasn’t Brianna. That was the only issue. I found myself wishing I could make her my Brianna.

“Babe, are you okay? Something awful is written all over your face.” She came over and sat next to me. I smelled the rose-scented body butter I gave her last month.

I leaned over and kissed her cheek.

“I’m fine, babe, how was your day?”

She worked as a manager of a local bakery. I listened as she told me how one of the customers had gotten into it with one of her employees. When she finished, she got up and turned on the stereo.

“So, I am guessing you are in a good mood now?” I laughed, watching her make my living room floor into her own personal dance floor.

“I could use a dance partner.” She smiled and extended her arms.

I stood to take her up on her offer, but realized I hadn't washed away the scent of Brianna from my body. I shook my head no.

"Let me shower first, babe. Lotion up and I am all yours. Cool?"

"Fine. I'll go fix dinner to go with that salad. She walked in the direction of my kitchen. "Tilapia okay with you?"

After saying that was fine, I made my way to my room, where I slipped out of my clothes and put them into the hamper. Then I turned the shower to its hottest temperature. I needed to wash away the funk, the evidence, and the tension my muscles were currently experiencing.

As I stepped into the shower, I heard my phone ring. I ignored it, knowing it could be only a few people bothering me at this time. I wasn't in the mood to be bothered. I was in the mood to relax, clear my head, and allow myself to enjoy Christina.

I wasn't in the shower but five minutes when I heard someone walk in. I wiped away the steam on the glass and zoomed in on Christina's silhouette.

"Babe, are you ok?" She stood there, not speaking. I tried to make out her facial expression, but it wasn't so visible through the steam. "Babe!"

She leaned against the counter and held out her hand. My cell phone. My eyes widened. My heart pounded. What did she see? What did she find? Was my lock not on my phone? I almost usually took it off when Christina wasn't around because I was too lazy to unlock it every time I wanted to use it.

"Brianna sent you a text. I think you forgot to put the lock back on your phone, Vince." While her tone was dry as dirt, her demeanor was angry and stiff. I reached over and cut the shower off, then pushed the shower door open, prepping myself to respond to what was going to be an accusation.

"Brianna texted me?"

“Yes, she did. Quite a connection you have there with your brother’s fiancée.”

I wanted to ask her what was she doing with my phone in the first place, but that would be a declaration of guilt. I had to play stupid if I had any chance of getting out of this. She turned the face of the phone toward her and read. “I wish you were still here.”

I reached for a towel and wrapped it around my waist. “Christina!” I whispered.

She looked up at me and I wanted to die. I had never seen her look this way.

“This ... this can’t be happening,” she said, shaking her head.

I walked over and took the phone out of her hand. “I am almost done, is dinner ready?”

She jerked her head towards me. “What?”

“Is dinner almost ready? I will be down in a minute. I don’t want to talk about this now.” I had the lie already in my head and was ready to execute it.

Christina took a couple steps back and tilted her head. “What the fuck does that mean, Vince?”

“First off, Brianna confessed something to me tonight. She messed up and needed someone to talk to. I can’t reveal her secrets because she confided in me. My ears, my reasoning, that’s it. But I am more concerned with why you were in my phone anyway.”

Christina stood speechless. She opened her mouth to say something, but apparently changed her mind. She nodded. “Okay, you’re right. I shouldn’t had been in your phone. I’ll see you downstairs.”

I put the phone on the counter as she walked off and blew out a sigh of relief. I surprised myself with how quick I was on my feet. I picked the phone back up and placed the lock back on without replying to Brianna. This shit was just too close. We seemed to be continuously slipping up lately.



## Chapter 13

Natalie

“Mrs. Moore, your two o’clock is here,” my assistant announced. I really didn’t want to have this meeting because my mind was pretty much made up. Tamar was our girl and all, but her working for me was not what I wanted to commit to. She was just not suitable. She was a fly-by-the-seat kind of woman, and she was just not a fit. I prayed and asked God how to let her down easy.

“Send her in, I’m ready.” I only agreed to this meeting because Brianna begged me.

A couple seconds later, she walked in. I smiled and offered her a seat and wondered why she looked different. We were friends and I’d seen her a million times, but she had a look that was undeniably gorgeous. Her skin was like butter, and if I didn’t know any better, I’d say she’d had her boobs lifted or was wearing a push-up bra from heaven, because her tits looked larger. She was radiant.

“Have a seat,” I offered. She sat.

“Look, Nat, thank you. I know that us being friends is an issue, but I need this job so bad that I’m willing to put our friendship aside. I promise, promise, promise, I’ll remain professional and not throw our friendship in your face. I’m efficient, I learn fast, and I swear you won’t regret hiring me,” she said in one breath.

I hated myself for having a soft heart. Looking at her being beautiful, professionally dressed, and sincere, I asked, “When can you start?” I was a sucker, yes, I was, and I knew hiring a girlfriend was a huge mistake, but her spiel had me and the temp I had was horrible.

“Today, tomorrow, whatever day you say, I can be here. I mean, I need this, Nat. I really need this. You have no idea

how much I need this.”

“I get it, Tamar, and you are hired, okay?”

“Thank you, Nat, thank you so much.”

“Listen, you are welcome, but please, talk to me, girl. Tell me who he is. I mean, ever since I’ve known you, you’ve been so nonchalant about school, money, career, etc. Now you are in here looking for a corporate gig with benefits.” I paused. “As your friend, I need to know, what’s up?”

She looked down. “Nothing. I just need a change, Nat. I plan to move, find a bigger place, and just claim some independence. You know me, boyfriends here and there picking up the slack. I want to be done with that.”

I looked at her. I knew there was something deeper, but I didn’t push.

“With that said, you can start Monday. I’ll have Bre’s assistant show you the ropes, and as long as you are willing to give me 110%, you and I will be fine.” She gave me a bright smile. We shook hands and she headed to HR to get processed in.

I hoped I hadn’t made a mistake. Friends, money, and business was a bad mix, and I hoped I hadn’t made the biggest friendship mistake of my life.

## Chapter 14

Brianna

I walked into the ladies' room and overheard someone blowing chunks. I tried to relieve my bladder quickly, because the sounds and smell made me nauseous too. When I finally opened the door to head to the sink, a familiar face emerged from the other stall. The stall of the woman who was blowing chunks.

"Tamar," I said looking at her reflection in the mirror.

She looked shocked. "Brianna."

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah, I'm fine. I just got out of my meeting with Natalie and my nerves are just out of whack."

"Are you sure, because you look pale as hell. Did the interview go that bad?"

"No, it was great. I start Monday."

"That's wonderful, Tamar." I hugged her. "Why are you in here throwing up, with such good news?"

"A virus maybe, I don't know." She bent down to rinse her mouth.

"It's the middle of the summer, Tamar, and I know there are no viruses going around. Come on, what's wrong?"

She looked down and didn't reply right away. "Excitement, I don't know. Maybe something I ate, but I feel so much better now."

"Okay. Well, I'm off, and I think we should go celebrate. You got the job and that's cause for a drink."

"Nah, I need to head home."

“Come on, Tamar, let’s go have a drink. I wanna talk about Vince.”

She frowned. “Vince. Oh my gosh, Bre... Why can’t you let that go? Vic adores you, yet you do him so wrong.” She looked at me as if she was Vic, not my girl Tamar.

“Damn, Tamar, I know. Do you think I’m proud of what I’m doing? I’m not!” I yelled. “Just come on and have a drink with me. I had a day in court that was stressful as hell, and each and every day, I wonder how my friendship with Nat will be after I make partner. Dammit, I need a drink.”

“Okay, just let me freshen up my face.”

She pulled out her makeup bag and we both freshened up our makeup. We stopped by Nat’s office and invited her, and she agreed to meet us soon.

When we got there, I ordered a red wine and Tamar ordered a virgin daiquiri. I knew then that something was up with her. She never declined a drink, especially when I was paying.

## Chapter 15

Tamar

AB

I didn't want to be there, sitting across from her knowing I was carrying Vic's child. She was involved with his brother Vince, but that still didn't excuse my foolish actions. Hell, I was just as wrong as she was. I went after Vic because I knew the true Brianna, but after some time as his side chick, I knew he was too caught up on her to even consider making me the lady in his life.

I'd never enjoy the huge house, shopping sprees, and worry-free lifestyle Brianna had. Deep down inside, I knew this baby wouldn't change the fact that this cheating, lying bitch had his heart.

"Wait a minute," Brianna said. "I came to drink. I have a case on my shoulders heavier than a two-story building, and you just got a new job. Drinking is appropriate for this occasion, Ms. Tamar."

"I know, babe, and I'm sad that you have a horrible case on your hands and know I am happy about my job, but I can't have a drink. I'm on this cleansing diet and drinking is a no-no."

"Bitch, please. That's never stopped you before. What's going on? Your tits are huge, did you secretly have some work done?"

I wanted to disappear. I knew I'd be found out soon. My tits were bursting out of all of my bras and cute tops. "Well, this one is different, Brianna. And I'm going to be a good girl and follow the instructions."

"Umm-hmmmm." She took a sip and looked at me with suspicious eyes.

I was shaking like a leaf. “Seriously. And you know I ain’t had no work done. This is all me,” I said, referring to my boobs. I knew they had grown, and why, but I wasn’t going to spill.

“Whatever, Tamar,” she said and waved for our server. “Bring her a strawberry martini,” she ordered.

That was my favorite, but drinking was out of the question.

“No, seriously, sir, the virgin daiquiri is fine,” I insisted.

“Please, Tamar, have at least one with me.”

“Bre, I want to, but I don’t want no crazy-ass side effects to happen to me on this thing. I mean, I start my new job on Monday. Calling off because I messed up my stomach is not an option.”

“Fine, fuck it. I’ll drink until Nat gets here. I ain’t mad at you about you cleansing, because I can see you are picking up some pounds,” she said and sipped. “But hey, whatever works for you.”

After a couple more drinks, Nat finally showed. I didn’t expect to see Claire with her. Claire knew she wasn’t one of my favorite people, but I smiled when she sat down.

They ordered food and drinks, and as soon as the waiter sat the appetizers on the table, I had to rush to the bathroom because the smell made me nauseous again. I gagged, but thank God, nothing came up. When I exited the stall, I was confronted by my man’s woman. She was standing with her arms crossed.

“Tamar, spill it. You’ve thrown up twice and you didn’t drink. Tell me the truth, girl. Are you pregnant?”

I lowered my head and didn’t want to answer. “No,” I lied. “It has to be this cleansing diet I’m on.”

“Bullshit, Tamar. We’ve been friends for years. You have been on tons of cleansing diets and downed a bottle of wine. Your skin is fucking glowing and your tits are spilling out of your damn shirt. Talk to me, Tamar, tell me the truth. Are you?” She sounded concerned.

I didn't want to confess, but I whispered, "Yes."

Her mouth and eyes opened wide. "Oh my God, that is crazy. You're having a baby. Oh my God, Tamar. How far? By who? Who are you pregnant by?"

Of course, I had no answer. I smiled and lied, "Tommy." Tommy was a dude that I was on and off with for years. His was the only name I could think of.

"Wow." She smiled.

"But please don't say anything. Swear to me you won't say anything until I'm ready."

"I won't, I promise."

"That means Vic too. No one, Brianna, promise me."

"I promise." She smiled again and gave me another tight squeeze and we went back to the table. I told the girls I wasn't feeling well and made my exit.

When I got home, I opened the door to Vic sitting on my sofa. When he looked up at me with furrowed brows, I knew Brianna had not kept her promise.



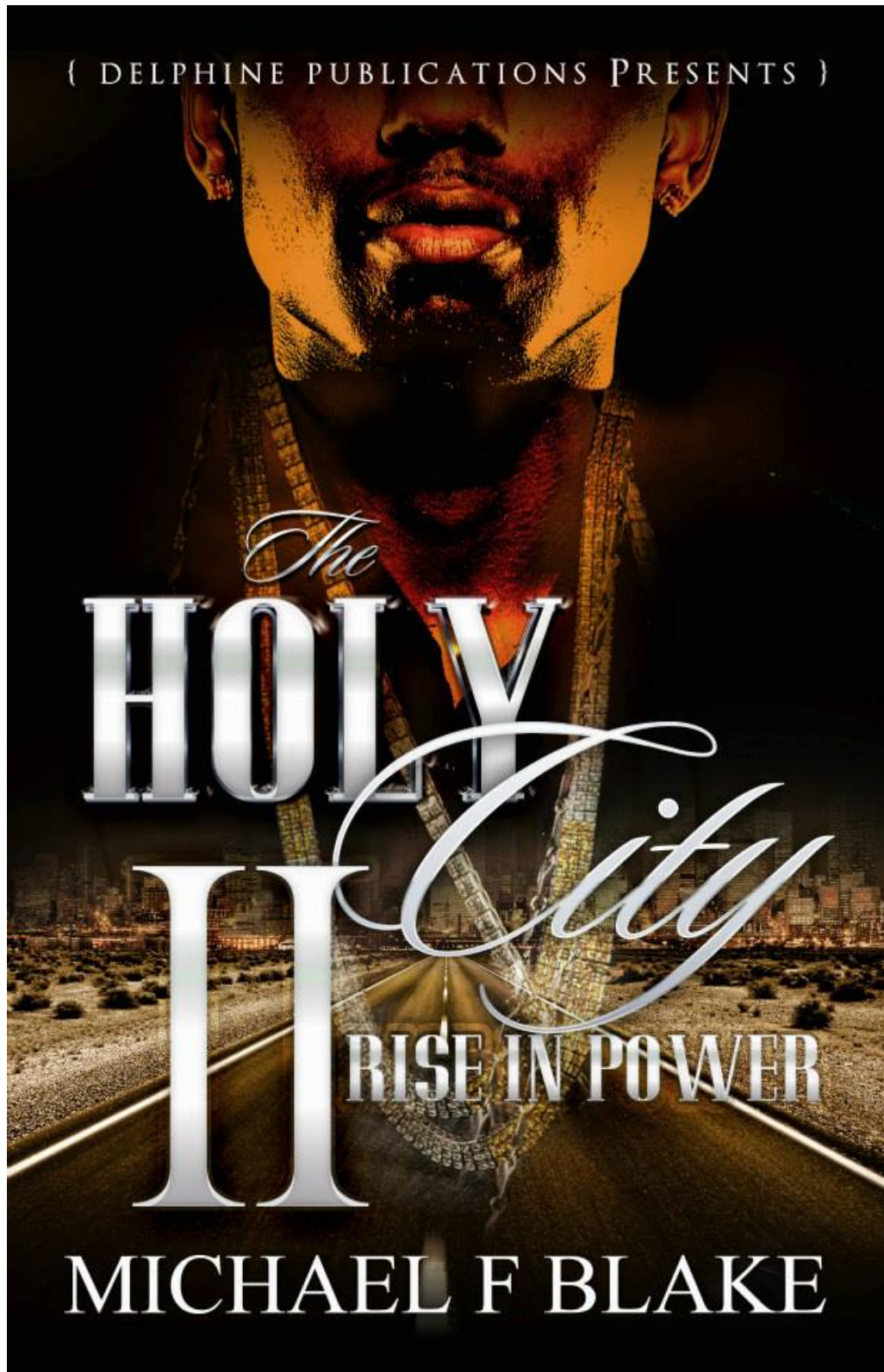
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