

ENDIYA CARTER

THE TIME
shaved

KENNEDY SISTERS NOVEL
BOOK ONE

THE TIME SHARED

ENDIYA CARTER

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Message

You'll read more about Sayi & Yuli in Dr. Jordan Kennedy's book.

Tap Picture

SYNOPSIS

Yuliana Kennedy; left at the altar.

Sayi Mathis; left after twenty years of marriage.

Two people left by the people they pledged to spend the rest of their lives with, were mistakenly checked into the same condo on vacation with their families and friends. Yuliana, nor Sayi were thinking about meeting someone on a trip that was supposed to pull them out of the bad space they were in, but one thing about love is that it sneaks up on you when you least expect it.

YULIANA KENNEDY (YULI)

WHEN I BLEW THE WHISTLE, I couldn't have been more excited. This would be the last try out practice for the Savannah State Volleyball team until me and the head coach picked the new girls that would replace the senior girls that graduated a couple of weeks ago. I was the assistant coach and had been for a long time. I had no desires to be the head coach, even though I had subbed in for the head coach plenty of times. I never even applied for this job either, the head coach, Marian Crawford or Coach C, was my coach when I played in college. She grew to be a second mom to me and knew everything about me. I watched as the girls gathered their things, meeting me at the center of the court. I looked around at all the tired faces and remembered when I was in their positions. Fifteen girls had come to try out, but I could only choose five and it was going to hurt my soul because they were all so damn good. I was going to make sure that I sent out personal emails to the girls that didn't make it, to tell them to keep trying and what they needed to work on. I learned that from Coach C.

“Hey ladies, I would like to thank you all for coming out and giving your all for the last week. I'll be sending out emails within the next two weeks. Have a great and safe summer, and for the girls that will be a part of the team, I look forward to seeing you at the beginning of July,” I said and dismissed them.

After they walked out of the gym, I walked into Coach C's office and sat in the chair across from her. To be her age, a little over fifty years old, she looked great. She was in shape

and didn't look her age at all. She was doing one of her favorite things to do on her break; read Oprah's magazine.

"So, what are you thinking?" Coach C asked me.

"They are all so good. It's going to be hard to pick just five."

She closed the magazine and looked up at me. "And how are you doing?"

"I'm good. You know me. I rise above all adversity."

She leaned back in her chair and continued to look at me. It was one of those looks your mother gave you when she knew you were lying and was giving you a chance to change your answer.

"Kennedy, don't give me that. I've let you ignore my calls for the last four weeks, *and* let you skate around here all week without bringing you in here and forcing you to talk to me. I've been knowing you for eleven years now. You are like my daughter. Hell, you *are* my daughter. So, I'm going to ask you again. How are you doing, for real? It's okay to not be okay, Kennedy."

I rolled my eyes to the ceiling and then to the floor. I inhaled and exhaled slowly, so I could stop myself from crying, but it didn't stop my eyes from filling with water. My breathing started to slow, and I couldn't control it anymore before I burst into a full-blown sob. Coach C stood up and came over to console me. She wrapped her arm around me, and I laid my head on her shoulder.

"When was the last time you cried, Kennedy?"

"This...I... is... the first time."

"What I tell you about that? You can feel emotions. You are not a robot. It's okay to feel weak sometimes."

I closed my eyes and let the tears flow freely down my face. That's why she was like another mom to me. My mom had been telling me the same thing, but I felt like if I cried, he'd be winning. I felt like I shouldn't be crying when he more

than likely wasn't sitting around crying about me. I cried for about ten minutes, before I calmed down.

“Has he reached out to you? Or have you tried to reach out to him?”

Him.

Him being Elijah Johnson or EJ. The guy that I had given my all to for the last five years of my life. He and I were friends the four years I was in college. He wanted to get with me when I was a Freshman, but I wasn't ready to be tied down. I had just moved out of my parents' house and was ready to live my life. I didn't want to spend some of the best years of my life in a relationship and EJ understood that, so we remained friends. Two years after I graduated from college, EJ and I finally made it official. We dated exclusively for four months before we moved in together. We had been knowing each other for years, and spent the night with each other countless times, so it felt right moving in with each other. Our relationship was borderline perfect, to me. We barely argued. We had sex all the time. We both had good jobs, so money was never an issue. We traveled a lot. Both of our families loved each other. After four years of us being together, EJ got down on his knee, and proposed to me in front of both of our families and friends. It was the happiest day in my life. I never pressured him to propose to me or anything like that, so it truly came as a complete surprise.

Fast forward to the week before the wedding, EJ had started acting weird. Weird enough for me to notice it. I asked him if he was getting cold feet, and he told me that he wasn't. I spoke to my parents about it, and my dad told me that he would talk to him. A couple days later, my dad told me that he had talked to EJ and he said that he was okay. He just couldn't wait until the day it was over because his family had been stressing him out about it. I found that completely weird. We had a wedding planner, and his family, who had been “stressing” him out about it, hadn't lifted one finger to pay a dime, so they shouldn't have been stressing him out about anything, but I took EJ's word for it because he would never lie to my father.

Fast forward again to the day of the wedding. I was in the bridal room with my bridesmaids getting ready. My dad had three girls and one of the promises that he made us was that he would give us the wedding of our dreams, so my father had spared no expense for his baby girl getting married. As far as I was concerned, the day was perfect. It wasn't until it was time for the wedding to get started that EJ was nowhere to be found. My dad had slipped into the room and asked to speak to me alone. I thought that he just wanted to cry with me, but there wasn't a tear in his eye; it was rage. He told me that he couldn't get in contact with EJ. I knew right then and there that a wedding wasn't going to happen. I called EJ and I couldn't get an answer. Even his friends had tried to call him, and they got nothing. It was easily the worst day of my life. Everyone I knew was there, including the people at my first job, where I was a radio personality at 94.1 The Beat, which was also streaming the wedding live by the way. I didn't want to toot my own horn, but I was kind of popular around Savannah, so a lot of people knew me. So, basically, in front of the whole Savannah, EJ embarrassed me. The last time I saw or spoke to EJ was two days before the wedding. Although my father has seen him, and it wasn't pretty. When I say it wasn't pretty, I mean that my dad, at the age of fifty-five, spent the weekend in jail after he beat the brakes off EJ.

“No, I haven't seen or talked to him, Coach C. He probably doesn't want to see me after my father beat him up. I might beat him up if I ever see him again. Savannah is big enough for us to never see each other ever.”

She chuckled a little. “Yeah, your father beating up a ripe young thirty-year-old at his age was the talk of the city for weeks, especially since he beat him up in a very public place where everyone has those camera phones. What have you been doing to take your mind off everything?”

“Well, work and Volleyball, but my aunt and sisters are forcing me to go down to Orlando or somewhere close to there with them for the week. We are driving down tomorrow and coming back Sunday after next.”

“I think that’s good because if I still know you, you’ve been cooped up in that house ignoring everybody and working yourself to death through the grief. You know... kinda like what you did when you lost your grandmother, and then your grandfather shortly afterwards. Take some time to grieve, Kennedy, and have fun in Orlando. You know how much trouble you can get into with eight days in Orlando. Did you even celebrate your birthday a couple weeks ago? I know you didn’t, so you don’t even have to answer that.”

I kissed my lips. “I’m not looking for any trouble. I’m only going down there because my aunt and sisters begged me to go. I still have less than twenty-four hours to change my mind,” I said and stood up.

“You better not though. See you later, Kennedy. Send me plenty of pictures.”

I hugged her before leaving her office. I needed that cry because I hadn’t cried about the situation, I had just been angry. So angry because I didn’t even know the reason why he had stood me up on our freaking wedding day. Eventually, I am sure we would have to have a conversation, but as of right now, I didn’t want to talk to him.

When I stepped outside, the May Savannah sun immediately started beating down on me. I hadn’t walked ten feet, before perspiration started to form at my hairline. As I walked by the yard where all the college kids were congregating, I’m sure talking about their summer plans, I smiled because I remembered those days. I was born and raised to be a Savannah Tiger. Both my parents graduated from Savannah State and so did my aunt and sisters. I was the last to graduate seven years ago. The only thing different I did from my family was play Volleyball. I played all throughout high school and wanted to continue to college, and when Coach C came and sat in my living room to offer me a scholarship, I was elated. While playing Volleyball, I majored in Mass Communications, which was how I was able to land my own three-hour slot at the blackest radio station in Savannah; 94.1 The Beat. I talked about all the shit going on in the Black community. People could call in and vent, and

there was a time slot where I gave out advice. On Fridays, I interviewed a young entrepreneur from Savannah and surrounding areas, just to give them a spotlight.

As I walked through the parking lot, a young man ran up to me with a CD in his hand. “YuKen, you gon’ play my song today on your show? My name is Money.”

I smiled at him. “Of course, Money. Is this the clean version?”

“Um... It’s a little clean. I had been trying to catch you for the longest. You good though? I heard...”

“Don’t or I’ll crack this CD on top of your head.”

He held his hands up before laughing. “He gon’ regret that shit because you are a baddie. Thank you for this opportunity though.”

“Don’t thank me yet. I have to get my producer to approve it first. I’ll give it a listen on the way there though. If it gets approved, it’ll play at 1:35, and then again at 2:25. You know I’m going to have to hit the crowd with the hit or miss and my people are brutally honest.”

“They gon’ love my shit. Look forward to hearing it,” he said before he walked away from me.



The moment I entered The Beat radio station, I saw the most annoying person in the world. I tried not to make eye contact and go the other way, but that didn’t work.

“Yuli Yuli Yuliii, can’t you see, sometimes your eyes just hypnotize me...”

Oh God.

“Heyyy, Cam,” I spoke in the most uninterested way I could. “How are youuu?”

Cam was my producer’s intern and he was as annoying as they came. I was so thankful that his internship would be over

at the end of May. I could deal with him because he was annoying, but he knew his work. I would much rather deal with Cam than the last intern, he had that always made rapey comments toward me and the other women on staff.

“I am good, Yuli. Will wanted me to let you know to meet him in his office, and your Friday interview is here in the green room. Her name is—”

“Skylar Mathis. I set up the interview. Thanks, Cam,” I said, before I skated away from him as quick as I could before he said something else.

“Knock, knock,” I said before pushing Will’s door open.

He beckoned me in while he was on the phone.

“Okay, I got you,” Will responded to whoever was on the phone, before he placed it in its cradle.

“Hey, how are you doing?”

“I’m good. What’s up?”

“So, *my* boss has called and talked about your ratings, and they are good, but he feels like they could be better.”

“What part of me does he want me to exploit next?”

“It’s not like that, Yuliana. He wants you to open up about your... you know. He feels like it would make your ratings skyrocket.”

“Curtis wants me to exploit myself by talking about my fucking heartbreak. Will, I was with that man for six years and he stood me up and wasted my parents’ twenty thousand dollars. I was already embarrassed in front of the whole city, and now he wants me to relive it every single day I’m on air.”

“Yuliana. Please calm down. When you’re angry on air, the listeners can tell. Curtis told me that some of your listeners contacted him and thought that their calls were being screened. It’s been four weeks, and no one has gotten through that wants to talk about your wedding fiasco.”

“You know what? Fuck it! Put them all through! If Curtis wants to hear me have a break down on air, then let’s fucking

do it! I'm going to get started because I have a packed show today!" I shouted and stood up. I pulled Money's CD out of my bag and slammed it on his desk. "Preview that before I play it for Hit or Miss today. Thank you."

I stomped out of his office and gathered myself, before I had to go in the studio. I stopped by the green room to make sure Skylar was okay. When I poked my head in the door, she was pacing the floor.

"I guess it's a good thing that people only have to listen to your voice and not see you," I said before laughing.

She stopped and looked at me. "YuKen!" she shouted my name before rushing over and shaking my hand. "You're even more beautiful in person. I'm so thankful for this opportunity. Thank you for reaching out to me. My parents couldn't believe it when I told them that I was going to be on the radio talking about my new lash and gloss line."

"I can't wait to hear about it. You'll be on in about thirty minutes to an hour. So, you have a little more time to pace. I am sure you met Cam. He'll bring you in. See you in there."

In the studio, I spoke to my board op, Stewart, and he threw his head back.

"You look pissed. I'm assuming you spoke to Will."

I plopped down in my chair and rolled my eyes before picking up my headphones.

"You'll be aight, Yuli."

"I know I will. After today, he's going to be so upset, but the ratings are going to skyrocket, so... whatever."

I placed my headphones on and kept my eyes on Stewart. He held up five fingers and when he got down to two fingers, he pointed at me.

"What up people? You are now listening to the Afternoon Rendezvous Show and I am your humble, and blessed host, YuKen. We have a very packed show for you today. We have a young, newly graduated entrepreneur by the name of Skylar Mathis here to talk about her new gloss and lash line for my

entrepreneur segment. For my Hit or Miss segment, I'm going to play a young artist by the name of Money's new single. Before I start taking calls, I would like to get something off my chest. Why do men like to profit off women's pain? I mean, I get it, pain sells. Beyoncé talked about her pain in her album Lemonade, and we rock out to the shit. Mary J. Blige talked about her pain in a lot of her songs, and we rock out to it, and don't get me started on Adele honey because only Lord knows how many times I played her songs at the time, as if I was going through a heartbreak myself. Anyway, I came into work today and my boss informed me that I should talk about my personal life to get more ratings, so that's what I'm going to do. Now, I had been doing well keeping my personal life off air, but that's not enough. The only calls I'll be taking today are about my personal life. If you are new here, thank you for listening, but four weeks ago, my ex-fiancé decided not to show up to our wedding. I don't know why, and I don't care to know, but if you have questions about it, hit me up. Those are the only questions I'll be answering today. If you want to know about Yuliana Kennedy, please dial 912-555-2345. Again, that number is 912-555-2345. Listen to some new Drake while you get your questions together."

I took my headphones off and stared at Stewart.

"You wild, girl," Stewart said and laughed.

"Curtis and Will know not to play with me. I been doing this shit since I was twenty-two years old. I know what I'm doing. These people barely knew about me, but suddenly because people want to know about punk ass EJ, I should cater to them. I'm Beyoncé in this radio world. You only know what I want you to know and everything else you speculate, but nah. We about to get real candid today."

I looked at my phone to see that Curtis was calling me, but I ignored it. He knew I wasn't the one or the two to play these silly games with. He knew when he asked me to do something that I genuinely didn't want to do, I would go overboard with it. He called three times again back to back, but I ignored each one of them. Stewart snapped his fingers and I put my headphones back on.

“Welcome back, it’s YuKen, and it’s the Afternoon Rendezvous show. You know we normally do an afternoon vent session, but I’m only taking questions about my personal life. Caller state your name and ask your question.”

“My name is Brittney and I don’t have a question; I got a statement. I’ve been following you on social media for a long time, and I thought that you and Elijah looked cute as hell together. You looked genuinely happy with him. I hope he gets run over by a—”

My board op cut her off in the middle of her statement. “Thank you, Brit Brit, but you know I can’t promote violence on here, but if you could see me, I am winking my eye,” I laughed. “Caller state your name and ask your question.”

“My name is Debra. Did you see any signs that he would stand you up?”

“Debra, no I didn’t. The week before the wedding, he started acting strange, and I spoke to my father about it. He told my father that his family, who didn’t chip in on one recent night I add, was stressing him about the wedding and wanted it to be over. Never thought he would stand me up. Dead ass. Thank you. Next caller.”

“My name is Teisha. Do you think he was cheating on you?”

“Hey Teisha. Honestly, I don’t think he was. If he was, he kept them in line, honey. Next caller.”

“My name is Anthony. So, that means you single now? I can show you how a real woman should be treated.”

“Yup, but I am definitely not looking. The next man, God will have to sit him in my lap with a letter taped to his forehead saying *this is the one* before I even think about dating. Next caller.”

“My name is Deon. What the hell you do for a negro to not show up on your wedding? I mean most dudes just go through with the wedding even though they don’t want to, so they won’t embarrass the chick, but he ain’t show up at all. You must be a horrible ass woman.”

I closed my eyes and opened them slowly because I didn't want to go off on him. "Deon, I ain't do nothing I hadn't done since day one of the relationship, and if most men don't want to get married; they just don't ask. The hell type of question is that? Next and last caller. Ask away."

"My name is Tammy. Was that really your fine ass daddy beating his ass down on Facebook? They said your daddy beat him bloody."

I burst out laughing. "Please don't call my dad fine. Oh gosh, but I plead the fifth. I don't know a thing. Thank you to all the calls this afternoon, I'll be taking more soon, but next we are going to have young entrepreneur Skylar Mathis on to talk about her lip gloss and lash line. We got Future on for you next."

I snatched my headphones off and looked at Stewart. "Weren't those questions boring as fuck? Like, why would Curtis get off on that? Those questions are lukewarm at best."

"Hell yeah, I thought they would ask some more shit."

In the middle of the song, Cam brought Skylar in. She didn't look as nervous as she was when I first saw her. She placed some of her gloss and lashes on the table. The packaging was so pretty, so I was already sold on it.

"You still nervous?" I asked her.

She shook her head. "Not anymore. I'm excited now. I'm listening to you in the room and you handled those questions like a champ. I would have broken down and started crying."

I waved my hand. "Oh girl. These people will not get to me on air. Those lukewarm questions weren't going to get under my skin. Just a tip, we are going to talk just like we sisters on here. You got a sister?"

"Yeah, one, but we kind of at odds right now, but that's another story for another time."

"Sorry to hear that, but me and you ain't like that. We just gon' chill and have a good time. Before you know it, your fifteen minutes will be up, I swear."

She smiled and nodded her head. Stewart snapped his fingers and started counting down.

I took a deep breath. “Welcome back, it’s YuKen, and it’s the Afternoon Rendezvous show. You know on Fridays I have a segment called Fifteen Minutes of Fame, and today, I have with me Skylar Mathis. She just started her business of lash and gloss line called Skylar’s Creations. Welcome to the show, baby girl. Tell us about yourself.”

She smiled. “Thank you for having me YuKen. My name is Skylar Mathis, and I just graduated from high school about three weeks ago. My plan is to start esthetician school next month, so I can start incorporating face products into my lash and gloss line.”

“Yes, I love a woman with a plan. How long have you been selling gloss and lashes, and why did you decide to start to sell those items?”

“Well, my parents got sick and tired of buying me new lip gloss every other week because I use to lose mine a lot, so I started to make my own. It took about ten botched batches to get it right, but I finally did. My dad helped me out with all the FDA stuff when I wanted to add the color glosses to my line. So, I am covered at all costs. I started to sell lashes because I love lashes. Lashes always make me feel like a bad—”

“Watch your mouth young lady,” I cut her off.

“I was only gonna say Bad B,” she said and laughed.

By the time the interview was over, Skylar had become a natural on the radio, and immediately talked about wanting to come back just to help me around the studio. I told her that I would like that, and we could keep in touch. After we followed each other on social media, I had enough time to walk her out of the studio.

Once I was back in the studio, Stewart looked at me and shook his head.

“The call light is ringing off the hook, Yuli.”

“I bet it is. I only have an hour left, Stewart, and I’m done with this place until next Monday,” I said and put my

headphones on.

Out of the corner of my eye, I watched Stewart count me down to get started.

“Welcome back, it’s YuKen, and it’s the Afternoon Rendezvous show. If you missed the young Skylar Mathis talking about her lash and gloss line, the information will be posted on the station’s Facebook page later today. Anyway, I’m back to taking calls about my personal life. The phone is blowing up. Y’all are nosy as hell. Caller number one. State your name and your question.”

“My name is Chris. Do you take any accountability for him leaving yo’ ass like that?”

I laughed. “Chris, if I had something to take accountability for, I would, but I don’t. I haven’t talked to him, so I don’t know if it was me who truly did anything wrong. I suppose I’ll keep you updated. Next caller.”

“I would like to stay anonymous,” the caller said, and I already knew that it was about to be some bullshit. This person had clearly done something to alter their voice. “So, is it true that you had been leading Elijah on in the bedroom? From what I heard, he doesn’t make you cum in the bedroom, and he had to find out from reading your journal. That’s just what I heard from someone else.”

Stewart was getting ready to hang up, but I stopped him. I took a deep breath before responding.

“Anonymous, you are telling me something new. So, you’re saying to me that EJ left me the day of our wedding because he snooped through my things and found a journal of mine?”

“That’s exactly what I’m saying. He said that he couldn’t go through with the wedding because eventually you’d cheat on him and—”

“Let me stop you right there, hon. If I hadn’t cheated in years, then why would I cheat now? That was a coward way out, if you ask me. Plus, all women don’t have orgasms from penetration, and that doesn’t make the sex bad. I tried to tell

his ass to make some accommodations in the bedroom, but he didn't want to, so it was what it was, but the sex wasn't bad."

"So, it's true. Got you. Well, it must be you because he been taking me on an orgasmic trip for the last week. He said things ain't really been the same since you got your vagina pierced. Sorry, girl," she said and laughed.

"Congratulations, sis. Next caller."

My eyes had filled with water. I kept staring ahead at the wall, and not at Stewart who kept trying to get my attention.

"Um, my name is Brea, and I had a question, but after just hearing that anonymous call, I wanted to make a statement. You are beautiful, and you will find another man who's not too much of a coward to speak to you about issues and stuff that he's found out about by snooping. That is not something to leave you over. If he was a real man and loved you like he said he did, he would have been trying to figure out your body enough to make you orgasm; given what the caller said was true. Honestly, it's a self-drag. He felt so damn incompetent that he had to go out and see if he could make another woman have an orgasm, instead of trying to find ways to make you have one, again, given the information is true. His dumb ass just didn't want to get married. YuKen, you'll be fine. I promise. Have a good day."

She hung up before I could even thank her for her kind words. It's honestly what I needed to hear. I was done for today and didn't want to take any more calls. As soon as Stewart sent us to commercial, Will rushed into the studio.

"I don't want to fucking hear it, Will. I hope you and Curtis are happy now. I'm leaving. Fuck you, and fuck Curtis. Please be hella surprised if I even show up next Monday," I said to him and then looked at Stewart. "Make sure you play Money's single and add it to the Facebook page for the station."

When he nodded his head, I gathered my things and stood up. I brushed past Will and out of the studio. I rolled my eyes because Will was on my heels the whole damn time trying to

beg me to talk to him. Will followed me all the way out to my truck.

“Yuli, please talk to me. I never thought...”

“Men never think until afterwards. That’s what both you and Curtis wanted. You wanted me embarrassed on air, and you got it. So, again, please be hella surprised if I show up next Monday. The way I’m feeling right now, this is the last time you’ll see me.”

“Yuli, that was all Curtis. Damn. I would have never let you get embarrassed like that. You have to understand that Curtis is *my* boss. I was just following orders.”

I popped the locks on my truck and placed my things in the back seat.

“If you really cared about me like you are standing here trying to tell me you do, then you would have stood up to *your* boss. Move before I back over you.”

When I got in the truck, Will moved out of the way because he knew I didn’t play with him. The whole way home, my thumb hovered over the button on my steering wheel to call EJ’s ass. Out of the whole time that me and EJ have been together, I’d never been approached by a woman. If he was out cheating on me, I didn’t know because he was the definition of never bringing it to my front door. I got tested for everything every six months because you just never know sometimes, and now I’m thankful that I did. I also felt like crying because everything that lady said about me was true. I honestly didn’t have the heart to tell EJ that I wasn’t finishing, so I journaled about it, but that was years ago. He had to have been snooping deep for that journal. I confided in my aunt and sisters about it, and almost a year ago, my aunt told me to get a vertical clitoral hood piercing because it could add to the sensation. That didn’t work either. I mean, it created sensation for me when I pleasured myself, but EJ still couldn’t make me cum. I don’t know why he harped on that part, when I also said that he had some great sex, and it wasn’t him. I just have to believe that the last caller was right; he just didn’t want to get married.

When I pulled in my driveway, I sighed because my older sister's car was in my driveway. If my older sister was in my house, then that means my middle sister was in there, and if my middle sister is in there, then that means my aunt was in there. We were all thick as thieves since we were so close in age. No matter what they were doing, they always listened to my show, so I'm sure that they heard the anonymous call and were furious. I took a deep breath before I stepped out of my truck. Before I could even get my key in the lock, the door flew open and my Aunt Ashley stood there with a scowl on her face. She was all of five foot four and had an attitude that would scare a man that was seven foot tall.

"I am going to finish his ass off, and do what my brother should have done," Ashley hissed.

"Aunt, I don't—" I started.

"I ain't never met a man that had such a death wish like that negro, Elijah."

That was Jordan; my sister who was only two years older than me at thirty-one. She was just like me; not married and no kids. I didn't even say a word because I knew that my older sister was coming with a word.

"I am on the phone with Dad right now. He's going to handle him again, Yuli. Don't you worry about it," Camila said with her phone pressed to her ear.

"Can I just get in my house, please, ladies? Plus, I thought I told y'all the extra key was for emergencies."

"This *is* an emergency," Ashley said as I walked by her.

"Right. How dare he!? He screws another girl and then he pillow talks about your orgasm issues. I can't wait to get my hands around that scrawny little neck. I wanted to go up to his job, but Camila stopped me," Jordan said.

"Ladies! Let's just calm down. What are y'all doing here, for real?" I asked.

"Well, we came over here to help you pack because—" Camila started.

“I told y’all that I would be packing today when I got off from work.”

“—because we know how you can be really flakey,” Camila finished her sentence.

“I wasn’t going to flake.”

They all stood and stared at me before I started laughing. “Okay, I may or may not have flaked on a few events, but it was all warranted though. Y’all act like—” I stopped talking when they all cocked their heads to the side at the same time. “No, for real. There was that one time that y’all were definitely somewhere that I didn’t want to be. Anyway, thank y’all for packing my clothes, I guess, even though I was truly going to pack my own clothes.”

“Also, we packed your clothes, so you wouldn’t bring any of those grandma clothes, covering up all your assets. You are single and you are going to act like it. My sis-in-law didn’t give you all those assets for you to cover them up,” Ashley said.

“Whatever. I’ll make us drinks,” I told them and walked in the kitchen.

It looked like this vacation was going to be much needed.

SAYI MATHIS

MY CHEST SWELLED with pride as my uncle, the former chief, spoke about how I had dedicated my blood, sweat, and tears to fire station five out of Savannah, Georgia. I'm forty-five years old and I've had my eyes set on battalion chief since the moment I graduated from the fire academy. My dad was a battalion chief, and so was his father. While this was supposed to be the best day of my life, it was easily the worst. Both of my parents had died a little while back, and the woman who I've loved since I was twenty-two years old wasn't here to pin me. Tessa left me five months ago and filed for divorce. She alleged that I wasn't home with her enough, when I thought that I was. I mean I never knew it was a problem, until I got off one day and her bags were packed. She took our sixteen-year-old daughter, Serenity, with her while our eighteen-year-old, Skylar stayed with me. Since Tessa left, Skylar and Serenity have been at odds with each other and I hated it. They couldn't be around each other for more than ten minutes before they were at each other's throats. It really hurt that only Skylar showed up for me, but it was all good. I guess I could be happy that both of my brothers made it out to see my ceremony.

After my uncle finished his speech, out of the corner of my eye I saw Skylar walk up to the top of the stage. I turned to her and she walked across the stage to me. I turned towards her and stood at attention. She was the spitting image of me, and she had the greatest smile. She was super smart and graduated at the top of her class. To her, I was her best friend, and hero.

When she stopped in front of me, I could see that she had big tears rolling down her face.

“Dad. You look really good. Perfect, even. No matter what, I am so very proud of you. You’ve talked about this moment for as long as I can remember. You’ve worked very hard to get here and I’m sure the whole city of Savannah appreciates you and everything that you do for the community. I’m proud to be your daughter. You’re going to make a great chief. Chief Sayi Mathis, you are my hero, and I am so happy that you are my father. Congratulations.”

Once she pinned me, I pulled her into a hug, and everyone started cheering. After the ceremony was over, I walked Skylar to her car because I was about to get back to work.

“You did great today on the radio. You didn’t sound as scared as you were when you texted me all those times back to back.”

“Yeah, the host. Yuli... well, YuKen, made me very, very comfortable. She said that we could keep in touch. She was extremely nice and it’s a shame that her boss made her air out her business like that.”

“Yeah, that was tough. I heard that too. Did you get some sales?”

“Actually, I did. I got about fifty new sales as soon as I finished the interview. I’m so excited to go get them fulfilled. You still going down to Orlando with your friends, right? Please don’t let mom stop you from having fun. She’s having fun.”

I scrunched my eyebrows. “What? With who?”

She shrugged her shoulders. “I don’t know. She’s dating some man. She told us that she wanted us to meet him, and—”

I held my hand up. “The divorce has only been final for a month,” I sighed.

“Dad don’t do this to yourself. Go on your trip and have fun. I’m going to stay over Uncle Seth’s house while you gone because I would go crazy staying over there.”

I laughed. “I get it.”

Before she could say something else, the bell sounded.

“Alright, Chief. Go do some Chief work.”

I kissed her on the forehead, before running back over to the station.



“Chief, we are about to kick it hard,” Dunn said.

He sat across the table from me, swallowing his food. The last fire that we went to took a lot out of us. It was an apartment fire. One whole building was completely destroyed. I had been trying to rest ever since we been back and all him, Caldwell, and Jackson could talk about was the trip that Dunn planned to celebrate me becoming chief.

“He needs to have a little fun. He’s been moping around here for the last few months,” Jackson said and cut her eyes at me.

Chelsea Jackson was my cousin, so she could get away with talking about stuff like that. In this fire station everyone was pretty close to each other, and we knew everyone’s business, so everyone knew that my wife had left me a few months ago.

“Well, I’ve been with her for a long ass time. You don’t expect me to just wake up and be over her, do you? I mean... Skylar told me that she was dating someone new. The divorce is barely final. I wish I knew who this cat was.”

Everybody got quiet and I looked around the room.

“What? Y’all know something that I don’t?”

“Chief...” Caldwell called my name.

“What!?”

“Mane, she messin’ with ol’ boy from her job,” Caldwell said.

Quickly, I searched my mind and seethed when I realized the only person that Caldwell could be talking about.

“Parks? She is messing around with Parks Chambers. How y’all know that?”

“Well, old man, if you got on social media like I been begging you to, you’d see that your wife has been parading him around like he’s the one she was married to for twenty years. All on your dime. She’s been posting about this cruise she got coming up next week, and—”

“What the hell!?” I hissed. “She didn’t communicate that with me.”

I pulled my phone out of my pocket, so I could go in my calendar to see if she had input it on there, but she hadn’t.

I sighed. “You would think that I hadn’t been married to her for damn near my whole life. Incredible.”

“I’ll be back. Both my cell and radio are on,” I told my crew.

“I’m coming with,” Chelsea said.



While in the truck headed to Tessa’s house, I kept looking out the corner of my eye at Chelsea. She had been shaking her head slightly the whole time. I knew that when she did that, she had something that she wanted to say. Chelsea and I were close cousins because she was younger than me by a few years.

“Say what’s on your mind, Chels.”

“You need to stop chasing after her because that’s what she wants. You call and text her all day, and—”

“She’s my—”

“—ex-wife, and she consistently ignores you. Consistently. Stop chasing her, for real. The divorce was final a month ago and you haven’t once gone out to just clear your head. You’re

going to go on this trip and that's final because I know that you'll flake on us to sulk about where you went wrong in your marriage."

I shook my head at her statement, but she was telling the truth. For the last few months, I had been trying to get my wife back. I had been trying to get her to at least have a civil conversation with me, but she didn't want to do that. The day she left, she told me that I put the job before her, and that's basically the only reason that she gave me. When I pulled up to her house, my adrenaline started to rush because I saw Parks' raggedy ass car was in the driveway. My fingers were clenched hard around the steering wheel. I could see myself running into her house—that I pay the mortgage on—and stomping his head until the fluid around his brain leaked out through his ears.

"Chief, don't go in here and put your status in jeopardy. You've only been chief for a few hours, so just take a deep breath before you get out."

Ignoring her advice, I hopped out of the truck, and rushed up the driveway and to the door. I pressed the doorbell until the door swung open and Tessa stood there in a robe; looking disheveled. I knew that she had been fucking and I tried to keep my composure. I wanted to storm past her and go wring Parks' neck.

"Really, Tessa? You have another man in my house. The divorce is barely—"

"Final. The divorce is final. What are you doing here?"

"So, when were you going to tell me that you were going on a cruise? You know that—"

"You have to work. What else is new?"

"I told you that I was going on a trip to celebrate my promotion this week and you schedule a cruise the same week. Who's going to be here with Serenity?"

"She's sixteen and school is out, Sayi. She can watch her own damn self. It's time for me to have some fun. I've been

raising our daughters alone, so now that they can feed and bathe themselves, it's time for me to have the time of my life."

"You were absolutely not doing that alone, Tessa. That is not fair, and you know it. It's amazing to me how you keep referencing raising our daughters alone and that's simply not true. Why you keep trying to put in Serenity's head that I put the job over you and our family? And none of that is true. I love you, Tessa, and you know that. You know that my girls, including you, came first in whatever I did. Anytime you needed me, I was there. If you could just admit that you were tired of being married, I think that I could probably start to just move on."

"Move on?" she queried.

"Baby, what's going on?" Parks appeared in the foyer.

"Nothing. My *ex*-husband was just leaving," she said and tried to shut the door.

I held the door with my hand and stepped into the house, towering over her, prompting her to step back. "Don't you ever in your life try to slam a door in my face, Tessa Mathis."

"We got a problem?" Parks asked.

I walked past Tessa and got in Parks' scrawny ass face. I stood at six foot five, and Parks was about five inches shorter than me, so he took a step back, so he wouldn't have to look up at me. That stupid little grin on his face made me want to punch him in his face and knock him out, but he would love that, and I had to think about my job. I had to think about my girls as well. What kind of example would I be setting for my girls, if I beat up their mom's new boyfriend? It didn't matter that Parks and I had a love hate relationship. We grew up in the same neighborhood, and were cool with each other, even though we went to different schools. Our schools were basically rival schools, and we whooped their asses in every sport. Honestly, I thought that our competition stayed inside school grounds because we would always walk home from the bus stop together. All that changed when me and this girl that he liked had sex. In my defense, I never knew he liked her, and she never told me that he tried to talk to her. When I tried to

explain that to him, he wasn't trying to hear that, so that was the end of our friendship.

“You know what, Parks, you and I both know that I could punch you in your face and lay you flat out, but I have a job and a reputation to protect. So, what I will say is congratulations. You finally won *something* over me. I know that you've been trying to do that since we were in high school,” I said and turned to walk away from him.

“Anyway, Tessa, I came over here to tell you that you need to start putting things on this calendar like the judge ordered you to. Thank you. Since I'll be gone next week, send Serenity over to Sawyer's house since Skylar will be at Seth's. Have a good day,” I said and walked out of her house.

In the truck, Chels looked at me with a smile on her face while I looked ahead.

“What?”

“You did good, Chief. You've really come a long way. I thought that you were getting ready to knock his ass out.”

“I came very, very close. You just don't know.”

“Oh, I know,” she said and laughed.

As I headed back to the station, my eyes drifted to my wedding ring. I hadn't taken it off since the day that she put it on. I shook my head slightly as I thought about all the good times that we had that I thought would outweigh the bad. Tessa was my first love, but it was time to move on, just like she had. If it was meant to be, then we'd find our way back to each other. That's what I would prefer, but if it didn't happen, then life would just have to go on.

YULI

I WAS in the living room, ignoring my family talking about me in the kitchen like I couldn't hear them. I told my sisters and my aunt that I just wanted to leave without stopping by my parent's house, but apparently my dad said that we couldn't leave without stopping by. I didn't want to stop by because I didn't want to relive the events that took place yesterday on the air. I want to act like it never happened, even though I would never be able to live it down. At least Curtis got what he wanted, which was larger ratings. My work social media pages blew up afterwards, and because people had nothing else to do but be grade-A social media detectives, they found my personal social media pages and blew them up as well. I should have known it was coming, but someone had recorded my show and it went viral on Facebook, and now people were sharing it and adding their stupid ass two cents. The viral video had all types of sex therapists in my inbox telling me how they could help me have orgasms and more bullshit I didn't feel like reading. Curtis and Will better hope I don't have to seek therapy behind this because I would definitely send them the bill. I am so lucky that my break started just when it did. Hopefully people would think that I quit and wouldn't tune into the show.

“Yu Yu,” my dad called my name from the kitchen.

“Yes, Father.”

I stood up and walked into the kitchen.

“So, I take it that you guys would like to talk about me in my face now?”

“Girl watch your mouth. I was calling you in here to ask you if you needed any money,” my dad said.

“No, Carlton. I am just fine,” I sassed, making him scoot the chair back and stand up. I moved away from him giggling because he hated when I called him by his first name. “No, Dad. I’m fine, really.”

“I want to kill that boy. I *am* going to kill that boy. You know I was a doctor. I can get away with it, too,” he huffed, while Camila, Jordan, and Ashley laughed.

“Carlton, no you won’t. Your weekend in jail was enough. That weekend felt like a lifetime without you,” my mom said.

I once felt like that with Elijah, now I wouldn’t give a damn if he walked out in front of a car. I know that was harsh, but after the way he did me, he’d better be glad those are the only thoughts that I have of him.

“Anyway, we have to get going. I want us to be there as soon as we can check in. I’m ready to put on a bathing suit and get in the pool,” Ashley said.

“Who’s driving? I know not lead foot Jordan,” my mom said.

“It’s just a four hour drive and I can turn it into three hours,” Jordan responded.

“Well, I don’t care who drives. I just wish that I could pop something that’ll make me go to sleep for the whole drive,” I said before walking up to my dad and wrapping my arms around him. “Thank you for all you’ve done for me. I love you.”

He responded with a kiss on the top of my head, as he’s always done. I hugged my mom before we all filed out of the house and into the rental truck. I made sure to get in the backseat, before they asked me to drive.



“So, I see that someone has become social media famous overnight. You know how many ugly ass niggas I had to curse out that were in your comments being complete freaks, perverts, horny toads, and just being downright mean,” Jordan said.

“Girl, I’m glad you reminded me because I need to turn them comments off or just limit them to the people that I follow. Do you know how crazy people are? They really just sit at home and think of mean shit to say on people’s pictures of someone that they don’t even know. Then there were some bald head ass women who were telling me that I was wasting my pussy because every pussy can cum. It was just so damn nasty. I truly see why Beyoncé doesn’t really participate in social media. It can really chew you up and spit you out, if you let it,” I ranted.

“Niecy, your problem is the fact that you don’t know how to get back with them. If they have enough gall to get online and comment on a stranger’s picture about some shit they don’t know anything about, then they need to be able to receive a read. You need to start responding,” Ashley said.

“Nah, it’s really easier to just limit the comments. So, all the people can do is screenshot to talk shit and I never ever see it. Can we just leave this conversation alone though? I just want to spend these next several days not thinking about my job. I’ve even blocked Will and Curtis from my phone until I make it back. One last thing, Curtis keeps trying to call me. He’s sent me multiple texts apologizing, saying that they didn’t think that it would go that left. I’m like what did you think would happen? Men are so fucking dumb. Men are supposed to be the superior gender, but the findings just don’t support the theory.”

They all burst out laughing, but I was dead ass serious.

“Alright. The first thing we are going to do is get checked in, and then we are going to go drop our bags off, and then we are going to go and get groceries. Y’all this place is so close to everything. It’s brand new and it has a large lazy river type pool. It has a large arcade, a couple of restaurants, big water slides, put-put golf, and an adult only area with another pool,

and a couple of bar areas, I can't wait," Ashley said and clapped her hands together.

"Sheesh, I was waiting on you to get to things for the adults, my God. At first it sounded like you were taking us to a Disney resort or something," I said.

"Well, if you'd bothered looking at the email I sent you, then you would have known that the place is just as much for adults as it is for kids," Ashley said.

"Uh-huh."

I tuned them out when they started talking about the clubs they were going to go to. I didn't want to be a party pooper, but they know I didn't do clubs. Now, you could catch me at a hookah lounge, where the mood is nice and the music is loud, but not too loud. I like to go to places where you could have a first date. So, going to the club is where we would part ways, and I would find something else to do.



My eyes bucked the moment we pulled into the mini resort. There were rows and rows of beautiful white houses. I could see the pool and the sun was shining bright on the water. It was rather large, and I couldn't wait to dive in it. It had a few water slides, cabanas, and a few grills. It looked exactly like a mini beach without the large crowds. I finally looked at the email that Ashley sent, and the pictures really didn't do it any justice. The place looked better than the pictures. I couldn't wait to go and look at the other side where everything else was.

"Y'all coming in?" Ashley asked.

"Nah."

Ashley was only inside for about twenty minutes before she came out with the packet.

"Y'all we have a condo right by the poooolll," Ashley sang out as soon as she got back in the truck.

Once we found our condo, we pulled into the designated parking spot, I immediately got out to stretch my legs. After grabbing my bags, I asked Ashley for the key, so I could choose the biggest room. The condo had four bedrooms and four bathrooms. I did not expect what I saw when I walked in the condo. It was spotless with black appliances. The condo had an open floor plan, making it appear larger than what it was. There were two bedrooms on each side of the condo, and a pull-out couch. This condo slept more than just four people. It could easily sleep eight people, but I welcomed the space. The biggest room had a king size bed in it and a large flat screen TV hanging on the wall. It was perfect for me.

“Y’all ready to go to the store? I already know we gon’ get some drinks because there is a blender in here, and you know Yuli is the best on the drinks!” Ashley yelled out, and I followed her voice into the kitchen.

“And the food too,” Camila chimed in.

“Oh hell no. This is a vacation for me. I cook and make drinks for y’all all the damn time. Give me a break. One of y’all can cook.”

They all looked at me as if I had two heads on my shoulders.

“Fine. I’ll cook. Just two nights. The other nights, y’all are going to have to fend for yourselves.”

“We’ll take it,” Jordan said.

I know you’ll take it.

SAYI

HOURS EARLIER...

Dunn had rented us a truck to drive down to Florida. He claimed that his wife had set us up in this nice little new resort place that was kind of away from everything but was close at the same time, which was fine by me. The only thing I really wanted to do was chill and catch up on much needed rest. My daughters weren't going to have me all over the creation, and I didn't plan on staying up thinking about Tessa. We had just pulled up to my brother, Seth's house where Skylar's car was parked. I wanted to see her before she left. I tried to see Serenity before she left, but she had ridden down to Jacksonville with her aunt to drop Tessa and Parks off at the cruise port. Every time I thought about how Parks was laid up in the house I paid the mortgage on, I wanted to bust in Tessa's door and beat his ass.

As soon as I stepped out the truck, Skylar opened the door and both she and my niece came running out of the house. My niece jumped into my arms and kissed my cheek.

"Uncle Say I."

She was only two, so she said my name in two syllables and I thought it was the cutest thing. I returned the kisses on her cheek before reaching into my pocket and handing her a dollar.

"Hey, Dad. I can't remember the last time you took a solo vacation. Well, without us. Are you going to go to the club and

have sex with a lot of women? Since you haven't been able to do that since you've been married."

I chuckled. "The last time your father went to the club was seven years ago for your Uncle Seth's bachelor party. I realized that I hadn't missed much. And no, I'm not going to be having sex with random women. Sex is bad. It's nasty, and it hurts," I said before eyeing her, making her laugh.

I wrapped my arm around her and walked them both in the house.

"Big brother," my brother Seth called out to me before shaking my hand. "Nala, go put your dollar in your piggy bank," he told my niece.

I let her down and she took off running down the hall. I smiled because I remembered when Serenity and Skyler were that small.

"How you doing, bro? You know my niece put me up on game as the young people say. How you feeling about your wife getting with Parks?"

"I'm still trying to process it. I'll be good though," I said, but not wanting to continue to discuss it I said, "Well, make sure you take care of my kid."

"Just like she's mine," he responded.

Skyler walked me outside and then hugged me once I opened the door to the truck. "Dad try to have fun and not worry about mom and that man."

"I am."

"You've finally upgraded to a new phone, so you can take good pictures."

I chuckled because I had an iPhone 6 up until it finally gave out on me about three months ago.

"I love you, kid. I'll let you know when I make it."

"I love you back."

I kissed her forehead and jumped in the truck. Dunn pulled away from the house and we headed towards Florida.

About an hour into the trip, Jackson said, “Aye man, I’m strolling on Facebook and you heard what happened to that radio girl, YuKen?”

Caldwell replied, “Who hadn’t heard what happened? My little sister been arguing with fools all day on behalf of her. She feels sorry for her and I don’t blame ol’ boy for leaving her ass at the altar. Why I got to fuckin’ find out that I don’t make you cum from your fucking journal? I’m sure that she told her friends, why she ain’t tell him?”

“That’s stupid as hell. Nobody would have ever known he wasn’t making her cum, if he hadn’t run his own damn mouth. Now everybody in Savannah know both her and his business. I’m glad her dad beat him up. I was there that night,” Chels said and burst out laughing.

“Well, I don’t have that problem. My wife be knocked out every time we finish, so…” Dunn said and laughed.

Not wanting to hear them talking about that, I pulled my headphones out of my backpack, and placed them over my ears.



My eyes popped open when the truck came to a stop and the engine died. We were in front of a nice building, and when I sat up and looked around, the whole complex looked the same. I could even see the lazy river type pool and several slides from where we were. I hadn’t seen what the resort looked like, not even on pictures, because I trusted Dunn’s wife didn’t set us up in no BS.

“This is nice. Your wife did a good job,” I said while looking around.

“I know. Here are the keys, a map, and some other shit she gave me,” Dunn said before handing me a book along with four key cards.

“How are you the chief when you can sleep through almost two car accidents, a stop for gas, and Jackson’s loud ass

singing?” Caldwell asked.

“Because I needed some rest and I wasn’t listening for an alarm. I’m glad I slept through the almost two car accidents because I could have very well been thrown into a heart attack.”

Because I needed to relieve my bladder, I threw my backpack on my back and walked in the house. The place was spacious which I liked off rip. Dunn said the place had four bedrooms and bathrooms, so I was also thankful that I didn’t have to share the bathroom with those fools. After I used the bathroom, I went to throw my backpack in what was probably the largest room and realized that it was already a couple of suitcases in the room.

“Weird.”

By the time I came back out into the living room, Dunn, Caldwell, and Jackson had filed into the house with their bags, including my other bag.

“They must have put some people out of here in a hurry because it’s suitcases in all these rooms,” Dunn said.

“Where is the phone and the book, so I can call somebody to get this stuff out of these rooms?” Jackson asked.

“In the kitchen,” I said.

We all followed Jackson into the kitchen so we could hear the conversation. She picked up the phone, dialed the number in the book, and pressed the phone against her ear.

“Yes, this is Chelsea Jackson in room 3916. There is some luggage in this room that we need y’all to come and get.” She listened for a moment before saying, “Thank you,” and hung up the phone.

As soon as Chelsea hung up the phone, the door came open.

“Damn, that was fast,” Dunn said.

When the four young ladies walked into the kitchen with a ton of Walmart bags, they stared at us just as weirdly as we

stared back at them. There were three tall girls and one short one.

“Um, what are y’all doing in our condo?” the short one asked.

“I could ask y’all the same question. This is our condo. We just checked in,” Dunn said.

“We checked in a couple of hours ago, and this is the condo that they gave us,” one of the tall girls responded. “I mean...we did just walk in here with a key card.”

“Well, you need to walk your ass back out because this our shit and we ain’t leaving,” Caldwell said.

“And we ain’t leaving either, so....” The short one said and set the Wal-Mart bags on the island, barely missing Dunn’s hand.

That was all it took for everybody to start shouting at each other. The only one that wasn’t talking was the taller brown girl. After a few minutes of them shouting back and forth with each other, I immediately got annoyed.

“Alright!” I shouted, and everybody got quiet, but the short one just had to get the last word in.

“Yo’ mama,” she said.

Jackson stood up. “Who mama?”

I held my hand out to keep her quiet. I looked at the ladies and smiled, but neither of them returned the smile.

“My name is Sayi. Sayi Mathis. There seems to have been a bit of a mix-up here, and we can go to the registration place to get this easily rectified.”

“Y’all better,” the short one hissed.

“Um, we started off on the wrong foot. My apologies. This is Dunn, Caldwell, and Jackson. What are your names?”

The short one rolled her eyes. “Since we are going by last names, we are the Kennedys.”

“Okay. Can one of you Kennedys come with me so we can get this rectified before I unpack my bag? You...” I pointed at the dark brown Kennedy sister, and nodded my head towards the door.

“What? I... I didn’t volunteer,” she said.

“Well, I volunteered you. Let’s go.”

She stood there for a moment, before the light brown Kennedy sister nudged her. She hissed at her like she was a cat, making the light brown Kennedy sister laugh. She set her Walmart bags on the counter and walked in front of me. My eyes trailed down her backside; the large t-shirt and over-sized Nike shorts she wore did nothing to conceal her shapely body.

“What’s your name?” I asked her once we were outside.

Since the registration was only half a block away, the walk would only take about five minutes. Well she had long strides like me, so even shorter.

“Yuliana. Yuliana Kennedy. You can call me Yuli though.”

“Yuliana as in YuKen from Savannah, Georgia.”

She stopped walking and looked at me. “You know me?”

“Uh, no. You met my daughter yesterday. Skylar. Skylar Mathis.”

Her eyes grew wide and she smiled. She had a beautiful smile. “Ah, yes. Skylar’s Creations. What a lovely young lady. I’m wearing some of her gloss right now. She’s going places, man.”

I looked at her lips and those pouty heart shaped lips were very shiny. Her hair was pulled back into a low ponytail, so I could see her full, pretty, round face. All her facial features stood out to me, from her slightly big dark brown eyes, perfectly structured cheek bones, and when she finally smiled, her perfectly shaped white teeth. I had to say something before she thought that I was being a creep.

“I know. I’m really proud of her.”

There was an awkward moment of silence.

“Okay, I know what’s next. You heard about me being left at the altar and you want to hear about it.”

“Nope.”

Savannah was just as small as it was big, meaning that if something big like that happened in the black community, everyone would know about it. If you ran in the right circles, you knew everyone’s business. Even though I didn’t participate in gossip, I had no choice but to listen to my firefighters talk about everything that goes down in Savannah. I could easily go into my office, but once I finish paperwork, if I’m not sleepy, I go and socialize with my firefighters.

“You heard about my *issue* and you want to—”

“Nope. Right now, I just want to get in here and get our living situation rectified,” I said and opened the door for her.

I listened to my daughter on Yuliana’s radio station while I was getting ready for my pinning ceremony and I just so happened to have time to listen to the whole show because I did in fact like her voice. When Skylar told me that she was going to be on her show, I had never even heard of it. I’m not scared to admit that I was really out of touch with everything that’s not dealing with my kids or my job. Now that I think about it, that could be one of the reasons that Tessa divorced me. While I was listening to her speak, I could tell that she didn’t want to talk about her personal life. She kept a brave face on, but I knew that she was embarrassed when that anonymous call came through talking about how her and, I think his name was EJ, had issues like that. I knew that was a sensitive subject for her, so I wouldn’t dare bring that up again.

There was no one at the front desk, so Yuliana tapped the silver bell.

“This big ass place, and no one to man the damn front desk. This is very bad and I’m definitely taking a half a star off just for this,” she said.

“Really? I don’t think this is deserving of half a star off.”

She whipped her head around towards me. “How come? Your family and my family are in the same condo. It should actually be a whole star, so I’m being generous, because how could you make a mistake like this? No excuses for this.”

After the front desk person didn’t come for a couple minutes, Yuliana tapped the bell again. I heard her inhale and exhale lowly. I knew that she was getting irritated. She rested her weight on her right foot and started tapping her left foot. She started tapping on the bell relentlessly, until I walked up behind her and placed my hand over hers to stop her from tapping the bell.

“Enough,” I spoke.

She looked at me and immediately slid her hand from under mine. The young girl came out the back like two minutes later fixing her clothes.

“Sorry, I was using the bathroom. How can I help you?”

“Well, my name is Yuliana Kennedy. The room name is under Ashley Kennedy, my aunt. We checked in earlier today, and we got condo 3916. We left and came back to four other individuals in our condo saying that they were rented the same condo... 3916.”

“The name the other reservation should be under is Michael Dunn.”

She started typing on her computer. She looked up at Yuliana and then looked past her at me.

“If I were you, I would like to stay under him,” she mumbled.

“Excuse me?” Yuliana hissed.

“Just saying. Anyway, I don’t even see where y’all... Ashley Kennedy even checked in.”

“Exxxcuse me? What do you mean you don’t see where we checked in when we have four perfectly working keys to condo 3916? Our bags were literally in the condo when they got in there,” Yuliana sassed.

“Oohhhh, I did get a call from a... from a... I can’t think of her name, but yeah, she called and said something about getting the room cleaned up. Maybe my boss got y’all checked in.”

Yuliana turned and looked at me with a confused look on her face as if she was asking me *is she serious?*

She focused back on the girl. “So, where is your boss?”

“She just left.”

“Is there anyone else *here* that I could talk to?”

“No, it’s just me.”

“But this place has a hundred condos in it. You mean to tell me; you could handle a hundred condos worth of people by yourself?”

“There are normally a few more people here, but they got sick.”

“And your boss left you here alone?”

“Yup, because I can handle it.”

“Obviously, you cannot because—”

“Yuliana...” I called her name.

She scratched her forehead with her thumb and then turned to look at me. “Um... can you... please? Because... yeah,” she said to me before stepping away from the counter. I could tell that she was about to blow her top, if she had to continue to converse with the young lady who we could clearly tell that her elevator didn’t go all the way to the top.

“Hey...” I read her name tag. “April. Is there any way that you can contact your boss please? Or put us or the other young ladies in another condo?”

“There are no more condos available at this time.”

“What?” Both me and Yuliana said at the same time. “How? That doesn’t even make sense. Pick up the phone and call your boss,” Yuliana said.

“Give me a moment,” April said and walked away from the desk.

“Can you believe her? It’s like she’s being slow on purpose. Good Lord. I was trying to keep my cool because I don’t normally blow up, but she was taking me there.”

I smiled a little before shaking my head. I could tell that Yuliana was funny. April came back five minutes later with a solemn look on her face.

“Well, I can’t get a hold to my boss, but she will be back early in the morning at eight.”

“But her being back in the morning, doesn’t help us right now, so, what can you do for us right now?” Yuliana spoke slowly before I could even open my mouth.

“At this moment I can’t do nothing because there are no other condos to put you in, and my boss—”

“Yeah, you said that your boss won’t be back until in the morning. So, you expect us to stay in the condo with—”

“We’ll figure it out,” I cut Yuliana’s sentence off because with every word, she was getting louder and louder, and out of the corner of my eye, I saw a security guy moving closer and closer to the desk.

I had to lead Yuliana out of the area, before she blew up and got us all kicked out and herself arrested.

YULI

WHEN SAYI CLOSED the door to the office, I sighed. I couldn't believe that this was how my vacation was starting off, and then this man was talking about we were going to make it work. How? How are we going to make it work? We had the money to get another place, but with the way that this place operated, it would be a chance that we wouldn't get our money back and then Ashley would burn this whole place down and spend the rest of her life in jail.

“You okay?”

I looked up at Sayi. Light brown eyes, and brown skinned, Sayi Mathis. The sun was shining very bright, so his eyes really popped out. His face didn't have one wrinkle or blemish. He had a low-cut goatee that was black with a little bit of salt colored specks throughout. The gray specks made him look very distinguished, but still young at the same time. If I had to guess his age, I would definitely give him thirty-five years old. Plus, he had all his hair on top of his head. His waves were very deep. I could see where Skylar got her nice grade of hair from. He was much taller than me and I stood at five foot nine. Even with the highest heels I owned, I'd still be shorter than him. His chest was broad, and his arms were very muscular and veiny. The white t-shirt he wore showed off all his ab muscles. I quickly counted the eight small bricks.

“Yuliana?”

His voice. Very deep. Such a bedroom voice. I wondered if he even raised his voice. He had daughters, and I doubt he raised his voice at them because Skylar was so well mannered.

“Yes? And please... call me Yuli.”

“I asked if you were okay?”

“Yes. I’m okay. Let’s head back before we have to call the cops on them.”

He held his hand out, so I could start walking first. The minute we hit the road, Sayi moved me on the other side of him, so he could be closest to the road.

“It’s just a habit,” he said without me even having to say anything to him.

“My dad is the same way.”

We heard the yelling as soon as we got back to the house. We could see that the door was wide open.

“Ooo,” I squealed when Sayi pulled me out of the way as my sister’s purple suitcase came flying out of the door.

“Jesus...” Sayi didn’t have to pull me out of the way of a black bag flying out of the door.

Sayi stepped through the door first and then me right after him. Everybody was screaming and yelling at the top of their lungs. Jordan and Caldwell were squared up as if they were about to fight. I would hate for us to spend half our vacation in jail because we jumped this dude and beat him within an inch of his life.

“You better go get my freaking suitcase!” Jordan shouted.

“I ain’t getting shit! You threw mine out!” Caldwell shouted back.

“*After* you threw mine out! The fuck is you talking about?” Jordan retorted.

I could barely hear my own thoughts. They were so busy yelling at each other, they hadn’t even noticed that Sayi and I had walked back into the house. I pressed my fingers against my temples because I was getting highly irritated. At this moment, I was supposed to be making us drinks while we walked around to see what all they had at this resort style place.

“Guys!” Sayi shouted and everyone got quiet.

“Oh, Chief, you back. Please tell me that you got us another house, or these girls got another one or something because I’m about to make my parents really upset at me before tossing a woman on top of her head,” Caldwell said.

Sayi looked down at me and I looked at my feet. “Well—” Sayi started.

“Chief...”

“Yuli...”

Both Dunn and Camila said at the same time. I wondered why they called him Chief if his name was Sayi. I wondered what he was the Chief of or was that just his nickname or something.

“A few things... and listen to everything I say before any of you say a word. Do I make myself clear?”

Nobody said anything. I had to bite the inside of my cheek because the way he commanded attention without raising his voice was sexy as hell. When I looked up at my sisters and aunt, they had unreadable expressions on their faces, until Jordan squinted her eyes at me and smirked. I already knew what that meant. I hoped that she would bunk up with Ashley instead of me because that look has got me into some crazy situations that were extremely hard for me to get out of. My sister could get me to do anything she wanted, so if I stayed around her long enough, then I would end up doing whatever was on her mind.

“We didn’t get anything done at the front desk and I had to snatch Ms. Lady out of the office before she jumped across the desk. She said that she has no record of Ashley ever checking in, and—”

“Well, that settles it. Get y’all shit and get out,” Caldwell said, and he immediately apologized. “Sorry, Chief.”

I didn’t have to look up at Sayi because whatever look he gave him, made him apologize and look at the floor.

“Anyway, she claimed to have no record of Ashley ever checking in and we will have to wait until her boss comes back in the morning at eight.”

“Hell no...” Ashley snapped. “We got four damn keys that opens the damn door, so how the hell could she not have a record of us checking in?”

“That’s the same thing Ms. Lady right here said. So, here is what I propose: this condo is big enough to accommodate all eight of us. There are four bedrooms and four bathrooms, which means there are two bedrooms and two bathrooms on one side of the condo and the other two beds and baths are on the other side. That couch in the living room looks like a pull out, and—”

“There is also a blow-up mattress in here somewhere,” I added.

“So, that settles it. I believe that we can survive one night together, and not kill each other,” Sayi said.

“Well, y’all better go and get your own damn groceries because we just spent three hundred dollars on that, and it’s supposed to last us all week!” Jordan shouted.

“You acting like we came down here broke,” Caldwell said to her.

“I mean... judging by your appearance. It’s giving me real broke teas.”

“Jordan, please,” I sighed before looking back at the floor, so I could force myself not to look at Sayi out of my peripherals.

“Yeah, get your sister because she don’t know shit about me.”

“And Caldwell, stop antagonizing her. Now, my crew, let’s go and get groceries. Ashley, where is the Walmart?”

“I know where it is. I saw it on the way in. I’ll drive,” Dunn said.

I could feel Sayi staring down at me while I looked at the floor. “Ms. Lady, I’ll be back.”

“It’s... it’s Yuli,” I choked out.

He chuckled before he walked out. I didn’t move until I heard the door shut.



“Oh, Ms. Lady. Ms. Lady. Ms. Lady.”

I listened to Jordan try to mock Sayi’s voice and it was truly hilarious, while we sprayed the bed we were sleeping in down with Lysol. I should have known that Camila and Ashley were going to room up, and I was going to end up with Jordan. I loved my sister to death, but she was a very bad influence on me, but in a good way. I would need her hands and my hands to count how many times Jordan pressured me into doing something that made me feel good in the end. She always had my best interests at heart.

“I want to eat your pussy, Ms. Lady.”

“Too far, Jordan. He was just being nice to me, especially since he knows all of my damn business,” I said and laughed.

“Your goofy ass was looking at the floor the whole time, so you didn’t see him cutting his eyes at you every other second. He looked like he wanted to gobble you up and spit you out. I think that you should fuck him. I couldn’t get a good look at his print, but I got a feeling it’s big.”

“Jordan,” I hissed. “Have you no shame?”

“Yes, I have all the shame. Have I ever steered you wrong? Have I ever been wrong about a big dick before? You know I have a big dick radar.”

She hasn’t, but I would never give her the satisfaction. “Can you please just stop saying big dick!?” I stressed.

“Who got a big dick?” Ashley said.

Both of us looked at the door to see that Ashley had come in with Camila on her heels. We would be the ones who were having this conversation with the door slightly opened.

“Nobody,” I responded.

“Jordan?” Camila asked.

“Girl, I’m talking about Mr. Sayi.”

“Ohlala. He was staring my niece down, baby, while her crazy ass stared at the floor.”

My cheeks warmed. “Aunt Ashley.”

“I was just telling her that he was feeling her, and that she should have some fun while we are here. She hasn’t had sex in over a month, so she needs to get the cobwebs knocked off it,” Jordan said.

“Cobwebs, really, Jor? Cobwebs are not a month. Sheesh.”

“Just let it happen naturally, Yuli. Like go with whatever you feel,” Camila said.

“Eh, no. She’s not letting nothing happen naturally no more. You said that with EJ and look where that got her? She’s newly single after all these years, we are going to make sure that she has a damn hot girl summer.”

“I am literally right here,” I said and laughed.

“Look, when are you going to start cooking? I am hungry,” Camila asked.

“As soon as we finish making this bed.”

“Good,” she said and left out the room with Ashley on her heels.

Jordan waited until they closed the door to start talking. “She and her big head ass husband needs to just get back together. She’s been had this attitude for the last couple of months. I don’t know why she won’t talk to us about it,” Jordan vented.

“Well, because as our big sister, she thinks that she’s supposed to have her life under control. I been told her that it’s okay for her to not have her shit together, but she doesn’t listen.”

“That’s her, but we are not off you, though. Will you be getting some dick this week or not?”

“He may not even be single. I am going to get dinner started. Bye,” I said and left her there before she actually convinced me to fuck Sayi Mathis.



Me, Jordan, Camila, and Ashley were sitting in the kitchen jamming to my old school playlist. We were singing along to Mariah Carey’s song, I’ll Be Lovin’ You Long Time. Since the pasta and garlic bread were in the oven, I started making the drinks. It had been a few hours since Sayi and his crew had left, and they hadn’t returned. I thought they had let us have the place to ourselves tonight, since everything would be rectified in the morning. After I finished making the frozen drinks, I tasted it and it was perfect for me, but I know how Camila and Ashley could be, since they were a little older.

“Aunt Ashley and Camila, taste this because you know how y’all are,” I said and passed them the cup.

When they tasted it, they both nodded their heads, and gave me the ‘ok’ signal. When the oven went off, I pulled the garlic bread out, and then the pasta. I poured me a cup of drink and sipped on it.

“Goddamn, it smells good in here,” I heard from behind me.

I turned around to see Sayi and his friends behind them. They had what seemed like a hundred bags from Wal-Mart. I guess that’s why they were gone forever. Sayi set the bags he was holding on the counter and walked over to me.

“This your doing, Ms. Lady?” he asked me.

I managed to look at Jordan, who was smirking and nodding her head a little bit before I focused back on Sayi.

“Yeah, I’m the baby, so I am the designated cook and...” — I shook my cup — “drink maker.”

“Yeah?” He took my cup out my hand and sipped out of it. He watched me intensely as he continued to sip. His eyes were so mesmerizing.

“I can... um... make you your own glass, Mr. Sayi Mathis.”

I watched him intensely as he drank down my whole glass before he placed it on the table.

“I wanted to drink yours,” he said and walked by me.

Jordan and I locked eyes before she smirked.

“You girls can eat,” I said.

I was confused when Sayi’s friends started getting plates. I didn’t have to say anything because I knew that my aunt would say something.

“Um, when she said you girls, she meant, us... the Kennedys,” Ashley said.

The pan was large enough to feed everyone, so I didn’t mind, but I knew that wouldn’t fly with my sisters. I was going to let them handle that, so I poured me another drink and went out on the patio. Before I could even shut the door good, I heard the argument ensue. After slaving over that hot stove, I just wanted some peace and quiet. Moments later, I heard Sayi shout over the music.

“Everyone calm down, now! Look, there is enough food for everyone to eat here. Everybody in here is grown enough to share. The ladies cooked tonight, and we’ll cook tomorrow night. It’s just that damn simple. We’ll also clean up! Questions, comments, or concerns. And let the damn ladies eat first, Dunn, and Caldwell. Act like you’ve been taught something.”

After that, all I could hear was the music playing in the background, prompting me to laugh, because all I could think about was how Ashley and Jordan’s faces must have been very twisted up. They hated being told what to do and hated following rules. You would have never thought that Ashley was adopted because she favored my father a lot, and both her and Jordan acted just alike.

I was halfway done with my glass of drink when the patio door slid open, and I turned to see Sayi walking out with a tray. When he sat it on the table, I saw that he had two fresh glasses of frozen margarita, and a very large plate of pasta along with two forks.

“I thought the cook might need something to eat, and something else to drink. How are you feeling?”

“At this moment, or in general?”

“Whichever one you would like to discuss.”

“Well, I just wished that I could have a moment of peace, but it seems very hard to come by these last few weeks.”

“I mean... do you want us to leave?”

“Oh no.” I took a sip of my drink. “My peace was gone long before y’all showed up.”

“Let’s talk about it while we eat. This pasta is very good, by the way.”

“Thank you.”

I picked up the fork and started to eat. When I looked at him, he was eating as if he hadn’t eaten in a long time. When we locked eyes, we both smiled. His smile was very infectious. Even though it was dark outside, the lights that surrounded the resort provided enough light to get a great view of him.

“So, what made you get into radio? Ms. Lady, you have a face, and no disrespect, body to be the next freaking Oprah, or Wendy Williams.”

“Wendy Williams was also in radio as well, but I don’t know. I’m not really a camera girl. I would be like Skylar was yesterday if I had to go and speak in front of people. I like being behind the scenes, and behind the camera. For me, it keeps things authentic. In front of the camera, I would have to be someone I’m not just to get people to watch me, and that would never be me.”

“I see. How long you been doing that?”

“Since I was twenty-two. I started off with just a thirty-minute segment on someone else’s show, and then I worked my way up to having my own show. I’m twenty-nine now. I love it and I wouldn’t trade it for the world. I’m also the assistant volleyball coach at Savannah State. I played the whole four years in college.”

“Damn, I was wondering why you had an athlete’s body. I was going to say basketball. You had to have been really good for you to play at a collegiate level.”

“I did what I had to do on the volleyball court and still could if I needed to. I had a scholarship too.”

“All that plus you can cook. You are a fucking gem.”

“I could be crazy.”

“I highly doubt that. You scared to look me in my eyes, and plus your ex is still running around alive, so you ain’t crazy.”

“You saying I should have killed him? What you think I should have done?”

He held his hands up. “No need to get testy, Ms. Lady. I was just making a point.”

“Well, my dad handled him for me.”

He laughed. “So, I heard.”

“Now, tell me about you, since you know all my business.”

Before he could answer, the patio door slid open.

“Chief, we about to go down on International Drive. Come on,” Dunn said.

“That’s my cue. It was lovely having dinner with you, Ms. Lady. Maybe I’ll see you later when I get back,” he said before standing up and leaving me sitting out there.



Later that night...

When I woke up, I looked at my phone to see that it was a little after three in the morning. I had drunk three glasses of my very strong, but very good margaritas, took a hot shower, and gone to bed, leaving everyone up. I looked next to me to see Jordan knocked out. I'm sure she'd fill me on everything they did when I went to sleep. Alcohol always had me dehydrated, so I decided to go in the kitchen to grab me a bottle of water. Since my sleeping clothes were a little racy, I crept over to the door and cracked it open to see if I could hear any movement going on out of there. My sleeping clothes consisted of a baby t-shirt that stopped in the middle of my stomach, and a pair of Victoria Secret shorts that had the bottom of my ass cheeks out, and I didn't want any of those men to see me in this. Once I didn't hear any movement, I crept out of the room and walked on my tiptoes toward the kitchen. I saw that the couch bed wasn't pulled out, so I wondered who slept where.

Just as Sayi promised, the kitchen was very clean. It smelled as if it was just cleaned a few minutes ago. I could still smell the light mixture of bleach and pine-sol. Opening the fridge, I grabbed the bottle of water, cracked it open, and took a few big gulps before capping it, and tiptoeing out of the kitchen. In the living room, I could hear the soft sounds of music coming from the patio. Something told me to go back to my room, but I walked across the carpet anyway, and peeked out of the door to see Sayi sitting back with a cigar in his mouth and a Corona sitting on the table next to him. I knocked lightly on the glass, making him look at me. He smiled before he nodded for me to come out. Sliding the glass door open, I realized that it was a little cooler out here at night. I crossed my arms across my chest and sat down.

“What are you doing up so late? Everything okay?”

He was listening to Anita Baker.

“I'm used to being up at all times of the night. I couldn't sleep, so I came out here. Was the music too loud?”

“Nah. Anita Baker could never be too loud. What's on your mind?”

“Life, Babygirl.”

My skin warmed a little when baby girl rolled off his tongue. He puffed the cigar before stretching it towards me. “You smoke?”

“Nah. I couldn’t smoke weed in college because I was an athlete, but I’ll take a sip of your Corona.”

“All yours, baby,” he said and handed the drink to me.

I wrapped my lips around it and took a big swig of it. “Now, tell me about *life*. What’s going on with you? You know everything about me. Tell me something about you.”

“Life is crazy. It seems like the more you give; the more shit gets taken away from you.” He puffed on the cigar.

“I was married. Married for twenty years. She helped me achieve a lot of my dreams. She was there. I came home from work one day, and her shit was packed. That was five months ago and ‘til this day she hasn’t given me one reason why she left. It would make me feel better if she would have just told me that she ain’t want to be married no more. I would get that one thousand percent because we been together since we were young as fuck, so her wanting to explore her options would have made more sense than her just up and leaving. Now, she with some dude I been having beef with since we were all in high school,” he vented.

“Damn. That’s tough. Twenty years though,” I said and looked at him. “How old are you? You don’t look old enough to have been married for twenty years.”

He chuckled. “Old enough. Babygirl, I’m old enough to be your father.”

I smiled. “Shut up. My father is fifty-five. If you ain’t fifty-five, then...”

He chuckled before he puffed on the cigar.

“Have you tried to talk to your wife? Like tried to get back with her?”

“Yeah. I kept trying, but after she got with ol’ dude, it’s over with. No way I give you twenty plus years of my life and

you go and get with the dude who been hating on me since day one. I could never forgive that flagrant.”

“I feel you on that. So, tell me how old you are?”

“Old enough.”

I rolled my eyes. “So, I been hearing your people call you Chief? What are you the chief of? Or is that a nickname?”

“A firehouse.”

I gasped. “So, you a firefighter?”

“I am. You like firefighters or something?”

“That’s nice. I never met one before. So, you like giving orders?”

He cut his eyes at me, and then smirked. “Yeah. You need to be ordered around?”

“Um... I...” I pressed my lips together because he had me stumped, but my pussy throbbed. “How would you order me around?”

He turned in the seat and looked at me. He looked me up and down.

“You wanna take it there with me, youngin’?”

“I’m twenty-nine. How old are you?”

“I know how old you are. You told me. I told you that I was old enough.”

I huffed and stood up. I knew that this would get me my way. It’s worked time and time again. He looked up at me and smirked.

“Babygirl, hush and sit down. That’s not going to get you your way with me. I told you that I’m old enough. I asked you a question, and you need to answer it.”

“What question?”

“Sit down.”

I eased in the seat.

“I asked you if you wanted to take it there with me.”

“I’m too young for you. I might send you into cardiac arrest.”

“Not before I send you to the moon first, Ms. Lady.”

He puffed on his cigar one last time before sitting it in the ashtray and standing up. He had on a pair of shorts and a white tee. He smelled as if he had just gotten out of the shower.

“Sit back and open your legs. Got them little ass shorts on. Fat ass pussy falling right out of the sides of them.”

He got on one knee in front of me and I immediately started to tense up. When he reached for my shorts, I placed my hand on his to stop him.

“I have to um... warn you about something, Sayi,” I whispered, and he moved back a little. “My pussy... um... looks like roast beef.”

“What... let me see.”

“There is a part that kind of sticks out, and it’s truly embarrassing.”

“Embarrassing for who? Let me see.”

“Just don’t say anything when you see it. I mean... even if you change your mind about wanting to—”

“Shhh and let me see. I am a grown ass man and know that every pussy does not look the same, and I am probably sure that it does not look like roast beef.”

When he tried to pull my shorts to the side, I kept my hand in place.

“Babygirl, I won’t force you to do anything that you don’t want to do. When you’re comfortable enough to show—”

I cut him off by pulling my shorts to the side, to get the embarrassment out of the way. I closed my eyes, so I wouldn’t see his face and his reaction to it. If I wasn’t embarrassed enough by how my pussy looked, he grabbed his phone, and turned his flashlight on.

“Oh my gosh, Sayi. You didn’t have to do that.”

“And you didn’t have to sit here and lie in my face. Have you seen roast beef? That is not what your pussy looks like, girl. This piercing is fucking fire though,” he said, before he put his thumb in his mouth, and touched my clit piercing.

I covered my face because this was very new to me. I had been having sex with the same man for the last six years, so I was kind of used to EJ seeing it, but a whole new man, I wasn’t sure I was ready. With one hand, Sayi rubbed my pussy slowly, and with his other hand, he grabbed my wrists and pulled my hands down from my face.

“Look at me. I asked you if you were ready to take it there with me, and you responded yes. Please don’t act shy with me, Ms. Lady. Your pussy is very beautiful, and I cannot wait to suck on it.”

My thighs tensed.

“You like that?”

I nodded my head.

“Tell me what else you like,” he whispered.

“Um...” I paused.

“Your pussy is getting so wet, Yuliana.”

The way my name rolls off his tongue. I closed my eyes to take it all in.

“I won’t ignore the elephant in the room. You haven’t had an orgasm since you’ve been sexually active?”

I shook my head. “Well, I can make myself cum.”

“I see. Why couldn’t your man make you cum?”

I shrugged my shoulders.

“Yes, you do know. Damn, you are fucking soaked down here, woman.”

He eased two fingers inside of me while he continued to thumb my clit. I put my feet up on the chair, and sat back some more, getting more comfortable.

“Talk to me, Yuliana. What goes through your mind, while you’re getting fucked?”

I sighed as he pushed his fingers deeper inside of me.

“Sayi,” I whispered.

“Yuliana. Talk to me, Beautiful.”

“My mind goes through so many obstacles. I can never relax. It’s just... that feels so damn good.”

“I know. Keep talking to me. Why can’t you relax?”

“I wondered if I was wet enough, tight enough, and tasted good to him. I wondered if I even felt good to him. He never said if I was or wasn’t, but it always made me second guess myself with him. He’d groan a little, or maybe even a small grunt, but he wasn’t very vocal. I’m a words of affirmation girl. I—ooo, yes, that feels very good.”

“So, what I’m hearing from you is that he never expressed how good your pussy was while he was inside of you? He never told you how good it felt to be in something... someone so fucking beautiful. You don’t have to wonder, baby. It’s very wet, so snug, and—” he eased his fingers out of me and put them in his mouth. He slowly sucked my wetness off his fingers, closed his eyes, and slightly shook his head. “—you do not have to wonder, Yuliana. This pussy tastes amazing. Come here.”

When I leaned forward, Sayi met me in the middle and placed his lips on mine. He dipped his tongue in my mouth, and I couldn’t help but to suck on it. When he moaned, I fucking lost it. He eased his fingers back inside of me and thumbed my clit.

“Yuliana, your clit is so hard, and your walls are so fucking tight and very wet,” he whispered against my lips, before sinking his teeth into my bottom lip.

“Sayiiii,” I moaned before bucking against his fingers. “Please... speed up. Rub my clit faster. I feel... oh my gosh.”

“Now, why would I do that? I want to bring you as close to the edge as possible before you cum for me.”

When I laid back against the seat, I tried to put my hand between my legs, but Sayi moved it, and held it. When I tried to use my other hand, he moved that one out of the way as well. His hand was so big that he could hold both of my wrists together, so that's what he did. He had full control of my body, and all I could do was let him push me closer and closer to the edge.

“Sayiii...”

“Sayiii...” he mocked me. “Sayi, what?”

I started to flail my legs because the pleasure was becoming too much to handle. All the blood in my body started flowing directly to my pussy. He got off his knee and onto the beach chair with me. He leaned forward, so he could keep my legs in the butterfly position, while he fingered my very slippery hole, and strummed my clit at the same slow pace. At every stroke and strum of his fingers, my body weakened.

“This pussy so fucking wet, Yuliana, but I know you can get wetter. I know you wanna cum for me. I know you do.”

My stomach tightened and my back arched.

“Sayi... oh, God!”

“Sh. Sh. Sh. Give it to me,” he whispered.

My stomach tightened even more, and that's when I felt *it*. Liquid rushed out of my hole as every muscle in my body tensed up. Sayi kept his hold on my wrists and kept my legs spread apart, so I couldn't clench my thighs together the way I wanted to. All I could do was ride the wave. I laid my head back against the seat and let my blood dance around in my body.

“Sayi,” I whispered.

He pecked my lips before he released my wrists and eased his fingers out of me. He held them up and under the light, I could see how drenched his fingers were.

“Damn, girl.”

He held his fingers over his mouth and let my wetness drip into his mouth, before he put his fingers in his mouth and sucked them clean.

“Oh my gosh. You’re so fucking nasty, Sayi.”

“You ain’t seen nothing yet,” he said and climbed off the chair. “Come on, let’s go get cleaned up.”

I glanced at his crotch and he was hard as a rock. His dick had to have fallen out of his boxer hole or something because there was a small tent in his shorts. Because his shorts were black, I couldn’t really assess how big he was, but I could tell he had length and girth to him. He grabbed the waist band of his shorts and gave it a little shake.

“Will that make your dick go down or something?”

“Nah, but it’ll make it a little more bearable. Getting hard in briefs ain’t too comfortable, Ms. Lady.”

“You got on briefs?”

He chuckled. “Yup. Why you ask?”

“Um... no reason.”

If his dick was that big in briefs, I could only imagine what he packed inside of those briefs. I was not going to let this man ruin my life. He used his other hand to pull me off the seat. My legs were wobbly, but we manage to make it inside of the house. Because my sisters and aunt were heavy sleepers, we decided to use a bathroom on our side of the condo.

In the bathroom, we gazed at each other in the mirror, while he washed his hands. His eyes were so beautiful, and it was so hard to take my eyes off his. He was my *first*, technically. He made me cum so hard. I could still feel his fingers inside of me. If he could do that with his fingers, I didn’t want to know what he could do with his tongue, or even his massive dick.

“What’s on your mind, Ms. Lady? You looking at me like you want to bite me,” he said.

“I do. How did you know my body better than me?”

“I listened to you... and your body.”

After we got cleaned up, he walked me to the room I shared with Jordan. She was still very much asleep. He pulled the covers back and I slid in the sheets. He pulled the covers up to me and placed a kiss on my forehead.

He was tucking me in. He tucked me in. Oh my God. Oh my God.

“I had such a great time, Ms. Lady. I’ll see you in the morning,” he whispered in my ear before he left the room.

I wanted to tell Jordan the good news, but my eyes were so heavy. He literally milked the energy out of me. Now that I knew what another person making me cum felt like, I’d never be the same again. My new man would have to know how to milk me like Sayi, or he’d definitely get left.

SAYI

I DIDN'T FEEL like letting out the couch bed, so I decided to just sleep on the couch how it was. Tonight, was definitely unexpected. I didn't expect Yuliana to come out on the patio, and I damn sure didn't expect to finger fuck her until she nudded on my fingers. She only nudded, she didn't even have the orgasm I wanted her to have. I wanted her to not be able to walk after I was done. She was a little wobbly, but I wanted her to not want to move after I was done with her young ass. Her old nigga must have been one of those niggas that thought moaning or telling his girl that she made him feel good was gay or something. I couldn't imagine a man being with a woman for that long and she had some bad pussy. Just from the way she gripped my fingers, I knew that she had some good pussy.

Earlier today when we were fucking off at Wal-Mart, my guys kept telling me that I would hit *Ms. Lady* by the end of the week. They were definitely trying to take bets, but I don't play games like that. I told them if it happened, it happened, but I wasn't going to force it or any of that. Even when we went down on International Drive, that's all they could talk about; me fucking Yuli, and how I needed to truly move on from my ex-wife. I don't know why they thought me fucking with another woman would make me stop loving Tessa. She was my first love and gave me two beautiful daughters. I'd love her forever. Even when I got another woman, I'd still love her. That's what I was thinking about before Yuli joined me on the patio. I wondered what I did or didn't do to make her leave. I kept asking God, if I should let it go. My parents

always told me that God answered prayers when you least expected it. I could honestly admit, I am not the type of man that enjoyed being single, and I was never that man. Going out and fucking different women just because I could, was never for me, and even at my age now, and newly single, it's still not for me. Honestly, I hadn't had sex since the last time I had sex with my wife; almost six months ago. I finally found a comfortable position on the couch, I drifted off to sleep.

A few hours later, I was awakened to pots and pans clinking around the kitchen. I was a light sleeper for the most part, so any movement or sounds could wake me up. I pulled my phone out of my pocket to see that it was a little after eight. I turned over and went back to sleep. Just when I fell into a deep sleep, my phone vibrated in my pocket. Half sleep, I pulled it out to see that it was Skylar.

“Good morning, Beautiful.”

“Morning? Dad, it's after twelve.”

“Really?”

I looked at the time, and she was right. It was after twelve.

“Dang, I guess it is. What's up? What you doing?”

“Um, just working on some orders. I called to see why you hadn't sent me any pictures of you doing anything. What's up with that?”

“I had a really late night, and very early morning. The house is very quiet, so everyone must be gone. I'm about to get up and once I leave the house, I'll send you all the pictures you want.”

“Good. You know Uncle Seth is worried about you. He's worried that you would be sitting up in the house and not having fun. I told him that you would be out. I showed him Cousin Chels' Instagram to show him that you were out,” she said and laughed.

“Tell your uncle, I'm fine. Once I get up and get cleaned up, I'll leave the house. I promise.”

“Okay, good. I love you, Dad. Bring me something back.”

“Alright. Love you, later.”

I hung up the phone and rested there for a second before I climbed off the couch and went to relieve my bladder. In the middle of washing my hands, a text came through on my phone from Dunn.

Dunn: *We are at the pool, whenever you wake up. Cabana 8. Ms. Lady and nem is at Cabana 11, and let me just say, all EYEZ on them... Titties out. Ass out. It's going to be a fight soon. Lol. See ya soon, Chief. Oh, Ms. Lady put a plate of breakfast for you in the microwave. She got a hand on her.*

I laughed at his text message, but I was very eager to see what those women had on that was causing a scene like that. When I went into the kitchen, it was spotless. Opening the microwave, I saw the huge plate of food wrapped in plastic. On top of the plastic was a folded note, so I pulled it out first to open it.

Big plate for a big man with a big appetite.

-Yuli.

The plate had eggs, bacon, grits, sausage, and a pancake. Shit, it was like she was trying to put a nigga back on his ass for a few hours. After I warmed the plate up, I immediately dug into the food, and it tasted just as good as it looked. Just from the way she looked, tasted, and cooked, I knew that beautiful ass, young ass girl was going to be a problem for me.



After getting showered and cleaned up, I put on my swim trunks, a white t-shirt, and put on my Nike slides. Luckily for me, the pool was right across the road and I could see all the cabanas. When I stepped outside, the sun beamed down on me, so I took my shades off my shirt and put them on. When I got closer to the pool, I could hear Dunn and Caldwell's loud ass mouths.

“What's good, Chief?” Dunn spoke as soon as I made it to the cabana. “You slept good? You were knocked out when we

left. We know you barely been getting any sleep, so we decided to let you sleep in”

I sat down in the empty chair. “Yeah, I slept aight. What y’all got going on? Did the living arrangements get straightened out?”

“Well, Ms. Lady—” Dunn started.

“Please call her Yuli.”

“Yuli and her lil’ bitty ass aunt went up there and the woman at the front desk told them to come back after lunch.”

“Oh, I got you.”

I looked around to see that Jackson was nowhere around.

“Where Jackson?”

“Uh, the girls invited her to their cabana, and she went. I was like them girls must don’t know that Jackson is not a girly girl like them. She’s over there in swim trunks and a t-shirt, while they are basically naked,” Caldwell said, making me shake my head.

I looked towards Cabana 11 and had to do a double take when I saw Yuliana in the smallest bathing suit she could find, rubbing what had to be sunscreen on her body. It was a black two-piece swimsuit. Her body proportions were on Draya’s level, but thicker. She for sure had a volleyball body; thick bottom half, and semi-small upper body. After she finished a coat of sunscreen, she picked up a small gold bottle, poured some in her hand, and then started rubbing where she put the sunscreen. Immediately, her brown skin started to glow, and inadvertently, I licked my lips. I wanted to run my fingers in and out of every dip in her body, run my tongue up and down every semi-visible stretch mark on her ass and side. Her body type was definitely hanging out in a surgeon’s book for girls to choose from.

Just as Dunn said, all eyes were on her beautiful brown ass. From the dudes at the cabanas across the pool, and the one next to theirs.

“What you say!?” Yuliana shouted.

Immediately, I stood up and walked over there. Before she noticed me, I wrapped my arm around her waist and pulled her close to me.

“You aight, Ms. Lady?” I asked her and then turned to look at the dudes who was eye fucking her.

“No. Fuckin’ nasty ass dudes don’t know how to keep their rapey comments to themselves.”

I turned around to stare at the guys. “Which one was it?”

“We don’t want no trouble big dog. We just wanted to let the woman know how fine she is. That’s all,” one of the guys said.

As soon as he said that, we were joined by Dunn and Caldwell.

“Chief, you straight?” Dunn asked, but was looking at the dudes.

“It’s fine. I don’t want to cause any trouble, Sayi, and you don’t need to be getting arrested over these fools, so calm down,” she said and wrapped her arms around me, prompting me to look down at her.

“You sho’?”

She pecked her lips against mine before saying, “I’m *sho’*.”

I waved Dunn and Caldwell off, and they walked back over to our cabana, while I took a seat with Yuliana. I wasn’t about to leave her over here by herself.

“Where your peoples at? Got you over here by yourself in this lil’ ass shit.”

She smirked at me. “Um, it’s just a bathing suit, Sayi. My peoples went to get us some food. I decided to stay and watch our shit because people may get the sticky fingers.”

“A too small bathing suit. Your titties are hanging out, and this bottom is basically a thong, and then you got this body shimmer shit on.”

She laughed. “You sound like a jealous boyfriend, Sayi.”

“I don’t know. I think it’s your cum that got me carrying on like this. What’s that shit mixed with?”

“I could say the same thing about you. I woke up, cooked, and left someone a big ass plate in the microwave.”

“About that. It was delicious. Very delicious. If I can make you cum again, what else can I get?”

“Sayiii,” she groaned. “Why are you talking to me like this?”

“Because you like it.”

I was enjoying flirting with her and watching her squirm. I can tell that she enjoyed it too, just from the way she was blushing. She was getting ready to say something else, but her sisters and aunt had made their way back to the table.

“Sayiii, how are you doing, Mr. Magic Fingers?” Jordan asked me, and I looked at Yuliana who was staring at her like she wanted to kill her.

“Jordan, I am fine. How are you doing this afternoon?”

“Just swell,” she responded.

Before I could say anything else, Yuliana spoke, “Sayi, let’s go and see if we can get our living arrangements figured out.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

She stood up and grabbed her shorts from the other table. It was like she knew I was intensely watching her because she made a show out of pulling her shorts up. When she did that little jump to get them over her ass, I had to mentally tell my dick to calm down. She knew what she was doing. She slid her pretty feet back into her thong sandals and stretched her arm out for me to grab her hand. I took it and stood up.

“We’ll be back,” Yuliana said.

I nodded my head. “Ladies.”

Halfway through the walk, Yuliana was so in her own world that she almost ran into a pole. I yanked her out of the way just before she came in contact with the pole.

“Oh. Wow. Thanks,” she said.

“Yuliana, what’s wrong?” I asked her.

She shook her head and kept walking, while I had stopped. When she realized that I wasn’t next to her, she stopped and turned around.

“I told you that nothing was wrong with me.”

“Actually, you didn’t. When I asked you what was wrong, you shook your head. Come back here and tell me what’s wrong.”

She sighed before walking over to me. “I am so very embarrassed by what my sister said. I tell them everything. They are my best friends and the only people in the world that I trust with everything in me. Having an orgasm was a big moment for me, so I needed to share the information with them. I’m sorry, I won’t do it again. You just look like the type to not want your business spread around. I don’t know, Sayi.”

“That’s true, but your sisters are your best friends, and what would I look like to tell you to keep them out of your life? I would never do that. It would only bother me if you were the girl that’s always on social media talking about your business, and then wondering why people are in your business. Other than that, tell your sisters whatever you want.”

She smiled. “Oh, good. I’m still embarrassed by that, though.”

“It’s going to be my pleasure to make you cum again,” I said and kissed her forehead.

“I—um... we have to get going,” she said before we started back walking towards the reception area.

When we finally made it to the reception area, it was packed, so I knew that we were going to have to wait. While we were waiting, I snapped a few pictures and sent them to my daughters in our group chat. After ten minutes, we finally made it to the front. April, the girl from yesterday was not up here, so I hoped that meant we would get a girl with a little more common sense.

“Hello, my name is Yuliana Kennedy, and this is Sayi Mathis. We both checked in yesterday, and we were given the same condo. We talked to a girl yesterday, and she told us to come back today. We came here first thing this morning and they told us to come back later today, so we are here.”

“Ah, I think I heard about that. Let me get the manager,” she said and walked away from the desk.

It took about five minutes before the manager came out the back room.

“Hey, my name is Tiffany, and what’s going on?”

“Tiffany, two different families were checked into the same condo. We need another condo. Condo 3916. Thanks.”

Just from how curt Yuliana was being, I could tell that she had gotten annoyed really fast.

“Oh, I see,” she said and started typing into the computer.

I could tell just from how long she was typing that she was about to give us some bad news, and it would probably set Yuliana off.

“Okay, so I am extremely sorry about that, so here’s what we can do. We can refund one group the full price and give them wristbands to still come on the resort and enjoy the amenities.”

“In short, there are no more condos, and you purposely overbooked the condo to get double the fee, in hopes that we would just deal with it,” Yuliana said.

“That is not what happened. I’m sure that the computer must have glitched or something, and made it seem like the room was empty.”

“I see. So, you expect one of the families to go and find somewhere else to stay, while still coming on this resort to enjoy the amenities? It’s May. You see how packed this place is? That’s how every other place is going to be. Where do you expect us to find somewhere to—”

With every word, Yuliana was getting louder and louder, so I stepped up next to her and said, “Yuliana, we will make it

work.”

She whipped her head around towards me. “No, you said that last time. We will not make it work. How can we make it work? What do we look like driving off this resort to find a place to stay and then driving way back over here just so we can swim, go down a few slides, play golf, and everything else? I am so irritated right now.”

“Right. Which is why you’re going to wait over there while I speak with the lady. Thank you.”

I kissed her forehead and watched her until she made it to the chair and took a seat. When I focused back on Tiffany, we exchanged smiles.

“Are you sure that there is nothing that you can do beyond one of the families having to get another place? Because this is unacceptable, especially with you guys being a new company, and I don’t think you guys need any bad reviews.”

“That’s really all I can do, Mr.—”

“Mathis.”

“Mathis. There are no other empty condos here. I’m truly sorry. If there is anything else I can do to accommodate you and your wife, I will do anything that I can,” she finished her sentence and placed her hand on my hand.

The way she cut her eyes behind me, let me know that she was looking at Yuli, and then she focused back on me. I looked down at her hand on top of mine before I moved it from under hers. I looked around the reception area and spotted a few things that violated fire codes in a building.

“Ms. Tiffany. I am a fire chief, and as I’m looking around this building, I see numerous violations. I have a few friends here in the Orlando area that I could get to come out and look at them. I mean, just from this building alone, I see several codes that could get this place shut down for weeks.”

I watched all the blood drain from both of their faces.

“Let me see if there is anything else I can do for you,” she whispered before walking away from the desk into the back.

While Tiffany went to the back to magically find an empty condo, I walked over to where Yuliana was sitting. She was visibly angry. Her leg was shaking, she had the corner of her bottom lip pulled in between her teeth, and she was slightly shaking her head.

“Your leg is shaking. Are you angry?”

“Well, yeah. You’re not my man, but the fact that she was *visibly* flirting with you pissed me off. I mean... hoes ain’t got no manners,” she said and laughed.

“She’s not my type, but Yuliana, you’re jealous?”

“No, I’m not jealous. What’s your type, Sayi? You seem like the type to—”

“Go ahead, I would love to hear this.”

She twisted her lips up before rolling her eyes. “Um, I think that you like women who are small waisted with big butts and big breasts. You probably like trophy wife type women. Very pretty, but often times are airheads. Um, maybe you probably want a housewife. I don’t know.”

“That last sentence is something that you and I can agree on. You don’t know. I am not that man. Although, I have to be physically attracted to you, looks have very little to do with why I would choose a woman. She has to be smart, funny, levelheaded, and ambitious. Believe it or not, when I am very comfortable around you, I am goofy as hell. I really like to laugh and have fun, Babygirl. To be honest, surface level shit really doesn’t turn me on. I don’t care about big asses and breasts. I care about your heart.”

“What about roast beef looking pussies?”

I laughed. “Yuliana, if you are referring to yourself; your pussy does *not* look like roast beef.”

She shrugged her shoulders.

“Mr. Mathis.” I turned to see that Tiffany had walked over to us with another folder in her hand.

“We were able to find out the glitch in the system, and we saw where we made a mistake. We happened to find another

condo. Here are the keys and what not. We have the cleaning service there right now making sure it's clean. The keys will work after five," Tiffany said and handed me the folder. "Please let me know if you need anything else from us. Thank you for being so patient with us. We don't know if you have any kids with you all, but we added a hundred-dollar arcade card in there. That's the very least we can do."

"Very least?" Yuli muttered.

She flashed Yuli a tight smile, before she walked away. I could tell that she wanted to say something else, but knew that her job was on the line, so she kept her lips together. When I opened the folder, I saw that 3940 was the condo number, so the new condo was not that far away.

"We ready?" Yuli asked and stood up.

I nodded my head and we left to head back to the pool area. While we were outside, I snapped a few pics and sent them to my daughter's group chat.

"Would you like for me to take one of you? You sending your picture out to your group of women. I know that you out here making it do what it do, being newly single after being held up in a marriage for twenty years."

I handed her my phone and walked a few feet away from her.

"Ms. Lady, I wasn't *held up* in a marriage. Hell, I was perfectly happy being married. Even though it may not look like it, I enjoyed being married. Every day wasn't roses and whip cream, but overall, I was happy. That's why I keep telling you that I was very confused when I came home to her bags being packed."

"Stop talking because you are looking a little touched in your pictures."

"I don't take too kindly to orders, Ms. Lady."

"Be quiet and be still, so I can get a good picture."

I pressed my lips together while she took a few pictures.

"Do you smile for pictures?"

“No.”

She sighed while she snapped a few more pictures. She walked towards me and handed my phone back to me. When we started back walking towards the pool, she surprised me when she hooked her arm in mine.

“So, you’re really not enjoying being single?”

“No. Well, it’s different. I mean I can’t say that I’m one of those dumb men who don’t notice when women flirt with them, but since the women found out that I was single; they amped up the flirting shit. I can’t tell you how many women have accosted me in the store. I even received food plates at work like someone had died or something. I didn’t know whether to feel like I was being stalked, or what.”

I didn’t expect her to burst out laughing the way that she did. She even stopped and doubled over.

“Sayi, they were sending you plates at work like your wife had died or something. That is hilarious to me. You know what? There is a shortage of good men, so I get it. You not bad looking. You tall and muscular, and women like tall and muscular men. You a firefighter chief, so you make good money. I think women are turned on by the gray specks in your hair. Hmph. It gotta be the gray hair. How old are you?”

I chuckled. “Yeah, it’s the gray specks. I am old enough. Stop asking me that. I’ll tell you when you least expect it. I promise.”

When we got closer to the pool, I noticed that she released my arm, but I wasn’t going to say anything.

“Bout time. I thought y’all had made a detour or something,” Jordan said and raised her eyebrows.

“We didn’t. Sayi was able to get another condo right down the road,” Yuliana said.

“But it won’t be ready until after five,” I added. “We’ll move out since we got there last. I’m going to go back over to my group to let them know what’s up.”

Yuliana nodded her head and I had to resist placing a kiss on her temple. When I walked back over to the cabana where my people were, they were sitting down eating.

“We’re moving to 3940,” I said to them and laid the folder down on the table. Because I was sitting on the left side of the table, I had a very good view of Yuli’s table. I watched her as she slithered out of her shorts and laid them on the table. It’s like she knew that I was looking at her because she looked at me before picking up a slice of pizza. Even though I had on my shades, our eyes were locked on each other’s. They were playing some music on a small table JBL speaker, so I watched her as she slowly swayed her hips from side to side. It was like she was trying to entice me; well I knew she was. If she wasn’t; she was a damn good tease. When she ran her tongue across her bottom lip before biting it, I could feel the blood flowing to my dick. She was so damn beautiful, and she knew it too.

“Chief, you heard me?” Dunn asked.

“My apologies, I didn’t hear you. What did you say?”

Nobody said anything.

“Alright, what? Why y’all so damn quiet?”

“You like her, don’t you?”

“Like who? Huh? I haven’t even known her forty-eight hours.”

“*Like who?* But then gon’ say, *I haven’t even known her forty-eight hours.* You knew who I was talking about from the very beginning. Yuliana. You staring at her like she’s a brisket on the grill or something,” Dunn said.

“Man, she young. She ain’t looking for no old man like that. She would only want me for some dick and some bread. I got both of them for a pretty woman like her, but I don’t know.”

“Bro, ain’t nobody asking you to marry her young ass. What we are saying to you, is have fun. Clearly you are feeling her, and she over there teasing your old ass. I say have fun. All of us are from Savannah, so if you feel something

after this week is over with, then y'all go on a few dates or something. Make sure you make your intentions clear from the very beginning. It's time for you to at least make some strides at moving on. Your wife ain't coming back. She made her choice when she walked out that door and hooked up with an enemy of yours. Anyway, when the last time you had some pussy?"

"You giving me advice like I'm some scrub or something. Don't worry about when the last time I had some pussy. I'm good on that end," I lied.

Caldwell finally opened his mouth, "Well, I agree. The minute your wife sees you moving on, she's going to come back. She knows her ass ain't gonna have it as good over there as she had it over here. Just have fun. The best relationships come when everything happens naturally."

I looked at Jackson to see if she had something to say, but she kept her head down, looking at her phone.

"Say something, Chels."

She was one of the very few women in my life and I valued her opinion a great deal.

"I don't know. I think Yuli is very fine. She's a model beauty. I don't want you to get hurt again. The next broad that hurt you, I'm going to hurt them, seriously."

"Explain."

"Well, one; she's young. Not even thirty yet. You forty-five. You don't know what she wants out of life. She may want kids. Do you want more kids? She may want to move to further her little radio career. Are you willing to make the sacrifice to pack up your whole life and follow her? You are more settled than her. I feel like if you started up a relationship with her, you'd be giving more than her, and I don't like that. That's just one. Two; she fresh off an embarrassment to the whole city after being left at the altar. How you know that she won't be using you for no get back at him? How you know she won't be just using you? There is more, but those are just the top two."

I understood what Chels was saying because I wasn't a day to day thinker. On Mondays, I thought about what I would be doing the following Monday. Hell, I thought about what I would be doing on a Monday the next month. That was an issue of mine; I was a long-term thinker.

"Goddamn, Jackson, ain't nobody thinking that damn deeply about getting some wet, tight, young, but very legal, ass sex," Dunn said just as I watched Yuli and her sister get in the pool.

"But those are some very good points though."

"Whatever. I'm off it. Don't say I ain't never tried to do anything for you," Dunn said and waved me off.

"Are we going back to the strip tonight?" Caldwell asked.

"Whatever y'all want to do, I'm with it," Dunn said.

I nodded my head, but I halfway agreed because I low key wanted to know what Yuli and her people were going to be up too. They started a whole other conversation, but I tuned them out when I saw Yuli and her friends coming up the lazy river. I grabbed the syringe like squirt gun from under the table. I got up and went over to the lazy river. I squatted and pulled some of the water into the squirt gun. As soon as she got in front of me, I squirted the water in her face.

She swiped the water out of her face with an attitude.

"Sayi, what are you doing!? Why did you do that!?" she screamed.

"Baby, I'm putting out the fire," I said and laughed.

"That's not funny," she hissed.

She grabbed me by my shorts and pulled me in the water with her. When I came out of the water, I swiped the water down my face, and started laughing.

"See what happens when you play, Chief Sayi Mathis?" she said before jumping up on me. I lost my footing and both of us fell under the water. When we came from under the water, we both were laughing so hard.

“Your hair is soaked, baby. I’m sorry,” I apologized. “I couldn’t pass up fucking with you as you were coming by. Forgive me.”

“I do. I’ll just twist it up and blow dry it, and it’ll be fine.”

“So, tonight, do you and your people have plans? I’m inviting y’all down on the strip tonight with us. Maybe grab something to eat or something like that?”

She smirked. “We’re down.”

Later that night...

It was a little after eleven when we had come out of the racetrack. We had gotten full at this pizza restaurant on the strip and then we decided on the racetrack. The racetrack was also a large arcade as well. It was so much to do that we ended up staying for hours. Yuli and I ended up being very competitive in every fucking thing that we played, including air hockey, whack-a-mole, fruit ninja, and basketball. I let her win by a hair on each game except basketball because we made a bet. The bet was the best two out of three. If I won, she would come back to the room with me. If she won, I would have to take her on a firetruck and let her use the water hose. She told me that she’s always wanted to ride on a firetruck. That was something that could easily be done. I won the first game, she won the second game, and of course, I won the third game.

As the group walked forward, Yuli and I hung back. She held my hand as if she was nervous.

“Sayi, do you think that we’ll be able to find a room tonight?” she whispered as if we weren’t the only ones in the area.

I held up my phone. “Done.”

What she didn’t know was that I had already reserved a room at Embassy Suites while we were leaving the restaurant. Whether she won or not, I was going to ask her to spend the night with me. The way she had been teasing me all evening had me ready to rip her clothes off. She had on a pair of high waisted blue jean shorts with frayed ends. The frayed ends

covered the bottom of thick ass cheeks. The Gucci belt she had on made her waist look even smaller, and she had on a small ass cropped t-shirt with Gucci sandals to match her belt. Every time she had to bend over to get something, her shorts rose up. She kept reiterating that her sisters packed her bags because they wanted her to show off her goodies. She said some of the clothes they packed were clothes she hadn't worn in years; she just hadn't made it to the Goodwill. I had to remind her that she looked sexy as fuck in whatever she wore.

She also didn't lie when she said all she had to do was twist her hair up and blow dry it. Her hair had gone from straight down her back to sitting in curls that stopped at her neck. I wanted nothing but to rub my fingers through her hair while she sucked my dick.

“Wait. How did you even get that reservation that fast? Did you know that you were going to bet me all along?”

“No. Actually, I wanted to spend a night alone with you, so I booked it after we were done eating. I know we made a bet, but if you don't want to do this, then we don't have to. I overstepped, my apologies.”

“Sayi. I would love to spend a night alone with you.”

“You sure?”

She nodded her head. “Yes.”

“Lovebirds, y'all coming?” I looked up to see everybody waiting on us at the end of the sidewalk.

“We'll Uber back. We about to chill some more,” I said.

“Yuli, don't let your phone go dead because we are still sharing locations,” Ashley said.

“Yes, Mom,” Yuli shouted back.

They walked one way and we walked the other. I hadn't felt this good in a long time.

YULI

TONIGHT, was the most fun that I had had in a long time. When I wasn't preparing for a wedding, I was working, be it volleyball or at the radio station. Elijah and I hadn't been on a vacation in a while because we were saving up money to have an extravagant honeymoon. Even though we only ate and went to an arcade, I needed the release. I was very surprised by the bet that Sayi made, but I wasn't mad. I had been wanting to spend some alone time with him since last night after he made me cum. Honestly, it's all I been able to think about.

When I woke up this morning, I was in such a great mood. I couldn't remember the last time I woke up feeling as good as I was this morning. Sayi was so fine; he even slept fine. When I walked into the living room, he was laid out on the couch with one of his big arms resting across his face. I felt so good that I even made breakfast for everyone in the house by myself. You would have thought that I was someone's big mama. My breakfast always woke my sister, Jordan up, so when she came in the kitchen, the first thing I told her was about my night with Sayi. She sat there and looked at me like she was a proud mama or something. My sister literally told me that she had prayed for that moment for me, which cracked me up so bad. I couldn't wait to have another moment like that with Sayi.

Today, I even talked with Chelsea for a little bit while we were at our cabana. If she hadn't told me that she and Sayi were cousins, I would have believed that she was jealous because Jordan kept talking about me and Sayi fucking before we left the resort. I could tell that she was very loyal to him

because I asked her damn near ten times for Sayi's age, but she didn't give it up. She didn't even take a bribe to give up Sayi's age. Since she wouldn't tell me his age, I searched all social media and he didn't have any. Both Camila and Ashley told me that I didn't need to worry about his age and to just have fun. I was worried about finding out he was like the same age as my father, after being addicted to him making me cum, so I would be stuck with a fifty-five year old man because it was going to be hard to give up a man that was that skilled in using his fingers.

Since they had finally gotten their own condo, I didn't see Sayi again until he stepped out of the truck in the parking garage. He stepped out in a pair of dark blue Levi jeans that weren't too loose and not too tight paired with a black Polo shirt with a red horse with the black, white, and red Jordan's to match. He had a small gold chain around his neck, it was the first time that I had noticed the diamonds in his ears. He was too fucking fine. So fucking fine that I couldn't help but to wonder what kind of person he was for real for his wife to just pick up and leave his ass. He couldn't be that bad of a person because Skylar thought the world of her father, and at her age, she would know if her father was a fucked-up person. I needed to keep my mind off that if I wanted to have a great night with Sayi.

"The moon is shining so bright tonight," Sayi said as we walked down the sidewalk towards the hotel.

The Embassy was only a few blocks away from where we were, so the walk was not long. My arm was wrapped around his and I was slightly leaning on his shoulder.

"It's really full. Is it true that on full moons, people act crazy? Do you be really busy on full moon nights?"

He laughed. "Somewhat. There are some full moon nights where it wasn't really anything going on. The worst full moon I ever had was on Halloween several years ago. I swear we were busy the whole twenty-four hours we were at work. I also realized that is when the college kids were the craziest."

"What about Spring Break?"

“Who the fuck spring breaks in Savannah? Honestly, that’s when the city is the quietest. I’ll leave that to my firefighter brothers down in Florida.”

He wasn’t lying. Savannah was very boring during spring break time. The city be full of old folks. Old people loved Savannah. We made small talk until we made it to the lobby of the Embassy. It was very, very bright and beautiful inside.

“You can wait right here while I get checked in, if you want.”

“It’s fine,” I said and sat down in the chair.

I was ready to get off my feet anyway. Gucci shoes may be cute, but they definitely weren’t made for walking long distances. I watched as Sayi stood at the desk and the woman was clearly flirting with him. I don’t know what it was about his hands that made women want to touch them. As gritty as his job was, I was surprised that he had soft hands to begin with. After five minutes, he turned around and looked at me before waving me over.

“Women really throw themselves at you and it’s disgusting.”

“Women throw themselves at me?”

I rolled my eyes because he knew that. “That woman literally wants to follow you upstairs.”

“True, but the woman I want to follow me upstairs is walking right next to me,” he said, before pulling me in front of him and wrapping his arm around my waist.

On the way to the elevator, we stopped at the little twenty-four-hour shop and Sayi picked up a twelve pack of condoms. It really took me back to the first time I was about to have sex, and I stood behind looking goofy as he purchased the condoms. Just like we were horny teenagers, he walked close behind me to the elevators. He pushed the up button while we waited for the elevator to come down. He ran his nose through my hair.

“Your hair smells good.”

“Mielle Organics new line. It works.”

When the elevator doors opened, we walked on, still attached. He pressed the eighth floor. I was so thankful that we were the only ones on the elevator because Sayi had become so touchy feely. He rubbed his hands down my front before coming back up and gripping my breasts. Physical touch was my love language, so I welcomed it all. I turned around and looked at him. I couldn't get over how handsome he was.

“For a man that's old enough to be my father, you are very handsome, and I can't get over it.”

He smiled. “Thank you, Babygirl.”

“Can we kiss?”

When he nodded his head, I pressed my lips against his. I slipped my tongue in his mouth. With one hand, Sayi gripped my neck, and with the other; he gripped my ass. When I tell you that I was about to lose my mind. Wetness slipped out of my hole and saturated my panties. I kissed with my eyes closed, so when I opened my eyes to see Sayi gazing at me even though his eyes were low, turned me on so much. The minute he caught my tongue and started to suck on it, I pulled back because my pussy started to throb.

“What? I was just getting started with those lips,” he said while wiping my saliva away from around his lips.

“My pussy is throbbing, Sayi. Fuck,” I whispered.

“It's not throbbing yet, Beautiful.”

That made me clench my thighs together. I just knew that Sayi was about to put some demon dick in my life and I was going to fall in love with it. When the elevator doors opened, he ushered me off, and we rushed to find our room. The moment he unlocked the door and pushed it open, I fell in love with the room. It was a one-bedroom king suite equipped with a kitchen and a marvelous walk-in shower, and a garden tub. I wished that we were staying more than one night because I would love to enjoy the jets in that tub. I noticed that there was a mirror covering the wall behind the bed. I was sure that Sayi

and I were going to do some very nasty things to each other in that mirror.

“You like?” Sayi said from behind me.

“Yes. It’s really nice.”

The room faced International Drive, so we got a good view of everything that was going on down there. I jumped a little when Sayi walked behind me and wrapped his arms around me and held me close to him. He continued grabbing and touching me while I rested my head against his hard shoulder.

“You ready to get naked for me?”

I hesitated a little and he noticed.

“You don’t have to think about nothing tonight but cumming in my mouth and on my dick,” Sayi reassured me.

He gripped the bottom of my shirt and pulled it over my head, freeing my titties. He turned me around and stared at them before slightly shaking his head. They weren’t big, and they weren’t small, but I wouldn’t change them for the world. The cold air in the room had already hardened my nipples. When he sat me in the chair in front of the bed, he kicked off his shoes and got on one knee in front of me. He didn’t take any time before he wrapped his lips around my nipples. His warm tongued made my body feel warm all over. Suddenly, my body temperature started to rise. While he sucked on my right nipple, he slightly pulled on the left one, as if he was trying to see how far it could pop out.

“Sayi,” I sighed.

“Hmm?” he queried while moving over to the next nipple to give her the same treatment.

“It feels so, so, so... so good.”

When he gripped both my breasts in his large hands and went back and forth between my nipples, all I could do was close my eyes, and just take the pleasure. It also didn’t help with my nipples being my hot spot. I was sitting in a pool of my juices and I was so embarrassed of the mess that I had

made in my shorts. My soaked panties never stood a chance. He pulled away from me, and stared at me, before he winked.

“Stand up for me.”

“Sayi... um...”

“Talk to me, baby.”

“I’m embarrassed,” I whispered.

“Your pussy does not look like...” the last part of his sentence trailed off when I stood up and revealed the mess I had made in my shorts. They weren’t that dark, so it was very easy to see that I looked like I had wet myself.

“Fuck,” he whispered.

He unbuttoned my shorts, pulled them down, and ordered me to step out of them.

“Goddamn, you smell good. I’ll never forget a smell like this. It’s so fucking intoxicating. I’d be able to find your ass anywhere in the woods with a scent like this.”

My cheeks warmed. “Sayiii.”

“I’m not sorry for telling you how good you smell, girl.”

He bit the seat of my panties and pulled them to the side. When I held them, he moved my hand out of the way with his nose.

“I don’t need no help, woman. Sit on the bed and rest your feet on the couch.”

While I did that, I watched him stand up, and pull his shirt over his head. I didn’t think I could get turned on even more than I already was but watching his muscles flex as he pulled his shirt off had me feeling hot all over. Pulling my panties to the side, I started to rub my wet pussy. He watched me intensely as he unbuttoned his pants and pushed them down. His briefs matched the shirt he had just shed; Polo; black and red. The bulge in his briefs made my mouth water. I was sure that he would be the biggest guy that I ever dealt with, and I saw it as a challenge. I thought he was about to shed his briefs, but he kept them on. He got back on his knees and positioned

himself in between my legs. Before I could prep myself for what I was about to receive, Sayi ran his tongue down my gooey center, making me inhale sharply. He did that several times, making sure to stop at my hole and slither his tongue inside.

“Fuckk,” I whispered.

When he started to suck on my piercing, he eased two fingers inside of me. I just couldn’t understand how he was so skilled with his tongue and fingers at the same time.

My back arched when I felt his tongue slithering across my pussy into the figure eight position.

“Goddd,” I moaned out.

“Pussy tastes good baby,” Sayi whispered before he spread my lips with his other hand and flicked the tip of his tongue across my pearl at a slow pace, while fingering me at an even slower pace.

“Sayiiii,” I groaned. “Speed up.”

“Nun-uh. Edge, baby.”

I remembered him telling me last night that he wanted to take me to the edge. This man was trying to kill me just to get me to cum. When my stomach quickened, Sayi went even slower.

“You’re trying to kill me, Sayi,” I whispered.

He went deeper with his fingers and made a scissor motion before he wrapped his lips around my clit. My heart was beating so loud and fast that I could hear it in my ears. Suddenly my legs stretched out, my stomach quickened, and my back arched. All the blood rushed to my clit before I screamed out Sayi’s name.

“Sayi! God!”

I had never felt that much pleasure in my life ever. All I could do was close my eyes and think about what just happened. My body went limp as Sayi kept sucking on my clit and fingering me. After a few seconds, I couldn’t take it anymore, so I scooted away from him.

“You like that?” Sayi asked.

I couldn't speak, so I gave him a thumbs up, prompting him to chuckle, but there wasn't anything funny. That man gave me something I had been missing since I started being sexually active my senior year of high school. I could have easily turned over and gone to sleep. I didn't open my eyes until I heard him fumbling with the condom box. He stood at the head of the bed with a condom in his mouth, tearing it open.

“Can I see your dick?”

He chuckled. “Sure. I'm about to pull these briefs down for you right now.”

I blinked a few times to get my vision straight, so I could get a clear view of his dick.

“Lord, have mercy,” I said when he pulled his briefs down and his dick popped out. It was long and very thick. It was a shade or two darker than his face, with one thick vein going down the center of it.

“Big enough?” he asked as he crawled on the bed and positioned himself in between my legs.

“Yes. Yes. It's more than enough.”

We stared at each other as he pulled the condom out of the packet and rolled it slowly down his length. He leaned forward and eased himself inside of me slowly. We stared at each other as he filled me with all his length.

“Fuck, Beautiful,” he whispered, and pulled out halfway and pushed back in.

I placed my hand on his stomach. “Sayi.”

“You okay? I don't want to hurt you, baby.”

“Yes. Yes... it just feels so good. The way you're stretching me.”

He kept his eyes on me as he stroked me so good. He gripped my thighs and pushed them back as far as they would go, as he picked up his strokes.

“You like the way I long stroke you, Yuliana?”

God. The way my name rolled off his tongue.

I opened my mouth, but nothing came out. *Why couldn't he just read my mind?*

“Yuliana, you heard me. I know you did. Answer me. You like the way I long stroke this good ass pussy? Yo' shit is wet as fuck and gripping me like I belong to her or something.”

“Sayiii...” I whimpered.

“*Sayiii*. Sayi, what? Huh? You like the way I fuck yo' lil' tight pussy?”

“Yes. Fuck. Oh my gosh.”

He leaned forward and crashed his lips against mine. He was able to go deeper in me and there wasn't anything I could do but take it. As he kissed me, he rocked inside of me. His body was pressed against my clit as he tapped on every spot I had inside of me with the head of his dick. This man was trying to kill me with the pleasure. Around this time, I would have had to fake an orgasm with EJ, but I didn't have to fake it because this shit was happening.

It's happening. Oh, shit. It's happening. I'm about to cum.

“Sayi. Oh...”

“I feel you clenching and trying to arch your back. Let it go.”

I closed my eyes and did what he said; let it go. I didn't even realize how hard my whole body was clenching until I heard my toes pop. Sayi pulled out of me, dropped down between my legs and started slurping on my pussy as I continued to ride the wave. Something about that nut was so different, I couldn't feel anything. My head was spinning, I couldn't hear anything but a buzzing sound in my ears as Sayi sucked on me hard, but pleasurable, and finger fucked me as fast as he could. My stomach clenched so hard, forcing me to sit up just as Sayi pulled my lips apart and my pussy expelled a liquid I never thought it could. My body shook violently as I

fell back against the bed and scooted as far away from him as possible.

“You aight, Ms. Lady?”

What? Fuck, no. I lost my hearing for a split second. This man definitely came from the devil.

“Yes. Yes, everything is fine. I just... I just didn’t know that my body could do that.”

“What? Squirt?”

I nodded my head and he laughed.

“That shit so fucking sexy. Turnover. I’m not letting you tap out on me, Ms. Lady.”

I guess it took me too long to turn over because he gripped my thigh and flipped me on my stomach in one swift motion.

“Raise up,” he ordered me.

Doing as I was told, I got in a perfect position. In the mirror, I looked very intoxicated. I looked up at Sayi and he was staring at me in the mirror as well. Even though I was looking at him in the mirror, I still couldn’t prepare myself for when he thrusted in me. He started fucking me, hard. All I could do was grip the bed and hold on for the ride. He ran his fingers through my sweaty curls before he gripped them and pulled my head back, forcing me to look at myself in the mirror. Looking at Sayi’s sweaty muscles flexing, gave me the burst of energy I needed, and I started meeting his fast and very deep strokes. He leaned over and kissed my temple, never breaking his stride. When I closed my eyes, he pulled my head back a little.

“Open your eyes. Look at you. Look at how fucking sexy you look getting fucked,” he whispered in my ear.

My mouth fell open. Sayi’s intense stare sent shock waves through every vein in my body.

“Look at how fucking sexy you are, Yuliana. Fuck. Don’t fucking close your eyes. Look at me. Look at us,” he groaned.

He was knocking my voice box loose. I could barely breathe; let alone speak.

“I’m about to cum in this pussy, Yuliana. Watch me. Watch me... cum... in you,” he grunted as he pumped in me.

I felt his cum shooting in the condom. It was so much that I thought it might burst inside of me. He let my hair go and eased out of me. Just as I expected, his damn cum nearly blew a small balloon at the tip of his dick. He slid the condom off his dick, tied a knot in it, before getting up and going to the rest room while I was still stuck in the doggy style position. My muscles weren’t letting up. When he came out of the bathroom, he started laughing.

“What’s wrong with you?”

“My whole body hurts. I feel like if I move, one of my muscles is going to break or something.”

He laughed again, before he walked over to me and rubbing my legs, before stretching my right leg out, and then my left one; leaving me flat on the bed.

“Would you like to shower with me?” he asked.

“You just had to unbend me out of the doggy style position. Why on earth would you think that I would be able to stand up for a long period of time?”

“There is a bench in there. I’ll wash you. Come and join me.”

“Okay.”



Sayi and I were laying down looking at the TV. I should have known that he had an agenda when he wanted me to join him in the shower. Yes, there was a bench in there, which we used for me to ride him, and for him to bend me over once again and fuck me. For the first twenty minutes of the shower; it was nothing but fucking going on. I wish I had seen him sneak that condom in the shower, it would have never happened, but I

enjoyed it. He kept his word and let me sit on the bench while he got me cleaned up. Now, we were laying in the bed smelling like hotel products, which didn't smell bad at all. They even had quality toothbrushes and toothpaste.

“Why are you so far from me?” Sayi asked.

“I ain't know if you wanted me all up on you.”

“Your body is soft and cuddly as hell. Yes, I want you all up on me.”

I scooted over and laid my head on his chest, while he wrapped his arm around me. I had never felt this good after sex before in my life.

“Thank you for tonight, Sayi. It was perfect in more ways than one. I never thought I would experience something so great. I don't know how I'll be able to go back to mediocre sex after this. My next boyfriend will have to tell me how fucking sexy I look while getting fucked or I'm putting his ass out.”

“Word. It was my pleasure, Yuliana. Seeing how much you were enjoying yourself had my dick harder than it's ever been. So, it was really and truly a great pleasure to please you.”

“Would you mind if I called you over my house a few times just to tighten me up until you or I get new significant others?”

He chuckled, but I was dead ass serious.

“I got you, Yuli. Whatever you need, I got you. Trust me.”

That was the last thing I heard him say because my eyes had gotten really heavy, real fast. I had a very long day with no nap, so sleep took over my body.



Two nights & three days later...

“Yuliana, why do you suck dick so fucking nasty like this?” Sayi moaned as I sucked his dick. I learned that he

loved getting his dick sucked with no hands and with maximum spit, so I happily obliged.

We had just had breakfast, showered, and got cleaned up. We had planned on leaving here today because our people had been looking for us. I knew for a fact that my phone was completely dead because I hadn't picked it up since we made it to the room. I knew my sisters and my aunt were losing their minds. Even though I'm sure Sayi texted his friends and told them that I was alright, that wouldn't fly with them. Sayi went and bought a phone charger because he had to keep his phone on because of his girls.

We were still at the Embassy. Even though we had been naked most of the time, Sayi still had our clothes washed after he went down to the gift shop and picked up out some ugly ass 'Orlando' clothes for us to just wear if we decided to leave the room, but that didn't happen. All we did was shower, eat, drink, and fuck. The room service was very on point, and I honestly can't even imagine the bill that Sayi's going to get once we finally checked out.

One night had turned into two nights, and here we are on the third morning; still fucking. When we woke up the next morning, we both were hesitating with wanting to check out, so Sayi paid for another night. These last couple of nights had been so damn fulfilling. Since learning that my body does cum, that's all I been wanting to do, and Sayi has fulfilled all of that.

"Baby, I'm about to nut. Keep it deep in your throat."

Doing as I was told, I kept Sayi's dick deep in my throat until he finished draining in it. I kept sucking it until it started going soft.

"Fuck, baby. My phone ringing. It's Dunn. I need to get this. I told him not to call me unless it's important," he said.

"Well, fucking answer the phone."

He took a deep breath and answered the phone. "Yeah."

When I started placing wet kisses on his dick before I started sucking on his soft head, he placed his hand on my

forehead to stop me, but I didn't.

"I can't hear them if they are yelling, Dunn. Tell them to calm down. Yuli is right here, I swear. I mean... her mouth is full, but she's right here."

He put the phone on speakerphone just as I heard my aunt yelling.

"For the last fucking two nights, all he been saying to you is *Yuli's right here. Yuli's right here*," she mocked Sayi's deep voice. "Where the fuck is my niece, Dunn? If that nigga has harmed my niece in any type of way, I'll burn this condo down with every fucking body in here!"

"Aunt," I said, but they were too busy yelling to hear me.

"My sister is probably already cut up and her body is in several different places. I've seen all the episodes of Dateline. I know that you are going to take up for him!"

That was Camila.

"Camila," I called her name but she ain't heard nothing.

"Boy, y'all are crazy as fuck! Get the fuck out of my condo. Sayi is the best nigga she could ever be with! Move back!"

"Ayo, bitch, put that fucking knife down!" Caldwell shouted.

"I'mma stab some fucking body up in here, if I don't see my sister in two seconds!" Jordan shouted.

"Aye, man. I'm about to FaceTime you. Where Yuli? These broads is crazy, man! They fucking broke into our condo by picking the fucking lock on the patio, man!"

Me and Sayi were trying to stifle our laughter. When I heard the call come through, I climbed from between his legs and laid on his chest, and covered us up, since I was completely naked. I tried to fix my hair the best I could, but it and my curls were shot to hell. I would have to definitely deep condition it when I got back home because this hotel shampoo was not the move.

“Here. Look at your naked ass sister with some freshly fucked hair. And don’t fucking snatch my phone,” Dunn said.

When Ashley finally got the phone, she held the phone up so her and my sisters were now looking like a family portrait.

“Girl! The first thing I fucking told you was to not let your phone go dead, and what did you do? Let your phone go dead. Where the fuck you been? I was so damn worried. All this ugly ass nigga kept saying is that you were with him and you were safe. My brother kept calling and looking for you. He kept saying your phone was going to voicemail. He was getting ready to catch a flight down here just because he hadn’t laid his eyes on his baby girl. I didn’t know how much longer we could use the *she’s in the shower* excuse,” Ashley snapped.

“Um, we’ve been right here. We haven’t left. I’m sorry. I’m about to put my phone on charge now, so I can send him a text.”

“Actually, we are going to bring your nasty ass some clothes and you are going to get some fresh air.”

“We were going to check out today anyway,” I looked up at Sayi to confirm and he nodded his head. “Check-out is at twelve. Can you bring me a jumpsuit or something, and not any of the jean shorts?”

“Why? Your pussy hurt or something?” Jordan asked.

Yes.

“Well, actually...”

“Aye. Aye. Aye. Mind y’all damn business. I’m glad her phone was dead, y’all wasn’t going to do nothing but bother her anyway. She is resting. Now, give me my phone back,” Dunn said in the background.

I looked at the time on Sayi’s phone and saw that it was a little after eight. If I wanted to look worth anything, then I need to at least put some conditioner on my hair or something.

“Hey, do me a big favor. Is there any way that you could bring me the clothes and my hair stuff because I need to do

something to it before I start going bald in the middle from pulling it?”

“So, basically, you want us to come right now?” Jordan asked.

“Yes. If you don’t mind. If you mind, I’ll just have to make it work with some stuff from the little store they got downstairs.”

“Girl, we about to get dressed and be on the way,” Camila said.

“Dunn, go in my bag and bring me something to wear too.”

“Bet,” he said and hung up the phone.

“Your family is fucking chaotic,” Sayi said and laughed. “Now, I kind of feel sorry for your ex nigga. I know they gave his ass hell after hurting you.”

“Ohhhhh, baby, it was smoke in the city. You want to talk about chaotic? If they had of found him before my dad did, I think they would have killed him and hid his body. I’m laughing, but I am so very serious. They rode around for hours looking for him. They spent the night outside his friend’s house one night. They spent the night outside his parents’ house one night. He disappeared like a nigga with the FBI looking for him. Now, that was very chaotic. I wouldn’t change them for the world though. They really be looking out.”

“Damn! At least you got family that’ll look out for you and got your best interest at heart.”

I pecked his chest, and then his chin, and then his cheek. “So, do you think we have time for a quickie?”

“Ms. Lady, we used all the condoms—”

I cut him off, by climbing over him and grabbing the box of condoms. I shook the box and several empty packets came flying out. I peeked in the box and there was not one condom inside of the box.

“—and I can promise you that if I slide in you raw, I am not pulling out. I’mma turn your little ass into my personal twinkie,” he finished his sentence.

I laughed. “Not a damn twinkie, Sayi. There is no way that we used all twelve condoms in just under sixty hours of being together. Were we being that damn freaky?”

“Yes. Yes, we fucking were, Yuliana. When my dick got even a little bit hard, your little ass was talking about *get a condom, please.*”

“Damn. I don’t sound like that though. You made me sound like I was begging for it or something.”

“I mean... just a few hours ago, you were saying, ‘*Please Sayii, pleaseee.*’ Now, if that ain’t begging, I don’t know what is.”

I kept my lips pressed together because he wasn’t lying. He was eating my pussy and doing that slow ass shit he loves to do, and I was begging him to make me cum.

“Whatever, Chief.”

“Now, come on and let’s get this room presentable for when our people come in here. Let’s shower together one last time before our people’s get here.”

I smiled. “That sounds very good to me.”



Me, my sisters, and my aunt were occupying the bathroom while Sayi and his friends were out in the living room area. It was a little after nine when everybody made it. Since I showered with Sayi, I had used the hotel shampoo and conditioner again, since I wasn’t going to shower again to wash my hair when they got here with the products. They were going to have to make it work, and they were. I was sitting in my robe letting Jordan and Camila twist my hair at the same time because I didn’t have time to twist it myself and still have time to let Sayi use the bathroom to get dressed. Even though my sisters and aunt had seen my face on the FaceTime, they

came into the room and examined my whole body, making sure I didn't have one mark on me that wasn't consensual. I had to reassure them that every dark mark on me, I welcomed it, from my neck all the way down to my thighs.

“So, talk, bitch,” Jordan said. “You basically let that man kidnap you, and do all this nasty shit to you, and look at you now.”

I cut my eyes up at her in the mirror. She had a big smile on her face.

“You are freaking glowing, mamas. You look so much brighter,” Camila said.

Ashley was sitting on the sink and staring at me, while both Jordan and Camila stared at me in the mirror waiting on me to spill the beans. I became antsy.

“Okay. Okay. Okay. You got me. It was so fucking good, y'all. Oh my gosh. I never thought that I would get to feel what it was like to have an orgasm given to me by a man. Sayi was so very patient and gentle with me. The first night, he made me... squirt.”

“What!” they all squealed like children.

“Keep it down,” I said, looking at the door as if someone would rush in or something.

“Our bad, continue,” Jordan said, who was very engrossed in the conversation.

“I swear I didn't know what was happening. He was fucking me and as I started to cum, he pulled out of me, and sucked on my clit, and fingered me so fast, and it just happened. I swear he made me lose my sight and my hearing for a little bit. It was just perfect. He was perfect. He made it easy for me to open all three holes for him.”

“What!” they all squealed again.

“Y'all, oh my God. Please calm down. It just happened. I swear. Again, he was so damn gentle. He made sure I was okay with everything before he did it. He made sure that I was

completely comfortable with everything before he did it. It was truly perfect,” I said before I laughed.

“What’s funny?” Camila asked.

“After he made me cum during anal sex, I ran to the bathroom and cried. Like, I literally thought that was a myth. You know I’ve heard many stories about cumming during anal sex, but I never believed any of them. I thought it was just a way for people to brag about their sex life or whatever, but bitches... the fuckin’ shit is real. It’s real. God, it’s real. It’s so real. It’s really real.”

“Yuli! Don’t say it’s real again,” Ashley said.

“I zoned out. I’m sorry, but when I was in the bathroom crying, he came into the bathroom to start the shower for us. He kept apologizing and told me that we didn’t have to do it again if we didn’t want too. I had to explain to him that I was crying because I had never felt anything like that before. I swear I’ve had about thirty orgasms. He’s not a selfish lover at all. It was perfect. And mirrors behind the bed, or anywhere you can watch yourself have is sex is dangerous. I want one,” I said, and we all burst into a fit of giggles.

“So, what happens now?” Jordan asked.

That dreaded question I knew was going to be asked.

I rolled my eyes towards the floor. “We haven’t talked about it.”

“But you thought about it,” Camila asked.

I shrugged my shoulders. When we weren’t fucking, we did a lot of talking. We talked about our childhoods and exchanged funny stories. He told me about his journey to become a fire chief and reiterated how it’s always been his dream to become one. We talked about my work and what were my plans for my future. I couldn’t tell if he was fishing for more information because he was feeling something else or just making general conversation. Sayi was really hard to read at times.

“I did.”

“And did you communicate that to him? You know men are fucking dumb,” Jordan said.

I shrugged my shoulders again. “I don’t want to get hurt again, y’all. Sayi is very much still in love with his ex-wife and I would be stupid to think that he would want something so soon, even if we just dated exclusively. For a man that was married for twenty years, I think that he needs to enjoy his newfound freedom before he jumps into something else.”

“Damn, to be married for twenty years is a long ass time. How old is he?” Camila asked.

“He won’t fucking tell me! So, because I am very sneaky, when Sayi went to sleep, I went into his wallet to look at his ID, and do you know that it wasn’t fucking in there? It’s like he knew that I was going to go looking for it, and he removed it from his wallet. I would never tell him that I went through his wallet because I am sure that he wouldn’t fuck with me anymore. I wanted to look in the safe, but I think he’s a light sleeper, so he would have heard me opening up the safe. Why won’t he tell me how old he is, y’all? Do you really think he’s the same age as Dad?”

“So, Yuliana because I know you. You become invested really fast. Like... I know when you don’t care, and I know when you do. And, you do care. You like this man. What happens when he wants to date you exclusively and you find out that he’s the same age as Dad? Do you take it forward with him?” Jordan asked.

I didn’t respond because that was a lot to think about. I do like Sayi, and I think he would be someone great to get to know on a deeper level, but I can’t lie and say I didn’t know what I would do if I found out he was fifty-five years old. My dad would have a massive heart attack if he knew that I was getting my back broke by a man the same age as him.

“Besides all that, don’t get your feelings hurt dealing with him, Niccy. Like you said, he was married for twenty years. He would be using you as a placeholder until his wife came to her senses and said she wanted him back. No man who was married for twenty years is looking for a woman not even six

months after being single. Trust me. He's fucking whatever and whoever opens their legs for him. Just have fun. Plus, are you completely over EJ's dumb ass to start something new with someone else?"

Before I could answer Ashley's question, there were a few knocks on the door. We all said come in like we were in a choir. When the door opened, Sayi poked his head in and smiled. My heart started to race. He no longer had on his robe, but a t-shirt and the pair of shorts he bought from the gift shop.

"Sorry to disturb you ladies. Apparently, they don't keep irons in the rooms anymore, and I have to go down and get one since it'll be at least twenty minutes before they can get one up to me. Do you want anything while I'm down there?"

"Um... I don't know. I can't think of anything I need at the moment. Well, I can think of something, but—"

"I'm way ahead of you, cutie," he said and winked.

I smiled. "Okay. Well, I don't need anything then."

"Okay, I'll be back in a few."

We stared at each other for a few moments before he closed the door. I let out the small breath I didn't even know I was holding.

"See, look at the fucking look on your face, Yuliana. You're sprung. Reel yourself back in before you get too far out," Ashley said, and it made sense.

SAYI

WE HAD BEEN CHECKED out of the hotel for a few hours now, and instead of us going our own way, all of us ended up together once again out having a late brunch. We didn't sit together, but from where I was sitting, I could see Yuliana's face. Every time she and I locked eyes, she would push a curl behind her ear and look down at her plate. The days we spent with each other were some of the best days I've had in a long time. She was perfect. The sex was spectacular. It was above what I expected. Our connection was great. She was opened to whatever I wanted to do to her. It was the best sex I could have ever had being fresh off a divorce. Every time I look at her, I think about the many times she whispered, *yes, daddy*, and my dick would twitch. The way she whimpered *Sayi, please*, when she couldn't take the pleasure and wanted me to stop had me wanting to say fuck this brunch and take her to the bathroom. Her pussy was the right amount of everything a pussy needed to be so fucking good. I could talk about her pussy all damn day, but her head... my God. She sucked my dick while looking directly into my eyes. It was like she was trying to look into my soul or something. I'd think about her plump lips and very deep throat for a long time.

When we weren't fucking, we talked about everything under the sun. Yuliana had a great head on her shoulders and had her life all figured out. I listened carefully to the words she used just to see if I could possibly see myself asking her to take this thing past fucking. From her words, she didn't sound as if she wanted to move as Chels suggested. One thing she said that did stop me in my tracks was the fact that she said

she hoped that we could continue our relationship when we got back to Savannah. She wanted to fuck until we found someone else. I realized that she didn't see us going anywhere past fucking.

“Chief, you been quiet all day. What's up with you? That crazy girl got you sprung already?” Dunn asked.

“She's not as crazy, but I am sure that she got some in her. I'm good. Just got a lot on my mind. What y'all been doing since I been out of commission.”

“So much shit...” Caldwell started, but that was all I heard before I zoned out.

I could sit up here and pretend that I didn't hear the conversation that Yuliana was having with her sisters and her aunt. The doors are paper thin, so I could hear everything that they were saying. I had walked up just when I heard Yuliana say that she didn't want to be hurt, and that she knew that I was very much in love with my ex-wife. I wasn't even mad that she went through my wallet to look at my ID. At least she didn't go through my wallet to steal anything else. She was right though, for some odd reason, I felt like she wasn't over not knowing how old I was. My ID wasn't in the safe though, it was in my shoe. Even if I wouldn't have heard her pick up my shoe, I would have felt her get out of the bed because I was a light sleeper, and Yuliana was very affectionate. She wrapped her arms and legs around me while she slept. Normally, I would have moved her because I loved my space when I was in the bed, but she was so comfortable that I didn't want to move her. Even if I did move her, she probably wouldn't have stayed there for long. When I got up, went to the bathroom, and came back, she immediately wrapped her arm and legs around me again. I could also tell that she was clingy, but a good clingy.

I respect her people looking out for her because that's what they are supposed to do, but to just say that I would just use her as a placeholder for my wife to return is pure bullshit. I'm not that type of guy at all. Because Yuliana loves and respects her sisters and aunt, I know that she's going to fall back just off the strength of them because she doesn't want to get hurt

and I get it. I could really make the same case for her too though. What would she do when she found out that I was forty-five? What would her parents do or say? Could they respect me dating their twenty-nine-year-old daughter? Honestly, that's one thing I don't get about women. Some women think that men can't get hurt, but that's far from the truth. Hell, to be honest, if Yuli and I got together for real, she would definitely hurt me before I hurt her.

"You ain't listened to a damn thing we been saying. You zoned out for real," Dunn said.

"My fault. Just thinking about a lot of shit."

I cut my eyes to Yuli who was now looking at her phone in disgust before she showed it to her sisters who sat across the table from her. Whoever it was must have been some bullshit because she slightly shook her head and set the phone back on the table. I'm sure it must have been her old nigga doing some nigga shit. Seen his girl on social media looking bad and wanted to see if he could have another shot. Chels showed me her Instagram earlier and I literally sat in place scrolling for at least forty-five minutes. Her pictures looked good as hell. Sexy as fuck. People, niggas especially, were in her comments heavy.

I was already done eating, and Dunn, Chels, and Caldwell were eating slow, so I decided to send Yuliana a text since she was looking at her phone. We exchanged numbers right before I walked her to the truck they were riding in.

Me: *You so fine.*

The minute I looked up at her, I saw a smile spread across her face before she started tapping her screen.

Yuli: *I know. lol. You fine too.*

Me: *Just wanted to text you on some creep shit. I can't stop thinking about our time shared at the hotel...*

Yuli: *Same. If you could see under this table, you'd see me clenching my legs together. I keep thinking about how you ate my pussy on the bed while you were on your knees, and then*

you picked me up in the air on some nasty ass shit. Who taught you how to be as nasty as you are?

Me: *Because you kept trying to run from me. There ain't no way you can run out of the air, so I had to do what I had to do.*

Yuli: *The least that you could have done was spin me around, so I could have sucked your dick in the air or something. You know CPR, you could have bought me back if I passed out from all the blood rushing to my head.*

I put my phone down because that text made my dick spring to life and she knew it too. When I looked at her, she winked at me, and I slightly shook my head. It took them another twenty minutes to finish eating and then we paid for our food.

“It’s hot as hell out here,” Caldwell complained.

I ignored him and snapped a few pictures to send to my daughter’s group chat. As soon as I slid my phone in my pocket, I heard the FaceTime call come through. I pulled it back out to see that it was Skylar calling me.

I answered the phone. “Sky Sky. Hey baby. What you doing?”

She had her phone propped up in the kitchen, so she was working on getting her glosses done.

“Dad is that YuKen!?” she squealed.

“What are you talking about?” I responded.

“See, I let it slide the other day when I saw her in the background of your pictures because I thought that maybe it could have been a coincidence or something, but she’s clearly standing like five feet away from you. Are you dating YuKen!?” she shouted again.

“What? No.”

I turned around to see Yuli standing behind her sisters and aunt, and they were taking a selfie.

“Yeah, turn around and look. Now, answer the question, are y’all dating? Or what?”

“Nah. We not. It’s really a long story to be honest.”

“I have nothing but time.”

“I’ll make it short. We actually got checked into the same condo at the resort, and that’s it. We got it rectified and we moved to the condo down the street. We keep running into each other in the same places. It’s only so many black people here,” I said and laughed.

“Crap. Dad. She’s getting closer. Isn’t she so pretty? Talk to her. She’s closing in.”

I laughed. “What?”

“YuKen! It’s me Skylar Mathis!” she shouted as soon as Yuli got closer to us.

“Ah. Skylar,” she squealed, equally excited to hear from her as Skylar was to see her.

Yuliana didn’t take the phone from me, she stood directly in front of me and leveled my arm to her face. I was glad the screen wasn’t on me because my grown ass daughter would have seen me blush over this woman. She was inconspicuously pressing her thick ass against me, making my dick harden. She was such a tease.

“Hey, Skylar. Look at my lips,” she said and poked her lips out. “I love this stuff. I see you are in the kitchen making more. That’s good. So that means business is really good?”

“Yes. Yes, it is. Thanks for having me on your show. So, my dad says that he ran into you, but I don’t believe him. Are you guys dating? Is that how I was able to get some time on your show?”

I could see her blush a little. “Skylar, I can assure you that I just ran into your father on Sunday as we were checked into the same condo. Let me tell you how he was able to get a different condo by using his beautiful eyes, straight teeth, and big lips when the lady said there was no other empty condos at the resort. He’s such a charmer.”

“Oh, trust me, I know. My father is one of a kind. He’s the best man that I know, and whenever I decide to get married, he’s going to have to be just like him. Seriously,” she said and winked.

“Oh, honey, I see what you’re doing, and I am here to tell you that I am probably way too young for your father, and by the way how old is—”

“Aht. Aht. Aht,” I said and pulled my phone away from her face. “I told you that I was old enough.”

She rolled her eyes at me before she walked away from me and caught up with her sisters.

“Look at you, staring at her walk away. Dad, you can tell me if there’s more between y’all.”

I laughed. “Skylar. I promise. There is nothing more between us. I truly just met her on Sunday.”

“Uh-huh. Well, I have to get going. I’m glad you are having fun, Dad. You look really happy. I can’t wait to see you when you get home. Don’t forget to bring me something. I love you.”

“Love you too, kiddo.”

I hung up the phone and slid it in my pocket.



It was around four in the morning when I woke up to use the bathroom. I looked at my phone to see that I had a few missed calls from Yuliana around two. I couldn’t believe that I had missed her phone calls. I hurried up and called her back, praying that she would answer. After a few rings, she picked it up.

“Hello.”

It sounded like she had been sleeping.

“I’m sorry to wake you. You called me and I was returning your call. Is everything okay?”

“I uh... had been drinking and I wanted to come and see you. I needed to come and see you. Not saying that I needed a drink to see you, or whatever, but I just... I don't know. Your body is so big and warm. I like laying with you.”

“Ahh, now we get to the real shit. You like laying with me, huh? Well where you want to do this at? Here or there? Wait, I'll come there. You don't need to be walking at night, knowing your thick ass be sleeping in next to nothing.”

“Jokes on you, Sayi. I have on nothing.”

“Ssss,” I hissed. “I like the sound of that.”

“Kidding. I'll meet you at the door, handsome.”

“Let me get freshened up a little and I'll be on my way.”

“Alright. Don't take too long,” she said and hung up the phone.

I had already showered, so it took me all of five minutes to wash my face and brush my teeth. After I slid on my Nike slides, I made sure to grab my key card and my phone before leaving the condo. As promised, Yuliana met me at the door. Her hair was pulled into a messy ponytail at the top of her head. I eyed her in those small ass shorts and small tank top with her titties damn near spilling out of it.

“You gon' come in or stand there and gawk at me?”

“Shit, I'm going to do both.”

We both laughed before I followed her in the house.

“I have some left over margarita if you want a cup.”

“Nah, I'm good, Beautiful.”

I followed her into the bedroom that she was sleeping in. She pulled the covers back and slid in while I walked around the other side, got out of my shorts, and slid in next to her.

“You sleep with the lights on?” I asked when I noticed all the lights were on in the room.

“Actually, no, I was very tipsy and just didn't turn them off.”

I laughed. “Do you want me to turn them off?”

“If you want.”

I didn’t turn them off. I turned on my side and stared at her.

“Anything interesting happen today? What y’all did after we split up?”

I was definitely fishing for information because I was still wondering what she saw that made her turn her nose up. I know it shouldn’t bother me, but it’s really the smallest things that get my attention and annoy me until I could figure the shit out. For the first time since we been here, we went our separate ways after we ate brunch. When we came back later this evening, I didn’t see their truck in the yard, so they came back after we did.

“We just kicked it at Icon Park all damn day. When I tell you that my feet are so damn tired. I can only imagine how my dogs are going to bark once we are finished with Universal Studios on Friday,” she said.

“Sit up and put your feet in my lap,” I told her.

Doing as she was told, we both sat up and she turned sideways and put her feet in my lap. I started adding pressure to both of them at the same time.

“Where exactly is the pain?”

“The bottom. The whole bottom. As you can see, I am very flat-footed, so walking in sandals all day is not what’s best for me. Wow, Sayi, that feels really good. You can add a little more pressure if you like.”

Doing as I was told, I watched her close her eyes, and take in the pleasure and pain at the same time. Even though she was tall, she had to have some size seven or eight feet. Her small feet fit perfectly in my hands. I added more pressure to where the arch was supposed to be, and she jumped a little. She was right, she didn’t have an arch at all in her feet.

“I’m gonna have to go back to my podiatrist and just tell him that I want an arch surgery. Do they do those? They have

surgery on everything else,” she said and laughed.

“I don’t know. I don’t have the problem with my feet like you do.”

“I mean... you walk around in big ass boots all day. If you had my problem, there was no way you would have lasted this long as a firefighter. I had to have special shoes to play volleyball. That’s just how bad my feet are. Thank you so much for adding all that man pressure to my feet. I normally get a frozen water bottle and step on it.”

“Uh-huh. Keep talking,” I told her as I picked up her right foot and swiped my tongue around her big toe.

Her little white painted toes were pretty. I sucked on them every time her little feet were near my face.

“Ooo, Sayi. You are trying to be nasty.”

I nodded my head as I ran my tongue through all her toes.

“You know how to make a woman feel good, Sayi Mathis.”

She told me she liked how I said her name, but I loved how my name rolled off her tongue. She pulled her feet out of my hands and crawled over to me and in my lap. I could tell that she was feeling freaky because her big eyes were low, and she was biting her bottom lip. Leaning over, she placed wet kisses all over my neck before sucking lightly in the same spot.

“Yuliana Kennedy,” I whispered her name. “You ain’t nothing but trouble, woman.”

She sighed and I could feel her warm breath on my neck. She pulled back and looked at me.

“Can I suck your dick?” she asked.

“You know where it’s at if you want it, Babygirl. You don’t have to ask me.”

I lifted up, so she could pull my briefs down. She loved looking at my dick. I loved that she always looked at my dick in amazement every time she saw it.

“All you wear is Polo briefs?”

“Yeah, they hold my shit in good unless you want to see it flopping everywhere.”

“Only behind closed doors. I’m a very jealous person, Sayi. Women fawning over you in front of me pisses me off. I’m not your woman, but damn, I could have been.”

Grabbing her chin, I made her look up at me. “Who am I with?”

She smiled. “Me.”

“Aight then. I’ll handle that, and you handle this hard dick.”

She ran her tongue down the vein before she gripped it.

“What you about to do with that hand? Move that out the way.”

Doing as she was told, she moved her hand, and went to work on my dick. The whole time she kept her eyes on me. I think she knew how that affected me. Those big brown eyes on me at all times made me harder and the shit made me cum quick as hell.

“Deep throat it.”

She pushed my dick in her mouth until her lips were touching the base of my dick.

“Fuck, yes. Fuck.”

She came up slowly and gripped my dick. She stroked just the base of my dick while she sucked the head.

“Damn, Yuliana...shit.” I grunted.

She pulled back just as my cum came out of the head of my dick like lava. Yuliana kept her grip on the base of my dick as my cum slid down the sides of my dick and onto her hands. When she let my dick go, she straddled me again and crashed her lips against mine. The intensity of the kiss had my body on fire.

“Sayi, can I have some dick?”

“Damn, ma, I ain’t even bring none of the condoms with me. I thought you just wanted to sleep next to me.”

“Do you want more kids?”

“I hadn’t really thought about it at...” I paused when I was about to say my age. “Nah, I really hadn’t thought about it. My oldest is grown. I’m not sure how she’d feel being a big sister to a newborn.”

I closed my eyes and thought about it for a second. *If Yuliana got pregnant by me, would it be a bad thing?*

“Do you want kids?”

She nodded her head before climbing off me and sliding out of the bed.

“Where are you going?”

“To the bathroom to finish myself off.”

Quickly, I slid to the other side of the bed, catching her by her small wrist, and pulled her back to me.

I swung my feet over the side of the bed and stood up.

“What you doing?” she asked.

“Following you in the bathroom.”

In the bathroom, I picked her up and placed her on the sink.

“Sss,” she hissed from the sink being cold against her skin.

Before I could second guess my decision, I pulled her shorts to the side, dipped my knees and slid inside of her. She gasped when I filled her to capacity.

“God, Sayi,” she whispered.

I pulled out of her and thrust inside of her again. Our foreheads were resting against each other’s as we both watched her cream up my dick. There aren’t enough words to describe going raw in Yuliana’s good ass, tight ass, and wet ass pussy. Her grip on my arms tightened every time I thrust deeper inside of her.

“You like watching this dick go inside of you, don’t you?”

“Yes,” she whimpered.

“Baby, I wish you could feel what I feel when I’m sliding inside of you. Look at me.”

I kissed her forehead, the tip of her nose, and then pressed my lips against hers. I dipped my tongue in her mouth and she slightly sucked on it. I could see the muscles in her legs tensing up which let me know that she was getting ready to cum.

“Look at you cumming on your dick, Yuliana. Look down at it.”

“Sayiii,” she whimpered.

“Sayi, what?”

“It’s so fucking good. It’s so fucking good. It’s so fucking gooooodd,” she panted.

“I’m about to nut, baby. Fuck,” I grunted before I released inside of her. “Fuuuckkk, my bad. I wanted to pull out, Yuliana. I swear I did. It was just too fucking good.”

“It’s all good, Daddy. Nothing a Plan-B pill won’t fix. Well, unless you been sowing—”

“You the only person I been with since my divorce was finalized,” I admitted.

She pushed me back, hopped off the sink, legs wobbly and all, and sat on the toilet. She started to relieve herself and scrunched her face up.

“Sorry. I feel you coming out of me. It’s so fucking much. I feel like if I burped, I’d burp up some of your cum right now.”

I laughed. “Girl.”

“Either my bladder was really full, or you make me very comfortable. Do you know how long it took me to use the bathroom around Elijah?”

She wiped herself and flushed the toilet. When she started washing her hands, we stared at each other in the mirror.

“He texted me today. He wanted to talk. He felt like enough time has passed for us to sit down and talk like civil human beings. He knew to add that in there because the next time I see him, I don’t know how civil I’ll be because although my dad has harmed him, I still want to.”

“Do you think you’re over him?”

She wet a towel, put some soap on it, and then turned around to clean my dick and thighs. She shrugged her shoulders.

“In a sense, I am. You don’t get to six years being together, prepare a marriage, get to said day of marriage, and then just don’t fucking show up all because you dipped your fucking nose in a journal of mine. That’s something too damn trivial. If he read that and decided that he didn’t want to get married, then he never wanted to get married to begin with. I felt like if a real man read that shit, he would have sat me down, and asked me what he could do different to help me. He would have read online that many women have this problem. It’s not just an isolated problem. Not only that, he goes and fuck another bitch just to see if *he* was the problem, and then she calls up to my *damn* job to embarrass me on the fucking radio! So, now, not only does everybody in Savannah know that Dr. Carlton Kennedy’s daughter got left at the altar; they also know that she can’t fucking cum.”

They angrier she got, the more aggressive she started to rub my dick. I grabbed her wrists to stop her before she gave me a damn rash or something. She looked up at me and her big eyes were watery. I swiped at her tears just as they hit her cheeks. I took the towel from her and reached behind her to rinse the towel out and put more soap on it.

“God, why am I crying about another man and I been having the best orgasms this week from a great guy?”

“Yuliana, I’d be worried if you weren’t crying over him. Six years is a long time.”

“Not even close to twenty. I’m not gonna even lie, Sayi. If I was with a man for twenty years and he just wakes up and be

like *I'm out*, I'll be on an episode of *Snapped* because surely he's lost his damn mind."

That made me laugh because not once had harming Tessa ever crossed my mind. She let out a slight moan when I started wiping between her legs.

"Well, why would you beg someone to stay?"

"You begged your wife to stay."

"I begged her to tell me the real problem and not that bullshit about me not being home enough."

"Oh, I see."

Once we were done in the bathroom, we went back to bed. Just as she'd done the previous nights, she cuddled up in front of me as close as she could. It didn't take her long to fall asleep. After I placed a few kisses on the back of her neck, I went to sleep behind her.



Friday night...

This was me and my people's last night here and we celebrated by accompanying the women to Universal Studios. Yesterday was a lazy day for both me and Yuliana. While our peoples were out doing God knows what, we were sitting around in her living room watching Volleyball film on her computer and typing up acceptance and rejection letters to the girls so she could email them out since she promised that they would have them by Saturday. It was sexy watching her work and I could tell that she really enjoyed it. She even pulled some old film up of her playing and she was damn good. I think we learned more about each other yesterday, than we did locked up in that hotel room. One thing I realized yesterday was that I was interested and taking things to another level with Yuliana once we made it back to Savannah. I hadn't talked to her about it, but I hoped that she was interested.

We ended up getting tickets to Universal when Yuliana begged me to come with her. Chels agreed first before Dunn

and Caldwell agreed. We had been walking around this big ass park for the last seven hours. We rode several rides, ate a lot of food, which I'm sure I'd pay for on Sunday when I went to work, and we drank. I made sure to take plenty of pictures to send to my daughters. Every drinking place we saw, Yuli stopped and got something to drink. Earlier in the day it was hot, so she got tipsy pretty fast. After her fourth drink, I stopped her and made her eat something really heavy. After that this drunk girl wanted to ride a rollercoaster; claiming that she had a strong stomach and wouldn't throw up. We got on that ride that took us in what seemed like a hundred circles. As soon as the ride came to a halt, she looked at me and said, "*See? Fine.*" I handed her the paper bag I brought in my pocket just in case, and before she could say another word, she threw up all the alcohol and food that she ate. When she was finished throwing up, I looked at her and we both started laughing.

The park was thirty minutes away from closing and we were making our way back to the front. Yuli had just had her last drink and she was very wobbly, but bubbly. She was walking ahead with Jordan holding on to her arm. They were both singing loudly, twirling, and dancing.

"So, does she get like this a lot?" I asked.

Camila and Ashley were hanging back and walking with me, Dunn, Chels, and Caldwell.

"Yuli, or Jordan? Jordan, every weekend. Yuli, every once in a while. Actually, this is her first time getting this fucked up since the bullshit happened with EJ. I'm truly surprised. She only drinks a lot when she's super stressed. Other than that, she drinks recreationally," Camila said.

"She's super stressed now?"

"Honestly, I'm not sure. If she cries tonight, then yes, she's stressed," Camila said.

"I see."

"Well, all I know for sure is that you can delete her number once y'all leave because I don't trust you, Sayi," Ashley said.

“You don’t know me.”

“I know that you were married for twenty years and you want your wife back. I mean, weren’t you just over her house begging her back before you came here?”

“Excuse me?”

“I know a lot of people around Savannah. I can find out whatever I need to find out when I need to find it out. When it comes to my niece, I’ll die behind her. You fucked her, now you can focus on getting your wife back. I did my research on you.”

“Well, you need to *research* your research because your information is wrong. That’s all I’ll say about that. I get that you want to protect your niece, but she’s very much a grown woman and can make her own decisions.”

“Hmph. Whatever,” Ashley muttered. “And plus, aren’t you like fifty-five? Yuli is twenty-nine. She wants kids.”

Before I could say anything, Dunn opened his mouth, which I knew he would.

“You definitely need another P.I. if you think for one second that my boy is even close to fifty-five. Chill on him.”

“Well, why won’t you tell Yuli how old you are then?” Camila asked.

“Because why does it matter? If they both grown, then it is what it is. And how you know my boy don’t want no more kids? Damn y’all need to stay up out her damn business before y’all ruin something before it even start,” Caldwell said.

“And just who the fuck you think you talking to?” Ashley quipped.

“Wait. Wait. Wait. Everybody just calm down because I can speak for myself right now. Ashley, Camila, if Yuli and I decide to move forward, then it’s what we are going to do, and that’s just the end of it. Once I disclose my age to Yuli, if she decides that I am too old for her, then it’s cool, I’ll move on. Neither one of y’all are going to talk to me like I’m some lil’

nigga that's in high school taking your sister and your niece out on a date for the first time.”

“Well—”

“End of discussion,” I said before Ashley could say another word.

I looked ahead to see that Yuli had sat down on the bench, took her shoes off, and started rubbing her feet.

“Sayi, my feet hurt,” she whimpered.

I could tell that she was still very drunk.

“Come on.”

I scooped her up bridal style, and then squatted, so she could pick up her shoes and rest them on her legs.

“I wore the tennis shoes like you said and they still hurt,” she said.

“Baby, we been walking for the last several hours with only a few minutes break in between. It makes sense that your feet would be hurting.”

She rested her head on my shoulder.

“You have a big shoulder.”

I laughed. “I know.”

“And a very big—”

“Yuliana.”

“Set of lips is what I was going to say.”

I laughed again. “Sure.”

“You smell really good, too.”

“Thank you, baby.”

She gave my neck a long sniff before telling me how good I smelled again.

“When we get back to Savannah, I’m going to cook for you, Sayi. What’s your favorite food?”

“I don’t have a favorite food. I just love to eat.”

“Oh, you dooo?”

“Close your eyes and rest, Yuli.”

“Yuli? I’m Yuliana.”

“I know. Rest.”

“Yes, sir,” she mumbled.

We walked another ten minutes before we finally made it to the trucks. Yuli was knocked out when I put her in the back seat and strapped her in. I kissed her cheek before walking over to our truck and getting in. The ride back to the resort was quiet. Everyone was in their own thoughts, plus we were extremely tired. I couldn’t wait to take a shower and go to sleep, even though I wasn’t driving.

“Stop right here. Let me get Yuli out the truck and in the bed.”

“That girl got you gone, dog,” Dunn said and laughed.

When I walked over to the truck, I opened the door and unhooked Yuli. She was still knocked out. I picked her up out the truck like she was a little baby because she was so light to me. Ashley opened the door for us, and I walked her to the room, careful not to bump her head against the wall. I managed to get her undressed down to a t-shirt and panties. As soon as I got her tucked in, her eyes popped open.

“Goodnight, Cutie,” she said and chuckled.

I pinched her cheek before I left out her room. In the kitchen, Ashley and Camila were in there.

“Look, we’re sorry for what we said. It’s just that Yuli is very vulnerable right now, and I would hate for her to get hurt again, so soon. We know the situation with your wife—”

“Camila, I hate to cut you off, but that’s the thing. You don’t know the situation with my wife.”

“See, you’re still calling her your wife,” she chuckled before she shook her head.

I knew I couldn’t really explain nothing to them right now, I would have to show them. If Yuli gave me the chance, then

that's just what I would do.

YULI

SUNDAY

The whole drive home, I kept smiling to myself because all I could think about was Sayi. Yesterday, when I finally came to life for real, it was like four in the afternoon. I was sure that I had missed Sayi because he told me that they had to leave early Saturday morning, so they could get home in time for work on Sunday morning. I was so sad because I wanted a kiss goodbye; a long kiss goodbye. Like, I wanted to stick my tongue so far down his throat to tell him goodbye, but it didn't happen and somehow, I immediately became depressed. Sayi knew how to leave a long-lasting impression. When I sat up in the bed, there was a folded envelope on the pillow next to me. When I opened the envelope, it was a simple white card on the inside. The printed words said, *I kind of. Sort of. Maybe. Quite possibly. Like you. A lot,* with a red heart at the bottom of it. That made me smile really hard, but the handwritten words on the other side of the card are what touched me the most.

My youngin'

I had a great time with you this week. I'd love to formally ask you on a date once you get back to Savannah. I know I got a lot to prove, and I'm willing, if you let me. I can't wait to see you.

Love,

-Sayi Mathis.

P.S. 45.

It took me a little while to catch on to what the P.S. meant, but when I finally figured it out, I screamed so loud that my sisters and aunt rushed into the room, thinking I was hurt or something. Sayi was just forty-five years old. That wasn't bad. He was only sixteen years older than me. On the drive home, it took everything in me not to text him because I didn't want to seem clingy. He didn't text me at all yesterday, but to tell me that he had had made it home, and that he was about to unwind before he went to sleep. I mean, I knew he had his phone at work, but I didn't want to distract him. What would happen if him and I got together for real? Would he not talk to me at all for twenty-four hours? Maybe that's what happened between him and his wife.

"I want to text him," I blurted out.

"And say what?" Jordan asked.

She was sitting in the back with me.

"I mean... and just say hi. We are almost to Savannah, and I hadn't text him. Maybe I should just text him when I get home, like he did me. I don't know. I don't know."

"Calm down, girl. It's just a text. He's either going to text back or he's not. You are such an overthinker."

"Okay, whatever."

I opened my phone and went to our text thread.

Me: *Hi. Just thinking about you. I'm almost to Savannah. You don't have to respond or anything because I know that you're working. I can't believe that you are 45 years old. You look so damn good.*

As soon as the text message went through, it said *read* at the bottom of the message, and my heart skipped a beat. The dots came up and then disappeared. When they disappeared, my phone started to vibrate with his name across the screen.

"Hello," I answered.

"What's up, Ms. Lady? Your drunk ass ain't driving, are you?"

I laughed. “No, I’m not, and I was really drunk yesterday. I am not drunk today. Actually, I don’t even drink on Sundays,” I said and laughed.

“Uh-huh.”

“Was I bothering you by sending you a text? I know that you are very busy.”

“Right now, I’m sitting in my new office going over the reports from the fire that took place as soon as I got here, so that’s it. I was going to text you back, but I decided to call. I wanted to see what you sounded like on the phone... and your voice is so sexy coming through these speakers.

“You stay hyping me up.”

“Ain’t no hype, sweetness. Can I stop by when I get off in the morning? Maybe take you to breakfast or something? Or just to get a hug?”

“Or to fuck? You might be too tired for that, seeing how you pushing fifty and all.”

He laughed. “You got it, Ms. Lady.”

The alarm sounded in my ear.

“Well, that’s me. I have to let you go now. Text me when you make it home.”

“Be safe, Sayi.”

“Always.”

When he hung up the phone, I held the phone to my chest and smiled. This man really gave me butterflies and I liked it. I said a prayer that God kept Sayi safe before I dozed off.



“Oh hell no!” Ashley shouted.

I jumped up and looked around. “What? What’s going on?”

I saw that we were in front of my house and Elijah Johnson was sitting in the chair on my porch.

“Y’all don’t make a scene. Please,” I said.

That went in one ear and out the other one because Ashley threw the truck in park and jumped out, running towards EJ, while I was still trying to get out of the seatbelt, so I could get out. EJ was sitting down and didn’t have time to get out of the chair before Ashley dove on him and started raining her fists down on him.

“Get off me, bitch!” EJ shouted, only making Ashley madder, and it seemed like she started hitting faster and harder.

“Camila, stop her!” I shouted, as soon as I got the seatbelt off.

Camila ignored me and started kicking EJ where Ashley wasn’t hitting him. After Camila joined in, Jordan was right behind her. When he finally was able to roll Ashley off him, he got up, but not before Camila gave him a hard ass kick in the back. She had on sneakers too, so I knew it hurt. When Camila tried to kick him again, he grabbed her leg and pushed her back on her ass.

When I finally got over to the fight, I yelled, “Y’all stop!”

EJ got into a fighting stance as if he was about to start hitting them back like they were men. EJ wasn’t a weak fella by any means and he could lay them out with one punch, but I guess he knew that if he hit my sister and my aunt, it would be hell to pay when it came to my father. I’m sure Camila’s tail bone was hurting because she was very slow to get up, but Ashley and Jordan were still on his ass.

“Y’all stop before they call the cops!” I shouted. “Damn! Stop!”

He pushed Jordan and Ashley back as much as he could, and even pushed Ashley hard enough that she lost her footing and fell. I jumped in between him and Jordan, with my back facing Elijah.

“Yuli get your fuckin’ people, dog, before I lay they asses the fuck out. I let them get their licks in because I deserve it,

but they run up on me again, and I'm knocking them out," EJ growled.

I spread my arms out to try and stop them. I hoped he knew that by me standing here with my back to him, I was protecting my sisters and my aunt, and not his ass. I should have let them get more hits in, but after my dad spent that weekend in jail because of Elijah, I realized that his bum ass wasn't even worth it.

"Y'all, just fucking stop, please! Please!" I begged them.

"Yuli, he don't deserve any of your fucking time. He was about to have the rest of his life with you but decided to embarrass you over some trivial shit. I hope that nigga fucking croak over," Jordan hissed.

"Can y'all just give us a minute, please? Please?" I begged them.

"Well, I'm not leaving you over here with him because he be don' lost his mind or something," Camila said.

"Girl, he's already lost his damn mind showing up here," Jordan said.

"Well, don't take him in your house. He's going to have to say whatever he has to say out here," Ashley said before they all started walking to the truck.

Once they were back at the truck, I turned around to face EJ. There was something that I couldn't deny about EJ and it was that he was handsome. He was only six-foot-tall, and I would be slightly taller than him when I wore heels sometimes, but he didn't care. His mom and dad were skinny people, so he had no choice but to be skinny, but he was very toned. His skin was the color of caramel and his eyes were honey gold. He loved the baby face look, so he kept his beard shaved and his mustache low. He still sported the diamond earrings that I got him for his birthday last year. His face was already bruising up from the licks that Ashley delivered to his face. He had on a collar shirt and a pair of jeans, which meant he probably had just come from work. He was a computer support specialist at the hospital. He sat behind a desk and

tested new software and fixed computers all day. Him being smart was the one thing that drew me to him from the very beginning.

“Yuli...” he called my name.

Smack!

Before I knew it, I reared back and smacked him across his cheek. My chest rose and fell heavily. I tried to keep it together, but I didn't want EJ to see me cry. I had the best week I had in a long time and I am not going to let him take that away from me. I inhaled and exhaled slowly. I hadn't seen him in weeks. Honestly, I felt like we ain't need to see each other because I had put all his shit on the corner and sent word via the internet that he better come get his shit or everybody was going to be wearing his clothes and shoes.

“I deserved that, Yuli.”

“What do you want, Elijah? You don't have anything here.”

“We really need to talk.”

“No, we don't.”

“Yes, we do.”

When he stepped closer to me, I stepped back.

“Look, we need to put some closure to shit, so you and I both can move on.”

I squinted at him because I knew he had a hidden agenda. Elijah knew me like the back of his hand, so for him to stand here in my face and tell me that we needed closure, knowing full well that I didn't believe in closure. I was the person who believed who you showed me you were the first time to save me the heart ache later. So, in my world, closure did not exist at all.

Smack!

I smacked the other side of his face.

“Elijah, I am not about to let you play in my damn face. What the fuck you want? You know me better than that. You

know I don't believe in closure.”

“I see you've gotten a tan. You finally took a break from working?”

“I'm going in the house,” I said and tried to turn away from him, but he grabbed my wrist.

“Look, Yuliana. I'm really here to apologize. I fucked up when I left on our wedding day,” he said before looking down at my finger as if I would leave that damn ring on my hand. “I just didn't know what to think when I read that I wasn't pleasing you. I—”

“You are a fucking coward, Elijah. That's what you are. You should have told me that you read my journal. I completed that journal a long time ago. Like, probably a year or so ago. I've had two whole journals since then. Just say that you didn't want to get married, Elijah. I would respect you more if you said that versus you coming at me with this bullshit. You embarrassed me in front of the whole fucking city. It's still being talked about.”

“I'm sorry.”

“Of course, you are. And then to add insult to injury, you went and fucked another woman to prove that nothing was wrong with you? Wow. And then this person called my job to embarrass me even further. You didn't give not one damn about me throughout this whole thing. So, fuck you, Elijah! That's the closure.”

“Can you let me fucking explain my side?”

“Your side?” I scoffed. “What's your side, Elijah? I'll let you explain.”

“It fucking hurt to know that you weren't pleasing the love of your life, aight? Every other part of our life is good. Great, but to know that I couldn't make you cum did something to my ego. I'm not going to lie. You been fucking me for the last six years and you were fuckin' faking, Yuliana? All those times you were telling me that you were about to cum; it was a lie. How did you think I was supposed to feel about that? What did you want me to do?”

“We could have figured out a way, Elijah! We could have researched new positions! Different positions! You wanted an out and used that dumb ass journal to take it. You don’t have bad sex! Some women just aren’t able to do it! It was a mind thing for me!”

“*Is* a mind thing for you,” he said and cocked his head to the side.

“What?”

“You said it *was* a mind thing for you?”

I shrugged my shoulders. “Is... Was... same difference, Elijah.”

“No. No. No, it’s not. You’re good with your words, Yuliana. You’ve been fucking?”

I rolled my eyes. “I’m going in the house.”

Elijah gripped my neck and turned my head to the side.

“You got a big ass hickey on your neck, right there.”

I moved his hand away from my chin. “No, I don’t, and don’t touch me.”

“Can we—”

“No.”

“—be friends? So, we can start over.”

I have never laughed so hard in my life.

“Start over with what?”

“Us. Get back how we used to be in college. You remember, don’t you?”

If I wasn’t angry, I could have smiled about our college days. We were friends, friends. When you saw Elijah, you saw me. We were connected at the hip. My parents promised me if I made all A’s my freshman year of college, both spring and fall semesters they’d let me get an off-campus apartment, so when I did, Elijah got him an apartment in the same complex. When I would get drunk off my ass at a college party, Elijah would be there to take me home. He was the perfect friend,

even though he flirted with me every now and then. He never took advantage of me in my drunken state, even though he could have. Everyone on campus just knew that we were going to get married. Up until he left me on our wedding day, I thought that Elijah was the most imperfect perfect person ever. He could do no wrong in my eyes, and even if a psychic told me and the whole city of Savannah, that Elijah Johnson would leave Yuliana Kennedy on their wedding day, I wouldn't have believed it.

“Elijah, no. It'll be a long ass time before I don't hate you anymore. So, please get off my lawn, and don't come back. The next time, I'm going to unleash my sisters and my father on you,” I said and walked away from him to go and get my bags out of the truck.

“I'll be seeing you, Yuli,” Elijah said at my back.

“Ugh. Please don't say he was trying to get back with you,” Camila said.

“Chile. He apologizes and wants to be friends.”

“What!” they hissed and looked at him.

“I told him to fuck off because it'll be a long time before I don't hate his ass.”

I grabbed my bags out of the truck and waited until Elijah was completely off my property, before I walked in my house. I made sure to lock and deadbolt the door in case Elijah came back and tried to break down my door. I don't know if Elijah would ever do that, but niggas do get crazy after break-ups, and they can't come back in your life as they please.



It was a little after one in the morning and I was up staring at the ceiling. I still couldn't believe that Elijah had made his way to my doorstep. My phone vibrated against the nightstand and when I grabbed it, I saw that it was Sayi.

“Shit, I forgot to text him.”

I answered the phone, “Hey, Sayi.”

“I fully expected to leave you a voicemail. What are you doing up, young lady?”

His voice didn’t sound tired at all from him having been at work since this morning.

“I’m just a little annoyed. What are you doing?”

“Laying down in this little ass bed. Why are you annoyed?”

“Well, Elijah showed up here today and—”

“What!” he hissed.

I could hear him shuffling around in the bed that he was in.

“What you mean he showed up there? What happened? Are you okay? Are you safe?”

“Yeah. My sisters and my aunt jumped on him. He wanted to talk. Talking about he wanted closure. I told him he was out of his mind and he knows that I don’t believe in closure.”

“And that’s it?”

“Yeah, that’s it.”

“Do you have something to protect yourself there?”

“Well, my father has been wanting me to get my license to carry, so I got it a few years back. I don’t have a gun, but I do have every taser that you could possibly purchase. I have a handheld taser, a gun taser, and even a baton taser. You may not leave my house with a bullet hole, but you’ll definitely leave with electricity bolts running through your body.”

He laughed. “Chaotic, man.”

“I’m just saying, but honestly, Elijah’s very harmless. He’s an asshole and I’ll never trust him again. The nerve of him to think that I would ever want to be his friend again. I told his ass that after he embarrassed me in front of the whole city, it’ll be a long time before I not hate him. It ridiculous.”

“I don’t want to alarm you or any of that, baby, but a lot of women have said their exes weren’t harmful until he showed

up at their door on the fuck shit.”

“You’re right. My locks have changed and I’ve deadbolted the front and the back door. All my windows are locked. That’s just because I’m naturally scary; not because of Elijah.”

“Okay, I got it. I’m just checking to make sure that I don’t have to whoop a nigga over you so early in our dating phase.”

I bit my bottom lip. “Sooo, we’re dating?”

“I mean... yeah. Not exclusively yet because I don’t want to tie you down so early after your ex. I might not be what you like, and I’m okay with that.”

“Wow. What a man,” I whispered.

When he laughed, the butterflies in my stomach fluttered. Sayi and I had talked for a few hours, when I looked at my clock on the nightstand it was close to five. I learned that his parents died a little while ago and that he was kind of glad that they died before this mess with his ex-wife happened because neither of their hearts would have been able to take it. He admitted that his relationship with his younger daughter was a little strained. He said it was because she was a mama’s girl and believed everything her mama said. He even told me that Serenity stayed with her mother and Skylar stayed with him. I didn’t tell him that Skylar had told me that it was a little rift between them already because I didn’t want him biting her head off for speaking about his business with a stranger. Surprisingly, he was very open about the divorce. The only alimony that the judge awarded her was that he paid her rent on her new place, and since they had joint custody of Serenity, no child support was awarded. He told me that he didn’t force her to stay with him on the days she was supposed to, but he would be appreciative if she did. I loved that he was so damn open.

“Baby girl, I have to get ready for shift change, so I’m going to have to talk to you in a couple hours when I get off. Is it okay if I still come over or do you want me to just chill out until you get off the radio show? If I’m not dead to the world, I am going to listen today.”

“Please come by. The spare key is in the backyard taped under the right chair. Don’t worry, I’ve moved it since I changed my locks. Elijah knew about the spare key I kept in my mailbox.”

“Good. I’ll see you in a few.”

“Okay, good night, or good morning.”

He chuckled before hanging up the phone. I’m not going to lie, even if Sayi and I didn’t work out, I was going to enjoy dating him, not giving one damn about the age difference.



I kept my phone pressed against my ear as I walked into the station. I didn’t feel like hearing shit from anybody today, especially with the way I left things last week. I just wanted to come in here, do my job, and go home. I was having a very good afternoon because I had a very good morning. I woke up to my pussy getting slurped on. I don’t know how I didn’t hear my door chime when Sayi opened the door. I didn’t even feel the covers peel back. Back in Orlando, I told Sayi that I always slept naked and he took full advantage of it. He pushed my legs as far as they would go and continued to feast on it. Before I could even wake up good, I had nudded all in his mouth. He wanted to kiss me and shit, but I was so embarrassed by my morning breath. I had even set my alarm, so I could get up and freshen up before he got here, but I slept right through that. This nigga didn’t care and begged me to kiss his ass, so I did. When I finally pulled my lips from his, I hurried to the bathroom to brush my teeth and wash my face, while he sat on the bed laughing, and continued to insist that he didn’t care. I told him that I had an extra toothbrush, if he wanted to clean his mouth of my pussy, but he said he didn’t care.

When I had finally come out of the bathroom, I got a good look at him. He was so damn fine in his white button down and black pants. He stood up and wrapped his big arms around me. It felt so good to be in his arms again. He even smelled

good as hell after being at work for twenty-four hours. After we got reacquainted, we talked for a couple hours before he said that he had to get home and get some rest before he passed out. I'm so damn whipped, I told him that he could stay at my house if he wanted, but he said he didn't want to impose. He promised me that he would talk to me later, right before he asked me on a date tomorrow. I was so excited because me and Elijah hadn't gone on a date in a long ass time.

"Yuli, can I see you in my office, please?" Will asked as soon as I sat in the chair in my studio.

I looked at Stewart before I followed Will out of the studio and into his office. When he told me to shut the door, I knew that he was about to say something important.

"How was your vacation?"

I said nothing.

"You're still angry at me?"

I rolled my eyes.

"Yuli, I'm really sorry, again. You have to know that I would never do that to you."

"Well, you probably should have taken up for me more then. So, don't play with me, dog. What you call me in here for? I came back. I'm here. I'm going to do my job but not because I forgive you or Curtis. I love this job."

"I called you in here to first, apologize, and second, to tell you that your ratings were crazy as hell. Our social media was popping. A LOT of the women came out in full force for you and that shit was dope as hell. One of the posts went viral with like twenty thousand shares and three thousand comments. They can't wait to hear your show. So, today we decided to try something new—"

"Of course, you did," I muttered.

"By recording the show on the Instagram Live feature or the Facebook Live feature. So, don't be alarmed by Cam recording the show today."

“Okay, what I don’t understand is... how do I want to word this? The purpose of a radio show is for people to listen on the radio. Maybe get the show put on Spotify or something like that. What about when someone says something that hurts my feelings and I might need to wipe a tear away. See, this is the bullshit that I am talking about. You negroes only care about ratings and not about me. I get that everything is digital now, but it’s just so easy to get my show on the damn Spotify or something. Whatever Will,” I said and left his office.

Back in the studio, I noticed that Cam was sitting in the chair directly next to me, making me scoff.

“Cam, please don’t sit directly next to me. Please. I don’t want the fucking camera directly in my face.”

“Sorry,” he said and scooted in the empty chair that was next to the one that he was initially sitting in.

“As a matter of fact, sit next to Stewart.”

Doing as he was told; I slid on my headphones and got my show started. While Cam was recording me, I was just so thankful that I had felt good enough to at least do something to my hair for real instead of my normal hairstyle, which was pulled back into a ponytail.



As usual, once I got off from the radio show, I stopped by my parents’ house, and as usual, my sisters and my aunt were over there. I was hoping to have a moment alone with my parents, so I could tell them about me dating Sayi. I already knew that they all had spilled the beans by now because none of them could hold secrets from my parents. Neither could I, but that was beside the point. Once I was out of my truck, I locked it, and walked up the steps and into the house.

Jordan met me at the door and pulled me in a hug. “Yuliii. You looked good today. You had over two thousand people watching you on live. You looked like you hated it.”

“I did. I was completely ambushed by it.”

“Just a heads up, Dad knows about Sayi. You know Camila can’t keep a secret for too long.”

I rolled my eyes. As soon as I walked into the living room with Jordan on my heels, my dad called me into the kitchen where him and my mother usually sat at and conversed. I could smell the food and I hoped that she was almost done, so I could get a plate to take home with me.

“Parentals,” I spoke to them both before hugging and planting a kiss on my mom’s cheek and walking over to my Dad who was sitting at the table reading the paper. When I leaned in to kiss him, I did a double take at the paper and realized that he was looking at Sayi’s pinning ceremony. I cleared my throat a little before taking a seat at the end of the table. I ignored my dad’s glare and kept my eyes on my mom, who continued to stir whatever was in the pot.

“How are y’all?” I asked.

“I’m doing good. How was work?”

“Work was work. The same ol’ same ol’.”

I cut my eyes at my dad before looking back at my mom. We both were waiting on each other to say something. My dad was doing that glare that doesn’t work as much as it used to work back when I was younger.

“Girl, gon’ head and tell your dad about this man, so he can stop looking at you like that, and so you can stop pretending that he’s not looking at you. Good Lord,” my mom said. “You already know how this goes.”

I turned and faced him. “Dad, I already know what you’re thinking.”

“What do you think I’m thinking, Yuliana Kennedy?”

When he called any of us by our full names, he wasn’t playing any games, and he was trying to contain his anger. I took a deep breath before I started speaking because I knew my dad and his thought process. I’ve heard the many boy conversation’s he’s given my sisters and aunt.

“That you don’t think I’m making a good decision by dealing with Sayi, and you’ve already made up in your mind that you don’t like him because of his age. You think that he’s way too old for me. You think that it’s too soon for me to be dating. You think that I am possibly using him for a rebound. You think that he’s not over his wife and using *me* as a rebound. You don’t want me...” I paused when I caught a glimpse of my sisters and aunt peeking around the corner. When my dad followed my eyes, they moved back, and if I wasn’t a little pissed, I would have laughed. It really reminded me of the old days. “You don’t want me getting hurt when he chooses to get back with his wife. You are probably wondering if we’ve used protection. I think that’s it.”

“Uh-huh. You forgot to add that he has a grown daughter and is about to have another grown daughter. You forgot to add this; his daughter is just nine years younger than you. You want kids. How do you know that this old man is going to want more kids at his age? Did you use protection? What are your thoughts on this, Judy?”

I turned around and looked at my mom. She had just put the lid on whatever she was cooking and cleaned her hands before she came over and sat at the table. She stared at me before she stared at my dad.

“What are you thinking, Yuli?”

My face warmed. “I think I like him. He hasn’t asked me for my hand in marriage. Our first official date is tomorrow. I’m going to speak to him about my needs and wants and if they don’t align with what he wants, then I won’t... ya know... proceed. I like him a lot. He’s really nice and reminds me of you, Dad.” I looked at him. “I’m not saying it was love at first sight, but... he’s so... amazing. He’s really nice and he’s funny. Neither of us said that we wanted to rush into anything because of his ex-wife and Elijah. If something happens, we agreed to take it very slow. Dad, please give him a chance. Please.”

He squinted his eyes at me before he sighed. “I just don’t know, Yuli. This man is ten years younger than me. Ten whole

years younger than me, which means that he's old enough to be your father."

"If he started having sex at fifteen!"

My eyes bucked and I swallowed the lump in my throat when I realized that sentence came out a little louder than expected.

"Yeah, you better recognize who you're speaking to. It doesn't matter if he started having sex at fifteen; he still could be your father. I don't know, Yuli. I don't feel good about Sayi."

"You felt good about Elijah," I muttered.

He slammed his fist on the table and stood up, prompting my mother to stand up as well. My parents never laid a hand on us, but he did know how to establish dominance, and that scared me more than him even pretending to reach for a belt.

"Okay, how about both of you calm down. You know how big headed both of you all are, which means y'all won't be able to have a conversation until both of you have calmed down," my mother said.

My mother has always told me that I was much like my father; had a lot of mouth and didn't back down. Carlton Kennedy has always taught us to not back down from anything or anyone, but I was the only person who used that against him. My sisters used that against everyone else but him. My dad had told me that I always asked him 'why' and he couldn't stand it, but he wouldn't change me for the world.

"Judy, what are your thoughts?" my dad asked my mom again before easing back down in the chair.

"I think..." she paused and looked from me to my father. "I think that our daughter is grown."

My dad scoffed. "Judy don't do this. He's ten years younger than me."

"And five years younger than me, Carlton. Listen to what I'm saying. WE have always taught our daughters to make the best decisions for themselves, even if it doesn't align with

what we want them to do. We have taught our daughters to recognize that love is love no matter the race or gender. Yuli is ___”

“My baby, Judy. My baby,” he sighed in defeat.

Carlton knew who to go against. My dad’s word was law, but if Judy came in and amended it, he wasn’t going to say a damn thing. My dad was a complete sucker for my mother, and I loved it. I bit my bottom lip to conceal my smirk.

“Yuli is my baby too, but she’s grown. She’s free to make whatever decision that she wants as long as it doesn’t result in her being harmed. We’ve watched Yuli navigate relationship after relationship and she’s left them all feeling good about herself with the exception of... you know. So, you and I,”—he waved her off— “oh yes, you and *I*, are going to accept this man that Yuli is dating. If they decide to take it further and we get introduced to him, we are going to invite him into this home with open arms. Or, you’re going to be the next man getting a divorce after a long marriage,” she said before standing up, kissing him on the cheek, and walking back over to the stove.

My dad crossed his arms across his chest and stared at me. “Get out of my face,” he growled.

I chuckled before walking over to him and kissed him on his forehead. “I love you, Dad.” I kissed both his cheeks. “I love you Dad,” I said again before leaving the kitchen.

My sisters and aunt almost ran over each other trying to get out of the way.

I laughed. “Y’all so damn nosy. Let’s go out on the patio, so we can chat some more.”

We went out on the porch to chat until my mother finished cooking.

SAYI

I STARED at myself in the mirror and gave myself a once over to make sure that I look okay. I wasn't really the dressy type, but Chels convinced me not to wear jeans on our first date. I told her that Yuli loved me in my jeans, but she told me that it didn't matter, and that I needed to show Yuli that I could dress up when I needed to. Chels and I went to the mall and grabbed an outfit. I picked out a pair of white pants, a white button down, and a blue sports coat. We stopped at Aldo and bought a pair of brown boots that Chels said that Yuli was going to love on me. I couldn't remember the last time I had been on a date, and I couldn't help but to wonder if that was the reason that Tessa and I didn't work out. Speaking to Yuli made me realize that. Over the last two days, we had been talking about our relationships to both Tessa and Elijah. We talked about places where we both could have been better. Even though we were talking about our exes, I couldn't get enough of talking to her.

After I finished giving myself a once over, I walked out of the room, and into the kitchen to get my daughter's approval.

"Ohlala. You look great, Dad. I hadn't seen you dress up in so long. Now, who are you going on a date with, and where?"

I posed for a few pictures when she held her phone up.

"A woman I met a little while ago, and Vic's on the River."

"Ooo. Vic's on the River? Wow. You are really trying to impress this lady, especially since you're wearing those pants and not jeans. You know you have a hundred pair of jeans."

I laughed. “You know me so well. Don’t wait up,” I said and grabbed my keys.

“Oh. Oh. Oh, I am going to wait up. So, don’t be out being mannish because you have to be at work in the morning,” she said while nodding her head.

“Yes, ma’am.” I kissed her forehead and headed towards the door. “Make sure you set the alarm. Love you.”

Our reservation was in an hour, but it was going to take me at least twenty minutes to pick up Yuliana, and then at least twenty minutes to drive downtown. Parking down there can be a bitch sometimes, so I needed to leave a little early. I couldn’t believe that I was nervous about this date with her. I had already had this woman’s pussy and ass all on my tongue. While I was heading towards her house, my music cut off and my ex-wife’s name had come across the screen. I couldn’t remember the last time that Tessa had called me, so I had to answer to make sure that everything was alright with Serenity.

I pressed the button on my steering wheel. “Tessa. Is everything okay with Serenity?”

“Uh, not really. I was wondering if you could sit down and talk with her. I just went through her phone and saw that she was talking about having sex with some boy. I was wondering if you could come by here and talk to her.”

I sighed. “Put her on the phone.”

“She went in her room and won’t come out.”

“You’re her mother. Open the door.”

“Sayi, can you just come by here, please?”

“Take her phone in the room to her and tell her to call me.”

“What are you doing that you can’t come by here to check your daughter for acting like she’s a grown woman?”

“What did you tell her, Tessa, when you saw the messages?”

“I... um... I just started shouting at her, and now she’s mad at me. I just I don’t know. What are you doing that you

can't come by and check her?"

"I'm going to call you back," I said and hung up the phone.

I called Skylar and she answered on the first ring. "Hey, Dad. Everything okay?"

"Your mother called me frantic because she went through Serenity's phone and said that she was talking about sex with a boy. Could you go by there and talk to her?"

"Dad, I need to be honest with you about something," Skylar told me just as I pulled in front of Yuli's house and put the car in park.

"Yes, please. I've always told you that you could be honest with me about anything."

"I just sent Serenity a picture of you and said that you were going on a date. I think Mom is trying to play games. I'll go over there and you go on your date. I'll text you when I get over there."

"Okay. Please text me. I don't want Serenity or you to think that I was putting a woman before y'all. You know I would never do that, right?"

"Dad. Please go have fun. I'll go see what's going on. Love you, bye," she said and hung up the phone.

I killed the engine to the car and stepped out. As soon as I stepped on the porch, Yuli opened the door and my eyes grew wide. She looked so damn beautiful. She had on a thin strapped white satin material dress with a slight slit on the side, paired with white strapped heels with different color blue flowers on them. The dress stopped in the middle of her thick ass thighs. I could tell that she didn't have on a bra and her titties were sitting pretty as fuck. Her skin was glowing under the light and she looked so fucking sexy. Her hair was pulled up into a curly ball with some hanging down at the back. The dangling earrings caught my eye.

"My God. You look fuckin' beautiful, Yuliana Kennedy. Are you ready? I mean... damn. I would love to have you as a meal. Shit."

She blushed. “Yes, I’m ready.”

When she locked her house up, I helped her off the porch and down the driveway to my car. I opened the passenger side door for her and helped her inside. I made sure she was in good before I shut the door and walked around to the other side. As soon as I got in the other side, she told me that I smelled good.

“How was your day, Sayi?” she asked me.

“It was aight, until a few minutes ago, but it’s better now,” I said and looked at her.

“What happened?”

“Tessa called me and said that she went through Serenity’s phone and said that she was talking about sex with some boy. She wanted me to come over and talked to her, and then she tried to insinuate that I was too busy to come and talk to my daughter about having sex.”

She placed her hand on mine. “I would have understood if you needed to cancel the date.”

I looked at her before looking back at the road. “I’ve talked to both my daughters countless times about sex. Would I prefer them both to wait as long as they can to have sex? Yes. Is it a possibility that it could happen now? Yes. Do I need to run over to Tessa’s house to talk to Serenity about sex because she was caught sexting? No. Skylar said that she was going to go over there and then call me.”

I decided to leave out the part about Skylar believing that my ex-wife was playing games because I didn’t want Yuli to think that she had anything to worry about regarding her.

“I get it. My dad was the same way when we were younger, but he nor my mother never went through my phone. He just always reminded us that whatever we put out there in the world could never be deleted. That’s really what stopped me from sending naked pictures until I met Elijah. You mess around and make it big in life and here come some busta ass nigga waiting to post your nudes just to prove to people that he knew you.”

“You ain’t lied. Maybe that’s what I need to tell my girls.”

That made her laugh. “Do you want more kids?”

“I’m open to it.”

Out the corner of my eye, I could see her smirking.

“What changed?” she asked.

“What you mean?”

“In Florida, you said that you hadn’t thought about it. Today, you are opened to it.”

He chuckled. “Exactly. I’ve thought about it, and I’m open to it. I realized that women are having children later and later, and I may meet a woman who doesn’t have kids who want them. So, yes, I’m opened to it, now.”

“I see,” she responded, and looked out the window.

There was an awkward moment of silence before she started speaking again.

“My dad and I got into a little spat yesterday. He’s still got an attitude with me, but my mom told him that if we make it passed the dating stage, then they are going to welcome you with open arms. You know I’m my dad’s baby girl.”

I chuckled. “I get it, baby. Men are programmed not to like their daughter’s boyfriends. I already know I’m going to hate my girls’ boyfriends until they prove themselves.”

“And even then... because it took a long time for my dad to like Elijah as my boyfriend, and you saw what he did.”

“Tonight, is going to be about us though,” I told her before picking up her hand and kissing it.



“I told you that wine goes straight to my pussy, Sayi,” she said as we walked along the Riverwalk. It was a little chilly by the river, so I had taken off my jacket and wrapped it around her shoulders. She had her little fingers intertwined with mine.

Dinner went off without a hitch. We talked a lot about her family. As far as occupations, she was the black sheep. Her whole family worked in the medical field besides her. I never would have thought that those crazy sisters of hers were doctors, and also her aunt before she took a small break to tend to her kids. When I asked her why she didn't go into the medical field, she just said she didn't want to, and never even thought about it. She had downed two glasses of wine while we were eating. We literally sat in the same spot for almost three hours, eating, drinking, and enjoying each other's company. After dinner, neither of us felt like leaving, so we decided to walk along the Riverwalk, and maybe even stop and get a drink from Wet Willie's. It was the summer, so it was packed down here. It seemed as if everyone knew who we were. People knew Yuli from the radio, and people knew me being the fire chief. I felt like this was a good thing and a bad thing. One; because of Yuli's job, she was on social media heavy and had to promote her show two; I knew that this was going to get back to Tessa and Elijah, and we didn't know how either of them would react to us both dating so suddenly. Well, I didn't care how Tessa would react because she was already dating. Three; I didn't want people getting in her head so early in the relationship. I knew Yuli had a great head on her shoulders, but so many people telling her the same thing; she'll start to believe it.

“Careful now, or I'm going to think that you only want me for my dick.”

“That's certainly not true. Now, if you add that tongue in there...” she said and laughed. “But no. I really like you Sayi. It seems like we both want some of the same things. This is not the wine talking,” she said before she stopped and turned to face me. “Would I be doing too much if I asked could we date exclusively? I mean...I'm not going to lie; I am very jealous. I mean, if you want to date around, then I can't date you because you're all I've been able to think about. Sayi, since the very day that I've met you. Even if I wanted to date around, I couldn't, because no other man would have a fair chance because all I would think about was you. Am I doing

too much? Please let me know. I don't want to look like a fool.”

“I've always been a one-woman man, Yuliana. If you want to date exclusively, then I say let's give it a shot. The worse thing that could happen is it doesn't work out. Even if it doesn't work out, I'll know that I met a really great woman, and any man would be lucky to have you.”

She grinned and got closer to me. “So, are you like my boyfriend, now?”

“Yes. I am your boyfriend, now.”

She nodded her head. “So, do you know what boyfriends do to make their girlfriends happy?”

I raised my eyebrow. “I haven't been a boyfriend in a long time. I may have forgotten. Tell me.”

She got even closer to me, and whispered in my ear, “Fuck us very, very, very nasty and tell us how sexy we look getting fucked.”

“Aha. Maybe I can offer up some boyfriend service tonight.”



The moment we stepped inside of Yuliana's room, I wrapped my arms around her, and ripped her little ass dress up right from the slit. She turned and glared at me.

“Fuck. Sayi, I liked that dress!” she hissed.

“Baby, I'll buy you another one. Turn around and bend over.”

Doing as she was told, she turned around and touched her toes. She had on her heels, so she was the perfect height for me to dive right inside of her. I reached inside my jacket and pulled my wallet out to retrieve a condom. After I retrieved the gold packet, I dropped my jacket on the floor, unzipped my pants, and fished for my dick out of my briefs. As soon as I

covered myself, I pulled her thong to the side, and thrust inside of her. I gripped her waist so she wouldn't topple over.

"Ooo, Sayi," she whispered.

"Yes, baby. I missed this pussy."

I pulled out of her and pushed back inside of her again.

"Sayi, shit," she muttered.

I pulled out of her and walked her over to the bed. After kicking off my shoes, I unbuckled my pants, pushed them down, and kicked them off in a rush because I needed to be back inside of her. Instead of hitting her from the back, I sat on the edge of the bed and pulled her in my lap.

"If you want me to keep these shoes on, then you need to get on the floor, so I can show you what these volleyball thighs can do for real," she said and climbed off me.

She didn't have to tell me twice. I got in a good spot on the floor. Her carpet was really soft, so I didn't have to worry about my back hurting. She straddled me, backwards, so I could get a good look at her round ass. Reaching between her legs, she grabbed the base of the condom and slid it off before sliding down my dick.

"Fuck," I groaned when she filled herself to capacity. "This is the best view ever."

She found her rhythm and started bouncing on my dick at an even pace. Leaning forward and grabbing my legs for balance, she started riding my dick faster while making her ass clap at the same time.

"Mothafuck..." I groaned.

"Sayi, baby. What a good and rather large dick, you have. It's so fucking magical. Better than anything I ever had before in my fucking life," she whispered.

Yuliana rode my dick so elegantly. Her ass clapped. Her pussy creamed. My name rolled off her tongue so sweetly. My mouth opened but I couldn't say anything. I was stuck. There was a roaring in my ears and my body became weak. With

every bounce, it was like all the blood in my body was flowing to my dick. It was harder than I had ever been in my life.

“Agh,” was the only thing I could moan because not a word could form.

My dick swelled, but she didn't move. She kept bouncing.

“Yes, Sayi, I feel you cumming in me. It's so warm and thick, baby. You been waiting to release that nut in me, haven't you?”

“Yu...”

I had lost my breath as she continued to ride me. My dick went soft and got back hard in the span of ten seconds. So hard that the shit hurt and felt good at the same time. She leaned forward even more and just started to ride the head of my dick. All I could do was take it. I couldn't move her because I didn't have the strength to. She had milked all my strength from me. Looking at her ride the head of my dick, and just seeing her lips grip me, made me go halfway blind. She reached between her legs and gripped the base of my dick while she continued to ride the head.

The bottom of my stomach clenched. I had never had this happened before in all my years of fucking. “Yuliana.”

“Yes, there it is. Fuck, yes. There it is.”

As soon as I came again, my dick went a little soft. When she climbed off me, she leaned forward on her knees and started to play with her clit. I knew that she was used to pleasing herself, and I felt so bad that I was too damn weak to help her.

“Fuck.”

Her cum mixed with mine had come pouring out of her hole. All I could do was shake my head. After a few minutes, she stood up and walked in the bathroom. I turned my head slightly to watch her because I was too fucking weak to move. She got out of her heels, and then the torn dress, before she sat down on the toilet to relieve herself. I could see her looking at me and grinning. My eyes closed the moment I heard the water running. What felt like a few minutes later, I felt a warm

towel come across my dick. My eyes opened and Yuliana was squatting over me wiping the dried up cum from around my dick. She now sported a silk night gown type thing. She even smelled like some sweet flowers or something, and her body glistened as if she had just gotten out of the shower.

“You showered?”

She nodded her head.

“I was sleep.”

“Yes.”

“On this floor, I went to sleep?” I asked, very surprised.

“Yes. I thought you would have joined me when I turned the shower on, but when I got out you were dead to the world on this carpet.”

“Damn. Ma, I’m not going to lie... that was the best I ever had. I mean... I’ve been fucking for a long time but for you to make me cum like that back to back. Fuck... you know how you told me I made you lose your hearing and go blind for a couple seconds. You just did that to me. Why you waited ‘til now to bring out that demonic shit?”

She grinned. “Sayiii. That wasn’t demonic. I just wanted you to feel good, and you wanted me to keep the heels on. That’s what I do when I keep the heels on.”

“From now on, take them shits off. I can’t cum like that again or I’m just gonna be sitting outside your house, the radio station, the school, and everywhere else you go.”

She laughed.

“Nah, you can laugh, but I’m dead ass serious. You talking about you jealous. Now, I’m jealous.”

I looked at the time on my watch and it read a little after twelve.

“Do you mind if I stay here tonight? I’m going to wake up at six, so I can go home, shower, and grab my bag.”

“No, I don’t mind. You know you can always... um, leave a bag over here, so you won’t have to wake up early and

leave.”

“Uh-huh. I see what’s going on. You want me around all the time.”

“I’m not ashamed to admit it.”

“Good, because I want to be around.”

“Now, once you get all the feeling back in your body, come join me in the bed.”

She stood up and stepped across me. She pulled the covers back on her queen-sized bed and slid in. It took me a few minutes, but eventually, I climbed off the floor and got in the bed behind her, wrapping my arm around her, and pulling her as close to me as I could.

“To new beginnings,” she whispered.

“To new fuckin’ beginnings.”



It was the middle of my shift and we had been having a nice and quiet day, which is what I welcomed because my mind had been clouded of thoughts with Yuli all fucking day. I had listened to her show and I could tell that she was in such a great mood. Chels had come in the office and showed me where she was being recorded. I sent her a text while she was talking just to see how she would react to it. When she read it, she smiled really hard, and shook her head. Yuli has really made me the happiest I’ve been in a while. My daughter noticed it this morning when I made it home. She was in the kitchen boxing up her orders. Skylar was like me in every way. She always wanted to get ahead. Her work ethic was out of this world. She asked me who

I was on the date with, but I wasn’t ready to tell her just yet. I wanted to keep Yuli to myself for a while before I formally introduced her to my daughters.

In the midst of me thinking about the nasty shit that Yuli did to me last night, there were a few knocks on my office

door.

“It’s open.”

When the door came open, a man about the same height as me walked in my office. Just from the pictures around Yuli’s house, I already knew that this man was Dr. Carlton Kennedy. I stood to greet him, but he looked at my hand, and then looked into my eyes. I put my hand down by my side and then sat in my chair. Yuliana didn’t lie when she said her dad could be scary, but only to the average man, and I wasn’t an average man. He probably scared Elijah, but he definitely didn’t place any fear in my heart. He definitely didn’t look his age.

I leaned back in my chair. “How may I help you?”

“You can help me by leaving my daughter alone.”

“Dr. Kennedy, it’s nice to meet you. My name is Sayi Mathis.”

“Oh, I know who you are, and I want you to leave my daughter alone. I’m coming to you as a man, just as you would if one of your daughters brought home a man that was ten years younger than you.”

I stood up so fast that the rolling chair I sat in rolled back and hit the file cabinet, knocking down a few picture frames. “Dr. Kennedy, with all due respect, Yuliana is a grown woman, and I don’t appreciate you coming in my office and talking about an imaginary situation that has not happened yet. If and when either of my daughters decide to bring a man home ten years younger than me, I’ll deal with it accordingly. What you could have done was come in here and try to get to know me as a person before you started talking out the side of your neck. Now, I want you to get the fuck out of my office.”

Dr. Kennedy walked around my desk and got in my face. We were now standing nose to nose. I’m a father. If I got in my daughter’s boyfriend’s face, he’d better stand his ground, or I’d let my daughter know that he was too weak for her.

“Chief, is everything okay in here?” Dunn said from the door, but I never took my eyes off Dr. Kennedy.

I held my hand out letting Dunn know that everything was okay.

He pointed his finger in my chest. “Let me tell you something, *Chief*. No one in their right mind will give up on twenty years of marriage in the blink of an eye. You’re either going to go back to her or she’s coming back to you. Whichever one happens first, I don’t give a fuck, you better be fucking man enough to let my daughter know to her face. I’ll be damned if my daughter gets hurt in front of the whole fucking city again. Next time that happens, I’ll be homicidal. I’ve lived a damn good life, and I have no problem spending the rest of my life behind bars behind my baby girl.”

“What the fuck? Chief, he is threatening you, man!” Dunn snapped.

Never taking my eyes off Dr. Kennedy, I said, “Dunn, I’m okay. Just chill. He’s doing what any man would do about his daughter, but what he doesn’t know is that I’m not easily shaken. What he doesn’t know is, I been a grown mothafuckin’ man for a long ass time. I haven’t dealt with many fathers, but I’ve dealt with enough of them to know that he wouldn’t get any satisfaction if I cowered and let them talk to me crazy. He also doesn’t know that Yuliana is me. She’s mine. That’s *my* woman. She’s very grown and is very capable of making decisions.”

“Yeah. That sounds good but remember what the hell I said.”

“Yeah. You remember what I said. Get the fuck out of my office, Dr. Kennedy, and I say that in the most respectful way possible.”

We stared at each other until my phone vibrated against my desk. I looked down and I smiled when the picture of me and Yuli flashed across the screen.

“Ah, look. It’s our baby girl now.”

I reached down and pressed the button on the screen, and immediately put it on the speakerphone.

“Baby, I was thinking and talking about you.”

“What about? You telling your friends about that really nasty shit I did to you last night?” she said and laughed.

“Somewhat. You’d be surprised.”

Mine is what I mouthed to Dr. Kennedy before I placed the phone on mute. “Good day, Dr. Kennedy, if I haven’t made myself clear before.”

He smirked before he backed away from me and walked out of my office, but not before eyeing Dunn up and down like he was a little nigga.

“Baby, you there?”

I took the phone off mute. “Yeah, baby. I’m here.”

“Sorry, if I caught you at a bad time. You can call me later.”

“I’ll call you back in a few minutes, okay.”

“Yeah, sure. I didn’t want anything, so no rush.”

“Alright, sweetness,” I said and hung up the phone.

I let out a sigh of frustration before sitting down in the seat.

“Boyyyyy... wait, what nasty shit she did to you last night?” Dunn asked.

“Chill,” I said.

Dunn knew I didn’t play about my personal life like that.

He sat in the seat across from me. “Man, I don’t like that man, no cap.”

“I get it. His baby daughter was embarrassed in front of the whole city. He did what any active father would do, and something I would do as well. I fucks with it.”

“You straight, though?”

“As straight as I’ll ever be. That’s my woman.”

“My nigga,” he said before reaching across the table and dapping me up.

Just as I was getting ready to call my woman back, the alarm sounded. I made a mental note to text her when I got back. I planned on keeping my visit with her father a secret. One thing I would never want to do is come between a girl and her father.

YULI

TWO MONTHS LATER...

The last two months had been nothing short of amazing. Sayi has been the best man that I could have ever asked for. One would argue that all relationships start out this way, but I'd hoped and prayed every day that Sayi would never change. We talked all the time, and on his off days, he split them between me and his daughters. When I say we dated; we dated. At least once a week, he took me out to eat or for drinks. For the most part, we went to low key places, so we wouldn't bring a lot of attention to each other because a lot of people around town knew us. Sayi had been wanting to tell his daughter; specifically, Skylar that we were dating, but I wanted to hold off. I told him to wait until we made it to our six-month anniversary before we went public. By public, I meant post maybe one of the many date night pictures that we took. I made him promise not to tell Skylar yet, even though she and I communicated a lot via Instagram. Whenever I would post a picture on my story, she would comment and tell me how pretty I was, and always asked me my skincare routine. I can't lie, sometimes, I wanted to ask her how she would feel if her dad dated someone not much older than her, but I stopped myself plenty of times.

Ever since that day at my parents' when my mom got on to him for my decision to continue to date Sayi, our relationship had been a little strained. We still talked all the time, but I could tell that he was a little different. It seems like he was waiting for our relationship to not work out. We can't even talk about Sayi anymore because it always turned into a full-

blown argument, which leads to my mother jumping in between us as if we would come to blows or something. I had to tell my father that Sayi hasn't asked me for my hand in marriage, yet. We are just truly enjoying each other's company and that's it. I get that he only wants the best for me, but he had to just calm down and let me live my life. If Sayi and I broke up, it would hurt, but it wouldn't be the first time I been hurt by a man, and it wouldn't be the last.

Now, I was heading into work and I wasn't feeling myself at all. I knew the reason why and I had been trying to keep it from Sayi. Last week, I hadn't come on my period, and I automatically knew what was going on. It was one thing that I was never late for, and it was my period. Just to be sure, I went out to purchase a pregnancy test, and it told me what I already knew. I mean, Sayi and I weren't always careful, and I'm sure he knew what would come from him nutting in me every time we slipped up and didn't use a condom. We've both talked about kids, but we didn't say how soon we wanted them, or if we even wanted them with each other. I was a complete mess, and I needed to tell Sayi because I would only be able to hide it for so long because this man knew my body like the back of his hand.

As soon as I pulled in my usual parking spot, my phone vibrated in my hand, and it was Sayi calling.

"Hey, handsome," I answered the phone.

"I was just calling to check on you, since I could tell that you weren't feeling well when I left you this morning."

See? Knew me like the back of his hand.

"Yeah, I'm feeling fine, now. How's work going?"

"It's going good. We haven't had a call yet, but of course you know that I'm knocking on wood because you know how that can go. When I get off in the morning, I'm coming straight over there because we need to talk about something. Maybe we can go grab some breakfast or something.

My heart dropped.

Was he breaking up with me?

“Um, is everything okay?”

“Yeah, I been wanting to talk to you about something, and it’s been on my mind for the last week.”

“And you can’t... um... just tell me now, or even give me the gist? Should I be worried about something?” I laughed nervously.

“Honestly, I don’t know. It depends.”

“Sayi—”

The alarm sounding in the background cut me off.

“That’s the bell, baby. I have to go. I’ll talk to you later,” he said and hung up the phone.

That really pissed me off. Why do people do that? He should have never said that because now I was going to be worried about what he wanted to talk about the whole time I was at work. I took a deep breath and went inside of the station.



The whole time at work, I kept thinking about Sayi’s weird call about him wanting to talk to me. I kept going over in my mind about what could have been on his mind for the last week. There wasn’t any indicator that I was pregnant because I got rid of the pregnancy test. We hadn’t had an argument or anything. Maybe he was breaking up with me, but I thought things had been going good between us. See, this is why people shouldn’t drop a bomb like that and then expect them to be okay. A part of me told me to go home and wait until he came over, but I couldn’t wait. My nerves were killing me, so I decided to stop by his office.

On the way to his fire station, I stopped and picked up his favorite cake, but it was enough for him and his whole team. Sayi was just going to have to be mad, but I couldn’t wait. If he wanted to break up with me, then he was going to have to do it today and not in the morning. I pulled in the parking space next to his car and looked in the mirror to make sure that

my face was straight. Since Will decided that he would have his intern filming me, I decided to start putting a little tint on my face so I wouldn't look like a zombie every day. Will had to know that he was taking away the beauty of being on the radio. You could look any kind of way because all they had to do was hear my voice. I had to give him his props because him recording me was getting us way more traffic. My followers had grown a lot.

“I could just tell him about the baby before he breaks up with me. No. Yuliana. You are not desperate. The fuck. But you do like him a lot. Stop it. Just go inside and see what the hell he wanted to talk to you about.”

I put some gum in my mouth and freshened up my lip gloss from Skylar's collection. Hopefully whatever Sayi wanted to talk about would end in us going at it on his office couch again. That man had completely turned me into a nasty ass woman. After grabbing the cake, I got out of my truck, and locked the door. The fire station was real lax. You could easily go inside and find anyone that you wanted to find. You could literally walk around in there like you worked there. As soon as I walked in the fire station, I could hear Dunn's loud ass mouth. His voice just carried for no damn reason. They must have been in the common area, but I would check Sayi's office first just in case, so I could slip in and slip right out without being noticed. I smiled when I saw that his door was open. The closer I got to his office; my smile started to fade, and my feet became heavy. Sayi stood in front of his desk with Tessa in front of him on her knee, with her left hand in hers. The way he looked down at her was how he had been looking at me for the last two months; with his love in his eyes.

“Sayi, will you marry me again?” she asked him with tears streaming down her face.

When I gasped, both Sayi and Tessa's head whipped towards me. His eyes widened, but he didn't drop his hand from Tessa's.

“Um...” I cleared my throat, so I wouldn't burst into tears. “I am in the wrong place. My apologies.”

I backed away from the door, hoping to hear my name being yelled after me, but I didn't. I pressed my hand against my stomach while trying to keep it together while I walked to the commons area, where Dunn's loud ass voice greeted me. I kept clearing my throat and inhaling and exhaling slowly, so I wouldn't shed one tear in here. When I finally made it to the commons area, I saw Dunn and Chelsea standing behind the counter.

"Ms. Lady, what brings you by?" Dunn asked.

I nodded my head at everybody as I walked by them.

"You aight?" Dunn asked.

I nodded my head quickly and smiled a little.

"I... uh... bought cake. Enjoy," I spoke just above a whisper.

"Yuli, is everything okay?" Chelsea asked me.

I nodded my head before leaving out of the exit door that was in the commons area. I couldn't bring myself to go out the front. Plus, I needed the couple extra feet of air to hit me in my face. As soon as I got in my truck, I let out a loud cry.

"I was so damn stupid."

Turning my truck on, I pulled out of the parking space as quickly as I pulled in. A part of me wanted to hear Sayi's explanation because he wasn't that type of guy, but no woman would just pull up with an engagement ring and propose if they hadn't already been talking. At the first red light, I picked up my phone to call Jordan.

"Baby sister, what you doing?" she answered after a few rings.

"You... um, working?" I asked.

"Sis, it's four in the afternoon on a Wednesday. Yes, I am working. Well, I'm about to do some notes before my last patient comes in at 5:30. As a matter of fact, hold on..." she said.

I heard her in the background telling her nurse to see if her patient could come in earlier. Jordan, as crazy as she was, is a primary care doctor, and smart as a whip. She could have been a surgeon, but she got tired of medical school, plus she loves the closeness she has with her patients.

“Yeah, I’m back. What’s up? What you got going on?”

“Um, I need to, um... kind of, maybe, come over... um...”

“Yuli, what’s going on? You only do that stuttering shit when you trying not to... wait, what’s going on? Where are you?”

“Um... I’m about to come see you.”

“Okay, but I’m staying on the phone.”

In the background, she told her nurse to cancel that request, and let her patient come in at her original time.

“Is it Sayi?” Jordan asked, and I burst into tears again.

“Yuli, what did he do? Did he break up with you? You seemed so happy these last couple of months? What happened?”

“Girl, I don’t know. I just... I’m about to pull in the parking lot.”

“Okay, I’ll meet you at the door,” she said and hung up the phone.

I looked in the mirror and what little makeup I did have on had run down my face and I really looked like a clown. I fixed it as best as I could before getting out of the truck. As promised, Jordan met me at the door, and she immediately rolled her eyes and shook her head when she saw me.

“I’m going to kill him,” she hissed as soon as we walked into her office. She started pacing in front of her desk while typing furiously into her phone. I sat down on the couch that was across the room. “What happened, Yuli?”

“Please don’t tell Camila and Ashley just yet. Just let me process this for a little while, okay?”

She stopped pacing and looked at me. “Are you sure?”

“Yes. Give me at least a week. You know how Dad is going to react, and for once I just need to handle something on my own. I don’t need to hear any I told you so’s from Dad just yet. Let me get over it first.”

She nodded her head and slid her phone in her coat pocket. “Okay, what happened.”

I shrugged my shoulders. “I don’t even know what happened between last night and this morning. I mean, he spent the night last night. Everything seemed normal. He even ate me out before we cuddled up and went to sleep. Before I went into work, he called me, and told me that he needed to talk to me about something. The shit bothered me the whole time I was at work, so I decided to just pop up at his office to ask him what he wanted because I wouldn’t have been able to wait until in the morning. I even stopped to get him and his people a cake. When I made it to his office, why his ex-wife was on her knee proposing to him? I didn’t stick around to see his answer.”

“Yuliana, you don’t even know what his answer was. You’re beating yourself up for no reason.”

“Jordan, you didn’t see how he was looking at her. He looked at her like he was still in love with her. He looked at her how he just fucking looked at me last night. It was love. I didn’t need to hear the answer.”

Her shoulders slumped. “Yuli, I am so sorry. I really wanted this to work for you two. Y’all look so damn cute together. Fuck, man.”

“This why I need a favor from you, Jordan.”

“Sure. Anything.”

“Can you get me some abortion pills?”

“What? You’re pregnant from him? God, Yuli!”

“We weren’t always careful. Jordan, I don’t need or want a lecture. Can you just get me the pills or no? There is a Planned Parenthood not far from here.”

Her eyes filled with water. “Yuli, you want to get rid of the pregnancy, for real or are you just... you know. You want to be a mom. You’ve always talked about how you wanted to have kids.”

“With a man who loves me, and not a man that’s married to someone else.”

“Sayi is not married to someone else. I just can’t believe that he would do this, Yuli. All that shit he talked to Dad, and —”

“What?”

She pressed her lips together.

“What do you mean all that shit he talked to Dad? When did Sayi ever see Dad to talk to him?”

“Yuli, promise me you won’t say anything to Dad.”

“Jordan!”

“Promise me, please.”

“Fine. I promise.”

“Dad went to Sayi’s fire station and demanded that he leave you alone, and got all in Sayi’s face, honey. You know they about the same height, so they were standing nose to nose. Dad was pointing his finger in Sayi’s chest and telling him that he better be a fucking man and tell you when his wife comes crawling back to save you the public embarrassment. He said the next time his baby gets embarrassed by a nigga; he’s going to be homicidal.”

My hand flew to my mouth. “Dad did *not* threaten Sayi that way. Who all knows about this? When did this happen? And why am I just now hearing about this? Oh my gosh!”

“I wish I was lying. Everybody knows. Mama was so mad that she could have put Dad on the couch. This happen a while back.”

“Wow,” I whispered and shook my head. “Jordan; you are my best friend, and this is how you repay me, huh? You keep secrets from me. Secrets this big. I would have never done that

to you. You know what. I'll just go to the Planned Parenthood," I snapped and stood up.

"Yuli. I'm sorry. I'm not letting you get those pills from Planned Parenthood. I'm not letting you go through this alone because those pills are no joke. They are going to hurt. We need to take your blood to see how far along you are, so we can see if the pills will be the best route for you to take."

"What? What would be the other options?"

"To um... suck it out."

"That sounds painful."

"All the options are painful. You're ridding yourself of a life that's growing inside of you."

"Wait... are you shaming me?"

"No. I just want you to think about this for a little while, Yuli. At least for a few days. You're coming here and you're upset, and I don't want something this serious to be made as a rash decision. I want you to have calmed down, and not crying, before you come to a decision. I'm not asking you to tell Sayi about the baby because you don't have to. It's your body and your decision. This shit is painful and sticks with you forever. You'll never forget this decision. So, I'm going to test your blood to see how far along you are. After I finish doing that, I'm going to get it tested, and if by next weekend, you still feel the same way, we'll do it next Saturday. How about that?"

"And you're not going to tell anyone? Can this be kept between us? Please?"

"I promise to keep this between us."

"Okay, good."

It took Jordan fifteen minutes to draw blood because I hated needles. It would have been better if she just let her nurse do it. After she was done, she put a rush on it, so she would text me my results. I decided to leave and let her get prepared for her next patient, and plus I wanted to go home and cry some more before I got rid of everything in my house

that was Sayi related. I always told my sister that I would never get an abortion, not because I didn't believe in them, but because the person that I would let get me pregnant would love me to death. All the fucking I did in college, I never slipped up or even had a pregnancy scare, and trust me, a few niggas did try to come with the 'I don't have a condom' spiel, but I kept them on me. Not one condom has been popped on me. Only two people in Savannah can say that they know what my walls feel like raw and that's Sayi and Elijah. I won't lie, a part of me was a little fucked up that he didn't call me, but it is what it is. Another one bites the dust.



As I pulled up to my house, a wave of déjà vu came over me when I saw Sayi sitting on my porch, just as Elijah was when we pulled up after we came back from vacation. I cleaned my face because I promised that I wasn't going to let Sayi see a tear fall from my face. The minute I hopped out my truck, Sayi stood and walked over to me. My eyes immediately zeroed in on his finger, and my heart dropped when I saw that there was a ring on his ring finger.

He accepted her proposal.

I inhaled and exhaled slowly, so I could control the water that threatened to fall from my eyes. He grabbed my arm and stretched it out.

"What's wrong? You didn't have this on your arm when you came to my office," he said, talking about the cotton ball covered by a band-aid from where Jordan had taken my blood.

I snatched my arm from him and covered it with my hand. "I'm fine."

"I owe you an explanation," he said.

"No... no you don't. You chose your wife. Twenty years is hard to give up. I get it. You don't really like change, which is why you begged her back in the first place when she walked out on you and got with your best friend, or enemy, whichever one you want to call it. You planned your life with this woman

and her coming back into your life puts your already planned life with her back on track. So, no you don't. You did what you felt was right."

He looked down at the ground before looking back up at me. Seeing that his eyes were bloodshot red, made the tears roll down my face.

"Am I wrong for wanting to give my girls a two-parent home? That's how I grew up, and that's what was instilled in me."

"Giving your girls a two-parent home at the expense of your happiness? I don't think your parents would want you miserable, Sayi. You know what... let me just shut up because I feel like I'm about to beg you and I'm not that type of bitch. You made your choice. I'm going to live with it. We had fun, Sayi. Have a good life," I said before trying to get by him, but he moved in front of me. "What? Move, Sayi. I don't have time for the damn games."

He looked down at the ground again.

"Is this what you wanted to tell me in the morning? That you were getting back with your wife because I know like hell you weren't going to ask me to be your mistress because you know I don't get down like that.

He shook his head. "I would never ask you to be that, Yuli. I'm not that type of dude."

"Then what?"

"I don't really think it matters at this point."

"So, if you weren't going to tell me that you were getting back with your wife. Then what?"

"I don't know if I should tell you now because at this point, I don't even think you'll believe me. Plus, it'll only make you hate me, and Yuli, I can't have you hating me. I don't want you hating me."

I pushed him in his chest. "Fuckin' tell me. Be a man."

He gripped my wrists before I could push him again.

“Yuli, I made reservations at this breakfast spot for us. I was going to admit to you that I’m truly a sucker for love. I loved the idea of love and everything about being in a committed relationship.”

“What are you saying, Sayi?” I snatched my wrists out of his large hands.

“I was going to tell you that I loved you.”

“Screw you,” I said before pushing him in his chest again and walking around him to go in my house.

“Yuliana,” he called my name.

I ignored him and went in the house, making sure to slam the door. I made a mental note to get my locks changed... again.

SAYI

BEFORE I COULD EVEN PULL off from Yuli's house, my phone rang, and Skylar's name came across the radio. I took a deep breath before I answered the phone.

"Can I explain everything when I get off in the morning? I have to get back to work," I said as soon as I answered the phone.

"Oh, no. I'm here in your office waiting for you to get back," she said and hung up the phone.

Luckily for me, traffic was a little heavy, so I had about twenty minutes before I got back to the station. The minute I stopped at the red light, I looked down at my hand which bore the ring that Tessa had given me. On everything I love, I wasn't expecting Tessa to come into my office to do that. Hell, I hadn't even spoken to Tessa really since that night she went through Serenity's phone and saw that she was sexting some boy. So, when my office door opened, and she came through with tears streaming down her face, I was immediately prepared to lose my job because I thought Parks had done something to her or my daughter, but what I was met with was something completely different.

"Tessa, what's wrong? Where is Serenity? Is everything okay?"

"Yes, and no, Sayi."

I walked around my desk and leaned against it.

"What's going on? Calm down. I can't hear you through your tears."

“Sayi, I really messed up. I should have told you this from day one, but I let it fester, and then it turned into something that I never meant for it to be. I love you. I’ve been in love with you for over two decades, but you changed. I should have never said that you didn’t help me raise the girls because you did. You are the best damn father that I could ever imagine my girls to have. I should have told you that I wanted you to start taking me on more dates. I should have told you that I wanted us to do outside the box things like we used to do. You became so... stiff. Like... everything was, ‘put it on the calendar. Put it on the calendar. Tessa, how am I supposed to remember if you don’t put it on the calendar? Sayi, you became so busy that I had to freakin’ put my birthday on the calendar for you to remember it. It’s like you completely forgot about me and started focusing all your time on work and the girls. You stopped living in the moment. You stopped having fun. You just stopped being the guy that I met over twenty years ago.”

“But, Tessa, I am not that guy anymore. We had way more responsibilities than we did at twenty-one. You and I both worked, with two school-aged girls, so we had to schedule shit.”

She looked at the floor. “I know that, now.”

“Okay, so what now?”

“Sayi, I know you hate me, and you have every right to. Please forgive me. I made the biggest mistake of my life getting with that man. I never meant to hurt you, at all. You are the best thing that ever happened to me and our girls.”

“Tessa...”

“Just wait. I know that you are going to say that you are dating now, but I know dating for a couple of months does not trump twenty plus years. It can’t. Sayi, you and I been through everything together, and we can get through this.”

She got on her knee in front of me and opened a ring box with a wedding band inside.

“Sayi, I’m in love with you and I never stopped loving you. Please give me another chance.”

My mouth opened and closed.

“Sayi, will you marry me again?”

The slight gasp got my attention and when I turned to see Yuli standing there, my heart dropped to my feet.

Beep! Beep!

The horn honking made me realized I had zoned out at the red light, so I ended up shooting through the yellow light, making the person behind me get stuck at the red light again. I can't even front, a part of me was a little shook at my daughter waiting for me in my office like she was my mother or something, getting ready to reprimand me, but I truly respected her opinion because she gave it to me straight with no chaser.

After I parked in my designated parking spot, I got out the car, popped the locks and headed into the station. My blinds were open, so I could see Skylar sitting in my chair behind my desk, and my two younger brothers sitting on my couch. She brought out the big guns. When I got closer to the door, I could see that Skylar's brown face was red along with her eyes. She was angry; extremely.

“Seth. Sawyer,” I spoke to my brothers, before leaning against the file cabinet, so I could have a good view of the whole room.

“Dad. Why was mom moving her things into our home?”

“Well, I was going to talk to you when I got off from work in the morning, but—”

“Mom can't be the person that you've been dating for the last two months because you've been spending the night and Serenity would have told me that you were staying at Mom's house. Dad...” she paused and shook her head. “I don't understand. Why are you getting back with her?”

“Baby, you're not old enough to understand.”

“I'm eighteen.”

“Your mother had been the love of my life since I was just a little bit older than you. She came to me, apologized,

admitted her mistakes, and—”

“Only because you’re dating someone else, and you’re much happier than you been in a long time. Dad, you’ve been glowing. You’ve been happy. When you’re not with whoever she is, I hear you talking on the phone with her all night. You laugh so loud when you’re on the phone with her. I don’t know who she is, but she makes you happy.”

Tears slowly slid down Skylar’s face and my chest got tight. Seeing my baby cry always put me in a soft spot.

“Me, and your uncles grew up in a two-parent home. Things aren’t supposed to be perfect between us. My parents argued and—”

“Dad, Serenity and I are old enough to understand that you and Mom weren’t happy with each other anymore. Mom left, with no explanation, and got with the man that hates your guts. Mom wasn’t there for you for one of your biggest moments in your life. Granny and Grandpa was there in spirit, but the very least she could have done was show up. Dad, I can’t stand by and watch you hurt yourself because of what you think Serenity and I need. We are okay. I am okay. You need to be okay with being without Mom. She hurt you, Dad, beyond anything that I could have ever imagined. You couldn’t see yourself the way that I saw you, months after she left. You were weak. You didn’t eat. You didn’t sleep. You were angry at everyone. Dad, you were literally not yourself. Don’t do this to yourself, again. You’ll regret this decision every day.”

The lump in my throat was the size of a golf ball.

“And there is no way that you’ll give your mother another chance, at all.”

“I’ll forgive her, but I won’t ever accept y’all getting back together. Ever.”

Before I could even open my mouth, she bolted out of my office. I wanted to run after her, but I didn’t because I wanted her to calm down before we had this conversation again. I looked at my brothers, and they both looked at each other before looking back at me.

“Y’all think I’m making a mistake?” I asked.

Sawyer started, “Big bro, all we want is for you to be happy. That’s it. If Tess makes you happy, then be with her, but—”

Seth cut him off, “But if Yuliana makes you happy, then I suggest you go make amends with her, and do what you have to do because...” he paused.

“What, Seth?”

“No, I can’t say because I could lose my Pharmacist license. Just know...” he said and shrugged.

Both Seth and Sawyer knew about Yuli because they’ve both FaceTimed me while she was around, and I’ve made them both promise not to tell my daughters just yet. They hadn’t officially met her yet, but I had planned on asking her to set up a meeting. When I told both Seth and Sawyer about Yuliana and her chaotic ass family, Seth said that he knew both Jordan and Camila. He said they were both crazy, but smart as hell.

“Seth, you’re my brother. What’s going on?”

“I can’t tell you, bro, but listen, it seems as if you are doing this just because of familiarity. I think you should have thought about it before you accepted the ring because I agree with my niece. I think that you’ll regret this because what happens when Skylar gets her own place, and Serenity goes to college. It’ll just be you two in the house hating each other, and you’ll have to go through a divorce all over again, if you two get married again.”

“You’re right.”

“Look, at the end of the day, whatever makes you happy is going to make me happy,” Sawyer said and stood up.

Both my brothers and my daughter gave me a lot to think about. After they left, I sat at my desk and just stared at the wall. I smiled thinking about Yuli, but I wondered what my brother was talking about. That shit was going to bother me until I talked to her. I would be a fool to try and call her right

now after I just left her house. Just when I started to reminisce on the last few years of my marriage, the alarm sounded.



Saturday...

It had been three days since me and Yuliana broke up and the shit hurt like hell to be honest. Tessa had moved some of her things back in and nothing about it felt right. She wanted to have sex, but I didn't want to touch her. I couldn't touch her. I thought I would enjoy sleeping in the bed with her again after all this time, but I didn't. All I could think about was Yuli. I wanted to text her to apologize, but that would be stupid of me. I didn't want to bother her. I created an Instagram just to follow her radio show and she had been doing good; better than me, honestly. I hadn't really slept. The times I did close my eyes, I dreamed of Tessa stabbing me in the chest. Ever since she moved back in here, she had been pressuring me to just go to the courthouse and get married again. She kept saying that we ain't need another big wedding, she just wanted to be married to me again. I told her that we needed to hold off on it and let's try to get back on track before we made a big decision like that. I could tell that she was angry, but she ain't want to start an argument so soon with us getting back together.

Today was a typical hot ass July Saturday in Savannah, and instead of me enjoying my off day in the cool air, I was going to help Skylar at this event she made me purchase her a table for. It was an event called Unity in the Community, where a lot of people buy booths to sell their products. I had heard of this event before, but I ain't know they still did it after a big fight broke out at the one they had a few years ago. I wish they would have had it in the evening time as the sun was going down, but they had it in the heated part of the day. I made sure to pack a cooler with ice and a lot of water. I told her that I didn't know how I could be of service selling lip gloss, but I would do my best. She told me that all I had to do

was stand there and look cute and women would come up and start buying.

“Dad, can you bring that box on the kitchen counter when you come out?” Skylar asked me.

“Yeah, I got you. Where is your mother?”

“Serenity said they’d meet us there.”

Things were bad when Serenity and her mother moved out, but since they’ve moved back in, things have gotten worse. Skylar only spoke to her mom and that’s it. Tessa had been cooking, but she would order out. She was purposely being a brat, and last night, she got so upset that she stayed at my brother’s house. She wasn’t feeling me and her mother getting back together, and honestly, I couldn’t blame her.

“How much stuff do you have? Are we taking one car? Or we need both mine and yours?”

“Ummm... I think we can get by with just one car. We need to get going. It opens to the public in like an hour.”



Just as I expected; it was packed. The only reason why we got a good parking spot was because Skylar had a parking pass because she bought a table. It was a lot of tents out here.

“What’s your tent number, Skylar?”

“Twenty-two.”

“Ah! Dad!” Skylar squealed. “It’s Yuli.”

I looked ahead to see Skylar speed walking towards Yuliana. She was setting up a table for her radio station. Her back was to me, but I knew the back of those thick ass thighs like the back of my hand. It seemed like she picked the shortest pair of shorts that she could find. Her thick ass waist to hip ratio made me want to just take her home, bend her over her couch and fuck her until neither one of us could breathe. For the life of me, the way she rode my dick was perfect and should be recorded for a mass tutorial. All I had to do was

close my eyes and think about the way that ass bounced, and I would get hard. The top she had on only covered her breasts, but the station was spray painted on the back of it. I wanted to take my shirt off and put it on her because she was showing too damn much, even though she was fine as hell. Fuck. When I saw the shoes she had on, I wanted to scold her because she knew those shoes made her feet hurt and swell. Fuck. I was jealous as hell. I didn't want anybody to look at her, but me.

When Yuliana turned around, she greeted Skylar with the biggest smile ever. She loved Skylar and I could tell that she did. She wanted to help her as much as she could. She squealed like a little girl every time Yuli replied to her comment or liked her pictures. When I got closer, Yuli looked at me and even behind those shades, I could tell that she was rolling her eyes.

“Hey, Yuli. You remember my dad, Sayi,” she introduced us.

My hands were full of Sky's boxes, which means I wouldn't have to hug or shake her hand.

She flashed me a faint smile. “Yeah, I remember him. How could I forget?” she said sarcastically.

“You look good. Out here all naked and stuff. You must be looking for a man or something?” Skylar asked her.

“Girl, I am not looking, but if one shows up, then I'll definitely mingle. The single life has been great.”

I had to bite the inside of my cheek, so I wouldn't say anything out of pocket.

“Yuli, where you want me to put this shit?”

Walking up behind her was Elijah with boxes in his hand.

“Back in Orlando, you said that you were... um... single,” I said through gritted teeth, and low enough so only she and Skylar heard me.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Skylar look up at me with her eyebrow raised, but I kept my eyes on Yuliana. I

cursed myself for not having my shades on my face but clipped to my damn shirt like an idiot.

“Well, I just said that I was single, if you were listening. Elijah is working to get back in my good graces. I mean... we were together for six years. Time is everything, right?” she said before she focused back on Skylar.

I started to shake and inadvertently squeezed a hole in Skylar’s box and the lip gloss started to fall out.

“Crap, Dad,” Skylar said and started picking up the lip glosses.

“Yuliana, I’m a few tents down if you want to stop by and look at my set-up,” Skylar said before we walked away from her.

When I turned around to steal another glance, she was glaring at me before she turned her head when Elijah got her attention. When we got to Skylar’s tent, I dropped the box on the table with a thud.

“Dad are you okay?” she said before she gasped “Oh my gosh!” she whispered and moved closer to me. “Yuli is the woman that you’re in love with? Oh my God. You were dating Yuliana!” She squealed before hugging me.

“How you know that?”

“Because your mood just changed. You literally squeezed a hole in my box when you saw her ex. You’re in love with Yuli?”

“In love? I don’t know. Love? Yes.”

“It’s all the same. I can’t believe you dumped YuKen for my mother.”

I looked her up and down. “I was only with your mother for over twenty years, Skylar.”

She unfolded her tablecloth. “Help me.”

We were halfway done setting up her tent when she said, “Dad, you’ve made a terrible mistake. YuKen is like the perfect woman for you. She’s out of the box. She’s very sexy.

She will definitely keep you on your toes. She likes to have fun. She's very smart. I like her."

"Do you care about the fact that she's not thirty yet, and your father is knocking on the door to fifty? Yuliana wants kids. You're eighteen. Serenity is sixteen."

"So. Do you want more kids? I mean, of course, don't have them only because she wants them, but can you actually see yourself being a dad to a newborn?"

"Yeah, but..."

"Then what's the problem?"

"What if she eventually wants to move out of Georgia and like to L.A. to further her radio career?"

"Dad, if you want to leave Georgia, then leave. Hell... Heck... leave. Serenity and I can function without you. You're always a plane ride away. Plus, I was thinking about getting my own apartment soon. I'm not going to lie, if you and Yuli move to L.A., then I'm coming too. Anyways, Dad, please just be happy and do something for yourself for once. For as long as I can remember you've always done things to make people happy, and not yourself."

"You know what, you're right? I'm going to go talk to her later."

Tessa and Serenity walked into the tent. "Skylar, your set up looks good," Tessa said.

"Thank you, Mom."

Hours later, Unity in the Community was in full swing. She had a steady flow of people coming in and out of the tent. Tessa was quiet, but Serenity and Skylar were surprisingly getting along very well. Since Skylar's tent wasn't too far away from Yuli, I could hear her voice every time she said something.

"Dad, can you grab me some water?"

I reached into the cooler and grabbed two bottles of water, and when I turned around to hand them the bottles, Yuli had just walked up. Sweat was pouring down her body. She had a

sweat towel wrapped her around her neck. The low ponytail she had before was now in a high ponytail. The sweat mixed in with her body odor and perfume instantly made me feel intoxicated. Yuliana had me fucked up in the head.

“Sheesh, I came over here to get some more of the pineapple gloss and it’s all gone. That means sales are good,” she said to her before looking at Serenity and then past her at Tessa. “Hi. I’m Yuliana. Skylar came to my—”

“We know who you are,” Serenity said with a slight attitude.

“Oh. Okay.” She focused back on Skylar.

“Luckily for you, Yuli, I knew that you were going to come over here and ask about the pineapple gloss, so I made some extra and put them in my bag.”

Skylar went in her bag and pulled out four gloss containers and handed it to her. She passed her the cash and told her to keep the change. After she opened one and refreshed her lips, Skylar pulled her phone out and asked her to take a selfie. When she stood behind her and smiled, my heart did the same thing. When the wind picked up, I felt like that was my mom talking to me.

Yuliana Kennedy was the one.



Later that night...

I had just pulled into my yard after kicking it with my brothers for a little bit. The house was black because my girls were spending the night with their friends, so Tessa and I could have some time to ourselves. When I walked in the house, there were suitcases at the door, triggering a moment of déjà vu. I found Tessa in the kitchen sitting down nursing a glass of wine.

“Tessa, what’s going on?”

“This was a mistake.”

I kept quiet.

“My feelings for you aren’t a mistake but coming back to you was. You’re not in love with me anymore, Sayi. I knew that you were dating someone else, but I didn’t know who. I heard you make excuse after excuse today to Sky regarding you dating Yuliana, but then I saw the way that you looked at her when she came up to the table, and the look on your face read love. It was hot out there and even I saw the goosebumps form on your arm. Even if you never went back to her, and tried to make it work with me, you’d mentally cheat on me because I know you wouldn’t cheat on me physically.”

She stood up and walked over to me. She stared at me for a few moments before she stood on her tiptoes and placed a small kiss on the corner of my lips. “I’m sorry for hurting you, Sayi. Go get your girl back.”

She didn’t have to tell me twice. I rushed back out of the house and jumped in the car. I sped out towards Yuli’s house. As soon as I parked my car, a loud flash of lightning stretched through the sky followed by a loud crack of thunder. When I stepped out the car, the sky opened up and water fell through. I ran up to Yuli’s front door and beat on the door hard as hell.

The door flew open. “Sayi, are you out of your mind? It’s raining cats and dogs. What are you doing here?”

“Yuli... I haven’t seen or heard from you since Wednesday and I have to let you know that it’s been the worst few days I’ve had in a long ass time. I messed up. I’m so sorry for hurting you. I’ll do whatever I have to do to make it up to you. I love you... so much.”

She didn’t say anything, but water pooled in her eyes.

“Sayi... I don’t—”

“No. No. Don’t say anything let me finish.”

“When I went on that trip, I wasn’t expecting to meet anyone that I would want to spend the rest of my life with. I wanted to sit in the room and sulk about what went wrong in my marriage as I had done for the past five months, but Yuli

you changed that for me. You made me feel alive again. I loved the time I shared with your drunk ass. Yuli, I want to be your boyfriend, your baby daddy, and then your husband, or if I can be your husband before. I don't know. I'm rambling. I love you, Yuliana. Please forgive me."

Tears slid down her face. Her nostrils were flaring, so they weren't tears of joy.

"You hurt me because your ex-wife decided that she wanted her old thing back! You already showed me who you were one time, Sayi! I can't do second chances! How do I know that when I have this baby your wife won't have an epiphany and want you back again? I'm not going to be played like a ping pong ball! I won't have it! I love you, but I'm not going to allow you to hurt me! When you left me here on Wednesday, I felt almost as bad as when Elijah abandoned me at our wedding."

"Yuliana, I know. I was confused. I was so damn confused. Wait one minute, Yuli? Did you say when you have *this* baby? This baby as in you're carrying my seed right now?"

When she nodded her head, I gripped her face, and wiped her tears away with my thumbs.

"Yuliana. Please give me another chance, please."

She shook her head. I can't, Sayi. I can't give second chances. If I give you a second chance, I'll have to give you a third."

"Yuli—"

She walked in the house and shut the door. I felt like she had just shut me out of her life for good, and I deserved it.

YULI

IT HAD BEEN two days since Sayi came to my house professing his love for me and I felt all over the place. I loved him but giving him a second chance would only open the door for him to need more chances. He'd had been calling me and sending text messages ever since he left my house during the storm. He even been sending me a lot of the pictures that him and I took while in Orlando. Even though I couldn't give him a second chance, I had to admit that seeing him grovel felt good. Hell, even Elijah didn't even grovel at all after he came back trying to be my friend. Speaking of Elijah, he thought that since he saw me struggling with some boxes and he helped me, that was an invitation for him to come home with me, but that was so far from the truth. I didn't want him to think that he had even an inkling of a chance to get back with me. I knew that just my words hurt Sayi more than anything because the way he squeezed that box when he saw Elijah gave me much more joy.

What I didn't mean to do is tell Sayi that I was pregnant, especially since Jordan had told me that I was only seven weeks pregnant, which was the perfect time to take the pills and it had a ninety-five percent chance of working. She told me that she had the pills for me, and since I was so adamant about doing the pills, she had taken off this upcoming weekend, so we could go through the process together. Sayi reacted better than I thought he would. The look on his face was shocked, but happy. So far, Jordan had kept her word and not told our parents nor sister, and aunt, but I planned on telling them today after they got off from work, and then I was

going to go and tell my parents that Sayi and I had broken up. I had to fill in for my co-worker tonight for his show, so I had to get home and take a nap, since I'd be out of my element working the late-night show. I'd always wanted to work the late-night show because Will told me that I had the voice for it, but I would think that people would want to hear a man's voice at night instead of mine, but we'd see.

I picked a central location for our late lunch since I knew that both Camila and Jordan had long ass Monday's and were ready to get home to kick their shoes off. I was the first person there with texts from Ashley saying that she was pulling up, and Camila and Jordan being five minutes out. I was going to lay everything out to them and see what their thoughts were. As usual, our favorite restaurant, The Olde Pink House, was packed, but I had already made reservations for us.

"Hey. Reservation for Kennedy," I told the lady once I got to the front of the line.

"Is everyone here?"

"They are getting ready to walk in about five minutes."

"Okay, we'll seat you once your whole party gets here."

I nodded my head and stepped out of the line. As soon as I took a seat, Ashley strode in the door with her big shades on and her hair pulled into a ponytail at the back of her head. My aunt had three kids with her husband, and her body snapped back each time. I would only hope to keep this body after one kid, let alone three.

"Aunt Ashley," I called out to her and waved her over.

I stood up and hugged her short self.

"Girl, we have so much to catch up on. I'm so glad that you scheduled this impromptu late lunch."

"You weren't doing shit anyway."

"I know, but still. I left Tobias' ass home with those kids and I ran out the house."

Five minutes later, both Camila and Jordan came through the door with their scrubs on. I always told them how proud I

was of them for becoming doctors and graduating at the top of their male dominated classes. Just as I was proud of them, they always talked about how proud they were of me, for not letting Dad bully me into becoming a doctor. I stood up and walked to the front, and the hostess immediately led us through the restaurant to our table.

“Your waiter will be right with you,” the hostess said and walked away.

“Let’s get right to the bullshit, Sayi came by my brother’s house last night.”

“Excuse me.” I almost choked on my spit. “How did he even know where my parents lived? I haven’t told him a thing.”

“Girl, all I know is, Sayi and your dad went to the back and it was a lot of yelling and then we heard glass breaking. Judy went in there and everything calmed down. They were back there for hours.”

The waiter came over and took our drink order. It took her forever to walk away.

“So, y’all always eavesdropping, but y’all couldn’t eavesdrop on that conversation? The hell?”

“The yelling consisted of a bunch of ‘*I’ll kill yous*’ and ‘*do what you have to dos*’ before Judy went in and diffused the situation. After that they were talking so damn low that we couldn’t hear anything. About three hours later, we smelled cigar smoke, and then Sayi left with a smile on his face. Now, I don’t know what that means, but I smell a ring coming soon.”

“Ashley. That doesn’t make sense. I made this reservation so I could tell y’all that me and Sayi had broken up.”

“When!?” Both her Camila and Ashley shouted before I bucked my eyes at them, so they could calm down.

“Wednesday.”

“So, you and Sayi broke up on Wednesday. It’s now Monday and we are just hearing about it,” Camila said.

“Well, I just needed to process it before I told y’all about it. His wife proposed to him and he accepted it. He came over to the house and told me that he believed that his kids deserved a two-parent home even at the expense of his happiness, so yeah.”

The waiter brought our drinks out to us and scattered away after we told him we needed another minute to look over the menu.

“Alright, and all of this happened on Wednesday,” Ashley asked.

I nodded my head sarcastically because they were acting like I made this shit up or something.

“So, why was Sayi over to Dad’s house last night?” Camila asked.

“Y’all are telling *me* something new. I don’t know *why* he was there.” I took a long sip of my water because I had easily gotten annoyed. “And besides, when he showed up to my house Saturday night, I told him that I don’t give second chances. I made a mistake and told him about the baby and—”

“Baby!” Ashley and Camila squealed.

“If y’all could just stop being so damn animated, please. Yes, I found out I was pregnant last week. It’s not a big deal because I wasn’t keeping it anyway.”

They were so quiet and they slowly turned and looked at Jordan.

“You knew,” Camila said.

Jordan nodded her head slightly.

“And didn’t tell us. You were going to let her kill my niece or nephew because...” Ashley said.

“Because it’s her body. Granted, I told her not to make a rash decision because she hates Sayi at the moment. We were going to do the pill method at her house this weekend.”

The waiter finally came back and took our orders. It was so quiet; almost like they were mad at me or something for not

wanting to keep the baby of a man who chose his ex-wife and to not be happy. While they were quiet, I took the opportunity to explain to them what the last few days were like for me since Wednesday when I walked in on Tessa proposing to Sayi. I told them about the hurt and the pain I felt when I saw that, and how he came to my house and told me that he was going to take me to breakfast to tell me that he loved me. I still was confused on how he could accept the proposal of a woman and then tell another one he loved her all in the same few hours. I cried and was upset at myself for falling for Sayi so damn fast. I wished I could hate him. I truly believe that our baby was created out of love. I knew Sayi loved me days before he claimed he was going to tell me because his actions switched up heavily. The truth was, I wanted Sayi so bad. He made me feel things that I had never felt before. I just wasn't big on second chances.

"Yuli, I think... and hear me out before you cut me off. You looked at Sayi, the way you've never looked at Elijah, since week one. In Orlando, you two couldn't take your eyes off each other. I knew that it was more than just sex from day one. I think that you should give him a second chance. Y'all and the new baby will be a cute little family," Ashley said.

"Did you not hear me say that I wasn't giving him a second chance? And I am not keeping this baby."

"I heard all of that, but I don't believe you. You've had four days to get rid of the baby. You didn't want to, and don't say you were waiting on Jordan with the pills because how many times have you done something without us because we were taking too long, or we just said no?" Ashley reminded me.

"Well, Jordan didn't want me to go through it alone."

"Bullshit, Yuliana," Camila said.

"Well, I want Yuli to do what's best for her, and make the best decisions for herself. If she wants to do the abortion, then we are going to do it on Saturday, if either of you want to be there to support her," Jordan took up for me.

We shifted the conversation to everyone else while I was quiet the rest of the dinner. At first, I was so sure that I wanted to get rid of the baby, but now, I was confused about it. I still had a whole week to think about it. Who knew what would happen between now and Saturday?



“Am I crazy, Stewart?”

It was a little after one in the morning and it was the last hour of the show. We had a ten-minute break because the person requested a long ass song, and the break was immediately afterwards. I also only agreed to do the show if Stewart would agree because he's the best board op, I've had since I've been working here at the station. I had just finished telling Stewart about my relationship, or lack thereof, with Sayi. I didn't normally get people in my business, but I had to get a non-biased opinion, and Stewart was the right guy.

“Yuli, I love working with you and I've been working with you for a long time. You are like a sister to me. Two things, though. One, if you don't really want the baby, then don't have the baby. That's your decision and your decision alone. Two; I identify with Sayi and his feelings. I was with my girl for ten years. She up and left me too. Shit I was lost and devastated because every day for ten years, she was my person. It was hard for me to move on too, and then the first chance you get to get your normal back, you take it, but...” he paused. “As you get back with this person, you think about how this person left you for no reason, other than they wanted to do their own thing and then come back, you start to realize that you could do without them. You realize that they left you at a time when you needed them the most, and then you come to your senses. I ended up leaving her because I know I was a good man to her. She wanted outside dick, and she got it. Now, she's single with two kids, begging me to talk to her, and I got a wife who I'd die for, and two kids of my own that I would kill myself for if they needed a heart to live. So, I get it. Are you being too hard on Sayi? Only you can answer that. I'll say this. I been

here with you throughout your whole relationship with Elijah, and I never saw you glow as much as you have done these last two months. I know you not big on second chances, but this is one chance that I think you'd regret not giving years down the line. We on in ten seconds," he said, prompting me to slide the headphones back over my head.

When Stewart pointed at me, I started, "And we are back with NightTime with YuKen. I'm filling in for my co-worker. Get well soon, Alan, and shout out to the last caller for requesting that Stevie Wonder song. I hadn't heard that song in so long and it really brought back a lot of memories for me. For this last hour, we are taking song requests. If you want to dedicate the song to someone let it be known. This rainy weather is perfect to be cuddled up next to the woman or man you love and dedicating all these sexy songs to them. Next caller. State your name, song, and who you are dedicating it to, and why.

"Sayi. Sayi Mathis," his deep voice vibrated through the speakers.

This was the one time that I was lucky I wasn't being recorded. I cut my eyes to Stewart and he was looking at me with his eyebrows raised.

I cleared my throat. "Sayi Mathis, what song would you like to request, and who are you dedicating it to, and um... why?"

"At this moment, I would like to request Adore by Prince. I'm dedicating it to this very special woman that I met a little over two months ago. I've never believed in love at first sight, but the moment I laid eyes on her, I knew I had to have her. It didn't take me long to get her, but the moment I got her, I knew I wanted her in my life for a long ass time. I fell so damn hard for her. If you listen to the words of this specific song, it fits us perfectly. Prince said *until the end of time, I'll be there for you. I truly adore you.* Those words are true. I can't stop thinking about her. He then said *If God, one day stroke me blind, your beauty I'd still see. Love is too weak to define just what you mean to me.* YuKen, her beauty is unmatched. When I mean her beauty, not only am I talking about the outside, I'm

talking about the inside too. And then that second verse talked about how Prince stayed up all night telling that woman how fine she was, and then her body. I wish I could talk about the first night our bodies connected.”

“Sayi...” I whispered. “Um, thank you for requesting this song. We are going to get it on right away,” I said, and Stewart ended the call.

My middle throbbed at just the thought of Sayi’s touch. Why was he doing this to me, and at my job? I had to run to the bathroom to put some cold water on my face before I lost my mind.

“That man is crazy about you, Yuli,” Stewart said.

I rolled my eyes. When he gave me the signal to start again, I did the intro really quick and said next caller because I did not want to talk about Sayi’s spiel.

“It’s Sayi Mathis again. I got back through, so it must be fate for her to hear me, since she’s ignoring me.”

“You sound like a charmer, Sayi Mathis? Are you dedicating this second song to another woman?”

“No. The same girl. This second song is If Only You Knew by Patti Labelle. I wanted to dedicate this song to the same special lady because again, we’d only been dating for a couple of months, but I knew. I know that I love her. Like Patti said, she must have rehearsed her lines a thousand times, because I was in the mirror rehearsing how I would tell this beautiful lady how much I loved her. I figured that she would think that I was crazy for telling her that so soon, but I couldn’t... can’t help how I feel. She’s the one for me. I hope that these songs that I’m dedicating to her, she hears and feels the words. I’m going crazy without her in my life, YuKen, and I know in my heart that she feels the same way.”

Tears pooled in my eyes.

“What... what did you do? Why are you speaking to her through the radio and not calling and texting her? You’re not embarrassed by this? It seems desperate. Especially if she’s not talking to you anymore.”

“Well, I was in a situation for a long time. A real long time, and when that situation ended, I was hurt. Chest hurting, eyes swollen, type of hurt. Couldn’t eat, sleep, barely work type of hurt. My job is for me to lead people, and I could barely do that. Understand? I was familiar with that situation for over two decades. I was the type of person that hated change. I met this young lady and she turned my world upside down in just one week. In just one week, she made me feel things that I hadn’t felt in a long time. I felt like my mom had sent her to me. My stubbornness, and hate for change, led me back to that situation when it came back. It took only a few days to realize that I couldn’t do it. The young lady had grabbed my heart and is now holding it hostage. You asked me if I felt embarrassed, and the answer is hell no. If I could get to the top of Mount Everest, I would shout it out from up there how much I love this woman. I want everybody to know that. I would never in life be embarrassed by showing love to my woman. That’s *my* woman, and everybody is going to know that shit. If I got to seem desperate, then that’s what I’ll do. I don’t care about her ignoring me. That’s not going to stop me from telling people how much I love her. So, yeah, that’s the song I want to dedicate to her.”

He hung up the phone just as the tears slid down my face. I pulled the headphones off my head just as Stewart was handing me a tissue.

“Girl, the social media is blowing up. Everybody telling everybody to stop calling, so Sayi can keep getting through. Somebody is live and they keep tagging the station in it, so that’s how I see it.”

“This so crazy. Why is he doing this to me, Stewart?”

“Because he loves you, and you love him.”

I picked up my phone and sent him a text.

Me: *I can’t work with you doing this to me.*

Immediately, the three dots came up.

Sayi: *What am I doing? Expressing my love to the woman I love. Yuli, I fucking love you. Just give me one chance to*

prove it to you. All I need is one more chance to prove it to you. I want to take care of our child together, under the same roof. Shit, I'm already thinking about the position I'm going to have you in when I give you another one. I'm airing the shit out next call, so you better hope I don't get through. I'm just throwing caution to the mf'n wind. I hope you catch this shit. Please embarrass me if you want.

I set my phone down because he made me smile and I wanted to be mad at him. I wondered what he was going to say.

“Five seconds.”

I put my headphones on.

“Hi. It's Yuliana Kennedy with NightTime with Alan. I'm back with... um. Shoot. It's NightTime with YuKen. We are still taking calls and dedications. Next caller.

Please don't be Sayi.

“My name is Nicole. I'm passing my dedication to Sayi Mathis. Listening to him grovel over you on this radio is really making my night on this rainy night.”

“Um, what are you talking about?”

“YuKen, please. That man is talking about you. I ain't the sharpest knife in the box, but I know that man is talking about you. One, because I can tell that you've been crying. Two, you just botched the intro, which you *never* do and I'm an AVID listener to you. Three, the way you whispered his name the first time he called. Yes. I don't know what he did, but I like him. Please give him a second chance.”

“What... I... Um, next caller.”

“Hey, my name is Freddie, and I agree with that last caller, YuKen. You gon' over that mane. Give him a second chance. He a fool actually. I would never embarrass myself like this in front of the world.”

“That's sad. This is the last call for the night, y'all. I want to thank you all for tuning in with me tonight. I'll be here at night all week. Last caller.”

“It’s Sayi. This is fate. It seems like the cat out of the bag now. Yuliana are you listening to me?”

“Yes,” I whispered.

“First, I’m sorry. These last few days were definitely hell on earth. Yuliana, I know that it’s only been a short time, but I can see myself being with you for the rest of my life. There isn’t enough time left on your radio show to tell you how I feel about you for real. Last night, me and your pops had it out because I went over there to tell him the situation. I was shocked that you hadn’t told him yet, since he’s your best friend, but we damn near came to blows about you. You know that man threatened me, but I ain’t back down. Your father wants a strong man for you, and that’s me. I promised your father that I would take care of you to the best of my ability. I would never hurt you intentionally. He’s worried about us making it official and I don’t follow through, but I’m telling you right now that if you say yes to me, we can go get married as soon as the courthouse opens. I promise to always communicate with you and never become complacent. At one point, you were worried about our age difference, but we love the same things now, and I can only imagine us finding more things that we love together. I know my word means nothing to you right now, but you know I’m all about that action. After me and your father argued for hours, he finally agreed to relinquish his duties and give them to me. If you’ll have me, I’ll show you for the rest of my life how much I love you. Yuliana?”

“Y...ye...yes.” I was crying so hard that I could barely answer him.

“Can I ask you a question?”

“Y...yes.”

“Will you marry me?”

I turned around to see that Sayi had come in the studio and got on one knee. I jumped out of my seat, ran over to him, and jumped in his arms. I couldn’t stop crying into the nape of his neck.

“You should be... working, Sayi,” I said.

“I am. You got a question to answer, woman.”

“Yes. Wait, how do I know you’re not going to stand me up?”

“Cause the courthouse opens in seven hours if you would like to go there, so I can show you that I’m for real about you, even though me and your father are going to give you the real wedding of your dreams.”

“Okay.”

He set me on my feet. “Now, on to the last song request. Play Brian McKnight, Back at One.”



As Sayi promised, seven hours later, we said our vows in front of my parents, sisters, aunt, his brothers, and Skylar. I never believed that I would get married on a whim like this, but I couldn’t be happier. I don’t think there was a dry eye in the room. Even my dad tried to hide the tear in his eyes. Sayi had gotten me a ring, and he told me that I could get him one whenever I wanted to, but what he didn’t know was the fact that his ring finger was about to be covered by the end of the day. After we took plenty of pictures, we left the room and headed towards the exit. When we stepped outside, I literally screamed. The whole damn town was waiting on the steps and screaming for us.

“Wow,” I whispered and looked at Sayi.

“Who told you to be famous and shit in Savannah?” Sayi said and laughed.

“I think that was you pouring your emotions out on the radio.”

“It got me my wife, Yuliana Mathis.”

“I love you, Sayi Mathis.”

He winked at me before raising my arm in the air and the crowd cheered loudly again. I couldn't believe that all of this started because of a condo mix-up, but I'd gladly go through it again to get this outcome.

The End.

MESSAGE

Thank you for reading Yuli and Sayi's story. They were so fun to write about. Please let me know your thoughts on this story, by leaving me a review.

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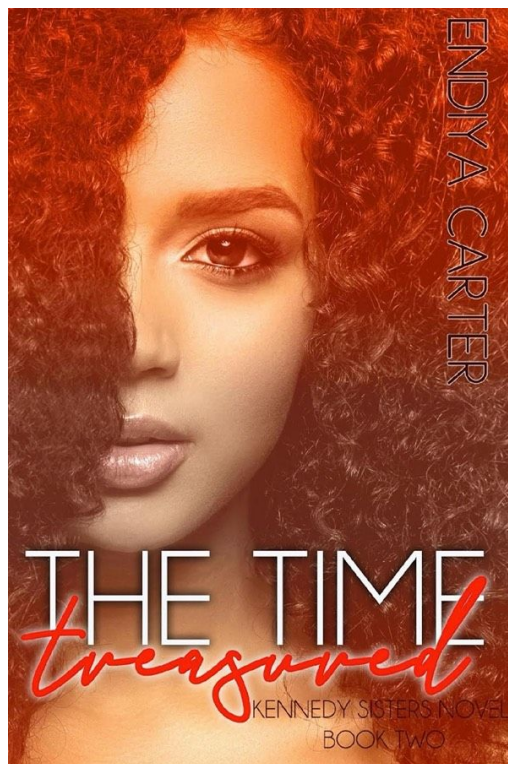
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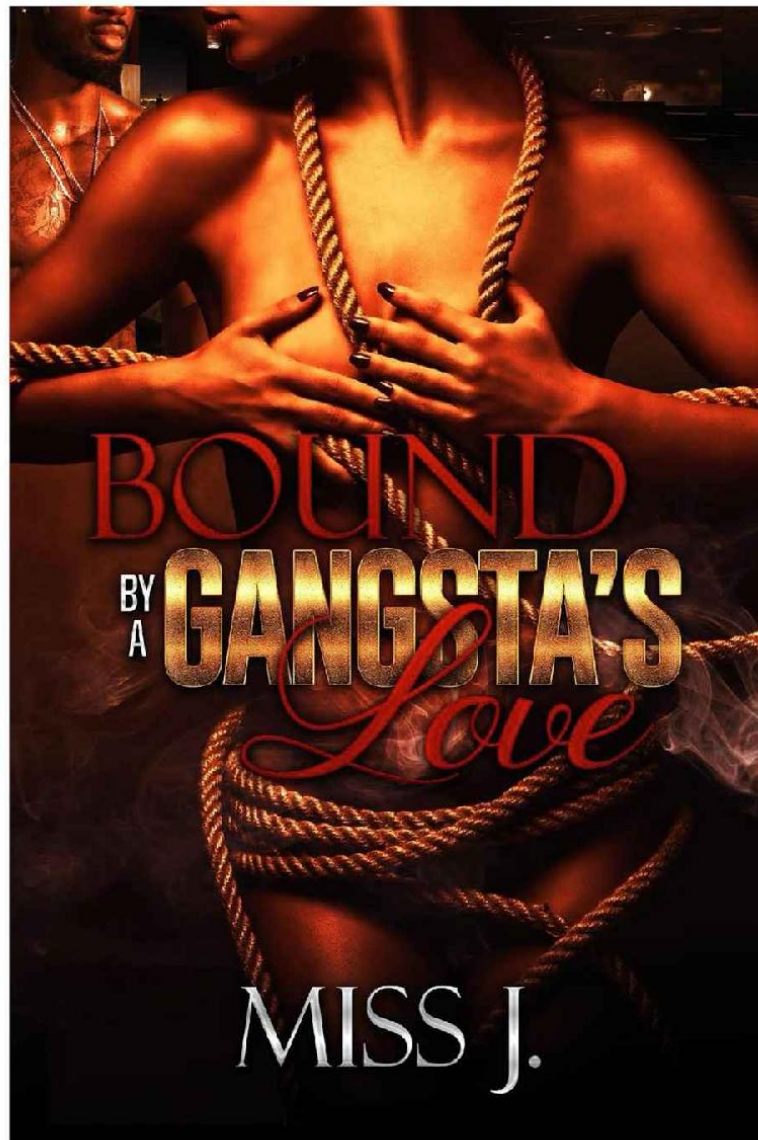
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