# Chapter 4

*Got-damn, she’s fine! She probably has a man. Somebody that fine has to be taken. Either that, or she has a bunch of niggas in her DM.* Sdia rolled her eyes before walking away.

 “Excuse me, miss?” He called out. *I know this bitch ain’t trying to ignore me!*

“Yes?” she asked, turning to face him.

“Can I talk to you for a minute?” he asked as he got out of the car, dressed in all black.

“I’m really in a rush,” Sdia replied, annoyed.

“Well, that makes two of us,” he joked.

He couldn’t deny that not only was she perfect in height with a nice body, but she also spoke well. As he approached her, he noticed how attractive and well-groomed she was; she was absolutely breathtaking.

“So what’s your name?” he asked.

“Michelle,” Sdia replied quickly.

“Hmm, Michelle?” he asked suspiciously, as if he knew she was lying.

“Yeah, Michelle, why?” she asked, defensively.

“So if your name is Michelle, then why does this say, Sdia?” He reached in his pocket and pulled out her credit card, looking down at it to verify his pronunciation.

“Oh, shit!” Sdia shouted, wide-eyed while reaching in her wallet. “Where did you find that?”

“You dropped it back there!” He laughed at her expression and pointed toward the service area.

“Thanks,” she replied nonchalantly, noticing how amused he was by her reaction.

“No problem.” He chuckled. “I figured you would need that.” She snatched the credit card from his hand and walked away.

“Have a good one,” he called out, trying to hide his embarrassment.

“Wow!” he said under his breath, “She’s fucking gorgeous!”

He loved her reaction. He was turned on by her rudeness, and how she treated him as if he were an average guy. It was rare that he came in contact with women who had that sassy attitude; most of the time they fell at his feet, but not her. It was something about her that caught his attention. He decided that he had to use the restroom and followed her.

\* \* \*

Natalya opened her desert-sand brown, cat-like eyes. It was a little after nine in the morning, and they had just gone to bed only two hours ago. She forgot where she was for a moment, until she looked over at Lamar, her husband’s assistant. *Morris Chestnut has nothing on him. I can’t believe how experienced he is at the age of twenty-two!* Natalya struggled to her feet, and grabbed a towel from the floor to cover her naked body. She looked around the room and smiled. It looked like a tornado had hit. She stumbled over the bottle of Bollinger that sat on the floor next to a box of condoms. She picked up the champagne bottle and guzzled what was left, before kicking it under the bed.

“Damn, we did it again!” she said, bending back down to pick up the box of condoms.

This was the third time they hadn’t used protection, and she wasn’t taking any form of birth control. She and Carl didn’t have any children, and as far as she was concerned, they weren’t.

*I can’t believe I spent the night out again.* She glanced over at Lamar’s naked body and smiled devilishly. *But then again, good black dick makes you do some crazy things!*

Natalya walked over to the dresser and removed her wedding ring from her finger; she hated showering with her ring and having to pick the small pieces of soap from her diamonds afterward. She picked up her phone; her stomach dropped when she saw the name “Carl,” and the number seventeen, under missed calls.

“Desperate. He called seventeen times!” she murmured as she shook her head. *Maybe I’ll call him back, but that depends on how I feel after I take a shower and go another round with my boy toy!* she thought, placing the phone back onto the dresser and heading to the bathroom.

As the hot water hit her back, she closed her eyes and thought of a lie she’d tell Carl. She couldn’t use the excuse that she was too intoxicated to drive and stayed at her best friend Abby’s, because Abby was in the hospital. And she couldn’t say that she’d gotten arrested and spent the night in jail, because she had used that lie three weeks ago.

Suddenly, her concentration was broken as the shower curtain flung open. Lamar stood there naked, biting his bottom lip. Natalya gazed up and down at his cocoa brown naked body—perfect! He had the curliest hair she had ever seen. His goatee looked as if it were drawn with a fine point pen—each line straight and sharp. His lips were full and succulent. He licked them and smiled, revealing a deep dimple on his right cheek. His dark-brown, almond-shaped eyes reciprocated the stare. Her eyes moved down to his muscular chest, past his rippled six-pack, where the words, “pray for me,” rested, accompanied by a pair of praying hands. Her eyes continued to survey his body until she reached the prize. His penis stood erect and at attention.

*Damn, that has got to be at least nine inches!* she thought.

She reached her soap-covered hand out and began to conceal it with lather, slowly moving her hand up and down. Lamar stepped into the shower, all the while planting tender kisses on her neck and cuffing her behind with both hands. Natalya continued to stroke his endowed manhood, feeling her vagina secreting. Lamar began to pant heavily as he inserted his middle finger into her. Natalya’s divine womanhood clamped his finger tightly as he gently pushed it in and out. She moaned while licking and nibbling on his right ear. Lamar quickly snatched her hand from his penis, slowly removed his finger from her vagina, and directed her to turn around. Natalya complied and placed both hands on the shower wall. He gently separated both her legs and slowly inserted his penis. She moaned while softly rocking her body back and forth, keeping up with his rhythm. Lamar cuffed her breasts as his tongue slithered across the back of her neck.

“You feel so good, I swear,” he breathlessly whispered in her ear as he continued to wind his hips in a circular motion, moving in and out of her.

“Lamar, Lamar . . . Oh, my, oh …” Natalya panted.

She trembled reaching climax. Lamar pushed himself deeper inside, being sure to hit every corner and angle. She closed her eyes as her uterus began to throb.

“I’m coming! I’m coming!” she sang.

Lamar quickened his pace, placing shorter and faster humps onto her. “Oh, shit, oh, shit,” he grunted, and before he knew it, he was relieving himself. Satiated, Lamar removed his penis and stared down at his feet; he knew he should have pulled out, but he just couldn’t help himself.

“Natalya, I’m so sorry!” he explained.

Natalya turned, lifted his chin, and smiled. As much as she wanted to, she couldn’t get upset. She had enjoyed every minute of it.

“Next time,” she said, kissing his forehead.

\* \* \*

Natalya took a seat on the mint-green sofa of the West Inn & Suites Hotel, while Lamar checked out at the front desk. She looked up at the huge crystal chandelier. “Nice.” She nodded. Her phone softly vibrated in her purse. “This bastard doesn’t know when to stop!” Enraged, she removed her phone from her purse and looked at the screen, but to her surprise it was her mother, Phyllis. Natalya clenched her jaw, “Fucking bitch!” she mumbled ignoring the call. They had never been close, in fact, she couldn’t recall her mother ever calling her by her name as a child; it was always “Bitch.”

# Chapter 5

Lamar couldn’t help but notice Natalya in deep thought. He loved how she looked when she was concentrating, but what he loved most of all was her dark chocolate complexion and her soft baby skin. He fantasized about the night before and how amazing she was. Chills shot up his spine as he thought about her thick thighs securely wrapped around his waist. He began to feel himself becoming aroused.

“Sir, sir, here’s your credit card,” the desk clerk interrupted as she handed him his Visa.

“Thanks,” he replied, grabbing his card before heading to Natalya.

She rose to her feet and began to walk to the door as he followed.

“Is everything okay, babe?” he asked. “You look like you have a lot on your mind.”

“Yeah, I’m fine, sweetie. I just need to get home,” Natalya replied casually.

He knew getting her to tell him what she was thinking about wouldn’t happen. In her mind it wasn’t any of his business.

“Are you sure you don’t want to grab a bite to eat?” Lamar asked as Natalya sat back glaring out of the tinted window of his black 2019 Audi S5.

Natalya turned and stared Lamar coldly in the eyes without replying. After staring at him for two minutes straight, she turned her focus back to the window.

“I’m sorry, baby,” Lamar replied timidly. “I know you need to get home. Forget I asked.” He focused straight ahead. He couldn’t help but think that suddenly Natalya seemed annoyed. Her silence confirmed his thoughts. She obviously assumed that since they had spent the previous night together and today was Saturday, a new day; it was time for her to go home and time for him to do whatever it is twenty-two-year-olds do.

Her phone began to ring. She looked at the caller ID. “Carl,” she said, sucking her teeth.

Lamar looked at Natalya, and before she could press the TALK button, he reached over and turned on the radio. He knew it would make her upset, but he didn’t care. He wanted her to get upset and yell at him so that maybe she would miss the call. It wasn’t that he was jealous. He just didn’t understand how a man could be so passive, so weak, and so soft.

*If she was my wife, there’s no way in the world she’d be disappearing without calling. I would have kicked her ass the first time she tried that shit.* It wasn’t that Lamar disliked Carl Adler. He just didn’t respect him as a man, but he played the game at work because Carl was his boss.

*“Good morning, Mr. Adler. How are you today? Can I get you some coffee? Would that be all, sir?” But inside he was laughing. Do you know I’m fucking your wife, you fat bastard?* Lamar smiled at his inner thoughts.

He didn’t understand how a man with so much going for himself settled for a woman who couldn’t care less if he dropped dead today. Lamar didn’t have a problem with giving credit where credit was due, and he respected Carl’s professionalism, but that was as far as it went. People in the office called him a “kiss up,” but he wasn’t concerned. He was, “getting paid and getting laid.”

Natalya reached over and slowly turned the radio down interrupting his thoughts. “Don’t be a smart ass!” she said, rolling her eyes.

“Hello?” she answered in a warm, inviting tone. She slowly ran her tongue across her top lip. She used that same tone to introduce herself to Lamar at Carl’s annual Christmas party almost a year ago.

\* \* \*

Carl paced back and forth in the kitchen. It was 12:45 p.m., and he still hadn’t heard from Natalya. He had been trying to get in contact with her all night. She wasn’t at her mother’s; she couldn’t have been out shopping for twenty-four hours, and she wasn’t at Abby’s. Carl picked up the cordless phone and called for the eighteenth time. He got her voicemail and decided to leave another message.

“Babe, it’s me. Carl.” His voice trembled. “Please call me as soon as you get this message. Natalya, I’m worried. I love you. Goodbye.”

Once he returned the telephone to the receiver, he headed to the living room and grabbed the remote control near the television and flopped down on the couch. He glanced at his watch and couldn’t take his mind off of Natalya. He was used to her pulling disappearing acts, but she’d usually call after seeing his number at least ten times. He glanced over at the telephone on the kitchen counter.

“Maybe I didn’t hang it up all the way.” He walked over to the kitchen counter and dialed her number once more. “Natalya? Natalya!” Carl shouted angrily and out of breath on the other end. “Where in the hell are you?”

“Hi, baby. I’m terribly sorry. I’m on my way home. I’m going to stop at Mega Mart grocery store. Do you want me to pick you up anything special? I miss you so much!” she replied in a cunning and sexual tone.

Carl’s eyes and mouth were frozen wide open. “Why are you going to Mega Mart? We never shop there. That’s an hour away from the house!”

“I know, baby, but I wanted to pick up something special for you.”

He didn’t expect that reply. He was waiting for a different response, a response with a few insults and expletives, maybe even an elaborate excuse with expletives and insults; anything but that response. He was at a loss for words. Natalya hadn’t spoken to him like that in months. It had probably been a year since she called him “baby,” and it had been a year since they had had sex. Carl melted like butter. Where Natalya had been, who she had been with, and why she hadn’t called was the last thing on his mind. Carl refused to press the issue; he just wanted her home.

“I miss you too, baby. I was so worried about you, Talya. Are you okay?” he asked sincerely.

“Yes, daddy. I’m fine. I had such a rough day yesterday, cleaning, running errands, and just feeling overwhelmed with life, and I really needed some time alone!”

“I’m sorry for yelling at you, Talya. I didn’t know. Please forgive me, baby. How long will you be?”

“I’m pulling into the parking lot of the grocery store right now. I’ll be home shortly. Oh, and Carl, baby?” she moaned. “Get some bath water ready. I’ll pick up the whip cream.” Natalya quickly ended the call.

Carl sat with his mouth open, with the phone pressed to his ear. He was in a state of shock. He couldn’t believe what he had heard. He kept replaying the conversation back in his mind just to make sure he heard her correctly. “Did she say whip cream?” Carl didn’t know whether to drop to his knees and thank God, or run around the house naked. All he knew was that within the next few hours he was going to be making love to the woman he loved, instead of jerking off to his collection of old *Hustler* magazines he kept hidden in a toolbox in the garage. He was unsure if he still knew how to make love. He began to panic as he questioned his stamina. Carl stood to his feet and looked down at the front of his pants. He heaved a sigh at the huge bulge that protruded to the front.

“Tonight’s the night!” he shouted excitedly. He began to do the running man around the entire house.

\* \* \*

“That was easy!” she said, dusting her hands off and turning to Lamar with a smile.

Lamar crinkled his nose, curled his lip and turned away. Natalya quickly reached out and placed both hands on his shoulder and swung him around.

“Lamar, you know how I feel about you. I was only telling him those things so that he wouldn’t be suspicious of my whereabouts. You do understand, don’t you?” She looked at him and waited for a response. “Come here,” she said, gently stroking the right side of his face with the back of her hand. “I care for you, Lamar, and I would never hurt you.” She placed her hand over her heart and kissed him on the cheek. She loved Lamar to death, but she just couldn’t take any chances on ruining her marriage. Where else was she going to find an overweight white man with a great job and low self-esteem to take care of her? She felt bad for talking in front of Lamar, but sometimes she needed to remind him that he was only the side dish and not the main course. He had to learn how to respect her personal life because he was starting to get out of hand, and it was her duty to keep him in check. Lamar pulled into the parking lot of the grocery store where she had left her car.

“You could have at least pulled up to my car,” she complained, before getting out.

She walked across the parking lot to her car and placed her purse inside before walking over to the driver’s side of Lamar’s black 2019 Benz Coupe. Natalya stuck her head through the open window.

“Well, I guess this is it. Are you still upset with me, sweetheart?” she asked in a baby voice with his chin in her hand. “I love you, and you know that, Lamar. I just don’t want things to get out of hand. I thought you understood.”

“Yeah, I understand,” Lamar replied, looking down.

“You better,” she joked, as she leaned through the window and softly kissed his lips.

Lamar grabbed the back of her head with his right hand and slowly eased his tongue in her mouth. Natalya pulled away. “Boy, are you hard at hearing? Didn’t you just hear me tell that fat fuck I was on my way home?”

“Really, Natalya?”

She crossed her arms, aware of the power she had over him. “What? Do you have a problem, Lamar? Do you have something you want to say?” She irritably tapped her foot on the ground and waited for a response. Intimidated by her demeanor, he lowered his head and looked at the ground.

She walked toward him. “Hello, earth to Lamar!”

“Uh, umm … no I don’t have a problem, babe,” he said after he regained control of his voice.

“That’s what I thought!” she replied, hopping into her car with a smirk.

\* \* \*

Natalya raced across town, her heart pounding, knowing what she was about to face. She pulled into the driveway of her three-level home. She wiped the smudged lipstick from her mouth as she stared at her reflection through the rearview mirror.

“Back to the bullshit!” she said “And that fat bitch better not even think about touching me!” She shivered with the creeps, feeling herself sinking into depression at the thought of Carl touching her with his long, fat white Vienna sausage fingers. She placed her hand over her mouth, but quickly regained her composure. The thought of him made her heart drop to her stomach as she rang the doorbell.

# Chapter 6

The scent of cinnamon air freshener and bowel movement nauseated her the moment she stepped into the crowded restroom. Sdia hated when maintenance tried to mask funk with fragrance. She looked down at the wet floor as she made her way to an empty stall. She lifted her dress, squatted and relieved herself. After using the restroom, she walked to the sink to wash her hands. She looked around; the restroom had gotten crowded. Sdia stepped out. *Do I want to buy a cinnamon bun?* Her stomach began to growl, reminding her that she hadn’t eaten since breakfast and waiting until she reached DC to eat wouldn’t be the best decision. As she walked over to the stand, she heard someone calling her name.

“Sdia!” the male voice called from behind.

She turned and to her surprise, it was the guy from the parking lot. “Yes?” she asked, warily.

“I don’t want you to think that I am stalking you, but I just wanted to know if I could talk to you for a second,” he said as he flashed a smile, revealing a set of perfect teeth.

“You’re talking now!” she said sarcastically as she scoped him up and down.

“Yes, I am, aren’t I?” He chuckled. “So you like cinnamon buns, huh?”

“Yup. I love ’em,” She turned her back to him and reached into her purse for her money.

“Here, let me get that.” He reached into his pocket and handed the young lady behind the register a crisp hundred dollar bill.

“Thank you. Have a good one,” the cashier replied at the sight of the ten dollar bill he dropped in the tip cup.

“Thank you,” Sdia replied politely, exposing her deep dimples.

“You’re welcome.” He smiled.

The two walked side by side as they made their way to the exit. He was way taller than she was. He stood six-foot-two and he smelled of Issey Miyake. Sdia loved the scent of men’s cologne. It could have been anyone wearing it. A man wearing cologne really turned her on. As they walked, he introduced himself. Mel was twenty-eight years old and lived in Jersey City about twenty minutes away from her. He owned a barbershop, didn’t have any children, and was on his way to Washington, DC to visit his sister.

By the sound of things, he seemed as if he had himself together, but then again she thought, *Sean showed his best side in the beginning.* Sdia didn’t give a lot of information about herself when he inquired. She told him that she was twenty-four years old, on her way to Virginia, and worked full-time as an editor for a small company. She believed that he had all of the information he needed. It was bad enough he had found her credit card and knew her full name. Mel asked if she was in a relationship and she kindly dismissed the topic.

*Being mysterious always keeps a man excited,* her mother once said. Sdia didn’t want to give him too much too soon; she had made that mistake in the past, and it ended up being a recipe for disaster.

*A man needs to be kept on his toes at all times, and never let a man feel as though he has won you over completely, because if he does, he becomes comfortable. When he gets comfortable, he gets lazy. When he gets lazy, he slacks, and slacking eventually leads to him taking you for granted’* Sharon had cautioned.

*‘Ma, you always have the answers!’ Sdia replied.*

Sharon had taught her daughter to be independent and to never depend on a man.

*Remember, Dia, always make sure they like you more than you like them. Men like a challenge, and remember you’re the prize!*

Numerous times Sdia had fallen short of many of the guidelines Sharon had given her when she had been in a relationship with Sean. One of the main ones was showing him how much she cared. Everyday Sean had an excuse as to why he didn’t return her calls, why his cell phone was off, why he didn’t show up for their dates, and why he would disappear for days at a time. He would constantly use the excuse of school and working late, but eventually those excuses got old. Sdia had to learn the hard way, and the next time around, she promised herself she’d be prepared.

*I don’t know what’s wrong with you, Dia. Why don’t you have confidence in yourself?* Sharon asked with every ending conversation.

“Well, it was nice meeting you,” Sdia said as they approached her car.

“I enjoyed chatting with you. I was wondering if we could exchange numbers,” he asked with a slight smirk.

“Sure.” Sdia laughed. She knew that question was coming. “Do you have a cellphone?”

“Of course I have a cellphone.” He pulled his iPhone from his pocket.

“I see you’re a fan of the iPhone too.”

“Yeah, isn’t everyone these days?”

After exchanging numbers, Sdia got into her car and within minutes, she was on the road. She had another hour and a half before she reached Maryland. As she drove, she couldn’t help but think of Mel. *He seemed like a really nice guy*. She was surprised she had given him her number; she had been turning down every guy that approached her, but there was something about him that intrigued her. Sdia had to stay on her toes, and as far as she was concerned, every man was like Sean. She had already made up her mind that she wasn’t going to call him first; that wasn’t even an option. The last thing she wanted to do was seem desperate. She thought of their conversation from beginning to end. It was easy for her to remember what she had said because she hadn’t said much. Mel had dominated the conversation.

*Even if you lack self-confidence and your self-esteem isn’t where you want it to be, you must put it into action and eventually you will start to believe it*, she recalled a passage from her book.

Sdia smiled. “I can do that!” She replayed the conversation with Mel once more and nodded with satisfaction. “I didn’t say too little, and I didn’t say too much. I said just enough to have him curious, and that’s exactly what I want!”