

CHANCE ENCOUNTERS by Kole Black

I met Chance on Valentine's Day about three years ago. It was my first year in grad school; student studying psychology at Illinois State. I always wanted to help people and understand why they did the things that they did. Lynn used to say I thought I was born to save the world and maybe she was right. Maybe I felt that since I couldn't save Ladybird I had to help as many people like her as I could.

But anyway... Chance was an art major, in his senior year. He had to be one of the finest guys on the whole campus. He was about 6'1, 185 pounds, with smooth chocolate skin like a Hershey Bar, a slick baldhead like a milk dud, beautiful luscious kissable lips, and a body that made you wanna slap somebody! He looked so good that I just wanted to bite him!

Chance was incredible; the boy spoke like four different languages (Spanish, French and two dialects of Chinese). Damn... I mean... How many black people do you know who speak Chinese? Shit... Most of the niggas I met could barely speak correct English like they were supposed to, and on top of being well educated, Chance had to be the sweetest guy I had ever met. He would make candlelit dinners and take me on moonlight picnics. Chance knew just how to melt a ladies heart. He gave me flowers and candy, he even sang to me or at least he tried to (he couldn't carry a tune in a bucket), but he loved me from his heart. He was every woman's dream, at least mine anyway. He was so quiet, and strong; pretty much everything I never thought I'd have. Chance wasn't from the hood, but he thrilled me in ways the hood never could...

From the day we met Chance and I were closer than close, even more than inseparable. We were soul mates. Chance owned a beautiful home outside Chicago in Lincoln Park; where he eventually asked me to come and live. I knew I had found the missing piece to my puzzle, my best friend, the breath of fresh air that I had been waiting for my whole life and nobody was gonna take that away! Please don't get me wrong. Chance wasn't perfect, just perfect for me. He had his own share of issues just like any other man, but I felt really lucky to have him in my life. Where I came from a nigga either sold dope, stole cars or had some other kind of dumb ass hair brained hustle that would eventually land him in jail or in his grave. The typical thug ass gym shoe hustler, stayin' caught up in all types of stupid ass drama (with the police, other niggas, with their baby mama's, etc...) and takin' you wit' him every step of the way. Those were the types of guys I was use to fuckin' wit'. Chance was nothing like that; he brought quiet to my life. He was like the calm at the end of a bad ass storm.

Chance came from a really good family; a very rich family! He was one of seven children, four boys and three girls. His father was a Harvard Law School grad with a very successful practice in Ohio, and he was one of the first African-American representatives on city council where they lived. Chance's brothers and sisters were also doing very well for themselves. He had a brother and a sister who were both lawyers, another brother who was a big time real estate developer, one sister was a police officer, the other brother owned his own trucking company, and his baby sister was still in college. We came from two totally different worlds but, Chance always let me know that it didn't matter where I came from All that mattered was where I ended up.

Chance was a very talented artist. I used to love to watch him paint. My real father was an artist; he called it his great escape. I think one of the things that drew me closer to Chance was the passion that he showed for his work. He could spend hours painting and I could spend hours just watching him. Chance was always looking for different things to do to keep me excited. Not a day went by without him doing something sweet to make me smile. I gotta admit that it took some gettin' use to.

I had to learn how to love and how to let somebody love me. I spent so much time running away from love, just living for myself, but never really loving myself; all that was behind now. For the first time in a long time, I was at peace; at peace with myself and at peace with being in love. Every night together was just like the first, and when Chance looked at me, I could see the love in his eyes. It was finally okay to let my guard down. I knew he loved me and it felt good! But I guess all good things are destined to find their end.

[illegible]

One night Chance and I were out enjoying a beautiful evening at our favorite Italian restaurant, Angelica's" on Michigan Avenue. It was Valentine's Day. It was also the third anniversary of our first date. It's also where Chance proposed to me last summer. This place is very special and holds some wonderful memories for the both of us.

Tonight was setting up to be just as wonderful! Out of nowhere two soft hands covered my eyes from behind. A strangely familiar perfume lightly filled the air as a soft seductive female voice spoke.

“Rayqelle, Rayqelle. Never kiss, never tell.” The voice said.

“I’d know that perfume anywhere and that voice! Iesha? Oh my God. I can’t believe it’s you.” I said as I turned around in shock.

“Rayqelle Davis. You’d better get yo’ lil’ ass up out that seat and gimme a hug girl!”

I quickly stood up and hugged the friend I hadn’t seen in years. It was Iesha Ellis, my old college roommate and partner in crime. We hadn’t seen each other since we graduated from UCLA and left California to attend grad school back here in Chicago. Iesha went off to New York to pursue her career in fashion design.

“Girl, you look too good! How you been? I heard you moved to Miami to work with some big name designer or something. What brings you here to Chicago;” I asked as I hugged my girl again. I almost couldn’t believe my eyes. Iesha was drop dead gorgeous, petite, only about 5’1 and 135 pounds, but supa’ thick wit’ it, and everything in the right place. Her skin was the color of honey, with a flawless complexion. Her hair was a dark sandy brown with subtle hi-lights and her eyes were a deep hazel, like brand new soft suede.

She wore a cream-colored two-piece Prada suit that fit her like a glove. Iesha’s shoes were Prada originals with a stiletto heel. This couldn’t be the same ghetto ass bitch that I went to school with! I thought, “Damn. Did this girl hit the lottery? Did she get married and kill her husband for the insurance money? What the fuck?” Anyway, whatever she was doing, she was doing it well, and she sure did come the fuck up doin’ it, She was nothin’ like I remembered.

“Well, I’m here on business. I will be visiting an important client,” Iesha said shifting her eyes around the dark, crowded restaurant as though she was looking for someone she knew.

“Fashion related?” I asked.

“Not exactly... More like public relations kinda’ stuff. Ya’ know,” Iesha responded in a mildly evasive tone, with her eyes still glancing about.

“How’s your family? Letah, Lynn and your step-dad... Is he still with the police force?” She asked.

“Everyone is fine. My dad has had some minor heart trouble but nothing too serious. He retired about two years ago and moved out to San Diego with Lynn; so she could kinda’ keep an eye on him. Letah moved to L.A. and... Oh no, how rude of me! Let me introduce you to my fiancé. Iesha Ellis, this is Evan Chance. He is the love of my life and my future husband” I said proudly.

“Well, well, well, Rayqelle, Rayqelle. Girl, you always did know how to pick’ em! It’s a pleasure to meet you Evan,” Iesha said with a slightly flirtatious purr.

“It’s very nice to meet you as well Miss Iesha and please, call me Chance,” he said as he smiled slightly.

“Chance is a freelance artist and a very, very talented one might I add. He’s one of the best in Chicago. Chance is working on the fine arts revitalization project for Cook County and he is also being featured at the Black Renaissance Gallery opening in two weeks,” I explained.

“Oh... well, well, well, handsome and talented. Girl, you do know how to pick’ em. So, when is the wedding? Have you two set a date yet?” Iesha inquired.

“Not yet, but soon.” I responded.

“November 11th. This year” Chance said. This was a complete surprise to me since we hadn’t even discussed a date.

“Girl, I guess y’all aint’ wastin’ no time! Aint’ that yo’ birthday? That’s so cute. Congratulations,” Iesha said, as she hugged me and then Chance.

“Just don’t wait too long. Some tramp might come along and steal him away. Girl... He is fine and you know a good man is hard to find and even harder to keep. I’m just kiddin’. Listen, I gotta get goin’. My client just walked in. But here’s my number at the hotel where I’m stayin’. Call me tomorrow so we can set up a time to meet for lunch and finish gettin’ caught up. Chance, once again it’s been a pleasure meeting you and I’ll be lookin’ for that wedding invitation. Rayqelle, girl, don’t forget to call me O.K.?” Iesha said as she quickly hugged me and hurried off to the other side of the dark restaurant; where she was greeted by a very handsome older man who kissed her on her cheek.

We both watched her from the table where we sat, it was clear that Chance was somewhat intrigued. You see, he was my man and I knew what he liked. I could see that he was attracted to Iesha, not in a way that disrespected me, but in all the subtlety that was Chance. He and I had a very unique relationship; it was different than anything that I had known before. If he saw a woman that he thought was sexy, he had no problem letting me know.

Again, he was never disrespectful, just honest. At first it made me a bit uncomfortable but in a strange way I had come to respect his honesty. I ultimately learned to love him that much more, because he felt close enough to me to reveal this most personal part of himself. This was so much more refreshing than those niggas who swear that they would never even so much as look at another bitch, then wait ‘til yo’ back is turned to drool at every nasty little piece of ass that walks by. I felt safe with Chance because he is honest with me.

So as we finished dinner, the conversation quickly turned to the topic of Iesha. Chance was curious as to why if Iesha and I were such good friends in college; I had never mentioned anything about her before. I explained to him that we had just lost touch and that so many other things had gone on since we graduated. She was busy workin’ in New York, Los Angeles, and Miami. Then I had grad school to prepare for, and to be perfectly honest I tried to keep in contact with Iesha for a while but her ass kept movin’. Every three months the girl had a new address and phone number. So after a while I guess we just lost track of each other.

“Folks lose touch, shit, people get busy.” I explained.

“And speakin’ of gettin’ busy did y’all?” Chance asked playfully; with that devilish grin. That by itself could always get my panties wet.

“Did we what Chance?” I asked, already knowing what he was trying to get at.

“You know... did y’all get busy?” Chance said looking at me smirking.

“What? No nasty! Now... Why would you even ask me something like that anyway? You are such a freak Chance. Iesha and I were roommates and that’s all. What do you wanna hear me say? Do you wanna hear that we kissed, we fucked, ate each other’s pussies? Nigga what? Is that what you wanna hear?” I quickly responded; as I grew slightly more agitated and horny at the same time. I could feel my nipples starting to harden. Chance’s brashness excited me and he knew it! He knew exactly which buttons to push and what to say to get a rise out of me and he did it every time.

Chance leaned in close to me. He smiled, licked his juicy lips and said, “Only if that’s what happened and fa’real. You really don’t even have to tell me if you don’t want to cuz’ that was then and this is now, but I know a freak when I see one and yo’ girl Iesha got FREAK written all over that ass. By the way, why are yo’ nipples standing at attention?” Chance remarked, reaching toward me as if he intended to sneak a grab at my titty in the crowded restaurant.

“Boy shut up. You da’ freak! You are nasty and you want everybody else to be nasty too! Come on here, pay the check and let’s go. Dinner was great, now it’s time for dessert.” I said slapping his hand and standing up to head toward the door.

“Well, wait a minute, sit down. Why can’t we have dessert here? They have Italian ice and that double chocolate cake with that whipped icing you like so much, and...”

“And what fool? It’s Valentine’s Day... If you don’t get up and come on so we can go, or must I spell it out? I’m ready for some dick! You know, the chocolate dick with that cream fillin’ I like so much? Let’s go!” I was horny as hell and ready to go home and fuck! Oh, and to answer the question, yes Iesha and I did fuck around here and there on some freaky shit, but I wasn’t about to tell him that. Not yet anyway. Besides that, he wasn’t ready to hear the whole story about me and Iesha and the part she played in my past. Not yet. Not tonight.

As Chance drove us home I could tell that it was killing him not knowing what may or may not have happened between me and Iesha. He wasn’t going to let me see how curious he really was and I wasn’t about to tell him anything else. As he said, “that was then and this is now.” Besides, tonight was all about us and the mood was perfect. I was not about to let anything distract us from this evening’s main-event; which was me feelin’ that long black dick inside me all night. Although, I was gonna have to thank Iesha the next time we talked. You see, she didn’t know it but she really added some unexpected extra spice to dinner.

On the way home I decided to relax and close my eyes for a moment. I guess I must have dozed off. Sometimes the night air does that to me, when I woke up we were at home; sitting in the driveway. Chance leaned back in the driver’s seat with his pants already unzipped and open. His dick was standing straight up in the air, waitin’ for me, callin’ to me. Chance looked at me silently, but I knew exactly what he was thinking and what he wanted.

The light from the stereo glistened against the smooth head of his dick. It was fat, like the top of a wild mushroom. I wanted to put my mouth all over it and suck it; I wanted to feel it hit the back of my throat! I slowly reached over the armrest and touched him with only my fingertips as his precum started to drip down the shaft of his huge cock. I took a deep breath and moved in for the kill. I gently placed my hands around his dick, stroking it up and down as I leaned over it; breathing him in and smelling the faint scent of his Calvin Klein cologne coming from his Sean John boxer briefs. I opened my mouth wide and swallowed his whole dick. Just then, I felt him reach between my legs and slid his fingers over my throbbing clit, then into my already dripping wet pussy.

“Girl, where are yo’ panties?” Chance asked.

Still slobbering desperately, I popped his big dick out of my mouth just long enough to answer, “I took ’em off in the ladies room just before we left the restaurant.” I immediately resumed to the pleasure in my mouth; pulling on his fat black mushroom head. His moaning made my pussy wetter and his fingers inside of my hole was driving me insane! With all of the bobbing and sucking I was doing, I guess one of the buttons on my blouse popped off; because before I knew it Chance had one hand fingering my pussy and the other one squeezing my left nipple at the same time. He knew that shit drove me crazy. It felt so damn good; I was almost screaming inside and out!

Chance moaned louder. I sucked his dick like the fate of the free world depended on it, I knew just how he liked it. He squeezed my titty tighter and gasped. “I’m cummin’, there it is, I’m cummin’!” he said. Every muscle in his body tightened. He shot his cum into my mouth, buckin’ and gaspin’ for air as I kept on sucking. What little cum I didn’t swallow trickled out of the corner of my mouth. He holla’d, “aww shit! Yes!” I pulled my skirt up, and crawled over to his seat. “Give it to me!” he said, “You know what I want. Gimme my dessert! I wanna taste you, baby please!” he begged.

I crawled up to the top of the seat, opened my legs over his face, and settled in for the ride of my life. As soon as I sat down I could feel his long tongue slide inside me. The feeling was so intense that I couldn’t hold back, he was about to get what he had asked for! I was gonna cum right in his mouth. I rocked back and forth. His baldhead was wet with my juices. I reached back and felt his rock hard dick. I then moved backward until I felt the head of his juicy cock pushing its way inside me.

I pulled his shirt up to touch his sweaty muscular chest. Chance sucked my full round breast as they hung down into his face. I grabbed his shiny baldhead as his stiff dick hit my G-spot over and over and over again! I got up and moved into the passenger seat and bent over on my knees. Without words I was begging to be fucked. I wanted him to pound my pussy. I wanted him to fuck me speechless!

Chance got up from his seat and got behind me; spreading my legs as he stuck the head of his ten-inch dick between my pussy lips. He pushed it in long and hard, then longer and harder, then faster and deeper! I could smell the leather on the headrest as I leaned forward. The harder that he fucked me, the tighter I gripped the headrest. Before I knew it, I was biting into the leather as he fucked me! I gripped the seat so hard that my nails started breaking; one at a time, it hurt like hell, but the pleasure of him far outweighed the pain of a few broken fingernails. Finally I could feel it, there it was, one of those "O's!" I mean the orgasm of a lifetime. I was exploding!

As his dick repeatedly hit my G-spot, Chance reached around and squeezed my nipples. I was goin' crazy! I felt like my heart was gonna burst! "Grab my hips and fuck me Chance, don't stop! I'm about to... There it is! Oh yes! Yes! Yes! There it is!" I screamed. I trembled from exhaustion as he held my hips. His dick was still deep inside me. I reached between my legs to touch the wetness of my own pussy. My body shook from the inside and my toes were curled so hard that my feet started crampin'! this was the orgasm of all orgasms.

"Damn, yo' pussy is wet," he said as he slowly started up again; strokin' me long and deep, then a little faster. Once again Chance grabbed my hips and dug in. I could feel him deep inside me, up by my navel. Faster, harder, deeper... then he clutched my waist as he screamed, "I'm cummin', I'm cummin' again," and shot his hot cum all over my ass and pussy. He pulled my hair to the side and kissed my neck. We both laid there for a moment, too exhausted to move or speak. All of a sudden the motion light from the house next door came on and shined into the car; sending us into a mad scramble for our clothes. Then a tired old voice spoke from just across the fence.

"Who's out there? What's going on? Chance, Rayqelle, is that you? Is everything O.K.?"

It was nosy ass Mrs. Thomas. She's the unofficial neighborhood watch commander. We hurried to fix our clothes as she moved toward the car with a flashlight in her hand. We both knew that if she caught us like this the whole neighborhood would hear about it by morning.

"Hi Mrs. Thomas. Everything is fine, thanks for askin'. We hope to see you at the gallery opening next week. Please tell Mr. Thomas we said hi. Goodnight Mrs. Thomas." Chance quickly stuttered.

"O.K. I just came out to see what was going on. I heard some awfully strange noises, you kids be careful and have a goodnight," Mrs. Thomas said.

"Goodnight." We both said in unison.

As soon as she turned around, we both jumped out of the car and ran into the house laughing like two high school kids who just got busted makin' out in the park. Once inside, I slammed the door and I grabbed Chance by the hand leading him upstairs to the shower. I quickly set the water. While unbuttoning his shirt, I kissed his chest and undid his pants. I could see his dick bulging through his shorts.

Chance unzipped my skirt, lifted my blouse over my head, and began to run his hands across my body. We hurried into the shower for a repeat performance of what just went down outside in the car. We made love under the steaming hot water for another fifteen minutes. We then stepped out of the shower and ran down the hall into the bedroom, still dripping wet. We fell onto the bed with nothing between us but drops of water and the heat from our bodies; then we passed out wrapped around each other.

I woke up the next morning with Chance lying next to me, watching me as I slept. He had the strangest look on his face, as though he was almost mesmerized. He said that last night had to be about the hottest sexcapade that we ever had, and I agree! The passion over flowed from every angle. When I got out of bed he grabbed my hands and said, "You better go get those nails fixed. They're lookin' a little rough," and he laughed.

"Oh! Thanks for remindin' me. I need fifty dollars and don't even give me that look. If yo' damn dick wasn't so big I'd still have my nails! So... cough it up Big Daddy! Never mind. I'll get it myself, I know where yo' wallet is, and I need to get a few things from the grocery store anyway. So, better make it an even hundred," I said rushing to beat Chance to the shower.

That evening as I returned home from the grocery store, the telephone rang. The caller I.D. said Chicago Hilton. "Who could this be?" I thought to myself as I answered.

"Hello?"

"Hello Miss Davis. I know you ain't forget to call me?" It was Iesha.

"Girl... I was just about to sit down and call you; I just got back in from the store. What's goin' on?" I asked excitedly.

"Well, I hope you don't mind, but I couldn't wait to talk to you; so I looked you up. Luckily it ain't that many Evan Chances in the phone book," Iesha said sarcastically.

I guess I forgot to give her my number at the restaurant. Anyway, we got to talkin' about old times and gettin' caught up on the latest gossip; like, how this person was doing and who that person was doing. We use to girl talk for hours. Iesha told me that life in the world of high fashion wasn't all that it was cracked up to be, and actually she wasn't even all that involved in it at the moment. She said, "Girl listen, I had to make some hard choices. In New York City you grow yo' ass up quick, fast, and in a hurry! I thought L.A. was tough... All I had to depend on was me but I surprised myself. I realized that I had talents and abilities that I wasn't even aware of, like this amazin' power over men! I started to find that men just wanted to be around me and would pay alotta money for the privilege. I learned to do what I had to do to survive and I even learned how to get rich doin' it."

Iesha and I both sat in an awkward silence for about 5 seconds. Then she said, "Well girl, don't just sit there and hold the damn phone. Are you still there? At least say somethin'. Please? Hello? I knew I shouldn't have told you. I just thought you of all people would understand..."

Finally I responded. "Are you tellin' me that rich men are payin' you for yo' time, company, and conversation; or are you really sayin' that they are payin' for the coochie? Cuz', either way you must be handin' out refunds left and right." We both laughed uncontrollably. The same way we did when we were roommates in college.

I said, "Look girl, I ain't mad at you. At least you are gettin' paid. Shit, most bitches out here fuckin' for free; givin' the pussy to a nigga that ought to be payin' for it anyway! At least you are smart enough to realize that ain't a damn thang free and if a mutha'fucka wanna play, he damn sho' gots to pay! Shit, I ain't about to sit up here and judge you. We both know that I would be a hypocrite. I know you remember everything we use to get into and the games we use to run. So I would never judge you but seriously, I just gotta' ask, why? I thought you said that once you got'cho' degree you were through with that shit. You said you would never go back to gamin' no matter what," I reminded her.

Iesha paused.

"Sure... I could go to work for some fortune 500 company, punchin' a clock, pretendin' to fit into their neat little corporate box but I'm smarter than that. That's not me; it never has been and never will be. Plus, last year I made over \$250,000" Iesha bragged.

I said "Damn! That's alotta' coochie."

“Girl... You ain’t never lied!” She said as we laughed again.

“That’s enough about me for now. Tell me all about you and Mr. Chance. How did you land that sexy ass nigga? I know his ass gotta’ be paid,” Iesha asked curiously.

“Girl, why is everything with you always about money? It’s not even about that with Chance. Look, I spent years running from love; gettin’ wit’ niggas cuz’ I thought they had this or that. The crazy thing is I was runnin’ game on them while they thought they were runnin’ game on me! Yeah, sure Chance is doin’ well as an artist and his family has money but I got my own shit! I learned a long time ago not to depend on nobody but me. Shit, fuckin’ wit’ Tico taught me that,” I said. Tico Vega was my ex-boyfriend from college. He was a small time dope boy, wanna-be-pimp from Watts, who thought he was doin’ big thangz. He was one of the biggest mistakes of my life and I have made some big mistakes!

“So, how did you meet Chance anyway?” Iesha asked.

“Well, I was with some friends at the Chicago Arts Invitational; one of their paintings was on exhibit. Chance was also being honored as one of Chicago’s most talented new artists. He was fine as hell in that black tuxedo and I just had to meet his ass. One of the girls I was with just happened to know him from school, so she introduced us. We hit it off, and the rest, as they say is history.” I explained.

“What? Girl, that had to be the first time in yo’ life you ever took a chance,” Iesha said jokingly.

“Well, how is it? Iesha asked.

“How is what?” I responded.

“Girl, don’t make me jump through this damn phone and choke you! How is the sex? Is it good? He looks like he’s gotta’ big dick,” Iesha asked. I knew it wouldn’t take long for the freak to come back out.

“Well, you know I don’t like braggin’ but he is off the muthafuckin’ chain girl! I never would have guessed that a dick that big went along with those little bitty ass size 8 shoes, and thank God he only got shorted on the feet. I swear girl, the first time I went over to his house and got a good look at those tiny ass shoes I was about to turn around and go back home. I wasn’t even about to waste my time. However, luckily nothin’ could have been farther from the truth; he had it goin’ in every way that mattered” I said unashamedly.

“Is he freaky? I mean, alotta’ niggas got dick hangin’ down to their knees but don’t know what the fuck to do with it... Just a damn waste of a big dick in my opinion! Plus, if a nigga ain’t got no tongue to go wit’ the dick, I mean if he can’t eat the pussy right then he’s already missin’ 50 out of 100 points!” Iesha stated.

“Girl, I see you ain’t changed one bit; still just as nasty and nosy as ever,” I said.

“Just makin’ sure that nigga is handlin’ his business, that’s all. So, have you heard from Tico? You know he’s supposed to get out this month. He wrote me askin’ if I knew how to get in touch with you; talkin’ about he’s still in love with you and you gon’ always be his woman. Tico was talkin’ about getting’ back in the game when he get out. He wanted us to come back to L.A. to help him get started. Girl, you know how Tico is, still on the same bullshit. He also wanted to know why you never wrote or came to see him. He asked me if I thought you might have set him up to get busted,” Iesha said pausing slightly; as if she was waiting for a response. I remained silent.

“Does Chance know anything about Tico?” Iesha asked.

“No. I never told him any of that shit! I spent the last three years of my life tryin’ to put all that behind me. After everything went down the way it did and Tico got locked up, I just wanted to start over. I barely made it

through college messin' around wit' that nigga. He had me doin' all kinds of fucked up shit that I knew I had no business doin'! Boostin', trickin', runnin' his dope all up and down the 405. That nigga ain't give a fuck about me! All he cared about was his money. If he did care he never would'a... fuck it. I don't even wanna talk about it no more; besides, I'm in love with Chance and that's what's up. Now that's what's really good right there," I said.

"Girl... Tico is a balla'! He gotz mad paper! Girl, Tico..." Iesha said.

"Bitch, Tico kicked my ass for two years; in case you forgot. I know I haven't. I'll never forget what that nigga put me through. I remember when he found out I was pregnant and made me have a fuckin' abortion! Then I find out a week later that this nigga got another bitch pregnant at same time that I was but he let that ho keep her baby, and made me get ridda' mine! Remember when he had his baby mama and her sisters jump me? Those ho's almost killed me! I was laid up in the hospital for like two weeks! Do you remember that shit? I sure do!"

I had to check Iesha's ass. She was known for trippin'. I had to put her back in her place right away and let her know that shit wit' Tico was dead! Iesha was cool but sometimes she had a way of fuckin' wit' me; I guess to see where my head was. Sometimes it was as if she was tryin' to purposely get me mixed up into some bullshit. Iesha was a master manipulator. I have seen her operate too many times. I had to let her know that I was not that same stupid little girl she met freshman year in college.

"Alright! Alright! Take it easy girl! You are like a baby sister to me. I'm just tryin' to make sure that this new nigga is doin' you right. I admit it sounds like he might be holdin' it down but it's hard to tell with you cuz' you're so closed mouthed and hush-hush about everything. I guess it's that he seems so different than anybody I ever knew you to fuck wit' before. He's just so sweet, quiet, and lame," Iesha mumbled under her breath; "But in a sexy way" Iesha added.

"So, anyway girl. How the fuck did we go from talkin' about sex to talkin' about Tico Vega's sorry ass?" I asked.

"Well, since we are back on the subject Chance must be the bomb! Damn girl, he got yo' ass sprung! He must got dat OUWEE!" Iesha exclaimed. She could be so ignorant!

"If you are that curious, you should find out for yourself. I mean, if you really wanna know." I couldn't believe what was coming out of my mouth and I'm sure that Iesha couldn't believe it either I knew she wouldn't pass up the opportunity. I saw the way she looked at Chance, Plus Iesha never could never resist my seconds.

"So what's up girl? You are still a professional right?" I asked Iesha provokingly.

Iesha paused silently. "Girl, what are you askin' me? Yes bitch! I am still a professional by the way. Even more so now than I was before! Thank you very much. I even got a few other bitches on my team; kinda' like my own lil' agency," she boasted; which explained a lot.

"So... what are you sayin'? You want to get paid? Is that it? That's not a problem. How much do you charge for an evening?" I asked.

"I charge Two Thousand Dollars a night. This ain't that small time shit we used to do when we was workin' for Tico. I only deal with elite clientele: doctors, lawyers, athletes, politicians; that kind of shit," Iesha responded. "However for you... consider it my pre-wedding gift," she added. This made the hairs on the back of my neck stand up cuz' this bitch never gave a muthafucka' shit without gettin' somethin' in return.

“You won’t be disappointed and neither will Chance! You know how we do it,” Iesha assured me with the greatest of self-confidence.

“Fine, tomorrow Chance and I have plans to go to that new club on the navy pier. Meet us at about ten o’clock and we’ll take it from there. I want this to be a night that he will never ever forget,” I told her.

For a moment I was speechless. Did I just invite my girl into a threesome wit’ me and my fiancé? I guess I did. Chance and I had never done anything like this before but we had joked about it from time to time. So, I guess it was time to put up or shut up.

Iesha and I said goodbye and hung up the phone from what had turned into a three-hour conversation. By then Chance was soundly asleep upstairs in our bedroom. I watched for several minutes from outside of the door as he slept peacefully. “Rest my love. You’re gonna’ need your strength tomorrow, because I have a very special gift for you,” I thought to myself; looking on as my chocolate lover slumbered unaware of the pleasure that awaited.

When I woke up the next morning; my eyes still barely open and barely coherent, I reached across the bed to touch Chance as I always did. To my surprise, he was already up. He was actually outside on the bedroom balcony waiting for me. Chance had prepared a beautiful breakfast of pork chops, eggs with cheese, blueberry pancakes and coffee made just like him... hot, black and strong.

I grabbed my robe and made my way out to the balcony.

“I must have been in a comma. Why didn’t you wake me? I would have helped with breakfast,” I said putting my arms around him to say good morning; also thanking him for the gorgeous spread.

“Well, I figured I’d let you sleep. You were on the phone quite a while last night. Who was it that you were talkin’ to that late anyway; one of your sisters or something? Chance asked

“No. It was Iesha. She said that she didn’t want to take the chance of me forgettin’ to call or losing her number. So she looked us up. Who could forget about her crazy ass?” I said.

“Oh really? That was a pretty long conversation you two had. I’m sure it got pretty interesting, playin’ catch up and all,” Chance added playfully.

“We were just gossiping; girl-talk mostly. You know how it is when two old friends who haven’t seen each other in a while start talkin’. We just got a little carried away that’s all. Chance, I wanted to ask you what you thought of Iesha. Did you find her attractive? I mean, you never really said anything other than callin’ her a freak but I caught you checkin’ her out here and there. Did you think she was sexy? I wanna know,” I asked nonchalantly while running my finger through the syrup on the side of the plate.

Chance paused briefly before cautiously responding, “Well... to be perfectly honest the two of you could almost pass for sisters. You both have that same gorgeous ass honey brown complexion, almost the same height, similar features and almost the same sexy shape. I mean, y’all both got ass fa’dazy! Yeah! She was fine as hell! Why all the questions about Iesha? What’s the deal?” Chance inquired almost as if he knew that I was up to something.

“No reason, no reason at all... Well, I gotta get ready to go. I have an eleven thirty class. Chance; please come straight home tonight after your work out. Don’t forget we’re supposed to go out to that new club on the navy pier. Thanks again for breakfast baby. It was delicious! Gimme a kiss... I gotta go before I’m late,” I said as I hurried off to get in the shower.

Chance walked slowly from the balcony and stood at the foot of the bed, almost puzzled.

Later on about two o'clock; as I was leaving class, my cell phone rang.

"Hello?" I answered.

It was Iesha calling to make sure that everything was still on for tonight and that I hadn't chickened out.

"Don't be nervous; you are in expert hands, I assure you. Just relax... By the way, what are you doin' right now?" Iesha asked.

"Nothing much, just gettin' out of class. Why?" I asked her.

"Rayqelle, why don't you come meet me at Frederick's? They got a nice ass sale goin' on. Maybe we could pick up a lil' something to wear for tonight. You know, to make it all the more interesting." Iesha responded.

"Alright, gimme twenty minutes and I'll meet you there." I told Iesha.

All the way there I kept thinking, "Is this right? Maybe there's some shit you just don't mess around with; this was probably one of them. After all, Iesha was my girl and Chance was my man. What if something goes wrong? What could go wrong? I mean, we've never done this before, and I am taking a huge risk. Iesha can be a shiesty lil' bitch. What if she turns him out? What if they like each other? What if? What if I'm just trippin'?" Stop it girl! Just stop already! It's just one night and its just sex. Right? Of course it is... Then why the hell am I sittin' here talkin' to myself? I am trippin'... Like Iesha said, I just need to relax but I'm just gonna keep my wits about me in the process."

As I approached Frederick's, my cell phone rang again. This time it was Chance; he said that he just called to see what I was doing and to see if I needed anything from the outlet mall. He was there picking up some art supplies... I told him that I was just out doing a little shopping with Iesha and that I would be home around seven o'clock. I then asked Chance if he was still goin' to work out, he said "yes." I reminded him to please be home by eight so that we could make it to the club on time. He asked me again, what's goin' on and what was the big surprise? I told him to just trust me and that I would see him later tonight.

When I walked into the store Iesha was standing in front of the main mirror at the center of the store. She had on a white boostire and panty set with the matching garter and stockings. Iesha was such an exhibitionist. The whole store watched as she strutted back and forth in an outfit that was carefully pieced together solely with seduction in mind. Iesha was really pretty, with a body like "Whoa!" 36-24-42; and she knew how to work it. She had the attention of everybody in the place; all eyes were on her and she knew it. Including mine!

"Hey girl! So... what do you think? Will it make his mouth water? Is it too much? Not enough? What? Gimme some kinda' feedback here; after all he is yo' man. Now who would know better than you how to please him? Right?" Iesha said looking at me through the mirror's reflection.

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"Yeah... He'll love it! I'll take the same outfit; in a soft baby blue. That's his favorite color," I said to the store clerk as she walked past and smiled bashfully.

"What's wrong?" Iesha asked as she turned around facing me.

"I'm fine. I just want to make sure that everything is perfect. I want this to be so good that he could live off the memories; cuz' after tonight, he's gonna have to..." I told her.

“So lemme get this straight! You think Chance ain’t gon’ ever touch another woman after tonight? Just cuz’ y’all gettin’ married? Don’t tell me you livin’ in that Grimm’s Fairytale! I know plenty of men who’s wives live in that same fantasy world and try to make them live in it too. Most of them end up comin’ to a bitch like me! Girl let me give you a good sound piece of advice, from one friend to another. Don’t hold on too tight! You’ll squeeze the love right out of him, and before you know it... well, you know the rest.” Iesha said smugly as she turned and walked back into the dressing room; still commanding the attention of every eye in the store.

“Well, I’m gonna head on home and start gettin’ ready for tonight. I guess I’ll see you at the club around ten o’clock? Please don’t be late,” I said as I soberly reflected on the reality of her last comment.

“Wild horses couldn’t keep me away. Now, remember what I said; not too tight...” Iesha said stopping to look at me once again through the mirror with her back still turned as I stood behind her. I could feel her eyes watching me as I walked away, watching like a predator stalkin’ her prey.

As I got into the car I started thinking about everything that me and Iesha did back in college. All the games we ran, all the niggas we played, and all of the foul ass shit we use to do for a dollar. I worked so hard to get away from that shit; to leave at all behind and I’m a different person now. I’ve grown up. I just hope that Iesha has too.

I finally made it home around six that evening. In just enough time to finish up a few last minute details and I made it a special point to send Chance on a few small errands to keep him busy until about eight thirty. I then thought, maybe I would have a little drink to help settle my nerves. So I went over to the wet bar in the dining room and poured myself a double shot of Patron. I knew that I was gonna need all the liquid courage I could get to make it through tonight. Don’t get me wrong, God knows it’s not like this is my first time gettin’ down like this but it’s just my first time with Chance, and as crazy as it might sound... I just want it be special.

By then about an hour or so had passed. With almost ninety minutes left I figured I would take a nice relaxing bubble bath. I had so many things goin’ through my head as I slipped into the steaming hot water. Damn, it hit me! I was horny as hell and by the time that double shot of Patron finally kicked in I was feelin’ pretty damn good! Hell, for real I was actually kind of looking forward to this little rendezvous. Had I turned into a freak? Shit, who was I foolin’? I had been a freak for years but this will be the first time Chance has seen this side of me; and only for tonight. Chance will be home soon. This was gonna be a night to remember. All my cares seemed to melt away as I soaked in the quiet of the evening, hypnotized by the waters drip from the faucet. Almost asleep, I nodded forward and then I heard the door close down stairs. It was Chance. I could hear him as he hurried up the steps calling to me. “Where you at babe? You gettin’ ready?”

“In here Chance. I’m just finishing my bath,” I said.

“Rayqelle, have you seen my blue Tommy Hilfiger shirt?” Chance asked.

“It’s in the back closet, on the left hand side.” I responded.

I watched Chance as he came into the bathroom to get ready. I could smell his masculine scent as he leaned over the side of the tub to kiss me. “Take those clothes off and get in,” I said as my nipples tingled from the sight of his tall, slim, muscular physique.

As he sat down between my legs in the tub I slowly washed his body, taking my time as if we had no place to be. I moved the cloth over his big strong back, his broad shoulders and then letting the water rain down over his smooth baldhead. I sucked the droplets of water from his neck.

“Don’t start nothin’ you ain’t ready to finish,” he said as he turned to look at me.

“You the one that ain’t ready,” I replied playfully.

“What is that supposed to mean?” he said.

“You’ll find out soon enough, trust me;” I said as I got up to get out of the tub.

“Where are you goin’,” He asked, reaching for my hand.

“I’m gettin’ out and so are you. Finish washin’ up, Big Daddy so we can go.” I said as the soapy water glistened over him.

By then that Patron was really starting to kick in and all my inhibitions were goin’ out the window one by one. My heart pounded from excitement and anticipation as I watched Chance dress. Yeah, I was already horny as hell and I knew that in just a few short hours from now there would be no turning back.

I wanted to grab him and strip his ass right back out of those clothes. It took every ounce of self-control that I had in side of me to hold back my hormones as they raged for him. Besides, I couldn’t wait to see Chance’s face once me and Iesha got a hold of his ass. I couldn’t wait to get back home tonight!

Once we were both dressed and ready to go, I took one more quick survey of the house. I had to make sure that everything was in place; scented candles, slow music, condoms placed inside the pillowcase, and some chilled bottled water.

“Girl, let’s go... How are you gonna rush me, then take yo’ sweet time and make us late? You better bring yo’ self on!” Chance yelled from down stairs, while grabbing his jacket and keys. Everything was ready. Chance and I got into the car and made our way to the club. It was only about fifteen minutes away but that had to be the longest fifteen minutes of my life. The whole time I just kept thinking, “This is it! I hope everything works out like I planned.”

“This is supposed to be a really hot club! Everybody is talkin’ about it... and for forty bucks a head it better be the bomb! Oh, and I hope you are ready to see some shit, cuz’ it’s supposed to be off the hook up in there! When I say off the hook that’s exactly what the fuck I mean. Jay said he came last week and it was a real live freak fest, girls on girls, mutha’fuckas poppin’ X and everything. So stay close to me.” Chance said as we made our way down Michigan Avenue toward the navy pier.

The parking lot by the pier was so packed that we barely found a space. As we got to the pier and approached the club we could see that the line was a block and a half long. Chance was pissed. He said, “I don’t care what they got goin’ on in there, I ain’t standin’ in this long ass line! Forget it come on, let’s go. We’ll find something else to do tonight cuz’ this is ridiculous!”

“Let’s just stand here for a while and see how fast the line moves. Please Chance? I really want to go in and check it out! I’ve been thinkin’ about it all day long and if we stay I got a surprise for you...” I whispered in his ear.

“There you go with that surprise shit again! What’s this big surprise you keep on talkin’ about anyway? What are you up to?” Chance asked.

“You’ll see, just trust me! So, can we stay, please?” I pleaded giving him the sad puppy dog eyes.

“Alright. But we ain’t waitin’ in this damn line all night, I know that.” Chance grumbled as he looked around at a seemingly endless line of people.

We couldn’t have been in line more than five minutes when my cell phone rang. It was Iesha. “Where y’all at?” She asked.

“In line at the club. We are at the back of the line. Where are you?” I said.

“I’m inside standin’ by the entrance. Come on up front. I got us three VIP passes!” Iesha shouted into the phone almost busting my eardrum.

“What? Girl shut yo’ mouth! Here we come now.” I responded excitedly. If there was a hook up to be found Iesha would be the one to find it!

“Who was that?” Chance asked, as I grabbed his hand and quickly pulled him to the front of the line; still unaware of the night that lay ahead, he followed me like a lamb to slaughter.

“Just come on and follow me, damn!” I demanded.

When we got to the entrance Iesha was standing next to one of the bouncers. He was a big, black, greasy lookin’ nigga, wearing a tight ass silk shirt that looked like the buttons were about to pop off and put somebody’s eye out! This nigga was sweatin’ and breathin’ all hard, and grinnin’ at Iesha like he was going to swallow her whole. I mean, he was paying so much attention to Iesha that about ten people must have slipped right passed him and into the club.

“These are my friends Rayqelle and Chance... Y’all, this is Big Rock!” Iesha said as she gave me the secret wink.

“Come on in, y’all my guests tonight. Take these VIP passes and enjoy ya’ selves. Miss Iesha, you gon’ call me right?” said the big black ass bouncer as he salivated over Iesha’s voluptuousness. Iesha smiled and winked, saying nothing; only running her fingers across his big sweaty chest as we made our way into the club.

“Girl! What was that all about? You know what, on second thought... never mind... I don’t even wanna know. That nigga smelled like he had cheese coney’s with extra onions under his arms.” I said looking back at Iesha in disbelief.

“Chance, you remember Iesha?” I said as I watched the wheels turn in his head.

“Of course, how could I forget?” Chance replied charmingly, with a grin that caught her eye.

“Girl, did you see that line? It was wrapped around the damn corner! What was up wit’chu and that crazy lookin’ nigga?” I asked discreetly whispering into Iesha’s ear.

“I was just standin’ in line. He walked up and asked me who I was, who I was with, and did I want some VIP passes. Well, of course I said, “Hell Yeah!” Now here we are. Damn Chance, you are lookin’ tasty tonight boy. You better watch out! Somebody might take a bite’ out cho’ sexy ass... Anyway, I don’t know what y’all came to do but I came here to get crunk! Let’s go!” Iesha said as she grabbed my hand and pulled us to the VIP.

It was off the hook! The lights were right, the music was thumpin’, and the drinks were strong as hell; but shit, I was already tipsy anyway. So, you know it was about to go down. Chance could not keep his eyes off me and Iesha. I could not keep my eyes off the both of them. Chance was lovin’ it. Iesha grabbed Chance and took him out on the dance floor.

Chance was in awe. He didn’t know what to do next. Iesha worked his ass on the dance floor and he kept looking back at me like he was expecting me to save him but little did he know, I was the one who set him up for the kill. They must have danced for forty-five minutes. It was weird watching my man being seduced by another woman but in a strange way, it really turned me on.

While Chance and Iesha got their groove on I made my way to the bathroom; my bladder was full as hell from all the drinks. When I opened the door it was like a bad movie. Two bitches were in one stall kissin’, and one bitch was leanin’ over the sink snortin’ somethin’. Then two other bitches was in the corner poppin’ somethin’ in their mouths (X I guess) then kissin’, and one lil’ dark skinned bitch just standin’ in the corner starin’ like she knew me or like she was checkin’ me out. It was some crazy shit! I mean, me and Iesha used to get buckwild but I don’t remember us gettin’ like this; or come to think of it, maybe we did. We were doin’ some of everything back then, and I do mean some of everything.

So, I pissed as fast as I could and got the fuck out of there; cuz’ you can’t leave a bitch like Iesha by herself with your man for too long. I know from experience. You’ll come back and the mutha’fucka won’t even remember who you are. Anyway, when I got back to the dance floor it was dark as hell and everywhere I looked it was like one freak show goin’ on after another; like the shit that you see on late night cable or girls gone wild (the ghetto edition). Guys and girls grindin’, girls sitting on each other’s laps tonguing each other down! I mean, it was people in the corner slow grindin’ to fast music. Mutha’fuckas was walkin’ around like zombies. This shit was insane!

So I’m now standing at the bar and tipsy as hell. I felt a hand touch the small of my back. I quickly turned to see who was finna’ get knocked the fuck out! It was the lil’ chocolate chick that was staring at me the whole time I was in the bathroom. She had followed me out. She was about 5 feet tall, cute as hell, and built like a brick shit house. I mean, she was sexy; almost as sexy as me.

“Are you here alone?” She asked.

“I’m here with my fiancé.” I said pointing to Chance and Iesha on the dance floor.

“Oh really? Well, looks like he’s got his hands full,” she said smiling. She started to dance closer and closer toward me; then put her arms around my waist and pressed her body against mine. We moved to beat of the music.

“I’m Shela,” she said speaking directly into my ear so she could be heard over the loud music.

“My name’s Rayqelle.” I responded feeling slightly intrigued by this strange lil’ piece of sexual chocolate that stood just inches away; offering her sweet temptation.

I could see Chance watching me as he danced with Iesha; never letting me out of his sight for more than a second or two. I knew he was watching, so I decided to give him a little pre-show. Shela and I danced, touching and caressing each other’s bodies. Chance was looking at me, looking at her. Shela leaned forward and pressed her full lips against mine and I let her. I felt her tongue enter my mouth and I responded with the same. Everybody there had a role in the freak show, so I decided to join them!

“I see you met Shela,” Iesha said, as she dabbed the sweat from her chest with a cocktail napkin.

“You two know each other?” I asked Iesha in a surprised tone. I began looking back and forth between her and Shela; thinking to myself, “Iesha, what the fuck are you up to now?”

“Shela is my personal assistant. She’s here helpin’ me with some P.R. stuff. Shela Simpson, this is my girl Rayqelle that I was tellin’ you about and her fiancé Chance. Shela didn’t have any plans tonight so I had her meet me here. I figured we could all hang out.” Iesha said as she turned to look at me.

“Nice to meet the both of you... This is so weird,” Shela said with the slight look of embarrassment.

“Enough talkin’ let’s dance!” Iesha said as she grabbed Chance and pulled him to the center of the dance floor.

We danced; all four of us enticing one another. When the song changed we all moved to a corner table in the VIP. We sat way off to the side, it was dark. Chance sat down and Iesha stood in front of him, giving him the lap dance of his life. I sat next to Shela and watched. The drinks must have really started to have an effect on Iesha because she leaned over and pressed her lips against mine. Chance sat and looked on in amazement. He was stunned, like a deer caught in headlights. Right then I knew it was time to take this little party back to the house.

The four of us made our way out of the club and to the parking lot; we were still laughing, dancing and havin' a great time. It was clear to all of us what was about to go down. I got in the car with Shela and Iesha; Chance followed us in his car. Iesha was in no condition to drive, so I took the wheel. Shela and Iesha sat in the back. I watched them from the rear view mirror as Iesha reached over and pulled Shela's dress down exposing her firm 36D tits. She moaned as Iesha began to suck her stiff nipples. Iesha moved her hand down between Shela's legs and I almost hit the car that was stopped at the light in front of us. My clit started to swell as I sat at a stop sign with my fingers in my panties, watchin' these two bitches wild out in the back seat. Chance rode behind us unaware of the freaky scene that was taking place just ahead of him. Impatiently he beeped the horn!

The sound of the passing traffic quickly snapped me back to focus. I stepped on the gas but I could barely keep my eyes on the road. The show in the rear view mirror was a dangerous distraction combined with the four double shots of patron that I had earlier. Shela and Iesha went at it like animals!

We pulled in the driveway and I got out first. Next Iesha got out and came around to the driver's side door and pushed me up against the car. We kissed as Chance walked towards us. Shela grabbed Chance and kissed him on his neck. I watched them as Iesha fingered my very wet pussy. Chance looked on from the other side of the car. Our two silhouettes tangled in the dark night. Until... the porch light came on from next door. It was nosey ass Mrs. Thomas again.

"Who's out there? Chance? Rayqelle? Is that you out there? Who's there?" She screamed from her window with a scratchy, sleepy tone.

"Who the fuck is that," Iesha whispered in a startle.

"That's just the nosy ass old lady from next door girl. Let's get inside."

"Everything is fine Mrs. Thomas, go back to bed;" Chance said as he and Shela followed me and Iesha into the house.

Chance stood confused, almost dazed. "Wait! Will somebody please tell me what the hell..." as I lead him in the house.

"Where can I get changed?" Iesha asked, looking at my man like she was about to bite him.

"Rayqelle. What the...?" Chance tried to speak again.

"Baby? Please just trust me! Stay right here until I call you, and don't move," I said to Chance before I kissed him. I then led Iesha and Shela up stairs to the master bath; where we quickly showered and hurried into the bedroom. Chance disobediently eased his way up the stairwell.

I called to Chance, as I set the music and lit the last candle. When he got upstairs the room was a glow. I reached out for his hand and led him over to the bed where I started to undress him; caressing his body. Once the last item of clothing was removed I kissed his luscious lips. I laid him down on the bed, massaging his body with lavender oil. Lost in my touch... not even noticing that Iesha was on the love seat next to the bed eating Shela's pussy. They moaned in lustful heat.

Chance tried to speak. Once again I pressed my fingers to his lips as he turned to me about to ask the obvious question. Tonight there was no need for conversation. This was all for Chance and his pleasure alone...

Chance remained motionless. His eyes danced between me, Shela and Iesha. The three of us stood at the foot of the bed watching him, almost stalkin' him. Chance and Iesha locked eyes briefly as if they were the only two in the room. I leaned in closer to him, kissin' and biting his neck softly. Iesha moved to one side of the bed and Shela to

the other. Chance watched Iesha out of the corner of his eye in quiet disbelief; as all four of our shadows locked in a dance against the bedroom wall.

Chance and I kissed as Iesha's hands explored every inch of his dark chocolate physique. She was visibly excited as Chance reached out firmly gripping her soft honey colored body. She obviously got more than she bargained for with Chance. Iesha apparently wasn't listening when I said, "don't let the small feet fool you!" When she pulled back the sheets all she could say was "damn!" Her eyes could have jumped out of her head.

Iesha was supposed to be the professional but Chance had taken full control. I gave Chance a look to let him know that it was ok to lose himself. As I let go of his hand all I could think was, "Jump in and get wet. This was my gift to you." This would be a night of passion that he would never forget. I couldn't believe it myself. I was actually sitting back watching one of my dearest friends fuck my fiancé.

Iesha straddled Chance, sliding up and down, back and forth on him; I moved closer. It was tough but I couldn't stop myself. It was almost as if they had a rope around my neck pulling me in. I kissed Chance deeply, while Shela took her turn and straddled his big black dick. I threw one leg across him so that I was facing Shela as she moaned loudly, "God damn. Yo' dick is in my guts!" Chance put his hands on my thick peanut butter thighs and pulled me over his face, licking and sucking me like I was the last piece of sweet potato pie at thanksgiving.

Iesha and I kissed each other as we switched positions. I could not believe my eyes, lips or hands. Chance buried his long tongue deep inside Iesha as she sat on his face. Shela got up as I took my rightful place on top of that big ass dick. Screaming, "Whose dick is this, whose is it? Tell me!" I screamed. Iesha breathed deeply and moaned as her climax grew closer. She clinched my hand and told me she was cumming. It was as though she was asking my permission. "Go ahead girl! Let it out! Go ahead and cum!" I said. Just then Chance moved around and got behind Iesha.

"Remember that long black dick I was tellin' you about?" I reminded her.

Chance leaned over her and squeezed her titties, sliding the head of his big dick between her thick, wet pussy lips, teasing her ever so slowly. Then like out of nowhere, he plunged his big dick inside her; like he's probably wanted to do since the first time he laid eyes on her. There it was... I made his fantasy come true. As he pounded her pussy from the back she started to scream, "Goddamn! I'm cummin'! Fuck me, gimme that dick! Give it to me, I'm cummin', oh yes!" Shela stood behind me with her hands on my waist.

Iesha's body quaked as she laid on her stomach gasping for air. Chance moved toward me and stretched out his hands to feel for my body in the dark. By this time all but one of the candles had burned out. Chance pulled me close and kissed me. I laid down on my back as he put my legs on his shoulders and pushed his long hard dick inside me. I moaned deeply as Iesha continued to pant. She was still worn out. Chance and I made love slowly and intimately right next to Shela and Iesha as if they were a world away or not even there at all.

With morning approaching Shela and Iesha got dressed and left. I put my robe on and walked them to the door. I came back and watched Chance as he slept. That morning he woke up to find me outside on the bedroom balcony, patiently waiting for him. This time his favorite breakfast was on the warmer with fresh juice and his favorite Chinese rose petal tea, along with a single white rose.

Chance walked from the bedroom and sat on the edge of the balcony, leaning against the rail. He reached for me with one hand, and reached for the rose with other. He looked at me with a look that I had never seen, brushing the petals of the rose softly across my cheek. He then put his arms around me saying, "Last night was incredible. What made you do it?" I told him that I could see how he was attracted to Iesha from the very start, and I thought that she might make a pleasing gift. He told me that last night was absolutely incredible and he thanked me again; adding that it was the sweetest gift any woman had ever given him.

After watching Chance enjoy his breakfast I immediately got myself dressed and headed out for the gym. As I drove down the road the events from the previous night started to play slowly in my head. I could picture every scene in vivid color almost as if I was reliving it all again. The candles, the breeze through the window, and the smell of Chance's cologne coupled with Iesha and Shela's perfume. For a matter of moments I was there again. Last night swept me away. It was even better than I thought it would be, especially with Shela being an unexpected addition.

Not knowing exactly how much time had passed, I arrived at the gym. I can't even recall how I got here but, there I was in the parking lot of the sports club. My cheeks were flushed, nipples hard, and panties wet as hell! As I got out of the car and made my way inside, I could still feel Chance's touch all over me. So, before I could even begin to concentrate on my work out, I was gonna need to cool the fuck off. Quickly I rushed to the locker room and got my clothes off. Maybe the cold water would knock some sense into me.

Now after taking the coldest shower of my life, I stood in the locker room; drying off and still reminiscing about last night's freaky interlude. It made me question everything about myself, my judgment, sexuality, and even my sanity! I just felt so relaxed and comfortable. I guess it felt as though I could let go of all my inhibitions and lose myself in the moment. Sure, I planned last night for Chance but I enjoyed it too. It was a night that I would truly never forget.

There I was, standing alone in the quiet echo of the women's locker room drying off and feeling the pleasure of my own touch at the same time. I almost allowed my mind to bring my body back to the place that required the cold shower to begin with. A loud bang from a nearby closing locker quickly brought me back to a sober reality.

After my work out I returned home to get changed for an afternoon appointment. I hurried through the front door. Once inside I went up the stairs and quickly moved to get undressed. I couldn't help but stop for a moment to look at what remained of the night before. Everything had been left just as it was. The room seemed quiet and undisturbed. Chance had already left for an afternoon therapy session, so I was at home all alone.

In the stillness of the room I paused, listening to the almost inaudible rotation of the ceiling fan in our bedroom. I was again transported back to the passionate calm of our intimate four-way encounter. I laid across the bed in the light of day with my eyes closed. The scent of Iesha's perfume faintly lingered along with the strangely pleasant thought of her lips against my body. The afternoon's sun set high in the sky. It cast a peculiar light against the same wall that had just held the shadows of four figures engaging one another in heated passion.

The light of day had an interesting way of making things clearer. When looking back, I guess the expression on Chance's face was all I needed to see. I sat there quietly reflecting... all that mattered to me was Chance. I looked at the candles in each corner of the room, remembering how beautifully they shined against his chocolate skin last night.

As I watched the leaves on the trees outside rustle calmly against the sun's backdrop, my cell phone rang. It was Iesha and the sound of her voice quickly snapped me back into reality.

“What’s up girl? I just called to see what you were doin’ today. Congressman Franklin Jordan is havin’ a barbecue at his house in Sky Vista and I was wonderin’ if you might like to come as my guest.”

“Oh for real, how do you know him?” I asked.

“Girl I know everybody! He was the client I was meetin’ the night I ran into you and Chance at the restaurant. Anyway, he asked me to come by and he said I could bring a friend if I wanted. It’s just gonna be alotta politicians and shit. I just didn’t wanna be there by myself without anybody to talk to. He will be pretty busy hob-nobbin’ and schmoozin’ for votes and contributions. So, I thought maybe you might like to go and keep me company” Iesha said.

“Alright Iesha I’ll go but don’t be tryin’ to get me caught up in one of yo’ damn hoo-chee-ramas; havin’ that man thinkin’ I’m for sale or no shit like that. I ain’t even on it! You hear me?” I said, making sure that Iesha understood me clearly. Iesha was also known for being a master of last minute surprises.

“Girl quit trippin’. It’s just a barbecue and I would never even put you out there like that. What I do is what I do and I would never put you in the middle of it. It’s just a fundraiser for his new campaign. I just don’t wanna be there without anybody I know and who speaks my language. Look, it’ll be fun and the food is gonna be the bomb! He is havin’ prime rib, lobster, shrimp and chicken.” Iesha was also greedy as hell!

“Alright, alright! I did have a class to go to this afternoon but I guess I can skip it, and Chance had a therapy appointment to go to. That should keep him busy until I get back,” I said.

“Therapy? What’s wrong, he got a bad back or something? He seemed fine to me?” Iesha asked.

“No. Chance is slightly manic-depressive. He’s on medication and goes to therapy twice a week to manage it. He’s doin’ fine though,” I explained.

“Oh hell naw! You mean that nigga’s crazy?” Iesha said.

“No Iesha. He is not crazy! Fool, he has a medical condition and he is on medication to treat it! Maybe if yo’ crazy ass went to see somebody about yo’ issues you could learn to stay in one place and quit bouncin’ all over the country from pillar to post!” I snapped at Iesha.

“Well excuse me for bein’ concerned about yo’ funny actin’ ass! When they find you floatin’ in Lake Michigan all chopped up in little pieces don’t say I didn’t warn you,” Iesha responded.

“Look, wit’ all the foul shit you be doin’, they’ll find yo’ ass floatin’ long before they will me,” I said.

“Anyway girl. Where do you want me to meet you?” I asked Iesha.

“The address is 3514 Sky Vista Dr. Pull into the circle driveway and I’ll be inside. Just come on in. I’ll see you in about an hour” she said.

“Alright then bye.” I said slamming my cell phone shut.

About an hour later I arrived, pulling into the driveway in front of the house like she said. A valet approached. I felt just a little out of place handing him the keys to park my Toyota Camry, with all the Hummer’s, Benz’s and Jag’s parked everywhere. I walked up to the big wooden door and before I could ring the bell the maid opened the door. Iesha was standing off to the side just behind her.

“Damn girl. Finally! I thought you changed yo’ mind about comin’... Let’s go outside. I want you to meet the Congressman.” Iesha said as she ran up and grabbed me by the hand.

I followed Iesha through the wave of snobby looks and turned up noses. The house was huge and beautifully decorated. It seemed like we walked a damn country mile to get to the outside pool area where the Congressman was. This house was amazing, like something you would see in Architectural Digest or some shit. I felt out of place, so I know Iesha's ghetto ass must've felt like little orphan Annie.

As we stepped out on to the terrace, the Congressman immediately spotted Iesha and motioned her over to where he stood. He was very handsome, tall, and well built. He was in his early forties, with smooth caramel colored skin and wavy salt and pepper hair. He also had quite a reputation with the ladies; a most eligible bachelor and very, very wealthy. I thought to myself, "what the fuck is he doin' with Iesha?" I guess he must have been slummin'.

"Hello my dear. Are you having a good time?" the congressman asked as he greeted Iesha with a warm kiss on the cheek.

"Yes Franklin, I'm havin' a wonderful time. Thank you for asking. There's someone I'd like for you to meet. This is my old college roommate Rayqelle Davis. Rayqelle is a grad student at Illinois State studying psychology," Iesha explained to the congressman in this fake proper, wanna be bouzhee ass tone that made me wanna throw the fuck up.

"Well, young ladies with brains and beauty seem to travel in pairs. Iesha is quite the young woman, in every sense of the word. Any friend of hers is a friend of mine. Please eat, drink, and enjoy yourselves. If you need anything just yell for me. I have to go mingle but we'll talk some more later. Oh by the way, Iesha... Did you get settled into your room alright?" The congressman asked.

"Yes Franklin I did. Thank you again for everything. I really mean it" Iesha responded to the congressman.

"Good, I'll see you in a bit. Rayqelle, again it has been nice meeting you and please make yourself at home," said the congressman as he again kissed Iesha on the cheek and made his way over to a small crowd of old moneybags. They were shaking hands and faking smiles.

I turned to Iesha with a look of utter amazement and curiosity. Iesha knew exactly what my next question was.

"Did you get settled into your room? Yo' room? You have a room here? In this mansion? What in the world did you do to that man wit'cho ghetto ass? You got his old ass sprung! What kinda' game you runnin'? You know what, I don't even wanna know," I told Iesha.

"Wait a minute... Franklin is just a good friend, a very good friend. I met him last year in Miami and we have an understanding," Iesha said.

"And what might that be?" I asked.

"Franklin wants to be near me, I understand that. So, I let him. It's that simple, and i'm only staying here until I find a place here in Chicago," Iesha said as she fixed her make up in a tiny compact mirror.

"It's just that simple huh? Whatever... Girl, you are too much. How did you manage to...? Never mind. I don't even wanna know. Just be careful. You 'bouta have that nigga lookin for yo' ass wit' a flashlight in the daylight," I said with an even more curious inflection in my voice.

Iesha smiled with her head down.

"Let's get away from all these people. There's a beautiful aquatic garden down this way. Come on;" Iesha said as she walked toward the water garden, taking off her sandals. We stood at an obviously awkward silence, just

listening to the tiny ripples over the rocks in the falls. Sometimes silence can speak louder than a thousand screaming voices.

"Iesha, have you ever been in love? I mean, really in love; so much in love that you could see the sun rise and set in someone else's eyes? Have you ever met a man that makes you melt every time he walks into the room? Or a man that takes a part of you with him every time he leaves? Have you ever met a man that filled your heart with more love than you could possibly imagine?" I asked.

"Damn! Look at you gettin' all mushy and shit." "No Rayqelle I haven't. But it doesn't mean that I don't want to. I'd give anything to have what you have with Chance. I may never know that kind of love. You landed a really great guy and I can't say that'll ever happen for me," Iesha said as she watched the water flow against the rocks.

"Iesha... I think I may have landed more than just a great guy. I think I found my soul mate, and I thank God for him every day; I mean, you know all the shit I've been through wit' niggas. I didn't think it was a good man out there to be found until now. But I had to change. I had to start lookin' at myself differently, and I also had to start seeing myself as more than just something to be bought or sold. I had to also stop looking at what I could get out of a nigga; like if he didn't have this or that. You know me, I wasn't fuckin' wit him. Look at what that got me. I ended up wit' a nigga like Tico who flipped the script and sold me a fuckin' fairytale that turned into a nightmare! I'm just so glad I don't have to live like that no more, I said to Iesha.

"Yeah... I guess you have been blessed," Iesha said softly.

"Well... what about the Congressman? It seems like he's crazy about you. What's that all about," I asked Iesha, even though I already knew what it was about. It was about money, just like it always was.

"Rayqelle I don't know, I don't know nothin' anymore. Sometimes I don't know whether I'm comin' or goin', leavin' or stayin'. I wish that I could find somebody who loves me for me, and that doesn't want anything more than just to love me. Ya' know... I watched the way Chance looked at you last night; the way he touched you was special. I laid there next to y'all after he finished fuckin' me and listened with my eyes closed while he made love to you. He fucked me, but he made love to you. I would have given anything to be you at that moment. I mean, you have it all, a great career doin' what you love to do, and a wonderful man that loves you. You've got it all and I have nothing. I don't know, maybe I'm gettin' really sick of sellin' my soul and my pussy to the one with the biggest bank roll" Iesha wept.

Iesha turned away and though I couldn't see her face I could hear the tears in her voice as she spoke. She was my girl and I could feel her soul aching. Iesha hurried to dry her falling tears, as the sound of the Congressman's approaching footsteps against the gravel walkway grew nearer.

"Here you two are. I've been looking everywhere. Iesha, I want to introduce you to Senator Bob Tilson, he's an old friend of mine. I'm sorry... am I interrupting something? Are you two alright?" The congressman asked.

"Yeah honey, everything is fine. Let's go meet the Senator. Rayqelle are you comin'?" Iesha said as she looked into the tiny mirror on her compact to fix her make up.

"Yeah, I'll be along in a minute. I just wanna enjoy the water for a few more minutes. Is that alright?" I asked the Congressman.

"Of course it is Rayqelle. Stay as long as you like. We'll be inside. Come along my love" the Congressman said as he and Iesha walked away hand in hand against the pink dusk of the sun. There was a strange calm but underneath was great uncertainty.

As the festive get together came to a close, I politely thanked the Congressman for his hospitality, hugged Iesha and said I would talk to her soon. I looked over my shoulder as I walked away, I could see Iesha watching every step I took; like a puppy looking through the window at a pound. It was the most sorrowful look I had ever seen on her face, almost longing; crying out for me not leave her or maybe wishing she could go to my place. I could see Iesha through the rear view mirror as I got in the car and drove away. I watched her stand in front of the house until I was too far away to see.

All the way home I thought of how Iesha kept reminding me how great my life was and how lucky I was to have Chance. Yeah, I was truly lucky and I don't take it for granted. I couldn't help but be just a little envious too. Iesha was still wild and free. She had no limits, it was all about her and there's a lot to be said for the ability to just be. It's a kind of freedom I'll probably never know again. Now she's living with a Congressman in his mansion for God's sake but at what cost? I wouldn't trade places with her for anything in the world. I could never go back to the life I use to live, not for all the money in the world.

As I arrived home and pulled into the driveway, I could see Chance through the window of his studio, quietly perched in front of his easel with brush in hand agonizing over each and every stroke. Chance painted the same way that he made love, deeply, passionately and brilliantly. The soft scent of jasmine drifted from the open window, along with the soothing sound of his favorite smooth jazz C.D.; the one I bought him for his birthday last August.

Just watching Chance work, pouring his heart and soul onto the canvas made my body weak all over. For the few moments that I sat there, I imagined myself as his canvas; as he used his brush creating long, deep strokes. I imagined him taking his time and covering every single inch of me with his color. Sitting anonymously in the dark of the driveway I lifted my skirt, reaching into my panties, sliding my fingers past the soft silk, to the waiting heat of my pulsating vagina.

Each time Chance moved his brush up and down, I followed his strokes with my fingertips pressed softly inside the wetness of my pussy. The longer I sat in that car, the more I wanted and needed his actual touch. All of a sudden, just the sight of him was more than I could stand. He didn't know it but he was about to be my chocolate nightcap. This is a much needed and very sweet ending to a very long day.

I walked in through the main door of the house, staring down the long dark hallway at the ambient light peering out of Chances studio. I quietly got undressed at the door, dropping each piece of clothing one by one at the staircase. I tip toed lightly down the hall toward the room that contained my dark stallion. The stallion that I was gonna ride all night.

As I approached the end of the hallway, all of my senses began to heighten. I could smell the hinted jasmine mixed with the aromatic fragrance of Chance's cologne; combined together with the sweet melody playing in the background, put me into a mild trance. My senses were totally over loaded by the thought of his hands on my body.

I was only a few steps away from ecstasy, so close that I could almost hear his heart beat from where I was standing just at the eve of the door. For a moment I stood captivated, slowly turning toward the opening of the door. I caught a full glimpse of my tall dark lover, washed in the light that danced across his big broad shoulders. There stood my prize...

The floor creaked as I moved forward, passing the jam of the door. Chance's dark brown eyes glided around to meet me. I was naked, more naked inside than I was on the outside. I was transparent and completely open to anything he wanted or needed from me. Whatever he desired, I was to be. All my inhibitions were gone. Chance moved toward me slowly and intently with the look that could only say one thing. He wanted me just as much as I wanted him. After making his way closer to me, he reached out, squeezing my breast, rolling my hard mocha colored nipples between his fingers. He leaned in to kiss me with his full beautiful lips... he whispered, "What did I do to deserve this?"

And I answered. "Everything..."

As he took his other hand and rubbed my thigh, he traced along my hips, and squeezed my ass; kissin' me but only much harder and deeper. Guiding me with his whole body, Chance maneuvered me over to the futon that he

had sitting directly in front of the window. The same window I watched him through just moments earlier, while playing in my own wetness but now it was his turn to play in it. This was his time to dip into my juicy passion fruit.

We both stood in front of the futon by the window, touching and caressing each other with the desire of two animals in heat. He slid down on his knees, slowly kissin' and suckin' my nipples, and licking my stomach. Chance bit me and tickled me with the lush, bushy hairs from his mustache. Slowly he moved from my stomach, following the neat little trail of hair that led to my treasure.

Chance took his time, softly caressing the insides of my thighs, kissin' the top of my pussy, then moving farther down. He wrapped his tongue around my swollen clit and then slid it in and out as he opened me up to expose all my wetness; lifting my leg up so that my foot rested on the arm of the futon. Chance gently took his fingers and spread my juicy lips, pushing his tongue as far inside of me as he could. I moaned and gripped his head as he explored me even deeper. With every lick that he took I moaned, softly at first then louder.

"I'm finna' cum, suck it, oh yes, I'm cummin!"

I moaned loudly as I shot my pussies essence into his mouth.

"Did you taste it? Was it good babe?"

I asked as he stood to his feet, taking off his tank top and loose fitting jogging pants; exposing his long hard dick. I fell back on to the futon with my legs open wide. The look on his face told me he was ready.

"Please, gimme some dick! You gotta fuck me now!"

Chance put his face between my legs; taking one more long lick from my ass to my clit and then back the other way again. He almost sent me into cardiac arrest. My insides were screaming his name! He stood over me with his dick at attention, just looking for a moment. Then he kneeled down and stuffed it into my mouth. I dared not gag. Yes, he shoved his long, horse dick down my throat and I wasn't mad about it at all. This only served to make my pussy even wetter and ready for what I knew I had coming to me.

Chance laid on top of me and pressed his face against my titties, gently sucking and pulling on my hard sensitive nipples as if he was gonna devour me. I could feel the head of his dick lodged against my pussy. Inch by inch he pushed his love inside. I moaned deeply and dug my nails into his back. His dick is so big! It was almost too much for me but I wanted it. I wanted him! As he moved in and out of me, I could hear the sweet sound of my juices flowing around the stiffness of his manhood. He pushed deeper, spilling my nectar on to the futon.

In and out, his long chocolate nightstick plunged against my sugar walls and sent me into one of the strongest orgasms of my whole life. I could feel it in the depths of my soul! I was shaking all over... I never thought that there would ever be a man who could send me into a guaranteed orgasm each and every time he fucked me, yet here he was.

After my epic explosion, I turned Chance around and sat him down on the futon. His dick was harder than a mutha'fucka'! I climbed on top and rode him like I was on a horse at the Kentucky Derby. Chance clenched his teeth together and yelled, "Rayqelle, I'm cummin'! I'm cummin'!" I bounced on his dick even harder; until I could feel him squirt it all inside of me. It was warm and sweet. His body trembled in ecstasy as he leaned forward and laid his head against my breast, holding me tightly until we both drifted off into a deep, deep sleep. What a Happy Valentine's Day it was... Then, the phone rang!

The phone rang once, twice, then three times! The phone rang over and over again. It would stop then start right back up again. My grandma use to say, "When a phone rings like that, it can't be nothin' but bad news."