

She reached over into the nightstand drawer and pulled out two black velvet jewelry boxes. The smaller of the two held a pair of canary diamond earrings, and the other had the matching bracelet. Nyvianna's eyes widened with excitement. Naturally, she thanked Kiamba with a passionate kiss. It was a kiss that could've started another two hours of steamy pleasure, but Nyvianna was short on time. She had thirty minutes to get to her parents' home. The Peabody Hotel offered luxury amenities, but it didn't offer amnesty from her mother if she showed up late.

Gloria Taylor was a sixty-five-year-old mother and minister. She and her husband, Leon, founded Mt. Zion Freewill Missionary Church nearly twenty years ago. They built a congregation of over fifteen-hundred parishioners through the years. However, things weren't always unified and ordained. Before they founded Mt. Zion, they were faithful members of Ebenezer First Baptist where Leon dutifully sat on the deacon board and Gloria was answering her calling to pastor.

Devon and Dontrese were the first born; Gabrielle came three years later, and two years after her birth, Leon Jr. made his presence known. It was shortly after his birth when Gloria and Leon's marriage started to crumble. Leon worked two jobs to make ends meet while Gloria stayed home to tend to the needs of the children, church, and community. She'd gotten so caught up in everything, especially the church, that she neglected the needs of her husband. Leon had a problem with Gloria bringing the Bible to bed with them because he was no longer able to fulfill his duties on the board, and missed some Sunday services. He loved God with all of his soul, and he knew the Bible clearly stated that if a man didn't work, he didn't eat. He was the head of his house, and he needed to provide for his family, but he still had needs as a man. He believed that if they began to worship together again, it would strengthen their relationship. When he chose to sacrifice a day of work for church, Gloria didn't follow suit and adhere to her wifely duties. Soon, he found himself engaging in conversations with other women, rather than with his wife.

They went through a period in their marriage when they failed to honor their vows. Leon's transgressions pushed Gloria into the arms of Ricardo Negron, Nyvianna's father. Their affair was short-lived when Leon learned of it. He promised to remain faithful and honor his vows if she gave him another chance. Not being in his children's lives was unthinkable. Picturing his wife sleeping with another man was hard to swallow, although he gave no consideration as to how she felt about him sleeping with other women—women from their church, to say the least. The gossip was the highlight of the church and spread quickly to other neighboring churches. By the time Leon and Gloria got it together, Gloria was already three months pregnant. It didn't take a genius for them to realize the unborn child belonged to Ricardo. They compromised. They left the church and the gossip ceased after Nyvianna was born. In fairness to Ricardo, Gloria and Leon amicably decided that Ricardo should be the one to name his daughter and be an active part of her life. Leon and Gloria realized their mistake. It wasn't the existence of Nyvianna—it was the choices they made that led to her conception. It was hard for Gloria and Leon's other children to understand how and why Nyvianna looked so different. After the affair and Nyvi's birth, they became model parents. Gloria went to seminary school shortly after Nyvianna was born—only to have her plans put on hold because of Celeste, the youngest Taylor clan.

Nyvianna looked in the rearview mirror to check her makeup and admire the diamond earrings once again. She smiled as she pulled her long, dark curly hair up into a ponytail, letting the early afternoon sun glisten against the bracelet. She'd thought of the lie she'd tell her parents

if they were to ask about the jewelry. There was no way she could explain that the expensive gift came from another woman; a woman that lavished her with something or another every time they got together. She wiggled in her seat as her mind reminisced to the morning events that caused a sudden throb between her legs. “Hmm,” she mumbled as she began to get out of her car. She had to take a minute to compose herself. She shook to remove the joyful glow from her face and put on a more solemn expression. It was the face that held her deep dark secret from the side of her maternal family, and the church, although she knew she couldn’t hide from God.

Celeste rushed out of the front door to greet her sister with open arms. As always, Celeste was glad to see her big sister; even though they were only one year and a day apart, Celeste looked up to Nyvianna for many reasons. They shared everything from clothes to secrets. It was Nyvianna’s idea that they celebrate their birthdays together. It was a trend she started when they were five years of age. They were inseparable.

Nyvianna noticed that her sister had a special glow about her. Her cinnamon brown skin appeared lighter, fresher, against the afternoon sun. Nyvianna knew that there were only two things to heighten a woman’s appearance—good loving and a baby. She was hoping it was the good loving beaming from the smooth complexion of her little sister. She enfolded Celeste in her arms and rocked side to side, squeezing her gently enough to feel the small bulge in her belly and the swollenness of her normal A-cup breasts. When she released Celeste, prepared to ask the obvious questions, she couldn’t because their mother came out of the house. Nyvianna managed to whisper that they would surely talk later. Celeste knew that if no one else noticed anything, Nyvianna did. She intended to tell Nyvianna anyway. She recently learned of the pregnancy and needed her sister’s advice on what she should do about the unwanted and unexpected conception.

Their mother insisted that they hurry inside where everyone was waiting. The small crowd that stood around waiting was members from the church, and high school friends who she’d kept in touch with over the years. Amongst them were a few extended family members who showed up on holidays and giveaways. They showed up empty-handed, but always left with something they would’ve taken, with or without permission. For the most part, everyone seemed happy to see her except her lifelong nemesis, Gabrielle. She and her sister hadn’t gotten along since she learned how to say, “Besa’ mí culo!” That was something her cousin Rhiana taught her. She got away with telling her sister to kiss her ass because no one, on her maternal side, understood Spanish. There were plenty of days when she cursed Gabrielle out from A to Z. Today she hoped wasn’t going to be one of those days. She’d had a beautiful morning—more like a glorious morning as far as she was concerned. In spite of their past quarrels, she did love her sister. She didn’t like her, but she loved her. Nyvianna accepted the fact that Gabrielle carried animosity because of the way she looked. She couldn’t help the fact that she inherited her father’s genes. If she were a boy, she’d be his twin, but it wasn’t the sole factor that played a part in her display of jealousy; it had more to do with the fact that Gabrielle had to share Leon’s love with Nyvianna. Gabrielle felt deprived. She let it be known on plenty of occasions that Nyvianna had her own father and she didn’t need two.

Leon gave his daughter a strong fatherly hug as he wished her a happy birthday. Without looking, Nyvianna could feel the cutthroat stare that Gabrielle had in her eyes. When she did take a second to look over at her, the chilling gaze could’ve produced hail to fall from the Florida sky. Reluctantly, Gabrielle wished her a happy birthday, anyway. She quickly disappeared into the kitchen without any form of physical sincerity.

Gloria started the gala with a prayer, then the party commenced. Throughout the better part of the afternoon, Nyvianna couldn’t get a moment alone with Celeste. Time seemingly crept by,

and when she thought she was going to have an opportunity to pull her sister aside, Michael showed up. He stayed long enough to give his woman a diamond heart pendant necklace and a passionate kiss. She felt as though he was trying to earn some brownie points with her parents; it worked for them. Gloria smiled with glee. Nyvianna looked to her mother, waiting. She could tell that her mother was hoping the little black box held an engagement ring. It didn't. *Thank God!* Nyvianna thought quietly to herself. She was sure that her mother would say something sooner or later. She preferred much later. Nevertheless, Nyvianna kindly walked Michael out to his car. He reminded her of their plans for the next day, and on that note, she thought he could've waited to give her his gift. *How dare he show up unexpected and have everyone gawking at them like they were so in love*, she aired thoughtfully, then realized that maybe it was just Michael who was the one in love. Her mind drifted for a few seconds, hoping her thoughts didn't show in her face. She came back to the present when Michael kissed her sweetly and looked at her for confirmation. She nodded in agreement then he got in his car and left.

She rejoined everyone inside and all eyes were on her. For one millimeter of a second, she wished she had telepathic abilities because they all would be in for a rude awakening. If Gabrielle knew the truth, she would have a field day. Nyvianna was glad when Gabrielle finally stopped referring to her as "Lil Miss Perfect". She was far from it and it was hard enough being a preacher's kid; everyone was holding her to a different standard than other children. Nyvianna never considered herself perfect or a lesbian. She liked to fuck, plain and simple. When she talked to Ricardo about how she liked women, she had yet to experience being with a man. He told her not to knock it until she tried it. She liked the way being with a woman made her feel, and she hadn't found any male she wanted to give her virginity to until she met Michael. She enjoyed the way Michael loved on her, but she couldn't strap on a leather harness, a seven-inch dick, and screw the hell out of him. She had an erotic side that could only be exhibited on a woman. She questioned herself, *could this wild natured side be tamed?* She wasn't sure. Being with a woman was more of a mental stimulation than physical penetration. There was a difference. For the moment, she liked it! She consciously came to the conclusion that she was supposed to experience as much of life as she could before turning thirty. She didn't want to do it at the expense of her mother's expectations.

"Somebody looks like they're in love," Gloria said to her husband. "They make a beautiful couple. I think a wedding may be in the near future," she added.

"Mom, you're only saying that because you introduced them," Celeste said, coming to her sister's defense.

"Well, I think I did a pretty good job," Gloria retorted, joyfully.

Leon stood up. "Nyvianna, no matter what you choose, we want you to be happy."

Nyvianna smiled. "Thanks! I'm happy with just the way things are."

"We can see that!" Gabrielle snarled. "You're glowing like those diamond earrings. Who gave you those? I don't remember ever seeing them before."

Everyone focused on Nyvianna. Once again, she was the center of their attention. She thought, *I should punch that bitch dead in her mouth!* She pictured herself leaping across the room and pushing Gabrielle's face down into her birthday cake. It wouldn't be a pretty sight, but it would be worth her mother conducting a praying vigil. She laughed to keep herself from cursing. It was a good thing that she'd prepared an awesome lie before she arrived. Nyvianna summoned her acting ability. She gave an outstanding monologue of the "smitten client" where she convincingly told them of a client who was more than impressed with her presentation to gain his business for her current employer. During a business meeting, she mentioned her

birthday. He not only signed the contract, but he sent her present via messenger. Nyvianna's theatrics were so standing ovation worthy that she almost believed it herself, but it wasn't good enough for Gabrielle. She had to find fault in her accepting the gift while she was supposedly in a committed relationship. Celeste's inner voice screamed, *Hooka! You can fuck up a wet dream!* She wished she could've said those very words out loud. She didn't. She wanted too, badly, but she didn't. She looked over to her sister for her to continue with the best lie she'd ever heard Nyvianna tell. Luckily for Gabrielle, their eldest brother entered, and kept Nyvianna's venomous words from cutting her in two. Someone else finally captured everyone's attention. Devon was the best present she could've received on her birthday. She pranced her way over to Devon, offering a welcomed hug. Four years had passed since she last saw him. Now, her party turned into a homecoming celebration. Nyvianna didn't mind. She missed him anytime he left, but that was military life. He loved overseas tours. She knew it was his way of moving as far away as he could. The questions she had for him had to wait. She figured she could seize the moment and continue her conversation with her little sister. She quickly grabbed Celeste by the arm and led her to the family room where it was peaceful and quiet.

"I thought we were never going to get a minute to talk," Nyvianna said, flopping down on the sofa. She pulled Celeste down next to her. "You know what I'm going to ask, don't you?"

"Is it noticeable?" Celeste asked, looking down at her swollen breasts.

"No, but I know you. I've never seen you in anything loose except your pajamas."

"It's a good thing that Mom and Dad are busy with the upcoming revival," Celeste noted.

"How long have you known?" Nyvianna asked curiously.

"A few days. I didn't think nothing of me missing my period because I've always had irregular cycles. When my breasts started swelling, I ran out and bought one of those home pregnancy tests. I went to the doctor two days ago just to make sure."

"And, you didn't call me! I'm hurt."

Celeste laid her head in Nyvianna's lap. "You know I was going to tell you. Shoot! You're the only one I can tell. I have to figure out what I want to do."

"Are you going to tell Mom and Dad?"

"Are you going to tell them who gave you those diamonds?" Celeste chuckled out a sarcastic grunt.

"You mean, you didn't believe me?" Nyvianna pointed to herself.

They howled out in laughter. "It was your best one, ever! By the way, how is Kiamba?" Celeste asked.

"She's good. Damn! She's good."

The large family room filled with joyful sounds of sisterly love and memories. In that moment, it felt like old times to them—sharing lies and secrets to protect one another. No matter what, their bond couldn't be broken. It was that bond that Gabrielle envied greatly. When they settled down from the hysterical laughter that consumed their lungs, Nyvianna advised her sister to either tell her parents or go into hiding, soon. It was obvious that she wouldn't be able to conceal the pregnancy for much longer.

"I'm going to do whatever I have to," Celeste said sternly.

"Whatever?" Nyvianna questioned.

"Not that! You know I could never have an abortion. God gave me this life; what right do I have to end it because of my irresponsibility?" she asked, rhetorically. "No, abortion is not an option."

"What about the baby's daddy?"

"He doesn't know. I don't want to tell him, either."

"You're going to have to let him know eventually."

"I know. I just know that I can't kill it," Celeste explained.

"Well, if Mom finds out, you don't have to worry about feeling guilty because she's going to kill you."

"Do you think you can have my back just in case?"

"I got you! What kind of casket do you want?" They laughed. Celeste playfully slapped Nyvianna on the arm. "You know I won't let you go down without a fight." Nyvianna said.

"Who's fighting?" Devon asked as he entered.

"No one, yet!" Nyvianna answered.

"Is Gabrielle being her usual, bitter self?" he asked, knowing his sister.

"You know it." Celeste sang as she sat up and tugged at her clothes.

"Why are you two in here? It's your birthday."

"Well, someone showed up unexpected and took all the attention," Nyvianna laughed, adding, "we needed a little quiet time, that's all."

"You can have quiet time when I leave. C'mon back out to your party."

As they stood up, Nyvianna's cell phone rang. She looked at the caller ID—it was her cousin Rhiana. "Díme chica!" Nyvianna answered. Celeste and Devon stopped. They looked at each other, knowing that Nyvianna was talking to a family member from her father's side. It was the only time she spoke Spanish in front of them. "En casa de Mamí," Nyvianna explained. Devon looked lost trying to understand. Celeste softly told him that she was telling the caller she was at her mother's house. Finally they heard her say, "Yega a un dos horas, okay? Adios, nina."

"Is everything okay?" Devon asked.

"Yes. Rhiana was wondering when I coming. She says they're waiting on me."

Devon put his arm around his sister. "I just got here. I thought I'd take you two out for your birthday."

"I promise you can take us shopping before you leave." Celeste said happily.

"Who said anything about shopping?" He nudged her on the forehead.

"How long are you going to be here this time?" Nyvianna asked.

"Celeste, I was thinking more like dinner, movie or a club. I'm on leave for thirty days."

"You're going to stay here for your entire leave?" Celeste gasped, knowing Devon didn't hang around too long before Gloria worked his nerves.

They laughed. "I'll be here for as long as I can stand." Devon nudged his sister and then raised his eyebrows. "Now, let's get back out to the party." They shared a laugh as they walked out together.

Nyvianna enjoyed the celebrated gathering for yet another hour. Slowly the party dwindled down to immediate family. It was her time to make a subtle exit. She asked Celeste to join her, but she declined. Celeste remembered the last time she joined Nyvianna at one of their parties, and there was no way she would be able to hang out with them half the night. Nyvianna understood why, and promised that they would continue their conversation on another day. She said her goodbyes and left.

On the drive over to her grandmother's, Nyvianna thought about Celeste, who would soon be a mother, whether she wanted to or not. *How can I help my sister hide a pregnancy? What can I do?* she wondered. As far as she knew, her parents assumed that Celeste was still a virgin. Nyvianna laughed, knowing that Celeste was sixteen when Nathan Dasilma popped her cherry.

She remembered it like yesterday, envisioning the look on Celeste's face when she caught them. She, herself, had just returned from being with her friend Laila, who she'd recently sexed an hour before she arrived home, expecting her sister to be studying. It was her job to look after her little sister when their parents were away. Gloria and Leon were out of town attending a religious convention, and the two of them were left home alone with the belief that they were good girls. Celeste admitted that it hurt the first time, but it felt better when she did it for the second and third time. *She hasn't stopped since; hopefully after this pregnancy, she'll be more responsible and use extra birth control.* Nyvianna wondered who could be the father of the little offspring growing inside her baby sister. She tried desperately to remember the last male her sister spoke about that was worth mentioning.

Nyvianna's thoughts dissipated when she heard the salsa music coming from her grandmother's home as she pulled up. For the remainder of the night, she had to put Celeste in the back of her mind. It was time to put on her other face—the face that held the truth about her. She didn't have to hide behind a façade of tall tales and innocence. Her father accepted and loved her, regardless. She released her hair from the ponytail holder and combed it with her fingers. She put on a little lip gloss then got out. Before she could enter the house, her Uncle Pablo came out and greeted her with a strong hug which meant her Aunt Naty wasn't too far with her favorite dessert. Soon, she would soon be indulging in a decadent, creamy pan of flán. The Spanish style cheesecake always made her think of sex. She couldn't get enough of either. If she wasn't trying to maintain her size six figure, she'd eat it every day. Pussy was fat free with zero calories, and the one thing she could eat on a daily basis without it showing in her stomach, hips, or thighs. She amused herself as she entered the dining room, greeting as many kinfolk as she could before she felt someone snatching her by the arm. It was Rhiana.

"¡Carahó depues tanto tiempo!" Rhiana said, pulling her into the kitchen.

"What do you mean it's about time I got here? I told you to give me two hours." Nyvianna said, laughing.

"Auntie wouldn't let me get a sniff of flán 'til you got here. I've been waiting forever!"

Nyvianna burst out laughing at the disgruntled look on Rhiana's face. She was serious about getting some dessert. She kissed her aunt as she thanked her for keeping Rhiana from eating it. Naty happily explained that she promised to break Rhiana's fingers if she touched any one of the pies. Nyvianna had her choice of which pie or pies she wanted to keep for herself. She chose to keep two—the coconut and strawberry. Rhiana was waiting with a spoon in hand to engulf a large helping of the erotic dessert. Nyvianna and Rhiana believed their aunt mixed some sort of aphrodisiac in with the sweet cream. There was something in it that made them feel as though they could have an orgasm with every spoonful. Everyone that waited for a serving watched the two fill their mouths, close their eyes, and moan in satisfaction. Nyvianna had to tear herself away. She needed to save room for the other food that covered tables and counters.

As she exited the kitchen, her cellphone rang, which she barely heard. It was Celeste. At first she thought something went wrong after she left, but was relieved when Celeste requested for Nyvianna to bring her a plate of food. When Nyvianna told her about the flán, Celeste told her to forget the plate, just bring the dessert. Nyvianna promised to bring both. No sooner than she hung up, she felt arms around her waist. "Feliz cumpleaños! Prima!" Miguel, one of her many cousins, said happily. He gave her a kiss on the cheek and disappeared in the crowd of people that filled the house. Amidst the music, conversations and laughter, she heard her name being called. She looked around, but couldn't tell from which direction it came from. She stood still. She figured whoever was calling her, would come to her. A minute later, her father

approached. He picked her up and twirled her around in his arms, wishing her a happy birthday. No matter how old she got, she was his little girl.

“How come you’re not eating?” he asked.

“I just got here, Papa. I’m trying to get to the food.”

“There’s plenty of it. Your grandma is outside on the back patio. You better go say hello.”

“I am. I was making my way out there.”

“Bien! I have your present out there waiting for you.”

The two of them walked out together. Ricardo instructed his cousin to prepare Nyvi a plate as he escorted her through the crowd. The young man happily obliged. It was her birthday, and she was going to be treated like a princess. Finally, she made her way next to her grandmother who greeted her with open arms. On the table to the far right side of them were her presents. She knew she wouldn’t get a chance to open all of them tonight; however, the only gift she wanted for the moment was the one from her grandmother. Her father brought it to her. She squealed in happiness at the vacation package. She had two open-dated tickets to Aruba, a three day stay at the Boniqua Bay Resort, and five hundred dollars spending money.

“You like?” her grandmother asked.

“Like? I love it! Gracias, Grandma. Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!” Nyvianna shouted in excitement.

“Do I get some of those thanks?” her father asked. “I sort of had a little to do with it too!”

Nyvianna hugged her father tightly. She couldn’t wait to tell Rhiana, but wondered who would enjoy three days with her at a five-star hotel on a romantic island. Thankfully, she didn’t have to concern herself with that decision at the present moment. She chose to occupy her mind with what to eat first from the plate her cousin prepared. From the first forkful until she couldn’t take another bite, Nyvianna ate until her eyes nearly popped out of her head. She knew she’d gained at least five pounds in that one sitting. She would work it off later because the evening was just beginning. Her relatives had no sense of time when it came to parties. She loved how music and food brought them together, no matter what family squabbles they had between them. Although she liked her petite frame, her family came in all sizes. Her father admired thick women the most. His flavors leaned more towards African American or Spanish. Personally, she liked whatever caught her eye. She had no color preference whatsoever. Lust was lust, and she wasn’t ready for love. She was only biased to the size of a person. She preferred athletically built and slightly thick in the right places. When it came to men, Michael had a physique that belonged on every heterosexual woman’s calendar of the finest black men in the world. He was the only man she ever looked at, but women were a different species. She liked the feminine type and lipstick butches. She wasn’t attracted to any woman who resembled a man or stud because in her mind, a woman should always have some femininity about herself, and she already had a man. The only time a woman had the right to take on a man’s role, was in the bedroom where it was fair game. She liked to give as much as she received.

Ricardo waited until his daughter’s food digested before he pulled her out into the center of the yard for a dance. He was sixty-six, but he looked forty at best. He was very young at heart and spirit. Nyvianna prayed that she received his aging genes. She was enjoying the dance with her father and he danced like he was thirty. He was the greatest salsa dancer who taught her everything she knew. Somewhere in-between a turn, Rhiana appeared in front of her. She begged Ricardo to let her steal Nyvi away for a few minutes. He acquiesced. He went on to dance with someone else as Rhiana dragged Nyvi through the crowd. She wanted to introduce her to her friends. After she introduced them, she spoke in Spanish, letting Nyvi know that she invited

Tacara just for her. Rhiana knew very well what her cousin liked. Tacara was five-eight, with long, thick sexy legs. She had a tattoo on her right leg, but it was too dark for Nyvianna to read. She'd worry about that later. She studied Tacara from the top of her head, down to the tip of her five-inch stilettos.

Nyvianna didn't hear the music stop because she was in her own thoughts about Tacara. She was curious as to how much she would like her. Rhiana knew her, and if her cousin took the time to invite her, she must be something. She had to bring her mind back to the party. Her aunt came out with a cake as everyone sang "Happy Birthday" to her. She could hear someone saying, "Make a wish, Nyvi!" She looked back at Tacara, and then she blew out the candles. The music commenced. Tacara kissed her lightly on the cheek and handed her a small box.

"It's not much, but I hope you like it."

"Thank you," Nyvianna said, smiling as she opened the box. It held a rainbow colored bracelet. Cosmetic jewelry of course, but it represented who she was, partially. The colors were well known to the gay and lesbian community. "It's nice, thank you." She tried to maintain eye contact with Tacara but it was hard. The low cut V-neck tank top made the feat almost impossible. The tight black shorts didn't help much either. The shorts hugged Tacara's ass like skin on a grape. Nyvianna smiled as she managed to get in a feel on the round, plump ass that sent her into fantasy world. It was so tight, she was sure she could bounce a quarter on it and get change. "Thank you, Rhiana!" she mumbled underneath the sounds of the music.

Throughout the evening, Rhiana's guests made themselves at home amongst her family. Tacara seemed to be the most relaxed, although the majority of her family spoke Spanish. Nyvianna believed it had more to do with the music and liquor; either way, she wasn't shy in the least bit. She danced in her stilettos as though she were wearing tennis shoes. She danced with everyone. Nyvianna found an opportunity to get closer on Tacara's ass. If she had on a strap-on, she would've bent Tacara over then and there. She could feel her pussy moisten thinking about what she wanted to do. *This party needs to be over already*, she thought as Rhiana tapped her on the shoulder.

"Do you want to go and get a hotel room?" Rhiana asked. "We can go half."

Nyvianna hated to stop her dance with Tacara, but she needed to speak to her cousin in private. She pulled Tacara closer and whispered in her ear, then excused herself.

"Rhi, I know you, and I don't want to be part of an orgy. I wouldn't mind fucking Tacara, but I ain't joining in with you and your other two friends."

"Tacara wouldn't mind fucking you!" Rhiana retorted, and then said, "We can grab a room at the Westgate."

"Sounds good," Nyvianna agreed. "I'll call and reserve the room and text you with the room number. I'll be sure to leave a key at the desk."

"I'll get the liquor and music," Rhiana offered with a smile. "Oh! And bring your shit with you. You're going to need it for Tacara."

"Let me stop at my house. I got some new shit I want to open up anyway. I'll meet you out front. Let me say bye to Papa and them."

Unfortunately, getting away wasn't as easy as either of them planned. Nyvianna had to stay around and open a few gifts at her grandmother's request. She humbly obliged. Forty minutes later, she was done. She quickly said her goodbyes. After she pulled off, she called the hotel then texted the information to Rhiana. Nyvianna was so anxious, that she paid no attention the speed limit as she sped to her mother's house to drop off Celeste's food; after, she made it to her home within minutes. Nyvianna rushed inside, grabbed condoms, oils, flavored lotion, scented candles,

and her new eight-inch dildo. She didn't worry about a change of clothes because she kept an overnight bag in her car. She then stopped at Neighborhood Shopping Center and picked up chocolate syrup, whipped cream and strawberries. She was ready.