

*CHAPTER 1*

Sherry walked timidly up the dark stairs leading to his bedroom. She was feeling a bit uneasy because she did not know what to expect. She prayed quietly for guidance in her actions. She prayed for wisdom, for strength to stick with her plans to do only things a friend would do, nothing more.

Just a few days ago, she had called off the relationship as it seemed to be a deadbeat – two years together and it wasn't going anywhere. Moreover, it wasn't expected to improve in the future. She knew that because he had told her several months before, and recently that he didn't want a serious relationship; that his main goal was to leave the Caribbean for the United States of America where his career as a doctor would flourish; where he would get the money he truly deserves. Furthermore, he had hopes of returning to his homeland Nigeria to live. Even to run for politics.

She knew deep inside that whatever they shared can only be temporary. She cannot expect more. He had already laid his cards on the table and she knew that she had no intention of ever living in Africa. The African movies that she had watched have persuaded her even more that culturally they would be incompatible in the end. Therefore, whatever they shared now in this blessed Caribbean island is just for a while. She must not allow herself to fall in love with him. Just enjoy his company for now and be ready to let him go when he is ready to leave.

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He was even making it easy for her to understand that that was the kind of relationship they had. He was a very busy man, working double shifts at times; going on holidays abroad whenever he had his days off from work. It was all blatant that he was not serious. More so, on all special occasions he was missing in action; either working or on holidays in another country.

On every Christmas and New Year's Day, he was working, so she spent those days with only the company of her daughter. Within her being, she wanted someone special so badly to ring in each New Year with her. However, she had no one, not even him. On the last Valentines' Day, he was attending a Carnival celebration in another country taking time out for his own enjoyment. That day did not matter to him, neither its meaning. She went to a queen show to get her mind off things. Nevertheless, it was hard. Symbols of love were everywhere; lovers were hugging and kissing, buying gifts, carrying large teddy bears, flowers and heart-shaped decoration and all such 'niceties' and it hurt that she had no-one to remember her in that special way and bring her gifts expressing love. Oh, how she felt like calling him and telling him to kiss her sexy ass good bye. She was too good a woman for him.

She had everything going for her. She was in her late thirties but look twenty something. She had been told that she walks like a model and dresses like one also. Above all that, she was extremely beautiful and intelligent. Men were throwing themselves at her feet. When she enters a room, all heads would turn. Yet, her

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heart was not moved by them. Her heart, if she had one, had feelings for him only. However, she would deny it and act as though she just liked him as a friend.

Things had changed after two years. She had grown accustomed to him, his strange ways. The way he made her laugh without even trying. The way he walked tall and dressed handsomely and smiled shyly when she looked at him.

She remembered the way he first kissed her and made her feel like she was sixteen again stealing a hug and kiss in the dark; the way he tasted her body like a virgin drinking wine for the first time – slowly, gently, too slowly, too gently. It was driving her all crazy. The passion inside her wanted to explode. Her waistline wanted to dance to the up-tempo beat of soca.

The electric rhythm of the drums that Mother Africa left in her veins had her gyrating in thin air and groaning for him to increase the intensity of his touches. But he wasn't following her lead. He was doing things his way. Then he slid down between her legs and spread them apart. He opened her vaginal lips with his tongue. She bit his pillow and began to melt.

The warmth of his breath and the softness of his tongue licking and sucking at her clitoris had her purring like an untamed kitten – untamed cat. *'What the f--k!'* she screamed inaudibly. These thoughts were racing through her mind. *'Damn, this shit feels so f--king good. Damn, it had been so long... f--king tongue feel so f--king*

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*good.*' But she doesn't curse. Why was she using all these dirty words in her mind?

"Ummm, oh baby...feel so good baby, oh baby, yeah baby, I like that, baby, baby!" The words were coming out uncontrollably. She began to melt uncontrollably; her breast tingled and her nipples hardened. Inside her vagina, she was feeling a sweetness that she hadn't felt for a very long time; and so, she held his head in place, pressing it more downward as the sweetness poured over and goose pimples covered her body. She screamed with pleasure. Her waist gyrated as if she were on a rotating pole. Then at that point when she couldn't take it anymore, she pushed his head away.

He wriggled his head out her hands and head back to her clitoris as though he was hypnotized by its taste and by the way his action made him feel powerful by having so much control over her. "No," she commanded. "Stop!" and pushed him away again and closed her legs tightly like a virgin.

She breathed heavily. She held him tightly, and kissed him passionately. The taste of her vagina from his mouth excited her more. She liked the way she tasted too. She wined on top of him continuously as the sweetness came over her. Her vagina beat like an electric drum. She had no choice but to dance to the rhythm of its beat on top of him who had created it, until it stopped. For a moment, it felt like something had connected her 'vaginal circuit' and 'powered on' everything inside her – He had touched her – He had touched the right spot. If only he knew...

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She took a deep breath.

“Abu...,” she called. “Where are you?”

“In here,” he answered.

She opened the door and entered. There he was in his shorts, lying on his king-sized bed watching TV. She joined him. He hugged her.

“Leave me alone,” she said, trying to sound convincing as possible. “We are only friends now... Remember?”

He ignored her.

“What all this about? Where all this coming from? Why you so emotional?” he questioned with his strong Nigerian accent.

“Boy, shut up, you just full of crap,” she spat back at him.

He ignored her. He didn't flinch, nor showed any sign of feeling offended. He continued to caress her. They have agreed to remain friends. But today he had cooked for her and wanted her to go to the beach with him and she had agreed.

He rolled over on her and gave her a long passionate kiss. She looked at him in disbelief. His kissing technique had improved so much over the two years.

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“Damn, boy that kiss was off the chain.” She could not resist telling him.

“Really?” he asked with a smirk on his face.

“Yes! Seems like I have trained you good for the next woman – or your future wife.”

He laughed heartily.

“Abu, you don’t know what you want?” she blurted out. “You’re sending me all sort of mixed signals.”

“Why you always have to take relationships so serious?” he questioned.

“You told me that you still see me as someone else’s wife despite I’m divorced. You make it clear that you cannot marry me; that your parents want you to marry an African woman...and all sort of crap; so why do you still want to kiss me...like that?” she questioned.

He did not respond. He changed the topic to what was happening in his pants.

“Sherry girl, I’m so hard right now, jump on me nah.” She looked down to see what he was doing with his hands. There she saw his hands stroking his hard dick that he had exposed through the opening of his unzipped pants. His penis was a big, sexy, juicy fellow.

Looking at his hard dick like that, and horny as she was, she wanted him inside of her. At this point, all her

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hard-earned education seemed to have betrayed her, leaving her with only the sense of a bimbo. She pounced on top of him and slid the crotch of her bikini aside and tried to insert his sweet bone into her. It was too big. She indulged herself in some more raunchy kisses and let him suck her breasts.

*'That should start the ball rolling,'* she thought to herself. Then she tried again. She rotated on it until gradually all his sweetness entered her. As though programmed, she found herself rotating her waistline and heaving her hips up and down and around systematically following whatever lead her mind told her to and he followed to suit. Then just as things began to get too heated, she stopped and rolled off of him.

"What happen?" he asked, holding on to her. "Why you stop? His eyes were searching hers for some sort of answer. Then he laughed. "You saw me getting all excited, eh? What are you afraid of? Do you think I will pour inside of you?" he questioned.

"Do you think I want you to f--k up my life? We both know where this relationship is going. Do you think I want to have any little babies bouncing around with no father? Boy please, half an hour or so of fun isn't worth it!" she exclaimed.

"Ok, let's do sixty-nine then," he suggested.

"No!" she answered. "The only number we're doing is this..." and she sat in his face and let him suck her

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clitoris to glory while she groaned with excitement and held on to the bed head.

The sweetness was too much to bear alone. She manoeuvred her body in the sixty-nine position. She wanted him to feel some of what she was feeling. She wanted to hear him groan too. The intense hardness of his sweet bone provoked her. She slid down from his mouth, poked it inside of her, and with her back facing him, she began to ride it. The pleasure it brought her made her screamed with excitement.

"Oh Sherry you can F-k! ... You f--k so good!" His guttural sound and utterance encouraged her on her journey to another world...

She saw his feet stretching to their limits and his toes curling, then some common sense took over and she pulled herself off it reluctantly but maintained his excitement by jerking him off to ejaculation. This was much nearer than she thought, for as shortly after she came off; he started to blast white thick semen in the air and over her hand like a volcanic eruption. The sight of it turned her on and she wined as she imagined the sweetness she would have gotten if he had danced to finish inside of her. But, the thought of its danger, and her not being exposed to such consoled her.

At least, she was not pregnant.

No semen had entered her...She hoped.



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She got out of bed and went to the bathroom to wash the gummy semen off her hands. As she washed it, she pondered to herself. *'Why did she disobey her plans? Why did she allow him to make love to her or f--k her or whatever, it was?'*

"Damn!" She snapped at herself as she looked at her face in the mirror.

"Girl, are you an educated ass? Why are you doing these things with him still? They are of no benefit to you," she scolded herself underneath her breath.

She dried her hands, then rolled off a piece of the toilet paper and went back into the bedroom to clean off his dick.

As she cleaned it, she smiled and thought to herself. "Damn this thing is sweet!" As though it read her mind, it stood at attention. She quickly moved away from it and head to the bathroom to dispose of the moistened paper. She didn't want to stick around it any longer, before her stupid mind start acting on her emotions and teasing her to insert it into her for more pleasure.

She sat on the bidet, and let the warm water squirt up inside and wash her vagina clean. She pat dried it and warned it to behave itself...

They got ready and headed for the beach with some cold drinks and some magazines to read while there. He drove, and she relaxed and reminisced for a while.

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At the beach, they spoke for a while and listened to some music from his phone. Then they headed for the water. It was so breathtakingly beautiful with its turquoise colour and clarity. They swam around for a short while. Then he left her and swam out further. She watched him with concern.

“Be careful,” she uttered. She didn’t want anything bad to happen to him. Furthermore, she could not swim and knew that she couldn’t help him if he ran into difficulty. Her heart became comforted as he returned to her shortly. She hugged him and wrapped her legs around his waist. Something came over her. How? Why? She couldn’t explain, but she put her hand downward into the water and felt his hardness and right there and then in broad daylight with people, mostly tourists, on the beach, she slid the crotch of her bikini aside and put his member inside her warm, wet vagina. He was as hard as a nail. She believed the people being around enticed him more. And there she moved gently in and out and around as though nothing was happening. But her vagina was smiling below the water, for it knew what they were doing in public. He grabbed her and kissed her passionately.

“No, don’t do that; people will become suspicious,” she told him.

He removed his hands from around her and tried his best to paddle the water backward as their eyes locked, and he whispered sweet nothingness to her. She blushed. She slid up and down on his hardness inside

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of her as she hugged him around his neck for support. He held unto her butt and pulled her closer to him intermittently, then resorted back to his hand paddling when he caught his senses. She smiled back at him, reassuring him that everything was ok - That the couple who seemed to be coming closer to them was not aware of what they were doing. He patted the water awkwardly with his hands.

This was the first time that she had ever done such a thing in public and the boldness and pleasure excited her as much as it did him. The experience was mind blowing - crazy, but she liked it and thought of repeating it again.

As they left the water, it seemed as though the experience had somewhat brought them closer than they have ever been or maybe it had awoken in them the true feelings they had for each other. He was smiling from ear to ear and she was trying to walk straight...trying her best to ignore the sensation in her vagina as though he was still inside her.

"Damn, this has to go in my diary," he uttered.

She chuckled at his statement for she knew exactly why he said so and she was thinking the same thing.

On returning to his home, they went for a short walk in a nearby vacant land across the road that looked rather private and untraveled. Then, they returned and went inside the house. He ran upstairs to the bathroom to bathe. But she wanted something to drink. She

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poured herself a glass of wine and headed to meet him. She rested the glass down on the bedside table and went into the bathroom to join him. He welcomed her with an erected penis and warm hugs and kisses. And they bathed each other with soapy rags and passionate foreplay.

He left the bath, but she stayed a little while longer to bathe thoroughly and retrieved her common sense. But her mind wandered on the way he nibbled at her breast and bit and kissed her butt. She decided to stop fighting her feelings and live in the moment. She stepped out of the bath and went into his room with the towel. He was lying in the bed in his birthday suit. She gave him the towel for him to dry her skin. He started to do so then he began using his tongue instead. She enjoyed that drying method more, so she laid herself comfortably on the bed and let him dry her with his pleasurable tongue and wet her down again with steamy lovemaking – All that for common sense.

As she drove home, she smiled inwardly for the lovely day she has had. But a part of her felt she had been stupid to follow her nonsensical heart and ignore her intellectual mind.

As she entered the door, she felt somewhat disappointed at herself for disobeying her plans. Her ten years old daughter Amelia ran to greet her.

“Mummy!” she exclaimed. Sherry hugged her back.

“Were you a good girl?” she asked.

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"Yesss...," she chuckled.

"Is that true?" Sherry asked the baby sitter.

"Yes, she was ..." agreed the sitter.

Sherry thanked her and locked the door after she left.

"What are you watching?" she asked.

"Sister Trap" responded Amelia.

"Is it good?"

"Yep" she responded nodding her head.

"Ok, it's late ...and it's time for you to go to bed boo...  
You can continue to watch it tomorrow, Ok?"

"Ok."

Sherry headed to the bathroom and bathed her skin thoroughly as though to take off her guilt. Then after bathing and drying her skin, she locked herself in her bedroom and lay on her bed. As though struck by something horrendous, she flew up quickly, and went to her dresser. She opened the top drawer where the contraceptive pills were hidden, and popped two pills inside of her mouth – double dose – she wasn't leaving room for possibilities – and wash them down with some bottled water.

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She returned to bed. She allowed her mind to replay the day's events and assessed why she had allowed herself to be caught up in such behaviour- She knew better.

The Holy Bible lay on her bed staring back at her and she felt so guilty for committing such a sin. In the heat of the moment, she had forgotten everything in it that she had read - In fact no part of it had crossed her mind - Until now - Now that she saw it. She bowed her head, and cupped her face in her hands in shame. She prayed quietly for forgiveness and for God to send her a good man that is marriage material, whom she can feel love for and marry; so she can stop 'sinning' her soul by giving in to her sexual desires. She prayed for God to send her the right man so that she doesn't have to endure another unhappy marriage and painful divorce.

Despite her guilt, she knew that she would sleep peacefully that night - She did not have to spend much time reading or doing some activities to keep her occupied until she was totally exhausted, and her brain was finally ready to rest - Maybe tonight she might even dream.