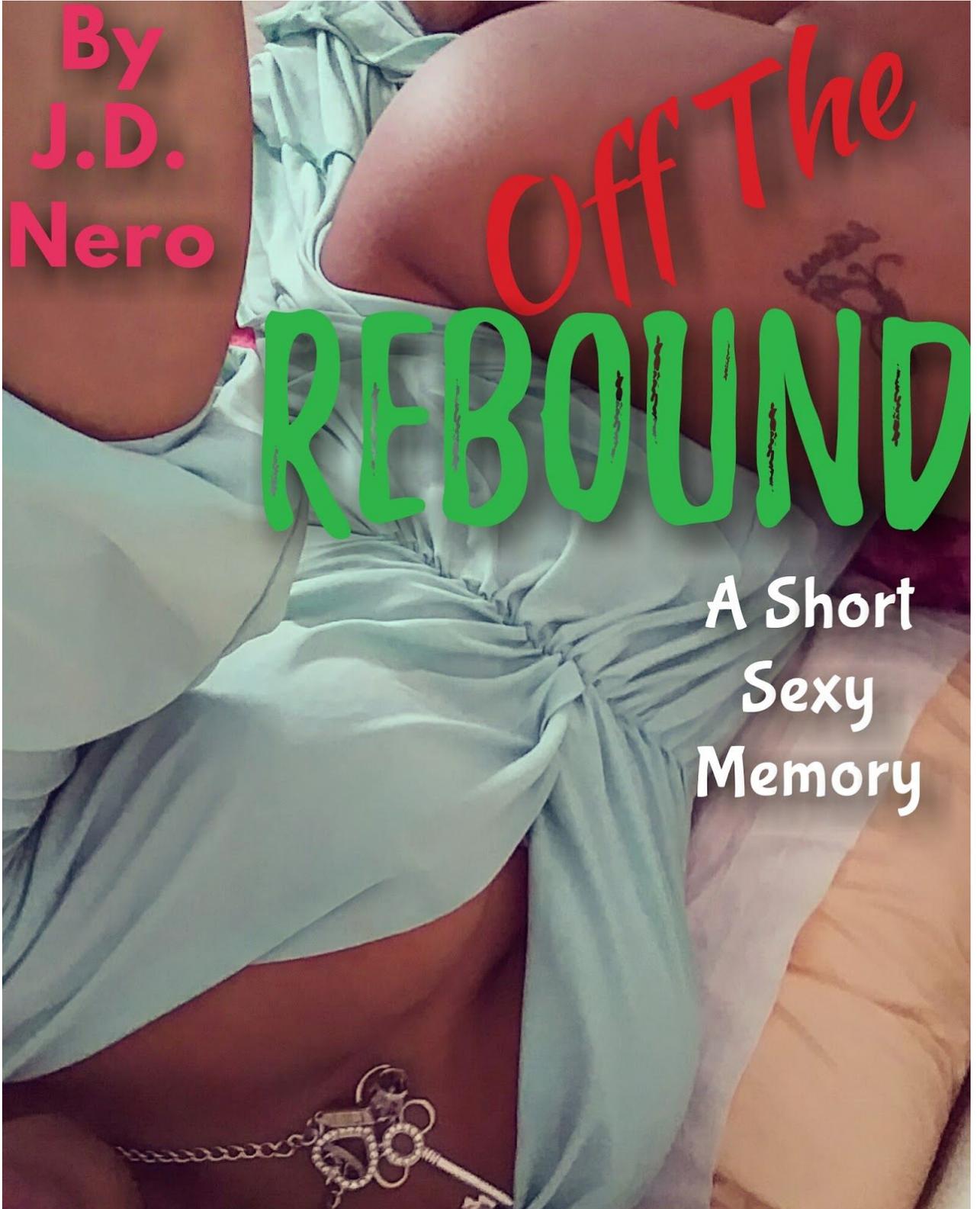


By  
J.D.  
Nero

Off The  
REBOUND

A Short  
Sexy  
Memory



# **Introduction**

I was at the first of my two jobs when I texted Venus to see if she still wanted to meet late that night after my shift was done at my second job. She asked me a few days ago to come by after I was completely done with work. Although I'd reminded her that I would get off work around midnight and then have to travel to her, and be up early to pick up my daughter, the next day, she insisted. So days later, knowing that she asked me more than once to consider meeting her, I sent her a text while on lunch break. Since I was unsure of what shift she was working that day, (her schedule constantly changed) I didn't worry or stress myself when she didn't text back. When I was done at my day job, I decided to send her another text. Just a question mark to see if she'd respond or at least acknowledge that she received the text. She did this often so that's what I anticipated.

When she didn't respond, I figured she would while I was at my second job. This was based on the assumption that she was working during the day and would be free in the evening. Knowing that was a big possibility, I texted saying that if she responded and I didn't respond immediately it wasn't intentional. The manager on duty that night is extremely against phone usage while at work. I assured her that I would respond as soon as I could. To my benefit, that specific Manager was tied up for most of the shift. He was busy defusing situations for most of the shift. I was able to glance at my phone more often than I originally thought. Each time I received a notification I secretly hoped it was her. I was tired, and probably wouldn't be able to perform well that night, but I knew my efforts were what mattered most.

Although our situation was far from perfect, and was operating in a state of limbo, I knew that she would appreciate what I was attempting to do. As the night went on I grew impatient. When there was about an hour left in my shift I called her from the job's phone. She, like a few others knew the number and would recognize it when she saw it. She usually answered if I called from there so I assumed she would. The phone rang all the way out and her voice mail came on. I sucked my teeth in disappointment and assumed I'd be ending the night alone at home.

The next and final hour at work was purely comical. My coworkers were joking on each other, sharing funny stories about the shift and mocking each other. We were red with laughter and my mood was reset. As I waited for a friend of mine to change his clothes, I decided to give Venus one last call. I knew it was a long shot, but I figured that I'd lose nothing by calling. The phone rang several times and just before the voicemail came on I heard her pick up. Her voice was raspy and exhausted. I knew she was sleeping and the call had woken her up. I was relieved and couldn't hold back my smile as I said "Hey there".

"Hey...", she said with her drowsiness oozing through the phone.

"How are you?", I asked sarcastically.

Catching the hint she conceded and said, "I know...".

I cut her off and asked sarcastically, "Are you good? Cuz you've been MIA all day".

After offering me a half truth she said, "I know, I'm sorry. I did see your message at like noon when you sent it."

She fell silent and after a second or two she said, "I purposely didn't respond. I didn't respond because I can't see you tonight".

After a chuckle I asked, "If you're busy or gotta be up early you can just say that silly. You know I don't stress that."

I figured I'd just see her Sunday night when my daughter went home and was ready to say goodbye.

"I'm not. I'm tired, but that's not why", she said.

"What's wrong V?", I asked as I began to grow concerned.

"Nothing", she paused. "I can't see you tonight. I just can't see you tonight", she repeated.

"I got that memo already", I said after a bit of laughter. "But what's up? You good?", I asked again.

"Yeah Jay. Tonight isn't good, I can't see you tonight", she repeated.

My mind couldn't fathom why she kept repeating that. I hadn't asked why, and I hadn't pushed the issue. Yet she kept repeating it.

"... Okay", I said confused.

"Yeah, and we should talk. We have to talk.", she replied.

I couldn't help but laugh. As I did so, a coworker who was sitting a few feet away from me shot me a look that told me she was intrigued.

"No, for real. We have to talk.", she repeated.

“Yeah. I heard you, but I'm not having that discussion right now. I'm still at my job, so I'll talk to you later.”

“Okay....goodnight”, she replied.

As I hung up the phone my friend patted me and asked, “We out?” “Indeed”, I replied. We walked toward the train station, then parted ways when we got there. As I stood on the platform at 12:35am - Saturday morning now. I couldn't stop thinking about two things. The first was that it sucked that I had to stand for another twenty minutes after standing for nearly the entire day. The second was that Venus had really disappointed me. Not only had she neglected my efforts, she didn't appreciate them. That is a huge pet peeve of mine. Especially because she is in the comfort of her own home and I'm doing all the work, all the reaching out and all the traveling if this went as planned. Then a pop up window arrived in my brain. The flashing message read, “*THIS WAS HER IDEA! SHE KEPT ASKING*”.

My thoughts turned into a moment of clarity and that moment turned into two text messages. They read:

*“I'm sure you went back to sleep already. I apologize for the way I hung up. But I wasn't about to have the ‘we gotta talk’ discussion in front of my coworkers. I tried to see you as you requested even though I am on very little sleep, worked both jobs and have to get my daughter in the morning. I don't know what you want to talk about, but it was a very big turn off mentally for that to be the first thing you say after ‘I can't c u tonight’.*  
*I'm not even mad, just disappointed and turned off by how you've done things our last few conversations. Honestly I don't know what's up with you or what you want to discuss. What I do know is, I'm not digging this right now. Again, I'm not mad. Disappointed.”*

When I woke up the next morning I had a few text messages. One was her apologizing and her wishing me and my daughter a great weekend together. I saw the text and chose not to answer it. She is several years older than I am and she knows what she did yesterday. She's also been fucking me for a few months and was not new to doing that when we started back a few months ago. In fact, the state of limbo we are in was what she preferred and the exact opposite of what I usually do when talking to someone. As I got ready to leave my apartment and go get my daughter I thought back to everything going on between Venus and I. She'd been so confusing these last few months. She wanted a relationship but had issues committing because of our history. She also knew that I despise being told, “we have to talk”, if we're not going to talk at that moment.

When I left my apartment I called her to settle the matter. She answered and tried to act as if nothing had happened. She spoke about her plans for the weekend, what'd she'd done today and asked what I had planned with my daughter for the weekend. I cut it short, and asked what it was we had to talk about. After some hesitation she began with a long sigh. She gave me a long speech about why we couldn't continue and why she needed to rid herself of me. She went on to say, "Also I'm going to have to put your number on the block list for a while too. 'Cause if we keep talking we're going to have sex again like we always do. So, that can't happen. Sorry." She tried her best to sincere but all I could do was laugh.

"Is that all?", I asked when I stopped laughing.

"Yeah...", she said. I could tell that she was bracing herself for my response.

"Okay cool. Talk to you later.", I replied and hung up the phone laughing once again.

I had no way of knowing how wild the next three days would be or, how fast things would rise and fall...

It's early evening in the beginning of November and outside of my family's New Jersey apartment there's a torrential downpour. The rain is coming down as my immediate family was gathered around in the living room. My sister has convinced my daughter to watch one of her favorite movies from her childhood. We are in a rush, we have to leave shortly so I can get my daughter home on time - the court appointed time. As we watch Hocus Pocus and eat the Spanish food we ordered I got a notification on my cell phone. I check my phone and see that it's a Facebook messenger notification. Once I see that, I put the phone back down and keep eating. A minute later I get another notification. I can't help but be curious as to who is messaging me. Usually when I'm with my daughter most people don't contact me so I can focus on and enjoy my time with her. I unlock and check the application to see a name I don't know.

I'm terrible with names, but I am great with faces. I open the message, and try to pull up the person's profile. I figured once I saw them I'd know exactly who they are and where I know them from. For some reason the app doesn't allow me to do so. The only options are to either video call or call them via Facebook. I'm not interested in either option. Finally I decide to read the messages. She basically said hello and that they and their children missed me. Especially the one that was my student. Befuddled, I kept reading and the second message stated that she was my old student Tyson's mother. Now I remembered exactly who India was and where I knew her from.

I greeted her, and asked how she found me. After all, I hadn't spoken to her in over two years. She told me that she had forgotten she had my number but recently she linked her texts messages to the messenger app. When she did I was one of the first of her contacts to show on the app. "I had to hit you up and see how you're doing", she said. I was shocked that this woman was contacting me after so long, but she was always approachable and appreciative when her son was my student. I remembered giving her my number when I'd left the program because I thought she was really cool. I'd never bothered texting or calling her and she never contacted me either until now. Once again I was okay with it because she was down to earth and cool back when I was around her. I asked how she was doing and her response caught me totally off guard.

The message said, *"OK cool, I'll hit you up through here and check up on you. I'm still single, I'm live off Younger Ave, by the 12 train. You're always welcome to come visit. I still love to cook everyday, you know."*

I wasn't sure what to say to that, but it sounded like a pretty big hint to me. Feeling bold, - maybe because of the rice, beans and fried plantains that I was devouring - I decided to ask her. *"Lol. Was still single a hint Miss?"*, I asked.

*"Yes"*, she replied immediately followed by a big blue thumbs up.

I couldn't help but laugh as I read the text. My sister and my daughter both shot me a look of confusion and I remained silent.

*"LOL. Okay, hint taken. I never knew that you were interested. I'm shocked in a good way"*, I wrote back. She began telling me that she was always interested but respected my position and that she didn't want to cause any issues for me. We took the conversation from Messenger to text and continued to text as I left New Jersey and then again after I took my daughter home. She told me that her birthday had just passed on Halloween and I asked her if she wanted to do something to celebrate. She said she would love to and then I asked what she liked to do for fun.

*"I'm simple, we can hit a bar, a theme park, go to the movies, or we can make our own. LMFAO"*, she quickly responded. A burst of laughter shot out of me as I read her text. Once again her boldness had shocked me in a good way.

*"Our own? You want to shoot a film with me?"*, I asked.

*"Yes! I would love to make a bio, documentary, a family comedy, or a porn with you. I'd love to be calling you what the kids called you. It's sexy and has authority. LMFAO"*, she wrote back.

I thought to myself that this was too good to be true. India couldn't be serious, she was just saying things that she thought I wanted to hear. As the texting continued she asked if I'd be able to come by her apartment sometime soon. Knowing the age of her children I asked where they would be if I came over.

*"They'll be here if you come over this week. Don't worry, you'll be in my room with me. They each have their own room. My apartment is big! Sometimes we'll be at a hotel though, don't worry"*, she replied.

Again I laughed and thought to myself that she was being too bold to be serious. This was just shit talking, nothing to take seriously.

The texting only grew more flirtatious and bold. India sent me a few pictures of herself. I sent one back to be courteous. We stopped texting, and when I woke up Monday morning I already had a text from her. She was responding to something I said the night before. I said *"Good morning"*, and she replied immediately. I received another

picture and then she said she would send better pictures when her kids were in school momentarily. As I walked toward the bus stop I laughed and shook my head while reading her texts. She couldn't be serious about what she was insinuating. My response reflected my perspective and she must have gotten the hint.

*“What do you want to see Jay?”*, she asked.

*“Whatever you want to show me”*, I responded with a smile on my face.

About twenty minutes later when I was on the train she responded. At 8:19 in the morning she sent me three photos. The first was a selfie of her dressed in a basketball jersey and a short skirt, the second picture was the same outfit but she had her tongue out, and the third was of her breasts. Her chocolate skin was glistening, her nipples were erect and her hair was clinging over her shoulder. I responded fast, complimented her on the pictures and scrolled down so they wouldn't show on my screen. I didn't want anyone else seeing the perky large breasts that were on my screen. Then as we were texting I got a message on the messenger app. It said it was from India. Thinking nothing of it I opened the app and was greeted by two pictures which consumed my screen. Each picture was a different angle of her freshly shaved pussy.

“Oh!”, I blurted out and I closed the app. The guy sitting to my left had definitely saw it as well because he laughed and turned his head in the other direction.

I laughed and switched back and texted, *“I see you're not camera shy! Very nice. Thank you”*.

She texted back, *“You're welcome. You're going to love it in person”*.

Once again I didn't believe the nasty talk, but I was starting to question it less. After all, she'd sent me nudes without me requesting them less than twenty four hours later and it wasn't even 9AM yet. I decided to see how far she'd go with things. I asked when she was trying to see me and show me the pussy in person.

*“Whenever you like. I'll cook you dinner and suck your dick for dessert”*, she replied.

I continued to laugh at her messages and didn't believe her. She's just saying anything to keep me interested and get me to her apartment, I thought to myself.

To test her I said, *“My schedule is crazy right now. I work two jobs and I'm only off tomorrow night and Thursday night. After that I'm not sure when my schedule will allow me to chill again”*. All of which was true, but in my mind I knew no one was going to make time to see me only two days after reconnecting with me after years of no contact.

Plus we'd never hung out one on one before, she wouldn't just have me come to her apartment, cook for me and give me head.

India wrote back, *"I may have to lick you down tomorrow then"*.

*YEAH RIGHT! This lady is good*, I thought to myself. She's going to convince me to come to her apartment after work and when I get all the way to the Bronx, and into her apartment absolutely nothing is going to happen. These lies sound great but I'm sure nothing will happen if I go over.

In case I was absolutely wrong, before I considered going over I asked her a slew of questions. When's the last time she was tested for STDs? When's the last time she had sex? How many people is she currently dealing with? If I go over tomorrow what's the plan? She answered each question with no hesitation and I couldn't help but laugh at the answer to the last one. *"We're going straight to my room to get the party started"*, she said. Before walking into work I decided to be an asshole and see how she'd react. I asked, *"Since you're not camera shy are we recording the kisses and tongue my dick will be receiving tomorrow?"*

*"I don't see why not"*, she said and sent a smiling emoji.

*Yeah right!*

The flirting and texting continued. We also had a few short phone conversations. The next morning - Tuesday - I texted her to ask if we were still on for that night. She called me, told me that her daughter woke up with a toothache and that as long as she could take her to the dentist before our set meet time we were good. Obviously she'd have to keep me posted. We texted and flirted more as the day went on and when I got off from work I called to see what was going on on her end. When we confirmed that everything was good, I hung up and began the journey to her apartment. Once again it was raining, but it wasn't that bad. I walked to the train station and waited for the train. I was excited to get a seat since I'd been standing all day. Knowing I had about a forty minute train ride I decided to take a nap.

When I woke up I was only a few stops away from where I needed to be so I stood up. I noticed that I had a message from her. She asked if I could stop at the liquor store for her. *Damn*, I thought to myself. *I'm already out here, now she wants me to spend money? Was this part of the plan the whole time? Fuck it, if she wants something that's a decent price I'll consider it, after all she is cooking dinner and offering a lot more.* I

asked what she wanted and she requested a five dollar bottle of Amsterdam vodka. *Five dollars? That's nothing.* “Okay. No problem”, I texted back.

Once I was off the train I called India to get further directions. It was now pouring out and I didn't want to risk getting my phone wet. I didn't have an umbrella with me, and my hoodie wouldn't be able to cover my phone if it wasn't in my pocket. She directed me to the liquor store a block away and was excited when she heard me speak Spanish to the man behind the thick, bulletproof glass.

“Oh! U know how to talk Spanish? I like that. I tried to learn it, but I'm too stubborn”, she said and laughed.

After a bit of laughing I responded, “I can hold a conversation, but barely. I'm nowhere near fluent”.

“You're Spanish, if you want to learn it you can pick it up quickly”, she said.

I paid for the small bottle, and walked out of the store. I could hear the excitement in her voice as she continued to guide me to her apartment

As I walked back towards the train station a smorgasbord of aromas blessed my nostrils. The bulk of the stores in the area were Spanish restaurants and each of them smelled amazing as I walked past them. The one chain pizza store that I walked past was vacant and seemed out of place in the sea of Spanish restaurants.

“Well, if you ever want Spanish food you have plenty of options”, I said sarcastically.

“Yeah”, she laughed. “That's all there is out here”, she continued. “There's only one pizza place and a McDonald's over here. The rest is just one option in many forms.”

“True”, I responded while holding the “u” sound.

India laughed and asked where I was at currently. I told her that I was about a block away from the one McDonald's and that my clothes and sneakers were soaked.

“It's a good thing you brought a change of clothes. If not you'd just have to stay naked in my room all night”, she said and laughed.

I couldn't help but laugh at the statement.

I stopped in the store and grabbed her something to mix the vodka with. She was shocked and expressed her appreciation. I climbed the hill and remembered that most of that part of New York was hills. She laughed as I expressed my unappreciation for that area and it's many hills. “Don't worry, I'll make sure you you didn't walk those hills for no reason”, she flirted. Once again I laughed at her wild, flirty ways. She reminded me of her address and told me that I was only one long block away. Nervousness hit me as she

finished her sentence. I hadn't seen this woman in years and I was about to be in her apartment with her. Furthermore we were definitely going to be doing some sexual things. "Don't fuck her", I told myself a few times.

I knew that if India did what she said she would, I would want to please her back. Normally that wouldn't be an issue, but I didn't know enough about this woman and what she currently had going on sexually. I knew that I probably shouldn't be there, but my curiosity had me just a few buildings away on this rainy night. It was comforting that she didn't hesitate to answer all of the things I asked when we were texting the days before. However, her answers weren't all to my liking and I wasn't sure how much I could trust her just yet. For these and other reasons I needed to fight my instincts and make sure that my conversation and my sexual interactions with her were limited. I wanted to see if she would really give me head as soon as possible, and if she would let me film it as she said she would via text the day before. As my mind continued to wander she brought me back to reality with a question. "Did you pass by the sad excuse for a playground yet?"

Before I could ask why she called it that I walked past the small, vacant "park", which had appeared new but had very few things for children to play in/on. I was just two buildings away now. It was too late to turn back. Or was it? "You might want to hurry up, cuz I'm lookin' good. I mean not to toot my own horn but I look like Tina Turner before she got beat", she said and laughed. I laughed out of pure confusion. *What the fuck? Who makes that kind of reference? Certainly not a thirty four year old black woman.* My laughter ceased as the numbers of India's building flashed before my eyes.

As I walked into her building lobby I was reminded of an almost identical lobby where a woman I dealt with in 2012 lived. She guided me to the elevator and told me she'd leave the door open upstairs for me. Once inside I realized that too was nearly identical (the elevator). I searched my memory to see if it was possible that I was in the same building. Then I remembered that the woman I was reflecting on lived near a different train, in a different section of the Bronx. *Damn, 2012, I thought to myself.* "I hope tonight doesn't end how that one did", I whispered to myself as the elevator door closed. She lived on a floor that I could have taken the steps to.

I couldn't help but wonder why she didn't tell me to take the steps. *Was it because she didn't want me to be sweaty? If so, would that really matter? I was standing and working for the entire eight hours I was at work. I had a change of clothes, but it wouldn't change the fact that I'd had a physical day and then had to walk in the pouring*

*rain. It was of little importance.* As I walked out of the elevator and scanned the hall a short, brown skin woman with long, straight black hair met eyes with me. She wasn't who I'd come to visit, but she was sexy. We smiled at one another and then she went back into her apartment.

I found the door that was cracked open and double checked the apartment number before walking in. "Hola", - hello in Spanish - I said as walked in. She wasn't in sight, but what I did see immediately was a large mattress on the floor of what I could only assume was the living room. The large mattress had sheets on it, but the bed wasn't done. It was adjacent to a medium sized flat screen TV with a few video game systems just inches from the TV. As I peered around the dim apartment my optical observers took note of an entrance to another room on the other side of the mattress. I saw that the light was on and turned to head towards the room. Then from my far left I heard her greeting. "Hey!", she exclaimed and before I turned to see her I could already tell that she was smiling.

When I turned India was standing at the doorway near the end of a long hallway. She was wearing a fitted black dress that hugged her slim, dark chocolate body. She was wearing a black wig with red highlights. I noticed it instantly because I am not a fan of wigs unless they are being used for roleplay or something of that nature. The black dress stopped mid-thigh and left a lot of leg showing. However, that view was cut short by a pair of dark gray boots. Her breasts were hard to ignore since they were already large and she had a nice amount of cleavage showing. She walked towards me, all of her teeth showing as she smiled and opened her arms to hug me. We hugged and the huge smile returned to her face.

"I can't believe you're here", she said with giddiness in her voice. That makes two of us I thought. I held my tongue and reminded myself that I needed to tread softly.

"You weren't lying, you're pretty wet", she said.

"Yeah, it's raining pretty hard out there", I replied.

"Don't worry, go in here and change and then I'll make sure you are comfortable", she said as she pointed to the bathroom at the end of the hallway she was originally standing in. We walked toward the bathroom together, passing by her bedroom. As I peered nosily around the apartment I could see the enormous smile on her face with my peripheral vision. "Do your thing baby, I'll be in here when you're done", she said as she opened the door to her bedroom.

I walked into the bathroom, instantly noticing two things. The first was that the bathroom was pink and white and had been done recently. The second thing I noticed right away was that the bathtub was set for a bubble bath, had a few kids toys already in it, and there were no curtains at all. No curtain lining, no colorful or pattern filled curtain like other women's bathrooms. On the top of the empty curtain pole hung three washrags - one for each person in the apartment. There was a mop nearby and a large mat by the tub. *Why didn't she have curtains? Was there a method to the madness? Did they all prefer baths over showers?*

I ignored the things that I found odd and quickly changed out of the wet work attire. While changing into a pair of jogger sweatpants and a t-shirt I noticed that one of my socks was wet. I was a little bit surprised and worried that they'd make the dry sneakers funky. Plus no one likes having a wet sock on. Although the sock was damp not soaked, I figured if things went well maybe I could just ask her for another pair of socks. I doubt she'd mind, in my experience women usually have an abundance of underclothes. Once I was changed I exited the bathroom, holding my wet work sneakers in one hand and sweater and backpack in the other. I entered her bedroom but she wasn't there. Unsure where to place my things I scanned the room for a place to put each item. Once again I took note that the apartment wasn't in top condition.

It was odd to see that her place wasn't in order. On one hand it wasn't tarnished or abysmal. Yet on the other hand she invited me over early yesterday morning. She knew I was coming over and had ample time to prepare for that. I've had situations where I had no plans of having company over and my apartment was a wreck. Then I brought that person back to the apartment for a session. However, I'd excuse myself on those nights and tidy up as soon as we entered the apartment. Or on the rare occasions that things became sexual before I could clean, I'd clean afterwards. It was a bit confusing to me that her apartment was in this condition. First impressions were seldom forgotten and she had many firsts planned for this evening. One would think that someone with grand, sexual plans would prepare better. I wasn't exactly going to walk out, but it was definitely noteworthy.

She walked back in the room, plopped down beside me on her large bed. The soft comforter only a few shades from her complexion. She quickly gave me a rundown of what the night would entail. "Okay, so I already prepped a bubble bath for my daughter. She's going to be in there for at least half an hour. So we have that time to ourselves, my

son isn't here. After thirty minutes or so I'll take her out the tub, start dinner and come back to entertain you while the food cooks.”

“Wow, you really do have everything planned out”, I said.

“Yep. I told Tyson you'll be here, but he's out and won't be home until much later. He usually comes home around dinner time. The rain may change that but it shouldn't affect us”, India said smiling.

I could see the excitement pulsing through her. She was damn near giddy as she cracked open the small bottle of vodka I'd purchased for her. I was shocked that she told her son - my ex-student - that I was going to be in their apartment. I couldn't help but inquire about it, although it was only to end my curiosity. Truth be told, I don't care what she told her son, that's their business not mine.

“I mean, you were kind of his teacher and a mentor. He may never say it to you, but he's often said to me that you changed his perspective on a lot of things. He looks up to you a great deal.”, she said. She threw her arm around me and continued, “I owe you, seriously. You saved my son from a lot of trouble. He wasn't going to be some wild thug, but he avoided a lot of drama and nonsense because he was with you so often. That's another reason why I didn't approach you with things sooner.”

“What do you mean?”, I asked.

“I mean, you were taking him on trips and I was glad you were. At the same time, I was ready to pounce right on you. I didn't want to cause any issues though”, she explained.

“Oh, I got you. He may have been upset then”, I agreed.

“Word. Not only that, but you were so professional and cool. You also had such a great reputation. I never heard anything about you mistreating the students, never heard about you sleeping with any of the parents or staff. I didn't want to ruin that. Even though I mind my business, if word got around about us that could have tainted your name and I didn't want that. You were always about the kids and not the drama. The last thing I wanted to do is mess that up. So I waited, and I held back every time I was going to invite you over, or when you came by to ask if he could go on a trip but he wasn't home and I was basically naked and you didn't know.”, she said with a grin on her face.

I was oblivious to most of these things. I had definitely slept with parents and staff members. Yet hearing that from India made me want to pat myself on the back for a job well done. I just kept my mouth shut, - for the most part - and tried to keep my business

private. It was humbling and flattering to hear her say those things. I couldn't help but smile and thank her.

“No, thank you”, she said with loads of enthusiasm.

I smiled and before I could respond she placed her hand on my right knee and said that she was going to place her daughter in the bathtub. She asked if I would like a beverage when she returned, but I declined.

Once her daughter was in the tub she returned and sat closer to me, pushing me slightly. My left butt cheek was just inches from the edge of the bed, and she was inches from me. Ninety percent of the bed was empty to the right of us. Clearly she wanted to be up close and personal. She took a swig of the vodka and a few sips of the lemon-lime soda I'd purchased for her. I scooted back hoping to balance myself and when I looked up she was turning towards me.

“Feel better now?”, I asked.

“Yeah, I needed a little of that. I be stressed sometimes. I'm good now though” she replied.

“Good, glad I could be of service”, I said jokingly.

“You always are”, she said and smiled.

After a moment of silence I teased, “See, I told you I'd make it easy for you”, I said while pointing to my sweats and referring to a text from yesterday. In the text I told her I'd wear sweats and a T shirt so she'd have easy access when she was ready to put her mouth on me. She pressed her lips together, looked at me and said, “You sure did”. Then she placed her hand on my leg, looked at my waist and then my eyes. I smiled and she pointed out that my joggers weren't tied.

“Nope”, I replied immediately.

She pulled my joggers down just a bit and got a sneak peek at my freshly shaved area.

“Oh, you weren't lying about that fresh shave”, she said with excitement in her tone. We smiled at each other and then India pulled my pants down a bit.

“I hope you don't mind”, she said softly. “I like to see what I'm working with”, she continued.

“Nah, go for it”, I replied with a smile.

She pulled the waist part of my pants and boxers as low as she could without removing my pants at all and slid her hand down towards my balls. “Smooth as a baby's bottom”, she said and kept caressing. “I'm a balls woman. I like a nice set of balls.

Especially when they are smooth like this”, she said while raising my balls up slightly. If I could high five myself at that moment I would have, because I shaved randomly before she had even invited me over. She kissed on my right and then what she could reach of my left.

“I need a better look”, she hinted.

“I got you”, I replied while moving my pants down.

Once they were off my ass she tried to dive back in, but I halted her for a second to give her more access. Just then I remembered my damp sock and wondered if I should speak to her about it before removing my sneakers and pants. However, India had other plans and little patience.

She began kissing and sucking my balls gently. The first few kisses were placed as she gazed up at me. Once the soft sucking and the tingles began to hit me, her eyes were closed and she was focused. She sucked on the balls and kissed my inner thighs. Her lips pressing softly against my skin, each of my balls were graced by her lips and then the rest of her wet mouth. Soon she started sucking harder, giving my balls a slight tug as she pulled them in with her mouth. She was enjoying herself, I found it very intriguing. After a few minutes she must have realized that she was ignoring my cock, because she opened her eyes, glanced at it and began to slowly caress it. Finally, I nearly said out loud.

“Are you okay?”, she asked while laying on my lap, looking up at me and slowly caressing my cock.

“I'm good. You were enjoying yourself and I've been enjoying the show”, I replied.

“I definitely was”, she said and slowly slid her tongue out of her mouth and onto my shaft. After licking my limp cock a few times she pulled my foreskin back and began to slide her wet tongue around the mushroom. The warmth and wetness of her tongue felt good as it glided around my head.

“Just a second”, I said as I lightly tapped her back. Then I pushed my pants down to my ankles. I moved forward to get up and remove them but India was too impatient. She nudged me towards her bed and smiled at me. All I could do was laugh. My laugh was cut short as she sucked hard on my helmet.

“Mmm”, I heard and realized my mouth had reacted to the pleasure of her tongue. It swirled around my tip like a figure skater. Gracefully moving and showing the judges what skills she had. Then India placed her tongue back inside of her mouth, looked up at me and smiled while holding my semi-hard cock.

With a huge grin on her face she asked arrogantly, “So you like that huh?”

All I could do was smile back at her. I had already given her more satisfaction than I'd intended to. She smiled again and planted several soft kisses on my tip before sliding her tongue back out. After some minor teasing she started sucking my now erect cock.

I was laying on India's bed, watching her head move up and down over and over. The slurping and sucking sounds were louder than the music playing from her phone. It was a nice mix of Hip-Hop and R&B. As a person with a very popular bedroom playlist I could appreciate what she had put together. However that was secondary to the tunes coming from below my waist. It was beautiful music, a symphony of slurping, sucking and her moaning into my hard dick. Suddenly her smooth rhythm stopped and I sat up to investigate just in time. Just as I rose halfway I saw her open her mouth wider and take every inch of my wet, hard, dick into her mouth. Her lips touching the beginning of my sack and the base of my cock had disappeared. I bit my bottom lip as my cock jumped and stiffened.

I closed my eyes and relaxed as she continued to please me. Her pace picked up and she made sure to deep throat every few minutes. Tingly feelings spread through my body as my cock hit the back of her wet throat. As my eyes were closed and I was basking in the moment I was hit with a moment of clarity. The universe had replaced the sexual beast that cut me off with another one just days later. I smiled realizing that this woman was a giver just like I am and she would probably be willing to please me on command if I wanted. I thanked the universe for giving me such a wonderful gift. Her body didn't compete with that of the woman who'd cut me off days before, and the wig thing was a turn off. However, if this was what I could be looking forward to, I wasn't mad about the replacement the universe had blessed with. I hadn't kissed this woman, teased her, caressed any parts of her body, and she was pleasing me with great focus.

India was determined, she was in the zone, she had a goal in mind and was striving to reach it. I had been in her position many times before. You see the red line, the end of the race, the finish line. Your vision narrows and it consumes you. Nothing else is relevant, nothing else takes priority, and you don't mind that at all because you are trying to reach a very specific goal. Just as when I eat pussy, I enjoy making the woman release, and I enjoy tasting her sweet cum. I could tell that India felt the same way. She was enjoying this moment and I knew that the same way my dick is solid and yearning to be

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