

PROLOGUE

It was a gray, rainy evening—the kind of night that makes you want to stay in bed and cuddle with that special someone. Unfortunately, my boo was out of town with the NBA, so I was alone with nothing to do but gaze out the bedroom window. And what a great view that turned out to be! My eyes followed the movement of my sexy neighbor, Brandon—a dead ringer for LL Cool J, with those thick, suckable lips. He was bent over with his fine, blue-jeaned bottom pointed in my direction, and he seemed to be looking for something in his truck. As he stood holding a cardboard box, he was getting drenched by the downpour. When he turned, I could see chiseled abs peeking through from beneath his white T-shirt.

Brandon always spoke when he saw me, but he didn't look at me the way I wanted him to. Now, I'm not lacking anything in the looks department. As a matter of fact, I ooze sex appeal with a smooth caramel complexion, long auburn tresses and oval-shaped, chestnut-colored eyes. I've got legs that go on for days, ample breasts, and there ain't a damn thing fake about me. The problem wasn't Brandon, though. It was his stuck-up, daddy's-girl girlfriend. I'm not the type of woman to pay for a man's affection, but girlfriend had Brandon's ass bought and sold. He didn't work or want for anything, including his banging-ass Escalade with everything you can imagine in it, complete with 24-inch spinners. So it was easy to see why he usually just brushed me off with a one-syllable greeting, especially when *she* was around.

As my eyes surveyed his well-built body, I wondered what it would feel like to have Brandon between my legs, giving me a thunderous orgasm. Being the nympho that I am, my mind was always imagining the divine sexual possibilities. That night was no different. I opened my living room door just enough so that when his knuckles touched it to knock, it would grant him entrance. Then I sauntered out onto my balcony and, with the cold rain dousing my body completely, I began

caressing myself all over. The only things adorning my skin were a matching red lace bra and thong set that I'd recently purchased from Victoria's Secret.

My neighbor saw all I intended him to see. He stared up at me for a few moments before crossing the lush, green grass that separated our houses. Then he stood frozen on my lawn, gazing up at me in the dim twilight, his eyes beseeching me to invite him in. But words were not needed. After watching another minute of my body language, he got the hint.

Brandon must have sprinted across and through my door that I left slightly ajar on purpose because within another minute, he was stepping out to join me on the balcony. I immediately stopped massaging my breasts and started in on him. His hands hung limply at his sides, but he raised his arms just enough to let me pull his wet tee over his head. My lips tickled his damp skin. I started to suckle his erect nipples. Once I was done marveling at his chest and abs, I went to where I really wanted to be.

I slid his soggy pants and underwear down. I was enthralled by the package on this brother. His dick was huge and heavy, and I was ecstatic to find that it was the same caramel color as the rest of his body. Without saying a word, I began to deep throat him like the pro I'm known to be. I nibbled gently up one side before licking the underside of the head. I looked up into his beautiful face as he started to grab my head and shake. I knew he was about to cum, but I wasn't ready for that yet ... not before I got the chance to ride that big motherfucker.

In one swift movement he tore my thong off and lifted me onto his shoulders. I was straddling his face. He ate my pussy like he'd been starving for weeks. With each sensual slurp, even with the rain pounding on the balcony, I could hear how wet and juicy my pussy was. I always loved the way it talked during sex. Brandon had a massive tongue, and it drove me wild. He whirled around my clit with that sucker like it was a cherry on top of a sundae, making me as wet as sweet

chocolate syrup. He sucked, licked, and playfully tugged at my clit, driving me into pure ecstasy. My legs began to quake, but I still held on for dear life, prolonging the inevitable.

"Oh shit ... yes ... yes ... oh, shit!" I screamed as I got my wish for that thunderous orgasm. Ironically, it was thundering outside at that moment, too. Dark clouds passed over head and rain trickled along our bare bodies as he continued to suck on my pussy while I straddled him. I was leaning back into his outstretched arms as we slowly moved into the house.

When he laid me down on the couch, I reached into the drawer of my end table, which is full of protection. I keep condoms all over my house because I never know where I'll end up having hellacious sex. Like I told you before, he's *definitely* a Magnum man. As I was getting ready to hand him the condom, he went right back to eating me out.

After he satisfied his appetite, he slid the rubber on and fucked me hard and good just the way I like it. I loved the way he rammed his hard dick into my pussy—not in a harsh way, but in a take-charge, feel-good way. He flipped me over and fucked me from behind, slapping me on the ass with each thrust. But I wanted in on the action. No way was I letting him have all the power.

I nudged him to turn over and I climbed on and rode his dick cowgirl style, like I was competing at a championship rodeo. He was laying the pipe so good, I almost slipped and yelled "Yee ha!"

I was having climax after climax as I rode him, but there was something missing from this pleasure ride. Don't get me wrong, I enjoyed it and I wanted him to keep popping me on my delectable apple. As I continued to ride him, I turned around with his massive member still inside me. With my back was to him, and like a good soldier, he knew what I wanted and with a lick of his fingers, he penetrated my ass. The combination of riding his big-ass, hard pole and him fingering the shit out of my booty gave me the mother of all orgasms. I started to shake and jerk as the sensations overtook my body. My muscles began to contract around his joystick tighter and tighter, and he

trembled and held on to me for dear life. We sounded like Wild Kingdom as we screamed and enjoyed our simultaneous orgasms.

When the climax died down to a numbing ache, I fell back onto his chest. My eyes drifted up to the mural of black art I had painted on the vaulted ceilings of my house. Brandon held me around my waist and rocked me with his penis still lodged in me. It felt so good; I didn't want to let him go.

Once my body calmed down and slowly started to feel normal again, I got up, startling him. Apparently, I'd put his ass to sleep. I sauntered, stark naked, back onto the balcony to retrieve his waterlogged pants and shirt. Just then I saw his girlfriend pulling her ride into their two-car garage. I smiled to myself as I watched her. She glanced up at my bare body. She had a smirk on her face that told me she liked what she saw. *Wonder if she'll have that same stupid ass look on her face when her man walks in wearing these same wet-ass jeans I'm holding?* I thought. She continued to stare as I seductively bent over to grab what was left of my thong. I turned to go inside, but stole a quick glance over my shoulder and blew her a kiss, which she pretended to catch with her hand. From that little gesture, I knew the bitch went both ways.

On the way to my room, Brandon asked me what I was doing. I told him I was about to take a hot shower, and once again that look appeared on his face; he wanted an invitation. This time I answered for him. "I don't think we'll have time, especially since your girl just pulled up," I said with a smirk. "Let yourself out."

With clumsy haste, he jumped up, rushing and falling over shit trying to get his clothes back on. I laughed as I entered the shower and fantasized about the ménage a trois I wanted to have with his girlfriend—and mine.

CHAPTER ONE

LET THE GAMES BEGIN

Dr. White, a sex therapist, turned on a personal tape recorder. “Start from the beginning,” she said. I smiled at her. She was a beautiful full-figured woman with a great sense of style. She reeked of elegance and class. She was what I wanted to be seen as and not the freak I was.

“Okay, I’m Bianca Brooks. I live in Dallas, Texas. I’m a Virgo, very ambitious, talented, book smart, successful and oh yeah... I love to fuck, which is why I’m in the predicament I’m in now. That’s why I’m here. I’m a self-proclaimed nympho, Dr. White.”

“No, please, call me Monica,” she interrupted.

“Okay, Monica. I’ve experienced sexcapades that were out of this world. I fucked for nothing more than pleasure. At first, it was all about what they brought to the table. Just like my pussy, my intellect had to be aroused. I don’t just give it to anybody. You have to be able to afford this lusciousness and I don’t come cheap.”

Monica raised an arched eyebrow and peered at me over her designer frames. Her expression tickled me. “Now wait a minute,” I continued. “I’m not a call girl. I earn my own. I just don’t do charity.”

“Gotcha,” Monica smirked.

THE ENCOUNTER

“It all started after being stood up at the altar by my high school sweetheart, Michael Jones. I vowed never to let my heart get caught up again and I didn’t, until I met her. She could’ve passed for Kenya Moore’s twin. We met in a bizarre way at the infamous Diamond Back restaurant. It’s the hot spot where people go to see and be seen. A steak dinner with all the trimmings, as you know, will cost you five hundred bucks easily.”

Dr. White nodded, acknowledging the fact.

“When I met her, I thought I’d found the love of my life—again. She was with her man and I was with some girl on a date. It was hard to pay attention to my date with her eye fucking me from across the room. The evening went without incident until the waiter got clumsy while looking at my cleavage and pouring champagne. He missed the flute and spilled it on my new Roberto Cavalli dress.”

I was in the ladies’ room frantically trying to get the stain taken care of before it ruined my dress. My mood quickly changed when I saw the object of my desire walk in. We just stared at each other. She was even more beautiful up close. Her mocha skin was flawless and she had deep dimples that were calling my name.

She knew exactly what she wanted. After locking the door behind her, she walked over and tongued me down. I was still in a trance when the kiss was over. She took the dress out of my hand and put a move on me that should’ve been considered illegal. Seductively, she slammed me up against the cool wall. I enjoyed every moment of it, but I couldn’t let baby think she was running shit. I stopped her assault on my breasts and pushed her into the vanity, *Basic Instinct* style. My hand found its way down her pants to her honey pot. I worked up a fiery cauldron of hot lava.

“Wait, let me take these off,” she whispered. I watched her hurriedly unbuckle her slacks, get up on the vanity, open those long chocolate legs and reveal her pleasure box. “Oh, yes. Um,

damn you're good!" She bit her bottom lip to suppress cries of ecstasy and ran her fingers through my hair as I worked my magic. When I hit the spot, she lifted those luscious thighs and leaned back into the mirror. "Aw fuck, yes! Oh, oooohh, ummmm!!" We were getting vocal, but I didn't care.

"Umm, you like that, don't you?" I continued to lick her senseless.

"Oh...yes!" She answered as best she could.

The Cavalli dress was all but forgotten on the floor. Baby was trembling and jerking something awful. She wanted to taste her sweet honey on my lips and I obliged. "Umm, I taste soooo good! No wonder you stayed down there so long." A seductive smile played on her lips. "Now it's my turn."

I was glad the ladies' room resembled a living area. We moved to one of the plush sofas and got into the sixty-nine position. We were fucking wild in the throes of hot passion until someone decided they needed to get in the ladies' room...my date!

"Bianca? Bianca, are you all right? Bianca!" She beat on the door like the police. We tried to ignore it until I heard her asking someone to unlock the door. Interrupted, my new sex kitten and I scrambled from the sofa. My pussy was still throbbing from what we started. I snatched my dress off the floor, smoothed my hair back into place, dabbed at my mouth to make sure all was good. Clad in only a thong, I turned the faucet on and acted as if I was still trying to get the champagne stain out. When the door opened, I appeared surprised and tried to cover myself. The guy who opened it blushed and quickly turned and left.

My date started apologizing. "I'm so sorry, baby! Let me help you with that."

"No, baby. It's okay. Go ahead. I'll be out in a minute. Can't wait to get home and have you for dessert." I knew that would get her.

"Lock the door. I wouldn't want anyone to walk in here on you standing there looking so scrumptious."

The minute she closed the door, I turned the lock. I was so glad she left! I couldn't wait to finish what I had started with the beauty in the stall. She came out fully dressed.

"I think it would be best if we not do this here." She stated, stopping me in my tracks.

I snapped full of attitude, hands on my hips. "What kind of game are you playing?"

"No games, baby. Just keeping you wanting more. Here's my card. Give me a call once you've finished with your date. My husband will be out like a light once I put it on him real good."

I'm sure surprise was written all over on my face. "Is that who you're with now?"

"Trust me. He's not in my life enough to give me grief about who I sleep with."

"So you're saying your husband is fine with you sleeping around?" I questioned, still stunned.

"What he doesn't know won't hurt, now will it?" I was intrigued by this woman. I wanted to get to know her better, but my inquiring mind got the best of me.

"What do you mean he's not in your life enough?"

"He's an NBA player. You do the math." She gave me a kiss, leaving her mark on my cheek. "You have my card. Use it and I'll tell you all you need to know over a steamy session of hot butt naked sex." With that, she walked out of the ladies' room leaving me to finish what she started.

I locked the door for the third time and looked at her card... Taylor Sims. Her husband, I realized, was Eric Sims, forward for the Dallas Mavericks.

I lay on the sofa imagining her giving me an orgasm out of this world. I could still taste her as I licked my lips. I closed my eyes, stimulated myself just thinking about her sensuous lips sucking and gently pulling on my clit. Her slim fingers going in and out were pleasuring me to the brink of euphoria. "Awww yeah!" I was overcome by a gratifying wave of orgasmic bliss. I lay there enjoying the aftereffects with thoughts of hooking up with Mrs. Taylor Sims.

BACK TO THE PRESENT

Monica looked flushed trying to hide a devious smile. “Wow, what an opening. Have you ever considered journaling? She took a much-needed swig from the iced bottled water that was on her desk. “Let’s take it from the top.”

I got comfortable on the sofa. “Get ready because this is going to be a bumpy ride.”