

A So Sophisticated Publication

*When the
Lowin'
Gets Good*

(Sample Chapters)

K. Lowery Moore

So Sophisticated Publications

*Adult Literature with a K.*G.S*

(Keepin' It Sophisticated)

Author's Note

Although this is a work of fiction, some of the characters and situations presented in this book were inspired by actual people and events. Most of the situations were embellished for an extra dramatic appeal. All parties presented in the book have been notified, however, the names were changed to protect the innocent, as well as the guilty.



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When the Lovin' Gets Good
Chapters 1 to 3

CHAPTER 1

Dianne



LORD, GIVE ME THE STRENGTH *not to hurt this little girl up in here. I know raising a child can be challenging, but damn! If this child stomps up one more stair, slams one more door or sucks her teeth again, I have no idea what I might do to her.* Nihya knew she was supposed to come home immediately after she got off the school bus, no exceptions. This little girl decided that she wasn't going to follow the rules and it took her about forty minutes to get home. I wanted to know what the hell she was doing and what was so important that she felt the need to deliberately disobey the rules. I called her cell phone a few times, but it went straight to voicemail each time.

When I heard her key in the door, I almost snatched her through the doorway, but I thought she would immediately offer an explanation when she saw me standing there.

"Hi, Dianne," Nihya said in a dry tone, attempting to walk past me.

"Um, excuse me. Why did it take you so long to walk home from the school bus?"

"I guess I was walking slow," Nihya answered nonchalantly.

Lord help me, I'm about to grab her!

"Nihya, you turned a five-minute walk into a forty-minute stroll. So, I'm going to ask you again, why did it take you so long to walk home from the school bus?"

"Because I had to get something from a friend's house."

"Your friend who and something like what?"

"Dang, you act like I'm always doing something wrong."

"Well, you know the rules. And watch your mouth."

"All I said was dang."

"Nihya!"

Nihya sucked her teeth. "Okay, okay. I'm sorry."

"Let's not get off the subject, young lady. What were you doing and I'm hoping it doesn't involve a boy."

"Am I in trouble for thirty or forty measly minutes?"

Lord, I'm about to knock her out. Help me! "How many minutes is not the issue, Nihya. What were you doing?" I raised my voice significantly because I was definitely losing my patience.

Nihya responded in a sassy tone, "Well, I wasn't with a stupid boy. I went to Jenny's house to get some female stuff."

"Female stuff? Oh, my goodness, Nihya. You started your period."

"Yes, in school today. I went to the school nurse and she gave me some thick ol' pads and I didn't want to use them. Jenny said her mom had the thin kind, so I went over there to get some."

"Well, I don't understand why you didn't just come home and tell me because I have some here."

"I didn't want to tell you just yet."

"Why, Nihya?"

"Because you were going to make a big deal about it and then get on the phone and tell everybody like you always do."

"Oh." I couldn't even say anything else because she was right, but her damn mouth was going to get her ass in trouble.

"And please don't tell my dad."

"Why not? He's going to figure it out. I can't keep something like that from him."

"Oh, my goodness," Nihya mumbled and walked away.

"Nihya, get back here."

"What?"

"What do you mean *what*? Never mind. Just go to your room and get your homework done. We'll talk about your sassy mouth later."

"But it's Friday!" Nihya yelled disrespectfully.

"Well, read a book then!"

Wouldn't you know it? After sucking her teeth and mumbling under her breath, that child stomped her way up the stairs dragging her book bag behind her. I wanted to go up there, snatch her butt back down, and make her walk up over and over until I was tired of watching her. Lord, I wasn't ready to deal with her hormones. She was already sassy enough.

Nelson and I agreed not to physically punish Nihya after all she had been through; however, I didn't know

how long I could hold to that agreement. Nelson wasn't home with Nihya like I was because of his new work schedule. He had recently left his senior executive position at the Pentagon for a lower-level management position at the Department of Transportation. Nelson earned the same salary with fewer responsibilities. However, after almost one year in that position, he indicated he was bored and was interested in pursuing another senior executive position making substantially more money. As a result, he had accepted very demanding work commitments. Based on several conversations with Nelson, I think he wanted to show the top management in his department that he was dedicated enough to take on extra projects. Subsequently, he put in a lot of overtime to assist with end of the fiscal year activities. I knew this position was important to him, so I was willing to do most of the hands-on parenting. However, I was losing my patience with Nihya.

I decided not to return to the federal government since we now had the responsibility to raise Nihya. When I initially left my job at the Office of Personnel Management, my intention was to go back to my position as a training specialist after I pursued some other career interests for a while. During that time, I was completely burnt out from the monotony, and I desperately needed a break from the corporate world; Nelson was extremely supportive. He didn't see the benefit of me going back to do something that I didn't have the desire to do anymore, especially since my juvenile counseling practice was successful. Moreover, Nelson and I figured one of us should be home when Nihya got out of school to make sure she completed her

homework and to be there for any after-school activities she participated in. Not to mention she was a preteen and this was around the time when the hormones started to kick in; Nelson had expressed his apprehension about allowing her to be home alone for too long.

School began about two weeks prior and we wanted Nihya to get off to a good start. Last school year was extremely difficult for her following her mother's death. She had a series of outbursts in the classroom and who knew when the emotional trauma fueled her anger. However, after a steady year of counseling, her psychologist felt Nihya was making tremendous progress channeling her emotions more constructively. She seemed to resent me and I tried not to take it personally in the beginning, but I wasn't going to continue to pacify her situation. I didn't want to bother Nelson with some of the minor issues that I could handle myself. However, I had to talk to him after the crap she pulled with not coming straight home as instructed.

While Nihya was in her room, I cooked dinner. Normally, I wouldn't make an elaborate meal on a Friday night, but I needed the distraction, so I could think about how I wanted to approach Nelson about Nihya's behavior. I prepared one of Nelson's favorite meals: chuck roast, potatoes, and carrots along with stir-fried cabbage. Once dinner was completed, I showered quickly. Nelson arrived home from work at about 6:30 P.M., just in time to have dinner with Nihya and me. Most of the time when he arrived home, Nihya was already asleep. He wasn't happy with his work schedule, but I kept reminding him that it

was positioning himself for better career opportunities. Nelson walked into the kitchen, loosened his tie, and grabbed me in his arms. He gave me one of those quick, but passionate kisses on the lips that said, "I can't wait to get you alone." *My God, I love this caramel sensation of mine.* If we were alone, I would have sexed him right in the kitchen, no conversation necessary. Afterward, he kissed Nihya on the forehead, rolled his sleeves to his forearms, and proceeded to wash his hands in the kitchen sink.

I figured I wouldn't bring up Nihya's behavior at dinner because I wanted to talk to him alone first. Plus, when I had spoken to him earlier, he had expressed that he was glad to be getting off work early enough to spend time with Nihya and me. I didn't want to ruin it for him. He had been working extremely hard, so I was going to allow him to enjoy a nice and peaceful dinner without me being the nagging and complaining wife.

During dinner, Nihya talked about her first couple of weeks of school. She expressed her excitement about making new friends and she mentioned that she wanted to try out for the dance team and cheerleader squad. I thought it was a great idea for her to participate in more school activities, although Nelson's demeanor alluded to the fact that he wasn't so sure. Depending on her grades and her behavior, I would try to convince him to allow her to participate. Those kinds of activities were important to me growing up.

After dinner, Nelson showered and was in bed by the time Nihya and I cleaned up the kitchen. Since I showered

before dinner, I entered our bedroom, undressed, and eased under the covers. I kissed Nelson passionately on his lips and he was instantly aroused.

"Damn, baby, I've missed this," Nelson said, as he softly traced the shape of my vagina with his finger.

"I know, Nelly, she's missed you, too."

When I kissed him again, I knew we wouldn't be doing any talking tonight regarding Nihya's behavior. Nelson and I used to make love almost every night until we no longer had the house to ourselves. I was still getting comfortable with the idea of being a step-mom and although it may have sounded selfish, I missed having my husband to myself. After a few minutes of grinding, Nelson penetrated me slowly, erasing all of my worries and concerns immediately. With each passionate thrust, he gently grabbed my hair and whispered in my ear how much he missed making love to me every night. The passion was somehow different tonight though. Normally, Nelson reached his peak first and I would have to wait for round two, but not tonight. After about twenty minutes of constant stroking, my sugar walls began to pulsate with pure satisfaction.

"Oh, damn, Nelson, I'm cumming, baby," I managed to moan.

"I know. I can feel you. I'm about to cum, too."

This was the first time in a long while that we reached our peak together. To my pleasant surprise, Nelson maintained an erection and continued stroking even after his release. His strokes became more and more intense and the pleasure was starting to mix with pain.

"Nelson, baby, calm down. You can't have me screaming up in here with Nihya in the next room, especially since we don't know if she's already asleep."

"Yeah, you right. Shit!"

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing, babe, but you feel so amazing. Damn, I can't help it," Nelson said, as if he had been running a marathon.

"Um, so you've noticed, huh?"

"Yeah, what've you been doing, them pussy exercises?"

"You so stupid," I said laughing. "But it's called Kegel exercises and it's supposed to help keep the vagina nice and..."

"Can I get the Kegel lesson tomorrow, baby?" Nelson interrupted. "And turn over for Papi."

"For what, Nelson?" I instantly got an unpleasant flashback of our first anal experience.

"Scared, say ya scared. But naw, I know you didn't like the anal thing, so I won't do that again unless you're ready. But turn dat ass over for me, Mami."

"When you start talking like that? You must be looking at them rap videos again. Nasty self."

"Woman, you talking too much."

Nelson laughed as I reluctantly turned over on my stomach. I couldn't believe how hard his erection remained, but I sure wasn't mad. My husband must have had a lot of pent up sexual frustration to release because I hadn't seen him with that kind of stamina in a while. With his hectic work schedule for the past few months, our sex life had pretty much been filled with quickies. I began to despise quickies, especially if I didn't have an orgasm

prior to Nelson's release. Thank goodness it was a Friday night. We could keep on making love until he could no longer maintain an erection or until my coochie was too sore to handle it. After the second round of lovemaking, we needed another shower. Since both of us refused to sleep in the wet spot, the linen on our bed needed to be refreshed.

When we were back in our bed, Nelson kissed my cheek and caressed my stomach. I wasn't about to ruin the night we had with the conversation regarding the problems I was having with Nihya. It was going to have to wait until the morning. My mind was filled with so many random thoughts that I almost didn't hear Nelson say my name.

"Dianne?"

"Yes, baby?"

"I love you."

"I love you, too, Nelson."

"You and Nihya are my world, you know that, right?"

He always made me nervous when he talked like that, almost as if he was about to follow up with some kind of bad news or something.

"I can't wait until you're carrying my baby." Nelson continued to rub my stomach as if I was already pregnant.

"I know, neither can I," I said sadly.

Immediately, thoughts ran through my mind about the baby I lost prior to Nelson coming into my life. He still didn't know anything about that part of my past. When Nelson and I first got married, neither one of us was in a rush to start a family. We wanted to enjoy each other

before the babies started coming. After he found out that he already had an eleven-year-old daughter, he began to constantly talk about adding to our family. I knew he would like to have a son, so hopefully, I could give him one or maybe even two.

“Dianne?”

“Yes, Nelson?” I answered, somewhat annoyed. If he had something on his mind, I really wish he would just say it.

“Thank you for being the woman you are.”

“Nelson, is there something that you need to tell me? You sound guilty about something.”

“No, sweetheart, I just...”

“You just what?”

“Love you, that’s all. I work with a few guys that dread going home. They would rather go to the bar and get drunk before going home to deal with their wives and children. Listening to them made me realize how much I look forward to coming home to you.”

“Aw, Nelly, that’s so sweet.” I kissed his lips.

Nelson smiled and continued. “Yeah, at work, we were talking about the movie, *Why Did I Get Married?* And the fellas were laughing and saying that they ask themselves that every day. One guy said he felt like he only got fifty percent of the kind of woman he wanted, and not the eighty percent that’s mentioned in the movie, so he gets the other fifty elsewhere; from several different women.”

“Damn, really? Unfortunately, that’s not uncommon for a lot of folks these days.”

"Yeah, so I went back to my office and wrote down all the things I ever wanted in a woman. Then I wrote down all the things I love about you. And, baby, I got pretty much one hundred percent of the kind of woman I wanted."

"You wrote a list? Isn't that taking that movie too seriously?"

"Did you hear what I said?"

"Yes, yes. I'm perfect. Thank you!" We both laughed.

"No, woman. You are *not* perfect."

"Dag, you didn't have to emphasize it like that."

Nelson continued. "What I said was that I basically got the right woman for me. I don't feel like you are only eighty percent."

I had a very passionate and sensitive husband, so I knew he was sincere about what he was sharing with me. I wished I didn't always think he had an ulterior motive.

"Thank you, baby. But where's all this coming from tonight?" I stroked his five o'clock shadow that would be a full beard if he would let it grow.

"I just wanted you to know that."

"Are you sure there's nothing else on your mind that you want to talk about?"

"Yeah, baby. I'm sure, but I was listening to how those dudes were talking about their wives and not wanting to go home. I mean, I don't know. I want you to know that as your husband, I am here to make your life easier in every possible way. We're already living comfortably financially. But with this new position I may get, you, Nihya, and the baby or babies we may have will not want for anything."

"I know, Nelson. You are an excellent provider and a great lover I must say," I said, stroking his semi-erection.

"Oh, I get it. You only want me for my money and my body," he said jokingly.

"And of course your mind, Nelly."

"Come here, woman." Nelson playfully grabbed me in his arms.

"Nelson, we just got out of the shower and put clean sheets on the bed. Don't start."

"So, what does that mean? I can't have anymore tonight?"

"You can have anything you want from me, baby."

"I tell you what, hand me the towel on that the chair."

I obliged. "What are you getting ready to do?" I asked, handing him the towel.

"You'll see."

Nelson put the towel underneath me and parted my legs as he kissed each of my inner thighs. It had been a long time since he pleased me orally that I immediately got excited and felt my vaginal walls contract in anticipation.

He licked his lips and asked, "Where's the honey?"

CHAPTER 2

Lynda



THE THOUGHT OF ZION AND JASMINE together was too much for me to digest at this point in my life; it was supposed to be a happy time for me. My debut novel was due to be released in a couple of months and I didn't have anyone to share the occasion with. Well, I did have my girls, Natasha and Dianne, but I was ready for a significant other to share these kinds of milestones and accomplishments. I could've called any one of my male friends, but spending time with a man that I really didn't anticipate having a future with was getting extremely old.

To be honest, I didn't know if Zion and Jasmine were together. I let my assumptions take over after she called his house. But why would she have called him? I wouldn't allow Zion to explain the situation because I didn't think I could handle whatever he was going to say. The hurt in Zion's eyes quickly turned to anger the day I questioned him about Jasmine. I had never seen him so angry before and it really startled me. My thought was if he wasn't

messing around with her, then why did he allow himself to get so angry?

I was still in love with Zion, but I had to admit to myself that our relationship had begun to fade once his literary career took off. His success as an author was evident as he made the ESSENCE bestseller's list for several consecutive months. I was indeed happy for him, but we appeared to be moving in different directions. He would make every effort to make sure I was a part of his life, but I could tell that he started to feel pressure from our relationship. I knew that I would have to let him go anyway, eventually. The call from Jasmine just sped up the process.

Jasmine and I used to be good friends until the day she pulled that stunt while we were having the threesome with the male dancer, Long Stroke. She knew it was clear that we weren't supposed to interact with each other, but to take turns with him. So, the fact that she went *down* on me without my consent, validated we could never be friends again. However, I let her continue pleasing me and that still bothered me. I can't blame anyone for that but myself.

I also have to blame myself for what was going on with Justin and me. Although Justin was currently separated from his wife, he was still a married man. Apparently, his wife found the poem that I wrote to him, or at least that was his story. From what he previously told me, their marriage was pretty much over, so maybe that was the last straw for her. Other than Zion, no one else pleased me sexually like Justin. *Well, then again, Maurice was great in bed.* As far as Justin was concerned, the lovin' was getting too good to give him up now. He was the only man I had

in my life since I stopped seeing all the other men I once indulged myself in, especially Maurice. *Lord knows I can't go back down that road.*

As I settled into bed, my house phone rang and startled me. I knocked over the glass of wine that was sitting on my nightstand, as I grabbed the phone off the cradle. Not too many people even knew that I had a house phone and I didn't recognize the number on the Caller ID.

"Shit," I said, not realizing I had already hit the talk button. "I'm sorry, hello?"

"Hello, is this Lynda Davis?"

"Yes, it is." *Please don't let this be a business call*, I thought to myself. Then again, they wouldn't be calling on this number. I had a separate business line.

"Hi, Lynda. You don't know me, but I wanted to talk to you about Taylor Dixon."

"Who?"

"I'm sorry, you may have called him Taye."

"Who is this and why are you calling me about Taye?" My eyes watered as painful memories surfaced.

"I apologize for calling you like this. I'm Taye's brother and I found your number on one of Taye's cell phone bills."

"That doesn't make sense. My name is not on the actual bill, so how did you get my information?"

"Since your number listed so many times on the bill, I Googled it. Your information came up, so I figured I would call you."

"Okay and you're calling me because..."

"I'm not sure. I guess I wanted to find out what happened with my brother."

"Well, Taye tried to kill me. That's what happened!" I screamed into the phone before slamming it down.

"Why is everyone fucking with me?" I asked aloud. My phone rang again. "Hello?"

"Lynda, please don't hang up. I'm sorry if I'm upsetting you. I'm Taye's younger brother, Xavier. I was away at college when I found out that Taye was killed in a high-speed car chase with the police. It didn't seem like Taye to be in trouble with the law, so I thought maybe I could talk to some of his friends to find out some of the missing pieces."

"Well, I'm not the *friend* to get information from, okay? I dated Taye for several months, things didn't work out, and he tried to kill me. He shot me." The tears began to fall.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know. But that doesn't seem like Taye's character."

"Of course you didn't know. I didn't mean to yell at you, but this is too much for me. I don't know if I can be of any help to you. I hope you understand."

"Yes, I understand. Again, I do apologize for calling you like this, but my mother isn't doing well after all of this. I just wanted to see what I could find out about Taye to help ease her pain."

I took a deep breath as the tears continued to fall. "Xavier."

"Yes?"

"Listen, Taye was a good man. I don't know why he snapped, but he almost killed me or either left me paralyzed. At one point, I really cared about him. He seemed happy, so I don't know what he was going through."

"I appreciate your time. If anything comes to mind that Taye may have mentioned that would help us understand his behavior, then please call me."

"I will. I have your number on the Caller ID."

"Thank you. Good night, beautiful."

"Excuse me?" I asked, a bit startled.

"Oh, your name means beautiful one."

"I guess it does," I answered with hesitation. There was something definitely strange about this phone call. I hated Google. Someone could be after you, and Google gave them all of your damn information. I needed to change my number to unlisted.

"Well, good night, Lynda."

"Good night, Xavier."

As I hung up the phone, I remembered that I had spilled my glass of wine. I desperately needed a drink after that phone call, so I went into the kitchen to refill my glass with Moscato. I grabbed the roll of paper towels so I could clean up the spilled wine. I was a bit distraught over the phone call from Xavier and I decided to place a call to Justin hoping he could make me feel better. When Justin didn't answer the phone, I immediately got annoyed, wondering if he was with his wife. I just didn't understand why someone stayed in any situation they claimed they didn't want to be in.

For the rest of the night, I sat on my bed and cried while watching the movie *Waiting to Exhale* over and over again. *When the fuck was I going to exhale? I'm tired of the bullshit.* After I drank almost an entire bottle of wine, I eventually drifted off to sleep.

Around three o'clock the next morning, my cell phone rang, disturbing me from my sleep. In a near delirious state, I checked my phone and it was Justin. He probably wanted some of my good lovin' now that he was done playing house with his wife and children. I didn't think so. I ignored his call and sent his ass straight to voicemail. Fuck him! I was able to immediately return into a deep slumber.

After sleeping for what seemed like a few hours, I woke up to use the bathroom. Must have been all that wine I drank. I checked the time on my cell phone and realized I had only been asleep for about forty-five minutes. On my way into the bathroom, I noticed the light blinking on my answering machine. *I wonder who left me a message at this time of the morning and yes, I still have an old school answering machine.* I didn't hear it ring nor did I remember turning off the ringer. I tried to resist checking the message because I knew it was from Justin since he was the only person that had called me recently. However, I checked the message. Justin's sexy voice was asking me to return his call because he wanted to come and see me. Come and sex me was more accurate. He claimed that he had fallen asleep watching football and that was why he missed my call. It was possible that he was telling the truth, but who knew? I didn't feel like analyzing the situation anymore, so I decided to return his call. He answered his phone on the first ring. "Lynda?"

"Hey, Justin," I responded flatly.

"What's wrong, baby? Why do you sound like that?"

"I'm tired, that's all. It's near four o'clock in the morning."

"I was hoping that you would call back. I want to come over."

"Justin, I don't know if that's a good idea."

"Why? I don't have to work tomorrow, so I could just spend the day with you."

"How do you know that I don't have anything to do?"

"Do you?"

"No, not really."

"See, so let me come over there. I know you want me to."

"How do you figure that?"

"You called me back, didn't you?" Justin laughed.

I managed a half-smile because he was right. I wanted him. I didn't know how much longer I could continue to sleep with a married man though because I was ready to be in a committed relationship. Justin didn't consider himself to be married since he was separated. I probably should've asked him to see the separation papers to see if he was legally separated. For some strange reason, he thought we were going to be in an exclusive relationship while he was still married. *How is that possible?* I didn't understand his logic.

"Justin, if you're going to come over, then come on over now. I would like to go back to sleep," I lied. I was ready to get down to business.

"Okay, I'm on my way."

"Call me when you're outside, Justin, and hurry up."

"Aight, bet."

CHAPTER 3

Natasha



I DON'T KNOW WHY I allowed Tyrone to talk me into moving to Columbia, Maryland. I was sure someone he knew told him that it would be better to raise our children in Howard County instead of Prince George's County. However, it didn't take us long to discover that even some of the best counties had its own hood. Since I was previously renting a condominium with option to buy in Upper Marlboro, it wasn't a difficult process to move. During our first few months in our new place, we encountered more drama than I could stand.

When I brought my babies home from the hospital, I was greeted by yellow police tape surrounding the entrance of the building next to mine. After talking to one of my neighbors, apparently a sex offender living in that building committed suicide after he was accused of molesting his girlfriend's son. *What is the world coming to?* I was appalled at the news. That was almost two months ago. Unfortunately, I didn't know most of my neighbors, so there was no telling who lived around here.

The constant police activity was too much for me to deal with, especially since I found out I was pregnant again when I went for my six-week check-up after having my son, Tyler. I almost lost Tyler after Tyrone's ex-wife kicked me in the stomach causing him to be born a month early; he was a fighter though. Being pregnant twice within one year wasn't the main issue, but carrying twins was a lot to digest. Tyrone appeared ecstatic about the situation because he was having the family he told me that he had wanted for such a long time. I didn't know for several months that I was pregnant with twins. The doctor said that sometimes one baby was positioned behind the other one so it appeared that there was only one heartbeat. I didn't mind having another baby because although I loved my son, I wanted another girl, but instead, God blessed me with two. Life was definitely going to be challenging with three babies to take care of. Tyrone occasionally made comments to me that I was trying to replace Aisha. No matter how many kids we had, that wasn't what I was trying to do. Aisha could never be replaced.

Tyrone and I were returning from the two-month check-up appointment for the girls when we noticed several police cars in our parking lot. Tyler was spending the night with a relative of Tyrone's, his cousin Anita, who lived in the area. Before Tyrone moved here from Georgia, I wasn't aware that he had any family in the Maryland area. He said it was a cousin by marriage, and they grew closer after his mother died. Anita had a small child around Tyler's age; therefore, it was a smooth transition for him to stay with her during my first few days after leaving the

hospital. Tyler enjoyed being there since he had someone to play with, so we occasionally let him go over there.

“Tyrone, I’m not comfortable with all this police activity. We’ve been here less than a year and there’s already way more drama than I care to see.”

“Natasha, please. This can happen anywhere.”

“Well, it’s not happening anywhere, it’s happening too close to my home.”

Tyrone sighed as he carried Natalia in his arms. I held Nevaeh tightly in my arms. I was still sore from the delivery, so I was moving slowly up the two flights of stairs. I experienced something painful during delivery that I wouldn’t wish on anyone else; not even my worst enemy. Natalia was born first without any complications. However, Nevaeh was turned around backward and the doctor had to reposition her in my womb. As the doctor reached into my vagina and turned Nevaeh around to the appropriate birthing position, I let out this piercing scream as if I was in a horror movie being chased by Freddy Krueger. I squeezed Tyrone’s hand so hard that I broke his skin with my fingernails. I didn’t wish a breech birth on anyone. The hardest part of the delivery with the twins was that I thought I had lost Nevaeh because she wasn’t breathing. I was in shock so I couldn’t react to what the doctors were saying. After a few seconds - although it seemed like hours - she started breathing. I prayed desperately to God to save my baby. It was as if angels were watching over us when she began to cry, so I decided to name her Nevaeh, which was ‘heaven’ spelled backward.

I hoped my baby girls slept through most of the night, so I could get some much-needed rest. Although I missed Tyler, I was glad that he was spending time with Tyrone's cousin. I was amazed that Tyrone and I got the twins to fall asleep almost at the same time. That was the first time we were able to do that. Once they were asleep, he insisted that I get some sleep immediately. I was exhausted, so he wasn't going to get an argument from me.

"Natasha, baby, don't try to do anything right now but rest."

"Okay, you're right. Are you going to lay with me?"

"I mean, I can't get any, so..."

"Tyrone!"

"Girl, you know I'm kidding with you, but it has been eight long weeks. What happened to six weeks?"

"Remember, I had two babies this time. I'm still sore and I don't even want to think about you poking around inside of me."

"I know you needed more time to heal from that minor complication. But as soon as you're healed, all I'm gonna do is tear that ass back up."

"You know what, Tyrone?"

"What?"

"You got issues."

"No, I'm horny."

"Your horny ass is why I have given birth twice in a year's time."

"Well, your tubes are tied now, so I can get it as often as I want it."

"Yes, you can, baby. I got you, in about two more weeks." I kissed Tyrone softly on his lips.

"Well, come on, lay down so I can grind on your ass."

"Tyrone, come on now." I couldn't help but laugh at his teenage request.

"I'm serious, why you laughing?"

"I know you are, but we're not fifteen." I remembered how Tyrone used to grind on me before we actually had sex when we were teenagers.

"Yeah, okay. Wait until you go to sleep." Tyrone laughed and kissed the back of my neck. "I'm going to be grinding all up on that ass."

Although I loved Tyrone, I was nervous about our new family status. Things were moving so fast that I hadn't had much time to process it all. I guess it was a good thing that I had twins because now I don't have to worry about getting pregnant again. Tyrone wanted us to have more than one child so they could grow up without being an only child. He hated being an only child and I did as well. *I wonder if Aisha felt the same way about being an only child.* I decided to get my tubes tied right after delivery and Tyrone agreed without a question. Tyrone was ecstatic that he had a son and I now had my girls.

"Natasha?" Tyrone spoke, interrupting my thoughts.

"Yes, Tyrone?" I asked sleepily.

"Are you too tired to help me with this erection?"

"How do you *suppose* I do that?"

"Come on, girl. I know you can be creative," Tyrone responded with slight laughter in his voice.

I wished I were more comfortable with a variety of sexual things as Dianne and Lynda. I was more of a traditional, missionary position woman. However, being friends with Dianne and Lynda, I was learning to experiment more sexually in order to keep Tyrone home and satisfied. They talked me into purchasing one of those Super Stretch Sleeves from the last toy party we attended, which I initially thought was going to be a waste of money. Dianne warned me that after having my babies, I would need to be creative and please Tyrone for the next six to eight weeks. *I really hate when she's right!* Along with the sleeve, I had to get a lubricant to put inside and it was supposed to feel like a vagina once placed around a man's penis. Tonight, I would put that theory to the test with Tyrone.

"Tyrone, are you sure you can't help yourself?" I asked sarcastically.

"Very funny, Natasha. Why can't you just kiss *him* for a while?" Tyrone was caressing himself.

"Because, Tyrone. You want me to come home after giving birth to your *babies* two months ago and please you like it's business as normal. Selfish."

"You did last time."

"Well, this isn't last time."

Tyrone stood there looking at me with eyes that said, "Please." I tried to give him oral sex often since we got married, although it wasn't really my thing. Most men seemed to need that as part of their sex life. However, I wasn't in the mood, so I ignored his last comment.

"All right, never mind, Natasha," Tyrone said, as he walked closer to me. He grabbed my hand and placed it

on his full erection. He was so hard. "Can I at least get a hand job? You have no idea what your fat ass and those huge breasts are doing to me."

"Tyrone, stop it!" I pulled my hand away. I was a bit self-conscious since I still looked pregnant.

"What? Baby, you look good. Look at all this." Tyrone pulled down my panties and caressed my ass, as I looked over my shoulder. In the mirror, I could see what he was referring to. I looked back at Tyrone and kissed him passionately. I pushed him on the bed and said, "I'll be right back."

When I came back with the Super Stretch Sleeve and lubricant in my hand, Tyrone asked, "Baby, what's that?"

"Wait and see," I said. I filled the sleeve with the lubricant as the consultant showed us at the toy party. She suggested using a flavored lubricant in case we decided to combine this technique with using our mouths as well. I decided on a strawberry flavor. As I rolled the sleeve onto Tyrone's erection, he immediately closed his eyes and moaned indicating he was very pleased. I stroked him in a back and forth motion as I kissed him softly all over his upper body. I concentrated on his nipples because I knew that was one of his hotspots. Within a few minutes, he acknowledged that he was about to cum. He grabbed one of the pillows off the bed and covered his face so he could yell out in pleasure. I figured he did that so he would not risk waking the babies.

Once Tyrone was done, I rolled the sleeve off his limp penis. The consultant also instructed collecting his sperm inside. I went into the bathroom, cleaned the sleeve

thoroughly, and smiled at myself in the mirror. I had just stepped out of the box to please my man. The sound of Tyrone's light snores let me know he was content. I eased into the bed beside him, laid in the spooning position, and he immediately placed his arm around me. Tyrone awoke briefly.

"Thank you, baby. That felt good," he whispered before he continued snoring.

Men!

