

Public Relations

Written by – Inked Fox

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*****DEVIN DICKIE NOTE*****

All characters are OVER 18 years of AGE! This is a bullying fantasy and not real. The acts in the following written work are only consensual sexual choices and fantasy humiliation scenarios.

Bullying is NOT OKAY and If you or someone you know is being bullied, please alert the authorities.

Public Relations

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Prologue _____

Cleaning up other people's messes has always been a specialty of mine. I don't know why I have such a knack for unraveling tangled webs, but I discovered that many people will pay a pretty penny if only to have specific incidents forgiven and swept under the rug.

Though not many are as wise nor as talented as I to bank on that fact. Luckily I discovered this talent for negotiating tricky moral terrain during college. After meeting my husband, I decided to fully submerge myself in the PR industry.

Taken on by a big Public Relationship firm, True Insights, I began as a humble secretary before working my way up to the rank of the best PR representative available on the roster. Even so, I was still given the softer puff pieces. My only objective in these cases was to bolster an already shining image, be it celebrity or bureaucrat.

I did so with great attention to detail, accelerating careers for prominent names from fashion to food. It was a joy for me, and the public ate up every photo shoot, fan meeting, every public speech I put out there. I would be filled with so much pride after each successful campaign.

I knew I'd be a shoo-in for a promotion soon. Maybe I'd be brought on as a senior advisor—or they'd give me higher-profile cases. Either way, I was eager to tackle anything they threw at me. I had everything I could ever want—a lovely house, my wonderful husband, a successful career. Things seemed perfect—but I would be remiss if I said I was utterly content. As much as everything else in my life excelled, a certain aspect of excitement was missing in the bedroom.

Don't get me wrong, I love Micheal—he's sweet and so kind and helpful. Honestly, he really stepped up for me lately, working extra as my personal assistant even though he still has his accounting job on the side. He keeps me on track and expedites anything I need for my clients, even with all that. However—he's not exactly a tiger when it comes to sex. In my opinion, I think he may be feeling a little insecure about his body.

I love him to death and always tell him how handsome he is, but he insists that he's too skinny or too effeminate for me. Plus, there is his fixation with his 'less-than-average penis,' though even that's being a bit generous. I tell him it doesn't bother me, and we can still be intimate in other ways, but he lacks confidence in himself. I'm not really sure how to fix this; it seems like the more I try to make him feel better and show him my love, the more he retreats into himself or grows more anxious. Not wanting to further push my husband, my sole focus has become my career.

As much as I enjoy my job, I'm touch starved and frustrated with Micheal. I always ask him if it's me, but his response is always the same. "Oh, Delilah Watson, you're the moon in my sky. As radiant as any star—."

Such a sappy response, but it gets me every time. I can't stay mad with him for long. So until he's ready to address it, Mike and I focus on working as a team. Our dynamic flows well. I take charge, delegate tasks, and formulate attack or damage control

plans. While Mike facilitates and does research and reconnaissance.

He keeps me abreast of any of the goings-on in the social network regarding our current clientele and warns me of any possible hiccups that could arise due to social normative faux pas. So far, everything has gone swimmingly, and Mike has been very supportive. I couldn't ask for a better partner. With his help, I know I'll get that promotion, and then it's off to Tahiti for Mike and me! At least that's what I thought before I headed into work one December morning.

"Hey, Dee! Boss Kelly wants to see you—," Stacy called across the cubicle choked office, all the while filing and snapping her gum obnoxiously like she usually did.

"Hmm? What for?" I asked.

Laura peeked over at me and glanced at Stacy; we had just been discussing my last case. Apparently, the bosses were really singing my praises, and Laura was gushing about it with me. However, we both held our breaths, wondering why the higher-ups wanted to see me. A part of me was giddy—almost predicting that promotion, while another part of me worried that this could be something completely opposite of what I hoped for. Either way, Stacy blankly shrugged her shoulders as she sat at her desk.

Dunno—you'll have to talk to him yourself." Stacy had a reputation for a very spotty work ethic, and rumors abounded about how she actually managed to keep her job. Despite the gossip, I was more concerned with her laziness as a secretary rather than her promiscuous— though, the thought did sting knowing that the executive head was married. Oh well, it was none of my business nor my place to get involved. Instead, I steeled my nerves and took the elevator up to the next floor.

They were waiting for me in a meeting room on the south side of the building. The tenth floor had a nice view from a picturesque window that nearly felt too exposed as you crossed by it. The city stretched out below—even with my acute fear of heights, I couldn't help but marvel at the view as I strode toward the appointed meeting room. I felt suddenly very warm as I entered and was met with the stare of three of the most influential people at our firm. Kelly R. Jenkins, Ciri Rosenberg, Anthony Holt—their gazes burrowed into me as I stepped in and took a seat at the far side of the meeting table.

Ah—Miss Delilah Watson! So glad to see you. We've heard very, very good things!" Kelly spoke up first.

"Indeed we have! Impressive work on the Schneider Case—really turned that whole fiasco around." Mrs. Rosenberg complemented.

This was my first time seeing her in person. A petite though an elegantly dressed woman with a warm air about her. Anthony Holt was the complete opposite. He was a tall man that barely fit into the chair he slouched in. His thick brows knit together as he stared me down.

"Let's cut to the chase—Miss Watson, we believe you're ready to take on more lucrative clients," Holt stated plainly.

"Uh—yes, we have someone lined up especially for you. We think this client would benefit from your technique of softening brands. We like to bring them more into the mainstream. However, he's a bit of an outlier. A very talented individual, but his views can be considered extreme." Jenkins explained, but Rosenberg interjected.

"To be frank, my dear, this one is going to be a pain in your ass—but we think you're ready for the big time. If you can prove to us, you're ready by salvaging this PR nightmare. I think we may have a spot for you as a senior partner here." Mrs. Rosenberg tented her fingers on the polished table as she regarded me.

My heart felt like it had stopped in my chest. No way was this really happening! I was finally going to get my shot! I didn't even

ask who the client was and instead agreed right away. Perhaps I was too eager in my rush to be on top because little did I know I had just signed a deal with the devil.

This client would be my most challenging case yet, and one that would turn my peaceful life upside down. I had no idea at the time that I had bitten off way more than I could chew and naively went home to gush and celebrate with my husband. However, our festive mood would be struck down the following day as we discovered our new client.

Wayne Odesion Woodrow, better known as "Big Wayeng" in his community, is a famous hip-hop artist and rapper notorious for his brutal honesty and ostentatious fashion. With a reputation of pushing the limits and often having public outbursts, I was not looking forward to this case. I knew already I would have my hands full, and I was slightly pissed. The only person I could be angry at was myself for jumping the gun. I should have vetted who they were giving me properly, but in my rush to climb the corporate ladder—I overlooked this.

I had assumed it was just going to be the same routine I always had except with a client who was more of a diva. I didn't expect a complete disaster like "Big Wayeng." Micheal brought police reports atop of police reports of different misdemeanors and minor felonies. We skimmed over his history in jail, discovering

his rough and tumble past and his alleged involvement with a gang-related murder.

Then, of course, there were the scandals regarding strippers and prostitutes. He was all over the place—how did my bosses expect me to clean up his image? Self-described as a 'genuine thug,' I didn't see much motivation in him to change, but perhaps he'd sway my thoughts once I got to meet Mr. Woodrow in person.

Chapter One _____

Early mornings are always the hardest for me. It isn't that I'm not a morning person, but there's just something intoxicating about cuddling with your significant other in those wee hours of the day. My husband always feels so warm next to me in bed when I first wake up. It makes me feel lazy, and sometimes I can't help but linger there staring at him as he sleeps peacefully.

He's a pretty boy—always has been. Micheal has such a delicate face and narrow jaw. He'd never be the most intimidating man in the room, but boy was he eye-catching. Such beautiful red hair

and matching freckles decorate his pale skin. He hates that he's a ginger, but I love the naturally fiery tone of his curls.

I'd jump his bones every chance I'd get if he'd let me, but his libido has never been as high as mine. Instead, I save all my affection for stolen moments like this. When the sun is just peeking over the horizon, and the birds have just started to stir. The gentle tweeting can be heard from my balcony.

I love soft, quiet moments like this. I reach over and touch Micheal's chest as it slowly rises and falls in his peaceful slumber. He only stirs lightly before sinking back into sleep. I love his slender body as my hand smoothly transverses the expanse of his chest over the sheets. A smile creeps over my

lips as I pet his sleeping form lovingly. I know I need to rise out of bed soon, I have that meeting with Wayne Woodrow in a couple of hours, but I can't tear myself away. As I watch him, any will I can muster to jump in the shower fades away. I resolve myself to linger only until Micheal wakes up.

Eventually, he does, but sooner than I had hoped. His green eyes flutter open and squint at me as they adjust to the morning light streaking in through the window.

"Mhm? Good morning, honey...." He says groggily.

I kiss his cheeks sweetly as he rouses and peers over at me. "I'll get the coffee on...." He yawns and attempts to rise, but I hold him under the blanket—keeping him near me, if only a few moments longer. "Always straight to business with you—come here, kiss me...." I sigh at him and pull him closer.

He stares at my puckering lips and gives me a smooch as he reclines back into bed. Though it's sweet, it's not the soul-searing kiss I was hoping for.

"Feeling frisky again this morning, my love?" Micheal cocks a brow at me as if I'm insatiable.

I don't think it's too much to ask to have a little morning intercourse, but again, Micheal doesn't seem to be in the mood. His affection is a bit hollow—patronizing even. I can tell he just wants to crawl out of bed and get the day started.

"Can't we fool around a little?" I pout at him.

"Delilah, honey—your meeting is at 11am. What time is it?" Micheal yawns again and reaches for his phone to check the time.

"My alarm hasn't gone off; it's fine," I assure him.

"Delilah—baby..." Mike's voice is tense. "It's 11am right now...."

"No, it's not—stop kidding around." I chuckle, assuming he's trying to get a rise out of me. "My alarm clock says...." I stop cold in my tracks. The digital-analog face of my clock is flashing 12:00 over and over. It's been completely reset. "Wait a minute—but how?"

"Oh no—the power must have gone out in the middle of the night. Shit—sweetie, I'm sorry. You've gotta go, or you'll be late!"

"Shit!" I curse and scramble out of my bed. Mentally kicked me all the way for having trusted that damn clock. Next time I'll have to use my cellphone. My hopes for a romantic early morning liaison are dashed as I hurry to get dressed and gather my files. Mike races around after me making sure I have everything from my briefcase to my jacket and coffee. Goodbyes are brief as I hop into my car and depart with haste.

About as prepared as I'm going to be for my initial meeting with Mr. Woodrow, I head off to speak with him at an upscale cafe downtown. Leaving Micheal home to take care of the house while I'm out. The cafe I meet Woodrow at is where I usually see most of my clients first. If only to set a friendly and cordial air between us.

However, upon entering the cafe, I realize the venue may have been out of place for a personality like "Big Wayeng." Or perhaps it's the other way around, and Wayeng is too big a personality for the quaint cafe.

He sits in the corner with an over sized jacket splattered with neon colors and his hair done up in wildly colored dreaded wicks that stand on end like a Mohawk. His face is nearly completely obscured by bigger-than-life movie star sunglasses. I only recognize him as Wayeng because of his outlandish appearance.

However, as I walk over, I can't tell if his eyes are on me through the oil-slick reflection of his dark sunglasses. Even so, he lifts his head as I draw nearer and smiles at me. His top and bottom teeth are encased in golden grills—some diamond-studded.

"Ayo, you, her? Miss Watson or whatever?" Surprisingly enough, he addresses me first and rises out of his seat to greet me. I had expected him to be very cold towards me at first glance. Instead, the towering rapper offers me a polite handshake as he retakes his seat, and I slip into mine.

"You are correct—I am Miss Watson! And you must be, "Big Wayeng"? I do hope I'm pronouncing that right, am I?" I ask in a pleasant manner setting a friendly tone between us.

"Yes, ma'am. Big WaYENG!" Wayeng barks, drawing several eyes towards us with his sudden outburst.

"Right!" I chuckle nervously and smile, pretending that nothing out of sorts is happening. "So, is that a play on your name?"

"You are correct—I'm a wordsmith. Or more like a word magician, that's why my music is so popular." Wayeng explained. "I also use my words as weapons, which is why people be trippin' about the truth I be spittin',"

His personality rang between hot and cold as we spoke. One minute he was very calm and collected, and the next, he was spurred into making uproarious speeches. I frequently felt my cheeks go red as he loudly exclaimed his views on several controversial subjects. Politics, religion, and social norms—nothing seemed to be off the table with him. He spoke freely about how he felt, and I didn't even need to do that much to get him talking. Wayeng was an open book, and seemingly proud of it.

I tried to keep us on track, asking him how he got his start in the business and where he developed his love for music. His story was about as predictable as I first assumed. He was a troubled youth

from a small ghetto project out in the middle of an urban jungle. His absentee father forced him to become more self-reliant, and he had dreams of making it big if only to take care of his mother.

As a child of a single mother, he had a certain respect for women—however, his lust for them often usurped his better judgments, as was evident by past incidents.

The beginning of our meeting was uncomfortable at best. Still, after I acclimated somewhat to Wayeng's bursts of shouting fits and his habit of over-generalizing, I started to build a better rapport with him.

"Wow, Big Wayeng—sounds like you've really pulled yourself up by your bootstraps. So why come to True Insights? You don't sound like you're having problems with your fan base." It was time to get down to the nitty-gritty. I needed to know why he was hiring us and if he'd even take this serious enough for me to undertake on his behalf.

"Please, call me just Wayeng." The rapper folded his hands as he sat forward and began to paint the rest of his story for me.

Apparently, he was being hailed as one of Hip Hop's newest rising stars. Despite this, he was still managing to get in a lot of hot water with his blatant trolling of other celebrities and figureheads within his community. In his words, he'd often "press buttons" as a way of "staying relevant." The ole "any news is good news"

approach often wasn't the best way to go about accruing fame, but it did explain his current infamy among the music industry. Other rappers and producing moguls had begun refusing him work.

"They tryina' cancel me. Man, fuck cancel culture. It's all a tactic by the white man— they just wanna shut me up cause I tell it how I see it." Wayeng began to dig in.

Spewing his obvious bias' and stating how white society had been oppressing him and his people for years, and now that he was finally getting his slice of prosperity—that 'they' were doing all they could to take it away from him. He was honestly convinced that there was a media-wide conspiracy against him. However, after looking at his files and the history of incidents surrounding him, it was easy to see how difficult a person Big Wayeng could be.

"I see—," I uttered as I began pondering over where to start my clean-up.

First of all, his most recent transgressions need to be addressed. "Can you tell me about anything that's happened recently? I understand you were in the news for something that happened a few weeks ago." I opened my briefcase and began scanning through the files Mike had left in there. Though Wayeng was more than willing to fill me in on what had happened.

"I was at the club chillin' with my crew, and this fine ass white bitch comes over talkin' bout how she a big fan and she loves my music and shit. We get to talking, and she starts touchin' up on me, so you know I put my hand on shorty's hips, and some dude came up to me talkin' a whole buncha shit." Wayeng grew animated as he gestured with his hands, recounting how another man had aggressively approached him.

"This white dude starts yelling about how she his wife and how dare I touch her, and I ain't about to be punked out by no 5'5" Mr. Rogers lookin' ass dude. So I slapped his bitch ass for runnin' upon me." Wayeng shrugged his shoulder as he crossed his arms and stared at me as if that was all.

"Are you sure that's all you did?" I quirk my eyebrow at him as I pull out a newspaper that has his face plastered on the front page. An article was written by QMZ detailing what had gone down.

Though obscured by his glasses, I could see him rolling his eyes from the corner of his frames. "So I might have macked on his girl too. I just kissed her—that's all." Wayeng grunted with a sigh.

"So—physical and sexual assault all in one night, huh?" I state plainly, getting a rise out of the rapper.

"Sexual assault deez nuts—she wanted it. Why else would she be touchin' upon me?" Wayeng attitude was completely unapologetic, and this story had been circulating for a while now. I'd have to get on top of damage control right away.

"Regardless—," I sighed, already sensing resistance. "If you want to improve your image, you'll need to take accountability for your actions, Mr. Wayeng."

I drew up more pages detailing other events in the past, including his criminal record. Wayeng grew tenser. I could see it in the way his generous lips tightened into a thin line. He was biting back his words, but he listened closely for the most part.

"We'll have to have you make a statement—perhaps an apology—," I began, but Wayeng injected, finally losing his patience.

"Ah-ah! Fuck that, I ain't apologizing for shit. It's a dog eat dog world out there, little mama." Wayeng slammed his fist on the cafe counter top and stared at me from over the brim of his sunglasses. Intense gray eyes pinned me in place. "You either a big dog who does the fuckin' or you a lil' bitch who gets fucked. Guess which one I am—ARF!! ARF!!" Wayeng flared up, barking loudly

in the middle of the cafe. My cheeks went red as I hushed him and tried to get him to sit back in his seat.

"Mr. Wayeng—please, calm yourself. It doesn't have to be an apology; we just have to demonstrate your willingness to learn and better yourself." I pleaded with him in a hushed voice. "Tch! Y'all just wanna strip me down till I'm just another sellout fuck boy." Wayeng waved me off but stilled when I reached over and touched his hand.

"Please, Mr. Wayeng—just sit down and hear me out. I'm the best my firm has to offer, and we can help you build your base and the reach of your message. You're wandering into very murky waters right now, and you'll need help navigating. That's what I'm here for. Haha—don't want to sink the ship before it gets to its destination."

I laugh nervously, filling the awkward air between us with gibberish. Regardless, my coaxing seems to have settled him. Wayeng lowers himself back into his seat but still looks bitter. However, his eyes are still locked to me, staring intently over the brim of his glasses. It isn't until I feel the encompassing warmth of his large hand atop of mine that I suddenly realize how much bigger and taller he is compared to me. Forgetting I had left my hand there, I blush and retract it as another anxiety-filled chuckle bubbles up.

"S-sorry—I just... You caught me off guard. You're quite the character, Mr. Wayeng." I press my hand between my thighs to still my jittering fingers.

"No harm done, Miss Watson, and please—just Wayeng." Again with his hot and cold personality. Wayeng is back to being cordial and relatively well-mannered in a flash, and I'm left feeling a little confused and uncertain about this case.

"Please, call me Delilah—we're going to be working very closely in the next few weeks, so let's get comfy! Heh—," I regretted saying that instantly but for some reason, my tongue felt as though it was in knots in front of him.

The only thought in my mind was to keep him happy for now until I could figure out how to tackle the messes he was making for himself. Then it would be down to pulling teeth and hopefully eventually convincing him to walk back some of his more inflammatory statements.

However, at that point—I was only vaguely aware of the iceberg's tip when it came to the controversy surrounding big Wayeng, especially when it came to his views on white men and queer identity. I only learned of this upon returning home for that evening. My husband greeted me at the door with a worried look on his face.

"Delilah—I don't think you should take this job on anymore. Refuse it—give it to someone else." Mike pleaded with me.

I squinted at him, completely caught off guard by his change of tone. "What? Why? I just met him; he doesn't seem so bad—very obnoxious, though." I rubbed my temples as I recalled his barking fit.

"Well, I did more research on him, and I found an interview he did a while back on this talk show. You might want to read the transcripts yourself." Micheal shrugged and rubbed his elbow as he glanced over at me timidly.

I wondered what he had seen that could deflate him like that, but I'd soon find out. The transcript had been left open on my desktop computer. I sat down to review it with a cup of coffee in hand while Mike busied himself with making dinner.

To my dismay, Micheal appeared to have a point. Only a few months ago, Big Wayeng had sat down with radio personality Peaches Herb of 106.8 BBKL radio. A station is known for discussing polarizing topics—specifically focusing on human and civil rights. Although it was a niche political talk show, it still had a big enough following to make things worrisome for me. I skim

the first part of the interview—the host, Peaches, introduces Big Wayeng and quickly goes into talking about Wayeng's experience while in jail.

At first, they meander over several details, talking about food and gang culture—the importance of reputation among the populace. Although things take an inevitable turn for the worse as they brooch that subject. I read on as Peaches asks about how Wayeng fared amongst his peers. At first, Wayeng stuck to talking about his own gang and how they watched each other's back, however when asked if they allowed any white males into their group Wayeng's answer was shocking, though very telling at the least.

'White boys? Nah—they we use as our bitches. Can't get no women up in the pen, so we make do with the little crackers instead. They are women—close enough to the real thing.'

'So you mean you be fuckin' white boys in jail, Wayeng? Are you gay?' The host asks.

'Fuck nah—I ain't gay for fucking no bitch ass white boy. They gay for getting fucked. For me, it's all about power. I make 'em my bitch; I don't give a shit what they want as long as I bust mine. You know what I'm saying?' Wayeng's answer nearly halts the show entirely, but they manage to break off cleanly to a commercial.

The interview after that was cut short, and I can only imagine why. I finished reading through the article and immediately searched the web for any articles highlighting this interview. Low and behold, there are more than a few, and audiences are indeed polarized over what Wayeng had to say. Some seemingly support his open candidness, while others see his statements as inflammatory and homophobic.

I sigh and lean back in my office chair—this was definitely more than I could put up with. Still, the thought of that promotion hung in the air, and I knew my bosses were testing me with this. If I backed out now, they might never offer me the position I believed I deserved. I had to figure out how to polish this crass individual's image or risk damaging my own.

During dinner, Mike remained very quiet. I could tell he was stewing over something but couldn't muster the nerve to ask. So I brought it up instead.

"So—I see what you mean about Big Wayeng...." I began, glancing over at Mike to gauge his reaction.

Micheal pursed his lips and took a bite out of his stew before finally answering. "I don't like his stance on white men. He's a

racist and a sexual assaulter, Delilah—you shouldn't work with a man like that."

This was the first time Mike had ever appeared so stern. "I know—but this could be our opportunity to help this man grow as a person,"

"Really, Delilah?? You're really considering taking this on?" Mike almost looked hurt. "You're just doing this to further your career, aren't you?"

I felt hurt at the accusation in his tone. He was right, but I didn't need to be made to feel selfish over pursuing my dream. Micheal, of all people, knew how hard I had been working on getting this promotion, and now it was nearly being placed in my lap. I just had this one obstacle standing in my way.

"Please, Mike—just bear with it for now. We just need to clean his image up and put him back in the good graces of some of his peers. He seems a lot more well-spoken in person than he did in that interview." I tried to reason, but Mike was already in a tizzy.

He huffed and tossed his napkin down, excusing himself from the table. "I can't believe you would sacrifice your morals like this. I wash my hands of this!!"

It had been a long time since the last time Mike and I had a real fight, and this seemed like it would be one of the bigger ones. I certainly wasn't going to quit just yet—not when my ultimate goal was in arm's reach. Mike would just have to understand—after this, I could afford to be more choosy of my clientele, but right now. I am still making a name for myself; I needed this. He'd see that sooner or later.

As expected, Mike didn't talk to me for the rest of the night. I spent it restless staring up at the ceiling, thinking up different schemes that would help Wayeng in any way. However, first things were first, and the fresh wounds needed to be addressed. The next day, I drafted up a statement for him to read during a press conference. It was a standard remorseful statement clearing outlining Wayeng's intent to improve upon himself.

I made sure not to sound too apologetic in it, knowing Wayeng would have a problem with that, and sent it off to his manager's office. Micheal went back to accounting, leaving me to handle work independently. Admittedly it was a little lonely and much slower going without his expediting, but I managed just fine on my own. I hoped Mike would come around soon, but for right now, my efforts needed to focus on cracking a tougher nut.

On the press conference day, Big Wayeng was nowhere to be seen. His manager had to take the podium and read the statement in his

place. I was livid—he was already sabotaging my efforts. After the conference wrapped up—the reception the statement received was lukewarm at best. It would have been more impactful coming from the man himself. Instead, it rang hollowly from his manager's lips. After the conference wrapped up, I tried to track Wayeng down. His manager mentioned that he would be downtown at his main recording studio, but he warned me.

"Big Wayeng doesn't take kindly to being told to back down. If you're planning to work with him. I think you should reconsider your strategy. Humbling him is not going to work." Wayeng's manager, Luther Ross, offered me the advice right before giving me the address to Wayeng's studio. I took the words of wisdom to heart, but first, I needed to hear it from the man himself. Why hadn't he shown up?

Wayeng's recording studio was quaint and hidden in a small alleyway at the center of the city. It was harder to find than I like to admit, but after circling the block a few times, I finally found it. To my surprise, the inside was nicely furnished and clean, with a sleek black and gray aesthetic throughout. I could already hear Big Wayeng rapping away in a sound booth as I traversed the halls. As I entered the recording office, he spotted me and gestured for his producer to cut the track.

"Hello, Wayeng—," I said plainly, with no intention of hiding my annoyance in the least.

"Delilah—," He said dryly in return. "Give us a minute, Chief." Wayeng nodded at his producer, dismissing him and gesturing for me to follow him into the other office.

From the less than enthusiastic demeanor he had, I could tell that he already knew why I was there. Stepping into a side conference room, I leaned against the long meeting table at the center of the room and pinned him with a stern look. Though the nearly six-and-a-half-foot-tall man was hardly intimidated by a petite 5'6" woman. I caught him scoffing as he saw the disapproval on my face.

"Why didn't you come to the conference. We had that set up for your best interests. You could have at least shown up." I cut right to the chase.

Wayeng just shrugs with an indignant look on his face. He looks unmovable and clearly cocky in his cleanly pressed dress shirt and designer jeans. I have to admit despite some of his fashion taste, he has a very handsome figure. I get caught staring as he answers with a sly smile.

"Oh, do you miss me, boo?"

I suck my teeth at him losing my patience. "Tch! Mr. Woodrow, this is serious. You hired my company for a reason—or are you just trying to waste my time?"

Big Wayeng flares up and steps towards me, glaring down at me. "Imma waste your time if you waste mines. I ain't no fucking sell out, and I told you I ain't apologizing for shit. You can go on and put my team out there to look like punks, but you ain't doing that shit to me."

We stare each other down, seething with our own frustrations with the other.

"So you aren't going to let me do my job—is that what you're telling me?" I utter with the unspoken warning that I'm leaving and dropping this case if he doesn't cooperate.

"Do your job—but find a different way, cause I ain't bowing my head to no one—not even you Lil' Dee." A slick smile comes over his features again as he touches my cheek. I instantly blush and swat his hand away.

"Don't do that—and don't call me, "little dee." My name is Delilah." I huffed back at him, but the towering rapper only laughed.

"You a feisty one, I like that. —and why not? I like the sound of it. 'Big Wayeng n' Lil' Dee'" That sly gilded grin crosses his face again as he closes the distance between us. I feel him press his legs into my knees, trapping my thighs against the edge of the table. "You thinkin' about quitting on me?" He asked in a quieter, smoldering tone.

"Not if you cooperate. I think I can help you—,"

"Bullshit, Dee. I know why your here. I'm your firm's biggest client—I'm their goddamn bread and butter right now, and they sent you to me." He leaned down and whispered near my ear. "And you're here to help yourself. Like everyone else—use my name as your stepping stone. Don't try to play me, Delilah. Don't act like your some altruistic person, when you not. You ain't better than me, so stop actin' so high and mighty and figure something else out...." His tone grew gradually more menacing, honestly shaking me to my core. His large frame easily encompassed mine, and I felt totally helpless next to him. "You lucky you a Pawg or else I would have already sent yo'ass back."

I was stunned—my head going blank as I processed his words. Mindlessly, there was only one that rolled off my tongue in a questioning manner. "P-Pawg?"

Wayeng turned back towards me and scoffed again at my ignorance. "Phat ass white girl." He winked at me.

My cheeks flushed on reflex, and I stammered out a simple. "O-oh..."

"Tell you what, Dee. I think there is something we can work out—I can be flexible if you can...." Wayeng winked at me again.

This time his gray eyes roamed me, and I felt them sweep over the curves of my body. I could only find relief in knowing I had dressed modestly that day. Just a pencil skirt and blazer in navy blue with a white blouse underneath. Yet, somehow the hungriness in his eyes still made me feel under-dressed.

"What do you mean?" I asked warily.

Never one to hold back, Wayeng blatantly said what was on his mind. "Let me fuck you—then I'll do whatever song and dance you want me to."

Flabbergasted, my mouth fell open, and I began to stammer a rebuttal, but Wayeng held his hand up; halting my words.

"Now—now, don't go doing that white girl shit and gettin' all indignant. Look, we both get what we want. I get some tasty white girl booty, and you get your cooperation... *and some good dick.* You ain't gotta answer right now. Just take it into consideration. *Now good day to you, Miss Watson.*"

With my words still knotted up in my throat, I just stood there in shock, totally appalled with how he had just spoken to me. However, I was too embarrassed to storm back into his recording booth to chew him out even though I had a mind to.

Perhaps Micheal was right about this. I should have just said no and dropped this case. Yet, as I drove home—the deal Big Wayeng had presented to me began to weigh on my mind. I didn't say anything to Micheal when I arrived. He was still angry at me anyway, and had gone to bed early. Leaving me with another touch-starved night.

My mind strayed, and I began to think more about the benefits of what Wayeng had offered. At the same time, the downsides were dire. What if Micheal found out? Was I really considering this? After all, if I couldn't get Wayeng to fall in line, I'd lose this deal and my chances at my dream promotion. Torn but exhausted, I finally slipped into a restless sleep.

Chapter Two _____

The following day, things were tense between Micheal and me. Even so, he still asked me about how things were going. I felt almost too shaken from last evening's events to answer him, but eventually, I did. Mentioning a few of the hiccups but leaving out Wayeng's sexual pass at me.

Mike didn't need to know about that—besides, I was still deciding myself if I was going to stick with this project or not. Our morning conversation was awkward, but things had softened somewhat between us. However, Mike was still annoyed with me—I sensed that much as I left for work after a quick breakfast.

On my way to work, I kept thinking back to the recording studio and what Wayeng had said. I was still a little rattled at being classified as a 'Pawg' by him. I wasn't entirely sure if that was a good thing or if he was making fun of my weight. I may have been on the curvier side; I certainly didn't consider myself fat.

Why was I even dwelling on this? Why did I care what he thought of me? I tried to push those thoughts out of my head as I entered the office. Big Wayeng and his manager were already there and waiting to hear what else I had up my sleeve. Luckily I had come prepared with a backup plan. Since the press conference hadn't

been as hard-hitting as I would have liked. I decided that a less direct approach would work better for all parties involved.

"Mr. Ross—Mr. Woodrow." I greeted them professionally before taking a seat at my desk.

Manager Ross sat forward attentively while Wayeng stayed reclined into his chair, appearing as unconcerned as ever. I could tell he was doing it to get under my skin, but I persisted regardless.

"Afternoon, Ms. Watson. So what do you have for us today? The media seems to have received the statement we made well enough. Though some still see it as disingenuous." Ross chimed in.

"I recognize that, but there's not much to do about it now, other than trying to build up Big Wayeng's reputation in other ways. So, he'll be hosting a charity for SA victims, and he'll be donating a portion to the proceeds himself." I explained.

It took me about half an hour to thoroughly go over the idea for a modest gala and a photo opportunity showing Wayeng's ability to empathize and show generosity. I reasoned that if we could portray him as a 'thug with a heart of gold,' that not only would

his fan base eat it up, but it would also bring in other demographics.

Mr. Ross seemed all for it and immediately sprang up to make phone calls to get everything underway. Big Wayeng, on the other hand, stayed sat in his seat—eyeing me from over the brim of his sunglasses. He said nothing as Luther wandered out of the office with his phone in hand. As soon as the door swung shut behind him, Wayeng finally spoke up.

"Cute idea, Ms. Watson – but I ain't doing all that soft ass shit."

I stood from my seat and glared at him. He really was going to press the issue? "But why not? You're not apologizing to anyone—is it the money?"

"Hell nah, it's not the money—I got stacks for days, Dee." Wayeng shrugged and dropped his head back. Letting it fall in disinterest along with the backrest of his chair.

"Then what? Mr. Ross is already making the arrangements." I was starting to sound annoyed.

"Luther can call whoever the fuck he wants; at the end of the day, it's my face that's gotta be front and center, right?" Wayeng shrugged, slapping down any attempts I had at coaxing him.

"This is an easy win for you—," I needed to convince him somehow.

If I couldn't get him to do one measly charity event, how was I supposed to get him to do any of the work that needed to be done after that? "why won't —,"

He interrupts me before I can finish. "You know what I want, Dee—don't play stupid, now. I know you remember what we talked about. You scratch my back, I scratch yours...." Wayeng said with a low growl.

He peered up from his reclined position at me and smiled. A gold canine sank into the bottom lip of his juicy mouth as he chewed his lip suggestively at me. His fingers brushed over my heart skip. In Luther's absence, he was acting boldly again. Despite myself, I felt the heat rise to my cheeks.

"I'm a married woman," I stated plainly in a huff.

"So what—if your man was worth his salt, you wouldn't be considering my offer. Tell me, yo man keeping you happy at home? It doesn't seem like it, Dee. You look tense... You tense, baby girl?" Wayeng hummed at me and patted his lap as if beckoning me over to take a seat on it.

I cursed my legs for nearly obeying but instead, I held myself fast. Pinching the edge of the desk to compose my growing frustration. "That's none of your business! Micheal is very good to me—,"

"But he doesn't dick you down good, huh?" Wayeng chuckled at my shocked expression.

"Mr. Woodrow! This is very unprofessional!" The retort flew out of my mouth before I had even realized he was out of his seat.

Tall and intimidating, the dusky male loomed over me with electricity in his eyes. He didn't appear angry. Instead there is excitement in his gaze. The smirk playing at the corners of his lips is another telltale sign.

"All about professionalism, huh Dee? Well, if you so worried about your job, I'd expect you'd be willing to do anything to keep it." He cranes his head at me but doesn't relinquish any breathing room. "Now I don't gotta force any female to give themselves up to

me—I'm Big Wayeng! I got bitches lining up for a taste. —but for you... I'll ask nicely.” He closes in, his breath lapping at my neck as he leans down to whisper more sensually into my ear. “Ms. Watson —will you give me a piece of that fine pussy. I'll make it worth your while.”

Goosebumps come alive across my skin despite myself.

"I'll do anything you ask me to—I'll sing and dance and put in a good word for you with your bosses. Hm. All you gotta do—is let me have at it. Ain't no one gotta know—we grown folks. This is just between you...and me." The rasp of hunger bled into his words with each uttered syllable.

I felt my cheeks warm further. I gulped but kept my mouth shut. Thoughts swirling chaotically together. Was I really considering this?—I was, and Wayeng could see it from the look on my face. Luther's voice echoed down the hall just outside, disturbing the thick atmosphere between us. Wayeng drew away and plopped back into his seat. Yet, those gray eyes lingered on me intensely as his manager reentered with a giant smile on his face.

"Good news—the venue is all set. I'll need to make some more calls. Wayne, why don't we get out of Ms. Watson's hair and start making preparations." Luther clapped his hands together, rubbing

them enthusiastically. However, some of that spirit was dampened at seeing the severe expression on Wayeng's face.

"I'll catch up with you later, Luther—I got business I need to discuss with Ms. Watson. You can go." Big Wayeng dismissed the older man, who looked a little confused.

Even so, Luther didn't question. He bid me farewell and departed—leaving me alone in my office with Wayeng.

"So—Little Dee..." Wayeng rose out of his chair once more as soon as the office door was shut again. This time he rounded his seat and latched the lock on the door before looking back at me. "What's it going to be? We work this out, or am I walking?"

The question weighed heavily on my head as I stood there glaring at him from across my office. My first instinct was to outright refuse him. The logical part of my brain wanted to respect my dignity and not lower myself for this man. However—there were neglected pieces of me that pooled in corners of my subconscious. They gathered, growing more prominent as I recalled how physically starved I had been.

The more I stared at Wayeng, the more I felt drawn to him. Tall and handsome—a dark complexion like rich mahogany. His

dreads today were less ostentatiously styled. He had gathered them into a thick ponytail that exposed the neatly trimmed and faded sides of his coarse hair.

My reasoning began to fall apart as other factors trickled in. My job, my reputation, my relationship. Finding success at all costs had been my mantra, but now—I wasn't so sure. My throat suddenly felt dry, and I couldn't speak at first. Wayeng looked smug upon seeing my hardened expression melt under his scrutiny.

"Having a real internal crisis there, huh, Dee? You white women always get so uppity about shit like this. It ain't even that serious—you don't gotta kill your brain cells over this, boo. Would you like me to make it easier?" Wayeng knew he was in complete control now. I could see it in his confident stride as he crossed the room and rounded my desk. He leaned down over me again, his nose nearly touching mine.

"I'mma do what I want—if at any point you say 'no,' I'll stop and leave." He whispered against my neck before placing an affection-filled kiss upon my collarbone.

I shivered without meaning to. His lips were so soft and plush against my untouched skin. It burned as he pulled away. Only to tip his head back lightly, angling another kiss against my throat.

"W-wait!" I yelped and pressed a hand to his chest. His body felt as hard as granite, but I could feel his heart pumping under my fingertips. Surprised at how fit he felt, I withdrew my palm quickly.

Wayeng raised his head to lock eyes with me. "'Wait' is not the same thing as 'no'...." He grumbled impatiently. "What am I waiting for, Delilah?"

"W-what about m-my h-husband?" I was so flustered I could barely manage the words, but Big Wayeng just smiled wickedly at me.

"Wait for your husband? Sure, I'll wait—I'll crack his skull and fuck you in front of him. Is that what you want, Dee? 'Cuz I don't give a shit about him. He's not my problem...." His last words settled like rocks into my stomach.

Should I really be doing this? Micheal would be devastated if he found out—wouldn't he? Then again, he hadn't touched me for months. Our sex life was basically nonexistent, and Mike seemed to avoid my affection. I had begun to wonder if he had lost interest in me, but his actions alone spoke volumes. Nasty voices of suspicion crackled through my thoughts. Maybe he didn't love me

anymore? And if Mike wasn't getting his sex from me, then where? My heart ached at the thought.

"Aw, sweetheart—don't look so sad. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings... Don't worry, baby girl. I'll make you feel so good...." Wayeng went back to kissing my neck, and admittedly, the rush of endorphins he sent through me was intoxicating.

The skin he pecked and nibbled at tingled and came to life, sending ripples of pleasure through the rest of my being. I melted into him, allowing him to wrap his arms around my waist and hoist me onto the edge of my desk. Sheepishly I looked around.

There weren't many windows in my office, and all of them had frosted glass with the blinds drawn. I relaxed somewhat, knowing it was just him and I. My hands found his broad shoulders, and as soon as he felt me grip him, he pressed himself more flush against me. Pushing my thighs apart with his own wide hips.

My heart fluttered the more he kissed and groped at me. His hands roamed my body— exploring all of its curves. I gasped as he fondled my breasts, kneading them over the cups of my bra. I grew breathless as his tempered ravishing continued. His kisses halted only long enough to exchange a desire-filled gaze with me.

"Wayeng—I..." Blushing from ear to ear, I felt like putty in his large warm hands. As odd as he had first been to me, I was starting to find that gilded grin charming.

"You can call me Wayne, Dee...." He said softly as I felt his hands slide down to my hips, kneading them affectionately before his long fingers trailed back up my spine sensually.

It had been so long since I had been touched or held like this. My heart felt like it would rip in two at the seam. I blinked up at him in a heated haze. "Wayne?" I tested his real name on my tongue.

The expression on his face lit up as I uttered it, and before I could speak again, his lips had found mine. One of his large hands enfolded the back of my head—holding it gingerly as he kissed me softly. My head was spinning; I had no idea this hardened rapper could be so—*tender*. Even so, I tried to resist the urge welling up inside of me.

"Wayne—I'm not sure I can go through with this...." I uttered softly as the kiss broke.

"It's okay—let's see how far you'll go. If you want me to stop. I will..." He said it so simply as if it were that easy.

As if I could quell the growing hunger within me with just a snap of my fingers. As if months of being touched starved could go away with just a whim. I shivered, unsure if I would be able to stop myself. I certainly couldn't, as he began pinching at the hem of my pencil skirt. Tugging it upwards on my thighs till it rode at the summit of my hips.

My satin panties—light fuchsia, with a floral print of dainty miniature roses across them—plainly visible for his eyes now. I could feel my thighs already tingling. The sensation grew and spread as he leaned back in to kiss me.

All the while, I felt his long fingers slipping down my sides. Gliding over the divot of my waist and the swell of my hips as they grew ever closer to my core. I jolted, feeling his finger tips graze over the crotch of my underwear. Tickling me with their momentary softness. Instinctively my legs tried to close, but my thighs stayed pinned apart by his wider frame. My heart thundered in my chest as his petting became rougher.

"Mmmm—nice and warm. You getting wet for me already?"
Wayne growled in my ear.

I felt my neck and cheeks flush red, but I couldn't answer. He was right—I could already feel myself pooling under his touch. A sigh of pleasure escaped me, and I turned my head away timidly. I couldn't bear to see that sickening triumphant grin on his face. I could feel him smiling against my skin as he went back to kissing and biting my neck.

"Ah! Don't leave any m-marks...." The realization that a hickey could give me away later slammed into me, and the realization that I was actually considering going through with this slammed in to Wayne as well.

I felt a puff of warm air roll over my shoulder as he chuckled and redoubled his efforts. This time pulling me in closer. Teetering me off the side of the desk so I had no choice but to cling to him to keep my balance. With a supportive hand on my back and his other steadily petting over my panties—he reclaimed my lips, kissing me long and deep.

I felt left in a trance by his sensuality and confidence. Clinging to him began to feel more natural as my fingers sank into his hardened muscle. I couldn't help but let my hands explore. Caressing his broad shoulders and trim waist. I could feel each peak and valley of his athletic build right under the thin fabric of his charcoal t-shirt. My mind was utterly elsewhere as my fingers wanderer farther down, tracing the fly of his jeans until they met the warmth of his length.

I hummed as my fingers made contact with the heated stretch of his crotch. Wayne kissed me deeper. His cock twitching eagerly in response. My heart raced as my morals began to fight with one another. However, I was already in too deep.

Pulled along by my lust, I laid my palm firmly over his crotch and squeezed lightly, wanting to feel the girth of him. Wayne moaned into my mouth and began grinding himself into my hand. My whole body went hot, and my breath hitched at feeling how cumbersome he was. As if rewarding me for my curiosity, his hand began petting my panties harder. Running each of his sturdy fingers over my mound. Following along my steadily soaking trench.

"Oh Dee, you've gone and soaked your panties—mmhm, we should take these off." The lustful glee in his voice made my heart bounce in my chest, but he was right.

I had soaked my underwear; I could feel how moist my thighs had become. I didn't have to say anything as Wayne began plucking my underwear away. Sliding them off and dropping them at the foot of the desk. The cooler air of the office almost stung against my hot folds, but Wayne spread me farther apart. He peered down with lewd curiosity at my bare pussy, groaning as he drank in the sight of my wet cunt.

"Pretty and pink—you look good enough to eat, little lady. Maybe another time, though." He stepped back and grabbed the considerable bulge lining his pant leg. "You've made me all impatient."

Searing heat rippled through my pussy at seeing the hose-like erection trapped in his pants. He bit his lip at me as he watched my eyes roam him with an unspoken voracity. Truthfully I had never seen anything so big in my life, and I was afraid of how big it would actually be when he freed it from his jeans. However, salacious excitement welled up alongside my worries. I knew I wanted to see it regardless...

I held my breath as Wayne began to undo his fly. The thrumming of my own pulse filled my ears as he dropped his trousers around his knees. Allowing a fat hefty erection to unfurl from his pants. Plump and veiny, it had the appearance of a small arm holding an apple. My eyes went wide, and a soft gasp escaped me in my shock. The look on Wayne's face as he lifted his sunglasses to gaze more clearly at me couldn't be any smugger.

"Disappointed?" He asked in a patronizing tone.

The words caught in my throat. I could only stare and blush harder as he drew closer and pressed the searing heat of it against my thigh. My body reacted to its proximity, tingling all over in anticipation. I chewed my lip pensively as I stared down at the hefty russet hose laid against me. His dark flesh tempted me to touch him—to taste him.

My mouth grew wet, and my thighs shuddered as he pressed harder into me. Seeing the hesitance in my eyes, Wayne reached over and took my hands, uncinching them from clutching at my blouse and guiding them down and farther down still. Until my finger rested around the girth of his cock. A small sigh slipped past my lips as Wayne groaned lightly at how my hands felt around him.

"Don't be shy, Dee—my anaconda don't bite." He winked at me, sinking a gold canine into the flesh of his bottom lip teasingly.

My mind was hazy with need. I submitted to my lust and began to stroke him. Feathering my fingertips across his heavy scrotum and thick length with every stroke. Excitement welled up in me the harder he grew under my touch. He leaned back, giving more of his cock to me while his hungry eyes watched me explore. Testingly palpating his cock and balls.

"Mmm—that's good...just like that." He groaned, reaching over to fondle my breasts. I could feel his hands plucking at the buttons of my blouse, undoing them. Before I

knew it, my blouse was thrown open as he scooped a handful of my chest out of my bra. A thrill went through me—nipples hardening—as he played with them. It felt so good, I leaned into him, humming lightly at his caressing. The heat I felt became overwhelming. The world outside disappeared as I gave myself over to desire. The only thing on my mind was how much I wanted to feel and taste him.

Eagerly I leaned down, licking the tip of his cock. A brackish droplet of precum smeared across my taste buds. Wayne let out a whimper at the sensation of my tongue lapping at his flesh. He froze momentarily, allowing me to kiss and lick just the head of his cock. However, when I tried to push him into my mouth, he stopped me.

"Now, now—Ms. Watson, can't be ruinin' your makeup." He chuckled through a sigh. "Like I said, some things we'll have to wait for next time...."

"Next t-time?" I whimpered.

Did he think this was going to happen again? He was right, though. No doubt my mascara would run if I tried to fit him into my mouth. I wasn't even sure I could fit him inside me at all. I flushed as I looked down at his massive throbbing erection. A lump settled in my throat. Would I be able to resist him after this?

I wasn't sure, though I would know soon enough, as Wayne took my legs up into his arms. Slinging his arms under my knees and pinning me against the desk. I was forced to cling to him again as my knees were nearly pressed into my chest.

"This is just a sampling, Dee—you'll get the whole buffet later...." He whispered against my lips, kissing me if only to muffle the yelp I made as his bulbous cock began to prod at my naked pussy.

"A-ah W-Wayne—h-how big are you?" I had to ask as he continued pushing into me. The barrier of my vulva bent and parted from the presence of my own juices, allowing the head of his dick inside me easily enough.

Wayne grunted as he answered. "About thirteen—don't worry, I won't put it all inside." "T-thirteen i-inches?!" I moaned and yelped as he slid in further.

Another grunt tore from his chest at the effort. I could feel his hips trembling as if trying to hold back as he submerged himself deeper into me.

"A-ah!" I moaned again, but the sound was swallowed by Wayne's lips.

"Damn, you're tight, baby—feels so nice and hot too... You're melting for me." He hummed against my lips.

I felt so intoxicated by his words and the feeling of being filled to the brim. I hadn't had this kind of contact in so long, and even then, Micheal's penis was nowhere near as big as Wayne's was. I wasn't even sure I'd be able to feel my husband after having Wayne inside me.

I hung onto Wayne's shoulders for dear life as his hands held me in place. My eyes began to roll, and my head lulled with every inch he sank into me. Until I felt a deep ache as if new parts of me had been pushed open by Wayne's size. My body reshaped around him, gripping him and welcoming him in with ease as I relaxed in his arms.

"Ohh, Dee..." Wayne sighed into my ear as his hips came flush with my plush mound. I was shocked at the soft clapping of our loins joining.

"Y-you s-said, you wouldn't p-put it all...." I sighed and groaned, unable to finish my sentence.

"I did—but you took me so well... I couldn't help it." Wayne uttered in a strained tone. "Too deep?"

I could feel his body shiver with pleasure against mine as he began swaying. The sweet friction caused by such subtle rocking was enough to make my head go blank. I hummed and changed my grip on him. This time grasping at his hips and pushing him deeper. That was enough to answer his question.

He let out a breathy laugh against my neck. His hips rocking slowly into me. The pace was tortuous and sensual, allowing me to feel the intense friction between our bodies. Shuddering, the pleasure spread through my entire being. I could feel my want blossoming into something more as the wet claps of our joining began to light the still air of the office. I whimpered and yelped as his bucking became stronger. The arch of his thrusts deepened—lightly stinging the sensitive skin between my thighs as he began ramming.

"Ahhh! Ahhh! Ahh!" My whimpers turned to moans.

"Careful—Dee...someone will hear you...." Wayne growled against my chest.

His arms slid around my waist, clamping me to him with an iron grip as he dug his heels in. His pace redoubled, and I felt my core already on the verge of exploding. I had to bring my hands to my mouth to muffle my cries as Wayne took complete control of my body. Suddenly my cellphone went off. My already throbbing heart leaped into my throat at the shrill sound. I stared over at it, reading the caller ID.

"I-It's M-Micheal!" I blurted out in a panic.

Wayne froze and glanced up at me. Something wicked and possessive glowing behind his gray eyes. "Answer it..."

"What? No! I can't? Why?" I sputtered.

"Answer it, see what the fuck he wants...." Wayne commanded.

"B-but—..." I began to argue, but it dawned on me that Mike may be on his way to have lunch with me.

After all, we had somewhat patched things up this morning, and he usually spent lunch with me. Checking the clock over my desk,

I saw it was nearly noon meaning Micheal could be on his way already. I couldn't allow him to catch me like this. Realizing this, I swiftly answered it, doing my best to compose my winded breathing.

"Hi, honey!" I feigned a chipper tone to mask the rasped lust that had just been there.

Wayne peered up at me with a sly smirk on his face. Taking enjoyment in watching my deceit unfold.

"Hello darling, I just wanted to check in—how's it going?" Mike chimed back happily.

To my relief, he hadn't taken notice of the slight shiver in my voice. However, Wayne was close enough to overhear our conversation. At hearing Mike's voice, Wayne slid into me—coaxing a small sigh from me as I suddenly felt filled with him. I gripped Wayne's shoulders to halt him, but there was a look of pure defiance on Wayne's face as he drew his hips back and slammed into me more forcefully as I tried to answer.

"Everything—is fine, Ah! Dear..."

"Delilah? You okay? You sound like you hurt yourself." Micheal asked, concern filling his tone.

"Yes—I'm o-okay. I just—got a—papercut." I tried to keep my thoughts straight as Wayne resumed a steady pace, rutting into me as I tried to sound calm on the phone.

He was doing this on purpose. This was one of Wayne's power trips. He enjoyed doing this kind of thing—and he wanted Micheal to know what was happening. I could feel it in the way he began to fuck me harder. His teeth biting at the soft sensitive skin of my collarbone and neck. I fought to keep my voice steady. My breath grew thick as I tried to sigh out silently between speaking.

"Oh—that sucks. Want me to bring you some band-aids? I was going to stop by for lunch anyway." Micheal chimed back.

Suddenly Wayne changed grips on me—pushing me back onto my desk as he grasped handfuls of my hips. Pulling me down upon him with a series of loud hard slaps. A moan bubbled through my throat, but I swallowed it back. Though my eyes began to roll in my head at how deeply I was being penetrated. I chewed my lips holding back any whimpers or yelps of ecstasy as I mustered an answer.

"No! N-no—I've got a meeting—in five mm-minutes." I blurted out in a panic.

I could feel the pit in my gut tightening and throbbing as Wayne rode into me. He

began to sweat and grunt quietly with effort. I was angry but overcome with pleasure as Wayne did his best to make me cum while I was on the phone with my husband. I drew closer to the edge, too, as Wayne's pace changed again. This time becoming slow and deep—teasing me with the languidness of his strokes.

"Darn—oh well. I'll stop by for lunch later. Don't let them run you too ragged over there, okay sweetheart?" Mike said in an encouraging tone.

I had to stifle a groan as I absorbed the irony in his words. Wayne was currently putting me through my paces, and I didn't know how much longer I could last. I knew I was almost there, and I wouldn't be able to stifle my cry of ecstasy if it kept going at this rate.

My fingers pursed against my lips as I cringed, holding in a loud moan, as Wayne buried his thick length into me. His hand slid off my back to press against my stomach, right where his head was hitting me inside. As if showing me how deep he was inside of me.

My whole body went hot as I fought the internal urge to unravel then and there.

"A-Alright, Mike! Have a good day—h-hun. Love you—see you soon." The words 'love you' tasted metallic on my tongue, knowing what I was in the middle of doing.

"Love you too, dear—see you at home! Bye!" As soon as I heard the call between us drop, I slammed my phone down and squeezed my legs around Wayne's waist tightly. Urging him to go faster.

"Aren't you two cute—haha...soft ass mothafucker... No wonder you needed this...you needed some real dick, huh?" Wayne laid atop me, pinning me to the desk as he growled into my ear.

However, he heeded my wordless urging, pistoning his hips at a faster rate. Too dazed and exhausted from wrestling with my shame and pleasure. I said nothing and gripped onto the edge of the desk as his rocking became more violent. The heated friction between our bodies put stars into my eyes as my system flooded white-hot. Awash in pure ecstasy as I orgasmed under him. My body tensed—the channel of my sex puckering and tugging at his length.

"Mmh! There we go... oh, I love the way you grip me, girl...fuck!" Wayne moaned and shuddered, thrusting into me a few more times before his shuddering hips clapped against my backside in a final forceful push.

I felt something hot like lava dribble into me and felt my face tingle in embarrassment. I never agreed to let him cum inside of me!

"What a-are you—?" I uttered out in a trembling voice as I watched Wayne melt into his own orgasm.

"Damn—sorry baby girl, you feel too damn good..." the tall rapper moaned, leaning in to my body to allow the last droplets of his semen to leak into me. "Mmm—that was great...I like that—let me hit it like that again, and I'll buy you your own fucking company." Wayne sighed through a chuckle as he pulled himself from me.

My dampened skin grew chilled as we separated, and my thoughts chilled further at the processing of what had just happened. Had I really gone through with this? Did I just let this man fuck me on my desk? And while my husband called? Not to mention he came inside of me!

"You weren't supposed to cum in me!" I whined, though I barely had any strength to slide off the desk.

Wayne looked unconcerned and shrugged his shoulders. "I'm a rich man; I don't mind no beautiful lil'mocha rugrats. Haha—I'm also a man of my word. I'll do the charity and be on my best behavior. Wear a suit and everything—just tell me what I need to do." Wayne nonchalantly picked up his trousers and fastened them as he went right back into discussing business as if he hadn't just hinted at me having his children.

"You can't be serious—...." I scoffed angrily.

"What? About the charity?" Wayne's flippancy annoyed me further.

"About possibly getting me pregnant!" I nearly shouted but then remembered where

we were.

"If it bothers you that much, just get the 'plan B pill.' It doesn't matter to me—it

wouldn't be the first time I've had to pay child support. Anyway—let's do this again some other time, Delilah. I've gotta

run—shit to do now, y'know." Wayne collected his things and began to exit my office, leaving me to scramble to clean myself up.

"W-wait—," I tried to stop him, but he was out the door before I could. "Grr! That bastard—,"

I gritted my teeth as I redid my shirt and tugged my skirt back down around my legs. As angry as I was, I had to admit I also felt great. I hadn't cum like that in a long time, hell I nearly thought I had lost the ability to orgasm, but after my tryst, I felt renewed somehow. Yet, fear grew in me—would I become addicted to this feeling? Could Mike make me feel like this? He had never managed to in the past. My heart sank further and further the more I thought about it. What had I just gotten myself into?

Chapter Three

"I'm glad things are going more smoothly for you, honey. I have to admit, maybe I was

wrong...." Micheal said as we cruised down the main street heading towards an intimate Italian restaurant that we usually had our date nights at.

However, I didn't catch what he said—my mind was elsewhere wholly. It had been about a week since my entanglement with Wayne and I struggled to keep things under wraps. Acting as natural as I could didn't come naturally at all. I was high strung, and on edge all the time, like at any moment Micheal would turn to me and accuse me of what I was guilty of.

It gnawed at me, and yet somehow, Micheal didn't seem suspicious at all. In fact, things between us improved. The less I struggled at work, the more Mike saw me as capable and began to see this project in a different light. His apology ultimately came in the form of this date night, yet I could tell that he was gradually beginning to allude to something.

"Sweetheart?" Mike uttered, nudging me a bit as he kept his eyes locked to the road.

"Hm? Oh! Sorry—I was distracted; what were you saying?" I came out of my daze and refocused on him.

Mike just chuckled and said, "You just want to hear me say it again. Fine—I was wrong. I hope tonight makes up for things."

My heart felt like it was being squeezed. He didn't need to apologize—he had been half right. I had resorted to something truly traitorous just to have my way. And here poor Mike was, trying to make things up to me. I felt so guilty my stomach flopped as I considered what he meant by that.

"Haha—well, that's nice to hear. How's the accounting going?" I tried to change the subject, but mentioning his work brought something else up.

"I was just about to mention that. I've finished up the last contract I had—and I was considering coming back to help you part-time. I mean now that you have a good rapport with— uh, 'Big Wayeng'—it might be easier to work with him if there are two of us. I should have never bailed on you like that."

"I-it's fine! I can handle myself—you should focus on getting another client." I blurted out on accident.

"Sweetheart—are you still angry with me?" Micheal sounded hurt, as if my dismissal of him spoke of something more profound.

"N-No...I just—Wayne can be a bit abrasive to work with. I just know you're about sensitive to all that. It might be best if you just—,"

"Wayne? Have I been saying it wrong? Is his name 'Big Wayne' or 'Big Wayeng'?" Micheal caught my slip, and I felt my throat and chest tighten.

"Oh uh—that's his 'civilian' name. His 'stage name' is 'Big Wayeng,'" I explained quickly.

"Ah, okay—well, I'm sure he's not what I'm used to, but I want to help you, and therefore I can deal with whatever that guy can throw at me. So don't fret about it, okay? Your knight in shining armor will be riding back into the fray with you, milady!" Micheal glanced over at me with a warm look in his eye. His fingers pinched my chin in an affectionate gesture.

I smiled despite feeling my stomach deflate completely. How was I supposed to work with both my husband and Wayne in the same room? Admittedly, Wayne hadn't tried anything since our last tryst, but I could see it in his eyes whenever he'd stare over the brim of his glasses at me. The desire in his gaze—the subtle slyness in his smirking lips.

I feared he'd try to corner me again, or maybe I hoped he would—but nothing else happened, and Wayne never even brought it up in private. Perhaps he would remain discreet in front of my husband now that Micheal was thinking of coming back to assist me.

Later that night, my worst fears came true. After a pleasant dinner and more talks of

going back into business with each other—Micheal was feeling amorous. Especially after having a few glasses of wine. I could barely drive us back home without him pawing at my lap every five minutes while in the middle of traffic.

Though once home and in bed together—things felt different. Micheal's touch no longer aroused me like it once did. Now, whenever he kissed or caressed me, I found myself thinking of Wayne. When he finally put his penis in me—my heart sank at the utter disappointment. Micheal couldn't compare to Wayne's size.

That wicked rapper's cock had imprinted itself in me, and now I laid stiffly under my husband as he panted and grunted atop me. I tried to feign the pleasure that wasn't there, and encouraged Mike

to help him finish, but truthfully all his rutting did was leave me hungrier for something more—*filling*. It was almost a relief when he finally finished inside of me and rolled off, completely exhausted from the intoxication and the effort of his lovemaking.

"Darling? Hah—are you—alright?" I heard Micheal pant at me from where he lay next to me in the dimness of our bedroom.

"Y-yes, I-I'm fine," I uttered; again, I tried to act as if I were in the middle of post-coital exhaustion, but Mike was keener than I had hoped.

"Did you—finish?" He asked. Needful desperation on the edge of his voice as if he could sense some horrible disconnection between us.

Guilt panged through my chest. Was he growing suspicious? He'd know if I was lying; I had been married to him for nearly a decade now. This man knew how my body normally reacted. Instead, I told the truth. "Umm—Not really..." I admitted sheepishly. Anxiety and more guilt piled on top of one another with each word I spoke.

"W-why not? Did I do something wrong?" Micheal sat up.

I could feel his warm, sweaty body looming over me in the dark of our room.

Searching the shadows for my face. I didn't make a move to turn the bedside lamp on, lest he get a glimpse of my expression. I thought up some quick excuse to give. One that was vague enough and yet so relatable he'd have to let it slide.

"I'm just stressed—...my mind was all over. I'm sorry, baby." I cooed at Micheal.

My palm reached up, cupping one of his clammy cheeks. I could hear him sigh, but he sank back. He knew this last project had been a lot for me to take on by myself, and I suppose in his mind—he felt partially at fault for washing his hands of it in the first place.

"I'm sorry, sweetie...." Mike cooed and draped his arms around me, pulling me into his damp lean form. I enfolded into him and relaxed, almost forgetting how good it felt to cuddle him. "Don't worry, hun—I'm here now; I'll take some of this weight off your shoulders. I promise. I'll do whatever it takes to make sure your dream comes true."

Micheal was so sweet it broke my heart hearing him so earnestly promising me the world. What would I do without this man? My heart ached—I needed to break this arrangement off with Wayne. The next time I had a chance to speak with the musician alone, I'd have to inform him of the change in plans.

Monday the following week, we headed into the office to meet with Wayne and his

manager. We were to discuss the progress of the charity event Big Wayeng was to host. Mr. Ross and Wayne were sitting in my office by the time I arrived. It was surprising seeing them there so bright and early.

In fact, I had expected them to show up much later in the afternoon. I had sent Micheal out to get some coffee for us to start the morning off on a good foot, but after seeing Wayne—I knew there was little chance of that happening.

I don't know why I was so anxious for Wayne and Micheal to cross paths. Perhaps a part of me believed that after they saw each other in person, Mike would get some kind of weird vibe that would cast light on my betrayal. Taking a deep breath, I calmed myself,

assuring myself that it was all in my head and that Wayne was capable of keeping up a professional facade.

At least I hoped he was. Our meeting went as it usually did. There was a quick briefing on the current progress of the venue's preparation and then an update on which known celebrities were interested in participating or performing. To my surprise, Big Wayeng appeared to have been doing his social networking rounds. The list of special guests had grown quite a bit—there were many names I recognized right off the bat.

"Wow! No way—you actually got Billie Roils? Isn't he a country singer?" I asked as I marveled down at the guest list.

"Yeah—but he aight. I talked to him a few days ago; he was cool about coming down and doing his bit." Wayne said nonchalantly as if it were no big deal. "Don't worry, Dee. I gotchu —yo boy been doing his thing. Trust me, Miss Watson—anybody whose anybody is going to be there."

There was a twinkle in his eye as he looked over at me, accompanied by a prideful smirk on his lips. Yet, there was questioning in his eyes. As if he wondered if he had managed to impress me. I cleared my throat and set the list aside.

"You did wonderfully—we'll have to rethink the schedule and perhaps extend any televised broadcasting in that case." From the corner of my eye, I could see Wayne puffing up at my praise.

"That's great news!" Luther clapped his hands and smiled.

"Indeed it is—this kind of publicity could be enough momentum to put you right back on track. You'll be doing international tours in no time—," I chuckled encouragingly.

Luther looked pleased and agreed, joking along about the possible skyrocketing of our success. Eventually, the older man was called away on other important business, leaving Wayne alone in the office with me again. As soon as the door shut and we were alone, the atmosphere thickened. I could feel the shift in Wayne's mood like ripples of electricity between us.

"Are you pleased, Dee?" Wayne uttered in an uncharacteristically soft voice that tugged my attention and captured it. That purr in his voice always took me off guard. I dared not stare over at him, but just a glance was enough to find myself pierced by the sultry look in his eyes.

"I-I'm very pleased. You did a great job getting yourself out there and not causing more trouble, to boot. Haha—," I laughed nervously to cover my growing uneasiness.

"Good—good..." He stood from his seat.

I nearly forgot how tall he was until he rounded the desk and hovered over me. I remained in my chair and stared at the desk, too unsettled to peek up at him, but I could feel him there. Hovering over me with that intense heat in his eyes.

"I think I—deserved a reward... don't you?" Wayne's voice remained soft and coaxing. His large hands came to massage my rigid shoulders. The strength in his fingers

pressing attentively along my aching muscles drew a sigh from me. Admittedly, I uncoiled under his touch. My neck relaxed, and my head drooped back. Wayne took the opportunity to lean down, stealing a series of butterflies kisses along my exposed throat.

"W-We can't...." I muttered as his lips trailed upward towards my mouth.

"Why not?" Wayne uttered back. He drew away and stared at me. Those gray gems narrowed on me with scrutiny.

"M-my husband..."

"We've already talked about this—he doesn't have to—,"

I interrupted him. "He'll be here any minute—I sent him to get coffee this morning, but

traffic is pretty bad at this time. We can't do this anymore. He's my assistant, he'll know—,"

Wayne's fingertips tensed then slackened as he listened to what I had to say. His face went blank, and then his broad brow furrowed in tight annoyance.

"Bullshit—I don't care...." He said flatly.

My heart bottomed out. "What? What do you mean—,"

"I want you, Dee—I want you to myself...I don't give a shit about your bitch-ass

husband. He can fucking fight me...."

"What are you saying? Are you crazy?" I jolted and gawked at him in disbelief.

Was he really planning to fight my husband over me? Looking at him, I knew Wayne

dwarfed my husband with both his height and muscle mass. He'd pulverize Micheal if it came down to it. Plus, Wayne had been to prison, and no doubt had had his share of scrapes. Meanwhile, Micheal was a pacifist. I didn't want to doubt Micheal, but I knew he didn't stand a chance against Wayne.

"Think about it, Delilah—I can give you more than he ever could," Wayne said in a low and menacing tone. This man wanted to own me; mind, body, and soul. I could see it swirling in the fervor of his eyes as he glared at me.

"No—I love Micheal. We've been together for years!" I argued.

"—and you're bored, now. I make your heart race—*your breath quicken, your knees weak, your toes curl. Has he done that for you lately?*" Wayne leaned down, uttering each word in a rasp against my neck. Then, he laughed mockingly in my ear as he watched the bumps rise across my skin from the thrill.

"Stop it! I'm not doing this anymore! No more mind games—you don't get to snap your fingers and just have what you want! That's not how the world works, you egomaniac!" I huffed and rose out of my seat, growing completely beyond impatient with his stubborn insistence. Did he think I was just some kind of object to keep?

I expected him to be angry or show some surge of possessiveness. Instead—he just smiled wickedly. That gold grill twinkled in his mouth as he bared his teeth. I was about to shout at him again, but I stifled myself upon hearing the door to my office clack as someone entered. It was Micheal—my heart jolted the moment I saw his bright red hair as he ducked into the room. A tray of two coffees and a sack full of pastries in the other hand. He looked up and smiled sweetly at me.

"Oh hey, honey! Sorry, traffic is murder right now. Had to weave my way through a bunch of side streets, and jimmy cricket, did I nearly get lost. At least the coffee is cool enough to drink now." Micheal explained chirpily.

I went rigid as I glanced between him and Wayne. The emotion that had just been in the air bled dry into something more suffocatingly awkward.

"H-Hello, darling! Glad you're finally here. This is Mr. Woodrow—or Big Wayeng as he's better well known." I introduced my husband in haste while motioning over to Wayne, who had inconspicuously maneuvered himself back into his seat.

The rapper stared over at my husband with an amused smirk on his face. I could tell he was looking down on Mike just by the cynicism in his piercing gray eyes. I wanted to throttle Wayne then and there for his disrespect, but I restrained myself, knowing how quickly that could go wrong.

"Ah! Mr. Woodrow—So nice to finally meet you! I've heard nothing but good things —," Micheal chimed happily in Wayne's direction.

"I bet you have—," Was the only thing the indifferent dusky man uttered in return.

A sour expression washed over my face momentarily before I composed myself again. He was already pressing buttons, and I assumed Micheal would be his new target as Wayne's ire was suddenly turned away from me.

"Oh, coffee—I'd love some. Would you mind? I haven't had breakfast all morning. I'd really love something to eat." Wayne

spoke in an uncharacteristically proper tone. His speech was uncannily level and kind as he asked my husband for a favor. "Do you think you can pop over to the bistro on 5th? I have a very sensitive diet, and they're the only place in town I can get a proper vegan omelet and paleo cappuccino."

"A-ah well—..." Micheal paused as he set the food down and glanced between Wayne and me, unsure how to answer. "5th street is a mess right now—it would take forever to get there and back..."

"Oh—My mistake, I was told this firm took good care of their high-profile clients. I suppose I'll just step out myself." Wayne rose with an inconvenienced grunt.

Micheal—ever the people pleaser—felt compelled to fix things; knowing how this could hurt Wayne's rapport with me, no doubt. "No-no-no, you're fine, Mr. Wayeng! I was just worried your food would be cold by the time I got back. I can go get it and warm up in the employee lounge once I get back. It's no trouble, really!" Mike scrambled to quell the man.

Wayne tossed a sly glance in my direction, and I could tell what he was doing. He was trying to get me alone with him again. My pulse raced—I dreaded that. I feared how he'd try to seduce me,

and I knew I couldn't be left alone with him. My only alternative was to rob him of his opportunity.

"You know what, sweetie—you've run around all morning, and I haven't had the chance to stretch my legs. I'll go get it—...." I offered.

The twinkle in Wayne's eyes dimmed, and so did the smirk playing at the corner of his lips. Taking the wind out of his sails felt good, though I knew I'd be forced to leave Micheal alone with him. I knew Mike wouldn't get into a fight with him, but I didn't trust Wayne completely. I knew he'd bully and probably belittle my husband while I was away as a punishment for me dodging him, but Micheal would need to endure it. This was what he signed up for, after all.

"But honey—," Mike tried to protest, but I shut him down as I locked a defiant gaze with Wayne.

"So what will it be 'Big Wayeng?'" Pushing back against this man felt dangerous, but I couldn't let him walk all over me either.

As expected, Wayne gave me an unnecessarily complex order. Obviously doing his best to make the errand more troublesome. He was trying to punish me in any way he knew how, but I had

been through this kind of hazing before. I had his ultra finicky order locked in my head and even made a note of it on my phone as I got my coat and departed.

Micheal would be helping Wayne with scheduling while I was out. I hoped they'd be able to work peacefully without me there to spur on any territorial ploys Wayne thought up. Though I was afraid in the window of time that I was gone, Wayne would have enough time to get up to something devious.

With traffic in full swing and streets practically choked with cars, I decided to walk there. It would take me about fifteen minutes using public transportation; however, with the roads jam-packed during rush hour, even the buses seemed to slow to a halt. I had no choice but to walk the entire way there. It took double the time I had first estimated. Finally, I reached the bistro, ordered Wayne's hoity-toity food, and started on my way back.

I began to wonder what they had been up to in my absence. Maybe they had managed to get along—maybe I was worrying too much about what Wayne was capable of. However, I'd soon discover the length Wayne was willing to go to demonstrate his total dominance over me. I got a call on my cell phone. Seeing it was Wayne's number, I picked it up and answered.

"Hello? I got your food, heading back now—," I waited a moment, and no reply came. "Anyone there?"

Again, no one replied, though I heard rustling noises like the receiver was brushing up against fabric this time. Had he butt-dialed me? "Hello? Can you hear me?" I chimed again. Still, no one responded, and I continued hearing soft rustling until finally, a voice came through— though it wasn't addressing me.

"Come on, man—just admit it." I recognized Wayne's voice.

"Admit what? I was just c-curious—," Micheal's voice broke in next. He sounded nervous.

"You asking me about what I said on the radio and what I did in prison. You curious about me fucking white boys? Sounds like you curious about more than just that." Wayne chuckled in a throaty manner.

"I-I just wanted to know if it was true!" Mike almost yelped in reply.

My heart jolted. Why were they talking about that? Had Micheal really brought that up? I was furious, but at the same time, I also wondered why Micheal would mention that.

"Why? You want to know if I'd fuck you too, huh?" Wayne laughed, and I could hear Mike sputtering at those words.

"N-no! I just—!" Micheal sounded like he was being backed into a corner.

"You wanna see my dick, don't you? I know a thirsty bitch when I see one...." Wayne's baritone had grown into that familiar sultry growl. My stomach turned, trying to process what I was hearing.

"W-wait! What are you—," The thumping in my chest froze as Mike's voice went up an octave in his surprise. "Oh my..." He whimpered.

My mind raced—what was happening? What was he looking at?

"So, this the shit you into? No wonder Delilah's unhappy—," As if my stomach couldn't twist anymore, Wayne just had to mention my name.

"Delilah's unhappy?" Mike sounded earnestly hurt and concerned by those words.

"Don't act so surprised, *Michelle* – it ain't like you been interested in her anyway. I think you got your mind elsewhere, hm?" Wayne's voice rung so clearly I could mentally paint the image of him biting his lip as he grunted.

"D-Don't d-do t-that!!" Mike's voice became flustered. Each word he uttered came out in stammers.

"Don't do what? Wave this tasty black dick in your face? Why? You gonna get tempted to suck it?" Wayne sounded downright smug as he mocked Mike.

I, on the other hand, found myself completely bewildered. Wayne was doing what now? My imagination took over filling in the blanks for me. I could see my husband sitting in my chair where I had left him and Wayne hovering over him as he had done with me. This time, with his pants drawn down and his cock in Micheal's face. If that was the case—where was Mike's fury? Where was his outrage? His reaction ultimately left me baffled, and still, I was further confused at the following words that came out of his mouth.

"I couldn't! What if Delilah found out?"

Why did Mike feel the need to add in that last part about me finding out? Was he actually considering it?

"She doesn't have to know—she'll be gone for a while. Delilah will never be the wiser." Wayne tempted in a smoothing tone like the devil himself.

"N-no! Absolutely not." Mike finally seemed to make up his mind, refusing outright.

However, Wayne wasn't done with his underhanded tactics yet as chillingly familiar words came out of his mouth.

"I'll tell you what—how about I make you a deal? Delilah wants this all to go well—if it does, she gets some clout with her bosses, right?"

"Y-yes..." Mike answered pensively, wondering where this was going.

"Well—if it doesn't go well...then Delilah will be terribly upset, yes?"

"Well—yes... but why wouldn't it go well...?"

There was a pause between them, and I could only assume Wayne had that sly smirk on his face as they stared back and forth at each other.

"Well, that all depends on you, *Michelle*...."

"Stop calling me that! And why would that have anything to do with me?" "Because—it's your job to keep me happy and cooperative... I'm sure you're well aware of my reputation. I can make things awfully difficult if I'm not—*satisfied*."

"Wayne, you bastard!" I swore out loud and picked up the pace.

He was going to do to Mike what he had done with me. I kept listening in as they conversed in hushed tones, and a pit sank deeper into my stomach. I recognized these exact same strategies Wayne had used to get what he wanted from me. He was seducing Mike in the same way.

Promising him mutual fulfillment, lying, and telling him I'd never know. Filling Micheal's ears with how much he could make my husband feel good. I suddenly became profoundly ill as I

continued to listen. A part of me begged to hang up the call and not hear anymore, but my horrified fascination kept me on the line.

"I-I don't know about this. It all feels very odd... I don't —," Micheal's voice was fragile now. I could sense the willpower waning in him.

"Feels odd to you—but not to me. I'm accustomed to making sweet little things like you, my bitch." Wayne's words grew lower, and I gulped envision him towering over my husband with a predatory look in his eyes.

"Sweet little thing?" Micheal sounded irritated finally. "I'm a man—you can't talk to me like that!"

"You're a bitch—and a fine little piece of ass as far as I'm concerned. Look, you make me happy—I'll make you happy, and in return, Delilah gets to be happy. It's a win-win for all—," Wayne stated as if the facts were plain as day.

"But I'm not—," Mike meekly argued but was shut down entirely as Wayne lost his patience and dropped his salesman act.

"I don't give a shit what you think you are...I know what you are... So stop fucking around and get to sucking...." Wayne growled.

The air between them rang dead with silence. My heart squeezed. Would a fight break out? I expected Micheal to have some kind of violent outburst and rebuke the taunting rapper. However, after listening closely, a subtle sound caught my ear.

It was almost too soft to detect at first. I had to slow my pace to concentrate lest I accidentally knock into someone in my hurry. Pressing my fingers into my other ear and focusing solely on the sound—I felt that wave of nausea come back as I soon recognized it. Soft slurps, muffled groans of effort, the squelches of a wet orifice.

"See—hah... that's all you needed. Show you a lil'dominance, and you fold like the thirsty little that you are...." Wayne grunted through thick breaths.

My face flushed as my imagination vividly painted countless possibilities across my mind's eye. Was this really happening? Was I hearing all this wrong? Was this some kind of act? However, it became blatantly obvious this was no act as it went on.

"Mmm—you're good at this... You've sucked dick before, haven't you?" Wayne groaned through smug amusement as the sounds of sloshy bobbing and throaty grunts grew louder.

I was flabbergasted when Mike finally chimed back in.

"Pleased-don't tell my wife about this...." He sounded winded—his speech slightly slurred as if his mouth was still half full. "Worried about being exposed to your wife, Michelle?" Wayne crooned as I listened to the sound of my husband's gagging. I nearly retched myself, but more so out of shock than disgust. Had I been so blind that I had no idea that either of them was capable of sinking to this level when I wasn't around?

"Don't worry, I still have plenty of use for this pretty fucking mouth...Guh!" Wayne grunted hard, and a moment later, Mike retched forcefully.

I could only assume Wayne was ramming his cock down Micheal's throat at this point. My pace picked up again as I grew angry. I wanted to get there quickly enough to catch them in the act, but it seemed the gods of commuting were against me that day.

Instead, I was subjected to listening to the whole thing. Right down to the moment, Wayne finally orgasmed—making it as audible as possible. I was suspicious that he had exaggerated his

arrival on purpose. Wayne must have known I was listening in the whole time.

The things he said and did with Mike felt like slights aimed at me. Especially with how he reveled in cumming. Going as far as to degrade Mike for swallowing back his load—dubbing my husband his 'little cum slut.' The phone call dropped shortly after that allowing me to finally process and seethe. I wanted to tear into the pair of them upon my return, but by then, they had cleaned everything up, including themselves. I entered my office calmly.

My first instinct had been to run in there and raise hell—but I knew causing ruckus would only make me look crazy. When I knew they'd both outright deny any claims I made. I had been too shocked at the time, it didn't dawn on me to record the conversation, and now I was kicking myself.

I had no evidence at all. Even as I played it cool and walked back toward my desk—I was examining them from the corner of my eye. Looking for any hints of disruptions, and anything at all out of the ordinary. Yet, I couldn't find a single straw to clutch at.

Whatever had happened evaporated into thin air. I almost began to question myself, wondering if I had somehow daydreamed all of that up, to start with. Yet, it was the look on Wayne's face as I finally locked eyes with him that confirmed that I hadn't just imagined that. Something had gone down in my absence. That

dangerous smirk was on Wayne's face again. Sitting in one of the twin leather seats opposite my desk, he peered up at me and chuckled as I handed him his food.

"Thank you, Ms. Watson—you and your husband spoil me. I couldn't ask for better service." The way he spoke so properly, without a hint of his urban accent, was mockingly patronizing.

I narrowed my eyes at him and grumbled back. "Only the best for you, Wayne...."

As we locked eyes, there was a seething energy between us as if we were staring down a rival. I could tell from the knowing look in his eye he had purposely 'butt-dialed' me just so I could hear him taking advantage of my husband. Still, Mike wasn't an innocent party either. He had given in much easier than I expected him to. Was there more to this that Micheal wasn't telling me about?

Again, that vicious knowing look in Wayne's eye pointed towards the answer being 'yes.' I had no idea what they discussed after the phone had been hung up. Anxieties swirled, pondering the possibilities, but I maintained a perfectly composed veneer for the remainder of the evening. I wasn't going to jeopardize anything just yet without evidence.

I needed to talk to Micheal. I couldn't be completely upset with him given that, I too, had slipped up. Though now, I felt this put us on level playing fields. I didn't know how I'd brooch the subject with him later, but I knew with enough pressure, he'd eventually bend and tell me what had gone on.

Later that night, after we got home from work, I watched Mike very closely. He was jittery, more so than usual, and hyper-attentive. He kept asking me if I needed anything or suggesting things to make me happy. I suppose his guilt was gnawing at him like it had done with me.

I was torn. Between being angry and confused, I also couldn't remain that way. After all—I had my own trespasses that I needed to confess to him. Though I couldn't manage to bring it up during dinner. So I bided my time and waited till we're both in bed.

Mike takes about fifteen to thirty minutes a night reading a book before turning out the lights. I know it's the perfect time to talk to him, but the silence in the room is so thick with unspoken questions, I don't even know where to start. Hell, I don't know how to bring up the subject in a smooth way at all, but what I do know is that I can't stand keeping things in like this. Micheal and I needed to have this talk—we've been married so long, I had to place my faith in him.

"Mike?" I uttered his name softly as I laid in bed staring at the ceiling with the covers pulled up to my breasts.

"Yeah?" He grunted as he turned a page in his novel.

Butterflies swarmed my stomach and ed to choke the words out of me before I can say them, but I push past and blurt it all out. "Did you—... Did you have sex with Mr. Woodrow in my office?"

My question hit Micheal so hard, he went deathly silent. It almost felt like all the air on his side of the room has suddenly been sucked out. I glance over curiously to see his stunned expression. The question is so out of the blue he must have known he had been caught.

"What! Haha—what a crass thing to suggest; stop joking around. Hahaha..." He chuckled weakly and tried to go back to reading his book.

"It's okay if you did—I'm not angry... I'm just curious about some—things...I guess." I wasn't going to let him evade the subject so quickly.

"I would never! How could you even—...." He started to argue, but I look him square in the eye.

He bit his tongue, swallowing back whatever lie he was about to spew. I watched him deflate against the headboard as his eyes roamed the wrinkles in the comforter draped over our bodies.

"I-I'm so so sorry, Delilah—I don't know what came over me...." He started to sniffle as though he was going to start weeping. Most people would probably be furious at the confirmation of cheating, but I am relieved. Micheal could have tried to lie to me more. He could have fought to keep the ruse going. Instead, in the face of someone he loved—he crumbled. His sweetheart couldn't take the pressure of betrayal. At least that's what I supposed as I went on to admit my own missteps.

"It's okay, Mike...." I soothed him—rising from the bed to lean over and drape an arm around his slumped shoulders.

"No! It's not!" He began to sob. "But it is—," I insisted.

"No—I'm a horrible husband! You don't deserve someone like me!"

"Mike—I slept with him too...."

Mike's crying ceases instantaneously as he pins me with wide eyes. "You bitch!" I can't contain a chuckle at the breakneck shift in his demeanor. "None of us are innocent, Mike. What's done is done—but I think this just goes to show, you and I have deeper problems we need to discuss...."

Micheal's sour expression faded. He looked about ready to chew me out, but his momentary anger dissipated after processing what I said. It was time he and I had a serious talk about our relationship, and we had a good enough rapport to recognize that our marriage was in dire need of maintenance.

Micheal tells me about what happened in the office. Things started off all business, but after he started asking Wayne about prison life, Wayne flipped on him. He found himself cornered by the rapper and propositioned—even threatened. Mike's cheeks flushed red as he got to the part where he and Wayne had sex, but he didn't elaborate. Some strange curiosity in me wanted him to elaborate, though. I wanted to hear precisely how Wayne had used my husband. I don't know why I had this insatiable fascination—but I wanted to know.

"So—what happened? Did you let him... y'know...your ass?" I purposefully went for the worst thing I could think of, earning the reply I was looking for.

"What! No-no! I just—I...I," Micheal went red from ear to ear. "I sucked him off, okay...." His voice became very soft.

A surge of heat went through me. Did I find this kind of thing arousing? Knowing my husband was being used in such a way? I couldn't tell, but I kept asking questions. "Did you like it?"

Micheal glanced up at me, wholly abashed and stammering. I could tell he wanted to say yes, but he couldn't will the word from his trembling lips. "It's okay if you like that sort of thing. I enjoy giving head—,"

"Don't say that—I'm not you. You're a woman; you're supposed to—...." Micheal began to clam up.

"I'm sorry, sweetheart—I don't mean to fluster you, but we've been married for so long. I'm just surprised I never knew about this side of you...." I tried to pick my words carefully, knowing how sensitive Mike could be. I wanted him to know I still loved him and wanted to work through this, but he had to drop his guard and let me in. "It's a turn-on...I kind of like it... I think."

"What?" Mike peered over at me.

Now I was the one blushing. "I don't know—this is all new to me, too... but I feel like you and I have gotten bored with our routine. Maybe it's time to shake things up a little? I mean, if there's something I'm not doing in the bedroom for you, I'd like to know. I want you to be happy, Mike. I mean—is this about your sexuality? Are you gay?" Micheal looked like his head was spinning. So many thoughts looked like they were flashing through his mind before he finally put a coherent one together.

"I-I'm not gay...maybe something else—I don't know...." He sighed. "What a pair we make, huh? Aren't we supposed to be solving problems? We can't even get our own shit together...." Mike groaned into his hands and doubled over.

"This is true—but better later than never, right? So you're not gay, but...you still had sex with Wayne?" I asked. I still needed to understand what was going on with my husband.

"It's just... it's different. The way he talks to a person and looks at me...he just—he did something to me. I felt like no matter what I did—I couldn't resist him. I wanted to experience the pleasure he said he could give me...." Micheal tried to explain.

"Hmm..." I pondered over it. He had been seduced by Wayne's demeanor and what he offered. "Help me understand, honey...I don't quite get it."

Micheal stared over at me before dropping his gaze. "I'm not sure when it started...but at some point—when I'd watch porn, I'd fixate on the girls in each scene."

"Uh-huh... that's normal..." I uttered a bit speculatively.

"Well—I fixated on them, but not for the reasons you think...I mean, at first yeah—I enjoyed watching the women, but then I realized I enjoyed watching them receiving pleasure, and I started thinking about how it must feel to be dominated and well—you know..." Micheal shrugged his shoulder softly. He was too flustered to finish that sentence. "I just—started imagining myself in their places. As the girl getting fuck rather than the guy doing the fucking. It just—excites me more, thinking of it that way."

"—and you thought Wayne was your opportunity to experience that?"

Micheal nodded his head slowly at me and barely made eye contact. At least, I understood what was happening now.

He was aroused by power dynamics—perhaps more than just that. I wondered how deeply my husband's kinks ran. Was there

anything else he was hiding from me? Everything he said inspired me to experiment and push boundaries. I had always had a high sex drive, but discussing this with him had me buzzing. My thoughts began to wander by themselves. Meandering off into daydreams of watching my husband submit to Wayne's domineering.

"So uh—back to what you said about how Wayne talks...what was it he said exactly that got under your skin?"

Micheal groaned and laid back. He was exasperated from being abashed but continued to be a good sport. "I suppose, just—the way he talked down to me... It made me feel... Smaller? Like—like I had to listen to him because I was... y'know... a 'bitch.'"

Was that it? Micheal enjoyed being broken down and lorded over? My appetite for testing the waters rose. I wanted to see if I could spur similar arousal in Mike. "Oh—so you like being put in your place like the degenerate you are?" I said to him in a flirtatiously coy manner.

Micheal's eyes focused on me, making eye contact for the first time. His face was almost blank, but I could see the color flooding his cheeks again.

"D-Delilah?" He uttered sheepishly.

"Mmh, such a naughty boy—you deserve to be punished." I purred and began peeling back the blankets.

"W-what are you d-doing?" The helplessness in his voice gave way to desire as he watched me slink from the bed.

"Going to have my fun—you've been bad, so you have to do what I say." I chuckled.

I had no idea what I was doing. I had never 'dominated' anyone before, but I found the surprised and flustered expression on Micheal's face intoxicating. I wanted to keep pushing his buttons to see how far he was really willing to go. I stripped off my nightgown. A peach-colored silk slip that fell just to my knees. It was light and soft against my skin as I slid it off. The garment dripped off my body like water as I tugged it off. I stood fully nude, watching Mike's eyes wander me.

"I'm confused...." Mike muttered, half entranced by my naked form.

"Yeah—aren't we all..." I tossed him my nightgown, and on reflex, he reached out and yanked the soft pink slip from the air. "Put that on...." I said with a smile.

"W-what? W-why?" Mike sputtered, looking down at the scant nightwear.

"Just do it—don't ask questions." I barked back and headed over to my vanity.

I could feel Micheal watching me as he slipped off his night clothes. Tossing his t-shirt and shorts to the side before pulling on my night slip. His lean frame took up only a bit more room in my clothing, but it hung beautifully on his slender form. I tossed a glance over, examining how the blush-colored silk clung to his narrow hips, falling just above his creamy thighs. Was I really aroused by this?

The more I looked, the more I felt drawn to touching those soft exposed parts of him, but I resisted. I had other plans in mind. I fished out an ample palette of eye shadows and blushes. Micheal examined the flat black panel in my hand as I approached, unsure of what was contained inside. I wasn't content to show him until I had him pinned to the bed, with my knees straddling either side of his stomach.

"So—Mr. Woodrow seems to think you're a Michelle." I chuckled as I sat down on him.

Micheal grimaced as they stared up at me. "How did you know that?"

"Honestly, I found out through a butt dial...." A white lie. I didn't want him to feel as if he had been totally duped. "—but that's beside the point. I'm wondering if Wayne's right about you... Are you a Michelle?" I asked as I popped open the makeup palette.

Micheal glanced over at it and then back at my face. He went tense for a moment as he processed and then relaxed. Was he really okay with this? I wanted to ask, but I felt like that took away from his fantasy of having his fate dictated to him. So instead, I went about with what I had planned.

Micheal remained still as I began dabbing brushes into various colors—decorating the frames of his lashes and his eyelids with different shades of pinks and reds to match the nightie I had made him wear. The scarlet tones also brought out the fieriness of his natural hair. The more I dabbed onto him—the more lovely he became, and I started to see exactly what Wayne had been pointing out. I could see the questions forming in my husband's eyes as I dabbed powder across his cheeks. He wanted to say something and could no longer contain it. "So—are you going to tell me what happened between you and... Mr. Woodrow?"

A sharp pang tightened my chest. I didn't want to hurt his feelings, but since we were getting things out in the open, I steeled my nerves and said exactly how I felt. "Well—you hadn't paid me any attention in a long time...and as you know—Wayne can be a rather charming asshole when he wants...."

"Did you let him...fuck you?" Mike asked, probably wondering if I got the same treatment.

"I did... Didn't want to ruin my makeup, so, no oral. Just sex..." I said plainly.

"Did...Did you like it?" Mike's eyes drifted to the ceiling, but his focus remained on my voice.

"I...did... To be honest—I didn't think I was attracted to black men but now...I can't get him off my mind...."

I can see Mike's face rumple unhappily at that. "He's bigger than me...."

"Yes—he is...much bigger...."

"Is that why you like him...?"

"Eh—'like' is a very loose term. I suppose it's just lust—beyond that, I find him utterly obnoxious."

"Do you... like having sex with him...more than me?" Mike peeped timidly.

This was a question I dreaded, but at this point, there was no pussy-footing around what was happening. "I... I do—he fills me up completely. I can barely get a hold of my senses when that man is inside of me—it's very...different."

"Is that why—,"

"I didn't cum the other night we were together? Yes...sorry to say—but Wayne left an emptiness in me that you just wouldn't be able to fill...."

"But you told me my size didn't matter to you...." Mike was blushing and growing annoyed, yet I could feel him stirring under me. Something almost pencil-like prodded at my butt as I sat atop him. I had to assume all this talk about size comparison had riled him up.

"It didn't...not until I got a taste of something better. Haha—what's that? Are you sticking me with your prick out of jealousy now? You're really a nasty little degenerate, aren't you? I bet you'd get off to watching him fuck me with his big dick." I

chuckled snidely and rocked back onto him, teasing the narrow head of his penis.

Micheal was too aroused, angry and embarrassed from having his body ridiculed and painted up—he fell starkly quiet as I continued touching up his face.

"Are you enjoying me dolling you up like this?" After applying blush and highlighter to the sharp ridges of his high cheekbones, I had to ask. He really was starting to look convincing.

"I-its...kind of...nice...actually," Mike admitted softly as he laid still, only tipping his head lightly to allow me to brush more rouge onto his brow bones.

"You look so pretty, baby...." I uttered mindlessly as I painted his face.

I could see him blush as a slight smirk cracked endearingly over his red-stained lips. Peaceful tranquility settled over us in those quiet hours after midnight. It was a peace that he and I had not experienced between us in a long time. Like this piece had been missing from the picture, and suddenly it was whole now. I had never felt so attached to my husband as I did in those little

moments, but even then, there were still issues that needed to be resolved—seemingly enough, Mike shared those worries.

"Delilah...what are we going to do about Big Wayeng?" Mike asked—I could feel his fingers tenderly gripping my thighs in concern. I thought for a moment—and then the idea struck me. A wild one at that, but we had already come this far down the rabbit hole. I was ready to see what was on the other side. "I have an idea...Leave it to me."

For the next week and a half, Mike and I worked in tandem to keep things running smoothly with Big Wayeng. The charity event was a huge success, earning over nearly one million dollars for the cause and putting Wayeng back in the good graces of some of his peers. While also introducing him to newer connections.

A day or so later, the collaboration offers were pouring in for Big Wayeng. All kinds of musical talents and Hollywood stars suddenly wanted to take up a bit of Big Wayeng's time. I was very happy for him but also a little befuddled that he hadn't tried anything with Mike or me in a while.

Perhaps his surge of success was keeping him at bay—or I thought so until he cornered me in my office one afternoon again. Mike had stepped out to pick up lunch. It was one of the rare times we left each other alone in the office, and Wayne obviously had been

keeping a close eye on our rounds. The tall, lean hip-hop artist slipped in before I even noticed him.

"You dodging me, Dee?" He asked me with an accusatory look in his eyes.

"Me? Dodging you? Of course not; we've both been busy—why? You miss me?" I quirked an eyebrow at him.

Wayne looked a little surprised by my playful tone. "I thought you'd still be mad about your fucking twink ass husband giving me head...." Wayne stated bluntly.

I can sense he was trying to get me to react vitriolically, but I was on to his game already. I kept my cool—pretending as if I wasn't shocked in the slightest by his words. Besides, Wayne had been right about one thing. He played a crucial role in my and my husband's relationship now. Not only was he bolstering our reputations but reigniting things in the bedroom for us. I wasn't going to push him away—though I don't think he expected what I had to tell him next.

"Look, Wayne—you've done a fantastic job. You rubbed elbows with the right people and got all the cogs in place and in motion. I couldn't have asked for a better client...so I wanted to get you a

little surprise as a reward." I smiled sweetly at him. A gesture Wayne must have taken as deceitful or menacing because his expression melted into one of skepticism.

"Yeah?"

"I'd like to invite you over to my house for a special dinner—it'll just be you, me, and Micheal. You know—to celebrate a successful partnership." I chimed.

Wayne's brow furrowed as he peeked at me from over the brim of his sunglasses. "You want me to come over to your crib? —and do what? Let your husband fucking ambush me with a 12-gauge?"

I laughed at his suspicions though I could understand why he'd assume that. "Wayne— I would never let my husband or anyone else hurt you. All I'm saying is, come over, have some dinner... and then *dessert*. It'll be a good time, I promise."

Wayne still looked highly skeptical, but he didn't say much after that. Maybe he was mulling things over, but he did utter a curt thank you for my help in tidying up his image. At the end of the day, Wayne said he would think about coming over, and I told him to simply give me a call whenever he wanted to stop by.

With things going well regarding Big Wayeng's publicity resurgence, I expected he might be too busy to take me up on that offer. However, that same week I got a phone call from him on Friday.

"Hey, Wayne! How're things on the battlefield? —keeping your nose clean, I hope."

"Delilah—," He greeted me in pleasant amusement. "You wound me, Miss Watson— I'm always a good boy." He said through a playful purr.

"Yeah—'always a good boy'...as long as you're kept happy, right?" I mused back.

"Astute as always, lil'Dee. That's why I like you. Smart, beautiful, classy lady. Speaking of ladies... how's your husband?" He chuckled.

"Mike's doing well; I'm sure he misses you, too." I lightly joked.

"Oh ho—I bet he does."

Wayne's taunting yet sultry voice earned a soft laugh from me. He was so unbothered and yet sensually charming, I wondered if he was calling about having dinner with us. "Well then, should I assume you'll be stopping by Saturday to have dinner with us? I'm sure Mike would be over the moon to see you...."

"Saturday? Sounds good—six o'clock?" I could hear Wayne say as the sound of a car door swung shut on his end, and an engine rumbled to life.

"Seven—I'll need a little time to prepare. Only the best for 'Big Wayeng.'" I teased. "Damn right, if you know what's good for you—haha... see you then, Dee."

On Saturday night, I had dinner ready and waiting for Wayne when he showed up. I

had to admit he cleaned up pretty well. His dreads had been neatly gathered and tied back, and he wore a sleek pair of black slacks and a matching dress shirt.

"You clean up well!" I said as I greeted him at the door.

It's a little odd seeing Wayne's face without any sunglasses on. He always made a point to wear them, but there was no need for them at night. He was handsome with a strong jaw and generous lips—those striking ghostly pale eyes.

Wayne peers down at me and winks. "Speak for yourself, Dee—," His eyes wandered down my petite frame, taking in the way my burgundy cocktail dress hangs on my hips and breasts.

"Flatterer." I purred and ushered him in.

I helped him make himself comfortable. Hanging up his jacket and setting aside the bottle of wine he brought along. I'm still amazed at how well mannered he is, but at the same time, I feel the weight of his eyes following me as I move around the room.

"Lovely home—Dee... Where's Mike?" Wayne asked. He reclined into one of the dining room chairs around the table.

"He's going to be late—I wouldn't be surprised if he missed dinner. It's fine—he'll be here for dessert." I said coyly as I set out the food.

"So it's just me and you, huh?" Wayne eyed me with a smirk tugging at the corner of his lips. "I'm not mad at that."

I said nothing else and only smiled warmly at him as I dimmed the lights. "It's been a grand success working with you; let's enjoy the mood of the evening...and see where things take us. To you—Big Wayeng...."

Handing him a glass of red wine, I toasted the hip-hop artist and his future success. His fame would eventually trickle down and bring in new clients for my firm and, in turn, cement me in as the next senior partner. I had to admit, it was a very wild ride—but I wasn't done just yet.

Wayne clinks his glass against mine with a seductive knowing smirk on his face. The air is almost as thick with romance as it is with want as we dine together in peace. Wayne turns out to be quite the conversationalist. He's bright and well-informed but highly egotistical, which leads him to take on radical and controversial stances.

He's wildly provocative but also oddly enlightening. It's refreshing talking to him over dinner, but eventually, we finish eating with, and with nothing to buffer us—the conversation soon dries up under the heated desire in our eyes.

"I want you, Dee... right now. No more playing around—get over here." Wayne's demeanor shifted. His gaze hardened like molten rock as he regarded me. I blushed at the possessive rumble in his voice.

"But what about Dessert?" I teased and reclined in my seat with playful defiance. "Dee is for dessert...now get over here," Wayne growled through a handsome grin. "Haha—very cute...but not quite." I rose from my seat and gestured for him to follow me.

Wayne's visibly confused and a little wary as he gets up but I lead him to the master bedroom in the back of the house.

"Oh, don't want to mess up your table—I see...." Wayne said as he came up behind me—embracing my waist and kissing my neck. My skin tingled, and affectionately I reached back to stroke the thick coils of his hair.

"Well—true...but—I have another surprise. Why don't you make yourself comfortable on the bed? I'll be right back." Again, Wayne looked a little confused and annoyed at all the extra steps being taken. However, he relented and allowed me to slip into the bathroom.

"Ready, my love?" I asked as I shut the bathroom door behind me and I turned to see Micheal's progress.

My heart skips a beat at the vision I'm presented with. He stood in my lingerie. A pink satin set with lace sewn elegantly along with the bra cups and crotch of the panties. It's sheer and see-through, but Mike's skin was so soft and pale you can barely tell. The garter waist belt was a matching hue and snatched up his already narrow waist. Simulating a heart-breaking hourglass figure.

I feel myself grow hot as I examined his long shapely legs, draped in silk stockings— the garter straps bit into the soft plushness of his thighs. I couldn't believe I managed to convince him to shave, but the absence of hair across his slender pale form sold the illusion almost too well. Micheal started over at me through a veil of fake lashes. The pastel makeup on his face accentuated his round features. He looked angelic, with his strawberry red hair curled like a bright halo around his head.

"You look so good, sweetheart." I swoon as I look at him.

His expression is deflated, however. He moved stiffly in the lingerie. "I-I...I don't think I can do this, Delilah. I don't want to do this...."

My giddiness died away immediately. "What? What do you mean?"

"I just—I don't know if this is me...I—can't." Micheal sighed hard and moved to walk past me. I don't think he realized that Wayne had been there this entire time. As soon as he stepped out of the bathroom and locked eyes with Wayne, Micheal froze.

"Oohwee! What do we have here?" Wayne grew animated upon laying eyes on Mike. "Wayne?!" Micheal yelped.

Wayne trapped Micheal up in his arms and grinned sadistically at the pale lean man.

"Uh-uh don't be calling me 'Wayne' – you call me 'Big Wayeng,'"

I stood aside, watching pensively, "Wayne—I had hoped Mike would join us, but I

think he's got cold feet."

"Oh, is that so? What's wrong, Michelle? You don't wanna party with us?" Wayne set

Micheal down, allowing my husband some breathing room as he stared wide-eyed and helpless at us both.

"N-no...This just isn't—me...." Mike stated as he looked down at his feminized body.

"What you talking about—this shit fits you like a glove. Mmh—you've got me feeling some kind of way. Turn around, let me get a good look." Wayne leaned back, petting his chin as he examined Micheal closely.

Mike blushed but refused. "I'm not going through with this...."

"I-It's... It's okay, Mike. This is my fault; I thought this was what you wanted. I thought this would...save our marriage—but...if you don't want to. I—I can respect that." I said as I tented my fingers in my lap and stared at the ground in disappointment.

"Hah! I don't —," Wayne said blatantly. "Shit, you ignoring your calling, boo—but hey, don't let me stop you from walking out. Though if you do—Imma still fuck your wife." I glanced over at Wayne as he leered in my direction.

"Wait—what?" Micheal froze again and glanced between us, gauging our expressions.

Truthfully, I still wanted this—even if Micheal didn't. "I'm sorry, Mike. I don't want to do this without you, but—...."

Wayne wasn't going to wait anymore; he stepped over and kissed me deeply in front of Micheal, who stood stone stiff in shock. I was so intoxicated by the force and passion behind Wayne's lips I became lost in his arms. Drowning in the heat of his desire. A gasp escaped me as Wayne tugged his mouth away, tossing a wicked grin in Mike's direction.

"You can stand there and watch for all I fucking care. Hah, this would make for a good song; fucking your wife while yo sissy ass watches and cries in the corner. Haha—lyrical gold mine, right there."

"You can't write a song about this!" Mike panicked and shouted. "I can, and I fucking will!" Wayne growled back.

I knew Micheal had a fear of being exposed, and the threat of having his odd sexual curiosities put on display shook him to his core.

"Please—don't...." Mike pleaded.

"Hah—give me a reason not to," Wayne said menacingly as he held me firmly pressed to his body.

Micheal looked utterly defeated. I felt terrible for him, but we had come so far already, and Wayne was a man of his word. He'd make good on any threats. Micheal relented with no options seemingly left to him and trudged back over. Only when he was in arms reach did Wayne finally slacken his grip around my waist.

"That's a good girl—come here, Michelle." Wayne tapped the bed. "Put your hands right here, sweet thing—let daddy get a good look at you."

Micheal's eyes flicked over to me and then fell to the bed's comforter as he did what was requested. Placing his hands on the bed so that he was slightly bent over, revealing his ass. Wayne growled hungrily as he lightly smacked Mike on the rump and then groped him. I watched closely, growing heated as I saw Wayne's fingers dip and glide beneath the clingy pink silk pulled taut over Mike's bubble butt.

"Damn, you got a cute little ass homey—," Wayne complemented with another soft pat on Mike's butt.

Micheal blushed and chewed his lips, though he said nothing as he tried to resist the urge to squirm. I saw him jolt though when Wayne tugged the fabric of his panties out of the way, revealing Micheal's smooth tight ball sack and the clench of his anus just behind that.

"Mmm—look at this cute little bussy... I bet you still a virgin back here, huh?" Wayne commented. His long fingers circled Micheal's anus before poking and messaging at the tight clench.

"Damn—you real tight... Dee, you got some vaseline or something?"

I had to pull myself out of the trance I had fallen into while watching Wayne playing with my husband's ring. "Oh—uh, we have lube," I said quickly before retrieving it from the bedside table.

"You do, huh?" Wayne winked and smiled at me as I held up the bottle. "Girl, what you been getting up to?"

"Mike might be, but I'm no stranger to anal—though, it's been a while," I admitted as I popped the cap off the lube bottle and began pouring the clear, slippery substance into Wayne's hand as he continued manipulating Micheal's back entrance.

"Is that so? Lil' Dee the Anal Queen, who would've thought."
Wayne teased.

"I'm not an anal queen—," I chuckled back, while my eyes went back to drinking up the sight of Wayne's fingers slowly pushing themselves into Micheal's orifice.

"You will be when I'm done with you...." Wayne chuckled darkly with a grunt as he forced the first finger into Micheal's anus. Mike grunted and contorted, hissing at the sudden intrusion. "Same goes for you, Michelle—," The hip-hop artist purred as he began sliding his long index finger in and out of Micheal's seal.

I could hear Micheal's breath hitching each time Wayne stroked in and out of him. His pale body grew flush as he tried to control his breathing. I could see his back wanting to arch, receding from the pain of the intrusive digit burying itself knuckle deep into his cavity. My mouth grew wet watching—loins following suit as Wayne continued, eventually adding a second and then a third finger. Stretching Micheal's anus to the limit. Forcing moans of mixed bliss and agony from Micheal's throat.

Wayne grew erect from abusing Micheal's asshole. I could see the dark shadow of his precum soaking through his pants as he played with Mike. Horny and hot from observing so far, I wanted to touch him. I need to. I quickly undid Wayne's belt and tugged his

pants down, exposing the hose-like length of his dark cock. Wayne did nothing to stop me, only laughing softly and stroking my hair as I began to suck at the crown of his dick. Micheal peered at me from over his shoulder.

I could see him from the corner of my eye chewing at his lip still. Muffling labored grunts—though his eyes were half-lidded in restrained pleasure. Knowing my husband was slowly losing himself, I gave myself over to this intense heat as well. Gulping back Wayne's cock—slurping loudly as I endeavored to fit more of him into my mouth.

My eyes watered and my esophagus bulged with the swell of him, yet I continued. Allowing a steady stream of saliva to pool and run over my lips. The wet squelching of Wayne's fingers bobbing in and out of Micheal's hole became as audible as the steady slapping of my wet palate each time Wayne's head kissed the back of my throat.

"Ooohh—...you two are a good team. Haha—they were right, best service money can buy." Wayne said, laughing loudly, though his chuckle fades into an impassioned grunt as he began to finger Micheal harder while thrusting into my mouth.

Micheal's body nearly curls into itself as Wayne's assault on his anus continues. I can feel Wayne's cock beginning to throb in my

mouth. I sense he's grown close, but he pulls away from me. Gripping me by the throat to halt my attentive sucking.

"Mmmh—that's good...Now it's your turn, Michelle. Bend over, baby girl." Wayne turns to Micheal and pushes his shoulders down.

Forcing the top half of my husband's body flush with the bed. Using his weight, Wayne leans onto him. Pining Micheal there as he positions himself. I heard my husband let out shaky, anxious breaths. Then a small yelp escaped him as Wayne began to slide himself in. Aroused by the noises my husband made, I leaned down and kissed him as Wayne forces more of himself into Micheal's backside.

My husband grunted and cried out only to have the sounds swallowed up by my greedy kissing. My presence seemed to relax him as Micheal goes nearly limp with the amount of cock being buried into him. His eyes rolled up into his skull, and a vein throbbed down his neck as he fought to control himself through the pain.

"Gahhhh...Oh, so fucking tight...." Wayne finally sighed once he's about halfway submerged into Mike.

Micheal whines as Wayne spanks the pale cheek of his ass affectionately. Though in pain, Micheal's eyes have hazed over with deep lust. He groaned and moaned softly when Wayne started to rock into him. My heart fluttered at the sound of Wayne's clammy hips colliding with a loud slap against Micheal's backside.

"Ah! Fuck! Ssshaa—Delilah!" Micheal whimpered and reached out to me.

I grabbed his hands, affectionately kissing his knuckles as Wayne began to push himself in deep and slow.

"You make such sweet noises—Michelle." I purred at Mike and kissed his lips again.

My pussy is aching to feel even a tiny portion of what Micheal is feeling. I crawled onto the bed and position myself in front of Micheal's face. Spreading my legs for him as I tugged my dress out of the way. I neglected to wear panties, knowing this was the direction the night would head in.

Without the need to command it, Micheal dropped his head and began to kiss and lick at the folds of my fluffy vulva. I hummed

and writhed, petting his head as Mike devoured my sex in a fever of tormented lust.

"Mmmh—good girls...get it nice and wet for me." Wayne grunted.

His powerful undulation continued. I watched in awe as the ebony sinew of his muscular frame rolls and ebbs with each push of his sculpted hips. Wayne is mesmerizing to watch and all the more so with Micheal writhing beneath him. My own hips trembled and bucked into Micheal's mouth at feeling the growing heat between the three of us.

Wayne's eyes were on me. They lit up, watching my curves and hips dance sensually at the stimulation offered by my husband's attentive tongue. Wayne was close—his body glazed over with more sweat. The beat of his hips became erratic until finally—he thrust fully into Micheal's orifice and groaned hard. Letting out a shuddering breath as he orgasmed into Micheal's anus.

Mike let out a cute helpless whimper as he's entirely crushed by Wayne's larger frame. The hip-hop artist collapsed totally as he's drained of his essence. I laughed as Wayne pushes Micheal's head aside—making room to place his own spent kisses across the pale skin of my thighs.

"Damn—that was good.... I want seconds." Though obviously winded, Wayne gained a second wind. Micheal is pretty much tossed out of the way, and I find myself dragged forward to the edge of the bed. Wayne buries his renewed erection into me with a swift thrust that has me reeling.

"Ngh!! Wayne!" I cried out in passion as I was beset by the large dusky male.

He draped his large frame over mine. Folding my knees into my chest in a rough mating press as he climbed atop me and engulfed my body with his own. I was so overcome with the heat of his body and the hardness of his chest, I came undone. Mewling and moaning loudly as Wayne drives his already messy cock into my pussy.

My hands could do nothing but cling onto his broad shoulders as he rode me hard against the mattress. The springs began to squeal in protest as Wayne's thrusting becomes more violent. So much so, my thighs start to sting from the forcefulness of his rutting.

Micheal, exhausted and aching, lies next to me. Watching my face the entire time as Wayne took me with fervent lust that leaves me shivering under him. There is envy in Mike's eyes but also deep arousal as he pets himself to the sight of me being ravished by another man.

As my orgasm slams into me—Micheal arrives at the same time. He crumples and whimpers, cumming onto the bed's comforter as he witnesses me being rattled to my core. My whole body is awash in endorphins while Wayne keeps a steady pace, extending my arrival until I'm nothing but a squirming mess beneath him.

As my body grips onto him, I finally feel Wayne shudder atop me before hot gouts of semen flood the channel of my womb. The three of us lay in sweaty spent heaps across our king-size bed. It takes a while for any of us to muster the strength to speak, but when we do. Wayne is the first to say something.

"Well—you promised me a memorable evening, and you delivered. Thank you, Delilah." The rapper/hip-hop artist seemed more than grateful and discussed continuing business with me in the future.

He enjoyed the current working relationship and looked forward to seeing it flourish. Mike, on the other hand, was left somewhat speechless. He couldn't outright say he hated what had happened, but he wouldn't admit that he did either. I felt he'd come around soon after having some time to think about it and cool down. I wondered if doing this had been the right choice, but only time would tell. Fortunately for me, Wayne came through—putting in a positive word with my higher-ups and securing my promotion.

I was given a corner office and a huge raise—not to mention a new slew of clients to pick from. Micheal continued his day job as an accountant but worked more closely with me after my promotion. Things turned out really well, and in the end—Micheal was able to come to terms with his feelings.

This whole experience allowed us to explore our love and sex life more fully, and this next time, Wayne was openly invited into bed with us. Changing things up saved our marriage and garnered me a valuable network. All in all, I found triumphs at every turn. At first, I was skeptical about all this, but now I see that 'curiosity may kill the cat, but satisfaction definitely brings it back.'