



Date with A D*ck

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Description: Valentine's Day was meant to be filled with roses, romance, and love notes. But for Keke, it's a bitter reminder of everything she's lost. When her husband, Henrique, walked out without warning, he didn't just leave her heartbroken—he left her questioning her worth and extinguished the fire that once burned so brightly within her.

Determined to reclaim her power, Keke decides she won't spend the night wallowing. Instead, she dresses to kill and treats herself to dinner at the city's hottest new restaurant. But it isn't just the food that takes her breath away—it's Chef Tomas. With his smoldering gaze, confident swagger, and a voice as rich as the decadent dishes he serves, Tomas exudes an irresistible magnetism that awakens something in Keke she thought was lost forever.

The air between them is electric, and what begins as a simple night out quickly transforms into a night of reckless, unforgettable passion. Tomas shows Keke a side of herself she'd forgotten—bold, sensual, and alive. But as dawn breaks, the echoes of her broken marriage linger, leaving her to wonder: Is this fiery connection with Tomas a step toward moving on or just a dangerous game of heartbreak?

In *Date with a D*ck*, Keke's journey through love, loss, and rediscovery takes readers on a tantalizing ride of sultry temptation, second chances, and the complexities of healing. Because sometimes, the way to get over one man is to get under another.

Total Pages (Source): 8

HOME SWEET HOME

K eKe

I study the house—the one that took me over a year to find and several more years to remodel and furnish exactly to my tastes. Now, it sits completely dark. Where is Henrique? I wonder about my husband of eleven years.

Stepping out of the hired car, I grab my phone from my purse and unlock the front door. Behind me, the driver retrieves my luggage from the trunk and places it in the foyer. The moment he steps back outside, I lock the door, sealing myself inside.

Kicking off my heels into a corner brings instant relief, but the sight of them strewn haphazardly jolts me. What am I doing? Those are thousand-dollar shoes. I pick them up and place them neatly on the shoe rack. I must have lost my damn mind for a second.

There was a time when even imagining such an extravagant purchase felt impossible. Henrique and I clawed our way up from nothing. Now, pricey heels are standard, not a luxury—but that doesn't mean I can act like I have no sense of decorum.

My mind thinks back to when we saved enough money to buy our first house. We sacrificed, living in a studio apartment in a rough neighborhood. No eating out. No movies. No extra expenses. We cooked meals, brought lunch to work, and stretched every penny. I even learned to sew so we wouldn't have to buy new clothes. Eventually, we saved enough for a down payment on a house in a nicer neighborhood—and we did it all over again for this house.

When I suggested we buy this dilapidated mansion, Henrique thought I'd lost my mind. But after the remodel, it became something stunning—better than anything we could have found on the market.

Over the years, the house has become a smart investment, paying for itself many times over.

Padding into the kitchen, the soft glow of the Calacatta Gold marble floors tells me the housekeeper has been here. There's a vase of fresh flowers on the island with a card propped against it. I smile, warmed by the gesture. Henrique's always spoiling me.

I had hoped he'd be home. I've been gone for weeks, traveling for work. What was supposed to be a quick trip turned into a whirlwind of client emergencies across three different countries. I love the travel—it's a chance to see the world on someone else's dime—but I miss Henrique. We've always managed to make it work, taking "mini honeymoons" whenever our schedules allowed.

This time, though, there was no overlap. No stolen moments. And now, the house is eerily quiet. I miss my man—his touch, his laugh. Though I'm exhausted and hungry, I want more than just food.

Our sex drive has always been off the charts, even after eleven years of marriage. Anytime he reaches for me, I'm ready—and vice versa. I saved myself for him, and I've never regretted it. Henrique has always been more than enough.

I imagined him greeting me tonight with his usual hunger, maybe even spreading me out on the kitchen island. But he's not here. No text. No voicemail. As far as I know, he didn't have a work trip planned.

Carefully, I pick up the vase and the card and head to the bedroom. I assume the

answer lies in the card in my hand.

In the bathroom, I strip off my travel-worn clothes and step under the hot spray of the shower. The water sluices down my body, washing away the grime of long flights and late meetings. I showered on the plane, but nothing compares to being home.

Though I'd like to linger, I know my food will be arriving soon. After drying off, I slip my feet into warm slippers and wrap myself in a plush robe, fresh from the heated cabinet. A quick skincare routine and some shea butter infused with vitamin E leave my skin soft and glowing.

I change into my Just Mercy pajamas. That brand is my weakness—whenever they drop something new, I buy it without question. The designer blew up after creating a wedding dress for a billionaire's bride in Mississippi. I didn't even know Mississippi had billionaires, but apparently, there are at least nine of them.

A ping from my phone alerts me that someone's at the door. It must be my food. Henrique's absence makes me cautious, so I open the nightstand drawer and retrieve my gun from the safe—just in case.

By the time I reach the door, the delivery driver has vanished, leaving my order behind. I lock the door and return to the bedroom.

Where is he? No messages. No missed calls. Nothing. Settling onto the bed, I open the takeout container. The rich aroma makes my stomach growl, and I dive in, shoveling food into my mouth until my hunger subsides enough for normal bites.

Finally, I turn my attention to the card. Smiling, I slide my finger beneath the flap and unfold it. But as I read the familiar handwriting, my smile fades. He's left me.

Eleven years of marriage. Gone. Just like that.

I reread the letter, hoping I misread it. The same black ink. The same terrible words. The food turns to ash in my mouth, and a hot tear escapes the corner of my eye.

I think back to the first time I saw him—at a diner near the university campus where he worked bussing tables. He was six foot three, with a tan complexion, full lips, lush hair, and piercing green eyes.

His English was elementary at best, but from the moment our eyes met, I knew he was mine.

I went back to that diner every single day until he asked me out. I found out he practiced for two weeks to get the words right. From that moment, we were inseparable. We built a life together from nothing. And now, he's gone.

I turn on a movie I've seen a million times, hoping its familiarity will soothe me. Tomorrow, I'll figure out how to live without Henrique.

But tonight, I clutch his pillow, inhaling his scent, and brace myself for the long, restless hours ahead.

How dare he leave me like this.

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POPPING OUT

Keke

It's been a couple of weeks, and I've had enough of wallowing. Tonight is Valentine's Day and I plan on indulging in some serious self-care, then heading to that hyped-up new restaurant I made reservation months ago for me and Henrique. I'm not going to miss going simply because my husband left me. I'm going to savor every moment—and if I'm lucky, maybe find someone who knows exactly how to scratch my itch. I am not used to going this long without some dick and I am in serious withdrawal. They say that when you get older your self-drive decreases, when you get married it decreases, when you have a demanding job it decreases, over time it decreases, but not for me and Henrique; as a matter of fact, it's been quite the opposite, we fuck like proverbial bunnies. I love that man, not only does he blow my back out every single time, he's an amazing provider, and generous in more ways than one. Not just with money, but with his heart, his time, his emotions, and his patience. I never imagined he'd be the one to walk away after everything we've built together.

After my shower, I slip into undergarments, leggings, and a T-shirt, then slide my feet into sandals. Purse and keys in hand, I head out. First stop: waxing. The only hair I want on this body is on my lashes, brows, and head. Smooth as a surfboard now, I move on to get my nails and toes done—they looked like I'd been walking the green mile. With each treatment, I feel more human again. I indulge in a facial, a massage, and finally, a hair appointment. My hair, grown down to the top of my backside, proves the lie in the notion that Black girls can't have long hair. I've worked hard for this length, and it shows. Hours later, I return home feeling like a new woman.

The house still feels empty and strangely quiet. I'm used to Henrique blasting music or yelling at the TV, calling someone estúpido . Now, it's silent. I remind myself that it's time to get ready for my reservation—I'm starving, and I'm hopeful the food will be worth it. I pick out my “fuck 'em up” black dress, gold high-heeled sandals, and a matching clutch. Makeup, jewelry, and a final glance in the mirror confirm I look damn good.

I settle into the driver's seat and press the ignition. The engine roars to life like a lion, and I back out of the garage, heading toward the new restaurant. It looks more like a nightclub when I arrive—there's a line out the door, and everyone is dressed to the nines. The valet opens my door, I accept his hand, stand tall, and slip the valet ticket into my clutch before gliding inside.

At the hostess stand, I give my name. I'm immediately shown to my table, positioned in a cozy corner near a wall of windows overlooking a stunning garden maze with private, tucked-away nooks. It's tempting to move outside, but I decided to stay put.

The server presents a wine list, and soon a sommelier pours samples into elegant goblets, describing each varietal. After tasting, I choose my favorite and order an appetizer. Holding the glass by the stem—no need to warm the wine—I take a sip and survey my surroundings.

The designer has truly outdone themselves. Each table subtly references a different era or location—perhaps a nod to Paris or New York, or the elegance of the 1930s—woven seamlessly into the restaurant's black, gold, and red velvet palette.

My appetizer arrives, beautifully plated and delicious. When I finish, I order my entrée: a twelve-ounce ribeye cap, cilantro-lime bone marrow, honey-lime baby carrots, and herb risotto, paired with a ginger honey limeade. Just watching other diners' plates float by sets my mouth watering.

I thought I might feel awkward dining alone, but I'm far from the only one. There are plenty of solo diners, and more than a few handsome men. I notice the chef making his rounds from table to table. He's too far away to see clearly, but there's no hiding that confident stride, those bow legs, his commanding height, and the broad span of his shoulders. Mmm, mmm, mmm.

My pussy clenches with a need to be filled and filled well. Pipe down you tramp! I'm trying to get us some tonight!

Before I can start arguing with myself, the server appears with my entrée, and I surreptitiously check to make sure I haven't actually drooled. I thank Daniel, my waiter, and dig in. The steak is perfectly cooked—juicy, tender, and literally melting in my mouth—with equally delightful accompaniments. The chef truly outdid himself, and I savor every bite.

“Whew,” I exclaim, leaning back against the velvet booth after finishing my plate, feeling neither embarrassed nor regretful. It was delicious, and I enjoyed it immensely. Daniel returns almost instantly to clear my dishes.

“Dessert?” he asks.

“Yes, please. I'll have the Golden Opulence Dessert,” I say. I knew the moment I saw it on the menu that I'd order it, no matter how full I was. It's not every day you can indulge in a thousand-dollar sundae, and it's only available on opening weekend.

The Golden Opulence Sundae is outrageous. It begins with three scoops of ultra-premium Tahitian vanilla bean ice cream infused with Madagascar vanilla, all enveloped in 23k edible gold leaf—pure gold, rolled into impossibly thin sheets. They drizzle it with melted Amedei Porcelana chocolate, one of the world's most expensive, and sprinkle it with rare Chuao chocolate sourced from Venezuelan cocoa beans grown by the Caribbean Sea. They don't stop there: exotic candied fruits from

Paris, gold-covered almonds, chocolate truffles, and marzipan cherries follow.

To top it off, there's a tiny glass bowl of Grand Passion Caviar, a special dessert caviar made from salt-free American Golden caviar, with a radiant golden hue, sweetened by fresh passion fruit, orange, and Armagnac. A gilded sugar flower and additional edible gold flakes complete the masterpiece, served in a \$350 Baccarat Harcourt crystal goblet that I get to keep.

It's the most over-the-top dessert ever, and I'm definitely getting it!

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APPETITE

KeKe

“Golden Opulence Sundae?” I look up, drool, swallow my tongue, and choke all at the same damn time. My gawd today! The man is fine as fuck! Even in his chef garb. The face matches, the swag, the bow legs, the shoulders and the height. It should be a crime for a man to be so damn fine.

“Um yes, that’s mine,” I reply instead of the can I ride your face that I am thinking.

“How was your dinner tonight ma’am?”

“It was delicious. My compliments to the chef,” I tell him, and I mean it. Everything was superb.

“Thank you. I am Chef Tomás, I take pride in ensuring everything I do is done to perfection and you are left satisfied,”

I am not so sure we are still talking about food anymore—well actually I’d forgot about the food, and the wetness between my legs is proof. “And I bet you do a damn fine job,” I tell him, pulling the spoon from the ice cream, bringing it to my mouth, and licking the cream off of it like I would like to do to him, never breaking eye contact. I smirk a little when I notice him shift from foot to foot. “Hmm delicious,” I proclaim, pulling the spoon from my mouth.

Clearing his throat, he spoke. “I am pleased, but if you’ll excuse me, I have other

tables to check on. Enjoy your night but please do not hesitate to let me know if I can do anything else to enhance your satisfaction tonight..." He pauses, giving me the opportunity to provide him with my name.

"Keke."

"Keke," he repeats. With that, he gives a little bow before heading to another table. I'm fucking him tonight! I think with glee, practically kicking my feet under the table. I've been in need since my husband left me and tonight, I am going to get my needs met come hell or high water. Having made that up in my mind, I enjoy this over-the-top desert because it truly is magnificent.

"Excuse me," I called out to the server.

"Yes ma'am."

"What time do you close?"

"In about an hour," he tells me, scurrying to the kitchen presumably to grab someone's order. The reservation was a later one and I have been here longer than I realized. I finish up my desert and my server come over to clear the table and leave me the bill.

"There seems to be a mistake with my bill," I tell Daniel.

"Ma'am?"

"The sundae was comped?"

"Oh yes, the chef and owner took care of it for you."

“But why?”

“I can ask him to stop by your table if you would like to ask him,” Daniel says looking flustered by my questions.

“No, no, that’s not necessary,” I tell him, sliding my card into the check presenter and handing it to Daniel. As he goes to run my card I think back on the brief interaction with the chef and my body has another reaction just from the thought of him. The hairs on the back of my neck begin to rise, causing me to look around to see what is causing it and lock eyes with the man of my dreams or should I say X-rated fantasies. He’s talking to another guest but looking directly at me, the wolfish smile he gives me sends a full-body shiver through me from across the packed restaurant. I was having second thoughts about fucking this man but the look he gave me pushed me right on over the fence to hell yes! I am .

My husband crosses my mind and I ruthlessly shove his ass to the back because once again, He. Left. Me! So why should I feel guilty for what I’m thinking about doing? Because I still love him that’s why, despite what he has done to me, but fuck that! He will not hold me hostage, and I will not sit around like a wounded bird, writing affirmations, and journaling to heal. I am going to heal like they did back in the day. If you want to get over one man you get under another one! And I have locked in on who I will be over, under, in front of, and behind and any other position we can think of tonight. Daniel returns with my receipt and card. I sign, leaving him a cash tip, slide out of the booth, and head to the restrooms before I take the almost hour-long trek back home.

As I zig zag through the tables I notice that the restaurant has cleared out a lot and only a few patrons remain. Good, I won’t have to wait long for him to leave. Hopefully, I will be going home with him, or a nearby hotel, but if not, I will drive home and have a lackluster night with my battery-operated boyfriend.

The bathroom is beautiful and clean, each stall is complete with its own sink, like several mini bathrooms. Just as I close the door my phone rings. Hurriedly I fish my headphones out of my clutch and slide one in my ear. “Hello,”

“Where are you?” the voice asks.

“EJ?”

“The one and only,”

“I’m out to dinner,”

“With Henrique?”

“Fuck him,” I reply before I can stop myself. I haven’t told my friends or family that I came home to a dear Jane letter.

“Huh?” She is obviously confused by my response.

“Nothing,” I say as I relieve my bladder.

“Keke, are you and Henrique okay? I never heard you say that about him,”

“It is too much to talk about,”

“Please don’t make me ping your location and roll up on you! So, make it easy on yourself,”

Ugh, I hate her. But I know it’s a lie as soon as I think the thought. “Well... I guess if you are not going to let this go, I’ll just tell you.” And I proceed to tell her what has been happening in my life in the past few weeks. And just like I expected her to, she

cussed me out.

“I really should pull your location and come beat your ass! For one of the smartest people I know, you are really dumb sometimes. You didn’t have to go through this alone!”

“I know that EJ, but I needed a moment okay, before I had to explain and have someone make me go back over my marriage with a fine-tooth comb to try to figure out what I did to drive my husband away. I needed a damn minute!” I am breathing hard when I go quiet and EJ is just as quiet on the other end of the phone.

“Have we hit sixty seconds yet?”

“I think I am still at fifty-seven,”

“Gotcha. Dinner?” She changes the subject.

“The new restaurant,”

“Is it open? Damn I wanted to go for opening weekend but I forgot to make a reservation,”

“You snooze, you lose,” I tell her.

“That is so selfish! Your greedy ass could have called me, but nooooo you only look out for yourself.”

“I can bring you a doggy bag,” I offer laughing.

“Fuck you and that doggy bag!” she says and I burst out laughing. I sit there talking to EJ, catching up. Since I came home and discovered Henrique was gone, I secluded

myself, not talking to anyone. EJ and I have been friends since college freshman orientation when we realized we were roommates. We were like each other's other half, but where I had to work my way through college, EJ's trust fund took care of hers. For all intents and purposes, she was slumming it with us. She had gone to predominantly white private schools her whole life so going to a HBCU was a treat. Many times, she would say that going to Langston Hall College was the best decision she ever made, she finally felt like she was at home... like she belonged. We pledged Alpha Eta Psi, and became a Pearl together, and when she got her PhD and job offer as Hedge Fund Investment Manager at Apex Quantum Strategies, I was the first to know. She was the one who used her trust to pay for my wedding dress and everything else I needed when I married Henrique and it was EJ who got my feet through the door at Vanguard. I started as an entry level management consultant and worked my way up to senior level consultant, making seven figures a year plus bonuses. Overall, she's my best friend, my ride or die and the sister I never had. Now if I could only get her married, but that heffa said one man couldn't handle a woman like her.

My ass is numb by the time I set the phone on the counter of the sink, freeing my hands to wipe and flush. Rummaging through my purse I pull out wipes and tidy up.

I flush, wash my hands, check my makeup, hair, and clothes. EJ's voice pulls me back to the present. "Well look, enjoy dinner, I got some shit to handle tomorrow but let's meet up the next day,"

"Sounds good, I'll text you tomorrow,"

"No, you'll text tonight to let me know you made it home safely. I don't care what time it is."

"Yes ma'am,"

By the time I make it out of the bathroom the restaurant is cleared out and it appears to be empty. I don't even see a server, patron, just... nobody; but there are still lights on so there has to be someone here. I call out but don't get a response, so, I head back to the front of the restaurant hoping I'd run across someone or find the door unlocked. I would have just left but the door is locked with a key and even if it wasn't, I wouldn't want to just walk out and leave the door unlocked so that anyone could walk in. Remembering a door in the hallway to the bathroom that was open a crack, I make my way back hoping that someone is in there. I had this whole plan for tonight but after talking to EJ, I am not sure if I am ready to sleep with someone else, so it's probably best if I just go on home. The door is still cracked, swinging open when I knock, to reveal an office. It is clearly a man's office, all dark wood, colors, and heavy furniture. Except for the desk, it's a gorgeous live edge L-Shape, epoxy table. The wood, dark green, gold and white epoxy is gorgeous, it is an elegant statement piece and it takes up almost half of the room. It's so large. I run my hand along the surface stopping when I realize, Oh, it's the Chef's office. There are several pictures of him on the desk and credenza behind it, and if I thought he looked good dressed as a chef he looked downright sinful in the suits he's wearing in the pictures. I am so caught up in looking, I don't hear the person walking up behind me and I almost jump out of my heels, literally, when the deep baritone comes from behind me.

"You're not supposed to be here," the Chef from earlier says, a deep frown settling across his face.

"I uh, I was in the bathroom and then no one was here and I couldn't get out so I was looking for someone," I ramble out the word vomit as he stands there looking at me like I am an intruder.

"I swear, I was just trying to get out of here," I start but trail off when I literally watch his eyes go from irritated, to suspicious to something else.

"So, you decided to snoop in my office when you couldn't get out?"

“I was hoping someone was in here who could let me out.”

“Did you check the kitchen?”

“Uh?”

“I mean it is a restaurant: I would think it would make sense that if the dining room is clean and everyone is gone the kitchen would take longer to clean.”

“I guess that makes sense.”

“And you still decided to come in here and invade my space?”

“I was going to check there right after coming in here, but—”

“But you got too nosey,”

“I wouldn’t put it like that.”

“Oh really? Then how would you put it?”

“I was just trying to get out of here,” I say deflecting his question.

“I saw you when you first walked into the restaurant.”

“You did?” I gulp

“I did. Don’t act surprised, you came here looking to be seen.”

“Excuse me?”

“Don’t act coy now. You stepped in this restaurant with that dress wrapped around that body; you damn sure wanted to be seen.”

“How was I supposed to come out looking? Like a homely school Marm?”

“Oh, I am sure you could have found something somewhere in-between,”

“You know what, just unlock the door so I can go home,” I snapped at him. Did I wear the dress to be seen? Yes, but he didn’t have to call me out.

“Before I let you out, I just want to ask you a question,” he says, moving back to let me walk past him.

“What’s that?”

“Are you hungry?” he asks as I am walking past him, making me pause.

“What?” I ask, thinking back on all the food I ate and how full I still am and I am thoroughly confused. “I…” start and pause again. When did he move?

“Let me rephrase the question,” he says standing close enough to me to feel literal heat coming from his body and he isn’t even touching me. “Is she hungry?”

My eyebrows scrunch in confusion, until it clicks who the she is that he is referring to—making my lips take on a comical O shape seconds before it hangs open in shock.

“I think I better go,” I say, hating myself for being a coward.

“I see, so you got dressed in this dress, just to be seen,”

“And if I did?”

“Then I’d say mission accomplished,” he murmurs, his voice a warm, low rumble that lingers in the air. He steps beside me, his hand lightly brushing my elbow as he steers me toward the front door. The distance feels unfairly short, and before I’m ready, we’re standing at the threshold.

“I hope you enjoyed your meal tonight,” he says, his tone polite but maddeningly restrained. I watch as he fishes his keys out of his pocket with practiced ease, the faint jingle breaking the silence. He slides the key into the lock, the soft click of the tumblers a finality I’m not ready to face. As the door creaks open, he steps aside, holding it wide for me, the gesture gentlemanly, but distant.

Coward. The word snarls through my head, my inner voice sharpening its claws. You talked all that big talk, and when you had your chance, you folded. You tucked tail and ran like a scared little mouse. He. Left. You .

I hover in the doorway, my pulse pounding louder than I’d like, the warmth of his presence a few inches too far. I take a deep breath, then let the words tumble out before I lose my nerve.

“What if she was hungry?”

His lips curve into a slow, deliberate smile, one that dances dangerously close to cocky. “Then I’d very happily, very thoroughly feed her,” he says, his voice darkening to a honeyed growl, “until she’s completely satiated.”

A thrill races through me, and before I can think better of it, I taunt, “Bold words for someone who doesn’t even know if he can deliver.”

The air between us thickens, his expression sharpening with challenge. He doesn’t move, but somehow, he seems closer. The space between us hums with unspoken energy.

“I have no doubt,” he says, his voice steady, commanding. “And if you doubt it...” He pauses, his gaze locking onto mine with such intensity that my breath stumbles. “I can show you better than I can tell you. I’m an overachiever—always have been, always will be. When I set my mind to something, I don’t just accomplish it. I excel.”

His words are a promise, heavy and unyielding. I shift on my feet, suddenly hyper aware of the weight of his gaze, heat rising to my cheeks.

“Where’s your car?” he asks, his hand sliding to the small of my back. The warmth of his touch sends a jolt through me, and I let him guide me past the door. His hand steadies me, a subtle, possessive pressure that makes my pulse quicken.

I take a few steps forward before digging my heels into the ground, halting abruptly. The sudden stop catches him off guard, and he stumbles slightly, his balance faltering just enough to spark a flicker of surprise in his eyes.

Whirling around, “we’re both hungry,” I say in a rush. The heat in his eyes is enough to scorch the earth, as a smile creeps across his face.

“Have a good night,” he says, his tone calm but loaded, his words hanging in the air like a challenge.

“Wait—what?” I stammer, confusion knitting my brow... again.

He leans slightly closer, his gaze steady, unreadable. “I said, have a good night.” The corners of his mouth twitch in what might have been a smirk. “You’ve been uneasy ever since I caught you poking around in my office.”

“I wasn’t going through your office!” The protest tumbles out, mortified and defensive all at once.

“Oh?” He arches a brow, tilting his head. “Then what would you call it?”

“I was just... observing. You know, looking at the things that were out in the open. Going through implies opening drawers, rummaging around—I wasn’t doing any of that!” My voice wavers as I scramble to justify myself, the heat of embarrassment creeping up my neck.

He grunts, a low, throaty sound that vibrates in the air between us, and for a beat, we just stand there. His eyes—sharp, penetrating—never leave mine, and the weight of his scrutiny presses down on me. My pulse quickens, but I force myself to remember who I am. I don’t chase. I don’t beg.

Snapping out of the moment, I spin on my heels with purpose, fishing my fob from my purse. The quiet chirp of the car unlocking feels like a small victory. I reach for the handle, determined to leave with my pride intact.

But before my fingers touch the cool metal, his hand engulfs mine. Warm, strong, and undeniably commanding.

“Come with me,” he murmurs, his voice low, edged with something I can’t quite name. A question? A demand?

I barely have time to register his words before he’s pulling me back, his grip firm yet gentle, his steps confident. The world narrows to the sensation of his touch and the heat radiating from his body as we retrace our path to the restaurant.

I hastily hit the lock symbol on my fob, hearing the answering chirp letting me know the doors are locked once again, seconds before the restaurant door clicks shut behind us, and with a flick of his wrist, he locks it, the sound of the bolt sliding home reverberating in the quiet space. The lights go out, plunging us into a dim, shadowy world. His presence seems larger in the darkness, and my breath catches as he guides

me back to his office, each step deliberate, each moment steeped in tension.

I should say something—demand an explanation, assert control. But my lips won't move, and my body seems to have a mind of its own, drawn along in his wake, anticipation curling low and tight in my belly.

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CAUGHT

Keke

As soon as we walk into his office, all nervousness disappears. I want this. And I want it with him.

“What happened to him?”

“I don’t know what you mean,” I say, tracking his movement around the room with my eyes.

“You do,” he says simply.

“He left,” I responded, no need to waste time playing stupid.

“How long has it been?”

“A few months,”

“And you are already on the hunt? Someone to scratch your itch?”

“I am,” I tell him, resting my hip against the heavy chair facing his desk.

“He deserves no loyalty from you I guess,” he says, taking his chef jacket off, revealing a t-shirt that hugs every sinewy muscle. His chef pants are hanging low on his hips and I can just imagine the V hiding under his clothes. “Tell me—” he says,

pulling my mind out of his pants, “how do you like it? Hmm? Fast and hard? Slow and soft, or nasty and dirty?” He continues to disrobe making my mouth water with each inch of flesh he reveals. I blink when he disappears through a door I didn’t even notice, but his voice reaches me over the distance.

“You may be ready to fuck yourself back to life but I need a shower. You can join me or you can stay here and prepare yourself, trust me you are going to need to be ready. I too haven’t fucked in a couple of months and I am eager to make up for lost time.”

Is he serious? He talks like it is a barter system situation going on. “I am used to above average,” I assure him. His laughter grazes my ears, and my jaw seizes tight, teeth pressing together until they ache. “Is there something I am not aware of that is funny?”

“Come here,” he demands and my feet are in motion before my mind registers that I am moving. As soon as he is in my sights my jaw drops, there he stands in all his naked glory looking like he came off an X-rated magazine. He is a work of art, he could be sculpted, painted and photographed and it would not be enough. He is wasted as a chef: he should definitely be a stripper or gigolo or something. I don’t miss an inch of his body but my eyes come to a screeching halt on the long, thick and heavy dick swinging between his thighs. My god!

“Give me your eyes,” he commands but it takes herculean strength to tear my eyes away from his dick to look at his smirking face. And just like that I am annoyed again. “Take a shower with me.” Another command, I think as he turns and walks his naked ass in the shower. How can a back be that sexy and the knife that covers his back has my tongue itching to trace the blade. A few seconds later the sound of water snaps me out of my daydream and I begin getting undressed. Thank god I went to get waxed or I would be looking like an Ewok. It only takes seconds to get naked, and before I know it, I’m walking into the stall with him. In for a penny in for a pound. Too late to turn back now, I think when he grabs me, pulling me deeper into the

shower but he angles me to not wet my hair. “I hope you don’t mind smelling like a man, at least until you can get home,” he says, squeezing a generous dollop of his body wash on a net sponge and washing me with it. I have taken a shower with my estranged husband before and have even been washed by him but this is one of the most intimate experiences I have ever had.

He somehow managed to dim the lights and turn on some music and how the hell did I miss the candles. Avant’s Grown Man plays in the background as he strokes me, washing me.

“This is a beautiful body, lush and full. I am going to enjoy pushing you to the limit tonight kitten.” He pushes me against the glass shower wall as he rubs the cloth across my back. “Hands up and keep them there.” He is everywhere and I am holding on by a thread. He’s washed my back, legs, ass, and moved to my front, and by the time he reached my breasts the cloth is nowhere to be found. His hands lift my tits, rubbing them, squeezing them and I squeeze my thighs to try to get some relief from the ache spreading throughout my body.

But it’s when his hands start their downward ascent that I give up any semblance of pride, as the first “please,” spills from my lips.

“I intend to. Put your hands behind my head, lace your fingers together and leave them there.” He kicks my feet wider giving him more room to slide his finger between my slippery folds. “Hmm, warm and wet, just like I like it. Is she tight? Will she strangle me when I am on the inside of you, fucking you? Reaching depths you’ve only ever read about? Or will she be roomy letting me in, giving me enough space to fit every inch? Personally, I like it roomy. I like being able to stuff every inch inside without worrying that I am hurting someone. To know that the pussy I’m in is made for fucking, for taking every drop and enjoying it. I mean you can get to the same destination in a coupe or a full-size SUV but the SUV is so much more of a comfortable ride, don’t you agree?” I have no idea what he is talking about. As soon

as his finger began rubbing my clit, I've been busy chasing my orgasm. But he's good, he keeps changing the pressure or the rhythm allowing me to have pleasure but not release. Bastard.

"You will cum when I permit it and not a moment before," he nips my ear. I almost cry when he moves his hand from my pussy. "Please no!" I cry out.

"I am still here kitten, I will take care of you but I too must wash," I glance at the outstretched hands with another cloth and his body wash and snatch it out of his hands. For a brief second I debate on walking out of the shower and driving back home when he laughs at me. How cruel, he knows I am holding on by a thread and he is playing with me. What starts off as a quick wash turns into an exploration. There are myriads of scars on his hands and forearms and I want to ask what happened but I refrain.

"Oww!" the startled cry bounces around the stall when I squat down to wash his lower legs and feet but take a bite out of his ass since it's eye level. "You're a she-devil," he tells me and I laugh, feeling good that I took him by surprise. "Enough of that, stand up and wash my dick." Well damn, my pussy clenches in response to his forceful words. Walking up behind him I prepare to wash him when his words stop me. "Stand in front of me so I can see you when you touch my dick. I want to see your reaction, watch your eyes darken and your mouth water in desire to suck it, to make love to it with your throat."

Holy fuck. The wetness between my legs has nothing to do with the steady stream of water. I stand in front of him reaching for his dick, "keep your eyes on me, kitten." My fingers wrap around his length, and I bite my lip as his hooded eyes darken. "Base to tip Kitten, get to know him 'cause he will be in every available opening you have, every chance he can get."

"Now?" I ask ready to feel him inside of me.

“Greedy. I want you to remember that when you’re running from me, and pleading with me to stop, remember that you begged for this. Stroke me.” Moving my hand from base to tip like I was instructed, I begin to masturbate him. It’s just a hand job right, it isn’t something I would think to do. It’s something I did when I was younger, when I wasn’t fucking but this feels more intimate than sex. His eyes never leave mine.

“Harder,” he demands, his hand cupping the back of my head forcing me to maintain eye contact. “Faster, I want you to make me cum with your hand.” He covers my hand with his free hand and begins fucking my fist. “Can you feel him slipping in and out of your fist? When I am long stroking your pussy, I want you to remember that he curves to the left, when you squirt all over me and drip from my balls, I want you to know it’s because the fat mushroom head that you keep squeezing is rubbing across your g-spot. And when your eyes are watering from how deep in your throat I am, I want you to remember how it’s sitting on your forearm while you grip the base. Open your fucking eyes, Kitten.”

My eyelids spring open. I am not sure when I closed them but the double stimulation of his dick in my hands and words in my head while he watches me has me folding like a lawn chair.

“Use both hands, I’m close.”

I wrap both hands around him, the water and soap making the slide smooth. “What will you do when I cum? Will you let it spill to the floor? Let it coat your hand? Will you drop to your knees and swallow or let the cum cover your face? Personally, I am torn between watching you drink my cum, seeing it all over that pretty face or letting me cum all over these tits: I wanna see my cum drip from your nipples.” I know he didn’t cum yet, but I sure as hell did. I practically bite through my lip when the orgasm rolls through me.

“You are sexy as fuck when you cum. I can’t wait to see how you look when you're having a real orgasm. Let me get this first nut out of the way so I can fuck you like you obviously need to be fucked.”

Our eyes lock, and I know he is ready, “Decisions, decisions,” he says and I drop to my knees as I continue to stroke him.

“Why choose,” I say looking up at him. The first rope hits my forearm, I aim the head higher causing the second rope to hit my chin, before swallowing the head and the next spurt coats my tongue and finally the last few spurts lands on my tits, specifically my nipple. I never once take my eyes from him.

The side of his mouth hitches up in a smirk, “Hmm, just like I thought... greedy.” Helping me to my feet we rinse off, turn off the shower, wrap ourselves in towels and step out of the shower. “Ready for the entree?”

“The entree? What was that then?”

“An appetizer.”

THE ENTREE

Tomás

This is easily the most unprofessional thing I have ever done! Fucking a customer on opening night in my restaurant? Yeah easily, but I was drawn to her the moment she was shown to her table. She looked like a desert flower, beautiful, delicate and deadly all wrapped up in an incredibly sexy package. However, I would have never acted on it but it seems as though fate had her own plans. I will have to talk to the staff about checking everything at night before we close. Had any of them checked the bathrooms like they were supposed to she wouldn't have gotten locked in here and I wouldn't be about to bend her over this desk.

Her breath comes out in pants against my neck as I carry her into the office. Her hand job was spectacular, such a simple thing done to perfection and she takes instructions like she was made for it. I set her on the desk and stand between her legs, my hand cradles the curve of her jaw, my thumb brushing gently against her skin as I lean in. There's a moment of quiet, the air between us charged and humming with anticipation. My lips find hers softly at first, testing, as if memorizing the shape of her mouth.

The kiss deepens, slow and unhurried, each movement deliberate yet tender. My fingers slide to the back of her neck, drawing her closer as if the space between us feels too wide. Her hands rest lightly on my chest, feeling the steady rhythm of my heart beneath her fingertips.

It's not just the kiss—it's the way our breaths mingle, the way she melts into me, and

the way I can't seem to pull away. Even when I do, my forehead lingers near hers, and when our eyes meet, there's something in her gaze that makes me sure I won't forget this. Not now. Not ever.

"Now's your chance, you can walk away now, or better yet I can return the favor and make you cum without fucking you and you can go home. But if you stay on this desk in this office, I am going to fuck you, more than once, in every available opening, multiple times. The choice is yours," I offer, wanting to give her an out just in case she is not sure or changed her mind.

"I'm not going anywhere," she says, her chin jutting out defiantly.

"What's your name Kitten?" I ask, realizing we never gave each other our names.

"Call me KeKe."

"I'm Tomas," I tell her as I pull open the drawer to my desk and pull out the new box of condoms, but she snatches the box out of my hand, ripping it open, taking a condom out of the package. She slides it down my length with practiced precision sheathing me in seconds. I slap her hands out of the way, I take the head and began rubbing her clit, a moan immediately slipping from her lips. I swipe the desk clear, "you're not wet enough, lay back," I tell her, guiding her so she lies on the desk with her legs hanging off. Taking a seat in my chair I pull up and grab her legs placing her foot on either arm rest. "Open," I say, slapping her inner thighs before pushing them apart. "Get that ass to the edge Kitten. I was so busy making sure everyone else ate tonight that I missed eating anything, but I plan to change that now," I tell her seconds before leaning down, dragging my tongue from her ass to her clit. Her back arches off the desk as my tongue roots around her pussy, tasting, exploring and giving her pleasure. "I could eat you all day. Hold her open for me," I tell her, my face wet with her cream. As soon as her hands pulls her lips open, I'm back to sucking her pussy. I took my time licking her everywhere—no place was forbidden for my tongue

and mouth to explore. She was fucking delicious, and I enjoyed and savored every tasty drop that I could get my mouth on. Even sucking her cum off of her fingers, hoarding all of her goodness for myself, unwilling to share or let any go to waste on her fingers.

The tremors started softly, faintly and I knew her orgasm was getting ready to make its entrance. I rub my fingers in the wetness that is everywhere to help slip my fingers inside her pussy and asshole as my mouth latches onto her clit. Her ass is jumping all over the top of the desk and her head thrashes from side to side as the pleasure steadily builds inside of her. The room is full of sounds, her moans, my groans and the sloshing sound my fingers are making fucking her. Her hands are slapping at the desk: she long ago gave up holding herself open for me. Slipping another finger inside of her pussy, causes her orgasm to slam into her unexpectedly. My ears are damn near ringing from her slamming her legs closed on my head.

I pry her legs open, reluctantly pulling away from my new favorite treat. “I could eat you all day, but I got other plans.” I pull her off the desk, to stand on unsteady legs, spin her around and push her face down on the desk. I pull one of her legs up on the desk, line my dick up and slide inside of her, stuffing her with every single inch of me.

“Oh fuck!” she screams out.

“Breathe baby, you can take me just breathe,” I coach her, and go to work.

KeKe

I think I might have bitten off more than I can chew. He’s barely started and I am ready to tap out. He ate my pussy like it’s his nine to five job and his rent is due. I had several little orgasms before that monster hit me and this bastard didn’t even give me thirty seconds to recover before he had me face down and ass up on this desk. I

swear I feel him in my diaphragm. He's so damn deep but he feels so damn good. He's filling every nook and cranny I got and a few I didn't know existed. And if that isn't bad enough, he's a talker, he has a nasty, filthy, dirty mouth and I love it. My husband crosses my mind briefly but I push him to the recesses of my mind, 'cause fuck him.

"Tomas, please," I beg but I have no idea what I am begging for, but he seems to know what I want. "You feel that? My digging you out? Mmm... just like that," he says and I feel his balls slapping against my folds with each brutal thrust of his hips. He is fucking me full stop, and giving me no quarter. I'm clawing at the desk so much that I am worried about breaking one of my nails off. I grab the front edge of the desk and pull trying to move away a bit from his thrusts. My clit is grinding on the desk, my nipples are dragging across the surface and he's behind me: my body is in overload. I pull an inch away from him, "Oww!" I yell out, when his hand comes down on my ass.

"You wanted this remember, you practically begged for it, so take it like I'm giving it to you. Open this beautiful body up and let me play,"

Oh gawd! I think but I hold as still as I can while he is expertly fucking me on his desk. I feel him shift to the right, but when he pushes back inside of me, Oh fuck! I don't know whether I want to run, cry, cum or all of the above but my body makes the decision for me. My palms scraped against the cold wood of the desk, splinters biting into my skin as I clawed for the edge. My breaths come in short, ragged gasps, and a euphoric cry slips past my throat as my knees slid awkwardly across the smooth surface. Fingers scrambled desperately, slipping as I search for anything—anything—to pull me just a little farther.

Behind me, I could hear his moans, deliberate thud of his thrusts, each one vibrating through my chest like a countdown. He bends over my back stretching over me, hard and heavy, holding me in place, and taking what little hope I had left.

“I can’t,” I choked out, barely audible, my voice trembling as much as my body as the orgasm takes hold of me. My fingers closed around the edge of the desk, gripping it tightly as if I could will myself to keep breathing as wave after wave of pure pleasure courses through me. My whole body is shaking. As my strength slips away, I lay my head on the desk, the tears dripping on the wood and acrylic surface, I am cumming, crying, drooling, and on the verge of passing out.

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INTERMEZZO

K eKe

A few seconds later I come to the realization that I must have passed out because I am on my back with both thighs over his shoulders as he laps at my sore pussy. Time seemed to slow as his lips met my pussy, soft and searching at first, that sent a ripple of warmth through my body. His hands cradled my ass, his fingers touching me with a tenderness that made my breath hitch. I sigh as I spread my legs wider, parting in invitation.

His tongue teased me, slow and deliberate, like he was savoring me, drawing me deeper into the moment. A shiver ran down my spine as his hands slides up to my chest, his fingertips tracing around my hardened nipples. He tilts his head, deepening the kiss, his mouth exploring me with a perfect mix of hunger and control. He wasn't done with me and that was a promise, one I could feel in every lingering touch of his lips on me.

When the orgasms hit it's so intense, yet gentle. I feel like I am floating on pure pleasure.

"I don't mind finishing this here but I would love to take you home so we can be on a soft comfortable bed—eventually, if you'll let me," he says resting his head on my thigh as he looks up into my eyes.

"Your house?" I ask coming down real quick from my sexual high.

“We are in a fully functional restaurant, alone. If I wanted to do something with you this is the perfect place. I am thinking of both of our comfort because I am far from done with you if you are willing,”

“I’m willing,” I tell him. He helps me sit up, before going to grab my clothes. My body is still tingling from all the pleasure he’s given me, and I’m looking forward to everything else he has planned for me. I take the clothes he hands me, and hurriedly get dressed.

“Give me a few minutes, I have to finish closing the restaurant and then we can go.”

“Oh, I’ll help,” I offer, slipping on my shoes.

“Uh—”

“I insist,” I say interrupting whatever argument he was preparing. Afterall I am the reason he didn’t finish his closing procedure. First, we put his office back together and then headed to the kitchen to finish closing up. It didn’t take long for us to have everything set to rights and was heading out the door.

“His arms encircle me, firm yet deliberate, as though giving me one last chance to pull away. The heat of his body presses into mine, steady and grounding, bending his breath fans warmly across the curve of my neck. The scent of him—smoky, earthy, with a hint of something clean and spicy—wraps around me like a whisper of reassurance.

“Still game?” He murmurs against my skin, his lips brushing the hollow of my throat like a secret only I’m meant to hear. His words hum with a mix of challenge and restraint, but there’s a softness, too—a quiet hesitation that begs for honesty.

I feel the slight tension in his hands where they rest on my lower back, the way his

thumbs stroke slow, absentminded circles through the fabric of my dress, as if trying to memorize the feel of me. His nose grazes the side of my neck, and I shiver, not from the cold but from the quiet intimacy of the gesture.

“You’ve had time to think about this,” he says, his voice deeper now, carrying a weight that feels as if it settles in my chest. His lips pause, lingering just above my collarbone, and the space between us grows electric.

I tilt my head slightly, inviting him closer without words, the fluttering in my stomach answering his question before I do. My fingers find their way to the nape of his neck, sliding through his hair, as I breathe, “I haven’t changed my mind.”

His hold tightens almost imperceptibly, his mouth curving into a smile I can feel against my skin. His response comes not in words, but in the gentle way his lips claim mine, slow and deliberate, tasting the promise in my answer.

He entwines his fingers with mine, his touch warm and confident as he guides me across the lot. The cool night air swirls around us, but his presence feels like a shield against the chill. When we reach my car, he pauses, pulling open the door with an effortless grace, the soft creak breaking the quiet between us.

I start to slide into the seat, but his hand lingers, brushing my elbow as if he’s reluctant to let go. He leans down, close enough that I catch the faint scent of his cologne—spicy and grounding, like him. His lips find mine in a quick, tender kiss, the kind that speaks of promises yet to be fulfilled.

As he pulls back, his eyes hold mine for a fraction of a second longer than necessary, a silent reassurance passing between us. Then, with a small smile playing at the corner of his mouth, he straightens, turning on his heels with a casual confidence that makes my pulse quicken.

Seconds later, his engine growls to life, the low rumble filling the lot as his tail lights glow red against the pavement. I follow suit, slipping into the driver's seat and gripping the wheel, the warmth of his kiss still tingling on my lips as I pull out of the parking lot behind him, his car leading the way through the quiet night.

The road stretches ahead, bathed in the glow of Tomas's tail lights. My hands tighten on the wheel as my mind drifts, despite my efforts to keep it anchored. The warmth of his touch, the weight of his body, the intensity of being with him on that desk—it all lingers, like embers refusing to die. It scratched an itch I didn't even realize had grown so sharp, but instead of extinguishing the hunger, it ignited something deeper, something harder to ignore.

I take a deep breath, trying to focus on the road, but another thought claws its way forward—Henrique. My chest tightens at his name. Why now? He hasn't called, texted, or even pretended to care since he left, and yet, here I am, letting his absence take up space in my head. Guilt curls low in my stomach, unwelcome and sharp, like a shard of glass I can't quite dislodge.

No. I shake my head slightly, as if the movement could physically dislodge the creeping guilt. Henrique chose to disappear from my life. I've spent weeks in limbo, waiting for him to show he cared, and he didn't. He doesn't deserve this space in my mind.

But then another wave hits—trepidation, this time. The hum of Tomas's car ahead seems louder in the silence of my doubt. Am I crazy? I'm following a man I barely know to his house. My pulse quickens, and not in the good way. What am I doing? My fingers hover over my phone, and before I can second-guess myself, I type out a quick text to EJ:

"Following the chef home. Don't trip. I'll fill you in later."

As I hit send, I can already imagine her reaction. Her words, her tone. The way she'd probably tell me I've lost my damn mind. Without hesitating, I flip my phone to "Do Not Disturb." I can't risk her calling me, her voice tugging at my better judgment.

The scenery changes, and soon, Tomas's car slows, his blinker cutting through the dark. I follow as he turns onto a long, winding driveway flanked by trees that sway gently in the night breeze.

My pulse thrums in my ears as the house comes into view—a modern, sprawling structure with sleek lines and walls of glass that glow warmly from the lights inside. It's stunning, like something out of a dream.

Tomas pulls up in front of the house, parking effortlessly before stepping out. His figure is framed by the soft glow spilling from the porch lights, confident and calm as he glances back at me. My car rolls to a stop behind his, and for a moment, I sit there, gripping the wheel. The car door swings open, and he's there, hand extended, a quiet command in his presence. His fingers brush mine as he helps me out, his touch firm yet gentle. Without a word, he gestures for me to cut the engine, his gaze steady, urging me to follow. I do.

Grabbing my purse, I trail him toward the house, the sound of our footsteps blending with the night air. The door opens with a soft creak, and the warmth of his home envelops me—a blend of amber lighting, rich wood, and a subtle, intoxicating cologne that seems to linger everywhere.

"A drink?" he asks, his voice smooth, like velvet against my nerves.

I nod, swallowing against the flutter in my chest. "Sure," I manage, my voice not quite as steady as I'd hoped.

He moves effortlessly, his presence commanding even in the simplest of tasks. The

clink of ice against glass, the crisp scent of lemon, and the faint splash of liquid fills the air as he crafts a drink with practiced precision. When he hands me the lemon drop, his fingers graze mine again, sending a spark skittering up my arm.

I take a sip, then another, the sweet-tart drink sliding down far too easily. Before I know it, the glass is empty, my courage bolstered by its contents.

“There’s no need to be nervous, I won’t bite” he murmurs, stepping closer, his breath warm against my temple. His voice dips, a low, resonant hum that wraps around me. “Unless you want me to.”

His words shift, melting into something lyrical and foreign: “ Eu quero te agradar, n?o te machucar. Eu prometo cuidar de você .”

I don’t know what he’s said, but his tone is a promise, a caress, and a question all at once. My pulse quickens, and the only response that comes to mind is yes—a resounding, unspoken yes.

He takes the glass from my hand, his fingers brushing mine deliberately this time, a touch that lingers as he sets it on the counter. Then, without hesitation, his hand finds the small of my back, guiding me through the softly lit hallway.

The air thickens with anticipation as I follow him toward a room I can only assume is the bedroom. His steps are unhurried, his movements purposeful. I offer no resistance.

I’m not thinking about consequences, or guilt, or anything beyond the heat of his touch and the promise in his eyes. Tonight, I am his, and I’ll let tomorrow handle itself.

MIGNARDISES

Tomas

Her breath hitched the moment my fingers grazed her collarbone, soft and deliberate, as if the slightest pressure might shatter her resolve—or mine.

The warmth of her skin beneath my touch was electric, a current that shot straight through me, igniting something primal and undeniable.

Her lips parted, and though she said nothing, the soft rise and fall of her chest spoke volumes.

I leaned closer, close enough to catch the faint, intoxicating scent of her—something sweet and elusive that made it harder to think clearly.

I let my breath skim her ear, lingering there just long enough to feel the subtle shiver it drew from her. “Say my name,”

I murmured, my voice low, rough with a desire I didn’t bother to hide. Her pulse fluttered at her neck, quick and unsteady, and I fought the urge to press my lips there, to feel her reaction in every beat against my mouth. Instead, I let my hand drift upward, slow and deliberate, trailing along her arm and savoring the way her skin seemed to come alive under my touch.

When I cupped her chin, tilting her face up to meet mine, her eyes locked with mine, wide and searching.

In that moment, the air thickened, every noise around us fading into nothing.

All I could hear was the sound of her breathing mingling with mine, uneven and charged.

My chest tightened, caught between the pull of restraint and the overwhelming urge to close the gap between us.

Her lips were so close, parted just enough to drive me mad, but I didn't move.

Not yet. I wanted to make her wait, to feel the same exquisite tension that coiled inside me, daring one of us to break first.

"Tomas,"

she whispers, barely audible.

I summon all the strength I still possess to move away from her, but never taking my eyes away from hers and begin to undress.

She watches me intensely, not missing a single movement that I make, her breathing becoming more and more shallow.

It isn't until I am naked before her that she snaps to the realization that she is still fully clothed.

"Don't,"

I command when she moves to take her dress off. Dropping to my knees, I let my hands glide along the curve of her calf, the smooth skin warm beneath my touch. Her heel rested lightly in my palm as I lifted her foot to my chest, the weight of it

grounding me.

The soft click of the buckle echoed in the quiet between us as I worked the strap free, each motion slow, deliberate.

The shoe slipped away, leaving her skin bare, delicate, and impossibly soft.

Leaning in, I pressed my lips to the top of her foot, a whisper of warmth against her skin, my breath lingering there longer than necessary.

Her toes curled slightly at the touch, a subtle response that sent a rush of satisfaction through me.

Lowering her foot back to the floor, I let my fingers trace the line of her arch before reaching for the other, cradling it with the same care.

My gaze never left hers, the tension between us thickening with every quiet motion.

Once I have her shoes off, I slide my hands up her silky legs, under her dress until I am cupping her hips in my hands.

The tension and anticipation is driving her and I both to the brink of our self-control.

My fingers find the top of her panties, hooking them as I slowly slide them down her legs.

“ Levante o pé .”

I tell her, tapping her foot gently repeating until I am holding her panties to my nose inhaling her scent, her essence. She won't be getting these back, they will forever be a reminder of tonight.

“ Você tem ideia de como você é linda? Toda vez que olho para você, parece que o mundo para por um segundo. é no jeito como você sorri, como seus olhos brilham... Tudo em você é fascinante. Eu quero que isso dure mais do que uma noite. Quero você na minha vida por mais do que apenas uma noite, ”

I tell her knowing she doesn't understand a word I am saying to her.

“Tomas,”

she calls me again, her need trying to force me to move faster but I will not be rushed. There is nothing rushing us this time and I intend to take my time loving her. “Yes, whatever you are saying to me, yes.”

Well, I guess I lied, I think when I find myself hurriedly pushing her dress up to bunch at her waist, throwing one of her legs over my shoulder and burying my face in her pussy.

The action happened so fast she didn't have time to prepare, her startled yelp turned into a moan, her hands finding their way into my hair, her nails scraping my scalp as she uses my head to get off.

She rides my face pulling my head to where she wants it, taking her pleasure and I let her... for now.

Her honey-like sweetness dances across my palate, it's like a burst of sunshine in my mouth.

The more her creamy syrupy smoothness floods my mouth the more I want.

Feasting on her feels almost indulgent.

I know she got the Golden Opulence Sundae for dessert, but right now she is nature's perfect dessert but I'm ready for more.

I grab her ass in my hands supporting her and stand, my face still buried in her pussy.

The action takes her by surprise causing her to scream out in pleasure and fear, she floods my mouth with her essence as I make my way to the bed and finally release my new favorite treat.

Kissing both thighs, I support her back as I lower her to the bed.

Immediately she reaches for my length but I evade her little grabby hands.

"I wanna return the favor,"

she pouts.

"Later,"

I tell her as I climb on the bed, sitting with my back to the headboard. "Get over here and ride me,"

I command but almost cum watching her crawl over to me: she's like a sexy but deadly predator. I spread my legs giving her space to crawl between them, "Oww!"

I yelped, a laugh bubbling out even as I felt her teeth sink playfully into my inner thigh. I look down at her, her mischievous grin barely concealed as she pulls back. My laughter grew, the sting quickly fading, replaced by the warmth of the moment. "Really?"

I said, shaking my head at her cheeky defiance. Her eyes sparkled with a teasing

glint, the kind that made it clear she knew exactly what she was doing—and that she wasn't sorry for it. It wasn't just a smile; it was a challenge, bold and unspoken, waiting for me to rise to it.

“You're not too old for me to take you across my knee,” I warn.

“Promises, promises,”

she teases as she continues her slow ascent to where I need her.

She lays down flat on her stomach in between my legs, and reaches out and grabs my dick that is laying on my stomach, she let it drop back onto my stomach, the weight landing with a solid thud that echoed through the quiet room, the vibration lingering in the stillness like a muted drumbeat.

“Hey Siri, play playlist two,”

I call out and seconds later Muni Long's Made for Me, begins playing. “Fuck,”

I seethe out looking down at her mouthful, she has the head of my dick in her mouth looking me in the eyes as she swallows half my length before sliding her lips back up to the tip.

Before she could react or take me back inside of her hot mouth, I dropped down quickly, my hands hooking under her arms without hesitation.

With a sharp pull, I heaved her upward, the urgency in my movements leaving no room for hesitation, her body rising fast as I steadied her against me.

“Stop teasing you little troublemaker and set that pussy down on my dick. Give us both what we need,”

She leaned in, her lips meeting mine, soft and warm, molding against me with a sweetness that sent a rush of heat through my veins.

I tilted my head, deepening the kiss, savoring the way her breath mingled with mine, a subtle rhythm that matched the pounding of my pulse.

Her taste was intoxicating, a mix of sweetness and something uniquely her, making me crave more with every second.

My hand cupped her face, fingers tracing the delicate line of her jaw as I pulled her closer, needing to feel every inch of her against me.

The world around us faded, the only thing anchoring me being the way her lips responded to mine—tentative at first, then bold, as if she was pouring every unspoken word into the kiss.

I could feel her shiver, just the faintest tremor, and it only fueled me, made me want to give her more.

A moan adds to the music when I feel her wet opening enveloping the head of my length.

I grip her lips, pulling her down, as I lift my hips making us one.

She feels like heaven and hell at the same time.

Her warm pillowy texture feels like magic, she's hot, wet, tight and it feels so good I would willingly hold her like this all night but my dick has other ideas.

After what feels like an eternity she begins rocking, slightly at first and then with sure determined strokes and everything narrows down to her and the feelings that are

coursing through me.

I wrap my arms around her pressing us together chest to chest, helping her wet core slide up and down, all the way in and all the way out, giving us both indescribable pleasure.

“Look down, and watch how my dick slides inside of you,”

I tell her.

She peers down watching as I tilt my hips up so we can both get a better view of her pussy stretching to swallow me with every single push.

Reaching down I spread her lips, her clit hard and protruding begging for my touch and I don't disappoint.

I rub the nubbin and her muscles clench around me from the added stimulation.

Planting my feet on the bed, I wrap my other arm around her, holding her in place as I begin to fuck her hard.

Her moans and screams begin drowning out the music, but the liquid dripping from my balls to the mattress lets me know she is enjoying everything I am doing to her.

“Hmm, good girl, kitten. That's it, be a good girl, you feel so good stuffed with me. You're doing so well!”

I praise her and I am grateful my bed is heavy and secured to the wall otherwise I am sure we would be well on our way to making a good-sized hole in the wall.

“Oh damn,”

she moans. "I'm going to cum!"

Her movements get sloppy but before she can go over the edge, I lift her off of me.

"What the fuck! Why would you do that?"

she yells, sounding like she is almost in tears.

"I got you kitten,"

I assure her, my hands coming to rest on her hips guiding her as she continues to cuss me out.

"I was so close. Do you know how long it's been? You fucking bastard,"

she seethes as she allows me to maneuver her delectable body and then I really fuck up when I laugh... out loud.

"Are you laughing at me?" she shrieked, her voice sharp and cutting, dripping with disbelief. Her dark eyes narrowed into slits, and her perfectly arched brow shot up, warning me I was treading on dangerous ground. I pressed my lips together, fighting the laugh clawing its way up, but it burst out anyway, loud and unrestrained.

She tried spinning around, her movements quick and deliberate, one hand snapping behind her to swat at me. "Oh, you think this is funny?"

she snapped, her voice rising in pitch with each word.

I clamp a hand over my mouth, but the laugh breaks through anyway, loud and unstoppable.

She twists around, her hand swatting wildly behind her, missing me by inches.

Her attempts to hit me only fueled the laugh bubbling up inside me.

I knew it wasn't the time to laugh—she was serious—but the shit was too funny to care.

I am practically clutching my stomach as the laughter spills out uncontrollably. I was done for, and I knew it, but it was too late to stop it now. The fact that I never got soft was a tribute to how amazing she is and feels.

“You know what!”

she seethes. “Forget it!”

she moves to get off of me, I band my arms around her keeping her in place. “Get off of me! Weren't you just laughing at meeee ... oh my gawd!”

she moans, her angry tirade cuts off when I push her down on my thickness, filling her in one push. From this angle I am hitting spots in her that had her melting into me. Her back slams back pushing us both into the headboard.

“I don't know which view I like more, gazing into your eyes as you bounce on my dick or watching your ass jiggle as you take my dick,”

“Tomas, please!”

“I plan to.”

I cup her breast in one hand and her pussy in the other, letting my finger slip between her wet lips and I pull and tug her nipples.

“I’m not going to last long,”

“Me either she breathes out,”

her head laying on my shoulder I can feel her breath on my chin and I turn my head and take her lips in a searing hot kiss. The tingle starts in my lower back, it soon moves to my balls and I know I am going to cum and plan on taking her with me. My finger circles her clit, “Cum with me, kitten,”

She grabs my ankles, leaning forward, opening herself to me even more.

I feel a rush of warm liquid, and look to where she and I are joined to see that she is soaking wet.

But before I can analyze more she screams as she cums, her internal muscles giving me a mini hot stone massage, hot tight, and rhythmic gripping of my dick and I know I am not going to last much longer.

I hold her to me as I carefully get to my knees, never breaking contact before flattening her on the mattress and fuck her chasing my orgasm.

I move my legs on the outside of hers pushing her legs together making her an even tighter fit.

“I can’t get enough of you, kitten, hot and wet. Your sloppy pussy is sucking on my dick,”

I whisper hotly in her ear. I am seconds away from cumming harder than I have in... hell, maybe my entire life. Somewhere in the excitement, I remember I did not put on a condom.

“I’m going to fucking cum! Cum with me!”

I demand. “Cum again,”

“I can’t,”

she pants.

“You already are,”

I tell her, working my hand between her and the mattress, finding her clit and squeezing it.

It sets her off instantly, the way she gets hotter and wetter.

Her muscles squeeze me so hard I almost forget what I am supposed to do and literally milliseconds before the first stream of cum erupts, I pull out, squirting my seed all over her round firm ass and sexy back, and collapse on her.

I can barely drag my ass to the bathroom to grab a couple of wash clothes, wetting them before heading to her and clean her up.

She is in the same spot I left her.

Once she is clean, I drop the wash cloths on the nightstand.

Picking her up I lay her on the chaise, and change the sheets on my bed, before lifting her again and settle us both on the bed before pulling her to me and covering us with a light blanket.

Using the remote I lower the music and turn the lights off.

She didn't say a word but she was already half asleep.

“Thank you,”

she says so low I almost missed it.

“No. Thank you,”

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The Next Morning

Keke

Stretching lazily, my fingers brushed against the warm expanse of Tomas's chest as sunlight filtered through the curtains. For a moment, I let myself sink into the tranquility of the morning—the steady rise and fall of his breathing, the faint scent of his cologne lingering on the sheets. But then, the memories and frustration came flooding back, shattering the peace. I propped myself up on one elbow, narrowing my eyes at him.

“You just left me a note and disappeared?” I snapped, my voice cutting through the quiet of the room. “I come home, and you're gone—off chasing investors or whatever.”

Tomas stirred: his movements unhurried as though he hadn't a care in the world. One eye cracked open, and that infuriating half-smile curved on his lips. “Good morning to you too, my love,” he murmured, his voice low and rough with sleep. “And I didn't just disappear. I told you where I was going.”

“A note isn't telling me,” I shot back, sitting up as the sheets pooled around my waist. My arms folded tightly, my glare steady. “You couldn't call me and say, ‘Hey Keke, I'm running off to handle some last-minute crisis with an investor? You just left.’”

He looked at me with that calm, infuriating expression, like I was the one overreacting. His nonchalance only made the knot in my chest tighten.

Tomas sighed, dragging a hand through his messy hair—a mix of apology and exasperation. “It wasn’t exactly planned,” he said, his tone soft but edged with tension. “The deal with the final investor almost fell apart. I had to smooth things over in person, or we’d risk losing everything we’ve worked for. I did call, but you didn’t answer, and I didn’t want to leave a message because I knew you’d worry.” He looked at me then, his gaze calm but tinged with frustration. “Maybe if you hadn’t been gone for a month on your work trip, you’d have been here for me to tell you in person,” he added quietly.

My sharp retort faltered, catching in my throat as his words sank in. The sincerity in his eyes hit harder than I wanted to admit. “That’s not fair,” I said finally, my voice softer, the bite slipping away. I shifted uncomfortably, looking down for a moment before meeting his gaze again. “You know I couldn’t just stay home,” I added, the tension easing but the sting of his words lingering.

“I know,” Tomas said gently, reaching out to take my hand, his fingers threading through mine with deliberate tenderness. “And I’m proud of everything you’re doing. But this isn’t just my dream, Keke. It’s ours. I wanted to tell you everything—with you here. But you weren’t, so I left you a note. I wasn’t leaving you, Keke,” he said, his voice steady, his eyes full of sincerity. “You are my safe harbor, my unspoken prayer, my greatest truth. Letting you go would mean losing the only piece of me that truly matters. I was making sure everything stayed on track—for us.”

I stared at him, my anger wavering as his words wrapped around me. There was something in the way he looked at me—earnest, unflinching—that made it hard to stay mad. But just as my resolve began to crumble, a new thought crept in, sharpening the edge of my irritation once again. I arched a brow, tilting my head, a wry smile tugging at my lips. “For us, huh?” I said, my tone laced with just enough challenge to let him know the conversation wasn’t over. “At least you didn’t cancel the reservation, but that was supposed to be our reservation—not me sitting there and eating alone.”

Tomas chuckled softly, leaning closer to press a kiss to my temple. “I wanted you to see what we’ve built,” he said, his voice low and warm. “You’ve been with me through every late night, every setback.

I wanted you to experience it like everyone else walking through those doors, feeling the magic.”

I crossed my arms, huffing despite the reluctant smile tugging at my lips. “Oh, you mean what you’ve built,” I said, raising an eyebrow at him. “And don’t think I didn’t notice you’re going by ‘Tomas’ now. What, Henrique isn’t good enough for your fancy restaurant anymore?” My tone was sharp, but the teasing lilt gave me away. I wasn’t letting him off the hook easily, not after leaving me with just a note. Still, I couldn’t resist poking at the name change.

His lips quirked into a soft smile, and he leaned closer, his voice dropping to that low, intimate tone that always got to me. “Henrique will always exist for you, Keke,” he said. “To the world, I might be Chef Tomas, but to you? I’m still your husband. Still the man who loves you, even when you drive me crazy.”

I opened my mouth to argue, but instead, I found myself smiling despite everything. Shaking my head, I sighed. “You’re not off the hook, Henrique. But I’ll let it go—for now.”

Just as we lean back against the pillows, his arm draped comfortably over my waist, my phone buzzed loudly on the nightstand. I reached for it, rolling my eyes as EJ’s name lit up the screen. Of course, she’d call now.

I swiped to answer, barely managing a “hello” before her voice shot through the speaker like a rocket. “Keke! Don’t even try it. I saw your text last night, and the second I read it, I knew exactly what was up. You went home with the chef, didn’t you? Now tell me, are you two okay, or do I need to drive over there and regulate? Because, girl, I will.”

Henrique smirked beside me, shaking his head, and I couldn't help but laugh at the combination of EJ's dramatics and his amused expression. "We're fine, EJ," I said, trying to keep the laughter out of my voice. "We had a little... discussion, but everything's good now. No need to start planning your intervention."

"Discussion? Uh-huh," she said, dragging out the words like she didn't believe me. "Y'all are the definition of dramatic, Keke. You and Henrique are like a telenovela, but with better food and a little more sass. Seriously, what am I going to do with you two?"

Henrique raised an eyebrow, clearly enjoying her commentary, and I sighed, biting back a grin. "Probably the same thing you always do—laugh at me and remind me how crazy my life is."

"Exactly!" she said, bursting into laughter. "But for real, Keke, I'm glad you're okay. Just know if that man steps out of line, I'm on standby. I'll hop in my car so fast he won't even have time to hide."

Henrique leaned closer to the phone, his voice dripping with mock seriousness. "I'll be sure to keep that in mind, EJ. I wouldn't want you to waste gas."

"Good," she said, clearly unfazed. "Just remember, Henrique, Keke's the prize here. Don't mess it up."

When the call ended, I let out a breath and shook my head. Henrique chuckled beside me, pulling me closer. "Your friend's protective," he said with a grin. "But she should be, you're worth it."

"I love you," I tell him, laying my head on his chest.

"I love you too," he says, kissing me on top of my head.

“Congratulations,”

“Thank you, baby.”

The End.