



# If I Had More Time

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# Page 1

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TRISTAN MALORE

Being a contractor was never easy, and this client was proving my point.

“I’m aware of the time frame. If it was something I couldn’t handle, I would’ve let you know ahead of time.

Sit back and expect a call from us within the next forty-eight to seventy-two hours.

Have a good evening.” Hanging up the phone, I sat back in my chair and rubbed my temples.

Malore’s Current was all me. A company built from the ground up of Black electricians taking on contracts from the city and private clients.

Black and successful. I was a walking meal ticket and Eastlake new it.

You didn’t get too many African American men with their own or holding their weight in a world molded for palms.

Knock, knock. Looking up, my assistant Lauren entered my office with her purse on her shoulders. I checked the watch that sat comfortably on my wrist and noticed it was past six in the evening. Our workday ended thirty minutes ago. I got tied up on the call and aloud time to slip right on by.

“I’m headed out. Do you need anything from me before doing so?” she questioned.

“Not at all. I’m right behind you.”

I stood, grabbing my belongings and followed behind her out the door.

I planned on meeting up with my brother before going home.

We hadn’t kicked it in a few weeks and were well overdue for a drink.

After all, this weekend was special for me.

I needed to get my mind right before my time was dedicated to someone else.

We rode the elevators down to the main floor, strolled through the lobby, and went our separate ways once we hit the parking lot.

I appreciated her staying every day until I was ready to go.

Her letting me know she was leaving was her way of telling me it was time to go.

Without her, I would lose track of my head if it wasn’t attached.

Hopping in my ride, I waited until her car drove passed mine before I pulled out.

The White Rabbit was where we usually found ourselves whenever a link up was scheduled.

A cigar lounge he threw his money into, making it one of the most upscaled ones in the Lake.

The vibe was one many enjoyed. I had no problem going to him and chilling for the time being.

The drive was no more than twenty minutes with traffic picking up along the way. Pulling into the lot, the many cars filled it. This was normal traffic for The White Rabbit. I parked and made my way inside. Cigars, drinks, and beautiful women. It was a place a man could unwind in peace.

I quickly grabbed one of the women passing by and asked, “Where’s Hakeem?” She pointed to the left corner where he was located. I spotted him immediately and nodded.

“And Tristan, say hello first next time. Swear you and Hakeem are the rudest men I know,” she stated before walking off.

I offered a light chuckle before heading in my brother’s direction.

I didn’t know who shorty was but knowing of me was a must. When I stepped in here, the treatment was nothing less than a king’s.

The rules were very transparent, and the ladies followed them with ease.

Business was good, I had to give it to him.

Keem played about a lot of shit, but I wasn’t one of them.

Being the only Malores left made our bond that much stronger.

I was his keeper and would wear that charge proudly when it came to him.

I practically raised him so putting my life and freedom on the line for him wasn’t something I had to think twice on.

Stepping into his section, I dapped him up and took a seat next to him.

Unbuttoning my blazer, I opened it getting comfortable.

He extended a gar in my direction along with a box of matches.

He then poured me up a drink of Macallan and set it in front of me.

Keem tried to return the gesture of taking care of me whenever I visited.

He didn't owe me shit, but it was nice to see his appreciation.

"Life?" he questioned scanning the room.

"Still blessed. Yours?"

"Still highly favored. You been missed, nigga. Where you been?" Keem might've been a grown ass man, but he became that twelve-year-old boy whenever I was around looking for his brother's attention. We were seven years apart, so I understood.

"Settling contracts and keeping my wife happy. Same drill, nigga, just a different day."

"Same drill, huh? That shit still in the mix, too? It's 'bout that time, ain't it?"

"What shit, Keem?" I took a sip of my drink and puffed on my gar. I knew what he was hinting at, but I was a man that made you say what was on your mind. All that beating around the bush was for kids.

"You know what I'm talking 'bout, bro'."

He was my brother after all and keeping secrets wasn't how we did things. When he

asked what we did for our tenth anniversary, I kept it real. He was still as confused back then as he was today.

“If I knew, I wouldn’t be asking. Now, would I?” Another long pull was administered to my gar as smoke filled my lungs. I was in a very calm and content state.

The answer Hakeem wanted would be a truthful one.

I prided myself on honesty and it tended to work in my favor.

The respect I gained from others, especially my wife, instilled a confidence that couldn’t be easily broken.

When you walked in your truth, it really wasn’t shit anyone could say or do to you to offend you.

“What y’all call it... the anniversary gift?”

Before responding, I took another sip of my drink. This wasn’t an uncomfortable topic for me, I just didn’t like discussing my marriage and the dynamics of it with nobody but my wife. Whatever we did as a unit, didn’t bring nobody else happiness. Muthafuckas were nosy and that included Hakeem.

“The best one I could give her, and yeah, it’s still in the mix.”

“I don’t see how you sit back and let Naomi do that weird ass shit then turn around and spend another year with her ass. That’s foul, bruh. I don’t give a fuck how you put it. She crossing the line.”

The anniversary gift was more along the lines of a reset button me and my wife offered one another.

One pass, one lover, one day. It wasn't a test of our marriage because we were happy in our union.

No one could take my wife from me simply because I knew where her heart lied.

She wore the Malore name proudly and became a reflection of me.

She was the prize, and I would never forget it.

"Is she my wife or yours?" I questioned placing the cigar in my mouth.

"That's not the point and you know it. By all means, take the anniversary gift she offers 'cause that's a hell of a gift, but don't give her the same one in return is what I'm saying. She ain't supposed to be touched by no nigga but you."

"She ain't supposed to be nobody business but mine, either, yet here you are with her name in your mouth.

My name ain't been disrespected since I gave it to her.

If you think her enjoying our anniversary is weird, then so be it.

However, I lay next to my wife with a smile on my face.

That's eighteen years I ain't questioned who was for me. Can you do the same?"

Hakeem wasn't married and unlike me, he loved having women.

I was overly content with my wife. She gave me a home no one else offered, not even my mother.

She also loved me better than anyone else in my life, which was why I was trying my hardest to give her the world.

In my eyes, that was the only thing good enough.

“You always trying to throw jabs. You only get like that when a muthafucka telling the truth,” he laughed while shaking his head.

“I get like this when it comes to my wife. I don’t give a fuck who you are. Slandering her name is slandering mine, and I don’t take too kindly to disrespect. Don’t play with me in here, Keem.”

I was never the kind of man to allow my wife to be disrespected. She was a representation of me through and through. It wasn’t shit about that woman I didn’t know, either. I would go to war with God for her. I loved my brother, but I loved my wife more.

Women weren’t thought about sexually before I met Naomi. I was a focused ass nigga with one thing on my mind... money. I had a plan and was sticking to it until she walked her pretty ass across the courtyard wearing a smile I couldn’t tear my gaze away from.

We been together since our freshman year in college.

Nothing but nineteen years old learning each other, our boundaries, as well as triggers for one another.

A year later we were at the altar. She was a virgin and because I took her innocence we chose to do life with one another. It didn’t get no purer than that.

“Man, I ain’t even trying to go there with you. I will call the law on yo’ ass fa sho’

this go 'round. You ain't 'bout to beat me down and think you ain't 'bout to do time," he jested.

"Watch your mouth, and you won't get hit in it.

On the real though, this our shit and outside opinions really don't matter.

We got a decade under our belt getting ready to secure another and neither one felt the need to walk away.

She really ain't got a choice when it comes to us, though.

She'll see a grave before I let her leave me. "

"Nigga something wrong with you. When y'all leave to do that weird shit?" he questioned puffing on his gar.

"Tomorrow evening."

"Hit me when you get back and shit. I'll bring y'all anniversary gift over. Eighteen years really is a flex. I'm proud of you and sis', regardless of how much shit I talk."

It was all love from Keem. He did run his mouth too much, but he showed up for me and my wife without question.

We were the only family he had. He cherished that shit much like I did.

If he didn't approve of our union, he would've voiced it a long time ago.

Tonight was his opinion on how we exchanged one particular gift.

He didn't fuck with it and that was cool because the names signed on that marriage certificate was Tristan and Naomi.

We didn't do a damn thing to please anyone but the two in our marriage.

I finished off my drink, took one final pull of my cigar before putting it out, then stood to get the hell on.

Hakeem was on his feet extending his hand in my direction.

We dapped up, shared a brotherly hug, and parted ways.

Spending time with my brother brought a different kind of peace to a nigga.

Hopping in my ride shortly after, I hit the main road and headed home.

Waiting on me was a maple brown beauty so curvy my mind wondered anytime she invaded a nigga thoughts.

I missed her voice, that fruity fragrance that always lingered, and the way she couldn't keep her hands off me when I was in her presence.

She was everything a man could ask for so fumbling her wasn't in the cards at all.

I cruised through the Lake to Dean Creek where me and my wife resided. A gated community and the neighbors knew how to mind their business as well as run one. It was indeed packed out with those that had something attached to their names. One thing Eastlake was going to do was house entrepreneurs.

Hitting the key to the garage, I pulled in seconds later and parked beside my wife's BMW.

She would beat me home on any given day simply because she never left it.

She was a retired professor. I entered the crib, and the smell of a fully cooked meal hit me instantly.

I smiled knowing this treatment was rare.

As I walked through the house, I yelled out for her. "Mrs. Malore!"

She came down the stairs not even a second later dressed in an all red lingerie set.

The silk robe that hung from her shoulders and the red heels that covered those pretty little toes added to the aesthetic.

My eyes stayed on her the entire time she made her way to me.

Once in reach, her arms snaked around my neck as mine claimed her waist.

Our lips found each other's, sharing a kiss that made my shaft grow. All it took was her presence to settle within me. My attraction to her was beyond physical but the physical tended to consume a greater helping of her than anything else.

The kiss broke causing a brief wave of bitterness to wash over me. I wanted more but had entered the red zone and couldn't. My time was coming again and when it did, I wasn't holding back.

"Mmm , I missed you," she moaned gently stroking my beard.

"Likewise." I placed my head in the crook of her neck and inhaled deeply. Her scent was so alluring to me. I couldn't get enough of it.

Pecking at her neck, I began torturing myself.

We had less than twenty-four hours before we exchanged anniversary gifts, and I wasn't quite ready.

Even though I was blessed with a waterfall last night, I was yearning for another dose of it.

She knew it, too. My hands were roaming her body like a kid that finally got his hands on candy.

“You got to stop baby, please. We're in the red zone.”

“I need that, Mama. I know it'll be as good as it looks.” My hands were on her ass giving light squeezes, the kisses on her neck continued, and her soft moans filled the room.

“Baby, if I give you all of me right here, right now, our anniversary would be ruined.” She was just as bothered as I was. Her body was reacting to the only person who had claims.

I growled as I loosened my grip. One night... one fuckin' night.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:25 pm*

A COUPLE HOURS EARLIER...

My eyes rolled for the umpteenth time as I listened to my mother speak.

She wasn't talking about anything important, and her visit was unannounced.

I had way too much on my mind to be worried about whatever she had going on.

I picked up my glass of wine and took a sip.

The buzz I previously had was beginning to fade.

"Mama, what are you asking me to do exactly? I'm not her mother, I'm her cousin.

She's also eighteen. If she wants to run the streets, why are y'all trying to stop her?

Aunt Stacy didn't do a damn thing when she was showing out in school so why she trying to discipline her now?

Look, I got things to take care of and worrying about anyone other than my husband isn't it. "

I stood from the stool and went over to the crockpot to give my stew meat a good stir.

When it came to making sure my husband came home to a hot meal, I took no days off.

I retired as a professor as soon as he told me to.

I pride myself on being a good wife, so I obeyed.

Now all I did was make our house a home and a place of peace for him. My life was quite easy thanks to him.

“Tuh! A husband that you allow to cheat on you every year isn’t something to brag about, Naomi. You should be quite ashamed to even claim him out loud.”

“Oh, we’re talking about me now? Okay, let’s do it. What else don’t you like about Tristan, Mama? I’m dying to know.” I stretched my hands along the island’s edge and gripped it. The glares I delivered were deadly.

One thing I didn’t tolerate was Tristan being talked about in ways that wasn’t praise.

I loved that nigga, and I do mean loved the fuck out of him.

It wasn’t nothing he could do that would make me turn away from him.

When everybody else pushed me to the side, including my mother, he made me a priority.

When I was trying to find my footing in this world, he helped me.

Trashing his name meant you trashed mine and that could result in you getting yo’ ass whooped ‘round these parts.

The only reason my mother knew what was going on was because her nosy ass couldn’t stop asking questions about our anniversary.

She was trying to live through me before she found out what we'd done.

My mother wasn't someone I had to lie to, so I flat out told her.

Me and Tristan didn't care who had anything to say about it, either.

"I don't like that he makes you do those trashy things, Naomi. It's not like you, and you weren't raised to be a whore."

"What things am I doing, Mama?" I inquired as I cocked my head to the side with dipped brows. I knew exactly what she was hinting at but since she wanted to speak on it, I needed her to say that shit.

"Letting him pimp you out to God knows who all so he could cheat in peace. When you get married, your body belongs to him and no one else. No man outside of him is supposed to experience you."

I laughed before grabbing my glass again.

I gulped the remaining contents before tearing into her.

Some things you just needed to shut the fuck up about, especially if yours didn't work.

My father walked right out the door from how unhappy he was with her.

Maybe telling me about mine wasn't the smartest thing to do.

"Pimp me out? Ha . It's me that proposed our annual anniversary gift, not him.

It's me that introduced him to the swinger's life, not him.

If you want to call me a hoe, so be it, just don't forget to add a happily married one...

oh, and paid. You don't like him but always asking him for money. Explain to me how that work?"

I shook my head at the bullshit my mother spewed.

She was so envious of me and Tristan's marriage and there was no one who could convince me otherwise.

She had no one giving her the treatment she deserved so instead of trying to understand us, she bad mouthed us, then turned around with her hand out weeks later.

She was a joke to me which was why I gave her every excuse in the world not to spend time with her. However, today was unavoidable.

"You're in a swinger's club, Naomi. If you were just going to let any and everybody disrespect your body, why would you get married?" she yelled.

"Because that nigga loves everything about me. And for the record, I didn't become a swinger until our tenth anniversary.

See your way up out of here, though. I'm trying to provide my husband with a peaceful space and in order to do that, I need to be relaxed.

You bothering the fuck out of me right now. "

"I don't know where you got such a disrespectful mouth from. It's very distasteful," she said snatching up her purse.

"I am my mother's daughter," I chimed glaring her down.

Not once did I ask her to be here. Whenever she came around, our conversations always steered toward my marriage. I was the only woman carrying the Malore name. Whatever she had to say was her opinion. It never really mattered to begin with.

She scoffed as she headed for the front door. I truly didn't give a flying fuck when it came to Diane White. She was never a real mother to me anyway. When I needed her, she was never there. I figured life out on my own and still made my way to a college degree. Her raising me was comical.

Also, she had a lot to say about everything except why my father left her. She could point out everybody else's flaws but wouldn't acknowledge hers pushed my father away. I'd rather take a man who understood me over a man who tried to mold me to fit him.

My time and marriage with Tristan was a great one.

We didn't argue as much and when we did, communication was the key.

We were a very transparent couple, and our marriage reflected that.

If that man was unhappy with me, he would've left a long time ago.

I'd had him clipped to my hip for eighteen years.

It was safe to say I was everything that man looked for in a wife.

I stirred the stew meat once more before I cut up some cabbage.

He asked for something hearty, so I went with stew meat over white rice, cabbage, a baked mac and cheese, and yeast rolls.

I wouldn't have the pleasure of feeding him until after our anniversary, so the last meal had to be one of satisfaction.

Twenty minutes later, I had the cabbage boiling, rice covered on the back eye, and the macaroni in the oven.

I washed the dishes I dirtied up, wiped the counters down, then swept the floors.

A clean house was provided every day. I took my wifely duties seriously.

He would never have to come home to anything less than a meal, a ran bath, and good sex.

Once I finished up, I headed upstairs to the bathroom to get myself ready for my man.

He would be coming through the door within the next hour or so.

I was hopeful he didn't get tangled up with a client.

That would push him back for an additional half hour.

I loved his work ethic but also hated the moments I missed him, and he wasn't here.

The water was started before I stood at the sink to wash off the day's makeup. As soon as I wet my cloth, a text from Tristan came through stating he would be running a little late from stopping through to see Keem first. That would take no more than thirty minutes. I knew my husband, and he didn't leave me waiting for too long.

I scrubbed for the next ten minutes then entered the shower. Standing directly underneath the warm water, it drenched my canvas. I released a heavy sigh seconds later. Normally after washing, my body would be consumed by my husband.

However, the red zone began this morning at eight and every slutty thing that crossed my mind had to be postponed for the next forty-eight hours.

Everything sexual stopped the second we entered it.

Once we got to our destination, and keys were handed over, I was no longer the woman he claimed.

It was bittersweet, but it was something I could handle because it was something I inserted into our marriage.

Our anniversary was less than eight hours away, which meant our gifts would be exchanged in less than twenty-four.

One pass, one lover, one day. That gave us another year of happiness and unapologetic gratitude for our marriage.

I was a Malore because he wanted me to be and unlike the regret everyone swore would come, I loved being the only woman with his name.

A colleague from Graceland Heights University introduced me to this swinger's club called The Melting Pot.

We checked it out and figured it would be something fun and different from a traditional marriage.

Many people spent hundreds or even thousands of dollars on outrageous gifts for their spouse.

All I wanted was for him to enjoy a life with no regrets.

I saw too many unions fail because of it.

I was well aware of how it might've been frowned upon from others, but I lucked up getting a man who loved the ground I walked on.

He was hesitant at first because he truly thought I was setting him up or covering up my unhappiness but that wasn't the case at all.

It took a minute for him to agree but I understood why.

We tried it one year with a random couple and never turned back. So, once a year I let him roam free before returning to me and fulfilling his vows. It didn't change how he loved me and that made my love for him grow stronger.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:25 pm*

As I lathered my body, I thought on the many times he could've walked away but didn't.

He had every opportunity to go and find someone else.

There wasn't anyone better but still. I wasn't and never would be the wife everyone wanted me to be.

I was his wife and knew exactly what he needed.

Our relationship was built of pure love and trust. Testing that wasn't necessary.

Tristan was a man of security. He provided it for me, and I returned the energy. It was never a question on where we wanted to be after the gifts were exchanged because we knew where our hearts lied. He was the only nigga I would put my life on the line for, and I knew he would do the same for me.

Time passed and I was stepping out the shower moments later wrapped in a towel.

I proceeded to turn on the water for my husband's bath while I was next to it.

I then did a quick dry off before slipping into my robe and jogging back downstairs to check the food.

The cabbage had cooked down and was ready to go.

Opening the oven door, I inspected the macaroni and saw it was also done.

I slid it back in and turned off the oven.

His meal was complete and ready to be plated.

I was back upstairs within minutes moisturizing my skin. Tristan loved when I walked around in damn near nothing. He enjoyed the view and never hid his attraction. That was something that boosted my confidence daily. As long as I made him drool over me effortlessly, my heart was content.

No sooner than I slipped on my heels, I heard him call out for me.

I smiled and sashayed my way back downstairs to where he stood.

Tristan's skin was just as dark, rich, and enticing.

With his beard being full along with his lips and brows, I couldn't focus on just one thing.

My pussy jumped simply from the smell of him so taking him in from head to toe only made her do summersaults.

The second he was in reach, I threw my arms around his neck as his tightened around my waist. Whenever he held me, I found myself melting. It felt damned good being in his embrace. It was a feeling I could never forget.

We shared a kiss that caused my juice box to drip. His cologne was temporarily paralyzing while his roaming hands assisted my frozen state. There would never be a time another man could have me on the verge of cummin' from a simple kiss. My husband had it like that.

"I missed you," I softly spoke, giving his beard a light massage.

“Likewise.”

His face was planted against my neck and more soft kisses were administered. One thing I learned fast was his love language. Physical touch satisfied him better than any meal I fixed. As long as he could touch me, he was content and at peace.

Like I knew he would, he asked for some pussy, and I had to deny him a serving.

Being in the red zone was torture for us both but safer for me.

I didn’t want to jeopardize a bitch ass thing.

I only had one vagina at the end of the day and Tristan could throw me out of commission without even trying.

“Your bath water is ran. Go get cleaned up so you can spend time with your wife. I won’t have any of you tomorrow, so excuse my greediness for you.”

“It’s one day, Mama. I promise she won’t get fucked the same way you do. My strokes have meaning when I’m digging in you. It’s not the same for them.”

“You better believe I know that shit already,” I said freeing myself and walking toward the kitchen.

“I still get dessert?” he asked.

“Always.” When it came to eating me, I would never make him starve. His face was my second favorite place to sit.

I patiently waited for my husband to return for dinner. Thirty minutes slipped right on by, and I found myself yearning to taste him. I couldn’t help myself. Knowing he

wanted to devour me had my entire body on fire. I needed him to make me cum... like now.

“Mr. Malore!” I shouted. My call out went unanswered so I called out for him again, getting the same result.

I felt ignored but was quickly shown he was on the same type of timing.

He came around the corner ass naked with that third leg being stroked slowly.

My eyes traveled along his long frame from head to toe.

A pulse formed between my legs as soon as my eyes rested on his center.

I couldn't help but salivate over the pipe game he possessed.

“My sweet tooth acting up right now, Mama. I need you to handle that.” His eyes locked with mine, and I silently heard that man ask me to spread my legs.

I pushed his meal to the center of the table, pulled down my lace panties, stepped out of them, then took a seat in front of his chair.

He crossed the room, dick still in hand, stopping directly in front of me.

I replaced his hand with mine, causing him to growl lowly as I continued to administer gentle strokes.

“You making it real hard not to fuck you on this table, Mrs. Malore.”

A small smile graced my lips as my ego was lightly stroked. “Make me cum, so I can swallow dick already.”

“As you wish.”

I was gently pushed back before he took a seat.

My feet sat on the arms of the chair as he leaned in and let his tongue explore my kitty.

The warmth it provided against my clit sent chills through my body.

My back arched immediately, and I knew our anniversary night was about to be a jealous one.

This man wanted to fuck me, and I wanted him to in return.

I wasn't allowed to move until he was satisfied. All he wanted was to taste my cum. It was like an ongoing reward he didn't have to work so hard for. My body reacted to him off the union we built.

“Sweet ass pussy,” he voiced against my folds.

He never went without complimenting me during a session. One way or another, he was going to tell me what I did to him, how he felt about me, or how good I tasted. It was something I looked forward to.

With two fingers sliding in my opening, he continued to attack my pearl while he massaged my walls.

My eyes closed on impact, enjoying the sensational attention given.

I palmed the top of his head and slowly rode his fingers.

I was in heaven and we both knew the end result.

Exuding my fluids didn't take much work, especially when Tristan was in control.

My rose made me cum in thirty seconds flat, but my husband made me cum in ten.

"Fuuuuuuck!" I cried out as he held my clit hostage.

He slurped on my juices as they shot to the back of his throat. I wasn't a creamer so making a mess was the normal. However, my husband wanted every drop of me tonight, and I didn't blame him. He wouldn't be able to have any parts of me until next week.

"Nah, you owe me more than that," he said zoning back in on my clit. With his fingers still inside, they curled up and rubbed on my g-spot. He wasn't going to let me leave here without knowing who I belonged to.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:25 pm*

TRISTAN

“ Tomorrow has come and girl we made it. It’s our anniversary,” I sang in my wife’s ear before applying gentle kisses to her cheek.

Eighteen years flew by quick with us and I hadn’t regretted a day yet.

She made me the man I was today with nonstop support and love.

Others might’ve questioned their bond with their spouse, but I never did with mine.

“ Mmm ,” she moaned offering a small smile.

“Mrs. Malore, I need you to wake up for me. Your breakfast is going to get cold.”

Sticking by my side granted her the treatment of a fuckin’ queen. It wasn’t a thing in this world she couldn’t get out of me. I felt like I owed her that plus more. She was patient and encouraging all in one. When you gave ride or die energy, it was reciprocated without question.

Rolling over, she finally peeled her eyes open and that feeling of being the luckiest man in the world washed over me.

Naomi was still as beautiful as the first day I’d seen her.

Pushing forty while having the appearance of a woman in her twenties.

She was a rare catch and that was something she didn't have to tell me. I knew it already.

Locking her arms around my neck, she brought me in for a fair exchange of affection.

Her lips greeted mine and I instantly wanted to crawl between her legs and get comfortable.

It never failed. Whenever she touched me, I found myself begging for more.

It was something that hadn't faded since she blessed a nigga with a simple hug.

Releasing a low groan, I pulled back. We were in the red zone so anything further would be stopped before it could even get started.

Her rejecting me had me ready to drop her on her head, lowkey.

I never liked her telling me no, but I knew what was in play.

It was something I knew the rules of for the past eight years.

"Eighteen years and I still think I won bagging the realest nigga in any room," she complimented me. It brought a smile out of me. I couldn't lie.

"You better know it," I said winking at her. I pecked her lips before standing and retrieving the tray of breakfast off the nightstand. "Eat while I grab something."

Sitting up, she nodded while maintaining the smile that graced her lips upon awakening. I sat the tray on her lap then administered another kiss on her luscious lips. I wasn't the best cook, but I did what I could for her. I'd mess up as many groceries as I needed to, to give her a decent meal.

“Thank you, baby. It looks really good.”

A simple bacon, eggs, and waffles platter with fruit on the side.

Orange juice was her favorite so that sat on the tray as well.

She picked up her fork and dug in. She was occupied for the moment, so I had time to step out the door and grab her gifts.

Yeah, we were exchanging a hell of a gift later, but I never let her go without being shown my appreciation first.

I picked up her three-dozen bouquet of white and pink roses, bags of jewelry from New Aged Gems, and bags of labels she enjoyed wearing. Stepping back in the room, I heard her gasp at the items. Naomi deserved everything I had in tow plus more.

“This ain’t nearly enough of what you deserve but this all I got for now.”

“Mr. Malore, you really don’t know how lucky it is to wear your name.”

Little shit like that made me blush and smile like a damn kid.

It was genuineness I felt behind her words.

She was happy to be tied to me. There was no faking it.

I heard it when she uttered how much she loved me, when she made love to me, and when she shared every part of her with me.

Locked in and unbreakable, that was our marriage wrapped up in basic terms.

“Nah, it’s me that’s lucky. Happy Anniversary, Mama, and thank you for doing another year with me. I appreciate you making sure I know where you stand. You don’t stray away or let the union become unstable. I couldn’t love another woman the way I love you.”

Walking over, I piled all her gifts on the bed before stepping back. Seeing her flushed by simple gestures always made me feel like I was doing something right. My effort was admired.

“You really make every day worth it. Thank you, seriously, baby. Now, it’s my turn.”

She placed the tray of food to the side and stood from the bed.

She did a light jog to her closet and came out with damn near the same thing I got her.

The only difference was her choice in flowers.

I chuckled from knowing this would be another year we thought alike.

We knew each other’s thought process and it was no longer a coincidence.

“Tada!” I shook my head as I closed the distance between us wrapping my arms around her body.

“We got to stop mirroring each other, Mama.”

“I swear. Happy Anniversary, baby.” Finding balance on her toes, we exchanged another kiss before she handed my things over. “What time is it? Have you eaten anything yet?”

Flipping my wrist, I checked the time. “It’s a little after six. We got time. The jet supposed to be ready to go by nine. The flight ain’t but an hour and a half, I think. And to answer your other question, yes, I have.”

“We need to shower and get ready to head out. We still need to take that drive to Graceland Heights and fly out of GHI, which is over an hour long.”

“Have you received the email yet?” I inquired grabbing a pair of draws out the dresser and tossing them on the bed.

“They came in last night. They’re clean, the NDAs are signed, and they sent over their flight information. We’re good to go. They’ll arrive before we will but only by like thirty minutes more or less.”

“Cool. Finish eating and join me in the shower.”

Nodding, she sat on the bed and was right back to feeding her face.

I walked pass her into the bathroom heading for the shower.

Turning on the water, I let it rise to its temperature as I took care of my face and mouth.

Once I was done, I undressed and stepped in the marble tile disclosure.

The warm water coated my body, bringing a moment of relaxation.

I allowed the significance of today to settle within me.

I never saw my parents put in so much effort for one another.

They were together one day then single the next.

My mother took that to heart and cut off her line of love altogether.

Me and Hakeem depended on one another from that day forward.

It hurt to lose someone you really loved, and they weren't dead.

The disconnection was reciprocated, and she was no longer a part of our lives.

When I looked at my wife, I knew she was here for the long run. She solidified my thoughts every day I woke up next to her pretty ass. Imagine knowing your life partner put you before themselves in every move they made. It was that real for us.

The glass door slid back and she entered, wrapping her arms around my waist. Her breasts pressed into my back, sending a comforting feeling throughout my body. She was home for me. It truly didn't matter where the fuck we went, as long as I had her with me, I was home.

"You alright?" she questioned. Soft kisses were placed randomly on my flesh while she held onto me.

"Always. You sure you down to do another year with me? That's 364 days being tied to a nigga," I commented. Removing the one day we separated annually meant nothing to me. She was still mine, regardless.

"Are you sure? I mean, I had forever in mind but if you want to change your mind, let me know."

"That ain't nearly long enough." That was as truthful as I could get. The way I felt about this woman, it was going to take God himself to break our ties. Her soul was

comforting mine. There was nothing that could make me go against our union.

“You know you don’t have to do this, right? There will never be a time of force with this,” she commented reassuring me the choice was always mine to make.

On our tenth year of marriage, she brought something to the table that slightly changed the dynamics of it.

I didn’t look at it as her wanting anyone else because we both were secure in our union.

However, I did take it as her adding spice to it.

A lot of couples fell into a routine resulting in a robotic marriage. I wanted anything but that with Naomi.

We didn’t have children so that factor wasn’t present as an obligation to stay.

She proposed the idea, and I was skeptical as fuck, but I believed her when she said it would always be me.

I believed her when she said my name was the last one she’d ever take.

We took the risk, and it changed nothing.

Believe it or not, I liked that she never followed society’s rules.

“Mrs. Malore, you’ll know when I’m over it. I never bit my tongue when it came to us, and I won’t start now.”

Nodding, she circled around, dropping to her knees as soon as she was in front of me.

I ate her pussy off the fuckin' bone last night, so I knew this was coming.

Regardless of us being in the red zone, she could never truly stay away from me.

I did something to that body no other man could.

Everything about her was claimed as mine.

Her soft manicured hands wrapped around my shaft administering a slow stroke.

She eyed my shit with so much love and lust in her eyes it was hard to settle on one.

Opening her mouth wide, I was eased into it.

She learned what I liked and mastered that shit.

I really didn't have a hunger for no one but her.

"We in the red, remember? You not playing fair," I teased. She was so adamant last night about respecting it but was swallowing me effortlessly.

Gripping her wet hair, I guided her back and forth on my pole.

The combination of her jacking my shit and trying to suck the skin off that muthafucka was one a nigga loved to experience.

Her tonsils were boxed repeatedly as I fucked her face.

There were no complaints of any sort, just her muffled moans filling the room.

"Fuuuuck Ma," I moaned. Her throat was beginning to feel a little too damn good.

Looking down, I watched my manhood disappear in her jaws every other second. I always preferred to stroke her pussy instead of her throat, but her mouth was damn sure second best. The way she hummed on my shit and let me do whatever the fuck I wanted always seemed to amaze me.

With my head falling back, I planted my hands on the marble wall in front of me.

She was in her zone and trying to pull that nut out of me.

Her head bobbed back and forth at a steady pace, pulling my semen to the tip of my manhood.

My balls were in her free hand being massaged, adding another pleasuring feeling to the mix.

I couldn't help but grab her and beat her throat up.

I gained a lil' roughness in my thrust while she tried her best to keep her balance.

She held onto my backside silently giving me permission to continue with my actions.

I watched tears fall from her eyes, but she never pulled back. Her gaze stayed locked in with mine.

"Swallow it," I said seconds before my nut shot down her throat.

With her lips touching the base of my dick, the entire ten inches sat in her throat walls comfortably.

I throbbed in her shit and dared not to move.

She felt too fuckin' good and knowing I couldn't have her until we returned, I had to get all I could get.

I was nothing but greedy in this very moment.

"Fuck!" I shouted, finally removing myself from her jaws.

Naomi was on her feet seconds later with her ass on my dick.

I laughed at how she wanted me to take her down knowing what was to come later tonight.

Mind you, the red zone was all her. She put that shit in place to protect all parties involved but was the main one going against it wanting me to stroke that pretty ass pussy until she came on my wood.

I had no problem doing so, but I could promise you we weren't catching no flight nowhere.

Gripping her hair, I pulled her up to me as gently as I could. I wanted her just as bad as she wanted me. "What we doing, Mama? We fuckin' or what?"

"I need to feel you, baby. Please put it in," she begged.

"If I slide in that gushy shit, I'm not pulling the fuck out. Don't forget who the hell you belong to."

"Babyyyy," she softly moaned, reaching behind her.

With my dick in tow, she tried her best to place it at her opening.

I chuckled lowly, bent her over, and slid right in that muthafucka.

Neither one of us moved. I could feel her walls gripping my shaft instantly.

This was the first time since we started this anniversary rendezvous she couldn't hold out.

"What you want my baby?" All she had to do was say the word, and I would give her as much of me as I could for the next twenty-four hours. "Speak up, Mrs. Malore."

She eased off my manhood and stood up. When she turned around, she wrapped her arms around my neck, then jumped in mine. I held her up as she planted her lips against my flesh. Our tongues danced while my hunger for her grew. My restraint wouldn't be here for much longer.

"I love you, and I can't fuckin' wait for this day to be over. Wash me off so we can skip town and finish this shit." Tapping my shoulder, I placed her on her feet, and she grabbed the sponges.

"Yes ma'am," I answered stepping back wearing a smirk on my face.

I knew the effect I had on my wife. She expressed it as well as showed it.

When it came to her, I never had to question where I stood.

Naomi was very blunt about things and spared no one's feelings.

If I wasn't satisfying her mentally, physically, emotionally, and soulfully, she wouldn't be standing here, and my name would no longer be hers.

One day.

I was giving her up for one fuckin' day.

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:25 pm*

I sat comfortably in my husband's embrace as we rode to the airport.

It was nothing about this man that would make me leave him.

I fiend for his presence damn near all fuckin' day.

There were days I'd show up to his job just to chill in his office because he was missed, and he would allow it.

It was a good feeling knowing my cravings for him were reciprocated.

Going from a lonely individual to one with a partner who risked their life for yours was still mind blowing to me.

Not once did this man let anyone disrespect me, threaten me, or make me feel like I wasn't a woman worth a ring.

I was appreciated and I thanked him as well as God every day for a genuine man.

Pulling up to the airport, we filed out the backseat of the limo. Tristan flexed his wallet for certain occasions. We lived a comfortable lifestyle, but the bank account had more than a couple commas. We worked hard to get to where we were. There were no regrets or apologies on our end.

"I really hate walking through GHI. It's always packed out," I complained.

"Always. Why you think I pulled out the jet? I wasn't about to be irritated on my

anniversary. All that extra bs them folk be doing be uncalled for.”

“Who’s the pilot this time? Matt?”

“Nah, Cory. Matt in Thailand with his wife. You got what you need from the car?” he asked grabbing the suitcases out the trunk.

Nodding, we headed inside and went through the necessary steps to get to our private plane.

Stepping on, I took the seat with my back turned toward the captain’s cabinet.

Tristan sat in front of me seeing everything I couldn’t.

I trusted him enough to relax. He wasn’t about to let anyone or anything play with us.

From Eastlake to Baja, Mexico would be a smooth one.

It always was. We took the same flight for the past eight year to the same resort.

I expected nothing less than an amazing experience as well.

Since we started this, we enjoyed ourselves each and every year.

No boundaries were crossed, and the understanding of the exchange wasn’t tampered with.

This anniversary would be documented as another success.

“Mr. and Mrs. Malore, it’s good to see you again. Can I get the two of you anything to drink before takeoff?” We hired three of the same stewardesses for this excursion.

This time we had Tara.

“Not just yet. Once we’re in the air, I’ll take a mimosa and a double shot of Macallan on the rocks for Tristan,” I replied.

“Yes ma’am.” She walked away and I eyed her backside. I was no better than a man at times. Tara had a petite frame with a cute lil’ butt. She was nice to look at.

Cory came over the intercom with his captain speech as we buckled up. I slipped off my heels and planted my feet in Tristan’s lap. He immediately started massaging them and I couldn’t help but purr. He was a man who knew exactly what to do and make a girl crave his touch.

Moments later, we were in the air comfortably with little to no turbulence.

Our drinks were brought as promised and the ride was everything I thought it would be.

I went over the files a final time making sure I didn’t miss anything.

When we stepped off this plane, things would get to rolling quick.

“This is the same couple from last year. Is there anything about her that rubs you wrong?” I only asked because I knew my husband. He was very picky.

“She eats like a cow. Other than that, she aight for now.”

I laughed simply because he was deadass serious.

He hated when a grown ass adult didn’t have table etiquette.

He found it to be classless and unappealing.

He used to say eating like a pig was no better than lying next to one.

I didn't know who he got that old timing saying from, but it stuck with him.

"How baby?" I inquired still tickled by his response.

"She chew with her mouth open, when food falls from her utensil, she uses her fingers to pick it up, and she don't know how to eat pasta the correct way. Somebody ain't take the time to teach her shit."

"Her upbringing is not our business, Tristan. The only thing we worry about is their physical health. Her and her husband aren't anything other than a good time. One day and then we're back to our regularly scheduled Malore program."

Shaking his head, he leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. I went to remove my feet so he could grab a nap, but he quickly pulled them back into his lap. He was greedy, and I loved everything about it.

"Do I need to rundown the key points before I doze off?" he questioned.

"The rules haven't been broken since we started. I got it, baby."

We were never to choose a couple that wasn't married, exchange personal information, or accept any offers.

Never trust the other party when it came to protection.

We were to bring our own. And the one thing he stood firm on was oral sex.

It was strictly a one way street. We could receive but never give.

We weren't to be filmed or captured in any photos and when it was all over, become a ghost to our temporary partners.

I'd respected his wishes from the beginning.

"I didn't doubt it for a second." His smart remark caused me to playfully kick him in the crotch. I shook my head and followed behind him with a nap of my own.

Captain Cory's voice was coming through the intercom an hour later letting us know we'd arrived at our destination. I was never nervous about our rendezvous, but I was a bit restrained. Regardless of what was to come by the end of the night, he wasn't my husband and some things I wouldn't be doing.

We exited the plane to a blacked-out Yukon XL awaiting our arrival.

Tristan's hand was held the entire time.

He helped me inside before he occupied the other side.

Our bags were put in the back by the chauffeur before he climbed into the driver's seat.

Our route was pretty easy to follow. There were no pitstops along the way so it would be smooth sailing from here on out.

It took us a good twenty-minutes to pull up to the docks.

The Hideaway was our final destination and only place that would see us for the day.

This particular resort was run by the couple that ran The Melting Pot.

An isolated island that allowed swingers to be comfortable and enjoy themselves without judgment.

I was helped out the SUV and ushered to the Yacht.

Now this part wasn't Tristan flexing his wallet.

In order to get to The Hideaway, you had no choice but to take a boat.

Being a swinger wasn't something today's society accepted so the island was out the way.

We prided ourselves around a lot of confidentiality.

Tristan didn't allow me to leave his side the entire ride over.

Neither one of us liked being on water whatsoever but we'd grown to tolerate this one.

With his arm locked around my waist, he pecked at the side of my face giving me comfort, even though I knew he was probably just as uncomfortable as I was.

The fresh breeze was the only thing refreshing about this transport.

"You good, Ma?"

"Yeah babe. How about you? You look as if you could hurl right now." He was sweating bullets but somehow worried about me first.

“Just ready to get off this muthafucka. All this bouncing making a nigga seasick.”

“We ain’t got much longer. I can see the docks.” I leaned into him more knowing it would relax him a bit. He was a baby at heart that needed just as much consoling as any other.

Soon enough, we were filing off the boat and stepping onto the long dock that led to the resort.

Many couples were coming in as well as going out.

The Melting Pot had plenty of members that enjoyed their perks.

Tristan and I didn’t pay an annual fee of fifty-grand just to have what others could on a regular vacation.

Still hand in hand, we bypassed the others and entered the lobby of The Hideaway. This resort not only had a grand hotel but villas and a few homes for the couples that had no intentions of returning to their ordinary lives. Money flowed through this place. There was no doubt about that.

Walking up to the clerk, she offered us a smile before asking, “How can I help you two today?”

“Hi, we have reservations under Malore. There should be two keys,” I answered.

“One moment.” She went to pecking on her keyboard all while maintaining her smile. She took her job seriously. “Tristan and Naomi?”

“That’s us.”

“Great. A villa and a presidential suite. Let me get your keys.”

Tristan’s fingers gave a light tap on my lower back asking for my attention.

I looked up at him and he threw a nod in front of him.

Turning around, I saw our temporary partners heading toward us.

I gave them a quick scan and smirked. Simone was a cute girl, but she wasn’t me.

Her husband Alex was dark and handsome how I liked them. However, he wasn’t Tristan fine.

Turning back around, I gave my attention to the clerk who was handing over our keys. “Thank you. Have a good rest of your day. Here’s yours, baby.”

“This our last one with them. You hear me?”

“I hear you. Tell me why later. Come here.” He slightly bent down, and we gave up a kiss so passionate my pussy formed a heartbeat. It was going to be hard not to enjoy him today. My craving for him was damn near uncontrollable at this point.

“I love everything about you, Mrs. Malore,” he spoke softly against my lips.

“I love you more, Mr. Malore. Remember who holds your name when you fuckin’ her. I expect you to come back to me tomorrow morning.”

“My expectations are the same. Six o’clock. Don’t make a fool out of me.”

“Never.” One last kiss was exchanged before the Dunkins were in front of us completely.

Alex and Tristan dapped each other up. “So, we meet again,” Tristan voiced.

“Once a year is getting boring, don’t you think?” Alex jested.

“Once a year is all you get.” My husband wasn’t going to let Alex believe he could have me any other time outside of our anniversary.

Simone and I quickly hugged while the fellas gave each other a once over.

Tristan reached for Simone and brought her over to him right after.

They never really held conversation and I lowkey liked it that way.

They had absolutely nothing to talk about.

We were all on the same page, so nothing needed to be discussed.

This wasn’t our first rodeo with them, so everything was already understood.

“How are you, gorgeous?” Alex asked extending his hand in my direction.

“I’m good. You ready to go?” Placing my hand in his, I was gently pulled to him.

“You have no idea,” he replied. The trade was made, the zone was green, and the clock had begun. I was now his until six a.m.

“Take care of my wife, Alex,” Tristan advised him.

“You do the same,” he stated.

“Have fun, my love, and happy anniversary,” I added before my husband was out of

my sight.

“Happy Anniversary, Ma.”

Tristan walked off with Simone at his side while Alex held me by his.

We headed in opposite directions of the resort.

Only a few steps were taken before I was gazing behind me for my lifeline.

Our bond was so strong, we just so happened to look back at the same time.

That sly smirk he always offered along with a wink was thrown my way.

I returned the small gestures with a small smile of my own. We knew exactly who we belonged to.

Alex threw his arm over my shoulder and ushered us through the lobby. He smelled as good as he looked. I was comfortable in our couple choice.

My thoughts shifted and Tristan was pushed to the back of my mind for the rest of the day. This experience was for us to have fun and have fun only. My emotions had to detach from our marriage for damn near the next twenty-four hours or else I wouldn't be able to follow through with it.

Alex gave an impression one couldn't forget but he was still of no comparison to my husband.

He was satisfying but without the emotional and mental tie, he was nothing more than a tool.

He was on the same level as the rose I kept in my nightstand.

He was truly of no value outside of a pussy pleaser.

“Tristan looks at me like he could rip my head off. He really is territorial,” he said trying to make light of Tristan’s small talk and dark glares.

“What do you expect from a man who values his wife? After all, you’re getting ready to fuck his wife for umpteen hours.”

“He’s doing the same to mine, and I still walk around with a smile on my face unbothered. We’re swingers, Naomi. Does he not understand that?”

“He does which is why your head is still attached to your shoulders. He’s off limits though so focus on what you’re here for and stay in your place. I’d hate to show you a different side of me,” I warned him.

I didn’t give a fuck how he felt about my husband.

It wasn’t wise to express it to me. I loved the fuck out of mine and refused to let anyone take a dig at him.

We were well aware of what our anniversary consisted of.

However, he was still a man who loved his wife. Being territorial was just his nature.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:25 pm*

No sooner than the doors of the room closed, Simone was tugging at my waist. A low chuckle rumbled in my throat as I dropped our luggage to the floor. When it came to food, she had poor table manners. However, when it came to dick, her sloppy ways were appreciated.

Simone was a gorgeous woman, not equally beautiful as my wife, but one, nonetheless.

Where my wife was coated in a skin of chocolate glaze, Simone was of a peanut butter blend.

Her hair was in its natural state, so her curls were wild and free.

The only thing she applied to her face was a pair of lashes and some lip gloss.

It was all she needed if I was being honest.

Before my manhood was free, I commented on her urgency. “When you rush, you choke. Slow down, love.”

The attention and affection she craved was hers for the time being. A mental note was taken on how clingy she’d become, though. It wasn’t overlooked for a second. The list was gradually getting longer on why the cut off was necessary.

Her small hand wrapped around the base of my shaft as her lips did the head. I was a sucker for head and when it was good, you temporarily got a weak man. I was down bad immediately.

With my back placed against the door for balance, my right arm stretched to the side of me while my left hand gently guided her back and forth.

Simone was a woman who voiced how you made her feel.

Her moans were undeniably pleasuring ones that hummed against my flesh.

The way she was sucking on a nigga, I most definitely believed she missed me.

Sounds of her struggling to breathe stroked my ego. I warned her. “Look at you gagging and shit. That’s what you wanted from a nigga, huh?”

I couldn’t lie. I fit in between her jaws perfectly and the view was a damned good one.

So fuckin’ pretty and swallowing dick just to house the taste of me.

The way she eyed me, I’d seen it one too many times.

From the second I slid in her guts last year, she didn’t want to leave my lap.

I was confined to the room taking her down back to back.

She left here a well and satisfied woman.

Excess saliva seeped from the corners of her mouth as tears flowed from her eyes. To think she could handle a well-endowed man without complications was insane, yet she didn’t move a muscle. I stood there watching her torture herself. Her hunger for me ignited a fire within.

I was removed from her throat walls and now receiving attention to my sack. Her

mouth was one that could gain several rounds of praise. She didn't fuck around when it came to pleasing me, and I applauded her for that. She knew what she wanted and didn't waste the limited time given.

"Damn, I missed this," she expressed in a soft tone.

"I can tell. That nigga ain't fuckin' you right or something?"

"He's not you." I was back on her wet tongue being catered to.

Head bopping, hands jacking, and moans swarming from both of us.

My eyes closed briefly as that sensational feeling rose from my balls and traveled to the tip of my shit.

I was no better than a woman who couldn't control herself when a nigga got to playing in that pussy.

Good head made me nut quick, and I didn't care to hide it.

"Where you want it, love?" I asked, quickening my thrusts. Fighting the feeling of letting loose so I could honor her request was getting harder to do by the second.

A verbal response wasn't an option. My dick was too deep in her throat for her do anything but try and breathe.

Her finger touched her cheek slightly giving me directions.

I nodded and pulled my wood from her vacuum-like jaws.

Her head fell back as she opened her mouth widely with her tongue dangling waiting

to receive me.

Stroking my shaft, my kids shot out hitting her in the exact place she pointed to first. More of me rested beneath her right eye and on the side of her nose. I knew how bad she wanted to taste me, so I wouldn't deprive her altogether. I was back in her mouth finishing off against her tonsils.

"Fuuuuck!" I groaned feeling my knees grow weak. Abnormal breathing found me quickly.

" Mmm , you still taste the same," she said cleaning me off her face. Placing her fingers in her mouth with my residue on them, she offered a look of gratification. She was nasty indeed.

"You could've given me a heads-up, love."

"I could've but what good would that have done? You housed what I craved. Tasting you again has been on my mind since the moment we parted ways last year. I killed two birds with one tongue, satisfying us both. Am I wrong for that?"

Simone was still on her knees looking up at me, and I had to give it to her. Her beauty was unmatched to many. Those hazel eyes could hypnotize you if you weren't careful. I found myself under her spell quite a bit on our last encounter. If her mouth didn't tell you, her eyes damn sure did.

"By all means, get off however you see fit, gorgeous."

Bending over, I kissed her on top of her head before getting comfortable. I was already half dressed, so I removed the rest of my clothing, then headed for the shower. Simone was right on my heels. She knew it was time to lock in. She only had so much of mine left.

Entering the bedroom, I stepped to the side so she could walk ahead of me.

The short white dress that hugged her body was slowly rising as she sauntered to the bathroom.

Eyes roamed her canvas taking her in completely.

Her long legs wrapped around me well. Flashbacks of pinning her ass to the cross surfaced within seconds. She had me biting my lip to shake back.

As if she could hear my thoughts, she pulled the fabric over her head and dropped it at the bathroom door.

My steps slowed down as the small recoil from her ass gained all my attention.

The only thread left on her body was the white thong between her cheeks.

The fact that she didn't bother with a bra told me everything I needed to know.

The shower was started as all of me reacted to her body.

I grabbed her around the waist and pulled her to me.

My nose was planted on the side of her neck inhaling her scent.

She wore Bright Crystal from Versace. It was a fragrance I enjoyed on my wife.

I never mentioned it being my favorite scent, but it was clear when she smelled Naomi on me, she took notes.

I was unsure if the notes were because she liked the fragrance or if it was more than

that.

Shaking off that thought, I proceeded to ask her a question.

“You fucked that nigga today?” My only reason for asking was because I didn’t play that shit. Yeah, I strapped up for this occasion, but they were well aware of our red zone terms. Me and my wife’s health was way too precious to be playing around with.

“Why would I fuck him when I knew I was coming to you, baby?” I allowed her to call me whatever she liked while in the green zone. It wasn’t like I would ever hear from her after today so she could have at it.

My free hand circled around her neck as my dick grew against her backside. Saving herself for me didn’t only stroke my ego but solidified how well I lay pipe. Ripping the thin thread from her waist, I stepped back and admired her from head to toe as she turned to face me.

“You’re a beautiful woman, Simone,” I complimented her.

“If I’m so beautiful, why aren’t you between my thighs yet? You loved this pussy last time. So much, we didn’t leave the room.”

It was enjoyed, not loved. She was mistaking a pleasurable day for more than what it was. I was a man who loved... was in love with one pussy, and that was my wife’s. Simone was simply a woman filling a temporary position offered by the Malores. Nothing about her was loved .

“I know what it’s hitting for, therefore, we’re going to see a bit of the island before I’m confined. Step in the shower love so we can get ready to eat something. My last meal was at six this morning.”

“My appetite isn’t for food, baby, and you know it,” she said slowly closing the small gap between us. Once she was in reach, her hand wrapped around my dick, giving it a light massage.

The hunger in her eyes was pure lust. I knew what she wanted, but I wasn’t spending another anniversary confined to this room fuckin’ her like she was solely mine.

We barely ate a meal yet had the energy to go round for round.

That was way too intimate for me. She was nothing more than an anniversary gift.

Simone was the complete opposite of my wife.

The things I did to her, I would never do to my wife.

They were degrading and she deserved better.

“I’m well aware of how good I fuck you, love, but we’re doing more than that this year. I got some things in mind and a date planned. Now, shower so we can at least share a meal together.”

She kissed the back of her teeth but followed my orders.

Stepping in behind her, I reached for the washcloth and lathered it up before gliding it across her body.

I covered her entire frame with suds then took a seat on the shower bench.

They trailed down her canvas making my dick harder than it already was.

Beautiful women were aesthetically pleasing to the eye.

The tattoo that ran down the middle of her spine, the birthmark on the top of her right shoulder, and the back piercing that housed a small diamond in each dimple always gained my attention first. Everything about her backside drew me in within seconds and it was getting harder and harder to control myself.

As she turned around, her focus shifted to my shaft. My erection could never go unnoticed. My dick was too big to do so.

“Why don’t you just fuck me already and stop torturing yourself? It’s clear you miss me,” she assumed.

A low chuckle rumbled in my chest. She was so sure of herself, but I couldn’t fault her for it.

Her confidence was exactly where it was supposed to be.

Taking her in from head to toe, I could feel the sense of want from her.

She wanted me in her guts, and I would be more than once before the day was over. All she had to do was be patient.

“Torture is a strong word. I’m at peace, Simone, and the view is a nice one. Pinning you to the wall will come. Don’t rush it,” I replied.

“A meal and dick right after. That’s all the compromise I have in me.”

“That’s all the compromise I need.”

Standing, I joined her underneath the warm water and proceeded to soak her body once more.

The physical contact was very present with her frame pinned against mine.

My hands roamed her entire being, stopping at her center.

The heat from her box brought a smirk to my face.

Simone was purring uncontrollably for me.

I couldn't deny how good that made me feel.

That meal was more for me to gain composure than to gain a feeling of being full. This woman didn't have to do much because her sex was more than satisfying. All I needed was a fuckin' minute outside this room, and I could manage my thoughts better.

"This shower, is it pleasing or do you need another one?" I questioned already knowing the answer.

"Do you have to ask?" She was back on her knees giving me a view I very much liked of her. The man in me just couldn't get over her being so damn submissive.

Stroking my wood, her gaze locked in on it.

I smirked knowing how much this turned her on.

Her moans filled the room as I exuded my bodily fluids.

From her face on down, she was drenched in a coat of piss.

A golden damn shower and she enjoyed every second of it.

It was quite disgusting in my book. Her eyes shone brightly as she eyed me. This was a highlight of her day.

“You so goddamn nasty with this shit,” I chimed shaking my head while still wearing a smirk. It was far from a compliment.

“Ain’t that what you like about me?” She was on her feet cleaning herself shortly after.

“Hurry up then get dressed. We got somewhere to be.”

Turning around, those hazel eyes looked up at me with confusion. “Wait, what? You really not going to fuck me?”

“This is my anniversary and you’re a gift, love. I can do whatever I damn well please and what I want to do is enjoy a quick meal. You’ll get fucked when I’m ready. Is that okay with you?” I was firm with my words but not to the point of scaring her.

Simone had a few things confused. She was an anniversary gift that came with a time limit.

Once the clock was up, she would be another faded memory.

We fucked for umpteen hours last year and that entire experience was too intimate for my liking.

I shared moments like that with my wife, not temps. She would never get that from me again.

“When exactly is that, Tristan? We only have until the morning to enjoy one another.”

“This isn’t a fuckathon, it’s my anniversary. What isn’t clicking, love? We about to go eat, and then I’ll dick you down afterward. Was that not the compromise?”

She dropped her head and nodded slowly. A finger was under her chin bringing her gaze back up to mine. She was a beautiful woman, but she was not mine. Catering to her needs was not what this was about.

“Wash up and get dressed. Aight?”

“Alright,” she whispered.

Silence swarmed us as she turned back around and followed my commands. She was a good listener, but she was too obsessed with sitting on my dick. I preferred that obsession from my wife only. She would be enjoyed then forgotten once the sun rose.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:25 pm*

“ You smell nice, Alex. Who are you wearing?” I gave him the compliments he deserved.

He smelled as good as he looked so why not let it be known.

I wasn't a jealous woman, either, so if Tristan received the same kind of compliments, I would simply pat myself on the back.

I purchased his colognes because they were ones I found alluring. He respected my judgment.

“YSL Myself. Simone bought it for me. She likes the scent Tristan wears. She was excited to know we were paired with you again so she could get the name from him,” he responded, not knowing he was making the decision of this being their last encounter with the Malores that much easier.

Simone wanted my husband, and I picked up on it quickly.

Tristan knew how to absorb another person's attention without trying.

I was sure Simone was one of those that fell for him without realizing that was just his aura.

He was a dominant man and a sexy one at that.

However, it was me tatted on that man several times over.

Our union was too strong to be broken by a gift .

“She’s the cutest thing,” I said actually meaning it. I was flattered by her want for my husband. It meant I chose right.

“Yeah, her pretty ass makes a nigga day. Have you eaten anything yet?” he countered.

“Just breakfast and that was like at maybe six or seven this morning. I’m lowkey starving. What was you thinking? A light lunch?”

“Yeah, that sounds good. Out or in?”

“Uhm, in. I want to unwind a tad bit before we go get these massages.” He gave a quick nod and carried our luggage to the small closet in the corner of the villa.

Kicking off my heels, I stood in the middle of the room waiting for Alex to come and undress me. Catering to me was something he did without question. He was a man that didn’t need a handbook on being a gentleman. I appreciated it. He was one of the kindest men I’d received as a gift.

As he approached me, he carried a small smile while taking in my frame.

He wrapped his arms around my waist giving a light squeeze while planting kisses on my neck.

Permission was granted for his lips to touch anywhere from my neck on down.

As a man, he used it to his advantage and showed as much physical affection as he could. I giggled once he got to my spot.

“I lowkey missed your laugh, gorgeous. It’s quite infectious,” he spoke against my flesh.

“Thank you.”

He squatted in front of me and started at my feet.

A trail of kisses started from my toes as he eased my dress up my curvy canvas.

The pecks against my skin felt delightful.

They were tender and a little wet. He couldn’t help but lick the area before kissing it.

He did this until the fabric no longer clung to my body.

I was left in an orange lace bra and panty set. It went with the outfit.

“I never get tired of seeing you in bright colors. It makes the chocolate pop.”

I erupted with laughter. Alex knew how to bring a smile to my face for sure. This time was much like the last. He focused on me having a good time and not just sex. That was something I applauded him on. Sex was had, but it wasn’t the center of our evening.

“Pop, huh? Well, thank you, again. Our massage appointment is at three. Are you good with that?”

My breasts were freed with my kitty being next.

He took a few steps back and let his focus roam my body.

His head fell to the right at a slow pace while a smile crept on his mouth.

His teeth tugged on his bottom lip, and I saw a hunger develop in his eyes.

It was the same reaction from my last anniversary.

“You are an extremely gorgeous woman, Naomi. Oh how lucky your husband is to have claim over you.”

“It’s the other way around, Alex, but all compliments are appreciated. Shall we shower?” I asked leading the way to the bathroom.

I was far from being uncomfortable. However, I wanted to enjoy my time on the island as I always did.

Alex was a great pastime, but it was limited and to make the most of it, we had to keep that in mind.

Before we knew it, the morning would be greeting us, and my anniversary gift would be returned to sender.

Entering the bathroom, I turned the knobs for the shower, setting it to a relaxing temperature. I went to step inside but was stopped by Alex’s arm snaking around me. He could never keep his hands off me.

“I need you to do something for me before we share a shower together, beautiful.”

“And that is?” I couldn’t deny how fast my curiosity spiked. I knew how spontaneous he was, so I was more than intrigued.

“Watch me for a minute but play in that sweet shit while doing so.” His voice

dropped a few octaves, and that low barrow tone was present.

A fire was lit in my center that quick. Watching a man get off had always been a thing for me.

Tristan was my first, but I couldn't stop watching videos of men masturbating for the life of me.

After me and my husband got together, I requested a nut video from him, and he sent one like clockwork at least once a day.

It did something to me and the low moans they offered while doing so had my body on fire. I loved to see it.

I never expressed my likes or dislikes so the fact that he presented this made me feel like he studied enough women to know what turned us on.

Nodding, I turned around and ran into his chest. He'd removed his clothing as well and his muscular physique was on display.

My gaze traveled his frame appreciating the six pack along the path to his manhood.

It rested comfortable along his leg causing me to inhale deeply.

That was another thing him and Tristan had in common.

They both were blessed with a dick that found my g-spot with ease.

Alex just didn't know how to stay put but my husband catered to me the second my body was offered to him.

Men would be men but the one who gave me his name knew it was more to it than getting off.

“Eyes on me, gorgeous,” he said cuffing my face and bringing it to his. A single peck was placed on my forehead before he stepped around me.

Taking a seat on the very large tub, I planted both feet firmly on the tile, then spread my legs. Alex entered the shower, leaving the door open. I had a clear view of him and everything he had to offer. His gaze found mine and never left.

He stood under the shower head stroking his shaft at a slow and steady pace.

My fingers caressed my clit in circular motions.

I wanted to close my eyes so damn bad, but he would only demand my attention.

The sight was definitely one to see. However, being a sucker for a dominant man tended to make me submit to the simplest things.

“Slow down, beautiful. Rushing to the finish line takes away the enjoyment,” he coached.

I slowed my movements down to match his and seconds later we were in sync, both stroking with a purpose. Water cascaded down his frame giving my thoughts a good scrambling. It was something... I couldn't quite put my finger on it, but Alex was making the self-pleasure more than a simple orgasm chase.

While he continued to stroke himself with his right hand, he pressed the automatic soap dispenser button with his left hand, and slow liquid began to race down his body. Finally closing the glass door, he shielded himself from me.

“Insert one finger but stay with me,” he instructed, and I honored his request without hesitation.

The glass was so transparent, every move he made was still seen without restriction.

As the soap traveled alongside the warm water, it provided the perfect lubrication.

Just from observation, I noticed how hard he’d become as his grip tightened around his veiny, yet evenly toned, dick.

It was firm but gentle all at the same time, causing his thick mushroom head to pop out as if it was in a game of peekaboo.

I was still following his pace, and the scene was driving me crazy.

It was sexy, sensual, and surprisingly soft.

The kind of scene that made you envision the many ways you’d cum from such physical touch.

It was the kind that ignited many fires praying the only relief came from his semen dripping down your throat.

It was in fact the kind that made your mouth salivate just from watching.

Alex was a good time, maybe even a great one, but there wasn’t a man on earth who would make me disobey the Malore rules.

My lips wrapped around one man, and he was nowhere within these four walls.

“You ready for another one, beautiful?” I gave a slow nod while trying to maintain

eye contact. I was very much getting to that point. “Go ‘head and do that for me,” he said with low lids and eyes full of lust.

That wasn’t a problem because the added pressure applied was exactly what I needed.

Another finger slipped into my opening doing everything I needed it to.

Still in sync with his rhythm, the pace of his strokes quickened.

As my flesh became drenched in my wetness, my juices seeped out slowly to the crack of my ass.

For a brief moment, I closed my eyes to enjoy it.

My head tilted back, but Alex’s voice snapped me out of my thoughts before I could get lost in them.

“Fingers out, beautiful!” he demanded. That dominance was present once again.

I was seconds away from cummin’ but because I was so damn submissive in the bedroom, I couldn’t help but oblige.

“I said eyes on me. I’d hate for you to miss the show. ”

The Dunkins were well aware that this was our anniversary and celebrated a little different from others. They were here to fulfill a contract, and although they fulfilled it without restrictions or hesitations, this was still a timely exchange. He understood that and made every second count.

Alex’s movements sped up with him switching hands. His left was now wrapped around his shaft while his right was pressed against the shower glass for balance. He

began to

flex his wrist up and down his tool, pulling more hunger and excitement out of me at the same time. I had to admit that I was thoroughly impressed by his hand and wrist combo. He was near his climax and that was the best part of the show.

The water continued to pour down his frame. You would think his vision was blurry by now, but he could see clearly. I only knew this because his eyes literally never left mine.

“Come here, beautiful. I need to taste you.”

His strokes were now faster than before and that moment I loved to watch several times over was creeping up quickly.

I sauntered across the room sliding the glass door back once I was in reach.

After stepping in, I placed those same two fingers with my residue all over them in his mouth.

The way his tongue circled them had my kitty pulsating like crazy.

Not even seconds later did his creamy fluids shoot out his thick mushroom head onto the shower doors.

It didn't help that he added to the already pleasing aesthetic by moaning unapologetically.

I always found it mature when men let it be known something was pleasurable to them.

And even in the mist of everything, he maintained eye contact with me.

I was more than satisfied with how my anniversary gift started out.

“That was sexy, Alex,” I spoke barely above a whisper.

“If only I?—”

“Thank you for the very entertaining show, but we should shower and eat something. Before we know it, it’ll be time for us to get our massages.”

I didn’t let him finish that sentence. We only had a few more hours, then I would be back

in the arms of the only man who stole my heart. This wasn’t a social call to figure out when or where the next meeting would be or if I could offer anything more than this. I had a marriage I was committed to and a life I loved. Mistaking a good time for more than it was would never happen.

“We can get the massage, beautiful, but once that’s over, I don’t think I can keep my hands to myself.”

“You won’t have to,” I said winking at him.

Alex was respectful and every bit of a gentleman. I applauded him for having so much restraint thus far. Last year, I had three orgasms within the first hour. He was showing his patient side this go ‘round and it was appreciated.

“Naomi you’re a dangerous woman. You tempt me in ways I can’t explain. Just know I’ve been thinking about your pretty ass since your last anniversary. Tristan really is a lucky man,” he stated, bringing me into his embrace.

His dick rested against my thigh right next to my pussy, and I couldn't deny how good it felt flesh to flesh. However, when the time came for us to get comfortable, a barrier would be in place. Cuffing my ass, he placed his face in the crook of my neck. For some reason, smelling me was a thing.

"We're supposed to be showering, Alex," I reminded him followed by a small laugh.

"Your scent is very familiar. I feel like this is the one Simone has been wearing lately."

"It's a popular scent, so I wouldn't be surprised," I replied.

I didn't want to dig too deep into it and assume anything, so I kept it brief. Tristan already stated this would be our last encounter with them so if there was anything going on, it wouldn't matter. They would soon be trashed and forgotten.

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:25 pm*

“So, what you think, baby?” she asked using baby as often as she could.

“You look good, love. You ready to go?”

“What is it you want me to say? You’re very needy, Simone. You know that, right?”

“I can’t help I like what I like,” she voiced placing her hand on her hip.

“You’re very forgetful as well,” I added.

“What the hell is that supposed to mean?”

“Meaning when it’s your anniversary and your contract, you have the right to run the show. However, I’m here to celebrate and enjoy my day. It can end early or at its designated time. You choose.”

Once again, she dropped her head out of embarrassment.

I picked up on it fast that she only does it when things don’t go her way.

It was clear Alex spoiled her rotten, as he should, though.

I did the same for my wife. The only difference was she always got her way, even in situations as such.

She was also very confident in how she moved. Validation wasn’t needed from me.

Standing, I approached her slowly, lifting her face to mine once in reach. Such a beautiful woman who lacked the ability to stand without a man. It was a damn shame, to be honest. Her hazel eyes locked in with mine and that hunger for me was still present from earlier. She would be fed in due time.

“How a nigga supposed to enjoy the view if you keep dropping this? Eyes on me love, aight?” She nodded slowly, and I could hear her body calling out to me. Simone was more than ready to feel me. “Let’s go eat.”

Finally able to leave the room, we took the elevator down to the main floor. There were plenty of restaurants on the island giving us a variety of places to eat. One particular spot was located a few buildings over called Sunup to Sundown. Those were their hours of operation.

Hand in hand, we strolled through the lobby with compliments coming from all directions.

Simone was a beauty, and I was far from ugly, so I knew we looked good together.

I assumed it was another highlight of her day the way she cuffed my arm and kept a smile plastered on her face.

There were even moments where she blushed. She was enjoying being my companion.

As soon as we touched the sidewalk, the heat immediately slapped us in the face. I was used to it. When I started my company, we had clients that wanted things done summer midday. In my opinion, it kept my dark skin rich.

“Jesus it’s hot. Why didn’t we just eat at the hotel restaurant? It would’ve been a lot easier.”

“It would’ve but we’re ordering in after the mud bath. I figured before we end up fuckin’ like rabbits, I’d take in some fresh air. We’re not walking for long, either. The restaurant is right there,” I said pointing to the building.

“Oh, me and Alex come here all the time. Their brunch is really good.”

“That I know.”

Within the next few steps, I was reaching for the door handle.

Opening it, Simone stepped in with me a little ways behind her.

Because her backside was enjoyed more than others, I tended to gaze at it often.

My eyes traveled from her heels up to her ass and lingered for a minute.

The roundness of it caused my dick to stretch down my thigh.

I knew what was to come once our stomachs were full.

Looking over her shoulder, she gained my attention. “You coming?” she questioned.

“In due time we both will,” I mumbled.

“Huh?”

“Yeah love. I’m right behind you.”

The hostess sat us down within minutes handing over menus and silverware.

We both took the time to scan them and settle on a meal.

I went with a few pieces of fried chicken, cheese eggs over a small bowl of grits, and waffles on the side.

Simone decided on a simple plate of catfish and cheese grits.

“I’m your waiter, Jacob. What can I start you beautiful people off with to drink?”

“Apple juice and a double shot of Louis XIII for me and a mimosa for the lady. My entrée of choice is the number four with a bowl of cheese eggs over grits. The lady will have the number seven,” I answered for us.

“Yes sir. Is there anything else I can get you?”

“That’ll be all. Thank you.”

The menus were closed and handed over. He walked away and Simone couldn’t stop looking at me softly. Apparently, I was doing something that granted me such a reaction. The smirk she wore suited her face perfectly.

“Is that what you do on the regular?”

“What is that, love?” I countered. I wanted to think I knew what she was referring to, but I was lost.

“Ordering for your woman. You even make that look sexy.”

“Preciate it. You say that like no one does it for you. I’m sure your husband makes sure his other half is taken care of.”

“He’s a chef. The only thing he has more concern for than me is food.

When we go out, his focus is how tender the meat is.

All I desire is to enjoy him and our time together, but he doesn't.

That's why I was skeptical about sharing a meal with you.

I know without the outside world around I can be the center of attention and get whatever I want. ”

I heard every word, and no sympathy found me. Being attractive didn't mean shit nowadays anyway. Her sex was good, and she knew it, so she used it to her advantage. It took more than pussy to tame me, though. I wasn't the only attentive one at this table.

Their marriage was theirs to speak on. I had nothing to say about her husband's treatment to her.

Naomi was damn near worshipped in our union and didn't have to wonder who or what had my attention more.

It was always her. I didn't go a day without verbalizing or physically showing my appreciation.

Leaving her mind to wonder created doubt and there was none on my behalf when it came to her. I knew exactly who I married.

“Voice your concerns and go from there. A simple conversation could change a lot. How often are you on the island?” I asked, changing the subject at hand.

“Alex and I opened our marriage maybe four years ago, so we're here at least every three months. Sometimes his clients ask him to tag along so he brings me with him. I

learned to have my fun while he's occupied."

The waiter returned with our drinks and meals at the same time.

I used the opportunity to keep my comments to myself and find interest in the plate in front of me.

As a man that lacked love from his mother, I knew what having a wife meant.

Alex wasn't ignoring her; she just wasn't his first priority. He didn't hide it, either.

"Give me your hands," I said reaching for hers.

"Why?" she inquired with slight confusion.

"I pray over my food, love." She placed her soft hands in mine and bowed her head. I led a quick prayer before releasing her and indulging in my meal.

"I found you attractive before, but you really don't know what you do to women.

That was simple yet sexy and now my pussy is throbbing.

" She stood and walked over to my side of the table.

Bending over, her lips found comfort against my neck.

I couldn't deny the fire she started within.

"We made it to the restaurant like you wanted. I think I've been a good girl, baby, and deserved to be fucked. "

Placing her hand in my lap, she stroked my wood through my shorts.

It didn't help that they were thin showing my print with every step I took.

My choice of clothes today were thin pieces because of the humidity level as well as how clear the skies were with the sun shining as bright as ever.

My shirt wasn't more than an opened linen button down with my chest tattoos on display.

Now, we were in a restaurant surrounded by others, and she had no remorse of what she was about to start. I was more than prepared to finish it.

"I said we'd eat and then fuck, Simone," I reminded her.

"You had a few bites so strap up and fuck me already."

No sooner than those words left her mouth, she was dropping to her knees.

Sliding my chair back, she freed my shaft wrapping her lips around it without hesitation.

The good thing about The Hideaway was indecent exposure wasn't against the law.

You were free to do whatever the fuck you wanted wherever the fuck you wanted.

It was so normal, you found yourself breezing by it without feeling uncomfortable.

There was never a moment in my life where head wasn't accepted.

Simone was skilled and very aware that her mouth was more pleasing when my dick

was in it.

Pulling the condom from my pocket, I removed my manhood from between her jaws and slid the rubber down it.

Simone was straddling my lap as soon as the rubber hit the base.

“You’re impatient as fuck.”

With my shaft at her opening, her eyes closed slowly as inches of me disappeared inside of her. “Says the man that’s hard as a fuckin’ rock inside me,” she moaned.

I was indeed bricked up and pleased with the feeling of her.

Simone didn’t have to do much. She came with a river already flowing.

The warmth and moisture she housed was insane.

I was a man with self-control so nutting up quick wasn’t ‘bout to happen.

However, she had everything to make a nigga do so with ease.

The slow grind in my lap, the soft kisses on my neck, and the way she whispered my name had me lost in her within seconds.

“Fuuuuuck, I missed this,” she uttered.

Her slim, thick frame was pinned down against mine.

The feel of her was one I planned on enjoying more of before she was thrown back in the pond.

I took my time caressing every inch of her backside.

She felt like putty in my hands from how soft she was.

The longer my hands roamed the wetter she got.

“I can tell from the way you gripping a nigga.”

“That’s ‘cause I love the way you feel, baby.”

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:25 pm*

She'd yet to move her lips from my flesh. She was having the time of her life being able to receive me the way she'd wanted since the exchange.

Simone's light moans were low and soothing.

She didn't get too loud, and she held onto me as if anyone could tear me from her at any given moment.

This was her time, and she wanted every second of it to count.

No matter where she was at, she was going to try and get all she could from me.

Our window of coupling was already closing at a fast pace.

Pulling down the halter part of her dress, her breasts were exposed.

I instantly salivated at her hardened nipples that brushed against my chest. Roughly kissing her neck, a wave of hunger washed over me.

I liked the way she felt, and I wasn't filled with too much pride to let it be known.

However, she didn't fully comprehend that she was nothing more than a gift.

I couldn't compliment her pussy without her taking it for more than what it was.

As she bounced on my dick at a slow and steady pace, her body shivered every few seconds.

I couldn't lie. Her quivers fed my ego profusely.

I knew the effect I had on my wife so getting that confirmation from her as well was all I needed.

She wasn't getting fucked nowhere near the levels of Naomi, but this mediocre shit was everything to her.

I talked my wife through all of her orgasms so offering Simone silence was lowkey fuckin' with me.

She was too attached, and any little command would more than likely push her further into her delusion.

My moans and groans were expressed though.

I wasn't ashamed to let her hear every last one of those.

With a handful of ass, I assisted her in her ride. Her soft moans, soft kisses, and soft touch was bringing me to that place. She was simply the softness I needed to climax. As a temporary fill, she played her part.

"I'm finna cum, baby."

"Mhmm . I feel it."

Her walls were beginning to contract around my shaft. Before she even sat on my shit, I knew all she wanted was to cum on my wood. Whether it was in a matter of minutes or hours. She'd been fiending to feel me. From the way she begged, a few strokes would get her there and we both knew that.

“Cum with me. Damn. Cum in me,” she whispered before she gently tugged at my earlobe. She had no idea that was my spot, and I’d fold within seconds.

That slow and seductive shit was gone. She was getting off and I was right behind her. Her moans were no longer just for me, either. The bystanders had an earful of how good I felt to her as her cream white fluids coated the condom.

My semen filled the rubber that wrapped around my shit.

I came with her and in her, it just would never touch her.

Going against my wife would change the dynamics of our marriage and trust. We weren’t perfect but the trust we had for one another was.

I knew she wouldn’t play with me like that so the respect for her was always shown in return.

Our breathing patterns were unstable and yet she found a way to speak. “I want more, Tristan.”

“Hop off,” I voiced, ready to remove the condom and flush it before we did anything further.

“Did you not hear me? That was a temporary satisfaction. I need you to beat this muthafucka down to the ground, baby.”

“Who the fuck said I wouldn’t? You ran this show, not me. You wouldn’t be able to question me about shit if I was in control. Now, can you get the fuck off me, so I can handle me?”

She offered deep sighs as she rose from my lap. She went to fix her clothes when I

grabbed her by the wrists. I wasn't quite done doting on her body. My tongue swiped across my lips as thoughts of sucking on her nipples flashed. She would definitely be enjoyed in more ways than one later.

Standing, I fixed my clothing then hers.

She held onto my shoulders as I slid the hem of her dress over her exposed cheeks, slapping and squeezing them afterward.

I then pulled the halter of her dress above her breasts.

Before walking away, I pecked her neck and let my wrapped arm slowly detach from her body.

I quickly found the bathroom and cleaned myself up.

The condom was flushed, and my dick was wiped off with warm soaked paper towels.

There were plans to take her down in the hotel elevator just because I'd have the reigns.

However, Simone taking the wheel wasn't an issue.

She did what she was supposed to, and a nigga got a nut off. A win was a win.

Once I was together, I walked back out and found our meals boxed up.

Simone sat with her legs crossed sipping on her mimosa.

Her aesthetic was one a man could appreciate.

Aside from her trying to drain me dry, she was a sight to see.

Nothing about her outer presence made you uncomfortable.

In a way, she brought a warmth one could vibe to.

Stepping behind her, I stretched my arms along the arms of her chair. With my mouth positioned at her ear, I said, “I wanted to eat in peace. You disturbed that.”

“You not fuckin’ me once we got to the room disturbed mine so now, we’re even.”

“You’re behaving selfishly, love.”

“As are you. You fucked me like you loved me last year but now you’re giving me bits and pieces and I don’t like that. I want the same treatment, Tristan.”

A chuckle roared as I found her response amusing. Somewhere she got her wires crossed and I hated being the bearer of bad news, but it was what it was.

“This is my anniversary and repeating myself is really annoying as fuck. If you can’t understand that, run the fuck back to that nigga you came here with so I can love on my wife. Let me know what we doing.”

She remained quiet, and I was patient enough to wait for her decision.

This shit didn’t make or break me. Naomi was on the same island, and I’d end all this shit right now.

One thing I knew for sure, my fuckin’ wife would back me on whatever I said without question. Simone was missing who was in charge.

“What time are the mud baths?” she inquired.

“Oh aight.”

Grabbing up my food, I headed for the exit.

Her heels were heard hitting the wood floor as she followed behind me.

She already expressed how she wanted more and because she was fiend the fuck out, she wasn't going anywhere until she got it.

Her clinginess was becoming the sole reason for her cut off.

## Page 10

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:25 pm*

“Now this is what I call relaxing. I didn’t know how much I needed this.

” Alex and I finally made our way to the spa and were able to get the massages I scheduled.

The scenery was beautiful and the sounds of the waves crashing added to the mood.

I could honestly say I was enjoying my time here so far.

“What’s been stressing you out that you haven’t had the time to relax?” Alex questioned.

Personal information was a no go. He probably didn’t think much of his inquiry but to me it was something he didn’t have to concern himself with.

I smiled and shook my head from side to side.

My life wasn’t a stressful one in the slightest but being able to detach from reality for a little minute was always needed.

“Nothing, I just needed a getaway that’s all. I hear you moaning and groaning over there too so obviously you needed this as well,” I countered.

“You have no idea. You would think being a chef was easy to handle but celebrities really don’t know what they want and will change the menu like they change they draws. They keep me on my toes, though.”

“Who’s the most indecisive client?”

“Oh, Jermaine Dupri for sure. He settles on one thing and by the time I’m heading his way, he’s called me at least three times with something new. It’s frustrating at times but when he kicks out twenty grand per event, I can’t complain.”

Nodding, I realized Alex was the bread winner in his marriage. I assumed him being a chef made him good money, but his response solidified my assumptions. Being a celebrity chef more than likely meant he was always on the go and had no time for Simone. I would hate to be in her shoes.

I was very much used to being spoiled and Tristan’s center of attention.

I was able to access him whenever I wanted and didn’t have to wait until his flight landed to do so.

I felt bad for Simone. Every woman deserved to be a wife, and every wife deserved to be a man’s top priority.

It would drive me insane waiting for my love days at a time to return home.

“How long are your trips usually?”

“Maybe three days out the week. Sometimes they’re longer due to the bookings.”  
There’s someone for everybody and clearly, she liked it so...

“Do you love it? Being a chef, I mean.”

“I do. I was forced to cook and fend for myself when I was younger, and I just started doing shit in the kitchen. Creating fancy shit out of struggle meals was a skill of mine. I took my only skill and put a price on it. I’m getting paid what I ask for

without negotiation being involved and that's all I wanted. ”

“That's dope for real. Make something out of nothing and shine. Keep doing your thing, love,” I said genuinely proud that he took a struggle and capitalized off it. Most folk drown in the struggle and never make it to the surface.

“You never told me about you. What is it you do?”

“I'm a simple woman working as a librarian,” I lied.

Alex wasn't someone I needed to share my life story with.

When me and Tristan started this thing, I was a librarian, and he was a stockbroker.

We never strayed from our false occupations and kept the discussion brief.

Our anniversary wasn't about sharing backgrounds and anything else that sparked their curiosity.

We were here for a limited time and no party seemed to understand that except for me and my husband.

“I can see it. You're very calming and you listen well. It fits you,” he complimented.

Blushing from his words, I couldn't help but show all thirty-two.

My smile was so deep because I received this exact compliment from Tristan whenever he expressed why he was so in love with me.

There wasn't a time where he didn't refer to me as the calm in his storm and how he never has to repeat himself with me.

Eighteen years and he was still the only man who had my entire heart.

“Thank you. I really appreciate that.”

“Call it how I see it.”

A silence fell and the sounds of the ocean became the only thing worth listening to.

My life was a peaceful one so to accompany something so soothing was more than relaxing for me.

Closing my eyes, the masseur continued to rub the tension out my body.

It felt so good I found myself drifting in and out of sleep moments at a time.

This anniversary was a memorable one. Each one was but this one fell in line under the relaxing category. I liked that Alex wasn't so pushy about sex and waited until I allowed him to touch me. He gave me gentleman last year as well, so I was used to his ways.

The feeling of a warm tongue gliding across my toes instantly brought out a soft moan. I knew it was Alex only because the masseur wasn't taking such a risk to lose his job. Plus, he'd had been eyeing me like he wanted to eat me all day. I knew he was ready to taste and fill up on my juices.

My toes were sucked for a while before he snaked his way onto the massage table completely.

With me still face down, my body was slightly lifted.

My legs were wrapped around his waist and the feel of his dick rubbed against my

folds.

I couldn't deny how it sent a small shiver up my spine.

He allowed me to get comfortable before I was gently pressed down into the table.

There was a tray of freshly cut fruit to the side of us along with many cans of whip cream. Alex was a chef because of skill but he had a fetish many didn't. Him having sitophilia only made sense when it was revealed. He loved it too much not to incorporate it into every part of his life.

"Here I was thinking you'd be the last beautiful thing I saw for the day, but the sight of your pretty ass pussy takes the cake. I could never get tired of seeing her glisten."

One thing about this chocolate pussy, she stayed groomed. I never missed a wax appointment, and she never gave an odor. She was the cleanest and wettest set of walls you'd ever get in between. I took pride in making sure she was one of one. I fucked good and she accompanied me.

However, this go 'round, I was being catered to. The cold feeling of the whip cream filling the crack of my ass caused a grin to creep upon my face. Alex never did the most. He always took his time when eating and showed me exactly what that mouth did before piping me down. I couldn't ask for a better partner to be with.

In situations as such, they got them first and never thought about the other party involved.

I was blessed to have ones that knew to cherish me.

"Alex."

“Give me a minute, beautiful. A nigga getting ready to eat, and I don’t really like talking with my mouth full.”

His response caused my pussy to leak like a fuckin’ faucet. He opened my flood gates with ease and had no remorse about what he was doing to me. The light squeezes along my flesh followed by gentle kisses didn’t help one bit. My body was on fire.

I felt every inch of his tongue making acquaintances with my ass.

Listening to his moans correspond with mine had my cream seeping out of my opening at a subtle pace.

The feeling was one I wouldn’t be able to explain.

He wasn’t a messy eater in any shape or form.

I took note of that from our last encounter.

I just knew my backside was set up as a delectable buffet for this man.

The mixture of him and the cool fluids of the whip cream traveled down my folds. Opening my eyes to see anything wasn’t happening anytime soon. I felt like a euphoric cloud replaced the silent one that fell upon us earlier. So many thoughts were running through my mind that I was confusing myself.

Flashes of Tristan’s mouth game surfaced causing my body to jerk every time I felt Alex’s flesh glide across my clit.

But then knowing how different Alex handled me would replace those same thoughts and have my body tense up to keep from cummin’ so quickly.

Two different vibes but the same dangerous technique. I was putty in their hands.

“So fuckin’ sweet. Damn, beautiful.” One of many compliments. He wasn’t going to stop until it was time for me to walk away. He wanted me to know what he thought of me every time he opened that pretty little mouth of his.

“Make me cum, Alex,” I moaned. I was already on the verge, and I was sure he could sense it. My body always told on me.

“Don’t tell me what to do, gorgeous. I know what this pussy needs.”

Fuck. I forgot how well he talks.

His tongue dipped in and out of me going back and forth between my opening and asshole.

He ate with no complaints and held me around my waist while doing so.

His dick was still felt along my breasts and as tempted as I was to top him off, I kept my hands and mouth to myself. My marriage was worth more than a gift.

“Alex,” I moaned needing him to stop eating for his pleasure and make me cum already.

“I know you want to cum.”

“What’s taking so long?” I inquired.

I was shut up as soon as he zoned in on my clit.

With a thumb in my ass and his lips holding my pussy hostage, I wasn’t going to do

anything but cum.

His tongue flickered up and down my pearl at a fast-paced seconds at a time before he slowed down and sucked on me like I was a straw.

He repeated that motion until my body was quivering beneath his touch.

All of my juices exuded onto his face and chest. This was what I begged so politely for.

He reached for the condoms that sat on the table by the fruit.

I laid them out before the massage even got started.

I knew what I was coming to do. I watched him intensely as he opened one and slid it over his manhood.

I brought my pussy down to his hardened shaft and eased myself down into his lap.

“Fuuuck,” I whispered as I hit the base.

“You feel so much better than my wife, beautiful.” He was shameless as hell to tell me such things, but it wasn’t the first time he’d done so.

## Page 11

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:25 pm*

I knew I did and that wasn't because I was told. It was just the confidence in me. I had my husband ready to kill over me. It wasn't hard to guess what he would lose his freedom behind. Women came a dime a dozen but a bitch that held it down with a gold mine between her legs couldn't be replaced.

“Tell me something I don't know, Alex.”

With my hands above my head, I grabbed a hold to the bar that held the canopy up.

I was on my tip toes moments later bouncing in his lap while his dick disappeared like clockwork between my slippery walls.

His hands found interest in my breasts, and I couldn't say that it didn't add to the euphoric feeling that coursed through my canvas.

Light kisses were placed on my spine each time I came down. His low groans were pushing me over the edge and all of his low pleasurable remarks. Expressing yourself was the quickest way to get me to show you how much it was appreciated.

“Mhmm . That sweet ass pussy getting wetter and wetter.”

“I can feel your veins, Alex.” They massaged my walls effortlessly making this entire sexcapade a gratifying one. Satisfaction filled me up the second I allowed him to enter me.

“And what they doing for you, beautiful? Huh?”

Assistance was given every time I came down on his wood. The stings from the slaps he rained down on my ass hurt so good. I'd yet to have my eyes open completely. He felt too good to take in anything else but him.

"Making my pussy very happy," I voiced as he his hands found my breasts once more.

"You should see how good you look in my lap. It's a sight to fuckin' see."

I was sure it was. My husband made the same comments whenever I rode him.

I would've been a girl so deep in this shit and so lost at the same time if I didn't have a husband like mine who already reassured things for me.

There wasn't a thing Alex could say to me that Tristan hadn't already.

Compliments as such only stroked the ego my husband helped build.

My walls began to contract around his shaft as my stomach grew tight. I was seconds away from my own waves crashing. Alex held me down with his hands gripping my waist tightly. He'd laid back fully and positioned himself to drill me from underneath. I guess he didn't want to be left behind.

"Ooouuuu shit! I'm cummin'," I cried out as he repeatedly knocked against my g-spot.

"Who doing that for you?"

"Fuck! Yooouuuuu," I moaned as that gut wrenching orgasm rushed through me.

Alex was right behind me as I felt his dick twitch alongside my walls. It was

something about making a man nut that caused my entire being to be at peace.

While he sat up, I fell forward with his wood still implanted in me. He felt damned good. There wasn't a lie to tell regarding that. "You fuckin' right it's me." One last slap was administered to my left cheek sending that sting through me one final time.

"That was dangerous, Alex," I stated referring to the moments where I slipped and enjoyed him a tad bit too much.

"For who exactly? I came to do what the fuck I was supposed to and the way that pussy reacted to a nigga, she missed the fuck out of me."

I laughed because the only dick I ever missed belonged to Tristan Malore.

Alex was a gift, and the good dick he carried was a perk.

He wasn't special in any way. He could tell himself whatever he needed to make himself feel better, but he would be forgotten about as soon as I was back in my husband's embrace.

"Our time together is shortening by the hour. Dinner and round two is all that's left on the list. Can you handle that?" I asked ignoring his comment.

"I can handle whatever your pretty ass throws my way. Add breakfast in bed to that list. I'm gon' need that before you leave me."

This rendezvous ended at six a.m. sharp.

He had to know breakfast was out the picture.

However, I let him believe he had the time to drink my cum before I left his ass

completely.

He was in his feelings, and I took a mental note of that fast. There was a reason Tristan wanted to cut them off after this anniversary and I now understood why. His clinginess was beginning to show.

“You’re needy, Alex. Breakfast isn’t on the schedule.”

“Which is why I’m saying add it. I’m just trying to have your juices on my tongue when I kiss my wife.”

So disrespectful .

“Why does she need to know what I taste like, Alex? And who’s to say my husband won’t be on hers when she returns? You might want to slow down and not bite off more than you can swallow,” I advised.

One thing I learned was to keep things light when it came to the anniversary exchanges.

These couples could fall for you over the smallest things not realizing me and Tristan were so locked in that all it took was for one of us to make a call and the other would follow.

The couples were gifts. Their temporary status could change at the drop of a dime if one of us made the order.

This was the Malores show and no one else’s.

## Page 12

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:25 pm*

TRISTAN

Stepping out the shower, I wrapped a towel around my waist. No sleep had found me from the moment Simone and I stepped foot in this hotel room after our mud baths.

She made good on her promise to drain me before her time was done.

From the balcony to the sitting area to the bedroom, I fucked on her cute ass unapologetically.

I was leaving here as a satisfied and appreciative man.

I washed my face and brushed my teeth right after. My beard was tended too as well before I stepped out the bathroom completely. I wasn't expecting Simone to be awake and waiting, but she was in the middle of the bed playing in the same pussy I beat to a pulp not even a full hour ago.

Her tactic would've worked if I wasn't a man that was in love with his wife.

Simone was undeniably beautiful, and her body was up to par.

Her pussy was a cozy place to be, but I had that at home and spent eighteen years learning every crack and crevice of it.

Naomi would never find herself in a questionable position.

It was and always would be her. The temptation wasn't shit compared to her.

Chuckling, I walked right pass the bed to the clothes I had sitting on the room ottoman. My wife said six a.m. sharp and I'd be damned if I didn't meet her where I left her. The only thing on my mind was getting back to her, not fuckin' on Simone one last time.

"You might want to roll over and get some rest. Check out at eleven," I spoke with my back turned.

"Exactly, so cum in this pussy again," she moaned.

My rubbers were intact every time I entered her body. I didn't play with my marriage like that or disrespect my wife in any shape or form. Strapped up or not, my time was done and there was no changing that.

"I'd rather not."

"What the fuck is your problem, Tristan? You had a ball in this pussy all night and now you acting like you wasn't asking me to cum for you back to back." Her tone was elevating and so was my annoyance for her.

"I did and guess what your dumbass did?" A smirk etched across my face as I thought on how well she listened.

She ate dick, swallowed kids, and came anytime I requested it. She was willing to do whatever I asked just to prove a point. It would never be her. I didn't care how much of my wife she tried to mimic.

"If I just had more time, I could be her. I could do everything Naomi does plus more. It's not fair that she gets all of you and all I'm granted is one fuckin' day."

Slipping my shirt over my head, I let her words float in the air until I was ready to

address them.

The nerve of her to think she could do anything my wife could.

Naomi was in a lane of her own. If she ever left me, another woman wouldn't know how to handle me in the slightest. I gave good dick, that was a fact, but my mouth was reckless.

She was the only woman that ever earned my softness.

“Hello? You don't hear me speaking to you?”

“You seem sleep deprived, love. Go ahead and lay down and get some rest before your feelings get hurt,” I responded.

“Hurt? What? I'm good enough to fuck on the island but not in the real world? All I need is more time and you know it.”

I finished getting dressed and gathered my suitcase.

She was on my heels with every step I took.

Simone allowed herself to gain feelings when it was understood that her and her husband were nothing more than a time framed gift.

My marriage wasn't open like hers and my marriage wasn't disrespected.

Whatever her and Alex had going on wasn't me or my wife's problem.

“All I know is my wife is waiting for me downstairs. It's five to six, love. Our time is up. Be safe,” I said heading for the door.

She was by my side until we reached the front door. She used her body as a barricade, keeping me from taking another step. Tears filled her eyes as she began to pout. As bad as she wanted me to feel for her and show sympathy, I couldn't. I simply didn't give a fuck.

“Why can't you see that I'm the better woman? If she was such this grand wife, you wouldn't be fuckin' a new bitch every year, and you damn sure wouldn't have doubled back to me. Just tell the truth, Tristan. You want me.”

There were a lot of things in life I didn't speak on and my union with my wife was one of them.

However, Simone had things misconstrued.

Nothing about the bond I formed with my wife was in danger.

Our shit was stamped for the eighteenth time while hers was unstable on rocky turf.

She wanted me to swoop in caped up as her hero.

I wasn't that in the slightest. If she knew better, she'd move the fuck around.

Knock, knock, knock!

A series of knocks rang out on the door against her back before I could respond. I smirked knowing Mrs. Malore had made her way up. “Answer the door.”

She was still naked as the day she was born. Simone looked at me like I was crazy, but I refused to let my wife think she didn't have unlimited access to me.

“Huh?”

“Answer the fuckin’ door, love. My wife is trying to grab her belongings.”

“There’s nothing here for her. What fuckin’ belongings?” she threw back.

I closed the gap between us with my hand circling her neck. There was shit I didn’t give a fuck about; Simone was one of them. Then there was shit I’d nut up behind in the blink of an eye, and Naomi was distinguished as one of those. I wasn’t to be tested right now.

She was pinned between me and the door she refused to open. With my mouth positioned at her ear, I riddle off some advice. “Move before this end bad for you.”

Slowly nodding, she slipped to the side. I turned the knob with a smile creeping on my face the longer I stood. It stretched from ear to ear the more I took her in. Naomi was and would forever be the blueprint to this shit. I didn’t see anyone else holding my name but her.

“Mrs. Malore.” Stepping forward, I grabbed her around the waist and brought her to me.

She looked so godly in that all white. Lowering my mouth to hers, we exchanged a kiss I’d been fiending for since we parted ways. Her soft moans filled my throat, and I felt at peace as well as relaxed.

Simone cleared her throat desperately asking for our attention and the annoyance I held for her grew. We ignored her presence and continued to engage in an intimate act forbidden to others. I didn’t break until my wife released me.

“You better tell her who the fuck you belong to. I’d hate to beat her ass in this muthafucka,” Naomi commented.

“She knows, Mama. I can promise you that.”

I grabbed my luggage and exited the room completely. There wasn't shit else to discuss.

*Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 4:25 pm*

### MOMENTS BEFORE...

“Not waking me is cruel, don’t you think?” Alex stepped in the shower behind me, and I didn’t mind. Forty minutes were all we had left on the clock for us and if he wanted to torture himself then I was all for it.

“I fucked you to sleep, Alex. You were deserving of uninterrupted sleep. I was being considerate,” I answered with his arm snaking around my waist.

“Did I not make myself clear about breakfast in bed? Why take that away from me when you know how addicting that pussy is?”

Laughing, I shook my head from side to side. Thinking he was the main character was funny. This was my anniversary, and he was a toy being thrown back over the fence to its owner in a matter minutes. Their contracts forbidden any attachments and yet he had one for me.

“You did, but I never agreed, Alex. I have somewhere to be, and I can’t be late.”

“If I had more time, maybe your mind would change. I mean, you came on my tongue and dick effortlessly, beautiful. You can’t tell me that nigga doing the same.”

“There’s a lot of things I could tell you about my husband but then you’d want to fight for being less than. When it comes to him, there’s no competition. I know you might think there is, but I can assure you there isn’t.”

I spoke highly of my husband because he deserved it. From how he spoke about his

career, we wouldn't last even a full month. I was a woman that needed T.L.C daily and Tristan provided that. Tristan was a man.

Excuse me.

He was the man.

"He's a lucky man and I hate that he has you to himself. The things I would do to get you more often."

Gentle kisses were placed along my shoulders while his hand slipped between my thighs.

This was Alex's last time touching anything on me, and I had a feeling he picked up on it as well.

He was trying his hardest to get another dose of me, but nothing was seeming to work out for him.

He was begging and it was turning me off the more he did it.

Politely removing his hand, I pivoted the conversation toward his marriage. "Simone is exactly where your mind should be shifting. One day with me isn't nearly enough to get you to leave her behind."

"It's not but its damn sure enough to propose a deal."

"Deal? Are you serious right now?" A hearty laugh erupted in my throat. It was too comical for him to think I would make a deal without my husband present for number one. Second, nothing about me screamed Howie fuckin' Mandel.

“You know it’s rude to laugh in someone’s face.” He acknowledged it and I truly didn’t give a fuck.

“So, I’ve been told. However, you told a joke so what else am I supposed to do.”

I stepped out the shower wrapping myself in a towel. He was right behind me disregarding one. I’d packed my things back up as soon as I woke this morning. My alarm on my watch went off at five on the dot. I was more than ready to be back in my husband’s embrace.

My phone sat on the sink next to my toothbrush.

I tapped the screen, and the time read 5:40 a.m. I’d already handled my face and mouth before entering the shower.

All I needed was ten minutes to get myself together and I’d be out the door.

I wasn’t the woman who took forever to get ready.

My attire was a white sundress that stopped at my heels and a white panty and bra set underneath.

“Hear me out at least. This could be something worth your while. You never know.”

“I doubt it,” I said drying off then taking a seat on the tub.

“You and Tristan come to the island once a year to indulge in God knows what so why not take it outside of that? Become my side and none of this has to end. Your pussy enjoys me, beautiful, and I think you’re doing yourself a disservice by ignoring that.”

“No one is paying you to think, Alex. They’re paying you to cook. I appreciate you and your wife making time for me and my husband, but that time has come to an end. Check out is at eleven. Find your wife and do whatever it is y’all do.”

I was done talking to him. Having the audacity to want me to be his side piece was beyond hilarious.

I was in a marriage where I sat at the head of the table next to a man that cherished the very ground I walked on.

My position wasn’t a side shit. That was degrading to a woman like me and very much disrespectful.

Once I was fully dressed, I was out the villa leaving Alex to himself.

I didn’t even take the time to moisturize my skin the right way because of how irritated I was.

This experience wasn’t ruined but dealing with that walk away had me thinking over some things.

I’d bring it up to Tristan as soon as we were reunited.

I walked into the lobby of the hotel checking the watch on my wrist. It struck six as soon as I gave it my attention.

Tristan never missed our designated time, so I knew something was up.

It was him that always waited on my arrival.

I wasted no time in heading for the elevators.

He was my property and if any bitch thought she would get him up off me was sadly mistaken.

The button was pressed and the doors opened seconds later. A couple stepped off and I entered behind them. I was so glad time was on my side. My thoughts weren't all over the place and surprisingly, I was still calm. However, I felt like a bitch was trying me and that was never good for anyone.

The doors opened to Tristan's floor, and I bypassed the other rooms until I reached his. I gave a triple knock and waited for it to be answered. I overheard my husband tell her to open the door and she refused to do so. I smirked and tried to keep my composure, but it was quickly slipping away.

"There's nothing here for her. What fuckin' belongings?" Simone yelled.

The light thud on the door and the muffled voice behind it let me know Tristan checked that shit. He ignored a lot of things but refusing to believe I was the one he moved mountains for always made him show his ass.

Seconds passed before I was finally face-to-face with my soul tie. He eyed me with so much love in his gaze. A smile graced his lips the longer he stared, and I couldn't help but blush under his glare. His presence was missed. I couldn't tell you how fast my soul settled seeing him.

"Mrs. Malore," was all he got off before our lips crashed into one another.

The way he handled me, the way he caressed me, the way he fed me in this very moment was everything. His hands roamed my backside resting on my ass as usual. I was at peace with him and that felt better than sex. I moaned into him, reassuring him on his position in my life.

Hearing Simone clear her throat almost made me cackle. She was desperate for Tristan's attention, and he had none left to give her.

"You better tell her who the fuck you belong to. I'd hate to beat her ass in this muthafucka," I said commenting on her lil' remark of me not having shit up in here. It didn't matter what fuckin' lifetime we were in, this man would always be mine.

"She knows, Mama. I can promise you that," he replied.

I wanted to say more but I trusted my husband made it clear beforehand where his heart lied.

We walked away hand in hand not caring to look back and address Simone any further.

She was fuckin' delusional. Her and her whacked out husband.

It was safe to say Tristan and I were on the same page cutting ties with them.

We made it to the main floor and headed for the restaurant inside the hotel.

A quick breakfast and breakdown before our departure.

We decompressed as a couple and that was something I enjoyed more than anything.

There were no secrets between us. Whatever anyone brought our way, we'd already discussed.

That was how the Malores handled things.

I occupied the chair he pulled out for me placing my crossbody in my lap. Tristan sat

across from me and looked at me like I was unreal. His gazes were ones you couldn't buy. I loved that I didn't have to be told how he felt about me because his eyes showed it more than anything.

"Did you enjoy your gift, my love?" I inquired.

"I did. Was yours at least satisfying?" he countered.

"It was. However, the Dunkins are our last exchange." He slightly cocked his head to the side with dipped brows.

He needed clarification and I had no problem making my statement clearer.

"We're done with The Melting Pot and The Hideaway.

I think eight years is more than enough.

Plus, the Dunkins made this experience..."

"Awkward and uncomfortable," he chimed, finishing my sentence.

"Exactly. Everything was cool until Alex proposed for me to be his side chick. It took everything in me not to hit him in his shit."

Tristan's face was tight, and he flexed his jaws several times over. I knew what was brewing but he had nothing to worry about. Neither Alex nor another man would have access to me ever again. This was the end of the road for us as swingers.

"Side chick, huh?"

"Calm down, baby. I handled it and got the hell out of there. What was the deal with

Simone? You said you wanted to cut them off before the exchange even took place. Did something happen?"

"She's too clingy and her feelings are involved.

That woman told me she'd been waiting to feel me again not even knowing if we were going to double back or not.

She wears the same perfume as you do now, and she went crazy on how she was the better woman.

If you serious about giving all this shit up, I'm with it.

I was lowkey starting to be over it anyway. "

"Why didn't you say anything, baby? When I say you don't have to do this, I mean that. Don't ever do shit just to please me. It'll always be you over any keep the spice moment," I reassured him.

"I'm well aware of what choices I have. I did this because I was open minded and wanted to keep the spice as well. We were on the same page, Mama, so don't overthink it. Those two dumb muthafuckas just irritated me into ending this shit altogether."

"Cool. It's a done deal then. Is there anything else on your mind?" Tristan always had the floor to express himself and speak on anything that he lingered on.

"Starting a family. We ready to expand, don't you think?"

I blushed looking into his eyes. He asked for a child the year after we got married but neither one of us were in a place to be a parent. Now that time has passed, we were

circling back to it. I didn't mind giving him what he wanted. Besides, I was the only woman that could.

"I do."

"Naomi? Tristan?" Our names were called out from a couple walking toward us. "We thought that was you. What in the hell are y'all doing here?"

I was nervous until I realized it was our college friends. Yasmine and Calico were together before Tristan and I, so seeing them together wasn't surprising. It was the fact that they were on this island with us that caught me off guard.

"Enjoying our anniversary," I answered standing from my seat. I hugged them both before relocating to the right of my husband while they sat across.

"Ha! You hear that, baby?" Calico spoke.

"I did. We are as well," Yasmine chimed with a smiling face.

"We did always end up with the same ideas all through college, so I guess this makes sense. Well, what's y'all count?" Tristan questioned.

"Twenty years today. What about y'all?" Calico threw back.

"Eighteen yesterday. The odds of this link is crazy. What's y'all plans?" I asked.

"We have a few hours before we swap with this couple so we're hanging out." Yasmine's answer caused Tristan and I to look at each other and laugh.

All of us were like peas in a pod all through college so the fact that we operated damn near the same wasn't shocking at all. Tristan and Calico were the same person just in

two different bodies. The way this was coming full circle was indeed comical.

“What’s so funny?” Calico inquired.

“Oh nothing. We just finished ours with a couple here maybe twenty minutes ago,” I voiced.

“You stealing my ideas again, nigga?” Calico jested. Tristan shook his head while releasing a hearty laugh.

Our anniversary was ending on a good note regardless of that small hiccup we had departing.

Running into our friends lightened the mood a hundred percent.

The Dunkins were defeated in their proposals, and we had no remorse for the cut off.

To sit, laugh, and still have the same spark for each other was valued.

The Malores were happy and always would be.

### EPILOGUE

The Malores are in six months deep from their anniversary and still holds undying love for one another.

As if they would let anything or anyone come between them.

Naomi stuck by her husband and gave Tristan exactly what he asked for.

She was blessing him with a beautiful baby boy in less than three months.

Tristan couldn't have been more ecstatic.

With his wife by his side, Tristan felt invincible. He started life with her at an early age and never felt an ounce of regret for it. The many nights they spent working to better themselves paid off ten times over. Naomi was the apple of his eye and vice versa.

As a wife, Naomi continued to pour her all into her marriage.

There wasn't a time her husband called, and she didn't come running.

She was supportive and still that space of peace for him.

Walking into another year with her husband was light work.

She knew everything it took to keep him on her heels begging for more of her loving.

Living in a blissful happiness sometimes caused outsiders to tarnish what you have.

Leave it to Simone to go against the NDA's and seek out the man that turned her every which way but loose.

Tristan enjoyed his gift, yet she couldn't accept the fact that he was simply celebrating in Malore fashion.

It was never going to be more than that.

Showing up to someone's job is bold. However, for Tristan, Simone was willing to take the risk.

The contract stated no one was to seek anyone from the opposite party and she did just that.

Strutting in that man's workplace with a purpose only to be shut down by his wife.

Naomi being there threw a wrench in her plan and embarrassment followed.

Mrs. Malore brushed a lot of shit off her shoulder but disrespecting her marriage would never fly.

Simone was put in her place twice over. Seeing Naomi still rocking Tristan's ring and sporting a big belly to match was more painful than her split with Alex.

Her delusion led her down a path she couldn't recover from.

While the Malores were happy and flourishing in their already stress-free life, the Dunkins had hit a rough patch.

Well, a divorce was a little more than that.

An open marriage was something that should've gave both parties unlimited passes to do whomever they pleased.

Alex played by the rules, but Simone took open to another level.

There was an unspoken rule in the swinger's community and that was to never swing into a family member's bed. Alex wasn't the only married son from parents. He had a little brother named Austin and much like Alex and Simone, Austin and Jorja were open as well.

Simone had no respect for Alex after the Malores cut them off and blamed him for it several times.

She wanted more time with Tristan and felt as if Alex was the issue behind it.

She had no accountability. It hurt her to know there would be no more sexcapades.

Her revenge was sleeping with Austin and that in itself became a disaster.

Alex dropped her and that baby she was pregnant with like a bad habit.

She walked away with absolutely nothing to her name except the shit she brought into their marriage.

The rumors about their marriage had spread fast and one thing The Melting Pot didn't tolerate was a muthafucka that didn't follow the rules.

Both Simone and Alex were thrown out from the club due to violations, but Alex had the choice to return once his divorce was final.

After all, he was a house chef for the club.

Cutting the Dunkins off was a wise decision from the Malores.

The drama they brought was too much for them to handle.

They lived a relaxing lifestyle and the Dunkins were anything but that.

They did, however, keep in contact with the James's.

Yasmine and Calico jumped back in their lives as the friends they'd grown to know and love through college.

Who knows maybe they have a story to tell next...

THE END