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Comes
Knocking*

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Author's Note: All characters in this adult fiction novel are at least 18 years of age.

Chapter One

There was the rushing sound of cold air pulling past her face and ears and nothing more. Her ears paid attention only to the music of her heart beating fast, felt the throb in her arms and thigh muscles as she jogged along the gardened pathway of the park in the suburban neighbourhood of Coaster Grove.

Her name was Tamia Ronan, and this was her doing her every day morning jog through her usual early morning route. She was in her early thirties, tall, with striking good looks, with high cheeks bones and blue eyes. Her body shape was supple, not too thin and not too fat as well, and everything about her was well proportioned.

It was a little past six in the morning. The sky was the colour of deep purple, though it was slowly dissipating. A cold, mist hung over the earth, even on the leaves of the tree branches. The full moon shimmered like an old coin above her head. In the next few minutes, the sun will be showing its face, by which time the neighbourhood will be starting to come alive. But all of this was the least of Tamia's concern as her Reebok trainers bounded along the circular route of the cobbled ground that was the park's walkway, past the water fountain with the statue of a baby elephant spewing water off its trunk, up a flight of cobbled steps, and then she was out onto Main Street. From here it was a mere two blocks from where she lived and she took it in unhurried stride as she went on with her jogging. She waved a hand at Mr. Rawlins who's been running his bakery shop and café for the past thirty years, way before she'd ever dreamed of settling down here which was only a couple of years ago. He was sweeping off dead leaves from his front stoop when she went past him, but he managed to catch her wave and returned one to her before resuming his sweeping.

Her legs were starting to wear her out by the time she got into her street. She had worked up quite a sweat—she felt it in her armpits and over her

brow—trying hard to control her breathing. She was just in time to receive the mail man as he alighted from his bus with a bunch of letters he was about inserting into her letter box. He turned his head in time to see her approach and smiled at her.

“Hi there, Tamia,” he gave her a brimful of smile, knowing she wasn’t mindful about him calling her by her first name. The mail man was in his mid-forties. He’d been delivering mails to the neighbourhood for more than three years now and was totally familiar with much of the families whom he delivered mails to on a near daily basis. “Out jogging this early as usual?”

“It seems like a fine time to be doing it,” she panted while coming to a stop beside him, collecting her letters from his hands. “Thanks, Mitch.”

“Anytime, lovely lady,” he replied courteously. He stood there for a moment, watching her walk away from him into the driveway of her home, admiring the shape and outline of her body, most especially the smoothness of her legs jutting under her gym shorts. She sure was an amazing-looking woman, he thought to himself, and then he shook his head as he recalled what had transpired between her and her former husband. Coaster Groove was a small and quiet neighbourhood, and in such places any news, aside from talk about the weather and whatever’s happening in some faraway country, is most grabbing to listen to. Folks here tended to prefer minding their neighbour’s business. Especially their neighbour’s business. “Such a sad thing,” he muttered to himself before turning to his mail truck and driving further down the street. Got plenty of letters to delivery, he whistled to himself. Plenty of time to reminisce on that later. Lots and lots of time was all the stuff he had at his age, he shrugged as he went on with his morning ride.

Tamia held the letters in her left arm while she unlocked her door and stepped into the comfort of her home.

She walked into the den that was her living room, flipping through each envelope of letters while she did. Two were receipt payments of her utility bills, three others were subscribed editions from Variety, Vanity Fair, and Cosmopolitan; one was a picturesque post card from a good friend of hers who got married last week, for whom Tamia had been part of her bridal

train and was currently enjoying her honeymoon in Hawaii, telling her what a fun time she was having. Tamia sighed at the irony in it—barely one month had gone past since the final proceedings in her divorce settlement had taken place and she was still recuperating from it while here was her childhood friend having the time of her life being a newlywed. She wondered how bitter her friend might end up being if a few years from now she wakes up one morning to the realisation that the man whom she'd taken a vow to love and to cherish all her life had all this time been cherishing someone else ... just as her Jerry had done to her.

The thought died away as her eyes fell on the last letter envelope. It was this one that caught her attention. She turned it over, took in the sender's name and address on the other side. Calvin Brown, the envelope stated in bold, slanting letters; the letter was post-dated the day before. She left the others on a coffee table, tore through the envelope and unearthed the letter which was short and brief.

Dear Mrs. Rolan,

My name is Calvin Brown. I am writing to you in response to the advert I saw in the Guardian Times classified section a couple of days ago, regarding your subletting B.Q. apartment. I am very much in agreement with the amount you're offering and would very much like to express interest in renting it for a limited duration of perhaps a year or two. At the moment, I am putting up at the city, but would like to come down as soon as possible sit with you as well as to take good look at the property

Included in this letter is a photocopy of my driver's license, along with my phone number through which you can reach me anytime of the day. I'm looking forward to hearing from you.

Yours truly,

Calvin Brown

She glanced at her watch—it said 6:42 a.m. She would put off calling him later in the day. She ought to be in her office by the next hour—a good thing her bosses had seen fit to give her a well deserved promotion. Fifteen years of worthy hard work overseeing the marketing section of Joyce & Glow Beauty House ... even when things between her and her husband had taken a turn for the worse, she'd still pushed onward, entrenching herself deeply into her job when she ought to have been feeling her loss. And now, just two days ago, the powers-that-be had appointed her section chief, with pay-package increase and lots of time-off benefits to herself. She should be happy with herself—after all, it was something that was long overdue.

Except what a large chunk of her had really felt on that day when her boss shook her hand inside the conference room while the rest of the staff gave her a cheering ovation was sadness ... and utter helplessness. Sad at the realisation that presently there was absolutely no one in her life to partake in the glory with her. Not even a by-the-side lover.

She folded the letter back into its envelope and left it along with the other ones on the centre table, and then went into the kitchen to make herself a cup of coffee. While she filled the kettle halfway with water and then kept it on the gas cooker to heat up, she glanced out the kitchen window and stared at the bungalow building that served as the Boys Quarter, situated across her swimming pool, at the north end of the large compound where the fence met with a clump of cypress trees. The building had stood empty since they'd moved into the neighbourhood, and it was out of spiteful indulgence that had made her decide to put the place up for rent; it sure would be nice having someone around the house other than her and her lonely self.

Jerry and she had moved into this neighbourhood five years ago, when they'd gotten married. Things had seemed rosy and tranquil for her—the cosiness and serenity of the place just seemed to match with her spirit. And though they'd put off having children for the immediate future, their life together had been absolute fun. They'd always gotten well with their neighbours, and they'd both been as ambitious about their married life as they were with their respective jobs. But all that had come to an end some

months ago when she'd realised her husband's secret unfaithfulness to her. The fact that Jerry, her supposed husband, had had another wife in the city, who already bore him three kids, and the fact that he was even more dedicated to the other than to her had made things quite unbearable for her to hold unto. She'd gotten a reasonable settlement from him, including the house, but even all that wasn't enough to stem down the massive throb of hurt she still carried within herself.

The steaming sound of the kettle startled her out of her thoughts. She turned off the cooker, and made herself a hot cup of tea. While she sat there by the kitchen table, her eyes turned to the letter. Vaguely, she imagined what her tenant would look like (depending on if he decided to take the flat. Ever since she and Jerry moved into the neighbourhood, she had only been in there a handful of times). She pictured him to be middle-aged, tall, with a shaggy beard. He'd probably be some college teacher ... or even a mail man. She chuckled at her humour as she had once again fished out the letter from its envelope. She read through the words, still trying to unearth an image of what Calvin Brown would look like, or might be in person.

“He could be a travelling gypsy for all I care,” Tamia mumbled disconsolately to herself before glancing at her watch. She cursed herself when she realised how fast the time had run and hurriedly finished her coffee before heading upstairs to shower. In no time, she'd washed off sweat from her morning jog and had worn her clothes for the new day. As she hurried down the stairs in search of her car keys, she remembered the tenant's letter and that it as well bore the man's phone number and rushed into the kitchen to pick it up and drop it into her handbag before leaving for work.

Chapter Two

Hours later, with the time approaching lunch break, she was in her office, cursorily mulling over some office papers when the thought about her impending call to the so-called tenant echoed in her head. She left what she was doing and reached into her handbag for his letter. When she'd written down the number that was enclosed inside, she took out her cell phone and dialled. The phone got picked up almost immediately; it was as if the person had all the while been expecting a call.

“Hello?” a man’s voice said into her ear.

“Hi, my name’s Tamia Rolan, and I’m calling about—”

“You received my letter,” the voice at the other end cut her off. Tamia was unprepared for it.

“Yes, yes, I did. That’s what I’m calling you about.”

“Oh, I’m sorry cutting you off ... just that I didn’t actually think that you would call. I figured it was the other way around.”

“It’s no problem. I’m practically new at this sort of thing.”

“Is the B.Q. still available?”

“Yes, it is. and what I was going to ask was when would you like to come over to take a look at it?”

“Well, I don’t know. Whenever is most convenient for you would be much preferable. If you could perhaps set up a date.”

Tamia glanced at the desk calendar standing beside her desktop computer, checked through the present week before returning to the phone. “Well,

today's Thursday, and I'm pretty busy throughout this weekday. Why not make it this Saturday, say around noon."

"Very well, Saturday at noon it is. I'll be there. Once again, thank you."

Tamia said goodbye to him before hanging up. Her thoughts unconsciously returned to forming a mental image of what her soon-to-be tenant might look like. His voice had sounded rather gentle, and polite. Well mannered it seemed ... and to think that she'd earlier thought of him as a wandering gypsy. She couldn't help but sense of uncanny tremor run through her body while she'd listened to him. For how long had her loneliness kept her from being aware of such?

So engrossed was she with her thoughts, she was barely aware of when her best friend and confidant, Alice Ann-Johnson stepped into her office. Alice didn't bother to knock as her door was half open, and all it took for her was one curious look and she knew what was troubling her friend.

"You better snap out of it and move on," she said with a matter-of-fact type of voice. Once again, Tamia was startled out of her thoughts, and had it not been for her long time friendship with Alice, she would definitely had snapped back a response. Instead all she could do was blush, knowing for a fact that once again, like on previous occasions, her friend had caught her ruminating about the past, and she knew that as long as it was Alice, she couldn't bother denying the thought she was having.

"How long are you going to keep watch over me?" Tamia indicated for her to come further in.

"For as long as you stop keeping that sad puppy look on your face," Alice wasted no time replying as she came as sat over her desk, examining her friend's woeful outlook. "For God's sake Tamia, you've got to get over this. Your life with Jerry is over and done with. Move on into the real world."

"I wish I knew how Allie," Tamia sighed, waving a lock of red hair over her face. "Sometimes, I feel great about myself ... feel justified with things being the way they are. But other times, especially at night ... I just can't push the feeling away that I was being used. You know what I mean?"

“I know exactly what you mean, girlfriend. But he’s no longer in your life anymore. You’ve got to look past things and move on with yourself. Believe me, it breaks my heart seeing you like this.”

Alice adjusted her glasses on her nose. She was thirty-four years old, a year older than Tamia. She had chestnut-coloured shoulder-length hair, freckled skin, and though she didn’t possess the striking beauty that her friend Tamia had, and with the exception of her glasses, she was a cute-looking woman, although her glasses tend to give her an outward dowdy appearance. Her body already bore the likeness of that of a woman stepping further and further into the realm of flabbiness, and her clothes were casual enough to reveal that. It was partly due to the fact that she’d been married getting past ten years now and was blessed with three children, the first who’s already begun his first-year in college.

She and Tamia had known each other since they began as paralegals in the company. They had been chief bridesmaid on each other’s wedding, and during the aftermath of Tamia’s divorce, hers had been the shoulder Tamia had leaned on. For that same reason, she had unceremoniously appointed herself as her friend’s comforter.

She noticed the open letter lying on Tamia’s desk blotter and picked it up. “What’s this, someone writing something sugary to you lately?”

“No, no,” Tamia answered, glad for the change in conversation. “More of business actually. Remember I told you about my putting that Boy’s Quarter at the back of my house for rent? Well, someone wrote to me the day before, wanting to come by and take a look at it. I’d just finished speaking with him on the phone before you came in.”

“I know, I overheard you. What kind of fellow is he?”

“I wouldn’t really know till I get to see him, now wouldn’t I?”

“All right, no need to bite. When will he be dropping by? It is a ‘he’, right?”

“Yes, it’s a ‘he’, and stop acting surprised, will you.” she said, amused by her friend’s false sense of enquiry. “I told him Saturday. Won’t have much

to do then.” Her amusement turned into a sigh. “I don’t know, Alice. I feel like I’ve really lost out on a lot of things. It’s kind of like everything and everybody else have moved on with their lives while I’m still stuck in the last days of disco.”

“You haven’t lost out on anything, girlfriend,” Alice came over to her side of her desk and tapped her shoulder affectionately. “You just need to stop knocking your head with the past. It’s gone, and nothing’s going to ever bring it back.”

“Yeah, I guess you’re right.” She stood up from her seat, adjusted her blouse and swept her hair from her face and purposely fixed a cheerful outlook on her face. “We might as well head off for lunch while it’s still fresh. I sure can use a bite.”

“What did you think I came here in the first place for,” Alice remarked. Tamia picked up her handbag and together they left her office, leaving the letter lying on her desk.

Chapter Three

Saturday soon arrived.

It was past ten in the morning, long after she had returned from her morning jog exercise, Tamia was making herself an omelette when her doorbell rang. She quickly rinsed her hands and untied her apron before hurrying out of the kitchen. The doorbell sounded again as she hurried into the living room and came to the door. Taking a quick glance through the peephole, she saw a black man standing by her doorstep. She undid the lock on her door and pushed it open for a better view of her visitor.

He was three inches taller than her, broad-shouldered with a somewhat impressive frame. His hair was close shaved, neatly outlined beard with only a small hint of a moustache. He was casually dressed in a cream-coloured cotton shirt with the arms folded to reveal his thick wrists, and blue jeans. All Tamia needed was on quick look to know that her guest was a smart dresser, just as he was overly handsome. And his eyes, so mesmerising ... she could sense her heart beginning to flutter once again like before.

He smiled at her and said: “Mrs. Ronan, I presume?”

“Yes, that’s right. And you are?”

“Calvin Brown, ma’am,” he shook her hand. “We spoke on the phone the other day, about my coming over to view your flat for rent.”

“Oh, yes ... yes, of course.” She gave a nervous laugh. For a second there she’d been lost in the brown gaze of the man’s eyes to think of what to say. “Yes, I remember. Just that you weren’t what I was expecting when spoke on the phone. Please, come in.”

She made way for him to enter. Her eyes hurriedly scanned the street for any neighbourhood snoopers. Finding none—at least not noticing anyone—she closed back the door then turned to her guest. She indicated for him to sit down and then she came over and sat across from him, folding her left leg over her right, but doing it rather self-consciously. Her hair was fixed in a bun; she wanted to release it, but thought better not to. She asked if she could get him something to drink, but he declined, saying that he was all right.

“So, Mr. Brown, may I call you Calvin?”

“I’d rather prefer that,” he responded.

“Good. In your letter, you made mention of wanting to rent the entire bungalow. For how long would you like to have it?”

“I’m hoping on two years. At least two years. That’s all I can lay for now till I can think about getting a place of my own right. You see, I recently moved into the country—I got a job working in the city. It was so sudden, I didn’t have much time searching for a home. Your flat was amongst the first that caught my attention and I thought better to respond to it as fast as I could.”

“Oh, this is your first time in here, in America?”

“Yes, it is. I’m actually British.”

“That’s strange,” Tamia observed. “You don’t sound like one.”

He shrugged. “I get that a lot. My folks are African. I moved to the U.K. a couple of years ago to study for my Masters. I did some part-time work before landing this one that I presently have. The only problem was I have to change my base so as to stick with it.”

“Sounds interesting.” Tamia rested a knuckle under her chin. “What sort of job is it? If you don’t mind telling.”

He was about saying something but as his lips came open, they quickly clamped back and he gave her a bashful smile. “I’m sorry I’m not at liberty to say ... at least not right now.”

“No problem, I understand. As long as it’s not something illegal—”

“No, it’s not.”

“—or dealing with drugs ...”

“No, no, neither of that. It’s more of a consultancy type of work—lazy work I might call it, nothing more. In time, I will let you know. But for now, I’d like if you could bear with me a bit on that.”

There was no choice in the matter. She accepted his word and then got up and told him to wait a minute. She hurried up the stairs to her room in search of the keys to the B.Q. When she found it, she stopped to check herself in her wall mirror; adjusted the top of her blouse and pulled back a lock of hair from slipping over her face before rushing down to meet with her guest. She indicated that he follow her, and with him walking a step behind her, she led the way through the back door of her kitchen and out into the backyard.

There was a small garden path that led from the side of the swimming pool down towards the B.Q. building.

The bungalow building was more of a summer house, with a glass portico in front with glass-sidling doorway and four steps which led up to a patio across the front of the bungalow. The floor was terrazzo; pottery plants stood on either side of the doorway. Tamia selected the right key and then unlocked the door. The room was empty and had a dank, musty air about it; the floor was partly covered with accumulated dust and they treaded carefully so as not to arouse it. She held her nose while she walked across the room and drew back the window curtains, flooding the room with yellow, pale sunlight.

The living room was adequately spacious; a chandelier hung on the ceiling. A door to the left led in the kitchen and further down was the bedroom.

Calvin Brown took his time checking through every detail as much as he could; Tamia stood with her arms folded across her chest, watching him poke through every corner, every structure of the flat. He as well checked the light switches and the electric box situated in an alcove beside the kitchen. Everything was very much in place, except for the furniture; but that was his to take care of.

“The windows’ hinges have gone a bit rusty,” Calvin remarked by the time he was finished with his around-the-house investigation, dusting his hands. They were back in the living room. “The door locks to the kitchen and bedroom need to be taken care of. First tell me, how long has anyone occupied this place?”

Tamia shook her head. “Not since when my ex and I bought the place.”

“Ex?”

“Yeah. We’re divorced.”

“Oh, I didn’t know that.” That was as close as him came to expressing an apology, and Tamia was grateful that he didn’t. Instinctively, he resumed his previous talk. “Anyway, it’s probably the reason why the electricity’s a bit flaky. I guess no one’s bothered looking into this pad for some time now.”

Tamia gave him a shrug. “No, I guess not. Actually, we’ve never had much of a plan for it. I mean when my husband and I were still together. And since we went our separate ways, I’ve been at a loss on just what to do with it. To tell the truth, it was much worse than now. A month ago, I hired someone to mow the grass and trim the flowers, especially the ones that had been climbing the walls. A good thing you weren’t here to have seen it yourself.”

“Nonetheless, you’ve done an excellent job on it. The house has got solid structure. I took one glance at the photo in the newspaper page and knew right away it was what I needed. The structure’s solid, and given the right décor, a little brightness here and there, one sure can make this place rock.”

“I admire your choice of words. So that means you’ll take it?”

“Oh yeah,” Calvin nodded his head. “For two years, I will. As long as you don’t cut my legs down to size with the price.”

They both laughed. The laughter just seemed to clear off much of the tensed-up air between them; at that moment, Tamia knew that he was the perfect person to rent the place out to.

“I’m never that greedy when it comes to price fixing, trust me on that. Since you say for two years—including whatever else that comes with the utilities—let’s say fifteen thousand for a year, making it thirty.”

Calvin gave her a surprised look. “That your offer?”

“What, is it too much?” Tamia asked.

“No, no, no,” his face broke into a smile. “Matter of fact, it’s far less than what I’d expected.”

“Well, I told you I wasn’t the greedy sort. Though about the electricity and other—”

“Don’t worry about that, ma’am. I’ll take care of everything, right after you say yes and I sign on the dotted line.”

“Well Calvin, I guess I’d long said yes before you arrived.” She extended her arm in handshake. “And please, my name is Tamia, simply that.”

“Very well, Tamia,” Calvin accepted her handshake. “I’ll keep that in mind. And thanks for the accommodation. It really means a lot to me.”

“No problem. Come, let’s go on back to the house and brush over some things.”

Later that night, Tamia lay in bed reading a novel, though the words of the book were the least thing on her mind. Her thoughts went back to her afternoon visitor. She couldn’t help but recall the eerie sensation she’d felt when she shook Calvin’s hands, especially for the second time before they left the B.Q. There had been such a softness to the feel and texture of his hands, especially when he’d placed his hand on her back, preventing her

from falling. The connection had in one way or the other awoken something that prior to this time had been lying dormant inside her. But what such a thing was, she couldn't really say ... she couldn't really put her finger to it. Except that it had a lot to do with wanting.

Wanting of something.

She turned off her light and ten minutes later, drifted to sleep.

Chapter Four

The following week went like a breeze with no actual change in routine in her life: the sun appeared in the mornings and made way for the moon in the evenings. Early morning jogs, followed by a hot shower, sometimes breakfast, and then it's off to work. She didn't get to see her soon-to-be tenant till the following week on Tuesday, when she returned home early enough from work and noticed a U-Haul truck parked by her driveway with bits of bags and furniture scattered beside it. Calvin was standing there waiting for her; some men were busy helping him unload and move his stuff.

"Hi there," he said, shaking her hand. "Hope you don't mind my coming this way."

"I was even wondering what was taking you so long," she replied. "I figured you'd be dropping by during the weekend."

"I would have, but my schedule wouldn't allow me the chance. Did you receive my cheque last week?"

"Yes, I did. Thanks. So, it looks like you intend on moving in today."

He shrugged. "As much as I can help it, yes. I wouldn't want for you to go changing your mind on giving me the pad. Excuse me, please."

She stood back and watched as he and the men carried and lugged his stuff round the back towards the B.Q. after which she headed for her front door.

All through the remaining of the afternoon, there was the sound of machines whirling and buzzing coming from across the yard, from the direction of the B.Q. She stood by her kitchen window wondering what changes he must be doing at the place. For some reason, she just couldn't say why she found it hard taking her mind off him. Even later that night,

she would leave the living room where she was enjoying a romance movie, and come and stand by her kitchen window and stare across the backyard at the B.Q. The lights in it were on, and though the early noise of machine buzzing has stopped, she stood there wondering what he could be up to. Probably still putting things away, she figured.

“What’s up, girl?”

The question coming from Alice startled her out of her. It was the following morning and there were having their lunch break at a coffee shop located a block away from their office.

“Nothing ... nothing,” she muttered, taking a bite off her croissant. Alice of course knew her friend had something pressing in her mind, but didn’t think it wise to push; she knew that given a little prod, Tamia would reveal it to her. A minute or two later, she didn’t even have to wait to make that prod.

“That tenant of mine moved in yesterday.” Tamia blurted suddenly.

Alice leaned forward in her chair, captivated. “Yeah? How did it go with him?”

“So far so good; he’s presently tushing up the place. He seems like a nice fellow too.”

“How nice? Psychos no longer wear face masks you know.”

“That’s pretty mean of you.”

“I’m just saying. You know the rate of rapists is still on an all-time high this part of the globe. You can never be too careful the kind of stranger you find yourself with these days.”

“He’s no psycho – at least he doesn’t look like one – and he’s no rapists either. Just a general overview of him is what I noticed.”

“Really, you stumbled upon that from meeting with him once?”

“Yeah, I did. His name’s Calvin Brown, and ... I don’t know.” She shook her head.

“What?”

“Well ... this might sound awkward, but I just can’t stop thinking about him.”

Alice looked up from her meal. “Thinking of him in what sense? What’s he like?”

“He’s black, and he’s cute. Quite cute, with a lot of muscle on him—kind of like a bouncer. I just can’t take my mind off him.”

“Would you want to take your mind off him even if you wanted to?” Alice enquired prissily.

“I doubt.”

Chapter Five

It was a weekend, and a boring one too. Nothing to do except flick through her TV remote button, moving from one channel to another, and it would be even lesser fun if she went out. She thought she should go over and see how her tenant was faring with himself and his new place. She went up the patio and was about knocking on the glass door when her hand froze in mid air.

Her mouth came suddenly unglued like an unhinged door and it remained open as her eyes took in the naked form of Calvin lying outstretched in the centre of the living room carpet floor, doing body callisthenics. He did a couple of push-ups followed by some sit-ups. His body glistened like a brand new sports car rolling out of an assembly line—every muscle and bone just seemed to compliment the other as he went on with his working out. So deep was he in his workout, he was unaware of the pair of eyes that were at that moment watching him, or even if he was aware, he pretended not to notice. Tamia, did move cautiously to the side of the wall where she knew she wouldn't be noticed, though turning her eyes away from seeing his naked sight was the least in her mind. She remained where she was and continued to ogle at him, admiring every bit of his sweaty frame. Her eyes remained unabashedly mesmerised by the way his stomach muscles seemed to contract and expand, and the way his biceps seems to bulge with vigour each time he flexed them. Her eyes took every detail of the sweat pouring off his black skin. But what captivated her was his huge member. Though it appeared to be in a flaccid state, but from where she stood, it looked almost as if it were erect and alive. It was unlike anything she'd ever seen, the way it dangled down between his legs like a clock pendulum.

Calvin's exercise came to an end, and he picked up a towel that lay on a couch, wrapped it over his nakedness and disappeared from the room. It was then that Tamia's senses came to her; she turned around and hurried off back to the main house. Passing through her kitchen door, she slammed it behind her and stood there with her back against it, panting. She

approached the sink, turned on the faucet and slashed water on her face. The memory of what she's just seen replayed vividly in her mind.

She left the kitchen and went and sat on the long couch in the living room. Her chest was still beating frantically, and it wasn't until she felt a hand under her skirt, inside her panties, that she realised too late that she was licking wet. She lay back, pulled her panties down from her legs and began playing with herself. Her breathing fell heavy; she was so fired up with excitement, it was unlike something she'd felt in a long time before. In her mind's eye, she relieved the image of Calvin doing his push-ups. She pictured herself lying there under him, his chest squashing her breasts, his mouth glued to hers while he went on injecting that huge manhood of hers she'd seen in and out of her. Unconsciously, her fingers increased the tempo of rubbing her clitoris. She dipped two fingers into her cunt, loved the rapturous feel they gave to her as she explored her wetness. Her head swished side to side and she was so overcome with moaning and groaning aloud, and when she came, the feeling was spectacular.

Tamia sat there for a long time, gasping for breath. She felt like a fallen spaceship haven't burnt its way through the atmosphere, and had now returned to earth. She passed a hand through her tousled hair, felt her palm against the erect nipples of her breast.

When she figured she'd gotten herself back, he got up and went upstairs to have herself a hot shower.

Chapter Six

The following day, sometime around past five in the evening, Tamia took another innocent stroll to see how her tenant was faring. In her mind, she was still blithely relieved the stark image of his nakedness and the effect it had wrought upon her. To think that she had ever met a man to move her like this without ever actual contact with was something she'd never before experienced. And the ripple from the effect was now apparent upon her, even though it was still under the surface.

For example, today she hadn't bothered going out for her usual early morning jog. That was very unusual, a routine she hadn't broken in a long time. Instead, she had remained in bed and worked herself twice to masturbation with her rubber dildo. The hour had already begun to grow late by the time she realised that she was going to be late for work.

Even while she was in her office, her thoughts still hovered around the naked features of her tenant. In her daydreams, she imagined walking up to him one day when she'd hopefully come round to find him exercising naked, and that she'd reach for her huge member, stroking it till it becomes hard, loving the turgid feel and warmth it gave in her hand, and then allowing him to ravish her in whichever manner he'd want to. This image had played and played in her mind so strongly, she locked her office door, pulled down her panties and spread her legs wide on her desk and worked herself to another satisfying round of orgasmic masturbation. But in the end, after she'd returned to her typical self, she knew that no matter how hard she tinkered and played with herself, the feeling could never be the same as having the real thing inside her. And God, how long she had missed the feel of the real thing. How long indeed.

It was probably for this same reason, of catching her tenant off guard that she'd hurriedly left work for home. She'd first stopped by the B.Q and was a little disappointed to find that he wasn't there. There was a gnawing

warmth taking place between her legs, and she knew it was as a result of her thinking of him too much.

She sat by her kitchen window, reading a mystery novel, when she noticed something out of the corner of her eye, and she got up and saw that he'd just returned. She returned to her chair and forced herself to hurriedly read through a few more pages, wanting to give him enough time to settle down. It was too hard for her though, and by the time she'd worked her way to the end of the third page, she got up, straightened her blouse, checked her hair, and then stepped out of her door heading towards her tenant's home.

Calvin was in the living room, watching something on TV while at the same time eating something from a bowl when Tamia arrived at his doorstep. She breathed a sigh of relief as she noticed he was fully clothed this time—a tee shirt and jeans shorts—she doubt if she could regain the strength of holding herself back just like last time had he being naked again.

She tapped on the sliding glass door and watched him turn to see who it was. She watched him smile as he got up and came over to open the door for her.

“Good evening, Miss Ronan,” he said politely, letting her in.

“Please, it's Tamia.”

“Very well, Tamia it is.”

He shut the door and led her further into the living room, offering her a seat across from him. He asked if he could get her anything. She inquired if he had any beers around; he told her he did—a six-pack of Budweiser. She told him that will do. He excused himself and was only gone for a couple of seconds before he returned with the six-pack.

“Hope you wouldn't mind going the distance with me on this,” he said, dropping the six-pack on the table. “It's never a good thing drinking cold beer alone. Hope you're game.”

“Yeah, I’m most certainly game,” Tamia replied, accepting a cold Bud from him. All of a sudden she felt so relaxed being here. Calvin sat on the floor a foot from Tamia’s legs. They made a toast to good health before taking a swig from their drinks.

“Nice,” she observed, taking note of the subtle changes he had made to the apartment. “I like your taste. You’ve certainly made the place seem more homely that I ever would have.”

“Thanks, though I’m not through yet though. There are still the wall sockets in the kitchen that I have to fix, along with a little bit of this and that, but other than that ...”

“Everything’s ship-shape.” Tamia completed the statement for him.

“Yes, everything is ship-shape.”

“So, you’re still not going to tell me or at least give me a hint of what type of work you’re into?”

Calvin blushed. “I still can. Though I don’t know if you’ll be prepared for it; it might spook you to know.”

“I don’t spook easily. Try me.”

“All right, you asked for it. I’m a porn star, sort of,” he told her with a straight face.

Tamia nearly choked and then spewed forth some of her drink after hearing what he’d just said. Calvin got up and hurried into the kitchen and came back with a hand towel that he used in wiping the stain; Tamia apologised about it.

“What do you mean by sort of?” she asked.

“It means what it really means,” he said. “Though I’m more of a sexual services provider, but not like that Lexington Steele fellow though.”

“Never heard of him. Who’s he?”

“A major player in the porn biz, that’s who he is. he’s got him a mighty schlong between his legs that’s about as long as my arm.”

She laughed. “You’re kidding.”

“I wish I was. You can check him out online if you don’t believe me.”

“And that’s the same type of work that you’re into – porn?”

“I wouldn’t exactly call it porn. I’d say it’s more of between porn and escort. Sexual service provider, if you must.”

“Come on, you’re pulling my legs about that, right?”

“No, I’m not,” Calvin said, returning to his former position on the carpet. “Seriously, that’s what I am.”

Tamia viewed him with a different eye now, with a more earnest one, even though she felt herself starting to become loose with the beer in her hand.

“Really, really? How long have you been into this line of work?”

“Been doing it for about three years now. There’s this outfit here in the city called the Tongue Patrol. They’ve seen some of my works and got in touch with me, wrote me a letter saying they’d like for me to become part of their crew. I came into the country a couple of weeks ago. I’ve been putting up in some hotel, but when I saw that advert of yours, I figured it was about time I got myself a base to settle down on. So, here I am.”

“Here you are,” Tamia slurred. She quickly drained her beer, crushed the can in her hand and then reached for another. “I always thought of you as a lawyer of sorts.”

He shrugged. “Sorry to disappoint you on that.”

“So tell me, what sort of act are these Tongue Patrol sexual service provider guys into? Do they have any videos or DVD collections, that sort of thing?”

“They very much do,” Calvin asserted. “Though at the moment it’s a very small collection—not something you’d find in every movie shop. Usually

it's best if you place an order for them.”

“Is it alright to ask more info about them, or are you going to keep me in suspense? What's their modus operandi?”

“Quite simple really,” Calvin paused to take a sip of his beer. He finished it and then like her, had himself another, before continuing his talk. “They, myself including, get our calling from horny ladies out there desperate for a good time. We provide for their pleasure the sort of quality sexual experience the likes they've never had before, nor gotten from their hubbies.”

“In other words, you fuck them and they pay you for it.”

“True, but it's more entertaining in a way.”

Tamia was silent for a moment, absorbing what he'd just said, and then burst out laughing. “You're not serious.”

“I definitely am serious – scout's honour.”

“You mean to tell me that women pay you guys to really, have sex with them?”

“Why, is it that hard a thing to accept?” Calvin remarked. “That's why we're sexual providers. Though sometimes it isn't merely just the women. Sometimes their husbands are the ones who get in touch with us. But it's not just about giving them hot sex, it's also fulfilling their secret fantasies, sexually and otherwise,” Calvin explained. “Sometimes the women want us to come to them indirectly, like pretend to be someone else. I remember this one husband who told me and one of my guys whom I was working with to come sneak into his house and pretend to kidnap his wife, and then later he called us to tell us that she's a randy slut and that we should make sure she gets enough. It was all a game, really. Just something for the couples to groove off on.”

Tamia couldn't help but burst into laughter. “I don't believe this.”

“There’re a lot of married couples out there who’re very much unhappy with their married lives, Tamia. It’s not exactly an easy thing spending the rest of your life living with someone whose sole purpose is to drive you crazy every day, and one of the first things to go in such a marriage is sex. Ours is just a means of making couples stay happy with each other, nothing more.”

“What’s the weirdest act you’ve ever put on?”

Calvin took another sip off his beer before speaking. “This was before I hooked up with the TP fellows. Back once when I was in London, this rich business chick that I was handling wanted me to come to her work office one morning dressed as a fire Marshall.”

Tamia looked at him incredulously before bursting with laughter the next second.

“No way,” she said.

“It’s the truth. She’d already gone and bought the costume for me, told me what time and how she wanted me to walk into her office like I was the man, and take her right there on her desk. A good thing her secretary was smart to lock us both in.”

“And nobody found out?”

“Not my concern if anybody did. She was a kinky lady that woman was. Always got her kinks whichever way she could. A good thing I never gave her my new number or else she’d probably trace me down here.”

The look of surprise and shock was still on Tamia’s face as Calvin again recalled another ingenious escapade for her. It felt strange to her, knowing that there were such wild women and couples out there who got their kicks doing such kinky stuff. Never had she thought of herself as being involved in such. But then again, in a way she couldn’t help but envy their brash boldness. The fact that they were doing what most married folks out there would think thrice about doing, and that must take a whole lot of guts on their part. In a way she couldn’t help but feel envious towards them. In the

end it was all love, sex, and fun; it was satisfying and fun. At least they get to live with the moment, enjoying it while it lasts, and also letting it strengthen their love for each other. How she wished she were having the same thing they were getting right now.

“Excuse me, I’ll only be a second.” Calvin rose to his feet and hurried towards the bedroom. He wasn’t gone for long and when he returned just as Tamia helped herself to another beer, with two magazines in his hand which then he gave to her. Each of them bore the Tongue Patrol logo and headline. The cover of each bore interracial couples having fun with each other, the women smiling at the camera. Tamia held them in her hands and felt as if the women’s smiles were mocking her. As if they were telling her: Just look at the fun you’re missing. Girl, just look!

“Can I go through these?” she asked.

“You can keep them if you want, I’ve got lots of other free giveaways.”

“Thanks. Well, I’d better be calling it a night. Thanks for a fun evening.”

“Don’t mention it.”

She drained her beer and then rose to her feet on shaky legs. Calvin held her hand as she regained her balance, and once again, she felt a strong, eerie vibe pass through her from feeling his hand on her skin. Her cheeks immediately became red as she blushed at the thought, though she was quick to turn her face away, lest he caught wind of the reaction she was passing through just being there in the same room with him.

Whether Calvin had caught wind of her features, he made no obvious show of it as he pushed the door open for her. He escorted her halfway of the compound before bidding her goodnight and turned around and returned to the B.Q. Tamia stood there for a moment and watched him go, feeling so alone of all of sudden. So much she felt like calling after him, not wishing for the night to end the way it had. Her lips fell open and for an instant, she thought she’d actually spoken out his name, except all that came out was a mere croak.

Feeling her loneliness return to overwhelm her, she hurried to her the kitchen back door and let herself back into her home. Locking the door and then turning off the lights, she made her way up the stairs to her room.

Finished taking a shower, she put on her nightgown and then went and lay on her bed with the magazines opened before her. Her eyes stared lasciviously at the shocking photos of naked, beautiful bodies that dotted the inner pages of the magazines. But most especially, she paid close attention to the profile of the black men. Her eyes ogled at the huge, throbbing size of their abs ... of their cocks, noticed the look of ecstatic abandonment that was rapt of their women's faces as the man penetrated them. So it was that while she flipped through the pages, her hand travelled downward and pulled her nightgown up to her thighs, as she soon began to feel the wetness emanating between her legs. Her head was still feeling a bit woozy from the beers she had drunk, and as she continued to sample through the magazines, she begun picturing Calvin's face on each of the black men's and saw her face in that of the individual women. After a while, she closed the magazines and laid her head on her pillow and this time applied both hands to stimulating her pussy.

Her eyes were shut and as she lay there swimming in her own pool of ecstasy, she imagined that it was Calvin who was doing work on her pussy and not her fingers. She imagined that somehow he had cunningly made his way into her home, and there he stood naked by her doorway, watching her play with herself while his huge ramrod dick stood at attention before him.

Instantly enraptured by the sight of him, she beckoned him forward and he came and knelt before her, spread her legs apart and smacked her hands away and began eating up her pussy. Her lips gave sudden moan at the thought of him nibbling and sucking on her clitoris. Never had she had such wanton feeling for a man, especially one whom she'd never met before. There was just so much power coming off him – so much masculinity—she felt small whenever she was near him. And then, just the sight of him naked that day—Oh God! Tamia turned herself over with her face now pressed on one of her pillows while she went on rubbing against her clitoris. She felt her body grow more and tenser as her fingers furiously spun her wild.

Her breathing grew harsh as she imagined him climbing over her, rubbing the cap of his back dick on the lips of her pussy before finally dipping it in, hearing herself cry out as he went inside her. Truly she was crying at the same time moaning aloud her pleasure, her face pressed down hard on her pillow. She gritted her teeth and saw stars explode before her eyes as finally she reached her climax. She remained like that for a moment, savouring the feeling, as slowly it dissipated from her and then she tucked herself into bed and turned off the lights.

Even at that, it was a long while before she eventually fell asleep. In her mind's eye, she kept replaying her dream of Calvin making love to her.

Chapter Seven

The morning came, and this time she went out for her typical route of jogging. She had gotten past the junction of Tudor Street and Wesley Avenue and was less than five hundred meters from stepping into the park when she heard jogging footsteps along with someone panting coming alongside her from her left. It was Janet McGovern, a second-year teacher at State College. She was about the same age as Tamia, though a bit robust with a sallow complexion and her shaggy brown hair which always seemed to look unkempt. She wore a dark blue pullover and black trainers and her brow was dotted with sweat.

“Mind if I tag along?” she asked. Though it was obvious she didn’t need any real permission for that. Tamia simply gave her a grunt and together they jogged their way into the park, their steps fell into rhythm.

“So, what’s this I hear about you picking up a tenant?” Janet enquired.

Tamia took a brief moment to think her reply. She knew about Janet and her husband though, had often a-times said hello to either of them but she couldn’t actually say that they were close friends; neighbourhood acquaintances would come close. Perhaps if she’d still be married, such an acquaintance would have blossomed into full friendship, except in such a neighbourhood where a single lady was often looked upon with suspicion and gossip. Now she realised her reason for wanting to jog along with her; the word was obviously out concerning her tenant.

“Yeah, he’s a city guy. I’d put an advert out in the paper a couple of months ago. He moved in last week.”

“Oh yeah, I saw him a few days ago when I drove past your street. A black guy.” She took a few gasps of breath before continuing. “So what’s he into?”

“What do you mean?” she asked unctuously.

“I mean ... what does he do for a living?”

Tamia hurriedly searched for a lie. “To tell the truth, I don’t really know. He’s a consultant or something, I think. Haven’t really sat down to talk with him much. Anyway, he just moved into the country a few months ago—he’s British.”

“Hmm, nice tone of voice he has,” Janet reflected.

This made Tamia nearly miss her step as she turned at her. “What?”

“I ran into him yesterday down at the Laundromat by Alleyville. He seemed nice and kind of handsome.” She then added slyly. “I noticed he didn’t have a ring on his hand either.”

“Uh ... no, I wasn’t aware if he was married or not.”

“Well, just thought I should bring it up with you,” Janet went on, not noticing the sudden frown that was on Tamia’s face. “A couple of ladies around are going to start taking a liking to him. I wouldn’t be surprised if they haven’t already.”

“Good for them,” was Tamia’s curt reply. They said goodbye to each other as they came out of the other side of the park.

The rest of the morning didn’t feel like a happy one for Tamia. She could barely concentrate on her driving as she headed for work. Her mind was still clouded with images of her tenant, of doing stuff with him she’d never imagined doing with another man before. She recalled the inquisitiveness of her jogging companion earlier and frowned at the thought that others already had begun setting their eyes on him. Stupid, piggish sluts that they are.

There was a board meeting going on an hour later, and though she was attentive through it all, part of her mind still had the picture of Calvin imprinted on her thoughts. Back in her office, while checking through her

office mails during her lunch break, she unearthed one of the TP magazines from inside her bag, scanned through the opening pages till she found the online site address and then typed it in the address bar of her system.

Tamia took her time, perusing the website's pages. Never before had she visited an adult website, and she couldn't help but feel excited at what she was currently doing. She read through several client's remarks and comments, and also scrolled through the faces of the delectable black men who's track records made up for the site's entertainment. There was Kent ... Booker ... Jones ... Baby D ... Tee Mac ... then there was Calvin.

Still scrolling with her mouse, she clicked on his profile, reading up on his biography, scanned through several of his explicit photo shoots and when she was done, watched a couple of TP movie previews. It's too bad the site didn't divulge some important info such as his phone number; she would loved to have called him up and pretend to be some mystery fan. Or who knows, she'd probably take things a step further and call him sometime in the night, or during the day, and have a sort of phone-sex talk with him. She'd give him a phoney name of course, and tell him how much she'd been admiring him ever since he showed up in Coaster Grove and how much she was dying to be a slut for him. Yes, that really would be nice ... though what would happen if he decided to want to meet her in person, what then would she say?

Tamia shook her head. Oh my God, what am I thinking? Sitting here daydreaming over some guy, that's what. She returned her thoughts to what was on her computer screen. Much of the contents of the site was user-friendly as she easily navigated her way from one segment back and forth to another. So intrigued was she, she barely stopped herself as she clicked on the registration form and began filing up her application. She included her social security number as well as her credit card number, though instead of using her real name, she made up a fictitious one, before signing off. They gave her a curt reply, thanking her for registering and promised to get back at her as soon as possible.

After she'd logged off, she slumped on her chair and thought back on all that her neighbour Janet had informed her during their jogging episode. her mind speculated on how long it would be before anyone around Coaster

Grove stumbled upon this information of him; she prided herself that she hadn't revealed anything to Janet, but in a way knew that as hopeless. True, he was handsome, and down-right sexy ... plus, he was a sexual services provider, whatever that term meant. It definitely wouldn't take him long before he began getting acquainted with her female neighbours, most of whom were dowdy married wives.

But the question was that if and when that happens, what's going to become of her? Did she have strong feelings towards him? Yes, she admitted, she did. And the feelings seemed to be growing stronger almost every time her eyes so happened to fall on him. that was to be expected—she hadn't been with another man since her marriage crumbled, and it was only right that her body should be screaming for one by now. But then another question presented itself to her: of what did she think she was attracted to him about? Was it the chance at having some good, hot sex with him, of having a manly company around her again? Or could her feelings be something a bit bigger than that? Hard to tell, and with her sitting here and doing nothing about it, she never would know, would she?

Later in the day, after she'd closed from work, she drove around until she came across what she was looking for: a triple-X movie and accessory shop. She went it and enquired from the guy behind the cash register if he had any Tongue Patrol movie series in his collection. He directed her to the interracial isle where they would be found. Tamia went over and picked up three separate editions. She was especially interested in one that bore Calvin's name in the cast list. Done with that, she bought herself a black muscular-looking rubber dildo, and after settling her bill, drove for home.

She noticed, as she drove her car into her driveway, the outside lights of the Boys Quarter were on, indicating that he was at home. She didn't want to go over, but somehow she wasn't dictating the rule to herself as she found her legs pulling her towards the flat.

The sitting room lights were on, and so was the TV, but there was no one there. She noticed a bottle of already opened wine standing on the centre table beside two pairs of wine glasses. Looking through the glass of the sliding door, she also noticed a pair of female sandals resting beside the foot of the long couch—he's got a visitor today! She turned around and was

about to scuttle when she began hearing muffled grunting sounds coming from somewhere inside; the grunting was followed by muffled moans, the likes that could only be of two persons fucking. A wave of excitement travelled through her body, making her nipples stand erect. She left her handbag by the entrance and made her way in light steps to where the bedroom window was. The grunting noise was getting stronger from there, and it was followed by what could only be moaning sounds. She approached the window carefully and looked into the room.

Calvin was naked once again, except this time he wasn't alone. A woman was on his bed on her hands and knees on his bed, wearing nothing but a pair of nylon stockings while Calvin stood behind her, his hands grasping each side of her waistline while he was busy fucking her from behind. She didn't look like anyone Tamia knew or had met around the neighbourhood before; from where she stood, she couldn't really tell if she had a ring on her finger or not.

The woman's ample breasts jiggled from side to side, even as Calvin grabbed a handful of her blonde hair, forcing her to look up even as she kept on moaning aloud her pleasure. Tamia hungrily feed her eyes on the sight of Calvin's sweat-drenched torso, ogling at the way his muscular abs shimmered as he pumped his might in and out of the woman; even from where she stood, she could very much hear the sound of their flesh slapping against each other, see the way the woman's round ass bounced each time he rammed her. She stood there and watched as he then removed himself, came and lay on the bed and then watched as the woman mounted him, her back facing the window behind which she stood.

She gaped at the sight of Calvin drawing the woman forward over him, his large black hands grasping either moons of the woman's ass once again he drove his giant cock in and out of her, making the woman cry out more. Already, Tamia stole her hand under her skirt and began rubbing against her clit, eliciting excitement from her. She was so turned on by what she was seeing that later when she was back in the safety of her home, she would chide herself for never getting the bold mind of stepping in the flat, going into the room and demand that he give her the same treatment. Her eyes didn't stray an inch from what was going on in the bedroom. She watched

as Calvin withdrew his dick from underneath her, heard the woman cry out that he should put it back in, and heard her moan aloud as he did, his hands grasping, fondling, and smacking her butt as she went on bouncing down hard on him. Oh God, how she wished that was her in there right now. How she wished that was her butt being punished like that. Oh, how I'd give anything to have that huge black dick inside her right now, riding her up and down, back and forth non-stop. She stood there and watched as the woman screamed out her orgasm, and as Calvin suddenly picked up pace still finally he withdrew his cock from underneath her pussy and ejaculated thick semen over the back of her ass, as the woman then collapsed over him. It was at that moment that Tamia decided to call a halt to her own action as she then hurried over to where she'd left her handbag and half ran to her home.

She let herself in through the kitchen door, but instead of proceeding further into the house, she turned on the light, half climbed on the table with her skirt raised and her panties pushed to the side as she then proceeded to finish what she had started outside her tenant's window. Her fingers played energetically as she inserted them in and out of her pussy, her lips moaned aloud while her eyes clamped shut as she relived what she'd just seen. So enraptured was she that she nearly fell off the table as the explosion of an orgasm raked her from within. She sat there on the table for a while with her legs still opened before her, panting like a bitch in heat; her hair lay tousled over her face. She resembled someone who'd just been through a hurricane. She wondered why she hadn't got up the bold mind to go in there and surprise them, and join in on the fun. God, for how long would she keep punishing herself like this! This was so much she could take. Tamia got up from the table and gazed out her kitchen window across the yard at the Boy's Quarter, she wondered if maybe she was still bold enough to go back there. If it wasn't too late for her to think about joining in.

No, she thought she'd better not; not every woman is willing to want to share a good thing with another woman ... God knows, if that woman had been her, never in a million years, not even for all the diamonds in South African would she wish to share a man like Calvin with another woman. She picked up her handbag and went upstairs.

She stayed up late watching the X-rated DVD she'd bought. She paid much attention especially to the parts where Calvin was involved. There was one of the episodes where three of them, him included, were involved in an orgy taking place in a palatial room. While she watched, she sat up with her nightgown pushed up her legs while she fingered her pussy with the black rubber dildo she'd bought. How warm and nice it made her feel ... she'd bet that was exactly how Calvin's cock too would feel once it was inside her.

Chapter Eight

The following day, at their favourite deli, during their lunch break:

“Can I ask you a really crazy question?”

Alice looked up from her burger lunch meal at her friend. “Depends on her crazy it’s going to be, but go ahead and ask.”

“All these years that you and Rob have been married, have you,” Tamia paused for a moment, hopping she had the question right before continuing. “Have you ever gone all the way out to get some kind of release from someone else?”

“What kind of release are we talking about?” Alice took a bite out of her burger.

“You know—sexual release.”

Her friend’s mouth halted in her chewing. “You mean if I’ve ever cheated on Rob, is that what you’re asking?”

“I wouldn’t actually put it that way—”

“Oh yeah,” Alice exclaimed with a raised eyebrow. “How else would you put it then?”

“Look, it’s not like I’m prying or trying to make you say something you’d regret. I’m just, you know, talking as a friend, if maybe you alone, or Rob along with you, have ever like thought about indulging in any type of swinging before.”

“You mean, if he and I have ever gone naughty with others before?”

Tamia nodded. “Something like that.”

“Why do you ask?”

Tamia could only shrug her shoulders. “I don’t know ... just something I felt like asking. Look, you don’t have to answer if it’s too hard for you.”

Her friend looked down on her half-finished burger, picked up her napkin and dabbed her lips. For a while they both sat there, neither of them saying anything. Tamia figured she’s hurt her friend with her question when she spoke up.

“All this time we’ve known ourselves, you’ve never once thought to ask me such until now. What’s your reason?”

“Nothing,” Tamia retracted. “Nothing at all. I’m sorry I asked.” She picked up her milkshake and sipped from her straw, though Alice’s eyes still remained on her.

“You’ve met someone.”

It was more of a statement than a question and it so took Tamia off guard.

“What?”

“I said you’ve met someone. Either that, or you’re thinking about hooking up with someone.”

“I never told you anything about meeting anyone.”

Alice gave her a confiding smile. “That’s because you don’t have to—I’ve known you well enough to read you like a book. Tell me about him.”

She shook her head. “I can’t. I’m only thinking about him, I haven’t spoken to him yet.”

“Just tell me he doesn’t work in the same building as we do, and also that he’s not over fifty and married.”

“I can promise you, he’s none of that. Right now I’m just confused about if I want to approach him or not. A part of me wants to, while another part of me ... oh, I don’t know. My mind’s all messed up right now” She held her head in her hand, looking desperately sad.

“Does he feel the same way? Has he caught your eye on him by any chance?”

“No, I doubt if he has. The thing is, I haven’t had sex in a long while—”

“Wrong,” her friend interjected. “You haven’t had sex too long a while.”

Both of them laughed.

“Yeah, thanks for nailing it hard on the head for me.”

“You’re welcome—it’s what true friends are for.”

“So, back to what I was saying, I don’t know if it’s infatuation or if it’s something more than that.”

“That’s a hard dilemma. But it’s something you’ll just have to find out.”

And that was the end of their talk. Tamia decided not to press her friend any further, least it turned ugly between them. She’d always known Alice to be very sensitive to any type of talk that referred to her marital life, like it was the only thing she spent the entire day living for. Of course she knew how much she loved she loved Rob, and that the love was reciprocal. Though sometimes she wished her friend wouldn’t always seem so uptight about revealing some things to her. There was practically nothing that Alice didn’t know or hadn’t known concerning her times spent with Jerry. The fact that Tamia knew so little of her friend’s social or even private life made it seem demurring that she knew much about her friend at all.

Back at her office, on a lark, she went online to check through her private email. There was a surprised look on her face when she noticed an unread email waiting for her in her box that bore the Tongue Patrol name. She opened it and saw that her membership had just been approved, and also

they'd sent her TP Visitation form, regarding if she'd like to taste the experience, first hand, of any of the men from the Tongue Patrol crew; it even gave her a list to choose from, regarding which of the men she would want to have, or if she'd prefer a gangbang. Tamia couldn't believe her luck—this was just what she'd needed. After all this time, of living the life of a celibate, she was finally going to get her cheery popped.

She printed out the form and folded it in her handbag. She would fill it as soon as she got home. Later that night, she masturbated on her black dildo while watching one of the Tongue Patrol flicks, and amazingly she made herself cum twice in a row. That was an all-out record for her.

Chapter Nine

The next day was a Friday, a day that Tamia was often grateful for since she didn't have to work till five. By 4:10 p.m., she'd left the office and headed straight home. Though the day was a sunny one, she almost wished she had some better place to head out to rather than being stuck all day at home. Oh well, first thing she needed to do was water her plants in her backyard garden. She'd been neglecting them for the past couple of days, ever since Calvin began preying on her mind.

Sometime around past five, by which time she was long through with her plants, having changed into a pair of tank top and jean shorts, she lay on a reclining chair under an awning close to where her garden was, perusing a novel. So engrossed she was in it, she didn't notice the shadow of a man approaching her not until his shoes stepped on some gravel stones that marked the path to her garden.

"Lovely evening," Calvin observed, coming to stand a few feet from her.

Tamia nearly jumped in her seat at the sight of him. She had totally avoided seeing him yesterday, and since she woke up this morning she actually thought that she was succeeding in putting him off her mind ... but she knew that wasn't true. Or was she so soon to forget that she had mailed the TP form earlier this morning?

"Mind if I join you?" Calvin asked politely.

"Sure, of course." Tamia indicated at a spare chair which he drew closer and sat down on. He wore a pair of jeans and sleeveless sweater; Tamia so much admired his athleticism, the way his arms muscles complemented his stature. It suddenly brought back the memory of him banging that woman, and she hurriedly tried removing the picture from my mind, least she divulged something that she ought not to.

“You’ve really got the eye of a florist,” he indicated his head at the flower pots of red and pink roses and dandelions she had earlier watered.

“Thank you. It’s not much. I keep telling myself to make time to plant more, but time is what I don’t have.”

“I know what you mean. I get the same feeling sometimes, that I’m running out of time. But well, thank God it’s Friday.”

“You got anything special lined up between now and then?” Tamia enquired innocuously.

“Well, I’m expecting some company soon. Other than that,” he shrugged his shoulders. “How about you?”

Tamia shook her head. “I’m not much of an outdoor girl. Those days are long gone for me.”

“I thought with this sort of neighbourhood you’d be well in touch with everyone around.”

“I try my best to avoid them almost as much as I pray they’d do the same to me. I really aren’t much of a people person, I guess. I’m much too self-conscious about what they’d feel about me.”

“Either that or maybe you’ve been out of practise for a while,” he remarked.

She gave him a curious look. “Meaning?”

“That you seem like someone who prefers being indoors and alone much of the time. I’ve noticed that throughout this week, and not once have I seen you return home with a friend. And it’s too bad you don’t have a pet either.”

My Gosh, he’s been watching me too? “Well, I do sometimes visit, but much of my friends are married. You know how married girlfriends are boring. It’s hard making new ones.”

“But I thought you told me you weren’t married any longer, Tamia?”

“Indeed I’m not. But first, why this concerned inventory of me?”

“I’m sorry if I am; don’t mean to be nosy at all; just a friendly neighbour’s observation that’s all.”

“Hmm, how nice. And I’ll bet you’ve begun having yourself company.”
Ops! Mustn’t go there. “What I mean is that a couple of folks around have been enquiring about you lately.”

This seemed to interest him. “Really? Never knew I was that popular.”

“Folks here are usually the nosy time. Or at least they enjoy being that way whenever someone new moves into the neighbourhood. That’s how they were with me when my ex-husband and I settled in. it’s too bad you aren’t married, they’d be knocking on your door by now.”

“Oh well, maybe I’ll just have to find some means of introducing myself around.” He glanced at his watch and then got up. “Well, looks like I’ll be returning home to start getting prepared for my guest. It was nice talking with you, Tamia.”

“Likewise, Calvin.”

They shook hands and then he turned around and returned back the same way he’d come for the B.Q. Tamia, not finding much interesting in her book again, got up and headed back inside. All of a sudden, the house seemed a bit claustrophobic for her to be in. Everything was so familiar to her she barely noticed anything being out of place or that required pressing attention. She opted taking a shower and then going out for a walk. She stood by the window in her bedroom, the one that looked down on the backyard and as she stood there unclasping her earrings, she noticed a pert-looking young lady dressed in summer clothes walking into the compound, heading towards where the Boy’s Quarter was. Looking across, she saw Calvin appear from around the corner of the B.Q., signalling her over as she then rushed into his arms. Tamia stood there watching them, her hand played with her breasts under her top, while her other undid the buttons of her shorts to get at her sensitive skin under her panties. Without much effort, she had already begun to grow wet. She stood there watching as

Calvin and the young woman hugged and kissed, her arms tied around his neck while his were fondling her ass behind flowery skirt. It wasn't long before he led her as they both then disappeared around the corner into the B.Q.

Tamia still stood there playing with herself, slowly becoming engrossed with what she was doing. Though it was short lived as her cell phone suddenly began to ring.

Tamia muttered a curse before finally prying the phone out of her pocket and answered with a mock angry voice: "Hello?"

"Hello there," a woman spoke into her ear. "Is this Tamia Ronan that I'm speaking to?"

"Yes, this is her," she replied, sweeping a flock of red hair off her face.

"Hi there, this is Tongue Patrol services. Just wanted to let you know that your form has been filed and accepted for tomorrow just as you requested. Whenever you're ready, please notify us between now and tomorrow for when you'd like our service provider to shop up at your doorstep."

Service provider? Tamia thought. Are they running a Jehovah Witness church group or what for them to call themselves that?

Chapter Ten

She lay on the bed, a tightness of apprehension gnawing in her chest. Was he going to come, or not? She wondered? She checked her watch. Their appointment was fixed for 2:00 p.m.; presently it was half past the hour of one. but when that didn't do, she got up and walked the length of the room, stopping to peep out the window down at the motel's parking lot that also looked out the front of the building, something she had done several times already, even though the expected hour was yet to arrive. Would she be able to sight him before he knocked on her door? She thought aloud. Turning away from the window with a quelling sense of resignation, she lay on the bed and pretended to carry on with the novel she'd been reading, fighting the urge not to glance at her watch till when she figured it was getting close. Still she couldn't shake off the desire that today was going to end up different for her; today was the day she made a choice of stepping out of her mundane routine and try and embrace something new to herself.

She had made the necessary arrangements over the phone last night after receiving the Tongue Patrol acceptance phone call. When asked to specify her 'service provider' (that was the word they'd used. Specify), she'd inputted Calvin's name. She'd waited till the following morning being today to give them the name of the motel—one that she'd found from riffling through the Yellow Pages—and the room number that she would be in. By that time, she'd already raced over to book for the room, explaining to the befuddled manager that she would be back by noon to claim it; it was good luck that business at the motel was slow and as such the room had been vacant. God knows what she would have done if it had been. She hadn't even bothered to check the room out, didn't even haggle with the manager when he told her how much it would cost to rent the room for the whole day. She'd simply dipped a hand into her handbag and settled it right there and then.

That had been easy; the tough part was thinking up what to wear. She'd never been the sort with a provocative personality, and not once in her past life with her ex-husband had the idea occurred to her to indulge in some alternative type of lifestyle. Though she figured it was never too late to make amends in that avenue. She wore on a pair of red silk panties and matching bra, and then took out a tight-fitting pair of blue jeans. One which she knew would do well to accentuate the curvature of her ass once she tucked herself into it. She opted for simplicity but with some mode of hidden eroticism, as she wore on a polka-dot blouse and then began setting up her hair and facial make-up. Every being of her cried out for attention, and she could only begin to imagine what her encounter today would open in her. Would she be able to stand the surprise when Calvin walks in the room and discover that she was his appointed date? It was also a good thing that she'd managed to avoid seeing him when she left her home to come here.

Tamia couldn't stop herself from glancing at her wristwatch once again. It was only a quarter to two. Dammit! Why won't the time run very fast? It was a wasted effort trying to concentrate on her novel, so she closed it and rested her head on one of the bed's pillow. Before she knew it, she'd begun to doze off.

Ten minutes later there was a knock on her door. Tamia muttered something indiscernible before immediately coming awake to recalling that she wasn't in her bedroom at all. No, she was in a motel room and she was here expecting the arrival of someone.

Calvin.

The knock came again.

"I'm coming," She called out as she got up from the bed. She felt a hand through her hair, took a second to gather herself before going over to unlock the door.

There was a surprised look on Calvin's face as the door came open and he saw it was her. She too was taken aback, as if she'd half expected he would ever show or, or that they would have sent over someone else instead of

him. They stood there for a moment, staring back at each other. She wanted to say something. Her lips came open with the want of saying something ... except she couldn't.

But the feeling of surprise was over in an instant as Calvin rushed into the room, making her stumble backward on her feet. With one hand, he slammed the door close behind him and locked the door while his other wrapped itself around her backside and pulled her forcefully towards him. His lips grasped hers in a kiss. So stunned she was by his sudden approach, she barely had time to think up a reaction to it as she then found herself willingly returning the favour of his kiss. She wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled his head downward towards hers; their tongues clashing against each other, his large hands roaming her body, going downward to grab the twin mound that was her ass. Tamia felt herself letting go, felt herself surrender to him. She freed her lips from his and moans softly while her hands rubbed his arms, feeling the powerful muscles that rested inside his tight-fitting tee shirt.

“Oh God, Calvin,” she moaned into his ear while he kissed her neck. “Oh God, I’ve been wanting you for so long now.”

Calvin reached under her and picked her up in his arm and carried her towards the bed. Gently, as if he was carrying an egg, he laid her on the bed and once again kissed her on the lips as she again held his neck and brought him down upon her. Calvin succumbed to her lust, his lips grasping hers in a fierce kiss as she then warped her legs around his thighs; she wanted him so bad, already she could feel herself getting wet with anticipation.

Calvin undid the buttons of her blouse, but Tamia assisted in freeing her breasts from their bra-strapped prison and pulling his head downward to suck on them. Calvin lolled his tongue around her nipples, pausing for a moment to swallow as much of her breasts as he could. Tamia moaned in response, grinding her hips against his. My God, she thought to herself, and to think that I’d waited all this long just to have this!

Calvin moved from her breasts downward to her navel region, inserting and lolling his tongue around it, even as he was busy working on the belt buckle of her jeans. In no time, he was pulling it off her legs; he sucked air through

his teeth as he took in her red panties, along with her lovely figure. He in turn took off his shirt, threw it across the room, and came down towards her.

He reached into her panties and wasn't surprised at how soaking wet she was. Cupping her panties to the side, he lowered his head and began to lap up and down on her labia, eliciting shock waves of excitement upon her. He did this for several more times before beginning to nibble on her clitoris. Tamia jerked backward and cried out as she immediately arrived at her first orgasm for the day, one that hadn't come from her working with a dildo on herself. She pressed her hands hard on Calvin's head, praying for him not to stop from what he was doing to her. Calvin held her legs farther apart, inserted two fingers into the pink wetness that was her pussy, and continued to nibble and lick and suck. He held her ass in his hands and inserted his tongue as deep as he could into her asshole. Tamia was so enraptured by all what he was doing to her, her body shook and quivered as soon she came a second time.

Calvin came up and told her to open her mouth as he gave her his two fingers which had previously being in the wetness of her pussy. Tamia sucked it, loving the taste; her body still hadn't stopped quivering from her last orgasm and for just a tiny instant, she wondered how it would feel like once he inserted his tool inside her. All of a sudden, she couldn't wait anymore for that to happen.

"I want you right now," she breathed.

"I'll bet you do." Calvin stood up on the bed and Tamia came over and hurriedly freed his cock from the confines of his jeans. Her mouth hung open with rapt shock and joy at the thought that having first seen him naked, then having seen him applying sexual punishment to some other woman, she was now finally gasping his huge manhood in her hand. It was big all right, bigger than anything she'd ever seen before. And to think of all the things she'd been missing all this time.

"My God, it's so big ... and beautiful."

Calvin didn't allow her time to say anything else as he pushed her head forward to swallow him. Tamia felt the round head of his cock jam against the end of her throat as her mouth opened up wide to him. She sucked his cock with sublime vigour, even though it was a bit hard for her to actually take in everything. She held the length of his shaft with both hands, amazed at its size and girth, before once again applying her mouth and tongue to it shamelessly. Calvin stopped for a moment to lie on the bed and then allowed her to continue with what she was doing. He gave her as much free reign, wanting her to enjoy the moment as much as he was too; after all, he was here to dot her with pleasure and not just giving, but letting her have as much will power over him as she could. Tamia couldn't believe what was happening to her. Never before had she been so lascivious as she was now. She moaned deep in her throat, forcing her mouth to open wider to swallow him; her other hand played with her pussy, feeling the wetness that was still overflowing there.

She groaned when Calvin took his cock back from her. But it was only because he wasn't finished with her yet; the day won't be over until she got what she was owed.

"Here, come up," indicated for her to come and sit over him, which she did, grasping his wet cock in her hand while he held her as she gently allowed it to penetrate her pussy lips.

She cried out as his cock perforated her, making her reach sudden climax. Her body was still in the grips of her orgasm as slowly he urged her onward to bounce on him. Though it began with a slow pace, with him wanting her to first get used to his length and girth, but it didn't take long before things began to kick up. Tamia couldn't stem down her moaning; each time she wiggled her ass down on his cock only seemed to drive her into further paroxysm of ecstasy.

"Oh my God ... Oh my God ... Calvin ... oh God, you're killing me!"

She leaned towards him, held his head in her arms and kissed him fiercely. Calvin held her ass in both his hands, his fingers pressing hard into her ample round white flesh, and raised it and then dropped it down as hard as

he could back on his cock, making Tamia cry out more. Never had she felt anything as good as this as she kept on calling out his name.

With her arms still wrapped around his neck, Calvin turned her over and this time, he was on top. Tamia, though her mind at the moment was halfway across the galaxy, was grateful for this. So much she wanted him to take charge, for him to maul her in much the same way as he'd done to that other woman whom she'd peeped him with.

Calvin began with slow, short strokes, soaking his cock with the juice of her wetness, after which he started giving her lengthy strokes, driving himself deeper into until now unexplored territories of her pussy. Tamia exploded with climax after climax—she could barely recall how many times she'd cum. Calvin held her legs straight up; Tamia loved the way sweat rolled down from his face unto his torso, the way he seemed to control his breathing as he kept on fucking her. It was almost as if she was here with a machine and not a man. All this time she'd climaxed and yet he still had as much staying power for more than one man alone. More and more, her moans alternated between high pitches and low gasping ones, as he then came to her, allowing her to wrap her arms and legs over his waist. She grasped his ass, feeling his throbbing power and he pumped his cock in and out of her as hard as he could; the sound of his thighs slapping against her flesh, coupled with the creaking sound of the bed undergoing punishment, along with both of them moaning into each other's face filled the room.

“You know,” Calvin whispered into her ear, “I saw you looking into my room the other day.”

Tamia looked up sharply at him, dumbfounded by his sudden revelation. Calvin grinned down at her, still continuing with his pace.

“Oh yes, I did,” he whimpered. “Even thought you were going to come in. I almost wanted to come outside and get you myself, except I didn't think the other lady would have liked it, being caught up in the moment and everything.”

Tamia's words were a bit disjointed as she managed to reply him. “I saw you. Oh God, I saw you fucking that woman ... I wanted ... I wished you

were ... Uhhh ... Uhhh ... that you were doing it to me.” She was so aroused by her words, she felt herself strolling up a high mountain as he kept on fucking on. “Uhhh ... I so wish you’d fuck me like you did her ... that you’d fuck me more!”

“Is that what you’ve wanted all this time,” Calvin asked her. “To be fucked hard? You like the way I’m fucking you right now?”

“Oh God, I love it ... I love it! Ohh ... Ohhhh ... God, Calvin ... you’re driving me crazy!”

She shut her eyes gritted her teeth, feeling her body shake and quiver as another round of orgasm broke over her. Her voice sounded hoarse from all her crying out, and yet she couldn’t stop.

It wasn’t long before Calvin climaxed. He pulled his cock out at just the last minute and unleashed his load of semen upon her. He groaned lengthily as he stroked his cock between her legs. Tamia watched with amazement as more and more thick and juicy semen continued to seep out of the head of his dick. Her mind still lingered on the bout of fucking she had just received, and it wasn’t long before she underwent another earth-shattering round of orgasm, slowly bringing her back down to earth. Calvin came and lay beside her. He rubbed some of his semen over her body and then brought it towards her. Tamia opened her mouth and joyfully licked and swallowed his semen; it felt so good, she regretted him ejaculating much of it over her body. Next time she won’t miss to swallow everything.

Chapter Eleven

The room was now quiet. Calvin stood by the window, peeping out through the curtains while Tamia lay there on the bed ogling his body. They were both still naked and they had gone through another lengthy round of fucking before finally deciding to call it off for now, at least. The bed was dishevelled, and the room still bore the aroma of their sex.

“Hey there, lovely stranger,” Tamia called out to him. Calvin turned away from the window to face her. She beckoned to him. “Mind bringing your fine self over here to keep a woman happy?”

“Forgive me, your highness,” Calvin laughed, coming to join her on the bed. They held each other in a tight embrace and kissed. For Tamia, the day was a dream come through.

“How’re you feeling?” he enquired.

“Like I’ve been fucked by a bullet train,” she answered, making both of them laugh.

They lay there cuddling each other, he rubbed his hand against her thigh while she felt the muscles of his arm, neither of them saying anything, merely taking pleasure in the silence and comfort of being next to each other.

“So,” Tamia broke the silence, “you saw me standing outside your window that evening?”

Calvin nodded. “You had this huge, surprised look on your face, like you’d just witnessed an alien landing. I almost felt like laughing.”

“And you said you’d expected I’d come inside?”

“Well, didn’t you feel like it?”

“To tell the truth, I did. I really, really did. Now when I think of it, I wondered why I never came inside. Really I could be such a senile creature sometimes.”

“So tell me when you went back home, what did you do?”

She grunted. “What else, I masturbated. Furiously.”

They both laughed again.

“I must have masturbated three or four times that night, and the night after as well. You sure know how to inflict surprises on a girl.”

“Well, it depends on how long the girl in question has been away from having sex. I could tell from all the time we talked that you haven’t had it in a long time.”

“A long time, yes. Ever since my ex-husband and I broke up.”

“Now what kind of jerk-off would want to break up with a pretty fine thing such as yourself?”

She crooked a smile at him, amused by his words. “The same jerk-off who was busy two-timing me. But I got rid of him as soon as I could, and I’m happy for it.”

“And all that time and now, you never thought about doing something about it?”

“Something like what? Go out and get drunk in an all-men’s bar, or join a swinger’s club?”

He shrugged. “That might do for a start. Either that or get yourself a boyfriend; ain’t no woman out there who’s too old to have one. And you’re still a hottie.”

“Thank you for saying that. The truth is I always wanted to. Just never could find the strength or courage to do it alone.”

Calvin came up and wrapped one of her breasts in his hand and kissed her nipple; Tamia held his head, a sigh escaping her lips.

“You know, you could have had me anytime you felt like, instead of reaching through my office,” he mused. “I even thought that’s what you would have done.”

“Forgive me, your highness,” she replied him with his former words. “But I’ve never done this type of thing before. Matter of fact, I haven’t felt this way before in a long time. From the moment you came and knocked on my door ... I just don’t know. You’ve really changed me with your presence, you can’t imagine. All those other days after I came once and saw you naked in the B.Q., doing some exercises out in the living room, I’ve done nothing but fantasise about you. Just being with you as you are here with me now. So many times I wanted to come up to you, except I was too afraid, I guess.”

“You shouldn’t be. I saw the look in your eyes that other day I met you by your garden. I felt a strong vibe coming off you that I really wanted to grab hold of.”

This got her attention. “Well then why didn’t you? That was all I was expecting you to do.”

“Hey, don’t go blaming me. I just moved into a new country, and here I am, living in a neighbourhood I know so little of, with a beautiful woman for a landlord. In a way, I feel so very guilty.”

“Guilty of what?”

“For taking so long for this to happen. Now that I think of it, I sure wish I’d come out and dragged you inside that day you watched me through my window.”

“Here’s what I think you should do to make up for that – finish what you started, we can always talk more later.”

She pulled his head back to her breasts and Calvin resumed sucking it. In no time, Tamia felt herself getting wet again. She reached for his dick and began stroking it while he dipped his finger in and out of her glistening pussy. He brought the finger to her mouth for her to lick and then returned it back where he’d brought to from. Calvin after a while came up to his knee, his cock having returned to its erect state, and offered it for her to play with. Tamia took his cock into her mouth and sucked it, moaning in her throat as she choked on it. When she felt she’d had enough, she lay back on the bed, and Calvin planted one of her legs over his shoulder and began to fuck her again.

This time he didn’t bother with taking his slow, patient time with her. This time he was on automatic cruise control, jerking his hips in and out of her legs as fast as he could, giving it to her hard and rough. Tamia squeezed her nipples with both hands hard enough to draw pain, but all she got instead was unfathomable pleasure as Calvin went on applying his full skills towards bringing her to searing orgasm.

“Aww ... Aww ... Oohhh my God!” she whimpered as her body shook from the throb of orgasm that tore through her innards with exquisite delight. By this time, she had both feet raised towards the ceiling, her arms tightly wrapped around Calvin, as he went on pounding hard and deep into her.

Outside, the sky slowly grew dark.

Chapter Twelve

The sun had disappeared completely from the sky, replaced by cluster of cumulonimbus clouds by the time they left the motel and drove back home together. The neighbourhood was dark and quiet when they arrived; that felt good to Tamia, because she didn't wish for anyone to take note of both herself and her tenant returning home together.

She parked in her driveway and killed the engine, though neither of them made any move to come down from the car. Finally, she turned to look at him, and smiled.

"I can't begin to thank you enough for the fun time I had today," she said.

He shrugged. "We aim to please."

She opened her purse and took out a signed cheque which she handed to him. "I guess I ought to be giving you this for a job well done."

Calvin returned the cheque slip to her open hand and let her fingers close over it. "I did this not for the money. I merely wanted to give you what you'd been missing."

She looked at him for a moment. "I guess this changes a lot between us, and at the same time it doesn't."

"The only change is that I'm open to you whenever you want me. Don't bother calling the office anymore—you have my number already. Or anytime you feel like, you can just come over to the B.Q."

Tamia leaned forward and kissed him. "Thank you," she whispered into his ear.

Calvin reached an arm across and drew her close to him in an embrace.

Finally, they let go of each other and go out of the vehicle. They told each other good night as they each made their way back to their separate homes. Tamia let herself in through her back door of her kitchen. She went into the living room, dropped her handbag and car keys on the table, but instead of heading upstairs, she slumped down on the couch, thinking to herself. Incoherent thoughts was all that flooded through her mind. The most pressing was the thought of spending another cold night alone in this dump, just her being with herself. There was a hungry gnawing inside of her, and it had nothing to do with food. She thought back on her afternoon escapade. How nice it would be to live through it once again.

After a moment's silence, she slapped her hands on her knees, muttered 'fuck it,' and then got up and headed for the kitchen and from there out the back door where she then locked it and turned in the direction of the Boy's Quarter.

Though the lights outside were on, the ones inside the living room weren't. Tamia knocked on the glass door, called out Calvin's name, but all she got was silence. She checked and was glad to see the door wasn't locked. She pushed it open and let herself inside.

She could still remember where the light switch on the wall was situated and was reaching out for it when she felt a hand grab hold of hers. She nearly choked on her breath but suddenly relaxed when she felt a second hand come around to envelope her, and then she took in the scent that was Calvin.

"We don't need the light to be alone," he breathed into her ear.

Tamia felt her hands behind her, getting a better feel of him, and was surprised to find that he was naked; already she could feel his huge cock poking at her behind. She surrendered herself to him, turned around to face him as his hands went about taking off her clothes.

"How did you know I was going to come?" she asked him breathlessly.

"It's just like that John Mayer song," he smiled at her in the dark. "'Your body's wonderland.'"

With just her bra and panties the only accessories on her body, Calvin scooped her from her feet and carried her towards the bedroom.

He kicked the door in and went and dumped her on the bed. Tamia gave a squeal of shock and happiness upon hitting the bed. Tamia rolled over to be on her back, coming to sit up on the bed as Calvin went over to turn on the bedroom's light, giving her a perfect sight of his nakedness. Oh God, such a lovely specimen he is, she thought to herself. What I wouldn't give just to have that type of body lying beside me all day and night.

Already Calvin could sense what was running through her mind as he returned to her. "You're checking me out?"

"I'm marvelling at just how beautiful you are," she said. She could feel herself labouring to breath just from sitting there ogling him.

Calvin came and stood before her, smiling as she ran her hands over every part of his body, feeling the muscles of his arms and stomach abs. Finally her hand went down to cradle his erect giant cock. This same cock which only a couple of hours ago he'd used in ravishing her in ways that she had never been ravished before.

"You're such a magnificent, beautiful creature," she muttered, gently stroking his cock, holding it as if it were something of priceless value, which in a way it was. Calvin's hand smoothed her hair away from her face, just loving the look of unabashed joy that was etched between her eyes.

"You really want to suck it, don't you?" he asked her. "You want to take that big black cock of mine and shove it inside your mouth and let your tongue roll all over it, don't you?"

"Yes," she responded breathlessly, her eyes completely engrossed with stroking his cock. She then looked up at him pleadingly. "I want it so damn bad. I've been a good girl all my life, now I want your cock to make me bad."

"You want to be a slut for my cock, is that it? Go ahead and say it then, let me hear you say."

“I want to become a slut for your cock,” she asserted boldly. “I want you to fuck me every which way you can with this big cock of yours, and I right now I really, really want to suck it.”

“Well then go on ahead.”

Not needing any prodding, Tamia’s mouth fell open, exhaling air as she took in his cock. She made a mewling sound in her throat as she withdrew the head of his cock from her mouth before swallowing it again.

The End