

ONE...

Where all the deceit began...

Manipulation at its finest, I told myself opening his bedroom door slowly. I had always been super confident and capable of pulling anything off. Yet this move was on another level.

I slipped into his room unannounced wearing a sexy, red lace one piece. No panties underneath. It was half past one and his girlfriend wasn't expected back until after 2:00 a.m. My role as a guest in their home had gone from a simple overnight stay to a major violation.

His room, completely dark, blended in with the color of his skin. I crept cautiously near the side of the bed searching for the exact location of his entire body. Without a clear visual, there was that overwhelmingly sense of smell...his smell...the one I loved so well. It was combined with a strong stench of alcohol.

Who was I to turn my nose up? It was after all the alcohol that had given me the chance to get close. There he was on his back, deep beneath the black silk sheets. His arms and sexy braids lay exposed for me to dream. I pulled the sheets back gradually, slipping my body up against his. The warmth my body felt rubbing against his skin had me going wild. Yet his long legs stretched about the bed, remained stiff, as if he were dead.

No doubt, he wouldn't know the difference between me and the love of his life. I'd only talked to him a brief moment just an hour before, when he stumbled in the house bragging about the entire bottle of Hennessy he'd drank by himself. I figured if he happened to awaken from his drunken stupor, he'd never know the difference.

Without hesitation, I reached over, caressing his manhood, and getting an arousal instantly. Two moans later, he breathed heavily, turned flat on his back, and grabbed me by my shoulders lightly. It was clear he wanted me on top, yet lacked the strength to do anything, even open one eye.

Like a scavenger, I took charge thinking I may never have the same moment again. I found myself on top of him, grinding hard, and holding his left hand hostage, firmly on my ass. Even drunk, he got it up. The entrance was slow, but soothing. He moved a little, but nothing like his woman had bragged. I found myself working overtime, sweating like a Sumu wrestler trying to keep him hard, as the alcohol had his spirit non-coherent. I fucked him hard, while he gave me a few weak pumps.

Suddenly, he released then instantly turned over, flipping me off of him like we weren't in the same bed. "Dammit," I screamed inside. "Two minutes! What the fuck!" I desperately needed to have an orgasm.

At that very moment everything changed. The sound of her clicking heels making their way toward their bedroom had my heart pounding. My mind flipped through different scenarios how my situation could play out. I was known to be a bad bitch, had claimed to have no fear of anything. But the reality was, it wasn't the right time to claim my man.

I hopped up as the adrenalin swept through my veins. My head darted around the room starting with the door, then toward the bathroom. The window was out of the question. Then the best hiding spot came to mind.

The sounds of her heels clicking had gotten louder, and my heart beat even faster. Quickly, I pulled the sheets back over him with poise just glad that I'd been in touch with his sweet dick. Within seconds, I'd kissed him on the cheek, and jetted underneath the bed. The door flung open, and my half-naked body clung to the stiff floorboards. While she walked near the bed, I made sure to lay still, my face touching the cold hardwood floor. My assumption, she was checking on her man.

"Drunk again," I heard her say. "Umph."

For several minutes, she fumbled around in the dark making noisy sounds and walking to and from the master bathroom. I closed my eyes wondering how long I would remain on the floor. Maybe for a few minutes or a half in hour. Maybe all night. My escape would have to come when I knew she was sound asleep. Instead of complaining, I took the time to create my action plan and vowed to one day make him mine.