

How 'Ya Livin'?

A Novel

by

Jonathan Lockett

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www.jonathanlockett.com

Chapter One

Trey

4AM CAME WAY too fast! The alarm shook my ass out of bed as I struggled to keep myself from falling back into the warm confines of my comforter. But today was not a day to reckon with—no, today I couldn't just lay there and hit the snooze—not on this day. Today I was going on vacation!

So I held my head that was smarting from the buzz of the alarm clock and ran the shower. Then quickly got into my normal routine—teeth brushing and shaving my face and baldhead with the Braun, and trimming my thick, dark goatee. I was turning toward the shower but then thought about it for one quick second—I was heading to the islands to play, so I should spend a minute more on grooming, cause things like that were important to me. So, I buzzed off what little chest and stomach hair I had, used the clippers (with guard!) to trim my pubic hair down to a thin layer just the way I liked it. Then got in the shower after admiring my taut form in the mirror. I liked what I saw. Firm, bronze-colored body, tight upper body with a hint of muscles, but not overdone, like some fucking jarhead. Tattoo-adorned—a thin tribal band on my left arm above my elbow; the colorful face of an Indian chief on my right shoulder—feathers from his headdress meandering down my arm to just below the elbow; and my latest acquisition—a five-pointed star, almost snowflake-like in form, sitting on my chest above my left nipple. Well-defined legs and a tight ass that sent the women wild (I'm just repeating what they tell me, so don't hate!).

The water running down my baldhead, face, chest and arms felt sooooo good, I could have stayed there for an hour. But Air Jamaica was calling my name, "Trey, everting irie, mon, so get ya black ass down here, mon!" and I wasn't about to miss out on any of that. It had been too damn long, ya hear me! Over a year since a real vacation for me. I mean, I've been traveling, don't get me wrong, but it just hasn't been the same. This is the vacation that I've been waiting for all year long. And today was the day. By noon I'd be on white sandy beaches! I couldn't wait.

I glanced down at my flat stomach and dark cock, grabbed the razor and the bar of soap, and went about cutting off the hair around my dick and balls. I loved that feeling of little to no hair down there...and the ladies loved it as well. I'm not sure if it was the fact that it made me more sensitive or not, but all I know was that it felt good to be fucking with smooth balls. With each scrape of the razor I thought about the possibilities awaiting me on that island—all of those dark and lovely honeys...six wonderful days...my dick began to swell as I thought of the delicious possibilities...

While toweling off, I recalled the conversation last night with my boy.

“Speak!”

“What up, dog? How ‘ya livin’?”

“Living large and in charge,” I replied to the routine that hasn’t changed in over 15 years. Vince and I are best friends, homies from way back! He’s my man, the one person I genuinely look up to and love like a brother.

“So, my man, you ready?”

“Fuck no, what you think? I got my shit all over this Mickey flick—looks like a cyclone hit this place. But don’t worry, my brutha, I *will* be ready!”

“I hear that.”

“True dat!”

“So, my man, seriously, you gonna go down there to relax, right? Find your flow and do some soul searching?” I could hear Vince through the phone cracking up before my response was forthcoming.

“What you think? I’m gonna tag every ass that winks at me...I ain’t playin!”

“Dog, listen to me—what you need to do is take it down a notch, find yourself one of those fine-ass Jamaican women, like Rachel on BET, with the long, dark hair, and thick like I don’t know what, and romance the hell out of her. Do your thing, dog, and she’ll be like putty in your hands. Then bring her ass back up to the States and make her your wife!” He chuckled but not more so that I did.

“First off, this is *me* you talking to! Why you trying to play me like that? You know that ain’t me. Shit. Wifey??? Fuck that, V. That’s you, and listen, I ain’t mad at ‘ya, but that, my brother, ain’t me. Wife,” I said, again. “Nigga please!”

It always amused me how two grown black men with close to seven years of post graduate work between us still talked like we were from the ghetto—hoodlums, like rap stars or something. That’s one thing I loved about Vince—put him in a work situation and he was all professional and shit, like another person took control off his voice—the way he said things, the manner in which he gestured and his inflection sounded so damn *intelligent* and I dare say, *prophetic*. He was good at that shit—I mean, to a certain extent I am too—I have to be in my line of work, being an attorney and such, but I’m not like Vince. He’s ‘da man when it comes to shit like that. I guess that’s why mutha fuckas pay to hear him speak! Anyway, some things never change between us, and this was one of those things—the way we spoke and vibed when we were around each other.

“I’m just saying, if it were me and I was heading to Jamaica for six days, I would be on the look out. There’s something about the islands that get my juices flowing...when I’m around those beautiful beaches and sunsets it makes me feel all romantic inside. Make me wanna grab a

honey and wine and dine her all night!” Vince was laughing now, but I knew his words were speaking the truth. That was the major difference between the two of us—the way in which we viewed the world around us. Vince was a serious romantic through and through—he still got plenty of play, but his approach was totally different than mine. Me, well, I’m just a stone-cold player! I’m in to pussy, for real! The punany, plain and simple. I don’t fuck around—when I see something I want, I go for it—no long-term romancing allowed! Just not part of my rules, ‘ya see!

“I promise you this, Vince,” I said, as I closed my garment bag filled with clothes for every possible occasion—my favorite dark, Italian-cut Armani three button suit for the club, black, tight leather pants and stretch muscle shirt, both courtesy of A|X Armani Exchange, a few Calvin Kline button downs, a D&G thin pullover in case it got chilly, assorted jeans and shorts by Guess, J. Crew, and Nautica, loafers by Helmut Lang and two pairs of sandals—black and tan, by Kenneth Cole. An unopened box of Lifestyles condoms (lubricated) lay in the upper right compartment of the garment bag. “I’m gonna relax, and I’m gonna chill, but I *will* tag every fine piece of pussy I see. I ain’t playing. This ole dick of mine is gonna get itself a fucking workout! ‘Ya hear me!?!”

“You mean *more* than normal?” He laughed some more. Then we hung up after saying our goodbyes. I had to finish packing a second bag...

Both bags along with my leather carryon were currently sequestered in the trunk of my black M3. The engine was running and humming as I prepared to leave. I was dressed casual—over-dyed jeans by Silvertab, Ralph Lauren polo shirt—robin’s egg blue, black leather jacket, and my fav Nikes, blue-tinted Oakleys perched atop my smooth dome—yeah, casual, yet stylish and fresh as only I could be—this I’m thinking to myself as I checked myself out in the full length in the hall before setting the alarm to the crib and jetting—after all, as I’m fond of saying—image is everything! No need to have the panties flying just yet. I mean, it wasn’t even daylight yet. Yeah mon!

FAST FORWARD SIX hours. I was 43,000 feet in the air and cruising above Cuba at 545 miles per hour. How I know? Cause I’m a gadget freak and brought along my handheld GPS. I pointed that bad boy out the window (I was in the aisle seat with nobody besides me), got a fix on a handful of satellites (my shit got a 12 channel receiver!) and bam! my position was instantly calculated and displayed on a small LED screen. Kind of nice to know just where a mutha fucka is at all times!

Anywho...we’d been flying for several hours and the flight had been uneventful. Security at Baltimore Washington International had been tight, but nothing overbearing—my designer belt buckle had set the

metal detector off (what else is new!) and then they went through the pockets of my leather jacket because my Beemer key looked suspiciously fat under the x-ray machine. (Don't any of these fuckers drive a *luxury* car???). I was frisked by an elderly white guy (hourly employee, no doubt!) under the watchful eyes of a pair of National Guardsmen dressed in camouflage with their fingers on the trigger of their M-16 rifles. After that I chilled at the gate until boarding time, looking around like a hawk at my fellow passengers, trying to see if there were any fine honeys that I might get next to. Alas, no such luck. That was cool with me—I needed to save my strength for when I arrived in Mo Bay, 'ya know? I decided to call my other best friend, my boo, Erika, a.k.a. Sassy, even though it was before 7 am. Shit, she hadn't even called me last night to give me a send off, so screw her if I wake her black ass up!

"Sassy, what's up girl?" I said, booming into my cell.

"This better be a fucking emergency, I swear to God." I could hear her turning over in her bed. Good, I got her at just the right time.

"What up, boo? You forgot about your main man or what? Gonna let me get on a plane without any goodbyes? You know that shit ain't right!"

A stream of expletives escaped from her mouth, and I just had to laugh out loud. I loved it when she talked dirty to me. Erika and me have been down since I don't know when. At least as long as Vince and me. Actually, we had been friends since our college days, staying tight and sharing with each other the kind of things usually reserved for same-sex friendships. But Erika was down. She was cool. One of the fellas. I let her know that every chance I got.

"Look, baby girl, sorry to wake you, but I just had to holla at you before I go."

"No, your dumb ass just had nothing else to do while waiting at the gate! Am I right?" Erika responded.

"See, now I'm hurt."

"Well, fuck you!" She laughed. "Trey, I only got one thing to say to you, since you never listen to me anyway—are you listening?"

"Yeah, Sassy. Fire away."

"Trey, use protection. You hear me???" I laughed loudly as I grunted, and disconnected her dumb ass...

Okay—here I am just ranting and raving, going on and on about this and that, and I haven't even taken the time to properly introduce myself. Where are my manners? My mother would not be proud! So, here it goes...

My name is Trey Alexander. I'm 33 years old, living in Chocolate City (that's the Nation's capital, D.C. for all of you's who are not in the know!). I'm a divorce lawyer, admitted to the bar in D.C., Virginia, and New York. I work for a prestigious law firm in D.C.—and, no, I'm not going to tell you the name, cause some of you bitches just might call information and try to get my digits—I can't have that! I'm originally

from New York, Brooklyn, to be exact, and yes, that totally explains my cocky, in your face, attitude and demeanor (fuck you, very much!). But to paraphrase what I've said habitually, "don't hate the player, hate the game!"

I've been in D.C. for about 10 years—I came here to go to law school, Georgetown, thank you very much, and been here ever since. I love D.C.—love the atmosphere, the people, and most of all, the *ratio* of women to guys! When I got to this Mickey flick I said to myself, this is soooooo me! And here I am!!!! For real!

Anyway, I've lived in D.C. the entire time I've been here—right now I've got myself a stylish crib off of 15th and U, a two-story condo with, check it—a doorman! Yeah! I'm moving on up, to the eastside...you already know what I drive, but in case you haven't been paying attention, my ride is a sexy ass, black M3, courtesy of the firm. Yeah, late last year I won this high-profile divorce and child custody case for a prominent, white McLean plastic surgeon. The case was very complex and extremely nasty, so the Beemer was my bonus for winning. Listen, I love the ride and all, but to be truthful, when I think about it, I billed close to \$100,000 on that case alone, so that's the least they could do!

Let's see—what else can I tell 'ya—last year I cleared \$238,000 in salary. I'm not a partner, and that used to be a sore subject for me, but in the last nine to twelve months I've come to grips with the fact that Trey here does not intend to put in the hours that are demanded of an up-n-coming partner-to-be. My motto is and has always been—"work hard, play even harder!" And I live that maxim every day of my life. The firm gets their money's worth out of me; don't get me wrong. But when my workday is done, it is done, and don't talk shit to me about my professional gig. At that point it's Miller time, and Trey is ready to party! So, I'm cool with the salary and bennies they give me, my phat ride, crib in the city, and plenty of punany to chase after and keep me hoppin! Now, I know the next question on your mind, so let's dispense with it right now: Girlfriend? Wife? Significant other, you ask? Not only "no" to those questions, but "fuck no!" Does that answer your question???

LESS THAN AN hour later the clear, fresh aquamarine waters of Jamaica rolled underneath the belly of our jet as we approached Montego Bay. The lush hills of the island slipped beneath us as we landed into the wind. An ancient jeep that was painted just like the one on M*A*S*H (for those of you old enough (like me) to remember that show) stood off the main runway by a tin-slatted hut. As we deplaned onto the tarmac, the heat hit me square in the face and chest. Hard to believe that less than eight hours earlier, I had been in 40-degree weather. "Welcome to Jamaica," a sign proclaimed as we made a right turn and headed for the

terminal and (I hoped) air conditioning. I was here. The vacation was beginning! Ah yeah!

I'll dispense with the details. Suffice it to say, it took me close to two hours by bus to get from Mo Bay to my resort in Negril (located on the western part of the island). It was hot as hell and the roads were, pardon my French, fucked up! I mean half that island was in disrepair and the roads were in the midst of a serious reconstruction. That meant that every few minutes or so our Jamaican driver would have to downshift and maneuver around pot holes large enough for a horse to lie in. Along the way we saw some interesting sights—cows and/or steer (I don't know the damn difference!) grazing on the side of the road; a Pizza Hut and KFC that our driver was so damn proud of he had to slow down and get on the fuckin' P.A. system to announce; fishermen on the side of the road carrying fresh fish on a line; sellers of assorted fruits, beer, Bob Marley hats; bicycle tires or perhaps steering wheel covers (carried around their dark necks), and of course, ganja—yeah, these mutha fuckas actually ran along side of our bus as we went through intersections trying to sell us this shit; a guy barefoot carrying groceries on top of his head...I thought I had died and gone to Africa!

There were five of us on the bus—two bruthas from Chicago who had gone to Howard and were therefore familiar with the D.C. area. And a nice, chatty, young, white couple named Lance and Chris from Louisiana. We got through the introductions and the normal chatter—first time to Jamaica? First time to this resort? Yada yada... But finally, we turned into our hotel complex and I breathed a sigh of relief. We were finally here. Yes Lawd!

I thought check in would be a breeze, but guess what? Our rooms weren't ready. I guess some things never change, regardless of what part of the world you are in. They invited us to leave our bags out front and relax in the dining room where a lavish buffet was in full effect. I was totally down with that. I sat with the H.U. bruthas and scanned the room for honeys as we ate...saw a few that definitely caught my eye. Everyone but us was clad in tee shirts, bikinis, colorful saris—sunglasses adorned their heads, carrying plates loaded with food to rounded tables. Open bar (this was an all-inclusive place, and I was not mad at anybody, you hear me!), so the Jamaican rum and other top shelf shit was flowing! An hour later we were stuffed, and I was ready to lose my jeans, Nikes, and jacket, find a spot on the beach under one of them palm trees with plenty of shade and catch a snooze—after all, I'd been up since 4.

I sauntered over to the front desk where my H.U. boyz had already checked in and were following the bellmen to their room. I waved goodbye and waited my turn. Come to find out, there was a problem with my room reservation. Now listen, don't fuck with me after I've flown close to fifteen hundred miles and put these six days, five nights on my Visa—I had all the proper paperwork and documentation in my leather

carryon—just give me a minute to get to it. No, that wasn't it, I was told—the crux of the matter was that the resort was under renovation. Funny—no one (especially my travel agent) had mentioned that *minor* point to me...an entire section of rooms (ocean view—*my* ocean view room, btw!) was closed, in addition to the main pool and disco!

Okay...here we go! It's about to get ugly up in here! OH HELL NO! I put on my best “don't-fuck-with-me-I'm-an-attorney” face and voice, kept my composure but told the cute, but tight lipped Jamaican woman behind the desk that she (and this place) was about to have a serious problem if they didn't produce a comparable room A.S.A.P! She ducked into the back, presumably to consult her manager since the computer terminal at the front desk wasn't telling her shit—came out a few moments later (okay, more like five to ten minutes later), smiley face painted back on just right. This was what they were going to do—they had a sister resort literally right next door—she genuflected with a smile like she was Vanna fuckin' White—and it had some very nice ocean front rooms that were available—I'd be transferred there—I'd retain the use of the privileges at this resort for the entire week, if I'd like—and, here's how they got me to ease up on a sista pronto—for my inconvenience, they would comp me three days to be used the *next* time I came back here to Jamaica and to this resort!

Hmmmn, three days...suddenly things weren't looking that bad...but hold up—tell me more about this other resort, I inquired. I mean, what kind of place was this, what kind of amenities did they have? The Jamaican woman with her dark, perfectly smooth skin smiled a seductive smile as she leaned in toward me, knowing that she now had my full attention. Here's the thing—this place next door was really nice—and (she just *knew* from looking at me that I'd love this part), they had a nude side and a prude side...

Nude side! Did someone say, nude side!?! My mind raced for a nanosecond—let me see, does that mean nude Fifi's (i.e., bitches—you know, honeys, chicks, women!) flocking by my open window as waves crash onto the white sand every few moments, I wonder??? Hmmn, tell me more, baby, don't let me interrupt you...

Pause—since y'all don't know me that well yet, let me say this right up front—I ain't never been no exhibitionist...okay? I mean, this brutha is comfortable, *very comfortable* with his body, but that doesn't mean I get into this naked, holistic, I'm down with nature, let my shit swing free, au natural shit! I've been to a nude beach before—hasn't everybody? Actually, when I was growing up in NYC, my parents took me to Jones Beach one day and I wandered over the dunes to this spot where there were a whole lot of wrinkled white women with droopy tits and men with little dicks prancing around like spring chickens! Please! That didn't do shit for me. But the thought of being here, in Jamaica, for God's sake, with (and here's where my mind began to fuck with me)—Rachel-looking

honeys with dark and lovely hair, big butts, luscious tits—and a smile that would kill a brutha—well, I guess I was just gonna have to take my chances. After all, I'm on vacation. No problem, mon! Right???

30 minutes later I was in my new room—ocean front, nude side—facing palm trees, white sand, aquamarine blue water, and Fifi's with bare titties and shaved pussies wandering by my open mutha fuckin' window, I kid you not—king size bed, mirrored ceiling (hello!?!—did they create this Mickey flick just for me???). Things in an *instant* were looking up. Note to self—call travel agent when I get home—curse the bitch out, then send her a dozen roses! Three extra days for my trouble? Oh, no trouble, really! OH HELL YEAH! Trey in 'da house! Time to get naked, y'all! For real!

FIRST MUTHA FUCKING thing I did—no, it was not unpack! I slipped out of my clothes, took a quick shower to erase that airplane/travel smell, oiled my body up with lotion and sunscreen until my shit shined like I was in a bodybuilding competition...threw on a pair of Nautica swimtrunks, a Tommy Hilfiger tee, the black K. Cole's, the bad-ass Oakley's, and headed out to case the joint! Wanted/needed to get the lay of the land so to speak—I began with the open-air dining area where another lavish buffet was in full effect. I breezed through there like a movie star, head and chin up, fly shades on, pausing at the bar to order a Sangaster's original Jamaican rum cream. The dude behind the bar filled my glass with ice and rum cream—I took one sip and suddenly felt the reggae vibe as it coursed through me. Yeah, mon! Strolled around the grounds, checking things out—a few restaurants and bars—a 24/7 gym with free weights, nautilus, and machines, duty free store, tennis courts, squash courts, and basketball courts. I passed by this fine, Jamaican honey dressed in tight, pink bellbottoms and a matching, low cut top that proudly displayed her lovely tits in a push up bra! She said, "Welcome to Jamaica, mon!" I smiled while eying her lovely curves.

"Just get in?" she asked while sneaking a peek at my chest tattoo.

I smiled back. "Yes, I did—and loving it already."

"Prude side or nude side?" she inquired while resting a hand on a waist that was no more than 20 inches in circumference.

"Nude side," I exclaimed proudly, thrusting my chest out like it wasn't any big deal to me! "You gonna come by for a visit?" I asked all cockily.

"Oh," she said, softly, licking her lips seductively, while thinking of a come back. Her nametag was attached to her flimsy top, but I was having a hard time concentrating on the lettering. "They gonna have fun with you!"

"Bring it on, I ain't scared," I replied, pronouncing the word 'scared' like 'scurr'd', the way Mystical, that fly rapper from the dirty south had

made famous in his song, “Shake it Fast!” Then as she walked away with a wave of her hand, I was left standing there observing the rise and fall of her ass cheeks in those pink pants, thinking to myself, who were *they*????

A SIGN PROCLAIMED, “Nude Beach—No Photography!”—alrighty then! I had walked down to the beach, prude side first, observed the folks: black, white, Europeans, Jamaicans, and whatnot, baking in the sun. Folks looking good, I’ll give them that. Walked past the watercraft—sunfishes, catamarans, kayaks, bicycles with huge oversized tires for use in the water, past the Jamaican locals who were selling wood carving, trinkets, and jewelry on tables under the shade of palm trees—past rows of white plastic lounge chairs filled with holiday travelers laying out and just chillin—until the sign slowed me in my tracks. Okay, here we go...

Walking past, I observed a number of couples lying about, butt naked, mostly white, a few with some pigment to them, bushes neatly trimmed. Saw a lot of silicon—you can guess that I’m a self-proclaimed expert on titties, and can spot the fake ones a mile away—not that I’m mad at any of these ladies—do your thing, girls, I am not complaining!

The beach curved slightly to the left, and at the end off to the right was the pool area. I walked up the stone steps slowly eyeing those around me. The place was fairly well packed. A bunch of people, all buck naked in the pool and by the swim-up bar area checked me out as I strolled by looking for a place to chill and lay my things. I was still in my trunks and tee, but that was about to change. Through my shades I observed tits and much ass, and a few dicks, how could I not, and I have to say, I was impressed (with the tits/ass, *not* dicks!). Most of the women here, okay, let me say this—close to seventy percent, looked damn good! I mean, there were a few pigs, I’m not trying to be mean, just telling it like it is...but seriously, most looked okay in my book. The women were an average age of 35 I would say, and in good shape. The guys on the other hand were a mixed bag—some were fit, but most were carrying around a beer gut. I saw one brutha over by the edge of the pool sitting alone, lost in thought. Didn’t pay him any mind. Past him was a hot tub the size of most YMCA pools. In the middle, was a whirlpool that currently held about eight people, all shaded and drinks in hand or close by.

I slowed my already unhurried gait and found an empty lounge chair with a good view of the festivities. My heart was thumping as I readied to remove my clothes—not from fear, just the opposite, in fact—my mind churning from the possibilities...endless possibilities. Bending down, I pushed my trunks off like they were an afterthought, balled them up and lay them under my lounge chair. The tee came off next and

finally the sandals. Mutha fuckas were watching, I kid you not—oh yeah, they were checking a brutha out—seeing what I was packing. Now, let me stop you right there and keep it real. I ain't no Long Dong Silver; I ain't packing eighteen inches, no, not hardly—but my shit is nice, I've been told I've got a beautiful cock. It doesn't hang very low, but trust me, when you awaken that bad boy, that mutha fucka inflates to a nice length and solid girth. And that's when the ladies hold their hands over their mouth (and pussies) and exclaim, “oh my!”

I glanced left, spied the towel rack behind the enormous hot tub that was empty this time of day. I casually walked to get a towel, shades on and nothing else, my shit tight and on-point! Mutha fuckas were clocking me, I swear to God, as I grabbed a towel and slowly sauntered back to my lounge chair. A few smiled, but most just *watched*...I gave them the show I knew they were craving...doing a very slight pimp roll, you know how we do...not too much leaning, but head up and chest out, stomach tight, arms flexing, a thick, expensive Breitling Blackbird on my left wrist, a thin, sterling silver bracelet on my right, each jingling as I walked by the onlookers. I flung the towel on the chair without missing a single stride; cut to the right and pool edge, bent down, one arm on the concrete and in one fell swoop, I gracefully entered the cool, refreshing water. Took my shades off for a moment as I submerged my head, then quickly returned the shades cause it was bright out! Swam over to the swim-up bar, mutha fuckas making a path for me as I went. Yeah buddy! Who's mutha fuckin house is 'dis???

The bartender was a dark, Jamaican brother with black shades on and a Hawaiian shirt. He was bopping to reggae music emanating from a boom box behind the bar. I nodded to a few couples as I edged over, ordered a rum punch, and said a few “Waz up's” to people who eyed me cautiously. Got my drink, took a sip and touched the bartender fist-to-fist. I nodded. “Respect,” he replied.

I turned and headed back to my chair, being clocked by the women as I went. It felt real good. I mean, I hadn't been here five fucking minutes yet and mutha fuckas already knew I was the shit! Wait till I told Vince about this. I suppressed the thought of running back to my crib (a.k.a. my room) and hitting him on the cell—naw, not right this minute, I'm a bit preoccupied...

A woman with a tight-ass body, deep, rich tan, and big titties that were obviously fake cause they defied gravity was sitting on the side of the pool, while her man (or *someone's* man) massaged sun block into her skin. He ran his hands over her neck and then descended to her mammoth tits, massaging those bad boys like he was a professional masseuse! She smiled as I went by, drink in hand.

“How you doing?” she asked in a New York accent, looking down over the rim of her designer shades. One leg was up on the edge of the pool, her perfectly shaved pussy was within spitting, or, more accurately,

licking distance! The guy continued his massaging like he was on a mutha fuckin' mission! I was not mad at him!

"Livin' large. How YOU doing?" I replied as I stopped in front of her.

"Evertin' irie." She threw her head back, long brown hair flowing down her back as she laughed.

"Oh, I didn't know you was Jamaican. Damn, girl!" I laughed with her and sipped my rum punch. Damn, that shit was good! "Listen," I continued with a grin, "if dude here misses a few spots, holla at me...Okay!?"

"Damn," he said, removing his oily hands from her erect nipples to look at me for the first time, "been here five minutes and already working!" He was grinning; not that I was worried. Dude had a gut and would need a few of his buddies to take me on.

"You know how we do!" I responded while eyeing his honey. One thing about me, one lesson I learned long time ago—look a women straight in her eye when you're talking to her. Don't half step it—none of this glance here, then there—no, that shit just don't work. Women love a brutha that will stare them down while he's speaking. Look right through them to their very soul. That shit turns them on. And that's just what the fuck I did—stared straight through this honey while I spoke to him, as if I was saying, "yeah, I hear 'ya my man, but it's *you* I'm talking to!"

"Just might do that," girlfriend replied, licking her lips in a way that I just know was done automatically, without conscious thought—like her lips had a mind of their own and were speaking directly to me.

"You do that, sweetie! I make house calls too!" Taking another sip I moved on, feeling her eyes as she followed me away. I left the pool damn near the way I entered, with a flex from my upper body and a quick exit. I strolled back to my chair in slo-mo, drops of refreshing, pool water cascading down this bronze brutha's tight body, the weight of dozens of pairs of eyes upon my firm back, sexy tattoos, and ass. My package was right, ya hear! And it felt so damn good to finally be in Jamaica, on vacation. Yeah mon!

YOU KNOW, Y'ALL, I probably should pause right here to explain something for a moment; a clarification, so to speak. One thing you need to know about me, when it comes to women, I am colorblind. I love women—all colors, shapes, and sizes. To me, the only color that matters is the color pink—that's cause pink is the mutha fuckin' universal color, 'ya hear? It may be different shades on the outside—white, black, dark, light, and whatnot, but it's all pink on the inside. Now, some of you are haters—you know who the fuck you are—yeah, I'm looking straight the fuck at you! And you're sitting there thinking to yourself, well, Mr. Big

Shit over there thinks he's too good for sisters. Naw, it ain't that at all. Don't get me wrong. I love me some sisters. I've got nothing but love for my Nubian Queens; I'm serious. But at the same time, give me a blonde with big tits and a black girl's ass and I'm all in that shit, 'ya hear me??? I mean, I'm gonna fuck that pussy like it is going out of style. So don't hate cause I push up on a Latino, an Irish chick, or some corn-bread country thing with big tits and thick hair. I ain't mad at any of them. Long as they got pink pussies...I'm there! Enough said!

By now, the sun was beating down and attacking this black man's body from all angles. Okay! Every few minutes I had to leave the confines of my deck chair and immerse myself in the pool. My baldhead was roasting, regardless of the sun block that I had massaged into my skin. I had refreshed my drink a few times too many I think already—they rum punches were kicking into overdrive, let me tell you. And it wasn't even dinnertime yet!

I had (mistakenly, I would later learn) taken a book with me to the pool. I rarely got time to read during my "normal" life in D.C. as an attorney and with my busy social commitments, I mean, hey, who has time to read? So I was viewing this vacation as a way to play catch up on my fiction. I had picked up a few paperbacks at the airport Barnes and Nobles, and the one I had begun on the plane now lay on my lounge chair. It was funny, but I had noticed that I was the only mutha fucka in the pool area who had brought a book with them. The book I was reading was entitled, "White Teeth" by Zadie Smith—a black woman from England. I remember her from Oprah or some show like that saying something like, "readers were better than sex!" All I could say is that the bitch never fucked a nigga like me, cause if she did, she sure as hell wouldn't have said some shit like that! Anyway, I gotta give this chick credit—the book was damn good—I had totally gotten into the first seventy-five pages on the flight over, so naturally I took it to the pool with me...I mean, why wouldn't I? It had a distinctive red cover with bold white lettering on it. People kept glancing at the book when they walked by me. At first I assumed it was the cover that they were attracted to. Then I realized they had never seen a book in a nude pool area before!

For the first few hours I think I got about two pages read! I kept restarting the same paragraph over and over again. Just when things got interesting (in the book, that is), something in or around the edge of the pool would catch my eye! First it was Ms. Biggums with her Massage Daddy. Then I caught some activity over in the whirlpool—a few honeys were playfully splashing each other's tits with water while their boyfriends watched enviously! I mean, it was getting hard for a brutha to concentrate! And the heat was fucking with me. I decided to take a break and head to my room—time to put on another coat of sunscreen before I baked to a crisp, and see what I could see on the beach side...but before I left, I went to take a quick cool-me-off soak in the whirlpool, and do some quick intros to get acclimated...

I climbed in and over a few folks. Most nodded in approval as I joined them. The fellas and I exchanged some “Waz up’s,” while the ladies looked on. I caught each of their gazes in turn and said “Waz up, girlie, my name’s Trey,” or some variation of that theme as I got out of harms way from one of the powerful whirlpool jets (that shit was way too close to a brutha’s asshole, know what I mean?). Small talk was exchanged: just get down here? How you like it so far? (Wink, wink, grin, grin!), you know, shit like that, yada yada yada. A well-built middle-aged guy named Randy from Indiana with a shit load of tattoos over 70 percent of his body was doing most of the talking at this point. He was loud, but totally cool. His wife, Cathy, was by his side, large tits with pierced nipples and a large tattoo below her stomach plunging toward her shaved cunt (I didn’t know it was shaved at this point, but trust me, I’d find out this little tidbit later on that evening). Randy and I vibed right off the bat—he was a regular guy who dug his wife and was down here chilling and enjoying the sunshine, T&A, and reggae music. They owned a restaurant and tattoo parlor back home. I was not mad at him!

“Dude,” Randy said in between sipping some kind of bananas cream concoction that looked like cum, but smelled a whole lot better, “are you down here with the Lifestyles crew or what?”

“Hmnn?” I responded. Not clear on what he was talking about, I thought maybe he was referring to the condom company—perhaps they were down here doing a promotional bit, giving out condoms and shit...free samples? For real? Hit a brutha up cause I’m gonna be fresh out by nightfall!

“Lifestyles,” Randy repeated slowly, moving closer to me to be heard over the two Fifi’s across from us who were cackling like a bunch of black crows. “You know, the group?”

“Naw, never heard of ‘em.” I shook my head while watching the dark nipples surrounded by large, giggling tits of the brunette in front of me.

“Lifestyles,” Randy repeated, “they’re a kind of national swingers group—they sponsored a trip to this resort for the past two weeks—you lucky guy, you happen to catch the tail end.” He smirked as he checked my reaction over his dark sunglasses. His wife, Cathy, on the other side of me nuzzled against my side and her hand found my leg. She had a smirk of her own.

“You don’t say?” I said, smirking now myself. At this point, everyone was just a smirking! “Swingers? You mean most of these folks here are—” I gestured with my hand while lowering my voice and keeping one eye on Ms. Giggletits, letting the sentence finish itself.

“Oh yeah,” Randy said with a harsh laugh that I would learn was his trademark. He grinned and showed his teeth. “Oh yeah!” he said again while Cathy stroked me, knee to thigh. DAYUM, I thought to myself. Things keep getting better and better in ‘dis Micky flick!

I WALKED SLOWLY back to my room, taking the scenic route. There was a tarmac-covered walkway that cut behind the beachfront and in between the two-story rooms, nicely littered with tall, shade-covering palm trees. A few chickens ran through the underbrush as I sauntered along, following the meandering path, my Kenneth Cole's and the Oakley's the only article of clothing on my person. This actually was a totally new feeling for me—the sense of ultimate freedom, the sun on my exposed flesh as I walked, talked, shook another's hand, took a sip, slept, read—feeling totally relaxed and at ease, as if I was a natural, and had been doing this for years. I admit I was a bit tired (jet lagged, in a sense), but the rum had kicked in and mellowed me the fuck out. I felt the reggae vibe inside of me—it coursed through my limbs and veins even though I heard not a thing—but that was irie with me!

There were a few couples, mostly nude, who walked past me, nodding their welcome. I nodded back, caught up in my own little world. Farther down the winding path was my room. My room key giggled on an elastic band around my dark ankle. The path wound to the right. I followed, suddenly noticing up ahead a splash of pink. My senses were heightened immediately, on alert—Defcom Three! It was the lovely Jamaican honey I had spoken with hours earlier. In her elbow she carried a metal vase filled with what appeared to be champagne. Two wine stems were curled between long, slender fingers. She was heading toward one of the rooms and it took her a moment to look up and see me. She smiled when she did, glanced down slowly (admiring the package), and then back up. We had stopped at the same place, in front of the same room. My room!

“For little ole me??” I said, batting my eyelashes.

“Doesn't look that *little* to me,” she threw back. I laughed as I watched her observing me with a grin. “Just our way of welcoming our newest guests to our fine resort,” she said, thrusting the vase in my direction. Her eyes sparkled, and I concentrated on them for a moment, letting my gaze seep in before lowering my stare to her wonderful dark breasts that strained against her tight, sequined bra. Barely covering that was her pink top. I glanced at her nametag—Jackie.

“Well, Jackie,” I said, feeling myself growing, enlarging, engorging as I imagined that luscious, tight black ass covering my face and neck, tasting her luscious juices, “it's a good thing you are here,” I remarked, lifting my sunglasses onto my baldhead so she could see my eyes. I leaned against the doorframe and set down the champagne. Her face changed to a frown as if something was out of place.

“Is something wrong?” she asked, pursing her full lips together. She had on a pair of dangling earrings that sparkled in the sunshine. A thin, matching chain was around her neck. Complimenting these, her

belly was pierced with a single, knobby piece of silver that winked at me every time I peered down. Trick of light, I presumed.

“Most definitely there is, Jackie,” I responded in my serious, attorney voice that I had perfected over the years. “And you arrived not a moment too soon. I was just getting ready to call the front desk.” I unlocked the front door with my key and pushed on it, holding it open, and gesturing for her to enter. “Please, this way.” Jackie looked at me for a moment; her eyes sparkled as she sized me up, trying to see if this was a ruse, a ploy to get her into my room. She stood her ground until I lightly touched her thin waist, ran my hand along her back and exerted small amounts of pressure. In unison, we crossed the threshold to my room. I set the glasses down on the dresser as her gaze swept around my room. I held the cold bottle of champagne by the neck in one hand, letting the cold drops of ice water run down my wrist.

“I’m sorry, Mr.—” Jackie paused.

“Alexander, Trey Alexander.” I responded lightly taking her hand in mine.

“Mr. Alexander then. Is it something with the accommodations?” she asked twirling around the room to take in its contents. I used this moment to admire her beautiful ass. Two perfectly shapely balls packed in light cotton—I was about to lose my mind! She glanced toward the bathroom then popped her head in for a brief moment before returning to the side of the bed. I let a moment of silence invade the space before responding.

“Isn’t it obvious to you?” I asked, brushing my dick with the bottom of the bottle. The coldness made me flinch. I noticed that Jackie followed my movement with her eyes before responding.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Alexander, you’re going to have to be more specific.”

“*Indeed*,” I said while moving within a foot of her body. She was quite beautiful. I glanced down into her sparkling eyes, which held my attention for a brief moment. “Actually, Ms. Jackie—the problem simply has to do with this bed,” I paused while she looked over my shoulder to the well-made bed. She moved around me, tested the bed with her palms before straightening up and staring at me helplessly.

“I fail to see the problem. I’m sorry.”

I sighed for effect. “The problem, Ms. Jackie, is *you*. And the fact,” I exclaimed, moving within six inches of her, “that *you* aren’t in it...”

In the time that it took for her brain to process that information I was on her in an instant—my mouth covered hers as I grasped her small waist, brining her the remaining distance to me. She struggled (if one can even call it that) for a brief moment—her arms raised up to my smooth chest as if in protest, ran her hands along my nipples and down my forearms—but that ceased as my tongue slipped into her mouth. She groaned as I wrapped my arms around her waist, taking a handful of ass with me along the way. My cock was fully hard. I pulled her closer to me. Felt here warmth as she came to me, body-to-body, my pulsating

dick against the thin fabric of her pink pants. My free hand went to her mouth, touched her face and traced the outline of her lips while I continued to kiss her. She pulled back.

“I...can’t—” I gave her enough air to breathe before I ran my tongue around the edge of her mouth and then stuck it back between those divine lips. She licked at me, playfully at first, hands on my arms, as if trying to decide whether to pull me closer or push me away. “Seriously,” she said, exhaling forcefully. I glanced down and could see her hardened nipples. I stroked her waist with my free hand, moved it up her belly, lightly touching the piercing before moving to the sequined bra. I ran a fingernail across the material, tracing circles over the exposed top part of her breasts, kneading the flesh with my hand. She moaned again and pulled me into her as she sucked at my tongue. Yeah, there wasn’t going to be any further problems with this one...

My hand grabbed her tit and squeezed. Felt those lovely mounds of flesh. She let me squeeze and probe for a moment before she pulled back, and ran a hand through her hair.

“Trey—seriously, I can’t be doing this. I mean, I work here and—”

Okay—under normal circumstances I might have been tempted to hear this honey out—you know, it can be quite amusing to watch a woman all turned on and shit, pussy dripping, nipples distended, trying to explain why she shouldn’t sit on your cock right this particular minute—but today’s situation was different. Here I was fifteen hundred miles from home, in paradise, I swear, standing, with not a stitch of clothing on besides a beautiful, young Jamaican honey, with my dick harder than high school trigonometry—I wasn’t about to let this shit get out of my sight! Nope. So I did what any player in my situation would do. I pushed up on her; she backed into the closet that housed my clothes and the room safe—until there was no place left to go. I ran a hand down to the valley between her legs and felt for the damp space. It was there, just like I knew it would be. I bent down and kissed her harder this time, taking her upper lip in my mouth and sucking at it like fruit. I kept a firm grip between her legs, my fingers outlining her pussy through the fabric of her tight pants. My dick was pushing against her leg and she couldn’t help but feeling it. But on the off chance she had a case of tactile insensitivity, I reached for her hand and brought it to my cock. She inhaled quickly and looked down as her fingers curled around the girth.

“Dayum! That—” she swallowed hard, “is one beautiful piece.” (See what I mean, I don’t make this shit up)! Her hand grasped the shaft and she squeezed it before moving to the head, which she massaged with her palm. “It’s sooooo hard!”

“Yes it is, Jackie...look what *you’ve* done.” I smiled while pulling her towards the bed. The door remained open. She glanced to the right as I let go of her hand. She went to the door and slid it shut, locking the bolt in place. I lay back on the bed, checking myself in the ceiling mirror

the size of the bed itself. Slowly, Jackie moved back to the bed, a seductive grin on her face. My right hand held the champagne bottle while my left slowly stroked my cock.

“Damn,” she exclaimed again, “boy, does that look good. *You* look good. Tattoos and all!” She leaned over me, one hand on the bed, and the other on my stomach. She lightly fingered my nipple, ran a hand across the newest acquisition—the star tattoo, spent a bit of time tracing the outline of the Indian Chief and his headdress—all the while licking her lips seductively. My cock was throbbing; I swear I could see that bad boy pulse!

“Stop playing, girl,” I said with a smile. She tugged on my dick, ran a hand down to my clean-shaved balls, lightly squeezing the sacks. I managed to get the bottle open without too much effort. The cork flew off with a loud pop, startling Jackie, who bent down on the mat in front of the bed. Grasping my cock with her hand, she moved closer, lightly blowing on the shaft of my dick with her mouth. My eyes rolled back into my head, but not before I caught a shot of her and myself in the mirror. Damn, wish I had brought the camcorder! Her tongue touched the tip of my dick—she traced the outline of the head, leaving a trail of saliva in its wake. Then down the shaft she went, holding it gingerly, licking it like a child does a lollipop, reaching the base and my balls, giving them a playful tug before heading back up along the other side. With two wet swaths she painted my cock with her tongue, and I was not mad at her! She was incredible. I groaned and held her hair in my hand.

Jackie moved up, kissed my tight stomach, probing my belly button with her tongue before plunging her mouth, without warning, onto my dick. Her warm, wet mouth met my cock and it slipped inside effortlessly, parting lips and pushing her tongue aside in one fell swoop. She kept going down, my hand tightening the grip on her hair as her mouth took as much of me in as deep as she could. I hit the back of her throat, she paused, her eyes opened and she stared back at me, my cock buried to the hilt in her mouth. I took the bottle and ran in across her face. She flinched, but didn’t lose any dick in the process—and then she went back to sucking.

“Yes, love, you are so amazing. My God!” I said, as she sucked my member with abandonment. “Shit, don’t make me come yet, you hear me?” My words were lost in the sounds of her sucking—slurping, slobbering, suckling sounds that made me twitch in excitement. I reached behind her and unfastened her bra—her tits were fantastic—ripe, soft melons of fruit—small dark nipples that stuck out at attention at least a half-inch. I tugged at them with my fingers, squeezed the fruit, enjoying the feeling of natural flesh (no preservatives or enhancements here)—just 100% woman, soft, spongy titties that fit in the palm of my hand as if they were custom made just for me. Dark lovely nipples, hard as I twisted them between my thumb and forefinger.

“Your cock tastes so damn good!” Jackie exclaimed while leaning back to admire my taut, reclining form.

“You like?” I asked, knowing the answer. “Do I taste good, honey?” I said all baby-like. She glanced up and smiled, her eyes twinkling as she watched me.

“Oh yes, I love the way you taste, the way you smell. I could do this all day.”

Hmmn, now there’s a thought!

I took the opened bottle of champagne and poured some of the cold liquid onto my cock and stomach. Grabbed her hair and steered her mouth onto my champagne—laced cock. Have some bubbly, I thought to myself with a chuckle! She took it like a good woman should—without any complaints, and sucked me like this would be the last time for both of us. I felt myself stirring—that feeling, that pre-come sensation, which begins like a storm, deep in the bowels of my balls. I forced her off of me.

“What?” She had this look of disgust on her face, but I stroked her face and bent forward kissing her hard on the mouth.

“Jackie, you need to slow down. You are gonna make me come *hard* if you keep that shit up.”

“Isn’t that the whole idea?” she said, standing up and slowly unbuttoning her pants. Dayum!!!—Can I package this bitch up and take her ass back with me to America like Vince said, I wondered, while watching her do a slow striptease. She slid her pants down, revealing a black g-string.

“Turn around,” I ordered her. “Let me see that ass.” Jackie was a soldier who knew how to follow orders. She turned seductively, her eyes never leaving mine. Her ass came into view—and what sight it was to behold. Better than my wildest imagination: her black skin was flawless, without marks or blemishes. I held those lovely mounds of flesh, kneading them in my hands. Ran my fingers over her skin and to the cleft, then downwards, following the thin cotton fabric that disappeared as it reached around to cover her cunt. My fingers moved down and under, feeling her mound, which was wet with pussy juice. I pulled the cotton to the side, slipped a finger around her sticky pubic hair and then plunged inside, Jackie sucking in a breath as I entered her. A moment later I pulled a glazed finger out. She turned to me as I held my finger in front of my face, examining it for a quick second like a doctor would, before slipping it between my lips. I closed my eyes as I did this, for effect, of course, sucking on my finger hungrily before opening my eyes and offering up a single moan.

“Girl,” I said, my eyes locked with her, “you taste *so* fucking good.” Jackie’s face melted right there. Putty in my hands!

I pulled her on top of me with both hands, running them over her ass, tight thighs and knees before up her back and around to her lovely tits that hung inches from my face. I took each one into my mouth, licked them all over, paying special attention to the nipples that I bit

lightly. She threw her head back and closed her eyes—I know this because I was watching her in the mirror—watching that ass that rotated as I massaged her cheeks, thrusting my hardened dick into her pelvis.

“Come here, Island girl. I’ve gotta taste you before we go any further.”

I grabbed her by the waist and lifted her off of me, my muscles twitching and flexing as she slipped beneath me. She spread her legs and my mouth went to her stomach for a brief moment, ran a tongue over her belly before tracing a swath down to her canyon. Her dark skin glowed under me—then I came to her pussy. It was lightly covered with dark, curly hair. Her pussy lips were not overly big or fleshly, but she possessed a meaty clit that was presently elongated. I teased it with my mouth, blowing it and then brushing against it with my closed mouth. Moving downward to her thin pussy lips, I twisted my head around her thighs, stuck my nose in between her wetness, then stuck my tongue straight out and let it forge a path. It found her cunt; she opened up with a groan as I probed—licking voraciously as if I was a man who had been without a meal for far too long. Jackie was incredibly wet—her pussy juice meandered down her thigh before I caught it with the edge of my mouth, sucking the juice in and swallowing the liquid down in one gulp.

My head shook from left to right, her clit in between my lips. I tugged at it with my teeth as her lower body—hips, thighs, and ass—all began to shake. I had been eating her for thirty seconds before Jackie grabbed her ass with both hands, lifting herself off the bed as she came—her whole body trembling as she groaned.

“Ohhhhhhhhhh fuuuuccckkkk!” She pushed my head—then ground it into her pussy—grabbed my ears and tugged left and right—commanding my mouth to do her bidding, and I obliged like the good soldier that *I* was. When she was fully spent she collapsed exhausted onto the bed and held my head on her pelvis. My face was covered in pussy juice, nose and cheeks glazed with her cum, but I was happy, so damn happy.

“Damn, Trey, you suck a lady good!” I moved up her body and kissed her on the mouth. She sucked at my lips, tasting her own sap on my skin. Then I pulled away, leaving her wet and spent on the bed, legs parted and pussy pulsating in the afterglow of orgasm, as I went into the bathroom to grab a condom.

Trey came back ready for action. My shit was on-point and hard—encased in latex. Jackie had this glazed look on her face as I came to her. Her legs lifted and her arms found my ass as I guided my cock into her pussy. I threw my head back and sighed heavily as I entered her—what a lovely feeling, her tight pussy constricting around my cock—pulling me, sucking me inside. When I hit bottom I paused, kissed her lips and enjoyed the feeling of *not* moving, but just feeling us as one, me in her, her around me—her pussy tight like a glove, my cock buried to

the hilt like treasure, deep inside of her fine body. And then I began rocking, in and out, slowly at first, pulling that bad boy out until just the tip was showing, then plunging back in and to the hilt, hitting rock fucking bottom. My hands found her ass and grabbed her cheeks as I fucked her, first slowly with long, full strokes that made her shudder, then with increased momentum until I was jack hammering that pussy hole, squeezing her ass as I pummeled her, the entire fucking bed shaking as I worked my shit, she grasping my ass as it blurred in a frenzy of fucking above her—her eyes rolling back into her head as I worked my shit!

“Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes...” she repeated over and over in time to my fucking. I could feel her cunt constricting on the down stroke. Her heart was beating, I could feel it too when my chest slapped against hers, our sweat mingling as one. I paused for a moment, placed my weight on top of hers, and hungrily devoured her mouth and lips.

It was time to turn her over. “Let me take you from behind, baby,” I said gingerly. She grinned—no problem, mon!

I placed both hands on her ass, glanced up at the ceiling, loving the scene that met my gaze. Her head was turned to the side watching me. I rubbed my cock against her pussy lips and ass before slipping inside again.

“Oh, yeah,” Jackie moaned as I quickly found my stroke again. I began rocking against her again, all the while glancing down to watch my large cock appear and disappear among the lips of her cunt. Jackie was moaning now, her chest flat against the bed, her entire back and ass a thin layer of beaded sweat that turned me on as I moved. I continued to fuck her, ass cheeks firmly entombed in my hands. I slowed slightly, rotated my ass and hips so that my cock pushed against her cunt walls at different angles. This drove her crazy. She began to hum and moan, softly at first, then exploded with a yell as she came again, her hands reaching between her legs and rubbing the blur of flesh that was my cock and her pussy. In seconds I felt the storm winds blow and combine to hurricane strength—rising from the base of my cock, a tornado about to unleash it’s carnage. I raked her back with my fingers, twisted a nipple before gripping each cheek in hand and pumping with abandonment as I worked that thing, grunting as I went along. My head tilted back and I caught a glimpse of myself as I came—a split second of pain on my face as I unleashed into Jackie’s lovely orifice—then the scene was erased as my eyes scrunched shut and my brain went on auto-pilot—I slammed in and out of that fucking cunt as I continued to come—my mouth hanging open and something completely unintelligent emerging from my lips. The storm passed slowly. I felt myself spasm over and over again, Jackie’s hand reaching up to grab my ass and pull me into her. I collapsed on top of her as the tide ebbed away.

“Oh my God!” I exclaimed, panting like an asthmatic, “that was so fucking awesome, I—” and then, for once, I was speechless, unable to

continue the discussion. I rolled off of her and kissed her silently. She nodded to me and snuggled against my sweaty frame. No words were needed. Thank goodness. For once, I didn't have the energy for simple speech or dialog.

SAY WHAT YOU want about a brutha, but after cutting a damn fine slice like Jackie, I had no choice but to sleep like a baby! I mean, Jackie and I had lain there a few moments after our lovemaking session, staring up at our reflections in the ceiling mirror, her finger tracing a meandering course along my sweaty thigh. A light rain had begun to fall—Jackie informed me that at this time of year, it rained on a regular basis for short periods of time almost every afternoon—usually for less than an hour. So, I closed my eyes, catalogued away this wonderfully delicious image of the two of us, legs intertwined, her sexy body covered with a thin layer of sheen, the afterglow that comes from being totally fulfilled and spent, her straight white teeth that formed a beautiful smile as she waved to the mirror while holding my wilted cock, and that pierced navel, which continued to wink at me as her stomach rose and fell from her breathing.

I awoke a few hours later. Jackie was gone and the rain had stopped. And I was hungry! Checking the Breitling, I saw the dinner hour was upon us. So I took a quick shower, washed away the remnants of lovely Jackie from my body, and put on some fresh, clean clothes after buzzing my head and face for the second time that day. I decided that for my first night at the resort I needed to look fresh—you know I had to rock a phat outfit just in case there was any doubt as whose house this was for the next five days. So, I decided to slip on (and leave unbuttoned) my light/dark colored silk shirt (Versus by Versace) along with a pair of Guess shorts. I rounded out this ensemble with my K. Cole (black) sandals. Dabbed on this new cologne called T for Men by Tommy Hilfiger that I was totally feeling. Grabbed my rose colored shades by L.A. Eyeworks and headed out to dinner and the promise of an adventurous evening.

As soon as I rounded the corner and walked into the open-air dining room I heard my named being shouted out. I felt like Norm from Cheers! Damn, it's good to be me!

I found Randy and Cathy sitting with some folks at a large round table. Randy for some reason high-fived me, as if he already knew what I had been up to before dinner. Cathy winked at me as introductions were made. They asked how my first afternoon had gone. I leaned into to Randy and quickly provided the high-level on my encounter with Jackie. I left out the juicy details, cause I'm just not one of those bruthas who kisses and tells—ranting and raving all over this Mickey flick about what went down. Never done that shit, at least not to casual acquaintances.

Randy freaked out, began laughing really loud and patting me on the back. Cathy leaned in to participate, but Randy just shooed her away with his hand. “He’s telling me about that real cute Jamaican he just fucked!” The rest of the table, men and women alike bobbed their heads rapidly as if I was the man—like, damn, we’ve *all* been trying to get with that fine piece since we first got here...how’d you turn that out so damn fast???

The food wasn’t bad at all. It was served buffet style—fresh fish that was blackened or grilled, jerk chicken (you can’t go anywhere in Jamaica and not get jerk *something!*), roast beef, a lot of pasta, various cooked vegetables, bread, separate tables for salads and whatnot, and desserts. One thing about me—I had been on a low carb diet for a few months now—not that I needed to lose weight, but I liked to look my best, and watching my carb intake allowed me to stay lean and tight. I had decided long time ago, I would not reach mid-life with a gut or paunch—oh hell no! I was not gonna carry no beer belly or anything other than a tight bod. So, I loaded up on meats and fish, left the starches and breads alone, grabbed a separate plate for a nice salad, and drank about three tall glasses of ice water.

About half way into our eating, Randy leaned in to me to explain the *rules* to me.

“Trey, it’s real simple. You see something you want while down here, you simply ask. I mean *anything*. And here are the rules—no means no. And yes, well, that means hell yes!”

I decided to play dumb and to make sure I absolutely got this part down pat, that there was no confusion on my part. “You mean, with respect to these “Lifestyles” folks?”

“You got it!” Randy ratcheted down his voice, which was a real stretch for him. “Me and the ole lady came down here last year for the first time—met up with the Lifestyles folks. We were kind of curious back then—you know, we’d talked about it, the whole idea of swinging...” He bent forward and lowered his voice a notch further when he said the word, “swinging”, then flowed back to normal volume. “We’d never actually tried it until we came here. And boy, let me tell you...” He let the rest of the sentence hang in the air, as if it didn’t need finishing. His wicked grin said it all—use your fucking imagination...

“Yeah?”

“Oh fuck yeah—Trey, let me tell you, it’s so fucking easy down here—you literally just *ask* for it. I mean, how much simpler can it be?”

“Are you serious?” I had been scanning the crowd—my honey radar had been sweeping and beeping non-stop since I’d sat down. Women had been walking by with their sexy-ass selves, most wearing something seductive—something you couldn’t really get away with back home. But here, it was a different story, no rules applied, and so they strutted around in their see-through tops, titties half exposed, booty

shorts that showed plenty of ass, lingerie and body wraps that left little to the imagination. All grinning to each other as they took a second helping of food, smiling at cuz as they went by, checking out the silk and the shades, admiring the tattoos that peeked out from underneath my Versace shirt; some of them undoubtedly had witnessed the package at the pool and were now *fans*—just recognizing a brutha! Yeah, I was smiling and nodding to most of them, letting them know that I was down while giving Randy my full attention—that I was approachable—don't be *scurred*!

“You telling me I can just walk up to these women even with their man around and ask them if they wanna fuck?” I had this incredible look on my face, like damn, this has to be a dream, or have I really found heaven? Punany heaven???

“That's what I'm telling you! And no means no, remember that—don't take it personally at all; but yes, my man, means yes!” Cathy giggled at that last comment. She knew what we were talking about.

“Damn!” That about said it all. I was anxious as hell to try out these new rules. I mean, here I was—six hours into my first vacation day down in Jamaica—in fucking paradise, and things were about to get *live*! “Bring it on!” I exclaimed to Randy. He high-fived me again. I laughed and high-fived him back for good measure! All the way *live*!

DON'T ASK ME how, but we ended up at this piano bar much later on that evening. We had been laughing and carrying on at dinner, until I suggested that we check out the rest of the resort and see what we could see—so we headed out, Randy, Cathy, and me, a few others that I had met at dinner in tow—a caravan of sorts, going here then there, to the beach (prude side), the various shops and restaurants, the disco (but it was way too early for anything to be jumping off in there yet), tennis/basketball/squash courts, before making it over to the nude side and the hot tub. This was where (I was told) everyone went later on in the evening.

We shed our clothes and got in. The hot tub was packed—probably a good fifty or sixty folks in there. The water felt damn good. We found an available corner where we could chill and take in our surroundings. People were hanging out under the stars, drinks in hand, laughing and carrying on, talking among themselves, touching, feeling, probing, and kissing. I spotted Lance and Chris, the couple from Louisiana whom I had met on the ride over to the resort. They too had had their room switched here. Quick introductions were made, and I was mesmerized by Chris's wonderful tits. They were large ripe melons with dark, taut nipples. Her body was a tight package with a nicely manicured pussy. Randy wasted no time and asked if her tits were real. Chris proudly proclaimed that she had just gotten them done less than

six weeks ago. Everyone was impressed. They really did look life like, I have to say. Randy then asked if he could touch them. Chris was fine with that. So we all got a turn squeezing her newfound friends, and let me tell you, those puppies were nice! Lance stood around all proud, and I could see why. I was not mad at him!

A few minutes later, Randy and I found ourselves on either side of Cathy, who wasted no time reaching for our cocks and stroking us to hardness under the water. My fingers quickly found her shaved pussy while Randy played with her pierced tits. Small rings were on the ends of each nipple. Randy tugged at them playfully, while I finger fucked her in the water. Cathy arched her head back and came with a grunt as Randy kissed her neck. Cathy then returned the favor by taking my cock in her mouth. A few people turned, and conversations paused to watch this delicious act in the making. I lay back on the side of the hot tub, water dripping from my dark body while this chick took my dick in her mouth. It felt damn good. Randy was egging her on: "Go on girl, take that snake in your mouth!" I just closed my eyes and enjoyed the moment. A friend of Cathy's came over to interrupt us, a small woman with dirty blond hair and perky tits; saying something about how good my cock looked from over there, and proceeded to take over, deep throating a brutha! I grabbed her wet hair as she sucked me, then Cathy moved in and together they licked the side of my shaft in unison, each taking turns putting the head in their mouth, licking and squeezing my balls, while a crowd of admirers watched the scene unfold. This to me was the ultimate, having two women servicing me at once. I have to say, as freaky as I can be, I've never been in a situation like this before—two women on me *and* in front of a crowd. It was a definite turn on—the other guys who were paused in conversation, watching with envy as these two ladies went down on me, the look on their face said it all—you lucky bastard! Even the other women were checking out the scene—watching my dick get stroked, the shaft getting licked like a piece of sweet candy, witnessing it grow and blossom, my flat stomach, tight upper body, and tattoos moving/flexing as they worked me. And then I found myself pulling at Cathy's friend, a woman as yet un-named—she got on the edge of the hot tub and silently sat on my face. I reached for her perky tits and squeezed them while consuming her loveliness in my mouth. I tasted her sweetness, licked at her pussy lips and sucked her insides, Cathy grabbed my cock and jack hammered my dick with her mouth. The three of us; water bubbling underneath our hungered bodies that writhed as we touched, licked, and fed; bodies slicked with water, love juices, and desire as we played under a Jamaican moon; an envious crowd that longed to join in, but didn't dare interrupt this feast. I was the main course. And I had found heaven. No other way to describe it...

Later still we donned our clothes and made our way to the piano bar. A nice size crowd had assembled there, a few nice looking ladies

standing at the wooden bar being served by Jamaicans as folks sang along with the dreaded piano player. Randy sashayed up to the bar and ordered shots for the entire lot of us—a nasty concoction called a Flaming Bob Marley. Don't ask me what was in it—I sure as hell couldn't tell you. But I do recall that you had to light that mutha fucka on fire and drink it rapidly through a straw. Five of those later (Cathy made me do it!) I was feeling no pain. I was in rare form—I'm pretty sure of that—laughing, carrying on, and talking more shit than I normally do, but I don't remember the details. I'm pretty sure I didn't get up and sing, cause no amount of alcohol is gonna make me do that! But other than that, I can't say with 100 percent certainty what else did or did not happen. I do know this—at some point close to twenty four hours since that alarm clock had shaken my ass out of bed in a world that now seemed blurred—long ago and far away—I managed to drag myself away from the Flaming Bob Marleys—“dragged” being the operative word here—back to my room where I collapsed in a heap on the oversized bed, and slept long and hard. Who knows what I dreamed of—it could have been of the lovely dark-skinned Jackie—her wonderfully unblemished ass that spoke to me and made my dick quiver; the two women who licked and sucked me while I lay back on the smooth tile under a colorful moon, or the hot Jamaican sun that sizzled my skin and turned me to a ripe, golden brown. All I know is that I slept, deep and without tension, the stress being sucked lovingly from me by new friends in a place that defied explanation but made life worth living—with a smile that I wore straight until morning...

DAY TWO! MON, what can I say? The vacation had paid for itself twice over, and yet I hadn't even spent a full day on the island. What a place! I had assumed that I would enjoy myself once I got down here—I'm the kind of brutha who pretty well adapts to any given situation, like a chameleon who can change colors depending on its surroundings. I knew I was gonna have fun on this vacation—I mean, sun, fun, reggae music, rum, and dark 'n lovely women! Come on! But what I experienced my first twelve hours on the island was not something I had planned for. But Trey always goes with the flow—never a problem, mon! When you think about it, most people have never (and will never) experience what I just experienced. So, what was it—was it my good looks, sexy body, engaging smile—seriously, was it those things that put me in these situations? Or was it my attitude, my carefree way of taking advantage of a situation and creating a very positive outcome? I thought about my encounter with Jackie: fucking her with abandonment, my caramel-colored body slapping against her lovely, chocolate skin until I had come *hard* in her cunt, and then onto the threesome in the hot tub, and how I had laid back while those ladies had grasped my shit, each

one taking a fistful in hand and tag teaming the head, licking me up and down as my eyes rolled back into my head from sheer fucking *delight*—how many people could only dream about something as wickedly good as that? And then I realized what I had always known—that there were those that meandered through life, like a leaf floating in a stream, they were carried along by the current, never truly knowing where they would end up—and then there were those who *took* control—grabbed hold of the reins and told that pony where the fuck to go! That had always and forever will be me: directing, controlling, commanding, leading—and making things happen! Yes Lawd!

So here I was, day two, sun streaming in through the open window, a dark-skinned Jamaican with thick forearms and a colorful hat placing wooden carvings on a table in between two palm trees, setting up shop for the day. My head was pounding, like a hammer that smacked my baldhead every few seconds with no let up. Those fucking Flaming Bob Marleys. Did I mention that I never wanted to see a flaming drink again as long as I live? Did I? Please don't even mention that brutha's name around me, again! Okay?

So, I decided to deal with my hangover head-on, like a man. I pulled on some running shorts and a tee shirt, threw on my Nikes and shades and walked to the open-air gym. There I proceeded to sweat every drop of that fucking liquor out of my body for the next thirty minutes. I ran on the treadmill—two miles until I thought I was going to throw up or pass out, whichever ever came first. But as I cooled down, I actually began to feel better. My stomach was growling, a good sign. So I came back to the room, took a shower, shaved, dressed, and headed to breakfast.

I ran into Randy and Cathy on the omelet line. I bitched about my hangover and how I was holding them personally responsible for all of the pussy I missed out on the previous night. Randy just laughed his loud laugh and told me not to worry; that everyone drank way too much their first night down here and then passed out. Anyway, as far as he was concerned, I was already way ahead of the game, so stop bitching!

I had to agree with him on that one. Yeah, mon!

THE REST OF the day passed uneventfully. I can say that without any sense of disappointment. I had a wonderful day. Relaxing on the beach, getting some reading done, enjoying the water as it lapped at my ankles while I walked along the shore, consuming large quantities of rum punches made by my man behind the bar who said “respect” whenever I nodded at him, talking with folks, and just watching the festivities. Yeah, it was a great day!

I met another nice couple—Raul and Gabrielle, a South American couple from the D.C. area. Raul was a middle-aged man who owned a

construction company, and constantly smoked Cuban cigars. Gabrielle, his wife, was a good-looking woman with olive skin, full tits and dark nipples, rounded out by thick thighs and a full ass. She had a cute accent that fucked with me—most women with accents do. She was sitting with a bunch of naked folks at a picnic table under the shade of several palm trees. She didn't do a lot of talking at first—just kind of sat there and watched me as I was introduced to the group. I had walked by with my shades on when someone called my name. Apparently, I had been introduced to somebody there the previous night in the piano bar—but of course, all of what transpired after the Flaming Bob Marleys was just one big fucking blur to me!

I had gone back to my beach chair after chatting with them for a while. Lance and Chris were also on the beach chilling. I hung with them for a bit, just talking and enjoying the view of Chris's lovely new acquisitions. I was actually getting a fair amount of reading done when out of the corner of my eye I noticed some activity in the water. Gabrielle and two of her girlfriends were splashing around on a raft in waist high water not far from where I lay. I put my book down to watch as the three of them decided to have a pussyfest—each one in turn eating out the other while a bunch of us watched them in earnest. At first I wasn't that interested—I've never been the kind of guy who gets into watching lesbian activities, whether in porno or in person—but when Gabrielle climbed onto the plastic raft and spread her dark legs for this black woman with a J. Lo ass, I definitely paid attention. Perhaps it was something about the way she threw her head back, dark hair dangling into the water as she moved her hips, the other feasting on her dark pussy lips—I don't know. But that shit turned me on! What can I say?

I spent a fair amount of time in the pool area as well, just getting a lay of the land, so to speak, seeing who was there, and whom I wanted to pursue. This real fine white woman with an hourglass body and wearing a frayed white cowboy hat drew my attention. She was laying in the shallow part of the pool on a lounge chair by the grotto or cave area. A bunch of men and women, all damn good-looking I have to say, were with her. I walked by several times on my way to refresh my drink, and smiled or winked at her, checking out the thin patch of blonde hair above her pussy, her nipples that spoke to me as I walked by—just profiling at this point, you know how we do—not being over pretentious, didn't have to, really, but letting her know that I was interested.

I spotted Jackie walking by, clad in a white tennis skirt and lavender polo shirt. Damn, she looked fine! I got up from my chair and went to her, my dick tingling in excitement as I recounted those delicious images from yesterday. I grabbed her hand and asked if she was gonna stop by later to see me. She just gave me a seductive smile as she let go of my hand, told me that she was working and that I would just have to wait and see. I feigned disappointment, but she stroked my cheek and told me that I'd be okay. I told her I know that's right!

At some point in the afternoon (I can't tell you exactly when cause I left the Breitling in the room safe) it began to rain, just like Jackie said it would. A bunch of us ran for cover—I headed for my room and a nap while others waited it out in the hot tub. When I returned it was blue sky and fiery sun again, and I joined Raul and Gabrielle who were talking about this toga party that everyone was attending after dinner. I didn't even know how to tie a fucking toga, but the thought of all of us drinking, dancing, and carrying on, clad only in thin, white sheets turned me the fuck on! Gabrielle informed me that one of the Jamaican resort girls had been showing people the proper way to tie a toga over at the pool. I guess I had missed that during naptime. I swear, if I ran into Jackie again, I'd take her back to the crib and have her show me exactly what to do!

Guess what I learned—there are over a thousand different ways to wear a toga! I stood in front of the mirror for over a half hour getting mine just right. You know I had to rock this party—and so, I made sure my shit was tight. First off, I didn't want the sheet to hang down very far past my balls. Oh hell no! I wanted to give Fifi's a show tonight. Let them see a bit of the snake as it sneaked a peek from under my toga. Also, it was key that my tattoos were prominently displayed. So, I managed to tie the two ends of the sheet together onto my left shoulder, draping the rest of the sheet down across my lower chest, and around my hips and ass. When I was done, I threw on my sandals, dabbed on some spankin' cologne, and walked into this Mickey flick like I owned the joint.

Mutha fuckas got creative—I will give them that—some folks wore their shit in some wacked-the-fuck-out ways, but it was all-good. Ladies were the most creative, coming up with these designs that showed off their titties and asses. Some obviously decided to just say “fuck it” and not even attempt to cover much up. One skinny guy, for example, walked in wearing only a sock covering his dick. I got to give homeboy credit—his shit was on point—but not as tight as mine!

I cruised around the dining area where the toga party was being held, met the gazes of a few ladies who clocked me as I walked by. I grabbed a drink from the bar—at this point I was pretty much a rum punch-only kind of guy—and chilled. A few honeys walked up, showed me some love as they waited to be served. I was enjoying myself when I spotted Gabrielle and Raul. Raul had his shit hastily tied, like he really didn't give a fuck. Gabrielle had bikini bottoms on covered by some see-through flimsy thingy—her tits were bare and she wore high heels—that's about it! She came up to the bar and without fanfare reached for my dick underneath of my toga. Gave it a quick tug as she smiled hello. One of her girlfriends from the afternoon came up to us, and Gabrielle told her to check, in her words, “my nice package,” which she promptly did. I was just standing there; drink in my hand, minding mine...two bitches feeling my shit. And it wasn't even 9 pm yet! DAYUM!

Gabrielle was whispering in my ear that she wanted to fuck me. She had this kind of devilish/seductive look on her face—an interesting glow in her eyes and full lips that pouted when she wasn't saying anything that made my dick hard. I leaned over and asked her what her husband would say. She told me to wait a moment and waltzed over to this table where Raul was sitting smoking a cigar, chilling with another couple. They conversed for a second and then waved me over. I shook Raul's hand and sat down. He leaned over to me and said in between puffs from his Cuban:

"You wanna fuck my wife?" I looked at him for a split second before responding. Gabrielle had taken a seat besides me and was watching the scene in silence, her lips turned into a sexy kind of pout.

"Matter of fact—I do." I was thinking about Randy's Rules as I replied. "But only if that's cool with you."

"It's fine with me. I ain't going nowhere. Go handle your business." He offered me a Cuban, which I politely declined. My mind was spinning, contemplating this place where folks were so *casual* about another man fucking their spouse. Not that I was complaining, you understand!

Ten minutes later (I would have made it five, but I didn't want to seem desperate, cause Trey is *never* desperate), Gabrielle and I were heading back to my crib. It was a beautiful night outside—just a light breeze coming in off the water, temperature just about perfect. No clouds in the sky, a nicely shaped moon rising. I took Gabrielle's hand as we descended the steps toward the beach and our rooms.

A bonfire on the beach beckoned us near. It lit up the night, spitting sparks up into the darkness. Over to the right of the fire were a bunch of hammocks strung out every ten yards or so between palm trees. Amazingly, the beach was empty, most of the resort guests at the toga party. Silently, I led Gabrielle to one of the white hammocks that swung lazily in the nighttime breeze. As soon as I stopped Gabrielle was on her knees, and pulling my cock out from under my toga. She put my growing member in her wet mouth, and began sucking it as I hastily untied my sheet. She had a wonderful mouth; strong cheeks that sucked me in, swallowing almost my entire length. I enjoyed looking down while she sucked me off, her dark lips constricting my cock, while I grabbed a tittie in my hand and squeezed. Pinched her nipples as she worked on me. She paused, coating the side of my dick with her saliva as she glanced up.

"You have a big cock!" She stuck it back inside her mouth with a slurp, getting it all wet and engorged. At this point the toga was down around my ankles, and I was watching the shadows from the bonfire reflect off of our bare skin, her head bobbing up and down, my one hand grasping her dark hair, guiding her rhythm, the other fondling her firm tit. I lay back onto the hammock, getting comfortable, adjusting my weight so that my cock was at mouth-level. Her bikini bottoms were still

on, so I snaked my hand down around her ass and pushed the rayon fabric to the side. My fingers found her cunt: thick, dark, pussy lips that glistened with juice. I stuck two fingers inside. She sucked at me harder, one hand solidly wrapped around the girth of my dick, the other cupping my balls. She kept squeezing and rubbing my smooth sack lightly as she slurped and sucked on my dick. Her hand moved down to my asshole and lightly played with the hole. I felt myself tense and spasm in her mouth as she did that. I pulled out and lay her back on the hammock, the ropy material making imprints on her ass cheeks as I spread her thighs. Kneeling down on the still warm sand, I pushed the bikini to the side; I attacked her cunt with my mouth, wetting her hole with my spit. She moaned as I ate her thick pussy lips, which I tugged at with my teeth while her eyes rolled back inside her head. Her pussy tasted good—it had a musky kind of aroma, that pussy smell that got me off. I dug that. I licked her from ass to clit, while sticking my thumb in her crack and pressing it around. Pushing her legs back and up into the air, I concentrated on her ass, probing the hole with the tip of my tongue while my thumb massaged her clit and wet pussy lips. She reached down and tugged on my fat cock, and I knew I needed to get inside her quick.

She was so damn wet, that slipping inside was the least of my worries. I glided in lusciously, hit bottom and then pulled all the way out, using the hammock's swing as my cadence. I paused again, bent forward, and grabbed the back of her head with my hands as I settled into the hammock, shifting my weight on top of her. I began slowly, letting her feel the full thrust of my cock as I fucked her, her hands tightly gripping my firm ass, then increasing the speed of my stroke, fucking her without tenderness, her head thrashing from side to side as she yelled out in that damn accent that made my dick spasm.

“Oh, fuck yeah, fuck me!”

“You like that?” I asked while sweat formed on my brow and nose. Off in the distant I could hear the bonfire spit and crackle as logs shifted in the sand. “You like my cock?” As I asked this I rammed her pussy hard and fast. The hammock rocked back and forth, powered by our movement—animal sex, primeval, raw, and powerful. Her cunt responded by contracting and pulling me into that sloppy, squishy cavern. A smile was painted across those sexy, dark lips. The limbs from both trees bowed inward as I fucked her with *determination*.

“Oh, fuck yeah! Don't fucking stop.” But I did. I paused in mid-stroke, pulling my shit out until just the tip was showing around those sticky, thickset cunt lips. Shifted to the side and carried her along until she was on top of me, careful not to upset the balance and fall out. We giggled together, like kids in a schoolyard passing around a tiny joint, then I was grabbing her full ass and pulling her down on top of me, stuffing my cock deep inside of her hole once again.

“Oh, fuck yeah!” Gabrielle exclaimed again. She was sweating, her upper body and full tits swaying in unison to our rhythm, her dark nipples erect as I twisted them hard between my fingers. I pummeled her vigorously from below, arching my back off of the hammock net to meet her pelvic thrusts. My body was writhing underneath hers, hands kneading her ass and swinging tits, grabbing at her mouth and sticking my fingers inside, her sucking at them hungrily like sugarcane as I stroked her pussy with my black cock.

Flipping her around, I just *had* to get a shot of that big, fine ass. She spread her legs wide, holding onto the hammock for support and balance as I stood by the edge of the net; her pussy lips hanging in front of me, all inviting, that fleshy aperture beckoning me in to play. I rubbed my latex covered cock all around her ass cheeks and hole, oiling her up, before thrusting into her waiting gap. She grunted as I filled her in one fluid stroke, one hand gripping her ass cheek, the other reaching forward and grabbing her hair, pulling her head sharply back. The sight of my large, dark cock slipping in between her butt cheeks was more than I was prepared to bear—several seconds after I entered her—a good ten strokes or so of good thrusting and fucking, the hammock vibrating as I worked her, palm trees on either side rustling in the gentle wind, I was pulling out, my hand reaching for my cock as the latex came tearing off, my other hand grasping for her chin and pulling her down onto the sand. I felt myself erupt and come almost suddenly, and I desperately wanted to see it on her face.

She opened her mouth; her eyes sparkled in the firelight in that devilish way that made my toes curl in the sand. I grunted as I came, spurting my hot, white cum onto her waiting face and parted lips. A stream of cum hit her on the tongue, shot straight to the back of her waiting mouth and went down her throat. A second shot splashed onto her full lips and formed a broken line between her chin, cheek and nose. I jerked my cock rapidly, base to head, the tip of my dick inserted into her cum-covered mouth as I continued to spurt my load, cum overflowing, not contained, and running down her chin in a delicious kind of way. She swallowed some with a smile, but the rest meandered down the valley of her full tits, coming to a final resting place on her belly. I looked down at the glazed path my cum had made on her damp skin: face to stomach, and bent down to kiss her on the mouth. She reached out and tongued me, sperm mingling between mouths and tongues as my cock slowly began to sag like an aging flower.

Behind us I heard applause—lightly at first and seemingly faraway, then eruptions of sound: hooping, hollering, and plenty of high-fives. I turned around, seeing for the first time the crowd that had gathered by the edge of shadows, men and women alike, clad in togas, many gripping each other and tall drinks in hand, grins on their faces, thumbs upturned in the air. And as I reached for Gabrielle and took a bow, I spied in the midst of the crowd, Raul, her husband, clapping away with

the others, a grin spread across his face as puffs from his Cuban rose into the Jamaican sky.

ONE WOULD THINK that after a workout like that, I'd be spent! But for some reason, I felt completely revitalized—as if someone had injected *me* with a shot of adrenaline, instead of the other way around. I went back to my room, showered, to get that fuck-smell out of my pores, buzzed my head again (gotta keep the dome clean, ya know?), splashed on some more cologne, massaged a fair amount of lotion into my skin so that my shit would be *aglow*, then decided on what I was going to wear. The toga party was still in effect, however, my toga was sand-filled and nasty, the sheet having been used to wipe the cum off of Gabrielle's pretty face and body. So, I searched through my closet for half hour (like a girl) trying on this and that, just not being satisfied, until I decided on a simple outfit to blaze. I chose my stone dark blue Nautica shorts as the foundation, and then turned my attention to a shirt. That took even longer—I mean, I went through six or seven different ones before I just said, “fuck it!” and left my shit bare. Kept the top button to my shorts unbuttoned—kind of like inviting the honeys in without actually doing so—slipped on my brown Kenneth Cole's, the Breitling Blackbird, my silver necklace and bracelet set, a sharp pinky ring, and headed on out. It was still early and I planned on getting into some *more* fun before midnight!

I waltzed into the toga party feeling like a king. I mean, things were going so wonderfully well for me, I couldn't believe it. I felt so revitalized—really good sex always did that to me—like cleaning out the system, one felt completely refreshed and rejuvenated. I had come *hard* with Gabrielle, my favorite way to come, and my dick and balls still carried that totally spent feeling that would stay with me for hours. I was feeling good, on top of the world. And my first full day hadn't even come to an end yet!

A bunch of toga partiers were sandwiched together on the small dance floor while reggae music blasted out of ceiling hung speakers. As soon as I walked in, the crowd spotted me (how could they not—I was one of the only mutha fuckas in there *not* wearing a toga)! A few rowdy partygoers started yelling and screaming, pointing my way—in seconds the entire crowd was cheering me. There was a small stage up front—the D.J. had positioned his equipment off to one side—when he saw me, he grabbed his mike and moved to center stage while calling for me to join him. I was playing it off at first, just standing back, smiling and waving to the crowd, my gleaming chest heaving from the play I was getting, my arms shining and flexing, tattoos looking good against well-tanned skin. But then I thought to myself, I'm the star of this show, so why delay any

further—and so I rolled onto center stage. The roar became louder, almost deafening as I moved to the middle. Bitches were clocking me as I went—I waved to the moving, sweaty throng, grinned at Randy who was raising his fist into the air screaming my name—“TREY, TREY, TREY, TREY, TREY!” People were being worked into a frenzy. And I was not mad at any of them!

I reached for the mike and gestured for the crowd to chill. The sound fell quiet on my cue.

“Yeah...y’all...” I said, all Barry White-like, dropping my voice down several notches in pitch—the crowd went wild again. Again, I gestured for quiet and they responded.

“I’d like to thank God and the Academy...” Laughter erupted as I grinned and nodded silently to the toga-clad pack. A few women showed me their tits. I winked and licked my lips to each one in turn.

“But most of all...let me thank my co-star,” I put a hand to my forehead to search the crowd, “where the fuck’s she at?” A pause. “Y’all seen my CO-STAR?” My voice rose to a crescendo as I completed the sentence. Mutha fuckas were pointing to Gabrielle who was seated with Raul and another couple about mid-way from the stage on the right. I grinned, pointed to her and told her to get up. Reluctantly she stood and curtsied for the crowd. Gabrielle remained standing for a moment more while applause erupted around her. She threw me a kiss. The mob then went wild as I raised my fist in triumph, the heavy reggae beat began to rise, and I turned to exit the stage gracefully, like the star that I truly am!

THAT’S WHEN I spotted her. And literally, in the time that it takes to blink, the blood drained from my face. Far back, but unmistakable among the toga-clad revelers—she stood there, distinct from others by her short dress—orange, low cut, and hugging her sensuous curves like a tight, leather glove. But it was the high cheekbones, distinctive even from where I stood, frozen in mid-stride—and her long hair, perfectly straight and jet black, running halfway down her back like that of a model—that caused my heart to miss a beat and jaw to drop like a stone. I knew I looked ridiculous up there on stage—the entire *congregation* watching my every move, the pain that formed at the top of my baldhead and flowed like an avalanche down my face, neck, shoulders, and chest—and onto my firm legs that suddenly felt like jello and began to tremble as such.

My knees buckled; I faltered and began to sway—the D.J., thankfully sensing something was terribly wrong, reached out with his dark arm to right me—and I took refuge in his grip, flashed a fake smile, trying to play it off. Some might have assumed it was the booze taking control—that being the norm at a party like this, but the vast majority of the crowd knew something was indeed wrong. It was the look—I could

see it on their faces—their smile wavered, laughs and catcalls waned as their eyes locked on mine, everyone in the room trying to comprehend the shift, the sudden drop in temperature. Our eyes locked for a moment, hers and mine—and like flipping a switch, the pain appeared: severe and concentrated in my heart, like a knife, which is thrust into flesh and twisted in a sinister, gruesome way, ensuring maximum collateral damage. My throat constricted, I felt the air being extinguished, the lights dimming, fading fast, and for the first time in a long while I was *scared*, utterly terrified; my heart was thumping, reverberating in my ears so fucking loud I swore every partygoer in the place could *hear* my pulse. So many thoughts and images invaded my brain in that split second—like a movie jammed on fast-forward—they flashed by, details blurring as they raced by—and yet, I knew what I was seeing. And then the *realization* hit me like a crisp slap to the cheek—was this my punishment for living large on a cloud too high, consuming way too much, more than my slice? Down here for less than 36 hours and living *dreams* that only a fraction of us ever get to realize—who the fuck did I think I was—was that it? Was this God’s way of letting me know I had gone *too far*—pushing me back down, and into place?

And then the wave passed—as quickly as it had surfaced—with the sudden awareness that the object of this unexpected ache was a delusion, like a desert mirage—it was not *her*. The pain dissipated into thin air, like tendrils of Cuban smoke—I was breathing once again, vision clear and focused, legs working as advertised—I displayed a smile to the crowd, once again raised my fist in a puny attempt to correct any misconception that had begun to form—this was *still* Trey’s house, wasn’t gonna let mutha fuckas think even for one quick second that it wasn’t—these bitches were still sweating me like I was going out of style—yeah, in the blink of an eye, I was back—okay, sixty percent and rising—batteries recharging...

I found myself at the bar, a steady stream of fans stopping by to high-five me and say, “Waz up!” At this point, every mutha fucka in the spot knew my name. But I wasn’t basking in the *glow* of the limelight. No. I stood there anxiously, wiping away the sweat that had formed on my smooth dome, ordered a drink after a few minutes of indecisiveness—finally deciding on a Bob Marley, and told the bartender to light that mutha fucka up if he dared—cause at this stage Trey needed *anything* with strong liquor in it. The bartender placed the shot in front of me and stroked his lighter—I sucked heartily at the straw, oblivious to the blue flame, and motioned for another. Out of my periphery I could see Randy and Cathy making their way over to the bar—Randy’s boisterous voice leading the way—hand on my shoulder—“Dude, everyting irie? You look like you’ve seen a ghost!” I flashed another fake smile, grabbed the second shot before the Jamaican could reach for his lighter, and downed it, splashing some on my cheek.

“Naw, I’m fine...” I elbowed my way out of the bar crowd that was getting thick and annoying. I needed space and fresh air to breathe. Randy had this funny look on his face; I was putting distance between the two of us, but Cathy reached for him as he tried to go after me. I turned to him and gestured for him to stay. “Everyting irie, mon,” I said, flashing a weak smile. “Trey back in control...True dat!

Randy stopped and nodded. He seemed to believe it. I turned to leave. The question was, did I?

BACK IN MY room, I splashed cold water on my face and tried to think—and will myself to calm down. This was out of character for me, and that’s what really bothered me. The fact that my mind was on a separate path, not going with the flow—not with the damn program. That wasn’t right, but nothing I could do would change the way I felt. And so, I stood in front of the mirror—stared at the image that reflected back. Took deep breaths. Patted my face with a towel and pushed the thoughts that were welling up inside of me away, like an annoying child.

A knock at the door broke my spell. I froze—listened to the sounds—movement on the other side of the wall, white noise and other distractions that made it hard to focus—but Randy’s voice was unmistakable, cutting through the air like a knife. I made my way to the door, knowing with certainty that he was not going away.

“Dude, open up! Someone here to meet you!” Banging, incessant knocking—and that deafening/raunchy voice that I had come to know—now the last thing I wanted to hear. I paused at the door, taking a deep breath, wiping my head with my hand as if that would somehow transform my appearance.

When the door opened I found myself face to face with *her*—orange dress no more than twenty-four inches away, smiling, her perfectly white teeth shining as her eyes sparkled, lighting up the darkness. She was gorgeous, no, that didn’t even do her justice—her beauty, and in particular, her sensuality, was unparalleled—high, sculpted cheekbones; perfectly shaped nose; bright, unwavering eyes; dark, unfathomable hair; long, curved eyelashes; perfect breasts that peaked out from the confines of her dress...

“Trey, mon, this fine young lady was inquiring about the star of the show! Hope you don’t mind my man, know you wouldn’t...” Randy was interrupted when she stepped forward, invading the narrow space between the doorframe and where I stood, thrusting a hand forward—I had no choice but to take it—electrons flying between us as our hands touched, I could feel the electricity surge, and under any other circumstances my whole aura would be glistening and shimmering, yet I could feel the temperature dropping again.

"I'm Cinnamon, undoubtedly your biggest fan!" She flaunted another smile—meanwhile Randy stepped up, a few drinks under his belt/toga, and feeling no pain.

"I'm sure you are, baby; all sugar and spice!" he replied, wrapping a tattooed hand around her lovely waist.

"...And," she said, eyes blinking, waving Randy's comment off like it was an annoying insect, "I just wanted to say how much I enjoyed your show."

I stood there, taking this all in, mind spinning, the normal Trey-comebacks being plucked from the far recesses of my crammed databanks and compiled, but at half-speed, way too fucking slowly. Randy, sensing my discomfort, stepped in, taking control.

"Trey, meet Cinnamon. Cinnamon, this is Trey. Mon, Cinnamon's visiting—only here for this one night—and guess what? She's heard about our nightly hot tub party—said she's definitely game, but only if *you* join the party tonight..." Randy was grinning ear-to-ear as if he had just delivered news that would save the nation. Cinnamon made no move to back up—her eyes sweeping over my bare chest and arms, taking in the tattoos, my unbuttoned shorts and tanned legs that gleamed under the night-lights. Cathy standing behind her, locked her eyes on Cinnamon's scrumptious ass, licking her rouge-touched lips, and undoubtedly thinking of the possibilities here...

"Give me a minute," I said finally, delivering the best that I could do under the circumstances. The pain was there, just under the surface, like a jellyfish—its long, perilous tentacles paralyzing every living thing in its path—"I just need to *freshen* up." Randy cocked his head to the side, pursed his lips as if this notion didn't compute. "Need just a minute...is that cool?" I asked, smiling at Cinnamon. As an afterthought, I reached out to stroke her forearm, as if this would add some sense of potency to my words.

"Oh yeah, that's way cool with me, Trey," she answered. Under any other circumstances, I swear to God, I would *deposit* my tongue down the throat of this goddess-bitch—this was a no brainer; the woman was sweating me; them panties were *soaked*, that much was obvious, I had already won the prize. And yet, just reaching out to touch her had left my right arm feeling beaten and bruised. I smiled regardless, shielding my trepidation, closed the door slowly as Randy, Cathy, and our new companion, Cinnamon, withdrew to the hot tub and the prospects of another made-in-heaven connection.

I could hear their retreat: their laughter and footfalls echoing in my ears long after they had left. With the lights extinguished, as if that would somehow shelter me from harms way, I slid down the whitewashed wall, gradually to the bare, cold floor. At some point I fell asleep, my figure remaining in that spot—not moving, harried breathing, until this

new anxious self—one that I hadn't seen in a long, long time—met the new dawn...

THE END

Author's note:

You've just finished reading Chapter One of How 'Ya Livin'?, a novel-in-progress. I hope you enjoyed reading it as much as I've enjoyed writing this first chapter. I'm sure that there are a number of thoughts and ideas swirling around in your head right now—comments, questions, and general feedback, both positive and negative. Please join me on my Reader's Forum (www.jonathanlckett.com/discus) where other readers like you can express your thoughts and receive feedback from me. It's free, easy to use, and anonymous (if you'd like). Please take a moment to let me know what you think, what you like, and don't like. You'll be helping me make this story as rich and exciting as I think it's capable of becoming.

Thanks for your support, and stayed tuned for Chapter Two, coming in one month to www.jonathanlckett.com.

Peace,

Jonathan