

Onyx & the Beast

By Dayniah Manderson

Chapter 1

Onyx gathered her books and the laptop that were stacked on her work table. This table had become a part of her, so much so that on weekends when she worked on projects at home, she would make the unfulfilled promise to purchase one like it. As beautiful as the oak was, finding a way to incorporate it with her mahogany décor was usually deemed an activity designed for summer.

Simple in its design, it was the perfect height for her to comfortably park her \$45,000 beast of a wheelchair and had an abundance of space for different sections of the projects she was working on. This table didn't obstruct her joystick and she no longer had to suffer through bruises on her knee from the lower desks when she first started working at The Marcus Garvey Academy. Fridays were happy days; she allowed herself to leave the building when everyone else did and felt no shame in paying the fare for a cab to take her twins home once they were done with afterschool.

"Mom, do you need to take home this stack that's on the back table?" Joseph was astute in his ability to remember to point out things that Onyx would forget.

"Ummm...", she thought, "hold it up." Looking to see which folder he was referring to and determining the priority of attending to those items, she nodded and continued, "yeah, and can you grab that lunch container and drop it in the lunch bag."

"David," she yelled at her son who sat lost in the world of technology, "can you start getting your things together? What program do you have in after school?" Seemingly frustrated, Onyx spoke sternly, "Can't you read a book for once?"

"Huh?" inquired David as he was jolted back to reality. Their mom was notorious for asking a thousand questions without waiting for any one in particular to be answered.

"Pack the hell up. I gotta go. My ride is here and I'm already late." Onyx went over to Joseph and waited for him to hang her work bag on the back of her motorized wheelchair. "The Beast," as her chair was affectionately named, outdid ambulatory people all the time. It could tackle snow, carry a ridiculous amount of bags, and had enough charge to "walk" for breast cancer. Onyx knew how envious the recline feature made people; it made them wish, for a brief unconscious moment, that they had a chair of their own. The Beast fascinated her students and helped her to keep them in line.

"Come," she motioned for them to come closer, "the taxi will be here at 5:30ish. Gimmie kiss." Both boys kissed her in sequence and just like that, Onyx sped off to the elevator. She, remembering that she needed to have the elevator key in hand, turned the knob on The Beast to head back in the direction of her sons. She noticed silence and realized that they had done as she'd asked; they had gone straight to after-school. Onyx repeated the motion, spun around, and headed back to the elevator, assuming that someone in the main hall had the key. As predicted, Brandon was one room away sweeping away evidence of the day's un-productivity.

"Heyyy, broski," she said in her usual friendly tone.

His headphones were firmly planted in his ears and his back was to her. She admired his broad shoulders and boyish swag. He was fit for the killing, but mercy was granted given his age and circulating rumors about his tendency to have the occasional hook-up with females in the building. He could've gotten it, but work scandals were to be avoided. It would've been hypocritical to have expressed disgust at such behavior, but she finally had a reason to be empathetic to the ones who got caught up. Onyx thanked God for her restraint and spoke louder.

"Heyyy!"

"Hey, Mrs. Brighton," Brandon smiled upon noticing her.

"Mind swiping your elevator key right quick?"

He responded almost instantaneously and began leaning the broom against the wall. "Oh, yeah. Anything for you. You know that."

"You're too cute." Much of her response would've been interpreted as playful, but for Onyx, she was merely stating the facts.

She followed behind him appreciating the view and positioned herself in front of the elevator door. Brandon swiped his card and turned to face her.

"You had a long day, huh?"

"You and these rhetorical questions, bro." Onyx let out a laugh and shook her head. "There's never a dull moment in my world." She shook her head again and continued, "I'm just trying to get out of here. I could use some serious sleep."

"It's Friday. You telling me that the Mr. might not have other plans?" It was more of a comment than a question.

Making him none the wiser, Onyx replied, "Broski, I'm have a date with Mr. Sleep."

"Aight, if you say so." He flashed a flirtatious smile and might have been praying that it held a certain charm for Onyx.

There was really no danger in entertaining Brandon, but life had taught Onyx many things, one of them being the fetish that some men have for a woman in a wheelchair. It wasn't the kind of fetish that led to long term relationships, it was the one that could turn you into a whore, of sorts. Most men believed that they were interested in getting to know her when in actuality, they wanted to know what it was like to have sex with someone in a wheelchair. When she came to the realization that this was truth, she had no trouble in turning down the many advances that came her way.

The elevator saved her from any questions that might put her in a weird predicament.

"There we go. Have a good weekend, Mrs. Brighton." He stretched his arm across the door and let the low tone of the sensor sound. Onyx entered with The Beast and parked in the corner. Brandon pressed for the ground floor and looked at her.

"You gonna need to get out the side door?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes, if it's not too much trouble." The gesture was much appreciated and Brandon had unknowingly scored some brownie points.

Stepping inside the elevator car, Brandon pressed for the ground floor.

"Thanks, Brandon." She fiddled with her headphones and placed one bud inside her ear. Continuing to avoid any potential discomforting conversations, Onyx selected a track from her playlist and turned the volume down to avoid being rude.

Approaching the ground floor, the elevator dinged and came to a halt. She powered on The Beast and waited for the signal telling her she can drive. She slowly moved away from the corner and drove out of the elevator, all the time following behind Brandon. The closer she got to the exit, the faster the pieces of her hectic day fell from her. Brandon walked slightly quicker and, as he approached the newly alarmed door, used his key to disable the alarms. Now that there was an elementary school in the building, the doors were alarmed to prevent children from escaping to freedom and fun. No one had considered the effect this move would have on Onyx and there was too much exhaustion required to push back. Her resolution was to continue inconveniencing security and the custodial staff to open the door. There weren't many other options.

Giving the door a well-calculated manly push, Brandon made a way for Onyx to release The Beast. The light that entered as the door responded to the "PUSH HERE" sign reminded Onyx of the importance of liberation and she understood why the babies would sneak off and go outside before the wretched alarms. It was no easy feat to be stuck inside a classroom when the

beautiful outdoors kept beckoning for you to come and marvel at the senses it awakened. Green trees, orange sunshine, and a light breeze made the idea of cutting school a comfort.

She went slowly down the cracked ramp and made her way to her taxi feeling as giddy as the day she got her first check. She added to her mental checklist a reminder that she had to follow-up with the higher ups about repairs to the infrastructure of the building. Determined to not engage in banter of any kind with the driver, she pushed the play feature on her headphones and increased the volume, smiling as Kendrick Lamar's "Poetic Justice" blasted in her ears. Donning her usual poker face, Onyx waited for the driver to confirm his client; it was the same routine twice a day. Black car service was a small luxury that Onyx afforded herself when she decided against driving.

"Good afternoon, ma'am. Your name, please."

"Onyx Brighton," she responded dryly, forcing herself to give the courteous eye contact. It was then that she lost her breath, her sense of hearing, and the world went red.

"Hello, Onyx. Fancy meeting you like this."

Trying unsuccessfully to hide the combination of shock and excitement, Onyx merely uttered,

"Funny, yes ..., I guess, it is funny." She managed to let out half of a smile and stared at the man that had been the subject of her best fantasies. She was briefly transported to a time when she had to be satisfied with only the sound of his voice; most of the time it was all she'd needed. She remembered the first time she tasted his lips and recalled the playful way that he kissed. That period of her life flashed before her eyes as if it all had happened at once.

"Well,..." he smiled, "you feel safe enough to let me drive you home?"

"I'm not sure," Onyx replied girlishly, "well, they sent you so you can't be that bad." Onyx was pleased to see that he had finally gotten his license.

"Ah, c'mon. I gotta get a little more confidence than that." He looked at her with a face that was hard to read.

"Yeah," Onyx whispered.

While sweet memories sent a smile across her face, the memories of how it fell apart created a balance. It was this balance that helped her appear composed when she was anything but.

She went through the process of embarking the vehicle and parking The Beast in the designated spot, the entire time conscious of his piercing stare. How could she forget how much he liked to stare? It had made her so nervous and self-conscious the first time they met in person. She

had ended up asking him the reason for such intent stares. "Because you're so beautiful," was what he offered as a reason.

Time moved slowly in her head. In the real world, L was already done securing her chair and was standing in front of her; of course he was staring and smiling at her obvious disappearance into the maze of thoughts. He extended his arm and touched her cheek; his index finger rested in her dimple. Onyx slowly looked up at him, exposing watery eyes.

"Hey. No, baby," he said as he sat in the seat next to her, "I wasn't expecting tears."

Then, there was silence; a pregnant silence that caused her tears to flow. His hands trembled and he clenched a gentle fist. He reached for her hand as he had before and kissed her knuckles. They were at a place where they only needed to be in each other's presence. The number of years that they had been denied the simple pleasure of just being next to each other made this enough. This moment was enough. Words would interrupt this moment. It was too delicate of a moment, so much so that neither of them knew if it was okay to speak and what could be said.

"I missed you," she whimpered. Looking up for the first time since feeling his touch, Onyx noticed that he was just as affected as she was. His shoulders were slumped and he, too, was shedding tears. The meaning of his reaction was unclear, but it seemed too heavy of a burden for a man to carry alone. Had he cried before? Was this moment's expression a result of the isolation that he had felt for all these years? If anyone were to be going through shock, she wouldn't have expected it to be him, but there was so much being communicated in his emotional baring and she got comfort from it. So many times she had questioned the depth of his love or how genuine his profession of love was. The answer stared her in the face in the form of a 6'3" brown skinned man who looked broken and hopeful at the same time.

"And you don't think I missed you?" There was something accusatory in his question.

"How would I know?" She was equally as firm in her question.

"You stopped writing. That DIN number kept me informed about where you were, I knew you were alive, but I was writing to a ghost." Her gaze was steady and strong.

"I was holding you back. You would've never let go and, man,..." he paused and stated, "you wouldn't understand." Of this he seemed sure and offered no elaboration.

"That's it?" Onyx was a balanced mixture of sarcasm and intrigue. "I won't understand. Now if that isn't an insult. When did I start lacking understanding, L? Enlighten me." The look on her face was enough to make the onlooker imagine her leaning mostly on one leg with arms akimbo awaiting a thoughtful response.

"Stop playing wit' me. You know that ain't what I'm saying. You always gotta go there. I'm not the enemy, baby. It's me,...L."

Onyx softened at his infamous statement, “stop playing wit’ me”. As playful as it was, it was a command that provoked her to reflect and assess whatever she was doing. It wasn't overused and there lay its power. She cracked a simple smile and shook her head.

“I can see why your momma can't stand your life. You're so sickening.” Onyx had broken the tension, the van relaxed. L held her eyes with his and enjoyed the brightness of her smile and the crater-like dimple that decorated her right cheek.

“So, Brighton, huh.” L wasted no time in making it known that he noticed the name change. “Last time I checked it was Lawson.”

“Who would've known that you checked?” Full on sarcasm filled her voice, an unapologetic sarcasm. “I don't remember you having a license.”

He looked her square in the eyes and leaned against the seat ahead of her. He was in the process of finding the receipt that she had to sign and accepting payment. As he fiddled through the papers, he looked at her intermittently, seemingly awaiting an answer. The air was stifling once more and all that was needed was a knife.

“Do you mind signing your trip ticket?”

“We both know that's not necessary, don't we?”

“Alright, ok, you got it.” L paused and completed his log. “What about your receipt? I'll put it away for you if you want. Where does it go?” He bent to pick up the fare and looked at her.

“Inside the bag is fine, thanks.” Her nerves were on edge. He was too close for her to be calm. Why was her heart beating so fast? Why did she feel a dollop of moisture pass her vaginal lips? Why was she only thinking of tasting his lips? How could she stop all of these reactions from happening simultaneously?

“There you go,” he said as he finished closing the zipper. He stood up straight and posed his question again.

“So, when did you become Mrs. Brighton?”

“My name is Onyx Brighton now. Lawson is usually only used in academic circles and by others from that period in my life.” Her tone remained stable and unapologetic.

“I never saw any lines in any of those letters you sent that hinted that you were even thinking of changing your name.”

On this he had a point. Onyx wrote letters until she began to feel lonelier holding on to a ghost. He never called, never sent word by a friend, and his mother stopped providing an update. By

the time she had met Jeffrey Brighton, there was nothing left between her and L. She'd tried to hold on to a love that her friends thought was magical. She had tried on many occasions to be patient, but all they had with him being incarcerated was words and he'd denied her that. She would've never fallen in love with him hadn't it been for the ideas and feelings they'd exchanged over a phone line. Her love was rooted in the way he opened up his soul to her and was willing to be just as vulnerable as she was. They had swam in a pool of words and drowned in a sea of fantasies. And then he was gone.

Onyx felt stranded without a floatie after the first 10 months of not getting a letter from him. Resentment slowly crept in and took up residency for the next 4 months. She eventually accepted the reality that he was never going to write or call or come home to her. Jeffrey was never planned, but he was also never a threat to her emotions. He loved her more than she loved him and he didn't fight her about it. For Jeffrey, Onyx being his wife meant that she loved him; for Onyx, the depth of her love was secondary to the job of being a good wife. At some point she had grown up and resolved that passion was linked to irresponsibility and always led to trauma.

“Should we get going?” Onyx knew that this meeting could be uncomfortable and this had already taken too long. She should have been at most 5 intersections from home by now, not sitting parked outside of the Marcus Garvey Educational Complex campus.

“Oh, my bad, I didn't think you'd be in a rush to get home.”

“How do you know I'm going home?”

Pointing to the trip specifics he had in hand, L replied, “The secret of this address is right here, baby girl.” He had a smug look on his face.

Onyx looked for herself and felt her jaw drop as she read, *Notify Mrs. Brighton of your arrival. Wait for her at the northern side of the campus. Drive her straight home. Do not expect much conversation.*

“Oh,” was all Onyx managed to say.

“So, you in a rush?” He paused for dramatic effect. “Or was that your way of avoiding the question?” He shook his head and smiled. “You're still the same.”

Onyx burst out into laughter. L was intent on seeing that smile as many times as possible before he dropped her off.

“Getting home is always a good thing.”

“Damn. It's like that, huh? You can't even entertain me for a couple of hours?”

Shocked, Onyx followed up with, “Hours? You're crazier than I remember you being. Why do you have hours to spare?”

“You're my last pickup and I have the vehicle for a few.” L’s demeanor was relaxed yet strong. He meant everything he was saying even though he appeared to be laughing.

“Isn't that convenient?” Onyx was so far in a state of disbelief that it was impossible for her to respond accordingly. She would've said something like, “Oh, all of a sudden you have a couple of hours? You, with your selfish ass, expect me to just jump and go spend time with you? Ain't you a piece of work? You really think that I am going to risk anything else for you?” None of these thoughts made it out of her mouth. She, instead, looked bewildered.

Time has a way of painting a different picture of our experiences. When the in-love feeling subsides and the steady stream of tears runs dry, there's clarity and confusion. It's the moment when you throw out the last article of clothing or the box of intimate reminders. Little by little, your heart craves less of that person’s aura. You no longer rely on memories of the exciting times you spent together, but instead, allow yourself to look at the full picture, the less than favorable experiences that leave an indelible mark on your soul. Like she had done with every other failed relationship, Onyx allowed herself to feel the pain that started in her gut, traveled up her spine, pushed past her lungs, wrapped its fingers around her throat, and spilled out under her glasses. She forced herself to dissect and analyze the story that was her relationship. Pulling apart the characters and events helped her to find the point of it all. This is how she was able to confidently move forward, taking ownership for only her contributions to the toxicity that caused each relationship to eventually fall apart. In the case of L, Onyx let her feelings die a natural death and moved on, choosing relationships based on pragmatism.

There was an informal checklist that existed for Onyx when it came to potential suitors. Of course, it limited the pool of eligible bachelors, but there was a specific reality that she lived with and there were certain basic expectations that she had of a partner, everything else was a bonus. How many women have “*Physically capable and willing to help me maintain proper hygiene and appearance*” on their list of qualities? The reality was that Onyx needed physical help. She needed to be helped to bed, into her chair, or to the bathroom. Everything that a woman has to do and is able to do herself, Onyx had to ask for help in doing. She would've never accepted someone who was grossed out by the more delicate aspects of her care. Sure, she had aides to help, but after a long night of lovemaking, her vagina shouldn't be handled carelessly by an aide with no idea of how brutally it was pounded. There was the need to be free at times, allowing for moments of privacy without an aide. It was only fair that her partner be willing and able to help on occasion.

What about “*Capable of compromising and being creative in bed*”? Onyx’s disability was somehow connected to her difficulties with expanding her jaws for the purpose of slobbering on the knob. She had first researched jaw-widening contraptions and went as far as looking at dental equipment. It was never the depth of her throat that was called into question, just her jaws. She eventually shared her concerns with her friend who also lived with the same form of

Onyx's disease. And there laid the culprit. It was then that her acceptance of her limitations was challenged. The fact that there was a level of pleasure that she had trouble experiencing was a personal assault on her womanhood. The thing that the majority of men wanted was a threat to her sexual well-being. It didn't matter if every other hole was made available. Head for some men was required. The ability to cook or do laundry was not heavily factored in and considered a bonus. She could always drop off the laundry and order in.

Jeffrey fit the important characteristics and he loved her. Sometimes there was this suffocation that accompanied being around him for too long, but she loved him and she appreciated his loyalty.

"Ok, babe," she'd say when that feeling started to rise within her, "I have a report to finish. I'm going to relocate to the bedroom."

She would have about 23 minutes of alone time before Jeffrey's footsteps would be heard coming down the long hallway.

"Hey, my love," he'd say in a chirping voice. He was like the happy bird that placed the ribbon around Cinderella's waist. "Care for some company?"

Before Onyx could provide him a response, he would've been laying across the bed staring at her. He paid attention to her and spared nothing in the way of showing his love. He was really the best she could've hoped for. She'd never hurt his feelings or shun him so she would entertain him for a bit.

"I'm alright," she would look briefly from her computer continuing to provide proof of being busy, "but what's going on?" She would then look up from her work and smile pleasantly.

"I, my darling, have a shoulder rub with your name on it," Jeffrey would say and wiggle his fingers, "my fingers are all ready to work."

"Is that right?" She had no choice but to smirk at the innocence of the situation. "Now,..." she would continue, "I couldn't turn down a shoulder rub." She closed the screen of her laptop and motioned for him to take it.

Jeffrey removed the laptop from in front of her and rested it on the table adjacent their bed. He, like a robot, retrieved the massage oil from the dresser and began pouring it into his palms. He used the side of his hand to close the cover before returning it to its place. Like clockwork, he rubbed his palms together and walked behind her.

"Let the magic begin," was all Jeffrey said before placing his hands on her two shoulders. He had strong hands and had sufficient knowledge of massage techniques to make it worth her while. He was astute in his attention to the placement of his fingers, the amount of pressure to apply, and when to move to a different spot.

Onyx threw her head back and let it rest against the curved headrest that donned her new Quantum powerchair. She allowed the tension to release from her body and kept her eyes closed. Jeffrey continued kneading her muscles in a steady way and she could hear his controlled breathing. Something in her subconscious alerted her that it was almost time for Jeffrey to transition to the thing he knew to do next.

“I think I could do a better job if you were laying down. What do you say?” Jeffrey kept kneading as he asked. He was reminded of when her mother taught him how to knead dumplings for Sunday breakfast. Strong squeeze and moisture were the key to the perfect outcome.

As predicted, Jeffrey had moved to the second stage and Onyx couldn't even be upset. “Mmmm... why not.”

Sure their sex life had put itself on a routine, but there were plenty of benefits to that. On the one hand, Onyx was always relaxed before starting. She knew approximately how much it would take to get him off. She could always resume her work on her iPhone with him fast asleep. She could get back in her chair if she wanted to go have some ice cream and watch tv. He never demanded too much and never complained. They were happy. This was contentment.

“Yeah, I'd like to really get in there.” Jeffrey grabbed a sheet of paper towel from the adjacent table and wiped the excess oils from her shoulders. He wasn't one to risk having her slip from his arms and, therefore, took full precaution. He proceeded to removing the majority of the pillows from their bed save the two that she laid her head on.

Jeffrey walked back to Onyx and reached for the buckle of her seatbelt. He didn't like how tightly she secured it and made his concerns known. Upon removing it, he rubbed her hips slightly and sucked his teeth, another trick he had learned from her mother. He had promised to take care of her and was, in return, granted knowledge of what it took to be Jamaican. He went on to removing her bunny slippers and as he did this he rubbed her feet and toes. Onyx had a serene look on her face that let Jeffrey know he was doing all the right things. Finally, he stood next to her, placed his arms securely under and around her and lifted her like a baby. He walked slowly to bed paying attention to how close he was to the bed. As he got closer to the edge, he got ready to put her down. Onyx waited to feel him bend his knees before starting to guide him on how to get her comfortable.

“Ok, here's good, but you have to stretch my legs out.” Jeffrey understood this directive and responded accordingly.

“I want to roll you onto your tummy so that I can access your shoulders.”

“Ok. Wait.” Onyx paused to allow the flow of blood she felt to make it to her toes. “Alright, let's go.”

Like he had done so many times before, he put her legs together and turned them to the left. He swiftly placed his palm under her back and gently rolled her over so she was partially on her side. He reached for two of the pillows that he had placed at the foot of the bed and began making preparations for placing them under her torso to enhance her comfort. With the pillows in place, Jeffrey could lay her on her chest and let her hands lay beside her. Once he had confirmed with her that she was comfortable, he hopped off the bed and walked over to the dresser and picked up the oil. He made his way back to the bed and got on slowly.

He positioned himself as a rider straddling his horse, pushed the back of her house dress up, and squeezed a bit of the slippery oil across her back. He tossed the tube onto the bed next to her as his other hand began massaging her right shoulder. With both hands now available for the task at hand, Jeffrey rubbed into Onyx's muscles in a strong steady way. He went from left to right, moved up and down her spine, and pressed into the arch above her waist, applying more oil as needed. This he did for about 7 minutes. Adding more oil to his hands, Jeffrey allowed his hands to grip her behind. Two firm cheeks that were separated by the string of her thong were kneaded and squeezed and eventually shaken. The bounce drove him crazy so he repeated his action. Onyx felt his dick grow, him grinding on her ass as his hands moved back and forth was a sign that he was out of masseuse mode and feeling amorous.

“How does that feel?”

“Mmmmmmm,” was the sound Onyx made. She anticipated what would come next and just enjoyed it. Boredom, for Onyx, was a state of mind. Things seemed dull when she contrasted them to something else. When she was making love to Jeffrey, she tried not to think about the mind blowing sex she was used to having.

“You're soooo sexy,” he said as he kissed her back.

Jeffrey laid his chest against her back, careful not to add too much of his weight to her, reached his two palms under her torso and cupped her breasts. Onyx could feel the palpating of his heart and his breath sporadically on the back of her neck. She didn't mind.

“I love you so much.”

“I love you, too, honey,” replied Onyx. She was getting turned on from Jeffrey rubbing his fingertips around her two areolae.

The bed shifted as Jeffrey raised himself up and began to unbuckle his belt and remove his clothes. There were no qualms with nakedness in their home.

Interrupting the already lengthy process, Onyx suggested, “Just put it in, my love,” in a tone that convinced Jeffrey that she needed him now. In all reality, whether he got fully undressed or not, the outcome was the same. Insert, hump straight for a few, ask if she was enjoying it, close his eyes, cum and say “ahhhhhh, Nixie”. He'd then carefully lay on the bed and try to

spark a conversation around his whopping 3 minutes and 40 whatever seconds he lasted. She could never understand how he counted 10 minutes, but she could rationalize why he would.

And just like that it was over. Jeffrey laid on his side facing Onyx.

“Man...,” started Jeffrey, “that was something!” He wore a smile that was childlike in nature, like the first time you got off a roller coaster or the first time you saw porn.

“It sure was, darling.” Onyx meant every word and Jeffrey appreciated her vote of approval.

“Aren't you glad you took a work break?” A wink made it clear that Jeffrey was confident his intrusion was worth it.

“Who can argue against a break. People kill for breaks at work.” Onyx chuckled and closed her eyes.

After laying there for some time, Onyx said, “Ok, honey. I still have a few deliverables for my boss. I think it's time I get back to it.”

“Awww, so soon?” Jeffrey had somehow learned that whining would get him whatever he wanted. After almost two years of marriage, Onyx still struggled with getting him to realize that the big-ass baby gig didn't work. More frequently than not, Onyx had tried to apply classical conditioning theories to her relationship with Jeffrey, but she still hasn't found the white rabbit that worked for this Little Albert Experiment.

“I know, my darling.” Onyx made sure her job took the blame for this one. “You know how important this project is for me,” she paused and gave him a sincere glance, “I can't let this opportunity pass me by.”

Onyx had finally gotten to the stage in her career where her goals were no longer long term. Her proposal for the ‘Marcus Garvey Technical Studies program was in its final review. She had gotten a hint that it was under serious consideration and that she could start writing her grants. Her years of being Director of School Tone & Climate were coming to an end and they had paid off. The decision to stay on-board was agonizing to say the least.

Like she had always done when such a situation arose, Onyx took a hiatus and visited home. It was there, under the intoxicatingly radiant sunshine, greenery, and music that she could weigh her options before moving forward. It was then that she had met Jeffrey; Jeffrey Brighton, Esq. He entertained her ideas for her school and gave her advice that was reasonable enough for her to accept as smart. They exchanged business cards and made lunch arrangements 5 weeks later.

Sipping on dry red wine while Jeffrey had a spawn of the Johnny Walker line, she indirectly gave him the reassurance he needed that he and his presence mattered. Onyx had simply taken Jeffrey's suggestion that she sit on the Board of Directors, this way she could finish her pet

project and raise the twins. It was more pragmatic to leave the stress of administration alone while she nurtured her soul.

With limited time being just a consequence of his suggestion, Onyx expected Jeffrey to understand and stop being unreasonable.

“Promise you'll have a drink and watch a show when you're done?”

“Now, that...,” smiled Onyx, “sounds like a great idea.” She looked at him reassuringly, “you know I love you, so much, right?”

“Onyx, that's a silly question.” He kissed her gently. “It's not that I'm worried about.” He had a genuinely concerned look in his eyes and touched her cheek. “This project is consuming you,” he sounded frustrated.

“Jeffrey,” she stopped him and looked straight in his face, “please try to understand.” She let out a sign of disbelief, “Are you really going to sit there and pretend you don't know the importance of what I'm doing?” Onyx was growing impatient.

“Another silly question,” was all Jeffrey replied. He missed her. He didn't know how to say it.

“Honestly, Jeffrey, I don't feel like being forced to lay here and have this conversation.” Onyx needed to turn this situation around. This could end up taking more time than she could spare. She simply wanted to get up.

It was in these moments that Onyx envied the ambulatory female population. They were able to get out of the bed themselves and drag on a robe. They wouldn't feel forced to listen just because the person helping them isn't ready to move. She hated having to point out a flaw in one of his reasonings and then ask him fix her legs. She felt forced to interact with certified assholes in a diplomatic way when what they really should get was her ass to kiss. The way she saw it, people didn't want to hear the truth when they're wrong and she risked setting up herself in the event she needed assistance after she'd spoken a hurtful truth. What others interpreted as “nice” was in reality Onyx's resolve to let people do and think as they wished so she could get the help to do as she wanted.

“Wow, Onyx,” Jeffrey shook his head as he proceeded, “you know damn well that's uncalled for.”

“Well, I distinctly remember telling you that I need to finish some work, yet,” she panned her eyes around the parts of the room she could see without his help in turning her head, “I am still laying here.”

“I see where this is going,” he got up in a ball of frustration. “I was merely trying to speak with you a bit and I would have hoped you'd see it that way.” He was angrily putting his shirt back on and scanning the room for his belt.

“No,” stopped Onyx, “you are forcing me to listen to you tell me to slow the brakes on my future. You are,” she kept going, “preventing me from doing something you don't want me to do.” She was mirroring his frustration, “I am not a child, Jeffrey. I don't want to hear this right now. I have deadlines and you want to talk.” She breathed deeply, “There's always something with you, Jeffrey.”

“Ohhhh, you're sooooo good at this, Onyx.” He stood still and his chest heaved, “You are so manipulative it's sickening.”

Onyx thought about how she could've diffused the situation, but Jeffrey knew that she hated feeling as if he was using her disability to control her. There was nothing essentially wrong with his desire to have a discussion, but he faulted in two ways. For one, he invited himself to the bedroom when she had made it clear that she wanted to work. Secondly, he was psychologically restraining her by not helping her achieve full mobility. He could've expressed himself while assisting her back to her chair.

Getting more agitated than the situation necessitated, Onyx snapped at Jeffrey, “And you're still finding the time to talk.” She shook her head in a mocking manner and proceeded to push the pin a bit further, “I knew not having an aide here would be problematic.”

Their eyes met. Jeffrey's reflected the droplets of blood that coursed through his veins. Onyx's showed signs of misdirected resentment.

“You always win, don't you,” Jeffrey said. It was time to get her back in his chair.

Chapter 2

Onyx was stuck in one end of her maze of memories. It was an ongoing joke that too many long term memories made it impossible for Onyx to remember where she would've left her head if it weren't attached. L was standing close to her. He was so close that his calf brushed against her knee. The energy that passed between them brought her back to the van. There was no doubt where David had gotten his daydreaming gene from.

“Ms. Lawson, are you fine with having a drink? Catching up?” L was calling her back to his reality.

“Ummm...” she thought aloud, “this is beginning to feel like irresponsible behavior. I have the boys and they come home like ravenous vultures. I really do need to get things situated at home.” Onyx spoke quickly.

On average, no one would've persisted in convincing Onyx to have a drink after work. Her face made it clear that it was a lost battle; her responses were well-thought out and limited drinking was the mature thing to do. Perhaps if more restaurants and bars had accessible bathrooms, she'd allow them to render her food services while tossing back some shots. Otherwise, what's the point? There was nothing cute about ending the night because you have to go home to pee. Alcohol and coffee, though delightful to her tastebuds, both acted like diuretics and were both resisted. Although Onyx wanted to show her comradeliness and risked being perceived as a snob, she knew better than to give too much weight to what others thought of her.

“Ravenous vultures,” L laughed and paused to catch a breath, “damn, baby girl.” He finished up his moment of comic relief and continued trying to solve a problem that only he had.

“Who's your worker on Fridays?” He was also notorious for paying attention to the performance of her aides.

“You don't know this aide.”

“So ...,” L's jaw line protruded, “she can't watch the boys and you have Dominoes delivered?” He often questioned the competency of the people she chose to work for her.

“You used to do this job.” She challenged his memory of the rules. “You know that's not a part of the contract.”

He gave her an annoyed look and started, “You acting like it's a big request. She ain't done shit all day. You can't call in a solid?”

“You should be the last one saying she doesn't do anything all day. You know better.” Onyx shook her head and continued, “You'll say anything to get what you want. Shameful.”

Recurrences of seemingly simple arguments with Jeffrey about what she perceived to be domination led Onyx to recruiting a full time aide. She resented herself for having to depend on Jeffrey. It was intrusive on her dignity as a woman and posed a burden on the organic nature of their relationship. The aides could do the more intimate tasks and the housekeeping making it possible for Jeffrey to go back to practicing law full time. They had the resources to guarantee that everyone could pursue their interests. It was a less than perfect situation, but she knew what her priorities were. The fighting got less and they carried on as normal as they could.

“Well...” he proceeded, “you gonna call in that solid?”

“Is this really necessary right now?” Her voice revealed the powerlessness that was now her.

“C’mon, Onyx.” He said her name in that way that made her smile. If only he knew that the way he said her name was on her list of the things that made her fall in love with him. “I just want to be in your presence for a minute.” He decided to exert a bit more pressure, “Am I not worthy of your time?”

“L,” Onyx stared at the floor, “I get it.” She needed to muster the courage to resist the man she still desired. “I...just...don't...know,” she looked at him and cleared her throat, “if that's a good idea.”

“Listen, listen ...,” he understood that this moment was one he needed to be careful with, “I just wanna catch up.” He spoke slowly, “I just wanna exchange words. I'll take a hour.”

Onyx held her breath and stared softly at L. There had always been something between them that just was. They were in the world’s biggest pool and unconscious of life on Earth. They accepted that it must be love and gave up on trying to classify what they had.

Onyx relented, “L, I need to go when I say I have to go.” There was a reticent glaze in her eyes and she stuttered, “Well, can you excuse me while I make some calls?”

“Oh, yeah, take all the time you need.” A sly smile crossed his lips, causing his cheekbones to rise ever so slightly. “I'll step out and let you handle your business, boss lady.”

“Thank you kindly.” Onyx reached for her phone and diverted her attention from L.

It wasn't long before Onyx had called her boys’ driver, notified Kerry that she should listen for the boys and that it was fine to order dinner and rent a movie. Jeffrey, being out of town, only needed to hear her voice confirming that everything was as they should be.

“Hey, my darling,” Onyx’s voice sounded relieved, “the week’s finally over.” She listened as Jeffrey spoke. “Oh, the boys are good. They're in their respective programs being boys.” She chuckled at his response, “You know that's right. They'll probably come home with the biggest appetites.” She had no need to rush him off the phone, L was halfway through a Newport. “Yeah, you're right, I planned on letting them order in.” Onyx listened to Jeffrey and answered, “I ran into an old friend. I'm going to have a small bite and catch up.” More talking. “Of course I'll be safe, honey,” her smile was evident through the phone, “I'll call you when I'm on my way home.” More listening. “Ummmm, I don't know,” Onyx hummed to signal that she was thinking, “I should be home by nine.” Jeffrey finished up as did Onyx, “Talk to you soon, honey. Love you”

The beeps heard through her headphones reminded her of her last conversation with L. He told her that he loved her and that she'd be fine. He had asked her to trust him and encouraged her to live her life. He had ripped her life apart with those three beeps.

Having no idea of how long she was in her reverie, Onyx looked up to find L standing there as he had just moments earlier.

“You got the go-ahead?” L couldn't help but laugh.

“Yep,” replied Onyx with a snaz, “I sure did.”

“Cool.” He couldn't contain his smile.

Onyx tried to contain hers and remain composed. “So, what's the plan?”

Onyx could never quite see what was so great about spontaneity. She needed clarity on what she expected to be a part of. People might not think that table height or aisle space were important, but for Onyx, there was no stone left unturned when making a choice of what to do for enjoyment. It had taken one too many instances of showing up to a venue only to be greeted by a flight of steps for her to learn to call ahead to check for accessibility and specify what “wheelchair accessible” means. It wasn't uncommon for restaurant and club owners to think that the first floor meant that the space was accessible, when there were two steps to get into the club and four more steps from the entry to the tables. She thought about the entire city with its tendency to have a ramp to get onto a curb, but no ramp to get off at the other end. She was sure that the train attendants thought the huge gap between the platform and the 2-train at West Farms Square or 14th Street Union Square on the 4-5-6-train lines were easy for a wheelchair to pop-a-wheelie and get across. No one in the world paid attention to these nuances unless they suffered with living with them.

“I was thinking we could chill by some water and talk.”

She repeated his plan in an exaggerated slow way, “Chill ..., by some water?”

“Not like that, baby.” L was now in stitches. He'd always found Onyx particularly witty. “Ok, let me clean that up,” he said as he tried to stop laughing.

“Yeah,” Onyx added with a smile, “go ahead. Clean it up.”

“Well,” he said walking closer to Onyx, “I'm sure you don't want to be inside with all this warm weather.”

The nearness of L caused a trickle of sweat to run down Onyx's back. She was no longer confident in her abilities to resist L. His tall frame and broad shoulders made Onyx think back to the first time they met in person. Those broad shoulders were connected to long arms and manly hands that he would use to grab the nape of her neck while initiating a kiss. Sometimes he'd cup her jaws in his hands and pull her into him. “Let the woman have some air,” spoken by people walking by would pull them away from each other's lips.

“Some water would be good,” was Onyx’s reply as she prayed that he would step back and make this easier on her.

“City Island?” He inquired. “One a dem spots should be cool.”

“Alright, ...,” Onyx looked at L, “I guess we can try over there.” She paused, “This is crazy, you know that?”

“Naw,” L clarified, “letting you go was the crazy part.” He returned to the driver’s seat, adjusted his rare view mirror, and asked, “You feel comfortable?”

“Yeah,” Onyx’s eyes met L’s in the mirror, “yeah, I feel secure.”

“Kool.”

There was something telepathic between them. She knew he was thinking of having her naked because she was thinking the very same thing. Onyx was swept by a wave of warmth. Her breathing increased and she closed her eyes. Her fist was clenched and for a reason unknown, she was doing Kegel exercises. She opened her eyes enough to get a glimpse of his features at that very moment. It was this image that she would insert in her unfolding fantasy.

L looked up at caught Onyx’s gaze. He returned his focus to the fork in the road that could take you to the restaurants or to the beach. A hint of blush sat atop Onyx’s cheekbones and her eyes were slanted. She breathed steadily and deeply, envisioning L pulling over to the side of the road and walking over to her. L clutched the steering wheel and tried pushing his growing dick under his balls. He wondered how he would be able to get close enough to her so that he could untie her chair without her seeing how hard he was. He thought of the seatbelt and how impossible it was going to be to remove it without feeling the softness of her skin against his wrist. Onyx thought of biting his nipples through the company colored shirt. He’d be squeezing her breasts savagely and searching for an opening to her all-white *Karen Millen Pleated Shirt Dress*. Ideally, Onyx wanted him to show no regard for the restrictive buttons and envisioned him fumbling to open them before resorting to ripping the top of the dress open.

Onyx’s eyes were closed and her head lay against her headrest. Each time the vehicle bounced to an imperfection in the road, she imagined sitting on L’s lap while he cupped her ass and bounced her on his dick.

This was her first time seriously considering cheating on Jeffrey. Her alibis and line of reasoning shouldn’t be too hard to concoct because Jeffrey trusted her. See, for Onyx, Jeffrey had confidence in his belief that due to trauma from her past marriage, she wouldn’t gamble with a good man. He never considered what happens when a wheelchair cannot tame a beast that wants to feed on a long, fat, curved dick with a shiny head. A bruised vagina could always be blamed on too-tight jeans or on chafing from an ultra-thick sanitary napkin. Backache would be attributed to poor positioning and having to endure a long day sitting uncomfortably. The

endless possibilities, including a glitch in the joystick, a stuck elevator, or an emergency meeting at work, made the idea of Onyx and L a most dangerous one.

L pulled into the parking spaces outside of *Don Coqui City Island*. The jerk of the vehicle interrupted Onyx's thoughts and she looked up at the rearview mirrors. Her heart was pounding at the sight of L's eyes looking back at her. She was embarrassingly wet and her nipples protruded through her dress. Padded bras were the equivalent of the devil and she often went for an unlined demi bra. L tried to readjust his penis before opening the driver's door and walking around to the passenger's door. He was successful for the short walk, but as his hand reached for the handle, his dick was at attention. Onyx, similarly unsuccessful, tried to erase the flushed look from her face and think innocent thoughts that should have softened her nipples. As the door opened, Onyx and L looked down at his sausage. It was then that she finally understood the beefcake that Joseline Hernandez always spoke of.

"You see this?" L pointed to his dick being restrained by his pants. "Why do you think this is happening?" His eyes were low and he had that big dick walk going on as he got closer to Onyx.

"You know yourself more than I do?" Onyx was blushing.

"Well, then," he paused and inched closer to her, "tell me why your nipples are saluting me."

Onyx blushed even more, but quickly shot back at him, "Maybe I'm thinking about my husband." Her face contradicted her heart and her mouth let it come out anyway. She suddenly thought back to her college days and remembered John Mayer's warning about the trouble a stupid mouth can cause.

"Ha," L laughed aloud and suddenly grew serious, "no, you wasn't." He used his fingers to brush the side of her neck before gripping the back of her neck and bending to kiss her.

Onyx felt her body grow limp with desire and sucked on his bottom lip. He was letting the kiss take its natural form with no intent on directing where this moment would go. Sounds of lips colliding and suctioning away filled the air and their breathing exposed the uncontrollable crave they felt for each other.

"Mmm, mmmm, L, mmm," Onyx tried to speak between licking and sucking the two most perfect lips, "wait, mmmm, baby, mmm, hold on." Her heart seemed to be jumping for joy in her chest. "Wait." She thought of Jeffrey. This wasn't what he deserved.

"Onyx," he stood up straight to talk, "I know there's this dude and I know fah ah fact that you loyal to him." He was even harder than he was before, "I ain't gon' lie, I'm gonna fuck you." He was too serious for Onyx to read. "Today," pause, "next week," pause, "or even next month," pause, "I am going to fuck you."

No where had L asked a question. He didn't inquire about how she saw things playing out. He didn't sound doubtful and he didn't say make love. Time spent on the phone can give a lot of insight into a person's tastes, fantasies, and requirements. L had the same resolute tone whenever she expressed concern for the size dick he described. "Don't worry," he'd say in response, "you'll learn to take it." The fusion of fear and eagerness sent her imagination on a wild ride. He alone could have her leave traces of 24 minutes of phone sex before the phones shut down at 11. She'd wake up to the crotch of her boxers almost stiff from wetness that dried up. She was rarely sexually frustrated because he kept her cumming. "What you wearing," was his signal that he wanted fingers to touch clit and three fingers to be plunged deep inside the wetness she described. "You my dirty little bitch?" he would ask as she panted heavily, to which she'd reply, "yes, daddy. I'm your dirty little bitch."

"Listen," Onyx's face displayed the turmoil she felt, "I am out of my league here," she had no way of expressing herself.

"You were never in a league, baby."

"Let me speak!" Onyx needed him to understand, "L, I am a married woman. I told you that I love you and that stays present tense forever." Her once slanted eyes grew sad and filled with tears. "I love you, but, I love Jeffrey."

"I'm not asking you not to love Jeffrey." He knew that she hated when people interjected while she was speaking.

"L...", she looked irritated, "as I way saying, Jeffrey is a good guy. I respect him and I can't do this to him."

"What are you doing to him, Onyx?" He raised his voice and grew impatient. "You tol' my man Jeffrey that he was only temporary?" The jealousy that he always denied raised its head and his competitive nature was on blast.

"What are you talking about, L?"

"Onyx," his jaws clenched, "this thing with, Jeffrey," he spoke nonchalantly, "its winding down." He clasped his hands in front of his bulge. "How long you think you and this niggah gon' last?" He was being arrogant and determined at the same time.

"You sound crazy." Her shoulders were tense as she spoke, "Oh, wow, you get outta prison and suddenly my life gets entangled with yours again?"

"That's the worse thing in the world, huh?" He shook his head, "I'm the worse nigga in the world, right?" His ego, though challenged, took a back seat to his vow to be honest with her.

"That's what you got from that?" She could no longer hold onto her tongue. "After all of this fucking time, you wanna come and call the shots. You wanna sit here and act like some shit

didn't go down with us. Don't fucking come at me with that shit." She wasn't finished and he knew it. "You fucked up what we had, L." Onyx was breaking her promises to herself. She was losing her composure. "All the way up. And you got me fucked up." He walked closer to her. "I don't even know why the fuck you coming over here!"

Calmly, L waited for the opportune time to speak. She was right. He'd been a mini-disaster in her book of broken hearts. He thought he could be selfless and let her find happiness that was cage-free. He knew she needed stability, love, and support. It wouldn't have been right to ask her to put her life on hold while he finished his bid. Gems shouldn't be kept in a safe, the world need to see them shine. She would've never left if he didn't insist she did. He just never expected her to be married. He had found solace in her constant disregard for marriage. He had tried to propose to her, although his proposal was presented hypothetically and her response did little in the way of motivating him to push the issue. So, L did what he had no choice but to do, and freed her to use the options she had. He did time and allowed the Master of Time to bring her back to him. And, here she was. The woman he was in-love with, the one who found so much in him to love, the only person who was able to itemize what made him so special. L loved that her love was based on nothing other than him being him.

Onyx was crying now. This was just another example of the universe's misalignment to what she wanted. Why couldn't she have met Jeffrey before crossing paths with L? Why couldn't L have met her when she was in college before the world of relationships made a mockery of her? Why didn't Jeffrey ever give her a valid reason to divorce him? It wasn't enough that he didn't excite her or satisfy her. Jeffrey was blameless in her heart's reticence to letting him be enough.

"Baby girl, wait," he stopped at the tip of her shoes, "I know you're mad and I ain't even mad about it."

"L, I don't think this is such a good idea." Onyx wasn't over L and she felt unprepared to handle the deluge of tears that threatened her eyeliner.

"I wouldn't feel right anyway." He was hurt by her response. "You sitting there crying make me feel like a monster." L had heard her cry over the phone, but had never pictured those brown eyes drowning in sorrow. He was untrained in dealing with this delicate of a woman and didn't know how to not take her reaction personally. "I'ma take you home, Onyx. I wouldn't want to make you a criminal."

"Don't do that." She hated him for purposefully misinterpreting her. "Please don't do that."

"Well, shit," he was uptight, "you can't even have a drink with me. You crying like I ever blackened your eye. You're telling me how," L gesticulated quotation marks, "good your new niggah is..."

Onyx cut him off, "Fuck you, L."

“Naw,...,” L shook his head, “fuck you, Onyx.” His voice was elevated like a man, but he was just a boy at this moment; a boy who felt rejected. “You wasn’t supposed to marry nobody. You was my girl.” His hands were balled into a fist and he struck the side of the seat.

“You’re right. I was your girl. Was!”

“And now? What are you now?” He hunched his shoulder like he often did when negotiating the price of a gun. “Huh, you ain’t my girl, so what are you?” His smug look returned.

“I am nothing to you.” She struggled to convince herself.

“You’re fucking right.” He was stuck in a movie moment, “You’re everything to me.”

Onyx couldn’t help but to laugh and remarked, “You’re so corny.”

“I know,” said L with a slick grin. “I’ll be corny for you, baby girl.”

Waving her hand for him to stop, Onyx said, “Don’t overdo it. You’re so crazy.”

“I know you thinking I wanna smash, but I wouldn’t want to smash you here.” He would much prefer showing her the real power behind a handcuff and have her experience his expanding baton in an air conditioned room.

The disclosure was disappointing to Onyx who had given extensive thought to spots in the vehicle to satisfy her craving. The three connected seats were perfect for a flat, bed-like surface, the floor was relatively clean, and The Beast was always fair game.

“Don’t perceive to know what I’m thinking,” said Onyx with her general poker face. She was scared that he might give up.

“A’right, if you want me to take you home I will. I can’t keep you here against your will,” he reflected, “ain’t no fun in that.” He touched her hand, “I just miss you, baby.”

“I spent a lot of time missing you, L.” Onyx breathed deeply and forced herself to look him in the eye.

“Nyx, baby.” It was clear that he lacked whatever was needed to articulate his anguish.

“Please don’t make too much of this. I’m just hoping you’ll accept my friendship.”

Chapter 3

The slanted eyes crept back to her face and she salivated secretly. Jeffrey was out of town and her boys were safe. She still had some time she had already accounted for with someone she had already announced. L, unaware of when or how the tide had changed, held her hands tighter. The look of disbelief on his face was adequate explanation of his unresponsiveness. Onyx was simply allowing herself to be honest in expressing what she felt. Yes, she wanted him, but she didn't find it pragmatic to risk her marriage.

"I want you, too," his voice was like an almost ripened East Indian mango. Truth now filled his eyes and Onyx connected to truth.

"Right here," was the utterance that left Onyx's mouth. Whether this was declarative or interrogative was to be determined by L.

He lunged at her lips and grasped the base of her head with his palms. His lips cushioned hers and his tongue tackled hers. Neither of them understood the science behind global warming, but they knew their icecaps had melted enough for Onyx to be sitting in a puddle and for L to have droplets of pre-cum by his upper thigh. L didn't hesitate in sliding his hand from her knee to her thigh, slowly to avoid scratching her soft, chocolate skin. He hoped she was wearing panties; the mere act of shifting them to the side invigorated him. These same panties could potentially go home with him for the moments he needed her. He wanted to rub on her clitoris before putting his finger inside her pussy. Onyx leaned her head back as L breathed on her neck and gently fondled her. His left hand grabbed and squeezed the grapefruits that had saluted him earlier.

"I gotta take your seatbelt off."

"Ok."

"You cool," L panted as he asked. The only other sounds were Onyx's breathing and the click of the seatbelt.

"Yeah," she sounded like a girl of 17 having sex for the first time.

When she was in high school, Onyx had grown tired of hearing her friends share stories about their sexual trysts and she felt compelled to do what she thought was the mature thing to do and find out what it was like. She had been exposed to sexuality since her pre-teen years. Sex, up to that point, had vile and demeaning associations, but what she felt contrasted with what she listened to everyday in the school cafeteria. Logistically, Onyx understood what it required of her physically and moved forward with her decision to lose her virginity. It would take her years to discover where the actual pleasure was in having sex.

“I really hope you don’t leave here feeling cheap,” he looked into her eyes as he spoke tenderly, “you sure you don’t want us to drive to a hotel or some place com...”

“Naw...,” Onyx said, “right here.” She was unwilling to risk a single ember going out.

L went back to fondling and looked Onyx in the eye. He ran his pointer from the top to the peak underneath. Circular motions were made around the tip and L squeezed her clit between his two fingers.

“Mmmm.”

“Yeah, baby,” L whispered as he leaned into her.

Onyx took the opportunity to lick the side of neck, intercepting with a bite, and soothing with a hickey-like kiss. She reached up and touched the right side of his neck, licked her way to his earlobe, and began nibbling. Her nails left telltale signs of passion.

L inched away from onyx to angle his hand to go further down. He realized that he needed to slide her to the edge of her seat to fully access the body part he so desired. He pulled his hand from the waist of her underwear and looked at his finger before glazing it onto his tongue, making it possible for the tip of his tongue to pick-up on sweetness. The serum that released the beast in L had been ingested. It was clear they were going to fuck so it was time to abandon the wheelchair.

“Where’s the best place to put you so I can taste it?”

“The floor,” Onyx replied after considering the fact that one cannot fall from the floor. She had taken note of the vein throbbing on the side of L’s neck and had no longing to sustain any injuries.

“Ok, kool, you trust me not to drop you?” This was followed by a crooked smile and L removing his shirt.

Gesturing at his pants, Onyx directed, “Remove everything.” His dick was spellbinding and was commanding her lips to pay homage to it.

“My little freak.” L had been certain of this regardless of how much Onyx had denied it. “You taking it all off?” He raised his eyebrows and penetrated her eyes.

“That’s up to you.” Onyx had successfully made work appear sexy. She licked her lips subtly and said it with her raspy voice. Literally speaking, L was left with the task of removing and putting back on her clothes.

Once he finished undressing, Onyx first took the scenic route down the shaft of L's dick. It was shiny and beckoned her. L gripped his dick and moved towards Onyx who was motioning for him to come closer. Her hands replaced his and she put to use the skills she'd acquired eating Mister Softee vanilla cones. She closed her mouth over the head and used her tongue to massage it as the saliva formed in her mouth. Pulling it from her mouth, Onyx allowed a little of her spit to lubricate his dick as she jerked it. She opened her jaws once more and let her throat act like the Hoover vacuum that cleaned up the dirt left behind from her wheels.

"Oohhh, aahhhh, damn, baby," L moaned. His body was close enough for Onyx to swallow a half of it without gagging.

Stopping to speak, "You did tell me to practice." She resumed pleasuring L by leaning her head from side to side as if eating her favorite crunchy nacho supreme. She used her tongue to suction her lips to the side of his ten-inch dick and went back to the head so that she could scrape her teeth against it like fingernails on a chalkboard.

"Fuck," L exclaimed as he deposited 250-million y-chromosomes into her mouth.

"No time like the present," Onyx thought as she swallowed L's juice.

"Fuck," L was officially relieved of his torture. He leaned down and kissed her as she was licking the remaining droplets from her bottom lip.

"Not so bad, huh?" Onyx was pleased in her ability to suck him to weakness. She took note of the beads of sweat on his forehead, chest, and arms. He was breathing unsteadily and his fingers twitched.

"Shiiiiit," said L, "apparently you ain't looking at me." He managed to crack a quick smile before wincing his face. He still felt spasms in his dick.

Getting ready to lift her from her wheelchair, L asked, "Like a baby, right?" L wanted to make sure that he didn't hurt her in the process of transferring her.

"Yes."

"Oh, shit, wait," L remarked when he remembered that she was still dressed. He unbuttoned her top in sequence and reached behind to pull up the back of the dress that was neatly tucked under her wide hips and high-booty. He slowly slid it to the top of her back and individually raised each of her arms to remove the dress, careful not to drop her arm when putting it down. She had kept her elbow in the center of her armrest the entire ride, so it was only right that he put it back there. Not doing so might throw her off balance and send her leaning too much to one side.

L looked down at her breasts as he reached behind her to undo the clasps of her brassiere. Two firmly plump breasts shined their lights on him. He slid the straps down to her elbows and lifted her arms again. Resisting the touch of those breasts would've been more than a crime, but L was arrested by the sight and was accustomed to doing time. He grabbed them, allowing the nipples to fall within the vertex angle formed by his pointer and middle fingers. He squeezed them and brought his lips to them. Her nipples didn't stand a chance against his teeth. L sucked on each peak and intermittently licked around them. He made grunting sounds and his dick swung with his motion. Onyx's eyes were sealed shut and she bit her lips. She, too, was moaning from the pleasure she felt. A bite, a lick, and a final squeeze were felt before L returned to the position from which he would lift Onyx.

L slid one arm under Onyx's thighs and slid the other across her back. He picked her up in one swoop and planted his feet at the spot that he planned on laying her down. He bent his knee and put her butt down. Ignorant of the mechanics of her movement, L removed his hand from her torso too quickly. *Thud* was the sound Onyx's head made against the floor of the 2017 Mercedes Benz Sprinter.

"Owww..., L." She glared at his guilt-ridden face. "What the hell?"

"Oh, shit," L said frantically and made steps to undo what he'd done, "fuck, man. I'm sorry, baby." His eyes were pitiful and revealed a part of his story that she didn't know enough of. "Are you hurt? Can you say something? Nyx, answer. You good?" This would've been another example she could use to explain the Theory of Relativity.

"I'd answer if you'd let me." Onyx paused and paced her words. "Of course, I'm hurt, L. I hit my head." She wasn't offering her forgiveness too soon. It was important that he faced the truth that wild sex couldn't be too wild with her. "I'm not dead," she looked at him reassuringly, "but you're going to have to be more mindful." She saw the relief that crept up from his chin to his eyes. "I need this to not be the death of me." She offered forgiveness via a smile and motioned for him to correct his mistake. "I think you need to rub the back of my head while doing 20 push-ups."

With his hand slowly easing down her torso. He used his two hands to position her head so it aligned with her body before he kneeled down beside her. Leaning her legs against his chest, L reached into her panties.

Onyx watched L's face as she felt him rub his fingers at the opening of her vagina. Her eyes rolled over upon feeling several fingers being shoved inside. She squirmed and gasp, tightened the muscles of her vaginal walls, and pursed her lips. L moved his fingers in exploration of how tight she was and how wet she got. He'd need to be gentle.

“That feels good?” L was seeking confirmation of the conclusion he drew from looking at her face. Not moving his fingers, L leaned slightly to the left and kissed her gently. The green of Onyx’s nails decorated the side of his arm as she wrapped her hand around his upper arm.

“Yeah,” she groaned.

L slid his arm under her thighs after his fingers had done their best to widen her tight pussy. He leaned her towards him and pulled down the side of her thong, then he leaned her in the opposite direction and pulled the other side over her hips. He continued to support her legs as he slid the panties past her knees and to her ankles. Raising her feet by lifting his arm, L watched the string fall to the floor.

Shuffling his body on his knees, L moved in front of Onyx and slowly let her legs open.

“Damn, baby,” L said in amazement and paused, “and you thought I wasn’t gonna get it.” His smile put her at ease and reminded her that this was her friend, someone she loved dearly.

Onyx gestured for a kiss and got just that coupled with the warmth of L’s skin. His 207-pound frame was gravitationally pulled onto her. As they kissed, L reached his two arms under her shoulders and allowed them to meet at the back of her head where his hands had formed a cup. His dick fell between her legs and brushed against her clit. His grinding kept her moist, the softness of his lips diverted her attention from the hard dick coming at her.

“L,” she exclaimed, “get a condom.”

“Oh, shit..., yeah,” L reacted in a frenzy. He was frozen except for his eyes that seemed to be searching through his belongings to locate a rubber. “I’m not really in the street like that, babe. I ain’t got one.” *His face was terrified that his method for abstinence in exchange for focusing on money was going to deter her from making love to him.*

“Pitiful,” Onyx remarked. “You probably used them all up with...,” Onyx was in the middle of conjuring plots of L’s sexual exploits.

“Naw..., stop it..., that ain’t even it.” He had no idea what to do at this point and he entertained the idea of going into the restaurant and asking a desperate-looking dude for a solid. Any man with an attractive girl at this restaurant was buying drinks to facilitate the sex he wanted to have after. That man, thought L, had to have a condom. In a flash, L continued, “I’ll go find one.”

He was just beginning to reach for his pants when Onyx interjected, “Relax, with your silly self..., looking all intense,” she smiled at him, “I have protection.” Something in her use of the word *protection* fit the moment.

“Yeah, baybeee,” L grinned from ear to ear. “Let me protect you from this snake.” He rose to his feet and grabbed her handbag. He brought it down to her eye level and asked her where he would find it. She navigated him, a man, as best she could through the world of pocketbooks. By following a few simple directions, L was protected from the *No Monster*. “And you got the good kind.”

He assumed his former position and resumed kissing her. His penis was somewhat flaccid. Amongst the many dreams he’d had with her in it, a condom was never a part of the scene. Somehow, he was pleased that she made him take proper precaution. L stayed away from any woman who was comfortable using his appearance as proof of a clean STD status. His estimation of Onyx’s intelligence was right on point. Kissing her passionately out of appreciation, L was getting charged. He felt his manhood grow to its full pull potential.

L pulled his arms from under her and got upright. He tore the end of the condom, removed it from the packet, and meticulously slid it on his dick. Onyx caught a glimpse of L’s dick and shuddered in fear. He then grabbed his dick, and rubbed it up-and-down her pussy. As he approached the entrance, he slowly shifted his posture and pushed the head in. He looked down to see Onyx biting her lip. L pulled it out, slapped it against her clit, and entered again, this time giving her half the pipe. She winced in pain and opened her eyes quickly.

“Owww, it’s too big,” Onyx said with fear, “it’s not gonna fit.” Onyx’s breaths were shallow and deep at the same time.

L didn’t move. He did not go deeper nor did he wiggle his hips. He stopped and let an empathetic smile cross his face. Getting into her wetness was a feat for both of them.

“It’s already in there.” He chuckled and let his ego have this one.

“All of it?” Onyx breathed deeply and scrunched her face. Her brows indicated concern.

Smiling reassuringly, L replies, “About half.”

“Oh my God,” she said trying to predict how much space she had left, “I don’t think I can take it.” Onyx had failed to realize that this wasn’t the size dick she was used to taking so her usual habit of squeezing her muscles was not necessary. She didn’t realize that she was responsible for some of the pain she was feeling.

“Want me to stop?” L awaited a directive from Onyx.

“No..., I mean..., yes..., I mean,” she struggled to figure out what she wanted. Maybe it wasn’t physical pain that she felt. Floating between the seconds of this time with L was an uninhibited spirit, a spirit that caused her to writhe in pain all on her own. It was the same feeling she got when she masturbated in the shower. The pressurized spray of water from her

shower hose would make her jerk and bite her lips. The steam reminded her of fucking in a hot room in Jamaica.

“Baby, loosen up.” L remained in place until he finally felt the grip loosen around his dick. Fluids were able to pass between their skin and L pulled out slightly, bent to kiss her, and stroked his way inside once more. Slow in and out movements and deep kisses created balance for Onyx.

L’s used his right arm to hook Onyx’s knee and lifted her leg adjacent his shoulder. He went as deep as he thought was fair. He spotted a neglected nipple and extended his tongue. He tickled the tip with his tongue and suddenly sucked her areola and nipple into his mouth. He sounded like a person trying to prevent a piece of barbecue rib from falling from his mouth and destroying an all-white Armani suit. His steady stroke was received by pleasurable moans from Onyx.

“Baby, you good?” L whispered.

“Uh huh,” there was melodious agony in her voice and she didn’t care for the interruption.

L stared at Onyx as he deep stroked her. He felt the change in how her muscles were contracting and knew that she was about to blow. She was pinching her own nipple and biting her own bottom lip. It was clear that there wouldn’t be a need for him much longer. Onyx breathed heavily and wiggled her hips, doing her part to bring the release she so needed. L sped up the momentum like shifting gears on a car. Just slightly deeper, but definitely pounding against her cervix, L was very close to keeping a promise he was certain she’d forgotten.

“You like to cum on the dick or in a niggah’s mouth?” he had asked her during one of their more sexual conversations when he was locked up.

“I’ve only cum by tongue,” was Onyx’s reply.

“Then, that’s how I’m ah be the first,” he seemed at the time to have been searching for a way to go down in *Onyx’s Book of Great Ones*.

L felt Onyx bear down on her pelvis and felt the tightening return to her vaginal muscles. She held her breath for an impressive amount of time while the once clenched muscles started running wild. Her heart was a Congo drum and her pussy pulsated rapidly at first, before turning into twitches. L held her tight and thought it best to enjoy feeling surrounded by water and held tightly by her flesh. He, too, had to inhale deeply; he was grateful once more for the calculated way in which she operated. He cared about her too much to have risked ejaculating inside her. His chest tightened and a vein popped up in his neck. He felt a build up on weight in his nutsack. Closing his eyes and gritting his teeth, L made the sound of a wounded bear. He gripped her waist and kept her close to him. His bottom half made spastic movements that left his entire body scrambling for normalcy.

L arrived at the conclusion that it was best that he used this opportunity to give her as much of the pleasure he had promised. He unhurriedly removed his dick and glided his body downwards, kissing her down the trail of her chocolate torso. His fingers rubbed her breasts at the exact time that he buried his face in her wetness. Slurping, licking, flicking, sucking, biting, slow, fast, rough, gently, Onyx can't remember ever having all of these combined in one session. It was now confirmed that Yankee boys were great lovers.

“Oh, fuck,” Onyx panted. Her legs started to jerk as she felt L's fingers touching a body part she had no idea lived inside her, “baby, I'm fucking coming!” Her labia felt like a water balloon. It was as if she needed to urinate, but this was more than that. This feeling, this spread of electrical current, was an uncontrollable entity. Suddenly there was a fountain that hydrated this Olympic lover. There was a fleeting sense of embarrassment before Onyx came to the realization that she hadn't peed herself.

“That's right,” he boasted “give it all to daddy.” L opened his mouth over her leaking hole. He was performing the duties of a Bissell.

Onyx wasn't sure of what was happening, but she knew it was the closest she'd come to a peaceful death. She opened her eyes to a content grin. She was still heaving and made incoherent utterances.

“Oh man,…” she paused, “I can't believe this shit.”

“You alright?” The question was geared towards her obvious return to homeostasis. Her breathing had slowed down, goosebumps were forming on her skin.

L laid facing her. He didn't know how to start talking or what to talk about. She had her eyes closed, but not for the purpose of getting some rest. Onyx knew this discourse was bound to occur, but this didn't feel like the time. Her lips were slightly open and they quivered.

L repeated his query, “Baby, you good?”

“Yeah, I'm fine,” she whispered, “just catching my breath,” she paused. “You okay?”

“I'm cool,” L responded casually.

Onyx's eyes opened, “Cool.”

“There you go, thinking some crazy shit.” His grin was from ear to ear.

“What'd I say?”

“What’d I say?” he mocked. “We both know that everything is written on your face.” He reached out and rested his arm on her belly.

“I have no idea what you’re talking about,” she said as she sucked her teeth. “But since you clearly plan on laying here, can I get comfortable?”

“Of course,” L said, leaping to his knees, “why you ain’t say nothing?” He touched her legs, “How do you want me to fix you?”

“Umm, I want to lay on my right side,” she started, “yeah, put my knees together and slowly roll me over. I wanna be in the fetal position. Thanks.”

“You feeling like a baby? Did daddy buss that ass?” He was clearly feeling a sense of accomplishment for being the cause of the look of defeat that graced her face.

“Hardy, har, har,” Onyx gimmicked, “laugh all you want. It’s alright.” She tried to sound threatening, but she had only waved her white flag.

L did as Onyx and his common sense both guided him to do and carefully helped her switch positions. As he moved her, he felt guilty for not having asked her if she needed to be moved before he laid himself down. She had to have been tired of laying there spread eagle. He scolded himself what he classified as fucking up. Still dealing with the task at hand, he made sure he had helped her find comfort and she confirmed.

“Can you grab my shawl from my backpack? It’s getting chilly,” requested Onyx.

“This one right here,” L held up the Parisian inspired shawl and double checked that it was the one she wanted. Hearing “yes,” he draped it across Onyx. “Better?”

“Yeah.”

It was funny how the smallest of spaces are always enough for enamored individuals. L found a tight slice of space in front of Onyx and laid down facing her. He looked at the shawl draped across her and used the excess as a sheet for his fingers. His hand crawled on its palm until it felt the warmth of flesh. The curvature created by her hip was the desired resting place for L’s outstretched arm. He tucked his other arm under his head and rubbed her hip.

“No, give me your arm,” Onyx requested. “I want it as a pillow.”

L obliged and first pulled his arm from under the shawl, then he used the same arm to lift Onyx’s head in order to put his other arm under it. He got closer to Onyx and let her head guide him to what was comfortable. There was still some space between them.

“You mind if I put your legs between mine? I think you’ll be more comfortable.” L didn’t mind feeling every inch of his skin brushed against hers.

“That’s fine.” Onyx looked at L as he raised her two knees and moved them in-between his. She felt her thigh lean against his thigh and penis before feeling his hand return to her hip.

“You good?”

“I’m okay, yeah.”

“I’m sorry, babe,” L initiated a conversation. “I don’t even know where to start apologizing from.”

“Why do you think you owe me an apology?”