

I had just closed the file for my last client of the day. I was tired and needed a little downtime to help me relax. Working with juvenile delinquents all day kept me on my toes and sad about the state of the world. I refused to have children. When I saw how people who couldn't afford children popped babies out at random and then abused and mistreated them, it broke my heart. Yet, worse than that were those who could afford to have kids but chose to lavish material wealth rather than love upon them. They oftentimes left the children to raise themselves or to their own devices. These kids were shouting out for love and attention. And they would use any means necessary to grab that attention: theft, burglary, fighting, prostitution, and even murder.

I pushed the phone button for my OnStar system in my Camaro. After giving the call command, I spoke the name, Rodney. I waited several seconds as the phone on the other end rang. Getting the voicemail, I hung up and selected three more names before I finally received an answer.

"Vic, what do you have planned for the night?" I asked, after receiving a response.

"I don't know...what you want me to have planned for the night?" he asked. He knew what was on the menu and what was on my mind.

"How about Facuito's at eight and a night cap at your place?" I asked.

"Sounds good. I'll pick you up at seven, okay?"

"Uh-uh, I'll drive. I'll meet you there at eight."

"Have it your way," he stated.

"I always do," I replied with a smirk on my face and then clicked the phone button on the system off.

After a night at Fasciuto's, Vic and I had made it back to his place, me following him in my car. He wasn't at the top of my list to relieve my tension for the night, but he would do. After all, he was the first to answer my call.

I hoped he didn't plan on having me stay overnight. That was the only downfall about Vic. He wanted to pretend this was some love affair. I wasn't into that. I had no time for love and romance. I was a woman out to live her life, and nothing was going to stop that.

We had barely made it into the door before I began clawing at his shirt, popping his buttons off to reveal a chiseled, ebony chest. Vic was supremely fine, but I didn't much care for hair on a man's chest, and he had his fair share of hair. The only reason I could put up with it, was because it was silky and not nappy like taco meat.

"Slow down, baby. Don't you want to have drinks or sit and talk for a while?" he asked.

"Talk about what, Vic? We talked at the restaurant."

"I know, but...it seems like you had a rough day, and I thought maybe you wanted to relax and chill for a while before getting down to business."

My mouth pressed against his to stop the flow of words. I didn't want to hear this. I just wanted him to push up inside of me and have his way. Damn, why couldn't I find Rodney tonight? That's who I truly wanted to be with. He would just give it to me like I wanted, no questions asked, and be on his way. It didn't matter if it was his place or mine, he was always accommodating to my needs.

Vic's hands squeezed my arms and held them in place as I tried to unbutton his slacks. "Baby, slow up, and let's take it easy," he whispered.

"Look, you said you were concerned about my day. This is what I need from you now, to help me get past the turbulence of my day. Please, baby, just give me what I need, and we can talk about it later. I'm sure I'll be in a better place afterwards, mentally anyway," I compromised.

"Are you sure?" he asked, looking down into my eyes. I knew I had him once he looked into my almond-shaped green eyes. He could seldom resist them.

"I promise," I lied. If it would get me relaxed and released, I would tell him whatever he needed to hear at the moment.

"I just want you to be okay. You know I care about you, baby," he said, staring into my eyes.

"Mm-hmm," I murmured, kissing him along his neck. He finally released my arms from my sides and I began fumbling with his belt buckle again. This time, he assisted me and our efforts at undressing went much faster than before.

I didn't need to make it to the bedroom or any further than where we were. But because I knew that was important to him, I grabbed his hand and pulled him in that direction. I pulled back the covers on his bed and slipped into the cool, black satin sheets underneath. We could do this his way, as long as we did it; that was all that mattered to me.

Vic hopped in beside me, and I opened the nightstand drawer on my side of the bed. I pulled out a condom for him to use and did a quick mental count. There were the same number of condoms in there from my last visit two weeks ago, minus the one we used that night and the one we were about to use now.

Vic rubbed the nape of my neck, where my hair was cut short at. I wore my black hair short in a pixie cut, with it long on the right side and shorn on the left and in the back. It was easy to manage, because I had a nice grade that allowed me to brush my hair down and simply curl the length that hung over my right eye.

He leaned into me and kissed me softly on my lips. If I were interested in a relationship and wanted to settle down with a good man, Vic would probably be the one. He was family-oriented and very attentive to my needs.

His kisses left me wanting what I had already arrived desiring. I grabbed one of his hands and placed it between my legs so he could feel the heat radiating from within to prove my desire. It wasn't long before I felt his desire press against my thigh. I reached back to the nightstand and grabbed the condom I had just set down moments earlier.

Vic stilled my hand as I attempted to open it. "Baby, don't you think it's time to settle down...maybe start a family?" he asked.

*Really? Really? We're in the midst of getting busy and this dude wants to go there with me? Damn! Now I see how niggas feel when women be pressing up on them. How come we can't just satisfy our mutual needs? What's wrong with keeping it real, handling our business, and living our lives? Uh-uh, this wasn't working for me. If he didn't stop, I'd dry up like the Sahara desert. I had been dealing with kids and their horror stories all day. The last thing I wanted was to think about kids right now. I wanted to think about Midnight. That's what I called his sugar stick.*

Why did I keep him around? Because he was a great listener, he honestly cared about my feelings, he was fun to be around when I wanted to just hang, and he was good in bed.

But I honestly wasn't interested in settling down with nobody. I had seen too many marriages ruined, because men thought they were supposed to run a woman's life. And the next thing you know, the man's creeping out with everything wearing a skirt. No, ma'am, that was not the life meant for me. I had watched it happen to too many women. My mother, my aunts, even some of my close girlfriends. Hell, look at Ambiance, one of my best friends. All of them sucking up to a man, waiting on him hand and foot, and being loyal till the end of time. And what do they get back in return? Extramarital affairs that result in diseases, broken hearts, divorce, and bastard children.

I wanted more out of my life, and it was my intent to get everything I could out of this life before it got the best out of me. If that required using men for their company and getting my freak on in the process because I loved sex, then so be it.

And tonight, Vic was the one on that used or be used list. I knew he cared about me, but I'd always been up front and open with him. He knew I wasn't dedicated to this, and he knew I wasn't ready for marriage and kids. What he didn't know was that I slept with other men. But, hey, what he didn't know wouldn't hurt him. Or would it?