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Chapter Two

TOSHA

After talking with Dannay, I felt a renewed sense of hope about my marriage. I felt so good when I got home that I took a long bath in one of the scents from my bath and body works collection, threw on some sexy lingerie, cooked up Devon's favorite meal of chicken alfredo, lit some candles, and sat down and waited for my man to arrive. I wanted us to find a way to get our marriage back on track, and tonight I was determined to try. I was lying on the couch in the living room when I heard the front door open.

I sat up and smiled when Devon walked in, letting my eyes survey how heartbreakingly sexy he was. His dark bronze skin covered his 5'11 frame to perfection; displaying the toned muscles he worked so hard at the gym to keep maintained. His hair was cut into a low fade, bringing attention to his light brown eyes and a beautiful smile that encased a set of perfect white teeth. *Dayyummm...my man is sooo fine*, I thought to myself.

"Hey baby," I said walking over and standing on my tip toes to give him a kiss. At just under five feet, I looked like a midget standing next to him. "I hope you're hungry. I missed you today."

Surprisingly Devon wrapped his arms around me and squeezed me tight.

He kissed me gently on the neck and said, "Mmmmm, you smell so good, and I'm very hungry babe."

I turned to head towards the kitchen when he grabbed my hand and pulled me close again.

"Thank you for doing all of this for me...and I missed you too."

Warmth spread through my body and I had never wanted him more than I did at that moment. This was the Devon I missed. The man who'd stood by me through the good and the bad. The man who'd promised me that he would never treat me the way his father had treated his mother; with abuse and constant cheating. We had to get past this. For me there weren't any other options. I meant it when I said I was in this until the end.

Hand in hand, we headed to the kitchen giggling and laughing like teenagers. While we ate, we talked about the hopes and dreams we used to have in college, how young, impressionable and stubborn we both were. Back then we'd had a love that seemed unbreakable, and I believed that it still was.

"You're so beautiful Tosh," Devon said catching me off guard as he stared at me across the table. "You deserve so much better than me."

What was he talking about I deserved so much better than him? Despite our problems, he was the better that I had always searched for. Yes, I knew that he was probably cheating on me even though I hadn't found any real proof. Yes, he'd said some foul shit to me when he got drunk and high, but that hadn't changed how I feel about him, or about us.

I pushed back from the table and went and straddled his lap. I cradled his face in my hands so that he could look into my eyes and know that I meant everything I was about to say.

"Baby, you are the better for me, you always have been," I said kissing his lips. "I love you so much Devon."

"I love you too," he said rubbing his hands up my thighs, moving the negligee slowly up my waist and off of my body. "Damn you're so sexy." He stood up with me still in his arms, and carried me out of the kitchen and up the stairs to our bedroom.

He laid me on the bed and began to undress, his eyes never leaving my face. His dick was thick and hard as it lay against his leg, and I had to admit that my baby was truly blessed. I opened my legs as he started kissing me all over, beginning at the tips of my toes. He let his tongue flicker across my clit as he used his fingers to open the folds of my kitty kat, making me arch my back and grab the bedcovers. I closed my thighs around his head and rocked to the rhythm of his tongue, crying out as I came.

Being the thorough lover that he was, I knew that he wasn't finished, and by the time he made his way up the rest of my body, I was so wet that the spot beneath me was soaked and I was begging for mercy. I moaned low in my throat when he entered me, pushing himself so deep that I could feel his heartbeat. Years of being together had taught us how to make love to one another like no one else could, and each year it just got better and better. Tears flowed down my face and I smiled as I wrapped my legs around his waist and ran my hands down to his ass, pulling him even deeper. He cried out and rained kisses across my face and breasts.

"Damn baby, this shit is so damn good!"

"I love you!" I cried out as I came again, and I could feel his body begin to shake as he reached a climax of his own.

"Shiiiiitt," he said and collapsed on top of me breathing heavily. He shifted so that he could lie beside me, his hand draped lazily across my stomach. "Damn, imagine after all of these years our sex is still tha' bomb."

I smiled as I turned to face him. "HmMMM, did you ever think that it wouldn't be?"

"Nah. I was your first. You were designed just for me."

"I know I was," I said and ran my fingers over the waves in his hair. I had always believed that, even from the first day we met.

We lay there in silence listening to the sound of each others breathing and I knew that I needed to ask him some hard questions in order to begin to try and repair our relationship, but I didn't want to destroy the beauty of what we'd just shared. Even still, it was something that had to be done and the longer I waited, the harder it would probably get.

"Baby, you awake?"

Devon yawned and shifted his body again, this time farther away from me. "Yeah?"

"UhmMMM, I wanted to talk to you about something... ask you something."

"Okay." His voice was groggy and I knew sleep was not far away, so I had to start talking and fast.

“I’m sure you’ve noticed that we haven’t been getting along very well for quite a while, and I want to work on fixing whatever it is that’s wrong with us.” I really wanted to say, ‘fix whatever the hell is wrong with you.’

It seemed like the silence lingered forever before he finally said, “Tosh, I know things have been shitty between us, but I’ve just been under a lot of stress. You of all people know that.”

My pulse raced at the sound of irritation in his voice. “I know that baby, and so have I. But we’re in this together, you’re not alone.”

Devon sat up and looked at me with a frown on his face. “Tosh, I really don’t wanna talk about this right now. Everything will work itself out.”

Now it was my turn to get pissed off. How could he sit there and act like we didn’t have bigger problems than stress tearing down our marriage? Did he even care that the shit was killing me, that I wanted us to go back to the way things used to be? The one question that I really wanted to ask him was on the tip of my tongue, and it was damn near choking me to death as I tried to find the words.

“Are you cheating on me Devon?” There, I’d said it. It was out. I held my breath and waited for his reaction as my heart thumped inside my chest.

Devon jumped up out of the bed so fast that I thought he would fall over. He paced back and forth in front of me, shaking his head as daggers shot from his eyes. “Are you serious, or are you just fucking crazy?” His angry voice boomed throughout the room.

“Neither one. I asked you a question and I want an answer,” I said not backing down. “I want to know why you come home sometimes drunk as a skunk, high as fuck, smelling like another woman’s nasty ass pussy?”

Devon rushed to my side of the bed and gripped me by my arms. “Don’t you ever let no shit like that come out of your mouth again,” he said through gritted teeth. “If you think I’m getting down with somebody else, then why you still here?”

“You know why I’m still here!” I snatched from his grip and rubbed where his fingers had been.

Devon waved his hand in dismissal and headed towards the bathroom. “Whatever. You’re

trippin', and if I smell like anybody's pussy, it's yours."

"That might be true if I was the only one you been fucking!" Damn. It was too late to try and take it back.

"Fuck you aight'?" He slammed the bathroom door, and a few seconds later I heard the shower come on.

I lay there crying as pain ripped through my heart. When Devon came back into the bedroom and shut off the lights, I turned over and stared into the darkness as he climbed into bed not saying a word. His silence and distance said enough. With tonight's conversation, I had probably pushed my husband even further away from me, and the very thought of losing him tore at my soul.