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As Malik took off his clothes and carelessly threw them on the chaise lounge that was positioned next to the bedroom window, he started thinking about the evening – in particular, his wife’s constant staring at Darnell. He knew that his actions earlier that morning were far worse, but Sheila’s sneaky glances were just the ammunition he needed to put her on the defensive and take the pressure off of him.

“So, how do you like our new neighbors?” he asked.

“They seem to be nice – even Stacy.”

“Yeah they are nice – even Darnell,” Malik replied as he gave Sheila a suspicious look – a look she caught.

“Why are you lookin’ at me like that?”

“I aint lookin’ at you know particular way. If anybody was lookin’ crazy tonight it was you.”

“What’s that supposed to mean Malik?”

“It means you were drooling at Mr. Mandingo like he was a damn pork chop!”

“No I wasn’t. You just tryin’ to flip it because I caught you sweatin’ Stacy this morning.”

“I ain’t gonna lie – she’s attractive. But, at least I can admit it. You on the other hand tryin’ to pretend like I ain’t see you peeking. I saw you looking – with your looking ass!”

“Whatever Malik!” Sheila replied without looking at him as she walked into the bathroom and closed the door.

Malik wasn’t looking for an argument, he just wanted to even the playing field between he and Sheila. After getting caught looking like a pervert this morning, he needed to put Sheila on the defensive – mission accomplished.

Sheila filled the huge Jacuzzi shaped bathtub with steaming hot water and poured her favorite bath crystals in to create the perfect amount of soapsuds. As she sat on the edge of the tub waiting for the water to rise to the ideal level, she was overcome with thoughts of her new neighbor – Mr. Mandingo!

“Damn he was fine!” Sheila inadvertently mumbled out loud. After she said it she put her hands over her mouth like a child who had been

caught cursing. She relaxed and let out a sigh when she realized that the splashing water in the tub had muffled her voice.

Sheila slowly slid into the tub, and as the soapsuds lurked around her chest, she closed her eyes and slid deeper into the water. The steam helped her relax and enabled her mind to run free. As the bubbles slowly dissolved, she gently rubbed the soap across her chest and breast imagining that it was Darnell's hand caressing her ever so softly.

As her nipples became increasingly harder, she could feel his masculine hand inching down her stomach. The thought of Darnell making circles around her navel with his index finger made her toes curl. Rarely had she been seduced like this – in her dreams or in reality. Her husband didn't seem to be interested in participating in this type of seduction, although she told him on several occasions that this was the type of attention she desired - the type of foreplay her body yearned.

With the suds nearly gone and her naked body clearly visible in the water, Sheila's mind's eye could see Darnell's hand move with precision towards her vagina. She spread her legs wider in anticipation of the pleasure that awaited her clitoris. As Darnell's hand disappeared under the water like a shark preparing to attack, Sheila was startled by a knock at the door.

"Are you alright in there?" Malik yelled.

Sheila jumped up causing water to splash all over. The unexpected knock caused her heart to race. The hand she imagined entering into her vagina wasn't Darnell's – it was hers.

"I'm fine. I just dozed off for a second."

"A second – shit girl, you been in there for nearly thirty minutes. You gonna be shriveled up soon. When are you coming to bed?"

"Give me a few minutes!"

"Hurry up! I got something that will help you go to sleep."

"Yeah right," Sheila thought to herself. Malik's idea of putting her to sleep was ten intense minutes of pounding her vagina and sucking her tits like a madman, followed by eight hours of her listening to him snore. "I'll be out in a second."

Sheila's daydream had her more aroused than she'd been in months – if she concentrated real hard she might actually climax tonight with Malik. As she put on her new black silk spaghetti strap negligee that accentuated every curve on her body, Sheila was downright horny. Malik was lying in bed butt naked with his rock hard six-inch penis sticking up like a miniature skyscraper.

"Bring your big fine ass over here!"

Sheila looked at him and shook her head. He made the same comment every time they had sex; he still hadn't figured out that she didn't find it flattering. Sheila glanced at the red numbers on the alarm clock that sat on the nightstand, it read – 9:44 p.m. She closed her eyes and hoped with all her heart that he'd make it to 10:00 p.m.

They started out with their customary one-minute worth of kissing. Her body was yearning to feel his penis inside of her – Malik could thank Darnell for that. His lips were soft, but they lacked the passion she needed to get her nipples as hard as they'd been just five minutes earlier.

Before she realized it, Malik had rolled over on his back and placed his arms behind his head – over the years this had become his way of signaling to her that he was ready for a blowjob. Sheila's sexual frustration gauge spiked. She grabbed his dick with her right hand and gave it a yank and a slob or two.

"Damn baby, be gentle!"

"Yeah, yeah," Sheila retorted, her tone reeking with annoyance.

A few licks of his testicles were all it took to have Malik begging for the booty.

"Come here baby let me have some. I've been wanting some all day!"

"Yeah I know," Sheila replied in a tone that clearly indicated she was ready for this sex fest to be over.

As Sheila turned her soft round butt towards Malik preparing to give him the doggy style he favored, she glanced at the clock again - 9:50 p.m.

Sheila couldn't remember the last time their lovemaking had elicited a good moan out of her. Humping hard and fast as he "hit it from the back" until he heard the soft clapping of Sheila's butt cheeks against his thighs was Malik's definition of "putting in work." Whether or not she could feel him or got any pleasure out of there encounters was irrelevant.

By the time her juices started to flow and the residual effects of her daydream in the bathtub started to kick in, the clock read 9:52 p.m. Sheila started to think that an orgasm might not be such a long shot. For once in his life, Malik seemed to have a nice stroke going and she was actually starting to feel that itch being scratched.

Her wishful thoughts were squelched when she suddenly heard the phrase she dreaded most whenever they had sex.

"Ooh baby I'm about to cum'," Malik moaned.

Sheila tried to implement her sexual disaster plan; the one she referred to whenever it was apparent that her night was going to be another waste of time. She started readjusting her ass trying to help him get his dick somewhere close to her G-spot – to even graze it once or twice would be an improvement - no luck, the countdown had begun.

"Try to hold it," Sheila barked with a sense of urgency - realizing that the end was near.

"I can't baby – this pussy is too good!" replied Malik as his eyes rolled towards the back of his head.

"Come on baby hold on," Sheila pleaded.

"I can't baby, I'm tryin' but...awh!"

Malik exploded inside of her. His back arched and his butt cheeks squeezed fiercely as he let loose enough sperm to fill a shot glass. Sheila

on the other hand, found herself in a familiar spot – a wet ass, no orgasm, and searching for a towel to keep the sperm from running down her legs.

Sheila could feel her anger mounting as they both lay silently in the bed staring at the ceiling. She looked at the clock on the night stand – 9:54 p.m. “Damn!” she muttered as she watched the time change to 9:55 p.m. Malik may have been a reliable provider for their family, but Sheila could always count on him to let her down in the bedroom.

By 10:00 p.m. Sheila had grown tired of stifling her emotions. She decided at that moment to make it clear to Malik what she needed sexually.

“Malik, I need more intimacy. I need you to slow down and spend a little more time trying to satisfy me. You have no problem asking for oral sex, but you never give it to me. Baby I’m not trying to be mean, but I haven’t had an orgasm in over a year.”

Sheila wondered if she had been too blunt. Her comments weren’t meant to offend; all she wanted was some semi-decent sex. Sheila clicked on the lamp next to the bed and turned towards Malik so that she could clarify her comments...no such luck. Malik was lying on his back with his eyes closed and his mouth wide open – knocked the fuck out!



Life at the Muldrue household was a stark contrast to the Batiste’s. Darnell and Stacy retired to their bedroom, but the scene was decidedly different.

“So what did you think about the neighbors?” Darnell asked.

“I like them – they seem nice. Even Sheila turned out to be nice once she got past her paranoia.” Stacy replied with a smirk.

“Yeah she did seem a little uptight before that Chardonnay started kicking in,” replied Darnell with a chuckle.

“So tell me baby, did you like them or did you LIKE them?” Stacy asked with a devilish grin.

“It’s too early to tell, I gotta feel Malik out a little more,” Darnell responded. “I’m gonna get him on the golf course next week and feel him out, I just wanna see where his head is. You should take Sheila to lunch and see what’s up with her.”

“Good idea. I’ll give her a call later on this week.”

Darnell walked into their impressive bathroom and turned on the faucets in their huge shower. Steam formed on the glass that incased the shower leaving a frosty appearance.

As Darnell took off his clothes the tattoo of Stacy's name shown brightly on his left peck. On his left arm stretching from his shoulder to his elbow was a huge tattoo of a cross with his mother's name on it. On his right arm was his son Nate's name written vertically. Darnell stood in the mirror admiring his six-pack and flexing the way most men do during their pre and post shower routines.

As the steam from the shower was beginning to fill the bathroom, Stacy suddenly appeared behind him. Her stealth approach so excited Darnell that his dick got hard instantly.

Stacy stood silently behind her husband – naked and ready to submit to his every command. She pressed her body against Darnell's back, and kissed him softly on the shoulders.

Stacy reached around and rubbed Darnell's chiseled abs and then slid her hand down his belly and grabbed his 10" dick and stroked it as she used her thumb to massage the shaft. With the swiftness of a cheetah, she spun him around and began to kiss his chest – then his abs – and then his manhood.

Darnell leaned back against the counter top and watched his penis slowly disappear in his wife's mouth. As her luscious lips slid with ease up and down his rock hard penis, Stacy seductively looked up at her husband and moaned as if she was being pleased.

After allowing himself to be ravaged for a few minutes, Darnell reached down and lifted his wife off of her feet as if she was light as a feather. Stacy wrapped her legs around Darnell's waist as he carried her into the steaming shower.

Water splashed all over both of their bodies as Darnell pressed Stacy's back against the marble shower wall. Her body quivered from the chill that went up her spine when her back touched the cold wet wall. The intensity showed on her face as she waited for Darnell's next move. She closed her eyes in anticipation of her husband's entry into her dripping wet vagina – she didn't have to wait long.

Darnell slid all ten inches inside of Stacy and fucked the shit out of her standing up. He punished her pussy for about ten straight minutes – at one point lifting her legs up until her knees were pressed against her ears and her ankles were resting on his shoulders. This man was like the energizer bunny – no Viagra, no Cialis – just good old fashion stamina.

With every stroke Stacy could feel the tip of his dick pounding against her G-spot. She moaned endlessly as her pulse raced. The more she moaned the harder and deeper his thrust went. Darnell beat Stacy's pussy up until she climaxed – multiple times.

For most women this was the kind of sexual encounter they could only read about in romance novels, but this was the type of pussy beat down Stacy received at least four times a week.

After they finished making love in the shower, Darnell dried off Stacy's body with a huge towel and carried her into the bedroom. He tucked his wife in and proceeded to lay across the bed to let his body air

dry. Darnell stared at his wife as her eyes closed and she drifted into a deep sleep. He didn't have an orgasm that night and he didn't care because he'd accomplished his goal - Stacy had climaxed and now she was sleeping like a baby.

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