

(An Excerpt)

I Ain't Got No Business

by

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Chapter # 1

The Sex Was So Splendid!

Mr. Fulwad and I spent a wonderfully indulgent weekend together—nothing short of glorious! We had given each other permission to have our way with one another; all while wrapped up inside this luxury hotel in Texas. We explored each other's bodies repeatedly. I was pleased more than once with my new lover Akheem, and I was thrilled to find out that he was more than a typical male. The sex was as splendid the first time with him as it was when we satisfied our hunger for one another seven more times during our getaway.

I only remember him making me upset with him once during our exclusive, fun-filled weekend. He said that he wished I would not lose any more weight. I have always heard that I should be smaller for any man to really want me, so I could hardly believe it when he told me that in his mind and eye, I needed to be just a little *larger* for him. Well, I told him, in no uncertain terms, that my ass and I are a package deal. If my somewhat smaller body type did not please him for any reason, then it could be that he might need to experience a new delight with someone else other than me. I then whispered that I would not be offended if he did not embark upon a relationship with me.

The smile faded from his face as my words lingered in the air for a moment. I wanted him to know that I am here right now, so he had to deal with the Roxanne standing before him. I know that I must have caught him off guard by my un-movable comments about myself. I thought, how *dare* this motherfucker to inform me that he needs me to be a little larger or fluffier?

Nevertheless, he sees his world from a different vantage point while he performs some unspeakable act on me, both of us making each other smile. Maybe he wants me to be just a little larger than I am, or maybe Akheem is trying to figure out what he can get away with as he talks to me. Once we got back on the same page, I knew that we were both capable of loving one another. Our time together was great as we made each other scream repeatedly!

I awoke to our last day together wrapped in his arms, almost swallowing up one another in our loving embraces! I found myself singing in my head as I got out of bed, my mind having been eased for now. I was aware that my troubles were, in fact, waiting for me to get home, but I kept singing this song over and over in my head! It was "Lovely Day" by Bill Withers.

I was so involved inside my own love affair that I felt as if I was dancing inside a fairy tale. I knew that I needed to enjoy my last hours with Akheem. I went to the bathroom to freshen up. Although I had taken a shower the previous night, I planned on taking one more before we left for home. I put on a nice

outfit to wear to breakfast together, because I wanted to blind him with my beauty. While he laid in bed napping, I called down to room service and placed an order for a light meal.

His comments pleased me almost as much as his elongated penis did! Then, as we were finishing our last sex session for the weekend, Akheem thought it would be quaint if we made love while standing up! Although, I hadn't had sex standing up in some years, I was eager to try it out! As we were about to get started, I thought I felt secure enough with my body and myself to be adventurous with him, so I decided to give him my all.

Akheem positioned me in a corner and began to work out his unresolved issues in the sexual arena. My body and my legs were not used to being pulled in so many different directions as we joined as one! Akheem is what some people call a Power-Fucker, just like Sissell. He was raiding my pussy as he traveled in and out of my body! He enjoyed delivering powerful thrusts into me, and the fact that I was nimble enough for us to stand up and have sex made him excited about screwing me.

He held my leg in place; I began to shake with pain from a massive leg cramp! He thought I was having a sexual cosmic merger with him because he thought he was making me happy. He thought that he was helping guide my soul towards the conscious meditation of us being one spirit as we came together! However, in all actuality, I was losing blood flow to my leg and about to fall out of this corner that I was wedged into.

It would have been selfish of me to make him stop at this point ... his whole state of existence was instrumental in him reaching his perpetual universal orgasm! I do rather enjoy watching him cum because his eyes tear up as he looks at me! I enjoyed seeing him reach his bliss. Since we were not going to see one another for the next 14 days, what was a little pain among lovers? Once we were done and he was no longer pounding the shit out of my little glory and me, I fell to the floor and began to cry.

I had to give him a gentle reminder that I was seven years older than he was and my body doesn't work like his does. He offered to give me another massage, as I lay on the floor while he worked out the kinks in my leg! Then he made me scream with extreme ecstasy on the floor as he manipulated my body to another heartfelt orgasm! He laid hands on me, and I became weak all over! This last orgasm that he helped me achieve almost eclipsed all the others. There was no place left on my body that he had not explored, and I was literally *and* figuratively worn the fuck out!

Once my body calmed down from the rush of this last orgasm, I lay on the floor listless because my momentum was gone. I knew that we needed to be preparing ourselves to make a swift exit out of this town, so we took our last shower together and repacked our clothes. I smiled as I looked over at Mr. Fulwad, who was placing his gun back in its holster and repacking his luggage. He blew me a kiss and I grabbed it out of the air, placing it on my lips. I asked him if he was tired.

"Rocky, I don't have the chance to get tired. Many people want a part of me, and my job requires that I be ready to go anywhere that the company wishes at a moment's notice. I feel great to have had a chance to spend some time with you. I am so grateful to you for helping me rejuvenate my mind, body and spirit! I can't wait to spend more time together. Knowing that you have great stamina to keep up with me makes me overjoyed. If I can be honest with you, your stamina turns me on more and more. It's like you've cast a spell on me! To answer your question, Ms. Roxanne, no—I am not tired! I'm just now getting my second wind with you. I plan on doing more for you, with you and to you in the future, if you stay around."

I didn't open my mouth to ask any more questions of him. I only made sexy comments as we finished our packing. I was happy with my time with him, which wasn't disrupted by anything or anyone. I felt like a new woman as we both got on his company jet, on our way back to our crazy lives. Akheem and I held hands as we flew back to Sacramento. We kissed all the way to my town, and it was hard for me to get off that jet. I found myself falling more in love with this man. I had to wait 14 days for him to fine-tune my body once more. I didn't mind, because I knew that we would talk every day!

Despite my contentment, a crazy thought came to me. I smiled to myself, trying not to be mean-

spirited. I suspected Akheem could cause me all manners of trouble, because he had my heart at his disposal; he could break it anytime, if he chose to. Now that I had my own point of reference about him, I realized I could break his too.

Sexually, I was willing to wait for our next adventure. As we made our landing in my town, I replayed the weekend in my mind. I began to smile and offer up great praises because he was just what I needed. I was thrilled that we enjoyed so much pleasure, knowing that we'd had sex 11 times over our three-day adventure. It made me feel like a young girl again.

When the jet plane landed, Akheem wanted to know whether we had an exclusive contract with one another. I guess he wanted to make sure I wouldn't be sharing the wealth of my body with anyone else. Both of us came to find out that exclusivity had its own special privileges! Akheem got off the jet and walked me over to the car. He had a member of the staff secure my luggage in it. Cherokee came to the airport to collect me. She suggested that Akheem and I stop acting like adorable adolescents as, we both kissed like fools even in her presence.

"Hello, Ms. Cherokee, and how are you doing today?" Akheem said.  
"What's up, *Full-Wad*?" I replied Cherokee.

Akheem and I looked at each other and began to laugh. He was aware of the drama that was always around the two of us. We'd both talked about our families that weekend, gaining a better understanding of how we both saw ourselves inside our families. He held my door open as I got into the car and leaned down to kiss me once more. He held my left breast and gave it three firm squeezes, telling me that he would talk with me later that night. Cherokee pulled out before he himself took off, as I smiled.

We did not say a word until we got to the freeway. Cherokee was the first to speak because she could not take the silence, and I was enjoying being still. While she tried to ask me about Mr. Fulwad, Carly Simon's "Nobody Does it Better" came on the radio. I began to sing along, smiling as I looked at my sister.

I could not believe that I was singing about Akheem until Cherokee told me to shut the fuck up! She made me aware that she had no problem pulling my car over and beating my ass while we both laughed our asses off! I was thrilled to have found a new love. Even though it is hard to admit, I do now understand that some things are better left unsaid.

I told Cherokee all about my weekend in Texas. I did my best to give her all the sordid details of my sex life with Mr. Fulwad. Cherokee and I shared several laughs as we made it to my house. She wanted to come in and go over some details about the upcoming wedding. I was totally exhausted from my weekend. We went over several more details for her wedding, and it suddenly occurred to me that my sister was scared! I could tell by her voice how much.  
"By the way, how is your man doing?" I asked.

She looked at me and began to weep. I moved closer to her, rubbing her back. Cherokee continued to cry for a couple of minutes. Then when she was ready, she responded to my question about her fiancé, explaining that she was unsure if she loved him until death did them part. Cherokee was unsure how to be in love with anyone for long periods. After a certain number of exchanges with a man, her feelings began to decline.

She had no point of reference to pull from in her life, and I was the only person besides our grandparents who had maintained a serious relationship throughout her life. It was apparent that I did not do such a great job of keeping my family together. I was at a loss for words to say to her, because I was no longer in a committed relationship with my husband. Some unfortunate shit had happened to us, to cause us to call it quits. I asked her to tell me how Learnard Rankin, Sr. (The Pastor) really made her feel.

She told me that The Pastor made her feel remarkable, that she didn't have to be the villain when she was with him. When he asked her to marry him, she thought that he was playing a trick on her. No

one ever loved her enough to offer her a glimpse of a dream.

Wow, I thought to myself. Here was the heart of the matter—my sister didn't know how to love this man, so she is scared. She had no clue about how to give and take in a relationship. They did not have to worry about money, but love was what she didn't know, nor how to give him that part of herself no one has ever wanted to discover. I felt optimistic about the upcoming marriage, so I softened my voice to encourage her.

"Well, well, well, Ms. Cherokee! You are not as hard as you pretend to be, and I am proud that you have this relationship with The Pastor. Your relationship with him will require more from you than you have ever given in the past! It just seems kind of funny that here you are, looking seriously at love for the first time in your life! You better give that man the best of you. If you can offer me up some of your tears for him, it must be your heart telling you that you must give him that part of yourself; you have kept hidden for years. You can no longer be selfish or stubborn all the time. Tell me, are you tired of being alone?"

She moved her head up and down, letting me know that she was tired of walking by herself through life. I told her that I did not have the answer for her; only she and The Pastor knew how they felt about one another. It would not likely be a walk in the park, but if she loved him, it would feel right in her soul. My sister's life had been so full of turmoil. I truly believed that it was time things went well for her. I advised her that the benefits of love and life have no specific time limit or agenda, so if she loved her fiancé right now, then she should enjoy her time with him.

I made her aware that there were no guarantees for anyone. Cherokee noted that she wanted to love The Pastor until her love evaporated! I reached down, picked up her hand up and kissed it. I told her that if she felt that strongly for him, she had better grabbed hold of him and loves him until they both evaporated!

I stood up and told her I needed to rest, because I was worn all the way out, and my body was doing its own countdown. I also needed to call and check in with my children. Cherokee gently said, "Thank you, Roxy, you said just what I needed to hear."

I knew that my sister was pleased that I could be there for her while she wrestled with her own truth! I knew that good times were in store for her because she did deserve her own version of happiness. As she was walking out of my house, she turned around and asked me whether I was still paying for her honeymoon. I told her that it would be my honor to do so! A big smile spread across her face.

"Roxy, all I want to do is to be happy ... a skill I never learned. The Pastor is offering my soul some shelter, and I like the feeling. If I seem scared to walk through the rest of my life with him, I am, because loving him reminds me of all my past failures. I do not like to revisit some of my past mistakes. There have been many, most of which you are aware! I fear sometimes that someone is playing a cruel joke on me; but I do love that man. I have so much guilt from my past mistakes that travels with me in my mind. Knowing that I do not wish to give the bad side of me to him only allows me to see more of my complicated past. I am tired of being broken-hearted. With him, I suspect that I can be happy."

I suggested to my sister that she couldn't run away from her past, but rather she should make peace with it. Next, I suggested that the things that do not serve her and her life right now, she should consider leaving behind, because she had no room for any more errors. I asked her to show me a woman without guilt, and I would show her a truly fucked-up man! I urged her to make peace with her past, so her life could flow in a more positive direction. As I spoke, my body was settling down, because for me sleep was right around the corner.

I walked her to the door, suggesting that if she truly wanted to be happy, she had three options open to her. She should either continue to let him live with her and just playhouse. Alternatively, she could give herself as close to completely as she could to him, because he seemed to accept her past. I then alluded to my final option.

“Maybe he expects you to love him with all your heart. If you cannot love him just the way, he is, then maybe you should take up gardening. Prepare for the rest of your life to pass your crazy ass by!”

I was about to call her a spinster, but kept my mouth closed while we giggled at the door. I hoped that I'd made her feel better about her new life and the possibilities in marrying someone she loved. I only wanted her life to be a lot easier than it had been. I did not think she was asking for too much. She wanted to make sure that she could love this man until they were no more! I guess Cherokee was feeling like she had spent all the love that GOD gave her. She was unsure of what her life was going to be with her new husband. I tried my best to get her to retire her past and stop beating herself up over some of her unfortunate experiences. Knowing that The Pastor wasn't jaded by his love for her made me believe that she was due for her own happy ending.